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CHRISTIAN HERALD

SUBSCRIPTION, $1.50 PER ANNUM
PUBLISHED 52 TIMES A YEAR

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New York, January 1, 1908

VOL. 31—NO. 1. PRICE 5 CENTS
OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

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SEE PAGE 7

THE PRESIDENT'S FAREWELL TO THE FLEET

Read What they Say of Our Premiums

Never Saw Its Equal

Dear Dr. Klopsch: The Bible premium received. I am delighted with it in every way. I have never seen its equal at any price. The binding, paper and press work are perfect and I shall take pleasure in recommending it wherever I can. GEO. ELGER.

Cleveland, O.

This Superb India-Paper Red Letter Bible and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one whole year (53 numbers), for only $4. All charges prepaid.

Will Profit by Reading it

Dear Dr. Klopsch: The handsome Premium, "Twice Around the World with Alexander, the Prince of Gospel Singers," came duly to hand, and I hasten to tell you I am delighted with it, and hope to profit greatly by reading it. I wish you continued success.

Kingston, Ont., Can. MRS. CLARK HAMILTON.

This Elegant Book and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, for one whole year (53 numbers), for $2. Sent all charges prepaid.

A Canadian's Appreciation

Dear Dr. Klopsch: Many thanks for the lovely Calendar and also the premium book, "Animal Stories." The book I consider worth two or three dollars, and you only charged me fifty cents for it. How you do it is a mystery to me. If THE CHRISTIAN HERALD was $5 instead of $1.50, we would take it still and get good value even at that. I have been taking it for about fifteen years and my mother took it before.

Montreal, Can. J. A. MATHEWSON.

This Charming Book, our Sunshine Calendar and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year, for only $2. All charges prepaid.

Likes the Red Letter Bible

Dear Dr. Klopsch: I received the Red Letter Bible to-day, all charges prepaid. Upon examination I find it as represented, if not better. It is the most convenient Bible I ever saw. Being small in size and the type so clear, enables one to read and handle it easily. The red lettering is helpful to any one in reading the Bible. The names of the books being printed in the corners instead of the centre of the leaves, enables one to locate a book more quickly and easily. May it enter into the homes of many. J. SHIELDS KENT.

Saltville, Va.

Our Superb India-Paper Red Letter Bible and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year, (53 numbers), for $4. Charges prepaid.

An Octogenarian's Greeting

Dear Dr. Klopsch: I thank you most heartily for the beautiful 1908 Calendar. It is a highly appreciated gift. "Little Sunshine" is now shedding her good cheer and brightness in my bedroom, where my eyes first behold her on awakening. Though nearly fourscore and ten years old, I still delight in the winning ways of childhood. I also wish to thank you for the earnest wish that I may be richly blest through the coming year. May THE CHRISTIAN HERALD continue to prosper and may its noble efforts to bless mankind be crowned with success.

Philadelphia, Pa. [DR.] JNO. LEVERING.

This Fine Art Calendar is Sent FREE with every annual subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for $1.50. Sent all charges prepaid.

Likes "Little Sunshine"

Dear Dr. Klopsch: Please accept many thanks for the beautiful Calendar. "Little Sunshine in Church" will brighten every home she enters. The premium book, "Five Hundred Fascinating Animal Stories," is fine for children, and I want to thank you for the many good books and papers and beautiful calendars that you have sent into my home for the past nine years—all for only two dollars a year. MRS. W. NEWMAN.

Columbus, Ga.

This Instructive Book, our Artistic Calendar and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year (53 numbers), for only $2. All charges prepaid.

Good Wishes from an Astronomer

My Dear Dr. Klopsch: The package of books you sent me has come. I thank you very much for your kindness, and in the thanks my good wife and daughter heartily join. We shall esteem the books for the giver as well as their own beauty and merits. The *Red Letter Bible* is a masterpiece of printers' art. Again, I say, "Thank you, and may our Good Father bless you in your great work." I cannot close without expressing my appreciation of your great HERALD—for great it is, in the able manner in which it is conducted, aside from its greater merits of being a CHRISTIAN HERALD. Our home watches for its coming. SAMUEL PHELPS LELAND.

Seabreeze, Fla.

Our Famous India-Paper Red Letter Bible and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year (53 times), for $4. All charges prepaid.

The Best of All Bibles

Dear Dr. Klopsch: The India-Paper Red Letter Bible received a few days ago, is the most compact and readable Bible I have ever seen. The workmanship is substantial and very neat. I consider the Bible worth the cost of my life subscription plus the $2.50 paid for the Bible. I worked twenty years at bookbinding and know good work when I see it. W. D. YOUNG.

Fort Smith, Ark.

This Beautiful India-Paper Red Letter Bible and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one whole year, for $4, including Calendar. All charges prepaid.

"Little Sunshine in Church"

Dear Dr. Klopsch: The beautiful picture, "Little Sunshine in Church," has just arrived. Mrs. Trapp, my dear wife for over forty-three years, born and raised in London (for whom THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is taken especially), is crippled with rheumatism and unable to go to church, and the paper is therefore a peculiar treasure to her. She is delighted with the really beautiful calendar for 1908 and thanks you heartily for the same.

Germantown, Pa. GEORGE H. TRAPP.

Our "Sunshine in Church" Calendar goes FREE with each annual subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for $1.50. Sent all charges prepaid.

Our "Sunshine" Calendar

This Picture is a Miniature of Our Superb 14 x 18 Inch Calendar in Fifteen Colors

A Real Work of Art

Dear Dr. Klopsch: I have received many beautiful Calendars from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, but never one so sweet and lovely as "Little Sunshine in Church." Every time I come in sight of it, I cannot help saying: "You dear, sweet little girl!"

Lynn, Mass. J. E. HODGKINS.

This Delightful Calendar is sent FREE with every annual subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for $1.50. All charges prepaid.

The Red Letter Bible a Treasure

Dear Dr. Klopsch: I received the Red Letter Bible in good order, and I am more than pleased with it. It is a treasure indeed, and I thank you very much. I thank God that I belong to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD family. We have such lovely presents, and the paper is next to the Red Letter Bible. MRS. MARY HUGHES.

Chelsea, Mass.

This Beautiful Red Letter Bible, with Teacher's Helps, Concordance, etc., and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year, for only $4. Charges paid.

"The Paper Itself a Prize"

Dear Dr. Klopsch: I wish to most heartily thank you for the beautiful Calendar sent with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. I consider the paper itself a prize, at the price at which it is sent, apart from the other generous gifts. I also acknowledge the receipt of the book, "Around the World with Alexander."

Lynn, Mass. MRS. A. M. GROVER.

This Interesting Book, our Sunshine Calendar and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one whole year, for $2. Sent all charges prepaid.

As Advertised

Dear Dr. Klopsch: Your superb book of Animal Stories is received; accept many thanks. I find it as advertised, and am well pleased with it. Also the Calendar, which is beautiful, and brings sunshine to our home.

Elmira, N. Y. MRS. G. A. GEROW.

This Valuable Book, our "Sunshine" Calendar and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one whole year, for only $2. Sent all charges prepaid.

"Heroes and Fairies" at Hand

Dear Dr. Klopsch: Please accept my thanks for the lovely Calendar just received, also for so promptly sending me "Heroes and Fairies," which I received to-day.

Fall River, Mass. MRS. SKINNER.

Our Artistic Calendar is sent FREE with every annual subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for $1.50. Sent all charges prepaid.

All the Premiums are Fine

Dear Dr. Klopsch: The premium, "Twice Around the World with Alexander," is just grand. I am well pleased with it. I have taken THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for fifteen years and got a premium every time, and they are all fine. MRS. S. E. JESSUP.

Kokomo, Ind.

This Interesting Book and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one whole year (53 numbers), for only $2. Sent all charges prepaid.

Instructive and Interesting

Dear Dr. Klopsch: We have received the book of "Five Hundred Animal Stories," and are very much pleased with it. It is both instructive and interesting. My little grandson, seven years old, is delighted with the stories. Please accept our thanks.

Napoleonville, La. MRS. J. E. MUNSON.

This Beautiful Book, our Superb Calendar and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one whole year, for only $2. Sent all charges prepaid.

Delighted With the Book

Dear Dr. Klopsch: When sending for the book, "Twice Around the World with Alexander, Prince of Gospel Singers," I made no mistake, as I am so interested that I can scarcely lay it down. Thanks for all the premiums. MARY E. MARKS.

Nyack, N. Y.

This Instructive Book and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one whole year, will be sent, all charges prepaid, for only $2.

Expects Wonders Every Time

Dear Dr. Klopsch: The "Red Letter Testament" just received. I will not say, as so many do, "It is better than I expected," for I know THE CHRISTIAN HERALD so well, and have received so many beautiful premiums that I expect wonders every time, and I have never been disappointed. MARY C. LOGAN.

Arlington, N. J.

Our Superb Red Letter New Testament and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one whole year (53 numbers), for $2. Sent all charges prepaid.

Astonished at the Premiums

Dear Dr. Klopsch: I received the "Five Hundred Fascinating Animal Stories." I am greatly pleased. I only wonder how you can give such valuable premiums with your paper, which I enjoy very much.

Richland Centre. CHAS. E. TRANSUE.

This Fascinating Book, our Superb Calendar and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one whole year, for only $2. Sent all charges prepaid.

"A Supply of Sunshine"

Dear Dr. Klopsch: My aunt wishes me to express her thanks for the beautiful Calendar and picture, assuring you that it will be a supply of "sunshine" on which to draw during the coming year.

Danielson, Conn. B. H. WILLIAMS.

This Finest of Calendars is sent FREE with every annual subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for $1.50. All charges prepaid.

A Gem in a Fine Setting

Dear Dr. Klopsch: Please pardon delay in acknowledging receipt of "The Five Hundred Fascinating Animal Stories." It is certainly a gem, and is in a fine setting. MARY M. HAIRE.

Chicago, Ill.

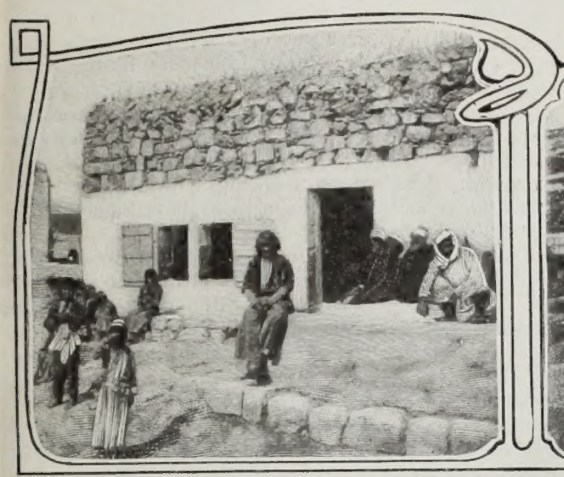
This Entertaining Book and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one whole year (53 numbers), for only $2. Sent all charges prepaid.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 1, 1908

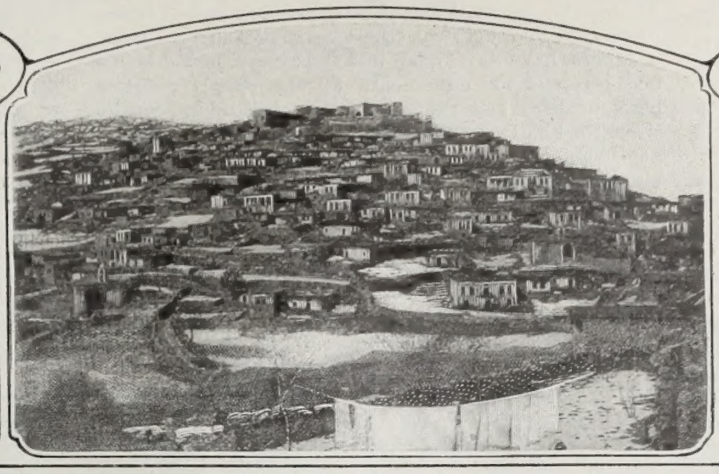
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

A Druse Guest Chamber on Mt. Carmel



Rashey Castle (at Top) Where 500 Christians Were Slain



Druse Women of Mt. Hermon

THE DRUSES OF MOUNT LEBANON

BY O. E. MOFFET

Pastor First Baptist Church, Streator, Ill.

RASHEY, or Rasheyet-el-Wade, is a Syrian town of 8,000 inhabitants. It is on the north slope of Mount Hermon, 4,000 feet above the sea. The snow-covered mountains rise 5,000 feet above the town.

While there I noticed a very peculiar people who kept themselves aloof from the Christian inhabitants. The men wore long cloaks made of one piece of cloth, "woven from the top throughout," and perhaps like that of our Saviour, for which the soldiers cast lots. They also wore a broad white turban. The women's headdress was a long white veil, held so as to expose but one eye when they met men. These people were Druses, descendants of the peculiar religious sect who incited the massacre of 1860, when 20,000 Christians, men, women and children, were cruelly butchered. An old man told me about those awful times when the Christians were hunted in the mountains like wild game. He pointed a trembling finger toward the castle which stood on a height and said:

"I watched from the mountain while 500 of my brethren were butchered up there. The Turkish government had said to us, 'Give up your arms and come into the castle and you shall be protected.' They obeyed the order; I ran away and hid. I saw the Druses come and take them from the castle, one by one, and slash their throats with cruel knives. Then I saw their bodies piled in a great heap where they festered in the sun, and I dared not go back and bury my kindred."

I became curious to know all about the Druses; but they guard the mysteries of their faith so well that few could tell me much about them. I was told of a native lady in a distant village, who had been initiated in all the secrets of the sect, and who might be induced to talk. I made a very difficult journey through the mountains to see her. This old lady had traveled extensively, and obtained a good English education while abroad. She belonged to one of the best families, and her neighbors told me she was rich. I will give her story as nearly as possible as she told it.

"The Druses originated in Egypt. The founder's name was Hakem, sometimes called the insane, and he was born in Cairo in 985 A.D. He was governor or caliph of Egypt, and cruel by nature. He murdered at one time 3,000 Christians, and his whole reign was characterized by persecutions, both of Christians and Jews. He claimed to be divine, and desired to be worshiped like Mohammed. He employed Ismail Darazi, his spiritual adviser, to introduce the doctrine.

"One day, this man appeared in the mosque of Cairo, and proclaimed Hakem an incarnation of deity. The doctrine was not well received. In spite of the guards, which the governor had placed in the mosque to protect his disciple, Ismail Darazi barely escaped with his life. He fled to Damascus and there made disciples. Later, he made his home at Mount Hermon, and the valley which runs down from Rashey to the Jordan still bears his name. To this mountain country, thousands of his followers made pilgrimages, and many remained to live near their great teacher.

"Hakem employed a second disciple named Hamze,

Druse Housewives Baking Bread

a felt-maker, who appeared in Cairo teaching the new religion, but fared no better than his predecessor, and was obliged to flee. He came to Syria and identified himself with the disciples there; but so different was his teaching from that of Darazi, that a bitter dispute arose between the two. Darazi was ultimately put to death by his rival. About the same time Hakem was assassinated by his sister, and Hamze announced to his followers that Hakem had only gone into hiding to try their faith, and that he would return. His followers are still expecting his return.

"I was born a Druse," the lady continued. "No one but the descendants of the original disciples of Hakem can become members of this sect. My father was one of the great ones of our people. In our town, there was a small community of Christians, and we all lived on friendly terms. In childhood, I played with the girls from those Christian homes; and our hearts were knit together in love and friendship. You ask, were they present at my wedding? Why, no; I was not present at my own wedding, nor was my husband. Our ceremony is not like yours. A representative from each family arranges the business part. Then they meet together in the presence of friends and the priest, and talk, following a well-known ceremony, and this is the wedding. The father of the bride usually acts for her. He must have the daughter's consent; but usually when she is of marriageable age, the father says, 'The time has come when you should have a husband. Shall I choose for you?' And the daughter replies, 'Do so, father, for you are wiser than I.' After the ceremony, the bride is taken to the house of the groom, or to his father's house, where there is feasting and rejoicing, and the husband removes the veil. I was married when fifteen, and many of my friends were married younger. The men of our people have but one wife.

"The Druses are divided into three classes: the wise, middle-wise and foolish. Any man or woman of the sect may become a candidate for the wise or highest degree. A candidate must memorize all the hymns, prayers, principal doctrines and texts, by which one Druse may know another when they meet as strangers. Then there is a probationary period of one year, and if the high council of the church are satisfied, he or she is solemnly declared to be a wise one, and permitted to wear the white turban, the emblem of purity. The middle-wise are those who are not thought trustworthy enough to take part in the secret council, or who have not been able to complete the memory work. The foolish are Druses who drink, use tobacco, swear, wear jewelry, or otherwise misbehave, and some exemplary persons who, owing to business cares, or for other reasons, believe they have no time to devote to the study of the cult.

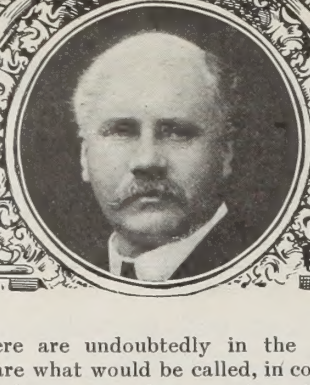
"A Druse will never turn a needy traveler from his door. Beggary is unknown among us. We are an educated people. All can read and write, and the purest Arabic spoken in the mountains is that of the Druses. They are better formed and have more regular features than the other mountaineers. We have fifteen thousand fighting men in the Hauran, and all together the Druses number one hundred and twenty thousand. Our

Continued on page 5

THE
American Pulpit

A SERMON BY

Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, D.D.*



A New Start in Life

TEXT—Gen. 1 : 28
"And God blessed them"

IN the midst of the discussion which grows stronger and in some respects fiercer every day over the social and religious and political conditions of America, one great fact stands out more clearly and prominently than any other, and that is the fact that no one institution has so much real influence in shaping the thought, the conduct and the action of this nation as the institution known as the family.

In the very beginning of man's life upon earth the family took and held the most important place, and it holds it still. Therefore I would impress upon you at the beginning of these plain talks on the home life of the nation the fact that the home is a divine institution, established by divine purpose and with a divine end in view. God first made man in his own image and blessed the union of husband and wife. "Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife: and they shall be one flesh" (Gen. 2: 24). The family of the race therefore started with the divine blessing resting upon it. Christianity accepts the rule then established of one husband and one wife. Any other social arrangement is condemned by what we call civilization. So far as this rule is established, it is in accordance with the divine beginning, but one point needs continual emphasis and repetition, and that is: in the formation of every family there should be this same recognition of the need of the divine presence.

Beginning of Family Life

There is no doubt that a great volume of evils from which civilization suffers, springs from the wrong beginning of the family life. The choice which a young man makes of a wife is determined in a vast number of instances simply by physical attractions, similarity of taste, or merely mutual comradeship. These things all have a proper place in what we call courtship. They are not to be ruled out by any means. They form a part, and a true part, of what is sometimes falsely called "falling in love"; but any marriage that does not take fundamental account also of true religious feeling and agreement is liable to result in disaster, and in every case is full of peril when certain crises arise. The records of the divorce court reveal the fact that in nearly every case where trouble has arisen between a man and his wife, there has been an absence on one side or both of a deep religious sentiment. No matter how strong an attachment there may be between the man and the woman in matters of taste or companionship or education, the strongest tie that ever binds two people together is their mutual belief in and love for a Supreme Being. In other words, religion, meaning by that the true love of God and man, is by far the most fundamental basis of married happiness or peace.

The number of homes which might be useful and contributory to the nation's welfare, but are practically useless, is due to a failure to recognize this great and fundamental principle. The early Christian writers, like Paul, warned the church members against marriages where either man or woman was not a Christian. It was declared to be, as it always is, a dangerous thing for a believer to be yoked to an unbeliever. I think it is impossible to over-emphasize the necessity of this principle from the very start in every marital union of two lives. Given, to start with, two people who are healthy in mind and body, who have companionable instincts, who have been reared in the same educational atmosphere, who love the same kind of books, music or art, who are interested in the same common struggles of life, and have, besides, a common faith in a great and loving God, and a Christian faith in a personal and world Redeemer, and you have the basis for a happy married life.

The Religious Basis

I do not mean to say it will be happy every moment, or that there will not come between even such lives moments of misunderstanding, what we call vulgarly "quarrels"; but the readjustments of happier conditions will inevitably occur, where similar difficulties without religious basis would grow into final estrangement and separation. I do not think it is always the case that even Christian people make what we call the best selection, or the one which might be best in starting a home. There are undoubtedly in the world many people who are what would be called, in common terms, mismated; and yet even these marriages in very many instances have developed into happy and useful homes because there was underneath all the deeply religious basis of life; and the family with this divine cord of strength, binding all together, has become a permanent and beautiful unit of influence, of power, and of happiness in the world.

The Age of Courtship

There is at this point in the development of this idea a great responsibility resting upon fathers and mothers. It is not, of course, possible or best that parents should interfere, in the large sense of the word, with the love affairs of their children. If at any time in his life a man should have freedom, it should be in the matter of his choice of his life friend and companion; and every Christian parent who has ever given the matter thought—and alas, it is true that many have given it very little thought—will agree that the training of children to think of their home happiness as dependent in the last analysis upon a mutual Christian basis is the only safe training to give them. This training can and should go on as quietly and as uninterruptedly as the atmosphere children breathe. The best example a child ever has of the effect of a real, genuine, consecrated home life is the example he daily sees in his own father and mother. If that is what it ought to be, the father and mother have need to supplement it only by indirect and intelligent teaching. I think no influence is so strong in the mind of a boy or girl when the age of courtship is reached, as the influence of a home where real love and married happiness have been seen as an every-day fact in the persons of the parents.

With this fundamental start in our thought of the home-life of the world, it ought not to be necessary to say very much about the details of what is known as courtship. We accept the term as expressing a fact in human life. We might quarrel to good purpose with some phrases that are used in connection with this period, but with the fact itself there is no quarrel and never should be. The natural and happy and inevitable experience of every well-born, healthy person in the world, is the experience of love-making. It is just as divine and God-given an experience as is the experience we call conversion; and when it is conducted intelligently, there is no happier or more plastic developing time in a young man's or woman's life than this period.

Religious Agreement

I think in all the world there is no experience that should create more joy or add to the richness of life so deeply, as that when two young people realize for the first time that their destiny is one and the same, always understanding that beneath every other feeling and as the basis for this union, there is the common acceptance of the same religious faith. I care not how beautiful or how romantic the courtship may be, or how much may be lavished upon it of fragrance and wealth and high spirits, or how happy the home-life may seem at the beginning, or how free from disorder and care and anxiety—the absence of this religious faith leaves a doubt and an uncertainty concerning the outcome. I would venture to say that practically all the unhappy courtships and marriages of the world may be traced to the absence of the companionship of God in the spirits of those who are about to create a new home on the face of the earth. As to matters of debate and discussion, as to long or short engagements, or the age of those who are about to be married, there is much difference of opinion. The establishment of the family may depend upon so many different circumstances that no rule can be laid down. The main thing is this agreement between the two on the fundamental subject of God in the home. If this is adhered to, the other matters are incidental, though in incidental matters there is room for the exercise of reason and common sense in many cases where neither of them is very visible.

Supposing now the family life has been begun with the divine purpose and the divine companionship fully recognized on both sides, there is always the opportunity before each family of tremendous influence and power in the establishment of that which God blessed as an institution at the start. How great this influence is no family has ever yet discovered or measured. A home in a community radiates influences from itself in every direction. It may lie like a rotten fruit in a basket, contaminating everything it touches, or it may exist as a well-spring of water of life, refreshing and enriching wherever it flows. In other words, it may represent the element of death, or the element of life; and its influence never ceases as long as a single unit of the family exists.

No discussion of the family would be adequate which did not take account of its privileges and its duties. The privileges of the family life may be summed up first in regard to the inner circle. We live in a more complex atmosphere than our fathers or grandfathers knew. Life seems more hurried; duties and responsibilities more clamorous. Civilization seems to have robbed us of our peace and taken from us our equanimity. We build higher buildings than the world ever saw, and we have harnessed the lightning and can speak to the man on the other side of the world without stringing a wire between; but are we on that account any happier or have we any more leisure? The things which will tend to harass and annoy the home which has been established are the same things which in every age have tended to rub off its bloom and intrude upon its sacred life. So in speaking of the privileges of the family I would mention among the first of them the privilege of its inner religious life.

Family Prayer

After the family has been established, after the man and woman have become one through marriage, nothing could be further out of the way than to go on with such a union leaving God out of the account. If the marriage is divine to start with, it should be divine to continue with. The sacred things which belong to the inner circle are the moments of communion and praise and prayer together. As children blossom into this inner circle and sit about the table looking at father and mother the first thing they notice after being allowed to come to the table should be the fact that father is the high priest. Before the food is eaten God is thanked for it, and before the day's work is begun some note of praise is sounded by the head of the family to the Author of the family.

It is a strange idea which many parents have that they can train their children to be good and useful and God-fearing and yet omit from their daily lives every sound or syllable whatsoever referring to God as the head of the family. Whatever may be said about the old custom of family worship, this can truly be said: The children who grew up in the atmosphere of an honest attempt to thank God and ask for his blessing, were children who carried with them in all of after life a sense of the divine presence as a part of their working-day world. I think no example leaves so strong an impression upon a child's mind as the sight of his father in the morning reading out of the Bible, and then offering a prayer of thanks and petition on the day that lies before the family. The father thanks the good God for the night's rest, for the food on the table, for health and strength, for the love which exists in the family among the members of it; he asks for blessing on the lad as he goes to school, that he may be kept in the right way as he studies and plays, and finally he joins with all, great and small, in the Lord's Prayer. If there is anything in modern life which is better than this, let us find it and use it. It is only the intelligent expression of the faith which the true family possesses. It begins the day's work in the right way. This belongs to the inner circle of privilege.

Family Confidence

Another inner circle of privilege is the family council. Father and mother become friends and companions to their children. There are no dangerous secrets to be kept back. The lad is encouraged to talk of his school and his work, of his games and his play. But there are proper times and seasons. Mealtimes, for example, are not times to discuss one's troubles. Whatever other part of the day is reserved for complaining, it should not

Continued on next page

*Preached in the Central Congregational Church, Topeka, Kan.

THE DRUSES OF MOUNT LEBANON — CONTINUED

A Syrian Lady of Culture

A Talented Druse Lady

A Christian Princess

Descendant of a 1000-Year-Old Family

Labeely Madee, Authoress

faith enjoins fidelity to each other only, Druse for Druse; mutual protection and resistance; renunciation of all other religions; profession of the unity of Hakem as God; recognition of God's unity in all things; recognition of God's will; complete obedience to his orders as revealed through his incarnation and saints. Our prayers are those of praise and adoration only. A petition would be impertinent, as it would interfere with the will of God. Yet we are not fatalists like the Mohammedans. Our faith sometimes authorizes missions of vengeance and executions. I see you think that is horrible. Do not your highest courts of justice authorize punishments of incarcerations and hangings? Should not ours have the same power? For this is our highest court. Hakem taught that an insult must always be avenged. This, however, is not a true principle of law for a great and good people. Better is the axiom of your teacher, 'Return good for evil.' "

This lady remembers the massacre of Christians in 1860. She saved many at the peril of her own life and hid them in a cave. Her act was discovered by her husband, who kept it secret but divorced her.

"The Western civilization is coming," she continued, "but I should say it is already here. Look!" and the old lady handed me a bundle of photographs. "These are our daughters, mine and my old friends'. Are they not as beautiful, as cultured, and as clever as your ladies? Here are our sons. These are our grandchildren. These lambs of the flock will never see a Druse uprising. These are our leaders. Do they look like fanatics? Two of the girls I hid are still alive and are with me here. What a blessing it is to have them as friends in my old age! Am I a Druse? Well, perhaps; but I am glad that the voice of girl friendship and love spoke louder in me than faithfulness to Druse decrees. Tell your people that the love and fellowship of their Nazarene is walking again through these hills."

Druse Chiefs of Mount Lebanon

The wealthiest man of the Druses lives in Mount Lebanon. He is of the ancient house of Raslan, which had its seat at Schwayfat. I watched him one day as he brought a mule's burden of small stumps down to Beirut. He arose that morning before day, he told me, grubbed the stumps, loaded them on the mule, then walked and drove the mule to the city, which he said was a pleasant walk of nine miles. He sold the load for fifty cents, paid a penny for a loaf of coarse bread, and another for a cake of sweets. He owned houses, vineyards, orchards, and flocks, probably more than he could number, but still worked and lived like a laborer, because that was the teaching of his cult.

The Druses believe in the transmigration of the soul, and look for the birth of a child at about the same time a friend dies. One man died in Rashey at sundown, and his friends were loud in their lamentations till they heard that in a neighboring village a male child had been born, just at sunset, into an ancient and wealthy Druse family. At once the grief was changed into rejoicing.

Whenever I saw those tall, powerful men stalking about with a sinister expression on their proud faces, and thought of the fanatical longing in each breast for the return of their great prophet, I wondered how long it would be till they would go forth again to prepare the way, and the country would run red with Christian blood.

A NEW START IN LIFE — Sermon by REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON, D.D.—*Continued*

be when the family is at the table. That is the time for mutual and happy interchange of experience. It is a sad time in any family life when the gathering of the family at the table becomes the occasion for gossip, for criticism of the minister and the choir, of the minister's wife and the deacon's son, and the next door neighbor. Many families have destroyed the pleasure of eating, by turning the festal board into a mutual recrimination board, and in foolish and destructive criticism of all things on heaven and earth. If any time should be sacred to the joyful, happy expression of life it should be when the family sits down to the table. Banish care. The father should leave the worries of his office down in the office building. The mother should relegate her household cares to the place where they belong, if she can find it. The children should sit down with happy faces. There should be opportunity for the joke, the humor, and the playfulness of life. America is full of dyspeptics because there are so many people who eat their meals alone or without laughing with anybody. If any one wants a recipe for becoming sour and discontented and unhappy physically, let him continue to eat his meals and talk at the same time complainingly about his woes, and his sins, and his shortcomings, and his aches, and his pains, and his neighbor, especially his neighbor; find fault with his children for being late to the table; tell Johnnie to leave the table and not come back because he forgot to say "thank you" once; hurry the children off to school without kissing them good-by. This will start the family life off in the wrong direction every time. Many families in this country have never learned the happy habit of looking forward to their meals with enjoyment. Among the happy memories of some of the happiest people in the world, as they think of the old home, is the memory of the table and its circle of happy faces.

Among the privileges of the inner circle may also be mentioned the evening gathering. Many families in this age of the world have none. Right after supper, families scatter. This is true among what we call the middle class, the well-to-do people and the working people. It would be sadly safe to say that one might go down the best avenue we have in this city to-morrow night and knock at every door, and rarely find a whole family within the house. The oldest boy is out calling on his girl; the oldest girl has gone to the lecture or entertainment with her young man; the other children are scattered over the neighborhood, calling on other people's children, or running the streets; the father has gone to his lodge, or father and mother have gone to some entertainment or club together, or the wife sits alone in the house, deserted of husband and children, or with only the youngest of all, who, not being quite three years old, lacks a year or two of being out to its party or social function. The freedom which is permitted children in many homes is a fearful comment on the superficial thought which many fathers and mothers give to the needs of child life. There are hundreds of boys and girls wandering up and down the streets of cities like ours, not indulging in anything particularly vicious and wrong, but simply loafing around the streets—young boys and girls who, if they ought not to be in bed, should by all means be at home.

One of the rarest and happiest sights in the world in our American life is the sight of an entire family happily busied at home of an evening. I do not mean to say that families should never go out from their own circle, and that other organizations are not needful to complete the joy of a home. Every real home needs, as a complement to itself, other things. It would not be an ideal family life where father and mother and children existed on a desert island. There must be other families and other organizations to come in and enrich each family life. The man needs his human friendships outside of his own home; the woman needs her human friendships out of her home; the children need friends and companions. They are entitled to them. But the home life is the most sacred of all, and should not be continually interrupted and disturbed by these outside influences, no matter how needful and helpful they may be. Would it be asking too much that at least two nights in the whole week be sacred to the inner circle of the family gathering?

I believe the privileges of the family are not fully understood until this inner circle is understood in all its fulness and power. There is something wrong with a family when, night after night, the boys and girls long to go somewhere else. There should be in every family life a strong and attractive influence within the very circle around the lamp, in front of the hearth, or, if we have no hearth any more on account of the modern heater, then around some common meeting-place where heads are close together and there is innocent amusement. One of the most imperative necessities of the time is that every man and woman who have established a home should make that in some respects the most attractive place on earth, so that no boy or girl would be able to say, "I must go to the theatre right along," or "I must go to the show," or "I must go out to-night." Without curbing in any degree the rightful desire of the boy and girl for outside companionship, the true home ought to be able to say to its children, "After you have tried everything else, you must agree that there is no place like home after all." The fact that this cannot be said of hundreds of homes in a town even as good as ours, is one of the saddest comments on our Christian civilization as far as it has or has not gone.

With this understanding of the establishment of the inner life of the home, we have to consider upon what basis the home may be made the most interesting and attractive place on earth; but that demands a sermon to itself. God bless the homes of this nation! Upon them depend the well-being of future generations, civic righteousness and purity in daily life, the sanctity of future marriages, the binding together of the units of society into one strong bundle of permanent usefulness and power. We cannot over-emphasize the beauty and dignity and usefulness of a real family life which is founded first of all in the love of God, and continued in the daily faith in him as the Father of all mankind.

CALCUTTA'S WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC

Girls From Many Countries, Including Our Own, Are Among Its Victims

Lady Minto

THERE arrived in New York, a few weeks ago, from Calcutta, via London, a bright-eyed little lady of graceful manners and pleasing address, who comes on an interesting mission. Mrs. Barrett Lennard is a widow—a missionary and the daughter of a missionary. She has been a great traveler in both Europe and Asia, and possesses a remarkable aptitude for acquiring languages, being conversant not only with the dialects of the countries of southeastern Europe, but also with the languages of India. For a number of years she has been an active representative of the Women's Friendly Society of India, which has its headquarters in the city of Calcutta. This Society, which was established twenty-one years ago, is devoted to rescue and preventive work among women in the Indian city. Through its efforts, large numbers of young women and girls, some of them little more than children, have been saved from lives of vice and shame, sheltered and cared for, and finally either placed in the care of Christian families, or returned to their own homes.

Calcutta is a cosmopolitan city and almost every nationality is represented in its population. Like many other Eastern cities, it has a "seamy side." Young girls are lured thither from other lands by unscrupulous men and women, under various pretexts, only to find themselves deceived and ensnared. Many who have thus been enticed have never again seen home or friends, but have passed the remainder of their lives in dens of a class peculiar to the Orient.

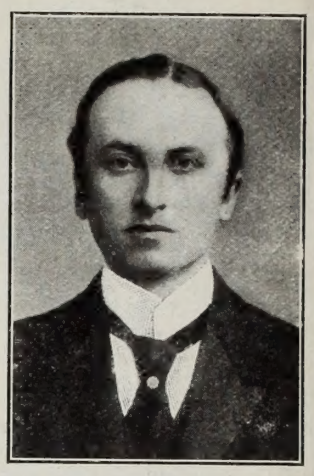
It is among these unfortunates that Mrs. Barrett Lennard has been working as a rescue missionary for a number of years, and through her efforts startling revelations of the nature and extent of this "white slave traffic" have been made and its hidden infamy brought to light.

"The rescue of these women from lives of shame and degradation, as well as their relief from distress and trouble," said Mrs. Lennard a few days ago, "is a work which awakens an interest and sympathy among all right-minded people. Our Women's Friendly Society, whose work has been recognized and commended by the Bengal government, has sent me to appeal to Christian America to lend a helping hand in this work. I come with the endorsement of the Bishop of London. Our Society has among its patrons the Bishop of Calcutta, Sir Andrew Fraser and Lady Fraser, and Lady Minto, wife of the Governor General of India. Among the other officers are a number of ladies of the highest social standing in India. We have also a committee of gentlemen, of which Rev. J. Macrae, of Calcutta, is secretary. There is an English branch, with Lady Bagley as president and Lady Ward as vice-president, and a full list of officers.

"We have just completed the organization of an American Committee for the purpose of interesting the good people of this country in our work among the poor white and Eurasian women. Before coming here, I visited England, where we formed a connection with the National Vigilance Association, which is now actively co-operating with us. Among the women to whom our Society is proving a real means of rescue from a fate worse than death, are Austrians, Germans, Russians, French, Italians, Englishwomen and Jewesses, and there are even Americans to be found among them. This last statement will no doubt surprise people here; but it is nevertheless true that American girls have been among the victims of this nefarious traffic.

"It is the hope of our Society to be able, with the aid of our friends here and in England, to provide a temporary home as a haven of rest for those who have been rescued and who need some such shelter in an emergency. In such a home we could care for them to better advantage than under our present limited arrangements, and could keep them in safety until they were either transferred to their own country and people or placed with respectable and reliable families in India. Lord Curzon, late viceroy of India, has vouched for the worthy character of our work.

"Since coming here," she added, "I have visited many friends, who are sympathetically interested, since they have learned that there is an American side to this sad problem."



Lord Curzon

From Mrs. Barrett Lennard it was further learned that many of the victims of this traffic have been enticed out to India through promises of remunerative employment. They have found themselves friendless and penniless in a foreign land, ignorant of any language but their own, and absolutely at the mercy of their false friends. Mrs. Lennard has come to them in their distress, as one to whom they can turn and in whom they can confide. Many have been sheltered whilst the necessary steps were being taken to put them into positions to earn an honest livelihood in India or to provide for their passage to Europe and to make arrangements for their being received and looked after by responsible persons on their arrival there.

The Bengal government has already made two grants to the Society for this work and in this country Mrs. Lennard has received the kindest encouragement from Bishop Potter, Mr. John Wanamaker, and many others, who are deeply interested. It is believed that many readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, who have already done so much for India, both in famine and orphan work, and also in missionary effort, will be led to aid this very worthy endeavor of the Calcutta ladies to save their unfortunate sisters from other lands who are stranded in the Indian city under such distressing circumstances. Mrs. Lennard would be pleased to address churches and missionary and other societies. The story of her life and experiences among these poor unfortunates is one to which few people can listen and remain unmoved.

Rev. Henry Otis Dwight, D.D., LL.D., is Chairman of the American Committee, and among the members are Rev. Daniel S. Gregory, D.D., LL.D., Mr. R. M. Stratton, and G. H. Sandison, of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Mr. Randolph R. Beam, Bible House, New York, is Secretary and Treasurer, to whom all contributions should be sent.

The work is a most deserving one, which we trust will enlist liberal support among our readers and their friends. Every contribution will be acknowledged in these columns.

Industrial Branch of the Women's Friendly Society, Calcutta

THE ENGLISH SUFFRAGETTES

IN the current issue of *Charities*, Elizabeth B. Butler tells the dramatic story of the struggles and sufferings of the English women who have been the leaders in the recent suffrage agitation there.

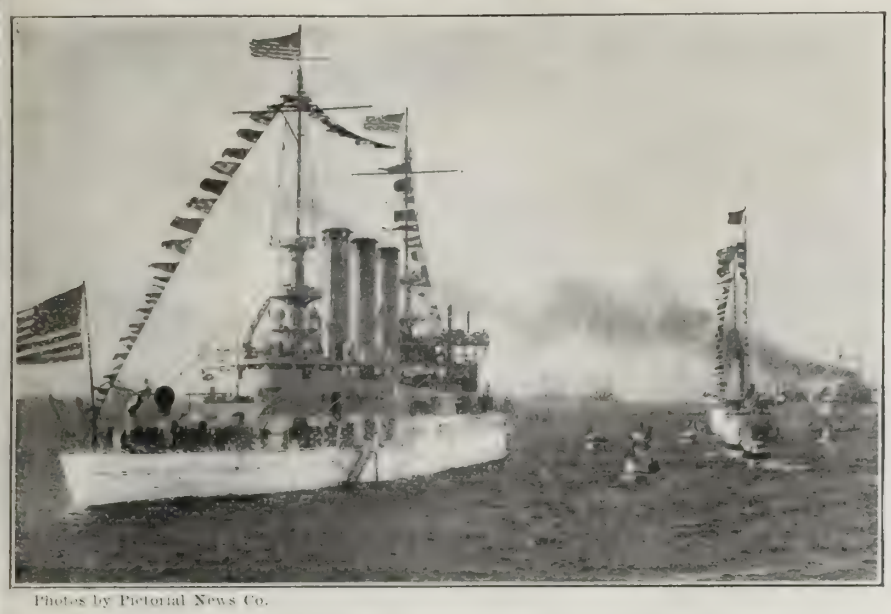
The year before last, in the north of England, a new phase of the movement started. A college woman who had taken her degree in law and was not allowed to practise because she was a woman, a few factory girls, some mill girls, began to make street speeches. At Christmas time they sang carols and collected money enough to keep on with their work. "A very little goes far with us in England," said one lady, "for we are much more accustomed to speak on street corners than in halls. We stand on a chair or an orange box, then we ring a dinner bell and just keep on until the audience comes. It doesn't take long. Then we begin." From town to town the girls went, gaining the interest of the people each week more and more, in reality bringing once again to a living issue the cause of justice to women. Finally they came up to London and said that they were going to convert the city.

On the twenty-first of last October, the leading women in the movement met to decide on a course of action. "It was decided that we go to the House of Commons on the opening day; that we send in to the prime minister, and if he would not see us, that we there in the House of Commons make known our demands. Two or three hundred women from the East End of London we told to come with us to the Parliament buildings. Twenty women were admitted on that day, so the majority, the poor women from East London, were left outside. The others entered the passageway between the House of Lords and the Commons. They asked an audience of the prime minister, but he refused to see them. Then one of those who had entered, a young girl, stood up on a chair, and cried out, "I demand the rights of citizenship." The police rushed in in great force. "We all joined hands round," said one of them afterward, "and held on until she was dragged down. Mrs. Despard said the same words. She was dragged down in the same way. Then came my turn. I was dragged down and out into the street. Meanwhile, the women outside were holding a meeting and they were arrested too.

"The leaders were released on bail, and obliged to appear before the magistrate. The charge was 'abusive language.' The magistrate said we could be bound over to keep the peace for six months if we would give up £10. We refused. So he said, 'Two months in the second division'—the prison reserved for ordinary criminals."

There were eight hundred women in that prison, most of them sentenced for drunkenness or infanticide. The narrator adds: "We were put in solitary confinement. We had small, dark, barred cells with tiny, narrow gratings at the top at one side. We couldn't see the sun; we couldn't see the light; we never got any fresh air. Only for a few hours in the day we were allowed to go into the courtyard. There we walked in line, round and round in the little courtyard, always in the same direction, until we could scarcely stand. We had to sew postmen's bags by hand for six or eight hours of the day. We might have worn our own clothes, but we didn't. We wore the old prison clothes, which didn't fit us, but which were given out as they happened to come. We refused, too, to take privileges in our food; we continued with the prison fare, insufficient, ill-cooked, monotonous, chosen with no regard for nourishment."

THE FAREWELL TO THE FLEET



Photos by Pictorial News Co.

The President's Warship "Mayflower" Inspecting the Fleet

The Fleet of Battleships Passing Out to Sea

AFTER months of careful planning and preparation, the great white ships of the American battleship fleet have weighed their anchors, passed the twin capes that close in Hampton Roads, and are heading southward on the blue Atlantic on their cruise to the Pacific Coast. At the moment this strikes the eye of the reader the ships are thousands of miles from American shores, and the "jackies" on watch at night see the northern stars dropping slowly down over the path astern, while at day there is naught to see but the vast expanse of sea over which the blue bowl of the sky seems to fit tightly down.

The departure of the greatest fleet ever collected at one point for the longest cruise of modern times was an inspiring spectacle for every American whose heart beats high on an occasion like this with a love of country and his country's flag. The most remote interior towns were as interested as those on the coasts, for not only do the battleships bear the names of many States, but there are officers and men from almost every State in the Union. Thousands of people assembled in the towns about Hampton Roads to bid their friends farewell, and then watch the white hulls glide outward to the sea.

The day before the sailing of the fleet was one of great activity. The hotels at Fortress Monroe were filled with the wives and families of the officers who were about to leave. Those who came late found difficulty in securing accommodations, so great was the demand. Through the afternoon and evening the scene was a brilliant one. The ladies were dressed in their best gowns and all of the officers wore their natty uniforms of blue and gold. Mothers walked proudly beside their stalwart sons who have devoted their lives to the service of the country, while wives and sweethearts bravely tried to force back the tears as they thought of the parting on the morrow.

Most of the officers when they left shore that evening, carried under their capes numerous suggestive boxes and parcels that had been given them by their wives and daughters with strict injunctions not to untie a string until Christmas morning, when the ships will stop at Trinidad. That night the ships had their fires lit, steam up, and were held to their positions by single anchors. Both officers and men, as Admiral Evans put it, "were ready and anxious to go."

On Monday morning, a little after eight o'clock, the *Mayflower* with the President and his party on board was seen steaming rapidly toward the fleet.

It was a wonderful sight that greeted the eyes of President Roosevelt. The ships made a great horseshoe with their white hulls, and they were dressed with bunting from stem to stern. The *Mayflower* first passed the fort, whose sides sparkled with the flashes of twenty-one guns. As she neared the fleet, the rails of the double line of ships, headed by the *Connecticut* and the *Minnesota*, were manned by lines of sailors, who stood with their hands on one another's shoulders. The marines were at the salute, and the bands played "America." The *Mayflower* steamed to a point between the *Missouri* and the *Louisiana* and anchored. The flagship signals were at once run up above the lines of bunting, the bugles blared hoarsely, and the fussy little launches darted out from the sides of the battleships, carrying the admirals and the captains to pay their respects to the President. As Admiral Evans stepped aboard, the red-coated band played "Hail to the Chief." Mr. Roosevelt talked long and earnestly with the Admiral, evidently impressing some important matters in regard to the cruise. For all of the other officers he had a brief word of greeting and farewell. He sent a message to "the men behind the guns," that was greatly appreciated.

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The President and Admiral Evans

The Admiral returned to the *Connecticut*, and the *Mayflower*, pulling her anchor out of the mud, turned around and steamed back. The flagship signaled for the first column to proceed at half speed. The little *Yankton* took position on the right of the eight battleships in the first line as they turned; the *Mayflower*, two miles ahead, was leading the way out to sea. As the first line drew ahead, the second, under the command of Rear-Admiral Thomas, wheeled about with magnificent precision and followed the first line outward. It took a few moments for the *Minnesota*, his flagship, to get her exact distance at the head of the second eight. When she did, the fleet steamed on, every ship at exact distance from the one before. The line extended from front to rear a distance of over six miles. At last the *Mayflower* anchored at the point called "the tail of the horseshoe," and waited for the fleet to pass in the final review.

To those on the *Mayflower* it was a thrilling spectacle. On came the long white line that stretched back as far as the eye could reach. The magnificent *Connecticut* led, her sharp bow sending up a great white comber on either side, her yellow funnels towering many feet in the air and belching dense clouds of black smoke. The Stars and Stripes streamed backward, and the blue-starred flag of Admiral Evans snapped sharply in the wind. As she swept abreast of the *Mayflower*, the sailors could be seen manning the rails, the marines at attention. Every officer, in full-dress uniform, drew his sword and saluted toward the President, the drums ruffled, the bugles called, and the bands struck up the national air. Admiral Evans stood on the rear bridge with his sword drawn.

The President, as the battleship passed, raised his hat. The next moment the *Connecticut* had cleared the *Mayflower* and began to fire her farewell twenty-one guns. A few hundred yards behind the leader, another battleship churned the water into foam. Again the bands played and the decks shimmered with the wave of saluting swords. On the rear bridge of this vessel, and all the rest of the ships, the commanding officers stood high above the decks, and from the secondary batteries came the roar of the presidential salute.

At last the rearmost ship went by. The *Mayflower* hoisted her anchor and headed back for the trip to Washington. For a long time the President stood watching the pride of the navy as it turned southward. The white hulls gleamed for a moment in a passing ray of sunshine, and then there was but the horizon line of blue, from which rose long streamers of black smoke. By wireless it is known that the ships are proceeding safely.

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The President and the Commanders of the Fleet

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, Associate Editor — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, Associate Editor

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1 50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Subscriptions may commence with any issue.

Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

New-Year Greetings

CONFORMING to the good old custom, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to-day greets its readers throughout the homeland and the world with the best wishes for a happy, prosperous and useful New Year.

1908 opens auspiciously with a very marked increase in the numerical strength of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Family. Increased circulation brings wider opportunities for Christian service and added spiritual responsibilities. We are thankful that, in those paths of effort toward which the energies of the paper and its friends have been turned in past years, some things have been accomplished which, by God's grace, have become an inspiration and a blessing to many. May the year just begun eclipse all of its predecessors in those deeds of kindness, of helpfulness, of love for humanity, which have long been the special field of the great CHRISTIAN HERALD Family.

What the coming months may bring no one can know. The future is wisely hidden with God. Let us hold ourselves in the attitude of faithful servants, followers of the Master, ready cheerfully to do his will. So we will be prepared for any emergency that may arise, which affords an opportunity to advance the cause of humanity, and to set up the standard of Christ's kingdom among the nations of the world. Thus, with stout hearts and a firm purpose, let us prepare to enjoy the blessings and to do the work that lie before us in the New Year.

Equals and Comrades

SHOULD a husband simply because of his sex attempt to dominate his wife, setting her opinions aside, treating her as if she were an undeveloped child, and taking upon himself the manner of master of the house? Is this fair to an intelligent and loving wife, and will this attitude induce deference to her wishes on the part of her sons? Is it commendable or bearable? These questions come in a letter. Between the lines one reads an everyday lesson of regrettable mistakes, an everyday experience of sorrow and strife. A thousand times no, is the answer that must be given. The husband who in these days seriously fancies himself an over-lord in the household is either medieval or stupid. He is out of the current of the times. The word "obey" in the marriage ritual was never intended to be taken literally, or to mean the implicit obedience of a slave.

Husbands are to love their wives as Christ loves the Church. A modern husband, whose ideal of domestic life is that he is an autocrat and his wife a person subject to his authority, will signally fail in carrying out his endeavors, and will succeed in making his home a place of wretchedness. Married people should be first of all congenial friends; they are comrades on the road. Mutual consideration, mutual politeness, common interests and faithful affection must unite them, or the children will be the greatest sufferers. Boys copy their father and learn to regard their mother as the queen of the home, and their sisters as princesses when the father's attitude is worthy of the good old name of gentleman.

Labor Depression Abroad

AN unexpected sequel has followed the phenomenal exodus of aliens from American ports during the last four weeks, which was recently described in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. This season has eclipsed all previous records in the numbers of those who have returned to their old-world homes, many no doubt intending to pass the winter there, and to come back to this country next spring. Doubtless a considerable proportion of the whole have been moved to this course by the temporary industrial depression here, resulting from the recent panic. Their arrival in Germany, Austria and Italy, the cable dispatches say, seems likely to produce an industrial crisis in those countries. So serious has the situation become in some parts of Germany that it has even been proposed to pass a law designed to protect home labor by keeping out the least desirable of the returning immigrants, although such an extreme step seems hardly probable. A majority of the returning immigrants are of the thrifty class, who no doubt are sufficiently supplied with funds to support themselves during their stay. In Austria the influx has caused a rise in land values, hundreds of farms being purchased by the returned immigrants, who have saved money during their sojourn in America.

Presumably, the larger part of those who have left us are non-citizens, belonging to the great class which constitutes our floating population, drifting hither and thither in obedience to the demands of the labor market. It is asserted by those who have made a study of immigration, that the presence of this class in the United States, under the circumstances, is of doubtful value. This subject, with others relating to the immigration question, will probably come up among the matters to be considered by the International Immigration Conference proposed by Commissioner Sargent, which is expected to meet some time next spring. European governments, as well as our own, are vitally interested in the regulation of immigration. Italy, Greece, Germany and the Scandinavian countries are especially concerned, and it will be interesting and instructive to note how they propose to remedy the wholesale exodus of their people which has been going on steadily for years, and which has left large sections of European territory practically destitute of able-bodied workers.

The People and the Motto

AN enormous number of letters has been received in response to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD's invitation to its readers for an expression of their opinions on the removal of the motto. Last week's symposium, which covered two pages of our issue of December 25, was only the beginning of the flood of correspondence, which has continued to increase daily ever since. Of the whole number, little more than three per cent. approve the elimination of the motto, while ninety-seven per cent. absolutely disapprove, and record their protest in unmistakable terms. In view of the fact that these protests come from all sections and classes throughout the Union, every State being represented, we feel warranted in regarding them as a fair illustration of the sentiment of the whole American people on this question. It is a plebiscite.

As it is impracticable for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to publish all of these letters, we have forwarded them in bulk to the Hon. Ollie M. James of Kentucky, one of the two Congressmen who recently introduced bills in the House of Representatives providing for the restoration of the motto. We trust that by so doing this great mass of correspondence may not be without its weight and influence when the subject comes up for discussion before the House.

National Beacons

IN these times of broad tolerance, there is a tendency to condemn the Puritans and the Pilgrim Fathers for their prejudices and narrowness. We boast that we have outgrown all that. The burning of witches, the blue laws and the severe penalties for offenses now deemed trivial, belong, we are told, to a barbarous age in which the attempt was made to compel every man to be at least outwardly pious. There can be no doubt that the moral stringency of the Puritanical times was a yoke that was hard to bear; but we should be careful lest the reaction proceed to an extent dangerous to the public welfare. Those grim and gloomy men laid an excellent foundation for the national edifice. They frowned on theatrical entertainments, legislated against gaming, betting and horse-racing, but they insisted on righteousness and public morality. The people became restive under their rule and demanded that there should be some relaxation. There is more than a possibility that the pendulum has swung too far in that direction and that we are in danger as a people of forgetting God and his day altogether.

History cries aloud warnings against godlessness. The nations that become irreligious surely perish. One shrinks from arguing for religion on the ground that it pays. That is a very low plane on which to plead for faith and duty. The question of profit and gain that will come from pursuing any right course ought not to be considered. We should do right, because it is right, and not through fear of consequences, or the hope of prosperity. But there are minds to which only such an argument appeals. Men who cannot be induced to worship and serve God and observe his day for conscientious reasons, may be influenced by patriotic considerations. They love their country and are proud of its progress. To all such, the present tendency toward godlessness should be a beacon of warning. The desecration of the Lord's Day, the increase of divorce, the growing lawlessness which is seen among rich and poor, are all indications of the national drift which we cannot afford to ignore. In ancient and modern days such indications have been ominous. Nations great as this have perished, some are now perishing slowly before our eyes, not through poverty, not through tyranny, but simply because they forgot God and ignored his laws. God save this land, for which our fathers suffered and bled, from such a fate!

Our Esperanto Course

THE first lesson in our Complete Course of Esperanto will appear in next week's issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Other lessons will follow every second week throughout the course. These lessons are prepared by an expert Esperantist and will carry the student along by easy and pleasant steps to a complete mastery of this wonderful new language, which is now being taught in public schools, high schools and even in universities in other countries. We can conceive of no more agreeable or profitable occupation for one evening twice a month than this study of a simple, natural language, which seems destined soon to become the medium of international commerce and diplomacy. It should be studied in circles of six or eight persons, working intelligently and harmoniously together for a common end.

In the Foreign Field

—MRS. ADELINE B. HUME, missionary, writes from Salonica, Turkey, thanking readers of this journal for aid rendered to her Christian school project.

—MRS. KITTIE WOOD (Kumara Kulasinghe), a missionary at Kuwara Ehya, Ceylon, has a very promising Sunday School, which is doing good work among the native children. She needs Bibles for the scholars.

—REV. MR. BAKER of Dempar, Sudan (a worker of the Sudan Mission), reports the king of the native tribes there as friendly and willing to listen to the Gospel and even as declaring himself willing to abide "by the counsel of God." Mr. Baker lately addressed over one hundred people, and at the close of the service dismissed the women and children and talked to the king and his attendants.

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THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

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Lawrence O. Murray

General View of the Mines at Goldfield, Nev.

Hon. Herbert Knox Smith

Labor Trouble at Goldfield

ACUTE labor trouble at Goldfield, Nev., has been the source of anxiety throughout the mining region for several weeks. There have been smouldering embers of discontent for a long time, as the mine operators have been yielding reluctantly to the demands of the Union. A feeling has long been prevalent that a crisis was at hand, as increasing hostility between the operators and the Union was rapidly increasing. It came to a head on December 2, when, owing to the general financial stringency, the Cook Bank, which is controlled by the Goldfield Mines Company, paid the miners half in cash and half in checks. The miners jumped to the conclusion that they were being defrauded, and a general strike ensued. This was followed by a shut-down of all the mines in camp, throwing ten thousand men out of employment. The Governor of Nevada, fearing violence, and convinced that he had not a sufficient force to maintain order if a conflict occurred, appealed to President Roosevelt for the assistance of United States troops. General Funston was accordingly ordered to Goldfield from San Francisco, with such force as he deemed necessary. The President sent explicit instructions that the troops were to hold themselves strictly neutral. They were to preserve order, without taking sides with the miners or the operators. No man was to be molested so long as he behaved peaceably. The feeling in certain quarters ran high against the men, and the President feared that, without this warning, the miners might not have a square deal in the dispute. In order to get an adequate understanding of the conditions, the President decided also to send a special commission to inquire into the merits of the controversy and report. It consists of Lawrence O. Murray, Assistant Secretary of Commerce and Labor; Herbert Knox Smith, Commissioner of Corporations, and Charles P. Neill, Commissioner of Labor. It is most devoutly to be hoped that the trouble may be settled amicably and quickly. The employers and the miners inevitably suffer while work is suspended. To both sides the warning uttered long ago by the apostle may well be given:

Labor Commissioner Neill

If ye bite and devour one another, take heed that ye be not consumed one of another. (Gal. 5 : 15.)

Heroism on a Bridge

Two of the men employed in building the new bridge over the East River, New York, did an heroic thing recently. Their names were Oliver Jude and John J. McGlynn. They were assigned to the duty of watching a heavy plate that was being raised to the top of the tower on the Long Island City side, and to fasten it the moment it was in proper position. On a platform below them were other workers who were manipulating the hoisting apparatus. The huge block of steel slowly rose and the men stood ready to drive in the gear, but there was some blunder. Instead of it resting on the supports, it rested on the inclined beams, and was gradually sliding off, to the consternation of Jude and McGlynn, who knew that its fall meant instant death to the men below. They shouted at the top of their voice to the men in charge of the tackle to hoist the plate higher, but in the meantime it was slipping. There was a crevice in the slanting beam, and before the plate reached it, each man thrust his arm into it. The brave act checked the plate for a minute, but not even bones could resist such mighty pressure. The plate slowly ground through the obstacles, but not until the tackle had been applied and the sliding of the plate arrested. Then the men were brought down and sent to a hospital, where their wounds were dressed. Each had lost a hand, but they had saved the lives of their fellow workers. It was a noble thing to do. We admire men who voluntarily suffer that others may be saved; but how few, comparatively, realize that our own hope of eternal life is built on such self-sacrifice which Christ made for the human race.

Christ hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God. (I. Peter 3: 18.)

Seeking a Father

An elderly man entered a police court in Yorkville, N. Y., a few days ago, to obtain assistance in a peculiar search. He told the magistrate that he had hitherto passed under the name of "Love," but he was well aware that it was not his right name. He had come from Ohio to New York in the hope of discovering some trace of his father, whose name he did not know. All he remembered of his childhood was that when he was a very small boy he wandered away from home and was taken before a Judge sitting in a court on upper Park Avenue. He was sent to a foundling asylum, and later adopted by Dr. William Love of Mount Vernon, Ohio. His object in calling upon the magistrate was to hunt up the records of his commitment to the asylum. It will be impossible for him to do this, as they were destroyed when the old Court House at Eighty-sixth Street and Park Avenue was burned during the Civil War. His adoption took place before that date. Perhaps the father searched for his wandering boy and failed to find him. The boy, however, has allowed more than forty years to pass before instituting any inquiries, and cannot be surprised now if his search is in vain. It may be hoped that he will seek his heavenly Father if he has not already done so, and in that search, if it is sincere, success is assured.

If thou seek him, he will be found of thee. (I. Chron. 28: 9.)

A Kidnapped Girl

A Chicago family is rejoicing over the recovery of a lost daughter. She was eight years old and the pet of the family. On December 7 she was playing on the lawn in front of her home, but completely disappeared. Search was made for her everywhere, but she could not be found. It was remembered that a number of gipsies had been in the neighborhood and the parents feared that they had carried her off. A reward of a thousand dollars was offered for her recovery. No tidings came of her for some time, but one day a farmer living near Momence, a village east of Kankakee, Ill., reported having seen a barefoot child wearily following a gipsy wagon as it passed his home. The child did not look like a gipsy child and she walked as if unaccustomed to walking barefoot. Inquiries were at once made and the gipsy wagon was traced. Several persons visited the camp and while one of them conversed with the only woman in charge, the others searched for the child. She was found and in some trepidation told her name, which was that of the missing Chicago girl. She said the gipsies had tried to make her steal and had beaten her severely. She appeared to be half-starved and was evidently in great fear of her captors. The police were summoned, but all the gipsies but two escaped. One of them, who is an ex-convict, is suspected of having kidnapped other children. The child was glad to be restored to her parents. It may be hoped that her experience will lead her to be on her guard in years to come, against the enemy of souls, whose delight it is to bring people into captivity.

Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour. (I. Peter 5: 8.)

A Sister's Plea

A distressing scene was witnessed in the Court of General Sessions in New York recently. A merchant who has recently become bankrupt was brought before Judge Foster for sentence. The case was very simple, as the whole of his stock and other assets had disappeared, leaving absolutely nothing for his creditors. It was alleged that a large part of the property had been disposed of after the bankruptcy proceedings had been begun, and it was for this act that he had been tried and convicted. As is usual, the question was asked if there was any reason why he should not be sentenced. An appeal for mercy was made by his wife and sister. The latter was very eloquent. She said: "Judge, take my life and let my brother go home. I am willing to sacrifice myself for his sake." She was so deeply affected that she fainted and had to be carried out of court. The judge was profoundly moved, but on learning from the Assistant District Attorney that the defendant had manifested no sign of repentance and had not attempted to make restitution, he decided to disregard the plea for mercy and sent him to prison without the option of a fine. The idea that his sister could suffer in his place of course could not be entertained. Every man must bear the penalty of his own wrongdoing. Neither in our courts nor at God's tribunal can one human being suffer in the place of another. God does not apply the principle of the atonement to a mere human substitute.

None of them can by any means redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him. (Ps. 49 : 7.)

A Builder's Set-off

A curious dispute was submitted to a judge at Mineola, L. I., for settlement recently. A builder presented a claim on a farmer for three hundred dollars for work done on his farm. It was disclosed that the builder had formerly been engaged to the farmer's daughter, but the engagement had been broken. The bill had been presented after the rupture, and there was a hint that the commercial transaction had been complicated by personal feeling. Part of the claim was for the making of a bird-house for which thirty-five dollars was charged. It was contended that the builder had practically made the bird-house as a gift to the young lady. The witnesses said that she had been enraptured with it when the builder brought it, and laughingly declared she could not pay for it. The builder replied that she could, as he would feel himself amply repaid with a kiss. The builder at the trial repudiated the agreement, and said the bird-house was well worth the money charged for it in his bill. To his surprise, however, the judge pronounced the contract binding, and in giving judgment for the balance of the claim deducted the charge for the bird-house, which he regarded as having been paid for at the price demanded. The builder appeared mortified by the decision. The change in his feelings had changed his estimate of values. It is so in spiritual matters. Prizes once deemed of the highest value are despised when conversion has taken place.

Howbeit what things were gain to me, those have I counted loss. (Phil. 3: 7.)

PROTECTING THE WORKER

ON the upper floor of a large mercantile building in West Twenty-ninth Street, New York, there has been established a museum which is of the greatest interest to all who work with their hands or are employers of labor. It is called the Museum of Safety Devices and Social Hygiene, and when fully equipped it will have on exhibition all of the various appliances that have been invented to protect the lives of workers in the "dangerous trades." When the statistics are studied it will be found that there are indeed few trades that do not come under this head. There are already installed a number of pieces of protective apparatus. The collection of photographs illustrating the subject is extensive, and the library is undoubtedly the most comprehensive in America in its special line.

A Well-Lighted Workroom that Fills All Hygienic Requirements

The President, Dr. Josiah Strong, and Dr. William Tolman, the Director, have been carrying on an educational campaign for the last ten years among employers, workmen, and people who are interested in movements for the general improvement of conditions of the toilers. Their path has been an uphill one. They found that employers at first regarded safety devices as adding greatly to the cost of machinery, and they found the workmen indifferent to their own safety. If the protective device interfered in no way with the speed of the machine he was operating, the workman regarded it with toleration; if it retarded him on piece work, he wanted the protective appliance removed and he was willing to take the risk.

The various appliances that the directors have on exhibition, or of which they have photographs, are comparatively inexpensive, and some have already been adopted in this country. The ideas for most of them have come from abroad, where the life of the worker has been much better protected than in America. We are apt to think of Russia as far behind the United States, yet in all of the Russian factories the dangerous parts of the machinery are painted red—a simple device, but one that has saved an untold number of lives.

An Asbestos Suit

Iron-Workers' Protective Masks

Dust-Tube in Operation

American inventors have begun to turn their attention to providing devices to protect the workers who operate the marvelous machines that American ingenuity has created. Exposed cogs and wheels are being covered. Where women operators are employed, exposed cogs have often caught and torn the hair and scalp from the head of some worker who had stooped too low for a moment over her work. A short time ago a prominent manufacturer from New Jersey was visiting the museum and his attention was caught by the picture of workmen who were operating a revolving saw. The workman stood on a mat of ribbed rubber that prevented him from falling forward on the saw. Such accidents are quite common where the machines have been in operation for some time and the wooden floors have become slippery from the constant pressure of the workers' shoes.

"Why," said the manufacturer, "that's a good idea. I guess I'll adopt that. Why, only the other day one of the workmen in my place slipped and fell forward. He struck the saw, and before he could be pulled back, the saw had cut clear through the man's ribs."

The necessity for the active work that is being conducted by the officials of the museum is best shown by a few comparisons taken from statistics collected at the museum. In two days more people are killed by accidents in various industries than were killed in battle in the war with Spain. Every year there are twice as many killed as fell in both the French and English armies during the three years of the war with Russia in the Crimea. On our railroad lines there are more killed every year than fell on both sides during the three years of the Boer War. Enough men give up their lives every twelve months to supply the number of killed and wounded in our Civil War and the Franco-Prussian War, if those two bloody contests went on indefinitely. In New York City alone last year there were nine fatal accidents a day, which would make 3,406 for the year.

In New York State in three months, 800 women and children had their fingers mutilated by using unguarded punches. In reference to this, it should be said that Dr. Tolman is making a great effort to secure the adoption of protective devices on the various machines that are operated by women and children in shops and factories, and that if the small amount needed can be secured, this will be made a special department of their work, and a special section of the museum will be set apart to show devices and photographs. The havoc wrought among the women and children workers in the cotton mills by consumption, they have found by enlargements of photographs to be caused by the operatives inhaling small bits of cotton floating in the air of the workroom. Little gauze masks have been invented that protect the nose and mouth, and if their adoption can be secured, the great white plague will find fewer victims in the mills. Most factories have particles of dust floating about in sorting and packing rooms, where the work is all practically done by young girls. A few plants have installed metal tubes that suck the dust-laden air from about the working benches. They should be installed wherever the "dust menace" exists. A picture of one of these metal tubes is given in the present article. In the museum are bottles filled with dust collected from the air of various factories, and as one reads the various labels he wonders how any of the workers breathing these hard particles could exist for more than a few years. In fact, in some trades it seems as if with the present old-fashioned methods in vogue, women and children are signing their own death warrants, unless they are taught how to protect their own health, and those who employ them are shown that protective devices exist.

A small sum is needed to start this work for the protection of women and children who have to earn their livelihood with their hands. Any inquiries in regard to the matter will be gladly answered by Dr. William H. Tolman, 231 West Thirty-ninth Street, New York City.

A SCIENTIST ON IMMORTALITY

ONE of the most eminent living scientists, Sir Oliver Lodge, of England, discussed the question of immortality in a recent lecture delivered before an audience of distinguished scientists in London. In a cable dispatch to the New York *Sun*, an outline of his views is given, which is profoundly interesting, coming from such a source. Sir Oliver said:

The body was no more representative of the individual than a worn-out suit of clothes. Death merely removed the soul's instrument of manifestation. It resembled the destruction of an organ, which left the organist untouched.

Death merely marked the end of a certain grouping of physical materials. Consciousness, will, honor, love and admiration are similarly stamped with immortality and will not drop into nothingness. Such creatures as insects and trees can hardly be supposed to have persistent personal existence, as they lack individuality; but there can be no doubt of the continuance of human individuality.

Part of the evidence of personal immortality consists of psychological manifestations, such as when one's mind appears to act upon another at a distance. Telepathy or clairvoyance must be regarded as having practicaly established certain facts too numerous and too well authenticated to be doubted, but this science is still in the rudimentary stage.

"We would be clearly wrong," said the lecturer, "in assuming that all automatic messages are not of a genuine character. To say that spiritual manifestations are futile and inappropriate is quite untrue. Such a statement is only to be made by persons not acquainted with the facts.

"The fact that the higher faculties of the soul have no special sphere of employment in the struggle for existence appears to suggest the coming of a fuller and larger existence. Possibly these high faculties, which now seem incongruous and inconvenient, may ultimately be found to be nearer the heart of things than faculties better suited to this world.

"It is the duty of science to examine even into the domain of religion. The intentions of the Creator of the universe are not going to be frustrated by the efforts of his creatures."

GRANDMA'S NEW YEAR'S CALLER

By HELEN H. THOMAS

IN her youth great preparations were always made for the first day of the year, especially as to one's attire, for New Year's greetings began early in the morning and lasted until midnight, if one had an extensive acquaintance, as had Grandma.

So the woman who had long since left her youth behind her, and who, like most elderly people, lived much in the past, did not take kindly to the change which the shifting years had brought, and usually said to her friends, as each year drew to a close:

"Remember, my latch-string is always clear out on the first day of the year, if on no other; for I am an old-fashioned woman and always keep open house."

Because of that, and because, too, of the warm place this sweet-faced Grandma held in the hearts of old and young alike, she was always given the opportunity to greet a portion of her friends, at least, with "I wish you a happy New Year!" which she did with old-time grace, in spite of advancing years.

The story-teller rarely let slip the privilege accorded Grandma's friends. Being absent from the city, however, one New Year's Day, she called at the earliest opportunity to extend greetings, and was met by:

"It isn't too late to wish you a happy New Year, dear, but I missed you."

"Oh, well," was the laughing rejoinder of the one who received the warm hand-clasp, "I fear you had callers enough to weary you, as it was, for you are looking a little wan, and now you must tell me who they were."

"She had one too many, and that is what ails her," remarked Grandma's care-taker, in a low tone, "but she will tell you about him, for she talks of little else."

"Well, I had callers same's usual," remarked Grandma in an absent-minded way, "that is, for these days, but I'll have to think 'em up, I guess, for my first caller put every one else out of my mind."

"Why, he must have been one of your admirers in the beautiful long ago, about which you talk so much," was the laughing retort.

That it was no laughing matter to Grandma, however, was evident, for she met the foregoing with a shake of the head and, in a very serious tone, said:

"No, no, dear, he was unlike any caller I ever had before, and I never can forget him, never!"

It was plain to be seen that Grandma, for once, was not in a mood to live over the days of Auld Lang Syne, and, too, that she was eager to talk of what was uppermost in her mind; so her questioner settled back for the recital.

"Well, it was like this, dear," said the old lady, as she leaned forward in her customary story-telling attitude. "I couldn't sleep the last hours of the closing year, for I got to thinking over how the Lord had led me, and of all his goodness, until my heart was that full o' gratitude that if it hadn't been for waking folks up I'd broke right out singing.

"You know I keep my old room down stairs, while the rest sleep on the second floor. They've tried to make me think it isn't safe, but I like to be alone so I can talk out loud without disturbing anybody.

"Well, when my clock told me that the New Year had come, I began to think how good my Lord was to spare my unprofitable life to see a New Year, and I sung right out, 'Praise the Lord!' And then I heard a noise like something had dropped, and I opened my eyes and saw some one at my bureau, but the light was so dim I thought at first some of the family was looking for something.

"Then I made out that it was a man, and that he had his cap so drawn down over his face that I couldn't have made out who it was even if I'd known him."

"Why, Grandma!" was the startled exclamation; "you must have been nearly paralyzed with fear!"

"Ah, but you forgot, dear, that I had just been so full of praise that there was no room left for fear of burglars, even. But I had my wits about me, though, I tell you. Sometimes I think it was almost a miracle, too, how much sharper they were than common.

"Anyhow, it all come over me like a flash, how, when I cried out, that man had been startled and dropped something, and how he wasn't there for any good. Now, I was not a mite afraid of his hurting me, or of losing anything I had in my room; but I thought of the precious ones up stairs and I determined, God helping me, to get the burglar out of the house before he'd gone to the second floor.

"I always lie bolstered up in bed on account of my cough, so I didn't change my position any, but reached out my hand and said: 'Come here, son, Grandma wants to talk to you.' And, would you believe it, he edged his way up to the bed and let me take the hand hanging by his side, just as if he was a little boy and good at minding. He wasn't much but a boy either, it seemed to me. He came, anyhow, and I wouldn't let go his hand, but held it tightly as I said:

"'When I was a girl I sometimes began to have New Year's callers pretty early, but you've beat the record, so you must excuse my not being ready to receive callers. But, all the same, I wish you a happy New Year.'"

"'The burglar hung his head and acted 'shamed like'"

"Why, Grandma! to think of any one as love-shielded as you are, alone talking to a burglar like that! How could you?" cried the guest, in a shocked tone.

"I don't know, dear; I am weak now whenever I think of the risk they all tell me I was running; but I had only one thing in mind then, and that was the safety of my loved ones; so I forgot my own, and I firmly believe I was given courage and wisdom to act wisely by the One who never sleeps.

"Then next I said, just as if I had been talking to my grandson, when he had gone wrong:

"'But it hurts me, son, to have to tell you that my wishes can't make it a happy one if you go on like you've started out.'

"He hung his head when I said that, and acted so shamed like that I said: 'But, somehow, I don't feel as if you were an old hand at slying into people's rooms, stranger. I think you are some mother's boy who got stranded in this big city, and I'm sorry for you. Say, now, son, I know you don't want to look Grandma in the face, or let her hear the sound of your voice, but when she asks you questions just shake your head, or nod, and she will believe you. And now, is she not right in thinking that midnight calls like this are something new to you?'

"Then my caller nodded his head, and at the same time I felt his hand tremble, which encouraged me to preach to him a little bit. I can't repeat all I said to him. I talked fast, I tell you, and the right words just came to me then as they never will again, I'm thinking; but I know I pointed to the clock and told him how God had just given him a clean white page to write on, and I begged him to resolve that the first stain on it would be the last, and while I pleaded with him tears dropped from the eyes I couldn't see.

"Then I thought how perhaps hunger led to his wrong-doing, and so I put my hand under the mattress, after releasing it for the first time, and took out five dollars and offered it to him, saying:

"'I feel that you are in a tight place and this may help you to start right.' But he shook his head and continued to do so until I told him that he might look upon it as a loan. At the same time I took my address from my pocket-book and gave it to him with the money, which was taken with evident reluctance. Then I sprang from the bed and grasping him by the hand again I said, with a nervous laugh: 'I always like to see my callers to the door, and I must see you off.'

"He required no urging, but started to go to the rear of the house where he entered, as we learned later, but I was so distressed for fear he wouldn't get out before he was heard, that I drew him to the side door near my room, and slipping the bolt let him out, saying: 'God bless you, son; my prayers will follow you.'

"Well, there isn't much more to tell, except that—"

"Except that Grandma's nerve forsook her then," added her care-taker; "for after calling for help she collapsed entirely. At first we all thought she was suffering from the effects of a bad dream, but there was sufficient proof to the contrary, however; and I tell you she has been looked upon as a heroine ever since."

"You deserve to be, Grandma!" cried the one who had listened to the story for the first time. "Not one in a thousand would have acted as wisely as you did under such trying circumstances."

"But I give all the credit to One who has never failed me in any emergency," said Grandma, as she wiped away the fast falling tears. "And now you must know the sequel to my strange experience."

Saying that, the speaker drew from her pocket a letter and handed it to her caller—a well-written letter which was both undated and unsigned, and read as follows:

"DEAR, KIND GRANDMA: If I had the courage to face you I would try to tell you how much I owe you for making me see my wicked course that night; but as it is I will only return the money loaned and thank you from a full heart. Yes, I was hungry, and desperate, too! and you know the rest. But I had a grandma once whose idol I was, and when you cried 'Praise the Lord!'—which was so like her—I dropped the silver vase I was about to pocket, and when I faced you I was as weak as a rag, your resemblance to my grandmother was so striking.

"Well, as the result of your kind advice, after breaking a long fast, I took the first train for home and mother. And here on the farm I am going to try and live the clean life you pictured. I told mother all about it, and she says 'Tell her I will try and thank her when we get over yonder!' I will, too, if I am ever worthy to be found in such company.

"At any rate, I got a glimpse of heaven that night, and I can now better understand how God can forgive such sinners as I, when you so warmly clasped the hand of the one who had meant to rob you, and, instead of calling me a thief, wished me a 'Happy New Year' and called me 'Son.' May your God reward you, for I never can."

The foregoing letter was read through blinding tears, and when the reader finished she looked lovingly into the sweet face which had so appealed to the writer of it, but could only trust herself to say:

"That will surely be another star in your crown, Grandma."

A happy sigh alone broke the stillness for a little, and then the aged heroine evasively rejoined:

"Now you can understand, dear, why I can talk only of my first New Year's caller."

OUR MAIL-BAG

Questions and Answers

A. L., Norden, Neb. Have you any authentic record of how Voltaire died? A Catholic monk, the superior of the order, related that his end was hopeless and fearful. According to his tale, Voltaire entreated that a priest might come to him, but his friends would not allow this.

McClintock & Strong's Encyclopedia, which is generally accepted as an authority, says that during his last visit to Paris (on which he had a severe attack of hemorrhage and thought death near) he sought a "reconciliation" with the Church, that he might not be denied Christian burial. He signed a statement that he would die in the Roman Catholic faith, and that he "asked pardon of God and the Church for his sins." He recovered from this attack, but died soon afterward. No details are given as to his actions during the spasm of repentance, but the statement that he sent for or communicated with a priest would seem to be logically borne out by the foregoing facts.

T. E., Oak Hill, O. Why is the United States called "Uncle Sam" and England called "John Bull"?

"Uncle Sam" is said to have had as his original source a man named Samuel Wilson, a well-known employer on the Hudson. When stores came from abroad marked "U. S." (United States), it was said in joke the letters stood for "Uncle Sam." The jest became popular among the soldiers during the war of 1812. "John Bull" was a character in a satire by Dr. Arbuthnot, and was the type of a bluff, kind-hearted, bull-headed farmer. It became popular and was adopted as a national type.

Reader, Lake Ariel, Pa. 1. What is the baptism for the dead to which Paul alludes (I. Cor. 15: 29)? 2. What is the preaching to which Peter refers (I. Peter 4: 6)?

1. Some custom prevalent in the Corinthian church. Probably a Christian concerned about the state of friends who died before hearing of Christ, and so unbaptized, may have been baptized in their name, hoping to benefit them. Paul does not speak of the practice with approbation, but mentions it to show that persons who do such things thereby prove that they believe in a future life, which is the question he is arguing about. 2. It is probably the same as that in I. Peter 3: 19. Theologians generally contend that it refers to the persons now dead who heard the Gospel in their lives. The passage is recognized as mysterious and no wholly satisfactory explanation has been given.

L. P., Macon, Mo. What are the sacred books of Buddhism?

They are called "Pitaka." There are three of them, the first of which contains the statement of doctrines and the exposition of principles of the teaching of Buddha. They were issued about 170 years after his death; according to his disciples, they embodied the teaching of their master. That inscriptions referring to them have been found of as early a date as the third century before Christ indicates that they are genuine. They are written in Pali. The Sanscrit version is distinctly inferior.

Subscriber, Ocracoke, N. C. How many daughters had Mary, the mother of our Lord, and what were their names?

The only places in which our Lord's sisters are mentioned are Matt. 13: 56 and Mark 6: 3, and there nothing is said about the number of them or their names. Christ's brothers are mentioned by all the evangelists, and Matthew and Mark give their names as James, Joses, Simon, and Judas.

J. R. C., Pleasant Hill, Mo. 1. Is there any record of the names of those who came over on the *Mayflower*? 2. I understand there are two looking glasses in existence that came over; the whereabouts of one is known, the other not. Can you tell us anything about them?

1. There is a full list in the reprint of Gov. Bradford's *History of the Plymouth Colony*, published by the Secretary of State of Massachusetts. The list of names was printed in the MAIL-BAG of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of April 24, 1907. 2. We never heard of the glasses. In Pilgrim Hall at Plymouth, Mass., are many articles, books, furniture, arms, etc., that came in the *Mayflower*, while many descendants of the Pilgrims have articles brought over by their ancestors. The glasses mentioned may be in Pilgrim Hall.

A reader in Charlottesville, Va., writes: "This is a different town, since local option was adopted." He encloses an account of a sermon preached by Rev. W. G. Starr, of Norfolk, Va., upon the sin and folly of suicide. Two young women and a young man, who heard the sermons, confessed that they had determined to kill themselves, but had changed their minds after listening to the preacher.

M. E. S., Reedsburg, Wis. What is the meaning of Christ's remark about offenses (Luke 17: 2)?

It was a common phrase among the Jews of the time. It is as if we said "drowned like a dog." The offense in this case seems to be more than vexing or annoying a brother; it is, rather, causing him to offend. A case in illustration might be where a weak brother (one of Christ's little ones) is making a strong fight to shake himself free of the liquor habit, and some stronger Christian deliberately leads him into temptation or puts temptation in his way, thus causing him to offend. Other examples will occur to you.

A Gateway in Morocco

Reader, Sandusky, N. Y. Is it legally right for a minister of the Gospel from a foreign country who has not taken out his first naturalization papers to perform a marriage ceremony in this State of New York?

A case of this nature was decided lately in another State, the court holding the marriages performed under such conditions to be illegal. We know of no test case of the kind in New York, but while such marriages might possibly stand, it would be wiser to have the ceremony conducted by an American clergyman.

E. G. R., Cantril, Ia. 1. What did Agag mean by saying (I. Sam. 15: 32), "The bitterness of death is past"? 2. What are the groves referred to I. Kings 16: 33 and elsewhere? 3. Will the same bodies we bury be raised at the resurrection?

1. He may have meant that as the king had allowed him to live the prophet would not kill him. Or perhaps that as a captive the worst of death was over for him. Is it important? 2. If you refer to the Revised Version, you will find that the word is there translated Asherah. The trees were sometimes carved in the shape of idols; in others they were cut down, carved and set up like totem-poles. When mentioned in such connection as that you quote they were identified with idolatrous worship. 3. We gather from Paul's description that new bodies will be provided (see I. Cor. 15: 35-44). Many theories have been advanced on the subject. One that has found some favor is that the body in the grave is never wholly destroyed but that a minute germ survives which becomes the basis of the new body.

R. H. N., Austin, Tex. I am in doubt about the miraculous conception of Christ. Would not the prophecies be fulfilled if we suppose him to have been of human origin, but endowed of God in the Spirit?

The difficulties in the way of that theory seem to us greater than those in the way of the orthodox doctrine. Can you conceive of such a life as that of Christ having a human origin? Would an ordinary man, living in an obscure place like Nazareth, suddenly emerge, preaching such doctrines as he did, stilling the tempest, feeding the multitude, making the blind see, healing the leper, raising the dead? Such a life we would expect to have a supernatural origin. This is apart from the statements of the Gospels and from Jesus' own declaration: "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father" (John 14: 9). When you consider the personality, the teaching and the works of Jesus, it should not be difficult for you to believe in his miraculous birth, on which rests the doctrine of the atonement.

L. H. S., Hildreth, Neb. What is a bucket shop?

A bucket shop is an office where people may gamble in fractional lots of stocks, grain or other things, that are dealt in on the regular exchanges, with this difference, that there is no delivering and no expectation or intention to deliver or receive the securities or commodities purchased. It is a place where one gambles on a small scale on the rise and fall of the market.

M. S. G., Warren County, Miss. Who wrote "The Star-Spangled Banner," and what was the occasion of its being written?

It was written by Francis Scott Key, September, 1814. He had gone on the ship *Minden* with a flag of truce to ask for the release of some friends who had been taken by the British during an attack on the City of Washington. Key found the British fleet ready to attack Baltimore. The Admiral agreed to release the prisoners, but compelled them and Key to remain until the attack was over. From the deck of the *Minden* Key saw, during the night of September 14, 1814, the bombardment of Fort McHenry. Walking the deck of the *Minden* in his anxiety, Key composed the song. He wrote it down on the back of a letter, and as soon as he got back to Baltimore he wrote it out in full.

Mrs. H. A. S., Egg Harbor City, N. J. I am impressed with a thought expressed by Rev. F. DeWitt Talmage, in your issue of December 4. He says: "The more foreigners you can get to immigrate into Christian lands, the sooner the world will be converted to Christ. Open your schools to them," etc,, etc. Shall we, as a nation, "open our schools to them," and allow them the right to dictate what shall or shall not be taught there? Are we not catering too much to "our foreign element" when we consent to eliminate all trace of Christianity from our public schools, perhaps the only place where thousands of children ever hear that holy name except in curses?

The writer probably refers to the recent public school incident in New York, but she has apparently failed to notice that the Board of Education receded from its stand, and consented to the usual Christmas exercises in all districts except those in which Hebrews predominate.

H. E. B., Whitesboro, N. Y. How was it that Eleazar the son of Aaron entered the promised land when it was decreed that all that generation should die except Caleb and Joshua?

If you turn to the decree in Numbers 32: 11, 12 you will see that the sentence applied only to those who were twenty years old and upward when the people left Egypt. As Eleazar had two elder brothers, we must suppose that he was under twenty at the time of the Exodus. The direct statement is made in Num. 26: 65 that all were dead of the earlier generation at that time.

A. H., Minier, Ill. What proofs are there that there is a living God?

There is a presumption, to begin with, that the universe did not come into existence of itself. When you hold a watch in your hand you do not require any one to prove that there was a man who made it. When you come to examine the laws of the universe you discover evidence of intelligence and design, and the more you learn of those laws, the clearer the fact becomes that He who planned them must have had infinite wisdom. To conceive of such a Being as being any other than a living God is contrary to our intuitions.

L. S. C., Blue Rapids, Kan. Is there an American colony at Jerusalem?

Yes; for full information we would advise you to write to the American Consul at Jerusalem.

Miscellaneous

J. E. S., Lauderdale, Miss. See answer to H. A. S., Egg Harbor, in this issue.

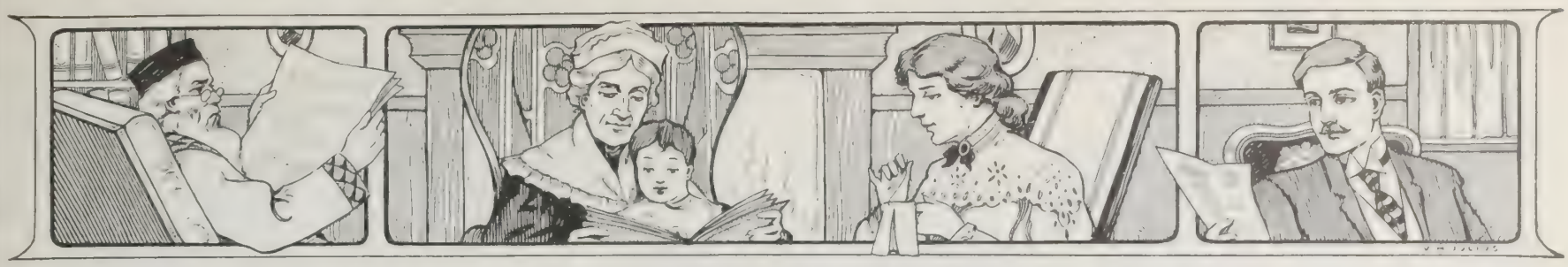
A. N., Jersey City, N. J. The question is one which cannot be answered this side of the grave.

Frederick G., Ionia, Mich. We agree in the main with your letter and commend the spirit in which it is written.

J. W., Hankinson, N. D. If you will write to Richard Realf, Summit, N. J. (son of Richard Realf who served with John Brown), you will probably secure the information desired.

EVERY now and then inquiries reach this office, from generously-inclined friends, for the proper legal designation of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD charities. While the benevolent work of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD extends over the whole world, its special charities are the Bowery Mission and our Children's Home. The corporate name of the Bowery Mission is as follows: "The Bowery Mission and Young Men's Home of New York City." The proper designation of the Children's Home is as follows: "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home at Nyack, New York." Both are duly incorporated and entitled to receive legacies.

CONCERNING NEW-YEAR'S



Thoughts on the Past and Good Resolutions for the Future Awakened by the Advent of 1908

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

WHEN I was a little girl beginning to write compositions in the schoolroom, and finding the task the pleasantest that fell into the routine of the week, I once chose for my theme, "The Past, the Present and the Future." I still remember the amused smile on the face of the teacher as she glanced at my production. "Rather a large subject, don't you think?" she said, and her criticism was just.

Yet, at this moment, with the old year on the wane, and the New Year stepping in, I can think of no better topic than the one that allured me as a child of twelve. The past is always behind us, the future always in advance, the present all we actually possess. We are forever between two eternities.

In Rudyard Kipling's *Recessional*, he said in two strong lines:

> Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
> Is one with Nineveh and Tyre.

Stop to think of it! How far away, how remote, how out of reach is the hour before you went to bed last night! It is a bit of gold that has slipped out of your hands, not into the deep sea from whence it might be cast up on the shore, but into an inaccessible ravine, too steep and too dark for plummet to reach or searcher to explore. Yesterday has gone forever. Its effects remain. It passes on its toil and task, its laughter and tears to its following day, and that day, in turn, passes on its entire wealth or its meagre poverty to its succeeding to-morrow. We haven't yesterday, but we have had it. If it was light and sweet, if it was full of friendly words and deeds, if it brought us nearer to Christ and closer to our fellow men, it is still our own, although beyond our grasp. No one can rob us of precious memories, no one can take from us the dear love that in other days brightened our existence. As for the future, human life is uncertain, and we cannot be sure of any moment that is not yet ours. Nevertheless, we must build for the future in our individual lives and in planning for our children. To live intensely in the present with the motto, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," is the secret of success in life, and no man or woman can hope to attain eminence anywhere who does not set the present in its proper place as more important than either past or future. When the time comes that people live more in the past than in the present, they may accept it as an evidence that they are growing old. Young people naturally see visions and forecast the future. They are springing forward eager and enthusiastic, always going on. The little lad tells you with pride that he is "going on ten," his birthday having occurred last week.

. . .

How long the distance used to be from one year to another! Twelve months seemed interminable, but that was when we were in the gay holiday of the teens. The years grew a little briefer, a little swifter in passing after we were married and the children began to arrive, and we were trying to pay for the farm, or establish the business. Some of us who are beyond the meridian remember very well when we looked upon thirty or forty as a venerable age. Some of us who now express irritation when obtrusive young people offer us superfluous attentions, as when a rosy-cheeked girl in the street-car presses a seat on one, with the words, "I cannot sit and let an old lady stand," or declines a seat with the intimation that it cannot be accepted from an old gentleman, remember very well how droll that irritation used to appear to us in the long ago. Everything is relative. The youthful reporters who write for the daily papers constantly speak of accidents that happen to aged folk in their fifties. One reads between the lines that the young fellows who write are in their early twenties. A grandmother easily recalls a day when she was reproved by her mother for her flippancy in speaking of a friend as "quite old, over thirty." "My dear," said the mentor, "at thirty a man has not yet reached his prime."

Everything depends on the point of view. The years go rushing down a toboggan slide after we leave middle life. They march slowly up a hill until we are twenty-five.

It is curious to think of the unending procession of the centuries, year by year, sweeping on in single file; each like a veiled dervish, silently, steadily, onward they march. Looking backward we call them history; looking forward we call them prophecy. The other day, at Liberty, N. Y., there passed away after a long and weary siege of illness, borne with splendid fortitude, a soldier of the Grand Army, who was probably one of the youngest on either side to attain distinction in the Civil War. When I saw his name in the paper, and knew that the gallant heart had ceased to beat, I was thankful that the end had come, for he was one of those who had fought a good fight and finished his course, and kept the faith. Then I began to think how very, very thin the ranks were growing; how few were left of the men who, in the heat of youth, wore the blue or wore the gray in that mighty conflict which tested, as nothing else could, the mettle of this nation. One by one they are going, and will go until the last survivor has fallen into the last sleep. In the meantime, the bright years full of zest, full of elation, full of courage, full of hope, are hurrying onward, one by one. The colleges had eager youths in the class-rooms fifty years ago; a hundred years ago; they have just as many who are just as eager on their muster rolls to-day. History repeats itself.

Photo by Underwood & Underwood

A MEXICAN INDIAN BOATING PARTY

The photograph shows a group of Indians at the recent festivities at Xochimilco, Mexico, held in honor of Secretary Root's visit.

Of course you will say, and say very justly, that the making of good resolutions at the New Year is somewhat futile because few of us keep the resolutions that we make. We start in with much earnestness to turn over our new leaf. All too soon we drift back into the old familiar folly, whatever it happen to be, that made our efforts abortive. One folly of this kind is the folly of imitating our neighbors in matters not essential. Another folly is in dropping our tasks too soon or taking hold of them too idly. Another is in seeing everything from the place where it affects ourselves. "Look not every man on his own things," is a good motto for the New Year. Another good one is, "Having done all to stand." We are not to give up to physical weakness or increasing infirmity, or ill-temper or envy or malice in the New Year, and if we are aware that we did so in the old, up with the flag of the good resolution, and down on the knees in prayer, that strength may not fail in keeping it. Let us wish one another a Happy New Year, and let us all do our best to make the year happier for all than any year they have known hitherto.

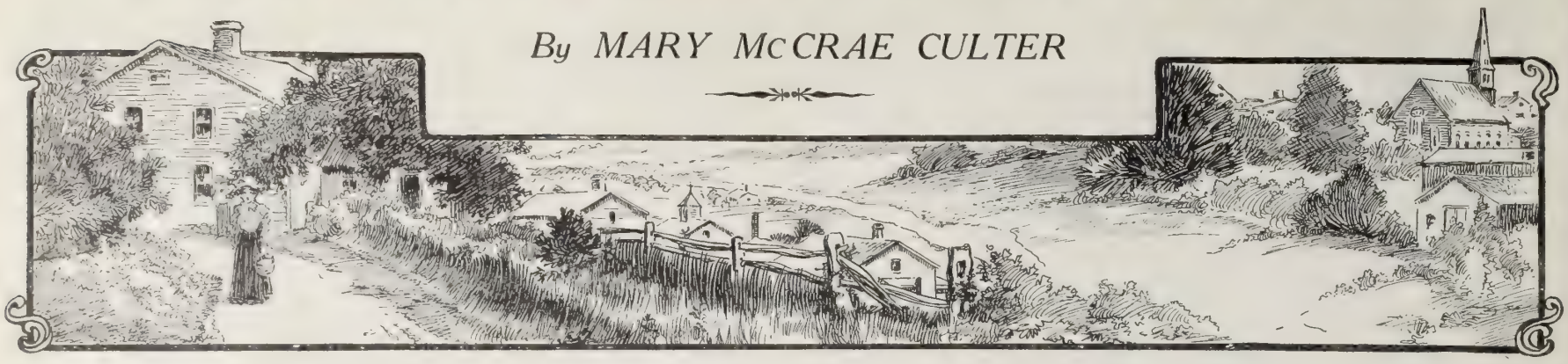
For a New Year

Here is a bit of poetry which is appropriate to any of us in beginning another year.

> With every rising of the sun
> Think of your life as just begun.
>
> The past has shriveled and buried deep
> All yesterdays. There let them sleep,
>
> Nor seek to summon back one ghost
> Of that innumerable host.
>
> Concern yourself with but to-day:
> Woo it and teach it to obey
>
> Your will and wish. Since Time began
> To-day has been the friend of man.
>
> But in his blindness and his sorrow
> He looks to yesterday and to-morrow.
>
> You and To-day! A soul sublime
> And the great pregnant hour of Time,
>
> With God himself to bind the twain!
> Go forth, I say; attain! attain!

THE MISCHIEF-MAKERS

By MARY McCRAE CULTER



CHAPTER VI—*Continued*

AN hour before the evening service, Mr. Allan stepped out of his low window and went to the end of the piazza where Hollis was sitting. He had one of the church music-books in his hand, and when he reached her side he gave it to her, saying:

"Miss Hollis, I wish you would pick out some music for this evening's service. You know what the choir can sing, and so can choose better than I. If you will not help in one way, you see I will press you into service in another, and maybe after a while you will relent and will bring your voice and your skill, also, to my assistance."

The girl's heart leaped with triumph, not only because of this furtherance of her secret aims, but more because of the admiration which showed itself in his dark eyes, and in the pleading cadence of his voice. She took the book, determined that that evening's performance should give the choir service entirely into her control. While the young minister sat beside her and told her the subject of his sermon, she carefully selected and marked music which she knew the inexperienced organist would mangle fearfully, and cause both player and singers to fail completely.

"This music is familiar? You are sure?" Mr. Allan asked as she returned the book to him.

"I drilled the choir on it thoroughly last winter," she answered briefly, not deeming it necessary to inform him that the present choir was not the one that had learned the music in question.

With intense satisfaction she sat in a conspicuous place that evening and watched the faces and actions of the organist and choir after Mr. Allan handed them the list of hymns for the service, and saw that she had wrought the consternation which she had expected.

"If they try those pieces, they will break down on every one. If they ask Mr. Allan to change them, it will prove to him that Amy Conover is not capable of holding the organist's position. Either way it may turn out will be satisfactory to me," she thought as she watched them.

Up in the choir, this conversation was going on:

"Oh, dear! I can't play a single one of these pieces," Amy was saying.

"Look at Hollis Hayward's face," whispered Glenn Fraser, who, on account of his fine bass voice, was a member of the choir. "She's watching you girls, and she's enjoying your embarrassment. This is one of her tricks, I'll be bound. Let me see that list. Yes, this is with malice aforethought; she has planned to make us break down. Ah"—with a sudden breath of relief—"we are saved. Our good angel has appeared, and our bad angel is doomed to disappointment. When did Kathleen Lawrence get home?"

"Kathleen!" cried Amy, in sudden relief. "Oh, the blessed girl? Go down after her, Glenn, and tell her to come and save our credit. She can play anything."

Glenn had left the platform before Amy had finished speaking, and a moment later he returned, followed by a graceful, sweet-faced girl to whom the choir gave rapturous greeting. Hollis bit her lips with vexation; then, meeting Glenn's mischievous gaze of perfect understanding, she turned her head quickly away, while the tell-tale blood mounted to cheek and brow.

"Kathleen Lawrence, of all people! How unlucky! I thought she was not due for two weeks yet. That settles everything—unless"—and her thoughts rambled off in search of desired possibilities.

knows there is no danger of her breaking down. She's the best musician in this whole county—even though she never went to any conservatory."

Hollis slipped away without waiting to walk home with Mr. Allan, as had been her custom of late. She was afraid he would say something about the music, and she had not yet thought out her line of defense, or method of future procedure.

"My time will come yet," she said to herself defiantly. "Kathleen Lawrence shall not have everything her way this summer. Why couldn't she have waited another week before coming home?"

"He and his wife and daughters had talked over the affairs of the church"

Mr. Allan had become aware of the unusual disturbance in the choir, and decided that some mistake had been made about the hymns. He was on the point of going to inquire, but at that moment Glenn Fraser brought the stranger up to the platform, and he saw that her coming had dispelled the difficulty. He had noted her the moment she entered the church, for Kathleen Lawrence attracted attention wherever she went.

The minister wondered whether this was the elder Miss Lawrence, then turned his attention to the services and announced the opening hymn. As he expected, the stranger took the stool, and at the first, firm touch of her hands upon the organ keys, he knew that his desired organist had come. There had not been such music in the Hawthorne church since his arrival, as there was that night.

As Miss Tilly Walker said, after meeting: "Everybody wants to sing when Kathleen plays. Some way she makes it so easy, an' then everybody

CHAPTER VII

Discouraged

ALTHOUGH he had only been three months in his new field of labor, Rev. Edgar Allan had already discovered that, as he had been warned, something was vitally wrong, either with the Hawthorne church or with himself. He had labored hard and prayerfully to awaken something like religious enthusiasm in his people. He had tried to increase the attendance at prayer-meeting; to create new interest in the Sunday School; to induce the young people to organize a Christian Endeavor Society; but while every one was politely attentive, and even expressed personal interest in these things, no one would take hold of them to push them to completion. There was an aloofness among the people, affecting themselves as well as himself, that he could not understand. Try as he would, they seemed to look upon him with indifference, and to eye his plans with suspicion—a state of affairs which seemed to deepen as the weeks passed by. The Sunday for the quarterly communion in his church year came and went, without increase in conversions or church membership. Among the many young people of the community, the pastor felt there should have been some who had been influenced by his faithful work and earnest prayers, and because they did not come, he felt discouraged. Had this been the experience of his predecessors? he wondered. He got the church record book from Mr. Hayward, who was clerk, and studied its pages. The search was a discouraging one. He found that, although several special efforts in the way of evangelistic meetings had been made at various times, there had been very little, if any, response on the part of those for whom the effort was made. About the only advance which he could find chronicled was in the matter of improving the manse, and renovating and redecorating the church. If he had been an older and a wiser man, he might have read some important things between the lines where these statements were recorded; but as he had never "remodeled and redecorated" a church, these reasons were lost on him.

He was studying gloomily over this book, the Monday morning after communion Sunday, when he heard a step upon the piazza, and, a moment later, Mr. Lawrence's voice asking for himself. He went at once to greet his caller, and invited him to enter.

"No, no! I haven't time this morning. I have only a minute or two to spare, and then I must finish my errands. My header broke down this morning, and I had to come over to town for repairs. While the smith is making them, I ran down here to see whether I could persuade you to go over and spend a few days with us, and see a genuine Kansas harvest. I don't suppose you ever saw a wheat-header back East, did you? It's worth going three miles to see, if you have not already made its acquaintance. We have a houseful of hands over there now, and they are a lively set, I assure you; but the more, the merrier, you know; and we'll find something for you to eat, and some place to stow you away to sleep, without having to hang you up on a nail. So come along for a few days—or for the whole week, if you are willing. Throw anything you want to take along into a grip, and stick in a sermon or two in case you decide to stay with us until next Lord's Day. I'll be back in fifteen minutes. Will you go?"

"Indeed, I shall be glad to do so," the minister replied, his depression vanishing as if by magic. He hastened back to his room to pack a few things into a suit-case, and so great was his hurry that he forgot to close his door. As he worked, the tones of Hollis' voice floated from the sitting-room across the hall to his ears.

"Ma, Mr. Lawrence is going to take Mr. Allan over to his house to spend the

Continued on page 15

THE MISCHIEF-MAKERS

Continued from page 14

week. What sort of scheme do you suppose they have on hand now?"

"I'm sure I do not know," returned Mrs. Hayward, who was so busy that she hardly heard her daughter's words.

"They certainly have some scheme, for that's the way they have always worked the ministers who have been here before. They are such an underhanded set of people," Hollis continued. "I'm awfully sorry Mr. Allan has consented to go, and I do hope that he will cut his visit as short as decency will allow, for they are sure to try to wheedle him into something that will make trouble for the church."

The young man paused in his preparations and listened involuntarily, little dreaming that Hollis had noted his open door, and had made these remarks for his especial benefit. In a moment his boyish eagerness over the trip had vanished. He wished he had not promised to go. He remembered the German book which he and Hollis were reading together in the evenings, and sighed to think of missing one of their pleasant conferences over it. She had such a pretty, appealing way of looking up at him whenever a word puzzled her—which was very frequently—and she took such an intense interest in the story.

He dropped his suit-case as he thought of these things. Why should he stay away more than the day? Could he not plead the necessity of being at home to study?

He would not have entertained the thought if he had been present at a family council held that morning in Mr. Lawrence's garden. He and his wife and his daughters had been gathered there to talk over the affairs of the church. With a sincere desire for its prosperity and a perception of the cause of the trouble, they had decided to get the minister out of his environment and give him some encouragement in his present depression. His invitation was the result of that conference.

Into the midst of his musings came Mr. Lawrence, who had stepped to the open window.

"Got your satchel packed? That's good. Come right out when you are ready. I must get back to my team, for they are not very reliable."

That settled the matter for the minister. Mr. Lawrence had seen his well-filled case, so there was no excuse for leaving it at home. He went to speak to Mrs. Hayward and Hollis before leaving, and the girl followed him to the door.

"Don't stay any longer than you have to," she said with her most appealing look. "I can't read a bit of that German by myself."

"Yes," he said with a suddenly tender look. "I am more sorry even than you are, to miss one of our delightful evenings; but you know a minister has to treat his people impartially, and it would not do for me to refuse this invitation. You may be sure that I will return as soon as it is possible for me to do so." Then he went away to where Mr. Lawrence's spring-wagon with its team of lively bays waited for him, and a moment later was lost to view in the cloud of dust that rose behind them.

Hollis went back to her work well satisfied. She was sure he had heard her words to her mother, and knew that they would serve to counteract any pleasant impressions which the Lawrences' hospitality might make upon his mind. They would put him upon his guard about committing himself to any church plans that might be proposed, and would prevent their destroying her influence over him. She smiled as she remembered the tender look in his handsome eyes as he left her, and knew that she was surely winning her way to his heart.

"Only a little longer, and then I will have everything my way. I don't know that I should enjoy being a minister's wife always, if we had to live in such poky little towns as this; but Edgar is brilliant, and will probably become a noted preacher after a while. If he doesn't, I'm sure I can persuade him to give up the ministry and go into some paying business in the city. That would suit me exactly."

As Mr. Allan rode away across the bridge and along the straight road between the fields of golden wheat and emerald corn, his spirits rose again. What though these people whom he was going to visit were "underhanded schemers?" They were among his most influential church members, and, as their pastor, it was his duty to strive to set them right. Perhaps here was the cause of the troubles and tribulations of the Hawthorne church, which had brought disaster to his predecessors and puzzled the gray-bearded members of the Home Mission Committee. Perhaps this invitation for a week's visit was a direct call of Providence to him, to get at the root of things, and to clear the way for great and prosperous times for the Hawthorne church. He was ashamed to think that, for the sake of his own personal pleasure, he had hesitated in responding to his Master's very evident call, and from his heart he sent up a brief prayer for forgiveness and for guidance in his very difficult undertaking.

All the time that he was thinking these things, Mr. Lawrence was talking cheerfully of every-day matters concerning the fields through which they passed, the fruitfulness of the season, the prosperity of the favored valley, and the prospects of abundant means for furthering the work of the church. The good man's thoughts could not stay away from this last favorite topic very long. He was one of the early residents in the valley, and had been one of the active founders of the Hawthorne church. He had experienced the vicissitudes of those early days when hail and drouth and grasshoppers and hot winds had wrought havoc with the crops, and brought sorrow and privation to the settlers. But, after years of patient toil and unwavering trust, the Lord had brought him out into the sunshine of prosperity and permitted him to see "the fruit of his hands."

He knew all the history and mystery of the troubles in the Hawthorne church, for to him had been delegated the task of pushing and guiding it through the shoals and quicksands of its often precarious voyage down the stream of time. He was a shrewd and tactful man whose strong personality fitted him to be a leader among his fellows. If he could but have held his way undisturbed, the church would have found only deep and peaceful sailing; but alas, he was but one among many diverse and adverse elements, and all he had been able to accomplish so far, was to keep their ship from going to pieces upon some of the rocks along its course.

To be continued

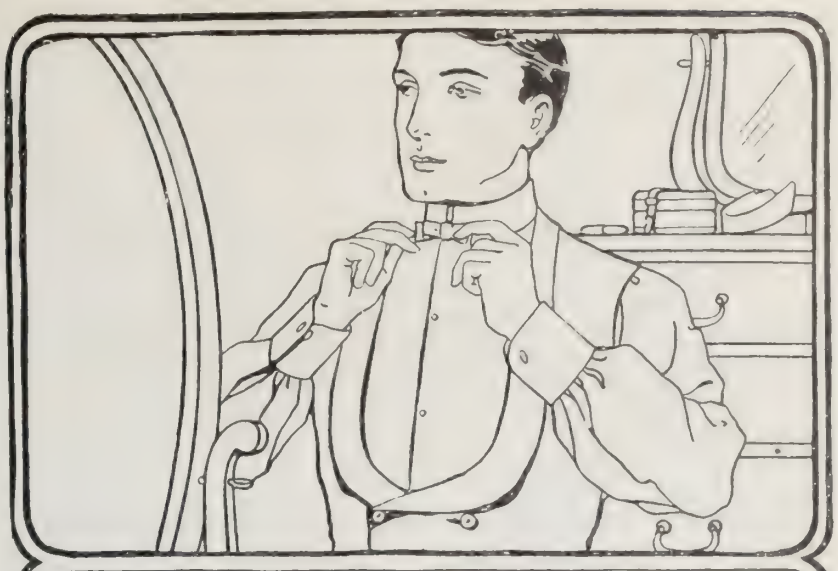
Called Higher

James E. Jones and his wife, Hannah Long, of Elizabeth, N. J., lately passed away within the same week. They were faithful followers of the Master and loyal members of the M. E. Church. For years they had been readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mrs. Angeline Van Duyn, aged sixty-seven, who died at Owosso, Mich., had been a true Christian for fifty years. Although blind for forty years, she was patient and admired for her Christian character. She loved THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which was read to her each week.

Mrs. Amy Moore passed away September 27, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Alvah Burnham of Syracuse, N. Y. Mrs. Moore was almost ninety years of age. She is survived by two daughters, Mrs. Alvah Burnham and Mrs. Smith Rice. Mrs. Moore was a beautiful Christian character and retained her mental vigor to the last. She had been a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for twenty-five years.

Mrs. Paulina Warren Beebe, daughter of Judge Daniel Warren, the first settler in Warrensville, O., and the man after whom the township is named, died of old age recently at her home in Cleveland, O., where she had lived for more than twenty-five years. She married Roderick Beebe, a merchant in Chagrin Falls, who died many years ago. Mrs. Beebe was a woman of remarkable Christian character and had a host of friends. She was a member of the First Methodist Church, and had been a reader of this journal for many years.



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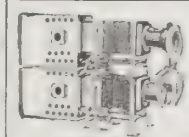

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WANT THE MOTTO RESTORED

The Nation's Protest Against the Removal of "In God We Trust" is Steadily Growing

BY every mail, letters, in a constantly increasing volume, are coming to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from all parts of the Union, protesting against the removal from our coins of the time-honored motto "In God We Trust." As it is impracticable to print all of these communications (two pages were devoted to them in last week's issue), we give below extracts from a few, and acknowledge the others by printing the names of the writers. The whole of the original letters have been forwarded to Hon. Ollie M. James of Kentucky, Member of the House of Representatives, Washington, D. C., who lately introduced a bill providing for the restoration of the motto, and who will doubtless be able to use them to good advantage. We would urge all who take an interest in the movement for the restoration of the motto, and who have not already written to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, to write briefly to Hon. O. M. James, House of Representatives, Washington, D.C. Public opinion is a mighty factor in a matter like the present, and every individual protest will help to swell the mighty tide that now seems to be rising.

Among the many hundreds of letters received are some of peculiar interest, representing as they do many signers to a single protest. Two hundred members of the W. C. T. U. of Riverside, Calif., unite in demanding the restoration of the motto. Mr. Isaac Hart, of Lake City, Fla., sends a protest against removal signed by fifty-three persons—the entire business community of the town. His letter closes with these words: "We hope that all parts of our country will arouse over the putting aside from our coins of the greatest of all names—that of God."

It is everywhere apparent in these letters that the great Christian heart of the nation has been deeply wounded by the effacement of the acknowledgment of God upon our coinage. "Does the head of the nation know how he has hurt the hearts of the Southern people by eliminating that motto?" asks a letter from Louisville, Ky. And the same inquiry is repeated from other sections. Indeed, there is not a single State unrepresented in this great far-reaching protest. Many of the writers condemn the removal as "a serious mistake," which has "grieved every true Christian in America." Rev. H. V. Kingsley, of Dial, W. Va., writes, in behalf of his entire congregation, protesting against "striking out our recognition of Almighty God in our moneyed system . . . and thereby inviting the withdrawal of that protection." Mr. H. R. L. Farrow, of Bryn Mawr, Pa., expresses the hope that "public opinion will be aroused to such an extent that Congress will order the motto restored." Many regard it as an indication of rebellion against God, which, as history abundantly shows, is fruitful of evil consequences. "We propose by one stroke to renounce allegiance to the King of kings and make ourselves the laughing-stock of the civilized world," writes a reader in Danville, Ky. A lady in Rossburg, O., emphasizes the conviction that the deliberate refusal to recognize God's protecting care over the nation may bring "severe judgments, as it has done in all ages." A reader in Lisbon, N. Y., says no one has the right to "interfere with our trust in God," and adds: "I am too old to learn of other trusts. Put back the motto; I want to see it every day." "We might as well eliminate Thanksgiving, and all acknowledgment of our dependence on God, time-honored and precious to all Americans," writes a friend in Albion, Ill.

Letters protesting against the removal of the motto and demanding its restoration, have been received this week from the following persons:

FOR RESTORATION

Abell, Mrs Ellen M
Abnitton, A K
Adicks, George O
A E W
Allen, E G
Allen, Isaac A
Allen, Mrs J Y
Allen, Mrs O
Allphin, H Z
Amend, John F
Anderson, M C
Appleman, Mrs Jennie O
Appleyard, T J
Armbrust, John
Bailey, A E
Baird, S A
Bale, Mrs N P
Bales, Mrs T E
Barrington, M E
Beale, Mrs Z
Beardsley, A E
Bedell, Mrs A L
Beers, Mrs A P
B F Y
Bell, Ernest H
Benton, L A
Bergbom, Adolph F
Berley, R R
Berry, S E
Blackmar, C P
Bodey, A H
Bolles, E M
Boozen, R T
Bowker, J A
Boyd, S A
Brewer, M G
Briere, J T
Brimm, Mrs Mary
Brooks, Fannie M
Brown, A B
Brown, E Seymour
Brown, Gilbert
Brown, L L
Brown, Rowland Z
Brown, S J
Bull, Floy Miles
Bull, H P
Bun, G A
Bush, J E
Cable, Mrs C W
Carey, Dr Charles M
Carhart, Ida M
Carothers, W M
Carpenter, Jr, George W
Carpenter, Mrs Libbie
Carr, A Byron
Carter, Miss Emma L
Carter, Irwin
Carter, H W
Carter, Eugene J
Cartwright, Mrs M H
Cash, J J
Cathey, J F
Chalker, Roy E
Chambliss, W O
Champion, L
Chase, O F
Christian, Bettie
Clarkson, J W
Clegg, John T
Colb, Joseph
Colburn E F
Cole, S C
Collins, Julia A
Conant, Mrs H
Conklin, W A
Cook, J D
Cooper, Mrs George R
Cope, Mr and Mrs A J
Cornell, Mrs E R
Cottingham, Frank
Cowap, Mrs W H
Cox, Mrs E B
Cox, Rev George H
C P L
Crihfield, W B
Crosby, W A
Crosley, E D
Cunningham, Mrs N M
Davis, Mrs E M
Day, Miss Emma M
Decker, Annie M
Delamater, William
Dick, L M
Dickinson, J S
Dille, A E
Dimpse, D B
Dinsmore, Mrs C A
Dodds, J A
Dodge, J E
Dulany, I H
Dunham, John L
Dunkleberger, Moses
Dunn, E E
E C P
Eddy, J Esther
Eddy, M E K
Edwards, E A
Edwards, Mrs O D
Edwards, W J
E E S
F J B
Fams, Mrs Henry
Elwood, John
Emery, Charles H
Engle, Mr and Mrs N G
Evans, C C
Evans, Mrs E A
Fairchild, Mrs C B
Fairchild, Miss C L
Farrow, Henry R L
Fickett, C A
Fischbach, A H
Fish, Mrs R A
Fish, Eugene W
Fish, E Lulu
Fisher, O E
Forward, Mrs Thomas
Fowles, Dr Clifton
Franklin, Kate
Franks, Myron J
Freer, Mrs E F
Frew, Sisters
Frost, F S
Frost, Mrs James T
Futch, W S
Garrard, Mr and Mrs T T
George, F W
Gerrard, Thomas W
Gilmore, Miss Jennie
Gilroy, John
Gilstrap, Frances A
Gladstone, David
Glove, T C
Godfrey, Delia A
Goode, D H
Gordon, H D
Gould, J B
Grabs, W F
Graves, W V
Greene, Mrs L M
Greer, Edward L
Grier, William A
Griffin, W L (M D)
Grinnell, E E
Grupton, M S P
Haas, J J
Halbert, Mrs Mary
Hale, Jr, H W
Hale, O M
Hall, Rev G D
Hall, T A
Hampton, W M
Hand, C E
Harris, Harriett E
Hart, Isaac
Haskins, D M
Hawkins, Elbert S
Hawley, E G
Hayes, Henry M
Hayman, E D
Heindel, Mrs C W
Henry, A J
Hensell, Walter
Hensell, Mrs Walter
Herman, David
Hester, Mrs Ida
Hileman, T T
Hileman, Mrs T T
Hileman, Gertrude R
Hileman, Thurman
Hileman, Esther T
Hillkner, E C
Hitchcock, J W
Hittle, Ida
Hoge, James T
Holland, Miss Lula G
Hubbard, Martha R
Hulse, Mrs H B
Humphreys, S E
Hunter, R G
Hurtin, A B
Jeffrey, Mrs William
Jernigan, W H
Johnston, D J
Jones, William S
Jordan, Elizabeth
Journell, C
J M
J T B
Jukes, Lucia
Kaylor, Ada B
Keighley, Mrs Charles
Kellbough, Carrie V
Kemper, V A
Kennedy, Nancy E
Kile, Mrs Florence V
Kinderman, H
King, Wm S
Kingsley, Rev H V
Kinney, A M
Kinney, S A
Knollin, Thos H
Knowles, Prof C H
Koehnlein, Wm F
Laidlaw, John
Laing, W L
Lamb, C D
Lamkin, Louisa
Lange, J D
Lansing, Mrs H
Latey, Henry L
Liddle, James W
Lifeboro, J D
Litteer, Mr & Mrs J C
Little, Mrs C
Livingston, J H
Long, G W
Loomis, Mrs A P
Love, Mary
Lowe, H F
Lowther, W G
Lum, J S
Mr & Mrs L F
Macdonald, Sr, Alex
MacGregor, Mrs F C
Mackintosh, Jean
McCarty, S D
McClain, D W
McCrea, Mrs F I
McFadden, Geo
McFarland, Dr A J
McFeeters, Mrs Wm
McKey, Mrs L A
McKinney, Dr & Mrs J H
McLean, Mrs M V
Mabry, Miss Mildred
Mann, Mrs A O
Markham, W B
M A S
Meath, P Y
Melin, H E
Miles Mrs H J
Miller, Emily F
Miller, Mrs M L
Mitchell, Ophelia S
M L M, Conn
Mobley, E D
Moore, Nancy M
Moore, Rev L H
Morgan, J E
Morris, O M
Muldrow, J N
Murphy, Eliza
Myers, Mrs P W
M J L, Calif
Nail, Ida G
Nason, Z R
Nelson, W D
Nelson, Sr, Dr W D
Newton, Wm
Niblock, J L
Nichell, M S
Nickey, L H
Nicol, Robert
Noleman, E S
Norton, J W
Null-Fay, C
N W C, Conn
Orr, J H
Overman, Mrs L S
Owens, C A
Painter, Susanna W
Parkhill, John
Parkins, Nancy S
Parnell, J E
Paschall, Mrs W V
Patterson, D E
Peck, Mrs John C
Perkins, A L
Perkins, Mary A
Perry, J A
Pettit, T B
Porter, C W
Porter, Miss E
Porter, J H
Posburgh, Mrs M
Potter, Mrs A
Powell, Mrs T
Price, Mrs E L
Price, G W
Quinn, Bert
Quittin, Guy
Read, E
Reed, Adelaide H
Reich, Herman
Reynold, S H & H C
Rhea, Mrs J E
Richards, Mrs M A
Richmond, Mrs E J
Rivers, A P
Robbins, A W
Robinson, Bertha
Robinson, N L
Roe, M B
Rohrabacher, N & M
Rourke, Mary A
Runyon, B D
Sackland, Helen M
Sadler, W B
Sallee, Mrs B
Sargent, G W
Sayles, G W
Scarborough, M M
Schwilk, Minnie
Searborough, M M
Self, Mrs E J
Self, W T
Shapter, Mrs M
Sharp, I S
Sheffield, J C
Shippon, W P
Shrop, W J
Shupe, W H
Simpson, Mrs M L
Sissons, Wm
Slater, G W
Slawson, J B
Slear, H E
Smith, Alex W
Smith, C E
Smith, Fred K
Smith, J E
Smith, James W
Smith, Mrs L
Smith, S B
Snepp, Mrs H B
Snodgrass, Geo S
Steck, J Louis
Stoneburner, John
Storm, Alfred
Story, Anne & Isaac
Stouffer, Dr D A
Strub, Theobolt
Struby, J D
Subscriber, Oregon
Subscriber, S Dakota
Sutherland, G W
Swann, E V
Talley, David
Tarpley, Miss M I
Taylor, Amanda L
Taylor, O P
Teeson, S
Terry, Mr & Mrs H
Thomas, Mrs D H
Thomas, H J
Thomas, Morgan
Thompson, Nathan
Thompson, W W
Thorsten, Miss C M
Three Interested Read's
Tilton, Dr E
Tortal, Mrs A E
Tracy, J D
Trumbull, C D
Tubhesing, Sr, Fred
Van Loon, Lizzie H
Varnum, Prescott
Ver Bryck, L Marie
Voruz, Louis
Wagner, Margaret
Warine, G P
Watson, Mr & Mrs L
Watson, W H
W C B, Mrs
Weaver, Mrs J E
Webb, Mrs E S
Weeks, Mrs E J
W F H
Wellborn, Miss
Wells, E C
Wells, S S
Whaley, Henry H
Whitaker, J Addison
Whiteside, J H
Whitney, Dr A B
Whittaker, Mr & Mrs E R
Willey, Kate J
Williams, D M
Williams, Mrs M E
Wills, Mrs A M
Wilson, H A
Wilson, Jennie
Wilson, W H
Wilun, J M
Wimborough, Mrs C K
Wingo, Mrs T B
Winston, A H H
Winton, W H
Wise, A R
Woltz, F S
Wonlin, N E
Woolsey, E W
Wright, Rev E F
Wright, M E
York, Rev P F

AGAINST RESTORATION

Ames, George H
Baldwin, Lucy A
Couse, Edward H
Dobson, Christine P
Dodge, Geo D
Doremus, Sr, A J
Emmen, J
Graves, G R
Gumble, H S
Hammond, W B
Hughes, John S
Jones, M P
Lyons, H G
Milliken, J W
Mrs H C
Myers, Dean L
Newland, A M
Palmer, E F
Thomas, G G
Van Kelter, J L
Willis, Ulysses G
Wright, Alfred

Their Church Home Destroyed

ON Sunday morning, November 24, fire destroyed the beautiful Congregational Church at Dorset, Vermont, thus removing one of the oldest church edifices in the State, and one in which the pastorate of Rev. P. S. Pratt, D.D., deceased, extended over a period of more than fifty years. None of the contents of the building could be saved. The little group of grief-stricken villagers and others from hillside homes gathered in the school hall for the Sunday morning service, where the pastor, Rev. Charles Carhart, spoke with deep emotion from Isaiah 64: 11: "Our holy and our beautiful house, where our fathers praised thee, is burned up with fire," and there were few dry eyes in the sympathizing audience.

THE MESSENGER

By Mrs. M. Baxter

THE Apostle John, whose vocation it was to be the special witness to the divinity of Christ our Lord, and who was his special biographer as the Son of God, consciously or unconsciously brings out in the very beginning of his Gospel the immense contrast between Christ and his forerunner. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." It was the emphatic assertion of one who knew him in his Godhead. The words of the Preacher were probably familiar to him: "The Lord possessed me at the beginning of his way; the first of his works of old." (Prov. 8: 22, R. V., margin. See Rev. 3: 16, R.V.) "I was set up from everlasting, from the beginning, or ever the earth was" (see also vers. 24-31). How different was his first mention of John the Baptist! "There was a man sent from God, whose name was John." The One was God; the other was sent from God.

He speaks of Christ as "the Life" who was "the Light of men." Life and Light! But John the Baptist "came for a witness, to bear witness of the Light, that all men through him might believe." "He was not that Light, but was sent to bear witness of that Light." "A man sent from God!" Only a messenger, but a messenger of the Most High God, speaking with the power and with the authority of him who sent him. Every man or woman who is really called to be an evangelist, is also a man or a woman sent from God, and no other has a commission from God to preach the Gospel. To how many who have been ordained of man will God say at the last, "This man or woman was sent by me?" "For who hath stood in the counsel of the Lord, that he should perceive his Word and hear it? . . . I sent not these prophets, yet they ran: I spake not unto them, yet they prophesied. But if they had stood in my counsel, then had they caused my people to hear my words, and had turned them from their evil way." (Jer. 23: 18, 21, 22, R.V.)

John the Baptist came straight from the presence of God to the multitude, and he did cause the people to hear God's words, and he did turn them from their evil way; this was the proof of his ministry. John bare witness of him, of Christ, before he proclaimed him as present; "and cried, saying, This was he of whom I spake, He that cometh after me is preferred before me, for he was before me. And of his fulness have all we received, and grace for grace." Not only was God's Messiah coming to bring grace and truth; he had already been communicating his fulness to man. Every man of the Old Testament who was saved, was saved through the coming Messiah. The law was given by Moses; but the law never saved a single sinner; "grace and truth came by Jesus Christ" (John 1: 15, 17).

This was the kind of preaching which God sent to the Jews of his time by John the Baptist. He had nothing to say of the glory of a coming kingdom after the pattern of this world's royalty, nothing of pomp or regal state, of military power or gorgeous display; nothing of a revived monarchy, similar to that of Solomon of old. No, his message was of "grace" for the sinner, the "sinful nation," the "people laden with iniquity" (Isa. 1: 4), and "truth" for whomsoever would repent, because the kingdom of heaven was at hand. And he told distinctly who it was that should come to set up this kingdom of grace and truth. "No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him." The Messiah had come to introduce to them their God.

It was in effect the same message as in Heb. 1: 1, 2: "God, who at sundry times, and in divers manners, spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son."

LIFE'S TRUE CENTRE*

HOW can a man overcome the evil tendencies of his own nature and the temptations by which he is surrounded? To be a good man, to be living on a high plane, to be in the world, yet free from its stain and defilement — how many have sought earnestly for the solution of that problem! Teaching, good resolutions, systems of philosophy, have all been tried, but success has only been partial and never permanent. The earnest seeker is driven to plead for mercy and forgiveness, encouraged by the thought: "He knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust." The vivid sketch Paul gives in the seventh chapter of Romans of the man who could not do the things that he would, but did the things he hated, is a portrait that would stand for a host of seekers after God. It is this condition that is met in Christ. He came to bring the human into contact with the divine. It was to give the reinforcement to the spiritual within us that we need that he gave his life here.

This is the secret of the overcoming life. The poor struggling man dragged down by his environment, yet intensely desiring to live the godly life, is encouraged to continue the fight in which he has been so often worsted. He is promised new help. A new source of strength is provided for him. Like a man sitting at the base of a mountain he has been pleading that God would carry him over the obstacle. Christ comes to him and bids him try again. God will not carry him over, but he will give him the strength he needs, if he will climb. Or he is in a boat becalmed and longing to cross the lake. Christ bids him raise the sail and God will fill it. Infinite strength is placed at his disposal. The only condition is that he shall use his own strength relying on the help that will be given him.

It was not possible for Christ to make this clear to his disciples. No one fully understands it even now. But the fact is proved by experience. The leper is to show himself to the priest. What is the use? he knows that the leprosy is still in his frame. But as he goes he is cleansed. How close to us, how near this power is Christ showed by his simile of the vine: "I am the vine, ye are the branches." The source of life is not in ourselves, but in him. The sap that runs through our being comes from him. The power to serve, the fruit-bearing quality is not in the branches, it comes from the vine. This is the union of the human with the divine that is the secret of victory. We have a part in it, because our powers are energized and vivified by the divine power. He is in us and in his strength we triumph.

* Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for January 12. John 15: 1-10.

Which for You?

SOMEBODY'S working for Jesus all the bright day through;
Somebody's working for Jesus—say, are you?

Somebody's working against him, saying he is not true;
Somebody's working against him—say, are you?

Short are the days and seasons and there is work to do,
Some working for, some against him; which will it be for you?

Where do you stand, my brother? Where do you stand, my friend?
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Beulah L. Ingram.

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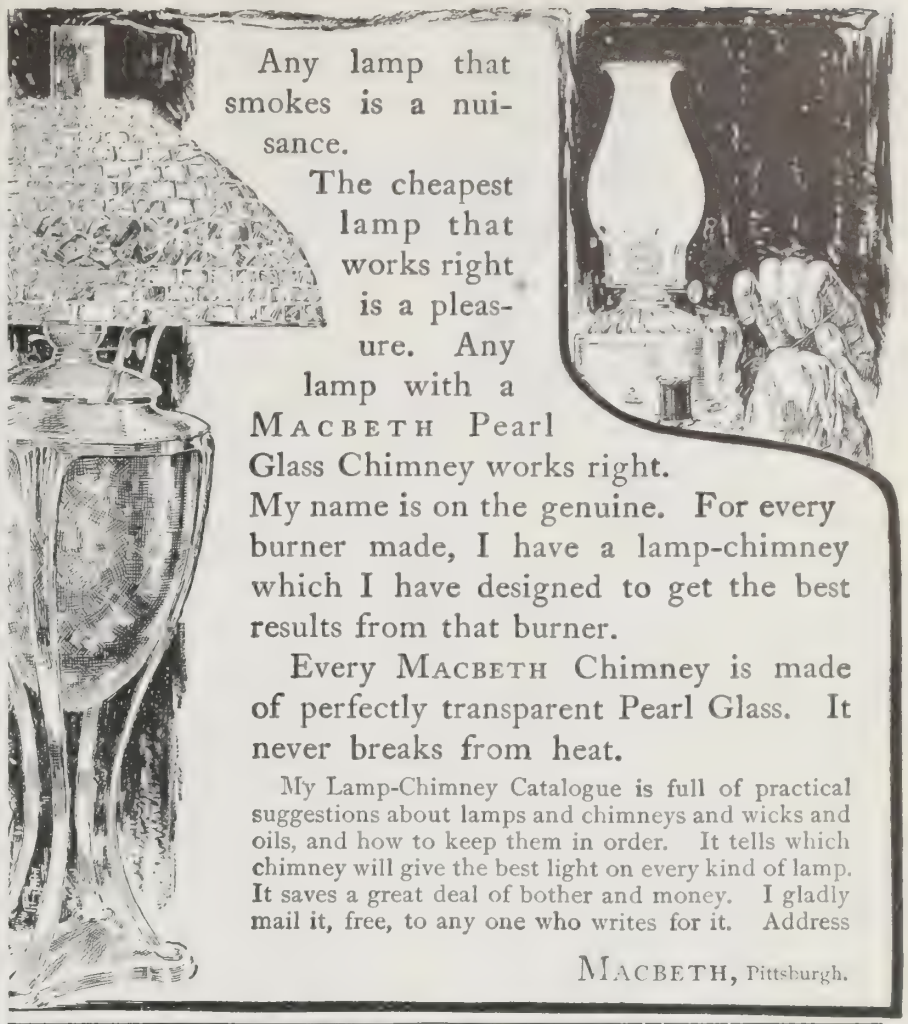

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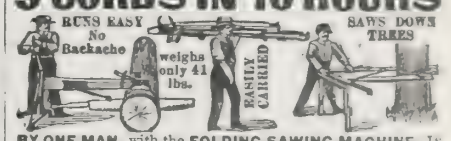

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Why John the Baptist Was Great

*By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts**

AS this is the only lesson on John the Baptist in this six months' series on the life of Jesus, we may well recall the whole life of the man behind the witnessing here described. Indeed, the most important thing about any witnessing is the character of the witness. The lips must be backed up by the life, if their utterances are to be trusted. John was twice declared to be "great." It makes a difference who gives that witness. Who did? First, the angel that promised this child to his parents (Luke 1: 15). He said: "He shall be great in the sight of the Lord." And later, when John had fulfilled the angel promise Jesus proclaimed him "great" (Matt. 11: 11). That settles it. The most reasonable thing any mortal can do is to accept the word of Christ as final on any question on which he has spoken. But what made John truly great? That is a practical question, to answer which we must study his whole life.

1. John the Baptist was great because he and his parents fulfilled God's plan for his life. Isaiah and Malachi foretold the coming of John the Baptist as a second Elijah, careless of comforts, but full of courage, a herald of Christ, who should go before him crying: "Prepare the way of the Lord" (Isa. 40: 3, 4; Mal. 4: 5). And when the time had almost come, the angel Gabriel foretold to the aged Elizabeth, who thought that her home was never to be gladdened with a child, that she was to give the world this promised forerunner of Jesus: "Thou shalt have joy and gladness, and many shall rejoice at his birth. For he shall be great in the sight of the Lord," etc. (Luke 1: 14-17). His mother and father, and the child himself, all worked with God to the utmost to fulfil that wonderful promise.

God's Plan for Life

Do not forget that every child's life is a plan of God, and that a part of that "plan" is that you should be good and do good. Can we all be great as well as good? Yes; by linking our names with Christ as John did, they shall become immortally glorious in his reflected light, in heaven if not on earth. When Paul Bliss, the son of the lamented songwriter, P. P. Bliss, was seven years old, he came to a realization that his father had left behind him a great name. The child asked a friend the question: "Can you tell me what made my papa great?" "Yes," was the reply, "your father wrote many beautiful songs, which taught people how to love Jesus. And loving Jesus made them so happy, they loved your father for helping them to know how to love Jesus. Many people loved your father for this, and so he was great in the love of others." If John the Baptist had not been the humble servant of Jesus, we should none of us know that such a man had ever lived. Even on earth those whose honors abide are the good who were also "good for something." Who knows the names of the richest men of John's time? Even the public officers of that day are not generally known to the people of to-day, except those whose names were linked with Christ as friends or enemies. Can you name any ruler of that age, except the Herods and Pilate and others who were some way related to Christ? It is the good that are honorably remembered by God and man.

A Spirit-Filled Life

2. John the Baptist was "great" also because he was filled with the right spirit. What a delusion lies in the name "spirit" as applied to that which comes into human nature not to strengthen, but to weaken! Of thirty-two young men examined in a recent year in New York City for a cadetship only nine were physically sound. John was an abstainer all his life. There were "Nazarites" who took the pledge only for a limited period; but he pledged perpetual abstention from all that could intoxicate. He did not stop, as some people do, with barring out the wrong "spirit"—he also admitted the right Spirit. And let neither parents nor children overlook the fact that he was born of the Spirit, as was Jeremiah also (Jer. 1: 9), at the very beginning of his life. He was consecrated from the cradle, as every child might be if parents were prayerful and faithful. The first choice between right and wrong may be a right one, as surely as the second one may be, or the hundredth.

Obedience Pledged

Mr. Macfarlane, many years a missionary in the South Sea Islands, tells of the cannibal warriors who, when converted, said: "We have been soldiers of the devil. We are now soldiers of Jesus Christ. Tell us what he would like us to do." Tell them that Christ would not like them to go to a place, and they say, "Then I won't go"; that he would not like to hear them using certain language, and the reply is, "Then I won't say that any more"; that he would not like to see them doing so and so, "Then I won't do it," is the quick response.

3. John was "great" because he was also a fearless "voice" against sin and for salvation by the cross. John, having been foretold by two prophets and by Gabriel, the prince of the angels, and being descended on both sides from Aaron, the brother of Moses, and belonging not only to God's chosen people, but also to the Levites, the highest in rank of them all, might naturally have been proud of his blood and station, and his superior morality and spirituality might have added to his self-esteem. But when his moral and spiritual childhood had ripened into young manhood, and he had entered on his appointed work as a preacher of righteousness, though great popularity as a preacher to unprecedented crowds of rich and poor again offered occasion for self-regard, he replied to those who thought he must be the Messiah, "I am only the voice of one crying in the wilderness" (John 1: 19-23). That saying is characteristic of John's whole life, and of all who in the Bible speak and write for God. They all stand before us, as Joseph before Pharaoh, saying, "It is not in me; God shall give you an answer of peace." (See II. Sam. 23: 2; Isa. 1: 10 (repeated twenty times); Jer. 1: 4; Ezek. 1: 3; 3: 10, 11 (repeated sixty times); Dan. 9: 2; 10: 9; Hos. 1: 1; Joel 1: 1, etc.)

John's Humility

The humility of John the Baptist comes out in deeper lines when, being asked about his baptism of repentance, he answered that a greater baptism of the Spirit would be given them by the Master whom he heralded, whose sandals he, as his lowliest servant, was not worthy to unloose. Not worthy to be his servant, yet he dared to call himself "the friend of the Bridegroom" in another unconscious picture of his self-forgetfulness. When the crowds, whom John the Baptist had gathered, left him to hear Jesus, and John's jealous friends complained, he answered, comparing himself to the bridegroom's friend, who goes before him to arrange all things with the bride's family: "He that hath the bride, the church, is the Bridegroom, Christ, and I, who am only the friend of the Bridegroom, delight to get away into the shadow and rejoice greatly because of the Bridegroom's voice, talking with his happy bride. He must increase and I must decrease" (John 3: 25-30). Why does not some great artist picture this wonderful conception, the masterpiece of humility?

Few men ever become great enough to retire so early in life and so cheerfully from the front of the stage when the good of the cause requires it. It is such humble men who are willing to be forgotten that the world will not forget. And even

> Though they may forget the singer.
> They will not forget the song.

To be a "voice" for God that shall be heard, whether we are "heard of" or not—let that be our Christian ambition. A certain man used to pray now and then in prayer-meeting, but in so low a voice that no one could tell what he said. The pastor thought it was because he had a feeble voice, until one day he stepped into his store and heard his orders to his clerk ring out all through the store: "John, bring up that fifty pounds of flour." "Alas!" said the pastor, "he can only whisper for God, but in business he has a mighty voice."

> Lord, speak to me that I may speak
> In living echoes of thy tone:
> As thou hast sought so let me seek
> Thy erring children lost and lone.
> Oh, fill me with thy fulness, Lord,
> Until my very heart o'erflow
> In kindly thought and glowing word,
> Thy love to tell, thy praise to show.

4. John the Baptist was "great" because he was faithful unto death. He who first of New Testament voices pointed forward to the cross, was himself the first of Christ's disciples to suffer death for witnessing to the truth. That he was a man of like passions with us we see when, having been arrested for condemning the sins of King Herod and his queen, he sent from the discouragement of his suffering for righteousness' sake to ask Christ, "Art thou he that should come, or look we for another?" Christ did not break the bruised reed, but strengthened it by new displays of his divine power to heal: "Go tell John the things that ye do see and hear." And so the hero, with quickened faith, lived on until the hate of Herodias caused his execution through the rash promise of a drunken king to a lewd dancing girl. First of New Testament martyrs he had gone to his crown, leaving the whole world the legacy of a noble example and the sublime message, "Behold the Lamb of God"—a message that transforms death into a home-going for all whose sins Christ has borne away.

A little girl lay weak and ill, and the mother and doctor bent over her anxiously. By and by the doctor turned to go, and something in his face drew the mother to leave her darling and follow him out of the room. The doctor had a hard thing to tell her—he knew that it would almost break her heart. "I am sorry to tell you," he said very gently, "that your child can live only a few hours." "My Father, this is thy will for me," she whispered brokenly, and then she turned and went upstairs to the quiet room. With a brave effort she tried to smile as she stood by the bedside. "Darling," she said, "do you know Jesus wants you to go to him? You won't be afraid, will you?" The girl looked up in her mother's face with a puzzled expression. "Is it my own Jesus who wants me, mother?" The mother's tears would not be hidden any longer. "Yes, darling," she answered with a sob of anguish. "Why, mother! if it is my own Jesus, I'm not afraid—not one bit afraid." "Even so, come, Lord Jesus," in life or death to us all.

A Golden Text Story

A young man employed as a clerk in a telegraph office, who had been led to see that he was a sinner, went to the office one morning, saying: "God be merciful to me a sinner." The clerk at the machine gave him his seat, and he read a strange message. There was first the name and residence, then followed these words: "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world, in whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins according to the riches of his grace." And then followed the name of the sender. The explanation of it was this: The telegram was sent to a servant girl in distress about her sins who had a brother who was a Christian. She had written him asking the great question: "What must I do to be saved?" He answered with the telegram, which brought her to the light, and proved to the operator a telegram from heaven.

*** International Sunday School Lesson for Jan. 12, 1908.** Jesus and John the Baptist. John 1:25-34. GOLDEN TEXT: "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." John 1: 29.

MODERN REVELATIONS*

HOW did God communicate with his ancient prophets? Abraham heard an audible voice, we are told, and he answered audibly (Gen. 22: 1). Samuel, too, as a child, heard the same voice (I. Sam. 3: 4). In other instances God spoke in dreams and it would appear that Isaiah, Jeremiah and the prophets must have been familiar with other modes of communication. In one instance when God spoke to Jesus, the people thought it was thunder (John 12: 29). John heard "a great voice as of a trumpet" (Rev. 1: 10). It is more than possible, however, that in many cases the voice was heard only by the spirit and was merely a thought powerfully impressed upon the mind. The servant of God meditating on the events of his time, perceived the need of warning, and knowing well what was the righteous course, proclaimed, "Thus saith the Lord." A man needs to be very sure of his ground before he presumes to speak in God's name. Yet it is easy to understand how such a declaration may be justified. A man may know God so well, may have lived in such close communion with him, as to claim God's authority for some special message that he feels called to deliver.

Obviously the conviction must be very clear and positive to justify any man in contending that his words are the words of God. The statement made from pulpit or platform that God wishes this or that causes a reverent listener to shudder. A minister stated very recently that God wished a collection to be taken up. He may have done so, but the doubt that arose in the minds of some reverent persons in the audience when the assertion was made should be a reproof to all who presume to speak in God's name.

Far be it from us to say that in these days God does not speak to his servants; but every man who knows himself and the possibility of self-deception, will hesitate to represent his voice as the voice of God. Our duty is to live so close to him, to study so humbly and carefully his character, to keep habitually so receptive a mood, that God will reveal himself and his will to us. Such revelation is possible, as it has always been, but it comes to the mind that is not seeking self-glorification, but to him who listens as a child to the inaudible voice of God.

* Topic of the Epworth League for January 12. "God's revelations and how to get them." Luke 3: 21; Acts 10: 1-16; Dan. 9: 3; 20-23.

Books Received

CROSS CURRENTS, The Story of Margaret, by Eleanor H. Porter, is a delightful book which will be enjoyed by young and old alike. It appears at a most appropriate time, because of the increased interest in the question of child labor. Reared in luxury, Margaret Kendall suddenly finds herself placed in the environment of New York's slums. Her life among the sweat-shops and on the streets, deprived of every influence which works for good, is a true portrayal of the other side of our American life. It is a wonderfully striking picture, but the author, while showing what child labor really is, has also given a happier side, for in the life of this girl is exemplified what heredity will and can do. Readers of this journal who remember the story of Margaret, which appeared originally in these pages, will have a special interest in this handsome and attractive volume which gives the fascinating tale a new setting, with fine illustrations. Pp. 207, cloth cover. Price, $1. W. A. Wilde Co., Boston and Chicago, Publishers.

The Virgin Birth of Christ. A series of lectures delivered by James Orr, M.A., D.D. At this time, when the doctrine of the virgin birth has been assailed by eminent scholars with new vigor, the publication of these lectures by the stalwart Scottish divine is very timely. The orthodox believer will be glad to see a defense so vigorous by a scholar so able. There are in all eight lectures, with an appendix of opinions of theologians in France and Germany. Pp. 301. Price $1.50. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

The Boys' Life of Christ, by William Byron Forbush. An invaluable book as a present for a boy. It has already reached its second edition and promises to live on to many more. It is a presentation with such background as study and travel can furnish of Jesus as a hero. It shows him from birth to resurrection, in the character that a boy loves, and makes him more real than the heroes of history. There is no attempt in it to teach theology or philosophy, but to present the character of Jesus on the heroic side. The boy who reads this book will ask further information and will go to the Gospels for it. Pp. 356. Price $1.25. Published by Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York.

Answered Prayers

Reader. "For all God's goodness I thank Him, and especially for many answers to my prayers. I am praying for the full physical restoration of a dear loved one, and for the spiritual redemption of another. I am trusting in the promise: 'Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name,' etc."

Mrs. St. J. "I can truly say God has answered prayer for me. If we love and trust him, as a little child loves and trusts an earthly parent, and give ourselves into his hands as clay to mould and fashion according to his will, and say from the depth of the heart, 'Thy will be done!' we have nothing to fear."

S. E. M., Iowa. "How easy it seems for God to answer the true and humble prayer of faith, even better than we dared to ask! He has answered many prayers for unworthy me for health and for financial help, and has lifted the burden of care because I asked him."

Letters acknowledging answers to prayer have also been received from Kansan, Courtland, N. Y.; Teacher; M. V. Z., Pleasantville; A. A. E., New Hampshire; Mrs. C. A. P., Kittery, Me.; M. L. A., Cincinnati, O.; Mrs. M. C. W., Buffalo, N. Y.; M. A. R.; H. E. S., Mississippi; A. U. W., Ontario; Reader, Oklahoma; Reader, Illinois; J. H. McC., Gloversville, N. Y.; W. H., Albany, N. Y.; Constant Reader; Mrs. C. A., What Cheer, Ia.; M. A. H., Sutherland, Fla.; G. R., Gentry, Ark.; Reader, Texas; M. E. E., Gainesville, Va.; Reader, Ohio; A. C., Ohio; Reader, Pennsylvania; M. J. M., Bluff City, Tenn.; E. M. S., Penn Falls, N. Y.; Mrs. J. T. C., Texas; Old Subscriber, New Jersey; E. J. A., Hookstown, Pa.

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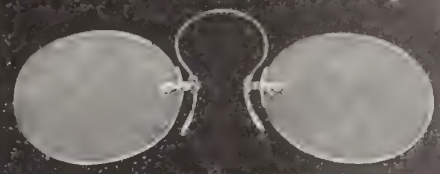

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

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SUBSCRIPTION, $1.50 PER ANNUM
PUBLISHED 52 TIMES A YEAR

NEW YORK, JANUARY 8, 1908

VOL. 31—NO. 2. PRICE 5 CENTS
OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

THE PURITAN MAIDEN

SEE PAGE 33

Questions and Answers

D. C., Homer, N. Y. Are the Bermuda Islands much of a winter resort for Americans? How often do steamers run?

Yes; hundreds of Americans, especially those whose lungs cannot stand the rigors of our northern climate, go there every winter. They are only forty-five hours' sail from New York.

D. F. H., Louisville, Ky. What was the first engagement in which regulars took part in the Mexican war?

On April 25, 1846, Captain Thornton was with a small body of troops which was sent out to scout from a point near Matamoras, on the Rio Grande. Thornton and his men were attacked and captured.

R. D. J., Peniel, Tex. Can you give me the names of the French Huguenots who came to America and what States they settled in?

It would be impossible to give any list of names, as several thousand Huguenot refugees came to the American colonies. Henry Martyn Baird has written several standard books on the Huguenots. *The Rise of the Huguenots in France*, *The Huguenots and Henry of Navarre* and a two-volume work on *The Huguenot Immigration to America*. This latter work gives the names of several hundred who came to America. There is a society in New York composed of the descendants of Huguenots. The Huguenots settled in South Carolina, in Boston and other places in Massachusetts, in New London, Conn.; in Staten Island, N. Y.; New York City, New Rochelle, N. Y., and other coast towns.

M. E. A. S., Chippewa Falls, Wis. How is the name Carnegie pronounced?

It is given in the *New Standard Dictionary* as "Car-ne-gi," first syllable accented.

J. M., New Brunswick, N. J. All history is full of examples of nations and kingdoms, which, faithful at first, grew arrogant and "forgot God," with the inevitable tragic result. Babylon, Nineveh, Israel, Egypt, have their counterpart in later times.

J. E. W., Highland, N. Y. Is it right for a Christian to deal in railroad and industrial stocks and bonds?

If by dealing you mean for sale and actual delivery of the stocks, bonds or other goods, we reply, Yes. Dealing in margins, without delivery, is simply gambling.

S. R. T., Florence, Colo. Is there any passage which teaches or implies that knowing and believing on Jesus secures everlasting life?

Yes, there are many. Among the most direct is Christ's own statement to Nicodemus (John 3: 16). In the same chapter there is another direct statement (John 3: 36), and there are many in the New Testament, which you would do well to look up for yourself.

M. A. P., Jordan, N. Y. Can a Christian or a church conscientiously light house or church with electricity, knowing that someone must work on Sunday to furnish the light?

If it weighs on your conscience, then the proper thing is to light with something else. Gas production also involves Sunday work. Are you quite certain that electricity does not demand the minimum of Sunday labor after all? Besides, light, whether in house or church, is a necessity, and "works of necessity and mercy" are permissible.

J. E., Sharpsburg, Pa. When was Neal Dow born, and where was his field of work?

He was a noted temperance reformer, born at Portland, Me., 1804. Was the author of the famous "Maine Law." Lectured and organized in many States. Was Brigadier-General of Volunteers in the Civil War. Died 1897.

R. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. Who were the Karaites or Rabbanites?

They were a small remnant of the Sadducees, "the Protestants of Judaism," formed into a sect by Anan-ben-Daniel in the eighth century. They rejected the rabbinical traditions and the Talmud, and accepted the Scriptures alone. The origin of their name is uncertain. Some of the sect exist in the Crimea, Poland and Turkey.

Reader, Sioux Falls, Iowa. Was the Priscilla of Longfellow's poem, "The Courtship of Miles Standish," a real person?

Yes; her name was Priscilla Mullines. Governor Bradford wrote out a list of those who came over on the *Mayflower* in 1620. In it the following occurs (we print it in the old spelling): "Mr. William Mullines, and his wife, and 2 children, Joseph and Priscilla." Thirty years later Bradford wrote down what had become of the original pilgrims of the *Mayflower*. It reads: "Mr. Molines, and his wife, his son and his servant (Robert Carter) dyed the first winter. Only his doughter Priscila survied and maried with John Alden, who are both living, and have 11. children, and their eldest daughter is maried, & hath five children."

J. G., New York City. Is there any account of a prophet being required to walk barefoot? What was it intended to teach?

The instance was that of Isaiah, and is described in the twentieth chapter of his prophecies. It was to impress the people with their coming exile and captivity. They were secure, trusting that Egypt would protect them from the Assyrians, but Isaiah warned them against such trust, and by walking naked and barefoot showed them how they would be carried away prisoners to Babylon.

J. B., Milwaukee, Wis. 1. What is the Hebrew population of New York City? 2. How long has the United Hebrew Charities been aiding the poor, and how many beneficiaries has it had annually, on the average?

1. Between 600,000 and 700,000. 2. The organization is thirty-three years old and is one of the most efficient that has ever operated in the great field of charity. It has given assistance yearly to some 8,000 Jewish families in New York alone, representing 35,000 individuals. About 4,000 wealthy Hebrews contribute the funds for the Society's work. One excellent result has been that such a thing as a Jewish beggar is unknown in the metropolis. The Society's embarrassment is only temporary; it will undoubtedly soon be enabled to resume operations.

J. H. A., Newton, N. J. Is it true that the monuments of Egypt contain no reference to the plagues?

Those monuments were designed to record the glories and triumphs of the Egyptians, not their misfortunes and defeats. There were many calamities which we know from secular history befell Egypt, which are not mentioned on the monuments. Scholars tell us, however, that the fact of Menephthah having lost his eldest son in some sudden manner, may be gleaned from the monuments. Exodus tells us how he lost him.

Dr. Bentley, Montgomery, Minn. 1. How can a miracle take place in a government of immutable law? 2. Are we really taught to hate father and mother as stated in Luke 14: 26?

1. God for his own purpose may suspend the operation of his laws. We call them immutable because we have never known them to change, but that does not prove that they have never changed. It is a matter of experience, and we should not set our experience as being a guide for all time. There may be spiritual laws which God keeps in his own control that override or alter the natural laws we know. Miracles do not happen in our experience; in other words, are not common. But if they were common they would cease to serve their purpose. 2. The word is extreme, as you will see by the parallel passage Matt. 10: 37, 38. The meaning is simply that the father or mother who tries to prevent a soul following Christ must be opposed. Any disciple having the alternative thrust upon him of obeying Christ or a father must choose the former, and in proportion as he is driven, necessarily resists the father, a course that might grow to hate if persistent. Christ meant, as the context shows, that he was to be preferred above every one, which is a reasonable requirement.

Mrs. M. H., Bowling Green, Ky. Where in the Bible is the following Scripture to be found: "The Lord thy God shall bless thee in all thy works, and in all that thou puttest thine hand unto"?

See Deut. 15: 10, 18; also 16:15.

C. B., Warren, Mass. Is the magic lantern a modern invention?

No; some antiquaries claim that it was devised by Roger Bacon, in A.D. 1260, but it is generally thought that it was the invention of Athanasius Kircher, who died in 1680.

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Admiral Evans with his Daughters and Grandchildren

REAR-ADMIRAL ROBLEY D. EVANS commands the battleship fleet on its cruise to the Pacific. The above photograph is one of the most recent taken of the popular officer, and shows him with his two daughters. Mrs. Marsh, at the left, is the wife of Captain Marsh, former United States naval attache at Tokio. At the right is Mrs. Sewell and her two children. Mrs. Sewell is the wife of Commander Sewell of the United States Navy. Naval and army officers form almost a distinct society of their own, living as they do at army forts or naval stations, and naval officers often find their wives among the daughters of distinguished men of the service. It is not unusual to find a family that has had three or four generations in the naval or military branches of the government service.

Miscellaneous

Annette James. Don't know. Never heard of it before.

Subscriber, Sutton, N. H. Address 75 Franklin Street, New York.

D. C., Homer, N.Y. Write to A. E. Outerbridge & Co., steamship agents, 29 Broadway, New York City.

C. B. C., Waupaca, Wis. It does seem rather out of place for a Christian college to teach dance music.

J. G. D., Delta, O. Santa Claus is an old-time custom, and contributes greatly to innocent enjoyment.

M. M. L., Bennettsville, S. C. It is impossible to answer your question. Probably the cow goes where she can get the most grass.

M. M., Highland, Ill. The assassin Czolgosz was electrocuted. We know no more of the details than were published in the newspapers at the time.

G. D. W., Philadelphia. The staff contributors of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD include Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, Congregationalists, Lutherans and Episcopalians.

H. E. E. D., Steele, Mont. The nicknames of the States appear in almost any good almanac. They have already been printed in THE MAIL-BAG. We know of no nicknames for foreign countries.

K. B., Belvidere, Kan. We have not been able to find answers to your questions. If you send the one in regard to rubber to the Department of Agriculture, you will probably secure some information.

D., Holland, Mich. Promiscuous gatherings at roller-skating rinks are not conducive to the development of Christian character. Like all places of the sort, the promiscuous acquaintanceships there begun are frequently of the kind which self-respecting young men and women should rigidly avoid.

L. W., Paterson, N. J. You can get a full list of the books written by Henty and Ellis from Ammon & Mackell, booksellers, 81 Chambers Street, New York City. E. S. Ellis may have had some Indian character in mind when he described Deerfoot. We have no way of finding out. We see no harm in ventriloquism, when practised for amusement of one's self or friends.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

Date Palms Growing on the Nile Banks

A Mohammedan Matron

Cattle and Goats Dispute the Roadway

MY FRIEND THE "VEILED LADY"

A Bright American Woman Describes for The Christian Herald her Visit to a Wealthy Turkish Home

By EVELYN CLARK MORGAN

THE mysterious fascination with which tradition and romance have clothed the veiled women of the East is difficult to shake off. I find myself gazing at the shadowy forms that pass me in the streets in the vain hope that an elusive pin may cause the *yasmak* to drop aside, or that a kindly breeze may lift the veil and disclose the beauty which imagination pictures beneath its concealing folds.

If my wish were granted, I should probably be quickly disillusioned. The limpid eyes that peer through the apertures in the veil are often lighted by the fires of disease. The unveiled face of an Eastern woman is generally a pallid one, for the "white plague" is frightfully prevalent among women who are *purdah* (veiled). For all that, the East holds us captive, and we long to know more of the women whose forms we see indistinctly outlined through the latticed window or balcony.

I had scarcely expected to see a Turkish interior of the higher class, but the unexpected happened. I was invited by a Turkish woman to visit her at her villa. To the fact that the little veiled lady was a broadminded woman, traveled and cultured far beyond the generality of her countrywomen, and to the additional fact that in life aboard ship acquaintance quickly ripens into friendship, I am indebted for the *entree* to a Turkish home, the most exclusive and impenetrable of places.

The day and hour were appointed for my visit to Madame R——. An afternoon train carried me to the suburban town where she lives. Her English governess met me at the station, and we entered the satin-lined vehicle that had been sent to meet me. It was a garrison town through which we passed, and some of the groups we met were characteristic. A troop of infantry came marching past; then a cavalry officer on a fine mount. A caravan of camels bore haughtily down upon us, like a vision from the desert. With heads disdainfully high, they strode on in their loose, disjointed way, as if too proud or too patient to acknowledge their burden a grievous one. Herds of cattle and goats claiming more than their share of the road; sand-carts, in which were stowed more men, woman and children than would have been possible, except that such inconvenient members as arms and legs were dangling over the sides of the cart, and encroaching sometimes as far as the donkey's ears; family parties making for the town where, if the husband would ensure peace, he must purchase at the bazaar gowns of equal gorgeousness for his four wives, and "Turkish delight" (sweetmeats) enough for each mother's child to have a portion.

Interesting as the route was, it was not long, and we soon entered the villa grounds. The very architecture of an Eastern house stands for seclusion. The windows and doors of town houses are screened and country ones are shut in behind high walls. Privacy is the foundation stone of family life. The houses are planned with a view to concealing the inmates. There is usually a court with a stairway in one corner. At the top of the flight, a blank wall confronts one and a passage way leads aside to the central room above the court. Doors are seen on all sides of the large room—doors that are only opened at the master's bidding; for the Turk and the Egyptian jealously guard the women of their households. Screened roof-gardens are common in the country, where there is naturally a little more freedom. There is a gentlemen's reception room in the garden, where the master of the house receives his friends, who are not invited or expected to enter the family residence.

The Doorway of a Rich Man's House in the East

In the case of my hostess, I fancied I could see, even in the exterior appearance of the villa, evidences of the modernized and advanced ideas of its mistress. The grounds were surrounded by high walls, but doors and windows opened freely upon the garden, abloom with clematis and oleanders. Ascending the marble steps, and entering the central room, I was met by Mme. R——, unveiled now and looking pretty and cool in a flowered muslin gown. She ushered me into a small reception room. Its appointments were dainty in the extreme. Gauzy draperies hung at the windows and doors, and besides the divans that bordered the room, there were delicately carved chairs and tables inlaid with mother-of-pearl.

In this room we found a friend of Mme. R——, a young Turkish wife and mother. She was plump and pretty, but her face had the pallor of the Eastern woman. While she knew no English (finding it too difficult, she said), she spoke French faultlessly. After some general conversation, a maid appeared carrying a tray on which were tall, slender-stemmed, gilded glasses containing sherbet. This was not an ice or even an iced drink, but a sirup-like concoction. Then the maid glided noiselessly in again, this time bringing real Turkish coffee in cups of infinitesimal size, resting in gold-enameled holders. She served it from a tabourette. At intervals of half an hour refreshments continued to be served.

Mme. R——, whose early education was obtained through English governesses, and who is educating her own children in the same way, has mastered the language sufficiently well to have written a Turkish love story in English. I asked to see the book and it was brought, the conversation then turning upon the condition of Turkish women, and subsequently upon marriage and divorce.

I spoke of a group I had met along the road in Syria, each one carrying parcels and singing as they walked. I had been told it was a bridegroom's family, who, at his command, had been to the neighboring town to purchase wedding garments for the bride, and for all of her

Continued on page 25

THE
AMERICAN PULPIT

A SERMON BY
Rev. F. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.

The Mirrors of Life

TEXT: James 1 : 23, R.V.—"He is like unto a man beholding his natural face in a mirror"

IT is a strange fact that most people know little of their physical appearance. The shrewd Scottish poet's desire is familiar to us all—

O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourscls as ithers see us.

But the power he invoked never made the gift. No man ever sees himself as he is seen either by his friends or by his enemies. When looking at ourselves we nearly always have blurred spectacles. Sir Anthony Vandyke, like other great portrait painters, used his own face for a model. But it is very likely the picture was not true to life. Queen Elizabeth bade the court artist omit the shadows from his picture of her face; the "shadows" being wrinkles that a straw might have been laid in. She had not the courage of Cromwell, who told the artist to paint him as he was, and not leave out the warts. Most of us want to look better than we are, and we often deceive even ourselves.

Self-Revelation

I once heard a great speaker give a humorous description of how he first saw himself as others saw him. Like most of us, up to that time he never knew how he looked. But one day a friend took him to visit "the Hall of a Thousand Mirrors." When he went into this palace, he found the floors, the ceilings, the walls, all composed of looking-glasses. In these thousand mirrors he saw his own face and body reflected in a thousand different places. He saw every motion and gesture repeated from every angle and learned how he appeared fullface and sidewise, and he was unpleasantly astonished. "What!" he soliloquized; "do I look like those people? Do I act like those people? Well, one fact is certain: other people may like me; but I could never learn to like myself." The easiest place in all the world for an average man to kill his egotism and vanity would be for him occasionally to visit a "Hall of a Thousand Mirrors," where he can see himself as others see him.

The figure of my text implies that we are as unconscious of our faults of character as we are of our physical defects. As the man vain of his outward appearance is reproved by his mirror, so the man proud of his character is reproved when he looks into God's Word. But he, like the other, is prone to forget the revelation, and goeth his way, forgetting what manner of man he is. This is unfortunate, because we might remedy the defects of our character if we studied them and sought God's help.

There are other mirrors that help us to get a true estimate of ourselves, and I want to point out, this morning, how we may use them for our self-improvement. In the first place, I want you to carefully examine the reflections we may see in the looking-glasses held before our faces by the loving hands of our best and tenderest and dearest friends. It is not by any means a pleasant mirror to look at. Somehow many of us are deceived by the idea that friends above all mankind should think that our faces are perfect faces, and our natures perfect natures; but that is unreasonable. The true friend by intimate association may find virtues in us hidden from the eyes of the rest of the world, but he also finds imperfections in us which the world does not see. Then the true friend proves his affection by pointing out to us those defects, and warning us against the disasters that may come from them. Wise is the man, and the woman, and the child who heed the warnings spoken by those they love.

Maternal Perception

Those warnings began to come to us way back in our childhood days, when we were surrounded by our brothers and sisters. We now live in a great big world, where we have hundreds, perhaps thousands, of acquaintances. We have daily and hourly dealings with our fellow men. But I want to tell you that in all your business and domestic career as a mature man, the besetting sins of your life are not more self-evident to your friends than they were to your father, and especially to your mother, when you played with your brothers and sisters in the nursery. You can feel that loving maternal eye now boring straight into your heart and finding the flaws there. Even now you can hear her say, "John, the reason you took that big apple from your little sister is because you are selfish, and that is the besetting sin you must fight all your life." Or she says, "John, you are naturally deceitful." "John, that was the act of a coward." "John, the difficulty about you is, you are vain and jealous. You hate to hear any one else praised. You are not satisfied unless every one is praising you." Though years have passed since your mother uttered those words, yet you know she placed her finger upon the weakest part of your nature. To-day, though she is dead, you know that she did her duty to you by showing you your reflection in the looking-glass.

Flattering Reflections

Time passed, and you entered the great wide world, and you began to make a success. Then false mirrors were held up to deceive you. There gathered about you a lot of sycophants and social vampires. These toadies praise you and fawn over you and flatter you. When they are away from you they make fun of you and talk about your weaknesses. An old Spanish proverb says, "The absent are always wrong." So you are always wrong to them when you are absent. But when these hangers-on are with you they have nothing but words of praise for you and your wonderful deeds. Yet, thank God, though there are many who talk against you when you are absent, there are a few noble friends who will criticize your faults to your face. They will come up and lay their hands lovingly on your shoulder, and say, "Charlie, I would not do that." Or they say, "Charlie, you have an evil habit on you now, and it is eating all the honesty and nobility and purity out of your heart, and you must stop, or you will ruin yourself." You may laugh off those warnings and forget them. Or you may get angry at your true friends. But the friends who are lifting the looking-glass before you and showing your imperfections are your true friends. Will you heed these warnings? Are all the glorious opportunities of your life to be ruined by that flaw which your friends have pointed out, but which you neglect to rectify?

An Enemy's Caricature

But there is another reflecting mirror held up before our eyes. That is the mirror with which our enemies delight to show our delinquencies to ourselves and to the world. It is a mirror into which most of us look with flashing eye and flushed cheek. But it is a reflecting mirror which ought to be as helpful for our moral and spiritual development as the one which our friends uplift. This mirror has a way of magnifying and intensifying our weaknesses. Like the caricature, it has a way of making prominent the flaws of our nature, and yet at the same time making it very plain for whom the portrait was intended.

These enemies do with the reflecting mirrors what William Hogarth did with his brush and pen. Have you ever been in the museums, where they had one room filled with concave and convex mirrors? You stand before one mirror and you seem to be a little short, fat man, about four feet high and weighing at least four hundred pounds. Then you look into another mirror, and instead of being a little short, fat man, now you will be twelve feet tall and about as wide as a match. Yet tall and thin, short and fat, you can see in those concave and convex mirrors the same eyes, lips, hands and hair. So our enemies in life take us and pull us out or shove us in, and twist us all out of shape, in order to magnify our faults; but though they expose our errors with unfailing skill, we still retain enough of our original selves to let the world know who we are and what we have done. And to-day, for our own benefit, they are lifting up the reflecting mirrors for us to have a good look at our errors and imperfections.

Past Failures

But there is still another way in which we can see our reflections in the mirrors of our imperfect lives. That is when we stand surrounded by the tragedies and the misfortunes resultant from the mistakes of our past. These misfortunes have their stories to tell, just the same as successes have their stories to tell. Though some men may achieve success in spite of glaring faults in their make-up, yet few men ever come to failure unless that failure is the result of some folly or sin, which, if it had been discerned in time, could have been rectified. And the man who is not willing to see his faults by his failures, is a man who is blind indeed, and who will not be taught by the sternest and yet best of all teachers.

Here, for instance, is a little child. He will persist in playing with fire. One day, out in the back yard near to the farm, he is gathering the leaves and starts them in a flame. The farm-hand gets there just in time to scatter the leaves and save all the hay which had been stored away in the loft. Next day, the boy is playing with matches in the nursery, and, in a flash, a whole box goes off; but the older sister throws them out of the window in time to save the lace curtains. The mother has warned the little boy and told him the danger. But no good results. "All right," says the father, "that boy must be taught what fire really is. He must learn by an experience he will remember." So when the boy is about to touch the hot stove, his father does not interfere. The boy burns his hand and screams with pain. The mother is in tears. The father is in tears. But the boy has learned his lesson. He now knows that fire will burn, and, therefore, he leaves the matches alone. Hard was

The Lesson for the Boy

hard, too, for the father; but the pain was worth the cure. So with God and his erring children. We have certain faults and weaknesses. Our friends have told us about them. Our enemies have told us about them. They have both held up the mirrors for us to see our faults. But we would not. God is sorry, but if we will learn in no other way, we must learn in that. Some tragedy comes in our life, and we say: "What a misfortune! How could our loving Father allow that to fall upon us?" My friend, it is not a misfortune. It is discipline. That fault in you had to be corrected to save you from worse evil. Be thankful that it was sent to you. And take care you learn the lesson it was sent to teach.

We are puzzled when this experience happens to us, though we are able to trace back the evil causes of our neighbors' tragedies. Indeed, it is far easier for a physician to diagnose the disease of another man than to prescribe for the malignant fever that is burning his own vitals. When we go through life and find one trouble coming to one man, and another trouble coming to another man, and still another trouble coming to a third, we say, "There, I told you so. Those men were once boys with me, and grew up with me, and I knew they would come to no good end. Why, years ago, those men were laying the foundations of these very failures. I knew it and told them so."

Carry your thoughts back to the days of your old Christian home. Are you not startled at the changes in your life? Have you not degenerated? If, to-day, you could make a large sum of money by unloading a lot of worthless land as future building lots upon some ignorant purchaser who had not yet cut his wisdom teeth, would you do it? How are you different from your old friend whose misfortunes you were just discussing? The only difference between you and him is the rapidity with which you are losing your moral and spiritual integrity. Are you going to forget the weakness that overthrew your old schoolmate? As one who looks into a mirror and then turns away and forgets how he appears, will you ignore the lessons which your neighbor's misfortunes are preaching to you?

The Perfect Mirror

But if we can see our sins reflected in the moral and spiritual tragedies of those about us, can we not see what we might become by Christian grace, in the joy and the happiness of those who are living about us and who are living for the higher life? If the mightiest temperance lessons are preached by the intoxicated man, staggering and hiccoughing along the public highway, so the greatest truths of Gospel peace are preached in the smiling, radiant and triumphant looks of those who for years have been walking with and living near Christ. And if you will go to some of those consecrated, happy Christians, they will tell you that once they were

Continued on page 25

My Friend the "Veiled Lady" Continued

The "Sandcart" and its Burden

Mme. R——'s Villa near Cairo

A Turkish Troop of Infantry

family. They were carrying these robes and gifts to the house of the bride.

Madame said that the bride would be dressed by the women of her family in the morning, and then would sit on a throne all day, awaiting the coming of the bridegroom in the evening. He would be escorted to her house by servants and male friends, all carrying lighted candles. The bride would rise to receive him with folded hands and downcast eyes. He would then throw back her veil and gaze upon her face for the first time; after which she would offer him a seat beside her.

"As for divorce," continued Madame, "in the East nothing is easier. The divorce court stands literally at the door of the mosque. A Turk has only to say to his wife, 'Go,' and she is divorced. There are three courts, or degrees, and if the husband says, 'I divorce you by the three degrees,' then no one can bring her back to him; but if he does not so divorce her, and wishes her back again, through a pacha or judge of the first or second degree she may be brought back to him. The only way to recover a wife who has been divorced by the three degrees is for her to be married to some one else, and divorce him; then she may return to the first husband."

A case was cited of a wife who had been divorced by the three degrees. She was very rich, and the husband wishing to have her again as his wife, it was agreed that she should be married for a day to a young man from a distant town (to avoid scandal). The newly-wedded couple were much pleased with each other and the wife said, "I do not wish to return to my first husband. Take this money," and she gave him a goodly sum. "When you go to present your case to the judge, slip the note in his hand." When the first husband came the judge said, "No; these people are satisfied with each other, I cannot interfere."

A woman may divorce her husband for several reasons, however, among them impure breath, deception as to social or financial standing, and failure to support. This last cause is considered very important, for Turkish women, except of the lower class, do not work. They have no means of self-support and must live under the roof and at the expense of male relatives, of however remote a degree.

An hour passed in interesting conversation and then I ventured to suggest that I should like to meet the husband of my friend. She left the room for a few moments and returning, asked me to accompany her into the adjoining room, where we found her husband awaiting us. The other lady had not been invited to come with us. It would not have been allowable for her to be in the same room with a man who was in no way related to her.

R—— Bey, a handsome Turk to whom the red fez gave an air of distinction, proved a most delightful conversationalist, but regretted that he could not speak English. He showed an interest in things American.

Tea, cake, "Turkish delight" (sweetmeats) and sugared almonds continued to be served, till, at the suggestion of R—— Bey, we strolled through the grounds, and finally seated ourselves in a pavilion from which we could see the purple lights gathering on Tura Hills, and the swaying tops of the date palms that grew by the banks of the Nile, less than a mile away.

Madame spoke of her children, and when I expressed a wish to see them, she clapped her hands to summon a servant to fetch them. They soon appeared, a graceful little girl of nine and two sturdy lads who were little more than babies, but who already wore the fez. After they had retired, Madame said, "When my sons are about ten years old, I shall place them in school in Constantinople, and I hope I may be able to live there then, to be near them. My daughter," and she sighed, "I shall educate at home. It is best that she should not learn too much."

To my explanation of dissent and surprise she replied: "Ah, yes, the higher education for your women, but for ours—well, you see, my daughter must live the secluded life of a Turkish woman. Do you think she would be content if she knew of better things?"

Madame then disclosed something of her own history and of her ambitions for Turkish women.

"I was about establishing a school to teach the women of my country to keep house, to take intelligent care of their children and their homes. Believe me," she continued, "they know absolutely nothing. In the government schools they learn to read and write, it is true, but the State is careful that they do not learn too much. I had a house that I would have given for the purpose of industrial education, and money to commence the work. But extraneous circumstances made it unsafe for us to remain in Turkey any longer. I have an island home, but it would not be safe to go there; so I stay here with my husband and children, two boys (for which I am thankful), and only one girl, (for which I am also thankful). I returned once to my country, disguised, and landing as a second cabin passenger. I hid myself by day, but for all that my presence was suspected, and once more I fled by night, alarmed at the messages that reached me. I shall not dare return again until conditions change. We have incurred the enmity of the Sultan."

As she concluded she clapped her hands lightly, and saying something to the servant who answered the call he disappeared and returned in a few minutes carrying a bunch of roses which he laid on a table before me.

The sun was near its setting by this time, and as I knew that in the East the night falls quickly, I announced that I must terminate this delightful visit. It was R—— Bey who gave the signal now, and when the white-turbaned Oriental appeared, he ordered the carriage.

There was something pathetic in the way Madame pressed my hand and asked, "Will you write to me sometimes—something of your world?" I knew she meant something of my broader world.

In my absorption in Madame's story, and in the interest of my visit, I had quite forgotten the other guest, supposing, indeed, that she had gone home; but as I drove from the grounds I saw her near the window of the room where we had left her several hours before. Her face brightened as I waved a good-by, and I felt a warm sympathy for the woman who had been held prisoner all the afternoon by the custom of her country.

Cairo, Egypt.

A Kansas Town Revival-Swept

ONE hundred people decided for Christ in one night during a revival which has just come to a close at Smith Center, Kan. The meetings were under the direction of Evangelist W. E. Biederwolf and his associates. During three weeks, nearly a thousand converts were made, among the number being the sheriff of the county, the judge of the probate court, the county clerk, the mayor of the city, the city marshal, nearly every lawyer in the city, a congressman, three bankers, several doctors, many prominent business men, the whole football team, and every student in the high school except two. The personal work was under the supervision of Howard E. Taylor. A great chorus choir, directed by Homer Rodeheaver, was also a potent factor. During the last four nights, over three hundred people made decisions for Christ. At the farewell meeting 2,500 people were in attendance.

As the people saw many prominent citizens and popular young men marching down the aisles, a roar of applause arose from all parts of the tabernacle, which continued for half an hour, as one by one people stepped out to give themselves to Christ. Men and women wept for joy at the sight; fathers and mothers fell on their knees, as they saw their girls and boys at the altar. The city marshal came forward, and when his son saw it, he went down the aisle to stand by the side of his father.

Ottawa, Kan. RAY Y. CLIFF.

A Revival at Saranac Lake

SARANAC LAKE, N. Y., has been the scene of a revival. A series of union evangelistic meetings was planned for the last part of November, the Baptist, Episcopal, Methodist and Presbyterian Churches co-operating. Preparation was made extending over weeks and even months previous to the beginning of the meetings, which were under the leadership of Dr. Elliott and Mr. Maftsger, his singer. From the very start, a blessing seemed to rest upon the work. At the men's meeting in the town hall, on the last Sunday afternoon of the series, nearly a thousand men were present. From eighty to one hundred took a public stand for Christ. A meeting for women was also crowded. Probably the most interesting and striking of the meetings was the one held on the last afternoon, when practically every place of business in the city was closed and the Methodist church was filled. It is believed that the impression made by these services will be a lasting one.

THE MIRRORS OF LIFE. Sermon by Rev. Frank DeWitt Talmage, D.D. Continued from page 24

just as you are now. But the redeeming power of the Lord Jesus Christ came into their lives, and entirely changed their hearts and their whole natures. What they once loved they now hate. And as they talk, they seem to hold up to us a reflecting mirror showing us our nobler and better selves, as they say, "Brother, you can be like that. Sister, you can be like that. Will you let Christ work in you his miracle as he has done in our natures?" Oh, my brother, in the lives of your Christian friends, have you never caught a momentary reflection of what your spiritual face, by the grace of God, might become? Are you going to shut your eyes to that divine revelation, as the man beholding his natural face in a mirror turns away and forgets how he looks?

I want to ask you still another question. Is it not a fact, as the tragedies of your own life have been swooping down upon you with terrific anguish, that you have been longing more and more for the rapturous look you have seen in the peaceful countenances of your friends who have been living near and ever nearer to Christ?

If this fact is true when we look into the happy faces of our dear ones, how much truer is it when we look into the divine face of Jesus himself? Even in the best of our friends' faces we can find some flaws, if we only study those faces long enough; but in the face of Christ there is no flaw. There is a transforming power in the contemplation of that reflection. That is the divine secret of the changed character. "We all with unveiled face, beholding as in a mirror the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image from glory to glory." Into that mirror let us ever look, and as we behold the perfection of that divine character, so will our own characters be changed into the same image. "We shall become like him, for we shall see him as he is."

EQUIPPING THE MISSION BOAT

WHEN the good missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Jansen, now on their way back to the Philippines, reach their station at Cebu, they will find there awaiting them the welcome news that their appeal to the friends of foreign missions for a Gospel boat has not been in vain. Negotiations have been concluded for the purchase of a stout, serviceable boat forty-seven feet in length, operated by a gasoline motor and engine driving a powerful screw, which will take them safely and expeditiously on the long rounds of their "parish of a hundred islands" in the waters of the Sulu archipelago.

Money for the purchase of the boat has been contributed by friends in almost every State of the Union, principally in small amounts. A considerable portion was secured through the personal efforts of Mr. and Mrs. Jansen, while here on furlough. They spoke before churches and Sunday Schools, at lectures, etc. Some part was raised through the efforts of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. Then the missionaries, being compelled to return to their field of labor, appealed to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its readers to complete the work so well begun. In response to our appeal for this worthy cause, many readers have sent contributions, but the total is still considerably short of what is needed to complete the purchase and equipment of the mission boat. It is hoped, however, that sufficient contributions will come in to enable us to have the boat in readiness for transportation to Cebu within the next few weeks.

The mission boat, which by Mr. and Mrs. Jansen's desire is to bear the name *El Heraldo Cristiano*, in grateful compliment to the readers of this journal who have made its purchase possible, will be a most important auxiliary to the missionary work in that distant field. Her two-cylinder engine will drive her along at eight or nine miles an hour in the Philippine straits and inlets, and will enable the workers to accomplish more in one day than heretofore they have been able to do in three or four days with the native canoes. The mission boat is stout and stanch, electrically lighted and cooled; has a roomy covered cabin which is divided into (1) engine room and kitchen; (2) dining room; (3) large double bed-room; (4) two-bunk bed-room, and (5) wheel-room for steering. All the rooms are lighted by windows, the sashes being shaded by Venetian blinds. Above the deck are stanchions for a good-sized awning to keep off the intense heat of the direct sun-rays, and to keep the cabin roof cool. There are numerous pantries, wardrobes, etc.; a cook-stove, folding dining table, folding desk, settees, and such other modest equipments as are necessary to the comfort and well-being of those who are to pass a large part of their daily existence on the mission boat. On the upper deck is a stanch ten-foot rowboat in davits.

El Heraldo Cristiano, to be complete, however, should have considerable additional equipment, and this will be supplied should funds come in for the purpose. A photograph of the mission boat appears on this page. Writing of his spiritual work among the natives at Cebu, Missionary Jansen gives this interesting description:

"Here is a crowd of Filipinos, who are watching their missionary friends and the native fellow workers, as the latter leave the shore to take the Gospel to other towns in the various islands. Among our native teachers and evangelists are many who have made sacrifices to obtain Bible instruction, in order that they might teach their own people. Some have come from long distances, involving days of journeying over the mountains to reach the missionaries and get Bible instruction. 'Teach us, that we may teach our own people,' is the plea frequently heard by the American missionaries. When taught, these men and women willingly go to other islands and, year after year, seek to make the Gospel known. Many of these people are being awakened to a new life of unselfishness and love toward their fellow men.

"One of our young native pastors, speaking to his people of the love of God, said, 'One night, while sitting by the bedside of my dying child, as I looked at the helpless and suffering babe, a strange pity and yearning love toward the little one filled my heart. I longed to take the moaning child in my arms, and soothe away its restlessness and relieve its pain. I had seen others of my children die and had sat beside them as they suffered; but never had this yearning love filled my heart before. As my tears of a new love and pity fell beside that little child, the thought came to me, 'This is how the Lord feels toward the poor, sin-sick world. This is like the yearning love and compassion which brought Jesus down to us, and into the life of the most sin-stained and degraded of us, that he might take us in his tender arms.'

"One of our Filipino evangelists," continues Mr. Jansen, "was once a revolutionary leader. He was put in prison, and while there he received a Bible from his young nephew, previous to being transferred to Manila. There, in the Bilibid prison, this man, through reading the Bible, found his Saviour and determined to serve God when he was pardoned and released. He returned to Cebu. He came to the Protestant missionaries. After some twelve months of patient and studious training, he went to work among the mountain villagers and farmers. Soon converts, won through him, were requesting baptism. He had no income. He had worn his shoes to pieces, and his last suit of clothes was worn till it could not hold together much longer. Almost barefooted, and in his ragged clothing, this worker presented himself at our station in Cebu, having been summoned by the missionaries. He was unconscious of having done anything creditable. As soon as he was given some decent clothing, he started back to his work of spreading the Gospel among the mountain families whom he in former days had harassed and compelled to join his revolutionary band. He is now receiving a small salary as an evangelist. He writes us cheering reports of his work. At one town, in four months, nearly one hundred believers were baptized. After the baptism, there came a great persecution.

"At another town, while the workers were holding service, the police arrived armed, accompanied by a large crowd of men and boys. These all yelled together against us and the Gospel we were preaching, using evil words and expressions, so that the mayor, Senor Tranguilino Ayrabunte, came. He struck the presiding evangelist, Angel Kanon, several heavy blows, and then ordered that he and three others of the Christians should be taken to prison. There they were kept for a night and part of a day."

Notwithstanding the persecutions in that town, in one month there were one hundred people baptized and a church has been established. In another interior town over two hundred adults and fifty-eight children have been baptized, and there are many more who desire baptism.

This heroic worker is now entrusted with the spiritual care of four island towns and the surrounding districts. The believers in one of these (the town of D——) have commenced to build a church.

This is only one of several instances in which the missionaries have been unexpectedly reinforced by men raised up specially for the work in a most wonderful way. Their field is a large one and widely scattered throughout the group of islands, and they are eagerly looking forward to the arrival of the mission boat as the greatest aid to their labors. Our readers, who are interested in the winning of the Philippines for Christ, have now an opportunity to assist in this specially attractive Gospel campaign. We invite them to send in their contributions in order that the mission boat may be completed and forwarded to Cebu with the least possible delay.

All contributions in aid of the mission boat should be sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York, which will acknowledge them in its columns.

The Mission Boat, "El Heraldo Cristiano," for Gospel Work in the Philippines

ARMENIA IN SORE STRAITS

LETTERS from American missionaries in Asia Minor confirm the information already conveyed in cable dispatches and previous letters regarding the widespread suffering in that country. Rev. W. W. Peet, of the American Bible House, Constantinople, in forwarding these letters to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, writes:

They show an unusual state of desolation throughout the greater part of Asia Minor. All point to a situation which I apprehend will represent a greater degree of destitution in Asia Minor than has been known for many years.

From Erzerum Dr. Underwood writes that the British Consul from Bitlis reports that several hundred persons in the Moush plain and vicinity will probably starve to death if relief is not sent to them soon.

A Bitlis letter says:

Unless help comes soon it is likely to be too late. The price of wheat is extremely high, and the ability of the people extremely low and suffering and liability to starve look us now squarely in the face. We have never known such sad conditions before.

From Cesarea comes this gloomy forecast:

The prospect ahead of us is very bad. There was a great shortage of the wheat crop and the price has doubled from four to five pias for batman of seventeen pounds, up to nine to ten, and it cannot be had freely even at that rate. Many families are even now begging to be allowed to buy a single batman. One or two native friends have joined in securing five hundred batmans of flour to be sold at retail in case the price gets away up.

A missionary at Adana writes:

The harvest was a great failure. In many places they did not reap one-fifth of the seed sown, consequently not only is there great scarcity of wheat for seed and flour, it is also very dear. The price has gone up to nearly double the price of a few years ago, at least one and one-half of last year's price. There are many people who have no wheat and no money with which to buy. Some have property, which they would sell in order to buy wheat, but purchasers are difficult to find, sometimes impossible. This condition holds especially in the town of Shar. We visited Tashgee, Karakeuy, Dikmeh, Gurumzeh, Yerebakanz. In every place we found distress. Many people are beginning to crowd down into the plain in the hope of finding food or work. Whole families are coming. They have nothing to bring with them. Their sufferings this winter will be great indeed. The government has applied to the Sivas and other provinces to facilitate the transfer of grain into this district. That the distress begins thus early in the year indicates that the distress will be great before the winter is well begun.

THE MORNING PRAYER IN CONGRESS

Photo by Lazarnick

A Hush Falls on the House, as Representatives and Spectators Reverently Rise, with Bowed Heads

THERE is hardly a section of this great country which has not been greatly interested in the recent discussion as to whether this is a Christian nation. Proof that it is so was overwhelming, and the photograph printed above ought to go a great way toward convincing the most sceptical. Every session of Congress in Washington is opened by the Chaplain with prayer. If it be the opening day of a new Congress the seats are all filled by the members some time before the fall of the Speaker's gavel calls for silence. Up to that moment there is a constant buzz of conversation, the older members renewing acquaintance with fellow representatives, the new arrivals watching keenly every movement of the leaders of the legislative body of which they will become part as soon as they have taken the oath. With the fall of the gavel and at a word from the Speaker, all are silent and heads bowed while the Chaplain offers a petition for divine guidance in the work of Congress. The prayers are short and to the point.

The moment the "amen" is uttered, the buzz of conversation again fills the air, as Congress is not noted as a quiet assembly, and the members show a strong desire to talk to one another if they cannot address the chair.

At the succeeding days of the session members are not so prompt at reaching their seats and the attendance at opening prayer is somewhat smaller, but the members have great reverence for the custom. The Continental Congresses always opened with prayer and it was also the custom in the legislatures of an earlier day. The "General Court," as the legislature was called in Massachusetts, opened its sessions with prayer, and the same custom was carried out in other colonies.

One of the most interesting documents of a historical nature that have come recently to light shows the high regard the members of our Revolutionary Congress had for religion and how strongly they were impressed with the necessity of providing the people with the Book of books. A printer of Philadelphia, named Robert Aitken, discovered that there was a great scarcity of Bibles and he petitioned Congress on January 21, 1781, to take up the subject. The matter was reported to a committee, which made a report in September of the next year. The report declared "that Mr. Aitken has at great expense now finished an edition of the Holy Scriptures in English; that the committee have from time to time followed the progress of the work." They recommended that Dr. White and Mr. Duffield, the two Chaplains of Congress, should examine it. The Chaplains reported that they were much pleased with it. Congress then passed a resolution approving Mr. Aitken's undertaking and recommending his edition of the Bible to the people of the United States.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE MOTTO

IN view of the very general discussion aroused by the removal of the motto, "In God We Trust," from the coinage, the following correspondence, now printed for the first time, will be read with interest:

MR. HENSHALL'S LETTER

"KANSAS CITY, MO., November 1, 1907.

"*Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, Washington, D. C.:*

"DEAR MR. PRESIDENT: This is 'God's world,' and knowing this great fact, I think the inscription on our coins, 'In God We Trust,' is a simple recognition of the sovereignty of God over our great republic. No other nation in Christendom has seen fit to put itself on record, and why does this sentiment of gratitude appeal to the people of the United States? Because 'He kept the best wine until the last.' He has blessed us above any other nation, and in direct proportion to our benefits, so must our responsibilities be.

"When the Old World was in dire need by famine, the fiat came to us, 'Give ye them to eat.' And behold, vast quantities of flour and breadstuffs were shipped through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and other avenues to China and India and they were nourished into life.

"Ever thine, THOMAS HENSHALL."

THE PRESIDENT'S REPLY

"THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, November 11, 1907.

"*Mr. Thomas Henshall, Kansas City, Mo.:*

"DEAR SIR: When the question of the new coinage came up we lookt into the law and found there was no warrant therein for putting 'In God We Trust' on the coins. As the custom, although without legal warrant, had grown up, however, I might have felt at liberty to keep the inscription had I approved of its being on the coinage. But as I did not approve of it, I did not direct that it should again be put on. Of course the matter of the law is absolutely in the hands of Congress, and any direction of Congress in this matter will be immediately obeyed. At present, as I have said, there is no warrant in law for the inscription.

"My own feeling in the matter is due to my very firm conviction that to put such a motto on coins, or to use it in any kindred manner, not only does no good, but does positive harm, and is in effect irreverence, which comes dangerously close to sacrilege. A beautiful and solemn sentence, such as the one in question, should be treated and uttered only with that fine reverence which necessarily implies a certain exaltation of spirit. Any use which tends to cheapen it, and, above all, any use that tends to secure its being treated in a spirit of levity, is from every standpoint profoundly to be regretted. It is a motto which is indeed well to have inscribed on our great national monuments, in our temples of justice, in our legislative halls, and in buildings such as those at West Point and Annapolis—in short, wherever it will tend to arouse and inspire a lofty emotion in those who look upon it. But it seems to me eminently unwise to cheapen such a motto by use on coins, just as it would be to cheapen it by use on postage stamps, or in advertisements. As regards its use on the coinage, we have actual experience by which to go. In all my life I have never heard any human being speak reverently of this motto on the coins or show any signs of its having appealed to any emotions in him. But I have literally hundreds of times heard it used as an occasion of, and incitement to, the sneering ridicule which is above all things undesirable that so beautiful and exalted a phrase should excite. For example, thruout the long contest, extending over several decades, on the free coinage question, the existence of this motto on the coins was a constant source of jest and ridicule; and this was unavoidable. Everyone must remember the innumerable cartoons and articles based on phrases like, 'In God we trust for the short weight;' 'In God we trust for the thirty-seven cents we do not pay,' and so forth, and so forth. Surely I am well within bounds when I say that a use of the phrase which invites constant levity of this type is most undesirable.

"If Congress alters the law and directs me to replace on the coins the sentence in question, the direction will be immediately put into effect; but I very earnestly trust that the religious sentiment of the country, the spirit of reverence in the country, will prevent any such action being taken. Sincerely yours,

[Signed] THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, Associate Editor — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, Associate Editor

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Subscriptions may commence with any issue.

Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

The Problem of the Poor

WHEN the Bishop of London was in this country recently, he traveled around a good deal more than the usual visitor. Consequently he saw more, and being a man gifted with large powers of observation and a sympathetic nature, he has reached certain conclusions concerning America which are both interesting and suggestive. While here he went into all classes of society, hobnobbing with the rich and mingling with the poor; going down among the money-changers of Wall Street and venturing into the slums, and dropping a kind, genial word and a Gospel message everywhere.

In an article in the current issue of the *Cosmopolitan*, the good bishop has recorded his impressions of our hospitality, our church life, and our colleges, and he has also touched on the great problem which is at its acute stage here every year at midwinter—the problem of the poor. In this connection he makes several suggestions, one of which, at least, deserves the fullest consideration. "In America," he says, "your rich men and men of ability must learn more of the stewardship of ownership. . . . I reconcile my belief in God and his love for the wretched millions on the East Side of New York, in East London and other great cities—teeming millions of the unfortunate, seemingly abandoned by both God and men—with this: the rich minority have in trust for all others. *Disregard of this is the cause of all social evils.* If every man considered himself a steward, there would be no object in dishonesty."

Then comes the bishop's suggestion. The churches and the good people of both countries are equally engaged in the fight against wrong, against tyranny and against evil. "We fight to relieve the poor and to aid the oppressed on both sides of the Atlantic. Let us have a generous rivalry and see which can do the best. . . . I would propose an international competition between New York and London, in the matter of looking after the poor."

What mighty results in alleviating the distress of seemingly hopeless multitudes and in bringing sunshine and joy into the hearts of a great army of "God's poor," could be accomplished by such a movement! New York's misery, as seen in the East Side tenements and in the Bowery Mission Bread-Line, has its parallel in the homes of poverty and the night refuges of the British metropolis. We have had rivalry in war, in finance, in trade and industry, and in a great variety of other ways. Let us hope that the big-hearted bishop's suggestion may bear fruit and that a friendly international co-operative movement for the benefit of the deserving poor may yet be organized. It would be a rivalry in well-doing that should appeal to the great body of Christian men and women in both countries as the worthiest of all.

A Disease and a Remedy

FROM Dr. Thomas Darlington, president of the Board of Health of New York, comes a warning that applies in some degree to other parts of the country. He calls attention to the fact that there were one hundred and eighty-six deaths from heart disease in New York in one week recently, while the rate of increase in such deaths for the whole year is nearly one-third in excess of those of recent years. This, too, in spite of the fact that the average duration of human life in this generation has increased by three or four years. The inference from these statistics is obvious. Business worries and anxiety over financial losses, or apprehension of possible loss, are causing acute tension, and the heart will not stand the strain. Men break down under their burdens and lay down their lives before old age comes upon them.

We do not expect to find prescriptions in the ancient prophets, but it is remarkable that Isaiah gives one that exactly suits this modern complaint. He probably saw men in his day harassing themselves about the future, distressed by business losses and apprehensive about possible poverty as they are now.

Seeing clearly what were the essentials of happiness and realizing that the blessedness of life was altogether apart from the objects about which men were so deeply concerned, he gives us this direction for the quiet restfulness which is the antidote to worry: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee." That is a message for all times, especially for these. It leaves on the surface the business anxieties which are inevitable in the business world, and points out a sure resting place where perfect peace is enjoyed.

The modern physician, with all his skill and learning, can find no remedy for this prevalent disease that can compare with the ancient prescription. The stress and strain of this strenuous life, which press on men till they fall in the street, or in their homes and offices, as if they had been shot, do not reach the man whose mind is stayed on God. A barrier is erected in his soul that they cannot overleap. Beneath him are the everlasting arms, and he has a haven of calm and peace from which the storm of apprehension and distress is excluded. He realizes that all his most precious possessions, the things that endure, are safe in God's keeping, and that nothing can come upon him without the consent of his heavenly Father, and in that consciousness he has a peace that the world cannot give, neither can it take away. In that God-given peace is a sure remedy for the worries and harass that are straining men's lives to the breaking point.

The Fleet on Its Way

OUR magnificent fleet has made an auspicious beginning of its long three and a half months' voyage. No untoward incident has marked its progress thus far, and when the battleships and their auxiliaries left Trinidad, where their officers and crews were grandly entertained as Christmas guests, the entire line was in perfect condition for the next "long run" of the cruise, which will bring them up in a South American port.

It is interesting, meanwhile, to note the various changes of attitude on the part of the "knockers" or pessimistic critics, who are still apprehensive of international complications as the result of the Pacific practice cruise. One journal insists that the fleet will remain permanently as the guardian of our Western coasts, and that a new Atlantic squadron will be an immediate necessity, the creation of which will put us in second place among the naval powers of the world. Another, with keen political vision, foresees the formation of a British Pacific fleet to offset our naval advantage in those waters. Still another—and this time it is a French editor who has never been in Japan, and who is now visiting the United States for the first time—declares our fleet inferior in every way to that of Japan, though numerically stronger, and warns us that if our battleships go as far as the Philippines, Japan will interpret its presence as a menace.

As prominence has been given to the views of these sensationalists in certain newspapers, we refer to them here only to point out the fact that their absurdity is made clear by Secretary Taft, who has just returned from Japan, bringing with him the assurances of the most cordial friendship and perfect understanding between the two governments. Japan, like ourselves, has home problems of her own, engrossing the attention of her statesmen. There is no more reason why we should doubt her honor and friendship now than at any time within the last fifty years.

Burden-Bearing

"BEAR ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ," is a familiar Scriptural injunction.

What is the law of Christ about burden-bearing? If we read the Sermon on the Mount, we find that Jesus commanded his disciples to exceed in conciliation and in generosity whatever might be asked of them, although the exactions might be unreasonable and churlish. It is worth while for us in candid moments to inquire of ourselves whether or not we are living day by day within the scope of the Sermon on the Mount. How far are we willing to go in bearing burdens for our neighbor? What sort of burdens are those that we may bear without doing our neighbor harm?

In a certain rural neighborhood, there was a man whose shiftless ways and idle life made him a reproach in a township where everybody worked and earned a comfortable livelihood. This man, whose name happened to be Job, but who had none of the patriarch's qualities, except, perhaps, patience, had a family. He and his family taxed the forbearance of everybody near them, for they contentedly accepted alms and made not the slightest effort to free themselves from dependence. Once in a while the man would do an honest day's work; usually he passed his time in loafing: in winter beside the stove, in summer out-of-doors in the sun. In plain terms, he was lazy, and his wife and children shared the same unfortunate temperament. However, they were not allowed to suffer. When the pretty little daughter stopped at a door with her basket, the good housewife filled it from her larder and the overflow of every woodpile in town went to heat the idle man's kitchen. Here was an example of the folly of bearing one sort of burdens. When people are in health and have no excuse for indolence, they should be compelled by stern fate to be industrious. We are wrong when we foster in any one the weakness that allows him to be a satisfied beneficiary.

Nevertheless, we have to guard our hearts against hardness. Most of us would far rather give often to the unworthy, than turn a single worthy and despairing applicant from our threshold.

There are burdens of another sort, not to be weighed in earthly balances, nor touched, nor handled, although they crush those who sustain them with the heaviness of despair and the sharpness of torture. Everywhere on the road of life we meet those who have fallen among thieves and lost faith, courage and hope. They have parted with the religion that was taught them at the mother's knee, and no loss is so great, no life is so empty as the life that has lost the childlike confidence in God that makes the darkest night bright.

Let us try morning by morning to bear the burdens of our comrades, of the workers in our kitchens and our fields, of the teachers who instruct our children, and of the children who are learning that all the difficult lessons are not contained in the book. Thus shall we fulfil the law of Christ.

America's Yearly Pyramid

Foreign Missions	$7,500,000
Drugs	$27,500,000
Jewelry	$60,500,000
Confectionery	$178,000,000
Tobacco	$949,500,000
Liquors	$1,744,447,672

If the figures could be reversed for 1908, what would be the result? Think it over.

Among the Workers

—ARTHUR VELIE, the twelve-year-old boy evangelist, is making a Gospel tour of Wisconsin.

—EVANGELISTIC services were held for two weeks recently in Waupaca, Wis. The meetings were held at the First M. E. Church and were under the direction of Miss D. W. Caffrey, of Madison, N. J., assisted by Miss Georgia Humphrey, singer.

—EVANGELIST W. A. SUNDAY has concluded a series of meetings at Muscatine, Ia., which were marked by spiritual results. It is said that over 3,000 have made public confession of Christ at these meetings. Ninety-six came to the front at the closing service.

—EVANGELISTS HART AND MAGANN, of Fairbury, Ill., have completed a successful revival series of Methodist Union Tabernacle Meetings in Seattle and Walla Walla, Wash., and Boise, Idaho. During 1907, 450,000 people attended their meetings, and there were 9,000 definite professions.

—THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL Convention, under the direction of the Young People's Missionary Movement of the United States and Canada, will be held in Music Hall, Pittsburg, Pa., March 10 to 12. On the programme will appear some of the foremost speakers on missionary and educational themes, from Canada, the United States, Great Britain and the home and foreign mission fields.

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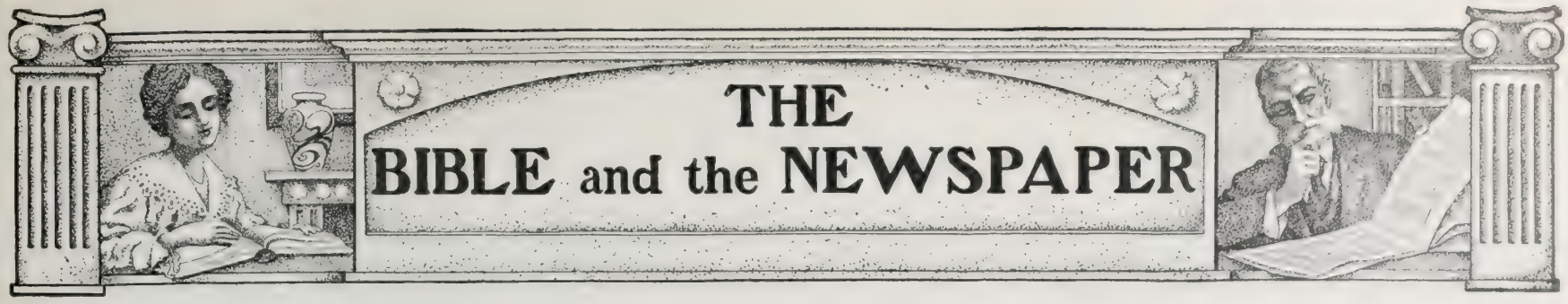


Jewish Immigrants in London

SCARCELY less popular than the United States as a refuge for the Jews of Russia is Great Britain. The Jews now resident in London are estimated at eighty thousand, which is nearly three times the number in Jerusalem. A very large number of these came from Russia. A significant fact was observed in a charitable school in London recently when the teacher asked all the children who had been born in Russia to hold up their hands. Large numbers responded; but when the teacher called upon all children whose parents had been born in Russia to hold up their hands, nearly every child in the school responded. The school itself is doing an excellent work among the Hebrew immigrants. It is in the eastern district, known as Spitalfields, and is devoted entirely to Jews. It was founded in 1770 for educating, clothing, and apprenticing twenty-one poor boys, but so sagaciously was its fund invested, and so hugely has the value of land appreciated during the interval, that it now has 3,400 children on its roll. Of these, four hundred receive a free breakfast every morning. It is noteworthy that the little Russian Jewish children show marked skill in acquiring the language. Instances are given in which children who could speak nothing but Russian when they landed, have been able before the end of a year to speak English fluently, and that, too, without a trace of the Cockney accent. The boys and girls adapt themselves so readily to the society around them that the accession to the population is but little noticed. The wealthy members of the race take a deep interest in the welfare of the new-comers, and find them congenial occupations as they graduate from the schools. It is worthy of note that New York contains the largest Jewish population of any city in the world. The Jewish Year Book, recently issued, gives it as 700,000. The next is Vienna with 130,000, and the third is Berlin with 95,000. Jerusalem has less than 30,000. Scattered through Russia are over five millions in spite of the large emigration. The total number in the world is estimated at a little over eleven millions. Both in numbers and in intelligence, as well as in wealth, they will form a strong State when the day comes for their restoration, as it surely will, the promise being as certain as the threat which has been so accurately fulfilled:

I will sift the house of Israel among all nations, like as corn is sifted in a sieve, yet shall not the least grain fall upon the earth. . . . And I will plant them upon their land, and they shall no more be pulled up. (Amos 9 : 9, 15.)

Children of Russian Jewish Immigrants in the Free School of East London Owning Nationality

An Ancient Marriage Contract

An interesting document, one of several taken from a tomb near Cairo, and presented to the Museum of Art of Toledo, O., has proved to be of rare value. It has been deciphered by Dr. Spiegelburg, of the University of Strasburg, Germany, who has just published a translation of its contents. It is a marriage contract, regularly dated and signed by a priest, who acted as registrar. It shows that the marriage customs of ancient Egypt reversed in some particulars those existing among us. One of these is that the prospective husband furnished the dowry, and the wife became the guardian of the purse and the holder of the common property. She had also the right to obtain a divorce, if she so desired, and in that case she returned to the husband one-half the dower he had brought, and one-third of the property acquired by their joint efforts. Incidentally, the document fixes the date long sought of the reign of Pharaoh Khabbasha, which has been a point of dispute among Egyptologists. It is dated in a year corresponding with 341 B.C., when that Pharaoh is stated to have been on the throne. It also confirms the statement of Diodorus, the Greek historian, as to the predominance of women in ancient Egypt, which, until this papyrus was deciphered, lacked corroboration. Thus information of great historical value comes to us on a papyrus over two thousand years old, and becomes available through the learning of modern scholars. Who can tell whether among the ancient documents now waiting to be deciphered there may not be some writing preserved in the providence of God which at the right moment shall come to light to confute his enemies?

Truth shall spring out of the earth. (Psalm 85: 11).

An Alleged Miracle

There is great excitement in a village near Nancy in France over a miracle said to have been worked in the Roman Catholic Church there. The congregation present at the mass at a recent celebration declare that they saw a vision of Christ on the altar. It quickly vanished, but that it was seen for some moments is solemnly asserted by many witnesses. The priests and several experts who have investigated the story, give a rational explanation, but it is scouted as irreverent by believers. It appears that over the altar is a large figure which, when the candles are placed in a certain position, is reflected on the glass of the monstrance, the case in which the host is enclosed, and, as experiment shows, produces an image that superstitious persons might mistake for the face of a living being. This is the real cause of the appearance that the worshipers regarded as miraculous. There are, of course, many who are not satisfied with this explanation, but they should not resent it. The face they thought they saw could not have helped them, as that reflection can of which the apostle writes:

We all beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord are changed into the same image. (II. Cor. 3: 18.)

Held in a Cleft

A distressing fatality is reported from Providence, R. I. Three young men started out in a canoe from the Pawtuxet Canoe Club on a recent holiday. They appear to have miscalculated the force of the current, which had enormously increased above the normal. The canoe was seized in a situation which is generally regarded as safe and was carried over the river falls and capsized. One of the young men caught a life buoy and was drawn safely to shore. One of the others climbed on a rock which had a ledge affording a rest for his foot. He caught his second companion, who was his brother, and, holding him tightly by the shoulders, raised him out of the water, until the men on shore, with a buoy and ropes, dragged him out. Efforts were then made to save the third man, but it was found that his exertions in holding his brother had caused his foot, which rested on the ledge, to slip into a cleft in the rock. The rescuers threw ropes to him, which he held, but he could not detach his foot. He was already exhausted by his long immersion in the icy water, and while plans were being made to save him he was seen to fall forward, apparently in a fainting condition. That he was beyond hope was evident to every watcher, and they sorrowfully reported his death. The one member of his body being held, worked as fatal a result to the poor fellow as if his whole body had been involved. It is often so in spiritual catastrophes. People speak lightly of some sin that they regard as trivial and take credit for their otherwise general good conduct, which may really be irreproachable with that exception. Yet the teaching of the Bible is explicit on the subject:

Whoever shall keep the whole law and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all. (James 2: 10.)

Zoroaster's Eternal Fire

A remarkable discovery has been made in the neighborhood of Baku, in the Caucasus. It is that of an oil well which is now yielding ten thousand barrels a day. The curious fact about it is, that the mouth of the well is within the bounds of an ancient temple dedicated to the worship of fire. The famous Zoroaster is said to have maintained there a fire which was never extinguished. It is easy to understand how in those ancient days such a flame must have appeared to be miraculous. It is doubtful, however, whether Zoroaster worshiped fire. It was only after his death and the degradation of his religion that fire-worship became a recognized practice. It arose from the idea that, Mazdao being the origin of light, the flame on his altars must forever be fed, so that the light, which was believed to have descended from heaven, should not go out. It formed the connection between heaven and earth, and must be kept burning from one generation to another. It is not surprising, therefore, that the flame from an oil-well was venerated and a temple built around it. It is only in the light of revelation that natural phenomena are understood for what they are and are saved from becoming idols.

The invisible things from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made. (Rom. 1 : 20.)

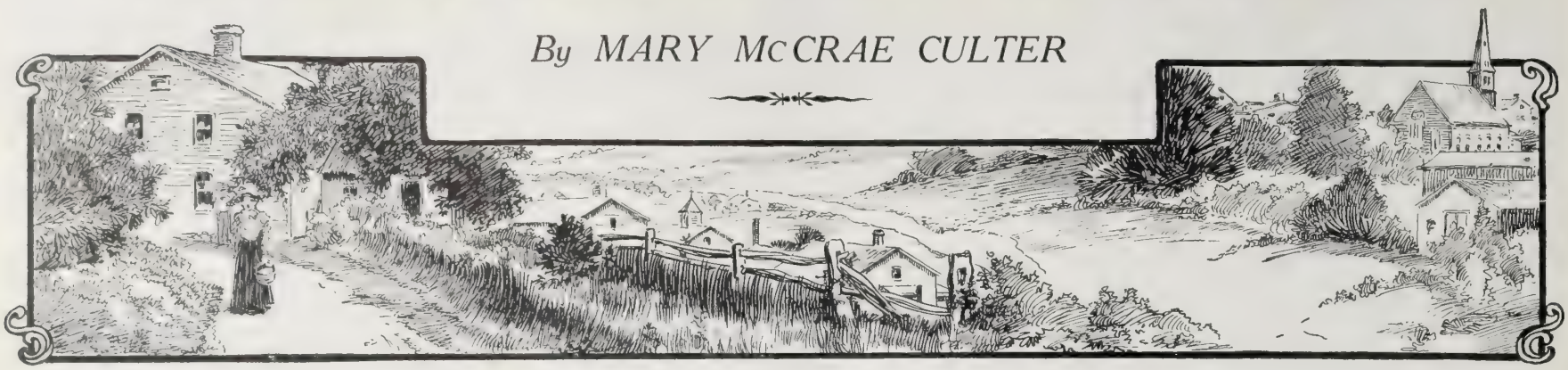
A Dangerous Gift

An extraordinary evidence of the vitality of germs is furnished by an incident reported from Springfield, O. In clearing up her house some days ago, a mother found among the relics of her girlhood some dolls, which she brought down for her two little daughters. They were old-fashioned, but the children had never had such dolls before and they were delighted with them. It did not occur to the mother that those dolls had been taken from her and stored away after she had suffered from scarlet fever. That was twenty years ago, and if she had recollected the fact she would have thought that the dolls could not have held the infection all that time. She discovered her mistake, however, in a few days, for both her children were prostrated by the disease, though they had not been exposed to infection from any other source. The persistence of evil similarly surprises people at times. Words hastily uttered and forgotten by those who speak them may live in the memory of some who hear them, and bear deadly fruit after many years.

Suffer not thy mouth to cause thy flesh to sin; neither say thou before the angel that it was an error. (Eccles. 5 : 6.)

THE MISCHIEF-MAKERS

By MARY McCRAE CULTER



CHAPTER VIII

A New Environment

MR. ALLAN spent the morning at the Lawrence farm in the field with the men, watching the great heading-machine which cut a twelve-foot swath at every round; riding in the header-boxes which were carefully driven beside the header to catch the golden shower of wheat-heads which fell from the elevator; watching the stackers build their stacks with such perfect skill that they would not take a drop of rain; making friends of the men by his genial ways, and absorbing the glorious sunshine and stimulating air of the perfect day. Long before noon every trace of his depression had vanished, and he felt like a new man before whom all the world lay glorious and inviting, and who was capable of accomplishing almost anything.

It was not until dinner was over and the work carefully finished up, that he had any opportunity for making the acquaintance of the elder daughter of the house. In her dainty afternoon dress, and amid her tasteful surroundings, she looked worthy to be a society leader, and it was hard to imagine that she had just assisted in cooking a meal for a lot of hungry harvest hands. Her manner was quiet, dignified and self-possessed, yet friendly and cordial as that of her parents. When she spoke, she looked at him with clear, steady eyes which were free from the self-conscious "fetching" glances that accompanied Hollis Hayward's conversation. It gave to her the charm of frank sincerity, which was accentuated by the steady tones of her perfectly modulated voice. One could not look into Kathleen Lawrence's eyes and listen to her voice, and at the same time even imagine her stooping to anything dishonorable.

Some such thoughts as this floated through the minister's mind as he sat and talked with this new acquaintance that afternoon. The discovery of mutual friendships in the East, made when Kathleen was a student at Wellesley College, quickly put the two upon an almost intimate basis, and furnished material for an eagerly animated conversation. Questions, descriptions, reminiscences of persons and places, came thick and fast, and before they realized it, the afternoon was gone, and Kathleen had to hasten to her duties in kitchen and dining-room.

After supper, there was music upon piano, violin and guitar, in which the girls were assisted by two of the farm hands, who proved to be fairly good musicians. As Mr. Allan sat in the cool bow window, listening and looking at his cheerful and tasteful surroundings, he found it hard to believe that he was in a Kansas farmhouse, and that the refined young ladies who were furnishing such congenial entertainment were country girls.

He was receiving the enlightenment which is so surprising to the majority of Easterners when they first come in contact with the natives of the "wild West," and enjoy the lavish hospitality of "Starving Kansas."

When Kathleen got out her book of college songs and began to sing some of the old favorites with which the students of Yale and Princeton had been wont to make the welkin ring, the Rev. Edgar Allan forgot that he was the pastor of a Western church, and laying aside his dignified reserve, he was joining in the songs, the merry repartee, the laughter, with which the remainder of the evening was filled; and not once did his thoughts revert to Hollis and the neglected German book.

Mr. Lawrence, looking on, nodded his head wisely and said to his wife: "Now he will get on with the young people. He has held himself too much away from them, and listened to too many stories against them, perhaps. Now that he is learning to know them as they are, he will be able to help them, and when he preaches he will shoot his arrows into their hearts instead of over their heads. It takes Kathleen to rub out bad impressions, and smooth out wrinkles. I never saw her equal."

"There was music upon piano, violin and guitar"

"Yes, she is a dear girl," Mrs. Lawrence replied, and in the simple words and the quiet expression there lay the deep love of a mother's heart.

Mr. Allan did not go home the next day, nor even the next. He found his new surroundings so delightful; he was made so welcome, and so many reasons were urged for his stay, that he gave himself up to the pleasant experience, and felt himself once more "at home"—a feeling which came to every one, whether minister or hired man, who entered that house.

He was not elaborately "entertained." The freedom of the place was his, to go and come, to read from the daily newspaper, the latest magazines or the well-chosen library, to write or study, to walk or drive. He helped the girls to pick berries, went on errands and made himself generally useful, and was soon on intimate terms with everybody.

Of course church interests were not forgotten, and many were the serious talks over existing conditions and future aims. In these, Mr. Allan felt his only constraint. He remembered the words which Hollis had spoken, and was on his guard lest some crafty "scheme" be worked upon him, and he be induced to commit himself to some course of action which would make trouble in the church. Even the seeming candor and unselfish words of these friends did not convince him of their sincerity. He had looked through Hollis' eyes too long, and had been too strongly influenced by her words and personality. The change in his demeanor, whenever church topics were brought up, was quite apparent to his entertainers, and hot-spirited Mabel resented it.

"It's a burning shame, the way Hollis Hayward has wound him round her finger. You can see her influence in every opinion he expresses on church affairs. She has made him believe that the rest of us are a society of schemers, and that he must beware of us. It's a wonder that she allowed him to come over here at all. Oh, the wolf in sheep's clothing!" she cried hotly to Kathleen in the privacy of their own room.

Kathleen smiled. "Whom do you intend to designate as 'the wolf'? Is that your pet name for Mr. Allan, or for Hollis?"

"My rhetoric was rather uncertain—that's a fact," acknowledged Mabel; "but one cannot use clear language to express muddled situations, now, can she? You are away from Hawthorne so much that you do not have to bear what comes to the rest of us, and so can see something amusing in these petty trials of ours; but we have to stay here and 'grin and bear them', until at times our 'grinning' becomes more ghastly than merry."

Kathleen was about to bid her sister be charitable, but Mabel continued:

"You were greatly incensed by Hollis' attempt to confuse and disgrace the choir the first Sunday evening after you got home, and if you remember, you said some—well—ungentle things about her. If you had to stand such things fifty-two Sundays in the year, with times between thrown in, your patience would become as threadbare as ours.

"She has made Mr. Allan innocently do dozens of things as bad as that, so that half the people are offended at him, and the other half are suspicious of every move he makes. He often preaches a splendid sermon, and then, even before he leaves the church, erases every bit of its good effect by some unwise word or act which is born of her influence. I wish the man in the moon would fall in love with her and carry her away." The girl had to stop and laugh at her own vehement words, and Kathleen said:

"Maybe she would induce the man in the moon to turn his back upon us; so that plan might prove disastrous. Why don't you wish that somebody or something might reform her? That would be better all around, in the long run."

"Yes, but I'm not wanting the 'long run.' It's the 'short cut' to peace and harmony that I am wishing for. Oh that I had Aladdin's lamp."

"And I am glad that you do not possess it," said Kathleen. "You are too impulsive, my dear sister."

"Perhaps. Maybe I will reform some day—I'll not promise, though. If we could only keep Mr. Allan here, and never let him go back to Mr. Hayward's——"

"Wait! wait!" interrupted Kathleen. "Are you sure that would be the very best thing? Would it solve the difficulty? Are you sure—positively sure—that all of our influence is exactly right, that we would never turn him against people, or cause him to make mistakes? Would we never interfere with his plans, nor discourage him in his work?"

"Now it is my time to cry 'stop'," said Mabel mischievously. "I was not thinking or speaking of myself. I was only considering your influence as contrasted with that of Hollis."

"Then it is time to put out the light

Continued on next page

THE MISCHIEF-MAKERS

Continued from preceding page

and send you to bed, you naughty child. Whenever you begin to talk such foolishness, your conversation is no longer profitable."

Before he went back to Mr. Hayward's home, Mr. Allan had a long talk with Kathleen concerning the church music. "I have been trying to get Miss Hayward to promise to join the choir, as she has such a fine musical education, and is so capable of helping our singers. Do you consider our present organist competent for the place?" he asked.

"You cannot find a more conscientious, painstaking girl than Amy Conover," Kathleen replied, carefully ignoring his first sentence. "She is faithfully doing her best to help the church, and I should be very sorry to see her discouraged by being superseded by any one. If you will give her a list of the tunes you wish to have sung, in time for her to practise them, I think you will find that she will get along very nicely."

"I had thought that perhaps I could persuade you to take the organ, and Miss Hayward to lead the singing. Would not that be a good plan?"

Even Kathleen could hardly conceal her dislike for this scheme, and she was exceedingly thankful that her sister was not present, for Mabel would surely have expressed her opinion of Hollis Hayward's musical ability in no flattering terms. After a moment's hesitation, she replied:

"The choir is a very difficult thing to handle, and any change is apt to breed trouble. So long as they are harmonious, would it not be the wiser plan to make no radical change, but rather to encourage them to efforts for self-improvement? You know it does not do to depend upon a few, for workers are liable to leave at any time, and then what would you do? Would it not be better to encourage the present choir to self-improvement and facilitate it by affording them opportunity to practise ?"

"That is true," he replied thoughtfully. "You are wiser than I. Perhaps it would make trouble if we were to change."

"I am quite sure that it would; and I sincerely rejoice in your decision," she replied quietly.

CHAPTER IX

Disillusionment

HOLLIS HAYWARD was in a bad humor. She scowled at the note she held in her hand and tapped her foot impatiently as she read its contents for at least the twentieth time. It was an invitation from Amy Conover to attend a strawberry supper at her home, and had been received on the afternoon of the day upon which Mr. Allan had gone over to visit the Lawrences. This was Wednesday afternoon; the party was to take place that evening, and, so far, no one had come to offer her his escort to the Conover home, which was two miles from town. She had quarreled with Charlie Lester the week previous, and he had revenged himself by appearing at church with Mabel Lawrence on Sunday evening. She was very certain that she could not count upon his company, and when the note first reached her she was glad of it. She had triumphantly counted upon Mr. Allan's presence and his very desirable escort, and calculated that the invitation came quite auspiciously after his regretful leave-taking. It would surely prove the opportune opening for more decided and public attentions. She had dreamed contentedly over it on Monday and Tuesday, sure that Tuesday evening, at the latest, would find him in town. But when Wednesday morning merged into Wednesday afternoon and still the young minister was absent, dismay seized upon her.

"Kathleen Lawrence is keeping him there to spite me, and to secure his company for herself. Mean thing! I'd be ashamed to throw myself upon any one that way; but she stops at nothing when she has an ax to grind. Charlie Lester will take Mabel to-night, and Mr. Allan will go with Kathleen, and I will have to stay at home while they glory over my defeat. I won't! I simply won't! Yonder comes Glenn Fraser. Hattie Symonds is sick, so he will have no partner. I'll make him take me."

She sprang from her chair upon the porch and ran down to the gate in time to meet the young man who was sauntering up the street.

"Are you going over to Conover's to-night?" she asked, after the first greetings.

"Yes," Glenn replied.

"Are you going to take Hattie?"

"No. She is sick," he answered unsuspectingly.

"Then won't you take me? I want to go—awfully—but I have no escort unless you take pity on me."

"Where's Charlie?" Glenn asked, well knowing what the answer would be.

"Charlie! Don't mention him. He has deserted."

"And Mr. Allan? Why don't you press him into service? He's only a young fellow, even though he is a preacher, and I believe a party or two and a generally hilarious time with us young folks would take the starch out of him, and make him more what he ought to be. You haven't done your duty by him, Hollis. You've no business keeping him penned up here, poring over his books and making love to you, when he ought to be getting acquainted with other nice young people"—with a michievous emphasis on the "nice."

Hollis pouted. "Now, Glenn, don't be horrid. If Mr. Allan chooses my company, what business is it to any one else? But that is neither here nor there. Will you take me to the party?"

"Where are your horse and buggy and the preacher? I shouldn't think you'd care for my humble, second-hand services, when you have such a combination as that at first hand."

"But I haven't—thanks to Kathleen Lawrence. They took Mr. Allan over to their place Monday morning, and they are still keeping him there. Kathleen Lawrence never stops for proprieties when she wants a beau."

"No more do you. Witness the present instance," retorted Glenn tormentingly.

"You horrid—" Hollis began, but Glenn interrupted.

"Hold on! Save your pet names for the preacher. First thing you know, you'll make me angry, and then—good-by party. Now, I'll make a bargain with you. I'll take you to Miss Conover's to-night if you'll promise to be good, and not pull Kathleen's hair, nor flirt with Charlie, nor keep Mr. Allan prisoner in a corner all the evening. Is it a bargain?"

Hollis was furious, and Glenn saw it and rejoiced in it. He did not want her company, but he was too good-natured to refuse to take her when there was no real reason why he should not do so. Moreover, he saw a chance to torment her, and to have some fun at her expense; hence the conditional offer. If there had been any possible chance for other company, Hollis would have left him without another word. As it was, she choked down her anger and answered:

"Well, I'll promise; but I want you distinctly to understand that you are perfectly horrid—and you're third choice, any way."

"That's all right! That's all right! We're even on both scores, so don't worry. I'll call for you at eight o'clock, and we'll quarrel all the way over there. Good-by."

Hollis looked after him as he went whistling down the street.

"Of all horrid boys, he is the horridest. I've a big notion not to go."

But all the same she went, and Glenn teased her to his heart's content before they reached their destination.

To be continued

245°

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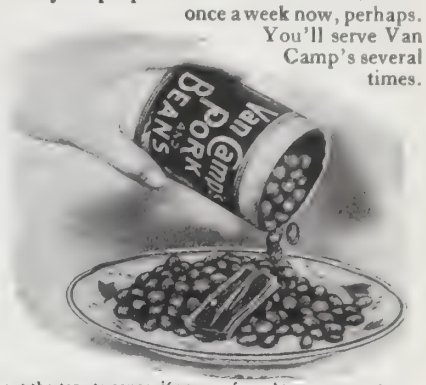

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Let Him that Heareth Say, Come

*By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts**

THE day that Jesus Christ began to teach men was the Sabbath, and he was somewhere on the banks of the Jordan, not far from Bethabara. He had an audience of two men. He and they were together in a little booth or tent made of leaves, distant a short space from the roadway. There were many such little booths at that time, made by those who had come out of the cities to hear the wonderful preaching of John the Baptist, and desired to stay several days. The two men who heard the first teaching of Jesus were John and Andrew. They were friends and followers of John the Baptist, and were standing beside him very early that Sabbath morning, as Jesus passed on his way. John pointed Jesus out to them, saying: "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world!"

Then they left John and followed so closely after Jesus that he heard them and spoke to them, asking: "What seek ye?" They answered: "Teacher, where dwellest thou?" And Jesus answered: "Come and see." And then they walked beside him, and when they came to the place, they went in with him. It was then only about ten o'clock in the morning. Jesus bade them be seated, and he sat down and began his marvelous work of teaching men. It was all so wonderful, so wise, so sweet, they wanted others to hear, and they begged Jesus to stop a little while until each of them should go and find his own brother. Soon there were four in the group of listeners: John and James, Andrew and Peter. The teaching went on until night came on; indeed, they may have spent the night in the booth with Jesus, for the next day, early, when Jesus proposed going into Galilee, they were ready to accompany him.

On the way, they met a man named Philip, who lived in the same town as Andrew and Peter. At a glance Jesus saw the good that was in Philip's heart, and said to him: "Follow me." It was an invitation to join their company, which Philip readily accepted. Then it was Philip's turn to find another to listen to the teachings of Jesus. Under a fig-tree by the roadside, Philip saw his friend Nathanael. He seemed to be engaged in reading something. It was his book of daily prayer. Philip ran ahead of the others, and cried out: "We have found Him of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets, did write: Jesus of Nazareth." And when a doubtful look came over Nathanael's face and words of doubt were on his lips, Philip said: "Come and see." And willing to be convinced, Nathanael rose and left the fig-tree to go with Philip, that he might see Jesus at close range. Jesus saw him coming, and with his divine power of heart-searching, even before Nathanael had reached his side, Jesus said to his first four followers: "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile." What a testimony for Jesus to give concerning a man!

"Looking upon Jesus as he walketh he saith, Behold the Lamb of God!"

Quiet Conversions

Nathanael seems to have heard what Jesus said, for he asked the question when he came close to Jesus, "Whence knowest thou me?" And Jesus replied: "Before Philip called thee, when thou wast under the fig-tree, I saw thee." What could Nathanael do but answer, "Thou art the Son of God; thou art the King of Israel." All his doubts were gone, and Jesus had a sixth follower. And they resumed their walk toward Cana. How their thoughts must have burned within them, while he opened to them the Scripture concerning himself!

"John saith, Behold the Lamb of God! And they followed Jesus." Thus began the Christian life of the first two disciples, Andrew and John, as quietly as the choice of Christ is made by a great majority of disciples in every age. Only one apostle, "born out of due time," was converted in a revolutionary way, but many have been troubled because their conversion was not a struggle, like Paul's, through darkness to light, forgetting that Paul, when he was Saul, had been taught wrong all his boyhood in the schools of the Pharisees. No wonder there was a struggle when at the gate of Damascus he saw the Nazarene he had been taught to hate as altogether false, as the One altogether lovely, the Prince of heaven! But Andrew and John had been in the Bible class of John the Baptist and learned about Jesus in advance, and so when he appeared needed only a word to turn to him as their new Master. So those who have been taught in Christian homes and Sunday Schools have no right to expect Christ will come to them as to Paul. Rather when parent or teacher says, "Behold the Lamb of God; confess your trust in the Saviour, who died for you, and unite with the church," all that is needed is a quiet act of the will, a firm resolve to accept Jesus as your Saviour and follow his example in word and deed and thought, in sacraments and service. The little boy who said, "I've been trying to walk in the footsteps of Jesus," understood the essence of religion.

John, the beloved disciple, whose start in Christian life was following Jesus, in old age expressed Christian living in the same figure when, pointing to Christ, he bade us "walk even as he walked." "Even as he" was the favorite phrase of John in his old age when he wrote his first epistle, which means of course the same as "follow me" in this lesson.

Accurate Steering

A gentleman crossing the English Channel stood near the helmsman. It was a calm and pleasant evening, and no one dreamed of a possible danger to their good ship, but a sudden flapping of a sail, as if the wind had shifted, caught the ear of the officer on watch, and he sprang at once to the wheel, examining closely the compass. "You are a half point off the course!" he said sharply to the man at the wheel. The deviation was corrected, and the officer returned to his post. "You must steer very accurately," said the looker-on, "when only half a point is so much thought of." "Ah! half a point in many places might bring us directly on the rocks," he said. Christ's life is our chart. We must follow it closely in word and deed and thought.

"What seek ye?" It is good to be questioned and to question ourselves as to our motives. Even a Christian may be "seeking religion" as a charm or a mere affiliation with people of certain social position or religious views. We shall fail unless we "seek" the person of Christ. "Lovest thou me?" is the searching word of Jesus. Faith is friendship. Religion is a fellowship. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God," said Jesus. Many who do care a little for Christ, by their acts revise the text and really make it read, "Seek fourth the kingdom of God—after business, and politics, and pleasure. We may have mixed motives, but to obey God and serve mankind must be the dominant motive or we are none of his.

"They abode with him." Christian life is not alone walking with Jesus, it is also resting in the security of his loving and powerful presence.

A group of rough boys were demanding some evil deed of a smaller boy. "I can't do it," he said. "What's the reason you can't? You will have to, I tell you. We are going to make you do it whether you want to or not. We are all of us against you alone, and how are you going to help yourself?" The boy who was beset with such overwhelming odds as this was silent for a moment, and then he said: "I can't do it; it's wrong, it's mean, and I can't do a mean thing. I am not as much alone as

Continued on next page

* International Sunday School Lesson for Jan. 19, 1908. Jesus and his first disciples. John 1: 35-51. Memory verses, 45-49. We have found him of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets, did write, Jesus of Nazareth," John 1: 45.

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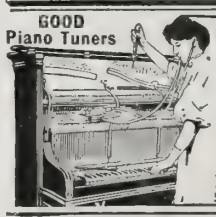

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FOUND A WAY

To Be Clear of the Coffee Troubles

"Husband and myself both had the coffee habit and finally his stomach and kidneys got in such a bad condition that he was compelled to give up a good position that he had held for years. He was too sick to work. His skin was yellow, and I hardly think there was an organ in his body that was not affected.

"I told him I felt sure his sickness was due to coffee and after some discussion he decided to give it up.

"It was a struggle, because of the powerful habit. One day we heard about Postum and concluded to try it and then it was easy to leave off coffee.

"His fearful headaches grew less frequent, his complexion began to clear, kidneys grew better until at last he was a new man altogether, as a result of leaving off coffee and taking up Postum. Then I began to drink it, too.

"Although I was never as bad off as my husband, I was always very nervous and never at any time very strong, only weighing 95 pounds before I began to use Postum. Now I weigh 115 pounds and can do as much work as anyone my size, I think.

"Many do not use Postum because they have not taken the trouble to make it right. I have successfully fooled a great many persons who have drunk it at my table. They would remark, 'You must buy a high grade of coffee.' One young man who clerked in a grocery store was very enthusiastic about my "coffee." When I told him what it was, he said, 'Why, I've sold Postum for four years, but I had no idea it was like this. Think I'll drink Postum hereafter."

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Sunday School Lesson—*Continued*

you think I am, either. There are two of us, and the other one is God, and he has always been more than a match for all that have come against him." The leader of the rough boys started back in amazement. He had not expected such an answer as this. He looked for a moment into the determined face of the little fellow before him, and then, casting a sheepish glance at his companions around him, he said: "Come on, fellows; let him alone. There is no use fooling with such a chap as that." And away they went, leaving the younger boy triumphant.

"He findeth first his own brother." Not alone our kin by blood but all our kind, kindred for whom Christ died, we should bring to him. A poor man begged for alms. The answer was, "I have nothing with me, brother, or I would aid thee." "It is enough," said the beggar, "since you have called me 'brother.'" It has brought Christ himself as near as a brother to the workingman that Jesus himself toiled at a trade.

" 'Isn't this Joseph's Son? Ay, it is he.
'Joseph the carpenter'—same trade as me!
I thought as I'd find it, I knew it was here,
But my sight's getting queer.

"I don't know right where as his shed might ha' stood,
But often, as I've been a-planing my wood,
I've took off my hat just with thinking of he
At the same work as me.

"He warn't that set up that he couldn't stoop down
And work in the country for folks in the town,
And I'll warrant he felt a bit pride like I've done
At a good job begun."

"Thou shalt be called a rock" (petra). As Wellington came to be "the Iron Duke" and General Jackson, of the Confederate Army, for his firmness at Bull Run came to be "Stonewall Jackson," so Peter was to be "the Rock." But at first he was only a rolling stone. Not until he had been taught by Christ for three years and then had been filled with the Spirit would he become

Like some tall cliff that rears its awful form
Above the vale and midway leaves the storm;
Though round its breast the raging clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine gathers on its head.

"Follow Me." Here it is again, the creed of two words. The Christian life is the Christlike life—a simple life of daily faithfulness.

I asked the Lord to let me do
Some mighty work for him;
To fight amidst his battle hosts,
Then sing the victor's hymn;
I longed my ardent love to show,
But Jesus would not have it so.

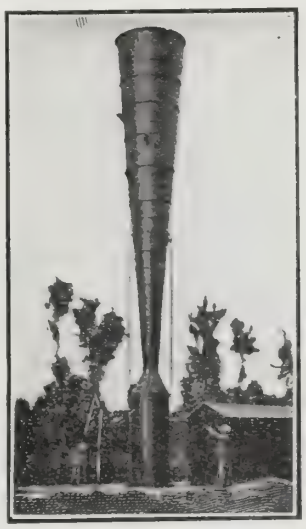
Then quietly the answer came:
"My child, I hear thy cry;
Think not that mighty deeds alone
Will bring the victory;
The battle has been planned by me;
Let daily life thy conquests see."

Not alone those prepared by a moral life, but the wickedest, are also called by the "Follow Me" of Christ. In a meeting of the Evangelistic Committee of Philadelphia, Mr. Asher told of his services held at Moyamensing prison and the House of Correction. At the latter place about forty prisoners held up their hands for prayer. As they are not permitted to sit out in the corridors, but must listen through the iron bars of their cell door, when the speaker urged all those within sound of his voice to accept Christ and turn from their sins, he saw one graceful, delicately fashioned hand of a woman extended imploringly from her cell. On the other hand, God also calls to his service the young man of strongest body, of clearest mind, for God wants our best as of old.

"Whence knowest thou me?" Christ read Nathanael's heart and found it honey without wax. He reads our hearts. Does he find them as pure and clean? His heart-searching of us and our prayers to him are a wireless telegraphy of daily intercourse. On October 17, 1907, William Marconi began a regular transatlantic wireless service across the Atlantic Ocean. Over five thousand words were transmitted from Glace Bay, Nova Scotia, to Clifden, Ireland, on the opening day. The instruments worked smoothly, accurately, and with great speed, and it can now be stated authoritatively that wireless telegraphy, for business purposes, is an assured success. But far more important is the wireless communication Jesus opened between the human soul and God.

THE NEWLY INVENTED FOG-DISPELLER

LONDON is looking forward hopefully to the new "fog-dispeller" that has been invented by Signor Maggiora, to relieve the city of the dense fogs that frequently settle down and stop all traffic, except that which passes through the underground "tubes." A London fog once seen (you see nothing else when it arrives), is never forgotten. It is due, in great part, to the smoke belching from the thousands of chimneys being forced down with the damp and murky air. People get lost and teams become stalled sidewise in the streets, and all is confusion until the black pall of the fog lifts.



The Fog-Dispeller

Signor Maggiora's apparatus is composed of reservoirs of strong steel sheets, made in the form of a long horn, sixty feet high and six feet in diameter. Air waves will be shot out of the bell mouth by acetylene gas. Each shot will cost about fourteen cents. The inventor says that thirty shots will rend the dense fog and send it drifting off skyward.

London, without fog, would be greatly appreciated by the inhabitants. The fogs cost them thousands of dollars every year.

The inventor first made his experiments with a small model that cleared the smoke out of a jar in his laboratory.

PRISCILLA'S SONG *(SEE ILLUSTRATION ON FIRST PAGE)*

HE heard, as he drew near the door, the musical voice of Priscilla
Singing the hundredth Psalm, the grand old Puritan anthem,
Music that Luther sang to the sacred words of the Psalmist,
Full of the breath of the Lord, consoling and comforting many.
Then, as he opened the door, he beheld the form of the maiden
Seated beside her wheel, and the carded wool like a snowdrift
Piled at her knee, her white hands feeding the ravenous spindle,
While with her foot on the treadle she guided the wheel in its motion.
Open wide on her lap lay the well-worn psalm-book of Ainsworth,
Printed in Amsterdam, the words and the music together,
Rough-hewn, angular notes, like stones in the wall of a churchyard,
Darkened and overhung by the running vine of the verses.
Such was the book from whose pages she sang the old Puritan anthem,
She, the Puritan girl, in the solitude of the forest,
Making the humble house and the modest apparel of homespun
Beautiful with her beauty, and rich with the wealth of her being!

NEVER MIND

IF the fairest bloom that blows
Withers soon,
And the morning-glories close
Ere the noon,
Never mind it, never mind;
He that fashioned them is kind,
Just believe He thus designed
You a boon.

This life's burdens should be borne
With a song;
To complain of every thorn
Must be wrong.
Shadows always pass away;
Night is followed by the day,
And no evil thing can stay
Very long.

Till the night, in azure skies
No star shined.
Till some tears have washed our eyes
We are blind.
If, therefore, you seem to miss
What appears earth's highest bliss
Wisdom still would counsel this:
Never mind.

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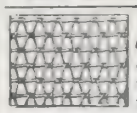

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IN YOUR OWN HOME.

A wonderful offer to every lover of music, whether a beginner or an advanced player.

Ninety-six lessons (or a less number if you desire) for either Piano, Organ, Violin, Guitar, Banjo, Cornet, Sight Singing or Mandolin will be given free to make our home study courses for these instruments known in your locality. You will get one lesson weekly, and your only expense during the time you take the lessons will be the cost of postage and the music you use, which is small. Write at once. It will mean much to you to get our free booklet. It will place you under no obligation whatever to us if you never write again. You and your friends should know of this work. Hundreds of our pupils write: "Wish I had known of your school before." "Have learned more in one term in my home with your weekly lessons than in three terms with private teachers, and at a great deal less expense." "Everything is so thorough and complete." "The lessons are marvels of simplicity, and my 11-year-old boy has not had the least trouble to learn." One minister writes: "As each succeeding lesson comes I am more and more fully persuaded I made no mistake in becoming your pupil."

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are sold under an ironclad guarantee—one year's trial and return if not satisfactory; besides you buy

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and you save $5 to $20.

The range will last a lifetime. Send for Free Illustrated Catalogue of complete line of styles.

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PONDS EXTRACT

Nothing else so soothing, so healing, so beneficial to the skin. Use it always at home. Insist upon your barber using it. Better still have your own bottle at the barber's and protect yourself from "bay rum" and "witch hazel" adulterated with poisonous wood alcohol and formaldehyde.

"FIRST AID TO INJURED" Booklet Free. Write

Lamont, Corliss & Co., Agts., Dept. 36, 78 Hudson St., New York

CLOUDED BRAIN

Clears Up On Change to Proper Food

The brain cannot work with clearness and accuracy if the food taken is not fully digested, but is retained in the stomach to ferment and form poisonous gases, etc. A dull, clouded brain is likely to be the result.

A Mich. lady relates her experience in changing her food habits, and results are very interesting.

"A steady diet of rich greasy foods such as sausage, buckwheat cakes and so on, finally broke down a stomach and nerves that, by inheritance, were sound and strong, and medicine did no apparent good in the way of relief.

"My brain was cloudy and dull and I was suffering from a case of constipation that defied all remedies used.

"The 'Road to Wellville,' in some providential way, fell into my hands, and may Heaven's richest blessings fall on the man who was inspired to write it.

"I followed the directions carefully, physical culture and all, using Grape-Nuts with sugar and cream, leaving meat, pastry and hot biscuit entirely out of my bill of fare. The result—I am in perfect health once more.

"I never realize I have nerves, and my stomach and bowels are in fine condition. My brain is perfectly clear and I am enjoying that state of health which God intended his creatures should enjoy, and which all might have, by giving proper attention to their food." "There's a reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

The Bowery Mission Bread Line

READERS of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD already know that the Bowery Mission must soon leave its present location. No. 55 Bowery has been taken over by the city for the purpose of an approach to the Manhattan Bridge. In a few weeks, this famous old place, hallowed by so many tender memories and sweet associations, will have vanished, and the mission's work will be carried on with renewed vigor in a building a few blocks higher up on the Bowery.

It was the sentiment associated with the fact that this would be the last Christmas celebration in the old place that probably caused the crowds to be so enormous. There was the fact also that owing to the panic the numbers of the unemployed had been so suddenly increased. Whatever the reason, it was, without doubt, the most largely attended festivity of any within the history of the Mission.

To begin with the Early Morning Breakfast at one A.M., the "line" began to form an hour before the time of opening. The air was cold and crisp, but not unpleasant. The stars shone in their far-away depths. Christmas had come! What would it mean to these denizens of the nether world? Would the light of the Bethlehem star penetrate the darkness of these gloom-struck hearts? As I passed down the line I came upon many men that I had known for years. Over and over again they had been told the story of "Jesus and his love." Surely they could not miss the deep and beautiful significance of Christmas! "Thou shalt call his name Jesus: for he shall save his people from their sins." Could the darkness and bitterness of this sin-stricken world find a truer exemplification anywhere than in this long line of shivering burden-bearers of the Bowery? And yet the stars above, the chiming of the distant church bells, the bright lights of the old Mission, and the spirit in the air were all proclaiming the advent of the King who was to bring deliverance.

> Glory to God, Hosanna sing
> Peace be on earth, good-will to men,
> Glory to God, praises shall ring,
> Praise to the New-born King.

"Greenie," the cripple, occupies quite an honorary position in the Bread Line. His poor twisted limbs and misshapen form, together with his imperturbable geniality, has secured for him sympathy, and a certain amount of deference, from his Bowery brethren. "Greenie" would be a great orator were it not for a hopeless impediment in his speech. He always has much to say, but cannot say it. He atones, however, for his want of utterance by remarkably expressive facial jerks and twists; and when they, too, are inadequate, he will passionately tear his cap from his head, and vigorously ruffle his hair as though he would transmit his thoughts by a frictional-magnetic hirsute process. He is always given the premier place in the Bread Line, and is handed carefully down the basement stairs before the rest come in.

When the doors were opened, in they came, old and young, tattered and battered, cold and shivering, and all of them desperately hungry. It did not seem so much of a mockery, after all, to wish them a "Happy Christmas;" for, once within the warm room, with the steaming coffee in one hand and a wholesome roll in the other, they really became genial, and you could not doubt their heartiness when they wished you a "Merry Christmas and many of 'em." What physical joy is there to compare with that of a hungry man who has at last something to eat?

At nine A. M. the family baskets were distributed. Lists had been carefully prepared and every endeavor had been made to find out who of the many that applied were the most needy. A brigade of strong, bright, cheerful Bowery Mission converts was on hand to help the recipients carry the baskets, each of which contained a fowl, vegetables, bread, pie, fruit, coffee, sugar, and condensed milk; and no misgivings entered our minds, but that they were going to places where, without them, a dreary mockery of a Christmas would have been spent.

In the Mission kitchen, volunteer workers were busy during the forenoon packing the dinners into the boxes for the evening meeting, and at two o'clock the doors were opened for the meeting of the Brotherhood of Bowery Mission Converts. This was one of the most remarkable meetings ever held within the Mission. The Brotherhood was formed last June, and meets every evening, half an hour before the regular meeting. It is composed of new converts, those just commencing to live a Christian life, and they are pledged to carry out in their daily lives the principles of a real brotherhood, a brotherhood in Christ. Of the hundred men present on Christmas day, there was not one who had not given evidence of the new life. Even those whose threadbare clothes and wan faces told of prolonged privation and severe suffering, were cheerful. The Christmas spirit was at work. On the platform were piles of useful clothing, shoes, shirts, underwear, pants, coats, vests, socks, etc., and one by one the men were taken to an inner room and fitted out with what they needed most.

Meanwhile, for two hours we tried to make them feel like boys at home. It was a family gathering. Mrs. Bird and Mrs. Hallimond were the only ladies present. Preaching, lecturing, and especially scolding, were forbidden. Peace, good will, and forgiveness prevailed. Contests in singing, reciting, and impromptu speech-making were indulged in.

Then came the evening meeting with a splendid programme and an enormous crowd. Some estimated that from five to eight thousand men sought admission. When every inch of space in the meeting hall was occupied, the basement was opened, and as many of the outside crowd as could be taken in were supplied with dinners. During the whole of the day, over four thousand meals were given. The meeting was an exceedingly effective one.

Victor Benke's memorial tablet was the only object in the room that was decorated, this loving act being performed by a New York lady out of respect to the memory of our sainted organist. The principal feature of the programme was its music, furnished by the Mission quartette, Mrs. and Miss Hallimond, Mr. Hunt, and Mr. Bryant. Miss Grace Hildebrand was also present and assisted. The Christmas hymn "Christ our King," which cently appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, words by Mr. John M. Morse, and music by G. H. Sandison, was sung by the Brotherhood. Although the tune was new to all, it was immediately taken up and sung most effectively by this Bowery crowd. Then followed the testimonies.

J. G. HALLIMOND, *Superintendent.*

Power for Service*

HOW implicitly Christ relied on the influence of prayer is apparent throughout the Gospels. Whatever theory we have of the relation between him and the Father, we cannot escape the conclusion that he derived strength from communion with God, and depended on that communion for his power for service. The conclusion is obvious: If he, with his divine nature, needed to pray, and even to spend whole nights in prayer, how much more need have ordinary men to pray?

*Topic of the Epworth League for January 19. "The Secret of Power for Service," Mark 1: 35-39; Luke 6: 12-16; Neh. 4: 3-6.

It is this union of the divine power working through the human power that is the hope of the church. There are two mistakes that men make in their view of the great work that the church has to do in the world. The one is to depend wholly on men and the other is to depend wholly on God. The moral reformer depending on his energy issues his tracts, addresses public meetings, organizes public movements, promotes legislation and is confident that, with rigorous laws well administered, men will become moral. Such work, when it is exclusively human, always fails. Men render perfunctory obedience for a time, but the old evils soon rear their heads again in a new form, and the agitation needs to be renewed. In common parlance, the lid cannot be kept down by force. On the other hand, the man who does nothing, but sits idly waiting for God to work a miracle to reform the world, waits in vain. God does not act in that way. He will use human power, he will not be a substitute for it. Man must work in reliance on the power that God will give. We speak of a general winning a battle, but the general would not have won if the army had not given him loyal support. On the other hand, the army could not have won without the general. It would have been a mere mob that could easily have been routed, if the general had not used his strategy. It is in the union of the general with the army that the secret of victory lay. This is the secret of the power of service. Dependence on the power that God gives in answer to believing prayer brings the blessing. Then service is powerful and triumphant.

God Speaking to Men*

IN studying the world around us, and still more in studying the worlds above us, the devout student hears the voice of God speaking to him. Nothing is more remarkable in this period of the world's history than the changed attitude of the masters of science. A century ago the teachers of geology, physical science and astronomy were classed as irreligious. It was not in all cases a correct classification, as we learn from some of the biographies that have appeared since they died, but their utterances gave color to the general opinion. In our day there has been a change; not only are the utterances more reverent, but the world has come to understand the scientists better. Even the evolutionist, who was once reckoned as the most prominent of all opponents of revelation, is now at some pains to show that he believes in God as the origin which evolution must have as the basis of his theories.

Thus, God gives us in nature a partial revelation of himself. The old notion of the world coming into existence by chance is recognized as absurd. There are provisions to meet certain needs, which must have been designed by some master mind. Just as in our own physical frames there is a provision that puts a limit to pain, by ordaining that when pain passes a certain point, the sufferer faints and becomes insensible, so there are provisions running through nature to meet special contingencies. All these are as clearly the device of a master mind as are those in the mechanism of a steam engine. The further we go in our studies, and the more discoveries we make, the more clearly do these evidences of design and foresight appear. God is speaking to us in these wonders, and the same lesson is taught by the microscope as by the telescope. That such a Being should give us a further revelation was to be expected. We have it in the Bible, which is the voice of God speaking to the soul. It supplies the key to God's character as it is manifested in the spiritual world, and it and nature, in spite of superficial discrepancies, are in strict accord.

Is Charmed with the Book

Dear Dr. Klopsch: I received the Calendar this forenoon and the book this afternoon. I like them both, but am particularly pleased with "Five Hundred Fascinating Animal Stories." I had thought of it as interesting the young people with whom I come in contact, but now I anticipate pleasant times in perusing it myself. It is a book that deserves wide circulation.

Haverhill, Mass. SARAH W. TOMPKINS.

* Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for January 19. Ps. 19.

A COURSE IN ESPERANTO

By Our Esperanto Editor

LESSON No. I

WHY learn Esperanto? Because it will make it possible for you to converse and correspond with people of diverse tongues. It may also be of commercial value to you, as many business houses are coming to recognize its practicability. It will enable you to participate in world conventions, in which it is now frequently used. It will prove to be a good mental discipline. It will afford a most agreeable pastime and entertainment. It will help you to come up to the line of being an up-to-date person. There are no age limits for those who wish to study it. It is the easiest of all languages to acquire. After a very little study, it seems almost to become one's natural tongue, and one actually begins to think in Esperanto.

How to Study Esperanto. An individual can take it up by himself, but it is better to engage with others for practice. Let a family, or a company of students or of fellow boarders agree to have table talk in Esperanto.

Let Esperanto Circles be formed by the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Let those who do form such circles send a postal card to Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts, 206 Pennsylvania Avenue, S.E., Washington, D. C. Correspondence is not invited or desired, but occasionally postal-card communications will be asked for. It is suggested that these circles should meet once a week, and that a blackboard should be provided on which to write words or sentences given by dictation; also that writing may be placed on the blackboard to be read by members of the circle. This sort of sight-reading will make ready Esperantists.

How to Study. First learn to speak the letters aloud. They appear to be the same as in English, but many of the letters have quite different sounds. Until these sounds are entirely familiar, it will be impossible to acquire Esperanto.

Learn to pronounce words with proper accent.

Accent is Always Upon the Last Syllable But One. In case of words of two syllables, accent should be on the first syllable—never upon the last.

Aim to study aloud, because the ear and the tongue must be educated in Esperanto as well as the eye.

Write Esperanto as well. It will help to make knowledge more definite, and will aid the memory.

The Esperanto alphabet: A, B, C, Ĉ, D, E, F, G, Ĝ, H, Ĥ, I, J, Ĵ, K, L, M, N, O, P, R, S, Ŝ, T, U, Ŭ, V, Z.

Four letters we are accustomed to see in English are lacking—Q, W, X, Y.

Sounds of Letters

With the exception of the following, the letters have the same sound as in English:

A is always "a" as in *father*: ah.
C, as "ts" in *cats*.
Ĉ, as "ch" in *church*.
E, as "a" in *bake*.
G, as "g" in *get*.
Ĝ, as "g" in *gem*.
Ĥ, as "ch" in *loch*.
I, as "ee" in *feel*.
J, as "y" in *yes*.
Ĵ, as "z" in *azure*.
S, as "s" in *basin*.
Ŝ, as "sh" in *she*.
U, as "oo" in *cool*.
Aŭ, as "ow" in *how*.
Aj, as "i" in *nigh*.
Oj, as "o-wi" in *sowing*.
Eŭ, as "eh-oo" in words "they who."
Ej, as "ayi" in *saying*.
Uj, as "ui" in *ruin*.

There Are No Silent Letters.

Examples in pronunciation: Birdo, beer'do. Arbo, r'bo. Folio, fo-lee'o. Formiko, for-mee'ko. Mateno, mah-ta'no. Orelo, o-ra'lo. Skribi, skree'bee. Talio, tah-lee'o.

Aglo. Akcipitro. Akra. Akvo. Alta. Angulo. Anaso. Animo. Ankro. Arĉo. Arĝento. Ataki, Azeno. Babili. Baldaŭ. Bano. Bela. Bezoni. Botelo. Brasiko. Bruli. Citrono. Cervo. Cerbo. Ĉambro. Ĉapo. Ĉefo. Ĉifono. Ĉizo. Danci. Dento. Deziri. Dimanĉo. Doloro. Dormi. Draperi. Edzo. Edzino. Esperi. Estro. Eviti. Familio. Feliĉa. Fenestro. Foriro. Forgesi. Fraŭlo. Fulmo. Gaja. Glata. Greno. Guto. Ĝojo. Ĝardeno. Hajlo. Harpo. Haŭto. Hedero. Horloĝo. Hundo. Imiti. Infano. Insulo. Intenci. Jako. Jes. Juĝi. Juna. Jaŭdo. Ĵeti. Kaleŝo. Kolombo. Komizo. Kuŝi. Lakto. Laŭdi. Lerta. Libro. Ludi. Maĉi. Malgraŭ. Manĝi. Mardo. Mateno. Mirto. Monato. Muŝo. Najlo. Nazo. Nebulo. Nesto. Nubo. Ofico. Ondo. Onklo. Oriento. Oro. Palpebro. Papero. Paroli. Pavo. Pilco. Pinĉi. Puŝi. Rabi. Radio. Reĝo. Riproĉi. Rosti. Ruĝa. Salti. Seka. Semajno. Skatolo. Ŝafo. Ŝelo. Ŝato. Tablo. Taso. Teksi. Tero. Urso. Utila. Uzi. Valo. Varma. Vago. Velo. Veŝto. Vilaĝo. Zenito. Zigzaga. Zorgo.

It has been thought best not to give the meaning of these words at present, in order that attention might be concentrated upon the pronunciation.

DEDICATION OF THE BENNINGTON MONUMENT

THIS week, officers, sailors, and soldiers to the number of several thousand, representing the army and navy of the United States, will dedicate a beautiful granite monument to the memory of fifty-seven of their comrades who lost their lives in the explosion of the boilers of the gunboat *Bennington* in the harbor of San Diego, Calif., July 21, 1905. The exercises are to be conducted under the personal direction of Rear-Admiral Goodrich. The cost of the memorial was borne by popular subscription.

The Bennington Shaft

This monument, a picture of which is shown herewith, is sixty-four feet high, and is placed on the plot of ground set aside as the last resting-place of the *Bennington* boys. It is on the summit of Point Loma, directly above Fort Rosecrans, and overlooks the Bay of San Diego, the ocean, parts of Mexico, and the mountainous region of Southern California. The unveiling of this tribute is looked forward to as an important and solemn occasion. A holiday will be proclaimed in the city of San Diego, and excursion trains will be run from all surrounding towns and cities.

The memorial committee in charge arranged for one of the longest and most imposing parades seen in California for many years.

Before January 7, the "pathfinder fleet" sailed in to join the cruisers *Charleston, Chicago, Milwaukee* and *St. Louis*, and the torpedo boats *Paul Jones* and *Preble*, now at San Diego, and, in addition to the crews of these vessels, there will be present hundreds of Uncle Sam's soldiers and artillery, all in full uniform. The people of the city decorated their houses and public buildings. G. H. H.

An inquiry by mail for "the truth about it," addressed to the Industrial Savings and Loan Co., see page 32, will bring you valuable and trustworthy information about the safe investment of your savings.

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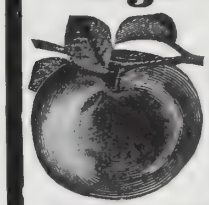
High-Grade Fruit Trees, Vines and Plants



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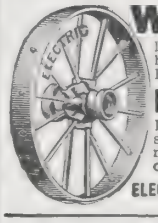

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Personal Paragraph to All Readers:

Every lady reader of this paper ought to be interested in the offer made on this page. Here is a genuine Electric Seal Muff and Scarf, offered just for an effort. You may have seen pictures and handkerchiefs and such things offered just for an effort, but here is a genuine Electric Seal Fur Set, absolutely given away just for **trying** for a premium. Look at the picture of the Fur Set and ask yourself how can any lady "pass up" this offer when the complete set is given, not for any work, **but just for answering this ad.** and making an honest effort. This Set of Furs is **not** a premium. It **really is FREE.**

Besides the Furs there is a Set of Dishes. These dishes are not exactly free like the Fur set—it is a premium that you must earn **with only a slight effort.** You can earn it by a few hours' work. I know you can easily earn these dishes, and, anyway, you get the beautiful genuine Electric Seal Fur Set Free. Send your name and address to-day, either on the Coupon or send your name and address to-day in a letter; but write to-day to Mr. Balch.

LADIES!

Ladies, just write to-day for this elegant Electric Seal Fur Set, for which you might easily pay a handsome price if you had to buy it for cash. Just your name and address, and you will get this Set of Furs. Just for your effort and promptness in fulfilling the simple conditions of the offer below.

Remember, this beautiful Fur Set IS free. It is not a premium for which you must work—it is sent you free, prepaid, just for your promptness and your effort in our behalf. Our object in giving you this Set of Furs is because we want to introduce the dishes, which we illustrate below; but even if you do not earn the dishes, you get the Furs anyway just for trying. So send your name and address to-day—**that is all we ask.**

This Beautiful Fur Set is Free

Yes, we mean Free. Not a premium, but actually free, if you send your name and address at once in fulfilling these simple conditions of our great offer. Just send us your name and address and tell us you want the Set of Furs.

THIS PICTURE SHOWS ONLY PART OF THE ENTIRE BEAUTIFUL SET

We will guarantee this Fur Set to be Genuine Electric Seal. We guarantee it to you to be very warm and beautiful, more substantial, more durable than many Fur Sets sold at high prices. It is only by special arrangement with the manufacturers, who want a few of these magnificent Sets introduced at once, that we are enabled to give this splendid Electric Seal Fur Set away with our magnificent and superb Set of Dishes.

An Honest Dinner Set Offer

A Real, high-grade, genuine Gold Medal Dinner Set. Not given away, but easily earned. When we say easily earned, we mean easily earned. We do not intend to give you this genuine Gold Medal Dinner Set for nothing. We want some of your time and some of your recommendation and some work from you. We do not want any canvassing nor peddling, but we want your help. We want just five hours' worth of your time, and you can give us your time in the evening or in any of your spare hours. If you haven't the time yourself, you can have your children help you. In fact your children can do **all** the work if you will only show them how.

Then this grand, glorious, genuine Gold Medal Dinner Set will be yours. It will be sent you absolutely free of charge to you, and you pay absolutely nothing for it. Not one penny of your money will we accept.

We cannot describe the beauty of this genuine Gold Medal Dinner Set, with its handsome decorations of Arbutus Blossoms in all their natural colors and its beautiful gold bands. We know that a great many dinner sets have been sold which are not up to expectations, and when we tell you that this is genuine Gold Medal China it ought to be enough. It ought to convince you that we mean what we say, that our offer is an honest one, and that when you have done the work for us, you will get this Dinner Set free. This grand Dinner Set is really worth your while, a Dinner Set of which you and your family will be proud—for this is not a cheap premium, but just the kind of a Dinner Set that you would buy at the store for a high price.

There are twenty-five pieces in this beautiful set. It is not as large a set as some people claim to give you, but we know you would rather have fewer dishes of a very higher grade than a lot of poor grade china, and as we do not want to ask too much of your time, and do not want to keep you busy on our little work for more than an evening or two, we are offering this 25-piece set. If you or your children can put in more time, or more work, we will give you larger sets, **even a 176-piece set of genuine Gold Medal China.** But of the china that we **do** give you, the 25 pieces or more, will be of the highest genuine Gold Medal grade.

I know you want that kind of china on your table. I want you to have the very best china—the kind of china used in the home of rich people. I want you to have it and enjoy it, and I want you to picture to yourself how your table will look set with the beautiful genuine Gold Medal China. Look closely at this picture of the dishes. See the fine wild rose decorations—a picture can hardly do justice to the set, but you can get a faint idea of the beauty of the dishes by looking at the picture.

See the gold—the rich deep gold effect—the pure white alabaster quality. All those marks which have distinguished this china won for it the Gold Medal at the St. Louis World's Fair. This was the **only china** that won the Gold Medal at the World's Fair. Even though you become very rich and have the finest kind of house furnishings you will always be proud to entertain your friends with this Dinner Set. *You can truthfully and honestly tell your friends that this is the only china that won the Gold Medal at the St. Louis Exposition.* You can show them the Gold Medal mark of quality on every set.

Now do you want this Dinner Set?—this beautiful, genuine Gold Medal Dinner Set, just for a few of your spare hours? Would not your children, or your neighbors or some of the members of your family be willing to help you on the little work we ask? Everybody is just crazy to get this great 25c offer. Get 14 friends to accept your offer, and both the Fur Set and Dinner Set are yours—**FREE.** Our offer is limited.

Just Your Name and Address

Just your name and address on this Coupon or on a postal card, or in a letter, will be enough. We will promptly send you the wonderful 25c offer plan, so that you can earn the beautiful, genuine Gold Medal Dinner Set. If you decide that you cannot do the work there is no harm done—just return the material, and you will be under no obligations whatever. We do not ask you to sign any order or any contracts. Just your name and address, and we will send you everything prepaid, and it will cost you nothing. "Thinking about it" does not earn you any Gold Medal Dinner Set. **Send your name and address to-day.** Remember, the **Electric Seal Fur Set free anyway,** just for trying, as is fully explained in our circular. So write at once.

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NEW YORK, JANUARY 15, 1908
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VOLUME 31—NUMBER 3
OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

CHRISTIAN HERALD

SEE PAGE 44

THE WELCOME AT THE GATE OF A DRUSE HOME ON MT. CARMEL

Our Money-Saving Combinations

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A PROFUSELY illustrated monthly for boys, with nearly a quarter of a million readers. Without question the most entertaining and practical boys' magazine in the world. Clean and high grade. Covers in colors; big pages. Serials by Munroe, Stratemeyer, Alger, Harbour, Tomlinson, Trowbridge, Ellis, Shute, and other prominent writers. Boy hobbies, such as stamps, coins, photography, amateur journalism, puzzles, mechanics, electricity, biography, athletics exploited. Prize essays by boys—cartoons on boy subjects—also badges for excellence in school work and for heroism. It preaches the religion of "do" and not that of "don't." Approved by parents and educators. Enthusiastically supported by boys everywhere.

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They are John S. Phillips, editor-in-chief, formerly of McClure's Magazine; Ida M. Tarbell, F. P. Dunne ("Mr. Dooley"), Ray Stannard Baker, Lincoln Steffens and William Allen White.

Mr. Dooley will appear *exclusively* in every issue of *The American Magazine* in 1908—that's reason enough for adding it to your list.

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Harper's Bazar is made for all refined American women. Such women are its most ardent admirers, whether their incomes are large or small, whether their scale of living is simple or complex, whether they dwell in towns or in the country.

Harper's Bazar preaches *economy*—rational domestic economy—and wise spending. *Harper's Bazar* preaches *simplicity*—the simplicity of sane, wholesome, rational living. *Harper's Bazar* preaches *progress*—progress in the kitchen, in the nursery, and in every other home department.

IMPORTANT! **At the request of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the publishers of the Magazines included in our Combination Offer, have supplied the accompanying descriptive matter concerning their respective publications. We publish it here for the information of our readers**

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THE Magazine Combination Offers of the present day originated with Dr. Louis Klopsch, of **The Christian Herald,** in 1897. Hence, Magazine Readers are indebted to **The Christian Herald** for the economy since effected. This year we offer the following magazines:

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McClure's Magazine

THE Magazine in a vast country like the United States—where the dimensions are those of a continent—has an influence almost unlimited. It reaches as many thinking people on the west coast as on the east, in the South as in the North. The Paris press controls France; the London press controls England; but only the magazine is big enough to reach all America—such a field is beyond the scope of the greatest daily ever published.

McClure's Magazine was the first periodical to realize this great responsibility, and the first to make the monthly periodical a vital influence in good government and good citizenship—an instrument to help a great, wide-spread people understand itself and its possibilities.

Pearson's Magazine

DESTRUCTIVE journalism has had its day. Fair-minded conservatism is now having its inning. For almost two years *Pearson's* has been consistently constructive in its editorial policies. Now there have come to be imitators; but *Pearson's* remains—the leader.

In fiction, too, *Pearson's* has its distinctive quality. It is famous everywhere as the creator of Captain Kettle, Monsieur A. V., Don Q., Randolph Mason and Captain Romaine.

A novelty feature for the coming year is a light sociological study in verse, entitled "The Seven Stages of Unrest," by Carolyn Wells, exquisitely illustrated by Wallace Morgan—the creators of the famous "Fluffy Ruffles."

Review of Reviews

IN the coming Presidential election year, with its tense interest in the trusts, the tariff, the railroads, politics generally and political personages, the *Review of Reviews* will be doubly valuable to you. With Dr. Albert Shaw's monthly "Progress of the World"; with the cartoon history of the month; with the timely contributed articles on just the questions you are interested in; with the gist of the really important articles of all the other magazines of the world served up to you, and the reviews of new books—you can keep intelligently up with the times at a minimum cost of time, effort and money.

In the *Review of Reviews* you not only get the best informed, most timely and useful magazine in the world, but you also get over and *above all the other periodicals,* or just the part you need.

Success Magazine

THE investigation by *Success Magazine* of the opium curse in India, China and Japan, and of the responsibility of Great Britain and British traders for its extension against pitiful protests of the Chinese Government, who foresaw the inevitable demoralization of all classes of their people—forms the strongest, most important and most far-reaching work done by any American magazine for many years. *Success* has spent nearly $10,000 in making this investigation, sending Samuel Merwin—its special representative—for a six months' residence in the Orient for this purpose; and the first of this series of articles appears in *Success* for October, 1907. Also the beginning of "Lentala"—a new serial story of adventure—and the first of several articles on "The Real Thomas W. Lawson."

Woman's Home Companion

THE *Woman's Home Companion* gives to its readers each month as much good fiction as the story magazines, as much first-class art work as the picture magazines, more authoritative articles of interest to women than any other publication, and in addition a complete magazine of helpful departments, serving every practical need of the American woman.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale retains his position at the head of the *Companion's* editorial staff. Mrs. Sangster, Jack London, Madame Nordica, Paderewski, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, whose greatest novel is just beginning in the magazine, and the author of Eben Holden, are a few of the distinguished contributors to the 1908 *Companion.*

World To-Day (The)

THE only magazine of its class sold at a popular price. *The World To-Day* is a monthly world review, but is not made up of clippings of other publications. It obtains its information from original sources, and is reliable and up-to-date. Its contributors are the foremost men and women of the day. The reader will find in it recreation for the idle hour, and best of all—something worth while. Many illustrations are in colors. All other magazines of its class sell at $3. *The World To-Day* is but $1.50. Its remarkable quality and low price make it an exceptional bargain, and we recommend it strongly to our readers.

Address to-day, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 91 TO 102 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY

NEW YORK, JANUARY 15, 1908

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

Hittite Soldier From Karkemish

A Hittite King Hunting the Lion

Musician Playing the Lute

Light on a Lost Race

The Recovery of the World-Conquering Hittite Empire Which Flourished Three Thousand Years Ago

By PROF. EDGAR J. BANKS

SCARCELY a generation ago, the extreme critics were claiming that the nation called "the Hittites" in the Bible never existed. We are told that Abraham bought the grave of Machpelah from a Hittite for four hundred shekels of silver; that Esau married three Hittite women — Judith, Bashemath and Ada; that King David married Bathsheba, the widow of Uriah the Hittite; that Hittite armies were employed as mercenaries to fight for the Hebrew kings, and that, later, the Hittites were compelled to pay a tax to the Hebrews or leave Palestine. In spite of these and a score of other passages in which the Hittites are mentioned, the critics continued to assert that the Hittites never existed. When the Egyptian hieroglyphics upon the temple at Karnak were deciphered, they told of the wars which the Ramses of the Bible fought with the Hittites. Accompanying the inscriptions were sculptures showing Ramses fighting single-handed with the Hittite warriors. Another inscription from the same temple recorded a copy of a treaty, according to which the Egyptians and Hittites were never again to make war upon each other; the treaty was almost modern in its conception. The critics then began to think; yet they maintained that it must all be a mistake, for the Hittite nation never existed.

A Double-Headed Sphinx

When the palaces of the Assyrian kings were excavated at Khorsabad and Nimrud, and the inscriptions upon the stones which lined their walls were read, the Hittites were also mentioned there. A clay tablet from Nineveh, relating the story of the birth of the old king Sargon (3800 B.C.), speaks of the Hittites, but perhaps the tablet does not come from that early age. Tiglathpileser, of 1100 B.C., mentions the Hittites. Assurnasirpal, of 884 B.C., says that he collected tribute from the Hittite kings, and the Assyrian king Sargon boasts that in the year 711 B.C. he captured the capital city of the Hittites and destroyed it. With all of these evidences, from the Bible, from the Egyptian monuments and from the palaces of the Assyrian kings, the critics at last acknowledged that, after all, the Hittites did exist. We now know the Hittites once had large, fortified, walled cities, that their trained and well-armed soldiers well-nigh conquered the ancient world, and that they possessed a written language and a developed art.

The soil of Western Asia is filled with the ruins of long-forgotten nations, forgotten because they passed away before the historians of Greece and Rome began to write; yet one by one their names are at last coming to light. The most recent of the newly recovered peoples are the Hittites. They once possessed four capital cities, three of which have been explored and partially excavated; the fourth, the Biblical Kedesh, once standing upon an island of the Orontes, probably lies buried beneath the waves of the modern lake Kedes.

The Hittite Empire included the greater part of Asia Minor, from the Mediterranean to the Euphrates, for Hittite sculptures are found cut into the rocks at the pass of Karabel, not far from Smyrna; they are scattered throughout Phrygia, south of the modern Eskishehir; a huge rock sculpture is at Ivriz, near Tarsus, the birthplace of Paul; Eyuk and Boghazkeui, south of Marsavan, were Hittite capital cities; also Tel-Barsip and Karkemish, on the Euphrates. Stone sculptures with Hittite figures, which were found built into the walls of the houses of Marash, Hamath and Aleppo, show that Hittites once lived there. Numbers of Hittite seals have been found in the ruins of Nineveh, and a large Hittite monument from the ruins of Babylon indicates that Hittite influence was exerted even in that distant country.

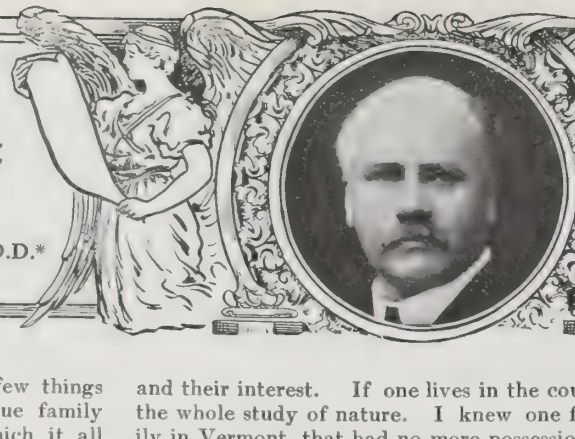
A Hittite Religious Procession

From the Remarkable Sculptures Excavated at Boghazkeui

The ruins of the largest, and perhaps the oldest, of the Hittite cities are called Boghazkeui by the modern Turks, who inhabit a little village near its ancient walls. The ancient Greeks called the place Pteria, but the earlier Hittite name we have yet to learn. Boghazkeui is almost the only ancient city of Asia Minor which was not later occupied by the Greeks and buried beneath the ruins of their buildings. During the past year Dr. Winkler, of Berlin, has been excavating there and bringing to light many details of this long-lost civilization. The old Hittite city was large, considering the age in which it flourished, for it was a mile and a quarter long, and half as broad. Few cities of an equal age surpassed it in size. The walls were fourteen feet thick. Several narrow gateways, scarcely three feet wide, pierced the walls, and at one point was a postern gate which led into the city by means of an arched passage beneath the walls. Within the city are the remains of several ancient buildings, as castles and palaces, and large rock-hewn cisterns for the storage of water. At least one inscribed stone appears above the surface.

Dr. Winkler's excavations failed to reveal large sculptured stones, such as are found in the ruins of the Assyrian palaces; but instead, he discovered more valuable objects. In a trench along the foundation wall of the palace he found about five thousand clay tablets, resembling those of nearly every ruin of Babylonia and Assyria, and, like them, covered with cuneiform or wedge-shaped characters. Upon some the language is Assyrian; upon others the groups of wedges were used to express the still undeciphered language of the Hittites. It is reported that one of the Assyrian tablets contained a copy of the famous treaty which was written in hieroglyphics upon the walls of the temple of Karnak. When these Hittite tablets shall be read, we may be introduced to the literature of that mysterious nation. *Continued on page 43*

THE
American Pulpit
A SERMON BY
Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, D.D.*



The Ideal Home

PROV. 3: 33
"He blesseth the habitation of the just"

WE spoke in a former sermon† of a few things which are fundamental to a true family life. The great basis upon which it all rests we said was the religious. Without that, any family life would be imperfect, no matter how beautiful and full of adornment it might otherwise be. With that as a foundation, all else worth while might be safely built up. The statement was made that the home should be made the most attractive and beautiful place in the world. We were speaking also of some of the ways in which a family could make home attractive.

It is well understood, of course, that all families do not have an equal opportunity for development so far as earthly possessions are concerned; but there is a common fallacy, which has endured through the centuries, and which is to be found in our own generation: that happiness and power and development are dependent upon environment and wealth. Daniel grew into a tower of spiritual strength in the midst of heathenism with the worst possible environment. So have other men who have realized the fact of God in their lives.

Wealth Not Essential

There are in this city many families whose circumstances are widely different when it comes to their possessions. Some families live in large houses and some in small. Some have more than enough in the way of income; others are continually pinched to find enough to meet the demands. Yet it would not be exaggeration to say that some of the families living in the big houses have failed to establish real homes. Measured by the standard we have laid down—that is, that the home should be the most attractive place in the world—there are many families in this town and in every town in the United States where the children do not find it so. They go away from their homes for entertainment. They leave their own fathers and mothers and go elsewhere for what father and mother should give them; and that not because there is a lack of wealth or culture, but because there is a lack of the real thing which makes the home the first place on earth.

We would also recognize the fact that in many homes where there are good fathers and mothers, the toil of life adds to the burden of making the home attractive. What, for example, can a mother do in the evening for her boys and girls when she has been working all day at physical labor, and after the work of the house is finished finds herself too tired in body to amuse or entertain her children? What shall we say of the conditions where the father has worked hard all day, and finds his body exhausted with the exercise so that he has little vigor or vitality left to furnish what we call the attractive side of life for children? And yet while we recognize these difficulties, and they are great, it is nevertheless true that in many homes where father and mother are both wage-earners, we find that somehow they have succeeded in establishing a real home life. If these families can do that with the handicap of physical exhaustion and the minimum of things at their disposal, what excuse has any family with leisure and means if it fails to make the home what it ought to be?

Personal Testimony

I can not remember myself any time in my own boyhood when there was any place either in country or city which had a greater "pulling" power in the way of genuine attraction than my own home. I am sure we could never boast of any superfluity of riches. We lived in a log house of two rooms for several years. We had what would be called the necessities of life, but beyond that a very small margin. We were all working people. The father worked in the field and the mother in the kitchen, and the boys in both places; and I cannot recall a single condition in the way of counter-attraction which at any time rivaled in our thought the attraction of the home. And this leads naturally to a statement of the things which make homes attractive whether they be built up around great possessions or few.

It is astonishing how many things there are in this world which do not have to be bought, which minister to the soul's development, and allure it by their beauty and their interest. If one lives in the country there is the whole study of nature. I knew one farmer's family in Vermont, that had no more possessions than any other, on a bleak hillside farm, where the children were trained from infancy to love the things which belonged to God's world. They studied flowers and leaves and acorns, and the habits of animals. Three of these children graduated from a Chautauqua course.

How Boys are Lost

They were six miles from a post-office and two hundred miles from Boston. A family in the adjoining township with the same opportunity missed it altogether. The children of that farmer could be found loafing around the little grocery store in town, spending their evenings in senseless gossip with other neighbors, growing up ignorant and illiterate. They plowed the fields but never studied the soil; they talked about the weather, but never knew what made the clouds. The family of which I spoke first drew in its culture and made the home attractive at the minimum of cost. They saved what strength they had after the toil of the day for the culture of their minds, and found that, after all, they had a surplus with wise economy. In spite of the weakness of the flesh, they found out how much could be done in what we call the odd moments of life.

In this connection much can be done by true fathers and mothers in observing the natural tastes, habits and inclinations of their children. If a boy takes to reading early, along that track may be his ultimate salvation. If he takes to a musical instrument, it is not difficult to take advantage of that fact. If he is a natural scientist, that is a hint as to the things which will interest him as he develops. Many a man has lost his boy by being willing to spend for his own club life fifty to a hundred dollars a year, and being unwilling to give his boy a chemical laboratory, or start him out to study an electric machine fixed up in the basement or attic. It would not be exaggeration to say that many men in this town have lost their boys by letting them wander on the streets nights. They are filling the vaudevilles, and are seeking excitement and interest anywhere except at home, simply because father or mother has failed to provide for them in the home circle what would have been perfectly easy and comparatively cheap if the father and mother had been willing to study the boy as hard as they study their own selfish inclinations.

Work that Pays

It is no more than fair to say that no home can be made the most attractive place on earth without an effort. There is nothing we have got that is good for anything that was acquired without an effort; even salvation is not free. I do not care what the old hymn says about it. It is not free in the sense that we do absolutely nothing to get it. Salvation in its largest sense is character, and character is the result of daily conflict, of daily bearing the cross; so the home of which we are speaking in order to be the most attractive place on earth requires effort on the part of the father and mother.

I think this cannot be over-emphasized when we remember the vast number of attractions which tend to destroy the home circle and break it up into fragments. There is the club which pulls father and mother away. There is the church which rightfully demands a large part of Sunday, and a night or two of the week. There is the theatre with its undoubtedly alluring temptation to all young life. I firmly believe that we should protect our homes in the most sacred manner possible from these constant incursions into them, and the problem of how to make and retain the attractiveness of the home is one which every good father and mother should attempt to solve, no matter how hard the circumstances may be. There is nothing which will repay hard work like this labor for the child, for he is worth saving. If he is worth keeping off the street; if he is worth training into a permanent and righteous citizen, we might almost say it would pay literally for father and mother to lay down their lives for this end. I think, myself, that the parents are the ones most to blame where boys and girls run the streets night after night. When they find any place in town more interesting than their own homes, the blame should not rest on them, but where it rightfully belongs—on those who brought them into the world and who are solemnly responsible for their training in life.

I do not believe that in a town like this there is any call for the Church to set up any counter-attractions. We may do our part as we should in the way of supplementing life, in helping to enrich the home and develop the family. That is what the Church is for, but we are under no obligation to furnish attractions, amusements and entertainments in order to get people out from their homes. It is the first duty of every family to make its own inner circle the one great and attractive spot in the place, and it is not impossible of accomplishment where the father and mother have based their family life on the religious idea, where they really love their children, and look upon them as parts of the kingdom of God; but it is a sad fact that so many parents should seem to think everything of the little baby when it comes into the world and care almost nothing for the boy of twelve or thirteen. They are perfectly willing to let him run the streets; to learn bad habits; to grow up disobedient and wilful. What can they expect in the end if a crop is reaped from the seed which has been sown?

Limit of the Church's Power

It must be borne in mind that the real attractiveness of the home does not, in the end, depend upon the number of costly things put as toys in the hands of our children. If there is any pitiful sight on earth, it is the sight of a nursery stuffed full of luxurious machine-made toys, lavished upon children who rapidly tire of each new possession. The child of the poorest laborer, making mud pies in the back-yard, is more happy than some child of the very rich who is possessed of a thousand-dollar toy battleship. Those parents who have little to do with, but who have ideals of the allurement of the family circle, need not be afraid by comparison of the rich man's house.

The same thing is also true of the failure to assume the proper duties in the religious training of the child. Families who have no family worship, who never read the Bible, who never teach their children to pray, send their children to church and Sunday School and then blame the Church when their children are irreverent or when they grow up with scant knowledge of the Bible and of God. The Church is loaded down with a great burden of other people's children. There are homes where religious instruction has been reduced to a scientific minimum. Then when humanity becomes lawless, when the streets are full of boys and girls, not playing in them as the prophet describes those in the New Jerusalem, but loafing in them to no good, the church is blamed for not being aggressive, and men who have failed in their duty toward the religious instruction of their own children grow very indignant as they score the Church and the preacher for lack of zeal. If the homes of this country did their duty to their children in the matter of religious instruction the churches could do vastly more of real missionary work.

The Family Older than the Church

I grant the great and important place of the Church in the life of the world. It was organized for the express purpose of bringing a knowledge of Christ into the world. Its Sunday Schools, its Endeavor Societies, its prayer-meetings, its missionary organizations, all have for their motto the salvation of men. Every true church should act on the terms of the great commission; go out into the world and make disciples of all the nations. That is what it is here to do, and it has no excuse for doing anything else; but the family is older than the Church. As an institution it is first in the life of organized society. The father is the priest. His children are and should be more to him than they can be to the pastor of any church. The father and mother bear closer relations to them on the religious side than any superintendent of missions was ever expected to bear; and the Church is called upon to assume a burden which it was never intended to carry

Continued on page 42

*Preached in the Central Congregational Church, Topeka, Kan.
†Published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD on January 1, 1908.

OUR FLEET IN SOUTHERN WATERS

Photograph by Pictorial News Co.

Punta Arenas, the Southernmost Port where the Fleet will Touch

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

Rio Janeiro, where our Battleships will Make the Next Stop

AMERICA'S great battleship fleet completed the first run of its long cruise to the Pacific when it entered the beautiful harbor of Port of Spain, in the island of Trinidad, and the anchors dropped from the sides of the white hulls and gripped the earth for a stay of several days. The trip from Norfolk had been made over a sea that was as calm as a mountain lake on a quiet summer day. No one, not even the latest recruit, to whom life on board ship was a novelty, had the slightest excuse for being seasick. The white hulls stood up "straight as a church" and kept their distances excellently, and the maneuvres that were ordered from Admiral Evans' flagship, the *Connecticut*, were carried out with admirable quickness and precision. Part of the time the fleet sailed in single line, then in double column.

Trinidad is a British possession, and the governor welcomed Admiral Evans and his fleet with great cordiality. He gave a banquet and a reception for the officers at the Government House, to which all the dignitaries of Trinidad were invited. The officers of the battleships were very glad to spend some time on shore, and ball nines made up of officers, who had not forgotten their old student days at Annapolis, played a long-anticipated game of baseball. The crews were given liberal shore leave, and their bearing was such as to greatly please their commander. They were as orderly as any of the regular residents, and the British governor sent a letter to the fleet commending the conduct of the American crews. The sailors all seemed to be imbued with the determination that no disgrace should come to "Old Glory" through any act of theirs.

Before leaving the Port of Spain, the ships refilled their coal bunkers and put everything in shape for the second part of the run. This second run was from Trinidad to Rio de Janeiro, a distance of 2,900 miles, the longest section of the trip, with the exception of the fifth, which will be from Callao to Magdalena Bay. These two are over 3,000 miles apart. The run to Rio de Janeiro was practically across the torrid zone, and the ships skirted the coasts of five countries. They left the Gulf of Para by way of the Serpent's Mouth, then they steamed along off the shores of Venezuela, British, Dutch and French Guiana, and then along the Brazilian coast. Off the mouth of the River Amazon the fleet steamed for over a hundred miles through fresh water.

Photograph by Byron

Admiral Evans on the Quarter-deck

The South American countries are growing more friendly every day toward the United States, realizing how much they owe to her protection, and American official visitors are certain of a warm welcome. The visit of the fleet to South America greatly pleased Brazil and her neighbors, and the resulting good feeling is well worth the expense involved in sending the fleet around to the Pacific.

The programme arranged by the Brazilians, which was sent to Washington, shows how cordially they feel. President Penna will entertain all of the American Admirals, a number of the officers, and Irving B. Dudley, the American Ambassador, at the Palace at Petropolis.

Already Peru, on the West Coast, has heard of what Brazil has been doing, and has gone to work at once to propose a welcome that will equal anything that has been done before. President Pardo and the Minister of Marine have already sent out twelve hundred invitations to their fellow Peruvians to meet the officers of the American fleet. Every American officer will receive as a souvenir of his visit a handsome album.

LIGHT ON A LOST RACE *Continued from page 39*

Two miles east of the city of Boghazkeui rises a huge limestone rock to the height of 540 feet. Upon its summit are two recesses, one reaching ninety feet into the rock, and the other forty-two; and upon the walls of the recesses are sculptured more than a hundred strange Hittite figures. Some are marching inward. There are short figures with clenched hands; others who are bearing weapons; still others standing upon the heads of birds, animals and men. All excepting one are of men; that one exception is of a woman, probably the queen goddess whom the Hittites worshiped.

Five hours north of Boghazkeui, and beneath the modern village of Eyuk, lies the ruin of another Hittite city, said by some to have been the summer home of the Hittite kings. Approaching the hill, one sees along its edge large sculptured stones, portraying another Hittite religious procession. One man is playing upon a musical instrument, another is climbing a ladder, a third is leading a sheep to the altar. The procession is moving toward the gate to the temple beyond. The temple gate-posts, huge stones sculptured in the form of sphinxes, are still standing, and upon one of them a stork now makes its home. Of the Hittite temple beyond all that appears above ground are a few of its foundation stones. What treasures the soil beneath may conceal, one can only imagine.

From the many sculptures from Boghazkeui, Eyuk and Karkemish, and the rock sculptures scattered throughout Asia Minor, we are at last able to describe these ancient peoples. The Hittites were a short, stocky race, with long, straight hair, which they braided, and allowed to fall down behind. From the Egyptian monuments we know that their skin was yellowish. Their foreheads were receding; their large eyes were somewhat oblique; the prominent nose was aquiline, and suggestive of the Armenian; the lips were thick and heavy. Their one garment was a short-sleeved tunic reaching to the knees and fitting the body but loosely. The gown of the priest was somewhat longer and fringed at the bottom, while the dress of the women reached to the ankles. Men and women alike wore armlets and anklets, and the women wore necklaces and belts and rings upon the fingers and in the ears.

The favorite weapon was a long, straight sword, carried in the belt; frequently the sword seems to have been curved near its hilt. There was the long spear; and the shield consisted of two circular parts held together by means of a handle. In hunting the lion, the bow and arrow were employed; and the Hittites, like the Assyrian kings, were fond of the chase. They rode in chariots that were almost identical in construction with those of the ancient Greeks. The modern Oriental possesses neither chair, nor table, nor bedstead; yet from the sculptures we know that the Hittites sat upon chairs which were like our own in shape.

We know as yet very little of the Hittite religion, yet the Assyrian inscriptions tell us the names of some of the Hittite gods. The altar from Eyuk teaches us that the Hittites sacrificed to their deities.

Just who the Hittites were or to what race of people they belonged, we are not certain; possibly they were Semites, though they are generally called Turanians. At the remote age when the Hebrews were entering Palestine, the Hittites had reached the height of their power, and were even then on the decline. Rawlinson believed that the mysterious Hyksos or "shepherd kings" of Egypt were Hittites. More than three thousand years ago the Hittite power extended throughout Asia Minor and Palestine. It was checked by the rising Assyrians, who sent one expedition after another against the Hittites and compelled them to pay tribute. Finally, in 711 B.C., when Karkemish, the capital city, was destroyed by Sargon, the Hittite empire came to an end, and the Hittites disappeared from history. What became of the survivors we do not know.

The language of the Hittites was picture-writing, and one may recognize among the strange characters a jumping rabbit, an ox head, a human face or arm, baskets, shields, stools, pots, and many other objects. In the later inscriptions, the characters bear little resemblance to the objects which they represent, and had the nation not been brought to an early end, the pictures might have developed into an alphabet.

Not a word of their language can be read with certainty. Well-known scholars, Sayce, Conder, Campbell, Jensen and others, claim an ability to read the peculiar signs. Some of the translations are serious efforts by faithful scholars, who have persuaded themselves that they have found the key to the language. Other Hittite translations are fraudulent, made with intent to deceive.

Thus a nation which played a prominent part in Old Testament history, but to which the scholar of a few years ago denied an existence, is slowly resuming its place in history. Another voice from beneath the soil of Asia is calling out its testimony to the truth of the Old Testament history.

A NEW WORLD FOR THE SIGHTLESS

The Splendid Work of the New York Association for the Blind

IF, amidst the din and turmoil of the crowded metropolis, a blind man should ask any stranger to help him cross the crowded roadway and land him safely outside the traffic which in his helplessness endangers his life, and to put him again on the road which he could safely follow, there is probably not an inhabitant of New York who would not at least feel an impulse to give him a guiding hand. Three-quarters of the entire number of the blind in New York State lose their sight after school age. A large proportion of them are poor and many have lost their money in a futile attempt to save their failing eyesight. Until the formation of the New York Association for the Blind, there was no organization in the State to give the man suddenly stricken blind a hand to lead him safely through the dangers of discouragement and helplessness to a point where he could safely look after himself again.

A Blind Toy-Maker

The City only offered him the poorhouse, a Home for the Indigent Blind supported by private charity, or a pension of about $50 a year, provided he had no other means of support. No blind person can make a successful start in the world without money, or without that education which enables him to get it. Therefore, primarily, for these helpless men and women, whom disease or accident had deprived of sight, and who had to learn much before they could again take their part in the work and pleasure of the community, the New York Association was formed.

Investigation through years of study in all parts of the globe has led us to adopt the best means to prevent unnecessary blindness, and to help the unavoidably blind to help themselves. The Association is constantly investigating and inventing new and useful activities. Its factory, classes, clubs, information bureau, etc., are doing good work. The Association wishes to be always receptive for fresh ideas to aid in carrying out its task. It wishes the public to consider seriously the needs for this work; the propriety and humanity of helping to prevent the thirty per cent. of needless blindness which is the result of criminal carelessness or ignorance, and of making the lives of the blind useful and happy; and the economic reasonableness, apart from all sentiment, of minimizing the cases of blindness, and of training these blind people, who have hitherto been unhappy economic drags, to become contented wage-earners. This can only be done if the necessary financial support is extended. Co-operation of all kinds, criticisms and suggestions are welcomed, and the offices and salesrooms and class-rooms at 118 East Fifty-ninth Street, as well as the factory for blind men at 147 East Forty-second Street, New York, are always open for inspection.

Typewriting, though Blind

Blind men and women are not permitted to work together, and their intermarriage, which is apt to be disastrous, is discouraged.

The immediate needs of the Association are larger buildings, which would include grounds where the blind workmen and women could have plenty of exercise and fresh air; maintenance and equipment of classes for men and women; running expenses for the office building, for the salesroom and the class and club-rooms, for industrial instructors' salaries, and for various other necessary expenses in the conduct of the work, including the purchase of books for the blind and also for crude materials to be made into marketable articles by the sightless workers.

A young blind man formerly in the almshouse, but now a busy, self-supporting worker, said: "I feel as though I had been born into a new world, since being taught to work and be no longer dependent on charity."

WINIFRED HOLT.

THE IDEAL HOME — Sermon by Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, D.D. — Continued from page 40

when fathers and mothers throw upon it the responsibility for all the religious training of their children. I would venture to say that practically all the most efficient church workers, Sunday School teachers, missionaries and evangelists who have grown up in the Church have had their first start towards God and religious things, not in the Church, but in the home.

Mutual Relations

There are duties also which the family cannot escape in the matter of its relation to its neighborhood. We cannot build high stone walls around our houses that will shut our neighbors entirely out. The neighbor's boy and our boy are parts of society. Whether we like it or not they rub up together in the public schools and on the playground, going and coming. They know each other far better than their fathers know each other. These men go home too late in the evening to see each other. They eat their suppers and read their papers and go and come strangers, but the boys are together. The relation of one home to another in a community is very often of such a serious character that an entire neighborhood is disturbed because of a failure to recognize the duties of a neighborhood. One woman said to me a short time ago: "My boy would be perfectly contented to stay home nights and be happy in his home, if it were not for my neighbor's boy, who goes out after supper and whistles for him to come out." That same remark raises the question of the duty of the family to its neighborhood. What right has the parent of one boy to allow his child to be the destroyer of the peace of another? Those who allow their children great freedom in the matter of street education, who do not train them in habits of reverence and obedience and cleanliness of thought and speech, are doing vast harm to other families. As sacred as a home life is by itself, it cannot exist by itself. We are not living on desert islands, each one having a desert island of his own.

So the neighbor's boy becomes a factor, and sometimes a very serious one, in the home problem. We should learn the everlasting lesson that no man liveth to himself, and no family can exist by itself. Each family ought to consider itself as belonging to a community. Whatever is for the best good of the whole community should govern the units of it. We observe this practice in all departments of social life, and the family life is not an exception to the rule.

The home life also has a duty which it owes to the State. The neighborhood in one sense is a small circle of social obligation, but there is a distinct duty which every home in a city owes to the entire city. It is at this point that many homes break down and repudiate all responsibility. This is the reason why what are called cultured and respectable families are often ciphers when it comes to real questions of duty as it touches the life of a whole town or community. The sacred privileges of the home usurp the sacred duties of the home. There are calls which take men out of their homes, when the city life demands the co-operation of every true father, and the real home life of the nation cannot be well established unless sometimes men are willing to deny themselves the very privileges and comforts of their own homes. If the other man's home is going to be like yours in its comfort, in its sobriety, in its quietness, you must be willing to give of your business and your happiness in the way of sharing; for every home in the world is dependent, in a very true sense, on every other. The culture of the college-bred man does not release him from this duty. The scholarship of the university man, his love of seclusion, his love of the beautiful, cannot release him from this obligation. There come times in the lives of all Christian men when they are called to protect and establish the true homes of the world, and at such a time they must be willing to go out of their own homes.

Every true home also owes a duty to the Church. We have spoken of the fact that many homes depend unreasonably for the religious training of their children upon what the Church can give them. It is also true that many church members and Christian families make no proper preparation for what the Church has to give. The preacher has been preparing during the week his message for his people. If he is a faithful man and loves his people, he has been preparing a feast for them. He is eager to fill their hearts and minds with the good things of God. He rises and looks at his people with this feast prepared for them, conscious that he is handicapped at the very start by the fact that the majority of his congregation have come into the church after an hour or two spent with a daily paper and with the news of the world, which is not distinctively religious or spiritual. What can the best spiritual provision do for these people?

Preparation Necessary

There are certain things that never come unless we get ready for them. Spiritual life is one of them. The best sermons, the most inspiring messages the pulpit can prepare, are robbed of one-half their power because they fall on stony ground. It is not enough to have good seed. There must be preparation of the soil. The very truth of God is powerless when it falls on the rock. The soil of a man's spiritual life, if tramped down hard by constant money-making, by constant thinking of the things of the world, by constant iteration of the physical, cannot receive the things of God. We would say the farmer was a fool who did not plow his land, who did not open up the soil so the air and moisture could get to it, before putting in his crop. We understand the law of nature in regard to the harvest. It is the same law in the spiritual world, and the homes of the Church have a duty towards the Church which many of them always neglect.

We wonder why the spiritual life of the Church seems so dead; we wonder why the preacher does not preach better sermons; we wonder why we do not grow in grace, and then we neglect the very influence which would make us grow. We say, and with right, that the theatre makes money six days in the week and that is enough. Have we not also a right to say that the press has six days in the week to interest mankind? Why should they begrudge the preacher his one small opportunity before minds which are filled with spiritual receptiveness, with spiritual hunger? I do not believe the Church can ever give to the home what it needs in the way of supplementary religious training until, first of all, there is in the home the spirit of preparation.

Parental Responsibility

Every Sunday School teacher understands how difficult it is to give to children who have come out of homes where there is no teaching of the plainest religious truths,where there has been no teaching of reverence or of obedience to law, where there has been no teaching in regard to courtesy, or thoughtfulness, or gratitude. What can a Sunday School do in one-half or three-quarters of an hour? But where the soil has been prepared beforehand, as it should be, then the seed sown in the Sunday School falls into good, rich soil. The Church cannot do it all. It cannot do even half. The home is the first duty, and its duty towards the Church in the way of preparation for spiritual life is plain and imperative.

The privileges and duties of the home are blended together. They cannot be rightly separated. The privilege of making the home attractive, of making it sacred with religious thanksgiving, of centring the joy of life around its evening gathering, are all blended with the duties which the home owes to the neighborhood, to the State, and to the Church. When these privileges and duties are fully understood and acted upon by the families, world civilization will receive a vast impulse forward. The Church itself is powerless, to a great degree, in the face of the ignorance and neglect of these small duties and privileges—a neglect which, after two thousand years of Christian training, seems criminal in its enormous proportions.

If we have any right to expect the Church to do its proper work in the world, if we have any right to expect the Sunday School to be a factor in the development of child life,we have a right first of all to demand that the family understand its first obligation in the matter of training and preparation. Fathers and mothers who bring children into the world are responsible, first of all, before the Church and the Sunday School, for their training; and God will hold them to account, first of all, for the way in which they have met their responsibilities.

Three Rooms in a Cellar for Which Twenty Dollars a Month is Paid

A Rear Tenement on Christie Street Costing Twelve Dollars a Month

NEW YORK'S ANTI-RENT WAR

IT is seldom that we have organized revolt in this country against high rent. We usually think of the Emerald Isle and "absentee landlords" when anti-rent agitation is spoken of, and of the mental picture that is called up in answer to the question "Do those who love the shamrock love to pay rent?" On New York's East Side, however, during the last few weeks, there has been an anti-rent war, or rather an anti-high-rent war, in progress that has kept the teeming population of that overcrowded part of the city in a state of great excitement.

Until the last few months there has been no opposition to the rents charged, though for the accommodations furnished they were exceedingly high. Indeed, it was a common saying that if you wanted to make much money from real estate you should own a tenement house down in the Hester or Grand Street Districts. Further uptown the cost of repairs and the taxes for betterments eat too much into the owner's profits.

The city tax budget has reached a very high figure, and the valuation has been raised on real estate all over the city. The landlords raised rents to cover the increase. Not only was this done in many places but much more. For instance, a ten-dollar rent was raised to fourteen, a fifteen-dollar rent was raised to twenty, and so on proportionally to the rents asked for the better places. Instantly the owners found that they had stirred up a hornet's nest. Meetings were held, committees organized and relief funds started to help ejected tenants. To use its own language "the East Side had struck." The landlords served notices on several thousand tenants who refused to pay the increase to leave their tenements. Then the struggle was on in earnest. Open-air meetings attended by thousands were held in the squares of the East Side. No rioting occurred, but the fiery speeches delivered from newsstands and drays brought the people to a high pitch of excitement. It is of course unlawful for meetings to be held without a permit from the Mayor or from police headquarters, and the meetings were broken up by the police. Many meetings were then held in halls, attended by very excited auditors and still more excited speakers. Only two of the speeches reported were in English, most of them being delivered in some foreign tongue. The majority were in Yiddish, which is the principal language of the East Side.

One young fellow of twelve years, who came from Russia when he was ten, organized the people of his tenement in the Hester Street district for united opposition. He called a meeting, and as there was no room in the house large enough to hold the "Committee of the Whole," they all adjourned to the roof. There the youngster delivered an impassioned speech that sounded to one who did not understand Yiddish like the sharp rattle of the sending instrument in a wireless telegraph station. Nevertheless, it seemed to serve the orator's purpose admirably, and his auditors cheered and yelled as they grew more excited until they could be heard over a city block.

Tenants Holding a Meeting on a Roof

Now, as the police had sternly forbidden any more open-air meetings, they began to sleuth around to discover where this one was in progress. They would march off in pairs, circle the block and come blankly face to face with other policemen who were taking part in the search. It really seemed to be an open-air meeting, up in the air somewhere, in fact. At last an unusually fiery sentence from the boy orator brought a roar of applause from above that gave a clue to the searching bluecoats. Cautiously they made their way to the roof, and, sticking their heads through the trapdoor, discovered the meeting in full swing. A cold, damp cloud seemed to drop slowly down on the assembly. The oratory stopped in the midst of a Russian word of ten syllables, and the enthusiasm of the audience subsided with a gurgle. The police then held a conference. "Could they arrest anybody?" they asked one another. The meeting was surely "open air," but the question was, "Would the judge hold anybody for conducting or participating in a meeting held five stories up?" The policemen finally decided that they would let the matter rest, and after ordering these modern cliff-dwellers to retire to their respective flats, the officers again made their way to the street.

One woman, who has a large family, and felt the increase in rent was beyond what she could possibly pay, earned the name of the "East Side Joan of Arc" by her spirited opposition. She organized her own tenement and made speeches in her own and other houses. She also attended the public meetings and "stated her side of the case." The anti-rent agitation spread rapidly from the East Side to other parts of the Boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx. Requests were sent to the East Side, which has had more experience in matters of this kind, for organizers to come and hold meetings and tell them what they could do. The East Side responded at once and meetings were held, lawyers hired, and the people told what methods they ought to pursue during the crisis.

Three Rooms for Which Fifteen Dollars per Month is Charged

Smaller meetings, however, were held in the "anti-rent" districts throughout the city, at which resolutions were adopted and sent to the city officials and some of the property owners.

At last reports the excitement was subsiding, and many of the landlords have agreed to a certain amount of reduction in rents. Of course, the old level in charges will not be reached, as the new tenement house laws demanding changes in plumbing and in the arrangement of passages, stairways, windows and courts, have involved much expense. While in the end such changes will be to the advantage of both landlord and tenant, they have been welcomed by neither.

The former dislikes to pay out much money to fix up old buildings, and the tenants in the poorer quarters do not see the necessity for open plumbing or other modern arrangements. The changes, however, are absolutely necessary for the health and well-being of the community.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

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Entered at Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

The Antiquity of Man

CLAIMS made from time to time by ethnologists and geologists, that man has existed on this continent for an immense period of time, have been fairly met in a statement made to the New York *Herald* by Dr. Ales Hrdlica of the United States National Museum. The learned professor confines himself to the negative side of the question, and is thus in a position to accept or reject any future claims that may be made. He contents himself with declaring that the human remains that have been found up to this time do not justify the claims for great antiquity. He mentions fourteen sets of human bones that have been found in various parts of the United States, Canada and Mexico. Examining each separately, he contends that in no instance do they warrant the opinion advanced that they are of any such age as 56,000 years. It may be that fossil remains will yet be found, and that they may prove that there were prehistoric men in America, but Dr. Hrdlica is convinced that not one of the fourteen skeletons and parts of skeletons hitherto found furnishes proof of the fact.

It is interesting, in reading Dr. Hrdlica's analysis, to observe how little evidence satisfies scientists in questions which appear to contradict the Scriptures. He shows that they frequently utter the most positive statements on extremely slight evidence. In one instance, a learned professor reached the conclusion that man had lived on this continent 250,000 years ago, and Dr. Hrdlica shows that there was little or no basis for any such opinion. He points out that even the bones found in the lower levels do not absolutely prove great age, for on examining them closely he found the marks of teeth upon them, indicating that some burrowing animals had carried them through their tunnels to deeper levels than those in which they were originally buried. The last word on this interesting subject has not yet been spoken, but we have reached a clear line of demarcation. This eminent student declares positively that the case of the opponents of revelation has not yet been proved.

It is by no means clear that the accuracy of the record in Genesis would be disproved, even if bones of undoubted antiquity were found. As Paul states, the natural precedes the spiritual, and the Christian need not be alarmed if he learns that the principle applied in creation and that there, too, the natural preceded the spiritual by a long period of time. Of one thing we may be assured: the Word of God stands firm, and the reasoning or speculation of science can never disturb it.

Good and Bad Books

IT is to the credit of our authors and publishers that few—indeed very few—of the books that come under the ban of critical reprobation, on account of their evil influence on the mind of the average reader, are of American production. Our fiction, for the most part, is clean and wholesome. Whatever foreign critics may say of our literary standards, they have never been able to lay against us the charge of a partiality for the eroticism or the intense realism which passes current as good work in some other countries. Zola, Daudet, Maupassant, D'Annunzio and others of that class have no rivals among American writers. If there were, we cannot believe they would succeed here.

How our critical reading public regard books that belong to the doubtful class has been very pointedly illustrated lately in the case of a talented authoress, who came here from Europe recently on her first visit to America. She had written a book, the notoriety of which preceded her here. It was so decidedly objectionable, in a moral sense, that no sooner had it begun to circulate than the attention of the Post Office authorities was directed to its character, with a view to stopping its passage through the mails. In New England it was taken off the booksellers' shelves, and it was also stopped in the Post Office, Boston taking the lead in the movement for the protection of public morality, Judge Wentworth, of that city, holding that the book "tended to corrupt the morals of youth."

Talent that can paint vice in beautiful colors, and gild sin to make it attractive; that can philosophize so deftly that wrong appears as right; that can clothe wickedness with the garments of virtue and make ignoble acts and thoughts seem noble and praiseworthy, is a dangerous endowment. Zola in his maturer years bitterly regretted the production of his earlier works, which won him a doubtful fame, and he strove hard to atone for their salaciousness by the purity of his later work. Tolstoi, too, is said to have experienced poignant reminders of the evil influence some of his books exerted on the minds of his Russian readers—an influence which all of his later and better work could not efface.

An evil book has brought sorrow into many a home and helped to blight many a young and promising career. Our authorities, our publishers and our librarians do well to be vigilant in their efforts to shut the door of publicity to all books of the class that convey a taint, or that are likely to implant the seeds of moral poison in the minds of the reading public, and which are especially dangerous to the young and inexperienced.

New York's Rent Strike

IN the remarkable rent strike which is now agitating the over-crowded East Side of New York, the thoughtful observer can discover a new and startling aspect of the many-sided immigration problem. Russian Hebrews, Italians, Poles, Hungarians, Greeks, and new-comers of other nationalities have poured into the East Side in an ever-increasing stream for years past, until it has become a vast foreign city in the heart of our greatest municipality. Its laws, customs, language, and interests are all alien to its American surroundings. These immigrants, instead of being distributed throughout the country, where they might be assimilated, have remained where they first arrived. As a result, we have the spectacle of a very large section of our beautiful metropolis so congested by hundreds of thousands of the poorer classes from almost every land under the sun, that it would be impossible to find its parallel anywhere. In density of population, in its confusion of many languages, its picturesque variety of dress and its omnipresent squalor and poverty, our great East Side Babel stands alone.

Poor, but industrious and thrifty, these foreign swarms have crowded the tenements and made them a rich source of revenue to the owners. Many of these homes of poverty are owned or leased by foreigners who, coming here as immigrants, have saved enough by rigid economy to set up as landlords themselves. It is this latter class whom the tenants regard as their worst oppressors. Higher valuations, increased taxes and other burdens have led to a rise in rents, which the tenants declare is exorbitant, being more than sufficient to recoup the landlord not once but many times for his increased outlay. Besides, the season is an especially hard one on the working people, on account of the shutting down or shortening of working hours in factories and sweat-shops—a result of the general trade depression. More than 75,000 men on the East Side are idle this winter, to say nothing of thousands of women and children who usually do their work at home. Life has been reduced to a fierce struggle for bread in thousands of these tenement homes.

Some six hundred owners and lessees are pecuniarily affected by the movement just begun by the newly organized Tenants' League for a general reduction of from ten to twenty per cent. in rents throughout the East Side tenement section. Many tenants have "struck," refusing to pay further rent until concessions are made by the landlords. Meanwhile, although the East Side Babel is in turmoil, the authorities succeed in suppressing any demonstrations that might tend to violence or serious disaster.

While public sympathy leans to the side of the tenants, many of whom are in dire poverty through lack of employment, the general situation is one which cannot be permanently improved until the present congestion is materially relieved. Just how this is to be accomplished is a matter for our legislators to decide.

The Race-Track Gamblers

AN instructive spectacle for moralists is the sudden and courageous attack on the race-track gamblers by the Governor of the State of New York. In a message to the Legislature at Albany, Governor Hughes, after calling attention to the evils and demoralizing influences of this particular form of gambling, observes that although the Constitution imposes upon the Legislature the duty of enacting laws to prevent poolselling, bookmaking and other forms of gambling, the laws as now enforced do not accomplish this purpose. As a result, the "economic waste," which the Constitution aimed to prevent, is really stimulated and increased. He declares that the present discrimination in penalties is altogether wrong and opposed to public sentiment, and that it has brought the law into contempt. He recommends the Legislature to carry out the anti-gambling laws in letter and spirit, and that hereafter poolsellers and bookmakers at the tracks, on conviction, should be punished by imprisonment, as the Penal Code provides, without the alternative of a fine.

Although he is fortified both by the Constitution and the logic of the case, the Governor is already realizing that he struck a hornets' nest when he delivered his sturdy blow at the gamblers in the interest of public morals. Sporting organizations, agricultural fair societies and racing associations all over the State are preparing to fight this new interpretation of the law, which would rob them of their present profits from the race tracks. The State now receives a percentage of gate receipts from all race tracks, aggregating about $200,000 a year. This item, however, the Governor decides to be of no consequence in view of the greater question of the public good. So there is a bitter fight in prospect, in which the entire gambling fraternity will combine with other allied elements for the preservation of their ancient right, hitherto unquestioned, to fleece the unwary and prey upon the simple. They have till now been impregnably entrenched behind the bulwarks of wealth and political influence. But Governor Hughes evidently believes that if gambling is wrong at all, it is wrong everywhere; just as absolutely wrong inside of the race track fences as in the pool room or on the public thoroughfare. He sees how it is ruining thousands every year, and he is perfectly cognizant of the fact, which is made plain in our criminal courts, that a large proportion of the sins of dishonesty are traceable to track gambling.

It is a hard battle, and the issue may be doubtful; but every lover of law, honesty and public decency, will wish the Governor success in the fight.

A Druse Welcome

We are indebted to the Rev. O. E. Moffet of Streator, Ill., for the very striking illustration on the cover of this number. During his travels in the East, he sojourned for a time among the Druses of Lebanon and Carmel, and he has told much about the strange customs and peculiar laws of these people, in a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. They are very hospitable to strangers, and the friendly, if inquisitive attitude of the group in the doorway shows that their ancient reticence and indisposition to mingle with the rest of the world are dying out.

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THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

Sweden's New King

NOT altogether new to the business of kingship, Gustav V. succeeds his father, the late illustrious King Oscar, as ruler of Sweden. He is nearly fifty years old, and has on several occasions served as Regent during his father's illnesses. He is already a grandfather, his eldest son, who married a niece of King Edward of England, being the father of an infant son nearly a year old. King Gustav is said to be, like his late father, a scholar of distinction, a man of energy and determination, and some military skill. His declaration at the time of taking the oath and his adoption of the motto, "With the people for the fatherland," appear to indicate democratic sympathies. It is doubtful, however, whether he is so genial as his father was, or has so thoroughly the personal regard of his people. He has succeeded in overcoming a prejudice that was formed against him as Crown Prince, and there is now a general feeling among the people that the obstinacy which was said to characterize him is due to his having thoroughly studied a question in all its phases before he made up his mind. He is now regarded as a painstaking ruler, who will spare no effort to arrive at a right decision, and having done so, will carry it out regardless of influence or selfish considerations. The agitation now going on for reform in the representation to insure a more direct control over both houses of the Parliament will test his skill and his administrative capacity. His wife, the Princess of Baden, unites in her person the claims of the house of Vasa, whom the Bernadottes superseded, so that their son is a descendant of both the royal houses. King Gustav's career will be watched with interest and with the good will that his father won from the statesmen and peoples of Europe.

Give the king thy judgments, O God, and thy righteousness unto the king's son. (Ps. 72 : 1.)

Gustav V., the New King of Sweden, Taking the Oath of Office

Adopted by a Princess

A startling change in the lot of a child has occurred in the little English village of Addlestone, in Surrey. There is a home for young girl waifs there, which was established, and in part supported by the late Princess Mary of Teck. She took a deep interest in the institution, which is continued by her daughter, who is now married to the next heir to the throne. During one of the visits that lady paid to the home several years ago, she noticed a bright little girl whose name was Alice Steel. She left the child in the home, but inquired about her on her visits, and during her absences in India and elsewhere requested the matron to mention little Alice specifically in her periodical reports. It is presumed that she behaved well, and justified the interest taken in her, for the Princess has now given a signal proof of her favor. On Christmas day a letter arrived bearing the royal arms, directing Alice's removal to a good school, and stating that she might consider herself regularly adopted by the Princess of Wales. Many girls will doubtless envy little Alice the distinction of being the adopted daughter of a princess, but an infinitely higher distinction is open to them which will extend beyond this life into eternity.

I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty. (II. Cor. 6: 17, 18.)

To Cure Spinal Meningitis

Hopes of finding a remedy for this dread disease are encouraged by the interview Dr. Simon Flexner recently gave to a reporter of the New York *Times*. Dr. Flexner is the director of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, and has been for more than a year striving to perfect his serum. It is stated that of the few cases in which he has already used the serum, three out of four have recovered. He was delighted with its results in isolated cases, but not until there was an epidemic of the disease, when thousands of the cases could be treated with the serum, would he feel justified in speaking positively. Dr. Flexner spoke hopefully also of the experiments in substitution now being made, which he said promised to revolutionize surgery. Already it had been proved possible to transplant arteries, and perhaps the time might come when the vital organs, even the heart itself, might be transferred from an animal to a suffering patient. The doctor is perhaps somewhat too sanguine. The vital organs cannot so easily be removed and replaced as he appears to think. Even the heart as the symbol of the affections and desires, can be changed only by the intervention of divine power.

I will take away the stoney heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh. (Ezek. 36 : 26.)

Activity of Germs

The remarkable death of Mr. J. H. Bernard, I.C.S., a Government Commissioner in India, who was a trustee of a mission church in Calcutta, is reported in a recent issue of the *Bombay Guardian*. A sad feature of the case is that his wife and her sister also lost their lives at the same time. The two ladies were suddenly taken ill, and the local doctor perceived that they were suffering from a severe form of cholera. He did what was possible to relieve their agony, and was leaving their apartments, when a servant called him to attend the Commissioner, who was ill with the same symptoms. In a short time all three had succumbed to the malignant disease. The government inquiry revealed a strange cause for the calamity. Two days before the deaths, during the absence of the family at church, where the Commissioner read the service, the household servants, contrary to orders, washed a number of cloths or towels in the river. It happened that the body of a man who had died of cholera had been laid on the river bank, ready for removal to the burning ghat. It was near the place where the body lay that the linen was washed. The sanitary inspector was positive in attributing the deaths to this cause. It seems impossible to make the ordinary native of India perceive the necessity of sanitary precautions and his indifference unhappily often imperils other lives beside his own. He regards calamity, when it comes, as a sign of the divine anger, not as the consequence of his own imprudence. Men everywhere are slow to learn that their own carelessness brings disaster on themselves and others.

The curse causeless shall not come. (Prov. 26 : 2.)

A Thief Self-trapped

Detectives in New York had no difficulty in fixing the guilt of a burglary which was perpetrated a few evenings ago. A butcher on Second Avenue closed his store with his usual care and went to his home a few blocks away. Late that evening, having occasion to pay a visit to friends, he made a short detour on his return, that he might pass his store and assure himself that everything was safe. To his astonishment he saw that a pane of glass had been cut from the front door, and looking in he saw two men moving about in the rear of the store. He called up the police on the telephone and remained on guard till they came. They soon found a man crouching behind some barrels, but they could not find the other, though the butcher was sure he saw two men. Finally, having thoroughly searched the store, they thought of looking in the refrigerating room. There they found the burglar insensible. The room is lined with metal and the door closes tightly with a spring latch, which cannot be opened from the inside. The burglar was immediately taken to the hospital, where there is hope of saving his life. Had he been in his refuge much longer, he would have died there. He had better have stayed in the open and been taken, than try to escape in such a way. He put his life in peril in trying to save his liberty. That we count folly, but, as God warns us, the wicked man is a fool and his refuges vain.

He is cast into a net by his own feet, and he walketh upon a snare. (Job 18 : 8.)

An Inspector's Complaint

An immigration inspector tells a doleful story of his experience on Christmas Day. He had been assigned to the care of the immigrants on the steamship *Florida*, which arrived at New York from Mediterranean ports too late for admission on Christmas Eve. He spent the day on board, and though surrounded by over a thousand persons, he declares it was the most lonely and doleful Christmas he ever spent. He could not understand a word spoken either by crew or passengers. The crew talked French and the immigrants Italian. He longed for a greeting in his own tongue, but there was not one who could utter it. In sheer desperation, he began to whistle "The Star-Spangled Banner," but it appeared to be regarded as a challenge, and was quickly drowned by the Marseillaise and the national Italian airs. As soon as his watch was relieved, he rushed into a saloon, but the waiters were German and jeered his English order. In a neighboring cigar store he was greeted by some gibberish he could not identify. It was only when he got away from the water side, within sight of Broadway, that he heard the familiar sounds. He declares that the day was spent as completely in exile as if he had been in the Fijian Islands. His experience is suggestive. It indicates that it is the society a man is in, rather than the place, that determines his enjoyment. People sometimes forget this in thinking of the life beyond the grave. They cherish the hope of going to heaven when they die, though they are alien to the spirit and principles of those who compose the kingdom of God. Men released from the body at death inevitably go as the disciples did when released from custody.

Being let go, they went to their own company. (Acts 4: 23.)

INDIA'S DARK FAMINE OUTLOOK

PUBLIC recognition has been given by the government in India to the serious conditions indicated by the crop reports. While there is as yet no actual famine, it is evident that famine must come with the early part of the year, because the winter crops failed. They depend on the rains of the monsoon, which were sparse in many districts and wholly failed in others. The government therefore sent out a commissioner to investigate the facts and report. He made a tour of the districts involved, which have a population of nearly a hundred million persons, and said that while the conditions were not so ominous as in 1900, the year of the great famine, they were so serious as to give cause for alarm. It was evident that there would be widespread distress. Prompt measures have been taken to extend funds for agricultural loans and for improvements so as to provide work for those in need, and a general remission of revenue collections has been ordered. Urgent requests have also been sent to native rulers to maintain present prices for food and to prevent the merchants in their districts precipitating distress by hoarding food or by raising prices. Arrangements have also been made for the relief of people who are unable to labor on the government relief stations. In Bombay, Gujerat and the Deccan there is certain to be distress, and relief measures will be needed in Rajputana and the Central States. Madras happily will be relieved to some extent by rains which though belated have been copious. Sir John Hewett, Lieutenant-Governor of the United Provinces, said that the staple food crops of the poorer classes in his district, which covers seven million acres, would be little more than a quarter of the normal yield. Nevertheless, the people were meeting the situation with patience, courage and fortitude, worthy of all admiration. He considered the general arrangements for relief were well up to date.

One of the most hopeful signs of governmental activity is a movement that has been commenced in Upper Burma for river improvements, to which the government has contributed about four million dollars. If such a principle was adopted through India, the dread of these recurrent famines would to a large extent be obviated. Gen. Cotton demonstrated ten years ago that the construction of irrigation works would pay, and that there was more water running to the sea in absolute waste than would suffice to render large sections of India independent of the monsoon. He actually proved by the experiment of the Godavery Irrigation Works, which cost four million dollars, that the returns had yielded a profit on the outlay.

We can only hope that the confidence of the government in the adequacy of the measures it is taking to meet the crisis will be justified. In the meantime, missionaries are earnestly pleading for help.

The Rev. J. C. Lawson, of Pilibhit, U. P., writes:

Another severe famine threatens North India. It is the common theme of conversation among both foreigners and natives. As time goes by, the situation becomes worse and worse. Many have but one meal a day and that generally a very meagre one.

Rev. Henry Forman, of Jhansi, writes:

We are face to face with a famine which will probably be as severe, perhaps even more severe, than that of 1896-97. Our mission (North India Mission of the American Presbyterian Church), at its recent annual meeting, adopted a resolution asking for help in the saving of life and expressing gratitude for past help received from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the support of orphans. For all the sympathy and aid given us by Dr. Klopsch and the readers of his journal we are profoundly grateful. All the stations of our mission—Allahabad, Fatehpur, Cawnpore, Jhansi, Gwalior, Etawah, Etah, Fatehgarh—are in the famine territory.

Bishops Frank W. Warne and J. E. Robinson, missionary bishops of the M. E. Church, write from Lucknow:

The complete failure of the crops over such a large area makes acute famine sure for at least six months and probably for an entire year. The stricken area includes the united provinces of Agra and Oudh, almost in their entirety, most of Rajputana, large parts of Panjab, most of the central provinces and a slice of the west of Behar, with a probability of scarcity also in the north end of Gujerat. This territory includes almost, if not quite, one hundred million people, millions of whom must have help.

The government of India has already advanced several million rupees to landowners and in various parts is opening relief works and can be depended upon to do all that is possible, but unless its efforts are supplemented, all it can do will fall short and the result will be calamitous to great numbers. . . . There are fully 150,000 Christian converts in the affected region, who in a special way will suffer unless the missionaries can help them.

Natives of India Digging a Well

Six thousand people are now employed on test works in five districts of the United Provinces, and 1,200 people in two of the Central India States. Test works will be opened shortly in parts of Bombay and the Central Provinces.

In the leading newspapers of India, the famine is already an absorbing topic. The *Pioneer*, in a recent issue, says that in view of the scarcity and the increased prices of food, the time has come for the government to grant compensation allowances to low-priced government servants. Another paper, the *Panjabee*, says:

The grim spectre of famine looms ahead and threatens to stalk the entire country, already overwhelmed by a sea of troubles. There is no question that a scarcity is imminent, perhaps one of the severest in the decade which has already been marked by two dire visitations. The alarming rise of prices of all food articles left little room for doubt as to what was to follow, and now all doubt is set at rest by the publication of the government forecast.

THE "STEAMED LADY"

THE STORY OF A VICTIM OF FASHION AND FOLLY

By KATE UPSON CLARK

TWO lively young women have just returned from their third trip to Europe. It has been three years since they went before, and their impression of the changes which have taken place within that time are interesting and valuable. They report that traveling is constantly growing easier, and hotels better all over the Continent—the testimony of most of last summer's tourists.

"But how much more the women at the hotels dress than they used to!" said one of the travelers. "When we were there before one did not feel conspicuous to go to the *table d'hote* in a traveling gown. Now, everybody has to wear a dinner-dress. Many of the ladies are *decollete*. And the powder! It is simply applied by handfuls. No attempt is made to conceal it—and surely, that is much the easiest way to do. The faces of several of the ladies were actually fuzzy with powder, so that if they moved their heads quickly it fell off in a little white shower.

"When you consider that many foreign ladies paint their lips a bright scarlet and their eyebrows black," she added, "you can imagine that they look like harlequins. They do not rouge nowadays. Their cheeks and their foreheads are just the same color. But you should have seen the 'Steamed Lady.' She was the most extraordinary spectacle that we encountered during the whole five months."

"The Steamed Lady?" I interjected.

"Yes. She was, of course, a very rich person, and, fortunately, she had never had any children. As she is nearing sixty, she is naturally becoming wrinkled, which her vanity could not bear. Her husband is as vain of her as she is of herself, and he was as anxious as she was, people said, to have her wrinkles removed. She was told that if she would submit to a thorough steaming process, her face would become like a baby's. She would have to endure great pain. She would be separated from her friends for at least six weeks; but after beginning it, she must go through to the bitter end, or else she would look worse than ever. It was going to cost a small fortune; but she said she didn't care how much it hurt, nor how much it cost. She was willing to bear anything if she could only get rid of those wrinkles. They say that her sufferings were indescribable. For more than six weeks she was confined in her prison, without any light, unable to read or do anything to pass away the hours, and all the time in an inconceivable temperature. But she bore it heroically. At last she was slowly introduced again to the light of day. It was a fortnight or more, they said, before she could stay in the sunshine all day, and still longer before she could be permitted to sew or read, but the wrinkles had truly disappeared.

"Well, she had been out for two or three months when we came to the hotel, and her face was as smooth and fair as a baby's. But instead of being beautiful, she was simply grotesque. People were coming from far and near to gaze upon her, and you couldn't see her without laughing. In spite of her fashionable clothes, and her aping of youth, it was plain that she was an elderly woman. Her real age showed in her eyes, in the way she walked and in a thousand little curves. And then to see that calm, round baby-face upon the old lady!—it was unspeakably funny! But she never realized it at all, people said. She was apparently enchanted with the success of the operation, and thought she was looking perfectly lovely. But there will be one good result from her ridiculous appearance. Nobody who sees her will ever want to be 'steamed.'"

"The face of every woman is a history or a prophecy. Have no sympathy with the woman who tries to efface wrinkles. If she has lived the right life, she will not wish to do it, for there is history in every line." Thus says wise Margaret Sangster, and she is right. A writer recently told a pretty story of a mother who said she "kept her sons in love with her by being careful not to allow a spot on her face, nor to let her weight increase above a certain figure, nor even to appear in an unbecoming gown before them." Now, this mother doubtless attended also to the higher virtues as well. But would not the sons of such a mother be likely to choose their wives with more regard to the smooth complexion, the slender waist prescribed by fashion, and the well-fitting gown, than from consideration of higher qualities? And which course would be the likelier to procure solid happiness?

A young man who recently graduated at the head of his class from one of the most famous educational institutions in the world, remarked to his most intimate friend among his classmates: "Isn't it queer how we all run after the prettiest girls? I do it—you do it. And yet I have been going over in my mind all of the smartest fellows I know—and every one of them—for I am pretty well acquainted with the families of them all—has a plain-looking mother, but highly intellectual. Now, every sensible fellow looks forward to having a home and family of his own, and we want our children to be the very finest there are. Why don't we cultivate a taste for the cultured girls, even if they are plain?"

"Sometimes they come handsome and smart, too," responded his friend hopefully.

"Yes, said the other, "but they are seldom of the kind who can size up and conquer the hard problems of life—the kind that make the best mothers. As the poet says, when we fall in love with a bewitching mouth, everything it says seems to us wisest, discreetest, best, even though it may be nonsense."

While mere physical beauty will probably continue to attract, until some spiritual X-ray is discovered which will reveal the beautiful soul which is so often hidden behind a plain exterior, the discerning do not have to wait for any such distant day to read a noble life-history in a face upon which time and thought and love have graven their honorable wrinkles.

OUR MAIL-BAG

Questions and Answers

R. M., Columbus, O. What excavations, if any, are going on in Egypt at the present time and under what societies?

There are seven "concessions," where the scientists are working—one at Gizeh, where Dr. G. A. Reimer is working under American auspices; one at Aboukir, where Dr. Borckhardt (German Society), is at work; one each at Sakhara and Dashur, where excavations are made for the Cairo government; one American at Lisht; one at the Temple of Abydos, where the Liverpool University has Dr. John Garstang at work, and one opposite Luxor, where Dr. Naville is working for a Swiss society.

E. R. B., Marion, S. C. How deep and broad will the Panama Canal be when it is finished? How long will it be and what will it cost and when will it be finished?

The first or Colon section is from the Caribbean Sea to the mouth of the Mindi River, where a channel is to be excavated, having a bottom width of 500 feet and a depth of forty-two feet below mean tide. The section from Mindi River to the Gatun locks will have the same dimensions. From Gatun to San Pablo the channel will be 1,000 feet wide and have a depth of forty-five feet. The width then gradually decreases. It runs from Culebra Cut to 1,000 again, then back to 500, etc. It would be impossible to give here all the dimensions. It will probably take eight years at least to build, and the estimated cost is $140,000,000.

J. F., Lowell, Mass. Will you please give me the lineage of Mary, the mother of our Lord?

In Matthew, chap. 1, is found the genealogy of Mary; while Luke, chapter 3, gives the family tree or genealogy of Joseph.

W. M., Wilmington, N. C. Can you tell me why New York is called Gotham and its citizens Gothamites?

It is a humorous colloquial term, which was first applied to New York by Washington Irving, in his *Salmagundi Sketches*. It ridiculed the pretensions of its people to great wisdom.

Mrs. M. J. W. Where do the people known as Slavs come from?

The Slavic nations number about 80,000,000 and occupy about a third of Europe. Little is known of their history before the sixth century. They may be now divided into the eastern and western families. The eastern comprise the Russians, the Bulgarians, the Serbo-Croats, among whom are included the Servians and Montenegrins. The Slovenes in Styria, Carinthia, also belong to the eastern family. The western family includes the Poles, the Czechs or Bohemians and the Slovaks in Hungary, the Moravians and the Lusatian Wends in Saxony and Prussia. There are other minor divisions. It is thought by some historians that the original home of the Slav was in Volhynia and White Russia.

R. B., Brooklyn, N. Y. When was the famous Astor Library established in New York City?

John Jacob Astor, who died in 1848, left the sum of $400,000 "to establish a library in the city of New York." The building was opened January 9, 1854. It had then about 80,000 volumes. The building has been much added to and the number of books greatly increased.

Reader. The first prayer offered in the American Congress was made by Rev. Dr. Duche (pronounced "Du Shay"), an Episcopal clergyman, who was invited to open the national assemblage in Carpenter's Hall, Philadelphia, with Scripture reading and invocation. Washington, Henry, John Adams, Randolph, Rutledge, Lee, Jay, and all the distinguished leaders were present and united with the audience in the act of reverence. Washington knelt during the prayer and so did many others, while the rest stood with bowed heads, until the final words: "All this we ask in the name and through the merits of Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Saviour. Amen."

J. V. W., Owosso, Mich. What is the meaning of the name *Lusitania* of the giant steamship?

Lusitania was the ancient name for the western part of Spain, including modern Portugal. It is now the poetic name for Portugal.

L. B., Oakdale, Calif. 1. Of what house is the present Princess of Wales? 2. What is the cause of Norway and Sweden each having a king?

1. Before her marriage to the Prince of Wales she was Princess Victoria Mary of Teck. 2. Norway and Sweden were joined under the same king in 1815. Each had its own parliament, and managed its own internal affairs. Friction between the countries increased during the last few years. Norway asked for separate consular representation abroad, and this finally led to its withdrawing from Sweden, and electing Prince Charles of Denmark as King of Norway. It is impossible to give the whole history here. The history of Sweden in the *Stories of the Nations* series will be of help to you.

Old Subscriber, Omaha, Neb. I have heard several meanings of the name Connecticut. What is the correct one?

It is from the Indian name Quonectacut; translated, "Long River of Pines."

Mrs. M. D. K., Plymouth, Mass., writes:

The question was asked, "What was the oldest ladies' literary club?" Your answer was, "The Sorosis, organized in March, 1868." In 1866 the "Friends in Council" organized in Quincy, Ill. They own their own club house.

Reader, Washington, N. J. Will you kindly advise me through THE MAIL-BAG of the motive of our fleet in taking the long cruise into foreign waters?

There are two motives: 1. A practice cruise, which will bring the fleet up to the maximum in efficiency and prepare it for emergencies. 2. A naval demonstration in Pacific waters, where we now hold many island possessions. A third motive, as some believe, is to demonstrate the need of a larger navy, which will be strong enough to protect American interests in both oceans.

We love to hear from our old friends. Mrs. L. W., New York, writes:

I am eighty-seven years old; have taken your paper for more than twenty years without interruption. How many such have you on your list of subscribers?

A considerable number, no doubt. Some of them may feel like supporting our statement by sending us a line. We should like to have a roll-call of those who have read this journal as long as Mrs. L. W.

E. M., Auburn, N. Y., referring to a recent inquiry in THE MAIL-BAG, in regard to the convergence of the meridians and United States surveys, sends this solution of the problem:

1. If the earth were a flat surface, the meridians, being at right angles to the equator, would be parallel to each other, and consequently could not converge. But as the earth is a sphere, the meridians must converge and meet at the poles. 2. The public lands of the United States are first divided into plots, the south side of which is a parallel and the east and west sides of which are true meridians, all these sides being either twenty-four, thirty or thirty-six miles long, but as the meridians converge, the north side is somewhat shorter than the others. These plots are divided into plots, the east, west and south sides of which are six miles long, and the north side of the larger plot being divided into equal parts (approximating six miles), makes the north sides of all these small plots, which are called townships, somewhat short of six miles long. All of the above lines are run with a solar compass that they may be true parallels and true meridians. These townships are then again divided into plots, by chain and compass, of one mile square, called sections, beginning at the east side of the township, but as the north side of the township is not six miles long, the west row of half sections do not hold out full measure, and are sold for what they really measure. The above directions are somewhat varied, according to the location of the land surveyed.

F. W. S., Blue Mt. Lake, N. Y. The business of selling the "four quarts" of whisky in the "plain" packages by express to consumer direct, is a great menace to the home and to no-license towns and villages. As nine-tenths of the business is secured by means of circulars sent through the mails, would it not be a good idea to bar this class of matter from the mails?

It might be a good plan to gather evidence of any violations of law on these points, and let a regularly organized committee of your citizens lay the matter before the district attorney or some local judge, for suitable action.

W. A. W. Is there a sound where there is no ear to hear it?

Scientists have differed greatly on this point. Sound is the impression produced on the ear by the vibrations of air or water in contact with the tympanum. Currents of wind or water, it is said, produce no sound until they are made vibratory by encountering obstacles.

M. O. T., Bourbon, Mo. Were the wise men of the East, as recorded in Matt. 2, and the shepherds, as recorded in Luke 2, the same persons? A difference of opinion in my Sunday School Bible class last Sunday suggests this question.

No. The shepherds were natives of the place; the wise men (Caspar, Melchior and Baltazar, as they are called in the legend), came from afar.

I. B. When did Alexander Selkirk, whose adventures suggested Robinson Crusoe, live?

He was born in Scotland in 1676, and died in 1723.

Relief Workers in the Great Chinese Famine of 1907

THIS is a group of men and women who distinguished themselves by their devoted and self-sacrificing labors on the field during the famine in China a year ago. First on the right of the photograph, sitting, is the Rev. W. C. Longdon, Chairman of the Chinkiang Committee. Immediately back of Mr. Longdon is Mr. Walker, Transportation Agent. The second figure from the middle post to the right is the Rev. Mr. McCrea, Treasurer of the Chinkiang Committee. To his left hand is the Rev. Z. Charles Beals, of the Wuhu Mission. The rest of the group includes the wives and families of the missionaries and their associates and co-workers, with native helpers.

A reader in Lexington, Ky., Dr. W. H. Forsythe, sends us an instructive account of the temperance situation in that State. It is estimated that the value of the saloons and breweries in Atlanta which went out of business on Jan. 1, is from $1,000,000 to $1,500,000, and in the entire State some $5,000,000. There is no question that the prohibition law will be strictly enforced. Gov. Hoke Smith is quoted as saying that the brewers are preparing to manufacture soft drinks and ice, and that there is plenty of work in the State for all who will go out of the liquor business. He adds further that the State revenues will be ample without the liquor taxes to provide for all appropriations.

Miscellaneous

J. H. P., Amsterdam, N. Y. Secretary Strauss, of the Department of Commerce, is a Hebrew.

Citizen, Carthage. They are rivals in the same field, one being an offshoot of the other.

B. F. Y., Woodstock. There is no such passage in the Bible.

Reader, Canton, Ill. No, except possibly that some may have paid a little more for the newly minted coins as curiosities.

A. S. C., Montague, Mass. The play has been condemned as impious and sacrilegious. In several cities the authorities have officially forbidden its presentation.

Inquirer, New York. The Abigail Free School and Kindergarten has moved to new, commodious and pleasant quarters at 25 Charlton Street, where it occupies two buildings. Average attendance in the various departments has been 360, total attendance during the year 67,016; 35,622 meals have been dispensed. Total cost, $6,325.15. The work is unsectarian. The object is to prepare the children of poor foreigners for the public school and good citizenship. At the end of the year there is a debt balance of $1,319.50. The school is largely supported by voluntary contributions.

A New Year's Greeting

Dear Dr. Klopsch: I take pleasure in enclosing $2, for which I wish to renew my subscription for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and become a subscriber for *The American Boy*. I have two bright young sons, who enjoy reading THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and I would not be without it for three times its price. I, too, enjoy it as much as they, and consider it one of the finest periodicals in the land. Success to you, the HERALD, and the grand old Bowery Mission.

MRS. ELEANOR T. SAAKE.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TEMPLES THAT NEED PURGING

*By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts**

JESUS called the great Temple in Jerusalem "My Father's House." Three temples have succeeded each other, built upon the same spot, the crest of Mount Moriah, one of five mountains on which Jerusalem was located. The crown of Mount Moriah was the stone on which, as an altar, Abraham had prepared to offer Isaac. This was afterwards enclosed in the most sacred part of the Temple, "the holy of holies." The first Temple was built by King Solomon, the precious things for its construction having been largely gathered by his father, King David. The Tabernacle which preceded it, though largely made of curtains, was rich in its construction in gold and silver and embroidery. The Temple of Solomon was a small building as we reckon places of worship to-day, only ninety feet long by thirty wide, with a series of courts about it. After standing for four hundred and twenty-four years, it was broken down and destroyed by the King of Babylon, B.C. 598, when the Jews were carried into captivity. In the year B.C. 515, the Temple of Zerubbabel arose where King Solomon's Temple had stood. It had been built by the Jews who returned from captivity by permission of King Cyrus. It was one-third larger than King Solomon's Temple, but was far from being as magnificent, lacking most of all the Shekinah of the Divine Glory which had filled Solomon's Temple at its dedication.

Herod's Temple

After nearly five hundred years more had passed and the second Temple had fallen much into decay, King Herod the Great undertook its restoration. He began the work twenty years before the birth of Christ, but it was not entirely completed until A.D. 64, under Herod Agrippa II., when Christ had come and gone. This was called "Herod's Temple." We are more interested in the details of construction of Herod's Temple than of any of the others, because it was the Temple in which Jesus taught. The Temple area covered a space of about eight hundred feet square. There was an outer wall enclosing the Court of the Gentiles, the only place in which Gentiles who had become proselytes to the Jewish faith were privileged to go. In the midst of this court was the "middle wall of partition," beyond which no Gentile might venture. Next came the Court of the Women, that is, Israelitish women, and then the Court of Israel, where the men of Israel might go. Next came the Court of the Priests, where only the priests could go. These courts arose in terraces one above the other, until at length the Temple proper stood highest of all.

It will be interesting to recall what parts of the Temple were frequented by Jesus. As a babe forty days old, he was brought into the Court of the Women and was met by Simeon at the "inner gate," which opened into the Court of Israel. At twelve years of age, Jesus probably went into the Court of Israel, and afterwards sat upon the steps leading up to that court, where the "doctors" were accustomed to sit and teach the people gathered about.

Jesus in the Temple

Solomon's Porch on the east front of the Temple was the popular gathering place of the people. It was there, in all probability, that Jesus saw the Pharisee and publican praying. It was there that he revealed himself to the cripple whom he had cured at Bethesda. It was there that the Pharisees watched him critically, and found fault with him. It was in the Court of the Women that he commended the poor widow who had cast all her living into the treasury. It was in the Court of the Gentiles that he met the Greeks who wanted to see him. It was in the same court, on the south side, that he found the traders and the money changers, and cleared them out because they had made it a den of thieves. It was in one of the rooms on the south side of the inner court that Jesus was tried before the Sanhedrin. It was in the Castle Antonia, at the northwest corner of the Temple Court, that Pilate delivered him to be crucified. We do not read that Jesus ever went into the Holy Place.

*The International Sunday School Lesson for January 26, 1908. Jesus Cleanses the Temple. John 2: 13-22. Golden Text: "Holiness becometh Thine house, O Lord, forever." Ps. 93: 5.

As the Tabernacle of cloth pointed on to the Temple of stone, both of these pointed on to Christ and Christians as temples of flesh and spirit. John says, "The Word was made flesh and tabernacled among us" (John 1: 14). And Jesus himself said in this lesson, "Destroy this temple [referring to his body] and in three days I will raise it up" (John 2: 19). Paul shows that this Christ temple of flesh and spirit, as well as the previous temples of cloth and stone, all find their fulfilment in the Christian. "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God? (I. Cor. 3: 16, 17; 6: 19.) Peter goes a step further and shows that

The True Temple

to which all temples thus far mentioned point, is the Church as "a spiritual house" in which individual Christians are "living stones" (I. Pet. 2: 5). John carries the whole series of temple types to its consummation when he says of "the Holy City coming down" (that is, the Christian city on earth that is to be), "I saw no temple therein, for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it" (Rev. 21: 22); which seems to mean that religion is not to be a fenced-off corner of life, but as directly associated with the board of trade and the city hall and the play ground as it is now with the steepled church. It is all God's world, and therefore temple cleansing to-day means cleansing (1) the heart, (2) the church and (3) the world.

"He drove them all out of the Temple, and the sheep and the oxen"

The mission of wind and fire in nature is largely that of purging the world. "Awake, O north wind, and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices may flow out." The north wind seems rough and cruel, but its benevolent mission is to purify the atmosphere, to drive away the miasmatic fogs. In the threshing floor it is the wind that separates the chaff from the wheat. Especially is it a part of its mission to keep the sea pure by stirring its waters to their depths. Job bethought him of this when he was greatly afflicted: "Am I a sea, that thou settest a watch over me?" (Job 7: 12.)

The Mission of Fire

Purging is still more the mission of fire (I. Cor. 3: 13). It purifies the gold, it beautifies the silver.

As gold is tried by fire,
So the heart is tried by pain.

It was because the Holy Spirit's mission is first to purge and purify the heart and the Church that it was symbolized by wind and fire at Pentecost (Acts 2; see also Matt. 3: 11).

It would be an interesting hunt to those who get as much joy in finding truth as others in killing animals, to range through the Old Testament and recall those great chapters in which brave prophets and faithful kings cleansed the Temple—sometimes the Holy Land—of idolatry and other profanations. The two most notable cases are those of Hezekiah (II. Kings 18: 4ff.), and Josiah (II. Chron. 34: 1-7). A fine example for listless young men who care little what goes wrong in church or State if they can have "bread and games," is the picture of Hezekiah, the young man of twenty-five, every inch a king, superintending his soldiers and servants as they cut down the altars and pillars and groves devoted to the sensual worship of the Syrian Venus, Astarte, and break to pieces the brazen serpent that had been placed in the Temple as a reminder of God's help in the past, but has become an idol. Hezekiah calls it in contempt "a piece of brass," while angry idolaters stood threateningly by, for it is perilons even for a king to meddle with popular superstitions. It would be called "bad politics" to-day. But Hezekiah believed what Washington afterwards wrote as the political creed of all Christian statesmen: "Let us raise a standard to which the wise and the honest can repair; the event is in the hand of God."

The Boy Reformer

If Hezekiah is the inspiring example for young men, Josiah is a noble pattern for boys, for he was but sixteen years old when he entered upon the moral street cleaning of Judah and Jerusalem and swept out as interlopers in the Holy Land, the images and altars of a false and corrupting worship. In both instances religious reform was also moral reform. They were both purity crusades. We get a thrilling view of this boy reformer, in righteous wrath personally conducting the purging of his land of popular vices, in the vivid word-pictures of the Bible story: "They brake down the altars of Baal in his presence; and the sun images that were on high above them he hewed down; and the Asherim and the graven images; and the molten images he brake in pieces, and made dust of them, and strewed it upon the graves of them that had sacrificed unto them" (II. Chron. 34: 4). The boys and young men of to-day have like opportunities for courageous cleansing, first of their own hearts, then of their clubs and societies and communities. In one great city in America the successful leader of moral reforms for the whole city is the boyish chairman of the Endeavor Citizenship Committee, whose members are sneeringly called "children" by those unfriendly to their cause. Gray-haired pastors are following the lead of this young Josiah of the West, with good hope that the open gambling and Sunday liquor selling and prize fighting that dishonors their city shall be done away.

"And he found in the Temple them that sold oxen." This is not the first case, or the last, that God's Temple has been turned into a stable. "Know ye not that your body is the temple of God? (I. Cor. 6: 19.) Nothing that is not holy enough for a Temple should be tolerated in our lives.

When Ignatius, bishop of Antioch, standing at the bar of Trajan, was asked his name, he replied: "My name is Theophorus;" which, says Tophel, signifies "He who carries God; he who gives God an asylum." This is the equivalent of Paul's "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" Hence Tophel also exclaims: "Theophori! That is what we are also, my brethren, Theophori!" Is the reader conscious that he carries God in his heart? If not, let him cry:

Spirit of Love, descend, and let thy fire
With its celestial heat my heart inspire!
Consume all sin, and my soul purify,
That it may be a Temple to the Lord Most High.

"And he made a scourge of cords." Of course, this was only for the cattle. Christ gives no sanction to the whipping-post. In both of his cleansings of the Temple, all he needed to drive out the men who polluted it was that "look" before which, in Gethsemane, the mob fell to the ground. That same soul-searching look beholds every desecration of our heart temples. "Holiness becometh thine house, O Lord, forever" (Ps. 93: 5).

Expelling Traders

"And he poured out the changers' money." It was to these bankers that Jesus said that they had made God's house of prayer "a den of thieves," doubtless by such tricks in money changing as now prevail in China, where a variable Mexican dollar and a ten per cent. difference between Shanghai and Hong Kong dollars enable a money changer to play all sorts of tricks on the uninformed traveler. Some who would condemn such tricks in a temple think they are quite in order on the street. But the street is an aisle in the great temple of God's Everywhere. Surely, recent events call teachers as well as preachers in thunder tones to condemn the dishonest financial customs that have to a great degree taken the place of conscience in the commercial life of our land. Every pulpit and Sunday School should discuss faithfully the relation of Christian principles to the commonly accepted commercial code. When millionaire gambling in stocks has nearly upset a nation's prosperity and has seriously hampered every Christian undertaking, no religious teacher can evade his responsibility to deal as faithfully as Jesus did with the great taproot of human wickedness, the covetousness which is idolatry and so wrongs both God and man. Character building is temple building. So the following words of Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler are pertinent:

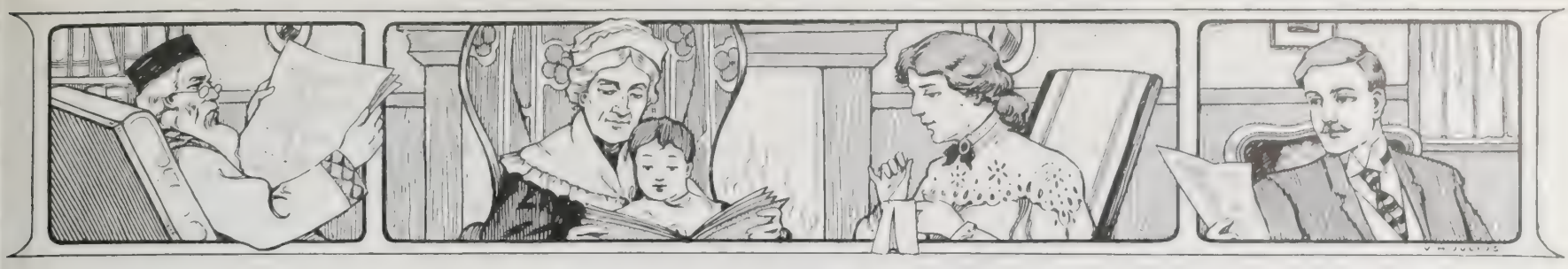
"Passing a company of workmen engaged in erecting a public edifice, I observed the master-builder with a bit of wood in his hand to which a cord and plummet was attached. He was testing the walls to see if they would stand the law of gravitation. All the superb ornamentation would avail nothing if the wall was not perpendicular. The prophet Amos tells us that he had a vision of God as standing upon a wall with

A Plumb-line in His Hand

This world did not come into existence by chance, and is not governed by guess-work. God governs it by wise and invariable laws, and to every person, every transaction, every institution, he applies his plumb-line."

In cleansing both the heart and the Church, the two oxen that Christ scourged most severely were Covetousness and Hypocrisy. These were the sins in the heart temples of the Pharisees that Christ lashed with his sevenfold "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites; who rob widows' houses and for a pretense make long prayers." "Lord, is it I?" we may each of us fitly ask, for absolute sincerity is rare and selfishness is not. It is easy to fossilize into formalism. "Lord, make me real," should be our frequent prayer.

AROUND THE HOME HEARTH



Pleasure at Home

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

SHORT days now and long nights, snow-drifts deep beside the highway and over the fields, low-hanging clouds and bare branches. This is the reign of winter. Inside, bright fires, warm corners, brisk moving about of mother and the girls to get supper for hungry men, boys running in with red cheeks and mittened hands, reefers buttoned tight around their sturdy bodies, all aglow from a jolly time on the skating-pond. A jingle of sleigh-bells, a cheery wave of the hand from neighbors passing, the lamp shedding its light over bright faces in the long evening, a daughter at the piano, a son with a banjo, apples roasting on the hearth, corn popping on the range, a general atmosphere of coziness, a general expectation of fun, little leisure for reading, much agreeable talk, repetition of household jests, expectation of visits from kindred and friends; all this falls naturally and pleasantly into the routine of winter.

If one has not lately read *Snowbound*, this is the time to take Whittier from the shelf and see through his clear eyes the interior of a homely New England farmhouse in mid-winter. This is the hour when we may remember Emerson's felicitous phrase, "A tumultuous privacy of storm." Let the tempests rage, let the wild winds blow. The smoke curls up from the chimneys, there is contentment and peace around the home hearth, and more than ever the family draws together, and the bonds of love are strengthened, when the days are short and the nights are long.

All the sweet homes are not in the country. Many of them are in city apartments, rising tier upon tier, replete with every modern convenience, but keeping the same essentials that make ideal the country home—serenity, contentment, repose, warmth and light. If I were asked for a recipe warranted to keep boys and girls happy at home in the winter, I should mix it as follows:

One part loyalty,
Two parts light,
Three parts love.
Well mixed and compounded together.

In a season when retrenchment is necessary, and there must be close counting of every penny on the part of thousands, it is well for the prudent housewife to decide where economy shall be lavish, instead of frugal. Economy ought not to be limited to mere saving of expense. In reality it includes the entire management of a household and of family life. Spend on lamps and candles, or on gas and electricity, and do your saving somewhere else. The boy of eighteen and his brother, a little younger or a little older, hesitate to leave the cheer of a well-lighted home, its air of pleasure and delight, for the engagement that calls them to the outside. Women are often terribly mistaken in fancying that their rich carpets and dainty curtains and costly upholstery enhance the true value of home.

I think of a home with rag carpets and braided rugs, with maps and pictures cut from newspapers on the walls, with splint-bottomed chairs and pine tables, a home in which there was not a single luxury, yet which, through all its years, was a well-spring of pleasure to its inmates, who have gone forth from it to occupy eminent stations and adorn the name they bear. This home had ample provision for pleasure and a background of comfort. It needed no luxury.

In planning for pleasure at home, we should not forget the neighborhood. Little social gatherings of friendly neighbors, who drop in at stated intervals to spend an evening in one another's homes, should be part of each winter's programme. Extending from the home to the church, these social affairs, if genuine and hearty, are almost as useful to the church as the mid-week prayer-meeting. What people need is to get together. The women of the church are, of course, the appropriate leaders in hospitality. A good plan for a Ladies' Aid Society is to divide itself into committees alphabetically, the A's entertaining in one month, the B's in another, and the C's in a third. Or a reception committee may be formed on lines of age, including one evening a trio of grandmothers, on another a quartette of spinsters, again a quintette of young married women, and yet again a bevy of merry girls.

What we want to do is to utilize winter evenings at home and abroad for better understanding of one another, for closer acquaintanceship, even of parents and children, and for bringing into the daily world of work and care a wholesome element of good feeling, and an effervescence of fun.

Taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more cloud than sun.

A LETTER FROM HER SWEETHEART

"May I read it to you, Aunty, the letter from my dear?
He's coming home in April. He's been gone a weary year.
He's such a splendid fellow—Oh, you needn't smile at me,—
Just wait till Jack is home again, and all the world will see."
She reads her lover's letter, and the older heart is glad;
Who would not breathe a tender prayer for happy lass and lad?

The Rule of the Road

WHETHER you are abroad or at home you must obey the rule of the road. In some countries this rule obliges you to keep to the right, in others to the left. People who refuse to adhere to this plain direction get into trouble. The swiftly moving vehicle cannot swerve suddenly out of its course without peril, and two persons approaching each other from opposite points must inevitably collide if they ignore the rule of the road.

On crowded thoroughfares where throngs are passing and repassing all day long there would be continual confusion and needless delays were pedestrians unwilling to keep to the right or the left. The rule of the road is inflexible. One cannot evade it, change it or infringe on it without a result of more or less disaster.

Throughout life we shall find that the same imperious rule must govern our conduct and determine our course of action. We begin our onward march when we are little children, and we never cease our journey over life's road until the end of our earthly days.

Isabella Bird Bishop, a brave English woman whose delight it was to travel in unknown lands, and who cared nothing for danger and hardship when exploring unfamiliar territory, sometimes found herself in pathless defiles of the Rocky Mountains, sometimes in almost abysmal sloughs of despond, stretching from one city of China to another; she ventured on many unbeaten tracks and dared to enter unfriendly neighborhoods, but wherever she went she found that a rule of the road learned by heart in her early childhood, a rule of courage, courtesy and charity, was sufficient to carry her over and through the most difficult places.

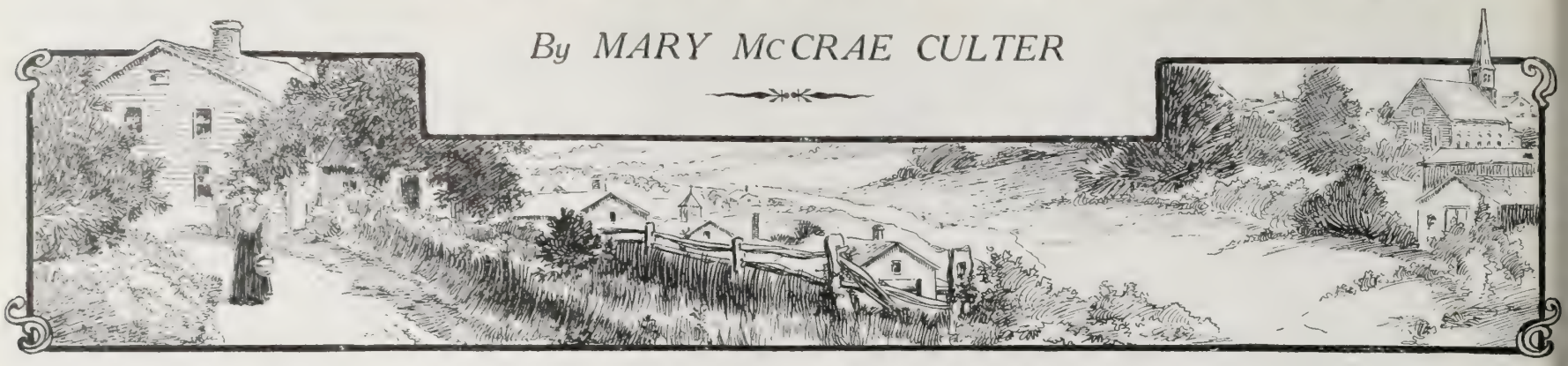
The crusty, churlish, impolite person, the person who goes about with a chip on his shoulder, on the lookout for slights, is sureto transgress that rule of the road which tells that we must yield a little when necessary, and on no account take ever so small an advantage of our neighbor. We must, in other words, be courteous. Yet our courtesy must not lead us to concede too much. On the road of life we must not be like Pliable in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, ready now to agree with one view and then to accept another without regard to principle. The rule of the road, as it affects us in business and in recreation, is a rule of fixed adherence to convictions.

All through life we must keep the balance steady. For example, we may earnestly desire to help by a large contribution a cause that appeals to us. If we can do this by self-denial, affecting no one except ourselves, we are right in laying the goodly sum on the altar. But if part of our income is needed for the support and comfort of an invalid mother, or for assistance in the education of younger brothers and sisters, we should forego the pleasure we might have in helping the world outside, and bend our energies toward doing the duty at home. The rule of the road in our case is to take vigilant care of those in our own company.

A young man had made it his custom from the time when he began to be a wage-earner on every Sunday morning to put aside a part of his weekly salary for the Lord's work. He had other claims, but he set this claim first. One year he said to himself that he would be justified in view of his responsibility in giving nothing as an offering to the Lord. He said later that the experiment had shown him the greatness of his mistake.

THE MISCHIEF-MAKERS

By MARY McCRAE CULTER



CHAPTER IX—*Continued*

"NOW, remember, you are my partner to-night," said Glenn. "I don't want you running off to supper with any of the other boys. And you're to be good to Kathleen, you know," he said to Hollis as they went up the steps together.

"I'm here now, and I'll do as I please," she retorted.

"No, you won't, for you have to get home. I'll leave you to spend the night with Amy, sure as fate, if you don't be good," he answered; and with that he ushered her into the scene of festivities.

Thanks to his persistent efforts, Hollis was in a highly nervous state and did "act simply horrid" to every one that evening. Mr. Allan was distinctly delighted when she entered the room, for, in spite of Kathleen's congenial companionship, he had not forgotten Hollis. She had always been exceedingly careful to show only the best side of her character to the minister, and he had believed her to be the very embodiment of all the feminine graces; but on this evening his good opinion was sadly shaken. She was undeniably cross and unlovely; so much so, that she entirely marred the evening's enjoyment.

In response to one of the requests for music, Kathleen and Mabel, Charlie Lester and Mr. Allan sang several college glees which were enthusiastically applauded by the young people. Under the influence of these friends, skilfully aided by Glenn Fraser, the minister threw off his reserve and was, for the first time since coming to Hawthorne, a young man among young people. As a consequence, their friendship was thoroughly won, and the coldness between them utterly destroyed. Hollis saw and resented all this. As the hold of the other young people upon him increased, she felt her own influence slipping away, and it added to her anger. She saw the changed expression in his eyes when he looked at her, and, instead of attributing it to her own erratic words and actions, laid it to the adverse influence of Kathleen Lawrence.

"I'll give a good deal to know what she has been saying to him about me. Something horrid, I am sure. Just wait, Miss Kathleen, till I get him home," she thought.

All in all, the evening was a miserable one for Hollis, and more than once she wished that she had not come. In spite of her promise, she made several attempts to draw Charlie away from Mabel, and to keep Mr. Allan at her side, but watchful Glenn seemed omnipresent, and never failed to interfere with all such violations of their "treaty," as he chose to term it. She went home a sadder, but alas! not a wiser girl, while Glenn rejoiced to think that his little scheme had worked so well, and that Mr. Allan's eyes had been opened to the serious imperfections in her character.

"What could have been the matter with Miss Hayward to-night?" the minister asked Kathleen as they drove back to the Lawrence farm that night. "She did not seem at all like herself. She is usually of such an even, unruffled disposition, but to-night she seemed quite disturbed." The minister was evidently puzzled by the change in his friend, and Kathleen was too good-natured to enlighten him. Charlie and Mabel, riding on the front seat, heard his question and looked at one another and laughed softly.

"That's a mystery to the minister," murmured Charlie. "I'll have to tell that to Glenn."

Then they both listened again. Kathleen was saying: "Something has certainly occurred to trouble or annoy her this evening. I expect Glenn has been tormenting her. He is an inveterate tease. By the way, how did you enjoy his solo this evening? Do you not think that he shows musical talent? I have been trying for a long time to persuade him to cultivate his voice, but I cannot convince him that it would be worth while. Perhaps if you would speak to him about it he would be persuaded."

"'What could have been the matter with Miss Haywood?' asked the minister"

In answering these queries in regard to Glenn, Mr. Allan forgot Hollis; and so the unpleasant subject was avoided. Charlie drew a long breath as the conversation drifted safely to a favorable consideration of Glenn's voice.

"Hollis does not deserve that," he remarked softly to Mabel, who answered:

"No. But did you expect any other kind of an answer from Kathleen?"

CHAPTER X

An Unhealthy Atmosphere

THE week's visit at the Lawrence farm had a marked influence on the young minister's mind. He began to see the people of his church in a new light. Yet not a word reflecting on any member had been uttered. Kind and charitable in every case had been the opinions given, yet Mr. Allan noticed that there were some of whom little was said. It seemed as if the Lawrence family avoided speaking of those of whose conduct they did not approve. Certainly he had never known people who more consistently adopted the apostle's characterization of charity in thinking no evil, hoping all things and enduring all things. The effect was distinctly beneficial. Mr. Allan returned with a more kindly feeling to every one, and with a resolve to be patient and gentle with any who might show a disposition to cause trouble.

He was more genial, too, and at the first service after his return, he mingled with his people after the benediction, chatting familiarly with them and greeting them cordially. The young people gathered around him, conscious that the ice was broken, and that their pastor was one with themselves.

Hollis watched these proceedings uneasily, dismayed by the general good feeling, and especially by the comradeship that appeared to have been established between Mr. Allan, Charlie Lester and the Lawrence sisters. Her dismay was increased when she heard old Mr. Alison say:

"Now, Meester Allan, ye maun come an' 'bide a week at oor hoose, as ye did at Brither Lawrence's. We maun hae a chaunce to ken oor meenister, as weel as ither folk do; an' ye'll fin' us ready to mak' you welcome at ony time."

This was worse than the Lawrence invitation, so Hollis thought, for in the years of religious strife, the Alisons and the Haywards had been most bitter antagonists. She feared that the old Scotchman would persuade Mr. Allan to go with him at once, and so give her no opportunity to prepare the minister for the Alison side of the church difficulties.

"I can count on papa's help," she thought, "for he shares my dislike of the Alisons, and will not like Mr. Allan to fall under their influence. If only this visit can be delayed a week, we can fix it all right."

She was also anxious for an opportunity to dispel the unpleasant impressions which her conduct at the Conover party had probably made upon the minister's mind. She realized that she had recklessly revealed the worst side of her character on that unlucky evening, and that his opinion of her must have suffered in consequence.

No doubt Kathleen took occasion to fill his mind with prejudices and to draw unkind comparisons with herself. Kathleen, she said, judging the girl by herself, would be sure to prejudice the minister against her.

All the time she was jealously watching and listening to the conversation between Mr. Alison and the minister, and was finally much relieved to hear the latter say:

"I shall be glad to avail myself of your invitation in the near future; but this week I must remain at home and do extra studying to make up for last week's vacation. You know I have not been in the ministry long enough to have the traditional barrel of sermons to fall back upon in time of need."

"If vacations are going to make you give us sermons equal to that one you preached to-day, the more of them you take, the better for us," remarked another member heartily.

The minister flushed with pleasure. Such commendation as this was so new as to be delightful. Surely he had misunderstood and misjudged the people of the Hawthorne church.

Standing away to one side, Glenn Fraser watched proceedings with intelligent and mischievous eyes. He noted Hollis' uneasiness and rising anger.

"That girl means mischief," he said to himself. "I am afraid she is plotting some evil. That will be a pity now that things are straightening out. Guess I'll go and smooth down her feathers.

"Hello, Hollis. Have you recovered from the effects of our pleasant excursion? I have felt decidedly exhausted ever since then. It is not often now that I have the privilege of a good old-fashioned wrangle with you, and it has left me 'the waur o' the weer', as our friend Alison would say. How is it with you?"

"Don't be impertinent," she said. "I wonder you are not ashamed to refer to that party after making yourself so disagreeable all the way there."

"But that was according to our treaty," Glenn answered. "When you asked me to take you, I told you I exacted the

Continued on next page

THE MISCHIEF-MAKERS

Continued from preceding page

vilege of wrangling with you. I was rely a substitute, you know, and you not expect compliments from a man that position. You would not have ed me to go if there had been any r escort available. I felt I must e pay for filling a gap of that kind, I took my pay in teazing you. But journey was certainly lively; you ld not complain that I was dull."

"No, but you were spiteful and almost e. You put me in a thoroughly bad per and I have not recovered yet."

"Well, it is all over now. Let us shake ds and be friends."

"No," said Hollis, "I have not for- n you yet," and she turned away ptly to speak to a friend.

The harp-strings were still jarring n she reached home, and she was in mood to drop a little poison into the ister's mind if she could.

The Hayward family gave Mr. Allan a cordial welcome home that felt his heart warm toward them. sincere friends as these were well h having, and although vacations delightful, "home" still had its ms. His mind was so full of the sant time he had experienced and the ndships he had made, and so unsus- ious was he of the family with whom welt, that he did not realize how ly and skilfully they questioned him the minute details of his visit at the rences. All possible church ques- ns that might have been discussed carefully brought up, to learn what s had been put into his mind con- ing them. The matter of the choir of especial interest to Hollis, and soon obtained an account of the con- ition which had been held regard- it, and learned of the suggestion for leadership which he had made.

"I could have told you that Kathleen ld oppose that," Mr. Hayward said. "She is jealous of Hollis, and would ter the choir remained inefficient than t placed under the charge of Hollis. Doubt she had much to say in regard her own services in this line?"

"No," Mr. Allan answered, vainly try- to recall just what had been said. "So far as I can remember, her words exceedingly kind about every one. struck me as being a very amiable, minded girl."

"That is because you do not know her e do. She is anything but 'amiable fair-minded' when things do not go r way. One needs to be upon his d, when talking to Kathleen Law- ," Hollis remarked as they rose to the dinner table.

The minister went away to his own , carrying an undefined feeling of siness and disappointment. The note had been discordant. The elation cordiality of the morning had dis- ared. He was weary, and heartsick, "blue." He wondered why his mood changed, and ascribed it to reaction his week of visiting, not realizing the true reason was that the dinner- conversation had affected him un- antly. It was on a lower plane than on which he had been living—a in which there was spiritual ma- the product of the swamps in which nous weeds of envy and petty jeal- s were growing.

During the days that followed, Hollis triously labored to regain her hold the heart of the young minister, an nce which had never seemed so de- rable as it did now since she imagined Kathleen Lawrence was making a ar attempt. Like all under-handed ers, she suspected others of like iples and motives, and imagined things of them which she would found it impossible to prove. She all sweetness, and good-humor, and ity, striving to make Mr. Allan for- the unlovely revelations of that even- t the Conovers. The German read- s were renewed, and the old arts ught into play; but to her dismay she ul that she could not quite regain the which she had held in his esteem. Something had come between them, and she could not discover what it was.

On Mr. Allan's part, the old companionship was renewed as eagerly as it was by Hollis. For a little while he told himself that it was as delightful as before; but for some unknown reason, he began to weary of it. The spirit of criticism and of general depreciation was painful to a man anxious to take the best view of every one.

Some way, he could not get the inspiration for his sermons which he had felt the week before, nor was there the same spirit with which to deliver them; hence, his efforts on the following Sunday fell as flat and as unappreciated as those of former weeks.

The people came about him, eager to renew the pleasant conversation of the previous week, but the suspicions engendered through the week were upon him, and were all too apparent in his manner, so that the people turned away disappointed and repelled, and the good feeling that had seemed almost established was dissipated.

Glenn Fraser again watched proceedings with intelligent eyes.

"If something does not happen soon to break that girl's evil influence over the dominie, I'll have to do it myself. He is far and away the best minister Hawthorne has ever had, and he shall not be spoiled or driven away, simply to satisfy Hollis Hayward's notions and ambitions. The Haywards consider me the black sheep of the church—and maybe I am—but their bleaching processes will never make me white. Indeed, I prefer my shade of blackness to theirs."

CHAPTER XI

Released From the Spell

HOLLIS HAYWARD was in a state of happy excitement. A letter had been received from a friend in the city, announcing her approaching marriage, and requesting Hollis to come and act as one of her bridesmaids. Visions of all sorts of uncommon pleasures in perspective fluttered from that open envelope, and hope remained to cheer her in her delightful days of preparation for a trip which promised so much. Mr. Allan was left very much to himself in these days, for even in the evenings Hollis was occupied with her preparations, and had neither time nor thought for German or anything other than the work in hand.

The minister himself was of little consequence, now that this invitation opened to her the delights and the possibilities of the city; and when, one evening, Charlie Lester came along with his buggy and invited Mr. Allan to go with him to spend the evening at the Lawrence home, she hardly gave any attention to a proceeding which, under ordinary circumstances, would have aroused her anger and dismay. She even forgot to question him the next day about the events of his visit, her mind being entirely occupied with the more important subject of her bridesmaid's dress; so there was nothing to mar his memories of a most delightful evening of congenial companionship, laughter and song. More than that, there were to be new songbooks for the Sunday School, and Charlie and the Lawrence girls had agreed to help in the selection, an event to which he looked forward with decided pleasure.

To be continued

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Dear Dr. Klopsch: I have received the Calendar, Animal Story Book,' and your hearty and thoughtful good wishes to myself and loved ones for the coming year. This last is the more appreciated and more than doubles the value of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its annual gifts, as it carries with it a personal interest in your subscribers, which is so essential and so helpful in this worldly world. Everything sent is satisfactory.

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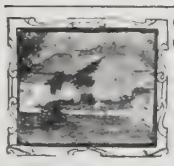

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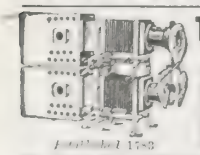

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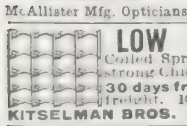

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NEW WORDS OF CHRIST

NEWLY found words attributed to Christ have been brought to this country by the art collector, Mr. Charles L. Freer, of Detroit, Mich. They have been translated by Professor Henry A. Sanders, of the University of Michigan, and were reported to the Archæological Institute at its recent meeting in Chicago. The words were found in an ancient Bible, which was hidden in the sands of Egypt, and apparently dated in the sixth or seventh century of our era. This date places it among the oldest manuscripts in our possession, not indeed so old as the manuscript known as the Vatican, nor as that found by Tischendorf in the monastery of Sinai, which are attributed to the fourth century, but older than any manuscript known at the time the King James version was prepared. It is a mutilated copy of the sacred Word, Genesis to Deuteronomy being missing, and the part containing the Psalms somewhat illegible, either through exposure or through a difference in the ink used. Professor Sanders is working steadily at the translation, which may occupy two or three years.

He naturally examined early in his work such passages as have been the subject of dispute, especially those of the New Testament. Among them was the passage Mark 16: 9-20. It has long been known that the most ancient copies of the Gospel of Mark ended abruptly with the word "for" in the eighth verse. Evidently the original manuscript had been mutilated, or perhaps the last column of the copy, which would be outside in a roll, had worn off by frequent handling. In the next to the oldest manuscripts the twelve verses, as they appear in our authorized version, were added, but there was always a suspicion that they were not from the pen of the Mark who wrote the earlier part of the Gospel. This suspicion proved to be correct, for a few years ago Mr. Frederick C. Conybeare found a very ancient manuscript referring to the close of the Gospel of Mark as "missing." It further went on to state that the missing portion had been supplied by Aristian, "who was himself a disciple of the Lord, and whose words," said the manuscript, "are every whit as good as Mark's words." It may be so, but we would have preferred Mark's words, even though these were written by an authority so eminent as Aristian, who, Papias said, was one of the seventy disciples sent out by Jesus himself. (See Luke 10: 1.)

The new version that Prof. Sanders has just deciphered is not Mark's conclusion, but a variation of Aristian's, or rather an addition to the fourteenth verse. That verse as in our version reads:

> Afterward he appeared unto the eleven as they sat at meat and upbraided them with their unbelief and hardness of heart, because they believed not them which had seen him after he was risen.

Then these new words appear:

> And they answered, saying that this age of unrighteousness and unbelief under the power of Satan, who does not permit the things which are made impure by the [evil] spirits to comprehend the truth of God [and] his power. For this reason, reveal thy righteousness now, they said to Christ; and Christ said to them, The limit of the years of the power of Satan has been fulfilled, but other terrible things are at hand, and I was delivered unto death on behalf of those who sinned in order that they may return to the truth and sin no more, to the end that they inherit the spiritual indestructible glory of righteousness [which] is in heaven.

The manuscript then proceeds with the fifteenth verse, which reads as in our version:

> And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.

Whether the churches were doubtful about the words having been really spoken we do not know, but they were dropped after some years, as is evident by their not being in our version. They remained for a time, however, for they were in the version that Jerome used in 385 A.D., as we learn from a reference in his works.

Another interesting discovery in this newly found Bible is that the words which the Revisers omitted from the Lord's Prayer, on the ground that they were not contained in the most ancient manuscripts, appear here, and the prayer ends as in the Authorized Version: "For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever, Amen." This shows that the words formed part of the prayer as received in the sixth or seventh century.

An Ornament to the Library

Dear Dr. Klopsch: The book of Animals, Birds and Fishes came to hand all right. The book itself in its make-up is excellent and good enough to enhance any family's library. Its contents I pronounce the complete work of a master hand, making it entertaining as well as instructive. PAUL DEBLER.
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So say the men who rule affairs of state.
Allegiance is not due to sovereign hand;
Ours is the right to govern our great land.
We trust ourselves, in our own power and pluck:
And if that fails, why, we'll just trust to luck!

. . .

Ours is the gold, which now our treasury fills;
Ours are the cattle on a thousand hills;
Ours the proud battleships, that bravely plow
Across the mighty deep, with glistening prow;
Ours the great cities, rushing railway trains.
No thanks to God, who gave to us the brains,
The strength, the will; who gave all things to bend
Our sovereign way to accomplish a great end.

. . .

God of our fathers, now by us forgot,
In all our boastfulness, forsake us not:
But in accordance with thy promise true,
Hear the petitions of the humble few,
And, while this cherished motto we resign,
Stamp it upon our hearts and make us thine.

SOME HARD KNOCKS

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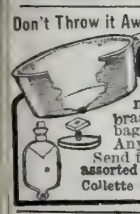

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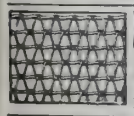

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In the "Mother Home" (now at Tappan, N.J.) nearly 5,000 young girls have been sheltered, encouraged and led to Christ. Thousands have had similar opportunities in the other Doors of Hope. Within the period named nearly $100,000 have been received in voluntary contributions for the support and work of the Mother Home. Although the Doors of Hope are each independent of the other as to means of support, they are all more or less banded together under the "Door of Hope Union," with but one object in view, namely, that the workers, through interchange of views and prayerful ministration, may be of mutual assistance and blessing in furthering the entire work for the glory of God.

Mrs. E. M. Whittemore

About three years ago, during a somewhat serious illness, I was anxious because I knew of no one to assume the responsibility of conducting the Door of Hope work in the event of my death. I prayed much over it, asking divine guidance, and was led to communicate with Commander Eva Booth, of the Salvation Army, concerning the matter. After a full consultation, a plan was arranged whereby those specially interested in this movement could work together in harmonious conjunction. The original board was retained, myself as president and treasurer, the work to continue on the same spiritual lines as formerly, and its continuance being provided for in the event of the death of the founder.

Two years have passed since this went into effect. We all steadfastly labored together, and have ample occasion to thank God for great blessings, and for the conversion of many a young girl. Nearly five hundred such cases have already been dealt with. No one can estimate the good that has been accomplished in those lives.

The certainty of the Door of Hope's permanency under the supervision of the Salvation Army urges me, with greater zest than ever, to labor on in behalf of the Mother Home. A noble spirit of self-sacrifice has been shown by the lady officers of the Salvation Army in this whole matter, which appealed to me very strongly. As I was brought into closer touch with their rescue department, I was impressed with the deep sincerity of the efforts made in behalf of suffering humanity. I felt prompted to inquire of the Commander if visitations of cheer and encouragement were made among their officers in the various corps. As she replied in the negative, her expressive eyes glistened with sympathetic appreciation of the suggestion. Such a plan, she declared, was greatly needed, and would be a blessing to some of the hard-working officers, and especially to some of the women officers struggling bravely in small towns, and who required to be encouraged and comforted. This conversation resulted, some months later, in my offering myself to the Commander for such a ministry. No one had even hinted at the possibility of my joining the ranks of the Salvation Army, or entering into any further relationship than that which had already existed in connection with the Door of Hope, and there was a natural hesitancy lest comment should be invited by my taking such a step, and by assuming the uniform after being before the public for years in independent Christian work. But while God's motives cannot as yet be all fathomed in guiding such a step, I feel that it is His will and that I can confidently await His time for further enlightenment.

I received the commission of Adjutant in the Salvation Army. Necessarily, some added responsibilities arose, but everything soon became systematized and the work moved onward rapidly. Already nearly one hundred officers have been visited and their sick prayed with, spiritual communion has been held with others in their homes, and in their respective corps many services were held which have produced fruit for the kingdom.

When in New York, with the exception of the time allotted to the Door of Hope, a portion of each day is spent in my office at Salvation Army Headquarters, in connection with the Woman's Branch of the Anti-Suicide League. It is a unique work, bringing us into contact with many who, almost on the verge of despair, come to us for the main purpose of unburdening their hearts, either after attempting suicide, or when on the verge of dashing themselves into eternity by their own hand.

Entering the Salvation Army as a "special," my freedom is in no wise curtailed regarding accepting invitations to speak as formerly, outside of those arranged by the organization, and many an extra visit has been made to places I might never otherwise have visited.

Called Higher

E. L. Stafford, who passed away on October 11, at Lawtey, Fla., was a man of fine Christian character. He was superintendent for over fifteen years of the M.E. Sunday School.

Mrs. J. Bolds, of Little Prairie, Wis., who passed away recently, was a lover of all good, a great temperance worker, a member of the W. C. T. U., and a Sunday School teacher for thirty-one years.

Mrs. S. R. Davis, of Sterling, Ill., recently passed away at the ripe age of ninety-two. She was born in Lancaster, Pa., in 1815. She was a devout and exemplary Christian, and a regular reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for many years.

A request by mail for practical and trustworthy information about the safe investment of savings will receive prompt attention and sound advice, if addressed to the Industrial Savings and Loan Co., see Page 52.

A lamp-chimney without a name is one that the maker cannot trust. Why should you trust it? MACBETH'S Pearl Glass Chimney fits perfectly, can always be trusted to do several things that no hastily made chimney, of common glass, can possibly do. And I put my name on it. It burns all of the oil—does not turn a lot of it into smell. It lets all the light through, because it is perfectly clear. It never breaks from heat.

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An Independent Greek Church in Canada

A VERY remarkable religious movement is taking place in the new west of Canada. Among the recent immigrants are about two hundred thousand Galicians, most of whom are members of the Greek Church. Many of these have become alienated from the church of their fathers. For this alienation various reasons have combined, as friction between the Russian Greek Church and the Patriarchate of Jerusalem; later, complications arose with the Patriarch of Constantinople.

A few years ago a missionary bishop came to New York to establish an independent church. Canada offering a favorable missionary field, he proceeded to Winnipeg and ordained a number of Greek priests. "Here follows," writes the Rev. J. S. Woodsworth, D.D., "another complicated chapter — dissatisfaction, authority claimed and authority resisted, intrigues, suspicions, and finally open rebellion." A number of the more progressive leaders of this movement, catching the inspiration of the wider liberty of the New World, resolved to establish the "Independent Greek Church of Canada." They applied for counsel and co-operation to leaders of the Presbyterian Church in the West—Principal Patrick of Manitoba College, Dr. Bryce and Dr. C. W. Gordon, better known as "Ralph Connor." These broad-minded and sympathetic men adopted a liberal policy, allowing the Galicians to establish a church of their own, with much of the Greek ritual and ceremony, while the Presbyterian Church extended financial aid. Carefully prepared courses of study were arranged for the ministry of this new church, nearly a score of whom are now studying theology in Manitoba Presbyterian College, and by an interdenominational arrangement these are taking part of their course at Wesley College, Winnipeg, a Methodist institution.

The Independent Church has many features common to Protestantism. It refuses to recognize the authority of the Pope, while its members insist on sending their children, not to the Catholic, but to the Protestant national schools. The report of the Presbyterian Home Mission Committee states that "twenty-four Independent Church ministers are employed in Manitoba and the adjacent provinces." "During the past five years, this Independent Greek Church has built over fifty churches and claims to have a following of about sixty thousand."

The future of this church is a very interesting problem and deserves to be carefully observed. Under the inspiration of religious freedom, the study of the Scriptures and the influence of the public school, they will become Protestant in spirit, if not in form.

It may be in the providence of God that, in this new world, a free and independent Greek Church will grow up, not through the destruction of the old, but by its being filled with a new spirit and a new life. W. H. WITHROW.

Toronto, Can.

Home Missions *

HOW many denominations honestly believe that Isaiah was authorized to make the promises he gives in his prophecies to those who do social work? If there was a general belief that these promises would be kept, every church and every individual with an interest in Christ would be eager to engage in the work. The idea of being a Christian is too often comprised in having a pew in a respectable church; in being regular in attendance on the ministry of a preacher who delivers ethical and intellectual sermons; and in contributing liberally to the causes associated with the church. The idea of individual work, of personally seeking outsiders and bringing them into the kingdom of Christ, is not recognized as a duty. Yet here Isaiah is pointing out duties to the fulfilment of which distinct promises are attached. He has evidently a conception of duty to which the ordinary modern Christian is a stranger.

Every church has a home mission organization, either its own or belonging to the whole denomination of which it is a part. The churches need to take the real work into account and to present it so earnestly to the members that they dare not fail to respond. But the churches and the Home Mission Boards are not themselves in earnest, do not realize the extent of the work, or else are in despair at the indifference of individuals.

But it is unlikely that the prophet has money contributions or second-hand efforts in his mind. His demand is for personal service. To feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to open the home to the outcast, there must be actual personal work, and the large promises are to those who engage in this work. In all our cities there are people who oppose Christianity on the ground that Christians have no sympathy with them in their struggles, that they do not aid them to live cleaner, better lives. The charge is true. There will have to be intelligent study of social problems and sincere effort to improve social conditions before these promises will be enjoyed.

* Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for January 26. "The Home Mission Work of our Denomination." Isa. 58: 1-14.

Foreign Missions *

ALL American and European Christianity is the product of the foreign missionary spirit. If the little company that stood watching the ascension had remained in their gatherings in Palestine, content to enjoy their recollections of Christ, to ponder on his teachings, and remind one another of his miracles, his death and resurrection, the world would have learned nothing of Christianity. We sometimes think of peace and quiet as being conducive to piety, but it is not so that Christians were intended to live. Paul and his companions did not regard such a life as their ideal. That they were eager and aggressive, indifferent to their own comfort, is evident to the most superficial reader. They were sent of God, he stirred them up to the duty, but we can never forget the instruments who labored and suffered that Christianity might become a world religion.

Having freely received, our duty is to give freely. Our ancestors living in barbarism in Germany, Gaul, and Great Britain were the heathen to whom the Gospel was carried. The benefits they received from it and have passed on to us involve the obligations of foreign missions. The torch was placed in our hands not only to be a light to us, but to be carried to those who are sunk in heathenism as our forefathers were. We are under the obligation of heredity in sending out the missionary. The work is committed to every generation. Above fifty generations have lived and died, and the work is not yet done. The commission which Christ gave is not yet performed. Every year brings it nearer, but it is not yet done. The Acts and the Epistles show with what peril, at what cost of labor and effort, the Gospel came to us. Shall we shrink from the smaller effort of disseminating it under the better and easier conditions! Work is here for all classes, for the heroic missionary who goes to the front, and for the devoted Christian who stays at home and collects funds for his support.

* Topic of the Epworth League for January 26. "The Planting and Training of the Church in Foreign Fields." Acts 11: 21-28; Isa. 19: 18-22.

A Delight for All Ages

Dear Dr. Klopsch: This afternoon I received the premium, "Five Hundred Animal Stories." It exceeded my expectations. It is a book for older people as well as children. I have always found your premiums better than advertised. Like my sister, I think your premiums better every year. Many thanks for the good THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has done for me. MRS. E. J. LAWRENCE CASE.

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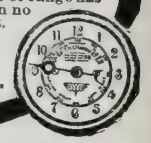

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SUSANNA COCROFT

Dept. 18, 57 Washington St., Chicago

Author of "Character as Expressed in the Body," Etc.

Desecrated Temples

By Mrs. M. Baxter

WHAT is the first thing which Jesus sees in the temple courts when he enters them? "Those that sold oxen, and sheep, and doves, and the changers of money sitting." These things were needed for the ordained sacrifices of the Jewish ritual; but each man was to bring his ox, or his lamb, or goat, to sacrifice. Now, because of the distances many had to come, it was found easier to bring money and to purchase beasts. But it was desecration to have the cattle market in the temple courts.

Here the Saviour heard, not the deep utterances of unspeakable, intense worship, but the quarrelsome haggling of the buyers and sellers; the place of prayer —which was meant to be such for all nations, and which shall yet be such when Christ reigns, and all the families of the earth come up to worship the Lord of Hosts, to keep the feast of tabernacles at Jerusalem (Zech. 14: 16)—had become a bedlam of traffic. He found the hearts of would-be worshipers set upon driving bargains for the animals, or on changing money; and the spirit of true worship was not to be found. He had come up to honor his Father, and he found that the worship which was preparing was to be a mere form, as unacceptable to God as would be the offerings the heathen set before their idols. He said, not long after, to the Samaritan woman: "God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth."

But what is it that most occupies the hearts of the would-be worshiper in our churches to-day? Is the music of an organ or the voice of too often unspiritual choirmen and boys the worship "in spirit and in truth" which he asked for? Is the selfish coming together to enjoy a comforting sermon and favorite hymns, without any real face-to-face meeting with God, the worship "in spirit and in truth" which he asks for? Oh, how much there is in our churches and chapels to grieve him! The buying and selling defiled the courts of the temple. True worship leaves all else to enter into the holy presence of God, to hear him and to speak with him. There is no worship when there is no recognition of the presence of God. That is no worshiper who does not have to do personally with the living God. It is the lack of worshipers which makes our so-called worship what it is.

Or in the silence of our own hearts, when we draw aside from man and things, not to utter a few ordinary prayers as a duty, but in reality to meet with God, and he does come and meet with us and commune with us; how holy is the place with his presence! This is worship. How out of place, how impossible it would be to chant the words which we are led of the Holy Spirit to speak to him! How we want to shut out man and the world from such a holy interview! But in view of our Lord's coming again, oh, how much we find the temple needs cleansing! how impossible, but for the cleansing blood, is such intercourse with him! And how welcome are the humblings through which we pass when he in grace comes with his scourge of small cords to drive out from our hearts all which is not of him.

In Israel, at that day, there was as much external religion as in our so-called Christian lands at the present day, and fully as much unreality and hypocrisy. Twice Christ cleansed the temple—now at the commencement of his ministry, and also at its close (Matt. 21: 12, 13); and each time he claimed the temple as a house of prayer. But the cleansed temple did not remain clean, and in the time of Titus it was finally destroyed till not one stone was left upon another. The time of the great tribulation is coming close upon us, when again there will be a cleansing by scourge, and this time of apostate or hypocritical Christendom. Things cannot go on long as they are now.

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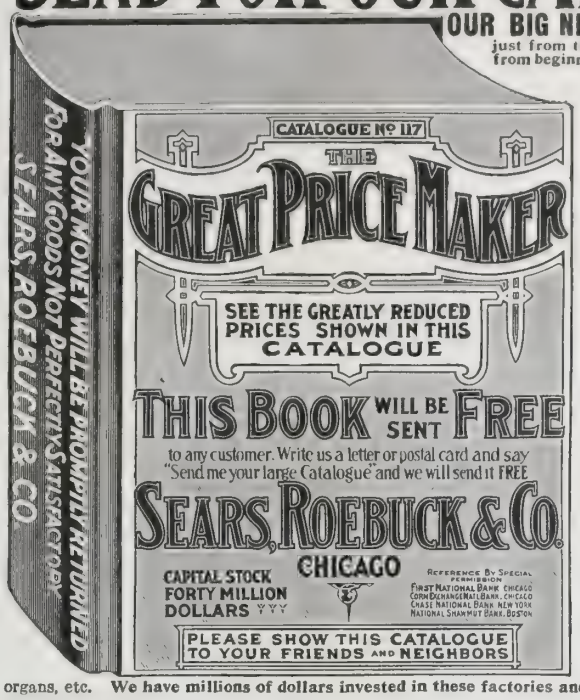

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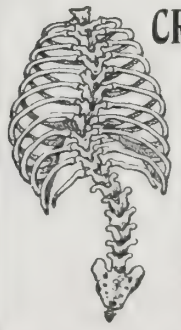

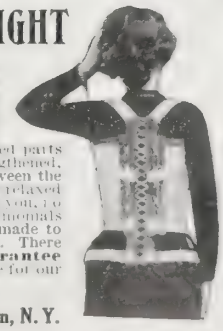

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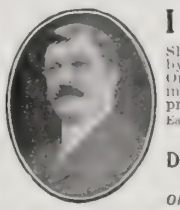

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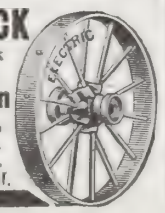

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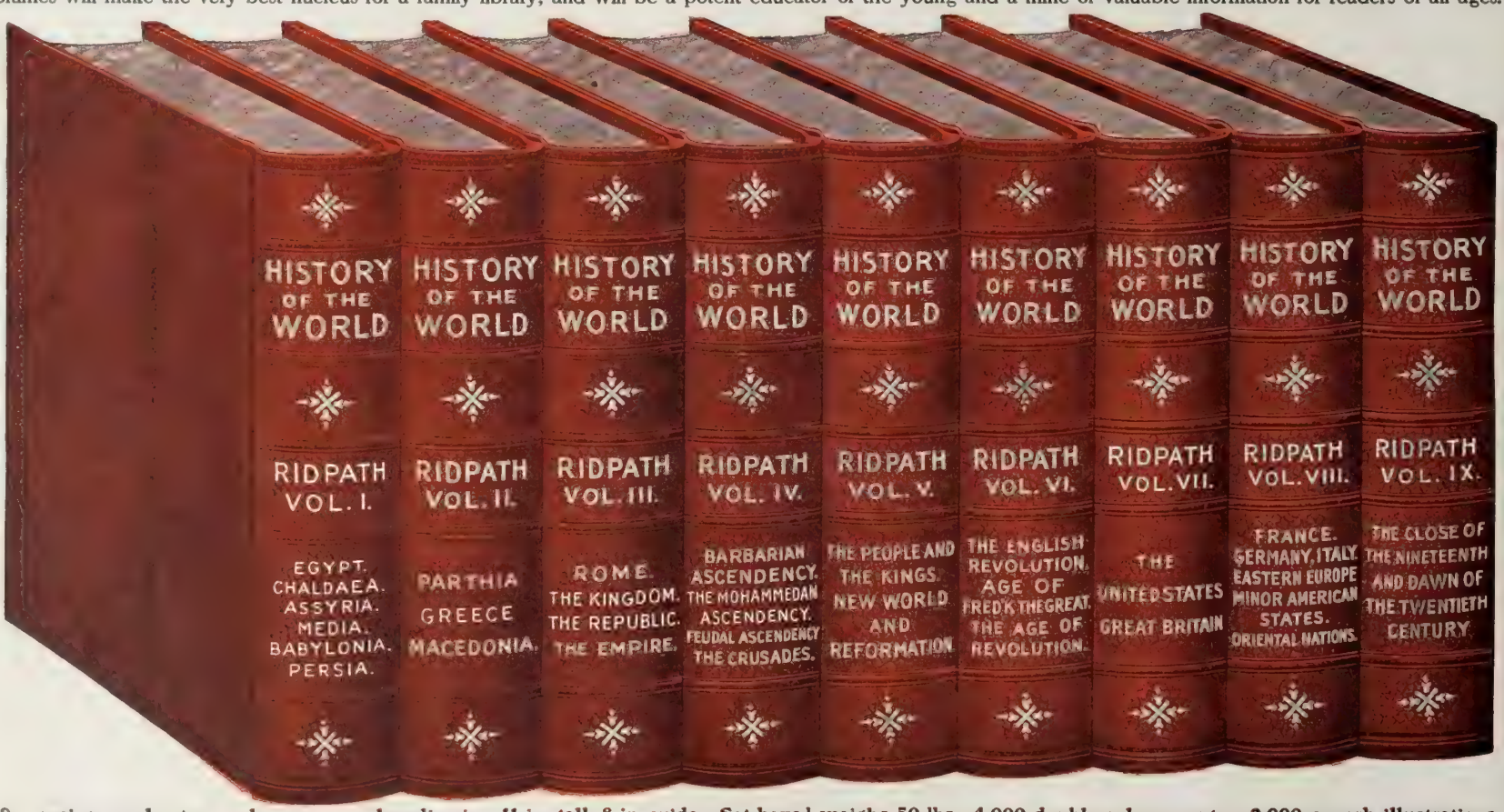

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SEE PAGE 63

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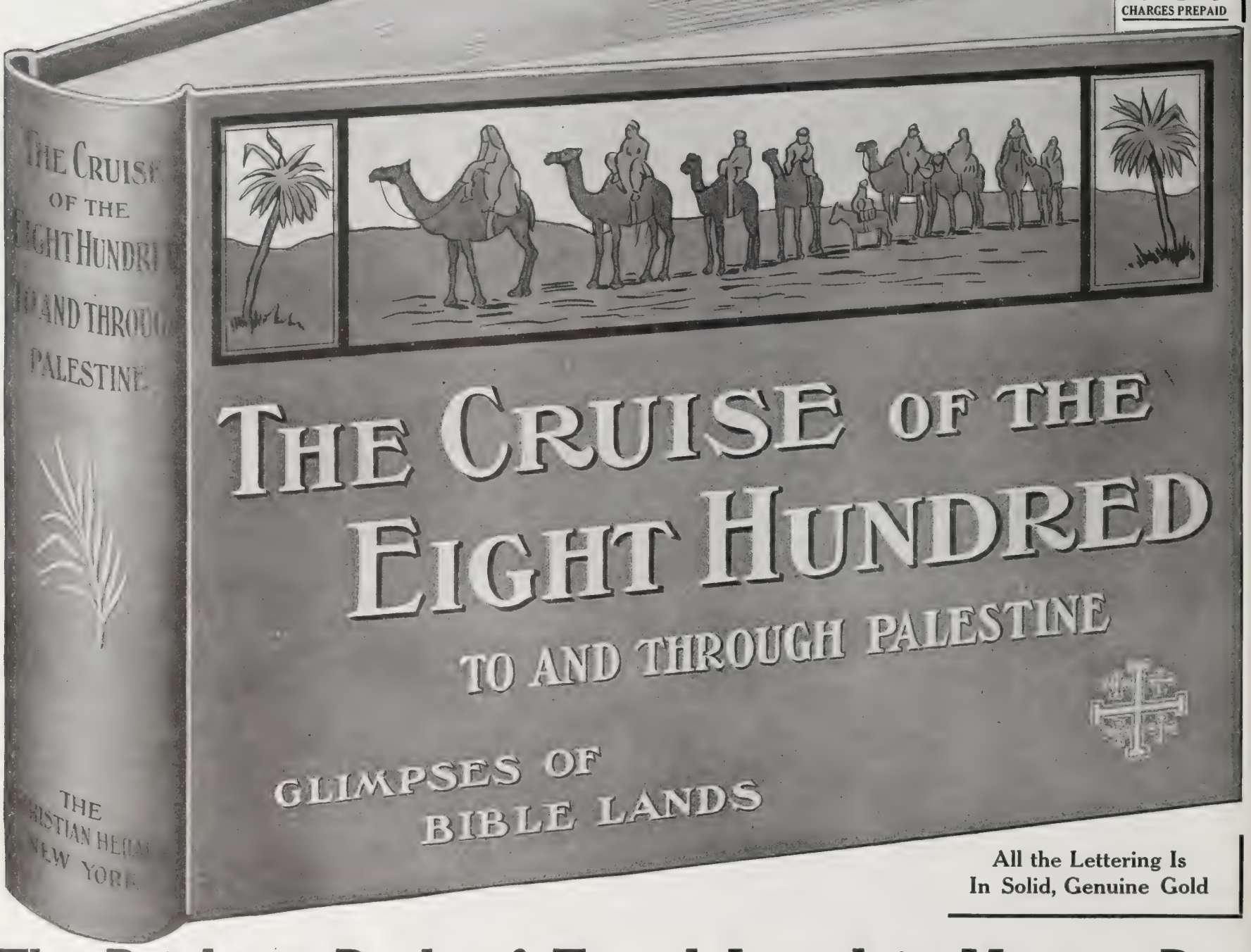

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A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

In the Provision Market, Guayaquil

An Ecuadorian Ferry

Starting for a Trip to the Interior

LIFE UNDER THE EQUATOR

Beautiful Ecuador and the Social Side of Its Picturesque People as an American Traveler Sees Them

By CHARLES M. PEPPER

ECUADOR, while one of the most interesting, is also one of the least known of the South American countries. It takes its name from the equator, yet the heat is not torrid, even on the coast, and Quito, the capital, has a mild and even climate that makes it celebrated. But Quito is in the midst of the Andes nearly 10,000 feet above the sea level. Down at Guayaquil there are greater extremes, not of cold, which does not exist, but of warm weather and of warmer weather.

Yet, unlike the inhabitants of some tropical countries, the people in this torrid zone know what snow is like. They occasionally get a glimpse of the wonderful snow crown of Chimborazo, the most remarkable of all the great extinct volcanoes. When this happens, the air is so clear and transparent that the fleecy white dome seems only a few miles off, though really 200 miles distant.

On the equator, the year is divided into two seasons, summer and winter, but the idea of what constitutes the seasons is peculiar. I was in Guayaquil in November, and again in December, having come down from the mountains at the latter time, and I noticed how much hotter it had become in the interval. Besides, every day the increase in the heat was noticeable. Calling at a shipping office one afternoon after a short but hurried walk, I found myself perspiring freely. The manager handed me a fare and remarked:

"You're beginning to feel our winter heat. We get a bit uncomfortable ourselves by Christmas time."

"You mean summer heat," I said.

"Not at all," he smilingly replied. "We have our winter season from December on, just as you do in the North."

Ecuador was colonized by the Spaniards and they took no account of the difference in latitude, calling the winter months in Ecuador the same as in Spain, notwithstanding the heat. The cool season is during July and August.

Guayaquil is not seen by many travelers, except as they may view it from the ship's deck when the steamer anchors well down the Guyas river in midstream, in order to discharge cargo. The dread of yellow fever, for which the port is noted, keeps them from going ashore. Thomas Nast, the famous cartoonist, who in his old age became consul at Guayaquil, died of the fever after a short service. For those who do land, there are many points of attraction which cannot be judged from the ship.

A Railroad Station in the Ecuador Hills

Guayaquil has been destroyed by fire several times, but these conflagrations are now pretty well guarded against. The buildings are of bamboo and cane reeds, covered with mortar. While one of them is going up, it looks very flimsy, but when finished it is neat and even substantial. There are many arcades, and the stores, some of which are very fine, are like open bazaars. The best place to see the people, however, is at the market.

Guayaquil is a unique city in one respect, for window glass is unknown. There are plenty of windows in the houses, and these have ordinary wooden blinds with slats. No protection against the cold is necessary. Out of curiosity one afternoon, I took a walk through several streets to see if by chance some houses had window panes, but I found none.

Much of the commercial importance of Guayaquil comes from the shipment of cacao or chocolate bean. The cacao orchards are located in the lowlands along the river. It is not unusual to see acres of the cacao spread out to dry in front of the warehouses which line the river front. The beans are larger than the lima bean of the United States and much thicker. When you drink chocolate, it is likely that it is made from the cacao of Ecuador.

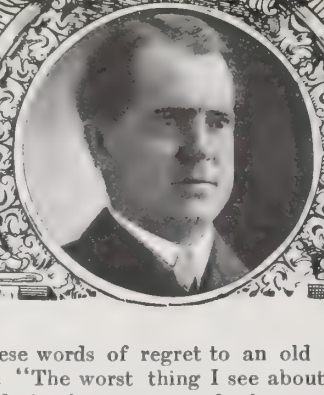
Guayaquil has a mixed population, as have most of the coast cities of South America; but the foreign element is not so large as in some of them. However, there are Germans, Italians, Americans, English, Syrians and Chinese engaged in business. Notwithstanding that yellow fever is supposed to carry off all foreigners, many of them live to prove that this is not the case. Mr. Cartwright, the British consul, has been there for thirty-six years; and Mr. Jones, the American vice-consul, for a quarter of a century.

It used to take nine or ten days to reach Quito from the coast by means of boats up the rivers, mules, and *diligencias* or stages. Now the journey is made in two days. This is because a railroad has been built by Americans. The distance is about three hundred miles. The line was begun ten years ago. It has some remarkable engineering features, including grades of 5½ per cent. and loops that seem to circumscribe the whole of the Andes Mountains. After running through fifty miles or so of level country, grazing pastures, coffee groves and sugar plantations, it starts, as it seems, perpendicularly up the mountain wall, but actually among the canyons, where the rivers have cut a way. One conical mountain, known as the Pistichi or "Devil's Nose," did lie right across the path, and this was climbed by means of a switchback. In the Palmira Pass, an elevation of 10,650 feet is reached; but further

Continued on page 62

THE
AMERICAN PULPIT

A SERMON BY
Rev. F. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.



The Arborescent Paths

TEXT—Proverbs 3 : 17
"All her paths are peace"

AT one of our church prayer-meetings I had an experience that I shall never forget. It was one of the happiest of the many such meetings that I have attended. Love seemed to be reigning everywhere. The songs were sung as if every one was enjoying them. The prayers came welling up from the heart as the bubbling brook leaps over the rocks of the mountain-side. The preacher was sitting in his chair, but the meeting was being run by the people. The hour in which we prayed, and sang, and testified was gone too soon. The subject of the evening was: "Why the Christian life should be a happy life, and why it should grow happier each year." It was a great subject to talk upon. Each Christian was able to speak upon it out of the experiences of his own life. Truly, it seemed that each testimony was a little better than the one that had preceded it. Then, when all our hearts were overflowing with gratitude to God for his many mercies, a dear friend arose and told this suggestive incident:

Birds in the Sunshine

"Some time ago, in a Northern city, I was very much depressed. Things seemed to be going against me. I did not know which way to turn. Then, as if to intensify my discomfort, the weather was inclement. It is always harder for me to worship God when the wind is from the east than when the sun is shining. But suddenly the storm seemed to break. From a rift in the clouds the sun burst through and flooded the branches of a great tree just before me. Then, as if by magic, a flock of sparrows came from every direction, and flew up into the branches of that tree, and began to twitter as if in ecstasy. I stopped and said, If a lot of sparrows could hunt out a little ray of sunshine like that, and be happy in it, surely I, who can bathe in the sunshine of God's mercies and promises, should be happy too." When my friend sat down I seemed to be surrounded by a great flood of God's sunshine. In the glow of that sunshine there seemed to arise before me the innumerable blessings which crowd into the Christian's life. And then there came to my mind these beautiful words of my text: "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

The paths of the Gospel are fragrant with peace, first, because those who tread them learn to love the simpler things of life. They have not a vitiated or a depraved taste for pleasure. They can tune their songs of life to the key-note of Channing's Symphony. They love the flowers and the birds and the children. For them,

The Pleasures of Home

are, above all other pleasures, the sweetest and dearest. They can find endless enjoyment in a walk through the woods and in the cultivation of a garden in their back yard. They would rather gather around the piano in the evening hour, and with the members of their families sing the old Gospel hymns, than hear the most exquisite opera sung by the most famous prima donna imported from foreign lands. They would rather see their children play pranks upon the nursery floor, than go to see the finest tragedians act their masterpieces in the theatre. They do not need cathedrals in which to worship God, or palaces in which to find pleasure; but they can take delight in the simple things of life. Like the poet, they can sing in a garden the words:

> Were I, O God, in churchless lands remaining,
> Far from all voice of teachers and divines,
> My soul would find in flowers of thine ordaining
> Priests, sermons, shrines.

I was deeply impressed with this fact in reading the life of Phillips Brooks. That prince of preachers had the simplicity and the tenderness of a child. Witness the regret he had when he felt himself growing out of the companionship of children. Though he had no child of his own, he adopted all the children in the families of his acquaintance. When he entered a home, he was like a big boy out for a frolic. He could not be made to obey the rules and the regulations of the house. He raised the standard of mutiny against decorum, and every child ran to him. He would get down on his knees and play and romp as the merriest boy of the lot. Then, when he was nearing the two-score milestone, he wrote these words of regret to an old Philadelphia parishioner: "The worst thing I see about getting old, or being old, is that you get farther away from the young people, who are the best people in the world. I never see a lot of boys without wanting to be among them, and wishing they would let me into their company, and being sure they won't. I hate to think that boys of sixteen think of me as I used to think of men of thirty-seven when I was their age." Could there be

Fragrance of Spring Blossoms

sweeter than that? Could you dream of a great man being simpler or purer in his disposition and gentler and more loving than Phillips Brooks, wanting to play leapfrog or a game of baseball with a lot of boys, when he himself at that time was the honored guest of the great Dean Stanley and was preaching to England's greatest men, who crowded Westminster Abbey to hang on his words?

My friends, one of the most positive proofs that a man is not a true Christian, is when he does not love the simple things of life. His mind and heart and tastes are cloyed with artificial enjoyments. He is living upon ephemeral stimulants. There is not a night when he has to stay at home that he is not restless. No sooner is the evening meal ended than he says: "This is stupid! No need of sitting around here. Let us go to the theatre." Or he says: "Come, let us go to Mrs. So-and-So's card party." Or, "I must do something. Let us go to the club and have a game of billiards." Or when summer comes, he hies away to the fashionable hotel where he can turn night into day and day into night. And he is never happy unless he is intoxicated with some kind of excitement. To such a man I would say: My brother, what you need is

A Change of Heart

What you need is to get close to God. What you need is to have so much divine grace that you will think it a sufficient amusement when you can play a childhood game with your five-year-old daughter, and when you can enjoy an entertainment of a magic lantern show, made out of an old sheet hung up in your parlor, with the magic lantern slides being run by your little boy. "I never pick a lily out of the garden," said a poor dressmaker in my home some time ago," but it says to me, 'See how happy I am on account of God's goodness to me.'" Why? Because, like Enoch, she was walking with God. And so, my brother and sister, if you once get your hearts right with Christ, the smallest and the most insignificant things of life, like the prattle of a child, the sight of two little kittens tumbling upon the floor, the merry-makings of a lot of boys playing baseball in the back lots, will offer to you an endless variety of amusement. Oh that you and I could be like Phillips Brooks, and never outgrow our love of simple, innocent pleasure.

The Christian's ways are pleasant, also, because they are full of peace. As he treads the path of life, he has that wonderful peace which passeth all understanding, and he says, "There is a divine power guiding me and mine. Wherever I go and whatever I do, his hand is leading me and his arm is defending me. My path of life may appear checkered, but God will never let me or mine get beyond the reach of his protecting love. All things work together for good to those that love God." Oh, my brother, can you not feel what a glorious peace comes over the wayfarer in the journey of life, when he fully realizes that God is leading him and protecting him? He is on the highway of wisdom, and all "her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

Lost in the Woods

Some of us have been travelers, and we know only too well the disquietude and the anxiety which comes over us when we realize that we have strayed from the right path. And oh, the joy that wells up in the heart when we recognize some familiar place from which we can find our way back home! Some time ago, I was camping in the wild regions of Humboldt County, California. We left the beaten paths and struck into a side road and went to the end of the road, and there we pitched camp for deer-hunting. One morning, about three o'clock, we arose and started after game. After a while it began to rain in torrents; but still we kept on. Then, after we had hunted for some six or eight hours, we decided to make a short cut over the mountains and get back to camp. We climbed the mountain and pushed our way on for an hour or two. Then the whole topography of the country seemed to change. We were lost! With no food and no means to build a campfire; with dripping clothes and empty stomachs, the situation was anything but inviting. How to get back to camp we did not know, unless we retraced our steps to the place whence we started for the short cut. So back we went. Yet, as we tramped along, everything was so strange. At last, after a long pull and tug, we cried, "Safe at last!" for we had sighted some familiar landmarks. And though we had still miles upon miles to travel, and though the rain was falling in torrents, we cared not. For we knew each step we were taking was leading us nearer home. It is a happy feeling, after one has been lost for hours in the woods, to find the familiar path that leads him back to fire and food and blessed sleep.

Christ's Guidance

Well, the same feeling I had when lost among the mountains of Humboldt County, and then striking the trail for home, is the feeling the Christian has when Christ becomes his guide. In the first place he is completely lost. He is lost on the mountains of sin. Every step he takes is a step in the dark, and seems to be leading him farther and farther away from his Father's house. As he tramps along in the lonely mountains of sin, the fierce-eyed monsters of trouble leap out of the thickets and assail him and the loved ones he carries in his arms, and it is dark and growing darker every minute. But suddenly, out of the darkness, there comes the figure of a man. He has a beautiful face. It is the face of a man, and yet it has on it the signs of divinity. He reaches out his hands to the lost traveler, and says: "What! lost? Lost in the mountains of sin? Follow me, and I will lead thee back to thy Father's house!" And as soon as that gentle Christ takes our hands to guide us, our anxiety disappears. Then perfect peace throbs in the heart, and trouble and despair give place to hope and triumph. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

But there is another fact I want you to notice about these paths of Gospel peace. They are the most healthful of all paths to travel. They will give clearness to the eye. They will give breadth to the chest. They will give strength to the nerves and the muscles. They will give wonderful resiliency to the brain. And they will make men drink out of the fountain of perpetual youth. The simple fact is, a great many people are sick, not because they need medicine, but because they need the grace of God in their hearts to make them tread the paths of peace. Then while they get spiritual health they will find their physical health renewed also. And all this can be demonstrated on physiological grounds.

Escape from Worry

In the first place, if you will only learn to trust God, you are going to be emancipated from useless worry, that awful physical and mental curse which is racking your whole organism to pieces. You remind me of a little child who goes to bed and is frightened with a foolish dream. You put your little boy to bed and kiss him good-night, and he rolls over and goes to sleep. But in the middle of the night you are awakened by a heartrending cry, "Oh, mamma!" You call out, "Yes, my dear, come into bed with mamma." And your baby crawls into bed and you say, "Did my baby have bad dreams?" and he answers, "Yes, mamma, a great big bear was running after me and almost caught me up." Then you say, "Never mind, my darling; just lie close to mamma, and she will not let the bear touch you." Then your boy nestles down by your side and goes quietly to sleep.

Now, my brother, that is the trouble with you. You have a whole herd of bears running after you. One of

Continued on page 61

A ZULU CHIEF BUILDS A CHURCH

THE number of Zulu chiefs who have become real Christians is so small that it is a very noteworthy thing when one such is found. As a rule, they cannot read nor write, and they despise the ways of civilization. Generally, when they have been taught and civilized before they became chiefs, they go back to heathenism when they come into power.

Dinizulu, son of Cetshwayo, King of the Zulus, was taught when in exile at St. Helena, but he is scarcely different from other heathen chiefs now. Another chief of one of the largest Zulu tribes in Natal went to America and spent several years in school; but now he could hardly be distinguished from other heathen. A remarkable exception is Ndunge, chief of Qwabi, near Umzumbi. He was converted before he became chief, and was taught in our evangelists' training school at Amanzimtoti; but he has never given up his religion nor the ways of civilization. He is an active Christian, industrious and frugal, and, in company with his people, has bought a farm and built a brick house good enough for any civilized farmer. He has always had a school building and church on the farm, and when there is no preacher or missionary from the mission station, he conducts the services himself. He has just finished a new chapel (dedicated the other day), which is the best I know that has been built entirely by the natives themselves. He said it cost $750, besides the work which the people gave. The walls are of concrete, smoothly plastered, are nicely tinted inside, and overhead the ceiling is neatly varnished. The roof is of galvanized iron, and on three sides is a spacious veranda, which serves for an overflow congregation which can hear through the open windows. At the back are two cosy rooms which can serve as vestry or class rooms, or, as Ndunge said, for the missionaries.

The photograph, which I took just after we came out from the dedication service, does not do it justice. As there is no steeple, the building looks like a dwelling-house; but steeples are useless ornaments in this country. Ndunge worked with his own hands, pounding stone for the concrete, till they were maimed, and his people begged him to stop. Think of that—a Zulu chief of the class who despise all sorts of labor, doing a work which is chiefly done by convicts in this country! He set a good example for some of the native preachers, and even for missionaries.

The Church Built by Chief Ndunge and his People

In the dedication prayer offered by Sivetshe, one of our native ministers, while he was praying, there was a frightful crash of thunder, and the rain poured down upon the iron roof with a deafening roar. But the good man was not disturbed. He took it rather as an answering voice from on high, and he said, "O God, as we are offering this house up to thee, thou art answering as thou didst of old, with a voice from heaven, and sending a shower of blessing upon the roof." And all the people said, "Amen!"

In the remarks which Ndunge made, it appeared that the house was not built by him as chief, but by all the people, as the house of God. He praised the efforts of the women, most of whom were from the kraals, to whom a shilling is a rarer thing than a gold eagle is to most white people in comfortable circumstances. They gave $1.25 apiece, besides their work.

This is one of many examples which may be shown in Africa of what can be done by voluntary contributions. It is certainly the ideal way to advance the kingdom. But the plan which is now being pursued on our mission reserves, of compelling the people to pay rents for an educational fund, is regarded as anything but ideal. Instead of being glad to do it, as Ndunge's people were, it makes them bitter against us missionaries. We may possibly net more money in that way, and build more expensive houses; but instead of being helpful to the Gospel, it is disastrous. That is my opinion; but I am sorry to say that many others do not think so.

W. C. WILCOX.

Ifafa, M. S., Africa.

Chief Dinizulu

Ndunge, Chief of Qwabi

THE ARBORESCENT PATHS Sermon by Rev. F. DeWitt Talmage, D.D. Continued from page 60

those big bears is going to eat up your business; and another one of those big bears is going to swallow down your good name; and another is going to steal your child, and another to steal your home. You are frightened with foolish dreams. These dreams, called worry, are racking your whole body to pieces. You cannot sleep by night and you cannot rest by day, and you cannot properly digest your food. What you should do is what your little baby does when he has bad dreams. He knows you will take care of him and let no harm come to him. What you need to do is to nestle close up to God's heart. He will take care of you. He will never fail you. Then, if you can only grasp this infinite truth, all this useless worrying will leave you. And in no wise will the value of the Gospel be shown quicker than in the benefit to your physical health.

But there is another fact I want you to learn about these Gospel paths of peace. The longer you travel them, the more beautiful they become; the more you will be stimulated by their fragrance, and the more they will reveal to you the messages of God's love. They will be to you just what the paths of the woods are to the lover of nature. The farther he travels over them, the more fascinating and beautiful he finds them.

I might appeal for confirmation to the experience of any aged Christian. You, with your white hair and trembling limbs; you, who are leaning on your staff; you have been following the Gospel paths of peace now for over half a century. Tell me, you with your fourscore years, is not Jesus more precious to you than he was when, as a ruddy-cheeked lad, you first surrendered your heart to him?" "Oh, yes," answers the aged Christian. "As I look back over my long life, like the Psalmist I can say: 'I have been young but now am old, yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.' My journey has been a long, hard journey. Sometimes it was away in the mountains. Sometimes it was down in the valleys of despond. Sometimes my feet have stumbled. Sometimes I have had to look into the gaping mouths of opened graves. But Christ has never forsaken me. Each month and each year he has been drawing closer to me. And now he is so much a part of my being, that I never breathe the fragrance of a flower, I never hear a bird sing, I never see a star twinkle, I never see a man's or a woman's or a child's face, but I hear a voice singing in my heart, 'God is love. God is love. God is love.' "

Come, aged mother in Israel. What is your testimony? In the kitchen and parlor, and nursery and home, you have had your trials. Is Jesus Christ nearer and dearer to you, as the years roll on and the time draws nigh when you will see them face to face? "Yes, yes!" answers the beautiful-faced saint. "As I think of what Christ is to me now, and what he always has been, truly I can say there is one name above every name and one love above every love. Oh, truly, Christ is dearer to me then ever before. Like all Christians, I can say, 'God is love.' " Truly, "the path of the righteous is as the dawning light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

And then the terminus of the Gospel paths of peace. Oh, what a glorious, a triumphant peace they have! As all roads, during Cæsar's reign, were said to lead to Rome, so all the Gospel paths of peace ultimately converge at one great central destination. They all meet at the foot of the great White Throne of God. And all those who travel them shall assemble there. In the many paths of the dense woods of earth, you can pass within a few yards of your friends and miss them entirely; but there is no danger of ever losing those who travel the Gospel paths of peace. You see, we cannot miss each other. We are all heading to the same destination. We are all going to assemble in the one place, where we shall sing the same songs, and look upon the face of the same Christ, and live there through all eternity in the same mansions. Oh, is it not glorious news that those who have gone before us, and our dear children who are coming behind us, shall yet be one with us in glory?

While I was writing this sermon, I seemed to see a most wonderful vision. I saw a beautiful picture. In apocalyptic vision, I saw the members of my church traveling those paths of peace, and all meeting there at the foot of the throne. Then I saw us one day going off alone and assembling as a congregation, just as we do here Sabbath by Sabbath. We were singing the old songs and meeting in holy fellowship, just as we do here. And in my vision I saw myself arise and repeat the beautiful words of my text: "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

Among the Workers

—REV. ARTHUR J. SMITH, evangelist, has been conducting a very successful series of meetings at Waterford, N. Y. The Presbyterian, Baptist and Methodist Churches united in the work, and the Y. M. C. A. gave its hearty co-operation.

—MRS. HARRIS, wife of Bishop Harris, writes from Tokio, Japan, that between 100,000 and 200,000 homes were inundated by the recent floods in Japan. In Hakodate, island of Yezo, there are 60,000 homeless, many of them absolutely destitute.

—EVANGELIST SUNDAY'S revival campaign in Burlington and Davenport, Ia., recently, resulted in the closing of the saloons in these two cities, the local authorities having decided to enforce the law, which requires the closing of barrooms on all holidays.

—OCEAN GROVE, N. J., is to have the most powerful organ in the world. It will cost $26,000 and will be installed in June next, in time for use at the camp-meeting. Leading organists of England and the United States will be invited to play on this magnificent instrument.

—PASTOR GUSTAV BLOMGREN, who is now conducting Gospel work among the Finlanders in Illinois, has a wide parish. He preaches in two mission churches in Chicago, but in Indiana, Wisconsin and Michigan also, at regular stated intervals. In some places the Finns had not heard a sermon in their own language for several years.

—THE REVIVAL MEETINGS at Broken Bow, Neb., under the direction of Evangelist H. W. Bromley, of Wilmore, Ky., were largely attended. The meetings at Ansley, Neb., were even greater. As a work of grace, these were remarkable for the number of men reached. Evangelist Bromley is now engaged in a union meeting at Farnam, Neb.

—REV. ANDREW BEATTIE, of Canton, China, writes: "I find waiting me two checks from the HERALD for my Leper Children's Home. Ten boys and girls have been taken from the leper village and are being trained for useful service. One young man is now preaching the Gospel. We are planning to take several more children from the leper village."

— REV. G. D. HALL of Stromsburg, Neb., writes: "During the last illness of King Oscar II. of Sweden, he suffered severe pains, and Queen Sophie was close by his bed, holding his hand and repeating promise after promise from God's Word. The King was rapidly sinking into his last sleep. The Queen bowed down and whispered in his ear: 'And the blood of Jesus, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin.' The King answered: 'Thanks, Jesus!' Then he fell peacefully asleep."

HE PUT THE MOTTO ON THE COINS

Pennsylvania's Christian Governor, James Pollock, the Friend of Lincoln, Was the Author

I READ with much interest the series of letters in a late issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, condemning the removal from our coins of the motto "In God We Trust." I regretted that not one of the authors of said letters gave the name of the great and good man by whose suggestion the motto was put there. In fact, one of the best arguments for permitting the motto to remain there is the splendid Christian character, sound judgment, and high standing of the man who put it there. That man was Hon. James Pollock, Governor of Pennsylvania, next preceding the great war governor, Andrew G. Curtin.

In 1861, President Lincoln appointed Ex-Governor Pollock Director of the United States Mint; Hon. Salmon P. Chase being then Secretary of the Treasury. It is well known that Presdent Lincoln and Mr. Pollock were very intimate, and while Secretary Chase, as an official, would be called upon to approve so important a matter as a motto on our coins, it is not doubted that Mr. Lincoln was consulted and also approved the motto. Further, the bill framed by Gov. Pollock and providing for the motto, passed both Senate and House by a unanimous vote. It is hoped the present Congress will as unanimously order its use again.

Governor Pollock has been called the great Christian Governor of Pennsylvania, as Curtin was called its great war governor. He was a Christian gentleman in all that the term implies. He was a ruling elder in the Presbyterian Church for wellnigh a generation. He began life by taking first honors at Princeton College, N. J., while in his later years his sterling honesty and great ability as a lawyer put him in charge of many of Pennsylvania's leading cases.

All the way between his graduation and his retirement and death he was a man among men, keen, far-sighted, and of rare good judgment. As a congressman he was a friend of Prof. S. F. B. Morse, and took the lead in getting through Congress the bill appropriating the money to build the experimental telegraph line between Baltimore and Washington. Away back in 1848, on the floor of Congress, he prophesied the building of a transcontinental railway, and later put through that body the bill that built the Union Pacific.

The Late Governor Pollock of Pennsylvania
Who placed the Motto on the Coinage

He was inaugurated Governor of Pennsylvania in 1855. As we have said, he was the personal friend of President Lincoln, who sent for and consulted him as to the state of the country and formation of a Cabinet, the day following his (Lincoln's) arrival in Washington. He, Governor Pollock, was the only one present at the historical first meeting of Lincoln and Douglas, after the latter's defeat. He was made Director of the United States Mint by appointment of President Lincoln, and was reappointed by President Grant. For many years he was an elder, Sunday School Superintendent and teacher in the West Arch Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia. For years he was President of the Board of Trustees of Lafayette College and President of the American Sunday School Union. All these and many other positions of trust and honor enjoyed the gifted Governor's care and attention.

Those who would remove the motto now are setting their judgment, in a day of prosperity, over against the combined judgment of Lincoln, Pollock, and the United States Congress, in a day of adversity, and against the combined judgment of the best Christian people to-day—the good and the great in church and State all over the land.

Hence, it would seem that the writers of your many letters have missed one of the most unanswerable of arguments—the judgment of Lincoln and Pollock, the great and good men who put the motto "In God We Trust," where it ought to remain.

Ex-Governor Pollock spent his last years here at Lockhaven, Pa., and we knew him so well that I could have made this article much more emphatic and still kept within the truth. His prayer-meeting talks were veritable revelations, and I sometimes think his prayers were a revelation perhaps to the angels.

Lockhaven, Pa. C. R. GEHRHART.

Many Letters Demanding Restoration of the Motto are Still Being Received. The Following Persons Wrote Last Week:

FOR RESTORATION

Adams, Ben
A L A
Allen, Mr and Mrs H C
Allen, Mr J H
Allen, Mrs M A
Allen, Charlie
Ames, George H
Anderson, Mrs M
Andrews, L H
Archee, Mrs M
Arnold, Mrs M H
Asdell, Mrs R E
Ashley, Mrs Caroline E
Ayers, V
Ayres, Mrs S E
Baker, W S
Baptiste, R K
Barnes, A C
Barnes, C C
Barrett, Miss L C
Barron, James H
Batchelder, Mrs M A
Belkie, William B
Belmore, A M
Belnap, Mr & Mrs W L
Bennett, Mrs H R
Bennett, J L
Bennett, Mrs N B
Bennett, Rev R C
Benson, Mrs R M
Bewhes, Lambert
Bicknell, Mae L
Birdsall, Julia H
Blackman, Mrs G E
Blair, Mrs Sallie
Blake, Stephen P
Boak, J H
Boak, R N
Boardman, C E
Boardman, R C
Boardman, Mabel M
Borgius, R
Bethel, Miss Clara B
Bradley, H S
Bradley, John A
Breckels, Mary
Briggs, A L
Brown, Mr A C
Brown, Mrs F A
Brown, Mr & Mrs J W
Brown, Mrs T T
Brown, Mrs Charles
Brown, G W and family
Brown, Miss Mary
Browne, B P
Brunner, Dr F R
Bryant, J B
Buell, Frank L
Burford, J
Burns, L C
Burns, Sadie
Burns, Burnard
Burns, Lena
Burns, Ruth
Burns, Alice
Burns, William R
Burt, Mrs E R
Bushnell, James
Butchelder, R
Byrd, W B J
Canes, Mr Thomas
Cannon, Mary E
Capp, Rev and Mrs E M
Capp, Inez J
Capp, Ruth
Carle, Ellen T
Carroll, Mrs W P
Caskey, Mrs W J
Chapman, Mr & Mrs J W
Chatterton, Mrs Fred
Cheney, Lettie M
Chilson, Mary J
Chinn, J Thomas
Clark, Mrs A G
Clark, A P
Clements, Mrs D W
Cole, John
Cole, Allie
Conrad, Augustus B
Coons, Miss Emma
Cornwell, Mrs W
Cox, Mrs S W
Coyle, Mrs Lila
Coyle, Mrs Virginia
Cracker, Mrs F D
Crampton, Sidney S
Crandall, Mrs E M
Cracker, Mrs A E
Cron, Mrs A C
Crone, David
Curtys, A H
Damon, Mrs D A
Daniels, Mrs D
Dankel, Mrs R R
Davidson, Mrs M J
Day, Mrs E M
Day, Edward M
Deacon of Baptist Ch of Monroe Association
Dick, Jacob
Diechens, Albert
Diechens, Alwena
Dodd, J F
Dohner, John
Dougherty, Benjamin
Douglas, Albert
Douglas, Hazel
Douglas, Mary S
Duncan, Mr H W
Duncan, Mr and Mrs J E
Duncan, Mr and Mrs J W
Duncan, Mrs Cynthia
Duncan, Mrs Elizabeth
Duncan, Miss Mollie
Duncan, Miss Cynthia
Duncan, Miss Jennie
Duncan, Miss Bettie
Duncan, Mrs Maud
Eddie, Mrs J
Elkes, P James
Ellis, Miss A L
Esch, Mrs
Espy, F Margaret
Estus, E W
Everts, Martin G
Eyer, Mrs M E
Fletcher, E M
Fletcher, George T
Fickes, Miss H R
Fisher, Lodema
Foley, Mr and Mrs C U
Forsythe, Dr W H
Forsythe, W T
Galloupe, A A
Galloway, Mrs Mary J
Garden, Mrs Charles
Gold, Myra T
Gore, Mrs George
Green, M E
Greenwood, J H
Griffith, Mrs A J
Gross, Henry
Gurtner, Mrs J G
Hack, George W
Hall, Mrs S A
Hallenbeck, S L
Harding, Mrs I S
Harrington, H
Harrod, Mrs Myrtle
Harryman, Mrs M
Hawks, Mrs George
Herr, Rev John
Herrick, Mr and Mrs H
Hill, Mrs Emma
Hooper, J M
Howland, Susan
Hoyt, Mrs E J
Hughes, Mrs A B
Hughes, J W
Hull, L D D
Hulse, Rev and Mrs W C
Hulse, Gertrude E
Hulse, Raymond
Humphrey, Mr & Mrs R
Hurst, Mr & Mrs Ed
Hurst, Miss Rhel
Hutchinson, Mrs L M
Ingersoll, A G
Jack, Ann M
Jackson, Mrs A
Jackson, E
Jackson, J
Jackson, Ellen
Jackson, James
Jefferson, W M S
Johns, E L
Johnson, C H
Johnson, Mrs H W
Johnson, Julia A
Johnson, Mrs Rebecca
Jones, Mrs M T
Jones, Nicoll F
Joslin, Mrs S R
Julian, W J
Kellogg, Mrs Rebecca L
Kendrick, Rev & Mrs H C
Kenny, H S
Kerr, Rev G L
Kingsley, Mrs R E
Kirby, Agnes B
Kirkpatrick, Mr & Mrs D
Kirkpatrick, Laura
Kirkpatrick, Charlie
Kneeland, Mrs W H
And many others yet to be acknowledged.

AGAINST

Crane, H L
Dodd, John A
Rogers, George
Stone, D
Wheeler, Wm H

LIFE UNDER THE EQUATOR Continued from page 59

A River Boat Landing-Place

on the elevation is about twelve thousand feet. The trains stop overnight at a town called Riobamba, and this is an advantage, for it is a good place on a clear day to get a view of Chimborazo and the whole chain of snow-covered volcanic mountains, living and dead.

Cotopaxi, the volcanic mountain, is seen further along the line. Occasionally it is quiet, but never for a very long time. If it were so, this would mean danger to the whole Inter-Andine region of Ecuador, because it would foreshadow an eruption perhaps similar to that at St. Pierre. But the volcano of Cotopaxi has been vomiting lava and pumice stone and smoke intermittently for centuries, and, being like an open stovepipe, there is not much chance of its breaking out from the sides. When I saw the volcano, it was sending up enormous masses of smoke in black clouds that obscured the sky, and effectually hid the sun from view.

Quito is a picturesque type of the solid cities which the Spanish conquerors built in the valleys and plateaux of the Andes, as capitals of the different regions. But it is more interesting historically from having been one of the capitals of the ancient Incas and a centre of their primitive civilization. To-day, it is interesting and picturesque on account of the presence of the Quichua Indians, who are of the race of the ancient Incas.

A Switchback Railroad in the Mountains

TINY CRIPPLES AS ENTERTAINERS

NEW YORK is having all kinds of winter weather this year. Sometimes it rains and snows and blows simultaneously with equal force and perversity. Umbrellas are turned inside out, people lose their hats and are blown into slush puddles nearly knee deep. It was during a spell of weather of this sort that a little band of children from the William H. Davis Free Industrial School for Crippled Children in New York came on a recent evening to the Bowery Mission. They had promised to give an entertainment for the men of the Bowery. Seldom, perhaps never, has any evening been more thoroughly enjoyed or appreciated, and all who were present or knew about it were impressed with the lesson in unselfishness it afforded. That these little folks, seemingly more unfortunate than any other class of human beings, should have been able to give to able-bodied men cheer and sunshine proved that a generous and merry heart really has very little connection with outward circumstances.

"Dimples"

Wee Elizabeth

"Uncle Sam"

From the moment they arrived—most of them came in the wagonette which belongs to the school, although a few used the street cars—the Mission seemed to be filled with jollity. They were escorted to the kitchen, where they were to put on their costumes. Here they played with each other and tumbled about in such a reckless way that one of the Mission workers was frightened.

"I'm afraid you children will hurt yourself," he said to a mite in a steel brace, who had just fallen down.

"Oh, no," she assured him, picking herself up," we never get hurt." And on they romped.

Soon Mrs. Arthur Elliot Fish, the President of the school, arrived. She brought quiet and order out of the tumbling crowd, for the children know and obey her. Then the entertainment began. First there was an opening chorus, "It's Great to Be a Soldier Man"; then drills and songs by the kindergarten children and a recitation by "Elizabeth," who immediately captured the hearts of her audience with her quaint and amusing ways. Several solos followed, one by little Andy, who sang a Chinese song and imitated the odd step of the yellow men.

"Dimples," the mischief of the school, won applause by his songs and recitations, as did the quartette of which he was a member. "Cornelia," one of the older girls, and one of the cleverest workers in the school, was roundly clapped for a little song called "Over in the Corner where the Dark Comes Most."

At the end, there was a "Star and Sunflower" drill by the whole company. Nowhere could any band of children be found quicker in their motions, or gayer or happier than these little ones. "Dimples" and "Elizabeth" were the prime favorites; but there was not a child who had not his full share of applause, and no trace of jealousy was found in the group of stars.

In the audience there were smiles, laughter and some tears.

"Say," said one moist-eyed man, touching one of the Mission workers, "I've got a little girl just like that one. I ain't seen her for nigh eleven years, but ——"

Mrs. Fish was asked to say a few words to the men of the Mission.

"At our school," she explained, "each child is taught a practical occupation that will enable him to be self-supporting. We have proved that none are too helpless or too feeble to do a little. If this is true of these children, it is certainly true of the men in this audience. Every one of you can do something."

The work of training these crippled children has attracted wide attention and sympathy. The school building at 471 West Fifty-seventh Street accommodates between sixty and seventy little folks. They live in their own homes, and are called for each morning in the wagonette, and sent home at five in the afternoon. A few who come from other places are boarded by the school in some private home, often with the families of other children. They are drilled in the ordinary kindergarten, primary, and grammar classes, but emphasis is laid on the manual training. The girls are taught sewing, weaving, and paper work; the boys, leather tooling and wood carving. The best teachers are employed, and the work is remarkably beautiful and finds a ready sale, for there is nothing produced that one would not be glad to have in his home. Each child is paid for the time he devotes to practical employment, and many have savings accounts, which they use either for their own support, or give to their parents. In some cases, these parents may have been directly responsible for the condition of the child, but the child's instinctive affection is deep and forgiving.

At noon a hot dinner is served to the little pupils, and in the afternoon a simple service is held—reading from the Bible, prayer and singing. No color, creed, or race, but only lack of room bars any child from the advantages of the school. Deformity and incapacity are never talked about. The children are made to feel that they are not peculiar, but have a place in the world and a work to do. As a result, one can go into the school and almost forget the physical weaknesses in the cheer, the smiles, the ready obedience, the politeness, which pervades its atmosphere.

In summer the children are taken to the school's country home at Claverack, N. Y., a fine country residence, which was given by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Thorley in memory of their daughter. Here the children play out-of-doors for several months. Mrs. Fish spends her summer at the home, and gives her entire time to loving and caring for her clever little well-trained charges.

EUPHEMIA HOLDEN.

The Industrial Work of Crippled Children

These Bookshelves, Carved Chairs and Table, Screen, Desks, Library Seat and Cushions were all made by the children

A Great Concert at the Bowery Mission

SEE ILLUSTRATION ON COVER PAGE

THE members of the Amateur Concert Club, which is composed exclusively of ladies of the most prominent families known in New York society, gave a concert to the poor men of the Bowery, in the Mission, on Tuesday evening, January 7. When, in the closing item of their programme, they sang the Christmas carol, "O Holy Night," and sweet voices of the singers were heard tenderly uttering the words

> A thrill of hope the weary world rejoices,
> For yonder breaks a new and glorious morn.

we felt that, in a measure, but very really, the new day had come and the old prophecy was being fulfilled, "The rich and poor meet together: the Lord is maker of them all."

Miss Field, the President of the Club, is one of the highest types of American Christian womanhood, and under her direction these ladies are inaugurating a method of work which is likely to accomplish great results in bridging over the chasm that exists between the rich and the poor of this country. The unselfish, altruistic spirit, and the generous motives which call the Club into existence, have found a peculiarly appropriate field in the Bowery. Nowhere has music proved itself such an inspiring, refining, and soothing influence as amongst the homeless and friendless.

Apart from the excellence of the performance which the Club gives every year, this act of disinterested kindness in coming down into the nether-world, and meeting face to face hopeless and discouraged men, has had a moral effect that it is impossible to exaggerate. The results of the kindness of these New York City ladies, has, we know, been a wonderful reinforcement to the ordinary rescue work of the Mission.

It was a pitilessly wet night. Rain and sleet swirled down upon the sidewalks and flooded the gutters; but they were not sufficient to prevent an enormous crowd of men gathering an hour before the time of commencing. Very punctually, however, the procession of automobiles arrived and deposited their fair occupants and the concert began.

Miss Marie Kieckhoefer, the charming and versatile Secretary of the Club, appeared, as formerly, with her 'cello, and played in the opening trio with Mr. A. Rosenstein, piano, and Mr. David Hennen Morris, violin. Mr. Lawrence Butler, a pupil of Jean De Reszke, and possessing a magnificent baritone voice, sang several solos. Miss Dorothy Innis and Mrs. Berry Wall were the soprano soloists, whilst Miss Gladys Rice and Miss Marion Gaylord rendered in very beautiful fashion, respectively, violin and harp solos.

A psychological student would have found a most engrossing study in the faces of the poor beaten, baffled, discouraged men, as they listened to these instrumental solos, the subjects of which were selected with great discernment, and rendered with exquisite feeling. When, in response to an inexorable encore, Miss Gaylord played on the harp the simple strains of "Home, Sweet Home," there were many men who bowed their heads and wept.

The lighter portion of the programme fell to the lot of Miss Cornelia Barnes, who recited Eugene Field's "Night Wind" and several humorous pieces with great effect, and to Mr. Evert Wendell, the famous Harvard College man of former days, and the equally famous New York philanthropist of the present time. Mr. Wendell, by his genial manner and really humorous singing, gave the "boys" a treat they will long remember.

Probably, however, the greatest effect of all was produced by the singing of the Choral Club, containing twenty young lady members, under the direction of Mr. Rosenstein, with Miss Rosamund Street at the piano. Their first item was Mendelssohn's "Cradle Song," and their last, "O Holy Night." Each man held in his hand a printed copy of the words, and as, under the spell of Adolph Adams' tender but powerful music, they gathered the glorious significance of the message, I saw many a lip quiver, and many eyes were moistened with tears.

J. G. HALLIMOND, *Superintendent.*

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, Associate Editor — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, Associate Editor

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

The Protest on the Motto

THERE is no abatement in the popular movement throughout the country in favor of restoring the motto "In God We Trust" to the national coinage. Two bills are now before Congress for that purpose. When the great flood of letters demanding restoration began to pour in upon THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, it was decided that these letters could be used most effectively in convincing Congress of the popular feeling on the subject. They were accordingly forwarded to the Hon. Ollie M. James of Kentucky, the author of the first bill for restoration.

Congressman James, in acknowledging receipt of this voluminous correspondence, writes the following letter, which is of interest to all who wish to see the grand old motto put back on the coins:

"HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

"WASHINGTON, January 7, 1908.

"*Mr. Louis Klopsch*, Editor CHRISTIAN HERALD.

"MY DEAR SIR: I am in receipt of your letter of recent date, together with two express packages containing hundreds of letters from various citizens of the United States, petitioning for the restoration of the ancient motto 'In God We Trust,' upon our coins.

"I regretted exceedingly to see the President issue the order taking this motto from our money, and think it was a great mistake. This great republic believes in a Supreme Being, and wherever our money goes, to the farthest parts of the earth, we wanted those who saw it to see that the first republic of the western hemisphere placed its trust, not in floating navies nor in tramping armies, but in God. The President's objection that some person might make fun of it, if carried to its logical conclusion, would tear down every church spire and pull up every altar of worship, because somebody might make fun of these sacred places. But two thousand years ago the Bible told us that such there would be, 'For the fool hath said in his own heart, "There is no God."'

"I appreciate very much the earnest endeavor that you are putting forth in behalf of the bill which I have introduced to restore this motto, and you and those who think with you may rest assured that I will do all possible to secure this legislation. I suggest that those interested in this matter ought to write to their members of Congress, asking them to support this bill.

"Yours very truly, OLLIE M. JAMES."—

We trust that all of our readers and their friends who have not already done so, will write at once to the Congressional representatives from their respective districts, urging them to support restoration, as Congressman James suggests. Prompt action now may win the battle while delay may sacrifice every advantage that has been gained.

Overworked College Women

PRESIDENT SEELYE of Smith College, one of the famous quartet of American colleges for women, has flung a bombshell into the camp of the advocates of the higher education for the gentle sex. In his annual report he roundly condemns the preparatory requirements as inducing hurried and superficial work, as too prolonged, and hence too expensive for any but the wealthy, and lastly, because the system as it stands today contributes to the modern tendency to celibacy.

In plain words, President Seelye believes that the worst evil that could befall a woman's college would be to have educational conditions so hard, and the time of graduation so long delayed, that family life would be impaired in consequence. That these conditions do prevail he assures us, and he adds, convincingly: "An inferior quality of scholarship is produced where the pupil is hurried over so much ground that one study soon obliterates the impression made by another. Physicians complain that entrance requirements seriously interfere with normal physical development. Not enough time is left for rest and outdoor exercise."

This frank admission, by one usually recognized as an advocate of the highest standard in female education, should be weighed carefully by parents and teachers. If it be true, as the professor asserts—and we presume he speaks from long personal observation and study of the subject—that prolonged and arduous entrance training is hostile to marriage, people will naturally ask why it should not be so modified as to remove the objectionable features. He says: "The longer marriage is delayed, the less likely men are to marry," which is indisputable, though it might be said with equal truth of men or women, either in or out of college.

But even apart from the marriage question, the evils of which the professor complains should be dealt with and the proper remedy applied. College life for women should be made worth while. Over-study to the point of physical and nervous exhaustion is a painfully familiar feature of our present high school system; but few people were prepared to find its existence admitted in our women's colleges. Yet when we are told that the requirements have been more than doubled in these colleges in recent years, we can better comprehend the hard struggle many of these delicate young students have to undergo, and we cease to wonder why so many break down under the unhygienic, unscientific and absurd demands made upon mind and body, at a time of life when both should be in process of harmonious and healthy development.

The Problem of Poverty

A RELIABLE statement has been issued from a committee that has exceptional means of knowing the facts, that at the present time there are in New York alone one hundred and sixty thousand men who are seeking employment. These represent families of various numbers, but probably not falling far short of half a million mouths, for which there is no provision but such as comes by charity. A significant feature of this startling fact is that a majority of the men do not belong to the ranks of unskilled labor, but are men skilled in building and mechanical industries, and nearly half of them members of Trades Unions.

Society is thus face to face with the problem of poverty in acute form, for, though New York is doubtless in worse shape than other cities, being the magnet which draws the unemployed from all sections, its condition is representative of other cities. It is useless now to attempt to apportion the blame for this crisis; the urgent duty is to seek a remedy.

That the situation is a disgrace to a civilized community must be admitted. Things have been managed badly by the statesmen and philosophers, when they have come to this pass. That men who know a trade, who are willing and anxious to work, who do not desire charity but will gladly do good work for the food and shelter they need, should be homeless and starving amid plenty, is a sign of mismanagement in the classes who assume to regulate social conditions. Even a horse is sure of a stable and corn so long as he is able to work, yet here are men to whom such comforts are unattainable.

It is a sign of the patience and strength of character of the American workingman that hitherto he has displayed so marked a respect for law and the rights of property. It is a fierce test to a man's principles when he is not only hungry but sees the signs of hunger in his wife's face and hears the pitiful wails of his children as they plead for food, yet holds back his hand from taking the thing that does not belong to him. He sees luxury on every hand; men and women wearing costly clothes and jewelry; sees them feasting in hotels and restaurants as he walks the street, yet refrains from crime. All honor to him! He has a manly spirit, and society hopes—and with reason—that his self-control will continue.

Is the church of Christ doing its duty in the circumstances? If it had done its duty in the past, would matters have come to such a crisis? When Christ laid down the principles of the kingdom of God and preached universal brotherhood, could he have contemplated the prospect that, nineteen centuries after his death, so little would have been done toward realizing his ideal? Ask one of these unemployed, hungry men if there is a kingdom of God on earth, and he would look at his questioner incredulously. Yet Christ intended us to work toward this object of bringing the kingdom of God to the earth, this kingdom of love and brotherhood.

It is not to be achieved by dividing the property of the world, as revolutionists claim; nor by creating classes as unionists claim; but by the Church taking up the long-neglected problem and honestly striving to solve it. We may wisely let questions of doctrine and church government fall into abeyance for a time, while we consider this urgent matter. There is no time to be lost, for even at this moment some soul may be going up to God, driven out of its frail body by starvation, to tell him that in this land of wealth it could not get a loaf of bread without stealing it.

A Scientist's Conclusion

ONE of the most distinguished scientists of this age, Lord Kelvin, passed away lately at the advanced age of eighty-three. His achievements in the higher domain of research were acknowledged throughout the world. It was his inventions that made ocean telegraphy a commercial possibility. His theories concerning the nature of the earth's core or interior, and as to the beginnings of life on this planet; his knowledge of electricity, and the wonderful experiments by which he demonstrated that the air we breathe is divided into countless myriads of tetrakaidekahedrons, or fourteen-sided invisible particles, won him universal recognition as a master-mind in these varied fields of investigation.

Yet with all his knowledge, which placed him far above the average scientist, Lord Kelvin himself admitted that he had never found, in the course of his long life of investigation, anything to shake his faith in God. On one occasion, he received a letter from a correspondent who was in doubt concerning religion, and who turned to the great scientist in his difficulty, seeking for light. "Is there a God?" he asked. He would know whether the man of far-reaching knowledge had not become convinced, through his investigations, that the claims of religion were false. Lord Kelvin made a memorable reply. "I find science full of the evidence of God," he wrote, "and I find no reading of theological books necessary to keep me contented with the Christian religion of my childhood."

Such is the testimony of one who was great among men, yet who, throughout a remarkable career, found nothing in science to shake his religious convictions, and who clung with the simplicity of a child to the faith he had learned at his mother's knee.

A Great Book of World Travel

Dear Dr. Klopsch: Have received the exquisite Calendar for 1908. I shall take pleasure in telling my friends about your beautiful premiums. I have traveled a great many miles, but have never been able to visit so many countries at such a low rate as you give me the opportunity of doing with Mr. and Mrs. Alexander, in "Twice Around the World." It is certainly a grand book and an excellent premium, and I trust many will take advantage of your liberal offer. With best wishes for the New Year, MRS. M. A. WHITBECK.

Ghent, N. Y.

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THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

A Congo Market

Traveling on the Plains of the Congo Free State

"Devil Dancers"

Americans Attacked on the Congo

NEWS has reached Washington, D. C., of a desperate fight in the Congo Free State. The International Corporation in which Thomas F. Ryan and the Guggenheims are interested, had sent a band of explorers to survey the territory which the Belgian Government has granted them as a concession. Several members of the United States Geological Survey were in the party, which also comprised a regiment of native soldiers and carriers, and several Belgian officials. Starting from Boma on the Atlantic coast, the party marched through the jungle toward the head waters of the Kasai River. Their purpose was to examine the capacities of the concession in rubber and metals. They entered the concession near Kamsella, and had proceeded about five miles when they were attacked by a large force of natives armed with old-fashioned flintlock muskets. The natives fought with desperate ferocity, and though the Americans had the best arms and equipment that money could buy, they were forced to retreat. They killed 125 of the attacking force, but the survivors were desperate, and followed the retreating expedition with reckless courage. The Americans made all the haste possible, covering their rear with the native soldiers. The journey which had occupied eight days in coming, was done in three days in returning, with the harassing enemy in the rear. None of the white men was hurt, but five of the native carriers were killed and many were wounded. The explorer who sends the report alleges that the attacking force was largely composed of cannibals who regard the flesh of the white man as a delicacy. That, however, may be merely an alarmist report, as the white men evidently did not get into close contact with them, but kept them at a distance with their superior weapons. It is intended to persevere with the expedition, as Belgian protection is promised. There is reason therefore, to fear that this is only the beginning of slaughter. The natives are evidently desperate, and will not be warned by their losses against further attacks. They cannot understand the right of the Belgian King to grant concessions of their land, and if they have heard anything of the American nation, must be still more surprised that Americans have accepted the concession. Nor do they know how little chance they have with their rude weapons of defending their land and themselves against men intent on gain, and equipped with weapons of precision, who come regardless of national honor to despoil and slay them. We can but pity them and deplore the penalty they must suffer. Now, as in ancient times, the righteous man must confess:

I saw the oppressions that are done under the sun: and behold the tears of such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter: and on the side of their oppressors there was power. (Eccles. 4 : 1.)

Offers a Million to Doctors

The physicians on the staff of a hospital in Pittsburg, Pa., are discussing an offer made by a multi-millionaire recently. There was brought to the hospital some time ago a man whose illness from the first was recognized as critical. A constant visitor was the millionaire, who, as the danger increased, spent most of his time at the patient's bedside. He was intensely anxious, and begged the doctors to do all they could to save his life. It became necessary at last to tell him that the patient could not live many hours. The millionaire was almost frantic with grief, and wanted to get two famous physicians from New York by special train. He said the patient was the dearest friend he had in the world. They had gone to Pittsburg together as poor boys, and they had been as inseparable as brothers. He besought the doctors to make another effort and pledged himself to give them a million dollars if they could save his friend's life. They assured him that no doctor on earth could do anything in the case. The patient died that night and the millionaire wept like a child. He declared that he would gladly have given a million dollars, and more, if necessary, if the life of his friend could have been saved. He is learning a useful lesson: that there are limits to the power of money. He appears to have supposed that what the doctors could not do for their own credit and for humanity's sake, they might do for money. He was probably too distracted with anxiety to realize what an insult that was. He had to do with death, against which money is no protection.

Will he esteem thy riches? No, not gold, nor all the forces of strength. (Job 36 : 19.)

A Gravedigger's Plight

Some persons living near the Fort Hamilton Avenue gate to Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, called at the near police station a few evenings ago and reported that they had heard moans coming from among the graves. While they were assuring the lieutenant of the truth of the account, the policeman on the post rushed in pale and haggard with a confirmatory story. The reserves were sent to investigate and found that the cries were those of a gravedigger, on whom the side of a newly-made grave had fallen. He was buried up to the neck and was badly hurt. He said that he had finished digging the grave about dusk, and had descended into it to level the floor when the side fell in. He fainted with pain at first, but when he recovered he had shouted for help as loudly as he could. He had heard several persons passing, but they had been scared and had hurried away. The police soon dug him out, but he had been a prisoner more than four hours in the grave. They sent him to the nearest hospital, where it was found that one of his legs was broken and he had sustained internal injuries, besides being half dead from cold and exposure. It was a ghastly experience for him, and he is doubtless deeply thankful that relief came in time to save his life. His occupation, however, must continually remind him that there is a time coming for him as for others, when the grave will finally close over him, and his dead body will be covered from the sight of men. Then even his exhumation would not restore him, as it has this time, but he must lie and mingle his ashes with the soil. But that need not depress him if he has put his trust in One who can save him, for then, supported by faith, he can say:

God will redeem my soul from the power of the grave; for he shall receive me. (Ps. 49: 15.)

A Trading Caravan on the March

A King's Gratitude

Search is now being made for an Englishman named Pendrell, who is entitled to a royal legacy. He is a descendant of a Staffordshire farmer, who, in 1651, saved from execution the Prince who afterward became King Charles II. The Prince fled after the battle of Worcester and found refuge with the farmer, who disguised him, and when the farm was being searched for him by Cromwell's soldiers, concealed him in a wide-spreading oak. Pendrell also helped him to reach the coast and thence to get to the Continent, when the search became less keen. When Charles returned in triumph, the farmer was not forgotten. He executed a grant, "under the great seale, of an annuity to ye Pendrells" and their descendants, in perpetuity, to the amount of $500 a year, which the sardonic King did not propose to pay himself, but ordered it to be raised by a tax on certain Cromwellian lands. It continued to be paid until 1859, when the Pendrell seventh in descent from "ye honest farmer" sold his life-interest in the annuity. Of course he could not sell the interest of his son, if he had one, and it is for this son that search is now being made. Thus a loyal act brought a reward not only to the man who performed it, but to his children and children's children to the seventh generation. Many a royalist must have wished that the opportunity had come to him, but at that time there was little prospect of its being rewarded. There are many Christians who wish they had been alive in Christ's time that they might have done him some personal service. They need not grieve that they did not have the opportunity, for he has chosen representatives in every generation and reckons service rendered to them as rendered to himself.

Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me. (Matt. 25 : 40.)

An Insult to the Flag

A significant punishment was administered recently to a man in Hoboken, N. J., for an act of disrespect to the Stars and Stripes. He was returning from an entertainment in the early morning hours, when he noticed a large flag flying from a pole in a citizen's yard. In a spirit of mischief he opened his pocket knife and cut the halliards and the flag came fluttering to the ground. A policeman saw it fall and promptly arrested the man. When asked by the Recorder before whom he was arraigned, why he had done the mischief, he had nothing to say but that he objected to see the flag flying at that time in the morning. The Recorder answered that it was right to have that flag flying at any time, and he would pass a sentence that would teach the offender a lesson of respect. He ordered him to climb the forty-foot pole and replace the flag, and instructed two policemen to see that it was done. The news of the sentence attracted a crowd and the man was jeered as he clumsily climbed the pole and put the flag back. It is a curious fact that the man who cut the flag down was an American, but it was flying in the yard of a Frenchman, and the arrest was made by an Irish policeman, and the Recorder who pronounced sentence is said to be of English descent. Every one has a contempt for a man who lowers the symbol of his nation's honor. But it is too often forgotten that dishonorable conduct and unprincipled trickery do more to dishonor the nation to which a man belongs than any insult to his flag.

Ought ye not to walk in the fear of our God, because of the reproach of the heathen our enemies? (Neh. 5 : 9.)

AROUND THE HOME HEARTH

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

The Child in the Home

THE ideal home for a child is the home where a child has room to develop naturally. It is a home that does not bristle with don'ts. A mother was appalled one day when a visiting sister said: "I have jotted down the don'ts you have uttered to Emily to-day. You have said: 'Don't do that, Emily' eighty times since breakfast." Never is a home ideal when so full of ornamental bric-a-brac and fragile chairs and tables and delicate china and costly furniture that childish freedom therein is forever being curtailed, restrained and restricted.

If possible, the child's ideal home should be in the country. Out-of-doors in the air and sunlight, with stout shoes, with simple clothing, with plenty of space, children grow rosy-cheeked and sturdy. A brook where he may fish, a meadow where he may dream, a tree into which he may climb, furnish for the healthy child an earthly paradise.

A park is a quotation from the country, and affords to city children their best substitute for country freedom. Unhappily the ubiquitous blue-coated policeman is apt to be on hand when they are happiest, warning them from this or that forbidden spot.

When children have no playground except the pavement near their own home, they are not ideally situated for pleasure or health. Exercise in the open air, exercise pleasing to the mind as well as wholesome to the body, is a requisite indispensable to happy childhood.

The ideal home for the child is one where his mother is within call. Therefore, children who see their mothers only now and then, as sometimes is the way with the children of wealth and fashion, though nurses and teachers are ever so kind and wise, miss some precious things.

. . . .

A home where the child helps the mother, where there are tools and spoons and basins and little brooms and dust-pans, is ideal. Dearly do children enjoy being in the midst of things and being of use.

Among recent writers, none excels J. M. Barrie in a sympathetic insight which reveals the inner heart and life of childhood. Grizel, the little heroine in *Sentimental Tommy*, had anything but an ideal home, yet the apology for a home that she had, gave her what many children lack, the chance to develop the mother-instinct that lies hidden deep in the soul of every young girl. She watched over her poor mother, "the Painted Lady," with more than maternal tenderness and with a sweetness that was half angelic, half pure womanly.

The child's home, to be ideal, must have in it some grown person who is a companion, confidante and friend, but who possesses no vested authority. This person may be a grandmother, may be an aunt, or merely a family friend. The fact of detachment from the family, so that she comes and goes, appears and disappears and reappears at intervals, is interesting to the child.

. . . .

I remember a certain lady, who, as my mother's intimate friend, often spent long weeks at our home when I was a child of nine. She was a woman with no immediate ties. She had prim ways, wore her hair in waves, had dainty clothes, mostly of dove-color; I recall a changeable silk the color of a dove's wing. Our friend made wonderful pin-cushions and needle-books, knew how to knit and embroider, and when she was with us, kept the house merry with her gay repartees and droll stories. We children gleefully shouted when she came and cried when she went away. She had a funny little mincing step, and walked as if she were a mechanical toy just wound up. But among the memories of my own ideally serene childhood's home, her figure looms up, still dear. Shall I know her when next we meet on the shore of the crystal river, in the home where they go no more out?

There are rules in the child's ideal home, but they are few and sensible and easily understood. There are lessons in it and duties and things to do. The child in it is fearless and frank. He has never been cowed and oppressed by arbitrary and despotic control; he has been treated as if he had a desire to be right and brave, as indeed, if unspoiled, he has. It can hardly be ideal, if in it there are no playmates. It is not good for a child to be solitary.

Children should have live pets as well as toys and puppets. The friendly dog, comrade, playmate and chum, is an inseparable part of his little master's life, once the boy has known the joy of owning him. To refrain from cruelty to animals is the lowest step in the scale of refinement and humanity. Children should learn something of the goodness that springs from genuine love and understanding of domestic animals. A dog for the frolic and the road, a cat for the fireside, and the home approaches more nearly to completeness than without these pleasant companions. Those to whom a dog is merely a dog, a cat only a cat, have never entered into the joys that come from sharing one's cup and loaf with our animal friends.

ALL YOUNG TOGETHER

Little peasant children 'way across the sea
Just as merry-hearted as little folk can be.
Mother hen and chickens strolling through the house,
Kittens much too playful to hunt the timid mouse.

Manners on the Road

WHAT about entering into conversation with strangers when I am taking a journey?" inquires a young woman who is a little uncertain as to her bearing when away from home without an escort.

It is a safe rule not to drift too soon or too easily into intimate talk with people one does not know when one is traveling, and is on the train or the steamboat for a few hours only. In a journey across the continent, or a voyage across the ocean, there is a greater opportunity to find out who of one's fellow travelers are to be trusted, and it is an unwise rule to preserve an attitude of suspicion, and to hold oneself aloof from pleasant intercourse during a number of successive days. Should one have to ask questions, favors or necessary information, go to an official person. The conductor on the train, the purser on the steamer or the stewards will tell whatever may be needful to guide an inexperienced traveler. If either man or woman attempts to be familiar on short acquaintance, asks personal questions or volunteers attentions that are needless, it is best to preserve a manner of perfect civility, but to discourage anything beyond mere politeness.

When going about in city conveyances, the young woman who happens to meet an acquaintance, does not allow him to pay her fare. That is the privilege only of a member of her family or a very intimate friend. One need never hesitate on her own part to offer a courtesy when traveling, if she sees a requisite occasion. Coming up from the South, on a three-days' journey, it happened once that the resources of the dining-car gave out completely.

The result was that a large number of passengers, entering the car in North Carolina, discovered that they must go supperless to bed. An elderly woman, leaning back in her corner, and feeling very faint, heard a sweet voice saying to her, "I happen to be prepared for this emergency, and have a larger luncheon than I need. I have traveled on this train before, and I always bring some supplies of my own. Won't you share a meal with me?"

A kindness like this may always be shown on the road, and may always be accepted with simple gratitude.

On another occasion, a traveler, observing that her neighbor was suffering from a headache, ventured to offer smelling salts and cologne, both of which were very rudely refused, either because the headache had made its victim cross, or because she feared to be under even a slight obligation to a stranger.

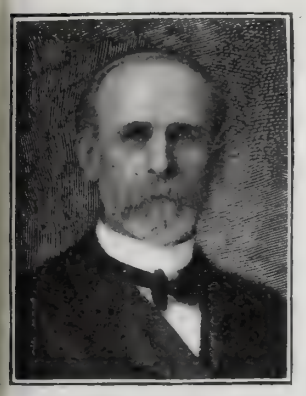
Whatever is declined should be declined graciously. It is always right to relieve a burdened mother by diverting, if one can, a weary child.

The truth of the matter is that the best manners in the world spring from kind hearts, and that on the road of life as we pass and repass, the small change of civility goes farther in diffusing happiness than the larger bills that symbolize the rugged virtues. There are times when ten cents in the purse is a greater convenience than a fifty-dollar bill.

A SOUL-WINNERS' UNIVERSITY

How Young People Are Trained For Many Fields of Work at Upland

Miss Sarah D. Ulmer
Department of Elocution



Rev. A. R. Archibald
Acting President of the University

J. B. Mack
Department of Mathematics

Miss Belle Corson
Department of English and German

Rev. J. A. Smith
History and New Testament Greek

WITH an attendance of over two hundred students, Taylor University, at Upland, Ind., is now entering upon the nineteenth year of its educational and spiritual work. Ever since its organization in 1890, it has been adding to its sphere of usefulness, until now the University has six departments, offering the student a wide field of selection, in which he may be prepared for any one of a number of vocations. Taylor University is a Christian university, in which the student of small means may be prepared for Christian work as a pastor, or as a missionary in either the home or foreign field. Thus it worthily maintains the intentions of its Christian founders, and keeps bright the memory of William Taylor, the consecrated Bishop of Africa, whose name it bears. Besides those who are studying for the ministry, there are a large number of students, both young men and women, who are preparing themselves for the profession of teaching. Others are fitting themselves for a business career.

The University has a most delightful and healthful situation at Upland. The land about is high and well drained and the scenery of the district, with its rolling fields and low hills, is one that strikes the eye of the tired city traveler as most pleasant and restful, and as an ideal spot for study. The attractions of a large university city, that so often distract the mind of the student from the real purpose of his stay at an educational institution, are wanting here, and those most interested in the welfare of the young men and women who come to Taylor for the spiritual culture and instruction it affords are rather glad of it. The student's entire attention is thus centred in his work, and he becomes a part of the University life. Warmer and more helpful friendships are formed among the students that endure long after they have gone out into the active duties of the world from the sheltering arms of their alma mater. The faculty can keep in closer touch with the social life of the student body, and the students themselves can get that broader culture that comes not only from the knowledge imparted during recitations and in lectures, but also from personal friendship with the professors themselves, something that cannot exist in institutions where the classes are so large as to absolutely preclude the professor knowing much of the personality of the young men and women who sit under his instruction.

Main Building, Taylor University

In a way, the faculty and students strike the visitor at first as a large family, bound together in their effort to attain the common goal of Christian scholarship, and aiding one another greatly over the discouraging parts of the road, that are found by all at college.

The University is almost at the point marked as the present centre of population in the United States, and a glance at the University register shows that the students come from East and West, North and South, and a few even from foreign countries. Indiana, as it would be expected, furnishes the largest number. This in itself is a strong recommendation, showing that the greatest support comes from those who know it best and who realize that a good education may be obtained without going to other and far more expensive institutions of learning. The University comprises six schools: the College of Liberal Arts, the Academy, the Normal School, the School of Music, the School of Oratory and the Business College.

There are four courses offered in the College of Liberal Arts—the Classical Course, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Arts; the Scientific Course, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science; the Literary Course, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Literature, and the Philosophical Course, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy. For young men preparing for the Christian ministry, a course in the College of Liberal Arts, if followed by study in the School of Theology, will be found of almost incalculable value. For those who are unprepared to take up the work of the freshman year at Taylor, an excellent preparatory department known as the Academy has been provided. In this way a thorough high school course may be obtained, the student passing easily and naturally to the first year's work of the College.

The School of Theology sends out every year a number of bright young men to take their places in the aggressive work of the Christian ministry. Taylor's graduates are noted for their untiring zeal and alertness in advancing the cause of Christ and have an inspiring record of work accomplished for the Master. In fact, the religious atmosphere of the entire University is most helpful. The study of the Bible is not relegated to the School of Theology alone, but finds a large place in the preparatory and collegiate departments. One of Taylor's mottoes is "Holiness Unto the Lord," and prayer and conference meetings are held every week of the school year for the purpose of advancing the students in the Christian life. The students all attend the Sunday services at some one of the Upland churches and they all assemble for public devotions. Among the active religious organizations are the Prayer Band, the Young Men's Holiness League, the Young Women's Holiness League, and the Volunteer Mission Band, devoted to fostering the missionary spirit among the students. Taylor has always shown a strong missionary zeal, and at present has representatives at work in South America, China, Porto Rico and Japan. Surely this is a record in which the University may well take a pardonable pride!

Probably no institution of equal grade offers so much to the prospective student at so little cost. The tuition is reasonable, and the expenses of living at the University are kept at a very low figure. Several opportunities are afforded students to pay a part of their expenses by work in the University buildings. Several prizes are offered. Dr. Klopsch, proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, gives THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Prize for excellency in debate between contestants chosen by the literary societies. He has always taken an active interest in Taylor University and at present is one of the Board of Trustees. Dr. Archibald, the acting president, is an educator and preacher of note.

Taylor may really be called the only Layman's University. It has the regular long course leading to the degree of Bachelor of Systematic Theology; but it has, in addition, shorter courses that fit ambitious young men and women for active Gospel work. The students with Taylor training are almost invariably successful in both the home and the foreign field. Forty-four are in the North Indiana Conference; others are distributed all over the United States. Any young man or woman who thinks of entering upon a life of Christian usefulness should write to President Archibald of the University, who will gladly give fuller information concerning this splendid institution, which has trained such an army of valiant soul-winners in the past.

Rev. C. R. Stout
Department of Latin and Greek

Mrs. F. D. Archibald
Department of French

Rev. H. L. Latham
Professor of Hebrew

O. W. Brackney
Department of Natural Science

David E. King
Department of Music

MISS STONE'S ABDUCTOR DEAD

A CABLE dispatch announces the death by assassination of Boris Sarafoff, the Macedonian revolutionary chieftain. He was shot down in cold blood by a brother revolutionist at his own doorstep.

Sarafoff was the brigand leader who, in 1901, boldly plotted and skilfully carried out the scheme for the abduction of Miss Ellen M. Stone, the American Board missionary. With Mme. Tsilka, the wife of a local preacher, the missionary was seized near Salonica and held a captive by Sarafoff's band for several weeks in a cave in a wild mountainous region, while Turkish troops searched for her everywhere in vain. Threats that unless the sum of twenty-five thousand Turkish pounds (equal to $110,000) was paid to the abductors as a ransom, the missionary's life would be sacrificed, produced the desired result. Friends and sympathizers in this country raised a large sum, which was paid over to secure the release of Miss Stone. Readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD aided in this work and shared the general joy when the missionary, after weeks of peril, was at last delivered safe and sound by the brigands to the care of friends at Monastir.

Boris Sarafoff

Sarafoff has been variously designated as "patriot," "demagogue," "hero," "filibuster," "emancipator," "cowardly agitator," and "brigand assassin." He was undoubtedly a composite, in whom all these apparently conflicting qualities had a place. That his methods were often dark and criminally brutal, is admitted by his friends. But it is urged in his behalf that he could not have been otherwise. Born of revolutionary stock in the little Turkish village of Ljabjechro, he was early a witness of many Turkish atrocities. When only a lad in the Salonica gymnasium, he saw his own father and grandfather dragged about the city in chains, surrounded by Turkish *zaptiehs*, and accused, with other Christians, of fomenting rebellion against Turkish control. The child tried to break his way through the cordon, but was mocked at by horsemen and belabored with whips. The boy gathered up stones and pelted the sentry, who called out the guard, and the youthful rebel was arrested. He afterward saw his relatives carried into exile, and he vowed that the Turks should pay dearly for their sufferings and for all the horrors of which he had been a witness. His life thereafter was apparently devoted to plans of revenge. When he was about eighteen years old he became a soldier in the Bulgarian army, and after several years of military experience, he took up the cause of Macedonian freedom. Collecting a band of young men, he drilled them, crossed the Turkish frontier and attacked the town of Melnik, cutting the telegraph wires, burning the prefecture, overpowering the guard and releasing all prisoners.

This, however, was only the beginning of his spectacular career, which included over 400 raids into Turkish territory. A price of 100,000 francs was set on his head, but he had so many escapes that the peasants declared he possessed a "charmed life." He afterward visited Paris, Rome and London, and formed Macedonian revolutionary committees. A frequent cause of dissension was the apportionment of the money subscribed to the Macedonian cause; the same dissension which ultimately ended in his assassination.

Headquarters of the Macedonian Insurgents

DAYS OF PERSECUTION IN SALVADOR

WHILE visiting San Pedro, one of our out-stations some fifty-six miles east of headquarters, recently, our lives were threatened and every possible effort was made to break up our meetings. During two services a company of forty or more attacked us, throwing stones and dirt, shouting, "Death to the Protestants! Away with them!" etc. We quietly continued the services until they retired of their own accord. The same evening I notified the Governor and United States Minister, through whom orders were given to the local authorities to protect us; but instead, we were threatened worse than ever. As our time had expired, we left for the capital the following day. But the judge, hearing of the uproar, made inquiry and had all the principal Romanists and Protestants summoned to testify to what they knew. The outcome of the trial was that the priest of the town, who had been the instigator of the trouble, was found guilty and sentenced to three years' imprisonment. The Bishop, knowing of the case, had him transferred to another part of the Republic. Thus the terror of San Pedro was removed, and now the believers are able to hold their meetings in peace. I have just returned from another visit to that place, and things are very different. Instead of assaults and threats, six policemen are detailed every night to protect our meetings. At another town which was under the care of the same priest, we had meetings with as many as 125 in attendance, and many accepted Christ.

At one of our newly opened stations, the authorities, through the priest, prohibited our native worker from holding services; but the priest was removed and the Governor gave special protection to our worker. In all of this we are more and more conscious that the work is of God.

Having been thwarted in their attacks at two of our out-stations, the enemy attempted an attack here at headquarters in San Salvador City. A pamphlet was published which pretended to expose the errors of Protestantism by the Bible, and which denounced Protestants. This was widely circulated, but it did no serious harm to the work. The only serious outcome was that the agent of our chapel, in order to drive us out, raised the rent. He knew that our church was composed of poor people. The consequence is that we will either have to pay or leave, which latter would mean closing the work at headquarters, because it is next to impossible to get a house in a good location at reasonable rent. We are very reluctant to give up this centre, because it would have a tendency to weaken our out-stations. What we really need is a building of our own, in order that the work may proceed unmolested. Such a building could be had for about $10,000.

This country at present is passing through a financial crisis on account of almost incessant war for over a year, and the constant fear of revolution. Still, despite all drawbacks, our work is growing throughout the Salvadorean Republic. We are arranging to train some natives as evangelists and pastors, and a mission house would be a necessity for this purpose. We lately called some twelve natives together for study and preparation, with the writer as teacher. This was the first Bible Institute in the Republic of Salvador.

We greatly appreciate the interest of your readers and thank them all for co-operation in the past.

R. H. BENDER,
BELLE PURVES BENDER,

Only missionaries to the Republic of Salvador, Central America, population over 1,100,000.

The First Protestant Bible Institute in Salvador

Pastor Bender, the Missionary Instructor, is seated in the centre

Is There Life on Mars?

M. Camille Flammarion, the celebrated French astronomer, writes this "latest word" on the problem of Martian life:

Life, as we understand it, would be impossible on certain planets, such as Jupiter, which are yet comparatively young and in process of formation; but such life could quite well exist on Mars, though we do not know what sort of life it is. Possibly periodical floods have caused the Martians to become amphibious, or they may be able to fly just as easily as we walk. Bearing in mind that Mars is much older than the earth, I believe the red planet to be inhabited by a race of beings intellectually superior to ourselves. They could hardly be less intelligent than we are, seeing that we spend three-fourths of our resources in keeping up armies and navies wherewith to kill one another, and that we cannot even agree upon a universal calendar or a universal meridian. There is nothing at all impossible in the supposition that such a race constructed the tremendous system of waterways revealed to us by our telescopes and photographic lenses. Possibly the Martians tried to communicate with us hundreds of thousands of years ago, when mammoths roamed at will over our continents and man had not made his appearance. They may have tried again later, and given up the attempt to attract the attention of a planet which they supposed to be either uninhabited, or peopled by a race of beings quite indifferent to the study of the universe or the search after eternal truth.

Will Give Sunshine All the Year

Dear Dr. Klopsch: Please receive thanks for so prompt reply in sending "Twice Around the World with Alexander, Prince of Gospel Singers" and your sweet Calendar. It will give "sunshine all the year," and the book will be a continual inspiration to believe that all the "promises of God are yea and amen in his dear Son."

Portland, Me. MYRA J. FULTZ.

THE MISCHIEF-MAKERS

By MARY McCRAE CULTER

CHAPTER XI—*Continued*

IN due time, Hollis went away, looking so bright, so happy, so pretty, in her new traveling suit, that the minister said good-by to her with a regret so genuine that it brought the gratified blushes to her cheeks while triumph filled her heart.

Glenn Fraser was at the station when Hollis reached there.

"Hello," he said. "Eloping?"

"Not exactly," she replied gaily. "I am going to a wedding, though, which is next thing to your guess."

"Do not be one of the foolish virgins," he said, in his teasing fashion.

"No, indeed! You'll never catch me napping when there is a chance to have a good time."

"Or to have a view of a bridegroom," he added. "It's a pity you can't find one for yourself without going outside of Hawthorne to see one belonging to another girl. I'll take care of the preacher, while you are gone. I guess I can manage to keep him in hot water. I'll do my best, anyway, and you can double the doses on your return, if you think I have not done my full duty by him."

Hollis was in too good a humor to allow his satire to trouble her.

"You'll soon get yourself shut up in an insane asylum, if you keep on making such silly remarks," she answered him. "How much will you give me to bring you a bit of the bride's cake to dream on?"

"Nothing, thank you! I have troubles enough without having the foreshadowings of greater ones in my dreams," he replied, as picking up her suit-case he attended her to the steps of her car.

"How long will you be away?" he asked at the last moment.

"Not less than three weeks. More probably four. Good-by," and she was gone.

"Did ever better luck happen to Hawthorne?" he exclaimed to himself as he went up the street. "Now if some other turn of good luck would only take Mr. Allan clear out of the Hayward house for a month, there would be a chance of his shaking himself free of evil influences."

His wish was answered sooner than he had reason to hope. The very next day, Mrs. Hayward received a message calling her and her husband to the bedside of a brother who was dangerously ill. She began hurried preparations for their journey, but paused in dismay over the thought of their guest.

"What shall we do about Mr. Allan?" she asked. The minister heard her, and promptly appeared at the sitting-room door.

"Do not worry about me for one moment, Mrs. Hayward. I will stay here and look after the house, and I have no doubt that I can persuade some of the good neighbors to give me a meal now and then."

"The very thing," she cried in relief. "I would hate to leave the house with no one to take care of it. I have no doubt Miss Tilly Walker will be glad to entertain you. She has no one but her brother to do for, and she is a first-class cook. More than that, she will be glad to add a little to her income, for she is very poor. I can leave you safely in her care—only look out for her tongue. She is a notorious busy-body."

"I'll risk that part," he replied more gaily than he felt. He was weary of busy-bodies and spiteful gossip, of which he had experienced so much of late. He found himself wishing that the Lawrence home was not so far away, or that he might leave his post of duty as caretaker of his present home, and take refuge in that haven of rest and enjoyment.

The arrangement with Miss Walker forty Aunt Tilly Walkers. She is such a blessed old busy-body," he said.

Mr. Allan found the new arrangement very much to his liking. After the first meal with Miss Walker and her brother, his spirits rose. Her cooking was fine—that much was certain—and her conversation, although abundant, had been agreeable and kindly.

He went back to his studies feeling that the world was very bright, and life very well worth living.

"If this continues long," he said to himself as he lounged comfortably in a

"'I'm going to a wedding,' replied Hollis gaily"

hammock on the Hayward piazza—"if this continues, I fear I will not be properly glad to see 'my folks' come home."

was made, and with minds freed from home cares, Mr. and Mrs. Hayward started upon their unexpected journey. The news of their departure soon spread through the little town, and in course of time reached Glenn Fraser's ears.

"Hooray!" he cried, tossing his cap into the air. "I don't rejoice in anybody's misery, but I glory in their absence—sometimes. Guess I'll go down and make Aunt Tilly Walker a call. She surely is equal to the emergency, but it will just do my soul good to assure myself of the fact," and away he went. A half-hour later he walked gaily up the street.

"It's a pity that Hawthorne hasn't

The quiet of his surroundings made study a delight, and the hours passed swiftly. It was not until twilight fell that he found the silence at all oppressive, but almost before he realized that he was lonely, Charlie Lester drove up to the gate.

"I'm going over to Mr. Lawrence's," he called. "Don't you want to keep me company?"

"Indeed I do," was the hearty response. "Wait a minute until I make myself more presentable."

Aunt Tilly Walker across the street, hearing both invitation and answer, nodded and smiled approvingly.

"Glenn must have been getting in some more of his good work," she commented to herself. "He's a blessed busy-body, when he chooses to be," she added, using the very same term he had applied to herself.

At breakfast the next morning, she led the young man to talk of his call of the previous evening, and before he realized it, he had repeated much of the merry repartee that had passed between Charlie Lester and Mabel Lawrence. The good woman laughed heartily.

"They are a gay pair," she said as she wiped her eyes. "I'm glad they have made up again. They used to think a sight of one another, but somebody made trouble between 'em, and like to have broke 'em up for good and all. It's a genuine providence that has brought 'em together again, an' I hope that some day you'll be the providence that will tie the knot between 'em good and tight. Them Lawrence girls are ornaments to the community, and more than that, they make themselves useful, too. Most everybody likes both of 'em, but Kathleen's the favorite everywhere. She's worth her weight in gold, that girl is."

Mr. Allan thought about her words when he had returned to his study.

"How kindly she speaks of every one!" he said to himself. "I have not heard one word against any one, although Mrs. Hayward warned me that she has a gossiping tongue. So far, she has proved to be a golden gossip. I wonder who it was that made trouble between Charlie and Miss Mabel. He was quite attentive to Hollis when I came here. Surely she did not make the trouble. It is wrong to even think such a thing of her.

"What a lovely girl Miss Kathleen is! Miss Walker spoke truly when she said she was worth her weight in gold. She certainly is worth that to the young people of Hawthorne church. I cannot understand how the Haywards have formed such a misconception of her, for every one else seems to think so highly of her. Charlie Lester ought to know her character as well as any one, and he is enthusiastic over her. I must try and convince Hollis that she has a mistaken opinion of the Lawrence girls. The three might be such good friends, and such a help to the church, if I could get them together. They certainly have never had any difficulty, for Kathleen always speaks so kindly of her. Some one has been telling Hollis untrue stories, I am sure.

"I wonder whether the folks will take the trouble to write to me while they are away. Hollis will doubtless be too busy to spare a thought to me, but Mr. Hayward will surely drop me a line. I must write to them to stay for a good visit while they are there, and tell them not to hurry home on my account. I am having the finest kind of a time, and do not need them here at all—so far as my personal comfort is concerned."

Then he sat down to his desk, at peace with himself and all mankind, and quite unconscious of the fact that his thoughts and feelings were an indication of the influence exercised over him by those whose absence he did not deplore.

Continued on page 75

THE CHANGED HEART AND LIFE

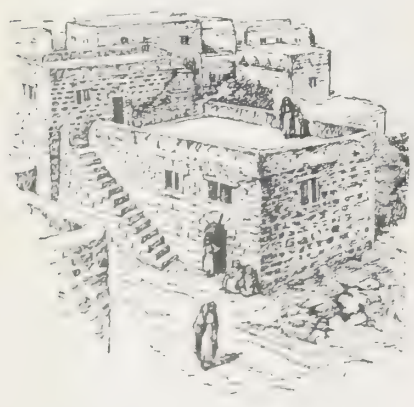
*By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts**

THE Oriental house of the better type had a guest room, and it was always located upon one corner of the roof, and was approached by an outside stairway. It was such a room as this that the woman of Shunem desired to build for the prophet Elisha, when she said to her husband: "Let us make a little chamber, I pray thee, on the wall; and let us set up for him there a bed, and a table, and a stool, and a candlestick, and it shall be when he cometh to us, that he shall turn in thither." Again and again the prophet Elisha did occupy that room as he had occasion to pass through Shunem, and from this circumstance, the name "prophet's chamber" is often applied to a guest room.

Jesus, who had no place of his own where he might lay his head, was not infrequently invited to occupy the "prophet's chamber" in the homes of his friends. It was when he was in one of these, that Nicodemus came by night to see him. We see Jesus in the dim light afforded by the Oriental lamp, a tiny wick floating upon oil and salt, rise to meet his guest. Is Jesus surprised when he recognizes Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews? Jesus was not indeed accustomed to being sought out by that class of men, but he was too true a gentleman to express either in word or manner any surprise there might be in his own mind. Nicodemus told Jesus that he had become convinced that he was "a teacher sent from God," and referred to the miracles that Jesus had done, and testified that God must be in him who could do them.

The Condition

Nicodemus was in the room with Christ, but as yet he was not in his kingdom. Jesus desired that he should be, and there was only one way by which he could belong to it. And so Jesus said to Nicodemus: "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." But Nicodemus thought only of how a little child is born, and he said to Jesus: "It is not possible for one who has grown to be a man to be born again." "But there is another kind of birth," said Jesus; "it is to be born of the Spirit of God." But still Nicodemus did not understand Jesus, and he asked the question, "How can these things be?" Jesus was quite sure that Nicodemus, from the time he was a little boy, had heard the story of how Moses had, according to the command of God, made a serpent of brass, so that the people who were dying from the bites of fiery serpents might be healed if only they would look upon the brazen serpent which Moses had placed upon a pole. Jesus reminded him of it and explained to him how God had given his only begotten Son, who was to be "lifted up on the cross," that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. Those who believed, submitted, trusted in him would thus be born again, created anew by the Holy Spirit.



An Oriental House

We do not read in the Bible that Nicodemus ever came again to visit Jesus, and it is to be feared that for a while he was not brave enough to "believe and receive and confess him" at the risk of losing his high place in the Jewish church. But at last, in the most critical hour, when Jesus had been crucified and was about to be placed in the tomb, he brought a large gift for his embalming — one hundred pounds of myrrh and aloes. It reminds us of the flowers sometimes heaped the higher on a coffin because the giver had not been altogether loyal to the one who had passed beyond the opportunity of his apology or repentance. Let us hope this brave confession of friendship for Christ, at a time when it involved a risk of life itself, betokens that the midnight lesson on conversion had not only been remembered, but had been incorporated in his very life.

The Mosaic Symbol

"As Moses lifted up the serpent . . . even so must the Son of man be lifted up." In a Western town there was a Roman Catholic family consisting of the father and mother and a little girl named Mary, about twelve years old. There was no Catholic church within reach, so Mary was allowed to go to a Protestant Sunday School. The father of the family was taken very sick. Thinking he was going to die, he became very much troubled about his sins. One night he awoke, and was in such great distress that he begged his wife to pray for him. She said she had never prayed for herself, and didn't know how to pray. "Perhaps," said his wife, "our little Mary can pray; for she has been going to the Sunday School a good while." "Go and call her at once," he said. Mary was brought. "Mary, my child, can you pray?" asked her father, with great earnestness. "Oh, yes, father, I can," she said. "Will you pray for your father?" So she kneeled down, and, putting up her hands, she said, "Our Father, which art in heaven," going through the Lord's prayer. Then she asked God to have mercy on her father, to pardon his sins and teach him to love Jesus, and to make him well again for Jesus' sake. When she had finished her father said, "Mary, will you read me some from the Bible?" Then she got her Bible, and began to read the third chapter of John. She read on till she came to these words: "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "Oh, Mary, is that there?" "Yes, father, but hear the rest of it: 'For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'" "Oh, that is for me, a poor sinner like me. 'Whosoever believeth in him.' I can believe in him—I do believe in him;" and from that night Mary's father became a Christian.

Salvation from Above

"God so loved the world." This text has been called "the Bible in miniature." The first word is "God." Salvation begins with God. The trouble with most attempts at salvation is that they begin with the man himself, with "try" instead of trust. Man says, "What shall I do?" God replies, "Behold what I have done for you."

"Do your gods love you?" asked a missionary of some Indians. "The gods never think of loving," was the cheerless answer. The missionary repeated the sixteenth verse of the third chapter of John's Gospel: "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "Read it again," asked the arrested pagan. "That is large light—read it again." A third time the blessed words were repeated, and with this emphatic response: "That is true; I feel it."

Bishop Butler, author of the famous *Analogy*, was on his deathbed. As often happens to eminent Christians in the dying hour, the learned and pious bishop was distressed by doubts. His chaplain was with him and tried to encourage him. "I feel that I am a great sinner," said the bishop.

"'The blood of Jesus cleanseth us from all sin,'" echoes the comforting answer.

"True! true!" A smile is on the white face. "Jesus will receive—but—God the Father——?"

A Bishop Comforted

"'God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'" From the majestic intellect and massive brow of the author of the *Analogy* and of those "deep and wondrous sermons preached in his great chapel" rolls away the last cloud of distress and distrust. Raising the hand which had so often written for others, he said, exultingly, "Though I have read that Scripture a thousand times over, I never felt its virtue as at this moment. Now—now—I die happy."

"The love of God that is shed abroad" in hearts truly converted is not love for God, altogether lovely, but love like God's for the unlovely souls of men to the ends of the earth, a love that makes a human heart like the ocean reaching out helpfully to all shores. This text has expressed God's love in all parts of the world. Turn to the untutored minds of the negroes of South Africa. Round the missionary they gather, with outstretched hands and pleading gestures. They come to ask for the Bible. They do not know even its name. They know but little of its Author. They have only heard a very few of its words. And yet this is their request: "Give us the book with the beautiful words, 'God so loved the world,'" and he gives it, eagerly, willingly, freely.

"That he gave his only begotten Son." "Since I have become a father," said a man to Bishop Thomson, "I am beginning to understand better how great was that love for man that prompted God to deliver up an only Son to death."

"That whosoever believeth." An evangelist tells this story: At the close of one of my Gospel preachings, a young woman came to me in deep soul trouble, inquiring the way of salvation. After a little conversation, in which I found that the Spirit of God had deeply convicted her of sin, I took her Bible, and turning to John 3: 16, asked her to read it. She did so, and read: "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

"Nicodemus answered and said unto Him: How can these things be?"

Applying a Text

I then said to her, "Go home to your room, and in the presence of God, alone with himself, go down upon your knees and turn to this verse; and instead of the word 'world,' and the word 'whosoever,' just put your name in each place, and see how it will fit you." The following week, at the close of the meeting, she came to me with a beaming face, and said, "I want to tell you, sir, that I am saved now." "Thank God!" I replied; "when did that take place?" "Last Sunday evening, sir," she said. "I went home and read the verse you told me, and put my name in, and it just fitted me, and I thank God for it."

"Might not perish." A Christian worker tells this story: "I remember going into a certain prison where I found

A Young Girl

As I approached her she said: 'Don't say anything to me about sin! I can tell you more about sin and all its bitter results in two minutes than you would tell me in a day.' I said, 'Oh, I know you could; but you can't tell me anything about the love of God. God loves you.' And I quoted over and over again John 3:16. The next time I saw her was on her dying bed in a hospital. As soon as she recognized me she lisped out just four words: 'Loved; gave; believeth; everlasting life!' I was afraid she didn't fully understand, because she had left out one word I was anxious to hear her say, so I wrote 'whosoever' on a sheet of paper and held it up before her eyes. She didn't speak it, but with her fingers she pointed to herself, and a few moments later she passed into eternity."

Handsomest Bible He Ever Bought

Dear Dr. Klopsch: I received the new Red Letter Bible in perfect condition, and I must say it is without exception the finest and very best premium you have ever given or could possibly give. It is the handsomest Bible I ever bought and the equal of any $10 Bible I ever saw. I was so delighted when I saw it that I could not wait until Christmas to give it to my daughter, but gave it at once. I pray that you may be the recipient of God's richest blessings. M. A. HURD.

Baltimore, Md.

* **International Sunday School Lesson for Feb. 2, 1908.** Jesus, the Saviour of the World. John 3: 14-21. GOLDEN TEXT: "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." John 3: 16.

Questions and Answers

J. B., Bethlehem, Pa. Is the Jewish Mayor of Rome a native of Italy?

Ernest Nathan, the newly elected Mayor of Rome, was born in England and educated at Oxford. He comes of one of the oldest Jewish families. He is an ardent Italian, though foreign born, and is extremely popular. It is believed that he will give the city a clean and satisfactory administration.

M. D. K., Plymouth, Mass. 1. What books are alluded to in the Bible that we do not now possess? 2. What is the story of Uter and Pendragon and where can I find it?

1. There are nine such books: The book of the wars of the Lord, mentioned in Num. 21: 14; the book of Jasher, Josh. 10: 13; the book of Nathan and the book of Gad, I. Chron. 29: 29; the book of Ahijah and the book of Iddo, II. Chron. 9: 29; the book of Shemaiah, II. Chron. 12: 15; the book of Jehu, II. Chron. 20: 34; the prophecy of Enoch, Jude 14. Probably some of these were not books, but mere records, from which the Bible writers extracted incidents. 2. The story is related by an old writer (Geoffrey of Monmouth), in his *Historia Regum Britannia*, which deals with the Arthurian legends. A recent book on the subject, entitled *A Story of the Origin of Arthurian Romance*, can be ordered through any bookseller.

Jennie de V., Detroit, Mich. With respect to the missionary substitute plan, our circle here is divided in opinion, some holding that India is the neediest field; others Japan, China, etc. Which is the largest and neediest in a Gospel sense, at the present moment?

All things considered, China is unquestionably the field upon which the energies of the Christian Church should now be centred. If you glance at these figures you will more readily understand the magnitude of the problem:

Population of China proper according to last census		407,000,000
Population of Japan	43,000,000	
Great Britain	37,000,000	
Italy	32,000,000	
United States	80,000,000	
European Russia	94,000,000	369,000,000
Spain and Portugal	23,000,000	
France and Colonies	47,000,000	
Canada, Norway and Sweden	13,000,000	
China's excess of population over other countries named		38,000,000

C. L. W., Mercer, W. Va. 1. What was the difference between the length of a day's journey and of a Sabbath day's journey? 2. Where was Jesus baptized?

1. The usual measure of a day's journey among the ancient Jews was about twenty miles, but it was not regarded as an exact measure. A Sabbath day's journey was two thousand paces or ells, but there were ingenious ways of increasing it if necessary, as by making a halt on the way and taking a meal, thus making the halting place a temporary home. 2. There is no record, but probably at the fords of the Jordan, northeast of Jericho, in the land of Benjamin.

B. D., Germantown, Pa. What is the Nobel Prize, and how is it awarded?

Alfred Nobel, a Scandinavian who made a large fortune by the manufacture of dynamite, on his death a few years ago left the greater part of his wealth to be distributed in prizes, five in all, to be awarded each year to the persons who within that year had rendered the greatest service in the fields of physics, chemistry, medicine, idealistic literature, and peace.

A. R. C., Bancroft, Ia. What did Christ intend to teach by his advice (Matt. 5: 25, 26) to agree with the adversary?

It was a counsel of peace and the avoidance of litigation. Christ would have his followers peaceable and willing to suffer rather than fight. It is in harmony with other parts of this discourse. (See verse 40.) The cloak is to go rather than contend for the coat. So he advises a man on the way to court to yield rather than proceed to judgment. Many a man who has lost his estate in legal expenses in a struggle that might have been settled privately, has had occasion to wish he had followed Christ's advice. The same principle applies to quarrels among church members. "Go and be reconciled to thy brother" before you approach God by prayer and offerings.

An Old Subscriber, Dallas, Tex. Will you give some information about the Carnegie Hero Fund for meritorious acts?

Andrew Carnegie, in April, 1904, established a fund of $5,000,000 for the benefit of the dependents of those losing their lives in the effort to save their fellow men, or for the heroes themselves if injured only. Provision was made for medals for meritorious acts. Mr. Carnegie ordered that "For exceptional children, exceptional grants may be made for exceptional education. Grants of sums of money may also be made to heroes or heroines as the commission thinks advisable." The secretary of the fund is F. M. Wilmot, Pittsburg, Pa.

J. B., Nooksack, Wash. From what did Hallowe'en originate?

Hallowe'en is the name popularly given to the eve or vigil of All Hallows or festival of All Saints. In Roman Catholic countries it has long been observed with religious ceremonies. In England and Scotland, a great many harmless revelries grew up in connection with Hallowe'en that have been transplanted to this country.

C. V. K., Hope, Ind. Is there any hope that one who dies in sin and impenitent will be redeemed in the future world?

There is no such hope held out in the Bible, and that is the only authority we can recognize on the subject. Perhaps if such a hope had been given, more people would have postponed repentance than do so now. The Bible is our guide for this world, so that even if there is a provision made for post-mortem redemption, it would not have applied to men in this life. We can set no limits to the mercy of God, but a man takes an awful and unnecessary risk when he postpones repentance until after death. We do not say there is no possibility of redemption in the other world, but there is no ground for hope of it given in God's Word.

J. T., Leaksville, Wis. Who was the author of *Dixie*?

In *Harper's Book of Facts* it is stated that the Southern version of *Dixie* was written by Albert Pike.

W., New Orleans, La. 1. Is there any passage in the New Testament that refers to Christ as our Elder Brother? 2. Is there any passage that refers to him as the Great Physician? 3. Do children who die in infancy develop, or remain infants in heaven?

1. Not in those words. The relationship, however, is acknowledged in his favorite title, "Son of Man." The writer of Hebrews also refers to him as being made like unto "his brethren" (Heb. 2: 17). 2. Neither is there any passage directly calling him the Great Physician, but no one on earth was so well entitled to the title. 3. We know no more than others, of the conditions of life in heaven. We are taught, however, to think of God as a Being of infinite wisdom, and therefore do not for a moment imagine that he would keep children in an undeveloped condition throughout eternity.

Texas Reader, What country has the best equipped army and fleet?

Great Britain has the largest navy of the Great Powers. The United States is second, Germany third. Not counting second-class battleships, cruisers and other war vessels, the first has 55 first-class battleships, the second 27, and the third 26. Germany's army ranks first in numbers, having 613,000 constantly under arms. As for equipment, all of the great countries, including our own, spare no pains in equipping their men. Our own army, though very small, is one of the world's most efficient organizations.

C. W. D., Portsmouth, N. H. Is Governor Dix or any one of his family living? I was on David's Island in war time.

John A. Dix, elected Governor of New York in 1872, and Secretary of the Treasury under Buchanan, died in New York City, April 21, 1879. His son, the Rev. Morgan Dix, D.D., is now rector of Trinity Church, Broadway, New York City.

N. M. A., Moravia, Ia. 1. Where was "Franklin State"? 2. Where is the key to the Bastile?

1. It was called "Franklin" or "Frankland." The people of East Tennessee met at Jonesboro in 1784 to form an independent State; they had formerly been under the jurisdiction of North Carolina. A second convention organized a government on the plan of North Carolina, and called the new State "Frankland." North Carolina protested. The new State government maintained a *quasi* existence, though torn with dissensions, until 1788, when Governor Sevier was compelled to flee, and the State of "Frankland" went out of existence, and the authority of North Carolina was re-established. Later, Sevier became first governor of Tennessee. 2. The key of the Bastile was sent by Lafayette to Washington at Mount Vernon. It may be in the collection of relics now preserved there. We are unable to answer the two other questions sent.

Shrine of Joseph | Shrine of Isaac | Shrine of Jacob

The Shrines of Isaac, Jacob and Joseph in Machpelah

THERE is no little significance in the fact that the first use to which we read in the Bible of money being applied was the purchase of a grave. The story is told in Genesis 23. Abraham, bereaved of his wife, desires a burying-place where she may be laid. He was dwelling at the time among "the children of Heth," who cordially responded to his pathetic request by offering him his choice of their sepulchres. But he will not accept their generous offer. He wants to own the place where the sacred ashes shall lie. Finally he purchased the cave of Machpelah from Ephron the Hittite for four hundred shekels of silver (estimated at $300), and he weighed it "in current money," and paid it to Ephron. The land and the cave remained a permanent possession and became a burying-place for the patriarchs. Abraham was laid there beside his wife Sarah, and there Isaac and Rebekah were buried, and when Jacob died in Egypt he was carried to Machpelah and buried there with his fathers. The cave with its venerated contents is now in the possession of the Turks, who have sealed it up and will allow no one to enter it. A mosque is built above it, and in it are shrines, supposed to stand directly over the places where the bodies are respectively laid in the cave below. Curiously they have a shrine for Joseph, who was not buried there (see Joshua 24: 32), but in the inheritance of his children. The shrines are covered by richly embroidered cloths.

Miscellaneous

K. N., New York City. Don't know.

J. H. D. S., Adams, Conn. The letters favoring elimination of the motto were fairly treated. None were withheld.

Miss Z. M. W., Woodstock, Va. The whole matter has been fully discussed in recent issues of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

L. E. B., Mound Ridge, Kan. Santa Claus is the familiar appellation of St. Nicholas. The name is, of course, in no sense Scriptural.

A. J. R., Shawbridge. The Institute is well known and has a reputation for reliability. Personally, we know very little about it.

Reader, Mohawk, N. Y. You may be able to get books on the subject you mention from Ammon & Mackell, booksellers, 81 Chambers Street, New York City.

L. E. W., Endicott, N.Y. Send your query, with full name and address and inclosing stamp, to A. R. Carr, editor of the *Lumber Trade Journal*, 18 Broadway, New York City.

Earnest Inquirer, Sanborn, N. Y. The ritual or order of exercises for the Lord's Supper is laid down according to well-established forms and is usually followed in a majority of the churches. In some churches preparatory meetings are held, at which the intending communicant is specially prepared for the sacramental feast.

Mrs. A. J. G., North Carolina. You have asked the great question which has puzzled the philosophers and thinkers of all the ages, *i. e.*, what qualities survive the death of the body. Beyond the fact that the soul or spirit survives, all the rest is conjecture; yet it is held by many that all the good there is in us is imperishable.

A Condensed Treasure House

Dear Dr. Klopsch: Your premium, "Five Hundred Animal Stories," arrived O. K., and I want to congratulate you upon the value of the same. I ordered it for the children, but find it a condensed treasure house full of suggestive matter intensely interesting to myself. It's the best premium I ever received with any publication. MAURICE PENFIELD FIKES.

Franklin, Pa.

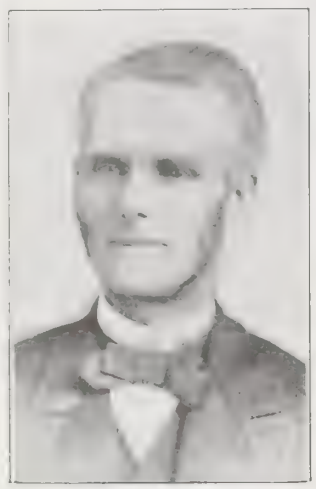
Promises Always Kept

Dear Dr. Klopsch: I have been taking THE CHRISTIAN HERALD about thirty years. Its improvement has been marvelous, its growth wonderful, and its management excellent. Promises have been kept to the letter, generally a little better. This last premium, with the beautiful Calendar, beats them all. L. A. DUNCAN.

Meridian, Miss.

A Christian Life Closed

A VENERABLE and widely respected Christian worker, Mr. Charles Edwards, passed away at his home in Newark, N. J., recently, at the ripe age of seventy-eight years. Mr. Edwards was born in Worcester, England, and came to the United States sixty-five years ago. He learned the wood-turning trade, and in the sixties started in business for himself in



The Late Charles Edwards

Newark. After many years of successful business life he retired, and devoted himself to Christian work.

Over forty years ago Mr. Edwards established a regular Monday night prayer meeting at his home, which resulted in doing much good. He taught a Bible class of young men in the Clinton Street M. E. Church, and was a class-leader in the Halsey Street M. E. Church for a number of years. He was also an active member of the Newark Tract Society. He always carried tracts with him and distributed them as he walked along, talking to people on the subject of religion. He took an active part in church work and in visiting the sick and afflicted, and in leading sinners to Christ. He was a member of the Newark Praying Band, which went to all parts of New Jersey to help country churches.

Mr. Edwards was for many years a canvasser for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and was most successful in securing subscribers. His wife died seven years ago. He is survived by one son and one daughter, two grandchildren and three great-grandchildren. His whole life was a notable example of practical Christianity, and he was beloved by all who knew him. C.W.E.

New Home for Working Girls

A new Home for Working Girls has been opened at 239 East Thirty-second Street, New York City. There is no fixed age limit. The object is to provide a home where working girls earning not more than ten dollars a week can find room and board within their means. The Home is Christian but non-sectarian, and any working girl with suitable references may apply for admission. Mrs. Emma Stone is the housemother. She plans for frequent social evening gatherings and to make the home life as agreeable and helpful as possible. The Home is to be maintained by the Epworth Leagues of the New York District. The movement grew out of a realizing sense of the moral perils that confront working girls who receive less than ten dollars per week. At the Young Woman's Christian Association of New York it was said: "Fifty such homes could be filled almost immediately."

A Magnificent Premium

Dear Dr. Klopsch: The natural history premium is magnificent. It is a mystery to me how you can put out such a splendid book, in addition to your paper, which, of itself, is worth the price you have for both. I will show the paper and premium to my neighbors. MARGARET BOYDEN.

Elwood, Ind.

SUSANNA COCROFT'S NEW BOOKS

GROWTH IN SILENCE, Ideals and Privileges of Woman, and *Character as Expressed in the Body*, are the attractive titles of three new books by Susanna Cocroft, the well-known authority on physical culture. These books have been aptly described as the "crystallized thought of a woman who believes that a woman's destiny rests largely in her own hands." No work has heretofore been published (except the text-book *Physiology*) which gives so intelligent a scientific knowledge of the mechanism and workings of the human body. The vital functions are not only explained in these lectures, but all are illustrated by colored plates. Miss Cocroft believes that all the qualities that make a woman well, wholesome, magnetic and attractive are hers, if she uses the intelligence given to her. These books are the clearest, most complete handling of the subjects which pertain to the health of woman and the happiness of home. It is Miss Cocroft's desire that the influence of her work be extended as widely as possible, for the general uplifting of womanhood, and to this end the entire series of twelve books, bound separately in pure white, cream and brown, heavy art, deckel edge paper, are sold for the nominal subscription price of $4.

She teaches the philosophy of perfect mental and physical equipoise; of the true view of life; of the conquest over one's self; of the highest ideals and how to attain them; of personal purity, and a sweet and refined nature. She speaks clearly and wisely on such topics as unhygienic dress, the disregard of small things, neatness of one's appearance, how to retain good health, the duty of woman in the home, woman's participation in business life, etc. A most interesting subject which she discusses is the reading of character through bodily expression, as shown in the pose of the body, the arms, the manner of wearing the dress, etc.

The three books mentioned above are published by the Physical Culture Extension Society, 57 Washington Street, Chicago. Price 40 cents each.

Books Received

Family Secrets, by Marion Foster Washburne. A capital story of youth and the world and the things that make for happiness and unhappiness. Pp. 212. Cloth covers. Price $1.25. The Macmillan Company, New York and London, publishers.

The Heart of Old Virginia, a beautiful poem, written as a tribute to the people of that historic State and to the State's natural beauties. Finely illustrated by Sue Berkeley Alrich. Neale Publishing Co., New York and Washington, publishers.

Echoes from Oak Street, or a Twentieth Century Prayer Meeting, by Ruth Ella Benjamin. A little volume of experiences at Chicago's Twentieth Century Prayer Meeting. Pp. 162; cloth covers. Price 75 cents. M. A. Donohue & Co., Chicago, publishers.

The Ferry of Fate, a tale of Russian Jewry, by Samuel Gordon. A story of modern interest, showing an intimate knowledge of life and social usage among the Hebrews of Russia. Pp. 269. Cloth covers. Price $1.25. Duffield & Co., New York, publishers.

The Red Reign. The true story of an adventurer's year in Russia, by Kellogg Durland. This is the record of a 20,000-mile journey, during which the author had many opportunities of coming into personal contact with Russian political leaders and for observing social conditions in that country. Pp. 533; cloth covers; illustrated. Price $2. Century Company, New York, publishers.

The Boys of To-day. Timely words of encouragement contained in personal letters from eminent men, including governors, college professors, bankers, merchants, lawyers, and others prominent in business and professional life. These will inspire the young reader to form habits of thrift and self-reliance, and are excellent advice at the outset of a career. Issued by the Industrial Savings and Loan Company, Times Building, New York. Copies sent free on application.

A PHARISEE'S QUESTION

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

COMING to Jesus as an inquirer, Nicodemus needed the cover of night, lest his compeers should discover that he, who professed to know so much, was willing to admit his ignorance and learn of One whom they despised. His first words to Jesus were, "Rabbi, we know." Jesus took Nicodemus out of his depth and immediately showed him what he did not know. Nicodemus, judging Jesus by what he saw, said, "We know that thou art a teacher come from God." Jesus' answer was, "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again he cannot enter the kingdom of God."

This is the word which Jesus speaks to every human soul. "I say unto thee, except thou be born again, thou canst not see the kingdom of God." It is not simply that we cannot enter the kingdom. We have no power so much as to perceive there is a kingdom of God until we ourselves have to do with it. A man born blind can have no conception of what it is to see, nor a man born deaf of what it is to hear, and equally, the unspiritual man, the man not yet born again, cannot conceive what spiritual life is. Nicodemus very naturally added, "How can a man be born when he is old?" All his ideas were from the standpoint which he occupied. He was of the earth, earthy, and nothing spiritual had as yet developed in him. He could reason, but he could not perceive spiritual things.

"Born again" is, in the Greek, "born from above," and the Spirit of God is from above. By the Word, quickened by the Spirit of God, spiritual life enters into man; a life which is not of human origin. "As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name; which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God" (John 1 : 12, 13). "That which is born of the Spirit is spirit." It is this which the natural man cannot comprehend. He can reason, he can argue, he can aspire, he can pray, but all this is on the human plane. He needs to have within him something of God himself, in order to understand God. The spiritual world is utterly distinct from the natural world, as much so as the animal kingdom is distinct from the vegetable kingdom. If Nicodemus would receive Christ and believe on his name and yield himself up to him, then Nicodemus would receive life from above and become spiritual; otherwise he would remain without the new birth, without the spiritual life.

Jesus continued, "Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born from above. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof [there is evidence of its presence; no one can possibly doubt that the wind is there], but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit." No human eye can see the incoming of the Spirit of God, no human perception, however keen, can mark whence he cometh and whither he goeth, and yet the presence of the Spirit of God in any man is as manifest as the sun in the sky, or the daylight upon the earth. None who know God's Spirit can fail to perceive when spiritual life has entered into another. He recognizes something which he himself has known and experienced.

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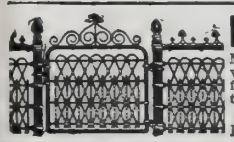

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A COURSE IN ESPERANTO

LESSON No. 2.—By Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

Things to do.—Every day read aloud the Esperanto alphabet until it is thoroughly familiar; also read aloud the list of words given in the first lesson. Aim always to study aloud.

Grammar

Nouns singular end in *o*, plural in *j*. Hundo, *dog*. Hundoj, *dogs*. Kato, *cat*. Katoj, *cats*.

Nouns in the objective case end in *n*. Hundon, *dog*. Hundojn, *dogs*.

Adjectives end in *a*. They end in *j* when associated with plural nouns. Bona, *good*. Bela, *beautiful*. Utila, *useful*. Bonaj hundoj, *good dogs*. Belaj katoj, *beautiful cats*. Adjectives end in *n* when associated with nouns in the objective case. Bonan hundon. Belan katon. Utilan hundon.

NOUNS

Commit these words to memory and write in plural form.

Arbo	tree	Okulo	eye
Suno	Sun	Okulharo	eyelash
Luno	moon	Palpebro	eyelid
Stelo	star	Orelo	ear
Ĉielo	sky	Vango	cheek
Nubo	cloud	Naso	nose
Kapo	head	Buŝo	mouth
Haro	hair	Lipo	lip
Vizaĝo	face	Mentono	chin
Ŝultro	shoulder	Lango	tongue
Brusto	breast	Kruro	leg
Dorso	back	Piedo	foot
Brako	arm	Haŭto	skin
Mano	hand	Osto	bone
Fingro	finger	Karno	flesh

Kaj, *and;* La, *the;* estas, *is* or *are.*

ADJECTIVES

Commit these words to memory; also write them.

Nigra	black	Brila	brilliant
Blanka	white	Granda	large
Griza	gray	Multaj	many
Flava	yellow	Nova	new
Ruĝa	red	Sana	healthy
Forta	strong	Utila	useful
Longa	long	Klara	clear
Blua	blue	Grasa	fat
Verda	green	Hela	bright
Alta	high	Pala	pale

Exercises

I. First, pronounce the following words aloud without thought of meaning; second, translate them into English; third, write the translation, and commit to memory.

Blua ĉielo. Nigra nubo. Brilaj steloj. Verda arbo. Klara ĉielo. Griza haro. Longaj brakoj. Fortaj manoj. Longa fingro. Ruĝaj vangoj. Nigra haro. Ruĝaj lipoj. Granda buŝo. Granda piedo. Blanka haŭto. Forta dorso. Grandaj ostoj. Longa kolo. Nigraj palpebroj. Bluaj okuloj. Fortaj kruroj. Sana karno. Grasaj ŝultroj. Granda mentono. Pala vizaĝo. Longaj okulharoj. Fortaj oreloj. Granda naso. Utilaj manoj. Nova luno. Brila suno. Granda arbo. Flava haro. Nigra haro kaj bluaj okuloj. Grasaj brakoj kaj manoj. Osto kaj karno. La luno kaj steloj kaj suno. La ĉielo estas blua. La okuloj estas nigraj. La kapo estas granda. La karno estas sana. La vizaĝo estas pala. La mentono estas ruĝa. La nuboj estas nigraj. La haŭto estas nigra. La arbo estas verda.

II. Translate English into Esperanto, as far as possible without looking at the vocabulary; afterwards write the translation:

Red skin. New hair. Strong fingers and hands. The large green tree. The white neck. The red sky. The fat chin. Red eyes. Red eyelids. Large lips. The shoulders and the breast are large. The moon and the sun. The clouds are high. The stars are brilliant. The bones are large. The back is strong.

Grammar

Verbs (infinitive ends in *i*).

Vidi, *to see.* Kuri, *to run.* Ludi, *to play.*

Verbs in present tense end in *as.*
Vidas, *see.* Kuras, *run.* Ludas, *play.*
Verbs in past tense end in *is.*
Vidis, *saw.* Kuris, *ran.* Ludis, *played.*
Verbs in future tense end in *os.*
Vidos, *will see.* Kuros, *will run.* Ludos, *will play.*
Verbs in conditional mood end in *us.*
Vidus, *should or would see.* Kurus, *should or would run.* Ludus, *should or would play.*
Verbs in imperative mood end in *u.*
Vidu! *see!* Kuru! *run!* Ludu! *play!*

Vocabulary

Write out these verbs in different tenses and moods:

Kreski, to grow	Promeni, to walk
Brili, to shine	Rompi, to break
Movi, to move	Kanti, to sing
Fermi, to close	Paroli, to speak
Aŭdi, to hear	Ŝanĝi, to change
Brileti, to twinkle	Babili, to chatter

Exercise

La arbo kreskas. La luno brilas. La oreloj audas. La steloj briletas. La piedoj promenis. La lango kantis. La lipoj parolos. La lango babilos. La oreloj audus. La manoj ludus. Vidu novan stelon! Brilu, nova luno! Parolu, belaj lipoj! La okuloj vidas la belajn stelojn. Fortaj manoj rompis la verdan arbon.

Just the Book She Wanted

Dear Dr. Klopsch: I received the Calendar and premium book of "Five Hundred Animal Stories" yesterday. I am very much pleased with both. I promised a young nephew a book of animals as soon as I could find one I thought suitable. This is just the book I wanted.

MRS. J. A ROBBINS.
Hamilton Square, N. J.

Answered Prayers

L. S. H., Virginia. "God has been very good to me and has recently answered several prayers."

H. V. F., Louisiana. "God has brought me safely through a most trying ordeal. If we have faith, he will safely lead us."

C. R., New Hampshire. "I promised the Lord if he would answer my prayers I would acknowledge it. They are being answered."

Laura H., Missouri. "I promised to acknowledge it if certain prayers should be answered. The answer came. I wish to thank God for all his goodness."

Reader, Michigan. "I thank the Lord for answered prayers. In little cares and worries, as well as the greater troubles, 'I have proved him o'er and o'er.'"

Constant Reader, Illinois. "God has heard and answered my prayers many times. I am in great trouble over a wayward son, but am taking it to Him in prayer."

J. E. C., Carbondale. "I wish to acknowledge to the world that God has heard and answered my prayers many times. I pray that this may help others to trust wholly in the Lord."

A. B. K., Virginia. "I wish to thank my heavenly Father for answered prayer in behalf of a dear sister who was on a bed of affliction. I promised God if he restored her to health I would acknowledge it to the world through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD."

Letters acknowledging answers to prayer have been received from the following:

H. M., Norwalk, O.; Lizzie, Toledo, O.; M. E. B., Bluffton, Ind.; H. A., Colebrook, O.; Reader of Maryland; Subscriber, Blandinsville; Illinois Reader; Mrs. O. H. W., Missouri; K. R. W., North Carolina; W. M., Philadelphia; Mrs. McKnight; "Junita"; Butte, Mont.; R. M., Wis.; A Constant Reader; Mrs. A. M. S.; Mrs. W. C. S.; A Subscriber; M. K. W.; Reader, San Francisco; C. Emma Hart; A Reader, Canada; Reader, Minnesota; Mrs. E. F. S.; A Young Girl; One of God's Children; Miss Sincerity; H. H., Long Island; Reader, Iowa; A. N.; Mrs. W. T. G.; Mrs. Henry Noble; L. E. Bennett; An Old Subscriber; A Reader, Leona, Kan.; Mrs. H. R.; Mrs. R. S. P.; Reader from Pennsylvania; A Reader, Kansas; Subscriber, Barley; Constant Reader, Weaverville, Pa.; E. A. H., Lebanon, Pa.; A Follower of Christ; A Christian Brother; Reader, Pennsylvania; Reader, Brooklyn; Ohio Reader; Reader, New Jersey; M. R. C., Montreal, Canada; Mrs. E. W., Somerset Centre, Mich.; E. M. C., Laporte, Minn.; J. L., Kingstown, Kan.; Mrs. F. W. W., Springfield, Vt.; Mrs. L. A. D., Nicholsville, Ky.

The problem of uniting safety with certainity of legitimate and profitable earnings is a serious one to the thrifty wage-earner. The Industrial Savings and Loan Co., whose offer appears on page 75, will help you to solve it right.

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Emaciated Woman Restored By Proper Food.

The amount of harm done from eating food which lacks the nourishing elements or is in such form that the system can't absorb it, is much greater than many persons even suspect.

The harm can't be corrected by drugs either. There must be a complete change in the dietary—the cause of the trouble must be removed.

"I have been a constant sufferer from stomach trouble, constipation and neuralgia for the past 14 years," writes a Mich. lady, "and the past year became tired of life, of everybody and everything.

"The best doctors and several weeks at a Sanitarium afforded me only temporary relief. Finally an attack of the grippe caused me to give up hope of ever being well again. I was growing weaker and more emaciated every day.

"At last a doctor advised me to try some predigested food, as nothing would stay on my stomach. My husband sent for some Grape-Nuts, of which I ate a little with milk, and then awaited the usual results.

"My stomach did not reject this food, and from that time on for several weeks I lived on Grape-Nuts and milk. I felt no pain whatever in my stomach, my health gradually came back and in five weeks I gained 25 pounds. I derived more strength from Grape-Nuts than I ever did from a meat and potato diet." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

BANISHED

Coffee Finally Had to Go

The way some persons cling to coffee even after they know it is doing them harm, is a puzzler. But it is an easy matter to give it up for good, when Postum Food Coffee is properly made and used instead.

A girl writes: "Mother had been suffering with nervous headaches for seven weary years, but kept drinking coffee.

One day I asked her why she did not give up coffee as a cousin of mine had done who had taken to Postum. But mother was such a slave to coffee she thought it would be terrible to give it up.

"Finally, one day, she made the change to Postum, and quickly her headaches disappeared. One morning while she was drinking Postum so freely and with such relish, I asked for a taste.

"That started me on Postum and I now drink it more freely than I did coffee, which never comes into our house now.

"A girl friend of mine one day saw me drinking Postum and asked if it was coffee. I told her it was Postum and gave her some to take home, but forgot to tell her how to make it.

"The next day she said she did not see how I could drink Postum. I found she had made it like ordinary coffee. So I told her how to make it right and gave her a cupful I made, after boiling it fifteen minutes. She said she never drank any coffee that tasted as good, and now coffee is banished from both our homes." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Michigan.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

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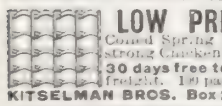

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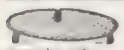

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YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES

Humility in Service*

ONE of the lessons reiterated through the Bible is that of God's choice of humble men for his service. He passed by the proud, arrogant, self-sufficient man, and chose the obscure and the modest. Moses shrank from the task committed to him and pleaded his own incapacity. Gideon required a repeated miracle to convince him that he was really called. David was passed over by his own father as not being eligible for the crown, and even Samuel required to be reassured, and so on through the Old Testament. In the New, there were probably few men in all Palestine who appeared so unsuited for the apostolic work as the apostles themselves. Apparently God wished the world to understand that the instrument was nothing and that the power was his own, that, as Paul says, in discussing the fact (I. Cor. 1: 25-29), "No flesh should glory in his presence." When a great work is done, men naturally want to know who did it, and sing his praises and admire his ability; but if we learned the lesson so frequently repeated, we should perceive that it was the divine power working through an instrument, whose feebleness is proof positive that the power was not in him.

The fact should not astonish us. We know that humility is the true way to success. The hustling, self-sufficient man makes a great noise, but he is not the one who achieves great things. It is the quiet, steady, persistent worker, who studies and thinks, and gives himself to a cause, who really wins. The boy entering school with the conviction that he knows things, cannot be taught. He is the despair of his teachers and falls behind the boy who is conscious of his ignorance. The greatest of the violinists always charged double fees for the boys who had learned the rudiments of the instrument. The merchant who is sending a man on a difficult business chooses the one who will take instruction and follow it, rather than the one who has decided opinions of his own how it should be done. So with the preacher. He who forgets himself, who has no concern about his reputation for learning or eloquence, but is anxious only to deliver his message faithfully, finds a multitude of hearers. Spurgeon used to say when he saw the crowds struggling to hear him, that he could not understand it, and added, "If I were any one else, I would not cross the street to hear such preaching." In his humility and his dependence on God he found his power. "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name, be all the glory."

Changed Lives†

DAILY life in the home and in the store and the office is the test of the reality of religion. If a man is no better in his relations with others for being a Christian, his religion is of very little use. He should be a better son, a better employee, a better employer and a better citizen because of his religion. The list of relations the Apostle gives in this epistle, are mere suggestions of principles that should control and animate the life of a Christian. Mere orthodoxy, important as that is, regular attendance at church and prayer-meeting, conscientious service in the Sunday School—all these may exist and flourish, and yet there may be no Christianity in the soul. Christianity does not consist in these things nor in Bible reading or prayer, good as these are, but in a changed character, a changed nature.

"What shall I do to be saved?" men still ask, and the reply is now as ever, Believe. "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." It is not by outward acts or by living according to any set of rules that a man becomes a follower of Christ; it is in becoming like Christ and having the nature of Christ. Over and over again he tried to make this known. He said he was the bread that came down from heaven, the which if a man ate he would have eternal life. He was the vine, and his people were the branches; his life must become theirs. Then they would be his people and he would abide with them. Then, in whatsoever relation they might be placed to other people, they would "ring true"; they would show that they had been with Jesus.

Does this seem a mystery? We do not find it so in ordinary life. We have seen a child placed under a wise teacher coming to love that teacher, adopting his principles, growing into his character. We have seen a wayward boy quitting his wild courses, giving up bad habits for the love he bears a girl who has an influence over him. The power is common enough in every circle of society. So it is, with infinitely greater effect, when a man submits himself to the influence of Christ. He sees as in a mirror the character of Christ, and he is changed into the same image. The change may not be immediate—though even that has happened—but there is steady growth and the character is transformed. Love replaces hate, kindness takes the place of indifference, and gradually the whole man becomes a new creature in Christ.

* Topic of the Epworth League for February 2. John 6: 14, 15; Luke 10; 17-22; Ps. 101.

† Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for February 2. "The Heart of Christian Endeavor," Col. 3: 1-4, 12-25; 4: 1-6.

A Highly Artistic Book

Dear Dr. Klopsch: The book and Calendar at hand; both in perfect condition. I'm not only pleased, but delighted. The plates are superbly artistic. Pictures are object lessons that permanently remain.

Cisco, Tex. JOHN MCMURRAY.

Called Higher

Mr. A. C. Yawger, of Sidney, N. J., died recently. He was a great friend and lover of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Anna, wife of James H. Kinzer, died at Pleasant Valley, Meade County, S. D. Mrs. Kinzer was an exemplary Christian woman and for many years was actively identified with philanthropic and church work.

Mrs. Adelaide Johnson, of Lowell, Mass., was called home on August 20. She was an exemplary Christian. Being deaf she could not hear a sermon in church, but she said the sermons in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD were a source of great comfort to her.

Mrs. Sarah Hamilton, of Milton, Vt., entered into rest December 17. She was greatly afflicted during the last few years of her life, but bore all her suffering with Christian fortitude. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD had been a constant source of enjoyment to her for more than thirty years.

Mrs. Sarah A. Talley, of Talleyville, Del., who recently passed away, was for sixty-seven years an active member of Bethel M. E. Church, New Castle County, Del. She was a constant reader of this journal for many years. Her last hours were radiant with joy and hope. She said to those around her bedside, "Don't you hear that beautiful singing? It is so sweet and clear. There are thousands clothed in white and they are singing, 'All hail the power of Jesus' name.'"

Mrs. Eunice E., wife of Dr. J. Weeks, of Cleveland, O., passed away October 30, aged seventy-five. She was a mother of eight children, five of whom preceded her to the better land. She was born in Wakefield, Mass., in 1832, was converted at the age of fourteen and joined the Baptist Church. At nineteen, she was married to Dr. J. Weeks, on May 11, 1851, and they lived together nearly fifty-seven years. Her three children, Arthur B. Weeks, Chicago; Mrs. Joseph Wills, Niagara Falls, N. Y., and Mrs. William Leighton, of Cleveland, O., were with her in her last sickness. She was beloved by her children, fourteen grand and three great-grandchildren. Of her children, all became Christians from the ages of ten and fourteen years. She was a loving Christian mother, an ardent worker in the church and always seeking to bring souls to Christ. For several years she could not attend church, and in reading THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which she had read many years, she would say: "On Sunday we will read the sermon."

NURSES The Western Pennsylvania Hospital offers exceptional advantages for training, together with a course in the Eye and Ear Hospital. Reference required. Apply or write Superintendent's office for pamphlet giving full particulars as to salary, etc., **1945 Fifth Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.**

The Pratt Teachers' Agency
70 Fifth Avenue, New York
Secures positions for teachers, at all seasons, in public and private schools, and colleges.
Advises parents about schools. Wm. O. Pratt, Mgr.

A Tiny Timekeeper

There are other tiny watches, but the one worthy to bear the name which always and everywhere stands for reliability and excellence must be a *timekeeper.* This dainty little watch is called the

Lady Elgin

It is in every respect a true Elgin—made as small as consistent with Elgin perfection. The smallest watch made in America—the illustration shows its actual size. Every Elgin Watch is fully guaranteed—all jewelers have them. Send for "The Watch," a story of the time of day.

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Ask dealer for it.
GUARANTEED to go twice as far as paste or liquid polishes. Gives a quick, brilliant lustre, and DOES NOT BURN OFF
FREE SAMPLE. Address Department D. Lamont, Corliss & Co., Agents, 78 Hudson St., New York

"Good as Gold" This mark [⊙], now called *a bull's eye*, was used by the ancient alchemists to represent gold. If you want the choicest vegetables you should follow the Bull's Eye [⊙] wherever it appears in

BURPEE'S Farm Annual for 1908

the *"Silent Salesman"* of the world's largest mail-order seed trade. An Elegant New Book of 172 pages, with hundreds of illustrations, it tells the plain truth about the **"Best Seeds that Grow"** It describes Grand Novelties in Flowers and Vegetables, of unusual importance. WRITE TO-DAY, and the Book is yours.

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THE MISCHIEF-MAKERS

Continued from page 69

CHAPTER XII

The Business of an Eraser

DURING the succeeding three weeks, Glenn Fraser was very active, and Charlie Lester and Miss Walker were his faithful abettors. Hawthorne had never known such a round of socials and picnics as the three conspirators managed to plan and to carry out; and in all of these festivities Mr. Allan was made the central figure. He and the young people became very well acquainted and very friendly, by these means, and the foundation of a complete understanding was laid upon which they could cordially co-operate.

Kathleen took this favorable opportunity to propose the reorganization of their long-defunct Christian Endeavor Society, and received such hearty support from all concerned, that a strong society was formed and fairly started on its career of usefulness, with Charlie Lester and Grace Alison as officers in charge.

The purchase of new singing-books for the Sunday School furnished an excuse for frequent musical rehearsals to which all the young people were invited; so that the choir increased in numbers and ability.

The efforts of the three conspirators did not end here. Judicious hints as to their pastor's lonely life, given to the older members of his congregation, led to numerous invitations to dinners and teas, until Mr. Allan laughingly declared that his people hardly gave him time to write his sermons or prepare his prayer-meeting topics.

Such an era of good feeling prevailed between pastor and people, that the young minister wondered why Hawthorne had been so distant before, and what had brought about the change. The more he considered the question, the more it puzzled him. Finally he decided to ask Miss Tilly whether she had noticed the difference, and whether she could account for it.

He lingered after breakfast one Monday morning, three weeks after the Haywards' sudden leave-taking, and Miss Tilly surmised that something important was going to be said; but his opening sentences surprised her:

"Miss Walker, before I came here, I was informed by the Home Mission Committee that something was radically wrong with this church. They told me that a minister rarely ever stayed more than a year here, and that the puzzling part of the whole matter was that they could discover no reason for such a condition, as the ministers sent here were good men, and the people appeared to take deep interest in the welfare of the church. They told me these things, and urged me, if possible, to discover the cause of the difficulties. I have been studying carefully, but can reach no satisfactory conclusion. Can you help me to one?"

Miss Tilly studied the pattern upon her coffee cup very critically for a minute or two, conscious of the anxious eyes that rested upon her face. Was this the auspicious moment for which they had been waiting? she wondered. Then she said thoughtfully:

"Yes, I know a reason—I know the reason—why Hawthorne church has lost so many good ministers, and has won such an unenviable reputation. The long and the short of the whole trouble is, there are too many erasers in this community."

"Too many what?" questioned the astonished minister.

"Too many erasers. Don't you know what an eraser is?"

"Yes, it is a bit of rubber used to erase something that has been written. Do you intend to apply that title to people in this community?" he asked, light beginning to dawn upon him.

"Yes," she answered. "An inanimate eraser does just what your hand desires it to do, and rubs out only that and nothing else: but a human eraser takes the liberty of rubbing out impressions made by you without regard to your feelings. Do you see the point?"

"In a measure," he replied, his brain turning with keen interest to the problem. "Do you intend me to infer that there are people in Hawthorne church who erase the influence and teachings of the ministers who have been sent to them? Is this why converts have been so few, and ministers have turned away in despair?"

"That is one way in which human erasers work, but there are also many other methods. Until the millennium dawns, I suppose that there will be jealousies and hatreds and deceit and suspicion in human hearts, and these must necessarily work out in human lives. So long as 'the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked,' and so long as 'the tongue is an unruly member which no man can tame,' I suppose we shall have to expect discord and evil-speaking upon the earth. I do not claim that there is any excuse for such conditions—there is no excuse for deliberate sin—but I do say that such things will be, and that we must be upon the watch lest they overwhelm us." She stopped to consider the subject for a moment.

"Go on," her listener said eagerly. "I am intensely interested, for I begin to understand your metaphor."

"If you understand, there is not much more to say. The human eraser rubs out the pleasant impressions which one person has made upon another; it destroys the memories of pleasant times and kindly words; it mars friendships and implants suspicions; it sweeps away the effect of the grandest sermon, and turns to naught the influence of the most earnest preacher, besides influencing the preacher himself. One of Shakespeare's characters boasted that he was not only witty but was the cause of wit in others. These erasers are not only malicious, but they make others malicious. One of our pastors, who was kind and genial at first, became censorious and satirical after a few months. He was soured by an eraser."

Again she stopped, and for a long time the two sat in silence, considering the words which she had spoken.

Finally Mr. Allan said:

"And this is why so many ministers have failed here?"

"Yes. They did not discover that erasers were destroying the good effect of their efforts, and so in discouragement abandoned the field."

"Is this why my own work has been so long without fruit?"

"Yes."

"What has caused the recent change in affairs?"

"That is your problem, not mine. Each person has to work that out for himself. Watch the influences that are brought to bear upon you, and carefully consider whether they tend toward good or toward evil. You will soon discover where the sources of your troubles lie; then you can save yourself." She rose from the table as she spoke, and the young man understood that she wished the conference to end.

"You have preached me a powerful sermon, Miss Walker, and I am truly grateful to you for it. It will be my own fault if I do not profit by it."

To be continued

Her Red Letter Bible a Treasure

Dear Dr. Klopsch: I received the India-paper Red Letter Bible yesterday evening, and am glad to say that it is much better than I expected. The bold-face type it is printed in makes it so easy to read; it is easier to see than my five-dollar Oxford print that is an inch longer, and an inch wider, and almost twice as thick. The India-paper Red Letter 20-ounce Bible is a treasure. Frances E. L. Bell.

Atlantic, Ia.

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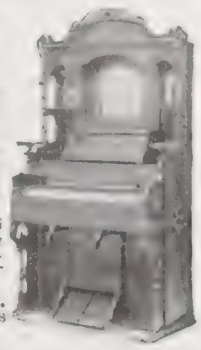

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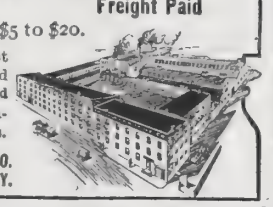

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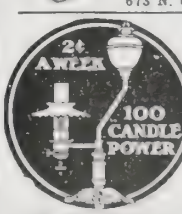

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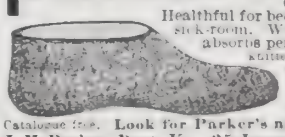

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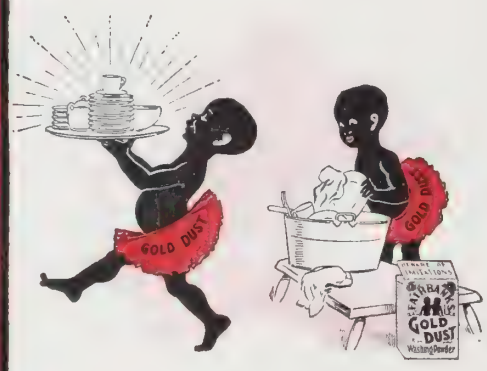

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is the greatest dishwasher ever invented, and when you stop to think that dishes have to be washed 1095 times a year, its use means a great saving. GOLD DUST will cut the grease and dirt like magic, make your dishes spotlessly white, and drive out every semblance of dirt or germs.

GOLD DUST Washing Powder starts to work the moment it strikes the water. It cleanses quickly, easily, thoroughly.

For washing dishes, scrubbing floors, cleaning woodwork, oilcloth, silverware and tinware, polishing brasswork, cleaning bathroom pipes, refrigerators, etc., washing clothes, softening hard water and making the finest soft soap.

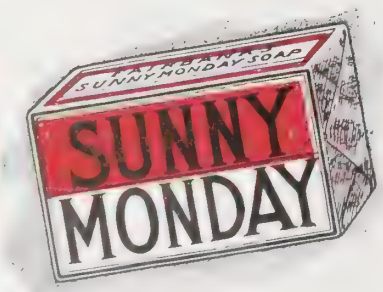
"Let the GOLD DUST Twins do your work"

Fairy Soap

Many people pay as high as 25c a cake for toilet soap, thinking to secure a purer soap, when in reality they are paying for costly perfume and fancy coloring matter, which make the soap less pure, and ofttimes are used to disguise cheap, impure greases.

FAIRY SOAP is white—and stays white—because it is absolutely pure. It is made from edible products and contains no coloring matter or adulterant of any kind; yet FAIRY SOAP costs but 5c a cake. Why pay more, since there is no better soap at any price? Why even pay the same price for any other soap, and take the chance of exposing your skin to the discomfort and danger of cheap, inferior soap materials?

"Have You a Little 'Fairy' in Your Home?"



Sunny Monday Laundry Soap

We know every housewife in the land will be interested when we say that *Sunny Monday Laundry Soap* *(N.R.) will double the life of her clothes. The reason is that *Sunny Monday Laundry Soap* *(N.R.) is all soap, without rosin or excess moisture, and contains remarkable dirt-starting qualities, which begin their magic work the moment the soap touches the clothes.

Sunny Monday Laundry Soap *(N.R.) can be used in any kind of water—hot, cold, hard or soft—is kind to the hands, and will not shrink woolens and flannels or injure the most delicate fabrics.

***(N.R.) means "No Rosin." SUNNY MONDAY LAUNDRY SOAP contains no rosin. Rosin is an adulterant and will rot and ruin clothes. Because it is all soap, one bar of SUNNY MONDAY LAUNDRY SOAP will do the work of two bars of any other laundry soap**

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Makers, Chicago

CHRISTIAN HERALD

SUBSCRIPTION, $1.50 PER ANNUM
PUBLISHED 52 TIMES A YEAR

Copyright, 1908, by Louis Klopsch

New York, January 29, 1908

VOL. 31—NO. 5. PRICE 5 CENTS
OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

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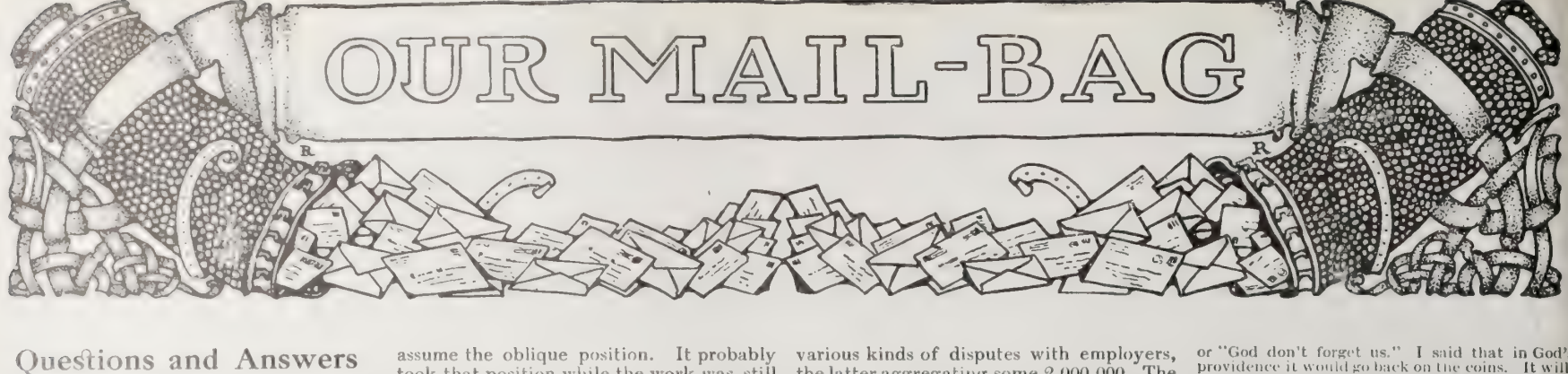
SEE PAGE 94

A MOONLIGHT REVERIE



Questions and Answers

Mrs. E. M. K., [illegible], Wis. How long will it take to finish the Esperanto course by Esperanto? What books are needed besides your paper, if any?

The Course will be finished in twenty-six lessons, published every other week. Students might be assisted somewhat by having an Esperanto *Primer* (10 cents), and a *Vocabulary* (10 cents), which can be procured from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

J. W. R., Spring City, Pa. In I. Kings 17:4, it says that Elijah was fed by the ravens. Does this mean that they were birds, or does it mean a people by that name?

The Hebrew word "*orebim*" has been interpreted as "Arabians" or "merchants," or perhaps as inhabitants of a town or district called Orbi, or Orbo, near Cherith. This has given rise to fanciful speculation concerning the real nature of Elijah's source of supply. A majority of the commentators, however, hold to the belief that the prophet received his food through the birds, as the Bible states.

B. M., Scranton, Pa. How many railroad ties, approximately, are used in the United States annually?

100,000,000 ties a year, according to the reports of the Forestry Branch of the Department of Agriculture. In 1906, the railroads paid $50,000,000 and used timber equivalent to the entire product of 600,000 acres of forest. The average price was 48 cents per cross-tie.

Gussie M., Kinderhook, N. Y. What is "tainted money"? Can money be so tainted as to be dangerous to handle?

"Tainted" money, in the ordinary acceptance of the phrase, is money that comes from an evil source, which is the proceeds of wickedness, or has been made in some immoral way, or is given for a bad purpose. That is the moral side of the matter. As to the material side, it is quite true that money may be so foul that it is dangerous to handle. An authority, Mr. A. Cressy Morrison, declares that money is an effective medium of communicating contagious diseases. He found bills and coins (received from a cheap grocery store), alive with bacteria. A penny had 26 living germs, a dime 40, a fairly clean bill 2,250, a very dirty bill 73,000.

G. L., Monroe, N. Y., sends this good desire for the new year:

That I may receive the divine light that no winds of temptation can ever blow out; strength that the fires of persecution cannot overcome; hunger for divine things that the pleasures of the world cannot satisfy.

Mrs. E. E. M., Andover, O. Kindly furnish information concerning Judas Maccabaeus.

He was a great Jewish military hero, the third son of Mattathias, and directed the great Jewish war of independence against the authority of Antiochus Epiphanes, King of Syria, and his successors, winning many brilliant victories. He fell at the battle of Eleasa (about B. C. 161). His principal triumphs were won at Samaria, Beth-horon, Emmaus, Bethsura, and in Gilead and Galilee.

L. L., Holland, Mich. 1. How many States are there in the Union? 2. Why is holly used at Christmas time?

1. There are now forty-six States in the Union, Oklahoma having been admitted November 6, 1907. 2. It was probably first used as a decoration in northern climates on account of its cheerfulness and bright colors. Its name is supposed to come from the fact that it was used at Christmas in churches, and hence was called "holy tree." Later the present word "holly" came into use.

Minnie B., Mt. Solon, Va. 1. Why was the tower of Pisa built to lean thirteen feet? 2. How many Territories are there yet in the United States?

1. There is no reason to suppose that the architects (Bonnano and William of Innsbruck), intended that the tower should assume the oblique position. It probably took that position while the work was still in progress. 2. New Mexico, Arizona, District of Columbia, Alaska and Hawaii.

Mrs. H. E. W., Rockford, Ill., writes:

Dismas (according to the legend), was not the penitent thief. He cursed until the last. Dismas stole David, the high priest's son, when he was three years old, and compelled him to steal and murder. Dismas called him Titus. He was the penitent.

Mrs. O. B., Stronghurst, Ill. State the number of judges of Israel?

The judges were Othniel, Ehud, Shamgar, Deborah, Barak, Gideon, Tola, Jair, Jephthah, Ibzan, Elon, Abdon and Samson. See Book of Judges.

R. D., Covington, Ky. In speaking of the class conflict in this country, to what proportion of the whole population is the term supposed to apply?

Professor Commons, in a recent address, estimated the working classes as follows: Farmers and tenants, 6,000,000; farm laborers, 3,750,000; agents, etc., $1,500,000; general industries, 24,000,000. Of these he considered that about 11,000,000 laborers and servants were liable to be involved in various kinds of disputes with employers, the latter aggregating some 2,000,000. The actual conflict, however, as in strikes, lockouts, etc., has never affected more than 6,000,000 wage-earners and 1,500,000 employers, and only a small portion of the whole at any one time.

Miss L. E., Kansas City, Mo., writes in this encouraging vein on the Prohibition outlook:

In our city we are now enjoying the quietness of a truly kept Sabbath on Christian principles. Governor Folk, being a manly man, has compelled the closing of our five hundred saloons and Judge Wm. H. Wallace of the Criminal Court and his Grand Jury have stopped the transaction of all kinds of business on the Sabbath. The theatres are fighting against Sunday closing.

From the rest of the letter we judge that the battle is not yet over. Let us hope that the forces of righteousness will unite and conquer in Missouri.

D. L. Myers, B.A., Keuka Park, N. Y., writes:

Please publicly correct your listing of my name as against restoration of "In God We Trust." I am decidedly in favor of some phrase like that which expresses the gist of hope—"God loves us," or "God don't forget us." I said that in God's providence it would go back on the coins. It will.

A reader of this journal, Mr. Cassius A. Castle of Burlington, Vt., sends us some verses in appreciation of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its work, from which we quote these two stanzas:

Oh grand old sheet, dispensing benedictions,
And scattering blessings broadcast o'er the land;
Destroying errors, deepening right convictions;
Wielding the sword of truth with trenchant hand,
Thy power is felt by wicked men and traitors,
And they alone are thy relentless haters.

Long hast thou battled with right royal will,
Against the enemies of God and man;
In this, thy grandest year, be grander still,
And in its charging hosts lead thou the van:
The banner of the cross uplifted high,
And Christ and victory the battle cry.

P. M. G., Fort Gage, Ill., and J. W. S., South Bend, Ind. 1. Who first fixed the 25th day of December as Christmas? When was it so fixed? By what church? Who set up the first Christmas tree? 2. When were the Bible MSS. got together and put into book form?

1. There does not seem to have been any special observance of the nativity until the celebration in the Eastern Church (or Greek Christian Church) in A.D. 220. The Western (or Latin) Church began to celebrate it about a century later. Both adopted the uniform date about A.D. 380. There are some writers, however, who affirm that it was solemnly celebrated among the early Christians in the second century. Chronologisfs disagree as to the exact year of the nativity, but the majority believe it was B.C. 5. The celebration was at first held on January 6, but toward the end of the fourth century it was changed to December 25. The Christmas tree, it is said, was first used in Europe in the eighth or ninth century, and was introduced by a German or Hungarian princess. 2. It is claimed that the books of the Old Testament were collected and arranged under the supervision of Ezra, though modern scholarship rejects the claim. The epistles of Paul to the various churches were collected and incorporated with the other epistles and the Gospels and Revelation into one book during the first half of the second century, and, as we learn from Eusebius, were in general use soon after the year 300 A.D.

New York's Six Million Dollar Fire

ONE of the largest fires in the recent history of New York City occurred when the Parker Building, at the corner of Nineteenth Street and Fourth Avenue, was turned for hours into a seething furnace, and then left a blackened and gutted ruin. The Parker Building was one of the "skyscraper" type. It was thirteen stories in height, constructed of stone, brick and steel, and was called a fireproof structure; yet its destruction proves again how difficult it is to devise a building that will not succumb to the flames when they have made headway in stock and wooden fittings. The fire started about six in the evening and burned until about two in the afternoon of the next day. During the night, the flames shot 100 feet into the air and the empty windows glowed like live coals. The hose brought to the scene proved to be partly rotten, and about forty lengths burst while the firemen were endeavoring to get the flames under control. Streams of water were sent from neighboring skyscrapers into the upper stories. When the floors fell, three brave firemen lost their lives. Nothing but the shell of the structure now remains, and the weakened walls will probably be pulled down. The Subway is just under Fourth Avenue, and great fear was felt for a time that the walls might fall through and crush some passing train. The street is now covered with beams to prevent such a disaster. The building was occupied by several publishing and importing houses, and the total loss is at least six millions.

Miscellaneous

M. B. R., Frankfort, Ky. Don't know.

Mrs. W. M. B., Royal, Pa. A Christian should always be law-abiding. In the case you mention, there is no apparent justification for breaking the law of the State.

Subscriber, Batavia, Ill. 1. The ostensible object of the voyage of the fleet is a practice cruise. 2. His decision is accepted as final. 3. Cannot trace the quotation.

Blackwell, Port Huron, Mich. The public school dispute has been settled by the Board of Education withdrawing from its attitude, which was objectionable to Christian people.

Rev. G. H. Messenger, Olive Hill, Carter County, Ky., can use Bibles, Testaments, hymn books, tracts, and good literature generally, in his home missionary work among the mountaineers. Any good reading will be welcomed.

A Bible Treasure

Dear Dr. Klopsch: Allow an expression of our admiration and thanks for the India Paper Red Letter Bible. We are truly happy to possess the Blessed Volume in such perfect form and finish, so light and small to handle and with type clear and easily read by old or young. Above all, we rejoice you have adhered to the old Authorized Version, so beloved and treasured in the hearts of God's children for almost three hundred years. Thousands of young men who have never carried a Bible, will gladly obtain this, and many overcoat pockets will be the richer for its sacred presence. READER.

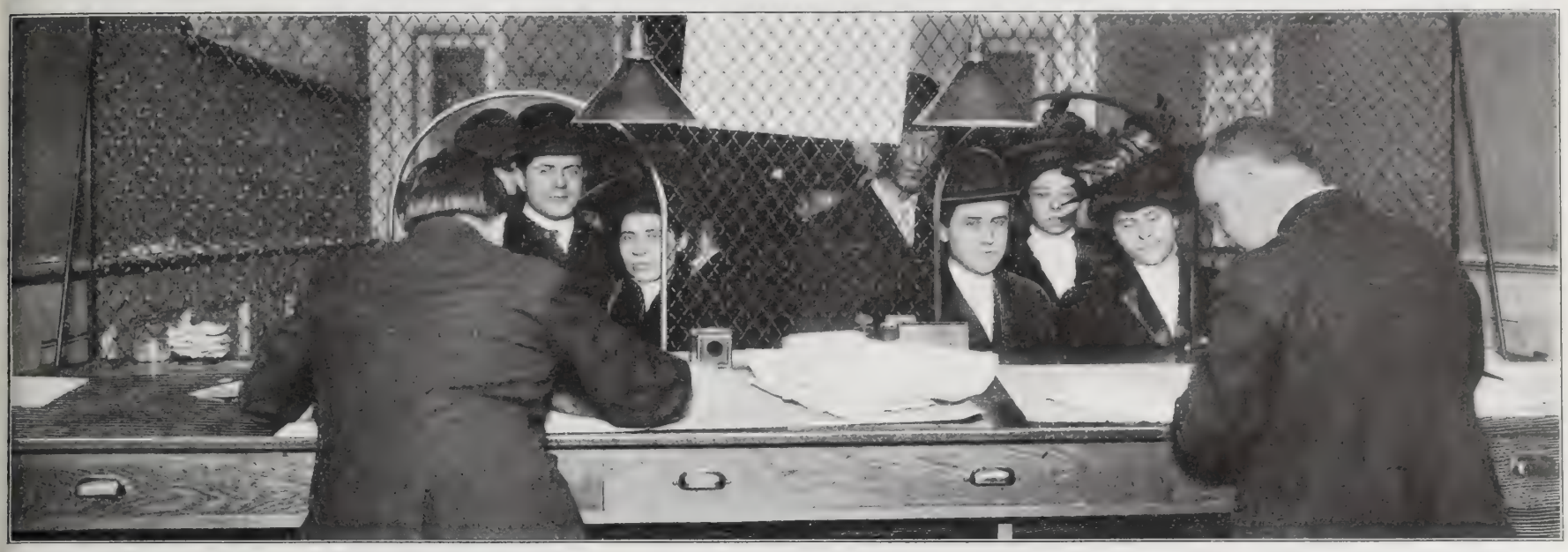
New York.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 29, 1908

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

Issuing Licenses to Matrimonial Applicants at the New Marriage License Bureau, City Hall, New York



IN THE MARRIAGE LICENSE BUREAU

A NEW element of romance has been introduced among the usually prosaic and business-like surroundings of the City Hall, New York, since the opening of the Marriage License Bureau at the beginning of the present month. As in the olden times, City Hall Park has again become a strolling-place for young couples, with this difference, however, that whereas, in the old days, only two or three nationalities were represented, now there are candidates for matrimony from almost every land under the sun. When the new license office, which some have facetiously called "Cupid's Bureau," opens at ten o'clock, there are usually so many prospective applicants on hand that the attendant police officers marshal them in line, with some regard to regularity. Only about half a dozen couples can be admitted at a time to the little space in the Bureau office, facing the clerks. At first, owing to the lack of proper method, the place was crowded and the business of registration proceeded slowly. Now, however, matters have been expedited by the introduction of a very simple system. An officer passes down the line of waiting couples, and hands to each prospective groom a blank application and a card containing his number. They are then instructed to step into the library, where pens and ink are provided, and those who can write are expected to fill in the answers to the questions printed on the application.

In the library, the scene is a novel and amusing one. The applicants seat themselves at the long table and with mutual help and many smiles and quiet laughter, begin to fill up the long line of questions. Sometimes, when the groom or bride is a foreigner, imperfectly acquainted with English, an interpreter is called in to explain the true meaning of some puzzling question on the printed form. With the utmost care and with a fine perception of the importance of the task, it is at last completed. Name, age, color, birthplace and nationality, names of parents, occupation, are all duly recorded. Next follows the question whether this is the candidate's first marriage, and whether he or she is single or divorced. After all the questions relative to the groom on the left side of the application form are filled out and those relative to the bride on the right, the application is signed with the names of the parties in full. The couples now resume their place in the line and when the number of their ticket is called out, they step forward to the desk, where the applications are inspected, and a license filled out, to which is attached a certificate. This latter is to be returned to the Bureau by the pastor, priest, justice or other authorized official who performs the marriage ceremony. The bridegroom—sometimes it is the bride—hands the clerk a dollar and then the happy pair depart to complete their preparations for the prospective wedding.

The Waiting Line in Front of the Marriage License Bureau

An artist might find inspiration for his pencil in these scenes at the Marriage License Bureau. Dark-haired, swarthy Italians with diminutive sweethearts all decked with bright-colored finery and brilliant with jewelry; bearded young Hebrews from the East Side, with their pretty Jewish brides, resplendent in gold ornaments; fair-skinned Russians, sturdy-looking Germans, and blue-eyed Swedes and Norwegians, mingle with the American-born. Good humor pervades the atmosphere of the Bureau and smiles are on all faces; even the clerks seem to enjoy the situation. Now and then a more fashionble-looking couple appear in the line, and get through the business quickly and quietly. Occasionally a dusky-skinned pair of applicants come to the desk, and after a severe struggle with pens and ink in the library, contrive to fill in the forms. But the path of the matrimonially inclined is officially smoothed on all sides, and help is cheerfully given to the illiterate.

Among the recent applicants were no less distinguished persons than Miss Gladys Vanderbilt and her titled foreign fiance, Count Laszlo Szechenyi, who rode down together to the City Hall in an automobile, to take out their license. The application blank was filled out by the groom and signed by both the contracting parties, a license was issued, the fee paid, and they were at liberty to marry.

Perhaps the proudest bridegroom in New York, for a day at least, was Berthold Kats, who, with Miss Cecilia Kony as his betrothed, was the first to secure a license under the new State law, from the Bureau on the morning of opening day. Friends took away the license to have it set in a gold frame. Whatever may be said of the claim that the new system takes away much of the old-time romance of marriage preparation, it is unquestionably a pronounced success, and so great has been the demand for licenses some days recently, that two additional desks have been placed in the Bureau, and the clerical force increased.

THE
American Pulpit

A SERMON BY

Rev. Emory J. Haynes, D.D.*

"Them That Perish"

TEXT: I. Cor. 1: 18—"For the preaching of the Cross is to them that perish, foolishness."

A POET sits in the evening by his grate. His writings have carpeted his floors like the boudoir of a princess, and adorned his walls with the trophies of the sister arts, painting, and tapestry, and carving. The sunset flings its glories through his windows as from gates celestial, while from an adjoining room where his daughter touches the harp, dulcet notes float out upon the warm air, and flicker in the flash from the fire upon the ceiling of the library. His wife drops down upon a divan by his side and fondles his hand, and the poet says, "A beautiful world, my dear!" His other daughter nestles at the other knee, and as he stretches his hand to stroke her golden locks he murmurs again, "A beautiful world, my birdling!" And so, soothed and comforted, the poet falls asleep, and dreams a new poem of a beautiful world wherein none perish.

But after a time the poet awakes, and it is nine o'clock of a winter's night, and the wind is high and cold, and beating at the window. The harper from the other room has ceased, and come in to say, "Mamma, mamma, my head, my head! and I am cold!" And the mother has sprung up, and released the poet's hand —that is what awakened the curly-headed poet—and she says, "Ambrose, Ambrose, our daughter has a chill; go for the doctor!" As he passes out into the night, at the corner of the street a pauper stretches his blue hand out to him and says, "I perish!" But he responds, "I could not stop; for, though she be all housed and friended, my Felicia in my home has a chill in the blood, and is perishing!"

A Perishing Daughter

As he tugs at the door-bell of the physician, he crouches in the porch from the harsh, cold wind, and feels his own veins burning. They tell him the physician has gone up the street. "Why?" "Some one is perishing up there." "Tell him, tell him, our little Felicia is perishing, to come over to our dwelling." And as under the midnight stars the poet stands drumming at the window and waiting for the man of skill, his dream of an hour or two ago returns to him, and he changes it and says, "Not a beautiful world, but a world in which many, many are perishing even now."

It is folly, and a sign of ignorance, to deny that this is a perishing world. We may be disposed to wish it were different, but it is as it is. The poet may start off with his premises, and say, "God is good; health is good; food is good; raiment is good; heat, friends, comforts of life, are all good; and in a good God's world he will surely allow none of his creatures to perish for the lack of these good things." And the argument seems sound until we turn to the hard facts. Then we see that the poet is mistaken. Men do perish in a good God's world for lack of raiment, for lack of food, for lack of the necessaries of life. Explain it? I am not here for that purpose. I am presenting this fact to you: that they do perish in a good God's world. It is one thing to theorize as to what sort of a world this ought to be, to be according to our liking, and it is quite another thing to observe it with open eyes just as it is. One thing, with a concept of the Deity of our own making, to think what sort of a world it should be to correspond; another thing to find it just as it is, his world. The poet is a fool; the man with open eyes alone is wise.

The Cross a Necessity

The preaching of the Cross is called by them that perish foolishness. They say, "Perish! The Cross! You tell us that One died there that we might be saved, and that we are perishing? Why, it is all folly! Go preach that to the Puritans. We are all right. We are all safe. There is no harm going to happen to us in a good God's universe. No man will be allowed to perish." The preacher says, "Nay, it is not so. You yourself will have to admit that many perish." "Who perishes?" asks the gay doubter, when his gaiety is upon him. Well, the foolish perish, don't they? If any man refuses to take up the cross of self-denial, and believes that without the cross of self-curbing and self-crucifixion man will be saved, that man will perish will he not?

Oh, what a lot of mawkish talk and discussion there has been over that old and respected creed of the theologians! What a lot of foolish reportorial and editorial and sceptical nonsense has been sent abroad in this community with regard to that venerable creed which made New England great! They say, "The idea that a good God would let anybody perish!" And if I confess to you that I feel I am preaching to perishing men, you say, "Folly, folly! God is too good to allow men to perish." Is he? Do they not physically perish, and is that not painful and hard to explain in a good God's world?

Death's Precious Harvest

Last month eight hundred and ninety-seven human beings perished out of physical life in Boston; last week about two hundred and fifty. "Oh, well," says the doubter, "of course we are all mortal, and have to die." Not so fast. Of that two hundred and fifty, perhaps fifty of them came to their end because their days were numbered; old, ripe, full of years, a natural lying down; but the other two hundred, how many of them, when they perished, left a great seamed and bleeding gash behind! Oh, unutterable anguish over those two hundred other deaths! anguish that will not cease next Monday, nor a month from to-day, nor a year from to-day. The innocent, the fresh, the bright one, the child, the loved one, dropped out of life, and left anguished hearts behind. I am not an old man yet, but I carry a mark across the sky of my life which I never expect to see cleared out of the sky as long as I live. I can never get over it, don't expect to, don't try to. It has happened. I often laugh, but sometimes I catch myself up, and say, "How can you laugh since she has perished?" Perhaps I shall get over that. I listen to music, but underneath the song there is a diapason of a miserere all the time. Perhaps I shall get over that. I sometimes prosper and carry home a new toy to the house, and I say, "Oh that she were here to enjoy it!" There are some of us who feel sometimes as if this air was so heavy that we could not breathe it any more. We shall never get over that. Explain that to me in a good God's world.

Forty Miles of Victims

I tell you that that is as hard to reconcile by the philosophies of men, if you and I undertake to say what he will do, and can do, and ought to do with his creatures, it is as hard to reconcile as eternal hell is. For they that perish in hell knew the laws they had broken, and were forewarned and told how they could escape; but the little child out of your home and mine—who knew the laws? who sinned? We can only fold our hands, and say, "It is the Lord. Let him do what seemeth to him good." All life is his. If he wished to take every life in this room, he could do it. If he wished to slay every human being in the city to-day, he could do it, and it would be nobody's business. I heard a remark of a gentleman regarding the terrible waste of life in the early wars of Joshua. Shall God answer to man what he does with a man's life, whether he destroys it by pestilence or by such war? Shall a woman answer what she does with her own thread and needle? Shall I answer what I do with the book I write myself? Shall God answer unto any as to what he does with human life?

But turn to the foolish who perish like this. Last year, in the United States, more than one hundred thousand drunkards perished as the result of their own folly. And God allowed it. How many are a hundred thousand drunkards? Lay them down side by side upon the moist earth of this morning, and they make a line nearly forty miles long. Lay them down by the track and the fast New York mail of to-morrow, flying along that track, would consume nearly an hour in passing from the first body to the last of the victims. Victims of folly, whom the good God allowed to throw away their lives in this wide land of ours by intemperance. He allows it, then, does he not? They perished. Reconcile it. Forty miles of buried hopes! Forty miles of blighted joys! Forty miles of wretchedness and premature decay in a good God's world. Those are facts.

"Ah! but," says some one, "eternity is a different thing from that." No; see. How old are these hundred thousand? On an average, say, forty years old. Multiply the hundred thousand by forty. Four millions of human years wasted unto desolation and wretchedness under the American flag, last year, by folly! Four millions of human years, with all the beauty of the training of childhood, and of the love of infancy, and all the possible joy they might have been to their own kindred, thrown away! Four millions of human years laid desolate in one land alone, by human folly, in a good God's world! Four millions of years is not eternity, to be sure, but it is just as hard to reconcile with any theory that man must judge God's goodness by what becomes of his sinning creatures, as an eternal hell is. I can no more solve the one than the other by philosophy. Four millions of human years is unthinkable. It is beyond any man's power to grasp it, just as much as eternity is beyond his power. This is a fact. Four millions of human years perish under our sight in a good God's world.

Responsibility for Perishing

Well, you say, how does the Christian religion reconcile it with his goodness? First of all by this: The Christian religion says, "He created and sent every human being into this world, and he brings every one of them to bend the knee before him in that great judgment scene, and he does not answer to any little philosopher in any part of this town, nor in any other town, as to what he does with the earth that he made, nor with the men and women in it." That is the first of our theses. The second of our theses is this: "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his way and live." Or this: "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The Christian religion lays the whole responsibility of the perishing, as the result of immorality, upon the will of desperate bad men. It is not one whit of it at God's door. God never sent a man to hell; God never will. If men are found there at last it is because they chose to go there. God never sent a man to a drunkard's grave; but we know that men do go there and they go there of their own accord.

There is not a criminal who perished as the result of the transgression of law in this land last year, but might have been saved by the cross. How so? The cross in two senses. First, the cross of self-denial. Some one said to the sinner, "You must put a curb upon your appetite, your passion, whatever it is, or you will die." Second, the cross of penitence and of mercy, to offer which God sent his Son, a sacrifice in our behalf. The preaching of the cross of Calvary is the declaration of his saving compassion to perishing men, and they respond, "Oh, talk that to the Puritan; we are all right. There is no danger. We are not perishing."

Perverted Forces

I make no apology to-day for lifting up a heavy hammer against this glass ball of a lying philosophy, which would teach you that there is no danger. I make no apology for telling you that there is a stern side to this world; that six months after every June there is a freezing January; that six months after every pleasing July there is a February; that it is a fact that strychnine will kill; that sin will send men to hell. The soul that sinneth, it shall die. Believe it. It is folly to deny it.

Last year, in the city of Boston, there were 5,000 women who were arrested for miserable, helpless intoxication. And yet every one of those women was dependent for every beat of her heart upon the finger of God, as if he had his finger first upon one ventricle and then upon the other, and kept the heart pumping. And not one of those 5,000 women could put out her hand to clasp it around that accursed glass, but the power to do it was the power of God—vitality. The only thing that was wholly her own was each woman's free choice; and she used the heart beat, the vital force to destroy herself; and she is perishing by her own choice. Those are facts.

Why, it is wonderful how blind we are to facts. Men

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* Preached in the People's M. E. Church, Boston, Mass.

TWO HUNDRED DIE IN A FIRE-TRAP

The Front of the Burned Auditorium

Searching for Bodies in the Ruins

NOT since the fearful catastrophe at the Iroquois Theatre fire in Chicago, when hundreds of women and children were burned to death, has such a thrill of horror been felt throughout the country as when the report came over the wires from Boyertown, Pa., that nearly two hundred people had been crushed and incinerated at a similar fire in the Rhodes Theatre.

Those who were in the auditorium were members of St. John's Lutheran Sunday School, who had gone to hear a lecture by Mrs. Monroe on the Scottish Reformation. The lecture had been well advertised, and the pupils had looked forward to it for days as one of the literary treats of the season; and in addition there was a series of tableaux, in which many prominent young people of the town took part.

The lecture was illustrated with stereopticon pictures, the gas light for the lantern being supplied from a tank below the platform on which the lecturer stood. This tank was in the beginning the cause of the fearful disaster; but had the people kept their heads no one would have been killed.

The lecture was nearly over and the audience was gazing with rapt attention at one of the pictures which had been thrown upon the screen, when the gas tank exploded with a blinding flash. There was a deafening detonation and all of the windows were blown out at once and fell in jingling fragments to the streets below. The auditorium was on the second floor and the audience began, as one person, a mad stampede for the stairs. The fire-escapes were apparently not thought of, at least they were not used, except by a few. The ushers jumped on the platform and did all they could by word and gesture to calm the terror-stricken people, assuring them that there was no danger; but they might as well have talked to the wind. The slight blaze from the tank could have been put out in a few moments, but some of the audience, thinking they could escape by way of the stage, jumped on to the platform and overturned the small oil lamps that had been set as footlights. Then the flames began to spread. Some one on the stage pulled up the curtain, giving the draft full play, and the young people by their terror in full view of the audience added to the panic. The flames caught the curtain and shot hissing up the side woodwork, and in two minutes the auditorium was a seething sheet of fire.

Those who were near the windows began to jump out into the street, breaking arms and legs; and many falling head first had their skulls fractured. Those who had rushed for the stairs became jammed in a shrieking, struggling mass. Little children were trampled on and men and women fell. Many who might have escaped sought to drag out their relatives and friends, and were themselves caught in the vortex of human bodies and drawn down never to rise again.

A detachment of local firemen reached the scene, but their apparatus had broken down, and all they could do was to place ladders against the windows. Two hundred escaped by this means. Then the flames burst out from the bank below, driving the rescuers away. People who had children in the burning building ran up and down in an agony of despair and grief, and made wild attempts to break through the fire lines and enter the building and rescue their loved ones. Right here comes one of the most horrible parts of the whole fire. Members of the local company of firemen went to a saloon near by, and became intoxicated. They returned and began to fight a sober company that had come dashing up to help from Pottstown. The latter had to defend themselves from the drunken ruffians and only six were left to fight the flames. Luckily, six stalwart troopers of the Pennsylvania Constabulary had arrived on the scene, and with drawn revolvers and waving clubs they charged into the drunken rioters, smashing right and left, and forced the intoxicated firemén beyond the fire lines, or drove them back to their duty.

Dr. Kohler ordered all of the saloons closed and gallant Sergeant Price of the Constabulary, who had brought his men with a rush from Reading, prevented with decisive measures any recurrence of the rioting. At last the flames died down and day dawned on the horror-stricken town. The High School was turned into a morgue, and soon sheltered the stark forms of two of its teachers and many of its pupils.

The stories told by the survivors give the only ray of light to the general gloom. One and all tell of heroic attempts at rescue made by people who willingly gave their own lives, that those weaker or less brave than themselves might live.

THEM THAT PERISH Sermon by Rev. Emory J. Haynes, D.D. *CONTINUED*

are perishing. Do you forget the battle of Magenta? I had a letter from a gentleman this morning which said: "Go with me to Italy in March," and it came to me in my thought, "Magenta, Solferino, Waterloo, Gettysburg, Fredericksburg: men perished there in a good God's world." What killed them? Man's selfishness. War is cruel; I hate it. The gayest uniform that was ever worn in battle is stiff, somewhere, with gore. All the pageantry of war is but mockery and misery to the widow. It is malice, meanness, lying, murder. It is either of the devil and hell, or is the destroying agent of indignant heaven. War is contrary to the Prince of Peace. Oh, you say, that is pretty strong. Ask the widow who sits here whether I put it strong enough. Poor heart, she would like to shriek, and tell the story of her sorrow these twenty years.

Now, I tell it again. Six months from June there is a terrible January. Look out for it. They do perish. If you should overstrain a nerve, look out for it; it will snap, the brain will soften, you will have neurasthenia, you will have that strange something, nervous prostration. If you will not dig, then you shall perish. It is a cold world. If you will trifle with fire, you will burn yourself. If you trifle with light, you will put your eyes out. I remember a fellow student who gazed too long through a telescope at the sun and lost his sight. If you trifle with sound, it will put your ear out. I remember when a boy, at some celebration, a playmate lost his hearing in the thunder of the gun, standing too near. If you trifle with your good name, you will lose your credit. If you lose your credit, you will lose your standing in trade. If you lose your standing, you lose your bread and butter. It is a cold world. There is a hard side to life, in spite of the fact that a good God looks down from on high. If you trifle with your appetite and passion, you must suffer for it. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die," and any man who says different from that is a misled misleader or a liar. The soul that sinneth, it must pay the penalty. It is written all over the world.

There is no place to sleep except when you have gotten into the arms of Jesus Christ. There is no place to lie down and rest except in the bosom of Abraham. Take up the catalogue of any of those boyhood school-days of yours. Before I came here, I took up the catalogue of the School of Technology, which the president kindly sends me, and ran it over, and I saw so many of them who are in high places of mechanical trust and power; but as I ran down the pages, I saw here and there "died," "died," "died." Some broke a law, innocently or knowingly. In a good God's world, they died.

Every week of my life, some poor hearts, some in kid gloves, and fine dress, and some walking upon their bare feet, with an excuse of loather on top of the foot, derelicts of society, ring my bell and come in and say, "I thought as you were a minister, perhaps you would help me." If I had ten thousand dollars, I could, as the almoner of it, give every cent of it away in six months, and every dollar should help some wretched and abandoned derelict, who is perishing out of the world. Look out. There is a cold side in a good God's world.

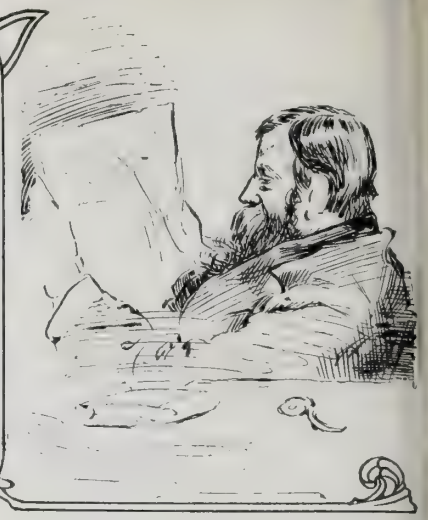
There is a remedy. What is it? The preaching of the Cross is survival, power to live, the love of God come down, hanging there, and saying, "Look, and you shall have power to survive." Is any one here doubting the goodness of God? There it is upon the Cross. Every one may outlive his troubles. Is there any one here perishing from a weak will? Look, and have power to survive. Is any one perishing in the grip of a bad associate? Look, and have power to survive. Is any one perishing under the hold of a bad habit? Look, and have power to survive. Is any one perishing under the load of his guilt, ten years old? Look, and have power to survive. Is any one perishing with an unhappiness that makes life seem as if it were not worth living? Look, and have power to survive. Is any one dying physically? Look, there is the power of the immortal life in the Cross of Christ.

Perishing, perishing; I hate the word. Something in my soul rises up and revolts against it. Perish? No; let me live. A week from to-day is my birthday. How old are you a week from to-day? My boyhood has perished. My youth has perished. My manhood —will it perish? Yes. My age—will it perish? O God, what is this law of wreck and ruin? Year after year I have seen the brilliant summer perish. A thousand times I have seen a sunset costly beyond the gold of Ophir, yet they are perished. They tell me that the sun and old stars are perishing. Great God, I must live above this. Oh, to survive! My hopes say I must; my love asserts I must. I climb up to-day and put my arms around the Cross, in all this surging sea of death and ruin, and I hear the words of my Master, "I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." Clinging there to that Cross I cry, "Surviving, surviving, surviving by the power of God." Will you?

Sketch from Life by Admiral Sigsbee

U. S. S. "Brooklyn," from a Drawing by Admiral Sigsbee

Sketch from Life by Admiral Sigsbee



MY FIRST ACTIVE SERVICE AFLOAT

By REAR-ADMIRAL CHARLES D. SIGSBEE, U. S. NAVY

Illustrated with Original Sketches by the Author

Midshipman Sigsbee

IN a former article I said they managed to graduate me from the Naval Academy. Only once had the superintendent sent for me. That was towards the end of my course. He said to me very severely: "For the past week you have a very low average mark in mechanics. Professor G—— thinks that with proper application you can learn. I don't think so. You will surely 'bilge.' You may go." Outside the room I met Gridley of my class—noted of Manila—awaiting his turn. Gridley's name was Charles V., by which token we called him "Steve." I lingered near till Gridley reappeared. He was addressed in precisely the same words. Happy thought! The superintendent had applied his general formula. We smiled and dispersed.

My first command was of a steamer named for that superintendent, who was really a very tender-hearted man. His portrait adorned my cabin. My work for four years was deep sea exploration. I was obliged to invent much apparatus—the application of mechanics, let it be noted. For my work and inventions I got many commendatory letters, election to scientific societies, diplomas, a gold medal from England, the cross of the Red Eagle of Prussia from Emperor William I., and other honors. Thus was I revenged—but for what I hardly know.

Part of my class had gone into active service in June, 1863. The other part—my part, of course—was obliged to make the summer cruise in one or another of three practice ships. I was assigned to the *Macedonian*. We visited England, France, Portugal, Spain, and Madeira. Arriving back at Newport on September 26, we were granted twenty days leave to visit our homes. I left Newport with a monkey in a box, the spoils of my cruise. At the Clarendon Hotel in New York, where I stopped for a day, my monkey got adrift during my absence, and had the time of his life with the friction matches, happily without serious results. The naval man gets over importing branch coral and monkeys rather early in life, but the parrot habit lasts longer.

On October 1 I was promoted to Acting Ensign in the Navy of the United States, a lucrative position, paying $1,200 per annum in "greenbacks," gold being quoted somewhere around $2.80. Under orders, I reported, November 4, on board the supply steamer *Bermuda*, at Philadelphia, for passage to New Orleans, there to report to Commodore H. H. Bell for duty on board the *Monongahela* in the West Gulf Blockading Squadron. The *Bermuda* sailed the next day with many officers on board. Of my class were Charles E. Clark, since of the *Oregon;* Francis A. Cook, since of the *Brooklyn;* Colby M. Chester (all now retired Rear-Admirals); Dennis W. Mullan, now retired Commander, and William A. VanVleck and Louis Clark, both now dead. Mullan also was intended for the *Monongahela*. The *Bermuda* touched at many places. On the passage from Pensacola to the fleet off Mobile, she recaptured a merchant schooner that had been taken by Confederates in an armed lugger. We fired several shots and got six armed Confederates. This, though rather insipid, was my first taste of war.

At New Orleans, Mullan and I were told to continue on board the *Bermuda* and join the *Monongahela* off the coast of Texas. We fell in with our ship off Pass Caballo. Banks' army was marching north along the coast. The *Monongahela*, under the command of Commander James H. Strong, was covering the movements of the army. On November 28, the day of our arrival, a "norther" was blowing and the seas were heavy. We were put into a boat with our trunks, taken in tow by an army transport and dropped near our ship. We got on board the *Monongahela* wet and with some difficulty, but got a hearty reception in the wardroom. Soon came word from the deck that Mullan's trunk had been lost overboard. It contained his entire outfit. When we reported to the captain a conversation ensued. Very patronizingly the captain said, "Mr. Sigsbee, how much sea service have you had?" "Nine months, sir," I replied. "How much have you had, Mr. Mullan?" "Six months, sir." The captain looked disgusted as he exclaimed, "And they have sent you to my ship as watch officers! Gentlemen, I was fifteen years in the service before I got where you are now." With deprecating amiability, I ventured to remark that "great events made great opportunities," and this our good captain took smilingly. In dismissing us he bent his brows, and stung us with the warning, "Young gentlemen, we shall attack the shore battery before breakfast in the morning."

Farragut on the "Hartford" at the Battle of Mobile Bay

Fort Esperanza, at Pass Caballo, mounted seven guns. The *Monongahela* carried eight. Banks' army was coming on, shelling the prairie in advance. The fort was an obstacle to be removed by the *Monongahela*. On the 29th the sea was still running too high to permit the ship to move close in shore. As to the next day, I will quote from a letter that I wrote to my father:

"On the morning of the 30th the wind had gone down, so as soon as day dawned we moved up to take the battery. I was awakened and told that we were going to beat to quarters in a few minutes. I dressed and went on deck, where everybody was standing about watching the fort. We were soon within range, when suddenly I saw a flash, and at the same time a huge volume of smoke arose from the fort. I thought it was a gun and expected to hear the whizzing of a shot, but none came. The explosion came from their magazine, and 'Secesh' skedaddled."

But there stood Mullan and Sigsbee, bold warriors by intention, and not yet shot at. The *Monongahela* had been in many fights and skirmishes. One of her captains had been killed and two wounded. Her deck and other woodwork was scarred in many places. I had been given charge of the second division, consisting of one eleven-inch pivot and one broadside gun. Active service struck my fancy, so I was full of zeal and did my best to do and to learn. The first thought of us young officers was to make an honorable record.

For some time thereafter we were active, chiefly in reconnoitering Confederate batteries along the coast. At the end of this service the ship was ordered to join the blockading vessels off Mobile Bay. Touching at the Southwest Pass of the Mississippi for coal, she ran full speed into a sunken Confederate ironclad, and damaged

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MY FIRST ACTIVE SERVICE AFLOAT = Continued

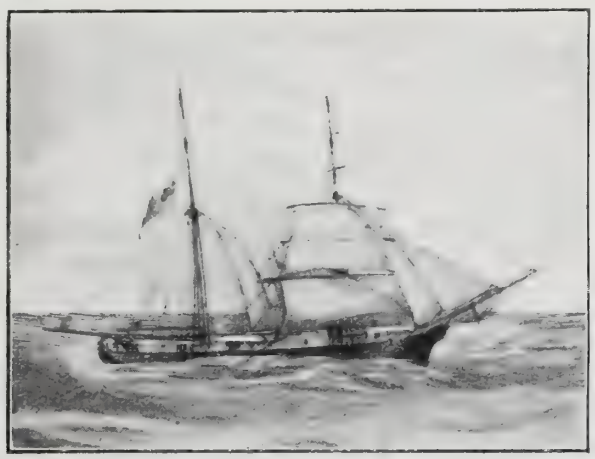
her own stem badly. After joining off Mobile, she was ordered to New Orleans for repairs, where we remained for a long time, when we again went off Mobile.

The first shot ever fired at me left no trail of glory. It came from our own side. After leaving New Orleans I had charge of the deck while passing Fort St. Philip; at night, I think. A shot from the fort went overhead. The ship was stopped, and an officer of the fort came on board to identify us. He was good enough to explain that the fort had only followed custom in firing at a vessel that failed to stop. No offense, so we continued on down the river. At least I was one shot to the good over Mullan. I think it was in June that we rejoined off Mobile.

The monotony of the blockade was trying. Week after week we lay at our anchors, out in the open sea, rolling and pitching and taking the gales as they came. There was little to do beyond carrying out our routine drills and watches, and eating our three meals a day. Some of the night watches, however, were tense with watchfulness. Once I was sent in shore in charge of the night picket boat. It came on cold and rough weather.

We held on as long as possible. Finally we pulled for the *Penguin*, an inner-line vessel, missed her, but made fast to a line that she floated to us. We came near being carried out to sea that night. Once a boat expedition was arranged to go inside and cut out an armed steamer. It was promised that I should be a member of the party, but the attempt was abandoned for some reason. Beyond the result of running my freshly sharpened sword into my own foot no blood was shed. I was having a hard time getting squarely into the war, but fighting came soon.

On June 25 I was transferred to the *Brooklyn*, a larger vessel, at my own request. The *Brooklyn* was commanded by Captain James Alden, a gallant officer with a fine record. Lieutenant-Commander Edward P. Lull was executive officer, and Lieutenant Thomas L. Swann was navigator. Acting Ensigns Cassel and Pendleton, of my class, were on board. Alden is dead. With one exception, I think, I am the only living member of the wardroom mess. In July there were rumors of impending attacks on Forts Morgan and Gaines, whose powerful armament guarded the entrance to Mobile Bay. Of the great battle that followed—the crowning event of Farragut's career—writers have written in full. I am asked to write only the personal narrative of a junior officer, nineteen years of age, who shared the danger inconspicuously. In the final plan of battle Farragut was persuaded to take second place in the line or column, allowing Alden to lead in with the *Brooklyn*. The battle was fought August 5, 1864. The object was to pass the forts at the entrance, anchor in the bay and thus command the forts from the rear; then to protect the landing of the army and compel the forts to surrender—all of which was done.



A Passing Vessel, Sketched by Admiral Sigsbee

The "Brooklyn" as a Practice Ship—1859

The fleet was five or six miles from Fort Morgan. We were up and about before daylight. The ships were already cleared for action. A flood tide and a light southwest wind were setting into the bay. The sky was cloudy, threatening rain. We were to pass close to Fort Morgan, on our starboard hand, leaving Fort Gaines rather remotely to port. To each of the seven larger vessels another vessel was lashed alongside. If a vessel lost propulsion, her mate could keep her going. If both lost it, then the wind and tide might carry them in. In the main column the seven pairs of vessels were disposed as shown below. On their right were four iron-clad monitors, also as shown.

Octorara—Brooklyn	Tecumseh
Metacomet—Hartford	Manhattan
Port Royal—Richmond	Winnebago
Seminole—Lackawanna	Chickasaw
Kennebec—Monongahela	
Itasca—Ossipee	
Galena—Oneida	

Inside were the Confederate iron-clad flagship *Tennessee*, and the gunboats *Gaines*, *Morgan* and *Selma*, which would meet us with a raking fire. Across the channel a line of torpedoes was planted. We were to pass through a narrow fairway close to Fort Morgan.

At 6.15 the *Brooklyn* was under way with the *Octorara* alongside, and proceeding toward the bay. A stop was made to allow the vessel to close up and the monitors to precede us. Prayers were read, I think, and the captain made a speech to the crew. Battle flags were then hoisted, and at 5.45 the fleet steamed in.

I felt the coming danger and would gladly have had it over, but I wanted my career to include that fight. The fleet moved slowly. The *Tecumseh* fired the first shot at 6.47. At 7.06 Fort Morgan opened fire. Soon the *Brooklyn* replied with her bow chasers. Later, as the fort drew abeam, our broadside guns opened and the action became general. My veteran messmates had declared that I would dodge instinctively when a shot passed over me—that men did it until actively engaged. I had promised to stiffen up, in the expectation of getting chaffed if I failed. I can now attest that those old-time "round shot" from a "great gun" came toward one with a crescendo roar, passed overhead with a terrific shriek and left with a diminuendo roar, unless they struck near. Our men tended to sink down in unison at a coming shot, before we opened. I "jollied" them a bit and they smiled back at me. I dared not join company, but, just the same, I felt creepy in the muscles intended for dodging. When we were getting back at the Confederates, there was no shrinking. Of my four guns only the two on the starboard side were engaged. One of my gun captains was Barnett Kenna, a fine, stocky, curly-headed little Englishman, so full of fight that I had to watch his elevation carefully. The other was William Halstead, a tall, thin American, cool, calm and with his wits all aboard. In the second stage of the fight Halstead picked up a Confederate round shot that had come on board, loaded it into his gun and fired it back. Both of these men got medals. At the rear of my guns was the steering wheel, at which stood Joseph Brown, quartermaster, and John Irlam, seaman. Brown chewed tobacco and smiled throughout, occasionally commenting on the beauty of the fight. In a terrible way it was highly picturesque. Back of me also was the hatch, down which the wounded were lowered to the surgeons in the after hold.

The first or second shot from the fort struck one of our ironclads. It passed on and struck our forecastle rail. The next went through our mainmast. Two more went through that mast, covering us with minute splinters. Soon the roar of guns was nearly incessant. The air was full of smoke and flying missiles. Great splinters were hurled about, and men were falling, killed or wounded. The blood was so thick around the hatch that I rolled up my trousers. Cassel was borne to the hatch, struck on the head by a splinter and bleeding. We had had a quarrel. I ran to him, expressed my solicitude, and our chumship was restored. While lowering in the cot, he recovered and returned to his guns, the blood trickling down his coat.

In the midst of the noise and smoke, I felt the ship backing and heard something about shoal water ahead and the *Tecumseh* torpedoed and sunk. The order was passed to fire and make a smoke when we could not see the fort. Then I saw the flagship *Hartford* pass us slowly on the port hand. The *Brooklyn* sheered to port and followed her. The *Tennessee* tried to ram the *Hartford* and failed. She then tried the *Brooklyn* and failed. I took a shot at her myself with Halstead's gun, and struck her over the port bow harmlessly. I caught up a rifle and fired through a port at the loader of her bow gun. Then I mounted the mizzen topsail sheet bitt for a shot over the rail. While intent on my aim, a shot went shrieking close over my head. I dodged! It was as shameful a dodge as any man ever made. The men grinned benignantly.

We passed right through the line of torpedoes. During the most of this time we were pounded by the Confederate vessels as well as by the fort. Our leading vessel was past the fort by 8 o'clock and all were past by 8.30. The Confederate vessels were scattering. Unknown to me, the *Metacomet* had cast off from the *Hartford* and gone in chase. Discerning a vessel in range, I took the lockstring of one of my guns and aimed at her. I became aware that people were calling my attention insistently. Looking up, I saw Captain Alden and others, lined up on the poop, shouting to me that I was aiming at the *Metacomet*. I had been so deafened by the noise of battle that I could hardly hear at all. Other vessels went in chase. The *Selma* surrendered to the *Metacomet*. The *Gaines*, damaged and leaking, was run ashore on the beach. The *Morgan* retired under the guns of the fort and at night escaped to Mobile.

After passing the fort I mounted the poop deck to watch the fire of our two stern chasers, which were manned by marines. While I was there a shot hit Michael Murphy, private marine, struck the deck about six feet from me, rebounded, and hit William Smith, private marine, who was hardly two feet in front of me. Murphy fell, a mangled mass, at my feet. Smith disappeared. He was killed and hurled overboard so quickly that I did not know it until told by officers standing behind me. I had been directing my attention to Murphy. Lieutenant Charles F. Blake was on the poop wounded but unconcerned about himself.

Shortly before 9 o'clock most of our vessels were anchored in the bay about four miles from Fort Morgan, when the *Tennessee*, with Admiral Buchanan, was seen approaching to attack the whole fleet single-handed, a forlorn hope equaling in courage and hardihood Farragut's passage over the torpedoes at the entrance. Our vessels got under way. The *Tennessee* first attacked the *Brooklyn* and raked her with the bow gun. She intended to ram, and the *Brooklyn* presented her bow. The *Tennessee* sheered to port and the ships passed each other broadside to broadside about fifty feet apart. For some reason the *Tennessee* reserved her fire, probably for the flagship *Hartford*. As she drew aft I sat down in an empty port to look at her. A man ran to me and cried, "For God's sake, Mr. Sigsbee, don't sit there; they will pick you off with a rifle." I had been thinking only of her awful broadside guns. Then she was engaged by the whole fleet. She was rammed first by my old ship the *Monongahela*, followed by the *Hartford* and *Lackawanna*, but without damage. Finally, with Admiral Buchanan badly wounded, hammered by all the vessels, her smokestack and steering gear shot away and her port shutters jammed, she surrendered. The battle of Mobile Bay was over.

The *Hartford*, *Brooklyn*, and *Oneida* had suffered most. The *Brooklyn* was struck fifty-nine times, and had fifty-four men killed and wounded—fifty-eight, I think, by final report. On board she was an awful scene of havoc and destruction. The dead were lying about and wreckage was everywhere—another sign that "War is hell." My further personal experiences at Mobile were not especially eventful. Let it suffice to say that Fort Gaines surrendered on August 8, and Fort Morgan on August 23—to the army and navy, jointly. I drew a plan of the fleet's battle which was given to Admiral Farragut by Captain Alden. I also drew a diagram of the *Brooklyn*, showing the places where she was hit. It was published in *Harper's Weekly*, and Admiral Buchanan inclosed a copy in his report to the Confederate Government. The *Brooklyn* went to Boston for repairs and later was in the bombardments of Fort Fisher. Cassel and I were on shore in the assault on that fort.

C. D. SIGSBEE.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, Associate Editor — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, Associate Editor

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

Our Pledge to Cuba

IN the announcement by the President that the control of affairs in Cuba will be formally transferred to the Cubans themselves in the spring of 1909, we recognize an important step toward the fulfilment of our pledge of ten years ago, to give that island self-government. It is somewhat of a surprise, however, as it was not generally understood that Cuba was yet prepared to assume so great a responsibility alone. Should the decision prove to be premature, it would be unfortunate; but it is to be presumed that our government has sufficient information to warrant the step.

Governor Magoon's recent report shows that the Cubans have made remarkable progress under the Provisional Government. Economic conditions have changed for the better; general sanitation in the leading cities has routed out those deadly diseases that formerly claimed many victims each year, and the internal relations of the islanders are more harmonious than heretofore. But much remains to be done. The various departments must be made to work smoothly, new electoral laws, and laws dealing with the executive control, the army and the civil service, are needed. When these are passed the preparatory work will be completed for the coming change.

Governor Magoon's administration has been a wise and temperate one, and has resulted in healing many of the old breaches that stood in the way of that harmonious unity of feeling and action which were essential. In a word, Cuba has learned its lesson, and twelve months hence will be permitted to manage its own affairs. We shall not, however, relinquish our interest in Cuba, for the paternal counsel and co-operation, and, if need be, the active assistance, of this government will be at the service of the island republic, should occasion arise. Such a contingency, however, is not deemed probable. Let us hope that there are bright days ahead for the island republic.

Saving Our National Memorials

AMERICA for many years was careless in regard to the preservation of its historical spots and places. Memorials of great national interest were allowed to fall into neglect, to crumble into ruin and live only in a few lines of description in some book of history. Although this country has but three centuries of history since its first settlement at Jamestown, it has had and still has buildings of great historical interest in which deeds have been enacted that have shaped the destiny of millions of people, or which have been the homes of famous soldiers and statesmen.

Within the last few years the several States and many historical societies and individuals have awakened to the need of quick action in order to preserve for our own and succeeding generations those structures that yet remain.

One of the most praiseworthy moves in this direction was made recently by Representative Gaines, who represents in Congress the district in Tennessee in which "Old Hickory" (Andrew Jackson) lived. On "Jackson Day," the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans, he introduced a bill to appropriate a certain sum to be paid to the Ladies' Hermitage Association, for the purpose of keeping in repair and maintaining Jackson's home, which bears the picturesque designation of The Hermitage.

The expense of maintenance has been borne hitherto by the State of Tennessee, but as the Hermitage is in reality a national memorial, and of equal interest to North, East, South and West, it seems fitting that the "burden," if such it could be called, should be placed on the national government.

In other parts of the country people are working untiringly that historic buildings in their localities be preserved to teach lessons of patriotism.

The people of Massachusetts are preserving the homes of the Adams family, the Old State House, and several colonial mansions. In Virginia the Society for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities is saving many historic buildings, and so on through an increasing list. Every American should take part in this work. It is not so much a matter of money as of personal influence against vandalism, indifference, and a commercial greed that often destroys these memorials on the plea that they stand in the way of progress. It is to be hoped that we will not, as a nation, make progress in such a way as to break entirely with the past of which these places serve as the reminders. The saying of a great American statesman, that if we forget the deeds of our forefathers we are ourselves unworthy to be remembered, is as true to-day as when it was first uttered.

The Hand on the Plow

"NO man, having put his hand to the plow, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God."

This admonition from the world's Redeemer is one that deserves to be written in letters of gold on the doorposts of every Christian home, as a perpetual reminder of our vows of loyalty and consecration and a stimulus to Christian achievement. Only by entire devotion, self-sacrifice, and never looking backward, have the greatest spiritual victories been made possible.

To all who are seeking for that inspiration which leads to nobler and higher effort, we offer this passage as a motto text for the coming months of the new year.

If you have not already done so, find out some practical work in which you can serve God and your fellowmen and women. Put your hand to the plow with courage and confidence and turn not back. Do not let the allurements of the world call you aside from that one cherished task to which you are consecrated. It may be church work, or charity, or ministering to the sick, the fatherless and the widow, or hospital visiting, or holding up the hands of some devoted missionary in a foreign land. There are many kinds of servants and many ways of serving the Master. Find out the one way in which you can render the best service and strive to excel in it—not for the sake of eclipsing others, but to stimulate them by your influence and example to similar effort.

In the passage quoted, Jesus made it clear to his disciples that all their devotion and service were to be contributory to the inbringing of his kingdom on earth. And this is the aim and purpose of all Christian service which is performed joyfully for the love of Christ and the advancement of his kingdom. If all who profess to follow him would realize this, and would unite this year as a solid phalanx for a world-wide Gospel campaign, we believe there would be workers enough and means enough to carry the message of salvation to the remotest parts of the earth, and thus literally to fulfil the command to "preach the kingdom of God to all nations."

Will Congress Restore the Motto?

THROUGH the energetic efforts of the advocates of restoration, the issue whether the time-honored motto "In God We Trust" shall be restored to the national coinage, or permanently omitted therefrom, has been presented squarely and fully before Congress. Messrs. Jones (Ala.), Sheppard (Tex.), and other representatives, have set forth in able addresses the prevailing national sentiment in favor of restoring the motto. They have incorporated in their presentation the mass of letters received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from every State in the Union, and these have appeared in the pages of *The Congressional Record* as a national protest against the removal of the words which the whole world has regarded as an expression of the faith and religious hope of the American people.

We believe the tide of sentiment in favor of putting back the motto has only begun to rise. When it reaches the flood, every member of the House of Representatives should be deluged with letters from his constituents, urging him to work for restoration. It should be kept steadily in view that this fight for the motto is really a part of the greater battle that has been waging for some time past, for the purpose of establishing before the civilized world the fundamental truth that ours is a Christian nation; that this government was founded on the principles of the Christian religion; and that this fact is recognized by our highest tribunal—the United States Supreme Court. When the issue was raised, a few months ago, a leading New York lawyer, Mr. Gilbert Holmes Crawford, acting for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, after a brief search of the records, brought to light the convincing evidence that the United States Supreme Court, the Supreme Courts of New York and Pennsylvania, and the Superior Court of New York had authoritatively ruled that the nation was Christian; that the Christian religion was "part and parcel of the common law," and that under statute law, that religion, as the religion of the people, was exclusively protected by enactments which provided for the punishment of those who should assail it, or revile the name of its sacred Founder.

That the removal of the motto is closely related to the larger question of the nation's Christianity is also evident from the satisfaction its elimination has afforded to the atheists, the sceptics, and the enemies of religion generally. Their gratification is undisguised. They point to its absence as a proof of their assertion that our people are no longer followers of the faith held by the founders of this Republic. Shall this assertion be permitted to go unchallenged? Rather, by restoring the motto, let us proclaim anew to all men our national faith in God, and our unshaken dependence upon his protection.

Admiral Sigsbee at Mobile Bay

THERE can be no more delightful reading than the second article of the famous series by Admiral Sigsbee, which we publish in this issue. It tells of his first active sea service in the eventful days of the Civil War. We catch a glimpse of gallant comrades of the young midshipman whose later careers were written in great deeds. The Admiral has the rare faculty of telling a story so realistically that the reader seems an actual spectator. No better description of the battle of Mobile Bay has ever appeared in contemporary literature, and its value is all the greater as coming from a participant. Young and old must take a deep interest in these reminiscences, two more articles of which are yet to appear.

India's Famine Peril Over

FROM Lahore, India, comes the welcome news by cable that copious rains have fallen throughout the Punjab, effectually relieving the drought which has prevailed there during the last six months. The fears of a repetition of the famine of several years ago are now happily dissipated. A great calamity has been averted, and doubtless many thousands of lives have been saved by the precious rain. There are no reports thus far, of rainfall in the eastern sections of the drought area, but hopes are entertained that these districts have also shared the welcome relief.

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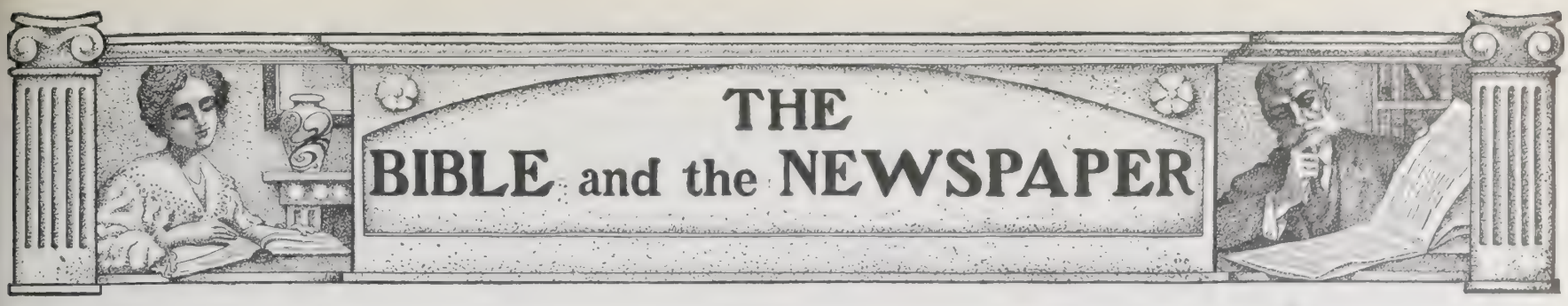

New York's Great Library

AFTER tedious delays and many postponements, New York is at last to have a library building worthy of the city. It is now twelve years since the legislative difficulties were overcome, and the act was passed consolidating the libraries given to the city by John Jacob Astor, James Lenox, and Samuel J. Tilden. A site for a building had then to be provided, and the plans chosen. In May, 1900, the foundations of the new library were laid, and in July, 1902, the first marble course was set. It was not until December, 1906, that the roof was actually placed. The building is still far from complete, but it is possible now to realize what it will look like and what the internal arrangements will be. The money already expended amounts to, $5,846,569, and a further sum of $1,000,000 will be needed to complete the building, bringing the total cost up to $7,000,000. The building will contain three hundred rooms and is to have a total floor space, exclusive of cellarage, of 375,000 square feet, which is greater than that of the Library of Congress in Washington. Its general character is rectangular and with its various courts it will occupy the space between Fifth and Sixth Avenues from east to west, and between Fortieth and Forty-second Streets from north to south. It will have a capacity for three and a half million books, which is more than double the number now in hand, thus affording room for growth. Ingenious devices have been introduced for bringing books fram distant rooms to the main reading-room and for conveying readers to the departments they have to visit. Special care, of course, has been taken to render the building absolutely fireproof, the invaluable treasures it is to contain demanding the utmost care in that particular. This has had to be combined with plans for heating and lighting, which required skilful adjustment. There is the more need for care in this matter from the fact that some of its contents cannot be duplicated. There are books and pamphlets of historical importance which patriotic citizens have secured that the libraries and museums of other lands vainly endeavored to obtain. Among these are original manuscripts of the sixteenth century and some rare specimens of Hebrew and Slavonic works. It is estimated that if no further legislative or economic delays arise, the building will be ready for opening in three years' time, and the literary treasures of the city will then be consolidated and at the service of the citizens. If the spirit of the ancient preacher could look down at those treasures he would find in it proof beyond his conception of his declaration:

Of making many books there is no end. (Eccl. 12 : 12.)

The Consolidated Library of New York Now Approaching Completion

Missed Their Christmas

A pathetic complaint from a traveler appears in the San Francisco *Chronicle*. He has been traveling across the Pacific, and it was his misfortune to be at the 180th parallel of longitude on December 24. That being the parallel opposite to Greenwich, from which longitude is reckoned, it is necessary there to rectify the vessel's time. The traveler westward has to bring himself into accord with other parts of the world by dropping a day out of his calendar. This traveler, who went to bed on the night of December 24, was astonished to find when he awoke in the morning that it was December 26. He had lost his Christmas Day. His complaint in the paper elicited a reply from another traveler who last year had two Christmases, as he crossed the same line traveling eastward. Christmas Day had been celebrated on the ship and the line was crossed in the evening of that day; but the next morning it was December 25 over again, for a day had been added to the calendar. If there had been on board any of our friends who insist so strongly on the seventh-day Sabbath, they would have been perplexed as to the day on which the Sabbath fell, until they found friends on shore to inform them. Even then they might have been in doubt when they counted the days of the week they had passed on the steamer in the Pacific, and might have had to fall back on the apostolic injunction:

One man esteemeth one day above another; another esteemeth every day alike. Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind. (Rom. 14: 5.)

A Stamp for a Bridal Outfit

There was a flavor of romance about a recent auction sale in Philadelphia in which were some old postage stamps. Shortly before the sale the auctioneer had received a visit from an aged lady, who brought him some old stamps to sell. She belonged to an old Virginia family, which had been very wealthy before the war. Since then she had known the pinch of poverty, and as one after another of her household died, the resources became increasingly straitened. She had with her, as her sole relative, a dearly loved granddaughter, and it was her ambition to provide her with a trousseau suitable for a girl of her lineage. But as time passed, there was less and less prospect of doing so. About two months ago, in sorting the contents of an old trunk, she found a number of letters, yellow with age, tied together with a faded ribbon. Opening the package she saw that they were love letters, which she had received about sixty years ago from the man who afterwards became her husband. They were in their original envelopes and she noticed how peculiar the stamps looked. One of them on a blue ground, with black letters, marked "Provisional" and dated 1847, impressed her most. She took the stamps to the auctioneer, who agreed with her that they might prove valuable. At the sale they were closely examined by collectors, who bid eagerly for the old "Provisional" stamp, which was finally sold for three thousand dollars to a collector from Cleveland, O. How glad the old lady must be that she saved the letters which, for far other reasons, were doubtless precious to her. The love for their writer, which led her to preserve them, brought forth unexpected fruit. So it will be with the Christian. The love which prompts him to service, brings a reward that he had not anticipated when he performed it.

Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee hungry and fed thee? (Matt. 25 : 37.)

Washington's Royal Blood

A discovery has been made, says the Boston *Transcript*, that will surprise many citizens. An eminent genealogist, named Frederick W. Ragg, has been making a search for historical purposes of some old churches and graveyards in Northamptonshire, England. There, in the ancient church of St. Leonard at Aston-le-Walls, he unexpectedly came upon evidence that is deeply interesting to American citizens. The pedigree of Washington has been traced on the male side, from father to son, to Laurence Washington of Sulgrave, who died in 1616. No one, however, had thought to trace the genealogy of Margaret, the wife of Laurence. Mr. Ragg has done this. He finds that Margaret's maiden name was Butler and she was descended from Sir John Sutton, whose ancestry is a matter of record, as in other English aristocratic families. It passes through several generations to Thomas Holland, Earl of Kent, to Edmund, son of Edward I., King of England, and Margaret, his Queen, who was the daughter of Philip III., King of France. The fact of Washington's royal ancestry will not enhance the admiration with which American citizens regard him. It is the royalty of his fine character, not of his blood, that makes him an object of veneration to the people, who delight to call him "the father of his country." To this royalty of character all may aspire, disregarding the rank of ancestors.

Begin not to say within yourselves, we have Abraham to our father; for I say unto you that God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham. (Luke 3 : 8.)

An Extraordinary Will

A will filed in the Surrogate's office in Brooklyn, N.Y., last week has led to some speculation. The testator had the document drawn up about two months ago, when he was in good mental and physical health. He makes bequests to numerous relatives and friends, aggregating over $300,000. The schedule accompanying the will, however, contains the peculiar expression that the value of the real estate is unknown and that the personal property exceeds one hundred dollars. It was learned that the testator had formerly occupied an official position in France, and while there invented a process of making a substitute for coal, which, he believed, would eventually make him a millionaire. So sure was he of success that he returned to this country and invested all he had in a plant, that would, as he believed, carry out his design. He worked steadily on his invention for nearly ten years, and was convinced that success was in sight when he was taken ill and died. He was so entirely convinced of the certainty of his future wealth, that he dealt with it in his will prospectively, while it was yet in an embryonic state. Whether others on examinning his plans will have the same confidence and carry them through to completion, remains to be seen. But the executors cannot deal with it in that way. They can only divide what they have in hand. That must always be the case with all worldly concerns; it is only in spiritual matters that there is ground for being so sure of the objects of faith that they become a present possession, being built on the unchangeable character of God,

Who calleth those things which are not as though they were. (Rom. 4 : 17.)

Her Beauty Fading

European journals record the death of the Baroness von Schwitzer of Roumania, a lady declared to have been one of the loveliest women in the world. She was as famous for her immense wealth as for her beauty, and she had increased her fortune by judicious investments. She had attained the age of fifty years, when she suddenly realized that her beauty, of which she was inordinately proud, was fading. She was beginning to look old. The usual appliances in such cases had postponed the inevitable period, but a short time ago she realized that their power had failed and she must submit to the fate of other mortals. After having been flattered and admired for over thirty years, the thought was more than she could bear. After brooding over it for a few days, she resolved on suicide. She made all her arrangements, and then bought a revolver, with which she ended her life. In a letter she left behind, she said she had determined not to survive her beauty. It is a pity that she had not striven for beauty of character, the charm of which increases with age. Those who make that their aim, need have no fear of surviving it though they live a century.

The path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. (Prov. 4 : 18.)

CONVERSATION BY JACOB'S WELL

*By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts**

"HE must needs pass through Samaria" v. 4. This was not only a physical but also a moral necessity. Jesus could not go from Judea to Galilee without passing through Samaria; no more could he, because of his character and mission, fail to carry the glad tidings of salvation to the most despised of the provinces of Palestine. This is one of the significant musts of the divine character, a twin of that other Scripture, "Christ must needs have suffered." Because Christ is infinite in mercy he was compelled from within, by the moral necessity of his perfect benevolence, to come from the heavenly Jerusalem and pass through the Samaria of earthly sin and sorrow with the healing power of his teachings and sufferings. If we have "the mind of Christ" we too must minister in his name to the sad and sinful. If any man have not this spirit of Christ, he is none of his.

"Jacob's well was there" (v. 6). More than seventeen hundred years before, Jacob had dug the well, and now, when he had been long in heaven, it continued his influence on earth. When the Son of God, who for our sakes had become so poor that he could not afford to ride, was weary and thirsty, "Jacob's well was there." And inasmuch as it ministered to weary sons of men also, it ministered unto him. In the Orient, where water is scarce and wells are deep and costly, when a benevolent man seeks an opportunity to be of great helpfulness his friends say, "Dig a well." In these days, the best "wells" we can leave behind us to minister for us on earth when we are in heaven, are churches, Y. M. C. A. buildings, and other structures that will make permanent the institutions of charity and reform. Mr. George Williams, founder of the Y. M. C. A., has gone to sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in the high fellowship of heaven, but Jacob has no doubt said to him, "You left a better 'well' than mine, for yours ministers not alone to the body, but also to mind and spirit." If any Christian can not make a whole "well," let him see to it that he has at least placed a brick in some institution by which his "works shall follow him."

Service Asked

"Give me to drink" (v. 7). This is more than a picture of the real humanity of the weary, hungry, and thirsty Christ. He still says to every one of us, "Give me to drink," and tells us that we may do so by giving a cup of cold water to any weary and thirsty one in his name.

"How is it that thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, that am a woman of Samaria?" (v. 9). Three surprises are here: First, that a Jew speaks to a Samaritan; second, that a gentleman of that age speaks respectfully to a woman in public; third, that "the purest among the mighty and the mightiest among the pure" speaks to such an immoral woman as this. Neither race prejudice nor the prejudice of sex and class are yet obliterated, but all of them have been greatly lessened by the influence of the story of Jacob's well, and other words and deeds of Christ, and especially by the spread of his Spirit, which is embodied in that great command, "Honor all men." Even the apostles, the best men of that time, on their return with the food they had been seeking, "marveled that he talked with a woman." But it is greater cause to "marvel" that in nations which for twenty centuries have had Christ's teachings, that every man and woman is a son or daughter of God, a brother or sister of Christ for whom he died; a brother or sister of the King, and so a sharer in his right to rule; a brother or sister of every human being, to be loved and helped, not hated or harmed; so many who bear the name of Christ look with contempt on foreigners and women, especially working women.

A Test of Civilization

The estimation in which women are held is the thermometer of a nation's character. The most highly developed nations place a high estimate upon women, and in the descending scale we see half-civilized nations and savage tribes making them beasts of burden. In one nation women coal ships; in another they carry stones in baskets on their heads to build highways and are attached to plows instead of horses and mules; in still another nation they are fastened to carriages in place of horses to carry travelers over mountains, and in another nation they act as boatmen, wielding heavy oars. The estimate of woman in Europe, even in classic Greece and Rome, before Christianity leavened Europe, was similar to that which prevails in long-civilized China and India to-day.

A Message to India

"God made the world for women too," was the great watchword sent to India some years ago in a letter written by a Christian woman in the United States. The people in India who had not been influenced by Christian teaching believed that women have no souls, but that they might acquire souls by being patient wives, and so winning as a reward the privilege to be reincarnated after death as men. In such a country, "God made the world for women too" was like a bolt of lightning in the sky. It caught the attention of the people, and was made the subject of lectures and debates. The result was a very much better understanding of the rights and duties of women. "The First Sorosis of India," for which the letter was written, had that sentence carved in ivory and draped in silk and hung as a motto in their club-room.

"The woman saith unto him, Sir, give me this water, that I thirst not"

"If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith unto thee, Give me to drink, thou wouldest have asked of him and he would have given thee living water" (v. 10). I seem to see the Christ standing to-day in one of our palatial homes on the velvet carpet under the costly pictures, saying to the fashionable mother and daughter who have just come down to their noon breakfast, after their midnight dance, with no thought in their heads except of what they shall eat and drink for breakfast and dinner, and wherewithal they shall be clothed at evening for the theatre, and what romance they may read to "kill time" till then—their conversation all of matter-o'-money, of rich matches and good catches, spiced with jealousies and envies and scandals—I seem to hear Christ saying to these, "If you knew the gift of God; if you really knew and appreciated what I have done for you as women, and what I can and would do through you for other women; if you only knew how much deeper than your tinsel pleasures is the joy of doing good; if you only knew that I am ever beside you to be saddened by your folly or gladdened by your fidelity; if you knew that your wealth and social influence are sacred trusts to be used for the glory of God and the good of men, you would ask of me and I would give you strength, work, joy."

A lady who had gone to one of Mr. Moody's meetings, heard him say that he "pitied any man or woman who had themselves been long in the kingdom of God, and never had the luxury of leading a soul to Christ." Then she heard Mr. Sankey sing "Nothing but Leaves." She knew that she had never had the luxury of leading a soul to Christ, and up to that time had borne no fruit. She set to work, and the first thing she did was to speak to a poor sister in the street. She got so interested in that one woman, that she gave up all her spare time to the poor and miserable; until in eight years she had the names of between 200 and 300 who had been rescued from a life of sorrow. I need not say this made her one of the happiest of women.

In a fashionable party in New York, a beautiful young woman turned sharply upon an elderly dowager who was prosing about the Magdalens, and the hopelessness of doing anything for these "lost women," with the assertion, "I know a class more hopelessly lost than they—we fashionables, who murder time and squander money, and lead women to become Magdalens that they may dress like us. Why does nobody send missionaries to us?" To such, Christ is calling not only by

Scripture Voices

but by multiplying opportunity; by the cries of suffering bodies and minds. "Rise up, ye women that are at ease; hear my voice, ye careless daughters." "The Master is come and calleth for thee." I covet for such that reward at last—to hear the Christ say of you, "She hath done what she could." You were created for a purpose. Are you fulfilling it? If you have no work, look for it; but not too far away, nor too high up. The young lady students at the Presbyterian College in Ottawa, Canada, learned a few days ago that a poor woman who obtained a living for herself and children by washing, was laid up by sickness; and the next morning they went to her house, did the washing and ironing for her, and sent the clothes home.

If you seek a field of labor,
You can find it anywhere.

"I perceive that thou art a prophet" (v. 19). Jesus had just shown this woman on their first casual meeting that he knew all her past life. It ought to be enough to keep every one from the most secret sin, even a solitary one, that two must know it, the man himself and God. The two most precious things are therefore lost—self-respect and the favor of God. Worse than the loss of reputation—"what men think of us"—is the loss of character—what God and we ourselves know of us. In this day, when love of money is more than ever the occasion of sin, the following story is instructive:

A Dishonest Butler

The Duke of Buccleuch bought a cow in his neighborhood which was to be driven home the next morning. Early the following day the Duke was taking a walk, plainly dressed, and saw a boy trying in vain to drive the cow to his place. "Come here, man, an' as sure's onything, I'll gi e ye half I get." The Duke rendered help at once. When they came to a lane near the house, the Duke slipped away from his companion and entered by a different way. Calling his butler, he put a sovereign in his hand, saying: "Give that to the lad who is bringing the cow." He then returned to the end of the lane where he had parted with the boy, so as to meet him on his way back. "Well, how much did you get?" asked the Duke. "A shilling, and there's half o't to ye." "There must be some mistake; and as I am acquainted with the Duke, if you return I think I'll get you more." They went back accordingly, whereupon the Duke rang the bell and ordered all the servants to assemble. "Now," said he to the poor boy, "point out the person who gave you the shilling." "It was that chap there," he replied, pointing to the butler. The dishonest man confessed his fault, and begged to be forgiven; but the Duke indignantly ordered him to give the boy the sovereign and quit his service immediately. "You have lost your money, your situation and your character by your deceitfulness; learn for the future that honesty is the best policy."

* International Sunday School Lesson for February 9, 1908. Jesus and the Woman of Samaria, John 4: 19-29. GOLDEN TEXT: "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." John 7: 37.

AROUND THE HOME HEARTH

What the Postman Brought

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

IT may interest the readers of this page to peep at the letters that came out of the postman's bag one frosty morning lately. In a family there should always be confidence, and family life goes on most successfully where the different inmates of the household understand one another and work toward a common aim. Around this home hearth of ours let us fancy ourselves gathered for the purpose of exchanging opinions and expressing our minds freely. Along in the autumn, the editor of this particular page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD ventured to suggest some counsels that she supposed might be helpful to husbands and wives who needed to escape from the bondage of routine, and who failed to look as they ought to on the bright side. Just here, let us take notice that there is always blue sky somewhere. The clouds may happen to be around us, but above them there is sunshine. Let us say it over and over with continual trust, "God is good, the world is beautiful, the happiness of life far exceeds its sorrow. Come weal, come woe, we will trust in God and go bravely onward." This is digression.

To return to our theme, the advice given was widely read and has naturally brought return letters, some agreeing with it, some criticizing, and some written in frank disapproval. One friend, for example, writing from the other side of the globe, expresses her strong conviction that it is hardly worth while to tell people that they must exercise common sense, be kind and forbearing and look hopefully forward to a change for the better when times are temporarily trying. She says very truly that this remedy does not strike at the root of most human troubles, and that what we want is to be filled with the Holy Spirit and to have more of God in our daily lives. She would have tired hearts rest on the infinite love of the heavenly Father, and wandering hearts return to him.

. . .

She is right in her feeling that nothing short of heaven will ever cure the ills of earth, and that whoever drinks deeply of living waters will after that be furnished with new strength. Nevertheless, there is great occasion for the use of common sense in married life. For example, one dear wife whom I knew years ago was spiritually so uplifted above the trivial cares of every day that she never suffered herself to be fretted or worried about anything in the household routine. She spent hours in communion with God, and her face had the sweetness of an angel's, but the loaves burnt black in the oven, the boy's trousers were never patched, and her husband, the hard-worked principal of a large grammar school, used to cut out the children's frocks and aprons in the evening, and often made the beds that had been neglected all day. That the two lived together through a long life without bickering, appeared to those who knew them as great a tribute to the husband's strength and forbearance, as to the saintliness of the wife.

Far be it from me to discount the value of the spiritual life, but when a thing is to be done, pains as well as prayer are necessary.

Another letter touches a chord that vibrates to pity. The little worn-out mother has six children who have followed each other into the world at short intervals, and another is coming. She says:

> I fight against the blues with desperation, but I am so tired in body and mind that I have no courage left, and I don't know what will become of the children if I am taken from them. I wonder if it is right for a woman to have a larger family than she can bring up healthfully and cheerfully. Understand, please, that I love my children with every drop of my blood, and every beat of my heart. I love my husband and my home with unalterable devotion, but the struggle to keep alive is becoming a terror. We are poor people and cannot afford the luxuries of the rich. John says the children are our luxuries, bless them! and he means every word. But what can he do for them if I drop into the grave?

I would like to hear from the wives and mothers who are permitted a glimpse of this woman's situation what they think I ought to say to her, and I leave them to guess what I have said. Do not be afraid to handle this subject. It is one of vital and intimate concern to woman and the home.

A girl writes that she is unable to make up her mind as to which of three suitors she will accept. Fortunate maiden! She evidently resides where womanhood is at a premium. Whether she shall marry the youth of her own age whom she favors and her parents do not, or the man a little older whom her father will take into partnership when he is married to Jenny, or the other who can at once lift her into a social position of much distinction, is the problem over which she is puzzling her pretty brow. Of course, this girl is not yet ready for marriage, as she obviously knows nothing of true love. So long as a girl can coolly balance pros and cons, so long as she shows under her soft exterior an armor of hardness, she has no right to enter the sanctuary of wedded life. Marriage without love is a desecration to woman or man. Many a young girl and many a youth play with love as children play with fire. The pastime is unworthy. The readers of this issue are invited to write freely to the editor of the Family Page, agreeing or disagreeing with her as candidly as they choose.

PLAYING "GOING TO MARKET"

This is a photograph of wee Master Charlie and little Miss Ida Snyder, of Effingham, Kansas, and their team of white Holland turkey-gobblers. These gobblers have been trained to work in the harness, and they can pull a load. The younger gobbler is a year and a half old, while the other is two years and a half. Usually they are not guided by lines, but driven by means of a whip like a yoke of oxen. The children are delighted with their team and are very proud of it.

In Convalescence

AFTER a patient has been pronounced out of danger; when the happy time arrives when the family cease to be on the rack in their deep anxiety; when the doctor intermits his daily visits, and the patient has turned the corner toward health, there are still weeks that are weary to a convalescent. The tide of life is flowing back, but strength does not come quite so fast as the patient wishes, and there are limitations that cannot be ignored. Friends must be guarded in their approach to a convalescent's room; they may talk too loudly, linger too long, or be too voluble in sympathy. They may indulge their desire to express sympathy by sending flowers or fruit to the sick-room, but they should be chary of going too often in person, until the invalid has regained a large measure of strength.

I remember hearing an amusing incident unknown for some hours to a family, in which a zealous colored retainer wrote in large letters and pinned to the front door of his employer's house the following announcement:

"The time for flowers is done. The time for chicken and jelly has come." Imagine the dismay with which this proceeding filled the kindred of a much beloved patient, to whom offerings of flowers had been sent until every room overflowed with them, and all the receptacles in the house had been brought into requisition for their accommodation. Convalescent days are days of thanksgiving to Almighty God. A few weeks ago one was too ill to care how the matter ended, whether death or life should gain the victory. The sick room was an arena of conflict. The patient was the gage of battle. Doctors came and went. Those who left the house to go to business dreaded what might happen before they returned, the nurse with her impassive countenance carried out the physician's orders, and in quiet corners women knelt in agonized prayer. Now all is changed. Despair is routed. Hope flashes up like a torch in the night. Joy is unrestrained. Father or mother or sister or little child, thank God, is getting well. Convalescent days are red-letter days in family annals.

. . .

A friend who has had much illness observed that she had spent most of her life in getting well, adding, "No days have been happier than those when health has flowed in like the tide after wearisome illness."

THE FEVER HEALED

He touched her hands and the fever left her:
  Oh! we need His touch on our fevered hands;
The cool, still touch of the Man of Sorrows,
  Who knows us and loves us, and understands.

If may be the fever of pain and anger,
  When the wounded spirit is hard to bear,
And only the Lord can draw forth the arrows
  Left carelessly, cruelly, rankling there.

Whatever the fever, his touch can heal it,
  Whatever the tempest, his voice can still;
There is only joy as we seek his pleasure;
  There is only rest as we choose his will.

JAPAN FORSAKING HER IDOLS

THE ANCIENT HEATHEN RELIGION LOSING GROUND IN THE REALM OF THE MIKADO

THE cause of Christ is triumphing in Japan, and if that scientific phrase, "the survival of the fittest," has any application to Christianity, it will evidently show itself more powerful in this sphere than in any other. Who could ever be more truly "the fittest" in the social and moral scale of this country, as well as any other in need of the Gospel, than the Christ of the Christian religion? Then, too, if the regenerating power of Jesus is mainly to exert itself through the medium of his followers in accomplishing the divine purpose, there are also in this particular sufficient indications of his sure triumph. The missionary draws as mighty an inspiration from the fact of the Gospel being scattered in all directions, as by seeing sinners born into the kingdom.

A Workman's Rainy Day Suit

Buddhism also realizes that it is ever losing ground, in some localities more than in others. Sometimes, too, the priests give the missionaries a stiff fight; for instance, canvassing an entire town, and forbidding the innkeepers or any one to entertain the missionaries who are there preaching the Gospel. This, however, is more liable to be the case in the interior. The missionary cannot help but feel, even in Japan, that he is surrounded by idolatry. Millions and millions of people in the towns and villages so thickly dotted over this country, with the exception of a comparatively small number of Christian converts, are all Buddhists. Thus every family, in either house or hovel, is connected with one of the temples. Naturally, then, it is often the case that Buddhism boldly makes the missionary feel that he is an intruder, and only tolerated by the courtesy of the people. But he is happy to know that he has a heavenly commission, a fact which many mere nominal Buddhists, but earnest truth-seekers, are often willing to recognize.

Festival Day in a Japanese Town

Walking along the road the missionary passes a pitiful pilgrim who, in peculiar garb, wanders from one idol shrine to another. Just a mortal, seeking to quench his soul-thirst. Here again is a company of women, dressed in gayest colors, with floating ribbons. On the back of one is strapped a year-old baby, which, according to Japanese custom, has been taken for the first time to an idol shrine, as all are their first birthday.

A few doors from the missionary's home the other evening, there happened to be a funeral. In this country these are often held at night. The death occurred in the forenoon. A few priests —one particular priest clad in scarlet and gold—entered the house, and in a kneeling position chanted prayers; then, with the clanging of brazen cymbals, they came out into the dark. The chief priest's servant opened a big red umbrella about six feet in diameter, and held it over him. The friends and mourners followed the bier, borne on the shoulders of four men, and made the procession quaint-looking with their many paper lanterns.

In the larger cities, funerals sometimes are very imposing. The procession may begin with banners; then follow about one hundred or more men, each carrying in a vase a bouquet five or six feet high. After this may come a similar crowd carrying artificial flowers, and then a few large cages about five feet high, which contain a flock of pigeons to be released at the grave, with the design of accompanying the departed spirit to his abode of bliss. Then follows an elegantly adorned bier, and after it, in jinrikishas, a few musicians playing on fifes a weird funeral dirge. These may be followed by eight or ten priests dressed in their regalia, and with heads freshly shaven. Then follows a procession of foreign-dressed gentlemen, with long coats and plug hats, and lastly the women mourners in jinrikishas, with dainty white caps on their heads. In localities of the interior, Western music seems to have made as yet but little progress in the favor of the people. We have been with the missionaries doing Gospel work at some Buddhist festivals, where the most rustic kind of song and instrumental music was constantly heard. Even the more educated people delight to sing their poems—of which there are two sorts, with either seventeen or thirty-one syllables—to this kind of music. These tunes have often such a great variation of tone that they are beyond the pianist's skill; still, they sound rather pleasant, because sung in such plaintive minor strains.

I once opened the way for a high school principal to frankly give his opinion of Western music, by first kindly criticizing theirs. He simply answered that Western music was too noisy and devoid of variation. Even among the wealthy Japanese, vocal music is not taught, nor is it considered an essential accomplishment. But we have heard some beautiful voices here, which could be greatly used in God's service. Women usually have low-pitched voices; often one is surprised to find a woman speaking when he supposed it was a man. It is sometimes rather amusing to hear a native preacher, whom we have in mind, sing a solo in what we would call in America a "helter-skelter" fashion, without irritating one single ear, or even provoking a smile in his Japanese congregation. But for this lack he evidently makes up in his preaching, for there he is not behind the average American. What joy it brings to our minds to hear him draw the hearts of the people on the subject of God's love in giving his Son Jesus, or even in front of the greatest Buddhist temple of the city, to hear him again preach to an eager crowd of young and old on the awful example of Sodom and Gomorrah. We stand and listen as the truth penetrates the hearts, and our very flesh quivers, and we pray, "God, seal thy truth!" He has sent it, and is sending it still.

Farmer Going to Market

You have kindly invited us to write "concerning the work and needs" of our mission field, and it is needless to say that we highly appreciate it. However, since we have been in Japan, we have never made any public appeal for means; though we do not in the least object to others who are doing so. We are as yet doing independent work out in this remote section of the interior. A few lines from you or any of your readers would at any time prove an encouragement to us, and be highly appreciated.

Choshi, Shimosa, Japan. MATTHIAS KKEIN.

In Barley Harvest Time

Several interesting photographs accompanied the foregoing letter and are reproduced on this page. One of these shows a scene in a Japanese town in the interior on a festival day. The occasion was the dedication of a massive new temple. In front of the temple was a tower on wheels and gaily decorated. It was drawn by men, while a merry crowd with a band of musicians followed. Only a small portion of the thousands of spectators could be shown in the photograph. Many of them came from rural districts at a considerable distance. Another photograph shows the Japanese farmer's method of taking grain home from the harvest field, and a third pictures the odd way in which the agriculturist carries material—crops or fertilizer—to or from the fields. The workman in his straw "rain-coat" and paper umbrella (the latter oiled to shed water), seems to Western eyes somewhat poorly equipped for a wet day; but as he is seen smiling amid the downpour, he is doubtless quite satisfied with the native fashion for wet weather in rural Japan.

The Progress of New York's Rent War

AFTER a few days of quiet, which proved to be but the calm before the storm, the anti-rent troubles reached an acute stage in New York City. In a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD an account was given of the unusual condition of affairs between tenants and landlords on the crowded East Side. It was expected for a few days that a general compromise would settle the difficulty, but on one day eight hundred dispossess warrants were made out and twenty-five lessees surrendered their leases. Probably, in the end, the lease system will be eliminated and the rents reduced.

Unfortunately for the tenants, the help given them by politicians of a certain class has proved a great hindrance. These politicians tried to make political capital out of the situation, and attacked the whole system of private ownership of anything and everything. The landlords, one and all, put heavy pressure on the agitators, while reducing the rents of tenants who did not want everything torn up by the roots.

On the morning the trouble was to be brought before the municipal court, over a thousand persons gathered about the courthouse. Tenants against whom the justices rendered decisions, at once went to the Socialist headquarters to voice complaints.

Red flags were displayed on the fronts of many of the tenements. The police tore them down whenever they could be reached, and at last one man was arrested for displaying the unpatriotic emblem.

THE MISCHIEF-MAKERS

By MARY McCRAE CULTER

CHAPTER XII—*Continued*

As the young minister sat in his study, he thought the matter over and over. He was sure that there was much in Miss Walker's words which he as yet failed to understand. Evidently she knew of evil influences which had been at work, but was unwilling to make charges against any one, preferring that he should seek for himself, and regulate future action by his discoveries. Eagerly he considered every known influence which had been brought to bear upon him and his work, but could think of no one who had shown the least unfriendliness to him, or who had seemed uninterested in the welfare of the church.

"I wish the Haywards would come home," he said. "They have been here so long, they know these people so thoroughly, and they are so anxious to help the church in every way, that I am sure I might obtain valuable help from them in identifying these people that my friend calls erasers. I wonder whether Kathleen would know anything about it. Dandy needs some exercise. I believe I will hitch him to the buggy and drive over there."

He put his thoughts into execution, and arriving at the Lawrence home, invited the young lady whose assistance he sought to take a drive with him. As they passed slowly along the country roads he repeated to her the story he had told to Miss Walker, and much of the conversation which he and that lady had held upon the subject, and found her both a sympathetic and intelligent listener.

"I have puzzled over the question all morning," he concluded, "but am no nearer its solution. Every one seems so friendly, so interested in all that concerns the church, that I cannot understand where the adverse element comes in. I have wished that the Haywards were at home, for they surely could assist me: but as they are still absent, I thought of you, and came to you for help. Have you any idea where the trouble in the church lies?"

She turned smiling eyes toward him.

"Mr. Allan," she said, "do you realize what you are asking me to do? Do you really wish me to bring a charge against another?"

"You are right," he replied earnestly. "Forgive me for the very wrongful and unwise request I made of you. I am thankful that you have been wiser than I, for your very refusal is helpful to me, showing me the mistake of the course which I was pursuing, and opening my eyes to my duty. Do you know," he said, with a smile and a sudden change of manner, "that you have proved to me that you are one of the most active 'erasers' in this whole community?"

She turned startled eyes to him, but before she could speak he continued hurriedly:

"Your whole mission seems to be to erase the unwise, unpleasant, unkind and foolish words and actions of those about you: to wipe out evil influences, that good ones may take their places; to remove discouragement and unhappiness; to cause the memories of troubles and worries to pass away, and to put courage and trustfulness in their places. This is what you do for me, O most kind 'eraser,' and I thank you for it from the depths of my heart."

CHAPTER XIII

HOLLIS MAKES A CONFESSION

AFTER an absence of four weeks, Mr. and Mrs. Hayward returned home, and a few hours later, Hollis returned from her visit to the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Hayward were in the best of spirits, as their brother's illness had been treated successfully and they had stayed long enough to see him well on the road to health, and to visit other friends. Mr. Allan welcomed them gladly.

"Listened to Hollis' vivacious account of her visit"

Hollis came home in a very different frame of mind from that which she carried away with her. Her expectations had been set too high, and therefore the realities had fallen far short of that upon which she had set her hopes. Her visit had been filled with all manner of excitement and pleasure, but that for which she had most hoped—the prince in disguise who was to carry her forever away from despised Hawthorne—had failed to appear, and she found herself condemned to go back to the old, dreary round, without prospect of being freed from it. She considered the situation as the train bore her swiftly toward her home.

"Mr. Allan is still there, thank fortune! and his welcome will be something worth while. 'Absence strengtheneth friendship, where the last thoughts were kindly,' and his eyes said more than kindly things when he bade me good-by. He will not stay long in Hawthorne—no minister ever does—so I could hope for some better place ere long, if I were Mrs. Allan. I wonder what Kathleen Lawrence has been doing since I left. Improving her time, no doubt, and saying all possible things against me. I have been unwise not to write to Mr. Allan, for I might have kept posted, and have prevented much trouble for myself. Luckily, her school will begin very soon, and that will take her safely out of my way. Heigho! I am glad to get home once more."

Mr. Allan's welcome was quite as kindly as his farewell had been, for his mind had held only pleasant thoughts of the girl during her absence. She had been recalled to his mind many times a day by her belongings which were strewn everywhere through the house, by her silent piano, by her bird, her flowers, her hammock, her favorite chair; and many times he had wished for her lively presence. No one had spoken ill of her—indeed, if he had but noticed it, no one spoke of her at all. If she was missed anywhere, a sigh of relief was the only answer to the thought. So she came back into the minister's life with the resolve for immediate conquest established firmly in her heart.

Mr. Allan, on his part, was more glad than he had expected to be, that the family had returned. He hoped for their co-operation in the many good things which had recently been begun in the church, and was pleased to tell them of the progress he was making in winning his people's good will. Much of this shone in his eyes and was expressed by his manner; and Hollis, reading him from her standpoint, made her own triumphant interpretation. Really, he was handsomer than she had remembered him to be, and his bearing was superior to that of any young gentleman whom she had met during her stay in the city.

As the reunited family sat together that evening, the varied events of their experiences for a month were related and discussed. Mr. Allan listened intently to Hollis' vivacious account of her visit. He noted with surprise and regret that the things which she seemed to have enjoyed the most during her absence were pleasures which the spiritual-minded Christian would not have enjoyed. He was not what is called "strait-laced," but he had a distinct conviction that the Christian whose heart was set on Christ and his salvation does not need to be forbidden joining in worldly pleasures, because he has no inclination for them, nor delight in them. He believed that those who do find their pleasure in such pursuits prove thereby that they are not of the kingdom of heaven.

He was therefore astonished to hear from Hollis that during her stay in the city, card-parties, dances, theatres and Sunday excursions had been her most enchanting occupations. His surprise showed itself in his face so strongly that Hollis' quick eyes noted it; and with a pretty accent of regret, she said:

"I know that you will all think I was wickedly frivolous to do these things, and I am sure the Alison contingent of Hawthorne church would hold up its hands in horror if they could hear my story; but what else could I do? I could not be so impolite as to overturn all the daily habits and the plans of my friends; so there was no course left me but to accept their entertainment in the spirit with which it was intended, and to keep my religious scruples to myself. Honest confession is good for the soul, and I have done my duty; now you must pronounce the *Absolvo te,*" she concluded, bestowing upon Mr. Allan her most winning smile.

"I am no priest," he answered gravely. "Only God can pronounce a true *Absolvo te.*"

"Then you think I was inexcusably wicked?" she questioned, forcing penitent tears into her eyes.

"Oh, no," he answered quickly; "not 'inexcusably wicked,' but thoughtless; and—if I may say it—a little cowardly in not letting your friends knew what you believed, and weak, in that you did not stand by what your conscience told you was right."

"'Thoughtless,' 'cowardly,' 'weak,'" she repeated, checking off the adjectives upon her fingers. "You are the only person upon earth whom I could forgive for calling me such dreadful things as those. I deny them all. I was not thoughtless, for I was thoughtful enough to consider the comfort and the religious belief of my friends, who, by the way, are all good church members. I was not cowardly, for I told them that I would not think of doing such things in Hawthorne. I was not weak, for I did stand by my conscience, which told me that none of those things interfered with the essentials of salvation, which are, belief in the saving power of the Lord Jesus Christ, and assurance that 'he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins.' At least give me credit for remembering that much of my Bible," she ended with some petulance.

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THE MISCHIEF-MAKERS

Continued from page 89

Her words produced dismay in the young minister's heart. Were these the words of a sincere Christian, of one whom he could expect to assist him in his work, of one whom he could place as a safe leader among the young people of his church, of one to whom he could turn for advice in the perplexities with which he had been dealing? His disappointment was so keen, that he could hardly find words for the answer for which she and her parents were waiting.

"Your creed and your practice do not fit together," he said. "To adjust them, you would have to make your Bible read: 'He is faithful and unjust enough to forgive us our deliberate sins.'"

"How can you be so wicked as to pervert Scripture in that way?" she exclaimed, in assumed horror.

"How can you pervert it by living that way?" he replied.

"Come, come, children!" said Mr. Hayward, "we have had enough of this bickering. There is subject enough for a lifetime of argument in the questions you have brought up. I do not believe that any of us are considerate enough of other people's consciences and really sincere religious belief. We are too apt to try to measure them by our own standards, and to condemn them unjustly. Mr. Allan is right from his strict theological standpoint, while Hollis is quite as right from that of common courtesy. Let the question go with that solution."

"Pardon me," the minister said firmly, "but I must say that the Lord Jesus Christ expects his followers to act upon a standard of uncommon courtesy; to 'offend not in thought, neither in word nor in deed,' to 'shun the very appearance of evil,' and to 'keep themselves unspotted from the world.' There can be no compromise between right and wrong. A seared conscience is as dangerous as no conscience at all. The ominous feature to my mind is that Hollis enjoyed those things. Do not deem me unkind to you when I say these things. I would be both unkind and unfaithful, were I not to say them."

"I am sorry to see that you are bound by the narrow, puritanical beliefs of Eastern theologians, and of commentators of by-gone ages. The world is advancing, ideas are changing, and we must keep pace," answered Mr. Hayward, who was evidently offended by Mr. Allan's sweeping arraignment.

"The Bible does not change, and the Lord changes not, no matter what finite commentators may say. The world is advancing—toward the Judgment Day—and we have the warning, 'Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God.'"

"Well, well! Have it your way," said Mr. Hayward with assumed good humor. "Life is too short to waste in useless argument, and the clock warns us that it is time for all good Christians to be abed. Hollis, you will need to take a good many beauty sleeps to make up for your four weeks of dissipation. It is too bad that we wandered off into needless discussion, and wasted so much of our evening. I was anxious for Mr. Allan to tell us of the conditions in our church, and of how the work has thrived in our absence; but that will have to be deferred until to-morrow evening. Come, good folks, let us say good-night."

Dismissed in this summary manner, the troubled young minister said good-night, and went away to his room, but not to sleep. He was appalled by the revelations of the evening. Were these the people upon whom he had counted so confidently for sympathy and aid in his work? Were these the principles which he wished to have taught in Mr. Hayward's large Bible class, and Mrs. Hayward's primary department, and among the companions of Hollis? Was it the true Hollis who had spoken that evening, or was it the girl who had innocently fallen before the temptations of city life? He felt a bitter anger toward the "good church members" in the city who had led this lovely young girl so far astray. He had been unwise in his remarks, he feared, and perhaps had weakened his influence over her. He must be more guarded in the future, and strive to lead her gently back to "the strait and narrow way that leadeth unto life eternal."

CHAPTER XIV

Malignant Influences

AFTER listening to Hollis' confession and Mr. Hayward's comments, Mr. Allan no longer cared to speak of his church work, and his hopes, or to ask for advice in his plans for future efforts. A deep depression had seized upon him, and he could not shake it off. To all outward appearance, the old family relations between the Haywards and himself had been re-established, but a constraint had fallen between them. Mr. Allan spent more time in his study, and there was less free, familiar intercourse.

"What is the matter with Mr. Allan?" Hollis asked of Dora Murray, a few days later. "He doesn't seem one bit like himself. He is as glum and uncommunicative as an oyster. Somebody has been spoiling him, and has been turning him against me. You should have heard the pious lecture he gave me the night I came home, simply because I let it slip that I had danced a little, and attended one or two card-parties and an opera or two while I was gone. I fairly gasped beneath the showers of his volcanic wrath. Where has he been going? Who has been talking to him?"

"I shouldn't think it necessary for you to ask such questions. Can't you guess? Who is it that turns this whole community around her little finger, and rules everything when you are away?" asked Dora with unconcealed jealousy.

"Kathleen Lawrence, of course. I might have known without asking. And what has she persuaded him to do, while I was not here to keep things right?"

"Everything that we do not want—at least, with that crowd at the head. There's the choir, first. Everybody that can't sing is in the choir, and the jumble of discords is enough to burst one's eardrums. They—that is, the Lawrence girls and Charlie Lester and Mr. Allan—have selected new song books——"

"Horrors! And I not here," interjected Hollis angrily.

——"and the choir meet every week for rehearsals. They have organized a Christian Endeavor Society, with Charlie Lester at the head, and Grace Alison for vice-president—think of that! If you want to be popular you'll have to go regularly to prayer-meeting. It's quite the thing to be there, and in the front seat, too. You see, they use the choir rehearsals as an attraction. There is only one advantage in the new arrangement, and that is, Miss Tilly don't get to torment the deaf old people with her attempts at music."

"I suppose Kathleen thinks she has fairly caught Mr. Allan?" Hollis inquired wrathfully, persisting in the personal aspect of the change.

"You'd think so too, if you'd been here to see. It's a pity Dandy can't talk. He could tell you lots of things that you'd be surprised to hear."

"Dandy! Has he been using my horse to take another girl riding? He'll never do that again. He can go to the livery stable and pay for his rigs hereafter."

To be continued

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A Faithful Missionary Dead

THE Rev. Joseph Norwood, who passed away suddenly of apoplexy at West Tampa, Fla., lately, had a remarkable career as a missionary. Mr. Norwood was born in 1851 and was educated for the ministry. He chose the foreign mission field and for many years rendered valuable and self-sacrificing service in South and Central America, working under the American Bible Society. For several years he conducted a mission at Bucaramanga, in Colombia, where, together with his faithful wife, who survives him, he did a wonderful Gospel work among the benighted population, who, though nominally Romanist, were steeped in superstition, idolatry, and ignorance. When civil strife ravaged that country, he opened the hospitable doors of his mission to the afflicted and the suffering, nursing the sick and the wounded and sheltering many little children who had been made orphans by the constantly recurring warfare. He continued to support these orphans for years, and found Christian homes for many of them in the United States.

Mr. and Mrs. Norwood also did a great and lasting work in Mexico, and later in Florida among the Spanish-speaking people. In Ybor City and afterward in West Tampa, the Methodist Cuban Mission which he founded was a model of self-sacrificing, earnest Gospel endeavor, and became a blessing to the poor people of those places. Mr. Norwood was also an able educator, and used his varied talents to good purpose in cultivating the needy field in which he labored. He became principal of the West Tampa Free School, and Bishop Galloway of the M. E. Church quickly recognized the value of the work he had done in building up such a large school where others had failed. He had also negotiated for a building to cost about $4,000, and was endeavoring to raise the money to purchase it, when his labors on earth suddenly ceased. Rev. F. P. Ensminger, pastor of the Congregational Church of West Tampa, who was Mr. Norwood's co-worker, succeeds him as principal, and Rev. Mr. Lewis will take up Mr. Norwood's mission work in West Tampa. It is proposed to build a Norwood Memorial Chapel, as there is no church building in West Tampa at the present time.

At the funeral services at West Tampa there was a notable gathering, many of the leading residents attending to pay the last tribute of respect to the beloved pastor and teacher, who was equally esteemed by the Spanish and English speaking population. The children of the mission school founded by Mr. Norwood attended in a body. Many in the audience were affected to tears as the words of love and affection dropped from the lips of the speakers.

Regarding Mr. Norwood's work as a whole, Secretary J. R. Nelson of the Methodist Episcopal Board of Missions writes: "He leaves a record of unbroken fidelity to the church and of faithful service rendered on more hard mission fields than usually falls to the lot of man."

Many readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are already familiar with the work of this devoted missionary through the letters from his pen and that of Mrs. Norwood, which have appeared in these pages from time to time. It is now hoped that the work he established in Florida may be placed upon a secure and lasting foundation, as it deserves.

Death of Rev. E. S. Hume, of Bombay

LOSS, heavy and in some senses irreparable, has fallen on the Church of Christ, and on the missionary cause, by the death of Rev. Edward S. Hume, the eminent missionary of the American Board in Bombay, India. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its readers have special reason for lamenting the sad event, for to him and to his brother, Dr. Robert A. Hume of Ahmedneggar, they are indebted for most faithful and devoted service in the wise distribution of relief in the great famines of 1897 and 1900. Mr. E. S. Hume became secretary of the International Missionary Committee at the beginning of the famine, and to his wisdom and administrative skill was in a large measure due the organization of that successful system of relief, which mitigated the national suffering.

Mr. Hume had been in India since 1875. He was the son of a famous missionary who went there in 1839, and labored so energetically that his health failed and he was compelled to seek rest in the home-land. He had been away for fifteen years, and hoped to resume his labors after recuperation, but his work was done and he died on the voyage. With him was his wife and their family of six children. One of these was the boy who, after a period of study, was destined to take up his father's work and carry it forward to further achievement. Mr. E. S. Hume was eminently successful, and during the thirty-two years of his service he not only built a substantial church, but established at Byculla, a suburb of Bombay, an orphanage and schools in which twenty-five hundred children are being educated.

Mr. Hume never knew how to spare himself, and when there was work to be done would attend to it without regard to his health and strength. Finally his overworked frame could stand the demand upon it no longer, and he was compelled to seek medical aid at home. With deep regret he left his field for a brief furlough, but here he sank rapidly, and has at last succumbed. It was a gratification to him before he died to see two of his sons enter the foreign mission field, one of whom is at Ahmedneggar in India and the other in China.

The Late Rev. E. S. Hume

His career was typical of the missionary. It was a forgetting of self, a readiness to sacrifice his life to the welfare of the people among whom he labored, and the advancement of Christ's kingdom.

When he visited this office on his arrival home after his illness had declared itself and he was hoping for a speedy return, he showed himself full of enthusiasm. He was eager to arouse the Christians at home to the importance of foreign missions, and even in his weakness was untiring in that work. He never ceased, to the last, to express his intense gratitude for all that our readers had done for India, and especially for the orphans.

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Disastrous Lacks in the Home

By REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON, D.D.

TWO sermons, in which I have expressed my ideas of the best foundation for a happy Christian home, have already appeared in these pages.* I would continue the subject here, because in the building of a Christian family, as in the building of a mansion or a store, care is needed in putting up the superstructure after the foundation has been well and truly laid. I would remind my readers of the ground already covered: The necessity of the home having from the very start a religious basis; of the head of the family having some method of daily recognizing the need of divine guidance, and of guarding the evening hour from intrusion from outside.

REV. CHAS. M. SHELDON

I go on to speak now of certain safeguards, the lack of which tends to bring disaster on the family. Incidentally I may call attention to the danger of overindulgence, the giving to a child expensive toys and apparatus which fill the place that ought to be filled by his own ingenuity. We supply them too much, and do not leave room for their spontaneity. Another necessity is that the child recognize parental authority. It is well to argue with a child, to show the reasonableness of what is required of him, rather than to beat him, but he ought to understand that if we fail to convince him, he must yield to our authority.

Let us now consider five common lacks in many households, which although in themselves perhaps small, when summed up as a total, account for much failure in making the home what it should be. The first of these lacks we will call

A Lack of Comradeship

This lack of comradeship may be true of the husband and wife. It may be something which started from the beginning. It is not an insurmountable difficulty. People who have very little comradeship to start with can acquire it by mutual concessions and the willingness to adapt themselves to each other's peculiarities. But the most serious lack of comradeship is that to be found between parents and children. The father becomes immersed in his business, his politics or his sport and after a while ceases to be a playfellow. In many families there is an utter lack of this spirit which tends to knit the relationship, and between brothers and sisters there is sometimes an utter absence of comrade spirit. I think where it is lacking, owing to distinct and opposite characteristics, it may be cultivated and made possible by a mutual willingness to make advances and a mutual forbearance.

The second lack is a lack of humor. There are very many good people in the world who never have any fun within the family circle. Everything is staid and decorous and proper. It is always dignified and as it should be; but the hard places in the household life, the little annoyances, the disturbances which if begun in too serious a spirit result in bitterness and grave trouble, might in many cases be dispelled in a moment by the spirit of humor. I do not mean simply "good humor" or "good nature," but simply the spirit of good fun which will not permit any member of the household to magnify a comparatively small affair. Many children could be laughed out of a bad habit quicker than they could be whipped out of it.

The sense of humor in the family is like oil on a squeaky hinge or on a rusty journal. It is the lubricant of daily life. Very many things become too serious simply because they are treated too seriously, and without meaning to, we over-emphasize the little troubles and worries of life, and they become after a while the big things which we first imagined them to be. Do not check the happy laughter of the child and kill out of its budding life the sense of fun which God placed there.

A Lack of Patience

The third lack is the lack of patience. I do not mean indulgence. Every child knows the difference between patience and indulgence. Losing one's temper never benefits either the one who loses it or the one who finds it. Many otherwise good households are in a wrangle more or less of the time because of the hasty word, because of the outspoken thought, because of the egotism which cannot endure. "Love beareth long and is kind. It endureth all things." We need to have more patience with one another in all the walks of life, and in none more than in the home circle. It is a strain on the human affections and the human feelings for people to live together all the time. The constant rubbing together of those who are compelled to live under the same roof will provoke hatred or dislike if there is a lack of kindliness, and a forgiving spirit which overlooks and keeps still and waits.

A Lack of Memory

The fourth lack is a lack of memory on the part of the grown-up members of the family. Fathers and mothers, older brothers and sisters, forget many of the experiences of their own childhood. Most of us, probably, if we stop to think, can remember when we did the same naughty things our children do. We can recall being irreverent; we can recall the time we forgot; we can remember the day we ran away and went contrary to the explicit command not to do so; we can recall cases where we were hateful; when we nearly broke mother's heart doing the very things she told us not to do. If there is any man or woman here who cannot remember doing some of these things, that man or woman is an exception to the rule. When we chide our children for these things we ought to remember we did the same ourselves, and perhaps more than they ever do. I do not mean to say that the memory of these things on our part should take away from our obligation to warn or rebuke or teach, but it should make us more thoughtful, and should also make us more hopeful for our children.

The fifth lack is a lack of plainness of teaching. Many things which are left for the child to learn through its own experience or through the conversation of other children or by the painful process of learning it through sin, ought to be imparted by the father and mother. The plain things in regard to the child's body and its functions which are of the most vital consequences to its development should not be withheld. I believe the child can be taught how its body is made, and what the different parts of the body are for; what is the meaning of each part of the body; what are the consequences of wrong-doing; and the healthy child will respond to this knowledge and act upon it in such a way as to be spared much suffering. If any one is going to tell our children concerning the things which have to do with their physical life, surely the fathers and mothers have first right.

* On January 1 and 15, 1908.

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immediately dries, forming a tough, transparent, waterproof coating. "New-Skin" heals Cuts, Abrasions, Hang-Nails, Chapped and Split Lips or Fingers, Burns, Blisters, etc. Instantly relieves Chilblains, Frosted Ears, Stings of Insects, Chafed or Blistered Feet, Callous Spots, etc., etc.

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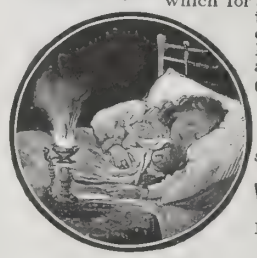

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He threw the paper to the floor, a faint tinge of color spreading over his sallow face and showing through the thin straggly whiskers. With a high keyed nasal snarl he said:

"It just makes me scotching mad. I'll never buy or have to do in any way with an article or thing using the name of a Bibical character, so there."

"That seems to let out a man with my name," his brother "Benjamin" remarked, while his round, ruddy, smiling face showed the value of a sweet and natural disposition, contrasting strongly with the ultra religious and fanatical brother, always on the lookout for trouble.

That evening at dinner Ben suddenly stopped his skinny brother as he started to bite into a piece of delicious "Angels Food."

Some one at the table took up the water pitcher and asked him if he would have some "Adams Ale" and rolley poley. Ben prodded him with:

"I suppose you will have to go to the doctor and have your "Adam's Apple" cut off if you want to be consistent, and of course you will have to give up your trip to St. Augustine this winter. Think how awfully it must grate on the nervous people who have to live in St. Paul, Los Angeles, and other places innocently carrying Bibical names."

"And think again of the thoughtless and sacrilegious persons who erect buildings of steel made in "Bethlehem," Pa.

You can never have the healing help of "St. Jacob's oil." Never see a foot ball game played by the "Sons of Eli," never sail on the steamer "St. Paul" and never taste "Elijah's Manna."

A lot of good things in this world take their names from the Bible.

It is truly a mark of respect to name a good article after a good man.

MORAL.—Genuine piety respects the prophets and the worthy people, places and things named after them.

"COFFEE GRUNTERS"

Ever See One?

Thoughtful people have a laugh on coffee cranks now and then.

"I have used coffee ever since I was a small child," writes an Ind. lady, "and have always had bad spells with my stomach.

"Last spring just after I began housekeeping, I had a terrible time with my stomach and head. My husband bought a package of Postum and asked me to try it.

"I laughed at it because none of my folks would ever try it. But I made some the following morning, following directions on the package, about boiling it well.

"I was greatly pleased with the results and kept right on using it. Now I would't drink anything else. I tell every old coffee"grunter" I see, about Postum, and all my folks and my husband's people, except a few cranks, use Postum instead of Coffee.

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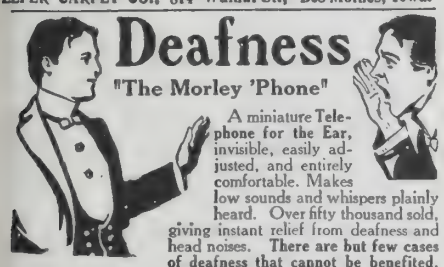

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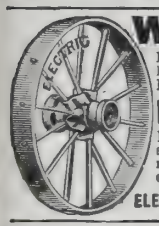

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It will save you time and money. A set of Electric Steel Wheels will make your old wagon new at small cost. Write for catalogue. It is free.

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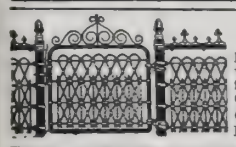

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YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES

Christ's Bequest*

OUR Lord showed his tenderness and compassion in his identification of himself with the needy and the suffering. It is true that care for the stranger and the afflicted had been enjoined under the Mosaic system, but Christ lifted them out of the domain of law and placed them on the pedestal of affection. He knew human nature, and realized the difference there is between a service rendered coldly and perfunctorily as a duty, and the same service rendered spontaneously with a loving motive. By making such service a manifestation of love to him; by deliberately appointing the stranger and the afflicted his representatives, he gave them a standing, firm and permanent to the end of time. No man now can say, "I love Jesus, but he is gone and I cannot prove my love." He is always here in the person of his heirs, who are authorized to receive benefits on his account.

The statement of the King in this parable does not change the basis and conditions of salvation, as some have supposed. The good deeds for which Christ praised those on his right hand were indications of a change of character. They had become like their Lord, so like that the acts of kindness and compassion came from them spontaneously and not by conscious effort. They had done these things because it was their nature to do them, that new nature that they had derived from Jesus. Their question: "When saw we thee?" etc., shows this. They had the nature of the good Samaritan, who did not stay to consider the character or race of the man he helped, nor his own inconvenience, but acted on his own impulse of compassion. He felt loving, helpful, kindly, and the aid he rendered was the natural expression of that spirit. So with those who have become like Christ, those who are fit for the kingdom of heaven, they have the same loving nature that was in him, and in conduct are like him.

It is in this teaching that the superficial difference between Paul and James finds its solution. "We are saved by faith," Paul says. "Can faith save him?" asks James, incredulously. Faith can save, as Paul says, if it is true faith that is set so earnestly on Christ that it transforms the man who has it into Christ's image, making him one with his Master in spirit and in life.

God in His World†

MORE and more has the idea of God's presence in his world forced itself on this generation. The idea of him as in a far-away heaven, sitting surrounded by angels and elders, drinking in the praises they sing to him, his being sublimely indifferent to the miseries and sorrows of his creatures in this world, is no part of the modern conception of the Deity. We like to think of him as being here among us, using his power and influence so gently that we scarcely perceive it, and sometimes mistaking for our own initiative movements that had their spring in him. The coincidences of history are too striking for us to regard them as wholly human. That in the time of religious darkness Luther should have appeared; that when civil liberty was menaced, Cromwell, with his faith and inflexible will, should have been raised up; and that in the crisis of our national birth such a man as Washington should have stood forth, are only a few illustrations out of many that show God knows our need and is able to provide for it. So the Christian is justified in his conviction that there is help and deliverance in God.

That fact gives us encouragement to hope for a happy solution of the problems that now confront us. The corruption in politics, the problem of poverty, and the problems connected with the colored race, are some of these with which the wisest among us feels himself incompetent to deal. It is the last-named problem that the Epworth League is called to study this week. The solution is evidently far off, but the suggestion of the managers is practical, and deserves attention. Education alone will not raise or redeem the race, but until the true solution is found education is a means of sure value. Booker Washington has proved how much can be done on a large scale with money and devotion. The noble effort at Mayesville, S. C., to the support of which many of our readers have contributed, is a proof on a smaller scale of the value of another attempt by the negro himself at self-development. In the Mayesville institution, the self-denial, the untiring energy and the sublime devotion of its managers are worthy of the highest praise, and deserve the most hearty support. God has helped it hitherto and is blessing those who contributed to the work.

* Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for February 9: "Ministering to strangers and the sick." Matt. 25: 31-46.

†Topic of the Epworth League for Feb. 9. "Help and deliverance in God with special reference to negro education." Isa. 29: 18, 19; Ps. 146: 7-9.

Baroness de Packh at the Bowery Mission

BARONESS DE PACKH'S visit to the Bowery Mission on Tuesday, January 14, was a notable event. At the previous weekly concert, the men were entertained by some of New York's most prominent society people.

The Baroness de Packh came neither as a titled lady, nor as a professional musician, but as a kind, gracious, earnest Christian woman, anxious to help the poor, destitute men of the Bowery. Her first words on arriving at the Mission and looking around upon the great crowd of suffering and sorrowing men were, "Oh, how my heart goes out to them! I am a mother, and I am proud of my son; and every man here is some mother's son, loved, no doubt, as fondly as my own son is."

The Baroness possesses a rich contralto voice which readily lent itself to the pathetic songs she had selected. Tears of genuine sympathy were in her eyes as she faced her audience, and received from the men a genuinely hearty welcome. "Love's Old Sweet Song," and the old German folksong, "Wenn Ich den Wandrer Frage," were her first songs, with Nevin's "Rosary" coming later.

The rest of the programme was undertaken by Miss Florence Austin, a wonderfully skilful violinist; Mrs. Martha Mechtold, recitationist, and a friend of the Baroness; and by Mr. Henry B. de Packh, the Baroness' son, whilst Mr. Maurice Gould presided at the piano. Mr. Henry de Packh is a young gentleman of tall stature, military bearing and genial face, and possessing a rich, deep bass voice. He contributed very largely to the success of the concert.

At the close of the concert, Baroness de Packh asked to be allowed to shake hands with some of the men, and about one hundred availed themselves of this privilege. To each she spoke an apt word of sympathy and cheer.

Called Higher

Mr. H. Berney entered into rest at his home, Kearney, Neb. He was in his seventy-seventh year. He had read THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for many years. He prized it next to his Bible.

W. H. Bowen, of Madison, Ga., passed lately to the better land. He was a great lover of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and he read it from cover to cover every week. His faith grew brighter as the end drew near, and he listened for the final message.

Mrs. Jane Jones, of Nebraska City, Neb., who died lately, was born in Bristol, Vt., July 1, 1815. She was a faithful reader of this journal and read it up to the last week of her life on earth. She was a stanch Methodist and most exemplary Christian.

Miss Clara S. Stevens, who passed to her heavenly home at Nashua, N. H., lately, was a model Christian, who had an influence for good upon all who came in contact with her. She was for many years a member of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD family circle.

Mrs. Elizabeth McElwee entered into rest, at the home of her daughter, near Cambridge, O., on June 1, 1907, at the advanced age of eighty-six years. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD was a great pleasure to her, having been a weekly visitor in the family for many years. She was widely known as a woman of fine Christian character, and will long be remembered by a large circle of friends, beside her family, who "rise up and call her blessed."

The Industrial Savings and Loan Co., is an institution of proved integrity, large capital and long established reputation. They possess and offer certain distinct advantages which people with moderate sums to invest should inquire about. Notice their advertisement on page 90.

CHRISTIAN HERALD READERS,

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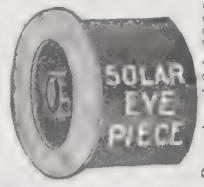
Realizing this fact, we offer them our new Solar Telescope at the popular price of **$1.00.**



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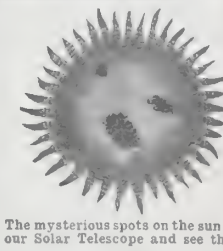

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Could count cattle 20 miles away — F. G. [illegible], Anthony, Kans.

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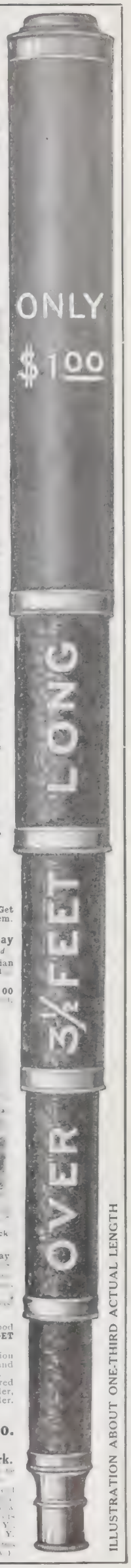
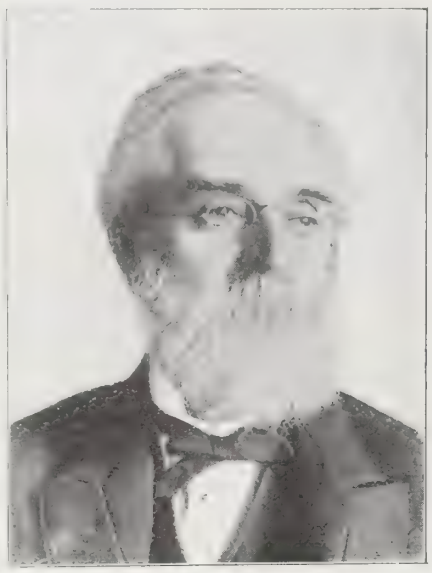


ILLUSTRATION ABOUT ONE-THIRD ACTUAL LENGTH

Sixty Years an Evangelist

IN Folkestone, England, there has just passed away a veteran evangelist, John Maxted, who for many years was superintendent of the great cluster of missions sustained by the late beloved Christian millionaire merchant and statesman, Samuel Morley. For many years I watched John Maxted's career, loved to associate with him for his beautiful spirit, and honored him because of his heroic life of faith. His career was one of romantic realism. Like the late sainted George Muller of Bristol, he endeavored consistently to "live by faith on God alone." Born in London, Maxted was converted at fifteen, while listening to an earnest sermon by Archbishop Tait. The young convert began to preach at sixteen, and never ceased to proclaim the Gospel till the very close of his life at seventy-six. He responded to a call to settle for a time in a fishing community on the coast of Cornwall, near Land's End. He had no fixed salary, and literally lived by faith. Very often he and Mrs. Maxted had not a penny, but subsistence never failed. Food, clothing, and money would come in answer to prayer. After a few years he moved to London, and in that city carried on a mission amongst the masses for several years. He refused to accept a regular salary.



The Late John Maxted

When Samuel Morley was at the height of his prosperity he built a beautiful chapel in the village of Leigh, in Kent, fifty miles south of London, and requested Mr. Maxted to come as pastor. The evangelist consented and soon the mission began to ramify until there were branch chapels erected in twenty-one villages, and no fewer than seventeen missionaries were employed as assistant evangelists. A wonderful work went on for seventeen years. Robert Moffatt, the Apostle of South Africa, had in his old age retired from the foreign mission field and returned to spend his last days in his native land. Mr. Morley gave the great missionary a pretty cottage to live in, and here Maxted often visited him, and the two became loving friends.

Mr. Maxted was next called to Folkestone, where his work lay among soldiers, sailors, and fishermen. He was specially dear to the children of the poor, who attended his funeral in great numbers, and wept tears over their loss.

The poor loved him dearly, for he was ever ministering to the needy. Many in England are mourning the loss sustained by his death. He had a large family of sons and daughters, some of whom are actively engaged in Christian work.

London, Eng. WILLIAM DURBAN.

The Talk by the Well

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

JESUS was weary. "In all things made . . . like unto his brethren" (Heb. 2: 17), "in all points tempted like as we are" (Heb. 4: 25), Jesus knew what physical weariness was. There are temptations peculiar to fatigue. It tends to induce fretfulness, self-occupation, self-pity, especially where it is accompanied with sharp pangs of pain. But how did Jesus deal with fatigue? He did not urge himself on to needless exertion, but when his disciples went away into the city to buy meat he quietly took the opportunity to rest by the well. Yet no sooner did something come before him which his Father permitted, than he accepted it at his hands without question. There was a soul to be won. A woman of Samaria came to draw water, and "Jesus saith unto her, Give me to drink." It was a simple request from a tired stranger. But Jesus met with a rebuff—a heartless, unnecessary, unwomanly rebuff: "How is it that thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, which am a woman of Samaria?" It was true that Jews had no dealings with Samaritans, but it was also true that kindness and sympathy for those in need should overstep national distinctions.

The woman did not know to whom she was speaking; she did not know the world's Master was before her; he who had said: "If I were hungry I would not tell thee; for the world is mine, and the fulness thereof" (Ps. 50: 12). She did not know that he had more to give her than she could have to give him, but he "said unto her, If thou knewest the gift of God [see John 3: 16], and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink, thou wouldest have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water."

Oh, how the world faints for want of the living water—"the Spirit, which they that believe on Him should receive" (John 7: 39). How many prayers are dead, powerless prayers for want of the Holy Ghost! How many Christians, even, live lives which are a mere drag of wearying effort to keep right, for want of the Holy Ghost to dwell in them and reveal Jesus in them! Our blessed Lord knew that he alone could reveal to this sinful woman her own state and her deep need. She said: "Sir, thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep." Oh, what a revelation was there to her, and is there to all who receive His truth, in the words: "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." This was something of which she had no conception.

The Samaritan woman "saith unto him, Sir, give me this water." She spoke in deep ignorance; her conceptions were all earthly; her only idea was, "that I thirst not, neither come all the way hither to draw" (R.V.). She wanted to be saved trouble and fatigue, and would make use of Jesus to serve her purpose. Oh, how many there are who would like to have the joy and peace which Christians have, while they still cling to their sins! They would like to have as much religion as would serve their purpose and minister to their own selfish life. But Jesus came to save us from our sins; to give us happiness.

Some Esperanto Doings

THERE are now about 700 societies in all parts of the world organized for the study of Esperanto. Above 3,000,000 of people are interested in the movement.

At the Esperanto Congress recently convened at Cambridge, England, there were present representatives from thirty nations. At the opening session of the Congress, the mayor and mayoress both addressed the meeting in Esperanto. At one of the committee meetings, Professor Mayer, Professor of Latin in Cambridge since 1872, made his first address in Esperanto. He is 83 years of age. A Bible translation committee was appointed.

Esperanto is working its way into many lands. In Frankfort-on-the-Main in Germany, there is an Export Journal; in Geneva an International Scientific Review; in Paris an International Social Review; the *Espero Pacifista*, organ of the International Peace Society, also in Paris. In Japan, India, and South America, Spain and Portugal, there are Esperanto publications, not to mention those in England and the United States. Many Esperanto Circles are now being formed by readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the study of the new language. Circles should have six or more members including a chairman (or chairwoman) to lead in the lessons, and a secretary. Esperanto primers and vocabularies will be supplied by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at ten cents each, where desired.

Mr. Edmond Privat, one of the leading Experantists of Europe, is now in the United States. Mr. Privat is the Honorary Secretary of the Esperanto Congress and an officer of the International Esperanto Society. He is now delivering addresses on the new language to clubs, societies, colleges, institutes and other organizations. Any group of Esperantists desiring to have Mr. Privat visit them and lecture, may arrange for a meeting by addressing him in care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, New York. As he is exclusively engaged in this work, it is necessary in such cases that his traveling expenses should be defrayed by the organization inviting him. He will answer communications, and will be pleased to give counsel to any who desire to extend the knowledge of Esperanto, by forming circles in towns and cities, or introducing the study in colleges and schools.

A Moonlight Reverie

(See Illustration on Cover Page)

IT was not then a poet's dream,
An idle vaunt of song,
Such as beneath the moon's soft gleam
On vacant fancies throng;

Which bids us see in heaven and earth,
In all fair things around,
Strong yearnings for a blest new birth
With sinless glories crowned;

Which bids us hear, at each sweet pause
From care and want and toil,
When dewy eve her curtain draws
Over the day's turmoil,

In the low chant of wakeful birds,
In the deep, weltering flood,
In whispering leaves these solemn words:
"God made us all for good."

When one by one each human sound
Dies on the awful ear,
Then nature's voice no more is drowned,
She speaks and we must hear.

JOHN KEBLE.

FUN FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY!
RAZZLE-DAZZLE
The Magic Wonder 25c Postpaid.
SPECIAL OFFER:
To introduce my Big Catalogue of Indoor and Outdoor Games, Musical Novelties and Toys, I will, on receipt of 25c, send you, all Charges Prepaid, the cleverest Mechanical Novelty you ever saw. Size 4½ x 7½ inches. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.
STRAUSS, The Toy King
395 Broadway, Dept. 19, New York City
STRAUSS THE TOY KING

"DEFECTIVE HEARING"
Unseen Comfort
A. O. Leonard INVENTOR LEONARD'S ANTISEPTIC EAR DRUM.
I was deaf for thirty-five years
My Invisible Antiseptic Ear Drum (which I patented July 3rd, 1906) and my method have restored my hearing. Since I put it on the market last February, it has restored the hearing of hundreds of others, many of whom had given up all hope of ever hearing again. It has also relieved many from distressing head noises. I have just gotten out a new Ear Drum that is a great improvement over my original Drum. The megaphone principle and the flat-sounding membrane make my drum the most successful device on the market. Do not confound this Drum and my method with any failures you may have tried. My Principle is different; my method is also different, and they are the most successful of anything offered for aid to Hearing. It is "Unseen Comfort." My new method and antiseptic Ear Drum are endorsed by leading physicians. Absolutely out of sight when worn. The price is very low. Why not have your hearing restored? Let me write you about it. I do not make absurd and impossible claims. I will give you facts only and will not exaggerate.
A. O. LEONARD
1161 Broadway, Suite 20, N. Y. CITY

11.25 Buys This Large Handsome Nickel Trimmed Steel Range
without warming closet or reservoir. With high warming closet, porcelain lined reservoir, just as shown in cut, $17.35; large, square oven, six cooking holes, body made of cold rolled steel. Duplex grate; burns wood or coal. Handsome nickel trimmings, highly polished.
OUR TERMS are the most liberal ever made. You can pay after you receive the range. You can take it into your home, use it 30 days. If you don't find it exactly as represented, the biggest bargain you ever saw, equal to stoves retailed for double our price, return it to us. We will pay freight both ways.
Write Today for our beautifully illustrated Stove Catalogue No. S74, a postal card will do. 150 styles to select from. Don't buy until you get it.
MARVIN SMITH CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

Peter Moller's Cod Liver Oil
IS AGREEABLE TO TAKE
is digestible, easily assimilated, and may be taken continuously without causing gastric disturbance.
Put up only in flat, oval bottles bearing our name as sole agents.
Schieffelin & Co., New York.

WE SHIP ON APPROVAL
without a cent deposit, prepay the freight and allow 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL.
IT ONLY COSTS one cent to learn our *unheard of prices* and *marvelous offers* on highest grade 1908 model bicycles.
FACTORY PRICES *Do not buy* a bicycle or a pair of tires from *anyone* at *any price* until you write for our large Art Catalog and learn our *wonderful proposition* on first sample bicycle going to your town.
RIDER AGENTS everywhere are making big money exhibiting and selling our bicycles.
We Sell cheaper than any other factory. Tires, Coaster-Brakes, single wheels, parts, repairs and sundries at *half usual prices*.
Do Not Wait; write *today* for our *special offer*.
MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. R 71 CHICAGO

9 CORDS IN 10 HOURS
RUNS EASY No Backache
weighs only 41 lbs.
EASILY CARRIED
SAWS DOWN TREES
BY ONE MAN. It's KING OF THE WOODS. Saves money and backache. Send for FREE illus. catalog showing latest improvements and testimonials from thousands. First order gets agency.
Folding Sawing Mach. Co., 158 E. Harrison St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE THIS BEAUTIFUL MONOGRAM DINNER SET OF 42 PIECES

Each piece decorated with your initial in gold. Positively the biggest and finest dinner set ever given away as a free present. Any lady can earn this set in a few hours' time.

This beautiful Monogram Dinner Set, full size, for family use, consisting of 42 pieces just as shown, is a present that will bring delight to the heart of any housewife and can be had **absolutely free of charge** for a few hours' easy, pleasant work among your neighbors and the people of your vicinity.

This set is made of **finest Parisian China**, is a pure delicate white and decorated with wild rose design in colors, with the edges traced in gold. It is a set of dishes that you will be proud to own and put on your table and show your friends.

Your own initial in pure gold will be on every piece except the cups and saucers. The set consists of six large plates, six dessert plates, six large cups and saucers, six sauce or fruit dishes, six butter plates, two large vegetable dishes, one large platter, one cake plate, one bread plate, and one gravy bowl, making 42 separate pieces, positively the grandest array of dishes ever offered for this small amount of work.

Send No Money. Just your name and address and I will send you **our big free outfit**, so that you can interest only 24 of your neighbors and people in your vicinity in our special offer, collecting 25 cents from each one and sending us the money collected. It is easy, pleasant work, and our offer is so liberal, so unique, so far above the average offer made that you will have no trouble at all in interesting 24 neighbors or persons in your vicinity, and sending us the money collected. We send the set immediately, securely packed, and safe delivery guaranteed. No delay. No red tape. The set is yours just as soon as you have fulfilled these simple, easy conditions.

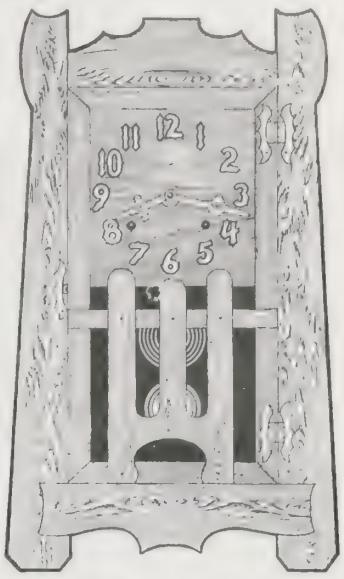
100,000 Satisfied Women is our record for the past year. **Just think of that**, we have sent out over 100,000 sets of these beautiful Monogram Dishes to persons who have helped us introduce our grand special offer, and every one of them is a pleased, satisfied patron. They all say that they never saw a more beautiful set of dishes and never did any work that they found easier and more pleasant. **Why should you not have a set of these dishes?** They will not cost you one cent of your own money and you surely would not object to getting them absolutely **free of charge.** When we send you our big free outfit, we will also send over 1,000 testimonials of those who have earned a set of these dishes, every one of whom will testify to our honest, prompt and liberal treatment.

Write me today and start to work at once. **Let me send you my free outfit anyway** and if you don't think you can succeed, I will take it back and no harm done. Just write your name and address plainly on a postal card and enclose it in an envelope and send it to me and I will arrange everything by return mail so you can earn this grand Monogram Dinner Set with your own initial as mentioned above, in a few hours' time.

J. B. DIGNAM, Manager, 120 S. Clinton St., Dept. 108, Chicago

MISSION CLOCK FREE

I have received a few thousand magnificent 8-Day Mission Clocks to distribute free. I will give you the opportunity, if you write at once, of securing this prize without one cent of expense on your part—only a little work in my behalf.



This is the genuine Mission Style Clock that you have heard so much about. It is nearly two feet high, solid and substantial throughout. Cathedral chimes toll the hour and half-hour in sonorous tones. The hands and figures on the dial are polished brass and it is a perfect timekeeper, with a timed, tested and regulated EIGHT DAY MOVEMENT.

This is not a cheap clock but is **the latest up-to-date, mission style,** the same as you will find in the homes of the wealthy and well-to-do people everywhere. It is a clock you can put in your parlor or sitting room and be proud to show to your friends and neighbors. It is a premium worth getting, for a clock is something you can always use and this clock is not only useful but also a handsome addition to your parlor or sitting room and will last a lifetime.

This Grand Clock is absolutely free to any lady or anybody who will show my special offer among her friends and neighbors and get only 20 to accept it at 25c each and send me the $5 collected. All I ask is that you do this little bit of work for me, which will require but a few moments of your time and immediately upon hearing from you with your remittance, I will not only send you the clock absolutely free, but will also pay the freight charges to your town, so that it will not cost you one cent of your own money, even for charges. I want to get my special offer introduced in every town in the U. S. as quickly as possible and am giving this grand present as inducement for your prompt assistance. **Let me send you my free outfit anyway,** also a great, big illustration of the clock, which will give you a better idea of just what it is. I will send everything prepaid, so that it will not cost you one cent to try and if you do not care to accept my offer, you can return the outfit and no harm done. Be the first person in your town to secure this Grand 8-Day Mission Clock. Write me about it today. Address

GEO. A. FULLER, Sec'y, 46-48 W. Monroe St., Dept. 7008, Chicago

This Grand, Comfortable Morris Chair FREE

for just a few moments of your time devoted to easy, pleasant work among your neighbors and people of your vicinity. This is certainly **a grand, magnificent present,** for it is full sized (nearly four feet high and two and a half feet wide), beautifully and comfortably upholstered and will lend an air of comfort and luxury to the parlor or sitting room of the most prosperous home. **It is a big, comfortable chair,** with reclining back, which can be adjusted so you can sit up straight or recline or lie down, just as desired. Of course we can give you no real idea in this illustration, of the beauty, comfort and elegance of this artistic piece of furniture. **It is a surprise and delight** whenever we send it, for it is really far greater value than people expect to get, and our friends wonder how we can afford to make such a liberal offer.

SEND NO MONEY. Just name and address and we will send you our **free outfit** and full instructions how to proceed. Get only 24 of your neighbors or people in your vicinity to accept our grand special offer at 25c each and send us the money collected and we will send you this magnificent Morris Chair (your choice of golden or weathered oak) immediately on hearing from you. We **positively guarantee** this chair to give satisfaction and to be exactly as represented. **Send name and address today** and get our free outfit and see what you can do. If you do not succeed outfit can be returned and no harm done. This chair is certainly worth working for and any enterprising person can fulfill our simple, easy conditions in a few hours' time. Do not miss this opportunity to get this big, comfortable, luxurious Morris Chair, **absolutely free,** without costing you one single cent of your own money. Address

CURRIER CO., Dept 108, Currier Bldg., Chicago

3 BIG PRESENTS FREE TO GIRLS

BIG FREE, SHAGGY GRUNTING TEDDY BEAR

This beautiful bisque doll is nearly half a yard tall, has beautiful curly hair, big blue eyes which open and shut, is **magnificently and fashionably dressed** and a large hat, and has shoes and stockings that can be taken off and put on, so that you can play with this doll just as if it were a real baby.

This is also a **wonderful talking doll** and says papa and mamma plainly and distinctly. The big blue eyes, the pretty hair, the peaches and cream complexion cheeks and the little rose bud mouth makes this the handsomest and dearest doll you could imagine, and **I want every girl to get one free.**

I also give a 27-piece China Tea Set consisting of 6 cups, 6 saucers, 6 plates, tea pot, sugar bowl, cream pitcher and 6 spoons. It is not every girl who has a set of dishes for her doll, but I am going to include this handsome little set with every doll. The set is beautifully decorated like the real china in the large sets costing many dollars.

And I am not going to stop here, but I am also going to give a **real, genuine, big, brown shaggy Teddy Bear,** with special movable arms and legs, so that he can sit up, lie down, stand on all fours and be placed in all sorts of comical positions. By just giving him a little squeeze he makes a funny grunt that sets everybody laughing. You can have more fun with Teddy than anything you ever owned. This is the **real Teddy Bear,** girls, of which you have heard so much. Some girls prefer a Teddy Bear to a doll, but **I give both.**

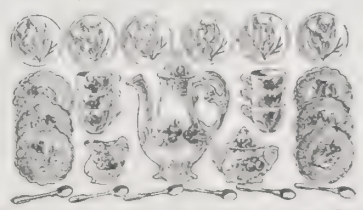
BIG FREE TALKING DOLL

I GIVE ALL 3 PRESENTS FREE!

To any little girl (or big girl either) who will show my fine offer among her neighbors and people in her vicinity and interests only 12 persons in my special offer at 25c each and send me the $3 collected. You can do this slight service for me in two hours' time. **I don't charge you anything for my outfit,** as I send it free, and you can try and see what you can do, and if you can't very easily do the work on my plan there is no harm done. However, I know any bright girl can earn these presents without any trouble whatever. **Just think, you get a big handsome doll, a grunting Teddy Bear and a 27-piece tea set and 6 spoons** all for this little work. It is the most generous offer ever made, and every girl reader of this paper should write to me at once and get my full instructions and outfit, and then just as soon as you do the little service I require, I will send you the **Doll, Teddy Bear and Tea Set and Spoons absolutely free.** I arrange to pay **express charges,** so they will not cost you a penny. Write to me today and **be the first in your neighborhood to get these beautiful free gifts.**

EXTRA GIFT FOR MAMMA

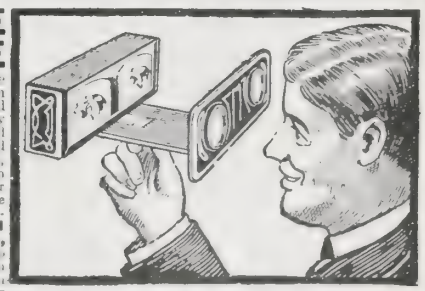
You can also give your mamma a beautiful ring as an extra gift if you will write me at once. This is a nine-stone ring, three large ruby doublets and six frosted pearls; given extra if you'll write at once. This beautiful ring is extra and **in addition** to the other three presents.



Big Free China Doll's Tea Set

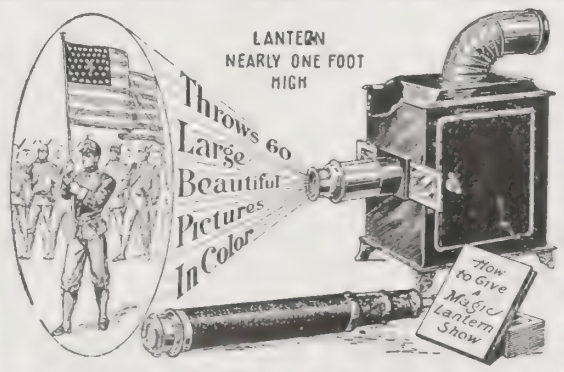
A. K. BOWEN, Mgr. Dept. 7008 46-48 Monroe St., CHICAGO

STEREOSCOPE AND 50 FINE VIEWS FREE



Everybody can have barrels of fun and amusement with this collapsible stereoscope, which folds up in compact form and can be carried in pocket and enjoyed anywhere. Small size but perfect in every detail, extra strong lenses which enlarge and magnify the handsome views as lifelike and real as life. **Send name and address,** no money, and I will send you my free outfit, so that you can interest just four of your neighbors and people in your vicinity in my special offer at 25 cents each. Send me the $1 collected and immediately on receipt of remittance I will send you this handsome premium **and also an extra present** of 50 fine **Double Views,** all charges prepaid. It will only take you an hour to do the easy work. If you do not want to do it you don't have to; costs you nothing, however, to try. And sure, though, you will be glad to help me for an hour and get this premium delivered free for your trouble. Just send me your name today and I will send you my outfit by return mail.

W. L. WILSON, Supt., Dept. 108, 122-124 Clinton St., Chicago

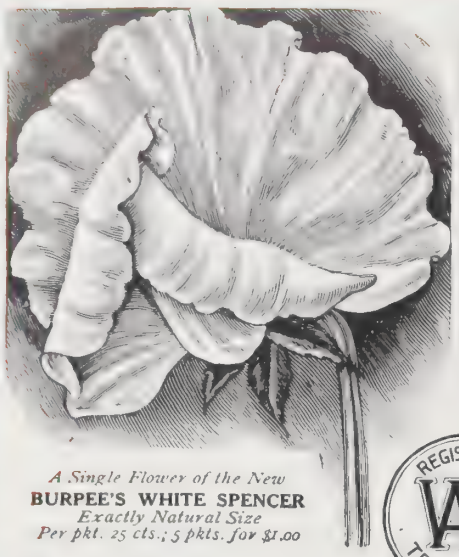


FREE OFFER TO BOYS

This magic lantern **is complete in every detail** including a special large reflector, curved Russia iron chimney, non-explosive lamp and five slides. It has two special **strong telescopic lenses,** so that the pictures are brought out large and clear and distinct. I also include 60 pictures, all different in colors and give an instruction book, telling how to get up an entertainment and how to give a show. You can have an entertainment and have fun in your own home, a real, up-to-date show. I charge an admission fee this Handsome Spy Glass with which you can have a barrel of fun, as you can see objects far in the distance with it, also look at the moon, stars, etc. This spy glass is a good article, handsomely made with good magnifying lenses, entire length, 6½ inches. It does not cost you one cent, but is given free with the lantern as an extra inducement. I give both this great **Magic Lantern outfit and the Spy Glass** to any boy or girl who will help me in some other way. It is only necessary to get ten neighbors and get them to accept it at only 25 cents each, and send me the $2.50. It costs nothing to try, as I send the outfit and full instructions without a cent in advance and if you fail it is no harm done. Try it anyway. The boys everywhere are delighted. The magic lantern and telescope are magnificent presents, so why not get them as long as they will not cost you one cent of your own money? I ship the lantern and telescope, express charges paid in advance, so they won't cost you a cent, **even for express charges.** Send your name and address at once and I will send you my free outfit, all charges paid, immediately on hearing from you. Write today.

GEORGE HARVEY, President, Dept. 7008 46-48 W. Monroe Street, Chicago.

Burpee's "Seeds that Grow" are the Best Seeds that can be grown!



A Single Flower of the New
BURPEE'S WHITE SPENCER
Exactly Natural Size
Per pkt. 25 cts.; 5 pkts. for $1.00

You can prove the truth of this famous "motto" by the investment of **"only a quarter"!**

Do so now! If you are not *more than pleased* with the results, write us next summer and we shall promptly return to you a brand new "Silver Quarter." We will not knowingly have a single dissatisfied customer.

"Our business is our pleasure,"—and our customers are our friends.

Burpee's Gem Collection

For 25 Cts. we will mail one full-size packet each of the following **Eight Beautiful FLOWERS,**—the rapid growing and most gracefully attractive new climbing vine, FUCHSIA-FLOWERED IPOMŒA,—the dwarf growing "White Carpet" LITTLE GEM SWEET ALYSSUM,—the special mixture for 1908 of BURPEE'S FORDHOOK FAVORITE ASTERS,—the gorgeously brilliant "MAGNIFICENT" CELOSIA,—the perfectly double and most lovely new "STRIPED PERFECTION" DWARF FRENCH MARIGOLD,—the most attractive annual hedge plant "*Burning Bush*," KOCHIA TRYCOPHYLLA,—Burpee's FORDHOOK LARGEST-FLOWERING PHLOX DRUMMONDII of all colors, and the special unequaled *New Burpee's Blend for 1908 of* "TRULY GIANT-FLOWERED" PANSIES of which specimen flower is shown illustrated natural size from a photograph. Purchased separately these eight packets *would cost 80 cts.*, but all are mailed for **only 25 cts.**

REGISTERED TRADE MARK

Burpee's "Novelty" Collection of Eight Elegant New Sweet Peas

For 25 Cts. **we will mail one regular retail packet each** of the following: *Two New Gigantic "Orchid-flowered" Sweet Peas,* the delicate pink PARADISE and deep carmine-rose GEORGE HERBERT,—the richest dark navy-blue, BURPEE'S "BRILLIANT BLUE," and the brightest "fadeless-scarlet" QUEEN ALEXANDRA,—all four of which are shown, *painted from nature,* on cover of our New Catalog for 1908. The elegant new fluted white NORA UNWIN (next best to *Burpee's White Spencer*),—the gorgeous fiery-orange EVELYN BYATT, the beautiful new primrose MRS. COLLIER and a mixture of *The Gigantic Ruffled "Orchid-flowered"* SEEDLINGS OF COUNTESS SPENCER.

☞ Of these **"Elegant Eight,"** four retail at *15 cts. per pkt.* and the other four at *10 cts. per pkt.* ☜ You thus get *Eight of the Finest Novelties,* really **worth one dollar,** for **only 25 cts.,** and our New Leaflet on the CULTURE OF SWEET PEAS, revised for 1908. We "*Know Sweet Peas,*" and want to give you both *The Choicest Seed* and full benefit of our experience on "*How to Grow.*" **Five Collections for $1.00,**—and mailed to *five separate addresses,* if so desired.

"Bountiful" Collection

For 25 Cts. we will mail one full-size packet (70 to 100 seeds each) of the following **Ten Sweet Peas.** Each is the **best** of its color in the popular *grandiflora type,*—of large size and fine form: BURPEE'S AURORA, the best striped,—BURPEE'S DAINTY, most lovely picotee-edged,—COUNTESS CADOGAN, clear light blue,—DAVID R. WILLIAMSON, indigo-blue,—DOROTHY ECKFORD, the popular white,—FLORA NORTON, best lavender,—JANET SCOTT, "*The Best Pink,*"—KING EDWARD VII, most popular scarlet,—OTHELLO, deep maroon, and a large ten-cent packet of the unequaled *Special New Blend,*—BURPEE'S BEST MIXED FOR 1908.

Special—Name THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and we will give you entirely **free** a packet (worth 15 cts.) of the darkest of all Sweet Peas,—*nearly black,*—BURPEE'S MIDNIGHT, which will not be introduced until 1909.

Send $1.00 for five collections, assorted as desired, name THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and as a special premium we will give you **also 1** pkt. (value **25** cts.) of BURPEE'S WHITE SPENCER,—the grandest of all new Sweet Peas!

TRADE WB MARK

BURPEE'S IVY-LEAVED NASTURTIUM.

Six Superb Nasturtiums

For 25 Cts. will mail one full-size packet each of the following **Six Superb NASTURTIUMS,**—the most charming new VARIEGATED QUEEN, the first of Burpee's new royal race of tall nasturtiums as shown painted from nature on page 107 of our New Catalog for 1908,—the new blend of BURPEE'S BRILLIANT BEAUTIES, the most surpassingly gorgeous and varied strain of Tom Thumb Nasturtiums yet introduced,—Burpee's unequaled new GIANT-FLOWERED TALL, flowers of unusual size, perfect form, and wonderful variety,—all colors of the remarkable new BURPEE'S IVY-LEAVED, of the charming new type of flower and leaf as shown in the illustration herewith,—the profuse flowering DWARF LILLIPUT in mixture, and the special blend of Burpee's CRAZY QUILT BUSH for 1908 of all dwarf varieties including the wonderously beautiful new BUSH IVY-LEAVED. Our new leaflet on *How to Grow Nasturtiums,* revised for 1908, is sent with each order and all six packets mailed for **only 25 cts.**

Five of the Finest New Vegetables

For 25 Cts. we will mail one full-size packet (price 15 cts.) of the unequaled and most luscious FORDHOOK MUSK MELON, the beautiful form and rich salmon flesh of which are shown faithfully painted from nature opposite page 26 of our new catalog,—the best summer butterhead long-standing ALL SEASONS LETTUCE,—the largest and finest flavored of all extremely early red tomatoes, CHALK'S EARLY JEWEL,—the earliest, darkest "BLACK-RED BALL" BEET, and a small packet of the entirely new unique FORDHOOK BUSH LIMA BEAN which sold last year at twelve beans for 25 cts. Without the fifteen seeds of the wonderful new Bush Lima the other four (full size) packets purchased separately alone would cost 45 cts., but all five will now be mailed for **only 25 cts.**

Send 25 Cts. for any lot as advertised above—*name The Christian Herald,*—and we will give you **entirely FREE** a packet (worth 15 cts.) of either *Burpee's Midnight,*—the darkest of all Sweet Peas, **or** *Burpee's New Monstrous "Spinach-Mustard,"*—both of which are our own exclusive novelties for introduction in 1909.

Send 50 Cts. for any two lots as advertised,—name *The Christian Herald* and we will give you **Free, both** *the above* **or** *either* of the above *advance Novelties for 1909 and* a packet of the Special New Mixture of *Burpee's Variegated Queen Tall Nasturtiums.*

For $1.00 we will mail **any FIVE** assortments as advertised and—provided you name *The Christian Herald,*—give you **entirely FREE** the three advance novelties named above and **also 1 pkt.** (price 25 cts.) of BURPEE'S WHITE SPENCER,—the grandest of all New Sweet Peas.

Send One Dollar and write simply "*Mail all the seeds advertised in The Christian Herald.*" You will then receive promptly, postpaid, all the seed named on this page with the 25 ct. packet of *Burpee's White Spencer* and the three advance novelties for 1909. This makes twenty superb Sweet Peas, seven grand Nasturtiums, eight beautiful Annual Flowers and six superb New Vegetables. Thus you receive in all **forty-one packets** of the best "Seed that Grow" for **only one dollar!** This is the greatest offer ever made by us, or by any other first-class seed growers and should induce thousands of new customers to **try Burpee's Seeds for 1908.**

When ordering be sure to ask for our COMPLETE CATALOG,—if you have not yet received a copy. Should you want further information as to culture we will be pleased to mail you **also,** with your order, either or both of our "VEST-POCKET" GUIDES to the culture of Flowers and Vegetables from seed. Your success is ours and we do not want your order unless you are more than satisfied with the products of our seeds in your own garden.

BURPEE'S NEW "FORDHOOK" MUSK MELON.

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

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SUBSCRIPTION, $1.50 PER ANNUM
PUBLISHED 52 TIMES A YEAR

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 5, 1908

VOL. 31—NO. 6. PRICE 5 CENTS
OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

Reproduced from a photograph taken for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

SEE PAGE 103

Consulting the Oracle at Lhassa, the "Sacred City" of Tibet

Questions and Answers

H. S., Cornwall, N. Y. What kind of a society is the one known as the Icarians?

It is or was a communistic organization, founded in France in 1840 by Etienne Cabot. In 1848 an advance party went to Texas and settled in Fannin County. The remnants of this colony joined another settled at Nauvoo, Ill., in 1849. In 1854 they removed to Adams County, Ia., where they had purchased 3,000 acres of land.

J. N., Warren, Ill. Where and when was David Crockett born, and from what nationality was he descended? On what occasion did he say, "First be sure you're right, and then go ahead"?

David Crockett was born in Limestone, Tenn., in 1786. He was descended from Scotch ancestry. In the Creek war of 1813-14 he commanded a battalion of mounted riflemen under Gen. Andrew Jackson. He was a congressman in 1827-31, and 1833-35. He subsequently took part in the war of Texan Independence. He was killed when the Mexicans stormed the Alamo, March 16, 1836. "Be sure you're right, then go ahead," was his motto, and he is said to have often repeated it.

Mrs. J. L. R., Auburn, N. Y. Why cannot Universalists be admitted as members of the Y. M. C. A.?

We are not aware that they are discriminated against, because the Y. M. C. A. is liberal in its methods, and the presumption would be that the Universalists could unite as well as others in Y. M. C. A. work.

Mrs. H. M., Pleasantville, Pa. Does temperance work hinder church work? Please answer through the columns of your excellent paper and oblige a reader.

No. On the contrary, it is a very important part of the work in many churches and should be so in all.

Reader, Greenwich, N. Y. Where do goldfish come from?

They are golden carp and were first imported from China to England in 1691. By 1723 they had become quite common in Great Britain, but of course were kept in small aquariums.

R. B. C., Sashburn, Sask., Canada. What is the correct English pronunciation of Esperanto?

All four syllables are pronounced as written: Es-per-an-to, with accent on the third syllable.

F. G. M., Cornwallis, Ore. What is the beast described in Rev. 13? How is the number of his name reckoned?

John foresaw an impending persecution of Christians by a despotic tyrant who should arise in the last years of the dispensation. He describes him as a beast or monster, having seven heads and ten horns. This creature or demon-inspired man is mentioned in other parts of Scripture. Our Lord is supposed to refer to him in Matt. 24: 15 and John 5: 43. Daniel is very explicit (Daniel 7:19-21; 8: 9-12). Paul calls him the man of sin (II. Thess. 2: 3). The persecution to be inaugurated by him was to be greater than any the world had known, and was to continue three and a half years. Commentators are not agreed about his identity. Some say the prophecy was fulfilled by Antiochus Epiphanes, but it could not have been entirely fulfilled by him. The majority of commentators think he is a prince resembling the great Napoleon, who is still to arise. The number in his name mentioned in Rev. 13 : 18 refers to the numerical value of the letters in his name, according to the system still used on the dials of watches and in dates, in which X stands for 10, V for 5, etc.

H. L. P., East Point, Ga. 1. About what time were the first coins made in the United States with the motto, "In God We Trust"? 2. When was the first money coined by our mints without the motto? 3. Does any other country or nation have this or a similar motto on its coins?

1. The motto first appeared on our two-cent piece in 1864. In 1866, it appeared on the following coins: Double eagle, eagle, dollar, half dollar, quarter dollar and five-cent piece. The trade dollar, which appeared in 1873, also bore the motto. 2. The first United States coinage was the half dime, a few of which appeared in October, 1792. 3. Some British coins have the words "Dei Gratia" (by God's grace) before the sovereign's name.

Reader, Barberton, O. When one has been betrayed by another, after the most solemn promises of fidelity, is it a duty to forgive?

Your question is too vague to give ground for a positive answer. It makes a difference whether there has been repentance and a desire for forgiveness. It also makes a difference what form the betrayal took. Was it a personal injury to you, or was it a failure to fulfil promises of self-reformation? Christ's teaching is to forgive injuries though it may be seventy times seven times that the offense was committed (see Matt. 18: 21, 22). If the difficulty is of a brother who has fallen, by all means forgive and help him to rise again. Our own experience teaches us to be patient and magnanimous. We hope that God will forgive us many and grievous sins. Forgiveness of injuries, however, does not require you to place yourself in a position in which the injury may be repeated.

E. A. N., Ogdensburg, N. Y. The reference to the Word of God in Heb. 4 : 12, implies a difference between soul and spirit. What difference can there be?

The soul in that passage represents the affections, desires, the principle of animal life and action. The spirit stands for the higher life by which men seek after God. You will see the difference stated more clearly in I. Corinthians 2 : 14, 15, where the words, "the natural man," stand for the soul of man. Thus the heathen have souls, but their spirits have not been quickened into life. The close relation of soul and spirit is implied in the passage by the separation mentioned.

B. M. B., Montgomery, N. Y. Of what country is the mignonette native, and who named it? I find it does not stand transplanting well.

The mignonette is a North African plant, but is now cultivated in many lands. The name is French, but it is not known by whom it was first given. Peter Henderson in his *Handbook of Plants*, says the mignonette does best in a cool climate.

C. L., Livingston, Tenn. What does the expression, "without the gate," in Heb. 13, refer to?

The place of execution, as outside religious observance, social respect, the privileges of the covenant people. To the Jew an expressive phrase, indicating the extremity of abomination. It was the place where the offal of the sacrifices was burned. The writer implied that the followers of Christ must be prepared to go with him to the utmost humiliation.

M. J. B., Bridgewater, Mass. Is there any mention in history of the decree of taxation mentioned Luke 2 : 1?

There is a record of such a decree in Suetonius and on the Ancyranian monument, as having issued from Augustus in 726, 746, and 767 in the Roman era, which dates correspond with B.C. 28, B.C. 8 and A.D. 13. The second of these dates is obviously the only one that could be identified with the one mentioned by Luke. It is doubtful, however, whether that decree applied to the foreign provinces. Nor do we know when the decree would reach Judea. Tertullian says it was executed by Saturninus. He was governor of Syria at that time, but it was near the end of his term, so he may have begun the enrolment, leaving the completion of it to his successor Varus. There is now little doubt that it was near the end of the year 749, or B.C. 5, that Joseph and Mary in obedience to it, went to Bethlehem and Jesus was born.

T. J., Ada, Okla. Under what conditions can a boy enter West Point Military Academy and Annapolis Naval Academy?

The candidate for West Point must be between seventeen and twenty-two years of age. He must pass an examination in reading, writing, spelling, English grammar, English composition, English literature, arithmetic, algebra through quadratic equations, plane geometry, descriptive geography and the elements of physical geography, especially geography of the United States, United States history, the outlines of general history, and the general principles of physiology and hygiene. The Academy will accept in place of the foregoing examinations a certificate of graduation from a public high school or State Normal School or a certificate that the candidate is a regular student of an incorporated college or university. A physical examination is required. You can get information about the examination for appointments from your Congressmen. Candidates for the Naval Academy must be between sixteen and twenty years. The regulations regarding times and places of examination and the examination subjects may be obtained from the chief of the Bureau of Navigation, Navy Department, Washington, D. C.

A Funeral on the Ice, Among the Wends of the Spreewald, Germany

IT is not an unusual sight, in winter, in certain parts of the world, to see a whole funeral cortege on the ice. Among the Wends, a remnant of the ancient Slavonic race inhabiting the Spreewald (a region enclosed by an arm of the river Spree, about fifty miles south of Berlin), almost all the traffic is carried on waterways. In winter, funeral processions pass along on the ice. The coffin is carried on a sledge and is drawn by six mourners, who wear long black streamers on their hats. The whole company goes on skates, the women wearing the ancient national costume.

Miscellaneous

R. H. P., Reardan, Wash. Our navy ranks second.

S. H. D., Portland, Me. Thanks for your acrostic.

J. P., Osage, La. We have not been able to find the poems mentioned.

M. F. J., Cleveland, O. The letters stand for the mint in which the coins were made, we have been informed.

K. S. S., Charlotte, N. C. The photograph was taken during the present congress by Lazarnick, a New York City photographer.

I. S., Hartville, O. If you send your query to the Secretary, Washington and Lee University, you will probably secure the information. We have been unable to find anything about it here.

An Anxious Manitoba Reader. Excellent courses in domestic science are given at Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y., and at Simmons College, Boston, Mass. Drexel Institute is in Philadelphia.

Reader, Grand Isle, Neb. The object of the battleships' voyage has already been repeatedly explained in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It is taken for the purpose of practice for the fleet, and also as a demonstration to the nation of the necessity for defending our Pacific coasts.

A. U. T., Avalon, Pa. Marconi and DeForest both invented systems of wireless telegraphy, the former, we believe, having his system first in the field. We are unable to answer your question in regard to the wireless telephone. Ask the manager of your local telephone company.

A. C. S., Trenton, N. J. The mere enclosing of return postage in a letter cannot reasonably be expected to assure you of an answer. Otherwise, all sorts of people with all sorts of questions might easily consume the whole time of any person they might address. The writer who sends return postage, if he be a sensible person, should understand this.

B. F. F., Wisconsin. Admiral Evans actively participated in several naval battles during the Civil War and was four times wounded. In 1891 he was in command of the American squadron at Valparaiso during the trouble with Chile, and acted with a promptness and tact that won admiration. He commanded the *Iowa* during the battle off Santiago de Cuba in 1898, and helped destroy the Spanish fleet.

An Appreciative Reader

Dear Dr. Klopsch: THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is a valuable magazine to me. The literary skill with which it is written is educative. Your premiums are certainly judiciously selected. NIELS NIELSEN.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

Morocco's Sultan in Uniform

Native Troops Drilled in European Tactics

The Pretender, Muley Hafid

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TWO SULTANS IN MOROCCO

MOROCCO, for a country of its size, has managed to take up a large part of the world's attention during the last two or three years. The Algeciras Conference was so important that a diplomatic misstep might have caused a sanguinary conflict between two European Powers. Then Raisuli, the famous insurgent, came out of his fastnesses again and spread terror to the very walls of Tangier. The new international force under French officers did good work, and then there was a lull, followed by the Moorish attacks at Casa-Blanca. Now the country, not having had trouble enough, has got two Sultans, Muley Hafid, the half-brother of the legitimate Sultan, Muley Abdul Azziz, having declared himself ruler and gathered a powerful military force of insurgent tribesmen. The regular Sultan, Azziz, was born in 1878, and came to the throne in 1894. At that time Morocco was comparatively quiet. There were small insurrections and numerous raids by bands of robbers, but these have always occurred for years in the country and did not disturb the serenity of the Sultan. The people as a whole were favorably disposed towards him. After a few years they began to hear disquieting rumors about their sovereign. It was said that Azziz had become imbued with European ideas, and intended to live after a new fashion and not according to the unwritten rules that had been followed by his ancestors from time out of mind. It was discovered that the Sultan was taking a practical interest in machinery and had established workshops on European patterns.

Some time later the Sultan became interested in photography and cameras of all shapes and sizes were brought to the royal palace. This filled the orthodox followers of Mohammed with horror, for, according to their beliefs, it is very sinful to make pictures of the human face or form. It is noticeable that in all Moorish art this law has been religiously carried out. While the artist has worked wonderful designs on shields and on vessels of copper, and decorated most elaborately the walls of mosques, the human face and figure do not appear. As the Sultan is the head of the Mohammedan religion in northern Africa, the break with tradition was all the more marked. The Sultan photographed his wives, his ministers of State, and gallant Sir Harry Kaid McLean, his general, who did not care, as he is not a Mohammedan, but a Scotch soldier of fortune.

Foreign agents were quick to send to the palace new inventions for the Sultan's inspection. The bicycle had an especial fascination for him, and he ordered several dozen of different makes. In a few days after the first machine arrived, Azziz was an expert rider and was speeding about the courtyards and through the corridors of his palace. He found it such an enjoyable pastime that he ordered his attendants to learn. He would sit for an hour or two at a time, in a gale of merriment, as he watched those dignified sons of the desert try to mount and ride their new and unruly steeds of steel and iron. When a rider came to grief the Sultan snapped his camera and had a picture of the accident to show to the unfortunate bicyclist the next day.

The people of Morocco are fanatical followers of the old regime, and the power of Azziz became greatly weakened, especially in the interior. He was extremely fortunate in having as commander of his army Sir Harry McLean, a soldier of remarkable ability. McLean served in his early days in the Sixty-ninth Regiment of British foot at Gibraltar, but the service there did not offer him the wide field of opportunity he desired, so he resigned and entered the service of the Sultan of Morocco. As long as he was in command the Sultan did not fear for his throne. Several months ago, however, McLean was captured, and from that time the Sultan has had hard work to hold his own. Raisuli's forces increased daily, and then came the announcement that the Sultan's half brother, Hafid, had declared himself as the real ruler of Morocco, and that his brother was an enemy to the country and to its sacred traditions. Muley Hafid is yet an unknown quantity in a great struggle between modern and ancient ideas. He has not yet proved himself a general.

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Sultan Muley Azziz on his Way to War

The ultra-religious Mohammedans have flocked to the insurgent standard in large numbers, and he now holds a large part of the interior of the country. Foreign troops are of little avail against him there, as they are unsupported by their ships. Azziz seems to have thrown off some of his lethargy, and is determined to make a stubborn fight for his throne. Several engagements have been fought with varying success. The Moors fight well; the result often remains long in doubt if both armies are equal in numbers. In the battles that have occurred the Sultan's troops have fought doggedly through the onward rush of the tribesmen, as they dash in on their wild chargers, with white bournouses floating in the wind; and the line, lighted with the glint of steel scimiters, while the ground shakes with the beat of thousands of hoofs, is a sight that would appal all but the stoutest hearts.

Relying on the bayonets of his infantry, Azziz is still Sultan according to international law. To-morrow, the tide of irregular cavalry may have swept over the fez-topped lines, and Muley Hafid may reign within the walls of Tangier.

BRAZIL'S FAREWELL TO THE FLEET

NO country could have shown itself more friendly to the United States than did the sister republic of Brazil during the stay of the battleship squadron at Rio de Janeiro. Both officers and men had been led to believe that they would receive a warm welcome, but the hospitalities extended were on such a scale that all expressed their surprise and pleasure.

The day before the ships weighed anchor, the officers of the fleet gave a reception on board the battleship *Minnesota*, as a return for the many courtesies they had received from the Brazilians.

Over three thousand guests came in response to the much coveted invitations. The decorations were designed by the famous naval artist, Henry Reuterdahl, who is, by special permission of the navy department, the guest of the fleet during the entire cruise to the Pacific. He arranged a fountain on the main deck, and the guests were delighted to see gold fishes swimming about in the pool of water. Great wreaths of flowers were hung on the guns, and festoons hung from stanchion to stanchion. The flags of Brazil and the United States were intertwined and placed in effective positions. Diving suits were arranged in a decorative way as if they were suits of ancient armor.

The Flagship "Connecticut"

The officers and men were in full dress to receive the guests and the handsome uniforms of blue, laced with gold, added greatly to the effect of the picture after the ladies arrived in gowns that were in the latest mode from Paris.

The Baron de Rio-Branco gave a banquet in the evening to Irving B. Dudley, the American Ambassador, and the officers of the fleet. The Baron pledged the friendship of Brazil to the United States and after praising the Monroe Doctrine, to which all South American countries owed so much, he referred to the fact that his country had been one of the first countries to endorse it after it had been promulgated by President Monroe.

The fleet had been ten days in Brazilian waters, when the signal to sail was hoisted on the flagship, and the ships headed out to sea for the next lap of their journey to Punta Arenas. Over 300,000 persons came down to the waterfront to bid them farewell. Every boat that could be hired, begged or borrowed was pressed into service to take out people for a nearer view of the departure. President Pinna went in his yacht to Fort Villegagnon and reviewed the fleet as it passed out. The crews manned the rails, and the handsome flag of Brazil was flying from the mainmast of every American battleship. Sixteen Brazilian warships acted as escort to the Americans. It was an even greater spectacle, with thirty-two vessels, than the sailing from Hampton Roads.

PABLO, THE FILIPINO CONVERT

By REV. E. W. JANSEN, the Mission Boat Pastor

DURING the early months of the missionaries' work in Cebu, in the Philippines, when the workers were frequently stoned, our brave little group of Filipino and American Christians had many a testing time. All services had to be conducted in the open air, because no house for Protestant meetings would be rented to the missionaries. It was a pretty severe trial for native women and men to stand up and testify for Jesus Christ in those days. Yet the privilege of speaking at such services was much appreciated.

In the midst of those days of severest persecution one of the volunteer workers had pressed upon him the bribe of $2,500 to give up preaching the Gospel. He chose unhesitatingly to remain in his poor little native home with his old mother and his wife and children, rather than sell his privilege of telling his people about his new-found Saviour. This choice was made at a time when one villager, who had attended the open-air preaching, was killed by his fellow towns people on his return to his home, for no other reason than that he had listened to the Protestant's preaching.

Even in the face of such trials, the simple preaching about the Saviour and his teachings attracted in the first few months many earnest native workers.

One man, Pablo Diaz, found out through a friend that he could hear the Bible read if he would go to the meetings. He belonged to a distant part of the Philippines, and had not seen his parents and people for many years. He came to the meetings, and what he heard there about the Saviour, he longed to be able to tell his own people. Pablo's work took him away outside the city to the mountain villages and the small towns. On his return from these trips, he would tell his friends how God had protected him while he told the distant people about Jesus being the true Saviour.

One morning after his return from a journey, on presenting himself at the city office where he was employed, he was informed that his services would no longer be required. He went to the missionaries to tell them of his trouble. They advised Pablo to go on teaching the people about the Saviour, and said that they would provide for his support.

The First Protestant Class Held in Albay, Philippines

Some time afterward, facts came to light which showed that Pablo's discharge had been ordered through a mistake, and he was fully vindicated. But he now had no desire to give up his work as evangelist to his people. Nor had his missionary friends any desire to lose him. In response to a plea from a missionary stationed in Pablo's far-off province, he and his wife and their two little daughters, whose names in English mean "Light" and "Gladness," went there. He had gathered around him in his mission at Albay a band of faithful Christian natives. As we journey back across the great Pacific to the Philippines, one of Pablo's first missionary friends writes you this little story of how God brought this Filipino servant into the mission field.

In some three weeks, we hope to be sending a message to Pablo of the good news about the Mission Boat, which, if sufficient funds are now coming in for its fitting up for the tropics, will shortly be on its way to spread the Gospel among the hundred islands of our Cebu field. G. WHITE JANSEN.

Help the Mission Boat

The work of equipping the Mission Boat, *El Heraldo Cristiano*, for service among the hundred islands which constitute Missionary Jansen's parish in the Philippines, is now approaching completion. Many friends have sent contributions to aid in equipping the boat, and it is hoped that many more will soon do likewise, and that it will be in condition to be forwarded early in the spring. Readers of this journal are invited to share in this worthy enterprise. The little motor boat will be a most valuable aid to the band of workers at Cebu, doing away with the use of native canoes, which are slow and dangerous. Every contribution for the Mission Boat sent to this journal will be acknowledged in these columns.

THE FOLLOWING CONTRIBUTIONS HAVE BEEN RECEIVED SINCE OUR LAST ANNOUNCEMENT

Mrs J W Lyons... 1 00
J D McGregor.... 1 00
Lucy Waught 1 00
Mrs Seth Milbury.. 1 00
Mrs A E Pottle .. 2 00
M P E S & W ...
Langdon, Kan .. 1 00
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Mrs Sarah M S ...
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L H Coggerhall .. 3 00
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J A Truby 2 00
Caroline Pauchand. 6 00

FOUR YEARS AMONG THE TIBETANS

The Veil Lifted from the Mysterious Land, and Its Inner Life Laid Bare

A Tibetan Prince in State Chair

A Wedding Feast at Lhassa

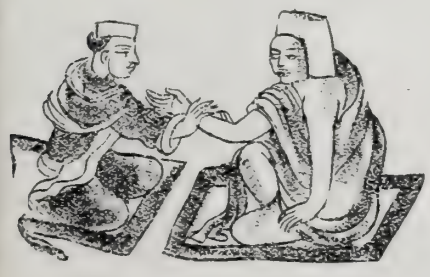
Tibetan Idea of Creation—The 5 Species

BEFORE leaving for India, at the close of a recent vacation, the Rev. J. J. Lucas, of Allahabad, left with the editors of this journal a remarkable book, written by an educated native of India, Rev. Ahmad Shah. The author describes his experiences during a four years' sojourn in Tibet, the "Sealed Land," concerning the laws, people, religion and customs, of which comparatively little is known to the outside world.

Ahmad Shah journeyed in 1894 from Agra, India, through Cashmere and thence to lower Tibet. He experienced many of the inconveniences and a good deal of the opposition of which white travelers write. While he was stopping at Leh, on the borders of Tibet, he had the good fortune to meet a Tibetan, a *kushuk* (dignitary) of the first rank, who ruled over a monastery in Lhassa, and had 5,500 monks under his authority. His name was Lubzeng Namhgail. He was totally ignorant of either *Isa* (Jesus) or his mission on earth. The Tibetan Buddhists had no knowledge of the Gospel.

The *kushuk* explained to the traveler that the Grand Lama's reason for excluding foreigners from the "Sacred City" was that the judicial authority was vested in the *kalouns* (priests), and they believed that as soon as foreigners entered, they would lose their power, and famine and pestilence would follow. This popular belief was based on a prophecy uttered by the Grand Lama "in a former existence." The Tibetans believe firmly in reincarnation.

In March, 1896, the *kushuk* prepared to leave Leh for Lhassa. He said the Lamas were preparing for a great war to save the Sacred City from a foreign invasion. The Grand Lama had spies everywhere along the border. Although Ahmad Shah was greatly disappointed at the time, as the *kushuk* had promised to take him to Lhassa, he succeeded, nevertheless, in crossing the frontier some time afterward and spent four years of his life among the people of Tibet, in closest intimacy with them. He observed all their habits of life and thought, and pictured many interesting phases of Tibetan character in his albums. He sketched them at work at their various industries, and pictured the artistic products of their most skilful artificers in gold, silver, iron and other metals. He drew their temples, lamas (priests), and sacred images; their high officials, their tradesmen and agriculturists; their devil dancers and "mummers," or religious character actors; and he pictured them at their feasts, their weddings and their funerals. For the first time, he revealed to the world the real life of the high-class men and women of that mysterious country whose gates have been so tightly barred against foreign intrusion. In the printed story of his four years' life in Tibet, he has given several hundred of these instructive sketches.



Tibetan Doctor and Patient

General View of the "Sacred City" of Lhassa

But although Ahmad Shah traveled over a large part of Tibet and tried to penetrate into Lhassa, he was no more successful than other strangers in his attempts to explore the Sacred City. He spent months in a vain effort to enter it, and at last was fain to abandon an attempt which in all probability would have cost his life.

Fourteen hundred years ago, as he learned from the historical sources encountered in his travels, the Tibetans were a race of cannibals, practising devil-worship and magic, and offering human sacrifices to appease their cruel gods. About 600 A.D. the land (which was then called Bodhland) came under a monarchy, the ruler being a fugitive prince from India. This form of government lasted 400 years. Buddhism, arithmetic, science, and medicine were brought hither from China. The first great Buddhist or Lamaist was Thumi Sambotha, who came to be regarded as an incarnation of Buddha. Soon monasteries arose all over the land. There were long periods of strife, the monarchical line constantly becoming weaker. About the eleventh century the powerful influence of the Lamaists was established and the country gradually became a theocratic monarchy.

Wars and invasions followed each other in the succeeding centuries, and Tibet was more than once subdued and compelled to pay heavy tribute to its conquerors, but at last China confirmed the Dalai Lama in the supreme authority, which continues to the present day. He is supposed to be an incarnation of Buddha. When the Grand Lama dies, his spirit, the priests say, enters into a child. The child so chosen, when he reaches his fourth year, is duly proclaimed as Grand Lama. A regent rules until the new Lama is eighteen years old. His cabinet consists of four ministers called *kalouns*, who are elected for life and are the real rulers of the nation. They are assisted by sixteen lesser officers, four controlling the army, four civil affairs, four revenue, and four the laws and justice. Every village is governed by a lama, who is supreme in spiritual and religious affairs, and by a *gyalpo*, who has charge of the local secular administration. Below these, in turn, are *lunpos* (local governors), *mak-porns* (military officials), *chazgots* (revenue officers), and *shakspons* (local justices); and there is a host of subordinate officials, including masters of horse, police, petty magistrates, etc.

Political influence dominates everywhere and the struggle for office, large or small, is continuous, and often involves bloodshed and bribery. There is no regular army, but in times of necessity the Lhassa government can call upon every family to supply at least one soldier. Their weapons are antiquated, including matchlocks, bows, arrows, and shields.

Laws are swift and unyielding. Every village has its executioner. The worst offenders of either sex against morality are branded on the forehead. Many of the punishments are extremely cruel and inhuman.

Tibet is a comparatively infertile country, and its present population of 5,000,000, Ahmad Shah believes, is all it can support. It has plenty good grazing land and vast mineral deposits wholly undeveloped. The people are of the same stock as the Chinese. They are hardy, homely in features, avaricious, dirty in their habits, easily contented, merry-hearted and cheerful and rather dull intellectually, with ideas of virtue and morality very different from our own. Northern Tibet is largely peopled by nomads, and the south by a settled population. They have castes, but the restrictions are few and not so rigid as in India. They dress simply, using skins and furs liberally. The poorer dwellings are huts of mud, stone or brick. Sheep and cattle raising is the chief industry. All their labor is simple, yet the technical arts have advanced among them, and some of the work of their skilled artisans is wonderfully good. Commerce is usually by barter, although money is gradually coming into circulation.

They give gifts at births, marriages, and deaths, and on the arrival and departure of guests. Everybody drinks tea, and also *chhang*, the national beverage. Women have absolute social freedom, more perhaps than anywhere else in the world. They go about unveiled, work with men in almost all callings, and practise polyandry, many women having as many as four husbands. When a separation

Continued on page 113

Tibetan Metal Teapot

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, Associate Editor

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

Change of Date.—It takes at least two weeks to change the date, after your subscription is renewed.

Expiration of Subscription.—The date on the wrapper indicates when your subscription ends.

Change of Address.—Give both your old and your new address when you ask us to change your address.

Subscriptions may commence with any issue.

Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

Lord Minto's Message

IN view of the many alarming rumors of impending famine in India, notwithstanding the recent rains, and in order that the true situation might be ascertained from an authoritative source, the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD sent a cablegram to the Right Hon. Earl Minto, Viceroy and Governor-General, inquiring as to actual conditions and proffering aid in relief work if needed. The following reply was received by cable:

"Calcutta, Jan. 24.

"LOUIS KLOPSCH, Bible House, New York.

"**Most grateful for generous offer. Will distribute any help America sends, but distress not yet so acute for appeal to her liberality. Letter follows.**

(Signed) Viceroy."

This reassuring message from Lord Minto will be welcomed as a relief by many thousands of Americans and Canadians who are interested in missionary and humanitarian work in India.

Pensioning Our Ex-Presidents

REPRESENTATIVE BARTHOLDT of Missouri has introduced a bill in Congress that is worthy of the most careful consideration by the law-makers at Washington. The bill provides what may be called a pension for ex-Presidents of the United States, while they are at the same time to serve the country with their experience in an international capacity.

The ex-Presidents during life, the bill provides, are to be delegates to international conferences at The Hague, and to all Pan-American conferences. A salary is attached to the office of international delegate, and allowances made for the pay of clerks and for traveling expenses.

The idea is an excellent one. No man could be better fitted to sit in international councils than one who for four or eight years had been dealing with questions of State and with the relation of his own land to other countries. In the presidential office the delegate would have received a training that could be had in no other way; and the opinion of an ex-President would carry weight with the delegates from other countries.

Our ex-Presidents have not been aged men when they retired, but men to whom years of usefulness remained. Nevertheless, the public desire for new idols has often caused them to be forgotten as if they were men whose life work was done. While most of our Presidents have desired a period of rest after retirement from office, the duties in the present case would not be of such a nature as to be a great tax upon them.

Few of our Presidents have been wealthy men, and the demands made upon their purses during their terms of office have given them little chance to save for the proverbial rainy day. The salary attached to the office proposed would allow them to live in dignity after their active service to the State. There would never be enough ex-Presidents to make the money spent a burden on the public treasury. We pension admirals and generals; why not allow something toward the support of the Executive, who has been their official commander-in-chief for a time? It is not pleasant to think, as has been written of one former President, that he who had been the foremost citizen, and had given his best to the country and people, had to raise chickens for a living when his term of office had expired.

Our Esperanto Circles

STUDENTS of Esperanto, who are becoming familiar with the new language through the Complete Course of Lessons now running in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, will be greatly interested and encouraged by the article contributed for this issue by Mr. Edmond Privat, a brilliant young Esperantist, who is acknowledged throughout Europe as one of the foremost exponents of the "universal language."

Mr. Privat, who comes from Geneva, Switzerland, was Secretary of the Second Universal Esperanto Congress, and is now visiting this country for the first time. He is especially interested in the progress of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Study Circles, and his active co-operation will be a valuable assistance to all who have taken up the course. He may be addressed in the care of this journal.

Esperanto is just beginning to be known here. As Mr. Privat very clearly shows in his article, there are golden opportunities in store for those who attain proficiency in the language, as it is doubtless destined to be generally taught in our American cities, and teachers will be in demand. The opportunity afforded by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Course is one that should be seized by thousands of intelligent and ambitious readers throughout the country.

Japan's Recognition

WHEN the generous American people came to the assistance of the people of Japan during the famine in the northeastern provinces of that country several years ago, they made THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the channel of their benevolence. We were glad to serve in so worthy a cause. The relief then organized and conducted was greatly appreciated by the Japanese government and people. Lately, however, this appreciation took an unexpected form, when the following official letter, in Japanese characters, was received through the Japanese Ambassador in this country:

IMPERIAL JAPANESE EMBASSY

WASHINGTON

[TRANSLATION]

We, by the Grace of Heaven, Emperor of Japan, and seated on the Throne occupied by the same Dynasty from time immemorial,

Hereby place Dr. Louis Klopsch, citizen of the United States of America, in the Fourth Class of the Imperial Order of Meiji, and confer upon him the insignia of the Rising Sun, in token of Our affection.

Done at the Palace of Tokio this fourteenth day of the fourth month of the fortieth year of Meiji, corresponding to the two thousand five hundred and sixty-seventh year from the Coronation of the Emperor Jimmu.

SEAL OF THE EMPIRE

(signed) VISCOUNT HISASHI OGIFU,
Director of the Board of Decoration.
(signed) K. YOKOTA,
Secretary of the Board of Decoration.
(signed) Y. FUJII,
Secretary of the Board of Decoration.

Human Vivisection

SINCE the remarkable statement of Professor Osler, several years ago, that the average man had ended his best work at forty and was thereafter of doubtful value to the community in the sense of contributing to its enlightenment or happiness, probably nothing has excited more varied comment among the scientists than the startling proposition of Dr. G. H. Quay, a Cleveland physician. Discussing the subject of vivisection at a recent meeting of medical men, Dr. Quay made the suggestion that offenders convicted of a capital crime, instead of being subjected to electrocution or hanging, should be turned over to surgeons and bacteriologists for vivisection in the interest of science and for the benefit of society. He went still further and urged that all habitual criminals, instead of being made a public charge, should become subjects for the vivisectionists. So barbarous and inhuman a suggestion has met with the reception it deserves.

The trouble with Dr. Quay and men of his stamp is that they fail to apprehend the true office and object of the law with respect to criminals. Laws are twofold in their nature: they are both punitive and reformatory; and we believe that the tendency or our modern Christian civilization lies most largely in the latter direction. The poorest use to which a man can be put, however worthless he may be, is to kill him. Besides, it should not be forgotten that the criminal is the result of abnormal social conditions, for which society itself is to a great extent responsible. He is the victim of heredity and environment. When the true reformation comes, society will purge itself from the bottom upwards, and crime will diminish in proportion as beneficent laws make provision for the education and uplifting of what is now known as the criminal class.

Under the Federal Constitution, cruel and inhuman punishments are expressly prohibited.

We trust the day may soon come when the States will enact laws forbidding the vivisection of the lower animals, which, as now practised, is a system of pitiless and wholly unnecessary torture. If Dr. Quay's outbreak should focus public attention upon this degrading abuse and lead to its reformation, it may, after all, produce a good result.

Early Religious Training

WE are constantly confronted by contrasting aspects when we consider early religious training. Roman Catholics claim that they seldom lose a child from their fold, for the reason that the church has set its seal in an ineffaceable impression on the infant mind before it has reached the age of seven. What is taught to a child in baby days and in the first seven years is likely to stand by that child for the rest of its life. On the other hand, there are very many thoughtful people who think, or act as if they thought, that it is unfair to bias a child before it reaches a period when it may choose for itself. They therefore leave the virgin soil untilled, and since they do not sow the good seed of the kingdom, Satan is very ready to scatter therein his evil weeds.

Still another view is shown by those austere Protestants who, in their conscientious effort to train up a child in the way it should go, succeed in making religion a gloomy and prison-like thing from which the man escapes into freedom with a sense of having borne the yoke in his youth. An extreme instance of this was some time ago shown by Augustus Hare in his brilliant but pathetic autobiography, entitled "The Story of My Life," and it has lately been repeated in a very frank book written by the famous essayist and critic, Edmond Gosse, in which he narrates a large part of his childhood experience. His father was a man of learning and large gifts, but the severity of his piety and its bigotry swung the son in the other direction, and made him look upon evangelical religion as necessarily a thing to be dreaded.

Where lies the truth about early religious training? Should it not be carried on side by side with the rest of education on the principle that our relation to God is not that of bond-slave to a dreaded master, but of sons and daughters to a tender and loving father? Little hands should early be folded in prayer at the mother's knee. The Sabbath, so far from being a day full of restrictions, should be a day of pleasure and privilege, the very happiest day of the entire week.

Far more by example than by precept are children trained in piety. A young girl said that she had always looked in reverence at a certain door in her home, the door of a little upper room. "Mother used to go there when she was tired or perplexed, and she always came out with a face as calm as a summer morning. Even as a very little child I knew that mother went there to talk with God."

To make piety dismal is a crime. If our religion is genuine it should be cheerful.

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THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Hampden and Pym Appeal to Charles

Milton's Plea

Fox's Interview with Cromwell

Pastor Robinson's Farewell Prayer

Plymouth Church's Historic Windows

EIGHT beautiful memorial windows were recently unveiled in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. They constitute a new departure in church decoration. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, the pastor of the church famous through the world as the scene of the labors of Henry Ward Beecher, in dedicating the windows, explained the principle on which the new departure had been made. He believed that the time had come to register in church windows the story of God's providence. What God thought it worth while to do, it was worth the church's while to celebrate and remember. Some had limited the subjects for church windows to the age of prophets and apostles. No man could over-estimate the importance of such recognition through ecclesiastical art; but the time had fully come for the widening of thought. Dr. Hillis said: "When I proposed these windows setting forth the immanence of God, the continuance of his loving providence, and asserting that God is pouring out his spirit upon all flesh through the Puritans, some men called it sacrilegious. But when a long time has passed, the storm of controversy and criticism will die out of the air. Men will understand that the setting forth of what God did for our fathers does not deny what God did also for the prophets and apostles. It rather supplements and completes the story. Once medieval art was bound in grave-clothes. When liberty to choose new subjects came, the renaissance of art came also. Is not God pouring out his spirit upon American artists? Has not the era of conventional angels, and conventional prophets, and conventional apostles about passed? . . . Men will yet realize that there are no better themes for stained glass, in solemn aisles and glorious windows, than the themes of modern liberty, religious and political, where God hath made known his will to men. In the full confidence of a new era of art in our chapels and libraries and churches, we have assembled this day to celebrate the completion of this work, setting forth the influence of Puritanism upon the people and institutions of the republic."

The series of windows depicts the history of Puritanism and of the Pilgrim Fathers from the rise of the movement. Beginning with the appeal of John Pym and John Hampden to Charles I. of England on behalf of political liberty, it proceeds to the plea of John Milton for intellectual liberty. The next subject is the famous interview between Oliver Cromwell, the great Protector, and the Quaker George Fox, whom he had released from prison. Then coming nearer to the American settlement, the subjects change to the Pilgrim Fathers and John Robinson's farewell prayer. Then the signing of the historic compact on the *Mayflower*, the seed-corn that was to ripen into the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. The sixth topic in historic order is the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, Mass. The seventh represents John Eliot preaching to the Indians, and the eighth the founding of Harvard College twelve years after the landing of the Pilgrims.

Thus the line of God-fearing heroes, who, seeking religious and political liberty, came here to dedicate their lives to the founding of a new country, is appropriately commemorated in the windows of a church consecrated to the service and worship of God, whose providential dealings are thereby recognized.

These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them, and embraced them, and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth. (Heb. 11 : 13.)

Entombed Forty-five Days

The experience of the three miners rescued on January 19 from the Giraux Mine at Ely, Nev., will not soon be forgotten in that State. They had been down a thousand feet below the surface for forty-five days, and had almost abandoned hope of rescue. There had been five men down on the level when the mine caved in, but two were killed in trying to escape. The other three men were in the pumping station and were almost suffocated with the dust that forced its way in. They quickly realized that their only hope of being kept alive until rescue could reach them lay in a six-inch water pipe connecting with the higher levels. Through this they were able to communicate with the surface, and compressed air and water were sent down to them. Provisions were also sent and they were encouraged by the assurance that all that could be done to rescue them would be done. They found an old saw in their cave, with which they made themselves bunks out of part of a wagon, which saved them from having to lie on the damp floor. Food was sent to them regularly and such comforts as could be passed through the pipe. They say it seemed an interminable time before rescue came, but they knew that a large force of men would be needed, and that they would have to work at the constant risk of their lives. They were sure, however, that the work would be done willingly, and that they would be saved if it was possible. They could never have saved themselves, but they owe their lives to the men who, at the peril of their own lives, went to save them. It is so that the whole human race has the opportunity of escaping eternal death. Unhappily the deliverance gained in that case, however, is missed in many instances, because after it had been won at the cost of the life of the Deliverer, many men do not avail themselves of it.

Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life. (John 5: 40.)

Love Letters in a Tree

In the hollow of a tree cut down recently near Richfield, N. J., two letters were found bearing a date twenty-seven years ago. One was in a woman's hand and had evidently been written to a lover after a quarrel. The writer was sorry and did not shrink from saying so. She was quite ready to make up, and if he also was willing, he was to meet her near the tree on a certain evening. If she found that her letter was gone and he did not meet her, she would conclude that he was angry and would not be reconciled. That was the substance of the letter which was signed "Alice." With it was a letter in a man's hand addressed to his dear Alice, telling how he had been time after time to the tree hoping to find a letter from her and had been disappointed. He could not understand her silence, but was forced to believe she no longer cared for him. He would wait a few days longer, but if there was no letter in the tree then, he would conclude it was all over between them, and he was her true "Jim." The mystery of the letters was revealed by the woodcutters. There was an opening in the trunk of the tree about five feet from the ground. Squirrels had bored a hole up the trunk and had taken the letters to make their nest. Each of the correspondents, finding the letters gone, supposed that the other had taken them and by not replying indicated continued alienation. If each had but known how the other longed for reconciliation, how different their lives might have been! There are some who are kept away from God by the same misconception. The mission of the Gospel is to tell them that God loves them and desires them to be reconciled to him.

As though God did beseech you by us, we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God. (II. Cor. 5 : 20.)

A Noble Porter

The proprietor of the Hotel Astor in New York has just learned, to his amazement, that one of his employees is a member of an ancient Hungarian family of historic fame. He is known among the hotel employees simply as Franz. He is a good-looking man of thirty-five, with straight black hair and a clear-cut profile. For three years he has been employed by the Hotel Astor. In all this time there has never been a suggestion of his lofty birth. The story of his relationship to Charles, Prince de Trauttmansdorff-Weinsberg, leaked out in a curious fashion. Throughout the man's service at the hotel he has made no friends. In the servants' hall, where he ate, he held aloof from the other employees, and went silently about his work, which he performed with scrupulous care. Another Austrian was employed by the hotel last summer. It was this man's duty to act as helper in the pantry and clean the silver plate. He decided to return to "the old country." and hearing that Franz was a Hungarian, asked him some questions about certain cities in Austria. Franz was able to give him information so detailed as to arouse the suspicion that he was of high rank, and one day he made an excuse to go to his rooms. There his suspicions were confirmed by seeing a baptismal cup and other articles bearing the name of the Von Trauttmansdorff family. He taxed Franz with being a scion of the house and the charge was admitted. He said he had quarreled with his family and preferred to work hard for poor wages, than to apologize and return. How many men there are in similar relations to their heavenly Father! They might be living in quiet under his sheltering care, but are held back by pride, and are suffering loneliness and spiritual poverty.

When he came to himself he said, How many hired servants of my father have bread enough and to spare, while I perish with hunger! (Luke 15 : 17.)

A Modern William Tell

A press dispatch from Goldsborough, N. C., to the New York *Times*, reports an act as critical as that of the mythical Swiss hero. A man was approaching his home when he saw a strange commotion in his garden. As he came nearer he perceived, to his consternation, a huge eagle rising in the air with an infant in its talons. He knew well enough that it was his own baby son. The weight was almost too much for the bird, and it rose slowly. The distracted father ran to the house and snatched up his rifle. He knew the risk he ran of shooting his own child, but trusting to his marksmanship he fired, and had the gratification of injuring one of the eagle's wings. That proved to be better than killing the bird, for it descended slowly and reached the ground without dropping the child. Another well aimed shot killed the eagle, and the infant was found to be unhurt, the talons of the eagle having torn only the child's clothes. Had the father been a less skilful marksman, the infant must have perished. There are few parents who need to guard their children against such a peril. They do need, however, to guard them against a more subtle antagonist who is more to be dreaded:

Be vigilant, because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour. (I. Peter 5 : 8.)

Signing the Mayflower Compact

Landing of the Pilgrims

Eliot Preaching to the Indians

The Founding of Harvard

HEALING THE NOBLEMAN'S SON

*By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts**

BEHOLD a sorrowing father. What matters it that he is a person of high social and official rank, a nobleman? He is grieved at heart because his son is sick, and likely to die. Such sorrow knows no distinction. Quite probably it was his only son. The whole household was in distress because of the impending death. All means used for the restoration of the sick son had proved ineffectual. And then the father was willing to listen to the suggestion that he should ask help of Jesus Christ. This was urged upon him because of the many wonderful things Jesus had done in Jerusalem. The nobleman accepted the suggestion so fully that he determined to go himself and personally ask the help of Jesus.

An Urgent Plea

How anxiously the father pleaded with Jesus that he should come down to Capernaum, and heal his son! "Sir, come down ere my child die." We can see him earnestly pressing his hands together, as if to emphasize the request. Jesus saw him, and heard him, and entered into his sorrow, but declined to go to Capernaum, knowing that his word had power to heal. And so he simply said to the father, "Go thy way, thy son liveth." It was probably about seven o'clock in the evening, according to the Roman way of reckoning time. The burden was lifted from the father's heart, because he believed what Jesus had said to him, and he went away.

The early morning hour found him and his servants riding with all speed toward Capernaum. Instead of their dejected appearance of the day before, their whole being, as they pressed their mules forward, bore evidence of high hope. They were nearing home, and were beginning to descend to the Sea of Galilee, about one thousand feet, when the nobleman saw some of his servants coming to meet him. They saluted him with the glad tidings: "Thy son liveth." And when they came near and their master could talk with them, he asked them at what time he "began to amend?" And they answered that the fever had "left him" at the seventh hour. The father remembered that was the hour when Jesus had said: "Thy son liveth." The servants had all unwittingly repeated the very words of Jesus. Then the rejoicing father hastened on, and when he reached his home there was great gladness, and all in his household joined with him in praising the name of Jesus for what had been done. In a legend we are told that the nobleman was Chuza, Herod's steward, whose wife afterward, out of gratitude for the restoration of her son, gave food to Jesus and ministered to him and his apostles with other women, when they journeyed from place to place in their work of teaching and healing.

"The Nobleman saith unto him, Sir, come down ere my child die"

Precious Opportunity

"After two days he departed thence." Jesus had been but two days in Samaria, but it made a difference to hundreds for eternity that Jesus of Nazareth had passed by, and they had heard and heeded his message, sent them through the woman he had saved—a difference also to hundreds of others who had heard but did not heed the good news that a Saviour was near. We might well put on our watches the motto of an ancient clock, "On this moment hangs eternity."

"Went into Galilee." Galilee, as well as Samaria, was a land of the lowly, despised by the more cultivated people of Judea; but Jesus found there a greater welcome than in Jerusalem, one of many illustrations of the fact that pride is a greater barrier to truth and penitence than vice. The publicans and sinners were nearer the kingdom of God than the Pharisee. "The Galileans received him," but "he came unto his own and his own received him not."

"There was a certain nobleman whose son was sick." Neither rank nor wealth can bar out sickness or sorrow. It is said that King Oscar's recent death was hastened by deep sorrow, because Norway had been lost out of his double kingdom. He had lived a noble life, had been a good and beloved king. Dr. Clark, of the Endeavor Society, had secured his hearty endorsement of the movement to secure a treaty of all civilized Powers to protect the uncivilized races against the white man's rum and opium. But he felt like one bereaved of a son in the loss of Norway, which seceded for reasons that did not at all reflect on him. Scarcely less than to homes of the poor come sorrow and anxiety to the homes of wealth. Having more at stake, they are more anxious about the morrow; and the sons of wealth are, in their very abundance, subject to the temptations of luxury that the poor escape. Oh that boys and girls might realize that sin makes more sorrow than sickness! Christian parents experience their keenest pain when the moral nature of a child is sick.

The Hidden Drain

A mother expressed to the family doctor her anxiety because in a new house, on high ground facing the south, chosen to improve her children's poor health, they seemed to grow no better, but rather worse. At last a garrulous old man in the neighborhood, when a little coffin had been carried from the house, said: "What about the old drain that runs right under the house? The contractor just covered it up and the new inspector inquired naught about it. It was not my business to speak, but, seeing the little coffin, I could keep still no longer." So in many a boy's life, in many a man's life, there is an old drain that is poisoning the moral nature, putting the soul in a coffin. That is a thing to be anxious about. Let us ask Christ's help to remove these deadly drains that poison body and soul for both worlds.

In this story the son was "at the point of death." That is a place where sin reveals itself in its true colors, and where the Bible and Christ are seen in their true value. In a London street, a rough man said to a city missionary, "I do not want to listen to your Bible; this"—holding a betting book aloft—"is the book for me. This pays best. Your book is too old. It is out of date. I made £12 by this book last week. What do you think of that?" The missionary replied, "I think you robbed some poor wife and children by your unlawful gains. But, friend, I want to ask you

A Solemn Question

"Which book would you have found upon you at death, your betting book or the Bible?" In a subdued mood the gambler turned away. They met the following day. The gambler opened the conversation. "I have been very unhappy since I saw you yesterday. You upset me by what you said, as to which book I would rather die with." "Tom," said the missionary earnestly, "God's Spirit is speaking to you." "Yes, it must be God. I never felt like this before." "Well, now, Tom, what are you going to do? Which is it to be, betting book or Bible?" Tom sat very still for fully two minutes. Then he looked up with a smile. "Bible," said he in a loud voice. Tom did nothing by halves. He destroyed his betting book that very day, and commenced to read his Bible. Among the betting men he is now a power, asking them the same question.

"Besought him that he would come down and heal his son." Here is one of the many cases of answered prayer when Jesus was upon earth. People in need of help for body and soul came to Jesus and he answered their spoken or unspoken desires by giving them what they asked or something better, at a better time and in a better way. All this should help us to understand prayer. We should come to the invisible God in the same way. The miracles are parables of prayer. And they teach us that God answers prayer, but that he sometimes answers No, when that is the best answer loving wisdom can give.

An Instance of Faith

"Except ye see signs and wonders ye will not believe." Translated into modern life, this means that many a man will not believe he is saved or his child is saved unless he has been through religious convulsions. That is not faith, but sight. As all the apostles, save Paul, became disciples by quietly accepting Christ's call, "Follow me," and as this anxious father believed his boy was saved on the word of Christ, "Thy son liveth," with no other proof; so real faith, without any "feeling," believes that God will keep his part of the great contract in I. John 1: 9: "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

To a boy, who had accepted in full faith this promise, an old elder said, when he had presented himself for church membership: "Do you cherish a hope that Jesus Christ has forgiven your sins?" "I know he has," said the boy promptly and cheerfully. The elder looked to his fellow elders with misgiving at such assurance, and then said to the boy: "How do you know that Christ has forgiven your sins?" "Because he said he would." The story has been told before, but is worth repeating as a perfect parallel in the spiritual realm, to the story of the saved boy in our lesson. Christ saves the souls of boys to-day on the same faith in parents that he saved their bodies of old. Only where Christ would save the soul, the boy must also "believe and receive and confess him."

Accepting the Promise

One of the missioners of the Children's Special Service Mission of London, which is devoted to saving boys and girls, especially of the so-called "upper classes," who often are in the greatest need of a missioner, had invited Ernest Grierson to breakfast, that he might help him to be a Christian, having noted his eager face in the back of his audience of boys for several days previous. After breakfast, the missioner said: "Now, my dear boy, are you one of God's children, or do you want to be?" Ernest flushed. "I think," he answered quietly, "the latter part of your question seems to apply to me best." "You want to be God's child? Well, how do you suppose you can obtain that wish?" "I suppose by doing one's best," he answered at length. "I doubt," said the missioner thoughtfully, "whether any man ever does do that, until he has the Spirit of God within him. He does not know what is the best possible, and he certainly cannot attain to even second best in his own strength. The fact is, you really expect somehow to save yourself by good works?" Ernest looked up. "Yes—I suppose I do." "Well," exclaimed his friend, "I have a glorious message for you. The work is done. Christ cried from the cross, 'It is finished!' And so it was; and all you have to do is to accept the fact with thanksgiving." "But haven't I to do anything?" "Nothing to get eternal life. Plenty as a result of it. The recruit in the army is a soldier when he enlists, but then he has much to do and to learn." "Thank you. It seems to me I have to accept the fact that he died for me, just as I accepted your kind invitation to breakfast this morning." "That is it! I said 'Come'—and you came and proved I meant it. Christ Jesus says: 'Come unto me.'"

A Blood-stained Bible

"Thy son liveth." Whenever this lesson is taught the story should be repeated for those who have not heard it before, of the Christian American soldier killed in the war for the Union, who was found on the field of battle with his Testament in his pocket, in which the words, "Thy son liveth," were framed in his heart's blood. The sorrowing parents cherished this message as a reminder that he had so lived that he could never really die. "He that believeth hath everlasting life."

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* **International Sunday School Lesson for Feb. 16, 1908.** Jesus Heals the Nobleman's Son. John 4: 43-54. GOLDEN TEXT: "The man believed the word that Jesus had spoken unto him, and he went his way." John 4: 50.

The Ideal Bible

Dear Dr. Klopsch: I received the new small Red Letter Bible, and find it in every respect as advertised. I have for many years sought for a small limp Bible containing the helps, concordance, readable type, but never succeeded in finding one till I received yours. Am highly pleased with it, and do not see how it can be sold for the price.

Des Moines, Ia. C. NYSEWANDER, M.D

AROUND THE HOME HEARTH

"Bargain Day"

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

ON certain days the great department stores in the big towns allure customers by what are called bargain days. The bargains are sometimes in one article, and sometimes in another. Whatever goods are selected for bargains are marked down from the original price to a much lower figure, and one who walks through the aisles of a shop at such a time may see women crowding about the counters and bearing off with great delight the prizes they have secured. In point of fact a bargain is often a disappointing affair. It may very well happen that the purchaser had no occasion to procure that special thing, and would never have missed it if she had overlooked the advertisement in her reading of the morning paper.

Said one lady to another, as the two sat side by side in a ferryboat: "Everything is at present so cheap that I feel it a positive duty to go to town at least once a week and buy as many things as I possibly can."

"Yes," said the other, "a good many people feel that way; but I have noticed that the husbands and fathers are looking anxious, and I have been wondering whether it is not a mistake to let one's self go hunting for bargains."

The bargain counter possesses an attraction all its own; yet, on closer inspection, it may be discovered that some of the goods upon it are a trifle shopworn or a bit out of date, or in some way do not measure up to the exacting standard that the fastidious consumer or purchaser prefers. We are, by the way, in this rather lavish country, ignoring the value of small savings. The customer whose shopping is ideal fits her purchase to her want, and seldom buys wares that are cheap, unless they happen to meet her precise need. In the end she is the gainer. At the same time, it may be conceded that there are women of good judgment who, from time to time, almost casually pick up what they call excellent bargains. Those, for example, who buy dress goods, or stock their linen closets at the close of a season, may have less variety from which to choose, but as the merchants are clearing out their goods to make room for a new supply, there are often desirable values to be had for a little ready cash. Those who would possess themselves of bargains in this way must economize at other times, so that they may have in hand the wherewithal to pay at once for what they buy. Few bargains in reality fall into the laps of those who purchase on credit, and, finding a charge account convenient, in the end are surprised at the amount which it reaches in the course of a single month.

In buying for the table, it is infrequently safe to rely upon bargains. As a rule, in the purchase of foods that are not perishable, it is wisest to buy in as large quantities as can be accommodated in the family storeroom. The contracted quarters in which the city householder must often live, oblige the purchasing of food in smaller quantities and for daily use. The frugal housewife may guard against waste by good management. Such an economist knows to a fraction how much tea, sugar and coffee, flour, butter and meat she will need in a week, and she goes to market and to the grocery with an exact list. In her economy there will generally be found no waste and room for a little margin. Bargains will not tempt her.

THE FIRST FRIEND

Here's a faithful friend on guard;
Baby's not in slightest danger;
Rex will keep a watch and ward,
Scrutinizing every stranger.

May the baby all her life,
In its days of peace or strife,
Always find a friend as loyal
As this first one, brave and royal.

The Length of School Sessions

Five to six hours a day spent in the schoolroom by children between eight and fourteen represent the length of the ordinary school session, broken perhaps by a short recess in the morning or afternoon for the younger children, and by a longer or shorter spell at noon. That growing children should have so little time out of doors for healthful play in the sunlight and fresh air as this schedule allows for, seems a pity as well as a mistake. In winter, after four o'clock, daylight is soon gone. Evening hours ought to be spent in the house. Three or four hours a day at most ought to be enough for brain development in the line of school education, and if that amount of time were thoroughly utilized, it is probable that the schools would turn out a great many satisfactory students. In our present educational scheme this shorter time would be insufficient to meet the demands of school boards and superintendents. Not satisfied with giving children tuition in reading, writing, spelling and arithmetic, those foundation stones of culture, we to-day insist that they shall have instruction in zoology, botany, geology, musical notation, ancient and modern history, physiology and other subjects in which they can be taught very little to advantage, and not enough to give them so much as a careful grounding, while teachers are prematurely worn out in the endeavor to do all that is required of them.

Temperance as a Safeguard

NOT a great while ago the announcement was made as an item of news that twenty-five thousand men employed on railroads had signed the pledge of total abstinence from liquor, the reason being that when hands were discharged discrimination was made against those who were known to be even moderate drinkers. Railroads and steamboats are very unsafe when left to men whose keenness of eye and ear is dulled by drink. The vast crowds of passengers who constitute the traveling public have a right to demand strict temperance as the rule for those who are charged with transporting them from place to place.

The appeal against intoxicants has too often been based upon sentiment merely, and again and again it has been found that this was not a sufficient lever to induce a tempted man to give up his baneful habit and step over the line into safety. When it comes to a question of deliberation between losing a profitable job or holding on to it, a man may not refuse to take and keep a pledge, particularly when reinforced by the good company of great numbers of his fellow employees.

As a safeguard against preventable accidents temperance stands well in the front. Mistakes are made through carelessness by veterans who have many times run a risk without misadventure, as was lately pointed out in an interesting article in one of the magazines. The writer was a signal man of long experience, and the sum of his conclusions was that a large percentage of accidents was due to disobedience of orders and heedlessness, usage having made engineers and conductors somewhat reckless.

Granting this to be true there still remains the undisputed fact that a weary switchman who has taken a stimulant to keep out the cold may forget his duty at the proper moment, that a telegraph operator may send the wrong message from a similar cause, and that sleeping passengers may be hurled into eternity through an error committed by somebody whose mind was not quite clear or whose judgment was temporarily clouded.

If the crusade for temperance started among railroad men could be indefinitely extended, a multitude of men, women and children would have reason to thank God.

A Canadian's Appreciation

Dear Dr. Klopsch: Your new small edition of the Red Letter Bible is perfect. It is a gem and unquestionably the finest specimen of press work, binding, and general arrangement I have ever seen in a small edition of the Bible. It reflects the greatest credit on the man who conceived it, and on those who carried out his ideas to such complete perfection.

This book has only to be seen to sell, and I predict for it a success equal to your fondest expectations.

REV. W. MILLS MACBAIN.

Yorkton, Sask., Can.

ESPERANTO CIRCLES IN ALL LANDS

The Foremost Ambassador of the New Language Speaks to CHRISTIAN HERALD Readers

By EDMOND PRIVAT

IN my native city of Geneva, Switzerland, in the spring of 1903, as a schoolboy of thirteen, I found one evening a grammar of Esperanto. I was so interested in it that I didn't go to bed before having learned the rules of so easy and so simple a language. That night, with one of my friends, I began to work, and labored every day to acquire the vocabulary of the language, and to get practice in writing and speaking it.

After a few weeks we founded an Esperanto club with some school comrades, and an Esperanto magazine, the *Young Esperantist*. We were ridiculed somewhat in the beginning, as well by our teachers as by the majority of the other boys. Outside of the school we encountered everywhere the mockery of the people in a city where the international language was considered as Utopian nonsense.

Dr. L. L. Zamenhof
The Founder of Esperanto

Soon a new world was opened to us by corresponding in Esperanto with people all over the earth. We entered into this beautiful Esperantoland, which has the whole world as its territory and the brotherhood of man as its standard. New ideas, new feelings dawned upon us. We began to feel something greater, something higher than the poor, small ideals of schoolboys, who know nothing outside of their own city and its football grounds.

En la mondon venis nova sento;
*Tra la mondo iras forta voko.**

We became enthusiastic over the efforts of Dr. Zamenhof to bring the nations together in a better understanding. We felt that it was the duty of young people to take it up and to spread it.

I next started Esperanto classes in Geneva, and tried by my little magazine to organize an international correspondence between young people of all countries. The attempt was very successful. Think for a moment how fascinating it is for young boys or girls in Japan, in Russia, in Italy, to make friends everywhere in other lands, and to exchange postal cards, stamps, views, information, etc., about their respective countries! What a good lesson in geography and what good means to gain practice in Esperanto!

In 1904, I published in French my first pamphlet about the international language. In 1905, I went to the First Universal Congress of Esperantists in Boulogne, France. There were present about 1,000 delegates from more than thirty different countries. Seeing all those people, who never knew each other before, living as real brothers for one week, talking, discussing, singing, and even playing comedies in this new, harmonious, sweet language, was so impressive a spectacle, that I wished very much to bring to the incredulous people of my own city such a living proof of the value and charm of Esperanto.

I invited the Second Congress to Geneva for 1906, and although the organization of such a big conference was a little bit startling for a boy, the Congress was very successful. I conducted as many classes as I could during the preceding winter, and picked out the best pupils as members of the Organization Committee. Twelve hundred people came to this great meeting, and it had a greater effect in converting the people of my country to the new language than any formal discourse.

In Cambridge, England, where we met last summer, we were 1,500 strong. In the Fourth Congress, which will meet next summer in Dresden, Germany, we expect to number 2,000.

The Esperanto movement is now very strong in Europe, and also in Japan. About 750 societies already exist for the spread of the new language. Different kinds of scientific, commercial, literary and sociological magazines are published in the international language. Esperanto is taught in a great number of public schools in France, and also in England, Switzerland and Russia. In some towns, the Esperanto pupils are so numerous that the school boards now give preference to those candidates for school teachers who know the new language. A great many young people are now able to make new friends abroad, to travel and to find situations through the knowledge and influence of Esperanto.

In 1905, the Committee for the Teaching of Esperanto to Young People was founded and chose me as its International President. I have been lecturing through some of the European countries, but until last June I was still a student and could use for my Esperanto propaganda only my evenings and vacations. Last summer, after my last examinations, I went to England for the Esperanto Congress, where some American friends asked me to come to this country to advance the Esperanto movement. As I did not know a word of English, I remained four months in England, long enough to acquire the language, though imperfectly, and to earn, by teaching in London and Cambridge, the money necessary to come over here. Two months ago, I went back to Switzerland, stopping on the way at Paris. I delivered some lectures and then came to America. I have visited here seven cities and delivered about thirty lectures. In New York City, I spoke before the Board of School Superintendents and in many public schools. I conducted Esperanto classes in the Normal College and in Washington Irving High School. In Boston I spoke in the Public Library, in the Twentieth Century Club, in a Latin school, in the Blind Institute, and other places, and found everywhere an encouraging interest in Esperanto. In Cambridge, Mass., I spoke to the students at Harvard Union, where I was introduced by the world-famous Professor William James, whose conversion to our work is the greatest encouragement I have had in America. I hope soon to see President Roosevelt, and trust he may help our work too by his influence. I expect to see, at no distant date, a general demand for the introduction of Esperanto into the public schools of America.

Edmond Privat
The Young Esperantist Now Visiting America

I have a few months more to spend in this country before going back to Europe, and I should like, meanwhile, to help all who are interested in Esperanto to form classes, clubs, etc., in each city. The readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD ought to form everywhere circles of about six members each to learn the language in a conversational way. Choosing as chairman a person who has already some slight acquaintance with a foreign language, they could learn Esperanto together quickly without needing a special teacher. International correspondence is also an excellent way to learn the language, and it might possibly be arranged by the Editor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to find foreign correspondents for those readers who become proficient and who ask him for it in a note in good Esperanto.

If in any way I can help those who are interested in the new language by delivering a lecture in their city, or by advising them in organizing for study, I should be glad to do so, if they will take charge of travel or postal expenses.

I believe that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has given to its readers an excellent opportunity to advance a splendid cause, and at the same time to gain the first advantages of this work. Esperanto may soon be introduced in the American schools, as it is now taught in Europe. Where shall the teachers be found if not among the first Esperantists of the country? There is not yet a great number of Americans who speak Esperanto. Parents who have children in the high schools or training colleges ought now to make them learn it thoroughly, that they may be ready to grasp the opportunities that are sure to arise. When Esperanto has become an "official" language, everybody will learn it; but the merit and the positions of teachers will belong to those who have had foresight enough to learn it before it became official. And who will regret having worked in a cause that means so much for peace and public utility? When one thinks of the actual results of Esperanto already achieved and looks forward to future results also, one becomes more and more enthusiastic for it. It is the duty of the young people of America to stand up for such a grand educational work, and by their ardor to aid and encourage other nations. The great Russian writer, Tolstoi, said that the work of the Esperantists is one of the most efficient for advancing throughout the world the kingdom of Him whose birth was announced in the words, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

Dr. E. Boirac
President *Lingva Komitato*

And this is why, for twenty-one years past, the endeavors of the Esperantists have been so visibly blessed. With slow but sure progress the new language has planted strong roots everywhere. "The sacrifices," said Tolstoi, "which any one makes in learning this international language are so slight, and the results so immense, that no one should refuse to attempt it."

I am sure that among THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers there are many who will attempt it, and inspire others to do the same. It was to tell you this that I came to this country. To any one who wishes to collaborate in this ideal I offer my hand.

* Into the world has come a new sense; through the world goes a strong call.

Among the Workers

—REV. MR. BEAUCHAMP is holding revival meetings at Birkville, Kansas.

—A UNION REVIVAL, conducted by Evangelist Robert L. Layfield, closed lately at Atkinson, Ill.; 134 professed faith in Christ.

—REV. MR. COCHRANE, of Antrim, N. H., lately preached the closing sermon of his forty years' pastorate with the Antrim Presbyterian Church. The pastors of the Baptist and Methodist churches, with their people and many from other towns, came to hear him.

—AT THE RECENT meeting of the Third Mid-Winter Evangelistic and Soul-Winning Conference, held in Chicago, rural evangelism was a prominent topic. The Moody Bible Institute was asked to take the initiative in organizing an interdenominational society to carry on such a work.

—A SERIES of evangelistic services has just ended at Lysander, N. Y. The first two weeks were preparatory meetings under the pastors. On December 5 Evangelists Sheldon and Mitchell arrived and remained until December 22. More than one hundred professed to have found Christ. The churches were quickened into new life.

—HASBROUCK HEIGHTS, N. J., has been the scene of a series of notable revival meetings. Three denominations united their forces and Pastors McGeorge, Staats and Evans labored zealously and successfully at all the meetings. Countess Von Boos-Farrar's singing was a feature of the revival. Many conversions are reported.

Welcomed in the Home

Dear Dr. Klopsch: I have received the Red Letter Bible, India-paper edition, and am very much pleased with it, also with the Calendar and the copy of the "Declaration of Independence." Thank you for them all. We shall enjoy having THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in our home. EVA W. BEDFORD.

Nyack, N. Y.

Greeks Seeking the New World

By REV. A. D. ZARAPHONITHES

THOUSANDS of young Greeks, descendants of Achilles and Agamemnon, are leaving the shores of Peloponnesus, and coming to the New World. They are of the average age of twenty-five years, and possess intelligence and robust constitutions. They are of the stuff that makes good citizens.

Other nationalities have their representatives at the Ellis Island immigration depot to meet their own people, direct them and attend to their needs, temporal and spiritual; but the Greeks are left alone. They are neglected and left to wander about in unknown regions, like their great legendary ancestor, Ulysses. Many of these young men have been brought up in a moral home atmosphere. In the rural districts of Greece, they have lived all unknowing of the evils that are associated with large cities. Frequently, on arriving here, they are led away by unscrupulous men who make immigrants their prey. They frequently become the victims of those who pretend to find work for them, and who keep up the delusion until all their money is spent.

Missionary Zaraphonithes and his Family

Many young Greeks are now employed as waiters and helpers in the hotels and restaurants of New York City. They do not apply for work to the various English and Greek employment bureaus, where they might find employment, but are easily victimized and induced to pay unscrupulous men to secure work for them, and after working for a short while, without receiving any explanation they are discharged, and others put in their places.

After my arrival in America, for more than a year I spent much time visiting factories, hotels, restaurants and other places to find work for young Greeks. Owing to the increasing numbers of those who came to me for help, I was compelled to settle in an East Side, down-town district, where I opened a free employment bureau for the Greeks, and where we are now doing all we can to help them.

Many of these new arrivals in New York and other cities are now engaged in selling fruit and roasting and selling chestnuts and peanuts. Their life is a most laborious one. Many get sick, and we have been instrumental in getting them into a hospital, where they have been treated as the cases required. Our Free Employment Bureau for Greek Immigrants attends to the needs of these people, as most of them do not understand the English language.

On one occasion, there came to our office two young Greeks, who spoke no English, had no work, and neither friends nor money. On account of their ignorance of the language, they found it very hard to secure work. We provided for their temporary support, until we succeeded in getting them employment. The other workmen protested because of their poor clothing, and the Bureau fitted them with decent suits and undergarments. This is a fair illustration of many others of a similar character.

Not only men but women immigrants from Greece come to the Bureau for advice and help. Many find it a safe refuge until they can communicate with friends. Frequently, women immigrants apply at the Bureau for work. A woman from Athens, Greece, with two children, applied, and the mother and daughter were placed in a home, where they are now earning their living, while the son was sent to work in Massachusetts.

The founders of this work among Greek immigrants feel the urgent need of a well equipped home for women as well as men. It is proposed to establish a home where the newcomers can secure cheap but comfortable lodging and food at nominal cost. In the same buildings there would be a reading room and an Employment Bureau, the whole to be under the care of a capable Christian man and a Christian woman.

The Free Employment Bureau is at present having a hard struggle to cover current expenses, and must depend upon contributions largely for its support. Any readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who are interested in the work or who desire to know more concerning it, will receive all necessary information by writing to the undersigned at the Free Employment Bureau office, Second Avenue Baptist Church, No. 164 Second Avenue, New York City. A Sunday School for the Greeks is held on Sunday afternoons in this church. An excellent spiritual work is being done among the young immigrants.

The Sight-Singing Classes

WE frequently receive communications from readers saying that they could not join the Sight-Singing Classes earlier and asking whether it is too late to enter now. There is no time limit to entrance in Mme. Newman's classes. Admission may be had now or later, as new classes are constantly forming.

Mme. Newman's course gives the student a general practical working knowledge of the principles of music and Sight-Reading. She holds that singing is as much a matter of the ear as of the voice; that if you hear correctly, you will sing correctly. In her "ear-training" exercises, which begin the course, the main essentials are simply presented and lead logically to the theory of music notation, rhythm, scale-structure, etc., and the pupil sees, one by one, difficulties disappear.

Vocal instruction is also of great physical value if the breathing exercises receive due attention. Mme. Blauvelt says: "I know many a person to have been saved from consumption by a course of singing lessons, which tends to establish a correct use of the voice as well as stimulate the natural love for music. In every one there is a germ of power to appreciate the finest music, and the easiest way to express that appreciation is with the voice."

All who desire to join should send name and address on a postal card to Musical Editor, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, New York.

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Covered with Beautiful Mercerized French Art Twills.
An exceedingly luxurious, soft, springy, round-cornered mattress of extra weight, much thicker than regular.
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4 feet 6 inches wide, 60 lbs., $30.00 each.

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Mattresses all full size, 4 ft. 6 in. wide, 6 ft. 4 in. long, *in one or two parts,* round corners, 5-in. inseamed borders, French Rolled Edges, as illustrated.

Filling is especially selected Ostermoor Sheets, all hand-laid, closed within ticking entirely by hand-sewing.

Weight, full 60 lbs. each, 15 lbs. more than regular.

Coverings, beautiful Mercerized French Art Twills; finest quality, pink, blue, yellow, green or lavender, plain or figured. High-grade dust-proof Satin Finish Ticking, striped in linen effect, or the good old-fashioned blue and white stripe Herring-bone Ticking.

These Mattresses are the very softest and most luxurious we can make, built in the daintiest possible manner by our most expert specialists; represent in the very highest degree the celebrated ***Ostermoor*** *merit of excellence, and are a rare bargain both in price and quality.*

Price $18.50 Each

We pay Transportation Charges anywhere in the U.S. Offered only while they last; first come, first served. The supply is limited.

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If he has none in stock, we will ship direct, express prepaid, same day check is received.

Regular Ostermoor Mattress, 4-in. border, 4 ft. 6-in. size, in two parts, costs **$15.50.** The **$30** French Edge Mattress is 2 inches thicker, weighs 15 lbs. more, has round corners, soft Rolled Edges, closer tufts, finer covering, and is much softer and far more resilient.

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When ordering, please state first, second and even third choice of color of covering, in case all you like are already sold, as there will be no time for correspondence.

This advertisement will not appear again.

Reg. U.S. Pat. Office

THE MISCHIEF-MAKERS

By MARY McCREA CULTER

CHAPTER XIV—*Continued*

THERE was a circle of malcontents in Hawthorne, as there is in every church—a circle composed of people who allow their own jealousies, and private grudges, and desires for personal power, to override all considerations of the welfare of the church. Over this circle in Hawthorne church, Hollis, through her influence over her parents, and by her shrewd and subtle whisperings, had acquired a leadership which she never hesitated to use to further her own plans and purposes. Here lay the secret power that had destroyed the influence of so many ministers, and driven them in discouragement from the field. So long as Mr. Allan had allowed himself to be an innocent tool in the hands of this circle, the remaining majority of the church had received him coldly, and had looked upon him with suspicion. It had been a shrewd scheme on the part of the Haywards to persuade the new minister to board at their house, thus securing an influence over him from the beginning, keeping him from too intimate association with the other party in the church, and moulding his opinions in accord with their own. It had been, for them, a most unfortunate combination of events which sent them all away from home so suddenly that they had not time to provide safe quarters for Mr. Allan, and so had allowed him to "fall into the hands of the enemy," as Hollis expressed it. They had not realized how much might be accomplished in four short weeks, when there was no adverse element to retard or change things. Dora Murray's report, then, came as a disagreeable surprise, and Hollis was fairly puzzled as to what course to pursue. She did not linger long at Dora's home, but went back to her own, and throwing herself down in her favorite hammock, gave herself up to deep thought.

Some time later, Glenn Fraser drove up to the gate, with Mr. Allan as his companion. The minister lingered for a few final remarks, and then, as Glenn drove away, came briskly up the walk, humming a snatch of one of the new songs which the young people had been learning. Seeing Hollis in the hammock, he drew one of the porch chairs near to her, and sat down for one of their old-time, pleasant chats.

"You look warm," Hollis said by way of greeting. "You will find this cool porch much pleasanter than the dusty roads. Have you had a long ride?"

"We went some ten or twelve miles, altogether; but Glenn's horse is a swift traveler, so we made our round in quick time. He was going over to Millville to-day, and, as I wanted to visit some of our people over that way, he took me along," the young man explained.

"Some of our church people? Who in the world lives over that way?"

"I went to see the Barkers and the Glendennings. They have been at church the last two Sundays, and say they intend to come back to us regularly. They have not attended here for two years past, although their names are still on the church roll. I am glad they are coming back to us, for they appear to be nice people, and will be of much help to us. Their young people are of great assistance with the music."

"You think they are nice now," Hollis answered—"they always are excessively sweet to new friends—but you will soon get enough of them. They are a meddlesome, quarrelsome lot, and Hawthorne church is better off without them."

"Why, the Lawrences and Miss Walker and the Alisons seem to think a great deal of them, and are delighted with their return," said the worried minister.

"Of course they are pleased. The Barkers and Glendennings always were hand in glove with them, and the Alison-Lawrence contingent need all the backing they can get. You'll soon have trouble on your hands. We tried them in the choir times without number, but it always ended in a quarrel. Sadie Glendenning considers herself an authority on music, and will not follow any leader."

"She works beautifully with Miss Kathleen," objected the minister.

"That is simply so that she can get a hold, so as to run things as soon as Kathleen goes away. Let's see. This is August. Kathleen will be leaving for her school in about two weeks."

"She is not going away this year. She has been elected principal of the Hawthorne school."

"What?" almost screamed Hollis in wrathful surprise, as she sat up in her hammock and eyed the startled preacher. "Not going away? Mercy on us!"

"Why, I thought -" began Mr. Allan, but the girl interrupted:

"Yes, I know what you thought. Kathleen Lawrence has hoodwinked you so completely that you thought the best fortune that could happen to Hawthorne would be to have her stay here; but I know, and a great many others know as well, that there will be the worst kind of trouble in that choir if you keep her at the head of it all winter. Sadie Glendenning would be far preferable, quarrelsome as she is."

"Why would you not help me when I wanted you to do so," asked Mr. Allan, "and thus have prevented all this trouble?"

"Simply because I cannot and will not work under Kathleen Lawrence's dictatorial management. I thought she would leave soon, and then I could come to your assistance without any disgraceful scene. You see, I know these people by heart. We have worried along with them as best we could, ever since the church was organized, and have tried to shield our pastors from their unpleasant influence, and to keep things running smoothly in the church. I get so weary of it all sometimes, that I feel tempted to abjure the whole thing, and just be comfortably wicked."

She looked up at the minister with an arch smile, calculated to draw from him warm protests against such inclinations, and to beguile him into "loving the sinner while condemning the sin," but her ruse failed. Mr. Allan was so troubled over the spirit she displayed, so deeply thoughtful at meeting such adverse conditions, that he failed either to see her coquettish smile, or to note the almost open threat of withdrawal. She looked at him with keen expectation, which faded into dull disappointment as she beheld his abstracted manner and utter forgetfulness of herself.

"Of all the stupid preachers that ever struck Hawthorne, he is the stupidest—sometimes," she thought. "I wish I had not said so much all at once. Now he will go poking off to his study to think it all out and form his own conclusions, unless I forestall him." Aloud, she said:

"Are you too weary to walk down to the bridge with me? There has been a sudden rise in the river to-day, as the result of a waterspout out west, and papa says it is worth going to see."

"I wish I could go with you," Mr. Allan replied, coming out of his reverie, "but this is Thursday evening and I must finish my study for prayer-meeting. I should have been at it before this time."

He rose as he spoke, and went away to his room, while Hollis shook up her pillow with unnecessary energy, and resumed the unhappy train of thought which had been interrupted by his arrival.

CHAPTER XV

MINE AND COUNTERMINE

IN the solitude of his room, with his books opened before him, Mr. Allan forgot the prayer-meeting topic which he had come to prepare. His mind and heart were engrossed with what seemed to him a more vital subject of thought—the peace and prosperity of his church. He was harassed by the unpleasant revelations that had come to him. His hopes, which had risen so high, had been shattered by one ruthless blow, and discouragement filled his soul. What had become of the far-reaching plans and purposes of the last few weeks? Why had he suddenly lost faith and courage to carry out the schemes which had been begun so hopefully and prayerfully? Had this been the sickening experience of his ministerial predecessors? No wonder they had shaken off the dust of their feet against the Hawthorne church.

Thus he sat and pondered, not for one moment questioning the veracity of the revelations that had come to him. He had allowed himself to fall so entirely under the influence of the Hayward family, and had become so fascinated by Hollis' beauty and sprightly companionship, that he believed implicitly in her and in her parents, whom he had hitherto looked upon as his most trustworthy advisers.

The supper-bell aroused him from his unhappy reverie, and with a sigh he pushed back his unused volumes and obeyed the summons. He found a dainty supper, served in most appetizing style in the cosy dining-room, and Hollis, in becoming gown and most engaging manner, waiting to serve him.

"Papa and mamma drove out to Cousin Henry's this afternoon, and have not yet returned," she explained. "I found that we could not wait for them, if we are to be on time at the prayer-meeting; so we will take our tea now, and they can have theirs when they are ready for it."

She entertained him in her brightest and happiest manner, while she waited upon him, and made the meal so pleasant that he found himself wondering whether it would not be delightful to have many such meals, with only this pretty girl sitting across the table from him, in a home of their own.

They lingered over the meal until the first bell for prayer-meeting rang.

"There!" Hollis cried, starting to her feet, "we are barely through in time. I shall have to leave these dishes until we come back."

She hastened to close the house and to provide herself with a wrap; then she joined the fascinated young man who was waiting for her on the porch. They walked down the path together, the young man forgetful of his ministerial trials, the girl triumphant in the success of her maneuvers; but at the gate the situation was materially changed.

Glenn Fraser, coming whistling up the street, was just in time to swing the gate open before them.

"How lucky!" he cried. "I was beginning to fear the hobgoblins that come out when twilight falls, but now I am safe. Hobgoblins dassent come around where Hollis is. May I see myself to prayer-meeting with you?"

"It is evident that you intend to do so, whether we wish it or not," Hollis replied spitefully. Why must Glenn, of all people, come along just then to spoil the tête-à-tête that was both so promising and so important?

"What a good guesser you are! You should become a professional mind-reader and necromancer. You'd make a fortune at it. Did you look over those pieces we were talking about?" he asked,

Continued on page 111

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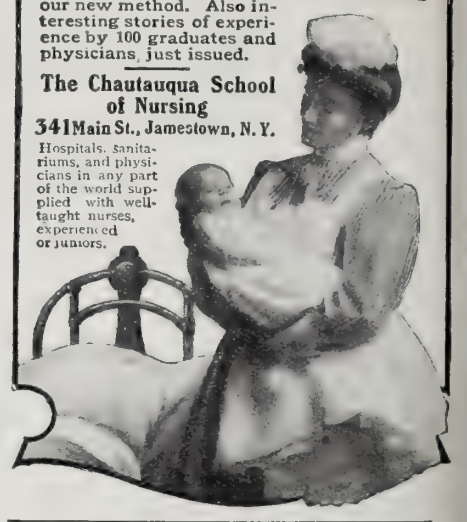

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THE MISCHIEF-MAKERS

Continued from page 110

suddenly turning his attention to the minister.

"No. I simply forgot them. Miss Hollis was giving me some bits of church history that made me forget present duties," Mr. Allan replied.

"She is well qualified to speak on that theme. We've had some good battles in ancient times, haven't we, Hollis? This church couldn't get along without Hollis and me. We keep life in it by our wranglings, and the choir platform is our usual battle-ground. Did it never occur to you that the red carpet is most appropriate there, and that the majority of choir platforms are carpeted with that color? It is the danger signal—so to speak—emblematical of the bloody battles waged upon it. The choir is like a teeter-board, for Hollis and me. When she is up, I'm down; and when she is out, I'm in. It's perpetual fun to see who'll come out ahead. Sadie Glendenning is back again. Aren't you rejoiced to hear it? Sadie and Hollis are sworn cronies," he concluded audaciously, turning to Mr. Allan.

"We are no such thing," snapped Hollis, completely thrown off her guard. "You know very well that I can't endure her. If you are going to talk such nonsense, we can dispense with your company."

"But I can't dispense with yours, for 'the goblins 'll git me, ef I don't watch out.' They roost all round our church, you know. What bits of church history were you discussing with Mr. Allan? It is quite important for me to know, for I must be prepared to make my defense when he courtmartials me."

"I do not consider it necessary to repeat my private conversation for your benefit. The sooner you are courtmartialed, the better for everybody. Let's talk of something agreeable."

"Yes," interposed the annoyed minister. "I fear none of us will be in a very fit frame of mind for prayer-meeting, if we stir up such feelings by the way."

"I beg your pardon," Glenn said promptly. "I entirely forgot that you are not used to such things. As for Hollis and me, we're not in good health if we're in a good humor; so the more we fuss the better we feel. Isn't that so, Hollis?" But the girl made no reply. She walked along with head held high, with flashing eyes and flushed cheeks.

Glenn paid no further attention to her, but dropping his bantering tone, began talking with Mr. Allan about their trip of the morning and their plans for the song rehearsal after prayer-meeting. By the time the church was reached, the minister's thoughts had been diverted to a more pleasant channel.

The conversation that was so soothing to him produced quite the opposite effect upon Hollis—as Glenn designed it should—so that when the three entered the church her ill-humor was apparent to those who were already there.

Miss Tilly Walker motioned to Glenn, and he slipped obediently into the seat beside her. She looked at him reprovingly.

"Glenn, you have been bad again. You have been tormenting Hollis."

"Yes, ma'am," answered Glenn meekly, with mirth-filled eyes.

"And on the road to prayer-meeting, too," continued Miss Walker.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Will you never learn that such things are neither kind nor wise?"

"No, ma'am," with exaggerated meekness.

"It is not right. You do the girl much harm by arousing her temper, and you cause her to do and say things that are not at all to her credit."

"Yes, ma'am. That's why I did it."

"Glenn! How could you?"

"Well, it's all your fault. If there is any blame, you'll have to answer for it. You won't let me tell Mr. Allan how abominably hateful, and bad-tempered, and deceitful she is, so I have to make her tell him herself. Why, she had him just about ready to propose to her tonight. I saw it in his eyes when I chanced to meet them at the gate, and her manner was already triumphant. Do you think I was going to stand peaceably by, and let him wreck his life and our church too? No, ma'am. I'm too faithful a friend and too good a Christian for that. I bickered with Hollis all the way to church, until she was mad enough to bite a ten-penny nail in two. Yes, ma'am, I've been good. You oughtn't to scold me." His look of wounded virtue made Miss Tilly laugh in spite of herself.

"I fear you were 'doing evil, that good might come'," she said.

To be continued

Ministry to the Poor*

WHEN we see churches moving from the city to the suburbs, or the residential neighborhood, as the reports say, we realize that in these days it is to the rich and the well-to-do that "the Gospel is preached." The characteristics of Christ's work, to which he drew John the Baptist's attention as signs of its divine origin (Luke 7: 22), have but little resemblance to the Christianity of our time. The Gospel is preached to the poor in missions and there are societies for visiting the prisons; but the preaching to those classes is no longer the main business of the church. The fact is matter for regret on both sides. The poor on their side need the Gospel, and the sleek, well-dressed Christian on his side would be a better man if he came into close contact with the poor. Both lose by the separation.

It is easy to understand why the churches move out of the slums to the residential sections. They are almost deserted. The church in the slums, that was once crowded, is now almost empty. Its former congregation has moved away, and it seems to have no hold on the people who live near it now. The church naturally asks, "Why should the building be kept open? No one comes to it and the preacher would have to preach to empty pews." It is a long journey from the rich man's house to the church he formerly attended; the weather is uncertain, and he has a church nearer home where there is a ministry he enjoys. So the church building is closed or sold to be turned into an office building or a store.

Is there no better solution for the problem? Has the church now no message for the poor? It had in Christ's day and in apostolic days. Have the poor changed? Or has the church forgotten the message? Perhaps the answer lies in the word "ministry." How much ministry has been done of late among the poor? Have they been treated with indifference? It is true that larger sums than ever have been given in charity, but it is not charity that the poor chiefly need. They need that kindness that enters into their difficulties, that listens to their troubles, and that honestly strives to help them. The dole that charity flings to them is welcome and is generally accepted, but it brings the donor and the recipient no nearer together than they were before. It brings no sense of brotherhood. If the rich man's brother were in trouble he would study his case and would strive to help him. But the poor is not his brother, and he is put off with a gift. It is when the church ministers to the poor, that it will win his heart and bring him into the fold.

* Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for February 16. Matt. 25: 31-46.

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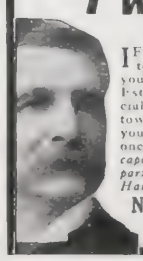

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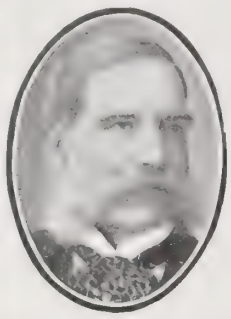
The Late Morris K. Jesup

MORRIS KETCHUM JESUP, long known as one of America's foremost philanthropists and a prominent banker and financier, died of heart disease at his home in New York City, on Thursday, Jan. 23. He was born in Westport, Conn., in 1830, and was a descendant of an old New England family. While still a young man, he became interested in finance, and organized the firm of Clark & Jesup, bankers, which was later known as M. K. Jesup & Co., and subsequently became Cuyler, Morgan & Co., with Mr. Jesup as a special partner. He was identified with the financing of the Canadian Pacific Railroad and many other important enterprises.



The Late Morris K. Jesup

He retired from active business in 1884, and until his death devoted himself to philanthropy. He gave largely of his own fortune to further science and social betterment, and devoted his energies to these projects. He was a member of many clubs and societies, a trustee of nine institutions, a director of three and president of eight societies and institutions devoted to benevolent and humanitarian objects.

He equipped several expeditions of scientists at his own expense, and some of the most valuable features of the New York Museum of Natural History are memorials to his generosity. Yale University and Williams College conferred upon him the degree of Master of Arts, on account of his scholarly attainments, and Princeton gave him the degree of LL.D. He was interested in explorations of all kinds, and was president of the Peary Arctic Club. His contributions to ethnological research were recognized by the Czar of Russia, who two years ago conferred upon him the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Stanislaus.

Mr. Jesup was president of the New York Chamber of Commerce. He was also for many years president of the American Sunday School Union and took an active part in the affairs of the Five Points Mission and the Sailors' Snug Harbor. In 1854 he married Miss Maria Van Antwerp De Witt, daughter of the Rev. Thomas De Witt, who survives him. There are no children. His charities were broadcast.

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Four Years Among the Tibetans

Continued from page 103

takes place, the wife usually gives the husband a few rupees. Their marriage is quaint and picturesque, including banquets, dancing, singing of bridal songs, and a forfeit contest in verses. There is no civil or religious marriage ceremony among the lower orders. Divorce consists of snapping a thread, held up on the fingers of the husband and wife.

Hunting, archery, horseback riding, skating and a few other forms of amusement are the chief pastimes. New Year and harvest are the two great festivals. Tibetan greetings are grotesque. When you meet a native in the morning, he says *jooly* (a universal word of greeting), sticks out his tongue and inclines his head to one side. When a Tibetan man or woman is drinking tea with you, the custom is to shoot out the tongue frequently. In some districts, they greet one another by taking hold of the left ear. Women cross the hands, with closed fists, then bring the right hand to the forehead thrice, saying *jooly* three times and courtesying. This is considered high etiquette. A social inferior presents you with a scarf, by casting it at your feet; a superior throws it around your neck. When a grandson or granddaughter is born, the grandfather immediately turns over his affairs to his son or heir and retires to private life. In a polyandrous community, such an event frequently retires several supposititious grandfathers at once. The people have a language of flowers, which they embroider in cap or on breast. Nearly all the sentiments can be expressed in this language. The sending of a bunch of yellow flowers is a declaration of love; a broken leaf means a broken heart; three kinds of flowers mixed together is renunciation; red flowers are denunciation; blue are affection, etc.

It is made clear by Ahmad Shah that the voluntary seclusion of Tibet from the world is the result of a fear on the part of the Lamas that when the foreigners come in their own power will pass away forever. Civilization and the Gospel have made but a very slight impression thus far, and their influence is wholly confined to the border people. Tibet has still to be won from its ancient idols and its gross superstitions.

From Defeat to Victory *

GLOOM and sadness have been, in many a crisis of the Church's history, the precursors of joy and triumph. First the cross, then the crown. Time and again the enemy has uttered his shout of victory in the very moment when the sun of deliverance has been coming to the dawn. Fierce persecution has scattered the Christian congregations, killing this man, torturing that man, and driving the other as a fugitive to the mountains. Then, as it will be in the final tribulation, the anti-Christian powers rejoiced and sent congratulations to one another over the destruction of God's servants, only to find that the faith that appeared to be dead had arisen with new power and fuller life. The blood of the martyrs has proved the seed of the Church.

This principle Christ recognized in his own career. His disciples looked forward for him to a long course of triumph and the glory of kingship in Jerusalem, but he had no such delusion. The decease that he must accomplish, the baptism that he must be baptized with, the lifting up that would attract men—these were the grim realities that were before his vision, not the throne and the purple of the capitol. He did not go blindly to his death. He saw in it the way to victory. "For this cause came I into the world." He saw the philosophy of it, too. How pathetic was his explanation to Philip: "Except a grain of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit." Had he lived and reigned after a sanguinary battle, grasping the sceptre from the hand of his dead enemies, how small would his position have been! The world would have looked upon him as on Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon, and have admired his genius, but would not have loved and worshiped him. To win the devotion of men he must suffer and die, and out of defeat win the greatest victory.

The principle applied to the head of the Church and to the history of the Church is true of the individual. Men do not enter that kingdom with the pride and ardor of victors. It is when they acknowledge defeat; when they confess that in themselves they are nothing; when they learn that no effort of their own can avail them, and they give up the struggle and yield themselves to Christ to be saved, that they find rest and peace. Every victor in the Church's array of heroes has become such by defeat. There he learned not to rely on himself, but on divine strength. He cries in reverence with his Master: "I am he that liveth and was dead, and behold, I am alive for evermore."

* Topic of the Epworth League for Feb. 16. Matt. 26: 36-46; Psalm 86.

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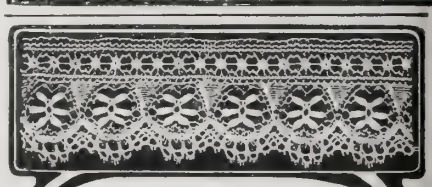

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Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Teaching Tenement Housewives

FOR several years past a philanthropic society of wealthy ladies, known as "The League for Home Economics," have conducted cooking classes in the homes of the women of the New York City tenements. The wives and mothers attending these classes have manifested so keen an appreciation, that the League has been encouraged to open a School for Housekeeping.

A three-room flat in the heart of one of the congested sections of the city has been rented and furnished with a view to making it a "Home Centre," where wives, mothers and young women of the neighborhood may learn everything pertaining to the management of their homes, and where instruction will be given in the laws of hygiene, expenditure of income, judicious marketing, selection of pure food, plain cooking, nursery, laundry work, sewing and baby tending. The front or living room, with painted floors and walls, has been furnished with plain wooden furniture, cheese-cloth draperies at the windows, and a table which may serve as dining table. Efforts will be made to teach the women the delight of sitting down as families, at neatly spread tables, covered with well-cooked, nourishing food, instead of standing about the tubs in the kitchen and taking turns at a poorly cooked meal, eked out by stuff from the popular delicatessen store, and, too often, the can of beer. The tiny kitchen appeals to the eye of every woman who beholds the row of shelves, with their shining kitchen utensils.

"They will see for the first time in their lives a well-equipped kitchen," says Mrs. Julian Heath, the president of the League. "Nothing will be in this flat that they could not have themselves. There are many ideas we should like to introduce that would be beyond these people's purses; therefore we don't have them here. All the rooms will be furnished simply and prettily and suitably, with an eye to making the most of small space."

The League for Home Economics plans to inaugurate a system of home centres, such as the one just opened. The expense of maintaining a centre will be about $1,200 a year. The co-operation of the tenement women has been kept uppermost during the execution of plans for the model flat, many consultations having been held with interested housewives, who volunteered advice. While the school is mainly for the instruction of women, girls, too, are trained for domestic service. Several mothers have said that they would be glad to have their daughters take such a training, rather than enter the factories.

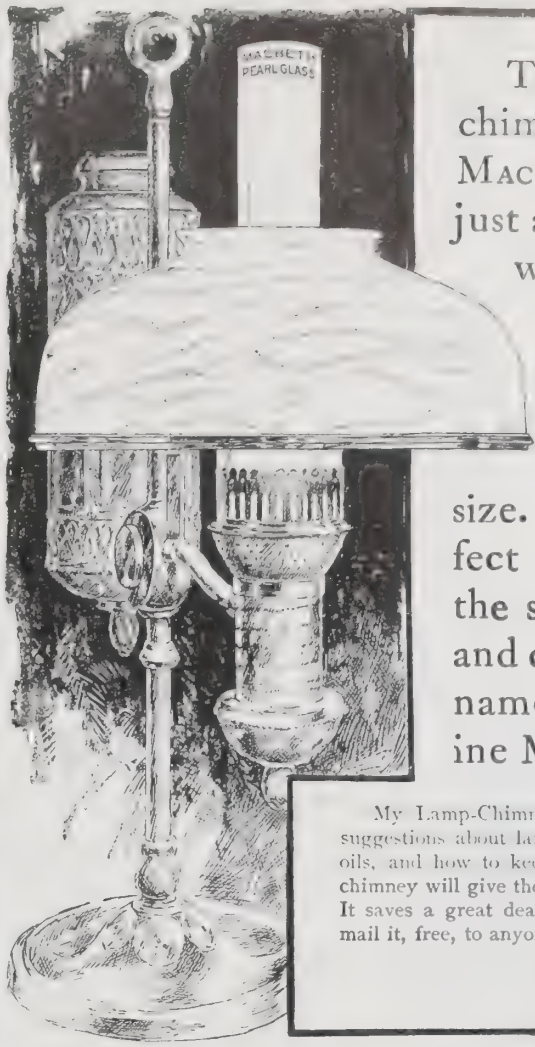
Work of a similar nature is being carried on by Miss Nellie Huntington, daughter of the late Col. J. T. Huntington, former partner of John D. Rockefeller, who is conducting classes in the Goodrich House Settlement of Cleveland, O., for the training of young girls in the ways of economy and practical decent living. Miss Huntington is an heiress in her own right, but has turned from the fascinations of society to teach "little mothers" how to live tidily, hygienically, and comfortably at minimum cost, in flats of three or four rooms.

In Chicago there was a stir in fashionable circles recently when it became known that Mr. Joseph Medill McCormick, son of Hon. Robert S. McCormick, former ambassador, and his wife, who was Miss Ruth Hanna, daughter of the late Hon. Mark Hanna, had left their home on the Lake Shore Drive to live, for a while at least, in the University of Chicago Settlement House out among the stockyards. Mr. and Mrs. McCormick are impressed with a desire to help solve the problem of right living for the unskilled laborer who, on a small weekly wage, must house and feed and clothe a family. The typical three-room flat, with its dozen human beings crowded into it, is characteristic of this neighborhood. The population of this community is largely Slavic. How to raise their crude standards of living and to help them become good Americans is a problem requiring wisdom, sympathy, and intelligent co-operation.

Studying Kitchen Science in the Model Tenement School

Walking Around the Globe

Francis Kivikias, a native of Finland, undertook the task of walking around the world, and set out three and a half years ago. The journey was the result of a wager between a grain merchant of San Francisco for whom Kivikias was working, and a German millionaire from the same city, who backed two Germans against the Finn. The three competitors left San Francisco on Feb. 15, 1904, marching toward Alaska. There they suffered terribly from cold; the two Germans had their feet frozen, and were obliged to give up. Kivikias plodded on bravely. He crossed China, says the *North China News*, and during the war reached Japan, where he was arrested for a spy. He proved his innocence and was released; but in Manchuria the Cossacks caught him, and he only got away by bribing them. In Siberia he was chased by wolves. Should he win, the prize is to be a sum of money and a farm of 170 acres in California.



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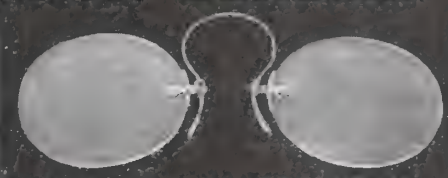

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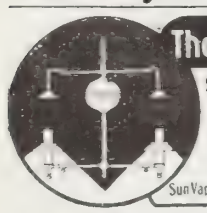

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A COURSE IN ESPERANTO

LESSON No. 3.—By Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

Dictation Exercises. Let different members in succession, one at a time, write upon the blackboard from dictation by the leader, the letters of the alphabet and the syllables: Aŭ, aj, oj, eŭ, ej, uj. Let the members of the circle be ready to correct any errors made by those writing upon the blackboard.

Translate into Esperanto at dictation of leader:

Blue sky. Black cloud. Brilliant stars. Green tree. Clear sky. Gray hair. Long arms. Strong hands. Long finger. Red cheeks. Black hair. Red lips. Large mouth. Large foot. White skin. Strong back. Large bones. Long neck. Black eyebrows. Blue eyes. Strong legs. Healthy flesh. Fat shoulders. Large chin. Pale face. Long eyelashes. Large ears. Large nose. Useful hands. New moon. Brilliant sun. Large tree. Yellow hair. Black hair and blue eyes. Fat arms and hands. Bone and flesh. The moon and stars and sun. The sky is blue. The eyes are black. The head is large. The flesh is healthy. The face is pale. The chin is red. The clouds are black. The skin is black. The tree is green. To grow. To shine. To move. To close. To hear. To twinkle. To walk. To break. To sing. To talk. To change. To chatter. The tree grows. The moon shines. The ears hear. The stars twinkle. The feet walked. The tongue sang. The lips will speak. The tongue will babble. The ears should hear. The hands should play. See a new star. Shine, new moon. Speak, beautiful lips. The eyes see the beautiful stars. Strong hands broke the green tree.

The Numerals—Cardinals

How to Count in Esperanto. Unu (1), du (2), tri (3), kvar (4), kvin (5), ses (6), sep (7), ok (8), naŭ (9), dek (10), dek-unu (11), dek-du (12), dek-tri (13), dek-kvar (14), dek-kvin (15), dek-ses (16), dek-sep (17), dek-ok (18), dek-naŭ (19), dudek (20), dudek-unu (21), etc., tridek (30), kvardek (40), kvindek (50), sesdek (60), sepdek (70), okdek (80), naŭdek (90), cent (100), du cent (200), tri cent (300), etc., mil (1000), mil kvar cent (1400), mil naŭ cent (1900), du mil (2000). The year in which we live is mil naŭ cent ok. Miliono (1,000,000), kvar milionoj (4,000,000), etc.

Note.—As Miliono is a noun it requires the preposition *da*, used after nouns of measure or quantity, as: Miliono da viroj, *a million of men.* Du milionoj da soldatoj, *two million soldiers.*

The termination *oj* is pronounced as *oi* in *toil.*

Exercise. Dudek. Naŭdek. Dek-naŭ. Tridek. Tridek-sep. Sepdek-kvin. Naŭdek-naŭ. Okdek-ok. Sepdek-naŭ. Okdek-unu. Sesdek-sep. Sepdek-kvin. Kvardek-kvar. Tridek-tri. Dudek-ses. Sesdek-kvin. Naŭdek-unu. Kvindek-ok. Dek-ok. Dek-unu. Okdek. Kvindek. Kvin cent. Ok cent. Ses cent. Kvar cent. Tri cent. Naŭ cent. Naŭ cent naŭ. Ok cent kvar. Du cent sep. Ses cent naŭ. Sep cent kvin. Ok cent tridek. Kvin cent naŭdek. Ok cent dek-ok. Ses cent tridek-naŭ. Naŭ cent naŭdek-naŭ. Kvar mil.

Five fingers. Two hands. Two eyes. One head. Thirty trees. Five hundred trees. A million stars. One thousand stars. Seventy hands. Sixty dogs. Eighty cats.

Ordinals

Ordinals are formed by adding *a* to the cardinals. Unua, *first;* dua, *second;* tria, *third,* etc.

Exercise. Deka. Dek-unua. Dek-naŭa. Dudeka. Tridek-unua. Sesdek-oka. Dek-oka. Kvardeka. Sesdek-naŭa. Okdek-oka. Cent-unua. Ducent-kvina. Dudek-tria.

To learn to count in Esperanto is such a simple matter that one should be able in fifteen minutes or less to get the combinations, and give any number on call, certainly as far as 1000. In a circle it would be well for the leader to call upon different members to write numbers upon the blackboard for others in the circle to read. It would also be well to have one hundred or more counted in the circle, each member giving one number. Addition, subtraction, multiplication and division in mental arithmetic would make an interesting exercise.

How to Make New Words

Add *in* to the masculine to make the feminine. Patro, *father;* Patrino, *mother.* Viro, *man;* virino, *woman.*

Vocabulary

Filo	son	Koko	cock
Knabo	boy	Ĉevalo	horse
Nevo	nephew	Bovo	ox
Onklo	uncle	Ŝafo	sheep
Edzo	husband	Anaso	duck
Avo	grandfather		
Praavo	great-grandfather		
		Hundo	dog
		Cervo	deer

Add *id* to signify the young: Kato, *cat;* katido, *kitten;* birdo, *bird;* birdido, *nestling.*

Take the list of words beginning with koko, and apply this rule. Write out all new words made according to the two rules.

The Pronouns

Personal Pronouns. Mi, *I;* ci, *thou;* li, *he;* ŝi, *she;* ĝi, *it;* ni, *we;* vi, *you;* ili, *they;* oni (indefinite), *one, they, we, people.* Si, *himself, herself, itself, themselves* (reflexive, used for third person only). Possessives are formed by adding final *a.* Mia, cia, lia, ŝia, etc. They agree in number with noun they refer to. Mia kato, *my cat.* Miaj katoj, *my cats.*

Exercise. Mia bovino. Miaj bovinoj. Miaj onkloj kaj onklinoj. Liaj du avoj. Lia ĉevalido. Iliaj anasoj. Kvin nevoj. Dek nevinoj. Tri katidoj. Sep belaj kokinoj. Dudek belaj birdoj.

Write out the translation in English. Form original compositions.

Those desiring to do so can obtain an Esperanto Primer for 10 cents, and an Esperanto Vocabulary for 10 cents, from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

The addresses of all Esperantists in Washington, D. C., are desired by the Secretary of the Washington Esperanto Society, Charles W. Stewart, 1211 Kenyon Street, Washington, D.C.

Brought to Christ by a Sermon

This is what THE CHRISTIAN HERALD did for me, by hearing my dear sainted mother read a sermon from its pages one Sunday afternoon, the text being, "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world." One afternoon as I was working in the field, being tired and discouraged with life, I sat down to think things over. I looked back and saw only sin, work, and defeat, and decided to end my days. Suddenly the text I had heard came to me. I got up and decided that I would see to what end I was born.

In May, 1905, I gave my heart to God, and in October of the same year was gloriously sanctified, and now find that "His yoke is easy and his burden is light."

Fairfield, Me. L. S. KINNEY.

The Late A. W. Dennett

Alfred W. Dennett, who died in Stockton, Calif., lately, and who a few years ago was one of the best known restaurant keepers in this country, was a man of wide charities and many Christian activities. He believed in carrying religion into his business and his restaurants in various cities were placarded with texts from Scripture. For many years he was active in home missions and rescue work. Through unfortunate investments his resources gradually dwindled, and in late years he was a comparatively poor man. His health gave way several years ago. He was seventy-two years old at the time of his death. There are many who will remember, with kindly feelings, his generosity to good causes in the days of his prosperity.

GLAD TO BE HOME

Soldier Appreciates the Right Kind of Food.

A soldier's life, especially the U. S. soldier in the tropics, is often full of hardship, as much on account of improper food as of climate or the enemy's bullets.

"I entered the service," writes an Okla. man, "for duty in the Philippines, and at time of enlistment was healthy, weighing 150 lbs.

"Food improperly prepared, along with the tropical climate soon caused my health to fail, so that when I returned to San Francisco to be mustered out, I weighed only 110 lbs. and was much reduced in strength.

"On arrival we were issued what is called a convalescent ration, but it did not seem to build me up and after a time I concluded to try Grape-Nuts. After using it for two weeks I showed improvement and I was glad to be home where I could get the proper food.

"I have been using Grape-Nuts ever since and heartily recommend it to all soldiers returning from the Philippines, or to any person suffering from indigestion and loss of vigor.

"The U. S. Government would do well to include Grape-Nuts in their "convalescence ration," for soldiers who have become sick or run down from service in a tropical climate."

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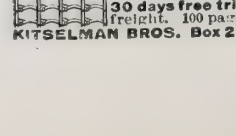

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What the Peace Conference Did

AS there have been many conflicting opinions expressed here and abroad relative to the work actually accomplished at the Hague Peace Conference, a member of the staff of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD (Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts) submitted a list of the unanimous conclusions of the Hague Conference to several of the American delegates for their revision and approval. The result is the following concise and accurate statement of twenty-one new additions to international law, which, having been adopted by cable orders of the governments represented, will undoubtedly be ratified by them. The list is now published for the first time and may be regarded as absolutely accurate.

The Hague Conference of 1907, by the *unanimous vote of forty-five nations*—

1. Established the inviolability of neutral territory and the right of asylum in it of prisoners of war.
2. Prohibited belligerents from establishing wireless telegraph stations in neutral territory.
3. Forbade belligerent ships revictualling at neutral ports, except to complete their normal supplies, or to take fuel, except to reach the nearest port of their own country.
4. Provided that hostilities should not begin except by a declaration of war, or an ultimatum with conditional declaration.
5. Directed that a state of war must be notified without delay to neutral powers, and may be given by wire.
6. Prohibited the dropping of projectiles from balloons.
7. Required indemnification by any belligerent who violates the laws of war.
8. Declared that it is desirable to give a definite period of grace to be allowed merchantmen in an enemy's ports at the outbreak of hostilities.
9. Prohibited the use of mines for restricting commercial navigation.
10. Prohibited the use of floating mines, except those so constructed as to become innocuous within an hour after they pass from human control.
11. Prohibited the use of anchored mines that do not become innocuous after they have broken their moorings.
12. Prohibited the bombardment of unfortified places.
13. Provided for the inviolability of fishing boats and small craft.
14. Provided for the inviolability of the postal service.
15. Ratified the humanitarian recommendations of the Geneva Red Cross Convention of 1906, and added others.
16. Provided for the humane treatment of captured crews.
17. Established an international prize court, in which unlimited right of appeal is given where neutrals are concerned.
18. Prohibited any nation from attempting forcibly to collect a debt claimed by its citizens of the government of another nation, unless there has been a previous offer by the creditor country to submit the question of the indebtedness to arbitration.
19. Declared in favor of a permanent international court (realization delayed because of the difficulty of forming a court of limited number of judges when all States wished to be represented).
20. Proclaimed its belief in the principle of obligatory arbitration.
21. Provided for a reassembling of the Conference.

On many other progressive propositions there was a majority vote, but the above were unanimous, and so will be incorporated in a treaty which, when ratified by all the participating powers, will become a valuable addition to international law.

An Appeal to Jesus

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

WE are about to consider our Lord's first recorded miracle of healing. After the two days of his ministry in Sychar, following on the steps of the newly converted Samaritan woman, Jesus "went forth from thence into Galilee. For Jesus himself testified that a prophet hath no honor in his own country" (R.V.). What! Was Jesus, then, bent upon avoiding honor? Yes, absolutely. He declared, "I receive not honor from men" (John 5: 41), and he acted on this principle all his life through.

The people of Sychar said, "This is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world;" but the people of Nazareth, where he was brought up, said, "Is not this Joseph's son?" (Luke 4: 22). "Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary, the brother of James and Joses, and of Juda, and Simon? and are not his sisters here with us? And they were offended at him" (Mark 6: 3). Yet Jesus did not remain in Samaria, where he was recognized, but went into Galilee, among his own, who "received him not." This was not from any morose, misanthropical spirit, which made him gloomy and moody; but his Father, who guided all his steps, would not give him into the hands of men, or let his Messiahship be made known by these Samaritans, who had but a partial knowledge of him. He left his Father to work out all his will, and according to that will he went into Galilee.

A change had come over the Galileans; they had seen Jesus in a new character. The young carpenter of Nazareth had publicly rebuked those who bought and sold in the temple, and no man had forbidden him. He had spoken with the elders of the Jews in Jerusalem, "and many had believed in his name when they saw the miracles which he did" (John 2: 23). He had gained such an influence over the people during the few days of the feast, that his name was in every mouth, and so it was now to the interest of the Galileans to know and own him whom they had not marked before. "The Galileans received him, having seen all the things that he did at Jerusalem at the feast; for they also went unto the feast."

There was "a nobleman, whose son was sick at Capernaum." This man must have heard of Jesus, either from some who had been up to Jerusalem, or from some who had seen the water turned into wine; so he went in person to Jesus, "and besought him that he would come down and heal his son; for he was at the point of death." It may be that he thought he was conferring a favor on the carpenter of Nazareth in calling him in to exercise his power on such an august personage as the son of an aristocrat. He was very unlike the centurion who said, "Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldest come under my roof" (Matt. 8: 8), for he stipulated that the cure should be performed his way. "Come down and heal my son."

To his great surprise, Jesus answered him, "Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe." The great Healer of soul and body saw in the nobleman a disease more deadly and more enduring than that which was fast sapping the life of his son. He saw that his faith needed healing. "Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe." It is very natural (but it is not at all Divine) for us to make a picture in our minds as to how a prayer is to be answered, and if the answer does not come in that way, to judge that God is unfaithful, and to complain that he has not answered at all.

In times of financial stress, such as existed from Oct. 22d to the first week in December of last year, the safety of real estate mortgages is most apparent. This is the security you obtain for every dollar placed with the Industrial Savings & Loan Co. See their ad. on page 110.

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I may need to strengthen your stomach, intestines and nerves first. **Too Thin?** A pupil who *was* thin, writes me:

"I just can't tell you how happy I am. I am so proud of my neck and arms! My busts are rounded out and I have gained 28 pounds; it has come just where I wanted it and I carry myself like another woman.

"My old dresses look stylish on me now. I have not been constipated since my second lesson and I had taken something for years. My liver seems to be all right and I haven't a bit of indigestion any more, for I sleep like a baby and my *nerves* are *so* rested. I feel so well all the time."

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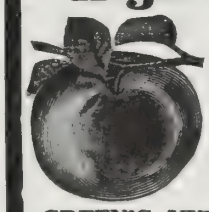

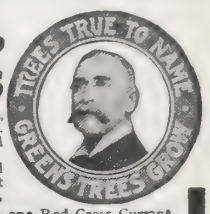

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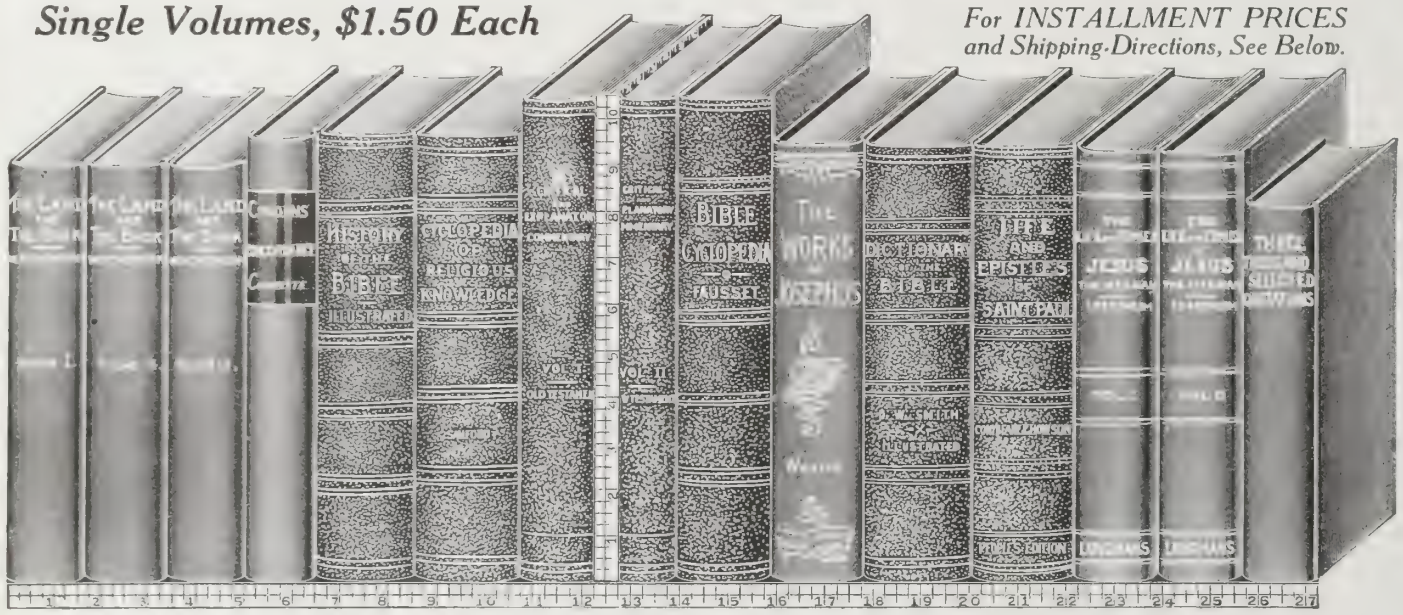

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VOL. 31—NO. 7. PRICE 5 CENTS
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HIS VALENTINE GIFT

SEE PAGE 124

Questions and Answers

N. A. J., Saw, Mich. Is a man justified in breaking the law, even though that law be unjust?

We do not think so. It is an axiom that the best way to abolish a bad law is to enforce it, meaning that its enforcement will lead to its revocation. One ought to obey the laws of the land, and if these laws are oppressive and iniquitous, then the proper remedy is popular agitation, seeking redress through parliamentary channels, but not through law-breaking or revolution.

F. L., Orange, N. J. What is the real meaning of the word "Levant"?

It comes from the French word *lever*, "to rise," meaning the East. Applied to Asia Minor, Turkey, Greece, etc.

Mrs. F. H., Bemidgi, Minn. What is the relative value of voice, pen, and purse, in the evangelization of America?

All three are closely related in the movement for national evangelization, and ought to work together. Christians should be bold to speak, prompt to advocate by their pens, and generous to support with their means, every movement looking to the spiritual betterment of our people. As to the comparative value of the three, it might be said that each, in its own peculiar way, is of the highest importance and each has, at different times, achieved triumphs which would be impossible to the others.

L. C. Jones, Winchester, Ky. What is the meaning of the name of the steamer *Mauretania*? Has it any historical connections?

Mauretania is the ancient name for Northwest Africa. The designation was used by early Roman historians.

C. H., Dilley, Tex. 1. In an ideal state of society, do you think street cars would be used to convey people to church on Sunday? 2. Is Browning sufficiently plain to be read intelligibly by people who have received only a common school training?

1. While we hold that Sunday travel, save in cases of absolute necessity, or to perform some work of mercy, should be avoided, we confess our inability to conceive of a condition that would involve the total disuse of street cars. Such a thing is very unlikely to happen. 2. There are difficult and obscure passages, of course, but these you will find greatly cleared in editions with explanatory notes or annotations.

J. H., Pilse, N. H. Why were the Atlas Mountains of Africa so called?

They were named after Atlas, an enormous giant of mythology, who the ancients believed supported the heavens on his shoulders.

L. M. K., Columbia City, Ind. In John 2: 15, were the owners of the sheep, oxen and doves driven out of the Temple, or was it the animals alone?

The text states clearly that he drove the money changers and sellers of animals out "and the sheep and the oxen," and even flung out the money. "Take these things hence" is the unmistakable language. It was a general clearance, bag and baggage.

F. F. H., Peterson, Ia. 1. Are goods that are made in America, such as watches, machinery, etc., sold in foreign countries for less than here? 2. Are they inferior goods or are they the same as are sold here?

1. Plows, sewing machines and certain other articles of American manufacture are sold abroad for less than they bring in the home market. We cannot tell about watches. 2. They are presumably the same as those sold here.

H. L. D., Webster City, Ia. In the MAIL-BAG you condemn promiscuous gatherings such as are found at roller-skating rinks. Are not such gatherings an opportunity for Christian influence to affect the lives of many who do not attend church? If the Christian does not meet the unbeliever how can the latter be evangelized? 2. An acquaintance is much given to the use of profanity in his own home circle. Shall I refuse to enter his home socially, and can I properly ask him to reform his language?

1. We regard the opportunities for spiritual work at roller-skating rinks, under present conditions, as too slight to be considered. On the other hand, such gatherings afford opportunities for acquaintanceships that are frequently undesirable, and lead to many bitter regrets afterwards. 2. You would be justified in speaking to him quietly about the matter, and if, after your protest, it was persisted in, you would be quite right in declaring that unless he discontinued the use of profanity, you could not resume social relations.

A reader of this paper, Dr. Isaac Prince, New York City, sends this striking suggestion:

Recalling the multitudes upon multitudes of people of foreign speech, who have been sent to our Gospel-favored shores, I have wondered if it is not one of those signs of the times, when, in the day of our Lord, he is bringing them to this valley of decision, to lead them to choose or reject him, to receive or refuse the good news of salvation; to break loose right in the traditions and superstitions of man, and to be brought into the clear light of the Gospel of Salvation, through faith in our crucified and exalted Saviour. I should be thankful if you would give space in your world-wide journal to an old man's day-dream. I can see in my vision a new and (as far as I know) untried messenger, which may be used for reaching these people, as well as many more in all parts of the earth — the graphophone or phonograph. We have consecrated men and women in our city, so versed in foreign languages that hymns, prayers, God's Word, and Gospel messages could be delivered through these Pentecostal messengers, in Arabic, Armenian, Chinese, Finish, German, Hebrew, Greek, Italian, Japanese, Lithuanian, Russian, Slavic, and almost every spoken language under the sun. This little Gospel giant could in the market-place, the highways and byways, the seraglios, the caravan and vessels of the sea, and in places and among peoples where the male messenger of the cross is not permitted to enter, become an inspired teacher of the redemption from sin and death through faith in the Crucified One. Prominent leaders to whom I have spoken, most heartily approve of it.

A reader, L. L. G., of Chippewa, O., very kindly sends the following in regard to a recent query: "In your paper of Jan. 1, 1908, J. R. C., Pleasant Hill, Mo., made inquiries about looking glasses that came over in the *Mayflower*. There is one looking glass that came over in the *Mayflower* in the Western Reserve Historical Building, at Cleveland, O.

R. R. W., Roll, Okla. To whom did Christ refer in speaking (Matt. 11: 14) of Elias?

There was a prophecy that God would send Elijah or Elias to turn the hearts of the people (Malachi 4: 5). When John appeared the Jews asked him if he was Elias, and he answered that he was not (John 1: 21). They evidently expected that the literal Elijah, who is represented as ascending to heaven without dying (II. Kings 2: 11), would be sent to earth. John knew he was not that. He regarded himself as a humble messenger, a mere voice, with no distinction but that of preparing the way. The character of his preaching, however, shows that, like other messengers from God, he underestimated his dignity. When Christ spoke of him he settled the question definitely in the passage you refer to. John, he said, was the Elias to which the prophecy referred.

Prof. Maurice Gould, whose company of artists lately gave a most enjoyable concert at the Bowery Mission, includes in his company Baroness de Packh, mezzo-soprano; Victor Kuzdo, violinist; Henry de Packh, basso; Miss de Banachowska, elocutionist, the professor himself being piano accompanist. Churches, societies, Y. M. C. A.'s and other organizations desiring their services can address Prof. Gould at 50 East Eighty-sixth Street, New York.

Subscriber, Sioux City, Ia. Do you think a person's future can be told by astrology or palmistry?

Certainly not. Clever charlatans and humbugs may tell you so, but only the foolish and credulous believe them. The future lies in God's hands and it is wisely ordained that we cannot lift the veil. In all generations there have been men who pretended to read the future, but they have always failed.

R. G., Carsonville, O. 1. Who was the last prophet of the old dispensation? 2. Did the Satan who now tempts men tempt the patriarch Job?

1. John the Baptist came as the forerunner of Christ, and so may be considered the last prophet of the old dispensation. Christ said: "All the prophets and the law prophesied until John" (Matt. 11: 13). Otherwise, if you regard him as belonging to an intermediate dispensation, the last would be the prophet called Malachi, the writer of the last book in the Old Testament. It is not certain that Malachi was his name, as the word may be translated, "My messenger." 2. There is no other power that we know by that name. The first chapters of the book of Job do not indicate so much a temptation as a test whether Job would be faithful to God in adversity.

Mrs. S. H. S., Wind Gap, Pa. What authority has a minister for saying it is impossible to worship God in some climates? It seems to me to be contrary to Christ's command, "to preach the Gospel to all nations."

No authority whatever. God can be worshiped, and is to-day worshiped, in every land and climate on earth.

M. B., Easton, Pa. Is the story of the spider weaving a web across the entrance to a cave to be found in the Bible? If not, where can it be found?

No. It is a legend first told of Mohammed, who hid in a cave when fleeing from Mecca from the Koreishites, who sought to kill him, but did not enter when they saw a spider web that had appeared overnight.

Subscriber, Belltown, Pa. Is the story of the Deluge fact or allegory? Were all living creatures on earth destroyed?

The references to it in the literature of other nations confirm the Bible account of it as a historical fact. The Flood was probably not universal. It would answer its purpose, if the human race, excepting those in the ark, were destroyed. Animals living in other parts of the earth than those occupied by men, were perhaps left unhurt.

The First Congressional Delegates from the Philippines

THE photograph on the left is that of Benito Legarde, and that on the right Pablo Ocampo. They were recently chosen by the Filipino Assembly as the first delegates to represent our Eastern colonial possession in the United States Congress. Both are men of education and political training, and they have shown at home an unusually intelligent understanding of colonial affairs, which indicated capacity for good service in the broader field of national representation.

Miscellaneous

R. A. F., Hoopa, Calif. The "g" in Carnegie is pronounced hard.

T. H. W., Williston, Fla. We are unable to answer your question.

E. R. R., Madison, Wis. The Union Pacific Railroad was formally opened May 10, 1869.

I. S. N., Chico, Calif. There is no truth whatever in the Ingersoll story which you mention.

A. T. We have already and quite recently published a paragraph covering the points to which you refer.

Kansas Reader, Marietta, Kan. If you will send us your address, we will forward you the story of Esperanto.

Mrs. J. W., DeKalb, Ill. Your question is answered in the MAIL-BAG of January 29 under questions about Christmas in last column.

Subscriber, Philadelphia. No; the Chinese ladies do not wear veils as a custom, although they may possibly do so on certain very special occasions.

Subscriber, Albany. The prayer which you enclose has been repudiated by Bishop Lawrence long ago. We pay no attention to chain letters.

A Subscriber, Sherbrooke, Quebec. We have heard the story several times, but have been unable to find the verses. You should have sent name and address.

F. W. Y., Durhamville, N. Y. You can get the information in regard to major-generals who were graduates of West Point, by addressing the Chief Clerk, War Department, Washington, D. C.

A. B. C., Norristown, Pa. According to the legend, the boy with the basket of loaves which were miraculously multiplied, was Ben Ezra, the son of Mariamne, the sister of Philip, one of the disciples.

V. A. S., Frankfort, Ind. We attach no importance to the so-called modern prophecies of which you write. We would remind you that Christ himself has said: "That of that day and hour no man knoweth, not even the angels."

Lucy M. B., Alabama. Esperanto is not the language of any country. It is an artificial language invented by Dr. Zamenhof, of Poland. There are many periodicals and books published in the language. A primer of Esperanto will be sent by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for 10 cents, and a vocabulary for 10 cents.

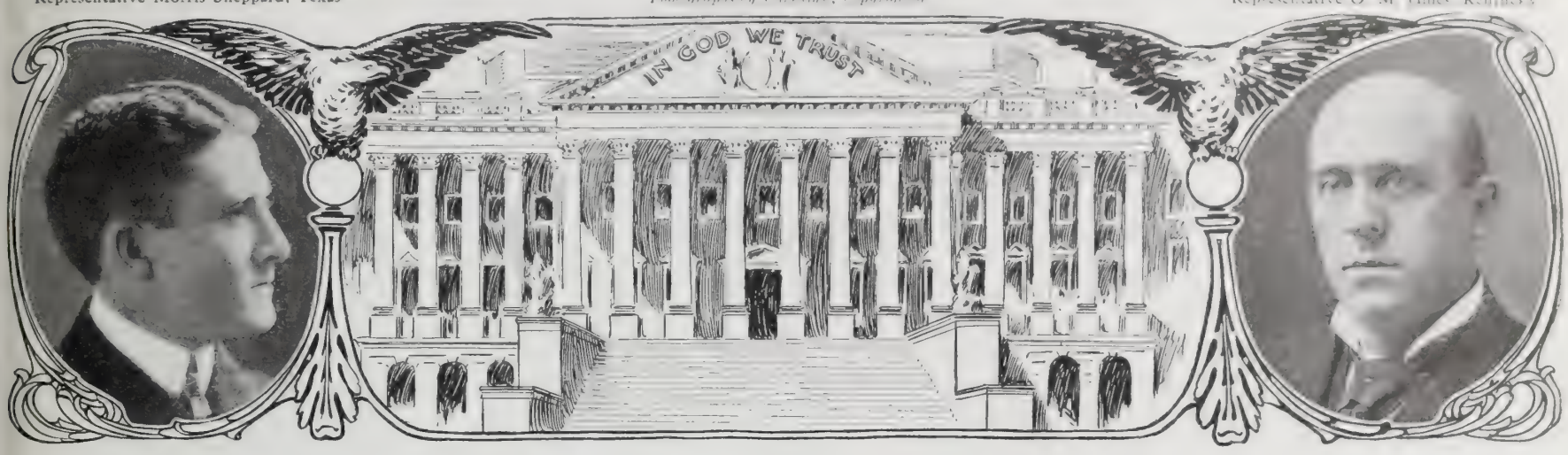
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

Representative Morris Sheppard, Texas

Photographs by Underhill, Copyrighted

Representative O. M. James, Kentucky



TO RESTORE "IN GOD WE TRUST"

Three Bills Before Congress to Put Back the Motto in Obedience to Popular Demand

THERE is little doubt but that the present session of Congress will witness the enactment of legislation requiring the motto "In God We Trust" to be replaced on all the important coins of the country. The protest of the American people, voiced through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which has received thousands of letters demanding its restoration, is not to pass unheeded. Three different bills looking to the restoration of the motto have been introduced in the House of Representatives, and a canvass of the most influential members seems to indicate that there is practically no objection to the contemplated action. Furthermore, there is no expectation that President Roosevelt will veto such a measure, should it be passed by the legislators.

As our readers are already aware, the President, for reasons which he has publicly explained, does not wholly approve of the motto being placed on the coins. He stated his position on the subject at some length in a communication which he gave to the public press at the time the storm of protest broke, when it was discovered that the significant words had been omitted from the new designs prepared by St. Gaudens for our gold coins. At the same time, it is not understood that President Roosevelt personally stipulated or even suggested that the motto be left out of the new designs. The disappearance of the time-honored phrase was apparently due either to oversight, or to the fact that the artist did not deem it an essential part of the design.

Now, while President Roosevelt's private opinion is against the wisdom of introducing the words "In God We Trust" on our coins, he has no desire or intention to insist upon the universal acceptance of this judgment. Representative J. Hampton Moore of Pennsylvania, who has introduced one of the bills providing for the restoration of the motto, talked with the President on the subject a short time since. The Chief Magistrate indicated that he had no objection to any legislation Congress might see fit to enact on the subject. He explained that his contention merely was that there is no law on the statute books providing for the use of the motto, and until some legislation is enacted bearing on the subject, he is not disposed to proceed in the matter.

Hon. C. C. Carlin, Va. Hon. G. A. Pearre, Md. Hon. I. W. Wood, N. J.

Members of Sub Committee of Congress now considering the Restoration of the Motto

All of the bills introduced in the House of Representatives with the intent of securing the formal adoption of the motto "In God We Trust" for our coinage, have, in the natural order of business, been referred to the Committee on Coinage, Weights and Measures. The chairman of this committee is Representative William B. McKinley of Illinois, the close personal friend of Speaker Cannon. The other members of the committee are Congressmen Ira W. Wood of New Jersey, Joseph R. Knowland of California, William C. Lovering of Massachusetts, George A. Pearre of Maryland, Charles A. Kennedy of Iowa, Joel Cook of Pennsylvania, Samuel McMillan of New York, Joseph G. Beale of Pennsylvania, Addison D. James of Kentucky, Peter A. Porter of New York, John W. Gaines of Tennessee, Thomas W. Hardwick of Georgia, Robert M. Wallace of Arkansas, Daniel J. Riordan of New York, Charles F. Booher of Missouri, William A. Ashbrook of Ohio, Charles C. Carlin of Virginia, and Delegate Jonah K. Kalanianaole of Hawaii.

In order that the whole subject covered by these various bills might be thoroughly investigated Chairman McKinley has referred the meaures to a subcommittee, consisting of Representatives Pearre, Wood, and Carlin. These members have held numerous meetings to canvass the situation, and there is little doubt that their recommendations will be adopted by the full committee and, thus endorsed, offered for the action of Congress. Presumably only one bill will have the sanction of the Committee. It may be any one of the three measures now under consideration, or it may be an entirely new measure that will embody the best features of several or all of these proposed laws.

The first bill on the subject, introduced on December 2, 1907, by Representative Ollie M. James of Kentucky, provides "That all coins of the United States of America

Continued on page 1[illegible]

THE
American Pulpit
A SERMON BY
Robert Stuart MacArthur*

The Hidden Force

TEXT—Matt. 13: 33
"The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven"

OUR Lord was the world's greatest teacher. Never did men speak more wisely than did his enemies when they said, "Never man spake like this man." The whole world has been sitting for two thousand years at the feet of Jesus Christ, and learning of him. Men are never prepared to walk the dizzy heights of intellectual greatness until they have sat in lowly reverence at the feet of the world's great Teacher. Jesus Christ is, as the Germans say, "*Der Einzige*," the Unique. He stands alone among the world's great teachers. To-day science and philosophy are coming to sit at his feet. To-day the foremost thinkers along the lines of sociology are only attempting to approach the Sermon on the Mount. There is not to-day, in any country, or in any science or philosophy, a man who can be considered as foremost in his department of thought, who is opposed to the teachings of Jesus Christ.

He did not introduce the teaching of parables. He did, however, in this chapter, introduce the parabolic method of instruction, so far as his own public teaching was concerned. As this chapter gives us the first examples in Christ's teaching of the use of parables, so it gives us the largest number of parables found in any one chapter; we have nowhere else "so many and so costly pearls strung upon a single thread." The entire series is strikingly beautiful. Here we have seven parables; four of them spoken while our Lord sat in the boat on the beautiful Sea of Galilee, the most honored sheet of water on this globe; and three spoken to a smaller circle of the disciples in his own home. I shall set aside all discussion of the mere machinery of the parable, and proceed to the truths taught in the text.

Religion an External Force

Your attention is therefore called, in the first place, to the fact that religion is an external force introduced into our life. The woman, as we are told, took the leaven and hid it in three measures of meal. True religion is not a philosophy; it is a revelation. It is not an evolution; it is primarily an involution. True religion is the gift of God—"Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him." The water of life is the water of God. After we have partaken thereof, it is within us as a well of water springing up into everlasting life. True religion is, in its beginning in individual experience, an external bestowment. Men cannot, by anything that is within them inherently, develop the noblest character, and the greatest likeness to Jesus Christ. No man can lift himself except he lay hold of something outside himself. No man can lift himself by the straps of his boots. The more he lifts upward, the more he necessarily presses downward. In order that a man may lift himself, he must lay hold on some force apart from himself. It thus comes to pass that, when men are conscious of their weakness, and lay hold on Christ, he lifts them above themselves, above their environment, above all earthly things. The woman took the leaven from without, and hid it in three measures of meal.

In the second place, I notice that religion thus received becomes an internal force; the woman hid the leaven within the meal. The world, even to-day, does not fully recognize the presence of this divine force in human society. The great world of classic Greece and Rome seemed strangely unconscious of the new force introduced into the life of the time by Jesus Christ. Nothing more surprises a student of that early day than to read the great writers and observe their utter silence regarding the kingdom of God. How can you account for that silence? Here was a force introduced into Greek and Roman society which was utterly to revolutionize its philosophy, its science, and its religion. Here was a force which was to shed a brighter glory on the Acropolis than ever flashed forth from Parnassus. Here was a force that was to give greater eloquence than was ever heard from any Greek *bema*. Here was a new science which was to revolutionize every colony of Rome, and finally overturn the throne of the Cæsars; yet the great classical writers were apparently almost ignorant of the fact. Some of them did, indeed, refer to Christ, calling him *Chrestus;* but they referred to him in a vague, indefinite, and very inadequate manner. It seems impossible to account for their ignorance of this new force that had been introduced into their civil, social, intellectual, and religious life. It was a force that not only changed their government, their science, their philosophy, and their religion; but it changed their language and their literature. Here was a divine power put into the old linguistic skin-bottles, and it burst them. It was a force which gave a new meaning to the words that were employed, when it did not create new words.

Words with New Meaning

The student of language will find no more fruitful field for his inquiries than the study of the changes in meaning that came to Greek and Latin words, as the result of this new leaven that was put into the linguistic meal. Take the word "love," as given us by the New Testament writers. There is no word in all Greek literature with the exact meaning of this word. A new word had to be coined, or a new meaning had to be injected into an old word, to express the nobler, sublimer, and diviner thought of Christianity. Jesus Christ revolutionized architecture, law, philosophy, science, government, literature, and language. Read the early Latin hymns. They possess a rhythm, a resonance, a majesty, a sublimity, not found in other literature of the time; and all these characteristics are fragrant with Christian thought. It is not too much to say that the leaven of Christ introduced into the linguistic meal of Greek and Latin thought, revolutionized both languages. Where these early Christian writers could find a word into which they could inject the new thought, they employed it; when they could not find a word large enough to hold the new wine of the kingdom of God, they made a new word. Here was a new and majestic force that was injected into, and hidden in, all the life of that time; and yet these far-seeing men, these philosophical thinkers, did not discover the presence of this new force. If they did discover it, they minimized it or they tried to deny its presence, and its power; and yet it revolutionized both Greece and Rome. It finally revolutionized and entirely transformed the barbarians who conquered Rome.

Permeating Power

I beg you to observe, as the third thought suggested by this text, that true religion is a pervasive and transforming power. The kingdom of Christ, in its inception and insignificance, was like the stone cut out of the mountain without hands, yet that stone ground to powder all opposing powers. The kingdom of Christ is represented as a grain of mustard seed, which is indeed the smallest of all seeds, but which afterward becomes a tree, in the branches of which the birds may lodge. The kingdom of Christ is dominating the world to-day, as never before since the Christ was born. It is marvelously interesting, and it is profoundly instructive, to see how the kingdom of Christ and the truth of that kingdom are injecting themselves into the thinking of men to-day.

There has arisen a class of men in our own country and in other countries who have denied the Virgin birth of Jesus Christ; but they have not removed difficulties by their denial. They are involved in greater difficulties because of their denial. They have not rid history of the Christ. How shall they account for Jesus Christ? I find it easier to accept the evangelical record of his birth, than to attempt to account for his life, if I deny that record. Here is *Der Einzige;* here is the unique One of the world. Account for this. You cannot account for him by heredity, you cannot by environment, you cannot by education; so far as we know, he never sat at the feet of the sages of India, or at the feet of the philosophers of Greece or of Rome. It is more likely that the light that shone in India emanated from Zion's Hill than the reverse. How shall you account for Jesus Christ? Here is a stream that flowed higher than any other stream that ever flowed through the human race. Water cannot rise higher than its source. I am utterly unable to account for the height to which that stream flowed, except as I go back and discover its source in the heart of God. The unicity of Christ's life demands a corresponding unicity in Christ's birth. Admitting the uniqueness of the birth, I find it easy to account for the uniqueness of the life.

But just at this time, when men are denying the possibility of the Virgin birth, science steps forward and suggests to us the new science known as *parthenogenesis*. I know that scientific men are not yet fully agreed regarding the possibilities of this new science. For myself, I have not a particle of doubt but that science will demonstrate, before many decades shall pass, the marvelous possibilities of *parthenogenesis*. These possibilities have been demonstrated already in certain lower forms of life; they will be demonstrated later in higher forms of life, in all probability. What are called miracles are only miracles in our thought. To God's thought, nothing is natural as opposed to supernatural, or supernatural as opposed to natural. To God's thought, all things are natural or supernatural, as you may choose to select your terminology. It is only we who use these terms. The term supernatural is not Biblical; the opposite to natural in the Bible is spiritual, not supernatural. The supernatural may be over the natural, *super*, but is not against, not *contra*, natural.

Modern Miracles

A few years ago, we would have deemed talking from New York to Chicago by the long-distance telephone as utterly supernatural. Why? Because we did not know the laws of nature that are involved in such communication. We have discovered laws of nature, which, a few years ago, we did not know. He would be a very rash man who would say that we know all the laws of nature to-day. God has much more light yet to break forth from his Book which we call the Bible, and God has more light to break forth from his other great Book which we call Nature. Revelation is God's written Bible; Nature is God's unwritten Bible. They are both God's Bibles; in revelation, the light is brighter, the voice is simpler and plainer and sweeter, but it is only one voice from whichever Book that voice proceeds. Be patient, be trustful, be hopeful. Jesus Christ will not be dethroned. Jesus Christ rules the world to-day, and will continue to rule the world in all future years.

Just when men denied the immortality of the soul and the resurrection of the body, science came forward modestly offering her proofs as to the truth of both. There was a time when science was defiant, agnostic, even atheistic. There may be scientists still who are agnostic and atheistic; but there are other scientists who are theistic and even Christic. There is a whole school of scientists earnestly at work to establish, if possible, from a scientific point of view, the doctrine of the immortality of the soul and of the resurrection of the body. Some of us, perhaps, do not need the demonstrations of these scientists; others do need them and will accept them. These are trained scientists, with keen perception, and with inspiring ambition to discover these great truths, and to establish them by demonstrations of science. Here is a hidden force at work, a new leaven, the leaven of a Christic science to establish Christian truth. And the great world of agnosticism is ignorant of these facts, just as ignorant as the great world of Greece and Rome was ignorant in the early day regarding this new force that had entered into the social, the philosophical, the literary and the religious life of their time.

A Dominant Force

Observe, as I close, that this new force is to be dominant and finally triumphant, "till the whole is leavened." You observe that the pervasive character of the leaven is seen in that it touches the meal contiguous to its particles, and this meal is transformed into leaven, and it goes on touching all the other particles of meal contiguous to itself. There can be no finer illustration of the spirit of Christianity than that here indicated.

There is a marvelous inscription on a mosque in Damascus. Damascus, you know, is supposed to be, and it probably is, the oldest city in the world. There, in a great quadrangle, is a superb mosque. It is larger than

Continued on page 121

*Preached in Calvary Baptist Church, New York, by Robert Stuart MacArthur, minister of that church since May 15, 1870.

AN INTERNATIONAL WEDDING

THERE are but few people even in this matter-of-fact world who will not display some interest in a wedding, even when the happy couple are personally unknown to them. Even the most crusty bachelor has been caught at times reading the full account in the newspapers, including the description of the bride's gown. If the bride or groom belong to some family of historic note, or the young woman has given her hand to some scion of the European nobility, the public interest in the wedding is even greater.

So many daughters of Columbia have married prominent Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Germans, that the announcement of such a bridal is beginning to be taken as much a matter of course. It is seldom, however, that there has been an intermarriage between a Hungarian and an American, so the recent wedding of Miss Gladys Vanderbilt, daughter of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt, to Count Laszlo Szechenyi, of Hungary, is a noteworthy event. Miss Vanderbilt comes from a family famous for its wealth and for the part it has played in the commercial development of America from the days of the old Commodore Vanderbilt, of Staten Island. Miss Vanderbilt made her home with her mother in New York and at Newport. She has spent much time in Europe, and it was during a tour of Austria-Hungary a little over a year ago that she met the young count. Later they were his guests in the feudal castle that belongs to him in Hungary. The young people became engaged at that time, but not a whisper of it got to the ears of the general public until Count Szechenyi landed on the dock in New York last fall.

Count Laszlo Szechenyi

Miss Gladys Vanderbilt

The wedding took place in the Vanderbilt city mansion at Central Park Plaza and Fifth Avenue. The house is one of the most beautiful of the millionaire palaces which line that famous thoroughfare. It is of red brick and gray stone, built like a French chateau of the sixteenth century.

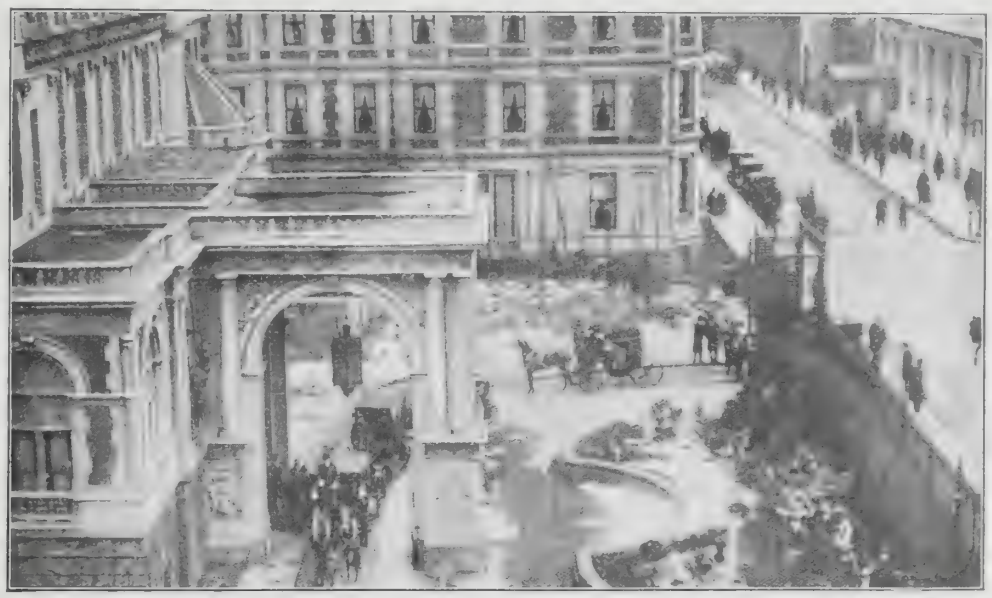
The invited guests numbered three hundred. They represented not only social leaders of the metropolis, but diplomats, statesmen and members of the Hungarian nobility. The dresses of the ladies had all been made weeks before especially for the occasion, and the display of jewels was dazzling, and probably could not have been equaled at any social event in the Old World. After laying aside their wraps, the guests were taken by elevator to the main hall. This runs the entire length of the house, and it was decorated with festoons of Southern smilax, ferns and palms. Here Mrs. Alfred Vanderbilt, sister-in-law of the bride, received. She wore a large hat of blue touched with gold, while her gown was a robin-egg blue. From the hall the guests entered the drawing-room where the ceremony was to take place. The room itself is one which art and good taste had done all possible to make beautiful, but now it had been turned into a floral bower, the wall from floor to ceiling being a mass of bloom, all the rarest orchids of pale pink and white. At the front was the temporary altar.

The guests had hardly time to gaze admiringly about them at the beautiful floral decorations, when an orchestra of sixty-five pieces, and a choir from the cathedral, began from behind a screen of flowers the music from Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde." All turned toward the hallway as the bride's mother, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, entered leaning on the arm of her youngest son. Near her was her eldest daughter, Mrs. Whitney, who married a number of years ago the son of the late Secretary of the Navy. A moment later, and the bridegroom himself appeared. He was in full hussar uniform. From his left shoulder hung a short fur-edged cape. His jacket was of pale gray and laced with metallic braid; red trousers and tight-fitting knee riding-boots completed the uniform. By his side swung a gold-mounted sabre, curved like a Turkish scimitar. In one hand he carried his cap of white fur with a plume over a foot long.

The voices of the choir rose higher in the beautiful music of the cantata "Ruth," and the bridal procession came down the grand staircase, and entered the drawing room. They passed through a garden path made of high palms and jars of flowers. Two bridesmaids led in ivory white princess gowns with white silk girdles. They wore necklaces of pearls, and large hats with pink plumes. A little flower girl of ten followed, and then came the bride leaning on the arm of her brother, Cornelius Vanderbilt. She wore a princess gown of white satin, and the same veil that her mother had worn on her wedding day. In one hand she carried a prayer book of white and gold, and in the other a bouquet of white orchids and orange blossoms.

The ceremony was brief and impressive, and at the closing words of the benediction the orchestra began the strains of Gounod's triumphal march, to which the bridal party moved to the adjoining room, where the reception was held.

The count and countess managed to elude their waiting friends, who expected them to depart in a carriage waiting at the door. They, unobserved, entered an automobile, and were whisked away for the honeymoon to an estate on Long Island. Later they will go to the family castle in Hungary.



Wedding Guests Arriving at the Vanderbilt House, New York City

THE HIDDEN FORCE Sermon by Robert Stuart MacArthur *CONTINUED*

the mosque of Omar in Jerusalem. It was once a Christian church; but was transformed, like Saint Sophia in Constantinople, into a Mohammedan mosque. Strangely enough, the inscription over one of the principal doors has been allowed to remain. The inscription is this: "Thy kingdom, O Christ, is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations." Is not that a remarkable inscription to be on a Mohammedan mosque? All the discoveries of science and art are making the fulfilment of that prophecy believable. There never was a time when discoveries reaching into all departments of human thought were so deeply tinctured with the spirit of Christ, as they are to-day.

All art, in its noblest forms, is Christian; all music, in its most enduring elements, is Christian. But for Christ, there would be no Bach, no Beethoven, no Haydn, no Handel, and no Mendelssohn. But for Christ there would have been no Canova, no Angelo, no Raphael. But for Christ there would have been no Saint Peter's, no Saint Paul's. But for Christ, no Shakespeare, no Milton, no Tennyson, no Browning, no Longfellow, no Lowell. But for Christ there would have been no telegraphs, no railways, no steamships, no wireless telegraphy. But for Christ there would be no electricity. Electricity is a spark from the eternal Flame; electricity is a messenger from God's throne; electricity is a flash from God's face. It is God's hand that touches the button of the universe. There never was a time when these elements were so numerous and impressive as to-day. Christianity is to spread from pole to pole. There are no closed gates in Tibet, and no sealed doors in Africa. The Cape-to-Cairo Railway is to revolutionize Africa. In 1857, an East India Company director said that he would rather welcome the devil than a missionary in India. There are no directors of that kind among us to-day, thank God! They were fools when they were alive. The men of China and India and Africa, all uncovered their heads at the same moment, when President McKinley's body was laid in the grave. God has made the world a whispering gallery; he has made it resplendent with his glory, and vocal with his praise.

King William IV. died in 1837, and it was thirty-five days before America knew that he was dead. Queen Victoria died in 1901, at 2:30 in the afternoon, and that evening there were pages in the New York papers on her beautiful character and her noble life. In 1859 it took one hundred and forty-seven days to go from New York to Shanghai; now we go in twenty-five days. A generation and a half ago we were all reading Jules Verne's book, *Around the World in Eighty Days*. It seemed marvelous; it seemed Utopian. Now, since the Siberian Railway has been completed, we can go around the world in thirty-three days and a half. The Burmese Irrawaddy will soon see railways on its shores, which will carry us to Bhamo and to Mandalay. Now you go by rail from Jaffa to Jerusalem, and from Damascus to Beirut. Soon you will go by rail from Damascus to Mecca, to Nineveh, where Jonah preached, and to Babylon, where Nebuchadnezzar set up his great image. These are marvelous days in which to be alive. You can go now from Glasgow to Stanley Falls in twenty-three days. On January 26, 1885, after holding back the infuriated hordes for over ten months for reinforcements, which were within two days' march of the place, "Chinese" Gordon died, a martyr, at Khartum. To-day you go from Cairo to Khartum, 575 miles, on a railway train, with sleeping and dining-cars.

God is revolutionizing this world in the interest of Jesus Christ. Wireless telegraphy! I stand in awe of the wonders of the Almighty. Forward, O Jesus Christ, crowned King, triumphant Nazarene, diademed Immanuel! Oh, give us a place in lowly reverence at thy feet, and then give us a place to work in humble joy in thy vineyard; and then, at the last, may we cast our crowns in heaven at the feet of Jesus Christ!

Mrs. Bryce, British Ambassador's Wife

The Children of the New Turkish Minister

Mme. Takahira, Japanese Minister's Wife

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Woman's Sphere in Washington

The Busy Wives and Daughters of the Diplomatic and Official World, their Social and Religious Activities

By ABBY G. BAKER

Mrs. W. H. Taft

Mrs. Philander Knox

Mme. Wu, Chinese Minister's Wife

THREE handsomely gowned women sat over a small tea-table in one of the fashionable West End homes of Washington, discussing a Sunday reception they expected to give shortly.

"There is no use asking the wife of Senator S. to pour tea for us," said the younger of the trio. "Her Puritanical views are too pronounced. We'd only invite a 'turn down' by asking her."

"That's so," said the gray-haired woman opposite, "but you would think, with her elegant home and with the *entree* she has everywhere, that she'd get over her old-fashioned notions. She might as well get in line and keep open house on Sundays with the rest of the town, though, of course," she added with a little sigh, "some of us have had to stifle our consciences to do it."

"Nonsense!" returned the third woman impatiently. "We all live in such a rush now that conscience died long ago in the race. This list," referring to the papers lying on the table, "contains everybody who is worth while, and I guess we won't miss the few who stay at home."

While the foregoing conversation is, in a measure, a portrayal of Washington "society," yet it is by no means true that "everybody is in line" to disregard the commandment against Sabbath-breaking. There is no city in the Union where the environment tends more largely toward Sabbath-desecration, and no city where, in some respects at least, the day is more religiously observed. To the inexcusable shame of the District Commissioners and of Congress, which shares so largely in the District government, the city is practically without a Sunday-closing law. Building or construction of any kind can continue on Sunday, and shops can be kept open without a protest, if the owner so desire. In addition to the want of law, the cosmopolitan character of the population necessarily affects Sunday observance also. People from not only all parts of our own country, but from nearly every section of the globe, make their homes in Washington. In the rush of society life which this brings about, and which has been so marvelously accentuated in the past few years, it is not surprising that dinner-giving, receptions, teas, and other social functions have become a feature of the Lord's day.

. . .

Yet, despite this fact, Washington can truthfully be called a church-going community. The Sunday morning services in the churches are well attended. The President and Mrs. Roosevelt are habitual attendants at church on Sabbath mornings, and their example is very generally followed. The British embassy has always been exemplary in this respect. The late Lord Pauncefote and his family invariably occupied their pew in St. John's at the regular services. Ambassador Durand was well known for his religious character, and his young daughter took an active part in parish work. Ambassador and Mrs. Bryce are equally zealous in holding the embassy to its high standard. They have brought the embassy back to much of the old-time leadership and popularity it had under the Pauncefotes. Mrs. Bryce, who is a woman of culture and ability, and much younger than her distinguished husband, is greatly interested in educational and philanthropic enterprises. They are making the embassy a centre of the literary as well as the social life of the capital.

. . .

Much interest is felt in the return of the two Oriental ladies, Mme. Takahira, the wife of the recently appointed ambassador from Japan, and Mme. Wu, whose husband is well remembered from his former residence here. Mme. Takahira left Washington that she might engage in the work of relief for the soldiers during the Japanese-Russian war, and she is closely identified with the philanthropic societies of her own land. Mme. Wu is in the van with the progressive movements which are stirring not only the men, but the women also of the Flowery Kingdom. Rumor has preceded her that she is in such harmony with the reform party that she has already had her feet unbound.

Mme. Creel, the wife of the Mexican ambassador, who is returning to his native land for a short time, is another popular hostess of the diplomatic corps. Her Tuesday receptions have been notable for the distinguished people they have drawn all through the season. Like almost all the South American diplomatists, Ambassador and Mme. Creel are devoted to their church. Both Mme. Portela, the wife of the Argentine minister, and Mme. Diaz, the new chatelaine of the Chilean legation, are active church workers in their home-land. "We miss that part of life here in Washington," said the wife of a South American minister lately. "Seemingly the North American people confine their religion to Sunday; but with us, our religion is a part of everything we do. We go to church at some hour every day, and any woman who has the time must be identified with some branch of the work of the church. We miss our religious life here." Which certainly was a severe, although unconscious, reflection on us as a Christian people.

Notwithstanding all differences of opinion on the subject, the White House is the social centre of Washington, and this has never been more

Continued on next page

Miss Carol Newberry
Daughter of Assistant Secretary of War

Miss Theodora Shonts

Mme. Diaz, Wife of Chilean Minister

Mrs. George B. Cortelyou | Mrs. Le Soeur, Speaker Cannon's Daughter | Mrs. Bourke Cockran | Mme. Portala (Argentina) | Mrs. Donald McLean, Pres. D. A. R.

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Busy Hostesses at the Nation's Capital

true than under the present administration. Mrs. Roosevelt fills her official position with a gracious hospitality that is felt and appreciated throughout the country. It is she who sets the social activities in motion when, soon after Congress convenes in December, she begins receiving calls. Everybody who is in the official circle leaves cards at the White House, and many who are not in it, for both the President and Mrs. Roosevelt have scores of friends among "the cave-dwellers," as the permanent residents of the town are called. The "First Lady's" duties are not light, nor are those of any of the women who come under the broad term "official." Their mornings are filled with subscription musicales, recitals, board and committee meetings of every kind, to say nothing of home duties. There are the ever-to-be-given luncheons and teas, and the never-ending calls (one cabinet minister's wife has already made two thousand of these calls this winter!). Then the nights are filled with dinner and all other kinds of parties, until it is small wonder that there is but little time left "for either soul, mind, or body culture," as one weary woman expressed it.

The Fairbanks household is one of deserved popularity in Washington. Mrs. Fairbanks' "Wednesdays" are more largely attended than any other, save the White House receptions. Rich and poor alike are welcomed to them, and the Vice-President and their attractive daughter often receive with Mrs. Fairbanks. As busy as she is, Mrs. Fairbanks has not allowed her social duties to crowd out her religious and charitable activities. Both the Vice-President and herself are members of the Methodist Church, and take an active part in it. For years she has been the President of the Junior Republic, an organization for the uplift of wayward boys, and is connected with many other charitable bodies. The Speaker of the House of Representatives and Miss Cannon also maintain one of the most hospitable homes in the national capital. In his boyhood, Mr. Cannon was reared as a Quaker, and he has never given over his allegiance to the faith of the Friends; but in his busy life he has not found time to be much of a churchman.

Miss Helen Cannon
Daughter of Speaker Cannon

Mrs. Guggenheim (Colorado)

Aurora Quesada

Among the Cabinet women, Mrs. Strauss has undoubtedly been more largely engaged in philanthropy than any of her sisters in the President's official family. She is the dispenser of the Baroness Hirsch Fund for Working Girls, and for years, until her removal to Washington, she devoted the greater part of her time to it. Through the generosity of the Baroness, two homes have been established in New York City, and while primarily for those of Jewish extraction, they are open to all needy girls. Secretary and Mrs. Garfield came into a goodly heritage when he was made Secretary of the Interior last year. While he was winning this promotion, they were living in the most unostentatious manner at the capital, but making a host of friends. Their four bright boys were placed in the city schools, and with them the father and mother were regular attendants at a nearby church, a practice they still continue, as far as the Secretary's busy life will allow. Mrs. Garfield is a woman of broad culture and firm principles. Bridge whist, although so fashionable just now, is one of the things she absolutely eschews. She says she has not time for it—a statement which her busy life bears out. With all her arduous duties, she finds time to serve on the Boards of the Garfield Hospital and the Episcopal Eye and Ear Infirmary, and is a warm supporter of the effort being made to enlist federal help to secure a better home for the boys of the Junior Republic.

While neither the War Secretary nor Mrs. Taft have membership in any church, they both are in thorough sympathy with church organizations and have always helped in church support. The Secretary's parents were Unitarians, and, when possible, he affiliates with that body. Mrs. Taft's family were Presbyterian, but since her marriage she has worshiped usually with the Episcopalians. She was always actively engaged in the philanthropic and civic organizations of Cincinnati. It was largely through her efforts that the Training School for Nurses was established, and for years she was a member of the Free Kindergarten Board. As a girl she had decided musical talent, and she helped to found and maintain the famous Orchestra of Cincinnati. While in the Philippines, Mrs. Taft was a member of the Soldiers' and Sailors' League, which established the public library at Manila.

While they were children in school, in the Hempstead, L. I., Institute, both Secretary of the Treasury and Mrs. Cortelyou joined the Methodist Church and for many years continued their membership there. When they came to Washington it chanced that their residence was near an Episcopalian church and the children were sent there to Sunday School. Young Bruce, who inherits his father's gift of music, was soon singing in the choir, and the other members of the family began taking up church duties. Mrs. Cortelyou, notwithstanding many domestic and social duties, manages to carry on a great deal of church and charitable work. She is a director in the Young Women's Christian Association of Washington; a member of the Rector's Aid Society of St. Margaret's, and president of a circle of ten for helping the poor. Like all the leading official women, she is in constant demand as patroness of charitable entertainments.

In the Senatorial circle there are many women who are widely known for their religious and philanthropic activities. Both Senator and Mrs. Foraker are members of the Methodist Church. When they first came to Washington, ten years ago, they lived near Dupont Circle, where a little Methodist chapel then stood. Some one asked Mrs. Foraker where they would attend church. She named this chapel, and upon the inquirer's expressing surprise, she said simply: "Why not? It is a small church, and we may be of some help to it, and that is what we are Christians for, isn't it?" A principle which has always actuated Mrs. Foraker is her helpfulness, which is widely known among her friends. For a number of years she was on the Boards of the Home and Foregin Mission Societies of the Methodist Church, and until she came to Washington, gave them a great deal of her time.

Senator and Mrs. Knox are members of the Protestant Episcopal Church and are well known in its activities. Mrs. Knox won an impregnable position for herself socially while Mr. Knox was Attorney-General, and her popularity has not waned since she joined the Senatorial circle. The new Senator from Colorado, Mr. Guggenheim, has the distinction of being one of the richest men in the "Millionaires' Club," the United States Senate. The family have taken a handsome house on Massachusetts Avenue, where they have commenced to entertain elaborately.

ABBY G. BAKER.

Among the Workers

—The Chelton Hall Gospel meetings, held under the auspices of the Whosoever Gospel Mission, Germantown, Pa., are proving very successful.

—Mr. J. Chenoweth, of Muscatine, Ia., writes that Evangelist Sunday's meetings in that city were most successful. "All the saloons closed permanently (35 in number), because the law of Iowa requires a petition of 51 per cent. of the voters for consent, and this they cannot get."

—The Board of Directors of the Y.M.C.A., Hudson City branch, N. J., adopted a resolution expressing "deepest sorrow and dismay" at the removal from the coins of the motto "In God We Trust," and respectfully but sincerely petitioning the President to reconsider his decision and cause the motto to be restored.

—Pastor Sheldon, of Topeka, Kan., writes of his Tennesseetown settlement work: "We have just received word from the Jamestown Exposition that our exhibit there has received a silver medal and very honorable mention. The managers of the Negro Building have requested that our material, which the children made with their own hands, be left with them for a future exhibit."

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Subscriptions may commence with any issue.

Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

Progress in the Churches

THE latest statistics of the churches of the United States furnished by Dr. H. K. Carroll of the Government Census Bureau through the *Christian Advocate*, present many significant features. It appears from an analysis of the tables that the largest single denomination in the country, next to the Roman Catholic, which is not numbered, but only estimated and therefore a mere guess, is the Methodist Episcopal, which has 3,036,667 communicants. It has also more than double the number of churches that the Roman Catholics have—27,965 against 12,482.

In actual gains for the year, the Baptists stand at the head of the list. Their gains, counting all branches of the denomination, were 103,358, a greater number than is shown by the Methodists of all branches, which is stated at 101,696. Next in order as to the number gained during the year, is the Lutheran Church with 65,172, and next the Presbyterian Churches with 49,627, raising their present roll to 1,821,504. The Disciples of Christ record an increase of 20,365, bringing the total number to 1,285,123. Comparing the figures with those of 1890 we notice that there has been only one change in the order of the denominations, based on the present number of communicants. The Lutherans, formerly fourth on the Protestant list, have now reached the third place, which was formerly held by the Presbyterians. The order is now: Methodist, Baptist, Lutheran, Presbyterian, Disciples of Christ, Episcopal, Congregational, United Brethren, and Reformed Dutch. All of these have more than 100,000 communicants.

Omitting from the list such bodies as Roman Catholics, Jews, Mormons and others not properly belonging to evangelical denominations, it would appear that there are 193,707 churches, 141,889 ministers and 20,803,879 communicants in this category in the United States.

The estimated population of the United States based on the normal increase since the census, the immigration returns, etc., is 86,429,000. Deducting from this total the number of infants we have a number of adults which in comparison with the number of communicants suggests serious reflections. How much ground still remains to be possessed! Apart from the classes omitted from the calculation, how large a number of our population are practically pagans, holding aloof from the churches, and in spite of the regular preaching of the Gospel and of individual effort, not numbered among the followers of Christ!

St. Valentine's Day

ALTHOUGH the snow may be heaped in white drifts and the wild northeasters blow their fiercest gales, the first note of spring is annually sounded on the 14th of February, when Cupid has his innings on St. Valentine's Day. The old Romans thought that date the one when the mating of the birds began, and before the Christian era the day was a pagan festival, joy and mirth coming in with the singing of the birds.

The Church of Rome early appropriated to her own use heathen gala days, setting on them the seal of her wisdom and converting them into Christian feast days. Probably few of the young people who exchange gifts and greetings, touched with lover-like devotion in mid-February, pause to remember that the happy day perfumed with an attar of courtesy had its origin in the death of a Christian martyr. St. Valentine was beheaded for the Saviour's sake in the reign of Claudius II., A.D. 270. Thus the rose of modern love springs perennially and blossoms evermore from roots that were bedewed with the blood of a fearless and saintly knight of the Cross. He well deserves a place in the calendar, this good St. Valentine. He was one of those martyrs who aided in life and death, by witness-bearing and sacrifice, to the uplifting of the Christian church. Later a cathedral was built in his honor by Pope Julius, and his memory was further immortalized in a gate called Porta St. Valentini, now called Porta del Popolo.

So much for history. Suppose we look at St. Valentine's Day as it has had its ebbs and floods in our own time. Men and women whose heads are white recall with ease its universal celebration in the golden period of their youth. We may remind ourselves without straining a point that there is a certain sacredness in the thought that love and home are inseparably blended in the sentiment of St. Valentine's day. Beneath its light persiflage there is a granite basis. Springtime and the mating of birds suggests nest-building and the making of homes. The nests in the tree-tops and the meadow grass are but for a season; but the nests that true lovers build when they have exchanged solemn vows that make permanent the family, are sacramental, and should have no shorter tenure than life itself.

It is a happy sign of the times that in current fiction there is a marked return to the simplicity of a generation ago, and that clean and wholesome stories are at present issuing from the press. Books that may be read aloud in the family without raising a blush on the cheek of youth or maiden, are a positive good, and take their place in daily life as preachers of righteousness. All hail to them and to the blithe day of the sweetest saint in the calendar, the fearless old St. Valentine!

Religious Faddists

OUR country has witnessed in recent years a startling multiplication of religious fads and faddists. In almost every community nowadays one may find little groups of the disciples of some new belief; yet not always new, for many of them are simply ancient sophistries warmed over and garnished anew to meet modern demands.

It has become fashionable among a certain class to be known as students of some freak philosophy, the very name of which is itself a puzzle to the uninitiated. They are like those Athenians to whom Paul preached, who "spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell or to hear some new thing." So to-day, we have the Menticulturists, the Soul Culturists, the Higher Thought, the Spiritualists and Hypnotists, the Hermetic Scientists, the Vedantists, Theosophists, Yogis, Babists and many more of the same sort, all catering to those who love to dabble in that delusive, bewildering will-o'-the-wisp occultism, so dear to dreamers and esoterics.

For the honest seeker after truth, men have a wholesome respect; but the faddist is not to be classed with the sincere inquirer. He is simply a searcher after novelties, eager for a new sensation and ready to welcome anything that caters to his vanity and his love of the mysterious. Such a one will tell you that the solar plexus is "the radiating focus of life, the centre of consciousness and power, from which the divine energy flows;" another declares that the concentrated human will can conquer everything; and still another will gravely affirm that religion consists in keeping the body in perfect health and the mind free from care and worry. Then there is a truly wonderful curriculum, which includes posturings, silences, deep breathings, magic words and invocations addressed to "the Om," and much other mysterious doings sweet to the soul of the egotist and the credulous.

It has always been a distinguishing mark of human weakness to run after strange gods. Wiser far and happier is the simple, steadfast soul, that stands firmly by "the old-time religion," faith in God and in his Son, Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world. It was a good enough religion for our fathers and mothers to live and die by, and it should be good enough for their children, since it is the eternal truth of God. In the severe tests of life, when all freak religions fail, the religion of Jesus Christ cheers and sustains us; it consoles us in sickness, sorrow and bereavement, and, in the last hour, it robs death and the grave of their terror, and turns our departure into a triumph.

A Woman's View of the Canteen

THERE have been so many different and conflicting views published concerning the army canteen—some of them not without suspicion of personal interest—that the opinion of one who is thoroughly familiar with the practical side of the question, and whose judgment is influenced only by solicitude for the best welfare of the soldiers themselves, will be welcomed.

From Mrs. L. M. Maus, the wife of an American army officer now stationed in Manila, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has received a communication which has the merit of frankness as well as of thorough familiarity with the subject. Mrs. Maus has talked with many enlisted men about the canteen, and she writes:

> I have been much surprised to hear them resent the statement made by some older officers that all soldiers drink. The officers who think this do not know the young soldier of to-day. He is a very different man from the soldier of fifteen or twenty years ago. . . . Many of these men were foreigners. Our men are very young Americans, in many cases country-bred boys, who even prefer milk to coffee. . . . One fine young boy asked me if the ladies who were writing those articles headed, "Give them back their beer," thought they were German soldiers, or if they themselves would buy homes next door to those saloons and allow their boys to drink and expect them to turn out good, sober men. Most of the men say that the credit system and drinking for the benefit of the company is the worst feature of it all. . . . Many fine young men have come to grief from this system.

She relates that at one large post, during canteen days, less than $700 was sent home by the soldiers; but three months after the abolishing of beer, they sent away to their homes $3,000! This alone would seem to be a conclusive argument against the canteen, as showing how it encourages spendthrift habits among the men. But there is an even worse aspect to the matter.

"Our soldiers say," Mrs. Maus continues, "that the army will not enlist them as drinking men, yet it encourages them in forming the drinking habit." She estimates that, in companies averaging fifty men each, at least forty are opposed to spending their money in this way, and resent being classed as drinkers. Even the colored troops consider it beneath them to be so regarded. Soldiers' wives have appealed to her to urge the commanding officers that their husbands be not allowed canteen checks for their pay.

Mrs. Maus laments the lack of patriotism on the part of Americans in their regard for the welfare of the soldiers, and she adds:

> I feel I would be disloyal to the better element of our army, the thousands of self-respecting soldiers, should I not present their cause, or should I keep silent on this subject.

There has been much oratory and endless discussion about the canteen, yet we do not believe that any one has a better right to a hearing than this Christian woman, who now points out the moral dangers that beset the path of the American soldier, and shows how these may be removed.

Congress and the Motto

CONGRESSMAN SHEPPARD of Texas, who introduced one of the bills for the restoration of the motto on the coins, and who is taking a very active part in the movement, sends this excellent suggestion, which we heartily commend to our readers and to all who believe that we, as a nation, should acknowledge God upon our coinage:

"HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, U. S.
"WASHINGTON, D. C.

"EDITOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD: The Committee on Coinage, Weights and Measures of the House of Representatives is now considering bills to restore the motto, In God We Trust, upon the coins of the United States.

"I observe that your great paper, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, is very much interested in this question of the restoration of this motto upon our coins. You are evidently in touch with many citizens who believe as you do in this important matter. **Now is the time** to bring every possible influence to bear on the above Committee, in behalf of the restoration of the motto. I wish every clergyman in the United States, as well as every other citizen, would write the members of this Committee at Washington in behalf of the motto. Very truly,

"MORRIS SHEPPARD."

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THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

New York's Police Dog Squad

A NOVEL experiment is now being tried by the metropolitan police. Last summer, one of the officers of the department visited Belgium, where the police employ trained dogs to aid in the hunt for criminals. Four of these very intelligent animals were brought to New York, and under the personal care of Lieutenant Wakefield, they are rapidly developing remarkable cleverness. In a recent trial, the four dogs—who are named Nogi, Jim, Max and Dona—were taken to the Parkville police station near Coney Island, where they were lined up at midnight before the desk by the lieutenant and his assistant, Policeman McDonald. They were placed in charge of Policemen Key, O'Day, Nicholson and Skelly, in the order named, and, muzzled and held in leash, were sent forth to duty. Lieutenant Wakefield, by way of showing how well trained the animals were, made a feint as though attacking one of the policemen. Jim, who was in charge of the policeman—although the lieutenant had been his teacher—rose instantly on his hind legs and planted his front paws on the lieutenant's chest with such force as to send him into a snowbank. Jim held his man down with his paws, in the chill snow, until he was dragged away. The dogs are familiar with the police uniform and recognize an officer immediately, though they make no distinction in his favor if he happens to be in civilian dress. They attack swiftly and heavily, and can easily knock a man down by jumping at him with their forepaws. They will not bite, unless the person attacked shows violence. They will stand over the prostrate offender until ordered off by their masters. They are taught to circle, to catch by the legs, heels or clothing, and to do everything quietly. They will be taken out on night tours here, as is the custom in Belgium, and will be on duty side by side with the policemen in dangerous districts. That they will be a permanent and valuable ally of the police, in dealing with crime in the great metropolis, is confidently claimed by those who are familiar with their use in Europe.

One of the dogs was attached to the Parkville station in Brooklyn, which includes a large, sparsely inhabited area. His usefulness there was demonstrated on the first night that he went out without a leash. He ran into the station in a state of excitement, and expressed, as plainly as a dog could, his desire for a policeman to go out with him. There was no doubt of his meaning, so a policeman went out and the dog led him to a vacant lot, where, behind a high fence, a man lay asleep in the snow. He had evidently been drinking, and would probably have died of cold and exposure before morning if the dog had not found him. The dog knew, better than the man himself, that he needed saving. Like some sinners disturbed by the Gospel call, the man needed to be awakened and roused from fatal somnolence.

Wherefore he saith, Awake thou that sleepest and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light. (Eph. 5 : 14.)

The Trained Dogs Now Used to Aid the New York Police

Wireless for the Battlefield

Experiments in Germany have convinced the Government that valuable aid may be given to an army in the field by wireless telegraphy. Members of the Government and army staff went from Berlin to Nauen to witness the achievement that the experiments have proved possible. A movable wireless station was set up in fifteen minutes, consisting of jointed poles, with connecting wires, to which a Morse instrument was attached. Simultaneously a similar erection was made at a place twenty miles distant, and communication was immediately established. The station was taken down and set up in another position and again it worked easily. The officer in charge said that this distance was by no means the limit of the system. It would be possible, he claimed, to get perfect communication in an emergency, at stations sixty-five miles apart, and these stations could be set up anywhere in fifteen minutes. It is obvious that this system will be most advantageous to outposts and to detached commands. An officer equipped with this movable wireless apparatus will be able to communicate with the commander-in-chief, giving him timely intimation of a sudden attack and of his need of succor. The Christian in the world has, in prayer, just such a means of obtaining help.

They cried unto the Lord in their trouble and he delivered them out of their distresses, and he led them forth by the right way. (Ps. 107 : 6, 7.)

Saved by a Brave Girl

A seventeen-year-old girl recently did an heroic thing in the village on Long Island where she lives. She was in an upper room of her home removing her out-door attire after a walk, when glancing through the window she saw a boy coast rapidly on his sled past the house. She was alarmed, for she knew that if his sled should take a course to a path on the right of the road, it would reach a pond then covered with a thin sheet of ice. The boy, who could not have been more than ten years old, had evidently lost control of the sled. She watched him from the window and to her horror saw that he was headed for the pond. There was no one at hand that she could call to the rescue, so she rushed downstairs and down the road the sled had taken. Neither boy nor sled was in sight, but the ice on the pond was broken up and she concluded that the boy was in the water. Instantly she followed, though she knew that the icy water would reach her shoulders. She broke up the ice further out and had the gratification of seizing the boy, then insensible from cold and shock, and bringing him safely to the bank. It is said that neither she nor the boy will be likely to suffer serious results from the immersion. But for the girl's prompt action the little fellow would probably have perished. The experience should make him careful in years to come, how he takes the downward path. There are some such paths that have a peril worse than the pond at the foot, and it is not always that there is some one near that to save.

There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death. (Prov. 14 : 12.)

A Guest's Mistake

A visitor to New York from an agricultural neighborhood made an indignant complaint to the clerk of a fashionable hotel at which he was staying on the first night of his visit. The clerk was aroused at five o'clock in the morning by a ring on the telephone, which communicated with the stranger's room. The guest complained that he was unable to dress, owing to the impossibility of getting a light and to the fearful draughts that made him shiver and his teeth chatter. He gave vent to his exasperation that in an expensive apartment, at an hour later than his usual time of rising, he was obliged to grope around in the dark, in a wind that would not be borne in a common shed in his home town. A uniformed page was sent up to his room and found that the conditions were as described. But the explanation was simple: the guest had not pressed the electric button that turned on the lights, but, instead, had pressed the one that started a powerful electric fan. The room, as the guest said, was uninhabitable, dark and cold, but the fault was his own. The same may be said of many who complain most bitterly of their lot, and of the providence of God, who assigns them their place in the world. They lay the blame for their misery upon him instead of on their own mistakes, which are frequently faults. It would be a happier world for all of us did we take the right way to get light and avoid the acts that bring upon us the blasts of adversity. Of too many of us it may be said as of ancient Israel:

Your iniquities have turned away these things and your sins have withholden good things from you. (Jer. 5 : 25.)

A Long Feud Ended

Two farmers in the western part of New York State, who occupy adjoining farms, have been enemies for more than ten years. They were formerly friends, but a dispute arose over a fence and they went to law about it. After a long course of litigation, one of them was beaten, and had to pay heavy damages. He was very angry about it, and vowed that he would never speak to his neighbor again as long as he lived. Though he met him nearly every day in his work, the old grudge still rankled, and during the ten years that have passed, he has kept his word and has never spoken to his neighbor. One day recently, however, he was trying a new horse, and the animal ran away. He was thrown out of his buggy, and, as he lay on the road holding to the reins, was in imminent danger of being killed. The only man who saw the accident was the man whom he had vowed never to speak to. Forgetting all about the quarrel, this man ran to his relief, and doubtless saved his life. Thereupon the rescued man broke his vow, and heartily thanked his neighbor for his aid. He went further, and begged his forgiveness, and the two men are now good friends. The man in need of a service, though he be an enemy, or a stranger, or a man who has done us a wrong, has a special claim upon us if we would live according to the spirit of Christ.

I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you . . . that ye may be the children of your Father who is in heaven. (Matt. 5 : 44, 45.)

Hittite Literature Found

The German Orient Society, exploring in Asia Minor, reports the discovery of a number of clay tablets, which it believes formed part of a Hittite library. If this theory proves to be correct, the tablets will probably be a valuable contribution to our knowledge of this little known people. Few of them have been deciphered as yet, but sufficient is seen of them to show that some contain records over three thousand years old. One, of peculiarly elaborate type, contained a treaty between an unknown king of the Hittites and Rameses II., the king of Egypt who was the oppressor of the Israelites. An interesting fact that Dr. Winckler, the leader of the expedition, makes clear is that women played an important part in politics in those days. He cites a letter sent by the wife of Rameses to her royal sister of the Hittites commenting on the treaty and expressing her satisfaction at its ratification. It is quite possible that the writer of this letter may have been the Princess who found and adopted Moses and afterwards became the beloved wife of Rameses. It is significant that at this period, when so much doubt is being expressed as to the historical accuracy of the Bible, corroboration is coming from so many strange sources. The words of the prophet are being fulfilled in our time:

Seek ye out of the book of the Lord and read: no one of these shall fail, none shall want her mate; for my mouth it hath commanded, and his spirit it hath gathered them. (Isa. 34 : 16.)

A LORD'S DAY IN THE LORD'S LIFE

*By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts**

A HELPLESS invalid brought daily and laid beside a healing spring, a man who has been sick for thirty eight years, alternating between hope and disappointment, this is the subject of our study. The spring or pool is Bethesda, at Jerusalem. It has five porches about it, like the pavilions of to-day at Saratoga and other famous springs; but unlike them, for sick folks only and the friends who minister to them. The man of our character sketch was a poor man, for he said: "I have no man to put me into the pool." He was probably carried there by charitably disposed neighbors, who then went on their way to their daily tasks, and called on their return to bring him again to his home. They had done this since so long, that they always expected to find him in the evening just where they had left him in the morning. But there came a day when they looked for him at evening in vain. We can imagine how they looked about for him among the sick folk lying there.

A Hopeless Sufferer

How thrilling must have been the story, as it was told to them on the spot! How Jesus had come into the porches, with love and sympathy for the sick in their affliction, and how the most distressed and helpless one among them had received his special attention. It was not the sick man who called upon Jesus for help, but it was Jesus who asked him if he did not desire to be made well. That hope was dead in the heart of the man is shown by the despair in his answer, which was a complaint that he did not have the same chance as others. Jesus did not turn away in disgust because of his pettishness, but spoke the word of power that brought immediate health and strength to the sufferer: "Rise, take up thy bed and walk. And the man rose and took up his bed and walked away from Bethesda, probably starting for home that he might show himself to his dear ones and deposit his bed.

In the first moments of surprise at his recovery, Jesus had departed. And when some of the Jews met him by the way and asked him who had cured him, he was unable to tell, for he "wist not who it was." It speaks well for the man that he made a good use of his new-found strength by going to the Temple on that Sabbath day. There Jesus saw him and made himself known to him, and warned him against continuing his sinful ways, lest he should become more helpless than he had been before. The healed man left the Temple that he might find the Jews and answer their question by telling them that it was Jesus who had made him well. Were the Jews glad to hear that? Not they, because they were unfriendly critics. They took the opportunity to defame Jesus because he had healed the man on the Sabbath day. How blind they were in their zeal for the Sabbath! It only enraged them still further when they found Jesus and heard him proclaim the Sabbath as a day for good works. Healing they regarded as a desecration of the Sabbath, but hating to the very measure of murder on that day gave them no compunction. We may well turn to Rev. 1: 10: "I was in the Spirit on the Lord's Day," as a reminder that the most important part of Sabbath observance is to be in the right spirit in regard to all relations of life on that day.

Remedies That Fail

"Jesus went up to Jerusalem." In the lesson of two weeks ago Jesus was in Samaria, in that of last week he was in Galilee, and this week he is in Judea. This reminds us how he has been going from land to land through all the Christian centuries, until there is no country in the world in which the story of Christ has not been told, none in which he has not healed the souls of men. There are, however, millions who have not yet heard that wonderful story.

"A multitude of impotent folk waiting for the moving of the water." In all ages down to the present, people look to change of place, to some magic water or medicine, for the health that mostly depends on habits, just as many look to luck rather than labor for success. One Furius Cresinus, a Roman farmer, was accused to the judges of practising witchcraft, on the ground that while his neighbors' fields were yielding but little, his were productive, and nothing but witchcraft they thought could account for it. The farmer, bringing before his judges his tools of husbandry—rude mattocks, rough ploughshares, strong oxen, and his daughter who helped him in his farm work, addressed the judges thus: "O Quirites, this daughter, these oxen, these tools are the instruments of

The Only Witchcraft

I use. It is diligence that succeeds, and it is because of idleness that my neighbors do not succeed." Not only financial success, but also health, depends very much upon industry. The United States Census report on tuberculosis says: "It may be anticipated that the growing knowledge of the fact that in pulmonary diseases, the benefits supposed to be derived from a change of climate are really due, in a large degree, to change in habits, through which a much larger proportion of the time is spent in the open air and sunshine, and that by the same means, aided by diet and rest, incipient cases can be successfully treated at home, will hereafter cause a decrease in mortality from tuberculosis." A leading American chemist once said that nearly all the benefits derived from going to famous springs could be secured by drinking from a plain spring half a mile from one's home in the same way, several glasses at a time, several times a day on an empty stomach, accompanied by exercise

Healing Waters

"For an angel went down at a certain season into the pool." It was no doubt an intermittent mineral spring of health-giving qualities. The popular belief was that an angel's coming prompted its ebullitions, and in a sense it was true, for all health-giving influences are gifts of God. And water is the greatest of medicines, as some of us have learned at water cures, where we have been taught when and how to drink it, and when and how to use it for baths. Americans drink more water and less alcohol, taking the people as a whole, than any other nationality; but strangely we have also developed the unhealthy "American ice habit," as British visitors are wont to call it. Christian teaching in pulpit and Sunday School should include a Christian's duty to his body, for diet and devotion act upon each other. Holiness is wholeness, which also gives us the word health; and to-day as of old, nature and Christ help us to health.

Where Help Fails

"A certain man was there who had an infirmity thirty and eight years." There is more in the story than is told. He could hardly hobble from the porch to the pool close by, and so he probably had been brought there daily from his home. And as no one stayed with him it seems also probable that it was not his own family that brought him, but kind neighbors who must go to their day's work after they had laid him near the healing waters. It was one of many cases where man's help falls short, and only divine help is sufficient. The man illustrates the great truth that Jesus only can save. Human friends had brought him to the porch. Christ must do the rest. We have no reason to suppose he would have been saved by Christ if his friends had not done their part. We can and should bring friends to church. Only Christ can heal their souls. We can preach the word. The Holy Spirit must carry it to the heart. Prayer is the coupler that connects the human and divine elements in a soul's transformation.

Dr. F. W. Baedeker, who lived to do a great work in Russia and Siberia in proclaiming the story of God's love to men, once met a Tartar, a Mohammedan, who addressed the following question to him: "What do you think of the prophet Mohammed?" "I have a much more important question for you than that," said the doctor. "It is, what do you think about sin?" "Oh, we are all sinners," replied the Mohammedan. "Can one sinner save another sinner?" "No." "But if he is a prophet?" "No." "Well, then, what are we to do—all sinners?" "I cannot tell." "I will tell you," replied Dr. Baedeker; "there is no power on earth that can save sinners except

The Power of the Lord

Christ, the One who died and rose again. He who knew no sin, was made sin for us." As the doctor went on to explain the Gospel, the Tartar bowed his head and his eyes filled with tears. He had never heard such words before! You have heard them often. Do you know by experience that wonderful power that saves?

"Wilt thou be made whole?" The man was so discouraged that he had almost ceased to hope. In saving him Christ illustrated the promise that he would not crush the bruised reed or quench the smoking flax. He saves even those of "little faith," answering the cry of his storm-tossed apostles to whom he had said, "How is it that ye have no faith?" and the plea of the father for his boy, who said, "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief." This story is one to encourage those of weak faith to hope and pray.

"While I am coming, another steppeth down before me." Was there murmuring or selfishness here? Why not rejoice that somebody was healed? It recalls the greatness of that little act of Sir Philip Sidney, on which his fame rests more than upon his literary or military triumphs. Badly wounded at Zutphen, he gasped for water; but as he was raising it to his lips, a private more severely wounded, who was being carried by, looked eagerly at the refreshing draught. Sir Philip quickly handed it to him, saying, "Thy need is greater than mine." Surely that was Christian knighthood in flower!

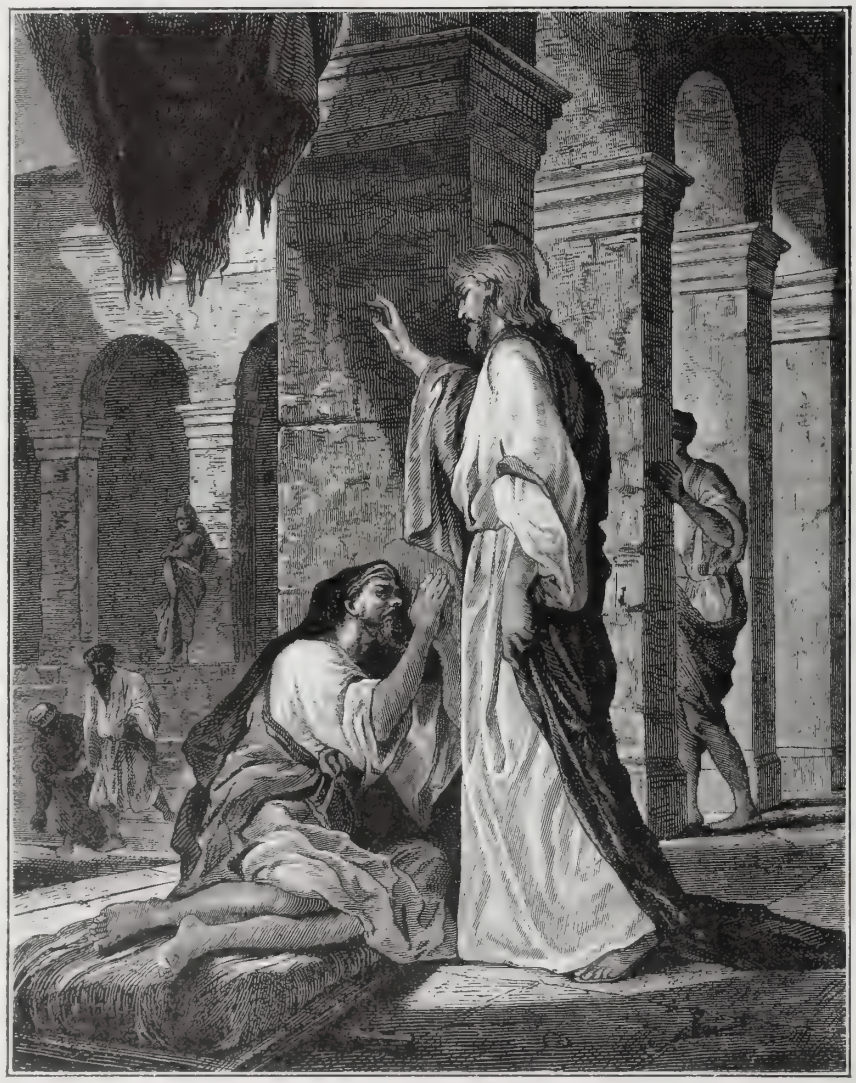
Power to Obey

"And immediately the man was made whole, and took up his bed, and walked." It was a simple act, but it involved both faith and obedience. Again and again Jesus told sick men to do what only a healed man could do. "Take up thy bed and walk." "Stretch forth thy hand." "Go and shew thyself to the priest." "As they went, they were cleansed." As they obeyed they were healed. Faith understood that "God's biddings are enablings," that in every command God enwraps a promise of strength sufficient to obey. Whenever you say at some new order from the Captain of our salvation, "I am not able," the Spirit answers, "He is able," "able to save to the uttermost," "able to make you stand," "able to do for us exceeding abundantly," and through us also.

Carrying a bed was an act of obedience to Christ. Equally so it may be divine service to make a bed.

> Teach me, my God and King,
> In all things thee to see,
> And what I do in anything,
> To do it as to thee.
>
> This is the famous stone
> That turneth all to gold:
> For that which God doth touch and own,
> Cannot for less be told.

"The same day was the Sabbath" (read vv. 9-18). This was a fair sample of the way Jesus spent the Sabbath—not by doing nothing, but by doing good. Even in the twentieth Christian century there are many church members who do not seem to have learned what Jesus taught about the positive side of Sabbath observance, by miracles of healing on that day in every section of Palestine. Looking at the Lord's Day as seen in the Lord's life, it is not an "empty day," not merely or chiefly a day of rest and worship, but a day when work for gain is suspended to give work for God full swing. That is the truest rest, a change from the necessary selfish activities of the week to the self-forgetting service of God and our fellows; a day whose measure therefore should not be more scant than that of the six days we give to worldly labor and the service of self.



"Jesus saith unto him, Rise, take up thy bed and walk"

* **International Sunday School Lesson for February 23, 1908.** Jesus at the Pool of Bethesda. John 5: 1-9. GOLDEN TEXT. "Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses." Matt. 8: 17.

Young People's Societies

Faith's Power-House*

HOW astonished Watt and Stephenson and the engineers of the past would be, could they enter one of the "power-houses" in which the electricity is generated that supplies a city! They would be amazed to find that the agent that turns the wheels in our factories, and that carries the cars along the streets, furnishes us with light and with quick communication with distant lands. And the most astonishing thing to them would be that, when they were experimenting with steam, this agent that does so much for us was here all the time waiting to be used. They would be mortified to think how they had overlooked it. Is it possible that the time may come when the Christian will discover that he has similarly neglected the source of spiritual power? There would be the less excuse in his case, because he has been told of its existence and how to obtain it. Christ positively stated, when the disciples wondered at the withering of the fig-tree, that this power that had so amazed them, and other powers more desirable, were within their reach.

In faith and prayer Jesus said there were infinite possibilities. They afforded remedies for worry, for anxiety, for sorrow, and they were the channel through which came unlimited power for service. He used them and therefore he knew. "I can of myself do nothing," he said; "the Father doeth the works." And at another time he said, "Ye shall do greater works than these, because I go to the Father." He bids us go to the same infinite Source from which he drew his supplies and assures us that our drafts upon it will be honored. Only there must be sincerity and unselfishness. We must not seek it for our own advantage, nor with any wavering of faith. The supply is for all who seek in confidence and in sincerity. It is surprising that the proofs that have been given of its efficacy and of the certainty of its being conferred have not encouraged more to seek. God has honored in every age the faith that trusts him. Even in our own time there has been a conspicuous example. George Muller was ridiculed for his confidence, yet God justified it.

* Topic of the Epworth League for February 23. Mark 11: 1-4; Rom. 1: 1-9.

Foreign Mission Results*

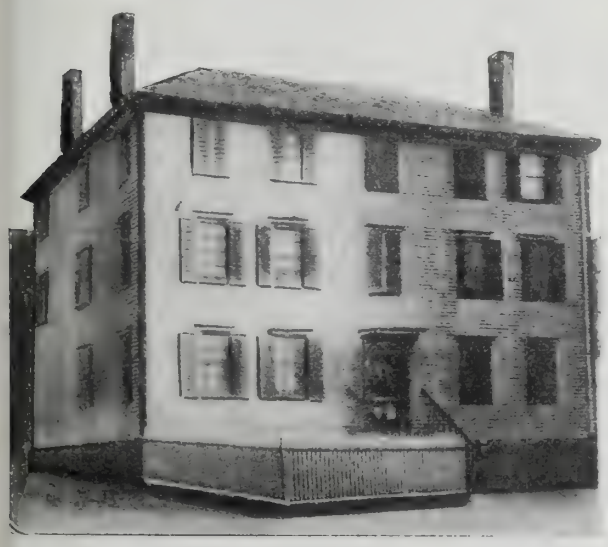
EVERY Christian is justified in taking a pride in the special Foreign Mission work of his own denomination; but there is a new spirit now in this pride. Since the great assembly in New York eight years ago, of missionaries of all denominations, a more brotherly feeling has been born, and men now rejoice more cordially than before, in successes by whomsoever they are won. The old spirit of rivalry and hostility has disappeared, and has given place to emulation of the friendliest kind. It is possible that this spirit will extend so that while no denomination is excluded from any sphere, there will be a concentration of effort by mutual arrangement, so that a particular denomination shall regard a heathen land as its own special field, for the evangelization of which it is peculiarly responsible. This may come as a preliminary to the desirable condition in which in foreign lands, there shall be one church, and missionaries of all denominations labor together in the common cause.

The new statistics issued by the American Board show that our own country has thirty-six missionary organizations at work, with an aggregate force of 5,288 missionaries in the field, of whom 3,173 are women, and that last year the money raised for their support amounted to $8,997,970. This sum of course included the expense of literature and the support of native helpers, of whom 26,057 were employed. This was the largest income recorded, exceeding slightly the income of British societies, which was $8,747,759. It is worthy of notice that the British have a larger number of missionaries (6,526), though a smaller number of communicants. The progress made last year is also encouraging. The missionaries from the United States recorded 66,147 additions to the churches and the total number recorded by the entire force of missionaries of all nationalities was 137,714, bringing the entire number of communicants of all denominations to 1,598,644. These are scattered over the heathen lands of the whole world, the fruit of a century's labors.

* Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for February 23. "A Survey of the Foreign Missions of our own denomination." Rom. 10: 8-15.

THE FIRE AT PORTLAND

DURING the recent cold weather there seems to have been an unusual number of disastrous fires throughout the country from West to East. One paper, on its front page, had telegraphic accounts of five in as many different States. Portland, Me., during one of the coldest days a short time ago, was threatened with destruction. The fire when it started was not considered serious, but within a few hours the entire city seemed to be threatened. The early home of Longfellow was in the path of the conflagration, but fortunately the flames were subdued before reaching it. The handsome City Hall, a building worth several hundred thousand dollars, was burned, and with it many things connected with the history of the city—pictures, documents, etc., of great value.



The Longfellow Homestead

A number of the finest business blocks were destroyed, and the loss to the commercial and business interests of this thriving city will be felt for some time. For its size, Portland is one of the most important places on our Atlantic seaboard. In the winter months especially, it is a great outlet for Canadian products, and there is much traffic between it and Montreal. The business men have put themselves energetically to work to repair their losses and to rebuild the ruined structures. During the fire, some of the firemen were badly frozen, and it was necessary to bring the fire departments from several Maine cities to help quench the flames.

PLEASED WITH BOTH PREMIUMS

Dear Dr. Klopsch: I write to thank you for the Calendar, which is beautiful. I have also received the Book of Animal Stories and am pleased with it.

Newark, N. J. MRS. DURHAM.

Does your skin dry, harden, roughen and crack when you venture out of doors in cold weather?

The trouble may be due to any one of several causes—wind; exposure of the face and hands after bathing them in warm water; or the use of a soap which is not properly made.

In any event, you should use Ivory Soap. Made of pure vegetable oils and containing no "free" (uncombined) alkali, it not only *cleanses* the skin, but it helps to keep it smooth, soft and healthy—in winter as well as in summer.

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You don't send us a penny of money. Just agree to use the washer a month and we will ship it to you and *prepay the freight*.

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Then—if you are not satisfied—if you cannot see how this washer saves time and work and clothes and money—don't keep it.

If our 1900 Gravity Washer will not sell itself to you this way, we do not expect you to keep it. Tell us you don't want the washer and that will settle the matter.

On the other hand—if you are pleased and satisfied with the washer—if you see how it saves your time—saves your strength—protects your health—reduces wear on your clothes—saves you mending—saves soap—and, by saving all these things, also saves more than enough money to pay for itself—then you can send us each week or each month *a part* of what the washer saves for you.

In a few months the 1900 Gravity Washer *pays for itself* this way. Then it is your own and keeps right on saving for you.

We take no risk in offering to let a 1900 Gravity Washer sell itself to you, because we know that our washers are the best.

And you take no risk in accepting our offer, because we do not ask you to send us a penny until after you have used the washer a full month—nor even then unless you decide to keep it. The whole story of these washers is told in our new illustrated Washer Book, showing how our washers are made and how they work.

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Send for our Washer Book today. Address *The 1900 Washer Co., 900 Henry St., Binghamton, N. Y.* (If you live in Canada, write to the Canadian 1900 Washer Co., 355 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.)

The World's Oldest Methodist

MRS. MARY RAMSEY WOOD, familiarly known as "Grandma Wood," who died lately at the home of her daughter, at the great age of one hundred and twenty years, is said to have been the oldest Methodist, if not the oldest woman, in the world. From a reader in Sherwood (Mr. F. B. Clark), we have received the story of Grandma Wood's life. She was born at Knoxville, Tenn., May 20, 1787. At the age of 12 years she joined the Methodist Episcopal Church. She married Jacob Lemons in 1804, and bore the following children: Mary Jane Lemons, born in 1806, died 1894; Isaac Lemons, born in 1809, died 1866; Mrs. Nancy Lemons Bullock, born 1816, died 1868; and Mrs. Catherine Reynolds, born 1830, at whose home the aged woman resided for many years.

The Late "Grandma Wood," Aged 120

Mrs. Lemons moved from Tennessee to Alabama with her husband in 1837, and to Georgia in 1838. Lemons died the following year. In 1849 she moved to Missouri. In 1852 she crossed the plains to Oregon, riding the entire distance on horseback on a mare she had christened "Martha Washington Pioneer." She settled in Washington County, and on May 28, 1854, was married to John Wood, who died in the sixties.

Mrs. Wood came from English stock, her ancestors settling in the Carolinas. Her mother died at the advanced age of 110. Grandma was a great reader in her time, and had often seen Gen. Washington, Thomas Jefferson and other statesmen of her youthful days. Her best recollections, however, as to public men seems to have centred on Andrew Jackson, with whom, it is said, she once danced in her younger days. She was cheery, good-natured and affable, a simple, unostentatious Christian, and greatly beloved by all who knew her.

There has been some doubt as to the authenticity of her birth-date, and Mrs. Reynolds wrote relatives of the Ramsey family at Warm Springs, Mo., who quoted from the family Bible, sustaining Grandma Wood's great age.

TO RESTORE "IN GOD WE TRUST"

Continued from page 119

hereafter minted or coined, shall bear the inscription 'In God We Trust.'" On the same date, Representative Sheppard of Texas introduced a measure very similar in its wording, but stipulating that "On all forms of moneys, both metallic and paper," hereafter issued, the motto "In God We Trust" shall be inscribed.

On December 21, Representative Moore of Pennsylvania introduced the bill in the interest of which he later saw the President and secured the assurances of which mention is made above. This measure provides that the motto "In God We Trust" heretofore inscribed "on certain gold and silver coins of the United States of America, be continued to be inscribed upon all such said coins of all said former designs and denominations, as heretofore prior to this date." Furthermore it is stipulated "that all designs for coinage of either gold or silver coins of the United States, as issued in the year nineteen hundred and seven, be, and are hereby ordered to be placed in disuse, and that all designs, dies, plates or other mechanical appliances for the making of said new coinage be, and the same are hereby directed to be either destroyed or placed in a condition to make them unfit for future use for such purpose."

It will be seen that whereas the first two bills merely contemplate the introduction of the words, "In God We Trust," in the designs of our money already in use, the bill introduced by Representative Moore contemplates the retirement in their entirety of the new designs, which have been severely criticized as inartistic, aside from the objection made to them because of the omission of the time-honored motto.

Representative Sheppard of Texas, who introduced one of the bills to restore the motto, is only thirty-three years of age, yet this is his fourth term in Congress. He was elected to the Fifty-seventh Congress to fill out the unexpired term of his father, deceased. Representative Ollie M. James of Kentucky is four years older than his colleague from the Lone Star State, and is serving his third term in Congress. He was one of the attorneys for Governor Goebel in his celebrated contest for the governorship of Kentucky. Representative J. Hampton Moore, author of the third bill to restore the motto to our coins, is the representative of one of the Philadelphia districts in the Lower House of Congress. He has been in public life for some years, having been city treasurer of Philadelphia at one time, and was appointed by President Roosevelt First Chief of the United States Bureau of Manufactures, an important branch of the Department of Commerce and Labor, organized a few years ago. Great numbers of letters of protest received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from every part of the country, have been forwarded to the Congressmen in charge of the bills for restoring the motto. These have been used in the campaign, and many of them have been published in *The Congressional Record*.

WALDON FAWCETT.

A Tribute from Canada

Dear Dr. Klopsch: A word of testimony about your 1908 premiums. We have been taking THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for many years, and have always appreciated the valuable premium offers you have so generously made from year to year; but this year, the value of the premium Red Letter, India-paper Bible which you offer, and a copy of which I have received, is so far ahead of anything yet received, in real value and merit, that it is a matter of surprise to me how you can afford to give it at the low price named, especially to your Canadian subscribers, who must appreciate the liberality of the publisher in maintaining the old price in face of the recent increase in postal rates. I also wish to thank you for the very handsome Calendar, which is very much admired in my home.

Waterloo, Can. J. R. STRICKLAND.

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

OUR PLANET'S DESTINY*

IS it possible to determine how long a time before life will become extinct on our planet? Doubtless an approximation may be made by carefully estimating the trend of all the forces. The problem involves so many factors that it would be difficult. Some mathematicians have attempted it. But much speculation must necessarily enter into any computation. Scientifically considered, the event is not remote. But reckoned by our years, they will be many.

And then? It is a fact long since determined that the planets are moving toward the Sun. Our year is steadily shortening. If you tie a ball at the end of a string and whirl it about your hand, allowing the string to wind around your finger at each revolution, you will readily see that the ball will make each revolution in less time than the preceding one. The reason of this is, you are shortening the distance over which the ball flies. So the orbit of our Earth is shortening year by year. This is seen only when we take into account any considerable period of time. And as the orbit of our Earth shortens, so must the orbits of the other planets to maintain their relative balance. The condensation of the Sun, too, would render him opaque. He would then lose every characteristic of a Sun. The Solar System must then be made over. "A new heaven and a new earth" must appear.

The scientific and logical result can be easily seen. The dead planets, with their attending satellites, will be drawn into the sun. Mercury will first plunge into that fiery abyss. Venus will soon follow. The perfect balance of the Solar System will be disturbed. Planet after planet will be hurled to its fiery burial. The tremendous concussions resulting, together with the introduction of so much combustible matter into the Sun, will so increase the heat that this matter will be again made gaseous, and again diffused as a nebulous cloud throughout the present Solar space. Out of this nebulous cloud other worlds will be formed, as the existing worlds were made. It is doubtless true that the matter of our present planets has entered into the composition of untold millions of worlds, before the present existing ones were made; and that it will enter into millions more before the Divine purposes shall be complete.

As has been said, suns and worlds, like men, are born. They grow, mature, decline and die. Nothing can be destroyed. Matter only changes form. Each particle enters into different relations with other particles. Decay and death are everywhere. Dissolution comes with time. All forms are evanescent. Matter takes new shapes with new combinations. It is only change. Worlds die and dissolve. From their gaseous mass new worlds are made. The forces and processes repeat themselves. That is all. And generations of systems come and go. And so they will come and go forever.

Magnificent as these occurrences will be, we shall survive them. And when the time shall come, as come it surely will, when "the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll"; when "the elements shall melt with a fervent heat"; and when "the Earth, and all that is therein, shall be burned up," we will stand in "that house of many mansions," and raising our voices in grateful praise, will thank God that he made us men.

* From *World-Making, a Scientific Explanation of the Birth, Growth and Death of Worlds*, by Samuel Phelps Leland, A.M., Ph.D., LL.D., Professor of Astronomy in Charles City College. A book for the general reader, which, though strictly scientific, is devoid of confusing technical terms and tells the wonderful story of our earth and its surroundings in a fascinating manner. Illustrated. Pp. 166. Address the Author, Seabreeze, Fla.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Marjory with the Chamorros, by Mary C. Stevens. A delightful story for young folks. Pp. 73; illustrated. American Tract Society, New York, publishers.

Writing for the Press. A manual for beginners and non professionals, by Robert Luce. Pp. 302; cloth covers; price $1. Clipping Bureau Press, Boston, publishers.

Captain June, by Alice Hegan Rice. Illustrated by C. D. Weldon. Price $1. Pp. 120. Cloth covers. The Century Company, New York, publishers.

The Fruit of the Tree, by Edith Wharton. Illustrated by Alonzo Kimball. A wonderfully interesting romance by a famous author. Price $1.50. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, publishers.

Stories of the Great Lakes. Illustrated. Being tales of travel, adventure and exploration, by well-known authors. Pp. 185. Cloth covers. The Century Company, New York, publishers.

Epochs in the Life of Jesus, by A. T. Robertson, M.A., D.D. A study of development and struggle in the Messiah's work. Pp. 192. Price $1. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Childhood, by Millicent and Githa Sowerby; a child's holiday volume of little poems and daintily colored illustrations, which will give the wee folks genuine pleasure. Pp. 46. Price $1.50. Duffield & Co., New York, publishers.

Thanksgiving, its origin, celebration, and significance, in prose and verse, by R. H. Schauffler, with selections from many authors on the subject. Pp. 265, cloth covers; price $1. Moffat, Yard & Co., New York, publishers.

The Lord of Glory, by Benjamin B. Warfield. A study of the designations of our Lord in the New Testament, with special reference to his deity. Pp. 332. Price $1.50. Published by the American Tract Society, New York.

To-day in the Land of To-morrow. A study of the social and religious development of Mexico, by Jasper T. Moses. Pp 83, cloth covers; illustrated. Price 50 cents. Christian Woman's Board of Missions, Indianapolis, publishers.

Religious Liberty in South America, by John Lee, M.A., D.D., with special reference to recent legislation in Peru, Ecuador, and Bolivia. A valuable compendium of the situation in those three countries. Pp. 266. Price $1.25. Published by Jennings & Graham, Cincinnati.

The Master of the World, by Charles Lewis Slattery, Dean of the Cathedral in Fairbault. An attempt to interpret Jesus Christ in the light of modern scholarship. Price $1.50. Longmans, Green & Co., New York and London.

The Truth of Christianity. Compiled from various sources by Lt.-Col. W. H. Turton, D. S. O. An examination of the more important arguments for and against believing in Christianity. Pp. 529. Published by the Young Churchman Company, Milwaukee, Wis.

A Bible Year. A course completing the entire Bible in one year, with daily suggestions for meditation, by Amos R. Wells. Pp. 122. Price 35 cents. United Society of Christian Endeavor, Boston and Chicago, publishers.

Father and Baby Plays, by Emilie Poulsson. Illustrated by Florence Storer. A book that will appeal specially to parents, teachers and children. Full of rhymes and pretty original songs. The author is a well-known authority on child culture. Price $1.25. The Century Company, New York, publishers.

Japan Checks Emigration

AN official order was issued by the Japanese government during the last week of January to the emigration companies of Japan that may do much toward removing the sources of friction between the Japanese and the United States and Canada.

The order absolutely prohibits Japanese going to the Hawaiian Islands, unless those who wish to go have relatives already living there. The emigration companies are, of course, greatly displeased, and have made violent attacks on the policy of their foreign office. Viscount Hayashi is unmoved by their protests evidently, and has said that as the Japanese government had given its promise it would not be moved by mere political pressure.

The government, it is reported, intends soon to restrict the emigration of laborers to America and Canada, except under conditions satisfactory to the governments of the two countries. No laborers will be allowed to go to Mexico.

In times of financial stress, such as existed from Oct. 22d to the first week in December of last year, the safety of real estate mortgages is most apparent. This is the security you obtain for every dollar placed with the Industrial Savings & Loan Co. See their ad. on page 132.

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THE MISCHIEF-MAKERS

By MARY McCREA CULTER

CHAPTER XV—*Continued*

"THAT'S it, exactly," said Glenn. "Honestly, Miss Tilly, dropping all foolishness, I did hate to treat the girl so, but what else could I do? The case was desperate, and I could think of no other way to break the spell she had over him. You know she can be simply adorable—when she chooses to be—and the poor fellow has no earthly chance to save himself from the thief who is bent on robbing him of his heart and power, if every one continues to pass by on the other side. I've made my confession, and I'm as penitent as it is possible to be under the circumstances."

Miss Tilly did not try to answer the young man, for the case was quite as puzzling to her as it had been to him.

"We must see that a crowd of us go along home as they do," he said, rising to leave her, and Miss Tilly nodded assent.

Mr. Allan had been deeply disturbed by the events of the evening. The memory of the pleasant intercourse at supper-time, and the feelings of admiration which Hollis had aroused then, had been almost obliterated by the unpleasant conversation with Glenn, and by her conduct during the song rehearsal after prayer-meeting. She had been so sure of her triumph near at hand, that her defeat was bitter and overwhelming, and drove her almost to desperation. Mr. Allan and Miss Walker both tried to persuade her to join with the other young people in their practising of the new music; but she haughtily refused.

It was not long before Mr. Allan sought her side and said: "As you do not care to sing, shall we go home now?"

"Suit your own pleasure," the girl replied coldly.

Miss Walker had discreetly remained within hearing distance, though seemingly attentive only to the music. Now she laid down her singing-book, and went out into the vestibule. At the door she hesitated, as if unwilling to walk alone through the darkness; and as Mr. Allan came out with Hollis, he noted her apparent fear.

"We are going your way, Miss Walker," he said with true courtesy. "Will you walk with us?"

"Indeed I will," she replied. "It is pretty dark to-night, and although I am not really afraid to go alone, still it is more heartsome to have company."

Glenn, watching from his post beside the organ, chuckled with satisfaction.

"Miss Tilly's a whole army in herself—from sergeant to commander-in-chief. We have met the enemy and defeated her so far."

CHAPTER XVI

"MARK THEM WHO CAUSE DIVISION"

AFTER bidding Hollis a brief good-night, Mr. Allan went to his room. He sat down in a chair, placed his elbows on his desk and dropped his head in his hands. He was unutterably weary and depressed. His heart and his thoughts were with the large choir of young people at the church where he longed to be, and where but for Hollis' perversity he would have been. For a moment he was tempted to go back. Then he thought:

"No, now that I have come away, it is better that I should stay here. To return would only increase Hollis' resentment, and it would certainly arouse comments among the young people, who do not seem to be very well-disposed toward the girl. It is strange how strong a factor personal jealousy can become, and how it will cause young people to reject the assistance of those who are capable of helping them so much. I do not understand it. Glenn Fraser appears to have a terribly provocative influence upon her, and he uses it without scruple and without mercy. I shall have to speak to him about it. But for his interference to-night, things would have been far different, for Hollis was never sweeter than when we started for prayer-meeting."

The puzzled young minister sat still grappling with the problem, so purblind can beauty and charm of person make even a man who is a guide to others. He recalled some of the remarks that had infuriated Hollis. "I wonder," he muttered, "how much of what Glenn said was true, and how much was said merely for perverseness' sake, and to arouse Hollis' temper. Really, I was surprised to see that she has such a temper, for she never exhibits it around home. I wonder what has caused the bad feeling that evidently exists between her and the majority of the other young people. Since I stop to think of it, very few of them ever come here to see her, and none of the young men pay her any attention—indeed, their manner toward her is decidedly disrespectful. Yet none of them have ever said a word to me against her, which is very strange. Hollis has explained many things by revealing the troubles and unpleasant conditions among the people of the church, and between them and herself. She has told me—" his reverie came to a sudden halt as a new and very unpleasant idea struck him.

He pushed back his chair, and paced the floor restlessly and excitedly, while his mind crept slowly back over the events of the last few weeks. He remembered his conversation with Miss Walker, and her closing advice: "Watch the influences which are brought to bear upon you, and carefully consider whether they tend toward good or toward evil. You will soon discover where the sources of your troubles lie; then you can save yourself."

Impelled by these words, and by the new idea that had come to him, he went back to the time of his arrival in Hawthorne, and carefully considered the influences that had worked upon him. The longer he pondered, the more dismayed he became, as proof after proof came to him of the wrong impressions which had been made upon him by the girl whom he realized he had come very near to loving. He recalled the first ride they had taken together, and the prejudices against the Conovers, the Alisons and the Lawrences, which she had instilled into his mind, and which he had found to be totally undeserved.

He remembered the unkind, bitter, spiteful things which she had said about Kathleen Lawrence, and the silent dignity and sweetness with which Kathleen had lived down these accusations, and had refused to say one word against any one. All that Hollis had said, decrying the musical ability of others, and praising her own, also came back to him so clearly that he was surprised by his own obtuseness at the time such things were spoken.

Connecting Glenn's laughing revelations of their many "battles," with her two exhibitions of violent temper, he was forced to believe that her "even, unruffled disposition" was a delusion of his own mind, and that such exhibitions must often have been witnessed by the young people of Hawthorne.

Her revelations, coupled with Glenn's, and her frequent declarations that she "could not and would not" work under the lead of others, told him unmistakably where the source of the choir troubles lay.

The harmony, the progress and the interest taken in church work by the people during the weeks of the absence of the Hayward family, finally forced him to believe that the Haywards and no others were the disturbing factors of the Hawthorne church peace.

The longer he studied the matter, the more he became convinced that his new theory was right; the more certain he was that Hollis was the main source of the church troubles, and the more disgusted he became over the deceit of which he had been the dupe. He remembered, with a shiver, the feeling of admiration which had filled his mind when he sat at the supper-table only a few hours ago with her, and realized that, but for Glenn's interference, he would have spoken words to her which would have tied him to her for life, and have effectually ruined his career as a minister of the Gospel of truth and peace.

Verily, with her own hand she had erased the good impressions she had made upon his mind, destroyed the budding love in his heart, and dug the grave of her own ambitions.

A tap on the window interrupted his reverie, and a moment later Charlie Lester stepped into the room.

"We saw your light burning, so I made bold to stop and bring you your book which you forgot, and to give you a list of the pieces we practised."

"Good!" exclaimed Mr. Allan, his spirits rising at sight of the face of this congenial friend. "Did you have a good practice?"

"Fine. Sadie Glendenning and the Barker young folks are a grand addition to our choir. We were sorry to miss you to-night, but I do not know but I am glad, after all, that you were away, for we will give you a pleasant surprise with our music next Sunday. Well, I must go. I would like to stop for a good chat, but the girls are waiting, and it will be late enough before I get back to town."

Mr. Allan walked with him to the buggy, where the two Lawrence girls sat waiting. In the gay conversation that followed, all traces of his depression vanished, and hope, and courage, and peace came back to his heart. Ere they drove away, he took occasion to say to Kathleen: "I have made some discoveries in regard to church work, which I think will interest you. May I come over to-morrow afternoon?"

"I have no engagements," Kathleen answered, "and I will be glad to learn of any good things you contemplate. I shall look for you at three o'clock."

The minister went back to his room with light heart and brisk step, humming a tune as he went.

From her window in the upper story, at which she had strained her eyes and ears to obtain a knowledge of the conversation at the buggy, Hollis watched him come up the walk and caught the happy tone in his voice—so different from the inflection with which he had bade her good-night—and her heart sank.

"I wish I could get even with Glenn Fraser and those Lawrence girls. If only I had delayed starting to prayer-meeting five minutes longer to-night, Glenn would have been safely past our gate, and there would have been no trouble. I am sure everything would have been settled between Edgar and me, for I saw it in his eyes. Now, it will take weeks, maybe, to get him back to the same place, for that clique have such a tremendous influence over him, and never fail to turn him against me. Oh, dear! I wish I could lock him up here until it was too late for any one to interfere between us."

Hollis was very sweet and alluring the next morning, and looked at Mr. Allan with eyes that besought forgetfulness of all unpleasant things; but the grave courtesy with which he met all her advances, and the changed expression in his eyes, chilled her hopes, and told her unmistakably that she had lost her hold upon his heart. When she saw him drive away down the river road that afternoon, she knew where he was going, and felt that all the advantage had been shifted to the side of the girl whom she chose to consider as her rival.

"I have found my chief 'eraser'," the minister said to Kathleen when they were seated together in the pleasant quiet of the Lawrence parlor. "I am sure that

Continued on page 131

The Mischief-Makers

Continued from page 130

I am right, and I am sure, also, that you know, and have known all the time, just where the source of my trouble lies. Since this is the case, I have come to you for advice, for I have proved that my own judgment is so faulty that I feel afraid to advance without counsel, when the interests of the church are at stake.

"By her own revelations, Miss Hollis has become her own eraser, and has destroyed what I now see was her baleful influence over me. Please tell me whether I am right in thinking that this influence is what has stood between the other young people and me. Is this why my every project, previous to her absence, was met with suspicion by every one? Surely I have a right to know this much," he ended in pleading tones.

Kathleen hesitated over her answer. It seemed treasonable to the absent to admit what she knew was true, yet she was forced to believe that the time had come when silence would be detrimental even to the best interests of Hollis. So she answered:

"Since Hollis herself has worked out the problem for you, it is only fair that I should admit that your answer is correct. There has been no feeling against you personally in the church. The only fear has been that your plans and efforts were inspired and guided by those whose leadership has always been productive of trouble, whether used for or against the minister in charge. Now that you know, I am sure you will have no more trouble. The church has rallied beautifully to your standard in the last few weeks, when they knew that your plans were your own. Many who have been upon the opposing side for years, have come into harmony with the majority, and are willing to aid in every way. The church is ready for a genuine, old-fashioned revival. Are you ready to help us to it?"

The searching question went deep into the heart of the young man. He was stirred with a profound sense of the duties, the opportunities, the possibilities that lay before him, and the eyes which at length he raised to meet her clear gaze were filled with tears as he answered solemnly:

"God helping me, I am."

To be concluded

Revival Services in Brooklyn

SELDOM have such scenes been witnessed in the famous Hanson Place Methodist Episcopal Church, Brooklyn, as during the past few weeks. The church has been the scene of many such movements in past years, but not often has it been so deeply stirred. Not only from the immediate neighborhood of the church, but from other districts, crowds have poured in, filling floor and galleries with attentive hearers. Even the vestibules have been thronged after every available sitting and standing place in the spacious edifice has been occupied. Evangelist Davis has preached in his usual vigorous, original style, and singer Mills and his choir have rendered the revival hymns with spirit and enthusiasm. The after meetings have been remarkable for their earnestness and power, and there have been striking evidences in the inquiry room of the Holy Spirit's presence and power. No attempt has yet been made to count the converts, but judging by the promptness with which an invitation to them to occupy the platform was accepted by three hundred men on a recent evening, it would appear that the total number must be large. It is stated that Simpson M. E. Church and other churches of the Methodist and other denominations, are sharing with the Hanson Place Church in the blessing.

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"The gray matter of the brain is controlled entirely by the inorganic cell-salt, potassium phosphate.

"This salt unites with albumen, and by the addition of oxygen creates nerve-fluid, or the gray matter of the brain.

"Of course, there is a trace of other salts and the organic matter in nervefluid, but potassium phosphate is the chief factor, and has the power within itself to attract, by its own law of affinity, all things needed to manufacture the elixir of life. Therefore, when nervous symptoms arise, due to the fact that the nerve-fluid has been exhausted from any cause, the phosphate of potassium is the only true remedy, because nothing else can possibly supply the deficiency.

"The ills arising from too rapidly consuming the gray matter of the brain cannot be overestimated.

"Phosphate of Potash is, to my mind, the most wonderful curative agent ever discovered by man, and the blessings it has already conferred on the race are many. But 'what shall the harvest be' when physicians everywhere fully understand the part this wonderful salt plays in the processes of life? It will do as much as can be done through physiology to make a heaven on earth.

"Let the overworked business man take it and go home good-tempered. Let the weary wife, nerves unstrung from attending to sick children or entertaining company, take it and note how quickly the equilibrium will be restored and calm and reason assert her throne. No 'provings' are required here. We find this potassium salt largely predominates in nerve-fluid, and that a deficiency produces well-defined symptoms. The beginning and end of the matter is to supply the lacking principle, and in molecular form, exactly as nature furnishes it in vegetables, fruits and grain. To supply deficiencies—this is the only law of cure."

BRAIN POWER

Increased by Proper Feeding.

A lady writer who not only has done good literary work, but reared a family, found in Grape-Nuts the ideal food for brain work and to develop healthy children. She writes:

"I am an enthusiastic proclaimer of Grape-Nuts as a regular diet. I formerly had no appetite in the morning and for 8 years while nursing my four children, had insufficient nourishment for them.

"Unable to eat breakfast I felt faint later, and would go to the pantry and eat cold chops, sausage, cookies, doughnuts or anything I happened to find. Being a writer, at times my head felt heavy and my brain asleep.

"When I read of Grape-Nuts I began eating it every morning, also gave it to the children, including my 10 months old baby, who soon grew as fat as a little pig, good natured and contented.

"I wrote evenings and feeling the need of sustained brain power, began eating a small saucer of Grape-Nuts with milk, instead of my usual indigestible hot pudding, pie, or cake for dessert at night.

"I grew plump, nerves strong, and when I wrote my brain was active and clear; indeed, the dull head pain never returned."

Please observe that Phosphate of Potash is not properly of the drug-shop variety but is best prepared by "Old Mother Nature" and stored in the grains ready for use by mankind. Those who have been helped to better health by the use of Grape-Nuts are legion.

"There's a Reason"

POSTUM CEREAL CO., LTD.

Battle Creek, Mich.

WISE CLERK

Quits Sandwiches and Coffee for Lunch

The noon-day lunch for the Department clerks at Washington, is often a most serious question.

"For fifteen years," writes one of these clerks, "I have been working in one of the Gov't Departments. About two years ago I found myself every afternoon, with a very tired feeling in my head, trying to get the days work off my desk.

"I had heard of Grape-Nuts as a food for brain and nerve centres, so I began to eat it instead of my usual heavy breakfast, then for my lunch instead of sandwitches and coffee.

"In a very short time the tired feeling in the head left me, and ever since then the afternoon's work has been done with as much ease and pleasure as the morning's work.

"Grape-Nuts for two meals a day has worked, in my case, just as advertised, producing that reserve force and supply of energy that does not permit one to tire easily — so essential to the successful prosecution of one's life work." "There's a reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the "Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

$250 in Cash Prizes

To test the value of our advertising in the past, and to find out how many people have really learned from it what Alabastine is and why it should be used for wall decoration, we offer the following prizes for the best answers of 50 words or less to this question—

Why is Alabastine better than kalsomine or wall-paper?

Alabastine
The Sanitary Wall Coating

is put up in sixteen different tints and white, in dry powdered form, to be mixed with cold water and applied to any surface with a flat brush, and is used for wall decorations in homes, schools, churches and public buildings.

The $250 in cash prizes will be divided as follows:—First Prize, $50; Five Prizes of $10 each; Ten Prizes of $5 each; Twenty-five Prizes of $2 each; Fifty Prizes of $1 each.

91 Cash Prizes in all. Contest free to all. Send your answer at once. Awards made April 1st, 1908.

The book, "Dainty Wall Decorations" contains beautiful color plans for decorating every room in the average home, and gives much valuable information. Mailed anywhere for 10c coin or stamps.

The Alabastine Company,
923 Grandville Ave. Grand Rapids, Mich.
Dept. X, 105 Water Street, New York City.

SATISFACTORY DIVIDENDS mean the highest rate that money will earn when SAFELY invested. Small savings usually earn 4 or less. Under exceptionally favorable conditions, due to large economies in many years in the best loaning market, we offer PERFECT SECURITY and pay LARGER DIVIDENDS than the average savings institution.

INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS and LOAN CO. NEW YORK CITY

5% a Year

reckoned from day of receipt to day of withdrawal.

References from every State in the Union. New York Banking Department supervision.

Assets $1,750,000.

INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS AND LOAN CO.
2 Times Bldg., Broadway & 42nd Street, New York City

Fortunes may slip through your fingers because you are not posted on rare coins, stamps or paper money. I pay large premiums on thousands of rare specimens up to 1895. A Boston Baker got $1800 for four coins, and two coins from Salem, Mass., sold for $3000. Mr. Castle paid $100 for a stamp found at Louisville, Ky., and 65 coins and medals sold for $5,000. What other business offers such large profits without any risk? Send 4c stamp for 32p. Ill. Circular. Get posted and make money quickly. Von Bergen, Box 1000 Denver Dept. 38, Boston Mass.

OLD COINS WANTED

PARKER'S Arctic Socks
(TRADE MARK) Reg.

Healthful for bed-chamber, bath and sick-room. Worn in rubber boots, absorbs perspiration. Made of knitted fabric, lined with soft white wool fleece. Sold in all sizes by dealers or by mail, 25c a pair. Parker pays postage.

Catalogue free. **Look for Parker's name in every pair.**
J. H. Parker, Dept. K, 25 James St., Malden, Mass.

GOT MAD

When Told That Coffee Hurt Him.

One of the evidences that coffee is injurious to the nervous system, is the fact that many persons who are addicted to its use, grow wrathy when the suggestion is made that coffee causes them to "flare up" so easily.

A doctor writes:—

"Coffee three times a day—I thought I could not get along without it. I was never well, prone to get excited and often trembled, but any suggestion that coffee was not good for me made me furious.

"I noticed the tendency to become excited was growing on me. My hands and feet were cold, fingers looked shriveled, liver inactive, constipated, coated tongue, bad breath and general lower vitality. (A perfect picture of caffeine poisoning.)

A friend strongly advised me to give up coffee and use Postum, so I tried the change a few weeks and found a marked improvement in temper, nerves, and general condition. I felt so firm that I thought I could go back to coffee. Three times I tried it but always had to quit coffee and return to Postum.

"Being a physician with a large practice and plenty of experience, it was hard for me to believe that coffee could have such a profound effect on my system. Perhaps my fondness for the beverage made me loath to admit its ill effects.

"For several years now I have ordered hundreds of patients to quit coffee and have prescribed Postum instead with good results to the patients and more prompt response to my medicines."

"There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

He Served His Country Well

The Late Gen. C. H. Howard's Career as Soldier, Philanthropist, and Editor

GENERAL CHARLES H. HOWARD died at his home in Glencoe, a suburb of Chicago, January 27, of pneumonia, after a brief illness. He was distinguished as soldier, editor, philanthropist and Christian man of business. He was a brother of Major-General O. O. Howard, United States Army. He was born in Leeds, Me., August 28, 1838, and educated at Kent's Hill and Yarmouth Academies and Bowdoin College, from which he was graduated in 1859. He enlisted in the Third Maine Infantry in 1861, and afterward was assigned to the staff of his brother, Major-General O. O. Howard, as aide-de-camp, serving with him in the battles of Bull Run, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Lookout Mountain, and Fair Oaks, where he was wounded. He was senior aide on the commander's staff in the famous "march to the sea." For his brilliant services he was breveted brigadier-general on his retirement from active service. He was made a member of the Freedmen's Bureau during the reconstruction period. General Howard married Miss Mary Catherine Foster, daughter of John B. Foster, of Bangor, Me., in 1867, and moved in 1869 to Chicago, where he became secretary of the American Missionary Association. He was appointed Government Inspector of Indian Agencies of the Interior Department by President Garfield, and was editor of *The Advance*. In 1885 he became editor of *Farm, Field and Fireside*. Three years ago he retired from business.

The Late Gen. C. H. Howard

He is survived by seven children: Otis McGregor Howard, of Chicago, who represents the Western interests of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD; Dr. B. F. Howard, superintendent of the Massachusetts State Insane Asylum; Rev. L. R. Howard, of Plainfield, N. J.; Prof. Arthur D. Howard, of Westminster College; Donald C. Howard, of Pierre, S. D.; and Misses Katherine and Nina F. Howard, residing at the family home in Glencoe.

Personally, General Howard was one of the most lovable of men. He was a picturesque figure in the journalistic field. His grave courtesy, engaging voice and soldierly bearing, remind one of the courtly old cavaliers of other days. To these he added a vigorous mind and keen ambitions, that were thoroughly American. One of his biographers writes: "Fortunate is he who can induce him to open the store of reminiscence." He was born of good New England parentage and of Scotch-Irish descent. His boyhood and youth were spent in the frugal, God-serving, manhood-developing atmosphere of that locality and time. He was not ashamed to work his way at school and college, teaching in his vacations. Enlisting as a soldier, his education gave him immediate preferment, and within a year he received his commission. He was the close companion and confidant of his brother, General O. O. Howard, in almost every battle of the war. And it is not too much to say that his brother relied very strongly on his quickness and keenness of perception and his absolute courage and devotion, both in planning and executing many of his great campaigns. During the reconstruction period, while he was on the Freedman's Bureau, though often threatened with death, he stood by his post, and tried in his courteous, gentle, honorable way, to protect the negroes and refugees.

As Field Secretary of the American Missionary Association, he founded and aided thousands of schools for colored people in the South, for the Chinese on the Pacific Coast, and for the Indians. His interest in the "oppressed races" has been the keynote of his life.

He rendered valuable service as Inspector of Indian Agencies, to which post he was appointed by President Garfield. On one occasion, his direct appeal to Washington saved the Blackfeet Indian tribe from starvation. On all matters connected with Indian affairs, he was a recognized authority, and he was much sought after for such gatherings at the Mohonk Conference.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

Reader, Iowa. "For several years a dark cloud of trouble hung over my own home. I prayed that it might be removed. I thank God my prayer has been answered."

Mrs. E. H. "I want to acknowledge constant answers to prayer in most distressing times. How can any one live without God in this hard, care-ridden world?"

M. L., Washington. "I was in great trouble and promised the Lord if he would help me, I would acknowledge it to the world. He heard my prayers and answered them."

A Friend, New York City. "I wish to testify to the benefit received from the Answered Prayers column. The Lord has answered many prayers for me, and I shall keep on praying."

J. M. R., Canada. "I wish to acknowledge God's goodness to me in answering prayer. I have received many answers and have learned to trust and obey him, knowing that he rules over all."

Reader, Ohio. "When greatly troubled, I cried to the Lord for help in my difficulty. He heard and helped. We, the children of a King, have a never-failing source of comfort, strength, and power."

Believer, Spokane, Wash. "I wish to add my testimony. The Lord graciously answered my prayer, when I was in distress and knew not where to turn. May this encourage some other distressed one."

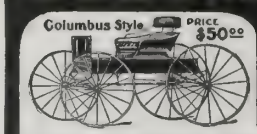
L. D., Iowa. "I promised the Almighty God if he would answer my prayer, I would tell it to the world through your Answered Prayers column. He has answered my prayers many times. Never despair or lose hope until you have asked the Lord to help you."

Confidence, New York City. "'I love the Lord, because he hath heard my voice, and my supplications.' In a remarkable way, God has recently answered the united prayers of myself and family, and relieved us of a great anxiety. I desire to acknowledge his goodness."

Monarchs in Business

Monarch and man of business is a more frequent combination than many persons imagine. Emperor William owns a well-equipped pottery, which brings him $50,000 a year. The King of Wurtemburg is proprietor of two large hotels, which pay handsome profits. The King of Saxony owns a porcelain factory at Meissen. The Regent of Lippe-Detmold runs a large model farm, and sells butter, milk and eggs. The King of Servia owns a barber shop and an apothecary shop, and is an agent for motor cars.

COLUMBUS THE BUGGY OF QUALITY



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We manufacture Buggies, Runabouts, Driving Wagons, Surreys, Carriages, Phaetons, Stanhopes, and a large variety of light Pleasure Vehicles, and sell them

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Look our styles over and compare our prices before you purchase. Write today for the FREE CATALOGUE.

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2066 So. High Street, - Columbus, Ohio

Buy CARPETS RUGS AND CURTAINS By Mail

Direct to You, Freight Prepaid,

Save $5 to $10

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TELFER CARPET CO., 814 Walnut St., Des Moines, Iowa.

Rider Agents Wanted

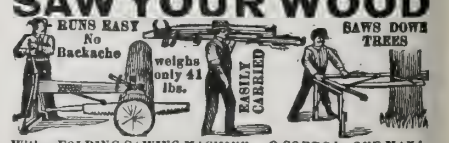
in each town to ride and exhibit sample 1908 model. *Write for Special Offer.*
Finest Guaranteed **1908 Models $10 to $27**
with Coaster-Brakes and Puncture-Proof tires.
1906 & 1907 Models all of best makes **$7 to $12**
500 Second-Hand Wheels *All makes and models, good as new.....* **$3 to $8**
Great **Factory Clearing Sale.**
We ***Ship On Approval*** *without a cent deposit, pay the freight* and allow
TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL.
Tires, coaster-brakes, parts, repairs and sundries, half usual prices. **Do not buy** till you get our catalogs and offer. *Write now.*
MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. R71, Chicago

Best Birds, Best Eggs, Lowest Prices All leading varieties pure-bred Chickens, Ducks, Geese and Turkeys. Largest Poultry Farm in the world. Fowls Northern-raised, healthy and vigorous. Fowls, Eggs and Incubators at lowest prices. Send for our big 132-page book, "Poultry For Profit," full of pictures. It tells you how to raise poultry and run Incubators successfully. Send 4 cents for the book, to cover postage.
J. W. MILLER COMPANY, Box 179, FREEPORT, ILL.

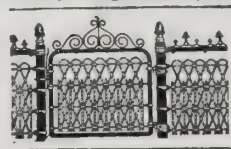
100% Hatches Every Fertile Egg 100%

The GLOBE Incubator does this all the time has done it for 16 years—and hatches strong, healthy chicks—chicks that **live** and **grow.** Our **Globe Incubator** Book with Beautiful color plates tells **you** how to make more money out of poultry. Sent for 4c. in stamps. Write to-day.
C. C. SHOEMAKER, Box 338, Freeport, Ill.

SAW YOUR WOOD

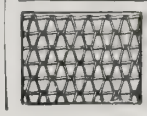


With a **FOLDING SAWING MACHINE. 9 CORDS by ONE MAN in 10 hours.** Send for Free illus. catalogue showing latest **improvements** and testimonials from thousands. First order secures agcy.
Folding Sawing Mach. Co., 158 E. Harrison St., Chicago, Ill.



LAWN FENCE
Many designs. Cheap as wood. 32 page Catalogue free. **Special Prices** to Churches and Cemeteries.
Coiled Spring Fence Co.
Box D Winchester Ind.

Greider's Fine Poultry Catalogue.
Tells all about pure-bred poultry and **illustrates 60 varieties.** Contains **10 beautiful chromos.** Gives reasonable prices of stock and eggs. Tells how to cure diseases, kill lice, make money. Only 10 cts. postpaid. **B. H. GREIDER, RHEEMS, PA.**



FENCE STRONGEST MADE. Bull-strong chicken-tight Sold to the user at Wholesale Prices. We Pay Freight. Catalogue free.
COILED SPRING FENCE CO.,
Box 47 Winchester, Indiana.

Argentina Welcomes the Flotilla

BUENOS AYRES, Argentina, has been giving an enthusiastic welcome to the officers and men of the American destroyer flotilla that is bound to the Pacific with the battleship fleet. The destroyers are light craft and have kept closer to the coast than the main battleship squadron, and consequently the men are enabled to see much more of the South American countries.

The officers were taken automobile riding about the city under the guidance of officers of the Argentine torpedo boats. Everywhere the people on the streets greeted them enthusiastically, and it was very evident that the visit was greatly appreciated. There was an elaborate luncheon at the end of the ride at the Pavilion Las Rosas. That same evening the officers had a dinner given in their honor by the Minister of Marine, Vice-Admiral Betbeder.

The Argentine sailors, not to be outdone in hospitality by their superiors, gave a dinner to the American bluejackets at the marine barracks; this, while not such an elaborate affair as that enjoyed by the officers was as greatly appreciated, and music and fun lasted until a late hour.

The Minister of Foreign Affairs, Senor Zeballos, sent a very friendly dispatch to Secretary of State Root in regard to the fleet's visit. Among other things he said, "I have had the honor to receive the officers of the American destroyers in my office. Their visit was hailed with lively fellow feeling by the people and authorities and revives the most pleasant memories of Mr. Root's voyage to South America. May fair winds and smooth seas carry the Pacific squadron safely to the shores of the farther land." The Secretary of State at once cabled a long and cordial reply. President Roosevelt cabled to President Alcorta, of Argentina, his thanks for the message of good will he had received from him, and his thanks for the many courtesies extended to the men of the destroyer flotilla. "With nations, as with individuals," said President Roosevelt, "such kindly amenities are very potent in strengthening the bonds of friendship, and all the people of the United States greatly desire this as between them and the people of Argentina."

The larger fleet of sixteen battleships has reported by wireless that it is making excellent progress. The dispatch was sent by Admiral Evans to the officers of the Argentine fleet, who passed it on to Washington. The important part for many anxious mothers and wives is contained in the words, "All well."

How the Blind Babies' Home Was Helped

Dear Dr. Klopsch: Your letter enclosing the check for $1,587.52, representing contributions by your readers for the Sunshine Home for Blind Babies, is just received. This is the largest check that ever came into the office. About all I can do now is to sit and look at it, read it over and over, to see if I have not made a mistake.

How little we realized the generosity of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD! It is needless to say that the troubles at the Blind Babies' Home have all vanished. The first mortgage of $5,000 is now canceled, with a goodly sum to begin the second one. Our struggles have been many and hard to hold this Home until the State and city could give us the proper support.

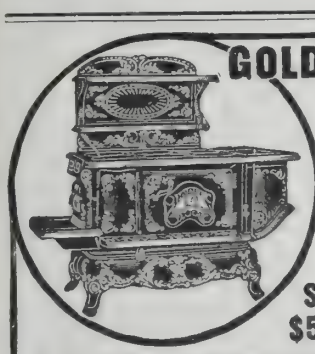
Dear Dr. Klopsch, were I not supposed to be a woman of dignity and self-control, I would sit down and have a good cry. The relief to me personally furnished by this check, is more than I can explain. As treasurer of this Sunshine Home for Blind Babies, it is but natural that the responsibility of raising the money to meet the expenses fell principally upon me, although, without the other officers and friends, I could not have succeeded; at the same time, I have realized for some months that if my health should break down, I was leaving no one just prepared to take up the cares and keep the Home open. Were it closed, it would mean many of these helpless blind little ones going back to the department of feeble-minded, which would mean death to them in a very short time.

The contribution has come just in time for me to make a note of it in the February *Bulletin*. Never have I dictated an item of news with greater satisfaction and joy. I am going to call a meeting of the board and hold a jubilee over this check, the gift of your readers. Please believe me,

Yours gratefully in sunshine or shade,
MRS. CYNTHIA WESTOVER ALDEN.
New York City.

The Most Complete Bible

Dear Dr. Klopsch: Your Red Letter, India Paper Bible recently received by me is complete in every respect. The size is so much more convenient than that of the average Bible used, and the type so distinct and so plain, that I cannot but feel deeply grateful to you every time I use it.
Portland, Ind. MRS. J. Q. POTTER.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Freight Paid
Save You $5 to $20
If you are dissatisfied at any time during one year, send the stove back at our expense.
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THE GOLD COIN STOVE CO., 11 Oak Street, Troy, N. Y.

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DO YOUR OWN STAMPING
Saves dollars to needleworkers. Easy to do — merely the pressure of a hot iron.
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— ARE 10 CENTS,—NONE HIGHER —
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MEND IT IN ONE MINUTE
COLLETTE'S PATENT PATCHES mend all leaks in all utensils—tin, brass, copper, graniteware, hot water bags, etc. No solder, cement or rivet. Anyone can use them; fit any surface; used over and over. Send for sample package, assorted sizes, 10c. postpaid. Regular price 25c. Agents wanted.
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You are no greater intellectually than your memory. Easy, inexpensive. Increases income; gives ready memory for faces, names, business details, studies, conversation; develops will, public speaking, personality. Send today for Free Booklet. Address
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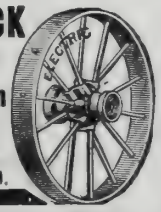
Save time, horses, work and money by using an
Electric Handy Wagon

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Every vehicle we build sold on 30 days Free trial.
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AGENTS PORTRAITS 35c, FRAMES 15c. sheet pictures 1c, stereoscopes 25c, views 1c. 30 days credit. Samples and Catalog Free.
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A Roof of All-round Protection

The above photograph shows the plant of the New Jersey Rubber Co., of Lambertville, New Jersey, which is permanently roofed with
REX FLINT-KOTE ROOFING
Study this picture carefully and you will see that the roofing on these buildings is depended upon to give several distinct sorts of protection; first there is the protection against rain and snow required of every roof; then there is the protection from flying sparks from the locomotives which pass alongside the buildings; then again there is the protection from the corroding influences of the fumes arising from the rubber manufacturing processes.
And so you see a practical example of the all-round protection given by REX Flintkote ROOFING. Other roofings may offer one or another sort of protection, but REX is the *complete* roofing—we can prove it.
Write for Book and Samples of REX Roofing
The book will tell you all about Rex Flintkote Roofing and give photographs of other buildings on which it is used, with letters of recommendation from users. The samples will show you what Rex Flintkote Roofing really is and enable you to test its properties.
J. A. & W. BIRD & COMPANY
28 India Street, Boston, Mass.
Agents Everywhere.
"LOOK FOR THE BOY" TRADE MARK REX ROOFING Flintkote

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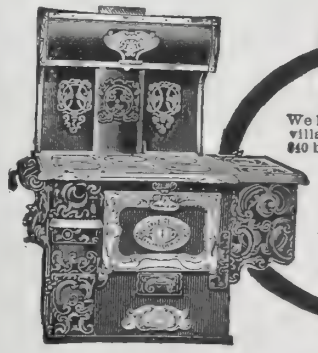
As a trained nurse, woman's noblest work, profession never crowded steady employment, thorough instruction by correspondence, without interference with student's present occupation or duties. Graduation in one third usual time by reason of superiority of method.
Undergraduates having successfully taken first quarter of the course, will be recommended for minor cases, thereby securing incomes usually more than sufficient to pay all costs. Employment bureau of School will assist in placing all competent graduates without charge.
To be a competent nurse is invaluable to any woman. Professionally, it makes her independent, gaining for her the highest possible honors and unusually good pay. In her own home her abilities mean practical life insurance for her loved ones
Undergraduates earn from $5 to $15 weekly; when on cases, graduates from $15 to $75 weekly, customary fee, $25 per week. Board included.
This course is especially valuable for missionaries.
For complete information regarding superior service of this School, address at once, and mention this paper.
THE HOME SCHOOL OF NURSING, 140 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
Hospitals, sanitariums, and physicians in any part of the world will be supplied with trained nurses upon application.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We have more than 100,000 satisfied customers in more than 17,000 cities, villages and towns in the United States who have each saved from $5 to $40 by buying a Kalamazoo stove or range on
360 DAYS APPROVAL
direct from our factory at actual factory prices. No stove or range has a higher reputation or gives better satisfaction. You run no risk. You save all dealers' profits. We pay the freight.
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Healing Waters

By Mrs. M. Baxter

As a Jew, Jesus was under the law, and all through his life he punctually performed all his Father's commandments in the law. "Three times in a year shall all thy males appear before the Lord thy God in the place which he shall choose; in the feast of unleavened bread, and in the feast of weeks, and in the feast of tabernacles" (Deut. 16: 16). Son of God though he was, Jesus obeyed the law, and thus showed us how obedience, equally with faith, is part of the will of God. While he was at Jerusalem on this occasion we find him attracted by the need of poor sick people to the pool of Bethesda.

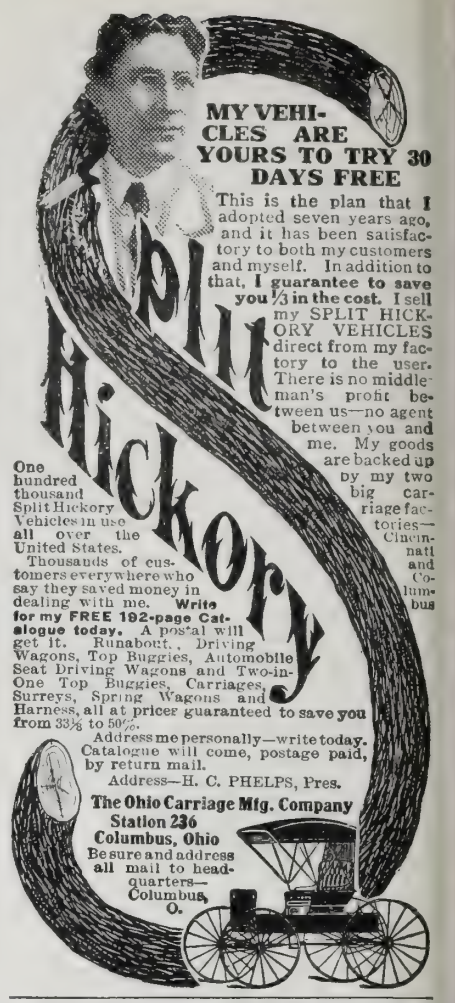
The Hebrew word "Bethesda" signifies "house of mercy," and Jesus' presence there would have made it a house of mercy for each one, had they but recognized him as the Messiah, "the Lord that healeth thee" (Exod. 15: 26). They were within a few yards of the great Fountain of healing virtue, but they knew it not. The need was there and the remedy was there, but they were blind to it; they looked another way. Bethesda consisted of a pool, surrounded by five porches. "In these lay a great multitude of impotent folk, of blind, halt, withered, waiting for the moving of the water."

Oh, how many there are on every hand in sore need, in spirit, soul or body, who are waiting for something which the eye can see or which the ear can hear, or which can be made real to them by the evidence of their senses! Some are waiting for the help of some human being; many sick people are waiting for a doctor of whose skill they have heard, or watching the success of some new remedy which they have applied; or it may be they are waiting for an opportunity to try the benefit of another climate, or they are waiting until some circumstance may be more favorable for recovery from their sickness.

How many there are who are oppressed by temporal needs, and have come into great business difficulties, who are waiting until trade revives or until some one shall lend them a large sum of money—waiting for anything and everything except for God! "Blessed are all they that wait for Him" (Isa. 30: 18). How many there are in spiritual need who are waiting until they can attend some meeting where others have found blessing; or some conference of Christians which is at hand; or until they can have a talk with somebody who is more deeply instructed than they are in the things of God; who are waiting, in some way, for "the moving of the water."

For this uncertain help the many sick ones were waiting, but only the first to step down could receive it. The most able, the least infirm, those who had sight to guide them and limbs to carry them, stood the best chance; the others must wait, and many of them waited long enough. "A certain man was there, who had an infirmity thirty and eight years." As far as we can gather, he had lived for thirty-eight years with the fond expectation of being some day or the other the first to be put into the pool. Seeing this man lie, and knowing that he had been a long time in that case, Jesus saith unto him, "Wilt thou be made whole?" The usual answer to this question is: "Of course I will! There is nothing I desire so much as to be healed." And yet, after all, it comes to a point of will.

Man is always trying to persuade himself and others that he is ready for every blessing, but that he has great difficulty in obtaining blessings from God. He will say: "I have prayed and prayed for years, and yet have received no answer from God. I have tried and struggled; I have considered the matter; I have examined my faith and I have exercised all the faith I could, and yet the answer to my prayers is not come." The Lord says: "I am willing and ye are not." He says: "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."



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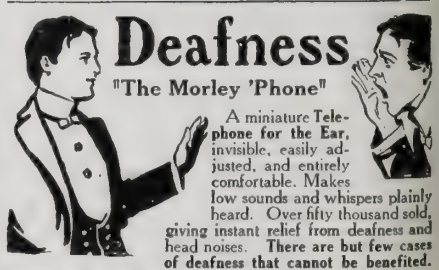

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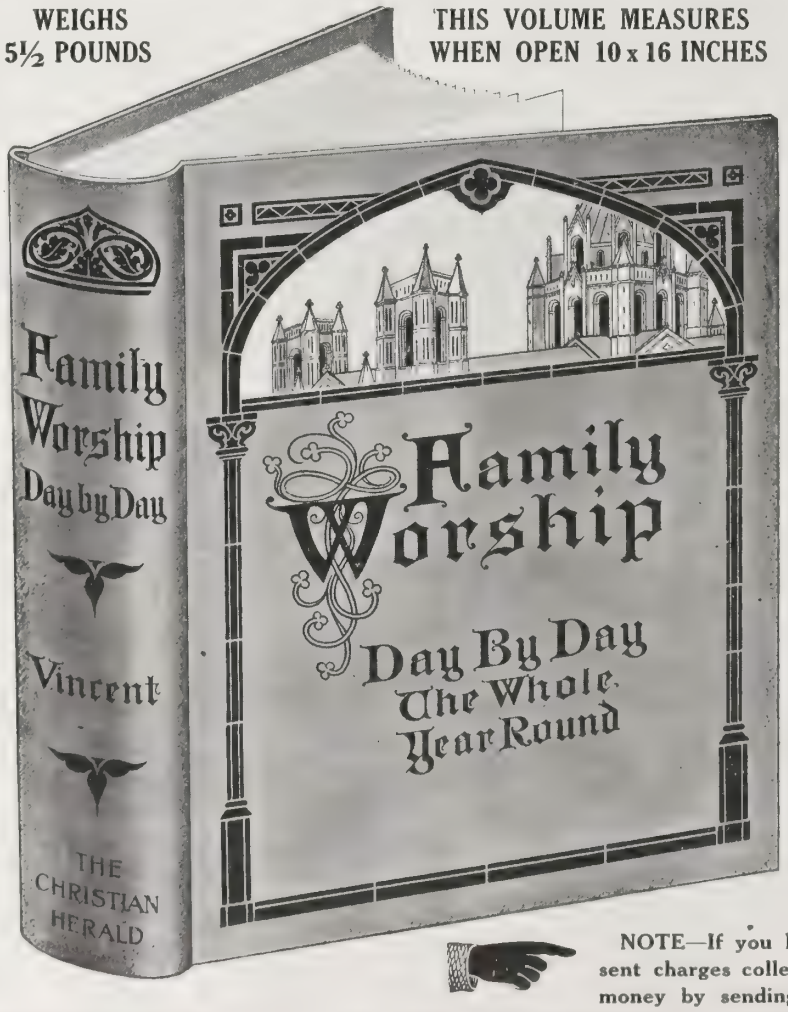

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NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 19, 1908

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

The Late King Carlos | Queen Marie Amelie | The Late Crown Prince Luiz Filippe

THE PORTUGUESE ASSASSINATIONS

King Carlos and the Crown Prince Slain in the Streets of Lisbon. Manuel II. Proclaimed Ruler—Tragic Close to a Royal Holiday

TWO continents were shocked by the news flashed from Lisbon on February 1, that King Carlos and Crown Prince Luiz Filippe of Portugal, had been assassinated by agitators, whose object was apparently not only to overthrow the government, but to exterminate the reigning family of Braganza. The King, with Queen Amelie, the Crown Prince and Prince Manuel, the second son, was driving in an open carriage, slightly ahead of the other vehicles, when the attack occurred. They were returning from the royal estate of Villa Vicosa, the King's favorite residence, where they had been passing an agreeable holiday. All were in high spirits, notwithstanding the political troubles which beset the government, and the King and Queen thought little about danger. Indeed, so confident were they of safety, that the King had refused a military escort for the royal carriage, and only a handful of mounted police accompanied the party. As the vehicle proceeded, it passed through throngs of holiday sight-seers, which included members of the Court, Ministers, and ladies, as well as large numbers of the working classes, all ready to welcome the royal party on its return to the capital.

As the carriage turned into Rua do Arsenal (Arsenal Street), a group of men armed with carbines, who had been waiting at the Praca do Comercio, suddenly sprang forward. An eye-witness declares that one man, tall and bearded, and wearing a dark mantle, leaped upon the step of the King's carriage, and, leaning over, emptied the contents of his revolver in the King's neck and back. At the same instant there was a rattling of fire-arms, and a shower of bullets struck the carriage, penetrating the bodies of the King and the Crown Prince at short range. It was all done so swiftly that the police, seemingly stupefied, were unable to prevent the assassins, six in number, who ran up from behind to the side of the carriage. At the first shot, Queen Amelie, who seemed to divine the situation more quickly than those around her, uttered a scream, and flinging herself between the assassins and her two sons, tried in vain to screen their bodies with her own. She stood up in the carriage and struck frantically at the nearest of the assailants with a large bouquet of roses which she had been carrying in her lap, breaking the flowers, which were scattered along the drive. The King, wounded to death, had fallen forward on the floor of the carriage, and Prince Luiz had just strength enough left to raise himself in an effort to assist his mother in her brave defense, when he, too, pitched forward, falling over the body of the King.

When the young Prince Manuel saw his father and Prince Luiz fall, he drew a revolver and discharged it point-blank at one of the assailants. At the same moment, the assassins' carbines cracked, and Manuel sank back in his seat with a wounded face and right arm. One of the footmen in the royal carriage was wounded, and a bullet grazed Queen Amelie's shoulder. It is said that while she had been trying to fight off the attack, one of the assassins aimed at her breast, but was sabred by the police and the shot went wide.

Portugal's Boy-King, Manuel II.
Who succeeded to the throne on the assassination of his father and brother

The regicides meant that both Manuel and the Queen should perish. One of them, standing in the shelter of a pillar, deliberately aimed at Amelie and the Prince, but was choked by a young officer named Valiente. He shot Valiente dead, and was himself sabred the next instant by one of the King's aides.

The street was now like a section of pandemonium. The assassins, after discharging their weapons, had fled into the crowds, which became panic-stricken. Then the police guard charged hotly after the fugitives and riddled three of them with bullets. Many of the people joined in the pursuit, and soon the survivors of the band of assassins were made prisoners. The royal victims were hurried to the Maritime Hospital, where both the King and the Prince expired soon after their arrival. Prince Manuel's wound was found to be slight and the Queen was practically unharmed. The King and Prince Luiz had each sustained three wounds and these were apparently delivered at such short range as to assure deadly results. The bodies were conveyed to the Necessidades Palace and placed on biers, while troops guarded the palace and a squadron of cavalry surrounded the house. Meanwhile the Council of State issued a proclamation declaring Prince Manuel King of Portugal, in succession, under the title of Manuel II.

The night which followed will never be forgotten in Lisbon. Through the long hours Queen Amelie sat with her dead in the palace, prostrated with grief. She sat between the two biers, her right hand touching the face of her husband, while her left rested lovingly

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THE AMERICAN PULPIT

A SERMON BY

Rev. F. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.

The Backslider

TEXT — John 5 : 14—"Sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee"

CALVINISTS and Arminians have battled for generations over the question whether it is possible for a man, who has once been converted, to fall into sin and be finally lost. The question is no nearer a settlement than it was a hundred years ago, but I think there is one aspect of it in which both would agree. Unhappily, there is no room for dispute about the facts. The Methodist points, in proof of his contention, to men who are sunk in vice and degradation, who were once believed to be true Christians. The Presbyterian sorrowfully admits the fact, though he explains it by saying that such men were never children of God, and they deceived themselves and deceived the Church; or else they were Christians, and will yet be saved through discipline that God will use to bring them back to his fold. It is of these men I would speak this morning.

We are down by the Pool of Bethesda. In all probability, this was a mineral spring, like a Yellowstone geyser. Samuel Barnes thinks it may have been. At certain times this pool erupted, and at the first troubling of the waters they had a curative quality attributed to angelic action upon them. The sick and the diseased would gather there ready to plunge in at the auspicious moment. The first who stepped into the water at that time was cured of his or her ailment. But one poor man was there, who was so weak and slow in his movements that he could not enter alone. He seemed to have no friends. Reading between the lines, I think this man's sickness may have been the result of a past evil life. Sin and physical agony are sometimes but not always concomitants of each other. Jesus saw and had compassion on him, and cured him. Then Jesus meets him afterward in the temple and speaks the words of my text: "Behold, thou art made whole; sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee."

Worse than Helplessness

We may wonder what there could be worse than the man had endured. To lie there day after day for thirty-eight years, suffering from paralysis, or rheumatism, or some other ailment that rendered him helpless, was surely bad enough. But Jesus thought there were worse things than that, and they might come upon him if he fell into sin. The warning comes with additional force to us, because we have been accustomed to regard the miracle as a type of conversion. We should therefore ask ourselves in what respect the calamities that come from sin are worse than physical helplessness.

The backslider, in the first place, is haunted by the gruesome spectre of a poignant, never-ceasing remorse. He has enjoyed the inspiring hope of salvation. He has tasted the ineffable sweets of the Gospel. He is like the prodigal in the far country. He was not born of swine-keeping parents. He was not treated as a social outcast. He was cradled in the old homestead and knew what a loving mother's smile was. He knew what honor and affection and respectability meant. But he deliberately went and flung all away and turned his back upon the things that make life worth living. In his misfortunes after his poverty came upon him, wherever he went, and whatever he did, he kept picturing to himself the plenty and happiness of his father's home. Do you suppose a man who has once lived in a comfortable house on a respectable street, with a loving family and amid kind friends, could ever be happy to go and dwell among social outcasts, if he knew that he was the direct cause of his own disgrace?

A Beer-Drinker's Resolve

Some years ago, a young Scotchman came across the seas and settled in this country. He married here and had two little children whom he loved dearly. But he was one of those who drifted into dissipation through sociability, as so many have done before him. The men always used to take a drink before they started work. Then they would break off work about ten o'clock and take another drink. Then they would always take a drink at noon, and so on during the day. This habit began to get its merciless hold upon him. One evening, on his way home from work, a sleigh was dashing down the street. Before he knew it, the horse was almost upon him. He leaped back just in time to escape being knocked down. As he did this, two women beautifully dressed in furs laughed contemptuously at his predicament. The man began to think. Why was he walking when other people could ride, and almost ride over him, and treat it all as a joke? Who were these rude rich people? Looking after them he recognized these women as the wife and daughter of the saloon-keeper from whom he and his fellow workmen bought their daily drink.

As he watched the sleigh disappearing, he said, "You have had the last dollar you will get from me. From now on I am going to buy my wife furs, and give my children a home, instead of supporting you."

It Pays to Do Right

The next morning, when the men broke off work and said, "Come on, Joe, let's go and take a sip," he replied, "No! I have given that saloon-keeper the last dollar he will ever have of mine. I am going to buy my wife and bairns a home, instead of supporting his family in luxury." The men laughed. "All right," said Joe. "You'll see." And in a couple of years, that workman had enough money which he had saved from the saloon to buy a city lot and build a little home. That workman to-day is one of the leading merchants in one of our Western cities. Does it pay? Does it pay to be good? Does it pay to do right? And, my friends, if it does pay to do right, how great must be the remorse that comes when a man realizes that by his own sins, his own follies, his own evil deeds, he has brought poverty and misery upon himself and those he loves?

You are not like a man who has been brought up in an irreligious home. You know what the beauties and joys of the Gospel life mean. You have seen this happiness revealed in your father's and mother's lives. You have felt the joy of the Gospel in your own life. If I mistake not, some years ago you joined the church. You have been a worker in the Master's vineyard. Tell me, are you going to put all that past joy away? Are you going to turn your back upon the only life which you know is worth living? Are you going to-day to grip hands with sin and then endure the evil results of the sin you have brought upon yourself and your dear ones? Remember that the condition of the man who has once known the Christian hope and has departed from it, is infinitely worse than that of the man who has never known it at all. For then the spectre of remorse points her finger at you and says, "You have brought this misery upon yourself, and you alone are responsible." And "Jesus findeth him in the temple and said unto him, Behold, thou art made whole; sin no more, lest a worse thing come upon thee."

The Pendulum's Swing

But when the backslider relapses into evil, he does more than clasp hands with sin. He not only seeks sin, but he turns his back upon God and the good people with whom he used to associate. As the pendulum swinging in one direction gathers momentum, and swings just as far in the other direction, so the backslider, when he goes astray, is apt to go further astray because he has once been good. As remorse gnaws at his heart, so ingratitude makes him go just as far away from good associates as he possibly can go.

Here, for instance, is a young fellow whom you have made your protege. You felt you had the means and ought to help some one in life. So this boy appealed to your sympathies and you took him to your heart. You educated him and started him in business. You pushed him rapidly forward. You gave him an interest in the firm. You loved him as a son. Time passed on. Suddenly you awoke to an awful fact. You found that this young man whom you had loved, had desecrated your home. You found that he had broken every law of justice and honor and truth. The meanest human cur that ever crawled in slime, could not be more untrue to you than he has been. What do you do? Do you upbraid him and make him suffer the penalty of the law? No. Like a loving father, your heart is broken. You would like to forgive him. You would even like to give him another start. But he will not let you love him. He will flee away from you. He will get just as far away as he can. Like Absalom of old, all that he will do is to associate with your enemies. And all that you can do is to go weeping to your bedchamber as you cry, "Oh, my son Absalom, my son! my son Absalom! Would God I had died for thee!" Now, my brother, is that the kind of ingratitude you mean to show to God? Are you about to drift into sin? Are you going to turn your back upon Christ? Are you ready to separate yourself from those sweet Christian associations which contribute to our spiritual life? Remember this: no Christian man ever flung himself into sin but he proved himself an ingrate, and his shame led him to get just as far away from God and from his people as he could go.

There is another fact which the Christian must bear well in mind. Though the Gospel life grows sweeter and purer and more triumphant the longer a man lives it, yet the old scars of sin remain indelible. And when a Christian backslides, it is like the relapse of an attack of typhoid fever or pneumonia. The relapse is always more dangerous than the first attack. Then the physical organism is weakened. Then the disease can the more easily attack the vital parts. You and I had better beware. We ought never to let those old wounds of sin reopen. If they are once allowed to bleed again, there will be a hemorrhage which will sap away our life.

Slain by a Shell

You know there is an old proverb among the soldiers that in time of war no two bullets ever struck twice in the same place. But that is not always true. Dr. Ryan, in his book entitled, *Under the Red Crescent*, gives a vivid account of the siege of Kalafat. The bullets were falling in a perfect hurricane. Suddenly there came tumbling over the wall a monster shell, and it crashed into the ground and burst, tearing a great hole out of the earth as large as a house. A poor frightened mother gathered her three children about her and ran to this hole for protection. But hardly had she settled herself there than there was heard the singing of another shell flying from a gun two miles away, and it flung itself into that hole and tore those four human beings into shreds. "Oh," you say, "that was horrible; that was gruesome; that was overpowering!" Yes, it was. It was tragic because it was so unusual for two shells to strike the same place. But I want to tell you that when Satan aims his guns for bombardment, he has been hitting us in the same way for the last twenty years. And just as a prize-fighter can keep tapping an adversary in the same place over the heart until he saps away his antagonist's strength, so Satan can keep battering at the old wounds of our former sins and open them in their weakened condition, until at last we fall before his blows as helpless as the trembling fawn before the plunge of a jungle tiger. Beware of that old sin. O man, if you start it again in its bleeding, in all probability you will never close it up. Beware!

Vitality of an Old Enemy

I have heard my father again aud again tell this tragic story: In his Philadelphia church he had an elder he dearly loved. The elder was a Scotchman, who stood about six feet two and was magnificently proportioned. He was a nobleman in brain and in heart. He was one of those great big, lovable fellows who hold you with a grip of steel. This man, then nearly sixty years of age, had been dissipated in his youth. He had once been a drunkard. But for forty years of his life he had lived a pure, true, consistent Christian life. But one day, under a hot summer sun, he became dizzy with a sunstroke. He stepped into a nearby drug-store for help. The druggist, not knowing his old weakness, gave him a glass of liquor. That one glass revived the old passion. He started forth from that drug-store to the nearest saloon. He drank until he was drunk. He drank himself into the gutter. And in six months he drank himself into the grave. Beware, O man, of that old sin!

When I was a boy I heard John B. Gough talking along the same line. There he stood before me, an

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THE PORTUGUESE ASSASSINATIONS

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on the cheek of her dead son, Prince Luiz. Silent and sleepless she sat, speaking to none, while troops guarded all the entrances. Few slept in Lisbon that night. In the evening all the shops, cafes and theatres had been closed. Houses were barricaded and streets cleared, for there was a general dread of a revolutionary rising. But there was no outbreak, and next morning, when Premier Franco proclaimed the accession of Prince Manuel and shortly afterward a new Cabinet was announced, the tension was relaxed and it was generally felt that the dreaded crisis had temporarily passed.

King Carlos' reign has been a troubled one. He was born in 1863 and ascended the throne in 1889. There were some in Portugal who regarded him as a usurper, as he belonged only to the female line of the royal house of Braganza, Duke Miguel de Braganza being the claimant in the direct line of male succession. Carlos, in 1886, married Princess Marie Amelie of Orleans, daughter of the Comte de Paris, head of the old royal house of France. Their two sons were Luiz Filippe, born 1887 (who perished with his father), and Manuel, the second son, born 1889.

Carlos was a good-natured, easy-going ruler, large of frame and fond of athletics. From the outset, his rule encountered a strong republican sentiment, and his management of governmental affairs was frequently criticized. Besides, it was unfortunate that the opportunities were afforded for the development of a strong socialistic movement, especially in the commercial cities. There were many factional wrangles in the Portuguese Parliament or Cortes, and the necessary appropriations to carry on the government could not be passed. King Carlos repeatedly warned the wrangling factionists that they must harmonize their differences and transact the necessary business, but his efforts at conciliation were futile. One cabinet succeeded another at brief intervals, but none could deal satisfactorily with the situation, and public affairs were rapidly becoming chaotic.

This was the situation when, on May 11, 1907, the King decided on a bold stroke. He issued a decree, abolishing the Constitution, and proclaimed Senhor Joao Ferreira Franco, one of the ablest Liberal leaders (but opposed to the Republicans), as Dictator. This extra-constitutional movement immediately set the whole country in a ferment. Outbreaks occurred in many cities, and there was a sanguinary riot in Lisbon, which Franco put down with the strong hand, using the army for the purpose. The Dictator, who was firmly supported by the King, believed in vigorous measures. He refused all appeals to reconvene the Cortes until he had assurances that factionism would cease and the Cortes would do the royal bidding.

It was a critical time. Carlos was warned by King Victor of Italy and from other quarters that the wiser policy would be to return to constitutional methods; but Franco was inflexible. The King absented himself from public functions and spent much time with the army. The Crown Prince visited the colonies in Africa.

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Praça do Comercio, Lisbon, Scene of the Assassinations

On his return, he urged his father to return to constitutional methods, and warned him that if he did not do so, it might mean revolution and the overthrow of the throne.

Meanwhile, the opposition grew, and Premier Franco decided to check public opinion by a rigid press censorship. Several journals were suspended. As the indications of an approaching crisis increased, many Republicans and not a few Conservatives left the country. The air was full of alarming rumors of revolutionary risings.

It is not questioned, however, that during the whole crisis, which had such a tragic denouement, the King was actuated by a desire for what he conceived to be the country's best welfare. He claimed, and truthfully, that the attitude of the factions had made public business impossible, and that it was necessary to take strong financial measures of economy to meet the steadily growing deficit. His resolute extra-constitutional attitude and Franco's dictatorship precipitated the tragedy. There were many premonitions of the approaching storm which could not have been unnoticed. King Edward of England had personally written to King Carlos, warning him of the revolutionary plots and urging measures of safety; but the King was confident and disdainful of danger to the last hour of his life.

After the accession of Manuel, there was a temporary lull, which raised hopes that the worst was over, and that the country would quickly return to normal conditions. But soon another storm arose, when the work of forming a new cabinet was begun. Franco, who had been the late King's evil genius, retired, and it was said he would leave the country, lest his powerful influence should assert itself in the new regime. Some who had been his open enemies, were given places in the new ministry. On February 7, the cabinet stood as follows:

Premier—Vice-Admiral Ferreira de Amaral. Minister of War—Sebastian Tolles. Justice—Campos Henriques. Finance—Alfonso Esperguetra. Foreign Affairs—Wenceslau de Lima. Public Works—Senhor Calvet Magalhaes Marine—Augusto de Castilho.

Premier Amaral, speaking for the new administration, said that its immediate aim would be to restore calm to the nation and bring back normal conditions. He believed the people were attached to the monarchy and would be loyal to King Manuel. It was understood that the new Cabinet will at once repeal the dictatorial decrees of ex-Premier Franco, and that the Cortes will be convoked and constitutional methods re-established.

King Manuel is a young man of very agreeable manners and charming disposition. He has had little training for diplomacy, the efforts of his father in this direction having been largely directed to equipping his elder brother Luiz for the duties of the throne. The young king, who seems to be a popular favorite, will necessarily rely on his ministers absolutely. In his proclamation, issued on assuming sovereignty, he pledges himself to abide by the Constitution and to do all in his power to promote the good of the fatherland and merit the affection of the Portuguese people.

THE BACKSLIDER

Sermon by Rev. F. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.

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old gray-haired man. I suppose he had persuaded more people to sign the temperance pledge than any man who had ever lived. He was not only a leader of men, but the leader of leaders in the temperance reform. And yet that man, who for forty years had been pleading the temperance cause, said: "Man, if you have once been a drunkard, never dare trust yourself with this sin. It has been nearly half a century since the old passion, by the grace of God, lost its hold on me. But the old passion is still there. It is manacled and kenneled, but it is there. I would no more touch a glass of liquor than I would dare take a dagger and drive it in my heart. I would no more dare touch a piece of brandied mince pie than I would dare touch a lighted match to a gunpowder magazine. It is there. The old slumbering passion is there, ready to be awakened at a word." And yet some people suppose that because they have been resisting sin ten, twenty, forty, fifty years, the old forces of sin are dead. Beware, O man! The relapse of sin is always more dangerous than the first condition. The passion is still there. It is there in your sinful heart.

It is when we are not afraid of sin that the dangers of sin become fourfold. Travelers tell us that the wolves of Mexico have a strange way of catching the wild horses. These horses have the speed of the wind. It is almost impossible for a single cowboy to catch one. The cowboys, when they wish to run them down, have relays of pursuers. First one set of cowboys will chase the horses. Then another relay will take up the run. Then another, and another, until at last the horses are caught by the lasso. But it is only when they are completely tired that they are caught; therefore it would be impossible for the wolves to catch them unless they used strategy, for the wolves' flight is not as swift as the horses'.

This is the way the wolves kill the wild horses of the Mexican plains: First a couple of wolves come out of the woods and begin to play together like two kittens. They gambol about each other and run backward and forward. Then the herd of horses lift their startled heads, and get ready to stampede. But the wolves seem to be so playful, that the horses, after watching them awhile, forget their fears, and continue to graze. Then the wolves in their play come nearer and nearer, while other wolves slowly and stealthily creep after them. Then suddenly the enemies surround the herd and make one plunge, and the horses are struggling with the fangs of the relentless foes gripped in their throats. In a similar way our old sins cunningly attack us. They play about us and keep playing around us, and they look so harmless, and we feel so strong. But suddenly they make a plunge, and the old wounds are reopened and we are helpless in the grasp of the monsters of sin. Beware of that relapse into sin. "Behold, thou art made whole; sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee."

But though Christ is speaking the same thought as Paul spoke in Corinthians, when he said, "Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall," thank God, Christ does not stop there. He warns the man at the Pool of Bethesda; but he also teaches the doctrine that he is tne Christ of the backslider. When Christ starts forth to save an immortal soul, he is no respecter of persons. He can save the backslider. There is an incident told of the famous Edward Irving, the eloquent preacher. When a boy in Scotland, with his little sister he went down on the sands of Solway Firth to meet his uncle, who was coming to visit their home. When the tide comes in there, it comes with a rush. It sweeps on like a flood. All the people there know this danger of the onrushing sea, and guard against it; but these little children forgot the time of the tide. They were playing in a little pool of water. Suddenly a horseman dashed down from the mountainside. Without a word he came up on a run, grabbed the two children, flung them across the saddle and started for the hills. Faster and faster followed the rising tide, but at last the horseman and his precious load were saved. Then the uncle saw that he had saved his own brother's children, who had come out to meet him. So it is with Christ. It matters not who the sinner may be, nor whether he has sinned seventy times seven; if you go out to meet Christ, he will save you from the tidal waves of sin, and save you now.

God works through natural and human agencies, as well as by his word and power. This Pool of Bethesda may have been merely a geyser or a mineral spring. It is a better remedy that I offer you. It never ceases; it never looses its power:

Lift up thy bleeding hand, O Lord:
Unseal that cleansing tide.
We have no shelter from our sins,
But in thy wounded side.

WAR ON RACE-TRACK GAMBLING

THE race gambling trust of New York has within a few years past attempted to extend its monopoly to New Hampshire, Pennsylvania, the District of Columbia, and other commonwealths. Its ambition seems to be to make racing, with gambling and consequent profit to itself, the national sport, taking the place of base-ball. The battle now on in the New York Legislature is therefore of moment to the whole country; indeed, the result is likely to promote or check gambling even in foreign lands.

Gov. Chas. E. Hughes, New York

In 1887, licensed gambling was inaugurated in New York in the Ives Pool Bill, which permitted gambling on race-tracks only, while making it a prison offense elsewhere. The avowed purpose of the bill was to "restrict" gambling by making it impossible anywhere, except on race-tracks managed by people of great respectability. The persons licensed sought the great profits involved regardless of moral considerations. The pool-rooms continued as before, and the licensed racetracks served as feeders to start those who would never have begun to gamble in an illegal joint.

The effect of that Ives bill in demoralization and embezzlements was so bad that, when a convention was held in 1894 to revise the State Constitution, the largest interest centred in killing that bill by an article in the Constitution forbidding every form of gambling, which was submitted by a convention vote of 109 to 4, and endorsed by the people by 90,000 majority. This article required the Legislature to enact laws to carry it into effect. The next Legislature, that of 1895, did the exact opposite; restored the Ives bill in a thin disguise under the new name of the Percy-Gray law, which its framers claimed was designed to carry out the mandate of the Constitution. In this bill, all gambling outside of licensed race-tracks was again made a State prison offense; but the only penalty for gambling on the race-tracks was the right of the loser to sue for his losses, if he was mean enough and foolish enough to undertake such a proceeding.

There was also a seeming limit of racing by any one association to thirty days, when in fact the same men were interested in seven tracks within trolley ride of New York's City Hall, and three more in the State, that together keep up race gambling six days per week for more than half the year. There was more hypocrisy in the assumption that by withholding any receipt —a rascality in itself—the professional gamblers who spend all their time in inducing others to bet were not bookmakers, but gentlemen making "casual bets" with their acquaintances.

This bookmaking grew more and more bold until, when the writer investigated it in 1903 in Saratoga and elsewhere, there were on every track two betting rings, one for the rich and another for the poor, in both of which the gamblers, sitting on high chairs, with two assistants, invited bets by outcries or exposed signs, received the money of their victims openly, booked the bets, while police of the gamblers' own appointment enabled them to deal swiftly and severely with any who did not abide by their decisions. The writer has himself seen persons who claimed money won waved threateningly aside, without any chance of redress, because they had no receipt.

For ten years the Percy-Gray law worked havoc unchecked. Instead of decreasing gambling, as its framers claimed it would, their own reports showed a constant increase inside the tracks. That outside gambling had not materially decreased was made sufficiently manifest when it was found, a few years since, that the illegal pool-rooms paid two millions of the profits of a great telegraph company in return for racing news officially supplied as a basis of their operations. Meantime the New York *World* said the gambling at Saratoga for twenty days each year was not less than two millions a day, totaling as much in twenty-two days as the gambling of Monte Carlo in ten years. As there are ten tracks, the estimate of the *Evening Mail* is conservative, that the total economic waste each year (let Chambers of Commerce note) is not less than two hundred and ten millions of dollars! But the moral waste is infinitely greater — the ruined manhood, ay, and womanhood, for the respectability given to racing by the supervision of millionaires has drawn to the races audiences in large part women, and apparently respectable women.

In 1905, the writer, having heard that Governor Higgins had recalled, in a private conversation, his voting as a State Senator in 1895, almost alone, against the Percy-Gray law, took that as a signal for an attack on the law by the Reform Bureau, which had fought these same gamblers successfully when they invaded the District of Columbia and Pennsylvania. A bill was drawn by Mr. Anthony Comstock to make bookmakers on race tracks liable to the same penalty as professional gamblers outside, and there was a legislative hearing on the subject, but no result.

Rev. A. S. Gregg, of the Reform Bureau, who had been the anti-gambling leader in 1905, was in 1906 reinforced by Dr. Sanford, of the Federation of Churches, and there was again a campaign of lecturing and literature distribution, but the gamblers were saved from defeat by the officers of the agricultural fairs, whom they had taken good care to bribe by a share in the gambling profits, remembering that the rural parts of the State are the ones that are most to be feared by those who seek to "frame mischief by a law." Governor Hughes was petitioned by many to take a hand in the anti-gambling fight.

It is probable that the most effective and decisive of these appeals was that of Sheriff Michael J. Flaherty, of Brooklyn, whose constituents were the victims of six race-tracks in and near New York. Asked by good citizens to suppress the gambling on these tracks, he found they were securely protected by the infamous Percy-Gray law, and appealed to the Governor to use his influence for its repeal.

When Governor Hughes, in 1908, issued his message, a startling surprise to the State was his appeal to the Legislature to obey the anti-gambling mandate of the Constitution by repealing the Percy-Gray law, so far as it gave immunity to gamblers on race-tracks, and by punishing all gamblers by imprisonment, since fines to rich gamblers would serve only as license fees. He also recommended a direct appropriation to agricultural fairs, in place of their share in the profits of gambling. Strangely enough, these gamblers, who have for years charged all reformers who attack them with being the catspaws, consciously or by deception, of the outside pool-rooms, have even dared to publish this charge again when the Governor himself is leading the fight. They will have a hard task to convince the people of New York that Governor Hughes is being manipulated by the gamblers who are shut out of the trust, in his effort to send all gamblers, inside or out, to jail. Not relying only on charging that bad men are back of their opponents, the gamblers proclaim the names of some kings and magnates who have favored racing, but it would be more to the point to cite some great names that favor the nullification of constitutional law, since that is the real issue more than racing or even gambling.

The one plea for continuance of the race-tracks that will need most attention is that gambling cannot be suppressed, and that the present method is the best way to "restrict" it. But the licensed race-track gambling has multiplied the gambling outside and inside. It has killed the enforcement of anti-gambling laws, because to prosecute outside gamblers was only to corral them into the gambling trust. The pool-room is only the peanut stand in gambling, while the crowded race-track, where twenty-five to fifty thousand are swept into the wild frenzy of betting and losing millions a day, is the worst of all forms of gambling for that reason, and because it is the starting-point where gamblers "get on the train."

Meantime Senator George B. Agnew, of New York City, and Assemblyman M. K. Hart, of Utica, have introduced identical bills in the two houses of the New York Legislature, one providing a direct appropriation for agricultural fairs, and another providing that all professional gamblers, rich and poor, on race-tracks or outside, shall be liable to imprisonment. To carry these bills we must use petitions, and letters, and telegrams, and deputations.

In order to get even Christians to generally demand this legislation, there must be a campaign of education, because a dozen years of wholesale gambling on race-tracks, often attended by fifty thousand people and patronized by persons of high social position, have dulled the convictions even of church members. They need to be shown what gambling essentially is under its many disguises. "When it is determined by chance," says the New York Supreme Court, "what or how much one shall get for his money, it is a lottery." That is a counterfeit-detector that every honest man should carry in his memory.

But the fundamental reason why gambling is a sin, is that it is trifling with trust funds. When a man with the biggest salary in the world was reported as having "broken the bank" at Monte Carlo, he had to resign, because instinctively the whole nation felt he was not the man to handle trust funds. But all our possessions are trust funds from God, to be used for the good of men, not recklessly tossed on the waves of chance.

Sheriff M. J. Flaherty, Brooklyn

As if gambling, the oldest, meanest, saddest of the vices, was not bad enough, it is in New York made worse by harnessing it in a four-in-hand, whose other beasts are monopoly, hypocrisy, and bribery.

Of all monopolies the gambling trust is the worst, for in it, by specific laws — not by mere tricks of commerce, as in other cases — rich men are given monopoly privileges in a vice. The bribery of the agriculturists in New York State has been done in full sight of the world for a dozen years. Can any one doubt the same bribers have corrupted officials and that large section of the press which publishes only the sophistry of the gamblers' press bureau?

The vast profits of furnishing gambling resorts, protected against the police by law, are the manifest motive of all the pretended zeal to "improve the breed of horses," and the pretense of reforming gambling. These men even pretend to know nothing of the gambling for which they furnish the "ring" and paraphernalia. Even card-players rule out of their clubs one who does not "play fair." By the gambler's code, these tricksters of the gambling trust should be cast out even by gamblers themselves. The fundamental idea of their whole proceeding—that the professional bookmakers in their betting ring are not bookmakers at all—is not only hypocrisy, but absolute untruth.

Ten civic societies have now joined the International Reform Bureau in this crusade, and are seeking, by lectures and literature, to inform and arouse and express public sentiment. Petitions and documents may be had by applying to Rev. W. F. Crafts, 9 Lodge Street, Albany, N. Y., or to Rev. Walter Laidlaw, 119 East Nineteenth Street, New York City. The opportunity is offered to fight the gamblers and their monopoly successfully. Inasmuch as the gamblers have published in their report that they spent $39,000 last year in defeating the anti-gambling bill in the New York Legislature, and will doubtless spend ten times as much this year to win in this urgent fight, good citizens should hasten to send financial reinforcements to those on the "firing line." Any funds sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for this purpose will be applied to the anti-gambling campaign now being conducted by the International Reform Bureau against the race-track gamblers of the Empire State.

Washington, D. C. WILBUR F. CRAFTS.

Among the Workers

MISS LULU B. LACEY and sister, 3 Washburn Terrace, Saugerties, N. Y., would be pleased to hear from some evangelist who wishes the services of two trained Gospel singers in his work.

REVIVAL MEETINGS were held at Hazel Valley, Mo., recently, of two and a half weeks' continuance, resulting in many conversions and a number of reclamations. Rev. J. J. Henly, pastor, was assisted by Rev. Frank Geisenheiner, an evangelist from Decatur, Ill.

THE EVANGELISTIC SERVICES conducted by Rev. H. D. Sheldon in the Westville District during the recent campaign in New Haven, Conn., by Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D., were very successful. The community was stirred and many decisions for Christ were made.

EVANGELISTS HART AND MAGANN, of Fairbury, Ill., have just closed a revival in Fulton, N. Y., of three weeks' duration. There were over nine hundred seekers, and great crowds thronged the First Methodist Church nightly. Over two hundred united with the churches in the closing service.

REV. DR. WM. MAURICE STONEHILL, pastor of the East Side Parish M. E. Church, and familiarly known as "the Bishop of the Bowery," is dead. He was greatly beloved by the poor of the East Side, and there was a large gathering at his funeral. Dr. Stonehill was the founder of several churches before he came to New York, and was also the originator of a summer vacation work on Long Island.

ESTHER ABRAHAM, the well-known Eastern mission worker, writes from Urimi, Persia, to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD as follows: "I have heard that some one is collecting money in my name in America for my work. I will say to God's people, it is not true. I have not sent anybody and will not do so now. I hope THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will inform the American people to this effect. The need of our orphanage is very great, but I can take no more orphans, as I have neither room nor food for them."

MOTHERS TO MEET IN WASHINGTON

DELEGATES FROM MANY STATES WILL DISCUSS TOPICS OF VITAL INTEREST

Mrs. Walter S Brown (Ia.)

Mrs. W. B. Ferguson (Conn.)

The Late Mrs. Theodore Birney

THE latest enterprise of the National Congress of Mothers is the calling of an international assembly to meet in Washington, March 10 to 17. Mrs. Frederic Schoff, National President, will preside at the meeting, which will be welcomed by President and Mrs. Roosevelt for its opening session at the White House, when the President will deliver an address. The event marks the first meeting of mothers of all lands, and it signalizes the inauguration of a new era of world-wide extension of the mother movement inaugurated by the late Mrs. Theodore Birney, Christian wife and mother, a decade ago. Her passing, during the year just closed, has left a legacy of duty which her co-workers cheerfully assume, believing that the best memorial to her life of devoted effort is the winning of other lives consecrated to the safeguarding of the highest ideals of home and our Christian nation.

"We saw that the professions of law, medicine, engineering, and education would not allow a member of these respective departments even to hang up a sign until he had a diploma, a degree, or some other proof of legitimate work done. Yet we mothers, representing the highest calling on earth, had the task of establishing homes and training immortal beings, with no thought of fitness and no scruple for lack of training. . . . We felt very humble as we looked into the trusting and inquiring faces of our children. We admitted, at least to ourselves, our total lack of wisdom to guide them through the complexities of this life, much less those of that which is to come."

In these words a thoughtful Colorado mother, a member of the State Congress of Mothers, described the conscientious convictions which she and others felt when grouping themselves together in a definite purpose to become "trained mothers." They were all college-bred women, and their circle became a class which employed a Christian professor of pedagogy, who led them to seek the best things for themselves and their children. The study of Solomon's wisdom and the Scriptural precepts for health and happiness was pursued with that of modern psychologists and pedagogues. During two college years, the earnest mothers had these lessons. They copied outlines and took ample notes. When possible, they did some original research work, and at the close of the course each mother wrote her thesis, which was passed upon by the college faculty. The college had a "mother's certificate" engraved and used the first time for this class. It testified to work done by the holder in child-study.

The work of this Colorado Mothers' Circle is illustrative of the advanced parent-training work going on under the auspices of the National Mothers' Congress. It was Mrs. Henry J. Hersey of Denver, President of the Colorado State Congress of Mothers, who organized this noteworthy Mothers' Circle, which has now become a local home and school association.

Mrs. Hersey, who is one of the new leaders in the esteemed group of national vice-presidents of the National Congress of Mothers, is a transplanted New Englander, and deeply interested in church and philanthropic work in Denver, where she has made her home for nearly a quarter of a century. "In doing Mothers' Congress work," she says, "I am serving both God and native land."

Mrs. Frank R. Hill, the well-known child-rescue worker of Tacoma, now represents the mothers' movement in Washington State, where the care of dependent, defective and delinquent children is the keynote of the Mothers' Congress work. A skilled artist, with all the prestige of a complete European culture, Mrs. Hill finds her greatest joy in ameliorating the condition of oppressed and neglected children, and in forming women like-minded into circles to carry on the important work.

The educational work of the Illinois Congress of Mothers begun so auspiciously by a trained teacher-mother, Mrs. Wm. Hefferan, former president, has been continued successfully by the new president, Mrs. George Brill of Chicago, who is especially interested in the boy problem, in the establishment of public playgrounds and in the probation system. The Illinois Congress of Mothers is also active in the formation of the popular home and school associations which bring parents and teachers so happily into harmony in the training of children.

A former teacher, wife of a city school superintendent, and mother of a family, is Mrs. Walter B. Ferguson of Middleton, Conn., who now leads the work of the Congress of Mothers in the Nutmeg State. Her children grown, she is giving her thoughtful attention and care to the extension of mother work in the State. Through the influence of the Congress of Mothers, Connecticut now has a juvenile court law, and the work of organizing home and school associations has been earnestly promoted.

The co-operation of home and school is a special effort of many State Congresses, and is regarded as the leading outlet for the activity of the Congress of Mothers and as a field peculiarly suited to its plans and purposes. In New Jersey, the organization of Home School Associations has been a special feature during the past year under the able direction of Mrs. Alexander Marcy, of Riverton, the new State President. The Pennsylvania Congress of Mothers, of which Mrs. George K. Johnson is the present leader, is also focusing its endeavors on this line of work with success. In Philadelphia, a City League of Home and School Associations (of which Mrs. Edwin C. Grice, National Secretary of the National Congress of Mothers, is founder and leader) has been formed as an auxiliary to the State Congress of Mothers. Over 3,000 members and a score of associations are united in this league. In Iowa, where Mrs. Walter Brown, an earnest mother of Des Moines, is leader, the State Congress of Mothers has been affiliated with the State Teachers' Association, thus forming the largest and most inclusive Home and School Association yet organized. JANE A. STEWART.

Mrs Frederick Schoff Pa Pres t

Mrs Henry J Hersey (Colo

Mrs Geo Brill Ill)

LATER ACCOUNTS FROM BOYERTOWN

FOR some time after the terrible catastrophe at Boyertown, Pa., where about two hundred people were either killed or injured in the fire of the Opera House, many conflicting reports were sent out to the newspapers of the country.

The whole affair happened so rapidly, and so many of the people who could have given an accurate account of the affair perished, that even at the present time, people who saw part of the fire, or escaped from the building, cannot agree upon all points, each one having seen some one thing that stamped itself upon the memory, while others escaped them.

Dr. D. R. Kohler, Burgess of the town, writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD that there are certain facts in connection with the fire which, in justice to the authorities, should be set right, and that some statements printed were unjust to the town officials and the firemen. He says especially that none of the local firemen were intoxicated, nor were any of the Pottstown firemen under the influence of liquor.

He wrote that he ordered the saloons closed on account of "bums," who came to town and showed signs of intoxication. He said no gasoline tank was used in the Opera House. In fairness to all concerned we publish Dr. Kohler's statement in accordance with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S invariable policy "to give the other side."

Rev. George Greenawald, of the Reformed Church of the Good Shepherd, who arrived within fifteen minutes after the first alarm, says that the disturbance at the fire lines has been greatly exaggerated. He said that what trouble there was came from a few people unknown to him and who came from outside the town. The trouble was suppressed very promptly by members of the State police.

The Burgess said, in answer to a query, that he closed the saloons about five o'clock the morning after the fire, and turned the town over to the Constabulary, who put it under martial law, and preserved order until their services were no longer needed.

Pastor Greenawald said he saw, when comparing some accounts, that the article published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD was milder than those that appeared in some other well-known publications.

VALUING OTHERS

AT the Great International Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association recently held in Washington, one of the informal missionary conferences drew forth the following testimony: A Christian layman, prominent among those who have gone around the world under the direction of the Laymen's Missionary Movement, said that he was impressed in China with the character and spirit of the missionaries, both native and foreign. Every man had something good to say of his colleague. Almost every city or village entered, called forth from the missionary in charge the remark, "If you think the work here is going well, you ought to see how splendidly it is going in the next village, or next city," and then some words of commendable and affectionate appreciation of the man working there. Can any greater testimony be given of the ruling, triumphant spirit of Jesus Christ among his followers? Is there not a great lesson in these facts here at home? "If we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and his love is perfected in us." "And this commandment have we from him, that he who loveth God, loveth his brother also."

Baltimore. (REV. JOHN TIMOTHY STONE.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

A Church Question

THERE is scarcely any question of church administration so generally discussed as that of responsibility for the finances. How to raise the money for current expenses; how to keep up the church's contributions to missions and the benevolent boards, and frequently how to reduce or wholly liquidate the debt on the edifice—these are problems of a very perplexing nature. They are inseparable from church association, and must be solved honestly and faithfully. No church can afford to have it said that it is deficient in common honesty and does not meet its obligations punctually. For the sake of its name as a Christian church, it must provide "things honest in the sight of men."

That the finances will take care of themselves, or that the members of the church will, without organization, spontaneously provide the required income, no church officer believes. It is a matter of experience that unless some one takes hold of the business and presses it on the attention of the members, there will be a regular and increasing deficit in the accounts. It is sometimes difficult to find such a man, for it is a disagreeable duty to be continually reminding the brethren that they must give; but it is a duty some one must perform. Some members are reluctant to contribute, some habitually avoid all giving, and some simply do not think about it. It is necessary to impress upon all the importance of bearing a share of the burden and that to shirk the duty is a sin against God. But the man who undertakes it is seldom popular and his calls are unwelcomed.

Who should undertake the duty? In many churches it is left entirely to the pastor. It is held that he can perform it effectively from the pulpit, and with more force than any officer or private member. Also that, being personally interested to the extent of his salary, he has a strong incentive to plead for money. Besides, his success will raise his ministerial reputation. The clergyman renowned for having cleared a debt off a church, for having reorganized the finances of a church, finds, when he seeks a new sphere, that he is esteemed in some communities more highly than if the membership of his former church had doubled during his pastorate. These are some of the reasons for the pastor undertaking the responsibility for the finances of his church. On the other hand, there are some who hold that the pastor's duty of preaching the Gospel is enough for any one man; that he ought not in common delicacy to be expected to plead in a cause in which he is personally interested; also that his thoughts and energies should not be diverted from his first and chief business; and that the duty of raising money should be committed to some active lay member.

Differences of opinion on the subject are found in all the churches, and it would be advantageous to have them intelligently discussed. We therefore invite our readers to express their opinions briefly in answer to the question: Is it good for the church and the minister, either or both, that the responsibility for raising the necessary income of the church should be in the hands of the minister, or should it not rather devolve upon some church board or officer? Write your views briefly and address them: "Church Finance," care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Regicide in Portugal

GRIEF and indignation have been manifested here, as in Europe, at the cowardly murder of the King of Portugal and his eldest son. It was a brutal crime without reason or justification. The stupidity of it is obvious, when it is remembered that the two victims represented opposite policies of government. The King's offense was in establishing a temporary autocratic rule; but what could be the offense of the Crown Prince, who opposed such rule? The coarse brutality of the Portuguese revolutionists in indiscriminately butchering the man whom they regarded as an oppressor, and the man who opposed him, is apparent on the surface. The blind rage which slaughters friend and foe without distinction, is a thing to be dreaded in any community, and those orators or journalists who incite it in any land incur a fearful responsibility.

This crime appears to have recoiled on its perpetrators, as former crimes of the kind have done. It has evoked an outburst of sympathy and loyalty to the royal family, which surprises all. It may be shortlived, but it certainly exists. The Portuguese people are horrified at the murder of their affable, good-natured King, whose unpopularity was but recent, and was due to his support of a reformer of too hasty and tactless a nature. The King might have been emancipated from the influence of his adviser and might have yielded to the wishes of the public, but to murder him was to delay all possibility of reform. As in the case of Alexander II., of Russia, assassination is likely to thwart the objects of the perpetrators.

Long ago, Fouche told Napoleon that a certain murder was "worse than a crime; it was a blunder." In the eyes of politicians, blunders are always worse than crimes; but they have not yet learned that crime is always a blunder. It is defiance of God's law, and history shows that it does not succeed. "The face of the Lord is against them that do evil." Men smile in these days at the idea of providential control of the world's events, but even these might learn from the past. The events that are denominated coincidences show that God does rule and brings to naught the devices and crimes of violent and deceitful men.

Education and Christianity

A READER of this journal writes to inquire whether education, in the modern sense, does not include Christianity, and whether one cannot be a true Christian without education.

One of the best Christians the writer ever knew was a negro woman, 109 years old, who could neither read nor write; yet her heart was full of the grace of God, and his loving promises were ever on her lips. Another was a workingman of very limited education; yet he was a walking evangel. Dwight L. Moody was not an educated man; yet he was a power for Christianity among the masses in America. The disciples, whom Christ himself chose, were mostly simple fishermen, with presumably very little education; yet they were spirit-filled, and their training in the Gospel made them mighty men for the work of the Kingdom.

Education, in the modern sense, while it could not be complete without including the history of Christianity, would not necessarily of itself make one a Christian. All the teachings of the schools and colleges and universities, and all the various systems for training and developing the mind, might be applied without awakening in the heart the first symptom of Christianity. Education is the training of the mind, whereas Christianity is the awakening and spiritual training of the soul.

Mammoth Beneficence

THE United States is rapidly pushing to the front as a world-leader in public benefactions. According to data published by the Chicago *Record-Herald*, the total for last year of the numerous benefactions for educational, philanthropic and charitable purposes, reached the enormous figure of $150,000,000.

Surely, when the wealthy men and women of the country are employing their property to such excellent purpose, and sending back the riches they have accumulated into channels where it will do the largest amount of public service, and will confer the greatest benefits, it cannot be said that they are unappreciative of their responsibilities and opportunities as stewards of their talents. Indeed, with not a few of them, giving has become a passion, and it is noteworthy that their benefactions are selected and regulated with a view, not to self-gratification, but to securing the best results to the largest number.

Among the gifts of the year, several stand out boldly, both by reason of their phenomenal size and of the real benefits they are certain to produce in various fields. Mr. Rockefeller's gift of $30,000,000 to the General Educational Board, for the promotion of higher education, leads the list of large benefactions, and has been supplemented by other donations to the Chicago University and the Institute for Medical Research in New York. The latter is a direct benefit to poor patients. Mr. Widener, of Philadelphia, Mr. Crayton, of Omaha, Mr. Proctor, of Peoria, Mrs. Russell Sage, Miss Jeanes and Mr. Carnegie are also among the great donors to social services, negro education, art, hospitals, libraries, asylums and general charities.

It is certainly a most hopeful and encouraging sign that every passing year should witness, as it does, an increase in the number and amount of these princely benefactions. There can be no better use for wealth than this. The men or women who, having amassed a fortune in business or by judicious investments, recognize that their wealth has come from the people and the land, and who, therefore, conscientiously believe it a duty to return a portion of it for the benefit of those who have been less fortunate than themselves, are deserving of unstinted commendation.

It is evident that the Gospel, which teaches the sacred trusteeship of wealth, is producing its effect. Let us hope that it will increase, and that ultimately the leaven will spread, until the rich will everywhere understand that their wealth is not a personal possession, but that they will be held accountable for its proper use for the benefit of their fellow beings.

Native Missionaries

THIS year promises to be distinguished above its predecessors by a "forward movement" in foreign missions on very practical lines. Inquiries concerning the "personal substitute" plan of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, under which any one at home who is interested in foreign missions, can have his or her own personal substitute at the front, are steadily increasing. Many who have longed for years to go to the foreign field but who, through various causes, have been prevented, are now represented there by some trained Christian native—preacher, teacher, evangelist, Bible woman—who labors under the supervision of the white missionary and is in direct correspondence with the patron or supporter in this country.

To any one acquainted with the vastness of the missionary work in India, China and Africa, it must be evident that it is impossible for these countries to be evangelized by foreign workers alone. It is now admitted that the greater part of the work of evangelization must be done by the native Christians themselves. Every foreign missionary, man or woman, should have a staff of these trained and consecrated workers, not only as a matter of economy, but of efficiency. The cost of a native evangelist is from fifty dollars a year upward. In some few heathen lands it is lower; in others somewhat higher. It has become a most important part of the work of missionaries at the present time to train competent native workers of all grades, from the simple village evangelist or Bible reader, to those who are fitted to be leaders in the native church, as pastors and teachers.

As an illustration of the incomparable value of the "personal touch" in foreign missions, we may recall the orphanage work in India during the great famine of 1900. In one orphanage, where about five hundred children were kept and trained, thirty have been specially prepared and are now laboring as pastors and evangelists, spreading the Gospel among their kindred. Christian people here at home, when they took up the burden of personally supporting these orphans, did so out of pure kindness and sympathy, and had no thought that they were training those who, in God's wise providence, would some day become soul-winners.

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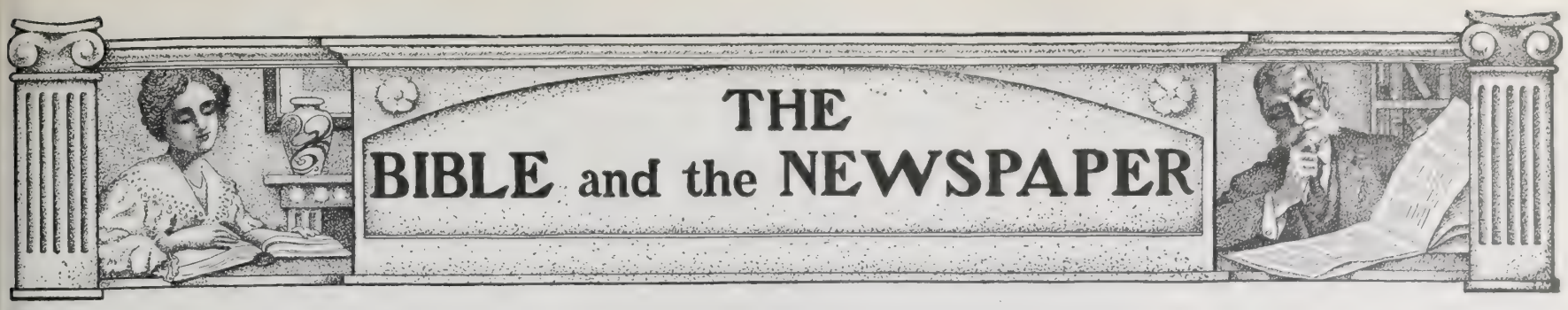
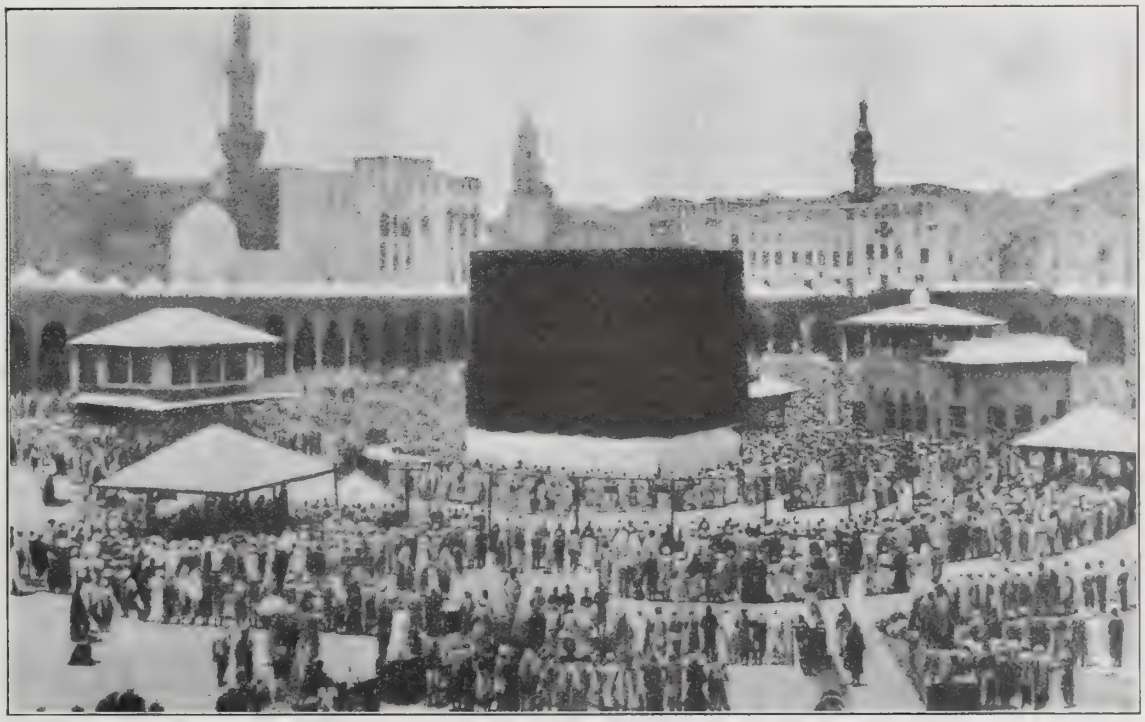


Centre of the Mohammedan World

RECENT developments of photography have at last furnished the means of obtaining an actual photograph of a scene that has furnished a subject for pictures by many artists. The Mohammedan world holds Mecca, and especially the place of the Kaabah, in such veneration that no unbeliever has been permitted in the sacred enclosure, least of all an unbeliever carrying a camera. An adventurous photographer has now succeeded in getting a photograph which is reproduced on this page. It shows in the centre of the enclosure the huge cube, called the Kaabah, covered with its pall-like carpet, that contains the famous black stone which it is the ambition of every Mohammedan to kiss. An opening provided in the carpet discloses the sacred stone, before which a file of believers passes continually, imprinting on its surface reverential kisses. The stone is believed to be an aerolite that in ancient times fell to the earth. The Mohammedan tradition about it is that it was let down from heaven about two hundred years after Adam's fall, when he became repentant, and petitioned that some sign of divine forgiveness be vouchsafed to him. The tradition goes on to say that this gift of heaven was carefully preserved, and finally came into the possession of Abraham, who, assisted by his son Ishmael, reared the shrine in which the stone from heaven was deposited. It is bordered by a large plate of silver about a foot broad. That it is very ancient is certain. Mohammed himself assisted in A.D. 605 in placing it in its present position, and it was regarded as an antiquity at that time.

Mecca itself, as the birthplace of Mohammed, is to his followers the centre of the Mohammedan world. It is a city of about fifty thousand permanent residents, but the pilgrims who visit it are seldom less than a hundred thousand. It is situated in a narrow valley in Arabia, about seventy miles east of Jedda, the chief port of the country. The pilgrim walks seven times around the Kaabah, in turn with other pilgrims, of whom there are some thirty-five thousand in the sacred enclosure. He also is believed to acquire merit by running seven times between the two mountains Safa and Merwa, and by praying on Mount Arafat, which was Mohammed's favorite place of prayer. Having done this, he is entitled to wear a green turban to the end of his life. Never was a prophet reverenced as Mohammed is by his followers, nor one whose commands are more implicitly obeyed. In this, they set an example to the followers of Christ, who now, as in the days of his sojourn on earth, too often deserve the reproach he uttered:

Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say? (Luke 6 : 46.)



A Photograph of the Kaabah at Mecca, the Shrine of Mohammedanism

To Retard Old Age

In a medical journal of New York an article has appeared by Dr. Samuel G. Tracy, which has attracted wide attention. It is on the approach of old age. The doctor contends that senility is not in every instance due to the passage of years. The characteristics of the trouble, which he says shows itself first in the hardening of the arteries, sometimes appear in middle age and occasionally in youth. A man may be comparatively young in years, but if he has the hardened arteries, which result in high blood pressure, he is really old, and may die the death of extreme senility. It is important, therefore, to avoid habits which tend to produce the conditions. These, Dr. Tracy says, are chiefly over-eating or excessive drinking of alcohol. These habits cause more waste than repair, and, the organs which preside over elimination of waste material being overtaxed, are unable to efficiently take care of the excess, and consequently some waste material floats in the blood stream, vitiating the "rivers of life" and degenerating the "river beds" or arteries. He believes that, with care in diet and exercise, old age may be retarded or at least that no man need become old before his time. To this may be added, without offense to the eminent physician, an ancient prescription given by a layman, under whose treatment the life of a distinguished patient was lengthened fifteen years. This was, trust in God and activity in his service, thus avoiding worry and foreboding, the chief foes of long life.

They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint. (Isa. 40 : 31.)

A Belated Visitor

A family in New York went down to the docks last week to meet a friend who had accepted their invitation to spend Christmas with them. She lives at La Paz, Bolivia, and in order to reach her friends here on time, she left her home early in November. But November passed and all December and still she did not appear. Then January drifted away without her arrival. Not until near the middle of February did any tidings of her come to hand. She was then on her way from Europe. The vessel on which she sailed from Mollendo, her home port, after rounding the Horn, reached Montevideo and thence proceeded northwards. A few days later the steamer *Sevilla* collided with her and damaged her so seriously that she was beached. The lady waited in vain for a steamer to New York. There was one to England and she took that and she has now, after voyaging nearly four months, arrived at her destination. It was a long voyage, with vexatious delays, but has ended well after all. There are many whose journey of life is similarly filled with disappointments, who have not the prospect of that consolation which God gives to those who trust him.

Then are they glad, because they be quiet; so he bringeth them unto their desired haven. (Ps. 107: 30.)

A Judge in a Workhouse

The sentence of one day in the workhouse was pronounced on himself by a police justice in his court in Toledo, O. The judge had told his friends that he wanted to know, by actual experience, what the criminals whom he sentenced to terms in the workhouse had to endure. His friends laughed at him and hinted that his tenderness of heart might interfere with his duties on the bench. The judge persisted, however, and sentenced himself. No difference was made in his treatment from that of the criminals in the court. He was locked up in the court pen with the others and was sent with them in the patrol wagon to the workhouse. On their arrival they were sent to the dining-room, where they ate the regular prison dinner of vegetable soup, meat and baked vegetables. After dinner the prisoners were compelled to take off their citizens' clothes and don the prison uniform of jean trousers, hickory shirt, gray coat and government shoes. They were locked up in their cells for thirty minutes while the guards ate their dinners. The men of the party were then ordered out to cut ice. There was a party of friends to meet the judge when he emerged at the end of his sentence. "It was as hard a day's work as I ever did," he said, "and I shall know now what a sentence to the workhouse implies." His method of gaining knowledge must have been a painful one, but it is the only one by which some kinds of knowledge can be attained. It was thus that Jesus was qualified to become a Saviour to his people.

It behooved him to be made like unto his brethren . . . for in that he himself hath suffered being tempted, he is able to succor them that are tempted. (Heb. 2 : 17, 18.)

A Dog's Long Journey

A marvelous instance of a dog's sagacity is reported by a citizen of Oakland, Calif. He had a greyhound that became a favorite with him. Early in last December it attracted the notice of a friend, to whom he eventually sold it. His friend took the dog to his home in Western Montana, but it was discontented and restless. One day the dog was missing, and though search was made, no trace of it could be found. Last week its former owner saw a mud-covered and footsore dog outside his house. He was about to drive it away, when it gave an eager bark and leaped joyously around him. He recognized the dog he had sold to his friend and admitted it to the house, where it lay down apparently overcome by fatigue. The animal, guided only by canine instinct, must have traveled fifteen hundred miles to reach its former home. The incident gives new point to the reproach God brings against his people that their fidelity is inferior to that of the lower animals:

The ox knoweth his owner and the ass his master's crib; but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider. (Isa. 1 : 3.)

Burglars in Church

Three youthful burglars were arraigned in a Brooklyn court recently. The age of the youngest criminal was only thirteen, while the eldest had not attained his twentieth year. The charge against them was that of robbing a church. A citizen returning to his home in the early morning hours noticed that the windows of a church were bright, as if the building was lighted up. Knowing there was no service there at that hour, he called up the sexton on the telephone. Securing the help of a policeman they entered the church and found that a bonfire had been made of Bibles and hymn-books, which was making rapid headway. The blaze was extinguished by the aid of the fire department and then an investigation was made as to the cause. It was found that lead pipes in various parts of the church had been stolen, and several faucets had been cut off and removed. Inquiries led to the arrest of the three boys, one of whom confessed that he and his companions had broken into the church and stolen the metal and had then made the fire, believing that if the church was burned the theft would not be discovered. They were heedless of the mischief they might do in taking this foolish method of trying to conceal their crime. It was significant, too, that they used Bibles for fuel. Their act was like that of men who would get rid by any means of the book which arraigns and indicts them of their evil deeds. Many wicked men have burned the Bible with the same motive, since that day when the wicked king mutilated it and burned it in his palace rather than listen to its warning.

He cut it with the penknife and cast it into the fire that was on the hearth, until all the roll was consumed. (Jer. 36: 23.)

HAPPY LITTLE ORPHANS AT SENDAI

By the REV. WILLIAM E. LAMPE

ORPHANAGES were unknown in old Japan. When relatives were unable to provide for the little ones without father or mother or both parents, or when there were no near relatives at all, the lot of the orphan was hard indeed. Christians have seen the need and have established a number of orphanages. Until quite recently there were no orphanages in Japan except those controlled by Christians.

During the famine in North Japan two years ago, many orphans and other destitute children were found. On the night before Christmas, 1905, one of these famine children, a boy about ten years old, slept in the snow in a missionary's yard. The next day he was found, and from that Christmas Day he has been cared for. Application was made to the large Christian Orphanage at Okayama, but this boy could not be admitted, as he did not come within the regulations in force at that time; the regulations were later changed, however, and special arrangements made for the admission of more than eight hundred such children into that orphanage, which is now the fourth largest in the world.

As the famine grew more and more severe, more children were found. Early in February, 1906, ten children who could not be provided for in any other way were gathered together in a small rented house and put in charge of Miss Frances Phelps, a Methodist missionary, who came from Tokyo for this purpose. A few days later the ten had increased to a hundred, and as there was no orphanage in Japan north of Tokyo, it was decided to open one in Sendai at once. To provide for these children was a duty, but at first the labor of love was largely a work of faith. Soon our hearts were cheered by the receipt of one thousand dollars from a member of one of Rev. D. M. Stearns' Bible classes, and while the number of children was growing from 100 to 200 and then to 2[illegible] the gifts were pouring in. Before the close of the relief work, the Foreign Committee of Relief was able to grant $12,500 of the sum it had received through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and thus make sure provision for the children for at least two years to come.

The Sendai Orphans at Play in the Orphanage Grounds

When the famine was over and the worst suffering at an end, very few of the children could be returned to their homes. There are 261 still being cared for. As the average age is only about ten years, they look to Christian benefactors for help for at least five years yet. The orphanage is in charge of a board of trustees, on which board six denominations are represented, and a board of ten directors, among whom are missionaries of four different denominations. The mayor of the city and other prominent citizens are also members of these boards.

In more ways than one, the famine proved to be a blessing to North Japan. As one expression of Christian love, this Christian orphanage was established in Sendai, the very centre of the famine district.

SOCIAL LIFE OF THE WASHINGTONS

WHEN Washington became President of the United States, both he and Lady Washington, as she was generally called, took naturally the chief place as the social leaders of the newborn nation. It was still a stately age, an age of rich brocades, of powdered hair, of stiff and rustling silks, brought at great expense from over seas, an age which has been the delight of the historical painter and the writer. Everything, architecture, customs, and ways of living, furnished a fit setting for the two stately figures who have left an indelible impress on our history.

Washington was one of the tallest men of his time, extremely dignified, accustomed to command, and to the best social life of the colonies. His wife was a woman of fine presence, of quiet dignity, and with a full consciousness of all the demands of her position as the first lady of the land. While neither attempted an extravagant style of living, they both felt that they stood as the representatives of the nation to the outer world, and when they received distinguished foreigners and diplomats, their receptions, in both the temporary capitals of New York and Philadelphia, were ordered on much the same lines as court receptions abroad.

Sometimes, on great occasions, the President and Mrs. Washington received together, but both had separate levee days, when they received the people of the official world and also the gentry of the State.

Lady Washington received on Friday evenings. The guests came early and departed by nine. She was fifty-seven when she came to New York, and this is the age she appears in the picture of Lady Washington's Reception. The portrait by Robert Edge Pine was painted about this time. The one by Stuart, which is the most popular of her portraits, and has been reproduced so often, was painted about ten years later.

The Washingtons hired one of the best colonial houses in New York, and the gentry of the city crowded to her first "at home," if we give it the modern name. Footmen in the Washington livery stood at the curb to open the doors of the gaily painted coaches, while others stood in the hall and announced the names of the guests. Every one, on entering, advanced bowing to the head of the room, where the hostess stood dressed in brocade-flowered silk, her hair powdered and fastened with jeweled pins. After conversing a few moments, the guests would step to the right or left to make room for others, always, until some distance away, keeping the face turned partly in Lady Washington's direction. A brilliant assembly it was after the greater part of the company had arrived. There was Mrs. George Clinton, wife of the Governor of the State of New York; Lady Stirling, wife of the gallant patriot general, Lord Stirling, who, by his brilliant charges at the battle of Long Island, had won undying military fame; there was the stately Marchioness de Brehan and Lady Temple, the American-born wife of the British Minister to the United States; and Lady Catherine Duer and her sister, Lady Mary Watts, daughters of Lady Stirling; and Mrs. Gerry, the beautiful wife of the Senator from Massachusetts; Mrs. VanRensselaer, wife of the Patron of Rensselaerwick; Mrs. Winthrop and Sophia Chew and many others, all in the wide-skirted costume of the day, variegated in color as the hues of the rainbow. They wore powder and patches and the hair dressed high in the way that gives such charm to the old colonial portraits that have come down to us.

The gentlemen who attended were no less brilliantly attired than the ladies, for the coat of funereal broadcloth with the ugly trousers had not come into vogue. They wore coats of blue, black, light brown, green or crimson velvet. Thomas Jefferson, it is recorded, had a strong liking for coats of scarlet velvet, and sky-blue knee-breeches. The small-clothes were of satin, white, black and brown being the favorite colors of the day. The knee-breeches buckled at the knee, most of the buckles being of precious metal and set with brilliants. White silk stockings were worn with low shoes garnished with gold or silver buckles. They wore their hair powdered and "clubbed" at the back. Most of them wore small silver-hilted court swords. The diplomats appeared in the heavily embroidered court costumes of their respective countries, while the officers of the little standing army appeared in their natty buff and blue, Gen. Knox, the Secretary of War, making an imposing figure.

Washington, at his wife's receptions, did not stand by her side, but mingled as a guest among the company, making it a rule to converse briefly with every one present before they left. On these occasions he wore a light-colored coat and fancy waistcoat, and black small-clothes, and appeared without a sword.

Refreshments of plum-cake, coffee and tea were always served under the direction of Fraunces, who had charge of the culinary department of the Washington household. When Mrs. Washington held an afternoon levee, a few of the guests were invited to remain to the family dinner, which was served by Fraunces, gorgeous in livery, and with his hair as thickly powdered as that of any of the guests.

At Washington's own levee, which occurred on Tuesday afternoons, the President dressed in "a black velvet coat and breeches, his hair in full dress, powdered and gathered behind in a silk bag, yellow gloves, and holding a cocked hat with a cockade on it, and the edge adorned with a black feather about an inch deep. He wore knee and shoe buckles, and a long sword with a finely wrought and polished steel hilt; the coat worn over the blade, the scabbard of polished leather."

William Sullivan, who attended many of these receptions, has left us a graphic pen picture of one of them. "At three o'clock, or at any time within a quarter of an hour afterward, the visitor was conducted to the dining-room, from which all seats had been removed for the time. On entering, he saw Washington, who stood always in front of the fireplace, with his face toward the door of entrance. The visitor was conducted to him, and he required to have the name so distinctly pronounced that he could hear it. He had the very uncommon faculty of associating a man's name and his personal appearance so durably in his memory as to be ab[illegible]me, who made him a second visit. He received his visitor with a dignified bow, while his hands were so disposed of as to indicate that the salutation was not to be accompanied with shaking hands. This ceremony never occurred in these visits, even with his most near friends, that no distinction might be made. As visitors came in, they formed in a circle around the room. At a quarter past three the door was closed and the circle formed for that day. He then began on the right, and spoke to each visitor, calling him by name and exchanging a few words with him. When he had completed his circuit, he resumed his first position, and the visitors approached him in succession, bowed and retired. By four o'clock the ceremony was over."

When Washington drove out it was in a magnificent carriage painted yellow, with gilt decorations, and with little cupids on the panels. On the centre of the door was the Washington coat of arms. Four cream-colored horses obeyed the guiding hand of the colored driver, who was dressed in livery of the Washington colors, trimmed with much gold braid. The picture given in this issue shows the coach as it appeared when brought out about fifty years after Washington's death.

Besides receptions, there were many formal dinners given by the President and his wife and other entertainments. While in New York both were fond of taking trips for a day or two over on to Long Island, through Flatbush, Hempstead and Flushing, or up the Hudson, into Westchester County, to be free for a time from the cares of their position. Both Washington and his wife were regular in their church attendance. They had a pew in old St. Paul's Episcopal Church which still stands on Broadway. Members of his staff usually accompanied the President to and from church. When they went to Philadelphia their social life continued on much the same lines as before. Even after Washington's retirement from the presidency a constant stream of visitors to Mount Vernon kept him in touch with all the States and with Europe. Here he led the life of a dignified country gentleman, but never losing interest in any part of the nation he had served so well.

THE FAMOUS "WASHINGTON CARRIAGE," IN WHICH OUR FIRST PRESIDENT AND MRS. WASHINGTON USUALLY WENT DRIVING

IN THE DAYS OF WASHINGTON

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

ONE hundred and seventy-six years ago, in a farmhouse in Old Virginia, George Washington was born. Many other children no doubt were born on February 22, 1732, and grew up to meet whatever emergencies life had in store for them; but only one, the little son of a gentleman planter and his wife, the beautiful Mary Ball, was destined to fill a niche in the hall of fame. The boy came of sturdy English lineage, his people for generations having adorned their station in the mother land. His father early passing away, the boy was somewhat sternly brought up by a rigid but most affectionate mother. He had little learning except as he took advantage of the common school, but he was taught to ride, to shoot and to speak the truth, and received the training of a land surveyor. But for his attachment to his mother the boy at sixteen would have entered the British service as a midshipman, and in the struggles the Colonies were yet to make for freedom from the exactions of Parliament they would probably have had no leader so strong and sagacious as Washington proved himself to be.

During his childhood he belonged to people entirely loyal to the mother country, but when in his young manhood, the issue had to be faced and the Declaration of Independence carried into actual practice Washington had no hesitation as to his course. Every schoolboy and schoolgirl studying American history knows how important a figure Washington was through the stormy days of the Revolution. His benignant face with its look of Spartan firmness is in many a picture book in many a gallery and many a home. First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen, his illustrious character has endured without spot the fiercest light of contemporary history, and in the story of the Republic it continues to stand in the front rank, the very type of heroism for our children to copy.

Washington's birthday is a legal holiday, ushered in with thunders of cannon, unfurling of flags and general rejoicing. Bands of music play national airs and soldiers parade on this day in memory of the man whom most of all Americans love and revere. Not only have such men as John Fiske and Woodrow Wilson written exhaustively in Washington's praise; he has captivated the imagination of those authors who dip their pens in morning dew and write with the dash and glamour of romance. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell and Owen Wister are among the latest to choose George Washington as a hero in their brilliant pages.

It seems a pity that more is not made at present of this peculiarly patriotic holiday, in the education of our children, especially as so vast a host of pupils in the public schools have not an American background. They should be told by teachers something of the achievements and distinctions of this brave and knightly gentleman who was contented to sink himself and place his country first; who cared nothing personally for emoluments, but risked everything that the land might be free; who, when his duties of first President of the new Republic were at an end, went back like Cincinnatus to his plow and the culture of his field. Mount Vernon, the home of Washington, is well worth a pilgrimage, and those who have stood within its doors and seen its unobtrusive relics have gained a new insight into the life that Washington led. His home life was simple and beautiful; his manners were dignified and stately; in public and private, as citizen, husband, friend, and pure-hearted gentleman, he was well-nigh perfect. North and South, East and West, from the Androscoggin to the Mississippi, from the Alleghanies to the Rockies, let our millions of people celebrate the praise of one who builded better than he knew when he helped to lay the foundations of our Union.

On the next two pages of this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is presented a famous historical painting, "Lady Washington's Reception," by the celebrated artist, Huntington. Every figure in this great canvas is a portrait of some one well-known and prominent in the days of our First President, and consequently a familiar figure at the White House receptions. On this page is printed the key to the larger picture, by the use of which the portraits may be readily identified. It is a picture well worth preserving, both by reason of its high value as a work of art and also as an unequaled gallery of historical portraiture.

KEY TO THE FAMOUS PAINTING OF LADY WASHINGTON'S RECEPTION ON NEXT PAGE

1. Mrs. John Adams
2. Mrs. Alexander Hamilton
3. John Jay
4. John Adams
5. Alex Hamilton
6. Henry Laurens
7. John Dickinson
8. Mrs Rufus King
9. Mrs. Van Renselaer
10. ————
11. Mrs Genet.
12. Mrs Washington
13. Nelly Custis
14. Mrs Robert Morris
15. Col. John Trumbull
16. Jonathan Trumbull
17. Oliver Ellsworth
18. Thomas Jefferson
19. Miss Habersham
20. Mrs. Wadsworth
21. Oliver Wolcott
22. George Hammond
23. General Washington
24. Harriet Chew
25. The Duke of Kent
26. Arthur Middleton
27. Mrs. Drayton
28. Miss (Brockholst) Livingston
29. Mrs Bingham
30. Mrs Wm. S. Smith
33. Lewis Morris
34. Robert Morris
35. Thomas M'Kean
36. General Greene
37. Mrs. John Jay
38. Sophia Chew
39. Gouverneur Morris
40. Louis Philippe
41. James Iredell
42. Dr Benj. Rush
43. Charles Carroll
44. Bishop White
45. Gilbert Stuart
46. General O Williams
47. Robert R. Livingston
48. Francis Hopkinson
49. Catherine Duer
50. Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis
51. Mrs Ralph Izard
52. Mrs George Clinton
53. John Hancock
54. Rev Dr Ashbel Green
55. Baron Steuben
56. Edmund Randolph
57. Mrs Cutler
58. Miss Richard Caton
59. Mrs. Chauncey Goodrich
60. Mrs. Winthrop
61. Mrs. Thomas Mann Randolph
62. General Lincoln
63. General Knox
64. George Washington Parke Custis

FROM THE CELEBRATED PAINTING BY D. HUNTINGTON

LADY WASHING

THE ORIGINAL FORMERLY IN THE POSSESSION OF A. T. STEWART, ESQ. SEE KEY ON ANOTHER PAGE

NS RECEPTION

AROUND THE HOME HEARTH

Shall Your Son Go to College?

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

THE question of the boy's future is a serious one with thoughtful parents. So much depends on his getting a good start, so much on his equipments for life and so much on his personality, that the decision as to his education may well be called momentous. A change has come over the minds of people in general in these days as to the value of a liberal education. For example, rather more than a score of years ago, a man of large means, who had several sons, gave a downright refusal to the plea of the eldest that he might go to college after his graduation from the high school of his town. The boy was clever, ambitious, a good student, and a fellow in every way to be trusted. "I don't intend to have you ruined," said the father; "if you go to college you will get into indolent habits, loaf about with a crowd of idle young men and be utterly spoiled for business. If you are to succeed in business, you must begin at the bottom before you are any older."

There was no shaking the position taken by the father, who had himself risen from the ranks, was shrewd, successful, and sagacious, and the master of his own house. The son yielded, entered his father's office and put his ambition aside, so far as learning was concerned. A similar plan was pursued with the two boys next in order of age. When the youngest arrived at his turn he was allowed to go to the university of his choice, not only without a demur, but with his father's entire approbation, the father observing that he regretted having disappointed the other boys in their expressed wish.

The pendulum had swung the other way. The impression has constantly gained ground in recent years that college training develops a young man physically, intellectually and morally. There is hardly a doubt that he will be better able to bear the brunt of life after four years spent on equal terms among men drawn from every class and condition, and that the mental balance and poise acquired by systematic study will fit him to take up with greater success either mechanical, commercial or professional work. Present standards are exacting, and thorough training is necessary for the man who is to be successful. Many parents are coming to see this as the parent did whose case I have used as an illustration. His youngest boy stepped almost at once after his graduation into a situation equal in importance and financial return to those which his brothers had reached by a slower climb.

As a stepping-stone to any learned profession, a college training is essential. A man is a better lawyer, an abler physician, a better minister of the Gospel for the college training that precedes the professional school. In journalism, it is admitted on every hand, and particularly in the offices of the great city newspapers, that the young man from Yale, Harvard, Princeton or any other well-known college or university, has a chance of success superior to that of his friend who has not had his advantages.

If a man is to be a chemist, a civil engineer, an electrician, if he is to enter forestry or take hold in any way of the world's work in one of its new phases, the preparation a college will give him cannot be reckoned in dollars and cents. It is indeed almost indispensable.

Beware of sending your son to college simply for the reason that it may gild refined gold, give him greater polish of manner and a higher social standing. These incidentals are well enough in their way, but the real reason for the step must lie in the capacity, talents, and, above all, in the earnest and steadfast wish of the boy himself. Unless there is stuff in a man, outside advantages will count for nothing. Be chary, too, of sacrificing your girls or your younger children to a favored son. It sometimes occurs that a whole family suffers because too much is done for one of its members. On the boy's part, when means are limited, there ought to be the disposition to help himself. College vacations are long, and there are numerous ways in which a student may earn money during the summer months. Do not decide against college on account of an outward prejudice that a boy is better for having the minimum of educational advantages in the period of preparation for life.

* * *

I hope that only a small minority of readers share the opinion that college is a place for idleness and loafing. On the whole, the man who can go to college is much more fortunate than the man who must gain culture from other sources.

THE SCHOOL NURSE

AMONG the most beneficent of modern charities we may mention the happy thought that first sent a visiting nurse into the homes of the poor. Many churches and schools now employ a trained nurse with an annual salary, to go wherever she is needed into homes of want and suffering. When children are reported as absent from school through illness, the nurse at once goes to see them, and her entrance is like that of an angel. Many a little life is saved by the skill and tender ministry of a visiting nurse.

A Word to Mothers

WERE mothers to put themselves in the place of the little people who look up to them with eager eyes, asking if they may do this or that, go here or there, play with that child or visit the other, they would not so often say no when they might as well say yes. The little monosyllable is easily spoken, and often it is the right one; but a no that might be a yes inflicts a disappointment on a little heart and brings clouds to a sky that should be sunny. Every little child is entitled to just as much happiness as can be crowded into the hours between rising in the morning and going to bed at night. Of course no must be said when children would get into danger, hurt themselves or their playmates, or do something wrong. To yield to a child's wishes when it would mean injury to the child, is weak and foolish; but far too often busy mothers utter a thoughtless no, and go on with their work or their conversation entirely oblivious of the discourtesy they have shown to a child. A little child should be treated with as much consideration as anybody else—almost indeed with more consideration than a grown person, because the latter can defend himself, while the little one is obliged to submit and do as he or she is told.

In nursery discipline there should be gentleness and firmness united. Harshness and injustice are as intolerable there as in other environments, and they do more harm in the nursery than in the drawing-room, because the impressions made on little children are made for all the years to come. Wax to receive and marble to retain is the rule about impressions that are made on children during the first seven years of life. Say no when you must, and yes when you can, when the children run to you with an innocent plea.

The Duty of Cheerfulness

To look on the bright side and to look for the bright side are positive duties. Nobody has a right to sulk perversely, or to make a merit of depression. When people are constantly melancholy a physician should be sent for and an effort made to get at the cause of the malady. Melancholia is a disease to be dreaded and fought as Christian fought Apollyon. Usually it is due to a physical condition that may be squarely met and ultimately vanquished. These remarks do not apply to the deep sorrow that follows in the wake of bereavement, yet even this has its relief in acknowledging God's will, and in looking beyond this world to the sweetness and peace of the next. Let us be bright and brave and cheery. When we feel a little low in our minds, let us put on our outdoor things and go for a walk, or if we cannot do that, let us sit in the sunshine, and so far as we may keep our blues to ourselves, and try to speak to our friends as if everything around wore the hue of the rose. A brave endeavor to look and speak cheerfully often results in routing depression and bringing back the happier mood.

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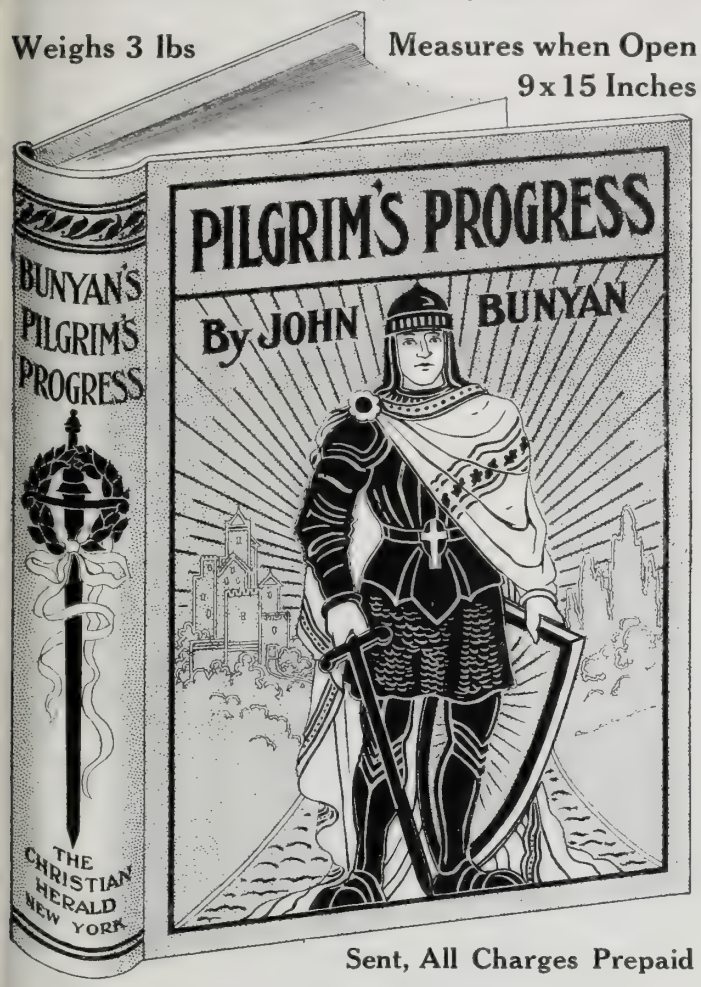

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Questions and Answers

Reader, Fulton, Del. 1. In the case of those who come to the Bowery Mission, are they from the sick or poor? 2. Which is the greater cause of evil, poverty or riches?

1. They are from all classes, and include some who once were prosperous, and not a few who have had the advantages of good homes and superior education, but who have gone wrong and are now striving to get right again. The majority are probably unfortunates who, through long lack of employment, dissipation or misfortune, have lost their hold. 2. Poverty, as seen in a great city, with all its hard and merciless accompaniments — cold, sickness, hunger, exposure and inability to provide for loved ones—is an evil so obvious that it admits of no question. Riches, wrongfully amassed, and used to gratify indulgence, is also a prolific source of evil. The only thing for us to do is to relieve the suffering nearest at hand, without too much questioning as to its source.

H. M., Lawrence, Mich. What is the meaning of the phrase (John 2:17), "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up"?

The disciples were doubtless surprised at the courage of One whom they had regarded as so meek and gentle, setting himself to a task from which the bravest might have shrunk. It was a new side to their Master's character, but thinking it over, they realized that it was one that the prophets had predicted of him. His indignation at seeing the house that had been dedicated to God so prostituted made him regardless of his own safety. It absorbed him, or as John says, "ate him up"—made him forget everything else.

Mrs. M. P., Newtown, Ind. When was the Christian Campbellite Church organized? What church did Alexander Campbell come from?

He was originally a Presbyterian. In 1812 he began to preach a new form of doctrine in regard to baptism, and in 1827 his followers began to organize as a separate body, which afterwards spread in all parts of the United States.

E. A. H., Enfield, N. H. Was Daniel alive when Jerusalem was destroyed?

So far as can be learned from his own book, he was then a man about thirty years old and was living in Babylon. He tells us that he was carried a prisoner to Babylon "in the third year of King Jehoiakim." (See Daniel 1: 1.) This would be about 604 B.C., and it is supposed he was then about twelve years old. Jerusalem was destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar and the Temple burned in the year 586 B.C. We do not know how long Daniel lived after this, but his own book shows (Daniel 10: 1-4) that he was still in Assyria, and was living on the banks of the Tigris, in the third year of King Cyrus, which would be about 535 B.C. He would then, according to the above estimate, be nearly eighty years old, which would account for his not returning with the other exiles when the decree of Cyrus was issued, permitting the rebuilding of the city.

H. F. C., Comer, Ga. 1. How many republican governments are there in the world, and which is the oldest? 2. When Alexander the Great was out on his Western Asian invasion, he pillaged all of the towns that he came to; but when he got to Babylon, she voluntarily opened her gates to him, and he went in, made friends with them, and repaired the damages done by other invaders. Why did he favor Babylon, and destroy all other places?

1. There are twenty-two. Probably the oldest republic is the little independent State of San Marino, which has existed since early in the middle ages. It is situated on an eastern spur of the Apennines, in Italy, and has an area of thirty-three square miles. The population is 11,000. It is governed by a council of sixty members, two of whom are appointed every six months to act as regents. There is a council of twelve. It has its aristocracy and an order of knighthood. The army numbers 950 men and 38 officers. A new treaty with Italy was signed at Florence in 1897. 2. Because Babylon, in all its glory, as a subject city would add to his own prestige. He pillaged those cities which opposed him. He was conquering the world, and if a city submitted without resistance it was to his advantage, thus saving his army for the rest of his campaign.

L. M. F., Walkerville, Mich. Why does Paul in Acts 16: 37 boast of being a Roman, while in other places, as in Acts 21: 39, he claims to be a Jew?

The Romans conferred citizenship as a great honor on people of other lands in reward for some distinguished service. This citizenship descended to their children. It is probable that Paul's father or grandfather had won citizenship in this way. Many Jews in our day have American citizenship by birth or naturalization, and are Americans as well as Jews.

C. A., Rogersville, Ala. 1. What is the origin of the word honeymoon? 2. What is the meaning of LL. following D.D.? 3. What is the meaning of Esperanto as a language?

1. It comes from the old Teutonic custom of drinking diluted honey for a moon's age, or thirty days, after a wedding. 2. LL.D. stands for Doctor of Laws; when used with D.D., it means that the person using it after his name has received both honorary degrees. 3. Esperanto comes from a word meaning "hope." The history of the Esperanto language has been given in recent issues of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

S. T. C., Bay, Ark. 1. Have I, as a woman, been doing wrong in teaching in Sunday School as Paul says (I. Tim. 2: 12)? 2. Can we hope to be perfect as Christ commands (Matt. 5: 48)?

1. By no means. If you had lived in those countries and those times, you might have considered the question. Women were despised then and there and for them to have taken a prominent part in Christian worship would have brought discredit on the new religion and injury on their own character. Even Paul shared the prejudices of his time, but doubtless had no intention of making his prohibition permanent. Nothing can be more certain than that he would rejoice if he knew how useful women have been in the church since his day and how God has blessed them. 2. The traveler, looking up to the summit of the mountain, asks: "Can I ever climb it?" The traveler who is wise and has faith, makes the start and does the utmost in his power, trusting that he will receive help.

Miss Arbella Saddlemire, Knox, N. Y., a reader of this journal, makes the following novel suggestion, which may prove interesting to those who are studying social problems:

The best way to stop the flood of poor people is for the legislature to pass a strict law that no man shall marry till he has at least $2,000 at interest and until he is twenty-five or thirty years old and in a position to keep a family; and no girl till she is twenty-three or twenty-five and has things to keep house with. This law, once put in force, would make a better people and wipe out the slums in our cities.

We should be pleased to have other readers express their views of this correspondent's suggestion.

E. J., Anita, Ia. Please explain Isa. 65:20-25. What is the meaning of the wolf and the lamb feeding together?

It is a description of the Millennium, the thousand years at the end of this dispensation, when Christ and his principles shall be supreme throughout the world. The peace and harmony that will then ensue, Isaiah says, will extend to the brute creation.

Mrs. Rena Eberhart, Ada, O., sends this interesting information:

The picture on the one-cent coin is the profile of Mrs. Sarah Longacre Keen, taken when she was six years of age. Her father was an engraver at the mint, Philadelphia, when some Indians visited the mint. They were invited home by the father and the Indians took a fancy to the girl, on whom a chief put his head-dress, when a profile was made. This was afterward entered in competition for a prize profile for the one-cent coin, then about to be made. It won first prize and has since been used. My father's name was Isaac Longacre, and the original of the picture on the one-cent coin is one of his ancestors.

B. C. B., Richmond, N. H. In which of the four Gospels do we find the most accurate life of Christ?

None of them is an accurate life of Christ, nor does it profess to be such. As John tells us (John 20: 30, 31), they were not written for that purpose. They were written that men might believe on Christ, and that believing, they might life. No biography could attain that end, however skilfully it was written. It is generally believed that Mark's Gospel appeared first. Then Matthew, thinking it was not adequate in showing to Jews that Christ was the Son of David and fulfilled the prophecies, prepared his Gospel specially for them, probably having Mark's Gospel before him. Luke had access to authentic documents and had a genius for compiling. He, as he tells us (Luke 1: 1-4), desired a more orderly story. Observing how many things Mark had omitted, he carefully prepared his work, having in mind the Gentiles, who had little interest in the matters that seemed so important to Matthew. Finally John, seeing that the others had concentrated their attention chiefly on what had taken place in northern Israel, wrote about the events in Jerusalem and the intimate teachings which he, more than any other disciple, had appreciated. So we get our fourfold view, each having its own special purpose and value.

SHELTER FOR THE HOMELESS POOR

New York, d. 30. Januar 1908.

(Ps. 122: 7, 8; Matth. 25: 40; Ebr. 6: 10.)

Geehrter Herr Dr. Klopsch!

Es wird einem schwer um's Herz, wenn man daran denken muß, wie die armen, arbeitslosen Männer in dieser großen Kälte des Nachts draußen herum wandern müssen. Jemand erzählte mir von einem jungen Mann, der nach Amerika kam; leider konnte er hier keine Arbeit finden, besonders schwer für ihn war es, daß er die englische Sprache nicht sprechen konnte. Er ging betteln, wußte aber nicht, wo er des Nachts schlafen sollte. So kam er Abends zu der Bowery Mission; wie dankbar war er, daß er dort heißen Kaffee bekam, doch leider war es nur bis 2 Uhr Nachts offen. So mußte der arme Mensch den Rest der Nacht auf der Straße bleiben. So ging es mehrere Tage, bis er zusammenbrach, dann brachte ihn ein Polizist nach dem Krankenhause, wo er lange, schwer krank darnieder lag. Er wundert sich, wie das nur sein kann, daß die vielen Kirchen und Missionen des Nachts leer und geschlossen dastehen, während die Obdachlosen auf der Straße umkommen.

Gott gebe, daß die Zeit sehr nahe ist, wo sich die Gerechten erbarmen über dieses Elend.

Einliegend mein Scherflein ($5), für die Obdachlosen.

Der Herr unser Gott segne Sie und Ihre Werke. Der Christian Herald ist ein herrliches Blatt, welches ich jede Woche mit Freuden erwarte.

Eine Mitpilgerin nach Zion.

(TRANSLATION) NEW YORK, January 30, 1908.

(Ps. 122: 7, 8; Matt. 25: 40; Heb. 6: 10.)

DEAR DR. KLOPSCH: It makes one sad at heart to think of the poor, unemployed men who, in this terrible cold, are compelled to wander on the streets all night. Some one told me of a young man who came to America, but could find no work, because he could not speak the language. He went begging, but did not know where he could sleep at night. So he went to the Bowery Mission. How thankful he was to receive hot coffee there; but the Mission was only open till 2 o'clock, so this poor fellow had to walk the streets for the rest of the night. This he did several days, but he finally collapsed. Then a policeman took him to a hospital, where he was sick for a long time. He wondered how it could be that the many churches and missions were empty and locked at night, while the homeless perished on the streets. God grant that the time is not far distant when the righteous will have compassion on such misery.

Enclosed find my mite ($5) for these homeless ones. The Lord our God bless you and your work. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is a glorious paper, which I await every week with pleasure. A FELLOW-PILGRIM TOWARD ZION.

[THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in view of the severe winter and the widespread suffering, has adopted the excellent suggestion contained in this letter, and has opened a temporary Night Refuge in the Bowery Mission, to afford shelter to homeless and destitute men and boys until the hardest part of the winter is past. Besides this, our "Bread-Line," which formerly fed 1,000, has been doubled up, and now feeds 2,000 unemployed and friendless men and boys. A breakfast is served to those who are sheltered overnight, which gives them courage and strength to search for work. If even a few of the hundreds of churches in New York, which are kept locked up during the week, but with furnaces going, were to throw open their warm basements as shelters for the homeless poor, much misery would be averted and many a humble fellow-being, penniless and friendless, would be saved from death by freezing.]

Miscellaneous

E. Y. H., Wisconsin. We have never heard that he did.

Subscriber, Boston. We cannot give attention to unsigned letters.

O. P. N., Naugatuck, Conn., writes that Nobel, the founder of the Nobel prize, was a Swede.

S. D. E., Sandy Hook, N. Y. We cannot secure the information. Write to some brake manufacturer.

L., and W., Dundee, Mich. Gladiolus is pronounced as written, in four syllables, with the accent on the third.

A. K. B., Curtis, Wis. We have no means of knowing the lady's views on the canteen. Why not write her personally?

Reader, Clinton, Mo. We believe it would be well for any one connected with the saloon business to find some other occupation.

E. C. M., Columbus, O., writes calling attention to the passage in I. Sam. 4: 18, and 7: 15, which shows that there were fifteen judges in Israel.

Any one owning an organ suitable for mission services, and wishing to help a struggling mission, may address Rev. Fred'k K. Smith, Clinton, S. C.

G. H. L. If you will send us your name and address on a postal, mentioning also your request, we will forward booklet about the Bowery Mission.

J. W., Wilton, N. Dak. Your question is too technical for the resources of this department. Submit it to the Professor of Electrieal Engineering in your nearest college.

R. M., Manomet, Mass. It is asserted by some naturalists that the phenomenon you mentioned has occurred during very violent storms. However, we have not been able to find any specific dates or places.

HOW A LAD HELPED THE LORD

*By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts**

"COME ye apart and rest a while." It was not the devil but Christ who thus called good men to rest. We can obey Christ, we can keep with Christ, in rest as well as in work, in laughter as well as in tears. The apostles had been living strenuously (Matt. 10; 11: 1, 12, 13). They had healed many sick, and cast out devils and contended with devilish men who pretended to be angelic—the Pharisees. Returning from these tours of spiritual harvesting, they had found Christ in Capernaum busier yet. Crowds were passing through *en route* to the Passover at Jerusalem, and they were eager to hear the new prophet of Nazareth. "There were many coming and going, and they had no leisure so much as to eat." Friends of Christ said: "He is beside himself," because useful service was a greater joy to him than food. "My meat," he said, "is to do the will of him that sent me." But rest in its place is as sacred as work. God has put emphasis upon this truth, by setting apart a whole day in each week for rest from business and work.

Jesus Followed

But the ministerial vacation thus planned was interrupted. When Jesus retired with his apostles from the crowd, the people saw their boat was pointed toward Fishertown—such is the meaning of Bethsaida—and the crowd raced for it and got there first. Jesus saw the multitude scattered over the grassy plain and hillsides there on the northeast shores of the Lake of Galilee, many of them clad in sheepskins, and they touched his heart as shepherdless sheep. He postponed his vacation, and resumed his teaching and his miracles. We may follow Christ in foregoing rest when some great opportunity for service presents itself. As evening drew on, Jesus saw in the excited crowd, who in their eagerness to hear him had also forgotten to eat, the signs of exhaustion. He had forgotten his own weariness, but he did not overlook the faintness of others. How un-Christlike was the medieval contempt of the body! How like Christ, the healer, is the ministry of the gymnasium and the missionary hospital and the Bowery Mission Bread-Line!

"Whence shall we buy bread that these may eat?" said Jesus, to test his disciples. As usual, they forgot he could work miracles, and so uttered an answer of folly. "Two hundred pennyworth of bread," said Philip, "would not supply so many with a morsel; and alas, the purse was as empty as the larder!" Andrew discovered a lad who had five loaves and two fishes. Sent on an errand, perhaps, he had followed the Friend of children. "What are they among so many?" said Andrew, as if his discovery of the boy was not worth telling. But

Discovering a Boy

is often important. How ashamed both Philip and Andrew presently were of their lack of faith! How ashamed we, too, ought to be, when we worry about to-morrow, forgetting how God saved us yesterday! Andrew did not count right. "Five loaves"—and Christ—that is abundance. David, with only five pebbles—"What are they against a giant's mail?" said the doubters. But five pebbles, plus God, was more than enough; just as five loaves—one loaf to each thousand men—and there were, no doubt, as many more women and children—was more than enough. Four pebbles were left over in David's bag, and there will be more left over than there was to start with in this feeding of the five thousand.

Our weakness is completeness in another's greater strength.

That lad with the few loaves and small fishes pictures the habitual attitude of great but modest men. David sang, when hosts were shouting the praises of his victory over Goliath, at an age when young men are usually wiser in their own eyes than ever after, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou perfected praise." Solomon, at the age of nineteen, and a king, said: "I am but a little child." So Sir Isaac Newton, with the world praising his wisdom, described himself as a child wading in the shallows near the shore, while the great ocean of truth stretched far beyond him. These and such modest men succeeded because they brought to God in consecration what they regarded as their small, poor talents. The first secret of success is a deep sense of the insufficiency of human resources. "When I am weak, then am I strong." First, distrust of self; then trust in God. "I can do all things through him that strengtheneth me."

> Do thy poor best, and reck not how or why,
> Lest seeing all around thee spread
> A mighty crowd and wonderfully fed,
> Thy heart burst out into a bitter cry:
> "I might have furnished, I, even I,
> The two small fishes and the barley bread."

"Bring them hither to me." That is the secret of multiplying our talents—consecration. Talents, as well as loaves, multiply at the touch of Christ. A divine enthusiasm has done more for the world with small talents than great talents untouched with divine fire. "What is that in thine hand, Moses?" He answers, "It is only the stick that I cut in the mountains for a cane and a club." But God made it mightier than any sword or sceptre. So Shamgar's ox-goad, touched by God, was mightier than the polished spears of his many foes. And even a donkey's jawbone in Samson's hand, plus a divine enthusiasm, proved mightier than a thousand bows and swords of the Philistines. Dorcas could only bring to God her needle, but what a talisman of charity it has been for centuries! "What is that in thine hand?" "Only a worn Bible, the only book I know," said Mr. Moody. But God made his plain Bible talks mightier than the most learned sermons. Consecrated to Christ and blessed by Christ, that little pen in your hand may right many a wrong, may win many a soul. That boy of yours—are you solicitous for his future? Jesus says, "Bring him to me." No boy or girl, however safeguarded, is safe until he is saved. We must create the most favorable possible environment for growth in grace, but, however environed, a thorn will not grow into a vine. There must be a new nature. "Bring him to me."

Painted by Murillo

"Jesus took the loaves, and when he had given thanks, he distributed to the disciples"

Varied Talents Used

"He gave to the disciples to set before them." Here is another great encouragement, that Jesus could use such a variety of talents, small and great, as was found among his twelve apostles. Let us see a word picture of the miracle. "There was much grass in the place." This is our background, a grassy plain, with green slopes rising from it on three sides, and "blue Galilee" in front. The people had been scattered like sheep, but as "order is heaven's first law," Jesus bade the apostles arrange them in orderly groups of fifty and one hundred. Sitting cross-legged on the grass, with aisles about each group, their many-colored garments and Oriental enthusiasm of motion and conversation make them seem like a flower garden, and Peter so described them in telling the story to Mark. "They sat down by 'flower beds,' in fifties and hundreds." Jesus, the Gardener, was about to refresh these faded flowers and make them bloom with joy and wonder.

The people having been arranged, Jesus blessed the loaves and fishes of the lad who no doubt stood by rejoicing to be of some service to one who had been the Boy of boys, and was now the Man of men. Where the miracle of multiplication occurred we do not know, but the word "gave" being in the imperfect tense, indicating continued action, suggests that it was when the loaves were in his hands. "Give ye them to eat," Jesus said, calling the apostles to do the human part; for we have no right to ask God in prayer to do anything we can do. To do so would be to substitute laziness for faith.

By this time we should all know enough of the peculiarities of these apostles to see just how each does his part in this successful effort to "reach the masses." Peter comes first, of course, not because he was above the others in rank, for he never was, but because he was the most enthusiastic of them all. We can see him eagerly receiving in his hands the loaves Christ first held out, and with his love of the old prophets whom he so much resembled, we hear him saying as he hurries from group to group, "This is the fulfilment of the prophet's promise, 'He shall feed his flock like a shepherd.'" Stately James, to whom all but Peter naturally defer, comes next and goes about more slowly, careful that not one shall be overlooked, and, with his temperamental admiration of the Mosaic law, he is reminding all about him that the same divine power is being manifested as fed their fathers with manna in the wilderness.

Apostolic Characteristics

Next come Andrew and Philip together, eager to get to work and atone for their faithless remarks. Then comes Matthew, the systematic business man who has consecrated his mathematics and is adding up miracles in one column and parables in another, to prove Christ's deeds and words are a fulfilment of the prophecies of the Messiah. He goes about in a systematic way, giving the mathematics of the miracle with the food. Then John comes forward, slowly and thoughtfully, receiving the loaves in his hands almost unconsciously, for he is looking through the face of Christ into his divine soul. He turns away to minister lovingly to the people, especially the "little children," reminding all that the same divine love is daily shown in the miracle of every meal. Last of all comes Thomas, looking right and left to see if there is any mistake about the miracle, and pressing the loaves to see if they be real, to make sure he is not in a dream.

The meaning of this whole scene is that God has a use for every variety of talent, not alone in the church but in the hills and by the lakes and in the fields. He can use not only enthusiasm and love, but even honest doubt. Every one of that Church of twelve was a 'Christian at work." What a curiosity such a church would be to-day!

"They did all eat and were filled." It was nothing new that God should wonderfully feed the people. It was equally wonderful when he said to Adam at the world's beginning, "See, I have given you every herb bearing seed which is upon the face of the earth; and every tree in which is the fruit of a tree; to you it shall be for meat." And let us recall how God fed three millions of Israelites miraculously with manna and flesh in the wilderness for forty years, and provided water from the rock, in spite of their ingratitude and disobedience. Often God came near to Elijah in supplies of food, feeding him by ravens, multiplying for his sake the widow's meal and oil, and again, when hunger had made him a coward, God sent him meat by an angel, in the strength of which he went back to face Jezebel. Then in the story of Jesus we find not only the feeding of five thousand at this time, but of four thousand at another. No less divine is the daily feeding the world's fourteen millions of people. If there were nothing else to prove an overruling Providence, it would be proved sufficiently by the correspondence between the bodily needs of men and their abundant supply in nature. Whenever this lesson recurs, the dialogue is appropriate of the teacher and child: "Who gives you bread?" "Mother." "And who gives it to mother?" "The baker." "And who to the baker?" "The miller." "And who to the miller?" "The farmer." "And who to the farmer?" "The ground." "And who gives it to the ground?" "God." How all the ages and all the world are represented at a dinner table! Many of our best vegetables God created as bitter roots, and man has worked with God to enlarge and sweeten them. And the foods and spices and furnishings on our tables come from all the continents—American flour, spices of India, British cutlery. Surely we should always come to the table to worship as the ancients came, making it an altar.

*** International Sunday School Lesson for March 1, 1908.** Jesus Feeds the Five Thousand, John 6: 5-14. GOLDEN TEXT: "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd." Isa. 40: 11.

The Mischief-Makers

By MARY McCREA CULTER

CHAPTER XVII

THE PROBLEM SOLVED

THE next Sunday afternoon, Glenn Fraser went to make a call upon Miss Tilly Walker. He always went to her with anything that deeply concerned or interested him. She had petted and scolded him from his babyhood, and in the years since his mother died, he had gone to her for advice on every subject, from that of the most becoming color for a necktie, to the latest development in his latest love affair, and had never failed to get the help he desired.

"Wasn't that a fine sermon this morning?" he said. "I wanted to shout 'glory hallelujah' at first, but do you know, before Mr. Allan got half way through, I forgot all about my hallelujahs. It got too solemn for anything so joyful as they would have been."

"Yes," Miss Tilly answered, "it was by far the best sermon that Mr. Allan has preached here, and it contained much that I am sure will help every one who heard it. I know it hit me very hard, before he got through."

"Here, too," ejaculated Glenn. "When he read that fifty-first Psalm, I said to myself, 'How many of us could find that confession appropriate?' It touched me, and I looked around to see if Hollis Hayward had the same feeling; but bless you! she had one of the new singing books and was looking through it with the greatest indifference. Then, when Mr. Allan went on with that wonderful sermon about the different kinds of sinners there are in the world and in the church, and showed the injury that is done to churches and the cause of Christ by professing Christians, I wanted to throw my singing-book to the ceiling and shout, 'Hallelujah!' Why, he couldn't have found any name that would have described that clique better, for ever since I can remember, their sole aim has been to try to oppose the good things that other people were trying to do, simply because it was other people than themselves who were trying to do them. They are always and forever going around upsetting things. Sometimes I have thought that it was a pity that God didn't make their share of the world upside down to start with, so that by the time they got through with it, everything would be right side up with care."

Miss Tilly laughed. "I am afraid the world would be a sorry place for a good many people, if it were made according to your notions."

"Well, wouldn't that be fair? They make a sorry place of it anyway, so where are the odds?"

"I tell you, though," he went on, "I did enjoy that sermon hugely, so long as he was portraying the conduct of that crowd so faithfully that you could see them wince. It was good to see Hollis and Dora Murray and all their friends writhing under the lash and not able to answer back. I tell you I enjoyed it, until my turn came.

"I think Mr. Allan might have spared me, for I have been a useful friend to him, but I knew whom he was driving at when he began to talk of people that made it their delight to stir up other people's bad tempers and evil dispositions and fiery tongues, causing the poor unfortunates to disclose their own characters, and break their good resolutions, and abandon their efforts to do right; and then I said to myself, 'Glenn Fraser, maybe that don't fit Hollis—at least the stirring part of it. It appears to me that I have met a chap of that description, and if I remember right, he's just about your size.'

"Well, I didn't look at Hollis any more. I was afraid she'd be looking at me. I felt my face flush and I looked down for fear every one would know who was being flayed. It seemed to me, before he had done with my case, that I was about the worst sinner in the crowd. I was so busy thinking about it, that I missed a good piece of the sermon. When I came to myself, he'd got around to those peacemakers who take the sting out of words, and the evil tendencies out of minds, and the jealousies out of hearts, by their gentle ways and wise words; and I pretty near shouted out loud: 'That's Aunt Tilly and Kathleen Lawrence.'"

"Why, Glenn," exclaimed his attentive listener, "it is a good thing that you had sense enough to keep still."

"If I had said it, I'll venture to say there'd have been a whole chorus of Amens!" retorted the young man. "Now I've 'fessed up, it's your turn. What was it that hit you?"

"I am afraid I am one of those he described when he spoke of those who are silent when they should speak, and who try to say pleasant things, when, if they had more courage, they would utter words of truth and warning; and who 'pass by on the other side,' leaving the victim to be deluded and the erring ones to go on in their wickedness and do more harm. I could not help but feel that I had treated Mr. Allan that way, and so had destroyed some of his usefulness and power."

Glenn drew a long breath. "Thank goodness! I don't have to reproach myself for having ever kept still when there was a chance to speak," he said.

Miss Tilly laughed. "No," she replied, "your tongue has never had a chance to rust from lack of use. Be careful that you do not whet it upon other people's tempers so much as to wear its edges sharp."

Silence fell between them for a little while, as their thoughts went over the stirring words to which they had listened.

"Surely the Lord was in that message to-day," Miss Tilly said. "If he was, and every heart in the congregation was touched as ours were, we will soon have the greatest revival that Hawthorne has ever seen."

"God grant it, for we need it," the young man replied with fervor.

Miss Walker's prediction came true. For many days the sermon of that Lord's Day was the leading theme for thought and for conversation in the whole community. The burning words of the preacher, born of his own great awakening, kindled a fire of repentance and brotherly kindness in many a heart, and warmed the pulses of the church with a zeal which made itself felt. The long-delayed revival came with blessed power, purging, purifying, revivifying the Hawthorne church, erasing old grievances, wiping out old scores, destroying the walls of division that had so long separated those who had been nominal Christians, and placing the people upon a new and delightful standing of cordiality and Christian sympathy.

When the news of the revival and its results came to the ears of the Rev. Homer Grant, he said:

"Joshua has prevailed again. Allan has proved his right to the title, and his faith has been justified. It was indeed the Lord that sent him to Hawthorne. Now we may expect great things from that church."

One beautiful evening, six months later, Glenn Fraser and Hollis Hayward rode swiftly along the road that led from the bridge to town. They were talking eagerly of the wedding which they had attended that evening, a double marriage, which had changed Mabel Lawrence to Mrs. Charlie Lester, and Kathleen Lawrence to Mrs. Edgar Allan.

"Wasn't it lovely?" Hollis exclaimed. "I do not think I ever saw two couples better suited to one another. Kathleen will make a perfect minister's wife, and I am sure all Hawthorne will agree with me when I say so. I am glad that she will not have to leave us, for we have all learned to appreciate her true worth—

Concluded on next page

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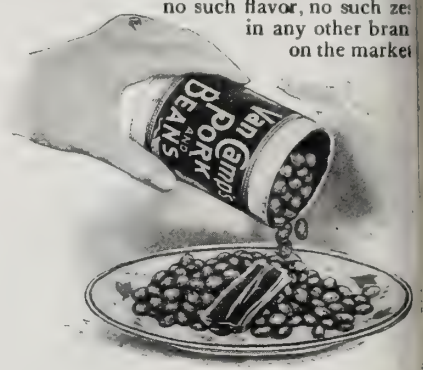

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Young People's Societies

Persistent Prayer*

DIRECT encouragement is given by our Lord, both in the parable of the unjust judge and of the friend aroused at midnight, to persevering prayer. It is not an encouragement to irreverence or impudence, as many appear to think. There are some who enter the presence of God as a man goes to his debtor, with a note in his hand which he demands to have honored. There is a blustering air about them, as of one who reminds another of his duty, of his promise and obligation, and warns him that if he does not comply with the request, he will be false to himself. Nothing could be further from our Lord's principles than to suggest or encourage such an attitude. Neither would he have us think that we shall be heard for "our much speaking." By teaching and example he inculcated reverence and submission in our approaches to God.

Both the parables referred to give us the idea of some one who complies only when he is teazed or worried. The judge complies lest he be wearied, and the friend because of the applicant's importunity. The inference, however, that Jesus himself drew from the incidents shows that his lesson was not that. It was that if the reluctant friend or the lazy judge was moved by importunity, how much more reason had we to hope that the loving heavenly Father would yield. We have all heard prayers that lacked this importunity. A series of petitions, uttered so often as to have lost all meaning, a mere parrot-like expression, that no one would expect would be answered. It is such prayers that Christ would have us avoid. The flinging down of requests and going away without thought, is a manner that never brought answer from man and will not from God. The petitioner must be in earnest if he would obtain the blessing, and he may be denied for a time to test his earnestness.

On the other hand, God does not yield to mere persistence. It would be bad for us if he did. He knows better than we what is good for us, and which, if any, of our requests it would be wise for him to grant. Persistence must never be so intense as to provoke him to do as he did to Israel, when "he gave them their request, but sent leanness into their souls."

*Topic of the Epworth League for March 1. I. Kings 18: 41-46; Mark 11: 25; Luke 11: 5-13; 18: 1-8.

Divine Leadership*

HOW sweet and consolatory are the few lines in which David compares himself to a sheep, and the Lord to his shepherd! The poem, short as it is, has been the comfort of faithful men in all times since it was written. It is evidently a reminiscence of that period of the Psalmist's life when he kept his father's sheep, and had had no experience of courts or battlefields. We can imagine the aged king harassed by enemies, distressed by his wilful children, full of forebodings of one kind and another, dwelling on that time of his shepherd life, and encouraging himself with the comparison of God's shepherding. How much he needed such care as he had given to his sheep! As the subject grows in his mind he sees that his experience justifies just such confidence.

God is really his shepherd; then he is sure that all his wants will be supplied. How can he want, when he is cared for by him who is Lord of the whole earth? In him he has love and care and bountiful provision. The need of his soul will be met as surely as the need of the body. His divine Shepherd has abundant resources of every kind, and there is no want of his nature, physical or spiritual, which he may not take to him in full assurance of its being met. There is more than that in the shepherding. His memory reminds him of his wandering, and he remembers how he has been led back again. The Shepherd has restored his soul, thereby doing more for him than the human shepherd could do for his sheep. And having restored him he leads him in the paths of righteousness. None knew better than David the need of such leading. He knew that he was unfit to direct his own life. His prayer was that God might lead.

The note of triumph grows as the future spreads before him. This divine Shepherd who has fed him and cared for him and restored his soul, will be with him in the dangers that lie before him. Even in the dark valley that he knows he must tread, he will be led by that protecting Hand. Even there he will not be alone, but will be accompanied and comforted. Goodness and mercy will follow him all his days, and in the end he will enter the Lord's house, to go out no more forever.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for March 1. Psalm 23.

THE MISCHIEF-MAKERS

Continued from preceding page

since the revival opened our blind eyes, and touched our foolish tongues."

"Yes," Glenn assented; "Mr. Allan rubbed out a great many things with that sermon. Like you, I am glad the church has called him to a permanent pastorate, and I am equally glad that he has secured a wife so worthy of him. As to their being better suited to one another than any other couple in this town, I beg leave to dissent. After all our bickerings, and pitched battles, and armed truces, you and I have come out on to a higher plane of living, and instead of fighting one another, have united to fight the battles of the Lord. That is a good partnership, but there is yet another one that I would like to make with you. You and I are only ordinary people, so we are liable to forget our good resolves, and to find ourselves in an interesting battle before we realize our danger; but I have thought of a means by which we may safeguard ourselves, if you will consent to it."

"That sounds interesting," laughed the girl as he paused. "If I were the same girl that I was six months ago, I would accept that as a challenge to mortal combat."

"But you are not the same girl—thank God! If you were, I would not say what I am going to say. Two people are necessary to make a quarrel. If you and I should become one, no quarrel would be possible. See?"

As the rest of their conversation was strictly private, we have nothing whatever to do with it.

A few weeks later, Rev. Edgar Allan officiated at a wedding which gave him much satisfaction, while Aunt Tilly Walker beamed happily upon the newly-married pair.

"This is another result of that famous sermon of yours," she said to the minister. "You made Glenn so repentant over the evil influence he had exerted over Hollis, that he has devoted his life to making up for it."

"He is not going to find the task either difficult or unpleasant," replied Mr. Allan; "for the Great Renovator has already removed that which was marring the life and influence of the girl who is now Glenn's wife. As for the sermon, Hawthorne is indebted to you for that, since I merely repeated what you first preached to me. May all the future 'erasers' in our church and community be those who rub out that which is unkind, unpleasant, untrue and un-Christlike. Then we may expect only good, and delightful, and reviving things, and 'The peace of the Lord our God' will dwell among us."

THE END

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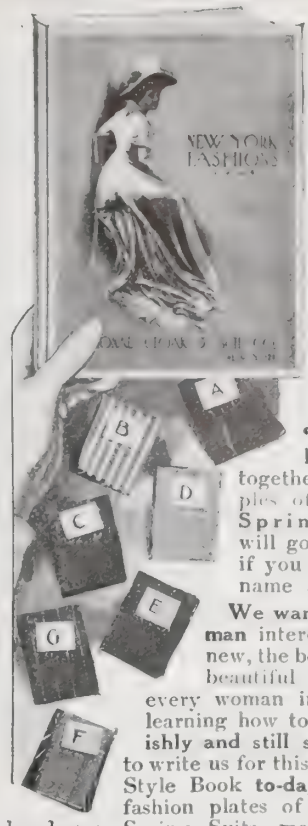

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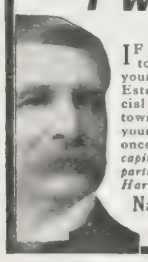

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"Reading of Grape-Nuts, I determined to stop the tonics and see what a change of diet would do. I ate Grape-Nuts four times a day with cream and drank milk also, went to bed early after eating a dish of Grape-Nuts before retiring.

"In about two weeks I was sleeping soundly. In a short time gained 20 lbs. in weight and felt like a different woman. My little daughter, whom I was obliged to keep out of school last spring on account of chronic catarrh, has changed from a thin, pale, nervous child to a rosy, healthy girl, and has gone back to school this fall.

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A LOVER OF LITTLE CHILDREN

MRS. ARTHUR ELLIOT FISH is President of the Wm. H. Davis Free Industrial Home for Crippled Children, whose pupils gave an entertainment for the men of the Bowery Mission a few weeks ago. Unlike some who are connected with charitable organizations, Mrs. Fish is not content to be a figure-head and to confine her activities to attending board meetings. She is in almost daily touch with the activities of the school and the children all know, love and obey her. She takes a personal interest in every pupil, and through her directly many have been enabled to have the advantages of school training. She spends the summer at the Lulu Thorley Lyons Home at Claverack, N.Y., where all the children are sent for a three months' summer outing.

Mrs. A. Elliot Fish

Mrs. Fish has many interested and generous helpers in this work, but she seems to furnish much of the energy and initiative which have made the work so useful and successful. "The word charity," she says, "is never heard in our school; but love, its Biblical interpretation, often. You cannot infuse into sad, small, twisted lives an interest in existence, a desire to achieve, earnestness of purpose and enthusiasm for self-development merely by being sympathetic and generous. You must touch the secret spring in the soul of a child with the wand of love. . . . We may truly say that the atmosphere of the place is like a home, full of cheerfulness and affection, as well as earnest and full of ambition. Just to be a poor hurt child that life is neglecting, to be deformed and in need of love, is all that is required. As a tribute of love the institution was established, and love has always been the ruling principle in its management.

THE GREAT PROVIDER

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

AFTER a season of teaching in Jerusalem, Jesus returned to Galilee, where he continued his ministry of love and power. On one occasion, he crossed the Sea of Galilee, "and a great multitude followed him, because they saw his miracles which he did on them that were diseased." Wonder and curiosity, as well as personal need, had conspired to bring so many together. Many had brought sick ones with them, and that at great inconvenience, for "they followed him on foot out of the cities" (Matt. 14:30). His design had been to "go apart for a little season of rest" (Matt. 14: 13; Mark 6: 31-33); but "Jesus was moved with compassion toward them, and he healed their sick" (Matt. 14: 14).

Jesus was the first to think how the multitude needed food. He was full of consideration all the time and for everybody. "He saith unto Philip, Whence shall we buy bread, that these may eat? And this he said to prove him, for he himself knew what he would do." Many of the difficulties we meet with day by day are sent to prove us, whether we fall back on our own poor, easily exhausted resources, or whether we will endure "as seeing him who is invisible" (Heb. 11: 27); whether we will look at the things which are seen and temporal, or at the things which are not seen and eternal (II. Cor. 4: 18). How truly "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd: he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young" (Isa. 40: 11).

Philip did what most would have done under similar circumstances—he began to take stock of what was in hand. But Jesus was there, and "he himself knew what he would do." Thank God, he who sees the future knows always what he will do. At this very moment Jesus sees right through the thing which is puzzling you, dear perplexed child of God. You cannot understand your experience nor God's dealings with you, you do not see how things can work out right, but he sees all; there is nothing hidden from him; let him have the helm of your little ship and all will be well. Philip's calculation only landed him in perplexity: "Two nundred pennyworth of bread is not sufficient for them, that every one of them may take a little."

And from whence should come two hundred pence, and where was the store out there in the wilderness? Even at Philip's computation, each one would have only a little. But the Source of the manna in the wilderness was there; yet Philip had not grasped the fact; he saw only what was according to nature. This was the human side. God was about to reverse the question: "What are they in the hand of Omnipotence?" Jesus said: "Make the people sit down." "And Jesus took the loaves." Resources in his hands are resources in creative hands, transforming hands, adapting hands, almighty hands. He gave thanks before man saw the fulness of provision; and then he distributed. By the time the bread and fish had reached each man and woman and child, it was "as much as they would." Andrew's conceptions of a little for each one were left far behind. Philip's computations were nowhere. Oh, how, again and again, the words of John the Baptist must have come back to them: "There standeth One among you whom ye know not" (John 1: 26).

"When they were filled, he said unto his disciples: Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost." When God fed his people with manna in the wilderness, each man had to gather for himself. Under the law, man must help himself; but Jesus feeds with his own hands those who come to him for the bread of life, and the disciples whom he uses to carry it to them gather up the fragments which the multitudes break off, and in which they see no value.

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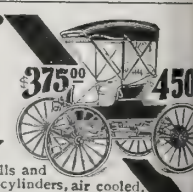

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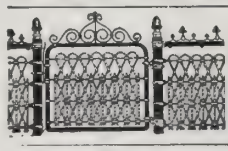

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Eighty Years in the Sunday School

A REMARKABLE illustration of the charm work in the Sunday School has for the consecrated soul is found in the life of Mr. P. S. Joslin, of Carbondale, Pa., whose years of service for the Master have been many and faithful. "His record as a member and constant attendant of the Sunday School," says one who knows him well, "is one of which few men or women can boast, since he has been a member of the Sunday School for more than eighty years. He has been clerk of his church for fifty years, and still holds that office, although he will be ninety-one years old next April.

P. S. Joslin

"His service as a teacher in the Sunday School covers a period of sixty-five years, and in spite of his advanced years he continued his work until very recently, when a severe illness compelled him to resign. He testifies that nothing in all his long life has given him greater pleasure than he has found in the Sunday School, where he has succeeded in leading many boys and girls into the Christian life. How much the church in Carbondale appreciates his service may be learned from the fact that ten years ago a memorial window was placed in the Baptist church in that town in his honor by his Sunday School class.

"Deacon Joslin was born in Oneida County, New York, in the year 1817. He was but a little lad when he began attending a Sunday School two miles from his home. At that time the lesson hour of the Sunday School was devoted almost entirely to the reciting of verses of Scripture by the scholars, and there was always a good deal of rivalry as to who could recite the largest number of verses. Few questions were asked, and this memorizing of the Scripture passed for Sunday School instruction. It certainly had a definite value, which might result still if it were combined with our modern methods of instruction in the school.

"Deacon Joslin went to Carbondale in the year 1832, and with the exception of six years he has resided there ever since. He became a member of the Presbyterian Church in 1843, but sixteen years later, when a Baptist church was formed, he joined that, raising the roll of membership to seven.

"Deacon Joslin loved the work of teaching; he was at one time elected superintendent of the Sunday School, but he accepted it only on condition that he might keep his class during his term of office.

"His life as a citizen has been one of unfailing and beautiful service, and a resident of Carbondale, who is not himself a Christian, said of him recently, 'His presence is a constant benediction to the town.'"

Christianity and the Bible

JOHN VON MULLER, the eminent Swiss historian, declared, "Christ is the key to the history of the world. Not only does all harmonize with the mission of Christ, all is subordinated to it." The historian Lecky wrote: "It was reserved for Christianity to present to the world an ideal character which, through all the changes of eighteen centuries, has filled the hearts of men with an impassioned love, and has shown itself capable of acting on all ages, nations, temperaments, conditions." Fichte, the so-called "sceptic" and "atheist," declared that Jesus "did more than all other philosophers in bringing heavenly morality into the hearts and homes of common men. . . . Till the end of time all the sensible will bow low before this Jesus of Nazareth, and all will humbly acknowledge the exceeding glory of this great phenomenon." Richter, who satirized orthodoxy, calls Christ "the purest of the mighty, the mightiest of the pure, who, with his pierced hands, raised empires from their foundations, turned the stream of history from its old channels, and still continues to rule and guide the ages." Renan, one of the strongest opponents of dogmatic religion, wrote: "Whatever may be the surprises of the future, Jesus will never be surpassed." "Bible Christianity," wrote de Tocqueville, "is the companion of liberty in all its conflicts, the cradle of its infancy, and the divine source of its claims." Huxley, the agnostic, in a public address said: "I have always been strongly in favor of secular education, in the sense of education without theology; but I must confess that I have been no less seriously perplexed to know by what practical measures the religious feeling, which is the essential basis of conduct, was to be kept up, in the present utterly chaotic state of opinion on these matters, without the use of the Bible. By the study of what other book could children be so much humanized? If Bible reading is not accompanied by constraint and solemnity, I do not believe there is anything in which children take more pleasure." Rabbi J. Leonard Levy said: "The best literature of thirty centuries is to be found in the Bible. Warriors have fought for it, martyrs have died for it. This book has destroyed tyranny."

If those persons [who object to the Bible in our public schools] have their way, and the Bible and all references to Christ are excluded, the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, and the farewell address of George Washington cannot be read in the public schools, neither can the wonderful addresses of Abraham Lincoln, the Gettysburg address, his second inaugural address, or his Emancipation Proclamation, which broke the shackles from four million slaves and set them free, be read, nor can the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," which inspired the soldiers in the field, or "America," the national hymn, be sung. We must, in fact, become a pagan nation.—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

More Simplified Spelling

THE Simplified Spelling Board, organized in 1906, has just issued a second list of new spellings. It is as follows:

ake ache	harang harangue
aile—aisle	hight—height
agast—aghast	indetted—indebted
altabet alphabet	iland island
autograf autograph	ile—isle
autum autumn	lam—lamb
bedsted bedstead	leag league
bibliografy bibliography	lim—limb
biografy biography	num numb
boro borough	pamflet—pamphlet
bild build	paragraf paragraph
bilding—building	phonetic phonetic
campain campaign	fonograf phonograph
camfor camphor	fotograf photograph
quire—choir	tisic—phthisic
citer—cypher	tisis phthisis
coco cocoa	procede proceed
colleag—colleague	redout redoubt
colum column	redoutable redoubtable
condit conduit	redonted—redoubted
counterfit—counterfeit	sent—scent
curteous courteous	sion scion
curtesy—courtesy	sissors—scissors
crum—crumb	sithe scythe
det debt	siv—sieve
dettor debtor	slight—sleight
diafram—diaphragm	solem—solemn
dout doubt	soveren—sovereign
dum dumb	succede succeed
eg egg	surfit—surfeit
excede—exceed	telegraf—telegraph
foren foreign	telefone—telephone
forfit—forfeit	thum—thumb
furlo—furlough	tung tongue
gastly—ghastly	wier—weir
gost—ghost	wierd—weird
gard guard	yoman—yeoman
gardian guardian	

Answered Prayers

Reader, Horton, Ind. "Not long ago I was in great trouble. It seemed almost beyond bearing. I prayed to God for help. He answered my prayer. Praise his name."

Reader, Missouri. "I want to add my testimony to answered prayers. It is a privilege to let the world know that another testifies that we have a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God. He has answered one prayer of a soul accepting him, and another, purely a prayer for financial help."

Mrs. J. T. T., Washington, D. C. "I was in distress. The loss of my home seemed certain. I read Answered Prayers in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and finding a case much like my own, where prayer had brought relief, I went with renewed faith to God and he heard me and delivered me out of my distress."

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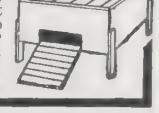

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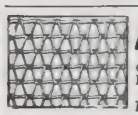

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A COURSE IN ESPERANTO

LESSON No. 4.—By Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

Queries. Have you tried to spell in Esperanto? It is to be remembered that all letters have the same sounds as in English which are not found in the list given in Lesson I. Can you write Esperanto words as easily as you can pronounce them?

The accent is always on the next to the last syllable.

Names of Things in Our Homes

domo	house	tegmento	roof
muro	wall	etaĝo	story
tablo	table	planko	floor
seĝo	chair	plafano	ceiling
tapiŝo	carpet	pordo	door
tapiŝeto	rug	fenestro	window
kurteno	curtain	seruro	lock
libro	book	ŝlosilo	key
pentrajo	picture	vestiblo	hall
skribtablo	desk	ŝtuparo	stairway
plumo	pen	kelo	cellar
papero	paper	fondo	foundation
plado	dish	korto	yard
tranĉilo	knife	palisaro	fence
forko	fork	parolejo	parlor
kulero	spoon	kuirejo	kitchen
lito	bed	kapkuseno	pillow
viŝilo	towel	ĉambro	room
matraco	mattress	banejo	bath-room
dormejo			sleeping-room
manĝoĉambro			dining-room

Directions: First, go over this list for pronunciation; second, commit it to memory; third, test the memorizing by walking through the house, trying to teach the names to some one unfamiliar with Esperanto; fourth, get some one to ask you the names of things; fifth, write out the plural form of each word.

Exercise. Mia domo. Granda korto. Forta fondo. Tri etaĝoj. Dudek-kvin fenestroj. Fortaj muroj. Alta domo. Forta planko. La tapiŝoj estas belaj. La fenestroj estas klaraj. La kurtenoj estas novaj. La ĉambroj estas multaj. La vestiblo estas granda. La parolejo estas bela. La domo estas sana. La kuirejo estas utila. Ses dormejoj. Du banejoj. La tabloj estas fortaj. La tapiŝetoj estas novaj. La pentrajoj estas multaj. La pladoj estas multaj. La tranĉiloj estas helaj. La forkoj kaj kuleroj estas helaj. La viŝiloj estas blankaj. La matracoj estas novaj. La libroj estas multaj. La kurtenoj estas verdaj. La seĝoj estas fortaj. (*N* added to nouns makes the objective). Mi movas la seĝojn. Li rompis du fenestrojn. Ŝi ŝanĝis la pentrajojn. Mia avino fermis la pordon. Mia nevo rompis la ŝlosilon. Mia nevino ŝangos la viŝilon. Mia patro fermos la fenestrojn.

Exercise. 20. 90. 19. 30. 37. 75. 99. 88. 79. 81. 77. 75. 44. 33. 26. 75. 91. 58. 18. 11. 80. 50. 500. 800. 600. 400. 300. 900. 909. 804. 207. 609. 705. 830. 590. 818. 639. 999. 4000.

Write out the Esperanto words for the above figures.

Grammar

VERBS. PARTICIPLES

Present participle (active voice) ends in *anta.*

Kanti, *to sing;* kantanta, *singing.*
Paroli, *to speak;* parolanta, *speaking.*

Past participle ends in *inta.*

Kanti, *to sing;* kantinta, *having sung.*
Paroli, *to speak;* parolinta, *having spoken.*

Future participle ends in *onta.*

Kanti, *to sing;* kantonta, *about to sing.*
Paroli, *to speak;* parolonta, *about to speak.*

Present participle (passive voice) ends in *ata.*

Movi, *to move;* movata, *being moved.*
Fermi, *to close;* fermata, *being closed.*

Past participle ends in *ita.*

Movi, *to move;* movita, *been moved.*
Fermi, *to close;* fermita, *been closed.*

Future participle ends in *ota.*

Movi, *to move;* movota, *about to be moved.*
Fermi, *to close;* fermota, *about to be closed.*

Exercise. Brilanta. Promeninta. Kantonta. Aŭdinta. Kreskinta. Romponta. Rompota. Sanĝanta. Sanĝata. Aŭdata. Aŭdota. Aŭdanta. Aŭdinta. Aŭdonta. Briletanta. Briletinta. Babilonta.

PROGRESSIVE TENSES

The verb, *to be,* esti: Estas, *is;* estis, *was;* estos, *will be.*

Active Voice—Estas kreskanta, *is growing;* estis kreskanta, *was growing;* estos kreskanta, *will be growing.*

Passive Voice—Estas kreskata, *is being grown;* estis kreskata, *was being grown;* estos kreskata, *will be grown.*

La stelo estos brilanta. La knabino estis kantanta. La steloj estis brilantaj (the participle has plural form to agree with subject). La filinoj estos kantantaj. La viro estis parolanta. La fenestro estis rompata. La libroj estos sanĝataj. La libroj estis sanĝataj. Mia nevo estis parolanta. La tablo estos movata. La virino estos aŭdanta. La luno estis brilanta. La knaboj estis promenantaj. La kuleroj kaj forkoj estis sanĝataj. La patrino estis parolanta. La onklo estas promenanta. La arboj estas kreskantaj. La pladoj estos sanĝataj. La matracoj estos movataj.

The participles are the most difficult part of the grammar. Be persistent, diligent and patient.

Exercise. (Compare the following with the first Esperanto exercise given under the participles.)

Shining. Having walked. About to sing. Having heard. Having grown. About to break. About to be broken. Changing. Being changed. Being heard. About to be heard. Hearing. Having heard. About to hear. Twinkling. Having twinkled. About to babble.

. . .

For the benefit of those who desire to take the Esperanto Lessons, but who have not yet begun to do so, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will send all the lessons in the course that have appeared up to date, on receipt of 10 cents. This offer is made for the purpose of facilitating the formation of new Esperanto Circles. Since these lessons began, many hundreds of Circles have been organized throughout the country, and what is probably the largest Esperanto propaganda the world has ever known is now fairly under way. We advise all who are interested in this novel and attractive study to take this opportunity to join the movement, form local Circles and establish correspondence clubs all over the world. All you need to do at first is to form a Circle to study the lessons that are now appearing every other week in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. We can supply you with the *Primer* (10c), *Vocabulary* (10c) and *Text Book* (25c) if desired.

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E. D. Longcoe. The *Primer* costs ten cents by mail.

L. C. Jones. We can send you the *Key to Esperanto* for five cents.

Mrs. R. Lane. Pronounced Es-pay-rahn-to, stay-loy, brah koy, oy as in boy.

Fred. Stewart. We can send Esperanto *Primer* and *Vocabulary*, ten cents each.

Eldridge Smith. *American Esperanto Journal*, New York, and *Amerika Esperantisto*, Chicago.

G. W. Y., Cambridge, Mass. The study of Esperanto can be begun without a previous study of English grammar, although such study would facilitate the learning of the new language.

Mrs. S. E. B., South Scituate, R. I. "Cervo" is pronounced tsair vo; "hajlo," like the English words "high low;" "lerta," lair tah; e and o have their long sounds when they end words or syllables; thus "nevo," pronounced nay vo; short when followed by two consonants; thus, "edzo," pronounced ed-zo, as in English; "longa," like the English word "longer," except that the last syllable is pronounced "gah."

Read by Old and Young

Dear Dr. Klopsch: I received last week the beautiful premium, "Five Hundred Animal Stories." I am delighted with the book and it is read by young and old in our family. MRS. M. R. CLOUGH.

Apponaug, R. I.

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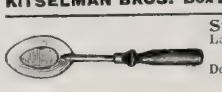

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English Women Want to Vote

Arresting "Suffragettes" Near the Prime Minister's House, London

ENGLAND'S capital is greatly exercised over the courageous attitude of the "Suffragettes," as they call the women who are now publicly agitating in favor of the movement for granting the suffrage to their sex. Many times within the last few months women have been arrested, some of them for public speaking, others for attempting to force an entrance into Parliament, where they were determined to be heard, and, more recently, for trying to gain admittance to the Prime Minister's house in Downing Street. While the Cabinet Council was sitting at 10 Downing Street, recently, the Suffragettes tried to force their way into the house. Two of them, Miss New and Miss Smith, chained themselves to the railings in order to make it more difficult for the police to remove them. With very little trouble, however, the officers snapped the chains, and five of the ladies, one of whom had actually forced her way into the hall of the First Lord's house, were arrested. Before the magistrate they refused to be bound over to good behavior for six months, and were accordingly sent to prison. There is a great deal of public feeling on the matter and the women are not without defenders, who believe they are entitled to be heard, if nothing more. In some parts of the United Kingdom they have won notable victories; but London is obdurate, and thus far they have received little encouragement there and many hard rebuffs.

Called Higher

Miss A. B. Beam, of Black Creek, Ont., Canada, a former subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, passed from labor to reward on November 7.

Mrs. Wilson Griffin, of Granby, Conn., passed away January 12. She was an earnest Christian and for a number of years an interested reader of this journal.

Mrs. Miller, of Anderson, Ind., passed away November 28, 1907. She was converted and joined the church at the age of seven and died in her seventy-fourth year.

Mrs. Janet Carkins, of Des Moines, Ia., died lately in her eighty-fourth year. For about seventy years she was a member of the Baptist Church and a most consistent Christian.

Mrs. Mary A. Carter, of Americus, Ga., *nee* Merriwether, who died recently, was an earnest Christian, faithful and devoted as wife, mother and friend, abounding in faith, charity, love and good works.

Deacon J. Foster Crosby, who passed away at Tusket, Nova Scotia, on January 6, had been a church worker for sixty-one years. He was a man of beautiful Christian attributes, beloved by everybody. This paper had been his companion for many years.

Miss Alsada C. Scribner passed away at the home of her sister, Mrs. M. S. Denslow, of Gates, N. Y., on the first day of the new year, aged eighty-four years. A true Christian since early girlhood, carrying the spirit of prayer and hope in her everyday life, she had been a reader of this paper for many years.

Samuel Oakes McCurdy, of Sunbury, Pa., died suddenly February 27, while in active duty as a railway postal clerk, having served in the same position for twenty-seven years. He was a life-long member of the Methodist Church and a veteran of the Civil War. He leaves a wife, son, daughter and three grandchildren.

Mrs. H. Whitchen, of Groton, Utah, for many years a subscriber of this journal, departed this life January 5, aged ninety-one years and ten months. She was a devoted Christian from early youth. Her husband, with whom she lived fifty-seven years, died five years before her.

On Saturday, October 19, at Corryton, Tenn., Mrs. Emma McBee passed away at the ripe age of seventy-six. She was a reader of this journal for many years. Early in her girlhood she gave her heart to Christ, and joined the Presbyterian Church, of which she was a member until her death. She was the mother of eleven children, four of whom preceded her to the Glory Land. She leaves behind her four daughters and three sons. She was a mother beloved, full of the spirit of Christ, and her life was simple and sincere.

Mrs. M. A. S. Monagon, for a number of years a prominent mission worker in the city of Washington, passed away recently at the age of forty-five. She had just returned from a two weeks' sojourn at the famous Jackson Grove camp meeting grounds, located midway between Washington and Baltimore, where she had been actively engaged in winning souls to Christ. At the time of her death she was prominently identified with the Gospel Mission and open-door work of Washington. On Sunday night, September 8, a memorial service was held in her honor at the Gospel Mission. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them." Rev. 14: 13.

COFFEE DRINKING

A Doctor Says it Weakens the Heart.

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MAGAZINE ISSUE

CHRISTIAN HERALD

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Five Cents a Copy. Published 52 Times a Year NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 26, 1908 Offices: Bible House, N. Y.—Vol. 31. No. 9—$1.50 a Year

SEE PAGE 168

Bringing Home the Parson from Church

Questions and Answers

[illegible] B., Amherst, Mo. Who was Ouida, and why was she so poor when she died in Florence, Italy, lately?

Ouida was the *nom de plume* (or diminutive) of Louise de la Ramee, an English novelist (French mother, English father), who wrote many brilliant but sensational books, and who from various causes, presumably extravagance and bad investments, came to poverty toward the close of her life. The British government, recognizing her fame, allowed her a small annuity, but it apparently was not sufficient to keep her from suffering.

J. B., Rahway, N. J. 1. What relation is the newly-proclaimed Sultan of Morocco to Aziz, the deposed ruler? 2. Is he a man of ability?

1. The new ruler is a half-brother of the prince he has displaced. Mulai Hafid is a few years older than Abdul Aziz, and was born in 1873, the son of a woman of the Mzaniza tribe of the Shawia. 2. Prior to his election as the Sultan of Southern Morocco, Mulai Hafid had been for ten years Viceroy of the South, during which period his system of government gave an impression of strength and great self-reliance. He made himself an authority on the Mohammedan law. Mulai Hafid has a cultivated mind, and is something of a literary prodigy. His songs are chanted through the streets of many African centres. He has also written a book on Cairo, and his contributions to Moorish laws are many.

B. M., Center Lisle, N. Y. I have read that the first battle of the Revolution was fought at Alamance, N. C. Will you please tell me if it is true?

No; the skirmish at Alamance, in May, 1771, was between bands of regulators, who were moved by patriotic motives in regard to the enforcement of law, and 300 militiamen under Governor Tryon. The forces on both sides, militia and regulators, were Carolinians. There were several clashes with the British authorities before the real opening of the Revolutionary War, which was the battle of Lexington, notably the Boston massacre, the affairs at Portsmouth, N. H., on the road to Salem, Mass., and others. It was the battle of Lexington, fought April 19, 1775, that convinced all the colonists, North and South, that the real breaking point had been reached. The words of the American commander at Lexington: "If they want war, let it begin here," show that the colonists felt that the troubles with the British government had now come to a point where war was inevitable. Washington, in his diary, says: "November, 5, 1789. Mr. Phillips accompanied us to Lexington, where I viewed the spot on which the first blood was spilt in the dispute with Great Britain."

X. Y. Z., St. Louis, Mo. What is the reason why more women than men attend church services and meetings regularly? In some churches the feminine attendance is three to one and often four to one.

There have been many attempts to solve this difficult question. Some have held that it is because woman is more emotional, more sympathetic, more religious at heart, than man. Others that men are too much absorbed in business to give attention to religion. Others assert that the great disparity occurs only in churches where "fashionable preaching" is substituted for the Gospel. Experience shows that the earnest presentation of the Gospel never fails to attract men as well as women. Wherever Christ is "lifted up," there is no lack of interest.

Reader, Omaha, Neb., and R. K., Quebec, Canada. [illegible] awarded and what is its money value? 3. What was Nobel's nationality?

1. For general contributions to the world's literature. 2. $9,000,000 was left as a fund, the interest of which should be given to those who had done most for the good of humanity. The interest is divided into five equal shares, one to the person who in the domain of physics has made the most important discovery or invention, one to the person who has made the most important discovery in the domain of medicine or physiology, one to the person who in literature has provided the most excellent work of an idealistic tendency, and one to the person who has done the most for the fraternization of nations. We have not the space to give the list of the recipients. Each prize averages $40,000. 3. Alfred B. Nobel was a Swedish scientist. Full information may be obtained from the Board of Directors, Stockholm, Sweden.

W. W. A., New Rochelle, N. Y. When and by whom was the Roman Catholic Church founded?

The question is a large one, involving many disputed points. It would be more simple if you asked when the church changed its character and took a new departure. The sketch made by the late Dr. Philip Schaff has the merit of brevity, and will perhaps answer your purpose. He divides the course of the church's history into three periods. First, from the second century to the eighth, which is "the common inheritance of all churches." Then the secession of the Greek Church took from it the claim to be the universal church. The second period, extending to the Reformation in the sixteenth century, when the Protestants, unable to endure the errors and corruptions of the Papacy, seceded under the leadership of Luther, Wickliffe, etc. Third, modern Catholicism, extending to the present time. This last period is subdivided by the reign of Pius IX. (1846-1878), when the Papal pretensions made a still further advance, and the church took on new form.

Subscriber, Cleveland, O., and Groton, N. Y. If a man dies without a will and leaves no children, can the wife hold the property?

If deceased leaves no descendants, but leaves a parent, widow takes one-half personal property. If he leaves no descendant and no parent, but does leave a brother, sister, nephew or niece, widow takes one-half plus $2,000, if so much remains after taking the one-half. If deceased leaves no descendant, parent, brother, sister, nephew or niece, widow takes all. Widow takes, in real estate, the use for life of one-third in all cases.

Reader, Mason, Mich. In about what year did the Apostle John write his books?

There are various opinions as to the date of the Gospel according to John. Godet, Alford and Macdonald believe it was written at Ephesus between the years 80 and 85. Tholuck thinks it was near A.D. 100. All are agreed that it was the last of the Gospels. Some have challenged the claim that it was written by John at all. A careful analysis, however, of the Gospel itself, and of the evidence for and against John's authorship, has convinced the majority of scholars that John wrote it. Besides this there is the testimony of Irenæus, who, being a pupil of Polycarp, himself a disciple of John, had the best opportunity for knowing the facts. Irenæus died about 202, and at that time John was regarded as the author. The Epistles were probably written about the same period. There is more doubt about Revelation. There were two persecutions under which John may have been banished to Patmos. One was in 68 and the other in 90. There is nothing to show in which, if either, of the two periods it was written.

Full-Blooded American Indians as Students in Art

This photograph, taken at Carlisle, Pa., shows that we have no right to say of the Indians, as in fact we have no right to say of any nationality, that they are capable only of doing manual labor. While the majority of the American Indians under civilization have shown adaptability as agriculturists, bakers, printers, and such like occupations, some are making notable progress in art, sculpture work and music.

J. B., Medina. Apropos of the recent tragedy in Lisbon, will THE CHRISTIAN HERALD tell us what were the most remarkable regicides and political assassinations of the last one hundred years?

1801—Paul, Czar, Russia. 1812—Percival, Premier, England. 1848—Count Rossi, Papal Premier. 1854—Duke of Parma. 1860—Prince Daniel, Montenegro. 1865—Abraham Lincoln. 1868—Prince Michael, Servia. 1870—Marshal Prim, Spain. 1871—Archbishop Darboy, Paris. 1872—Governor General Mayo, India. 1876—Sultan Abdul Aziz, Turkey. 1881—James A. Garfield. 1882—Lord Cavendish and Mr. Burke, England; and Sadi Carnot, President, France. 1895—M. Stambouloff, Premier, Servia. 1896—Nasr ed-Din, Shah, Persia; and President Borta Idiarte, Uruguay. 1898—Premier Canovas, Spa[illegible] 1898—Empress Elizabeth, Austria. 189[illegible] President Heureux, Santo Domingo. 19[illegible] —King Humbert, Italy. 1901—Willia[illegible] McKinley. 1903—King Alexander a[illegible] Queen Draga, Servia. 1904—Count E[illegible] brikoff, Finland. 1904—M. Von Pleh[illegible] Russia. 1905—Grand Duke Sergi[illegible] Russia. 1907—Atabeg Azam, Premi[illegible] Persia. There were probably a score others of minor importance.

Inquirer. In the New York *Medic[illegible] Times* recently, a remarkable article a[illegible] peared from the pen of Dr. Samuel [illegible] Tracy, a leading physician, describing t[illegible] uses of electricity in retarding old age b[illegible] modifying the results of arterial hardenin[illegible] Dr. Tracy claims that the great danger li[illegible] in over-eating, excessive use of alcohol, et[illegible] He presents the latest view of medical sc[illegible] ence on this absorbing question of fightin[illegible] back old age as shown on page 145 of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD last week.

Mary F. J., Troy, N. Y. Can you inform me abou[illegible] the time being set ahead eleven days sinc[illegible] 1600 A.D.?

In 1582 Pope Gregory changed the Ro[illegible] man calendar, which had been in use, sinc[illegible] 47 B.C. The change was made becaus[illegible] the short year was making Easter fall [illegible] little later each year. In making th[illegible] change he had to throw out ten days[illegible] When England adopted the new calenda[illegible] in 1752, she had to throw out eleven days

T. R., Wyoming, Pa. How many acres of lan[illegible] are devoted to the cultivation of tobacco i[illegible] this country?

During the fiscal year of 1907, there were 796,099 acres under cultivation, the product being estimated at 682,428,560 pounds.

Miscellaneous

Reader, Philadelphia. We cannot discuss the subject in THE MAIL BAG.

G. W. P., Plainfield, Wis. We do not know how Miss Phœbe Cousins stands on the temperance question.

Reader, Allentown, Pa. See Isa. 3:15; Prov. 22:16 22:22; Jer. 22:13; Mal. 3:5; Jas. 2:3 and 6; I. Tim. 6; 1; Titus 2:9 and related passages.

Mrs. M. E. H., Golden, Colo. The stories you mention are semi-historical, that is, stories with a foundation of fact, but undoubtedly helped out by fiction.

J. S. B., Elysian, Minn. Your question is too technical for the resources of this department. Send it to the professor of physics at the University of Minnesota.

Miss Florence Nightingale's writings were published in England for the most part. The prices and publishers' names we do not know. Send your query to Ammon & Mackell, booksellers, 81 Chambers Street, New York.

Louise P. B., Salem, Ind. What you ask would be, after all, only a matter of individual opinion. We would advise you to send the inquiry to the four leading American libraries, including the Astor and the Mercantile, New York.

Mrs. M. J. T., Petersburg, Ind. 1. We know of no such place as Concord Street in New York. There is one of that name in Brooklyn. 2. He may happen to think of the same thing for the reason that it is a subject of obvious timeliness.

Reader, New Paltz, N. Y. 1. Write to the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, Madison Avenue and Twenty-sixth Street, New York. 2. *Our Dumb Animals* is published at 19 Milk Street, Boston.

S. S. C., Erie, Pa. We have no way of getting the information. The banks make private arrangements with the steamer and express companies for the removal of coin. The cost would vary from month to month.

Mrs. M. E. B., 320 Peach Street, Rockford, Ill., would be pleased to have some reader send her the name of the author of the poem beginning: "The little sharp vexations—the briars that catch and fret," etc.

E. R., New York. The whole question of the Jewish opposition to Christianity in the public schools has been settled, the School Board receding from its original position and allowing principals and teachers the fullest latitude.

Reader, Canton, O. A husband who would say "ugly, mean things" to his wife, must be a contemptible sort of person. We should imagine that there are few husbands who would willingly cause sorrow and trouble to wife and children.

N. N. W., New Orleans, La. We are unable to send any statistics that would be of much help to you. In fact, in some countries, such as China, the population is estimated and not taken by a house-to-house canvas. In Tibet it is said that the men far outnumber the women.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 26, 1908

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

Picturesque Indians of the Beautiful River Region, in the Highlands of Peru

THE HIGHEST TOWN IN THE WORLD

By CHARLES M. PEPPER

THE highest town in the world is located in the Peruvian Andes. It is 14,200 feet, or nearly three miles, above the level of the sea. The place is called Cerró de Pasco. There is a village in Bolivia called Sicasica, which is almost as high, and in the same section of Peru as Cerro de Pasco there is a mining hamlet called Morococha, which is even higher, being 15,000 feet. But Cerro de Pasco is a real town and not a hamlet or village. In the United States it would be called a thriving mining city, and would be pretty sure to appear on the maps as such. But in South America they are more modest and only call it a town.

When I visited it a short while ago, the population was 10,000, though, with the resumption of mining activity, the number of inhabitants was expected to increase to 15,000. In dullest periods, there are never less than 5,000 persons. In the flourishing times of the Spanish colonial era, the population was larger than it is to-day; but probably not so mixed, since it was composed of poor Indians, their Spanish taskmasters, and a few negroes. Now, a good many nationalities are represented, since mines are magnets that draw people from all corners of the world. Many tongues are spoken. I heard a conversation which sounded strangely like one I had listened to on the banks of the Danube a year before, and was told this was quite likely, since the men who were talking were Austrian Slavs and they were speaking in one of the Slav dialects. These Austrians predominate in the business community of Cerro de Pasco, and control most of the trade. They are enterprising and have cash registers in their stores.

There are signs in Polish and Bohemian, and one sees Greeks, Armenians, Syrians, Italians, Germans and Frenchmen. It might be supposed that, since Spanish is the language of Peru, this would be the most commonly spoken, but it is not. The bulk of the population is composed of the descendants of the aboriginal inhabitants and of the early Spaniards. These half-breeds are known as *Cholos*. They have preserved most of their racial traits, and in particular they hold to the Quichua language which was spoken in the time of the Incas. It is soft and musical.

I was surprised to find that some of the *Cholos* understood a little English, which seemed to be more generally spoken than Spanish. This is due to the presence of a considerable colony of Americans, Englishmen, and Scotchmen. The Cerro de Pasco mines, which are now great copper producers, are owned by a group of American capitalists. The superintendents, managers, foremen, storekeepers, office employees and all that go to form the personnel of a great industrial plant are mostly Americans. There are also the railway and the big smelter, which is located eight miles from Cerro de Pasco. The real American settlement is at the smelter, since it calls for a large number of high-grade workmen and expert artisans. Many of these are housed in two large buildings, which are called "the hotel," while families have neat stone cottages to live in. There is a good club and a reading-room, in which I found the latest magazines and newspapers from the United States.

In Cerro de Pasco, the "Highest Town in the World"

The town of Cerro de Pasco looks to-day probably about as it has looked for centuries. Like most mining towns, it never was laid out on a regular plan, but just grew. So it is a queer kind of a place. The streets run up and down the hills as they please in all directions and at all angles. As in all towns which were founded by Spaniards, there are plazas or public squares; but in this case they are not squares at all, since they are triangular or with five or seven sides. Of course there are no trees, shrubs or flowers. The place is too far above the timber line for vegetation. All that grows in this region is a short, stubby grass, which covers the round mountain-tops and the slopes. The llamas and the sheep feed on it. Some of the houses are of two stories, with overhanging eaves, and look quite comfortable. There are several shabby old churches.

The climate is not so severe as would be supposed

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THE
American Pulpit

A SERMON BY

Miss MARY G. DAVIES*

The Burning Bush

TEXT—Ex. 3: 15

"This is my name forever, and this is my memorial unto all generations"

IN reading the story of the call of Moses at the burning bush, we find the secret of God's selection of his own servants to-day for his own particular work. The grace of the Gospel is free salvation—"whosoever will," and whosoever won't. But the calling and election which we are to make sure is that particular form of service, to which he is particularly calling each one of us. And our personality is so wonderfully precious to the Lord, that he cannot use you instead of me; neither can he use me instead of you. And as we realize this in the Holy Spirit, it makes us increasingly desirous to make this our "calling and election sure."

You remember the story of Stradivarius, who made violins in the fifteenth century; a very godly man, who earned a great deal of money, and gave it all away to the poor and the church. He was getting old, and a friend came to him one day and said, "Stradivarius, do you think there is no one can make violins as well as yourself?" "Oh, yes," he replied, "and a great deal better. There are plenty of people who can make violins; but when God Almighty wants a real 'Strad' he can never find it unless Stradivarius has made it." And so God can never find your work unless it is done by yourself. Your individuality, your personality counts for a very great deal, because through it the Holy Spirit has condescended to make the channel, the human conduit of his grace, and as he passes through you, looking through your eyes, and listening through your ears, and speaking through your lips, and walking with your feet, from head to foot you are a messenger of God.

The Transcendent Light

Now, this was the lesson which Moses had to learn at the burning bush. Here he had been forty years feeding the flock of Jethro, his father-in-law, when just in the same old spot, just in the same old work, just at the same hour, suddenly the Holy Spirit appears to him in the form of a burning bush, and through that Shekinah glory, and in the midst of it, there dwelt the presence of Jehovah—Jesus, the second person in the Trinity, the Son of God, afterwards manifested in the flesh. And as Moses watched this bush, he turned aside to see the great sight. Not that a burning bush, humanly speaking, was a great sight in a very hot climate where such a thing was likely to occur at any time; but the peculiarity about this little burning bush was that it kept burning, burning, and never got any less. The hope of a prairie fire consists in the fact that when there is nothing left to burn the fire will die down; but this little bush burned and burned and was not consumed, because the immortal life of the Son of God was in it, and for the time being his manifestation was in the form of this little bush shining and shining with the presence of the Holy Spirit.

And when Moses turned aside to see, God spoke to him out of the bush. It is when we take trouble to listen and understand God, that God takes trouble with us. He turned aside to see. "When thou saidst, Seek ye my face, then my heart responded, Thy face, Lord, will I seek." The people who take trouble to yield to the Holy Spirit, and take time to be holy, these are the people whom God turns aside to talk with, and instruct, and lead in the divine life. Just like the teachers in the schools, they don't care to spend their time and trouble over idle, stupid, disobedient children. So the Holy Spirit does not care to spend too much time, and trouble, over those people who are not interested in divine realities. But as Moses turned aside to see,

God Called Him

out of the midst of the bush. There was Moses at the same spot, the same occupation, the same hour. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth": so is every one that is in the current of the divine Spirit. We never know at any moment when the wind of grace will fill our sails and bring us to our desired haven. We never know any minute when the grace of God will not overtake us just around the corner, and it is our blessed privilege to be always ready for the Spirit of God.

The common round the daily task
Is everything we need to ask.

Well, Moses was feeding the flock at the back of the desert, and it is always comforting to notice how God calls his select people out of the common place and the daily round. It is blessed to remember that before one miracle had been performed, or one sermon preached, or one parable uttered, through the open heavens the approval of the voice of the Father was heard at the waters of baptism, when our blessed Lord received the commendation immediately after the thirty years of home life at Nazareth, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." And as Moses turned aside to see, God called him out of the bush, "Moses, Moses. And he said, Here am I. And he said, Draw not nigh hither: put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." Ah, blessed be God,

We Can Meet the Shekinah

glory of the Holy Spirit and the Christ of the burning bush anywhere, not only in the cathedral or church, or convention, but anywhere and everywhere.

Each little bush is all aflame with God,
But only those who see take off their shoes.
The rest sit round and gather blackberries.

Oh, may the Holy Spirit teach us to understand the secret of the burning bush, that whether we are traveling in the train, or at home right in the midst of the cooking and cleaning, and the shop, and market, suddenly the Spirit comes to his temple and we are filled with the glory of the Lord. God had a great work for this man. He said, "I have surely seen the affliction of my people which are in Egypt, and have heard their cry by reason of their taskmasters; for I know their sorrows, and I am come down to deliver them. Now, Moses, I want to send you." "Oh, no," said Moses, "I cannot go." Suddenly he became nervous, and said that he was not fit. "Who am I, that I should go unto Pharaoh, and that I should bring forth the children of Israel out of Egypt?"

Moses had lived for forty years under the shadow of the dead Egyptian whom he had killed and hidden in the sand; and you may be quite sure that the devil got up a scare, and made a skeleton of that dead Egyptian, and rattled his bones in the cupboard of the memory of Moses. And this had so paralyzed him that doubtless he had quite concluded that he would never be fit for the service of God. He had thought at some time that he was fit for something. He was mighty in word, and deed, in the land of Egypt, and he had gone out one day to separate two Hebrew brothers who were quarreling together, but it had ended in failure. And Moses had to learn, just as we each one have to learn, to say very humbly, and yet very confidently,

The cross now covers my sins;
The past is under the blood;
I am trusting in Jesus for all;
My will is the will of my God.

We have to learn the lesson that Martin Luther had to learn when under conviction of sin, in that monastery in Germany, he went to bed sick in body with the weight of his sins, and an old man came to him and said, "Martin Luther, you repeat the Apostles' Creed every day, why don't you rise in the belief of it? You repeat every day, 'I believe in the Holy Ghost, I believe in the communion of saints, I believe in the holy Catholic Church, I believe in the forgiveness of sins,' now, Martin Luther, rise from your bed in the faith, in the belief of the forgiveness of sins." And Martin Luther came forth to be the great pioneer of the Reformation, strong in body, soul and spirit.

Moses Diffident

And as Moses pulled himself together, and believed practically in the grace of God to forgive and forget, he began to feel himself a little bit fit for his wonderful commission. But he said, "When I go before Pharaoh and before the children of Israel, who shall I say has sent me to them?" Ah, Moses remembered that he had to negotiate not only with Pharaoh, but with the children of Israel. Who was he, that he should undertake to pioneer that people out of bondage into liberty, out of Egypt into Canaan, out of degradation into dignity, out of poverty into wealth? Therefore Moses was greatly concerned. There was also another reason. He told God that he was not eloquent; that he had not the gift of ready speech, and that it would be no use for him to go before Pharaoh, or the people, unless he had plenty to say, and the right way of saying it. And you remember that God said to him, "Have I not made man's mouth? Certainly I will be with thee." And if Moses had only trusted God on the spot, and given his lips to God, he would have taken care of that right along. But Moses was too timid, and God said, "Here is Aaron, thy brother; thou shalt be a god to him, and he shall be mouth to thee."

Oh, that was only God's second best for Moses, and if Moses had only given his lips to God there and then there never would have been the trouble which afterwards ensued, because you remember that when the second famine of water was reached in the wilderness God told Moses to go and provide the water for the people; but Moses spoke unadvisedly with his lips, and the man who said he had nothing to say, was the man who had a great deal too much to say! "Hear now, ye rebels; must we fetch you water out of this rock?" Ah, it is a dangerous thing to make excuses to the Lord, a dangerous thing to refuse to give any gift or talent that we have to his service, for if the Holy Spirit does not get hold of it, we may be sure that the enemy of our souls will.

But as Moses thus accepted the will of God he was still concerned about the name of the God who wished to send him. "Who am I, that I should go unto Pharaoh, and that I should bring forth the children of Israel out of Egypt? And he said, Certainly I will be with thee. . . . And Moses said unto God, Behold, when I come unto the children of Israel, and shall say unto them, The God of your fathers hath sent me unto you; and they shall say to me, What is his name? what shall I say unto them?" Then God gave this wonderful reply, "I AM hath sent me unto you." Now this name of God at the back of Moses was absolutely indispensable for the success of his mission. The power of Almighty God behind the enterprise was the only source of its success. Moses knew quite well that unless he could bring before those people a name which meant a nature which was equivalent to, which was synonymous with all the power, and the wisdom, and the love which was needed, it would be absolutely impossible to make a success. But Moses knew, and God Almighty knew, that if the people could grip a name which would hold such a meaning, that would involve everything that was required, why, then there would be no fear of failure.

The Ineffable Name

And so this name was given, "I Am That I Am." Now, of course, these people had already known their God, their Father, their Jehovah in many different ways. In the covenant of Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, they had the privilege of an experience of God in a fashion which no other people on the face of the earth held. And from time to time, God still comes to his Israel, for we who are Christ's are Abraham's seed and heirs according to the promise, for the blessing of Abraham is given unto the Gentiles by faith in Jesus Christ. Why, we here this morning have had our blessed experiences of our great Jehovah God. Blessed be his name, we can give our testimony from time to time and we can say Jehovah Jireh, The Lord will provide; Jehovah Rophi, The Lord who healeth me; Jehovah Nissi, The Lord my banner; El Shaddai, The God that is enough. And so from time to time, we express ourselves in these names, and titles, or labels, or tags, which express, as far as our poor human language can expres, the spiritual significance of the blessing which we have received. This is the value of the names of God, that they express to us in a sentence the very heart and significance of the blessing we require; and so when our bodies are healed we say, "Praise God, once again, he has been my Jehovah Rophi." When providence comes to us in a crisis, "Glory be to his name. He is my Jehovah Jireh." And when we know his leading, it is "Jehovah Nissi, The Lord my banner." And this is very strengthening, and encouraging, and intelligent, because it lifts our manifestations, and feelings, and emotions, and desires, and ambitions, right up to God himself, and in him we not only find the full complement and supply, but the very name which matches the human manifestations.

The New Experience

Now, this is very beautiful, and goes a long way in the Christian life. But we sometimes come to a place as these Israelites did, when it would seem as if all the experiences, and all the blessedness, and all the names of God, and all the manifestations that we have ever known, come practically to nothing. We come to a place, where, unless we can have a higher platform of faith than we have ever had before, we shall never be able to make a tremendous plunge into the grace and love of God. Unless we get a higher conception of what religion, and holiness, and sanctification, and divine healing mean, there is not a ghost of a chance

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*Preached at the Missionary Convention, Nyack, N. Y.

THE BURNING BUSH

SERMON BY MISS MARY G. DAVIES

CONTINUED

for us. A place where the prayers we have prayed before are only an echo, and do not meet the exigencies of our present case, where the trials of the present moment are so keen, and intense, and unprecedented in our experience, that unless God shows himself to us in a new way, and we are able to get hold of him in a deeper, and a better, and a higher and holier sense than we have ever done before, we shall just stand still on the highway of holiness.

It is just in these predicaments that the wonderful nature of God always proves equal to the case. Oh, we need never be afraid, as the old experiences pass away, and the old prayers seem as if they are not big enough, and the old desires are just like baby things; we need never be afraid to go forward into the nature of God, leaving the names, and the labels, and manifestations all behind. For after all, these blessed names are only parts of his ways, and he is bringing us out of our little bits of experiences, our little bits of manifestations, our little bits of selfish prayers, our little bits of selfish service, right into the conception of what he is himself; and not what he is by what I know of him, or by what you know of him, or by what somebody else knows of him—a God that is sometimes big, and sometimes little; a God that is sometimes near, and sometimes far; a God who sometimes answers prayers, and sometimes does not; a God that is very blessed, and loving, and kind to-day, and hard and cruel to-morrow. Oh, this is not the conception of our Jehovah. "There is no God like unto our God, our enemies themselves being the judges."

And this is the name of the great "I Am" who comes before us this morning, as a wonderful ocean of the love, and wisdom, and the knowledge, and the greatness of the God with whom we have to do. Now the Bible from beginning to end is a very wonderful book, and you can study it in its homiletics, and synthetics, and analytics, and from Genesis to Revelation you will find it a marvelous mine of wealth; and yet after we have done our best with it, the first verse stands out as the most wonderful of all: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." But stop in the middle of the verse—"In the beginning"—and you have got all the analytics and synthetics of the Bible. "In the beginning God"—"Created the heavens and the earth" seems a little bit of an incident. Grip the fact of God; you cannot get further than that. "From everlasting to everlasting thou art God."

And this was the fact that Moses brought before the children of Israel: "I Am That I Am hath sent me unto you." Do not look at the past; do not look at the present; do not look at the future—just look at God.

"But," say the poor people, "that is so high, that is so great, that is so metaphysical, that is so philosophical, that is so theological; we are poor, downtrodden slaves, we want the old names; we want the labels: Jehovah Jireh, Jehovah Nissi, Jehovah Rophi, El Shaddai—why, they are our arithmetic, our time-table." "Oh, no," says Moses, "you have come to a place where your time-table and knowledge of God has got to go, and you have got to launch into the unknown God, whom I declare unto you. But if you will stick to your old experiences, and if you will pray your old prayers, and if you will dump down into your old methods, then you will never have the courage, and the grit, and the energy, and all that is needed, to enable you to come bravely out, and kill the Passover lamb, and gird your loins, and sprinkle the blood, and march bravely forward through the Red Sea, without a groan or sigh, because your faith is fixed in a God who includes everything; and therefore as you live, and move, and have your being in him, you will find that out of the great immensity of his nature he will touch you at a thousand points, give you all that is required for time and for eternity.

"But," says Moses, "I am sure the people will never understand this." "Ah," says God Almighty, "I will wrap my wonderful nature in human form, and you shall present the manifestation of my deity in such a fashion that the people can understand it. I am the God of Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob. Tell the people I am God, but don't scare them into thinking that I am some great Spirit moving up and down the earth, without shape or form. Don't scare my people by telling them that I am a Spirit unclothed." Glory be to his name, he is clothed upon in the human covenant of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. And so Moses came with the great message of the "I Am That I Am." And putting it inside the covenant, he came before those poor, heart-broken, down-trodden people, and he said, "It is in the covenant of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob," and they said, "Whatever is in that covenant is for us; whatever is in that covenant we may, and can, and will receive." And so they rose to the occasion, and came forth victoriously out of Egypt.

Just the same he is this morning. There comes the blessed message of the covenant of the humanity of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." "I and my Father are one." As the blessed human Jesus of the four Gospels comes before us, we find in his personality, in his humiliation, in his flesh and blood, the very covenant of Almighty God, wrapped up in human form. He comes to us in words, and titles, as "bread," "vine," shepherd," "door" and "way." The human Christ, the incarnate Christ, electrifies the earthly covenant, and makes the human Jesus the very tabernacle of the Most High. It was this Deity which was the chief point all through his earthly life. You remember that the Jews took up stones to stone him, because he said, "Before Abraham was, I am"; and in the garden of Gethsemane when they inquired of him, "Who sent you?" Jesus of Nazareth replied with the terms of his Deity, "I am," and immediately they fell backward. He used the name of the burning bush time after time, and always proclaimed his Deity before his humanity, and thus proved himself to be perfect God and perfect man.

And in the blessed name of Jesus, and in the blessed person of Jesus, we have all the names of God, and all the manifestations of God; and throughout the boundless ages of eternity, as we look upon the Second Person in the Trinity only as God manifest in the flesh, we shall see in him the great "I Am That I Am," the memorial of his greatness, and his power, and his majesty; and as the greater always includes the less, how to him, and for him, and by him, is made everything that is made, "that in all things he might have the preeminence," "the fulness of him that filleth all in all." This is my name forever, the name of Jesus, and my memorial unto all generations, the great "I Am That I Am," into which are rolled all the names, and all the glory, and all the humanity, and all the majesty, and all time, and all eternity! Glory be to the name of Jesus forever, world without end, Amen.

THE NATION'S PROTEST

COLUMBIA (aroused)—"Put back the Motto! The people demand it. This Nation still trusts in God."

Letters Still Pouring in Demanding the Restoration of the Time-Honored Motto

FROM every part of the Union letters continue to come to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from people in all stations of life, calling upon Congress to restore the motto, "In God We Trust," to the national coinage. Recently another large consignment of this correspondence was forwarded to the Hon. Maurice K. Sheppard of Texas, author of one of the bills favoring restoration. They will be laid before the Committee on Coinage, Weights and Measures.

From among the many hundreds of letters received, we give space to a few which are representative of the whole.

I hope you will continue to urge the people to have the motto, "In God We Trust," replaced on our coins. We are not ashamed to have his name on them. If we were, we would not be worthy to live in such a prosperous country as this. We cannot prosper in any way without God. Our Congressmen have the prayers of the people, that they may have good judgment in regard to this matter.
Olga, N. D. GEORGE S. BEATTY.

Seeing so many protests against taking off the motto from our coin, I add mine. In my opinion, its removal is a sin against God, and an insult to the men who put it there, and it brands the entire nation as infidels. We should let the whole world know that we are not a nation of infidels.
Tabor, Ia. MRS. HARRIETT RUSSELL.

The motto, "In God We Trust," should remain on our coins. It is a very sacred one. It was put there by men of splendid Christian character, sound judgment and high standing. It should be indelibly written on the tablet of our hearts.
Darien, Wis. MRS. J. H. TOPPING.

I am in sympathy with the movement for the restoration of those fitting words upon our coins, from which they have been removed of late. I trust public sentiment will be so great against the removal, that Congress will deem it wise to grant our wish. REV. L. ARTHUR WHITE.
Kingfield, Me.

I wish to record my vote and influence on the side of the restoration of the motto, "In God We Trust," on all of our coins from which it has been eliminated, and I hope and pray that it may be speedily restored to its place. JAMES B. SPRATT.
Sharpsburg, Ky.

From a reader in Oklahoma comes a remarkable letter. He has evidently conducted an enthusiastic canvass of his district, and the result is 572 signatures, of which 567 are for the restoration of the motto, and five against it. The letter which accompanies this formidable list is as follows:

Enclosed find the results of my canvass for the restoration of the motto, "In God We Trust," to our coinage system. We regard this removal as a very sad mistake, and we shall be glad to be informed of the result of the movement for its restoration. C. H. HIGH.
Mangum, Okla.

Mr. High's letter and accompanying signatures, together with over 1,000 others, has now been forwarded to Congressman Sheppard, who, with Congressman Ollie M. James of Kentucky, is actively at work in the fight for restoration. The result of this canvass by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is instructive, and will doubtless be so regarded by the Committee on Coinage, which is now considering the three bills for restoring the motto. In the first instalment of letters forwarded to Washington, out of over 500 signers less than 20 were in favor of elimination. In the second instalment of 800 signers, only 5 supported elimination. In the third instalment over 1,000 signers favored restoration, and 5 were for elimination. Mr. High's letter shows that the people of his State are 120 to one in favor of restoring the motto. The same ratio applies generally throughout the country, which would show such an overwhelming vote in favor of the restoration of the motto that it would practically be unanimous.

The "Sorting Room" in the Industrial Home

A Corner in One of the Dormitories

A UNIQUE INDUSTRIAL HOME

By Mrs. Major Wood

THE newly opened Industrial Home at 535 West Forty-eighth Street, New York, is one of over fifty institutions of its kind in the United States, operated by the Salvation Army. It was erected and equipped at a cost of $125,000 and dedicated last June by Commander Miss Booth.

The object of this institution is to tide over men who find themselves stranded in the metropolis. The only credential a man needs is willingness to work. The home is always filled, and one hundred or more men accommodated are employed, lodged, and fed on the premises. Through their labor the place is made self-supporting, and when one takes into consideration the fact that the running expense is $800 per week, this seems truly remarkable. To accomplish this, sixteen wagons are out from Monday morning until Saturday night, collecting waste material, such as cast-off clothing, shoes, rubbers, furniture, rags, bottles, metals, books, magazines, news and all kinds of papers.

The basement is fitted up as an up-to-date stable, where about thirty horses are taken care of. Here also are the plants which supply heat and electricity for the whole building. On the first floor is the general office, furniture store, and baling presses. The second-hand clothing store is on the second floor, where in less than four hours every garment brought into the place the previous day is disposed of to people who are obliged to buy economically.

Another interesting room on this floor is the "assorting room," where every bit of paper is assorted, graded, and pushed through a chute into the baling presses below. Rags go through the same process. Different kinds of metal are put into piles, each of their kind.

The third floor consists of a reception room for visitors, a large, fine dining-room, a well-equipped kitchen pantry, men's sitting room, library, and a chapel, where Gospel meetings are held for the inmates of the Home, as well as for outsiders. Here is also conducted a Sunday School attended by nearly one hundred children of the neighborhood, and once a week a sewing class for girls meets in the same place.

The Salvation Army's New Industrial Home

With the exception of a modern, well-equipped bath room and lavatory, the whole of the fourth floor is given up to a single large dormitory. As the building has windows on four sides, all rooms are light and airy. The floors are kept clean and bright. Each man must bathe and receive fresh linen before he occupies a bed for the first time. The beds are uniform in size and new and comfortable. Every man has a key to a metal wardrobe, which has a number corresponding to that of his bed. The men are not designated by number, but called by their names. They earn all benefits received and they are not considered or treated as objects of charity, but looked upon as employees; in fact, everything possible is done to instil in them confidence and self-respect. Although they do not receive a guaranteed wage, an allowance of money according to service rendered is given them.

On the fifth floor are the repairing department for furniture, clocks, toys and sewing machines, and the cobbler's bench. The manager's apartments are here.

The wagons are stored on the flat roof of the building, whence they are taken by a freight elevator. The roof is used for various purposes, such as cleaning carpets, repairing mattresses, etc.

Men of all classes are to be found at this home, some remaining only long enough to earn proper and sufficient clothing to fit them for a suitable position, while a small percentage remain as trusty helpers to the manager. Outside of the manager and his assistant, every man has been recruited from the ranks of the unemployed. A telephone call or postal card brings the Salvation Army Industrial Home wagon to the door of any home to collect whatever one may wish to dispose of for the benefit of this unique philanthropic enterprise, which is helping to give employment and new hope and courage to many a fellow being who, but for this timely help, might sink and perish.

CURRENCY LEGISLATION AT WASHINGTON

SINCE the recent panic there has been great interest manifested by the general public in the various bills offered in Congress affecting the currency. The Committee on Banking and Currency of the House of Representatives is one of the most important appointed by the Speaker of that body, and has on its roll of members many distinguished names. They will consider the various bills presented by various Congressmen.

There is a general demand from the banks all over the country for a more elastic currency. The issue of bank-notes secured by government bonds placed as security would go on as usual, but they wish during a crisis to issue temporary notes to be retired when the time of panic has passed. Another scheme is to have a government guaranty for the protection of deposits.

One of the bills is called the Fowler Bill, and, in brief, provides for a bank-note currency guaranteed by the government. It would retire outstanding greenbacks, and the government is made secure by a fund contributed by the banks. It makes a complete reform of the present system. Then there is the Aldrich Bill, introduced by Senator Aldrich, of Rhode Island, which allows banks to issue currency if they deposit with the government railroad, county, State or city bonds. Senator Hansbrough, of North Dakota, would like to have a strong central United States bank, and an entire change of our present currency system. He says, however, that the country is not ready to adopt his ideas, and at present supports Mr. Aldrich's plan. Speaker Cannon also believes, it is reported, that the Aldrich Bill is the best.

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Congressional Committee on Banking and Currency

A Gem in Red and Gold

Dear Dr. Klopsch: Our premium just received. "Twice Around the World with Alexander" is a gem in its red and gold cover, and is pretty enough for the centre table. W. W. DAVIS.

Sterling, Ill.

IMMIGRANTS FROM MANY LANDS

WHAT shall we Americans do to welcome and amalgamate the coming millions of continental emigrants with our present American civilization? It is true, the past century has been able to weave into a goodly fabric representatives of Germany, France and Italy, and hosts of strong men and women from Northern and Southern Europe. For the past few years, the procession of immigrants coming to our shores has been in about the following order: Italian, Hebrew, Polish, German, Scandinavian, and men from the British Isles.

What shall Christian America do? Foreign missionary work is brought to our very doors.

A talk recently with an intelligent Italian drew out the following conversation, even though his knowledge of English was very limited.

"Do you like America?" was asked.

"I love America," he answered, "better than Italy; but some day I go back to Palermo and buy a home."

The innate desire of the human heart to own a bit of land should be cultivated, and if our waste acres can only be sold to the incoming hordes, the tie to the New World will be more securely fixed and the new arrivals will be better citizens. Colonies of foreign-born population are settling in sections about the great American metropolis. Some Polish people are getting into the celery and lettuce business in the fertile lands of suburban Orange County, where the rich alluvial deposits are best calculated to furnish excellent vegetable food for a great city. Italy is furnishing our fruit venders, our shoe cobblers and many who labor with pick and shovel. What would we do without them to further our progressive American ideas?

"Emigrants Nearing Their New Home"

A Moravian artist, Emil Kousa, of New York City (who painted the picture of "The Emigrants Nearing Their New Home," which appears on this page), thus answered the question why he came to the new home in America: "I believe there is opportunity here to use my talents as an artist." He with his wife and two children is now studying the English language through the use of three Bibles presented by Rev. Ezra T. Sanford, pastor of the North Baptist Church of New York City, by whom the artist was employed to repair an oil painting. His study of French and German Bibles, with an English Bible and German-English dictionary, is his only school; but he will some day be a useful citizen of our great republic. His picture is full of hope and expectancy, even though one can scarcely fail to see in it some of the hardships of the old world. With the large standing armies of continental nations, men who might pursue the arts of peace are compelled to study the science of war. With the ownership of large land areas by the nobility of the old world, it is almost impossible for the peasant population to own any land. With the limited facilities for education and the many other drawbacks over them it is not surprising that we should expect this spring to see the vanguard of another horde of immigrants from the old world, full of hope for a new home in the land where liberty enlightens the world.

It is to be hoped that the Christians of our American churches and our Young People's Societies may give a true expression of the Christ-life to the incoming millions, that they who have not as yet read the Bible, may read it, and in their own lives become living epistles of the Gospel of Jesus. There is a great and promising field for missionary work among these people. Let us see that we do not fail to grasp this opportunity of spreading the Gospel among the strangers within our gates.

BRIGHT PACIFIC ISLAND GIRLS

IT is only twenty-five years ago since all of this lagoon was in gross heathen darkness—the people were almost constantly at war one with another. Recalling these facts, it fills our hearts with praise to God that we are able to present to you these faces, from so many different tribes and islands, all gathered together in one home, together learning of our one Lord, Jesus Christ.

The remittance received through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for our work here was very acceptable at this time, for the destructive storm which swept over the Mortlock Islands in March last left several hundred people at starvation's door. We have, therefore, used this toward their relief in purchasing rice for them. Most of the inhabitants of the desolated islands have had to be removed to other places, as the land cannot support them for many years to come. Gov. Hahl, the high governor of the German possessions in the Pacific, thinks that not more than one-third of the land in the islands can be redeemed and recultivated, as the other two-thirds were washed bare down to the coral rock.

Several of our girls here at the Mission are from the Mortlock Islands, and some of them are now homeless, save as they make their home in this school. One girl is from the Island of Ta, which suffered most severely in the storm, one hundred and seventy-three out of five hundred inhabitants being swept away on that terrible night. About fifty of this number succeeded in keeping afloat until they were borne by the wind and current to the opposite side of the lagoon, fifteen miles distant, and escaped with their lives on a low island there.

One of the girls shown in the photograph, sitting in front to the left hand, is also from the Mortlocks. In August last she was married to a young man of the Training School, and they have been stationed out as teachers at a village not very far distant, where they are doing good work. The intention had been to place them at this village temporarily, until an opportunity offered to send them to Losap, an island about sixty miles from Truk; but when this opportunity came a few days ago, the chief and people of the village where they are working pleaded so earnestly to have them left there, that it was thought best to allow them to remain. The young girl standing at the extreme left of the photograph is also from the Mortlocks, and is the daughter of one of our native teachers. The others are from the different islands of this lagoon, three of them coming from Uman, which is most advanced in civilization of any of our out-stations here.

Little Lucinda was a spoiled child, the daughter of a chief, and when first admitted to the Mission school, was in the habit of giving way to her anger in the most reckless manner, stamping her feet, throwing herself upon the floor and tearing her hair; but she controls herself much better now, and is very bright and happy.

Young Native Girls of the Western Pacific

Beulah, of Uela, is about seventeen. She is extremely fond of music, and remembers almost every tune she has ever heard, and the words also, whether they be English, German Marshall, or her mother tongue, Truk. Her mother was one of the first girls educated in this mission school, and was a bright Christian. Both she and her husband died while Beulah was still very young, and they gave their little daughter to Mrs. Logan, who was at that time in charge of this school.

Lienesap, another girl, is from Masairan, one of the villages on this Island of Toloas. Her mother attended the Girls' Mission School at Ponape before a school had been started on Truk, but she has since relapsed into heathenism. Lottie is from Tol, the most westerly island in the lagoon. ELIZABETH BALDWIN.

[The Caroline Islands, from which Miss Baldwin writes, are a group in the Western Pacific Ocean, lying between the Marshall and Pelew Islands. They have about 22,000 population, and are under German control. The people are Polynesians, and were savages and ancestor worshipers, without any conception of a God, until the American missionaries began work there in 1852. Practically the entire group is now Christianized and civilized.]

Among the Workers

DR. JAMES M. GRAY and DR. D. B. TOWNER are conducting a series of meetings under the auspices of the churches of Erie, Pa. Dr. Gray next goes to St. Joseph, Mo., to conduct meetings in the Presbyterian churches of that city and environs.

UNDER THE GOSPEL preaching of Rev. W. E. Biederwulf, in the revival which has just come to a close in Amsterdam, N. Y., nearly 1,100 people found their way to Christ, and the city was stirred as never before. The movement was the result of a union of all the leading churches. Every night hundreds were turned away from the First M. E. Church, where the meetings were held, and overflow meetings were conducted almost nightly in other churches. Hundreds of people marched the streets in a great parade to a midnight meeting in a theatre, and one afternoon a thousand children marched in an immense procession. On Merchants' Day, practically every business house in the city closed. A great chorus led the singing under the able direction of Homer Rodeheaver.

THE WOMAN'S NATIONAL SABBATH ALLIANCE held a drawing-room meeting recently, at the residence of Justice MacLean, 242 Fifth Avenue. About fifty persons were present, among them being Mrs. George A. Spalding, Miss Catherine Murray, Mrs. Wesson, Mrs. Henry W. Bookstaver, Mrs. John H. Custer and Mrs. Anthony Dey Nichols. The meeting was opened with Scripture reading and prayer by Rev. Charles J. Young, of the Church of the Puritans. Addresses were made by Mrs. Clarence Beebe, President of the Young Women's Christian Association, Mrs. Don O. Shelton, President of the Woman's National Sabbath Alliance, and Mrs. Samuel Murtland, Chairman of the Extension Committee. A New York Auxiliary was formed, with the election of Mrs. Charles J. Young as First Vice-President, Mrs. Francis J. Worcester as Second Vice-President, Miss Florence O'Neill as Recording Secretary, and Miss Crothers as Corresponding Secretary and Treasurer.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, Associate Editor — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, Associate Editor

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Subscriptions may commence with any issue.

Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

Proposed Protestant Surrender

MOST evangelical Christians will hear with regret that a society has been organized to promote a union between the Protestant Episcopal Church and the Church of Rome. At a meeting recently held in New York, a regular constitution for the society was drawn up and officers elected. It is called the Anglican Roman Union, and its avowed object is to bring the two churches into the same relations as they had before the Reformation. In this it differs from the High Church, or Ritualistic, movement, which, by familiarizing the Episcopal clergy with Romish doctrines and rites, paved the way for individual clergymen and laymen to become Roman Catholics. This movement is a much more extended one. "It is not," said one of its organizers, "a plot to get a few Anglicans to leave one church to join another, but an effort to forward the corporate reunion of the Anglican Church with the Apostolic See."

Members of the Episcopal Church are therefore put on their guard by this frank admission. Perhaps it is better so than to have the faith gradually and insidiously undermined by teachings and practices of Romish tendency. Episcopalians know now the object sought, and cannot be led blindfold into a union without knowing it. The society openly proclaims its desire to overthrow all that Luther and Wickliffe and their friends accomplished, and replace the churches on the old pre-Reformation footing. They desire to take a step backward, and to give up all for which the early Protestants struggled and suffered. They propose to do all they can to restore the old tyranny of the Popes by adding to the power the pontiff now wields the whole power of the Episcopal Church. It is a humiliating confession, a surrender of principle, which should put every member of the church on the alert.

The time chosen is the more significant because the Pope has recently been at some pains to show that neither the Romish church nor its head has changed its principles. It is not a converted nor even a renovated church with which Episcopalians are to be united, but a church with all its old faults, its old tyrannical methods, its old arrogance and assumptions, its old hatred of honest inquiry and discussion. We are under no apprehension of American citizens being led away when they know the facts. The Christian deplores the divisions of Christendom, but better separation a thousand times than union with such errors as Rome represents and the surrender of individual spiritual liberty into the hands of an Italian priest. Let every Episcopalian be sure that this is the meaning of the movement, however its character may be disguised under the sophistries of its leaders.

The March of Prohibition

LOOKING backward over the remarkable Prohibition victories of the last few months, it must become convincingly apparent, even to the most prejudiced mind, that the great cause of our Nation's emancipation from the slavery imposed upon it by the drink traffic is making phenomenal headway. Like all great reforms, the Temperance reform hitherto has been one of slow progress and many set-backs. Arrayed against it were the allied forces of corrupt politics and the gigantic brewing, distilling and saloon interests, whose ramifications extended from the highest legislative body in the nation, down to the local boards in our great municipalities, and even to the smallest villages. It has been an influence that sat like a blight upon the millions, spoiling the nation's life, and exacting a heavy tribute in shattered bodies, ruined households, crimes without number, and oppressive taxation to furnish the machinery to deal with the criminals.

It has taken nearly twenty-eight years to bring about the active and aggressive Prohibition movement of today. Kansas, in 1880, adopted Prohibition by constitutional amendment, and was followed by Maine, North Dakota, and recently by Oklahoma; Maine having really been a Prohibition State, though not constitutionally so, since 1851. Alabama and Georgia have followed their example, thus making six sovereign States that are "dry," whether by statutory enactment or constitutional amendment. These represent a total population of nearly 10,000,000 souls. There are hopeful indications that fourteen other States will soon follow the same course, although it may be a year or even two before the final step is taken which will complete their enfranchisement from drink domination.

These States are Mississippi, South Carolina, Florida, Connecticut, Vermont, New Hampshire, District of Columbia, Tennessee, North Carolina, Arkansas, Iowa, Michigan, Missouri and Delaware. In all of these States, a vigorous campaign is now in progress and great hopes are entertained of early action by the different legislatures. Besides these, the Prohibitionists are also bending their energies to carry Kentucky, Texas, West Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, Nebraska, Massachusetts and South Dakota. The aggregate population of these twenty-two States is over 30,000,000. In several other States, too, the liquor line is demoralized, and thirty-three large cities have become Prohibition municipalities within a year, while there are considerable rural sections in other States that have decided for Prohibition.

All the signs are hopeful of a coming triumph which will eclipse the recent victories. Even a partial success would give a tremendous impulse to the movement in the immediate future. A sweeping triumph would mean that more than half the nation would be under Prohibition. To the drink traffic, it would be the beginning of the end.

Compulsory Arbitration

IN the announcement officially made in the Reichstag last week, that Germany would sign the agreement reached by the Peace Conference at The Hague last summer, students of the peace movement may recognize a significant indication of the increasing favor of the compulsory arbitration principle in the cabinets of Europe.

It will be remembered that not Germany alone, but other "Great Powers," postponed affixing their signatnres to the agreement at that time. It was argued then that the establishment of a Court of Compulsory Arbitration would endanger the whole principle of arbitration; but it was really only a question of the leading governments proceeding slowly and with great caution, instead of adopting by a single stroke of the pen a policy new and strange to the world of kings, cabinets and armies. Germany, since the Conference, has come to an understanding with several States on the mutual basis of compulsory arbitration. Whether any other European government has followed a similar course has not been divulged, although it is a fair presumption that such is the case.

Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, France's accomplished representative in the Hague Conference, in a recent review has directed attention to the fact, not generally understood, that obligatory arbitration scored a virtual triumph in the Conference. Its principle was affirmed and its application from that instant became only a question of opportunity and experience. He writes:

> And does any one think that this solemn affirmation is to remain negligible in the eyes of the world, and that the different peoples will not have it recorded, so that they may be able to recall it to their governments at the proper moment? And, besides, as to the question of application itself, *thirty-five States out of forty-four have declared themselves ready to favor a general treaty of obligatory arbitration.* This alone constitutes an innovation in every way worthy of the twentieth century.

This conversion of the minority to the views of the majority would be in some respects a far greater triumph for compulsory arbitration than if the whole vote had been cast in its favor last summer. As Dr. Kriege explained in the German Parliament, it is the result of conviction that is the fruit of experience. Peace-lovers can now look forward with exalted hopes to the next Conference. Let us trust that the presage of France's eloquent representative may soon be realized, and that the present age may yet see a State that wishes to avoid war, replying to its aggressor: "I appeal to the judges of The Hague!"

A Test of Endurance

PEOPLE the world over admire brave men and brave deeds, especially if the bravery is shown in some cause that will be of benefit to the country or to humanity. The present trip to Paris being made by a number of daring automobilists, while of great interest, cannot be of much value to science, and may well be termed an endurance test for both the men and the machines. The long trip to Alaska, and from the other side of Bering Strait to Paris, is beset with grave dangers, and it seems almost certain that some of the contestants who started so light-heartedly from New Yor will not live to see the end of the journey. The dis tance to be covered is twenty thousand miles, and i long stretches in Alaska and in Siberia there will b found no roads. As one writer expressed it, the trip i fully as dangerous as a dash for the North Pole.

The machines have been loaded with extra parts an provided with fire-arms, for in some districts throug which they will pass, savage beasts and still more savag men will look upon the travelers in the cars as thei legitimate prey.

It shows what a place the automobile has taken in th twentieth century when it is used as the vehicle in suc stupendous journeys. The men who get safely throug will be regarded by the world at large as heroes, but on cannot help but think how much really useful worl might be accomplished if the same daring and courag were turned into other channels.

It has come as a surprise to many and caused them t brush up their knowledge of geography to find that there is a possible land route to Paris from New York, broke only by two narrow stretches of water from San Fran cisco to Valdez, Alaska, and across Bering Strait. I fact, it would seem possible to eliminate the first, a there is land connection, leaving but the gap at the strait.

Some engineers with prophetic minds have declared that some day Bering Strait will be bridged. At present this seems a mere fantasy, but so many wonderful things are being carried out in this age of achievement that it would be unsafe to say that such a scheme some day in the future may not be made a reality.

Entertaining the Preacher

See Illustration on Cover Page

Back from the country church, with the preacher of the day as a guest, the genial elder and his family are on the way to the old homestead. We can imagine, from the faces of the hosts, the kind of entertainment the worthy minister will have. The hospitable couple at the head of the household will make him heartily welcome, and the young people are scarcely likely to be so absorbed in their own affairs as to neglect the pastor. He will be cheered and encouraged in his work and will give and receive stimulus in the Christian life. Well is it for any family when it is in close touch with a servant of God, who is able to give counsel in prosperity and comfort in adversity. His presence in the home is a benediction, a blessed influence on young and old that never loses its power.

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THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

The Start of the Great New York to Paris Automobile Journey, Witnessed by 250,000 Spectators

From New York to Paris

THERE was a huge crowd in Times Square, New York, on February 12 to see the start of the six automobiles which are to make the unprecedented journey to the French capital. Every one wanted to see the men who have undertaken to guide the machines over the twenty thousand miles that lie between them and their goal. It is estimated that during the trip from Thirty-sixth Street to Two Hundredth Street, being the first eight miles of the journey, the automobilists passed through streets lined with nearly a quarter of a million spectators. Three of the cars were French, one German, one Italian and one American. They were watched with intense curiosity. Instead of the usual equipment the cars were laden with spare parts, ropes, jacks, picks, shovels and firearms, showing that the crews had foreseen many of the difficulties of the journey and had provided for them as far as they were able. On each car was the driver, the assistant driver and the mechanician. Besides these the American car carried the correspondent of the New York *Times*, which newspaper has co-operated with the *Matin*, of Paris, in arranging the details. One of the French cars carried a representative of the *Matin*, and the Italian car had at the start also an additional passenger. There will be pilots at various points on the route. All the men are in the prime of life. The oldest is Capt. Hansen, on one of the French cars, who is forty-three. The youngest is M. Livier, also French, who is nineteen. The ages of the others average about thirty. None of them has had any experience of Arctic travel, but they have had the advice of experts, and have made such preparations as to clothing and necessaries as should make them invulnerable to the Arctic blasts.

They are to proceed almost due west from Albany, N. Y., until they approach the Sierra Nevada mountains. There they will be guided by weather conditions. If they learn that there is much snow in the passes, they will make a detour to the south, passing just north of Los Angeles, Cal., and thence northward along the coast to San Francisco, thus adding about eight hundred miles to the journey. At San Francisco the cars will be carried by boat to Seattle, Wash., and thence to Valdez in Alaska. From Valdez the route follows the Government trail to Fairbanks, then along the Yukon almost to its mouth, and thence to Bering Strait. There a delay is expected while the cars are dismantled and carried on sleds and skin boats over the twenty-eight-mile gap between the two continents, as may be determined by the condition of the ice. On the Asiatic side, the route follows the northern coast of Siberia to the mouth of the Lena at Boulong, and thence southerly to Irkutsk through a comparatively unknown country for three thousand miles. At Irkutsk they again touch civilization and the worst of their difficulties are over. The run to Moscow and thence to Paris is over well-known ground that has been already traversed by automobile. No effort has been spared in providing for the safety of the adventurous travelers. Thousands of dollars have been spent in depositing gasoline on the route at various places where it may be needed, as in Alaska and the Siberian desert; and arrangements have been made for telegrams to be sent wherever possible, reporting the progress of the party. As an encouragement to persevere a prize of a thousand dollars has been promised to any one of the travelers who carries into Paris an American flag which has been furnished to him in New York. The journey will be a prodigious test of endurance for the men as well as the machines. They will penetrate regions unknown to human beings and must spend days and nights in vast silences where human help could not reach them, no matter how sorely they needed it. In such conditions they should have the sustaining faith of the Psalmist, who said:

If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me. (Ps. 139 : 9, 10.)

A Deserted Ship

The steamer *Maraval*, which arrived at New York last week from Grenada in the West Indies, reports seeing a deserted ship carrying a signal of distress on its voyage. It carried a valuable cargo of cypress lumber and other freight. It had its storm foresail set and the mizzen under two reefs. The captain of the *Maraval* went on board, but found no vestige of life. He thought that her crew had left in haste, probably being taken off by some passing vessel. She was completely waterlogged and the waves were breaking over her sides, but though her decks were awash, she was sailing on, running day and night, with no light showing. The captain was urged by his men to tow her to port, as the vessel and cargo were worth over sixty thousand dollars. He decided, however, that in such weather as then prevailed, the risk of towing was more than he dare undertake. It may be hoped that our government will search for it, as it is a menace to other vessels. Like the moral and spiritual derelicts in our streets, it is worth much, but, unsaved, may cause the wreck of others.

One sinner destroyeth much good. (Eccles. 9: 18.)

The Tomb of Confucius

Permission has been granted to a German expedition in China to visit the tomb of the ancient Chinese philosopher Confucius. The fact was not generally known that the tomb was still in existence; but there appears to be no doubt of its identity. Confucius died more than twenty-three hundred years ago, about the time that Ezra and Nehemiah were ruling the Jews recently liberated from Babylon. The veneration paid to the memory of Confucius by his countrymen has insured his tomb being kept in repair. The visitors found it in a cemetery six days' journey from Tsinan-fu, where the philosopher lies surrounded by the graves of his descendants. So little has the family traveled that seventy generations have lived in the village, and four-fifths of its inhabitants can trace their pedigree to Confucius. The tomb bears an inscription recording his name and fame. Chinese pilgrims who visit the tomb pay him divine homage, and even the Governor of the province is required to prostrate himself nine times before it, when he pays his customary visit. The element of veneration is clearly not lacking from the Chinese character. What a blessing it would be to the people if it could be captured for Him to whom it rightfully belongs!

Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honor and power; for thou hast created all things. (Rev. 4: 11.)

Our Fleet to Rescue a Castaway

The Secretary of the Navy is sending orders to Admiral Evans, who is in command of our fleet now in the Pacific, to send a vessel to the Galapagos Islands, six hundred miles off the coast of Ecuador, to rescue Frederick Jeffs, an American sailor, who is supposed to be living on one of the islands. Jeffs was on a Norwegian sailing vessel that was wrecked near the Galapagos Islands, and the captain and crew of the vessel made their way to Indefatigable Island, one of the group, in a small boat. The Norwegian Consul at Guayaquil organized a relief expedition, which took all of the castaways off the island except Jeffs, who was away from the camp when the expedition reached it and could not be located. The expedition left him a plentiful supply of food and sailed away, leaving him behind. Fishermen from Ecuador report that he is still there. The work of rescuing him will be difficult, for no ship dare approach that rock-bound coast. It is suggested that Admiral Evans detach one of his supply vessels for the work. It will go as near as possible to the island group and then send a boat manned with volunteers to search for the missing man. The incident shows how times have changed since ancient days, when the saving of one man's life would have appeared too small a matter to occupy the attention of the commander of a fleet. We can but wish that there might be a similar increase in the estimate of the value of the single soul, so that the rescue of one spiritual castaway might be the concern of all the churches.

I will make a man more precious than fine gold; even a man than the golden wedge of Ophir. (Isa. 13 : 12.)

A Tramp Intrusion

A three-story brick house in Sixteenth Street, New York, which has been for many months without a regular tenant, was burned a few days ago. The policeman on the post was aware that it had not been rented, and was therefore surprised when, on passing on the opposite side of the street, he saw a light through the closed shutters. He forced his way in and found on the second floor a bright fire burning on the hearthstone. About a dozen men were making their escape from the rear windows. Apparently they had heard the policeman forcing his way in downstairs and had tried to conceal their intrusion by stamping on the fire to put it out. Instead of doing so, they had scattered the hot coals about the floor and thus started a fire in several places. They had been cooking a supper, but had not eaten it, and this, mingling with the hot coals, made the flames burn all the more fiercely. Before the fire brigade arrived the upper part of the house had been destroyed. Another illustration of our Lord's parable of the house swept and garnished. The soul which he is not allowed to occupy, becomes the prey of evil thoughts and passions that eventually destroy it.

Then goeth he, and taketh with himself seven other spirits more wicked than himself, and they enter in and dwell there: and the last state of that man is worse than the first. (Matt. 12: 45.)

A Self-Imprisoned Traveler

A man has been taken to a hospital at York, Pa., suffering from mental distress that threatens to become dementia. He is a resident of Newark, N. J., and was at the railroad yard in that city a few days ago. The icy wind was then blowing a perfect gale. The man, chilled through, crawled into a box car, the door of which stood open, and took shelter. A quantity of rags consigned to a paper mill at York, almost filled the car, and on these the man threw himself down and soon fell asleep. The doors of the car were shut and locked, but the noise did not awaken the sleeper. When he did awake, the car was on its way and his cries were unheard. Not until the train reached York, Pa., and the car was opened, was the prisoner released. He had then been five days in the car without food or water and was a mental and physical wreck. There is an old adage that any shelter is good in a storm, but this man's experience shows that the shelter is not always safe. He had better have endured the icy wind and the freezing temperature, than have undergone those five days of darkness and hunger. The awakened soul is usually distressed and miserable, but there is nothing it has so much reason to dread as the sleep of indifference into which it may fall, that involves drifting from God.

They have healed the hurt of the daughter of my people slightly, saying, Peace, peace, when there is no peace. (Jer. 6 : 14.)

THE TRUE BREAD FROM HEAVEN

*By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts**

NEARLY four years ago, on April 8, 1904, the writer, a Sunday School pilgrim, visited the plain of Bethsaida in a little boat, such a boat, probably, as that in which the Lord Jesus reached the same spot in April, A.D. 29, eighteen hundred and seventy-five years before. The pilgrim looks about; the harp-shaped sea is the same as then; the everlasting hills are the same. There is Mount Hermon, with its snow crown in the background; on the left the steep slopes of Gadara; on the right, the double-peaked Kum Hattin, Mount of Beatitudes. One city is in sight that was a part of the landscape in the time of Christ, Tiberias. It is on the right shore, about half way down the lake, close to the water's edge. The pilgrim looks for Capernaum; it is nowhere to be seen; a few fragments of stone are pointed out as marking the probable site. Magdala, too, has disappeared. The plain of Gennesaret is in sight on the right, where so many sick were brought to Jesus that their healing allowed him time neither to eat nor to sleep.

On the day following the miracle described in our last week's lesson, the people whom Jesus had miraculously fed went to seek him. It is always good to hear of crowds seeking Jesus, but it is discouraging when they seek him from a wrong motive. The people who hope to establish themselves in society, to gain a reputation for being good, or to win public confidence are not the kind Jesus wants as his followers. One such man crawled into the inner circle of Christ's friends and he betrayed his Master. The same thing is often done at this day. The defaulting clerk hopes to escape suspicion and detection if he associates with true Christians.

Permanent Satisfaction

Jesus could read the motives of the crowd that followed him after the miracle. "Ye seek me," he said, "because ye did eat of the loaves." Then he proceeds to teach them the lesson he taught the woman of Samaria (John 4: 14), that the mere satisfying their physical wants, which he had proved his power to do, was a small matter compared with the satisfaction of the soul, which was also in his power. He wanted them to seek him because he could give life, which was as necessary to their souls as food was to their bodies.

"Jesus answered them." People who came again to Bethsaida on the day after the miracle of feeding of the five thousand, not finding Jesus there, sought and found him in Capernaum. Jesus is a searcher of hearts. We know that the people sought him chiefly because they hoped for more bread without cost, and were curious to see more miracles merely as sights and sensations. Bread in Palestine is baked food (*kubz*), but it has another name more full of meaning, *aish*, that by which men live. Jesus had this in mind when he tried to impress the meaning of the true bread upon the minds and hearts of his hearers. He would be to them not *kubz* but *aish*.

Bread is indeed to the Oriental the staff of life. He has raisins and figs and olives, but these he counts poor as compared with bread. So life may have its pleasures, its riches, its honors, but only God can satisfy us. He made us for himself and we are restless until we come to him.

"Labor not for the meat that perisheth, but for that which the Son of Man shall give unto you." They were on the wrong track. Jesus would show them the right way. "Him hath God sealed," attested. Arabs have a strong respect for wheat in any shape. If a morsel of bread falls to the ground, an Arab will gather it up with his right hand, kiss it, touch his forehead with it, and place it in a recess, or on a wall, where the fowls of the air might find it; for they say, "We must not tread under foot the gift of God." We often see on a loaf of bread a paper seal, which has on it the name of the baker. It is a guarantee of good bread and full weight. God the Father had sealed Jesus as the Bread of Life for the souls of men, in the power given him to feed the multitude with the five loaves and two fishes.

Edersheim, in his *Life of the Messiah*, refers to this incident as "the popular misunderstanding of the miracle of feeding." He attributes the misunderstanding to the fact "that the feeding had raised the popular enthusiasm to the highest pitch, and also after the chilling disappointment of their Judaistic hope in Christ's utmost resistance to his being proclaimed Messiah."

The Symbol in Stone

Edersheim also says: "It is a remarkable circumstance, that among the ruins of the synagogue of Capernaum, the lintel has been discovered, and that it bears the device of a pot of manna, ornamented with a flowing pattern of vine leaves and a cluster of grapes. Here then were the outward emblems, which would connect themselves with the Lord's teaching on that day. And here, over their synagogue, was the pot of manna, symbol of what God had done, earnest of what the Messiah would do; that pot of manna, which was now among the things hidden, but which Elijah, when he came, would reveal.

"What shall we do that we might work the works of God?" Was this an honest question? Jesus treated it as a sincere inquiry after a way of usefulness when he replied, "Believe in him whom he hath sent." "What sign shewest thou then that we may see and believe thee?" In this they laid bare the hardness of their hearts, and proved that they were not seekers after truth. "Signs" enough in healing and feeding they had seen the day before. "Our fathers did eat manna in the wilderness." They were demanding to be fed as their fathers had been. They did not recognize that the bread they had eaten was also from heaven. "Moses gave you not that bread from heaven." Though it was given by the power of God, it was not "true bread from heaven" in that it was not food for the soul. "The bread of God is

"Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out"

he that cometh down from heaven." One may eat to the full of food, and yet be hungry in soul. Jesus alone can satisfy the longing heart. "Lord, ever more give us this bread." They did not yet comprehend him, but still thought of bread to satisfy their bodily hunger, which they could gather as their fathers had done, and yet thought it was to be in some strange way a more satisfying food. They remembered their fathers had come to loathe the manna and had cried for a change.

"He that cometh to me shall never hunger." To never hunger is to have that peace which passeth all understanding, that is, to be fully satisfied.

> Break thou the bread of life, dear Lord, to me,
> As thou didst break the loaves beside the sea.
> Beyond the sacred page I seek thee, Lord;
> My spirit pants for thee, O Living Word.

"Ye also have seen me and believe not." Jesus was again looking into their hearts, and finding there unbelief instead of trust. Joseph Parker said, "A malicious man can do more mischief in one hour than a man of genius can repair in a lifetime. Let a ruffian have his way for one night upon any minster or abbey, which was slowly reared through generations and centuries, and in the morning you may find it a smouldering heap. So with your infidels in their limited world: wherever they go, they leave the mark of the beast, and their cou may be tracked by the desolation which they leave l hind. To all such men you must put the practical qu tion found in the text, viz.: 'If we go away from Chri to whom shall we go?' That is the question I wou urge."

"All that which the Father giveth me shall come me." And so Jesus expressed his belief that many wou in the end receive the true bread from heaven.

The very heart of this lesson is the truth that was e pressed when a young lady teacher said, "Geor Macdonald's books came into my life like an influence and at another time, "Mr. Moody came into my life li an influence." The bread of life means that the writt word and the living Word, Jesus Christ himself, ha come into our lives like an influence.

What Is It Like in the Bible?

I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me sha never hunger: and he that believeth on me shall nev thirst. John 6 : 35.

1. Bread the staff of life. Isa. 3 : 1; John 6: 5
2. God's gift. Man cannot make one gra of corn. Matt. 6 : 11; Psa. 65 : 9; John 6 : 5
3. Corn passes through many processes in b coming bread. Isa. 28 : 28, 29; 53 : 5.
4. Bread must be eaten. John 6: 53-57; Je 15 : 16.
5. It strengthens the body. Phil. 4 : 13; Ps 138: 3.
6. It becomes part of ourselves. Gal. 2: 2 Eph. 5: 30.
7. The story of Elijah fed by the raven I. Kings 17.
8. Elijah strengthened with food by a angel. I. Kings 19.
9. Christ feeding his apostles after his resu rection. John 21.

What Is It Like in Nature?

> Back of the loaf is the snowy flour,
> And back of the flour, the mill;
> And back of the mill are the wheat and the show
> And the sun and the Father's will.

"I will wear my pearl necklace at the ba quet to-night."

The Empress of Germany it was who spok these words, not so very long ago. It was aft the birth of the little daughter for whose comin she had so longed. Up to that time those beau tiful pearls had lain almost forgotten at the bo tom of her splendid jewel case. As a great sig of rejoicing they were to be brought to light.

But when attendants went to prepare the Em press" toilet a murmur ran through the room The pearls had lost all their beautiful sheen an color; they were dull, and of a queer grayish hue

"What is the matter?" asked the Empress seeing the dismayed faces around her.

"Oh, my beautiful necklace! The pearls mus have been stolen, and these worthless things lef in their place!"

The court jeweler was summoned, and th pearls put into his hand. He examined them closely.

"These are indeed the same pearls, you Majesty," he said at last. "But they have be come discolored for want of use and lack o light."

"What can be done to them?" was the natura question.

"I will try to clean them, but I fear they are beyond my power," was the answer.

In a few days the jeweler returned with the discolored necklace. It was still dim and gray.

"I can do nothing more with the jewels, you Majesty," he said gravely. "Return them t their native element, and perhaps they will re gain their purity and lustre."

So, at this present moment, the famous his toric necklace belonging to the Empress of Ger many is sunk beneath the blue waters of the Northern Ocean. The beads are enclosed in a bottle, fitted with air-holes, through which the salt waves flow constantly. A buoy marks the spot where they are lying and a sentry keeps watch on the sandbank close by. Unless we feed upon Him who is the living bread we will lose that beauty of character which the indwelling of Christ imparts. We cannot shine independently of him.

What Is It Like in Daily Life?

A good woman, who was well known in her circle for her simple faith and calm trust in the midst of many trials, received a visit from another woman who, hearing of her, said: "I must go and find out the secret of her strong, happy life." She went, and introduced herself by asking: "Are you the woman with the great faith?" "No," replied the other, "I am not the woman with the great faith. I am the woman with the little faith in the great God." Faith is the hand that lays hold on Christ; the eye that looks to Christ; the ear that hears the voice of Christ; the mouth that feeds on Christ; the finger that touches Christ; and the key that unlocks the treasures of Christ. It is the channel of communication by which all heavenly gifts come from God to man. Happy are they who keep it ever open.

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* **International Sunday School Lesson for March 8, 1908.** Jesus the Bread of Life. John 6: 26-35. GOLDEN TEXT: "Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life." John 6: 35.

AROUND THE HOME HEARTH

By Margaret E. Sangster

The American Sabbath

"WHEN we use the phrase, "The American Sabbath," our thought runs backward to those who crossed a stormy sea that they might find a place on this continent where they might worship God in accordance with their untrammeled conscience. Religious liberty was the boon sought for by the Pilgrim Fathers. The American Sabbath rests on the fact of its being a commemoration of our Lord's resurrection, the day being devoted neither to business nor to pleasure, but to the worship of God.

In the latter part of the nineteenth century thoughtful observers began to note a growing indifference to the observance of the Lord's Day, due very largely to the influence of immigration on one hand, and to a changing of social customs on the other. To-day, instead of the deep tranquillity and pure refreshment that the Sabbath once brought, we have the constant invasion of business and the fierce onslaught of amusement, making the day a convenience for those who wish to travel, and an opportunity for games and sports for those who stay at home. Motor-cars carry crowds of people hither and yon. Golf grounds and tennis courts in the outdoor season attract great numbers, and, in brief, the day is becoming a weekly holiday instead of a weekly holy day.

The danger has crept forward insidiously. Women whose mothers and grandmothers hesitated to write a letter or call on a sick friend on the Sabbath now invite week-end parties to their homes, provide for their entertainment any secular form of diversion their guests enjoy, and make no pretense of expecting that guests will attend church. In Christian households there is little to indicate a divergence between Saturday and Sunday, except in the fact that on the latter day the men of the family are at home. Provisions that could as well be purchased and laid in on Saturday are delivered in city homes on Sunday morning, so that grocers, butchers and bakers are obliged to keep open until nearly noon. By a little planning most housekeepers could prevent the delivery of anything at their homes on Sunday morning. Everything requisite for the table in these days of refrigerators may be brought and placed in stock for Sunday's use on Saturday afternoon. By a little judicious supervision a matron can prepare on Saturday the most difficult part of the Sunday dinner, so that the day may not be one of hardship to those in her employ.

. . . .

The tendency to destroy the Sabbath is atheistic and in direct denial of divine authority. Those who trample the Lord's Day underfoot belong in the company of the multitude who leave God entirely out of their scheme of life. The tendency to spend a large part of the day in social pleasures legitimate on other days, comes to us from the Church of Rome, which is far less rigid in its Sabbath keeping than evangelical Protestant churches have hitherto been. What can we do to check the progress of disintegration, and once more bring about a return to the hallowing of the Lord's Day? The question is pertinent and practical. Reforms that are vital are not inaugurated with flourish of trumpets, the sound of drums: they are quietly started in individual hearts and homes. Each householder, each parent, each church member may set about improvement in the personal life and the home environment.

Not long ago, there were villages within an hour of New York and Chicago, where the old-fashioned sweet, tranquil Sabbath existed without fret or jar, as it had existed a generation ago. Little by little in those peaceful suburbs the sentiment has changed, not because there has been agitation in the press or issue at the ballot box, but because in one and another's home there has been modification so slight at first that it has hardly been noticed. Once we have recognized that there is need for improvement, the next step will be easy.

In order to preserve the American Sabbath we do not need legislation; we require atmosphere and influence. Women more than men have the responsibility of preserving what remains, and restoring what is lost. Young women can so hallow the day by their practice, can so gently show by their example what they think should be done about this day that young men will be swift to follow where they lead. We must not let it go. In the old Book there is a promise made by one who never forgets his plighted word: "Them that honor me, I will honor." May it not be that the present stress of circumstances, touching rich and poor alike, is a rebuke from Him whose day of rest the American people have treated with scorn?

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GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK

Tick-tock, grandfather's clock,
Baby here in her little frock;
A hundred years and more, they say,
The faithful clock has been ticking away
Telling the hours one by one,
From morning's dawn till set of sun;
And all night long when the baby sleeps,
The clock its steady vigil keeps.
Little one with the flower-like face
You, too, with Time, must keep the pace,
Growing older one knows not how,
Till the snow is white where the gold is now;
And all the while, tick-tock, tick-tock,
The heart will beat in the grand old clock.

A Boy's First Sweetheart

"WHY don't you wash your hands, Jack?" Mother and sister plead continually with the boy that he will take care of his hands and fingernails, comb his hair, be particular about his neck-tie and shoes, and it is uphill work, until the dawn of an hour when the boy suddenly wakens to the fact that there are girls in the world. He may have told his sister over and over that the dirt on his hands was due to tan; he may have fought against tidiness with the strength of inertia harder to overcome than the strength of opposition. But one day he discovers that the girl across the way is very pretty, and, timidly or boldly, according to his temperament, he begins to perform little services for her. From that instant, the battle on behalf of cleanliness is fought and won. Jack now washes his hands, brushes his hair, polishes his shoes and attends to every nicety of boyish neatness without so much as a suggestion from any one in the house.

A boy has a succession of sweethearts in the years between twelve and twenty-one, each of them unconsciously helping forward his education, as he helps forward hers. Nothing is more wholesome and more to be sought than comradeship between boys and girls in the period of adolescence. A boy who has several girl friends with whom he is on terms of intimacy, is not likely to fall into danger from coarse companions or foolish excesses. The boy's first sweetheart is seldom his last, but years hence she may be pleasantly remembered, and years hence she may remember him and tell her daughters the good times they had together. Mothers should be as careful not to interfere with or distrub this youthful comradeship, as they would to avoid staining with ink a garment that they prized.

The Captain's Daughter

Census returns in this country show that men have no monopoly of the trade of navigator or pilot, since here and there a fearless woman has ventured to try her hand at managing a ship and sailing the deep seas. One day a morning newspaper contained the pretty story that follows:

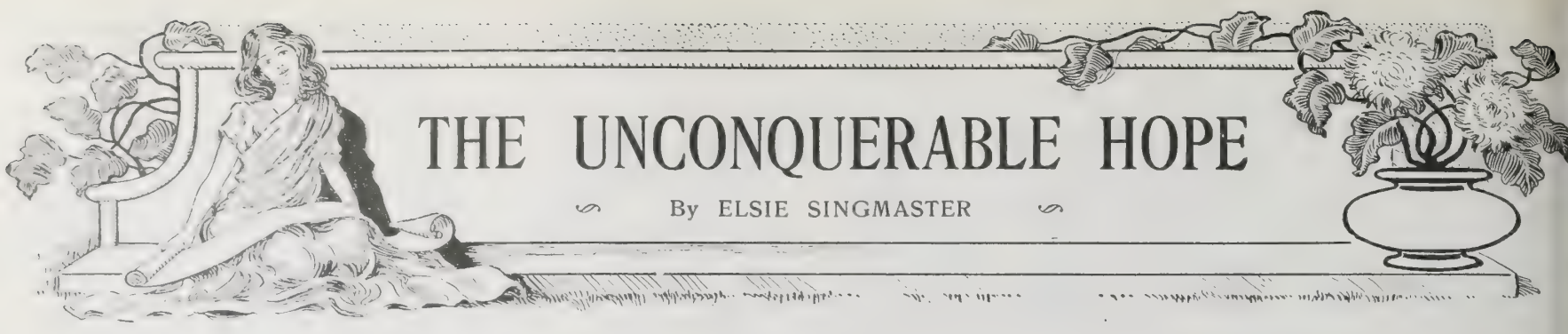
"The Norwegian bark Angerona, Capt. Gjertsen, fifty-four days out from Buenos Ayres, got into port and docked at Erie Basin late yesterday. Capt. Gjertsen's blue-eyed daughter Lincoln, who is third mate on the bark, piloted her in. The Angerona left Trondheim, Norway, about a year ago. She had been a British vessel, but Capt. Gjertsen bought her and started out to get what cargo he could wherever he could. After a good bit of wandering he found a cargo of quebracho at Buenos Ayres. Quebracho is the bark of a South American tree, and is used as a febrifuge and in lung diseases, but Capt. Gjertsen didn't care what it was used for so long as it paid freight. He got his ship to the Hook last Sunday. Being thrifty, he refused the assistance of the tugs that swarmed around him there, and Miss Lincoln brought the bark safely through the Swash Channel, the short-cut in. She got the Angerona up to Quarantine."

The young girl from Norway showed herself as keen of eye, and deft of hand, and brave of heart as any Norseman could have been, and it is pleasant to think of father and daughter thus earning together their bread in the teeth of storms and gales, while they shared the mariner's life.

THANKS AND CONGRATULATIONS

Dear Dr. Klopsch: The Calendar came safely. It is beautiful. I enjoy the book, "Five Hundred Animal Stories." Wishing you the compliments of the season. MARY C. [illegible]

Charlottesville, Va.



THE UNCONQUERABLE HOPE

By ELSIE SINGMASTER

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YOUNG Arnold Jacoby stood at the window of his father's study, idly watching the steady stream of delegates to the national convention, of which Bishop Jacoby was president, as they entered the church next door. The bishop, who was also President of the Board of Foreign Missions, leaned back in his chair, his arms folded, his eyes on a telegram on the table before him. He looked more like a successful business man than a clergyman, in spite of his high-cut vest and white tie, which emphasized the shrewd, practical lines in his handsome face, and he conducted the business of the church with judgment which would have done credit to a captain of industry. He often congratulated himself that he had learned early in life to distrust impulse as a principle of action. Because of it he was now bishop instead of home missionary in Montana.

He looked up pleasantly now as Arnold turned and faced him. He regarded Arnold, cultivated, already learned, and always charming, as one of the great achievements of his life. Arnold, too, looked things straight in the face. If his eyes were eager, it was the eagerness of youth and not that of fanatic faith in ideas which would some day play him false.

"Are you really going to give up Africa?" Arnold asked. "Doctor Meynell told me that Bastian landed in New York last night."

His father held out to him the telegram at which he had been staring. It read:

"Roberts cables girls school disbanded mission set on fire is sailing. J. FORSTER."

"Roberts was sent out to hold the fort while Bastian had a furlough, wasn't he?"

The bishop nodded.

"Looks rather cowardly, doesn't it?"

"No." The bishop answered with decision. "Bastian has sent only the most meagre reports. This sort of thing may have happened before. It's only since Roberts went out that we've learned any real facts about the mission."

"Rather game, wasn't it, of old Bastian to hold his tongue about it? How did he stick it out?"

"He has some theories like Roe had about native remedies for fever, and he's lived though Roe died. But it wasn't fair to the church. We've been pouring lives and money into Africa for years, supposing we had a prosperous mission, and it was disturbing to find that it consisted of one ramshackle building and that the devoted converts were likely at any time to burn that and revert to the bush."

"Did they ever revert while Bastian was there?"

"Oh, I guess so."

"But he seems to have got them back."

"Yes." The bishop rose and gathered his books together. "But you can see there hasn't been anything permanent about it. The minute he leaves, things go to pieces. Roberts wrote us the condition of things three months ago when he got there, and the letters have just come. There was an understanding twenty years ago that if Bastian failed we would not try again. It is madness."

"Does Bastian know you're going to retreat?"

"Yes, by this time. Secretary Forster was to meet him in New York. But it isn't a retreat." The bishop was a little annoyed at his son's choice of words. "Are you coming over?"

"Oh, presently, I guess. I promised Mrs. Latham I'd look after her. Bastian was in your class, wasn't he?"

"Yes."

The bishop's eyes narrowed a little as he went out. Bastian had won from him the oratorical prize of their senior year in the seminary. It was one of the few great defeats of the bishop's life. He had prepared the speech weeks before, carefully selecting a subject in which he knew the judges were interested, and writing it with a view to their prejudices. It had never occurred to him that he would not win. Then Bastian, with a fervid, ill-prepared address on foreign missions, had swept his prize away. The bishop could see them now, crowding round Bastian and congratulating him. He was a big, homely fellow, whose face was occasionally made beautiful by a radiant smile.

Now he looked down at the convention from the high pulpit. Sometimes he felt that they were pawns in a great, wise, and interesting game which he was playing. He had an intimate knowledge of men; he was by turns a leader and an opportunist. He knew the clear-eyed, fanatic student fitted to work in the loneliness of a Western border mission; he knew the carefully dressed, clever youngster who would be popular in a city church. He always regretted when the latter condemned himself to the frontier by marriage with an unsuitable wife. The bishop had little admiration for nature's pairings.

They were all before him now, the frontier preacher, tanned, eager, a little impatient of the long service, silent for the most part, but flaming occasionally into eloquence over the necessity for more men and more funds, or the desirability of church extension. The West was very different from hopeless Africa. Beside these men were the cultivated preachers from the Eastern churches—Barnes, of Philadelphia; Bland, of New York; Mellen, of Baltimore; broad-minded, able, alive. The bishop wondered often if they did not share his agnostic conclusions.

The business of the morning, the first portion of which was left over from the day before, went on smoothly, the bishop appointing committees and settling disputes with the perfect judgment and tact which always marked his presiding. At half past ten there was a recess, then the delegates settled back into their seats. The bishop saw Arnold come in with two women, and smiled a little to himself. Mrs. Latham was a widow, young and attractive. The bishop knew that she would be willing to marry either him or his son, and she would make a suitable wife for either. But certainly he did not mean to marry again. Nor, he thought, did Arnold mean to marry at all.

When the bishop rose there was still a slight stir. Dr. Meynell had gone down the aisle to sit with Arnold and Mrs. Latham, and they were whispering laughingly. In the corner of the church a committee which had utilized the short recess for a meeting was hastily separating, and the doors leading into the hall were just being closed. The bishop did not seem to notice the slight confusion.

"Brethren," he began slowly, "it is necessary to reopen the question of Africa." He saw Dr. Meynell break off suddenly in the midst of his sentence, the committee slipped hastily to their seats, and men sat upright or leaned forward as was most natural to each in moments of excitement. The memory of the last discussion of Africa lingered in their minds. Not all of them had heard it, but they knew it almost word for word: the bitter quarrel, the demands of the friends of Dana and Roe and Lambert, who had died in the field, that the work go on, the harsh reproaches of the men from the West. It would be betraying a trust, they said, to give up: it would be putting one's hand to the plow and turning back.

In return, the advocates of abandonment, of whom the bishop had been one, had pointed bitterly to the expenditure of men and money, and the weary failures. Then Bastian had gone out, and for twenty years there had been only good reports, meagre as they were. He had dosed himself against the fever with native remedies; he had refused doggedly to come home since there was no one to take his place; he had made it, they believed, succeed. Or, had it not succeeded? The bishop's voice was ominous with important news.

He reminded them at first of Lambert and Dana and Roe, suggesting to their minds stories, incidents, descriptions, they had forgotten. These three great pioneers had died in loneliness. Roe had been found by Bastian when he went out, his body lying unburied in the mission house, from which the natives had fled in terror. They knew the insidious fever which did its work in a night, the still greater treachery of the natives, and the unknown and hidden terrors of the jungle. They remembered Mary, dark-skinned child of hope, brought to America to be trained as a nurse, and then reverting to savagery. The board, with the aid of the police, had found her in a cellar with the vilest of American negroes, to whom she had gone from the Deaconess Home. There was no variety of missionary experiment which they had not tried and in which they had not failed.

"We believed, however, during all this time," the bishop went on, "that Bastian was succeeding. Of his bravery there for twenty years we know. When we realize, however, that it has been a losing fight, of which he has been thoroughly aware, our admiration becomes awe. His life is an appropriate seal upon a faithfully performed experiment."

The bishop's eyes swept his attentive audience. At last they realized with him what he might have expressed as Africa's unreadiness for the altruistic principle. It was folly to try to hurry nature. He looked for an instant into Arnold's smiling face; then, attracted by a movement in the back of the church, glanced in that direction, and became suddenly silent.

How long the man had been standing there the bishop did not know. He was tall and thin to emaciation, dark-skinned, and long-bearded. The bishop was reminded of an aged beggar he had seen on the road from Jerusalem to Joppa. There was the same dark skin, the same white beard, the same brilliant eye. As if to complete the resemblance, the stranger shook with sudden chill, as the beggar had shaken with palsy. He was well dressed, though strangely. His heavy black suit was at the same time new and old. It was unworn, but it had been bought twenty years before.

He looked straight into the bishop's eyes for an instant, then swayed suddenly a little, and a student from the seminary who was sitting on the rear seat sprang up to show him to a pew. The old man—he seemed ages old—smiled, and suddenly the bishop knew. This was Bastian come home.

A hundred thoughts went through the bishop's mind as he went down the aisle: a keen remembrance of his defeat at Bastian's hands—thank God, Bastian had had that small success!—a vision of the mission as Roberts had pictured it, its desolation, its danger, the loneliness of this man's soul, shut off from his kind. A hot pity for him almost blinded the bishop's eyes. How the people in the train, on the boat, must have stared at him! The church would accept no more such sacrifices as this. Bastian might have been of vast use in America. Now his life was nearly over, and he had accomplished nothing, nothing.

He was aware of Arnold's eager eyes as he led Bastian up the aisle. They were like his mother's, who had died when he was born. It was after that, when faith failed to help, that the bishop had begun to speculate about the ways of nature. The old man—Bastian was, after all, only as old as the bishop himself—would have held back, but the bishop's arm around him compelled him to go. The audience stared, uncomprehending, until a deep-eyed young zealot, who, in his lonely house in Montana, had thought often of that other lonely house in Liberia, sprang to his feet.

"It is Bastian come home," he said, with tears in his eyes and voice, and scarcely aware that he had spoken at all. In a second they were all upon their feet, and the church was welcoming him home, as a victor from the war. They did not speak. Dr. Meynell was tempted to call for a triumphal hymn, but refrained, and the bishop led Bastian quietly to a seat. There he bowed his head on his hands, and after an instant lifted it and looked into the bishop's eyes. His hands were quite firm now, and his lips did not tremble.

"May I speak when you are finished?" he asked.

"You may speak now," said the bishop.

"No, I want to hear what else you have to say. I have been listening. I'll wait till you're through."

"Very well," said the bishop. He was thankful that there had been no emotional exhibition. He remembered how returning missionaries were greeted with shouts and song when he was a boy. Perhaps the world was growing less emotional and more sane. He was thankful also that Bastian knew that things were gone to pieces in Liberia. He should not have liked Forster's task of telling him. But Bastian seemed resigned enough. The bishop went slowly up the pulpit stairs. He could not remember just where he was when Bastian had interrupted him. Ah, yes, he was about to tell them that Roberts, too, was coming home.

"The cablegram from Mr. Roberts came yesterday to Secretary Forster, who forwarded it to me." The bishop took the telegram from his pocket and read it aloud. "'Roberts cables that the girls' school is disbanded and the mission set on fire.' We have done our best," he went on. "Lambert, Dana, Roe, Bastian have given their lives—" Then he halted at the sound of a loud cry.

"Bishop!" The bishop looked down. Bastian was struggling to his feet. "You mean that Roberts cabled that! That there is nothing there! That Roberts let it happen! That it is all gone! Gone, Bishop Jacoby?"

"I thought you knew, Bastian." Inexpressible pity made the bishop's voice falter. "I thought Forster went to meet you to tell you."

"No," answered Bastian thickly. "He did not tell me. I suppose he missed me in the crowd. I—I—" Bastian hesitated. The ague, the first sign of reacclimatization, came over him again. "Let me speak now, Jacoby. I will not be long." The bishop, moved as he had not been for years, made way for him. "I—will not be long."

Continued on page 174

UPLIFTING CEYLON'S CHILDREN

"I DO not see how anything in the world could be more beautiful," said the late Phillips Brooks of the central part of the island of Ceylon, the island which is called "The Gem of the Indian Ocean," and "The Pearl on the Brow of India." Around the coast the country is flat, and would be uninteresting but for the variety and beauty of its trees, and the splendid expanse of fields covered with gardens or with waving rice plants. In the central portion, however, the scenery is diversified and entrancingly beautiful. Mountains between six and seven thousand feet high rear their heads into the clouds, clothed from base to summit with luxuriant tropical vegetation. Streams of water, like threads of liquid silver, wind their way down the mountain sides and gurgle through the glades where the great tree ferns softly unroll their giant fronds. Lakes flash in the hollows of the hills.

Carrying the Mail

The dense jungles are bright with the blossoms of innumerable tropical plants and creepers. Birds of brilliant plumage dart among the branches of the great forest trees, while strange animals and insects meet the eye at every turn. Travelers, in visiting the central portion of the island, cannot fail to be charmed with the beautiful scenery, the brilliant hues of tropical vegetation, the waving palms, the balmy air, the silver moonlight flooding vale and hill. In the central part of the island many hillsides have, by the labor of generations, been cut into terraces. The water is conducted from terrace to terrace; and by this device rice, which can only grow in the standing water, can be cultivated upon the hillsides.

On the coast the climate is hot, but is cooler in the mountains. It is not considered unhealthful for Europeans, as the climate is extremely uniform owing to the surrounding sea. There are two seasons, the dry and the wet, whose coming and going is governed by the monsoon winds. The southwest monsoon blows from May to October, and the northeast monsoon blows from October to May. The rainfall in the south and north is small, but it is quite large in the mountains of the interior, especially on the southwestern ridges.

The island is one hundred and forty miles wide and about two hundred and seventy miles long.

The island has had a most romantic and interesting history. About 543 B.C., it is said, the Sinhalese came from Oude. They had a fair state of civilization and kept a record of their history. The Tamils came about three hundred years after and established themselves about Jaffna. Portuguese mariners discovered the richness of the country in the Middle Ages, and conquered it in 1513. They held it for a century or more, when it came into the possession of Holland. England took it in 1796, and in 1815 the last vestige of native rule passed with the fall of the Kandian kingdom.

Ceylon has a population of over three millions of people. There are many races: Tamils, Moormen, Burghers and Eurasians, Malays, Europeans, Veddas, and others. The principal religions are Buddhism, Hinduism, Mohammedanism, and Christianity. Demon worship prevails among the Buddhists and Hindus. In the darkest hours of life devil ceremonies are practised by the people, and their nominal religion is apparently forgotten.

The Hindus profess to worship three hundred and thirty million gods and goddesses, but they have no knowledge of a holy God; they have no knowledge of a God who desires his worshipers to be holy, and they have no knowledge of a God who is able to make his worshipers holy.

The first missionaries of the American Board, who arrived in Ceylon in 1816, opened work in the peninsula of Jaffna, which is in the northren province of the island. The people of that province are Tamils, and for the most part Hindus, being closely related in race and religion to the people of Southern India, their ancestors having come over from India about 200 B.C. They speak Tamil, which is the leading member of the Dravidian group of languages, and is spoken by fourteen millions of people in Southern India. The Dravidians were originally devil worshipers, and this form of religion still prevails. The Brahmans, nowever, centuries ago, engrafted their religion on the people, and one may see on every hand Hindu temples and devil shrines in close proximity, the same people worshiping in both.

As soon as the missionaries had acquired a working knowledge of the Tamil language, they began to translate the Gospels, and to preach. They found the majority of the people sunk in ignorance and superstition. Realizing that "the boy of to-day will be the man of to-morrow," and that if they could win the children for Christ they would have the men and women of the near future, they began to open schools for the children.

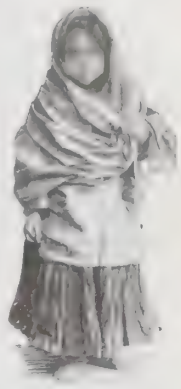
The people willingly allowed the boys to attend these mission schools; but when the missionaries expressed a desire to educate girls also, the people ridiculed the idea, saying: "What would be the use of sending a girl to school? A girl could never learn to read any more than a sheep." After two years of patient effort one of the missionaries succeeded in finding a girl whose parents were willing that she should be taught to read. This child soon committed to memory the 247 letters of the Tamil alphabet. Other girls came, and a school for girls was established.

Idols and Attendants in a Hindu Temple

The educational work has steadily developed in the schools of the American Mission, until at the present time there are over ten thousand pupils under instruction in mission schools of all grades. Nearly one-fourth of these are girls.

In these schools 331 teachers are employed. The large majority of these are Christians and have been thoroughly trained for their work. In addition to the secular lessons, Scripture lessons and hymns are carefully taught. On Sunday mornings, Sunday schools are held in the mission churches and preaching places, and in the afternoons in many of the village day schools, when the International Sunday School Lessons, translated into the Tamil language, are taught to the children. Many of the native Christians willingly act as teachers in these schools, not a few of them cheerfully walking long distances over the hot sand and under the tropical sun in order to perform this service.

From the mission vernacular and Anglo-vernacular village schools, the most promising pupils are received into the higher educational schools of the mission. The Oodooville Girls' Boarding School was one of the first mission boarding schools ever started in a heathen land for the higher education of girls. It was begun in 1824 by Rev. and Mrs. Winslow. One of the missionary ladies, Miss Eliza Agnew, was the principal of this school for forty-one consecutive years. During this time more than one thousand girls studied in this school. Miss Agnew was affectionately called by the people of Ceylon "the mother of a thousand daughters," for she had taken part in the training of three successive generations of Sinhalese girls, teaching the daughters, and even the granddaughters, of her original scholars. When she laid down her work it was found that of the more than six hundred girls who had graduated, taking the whole course, not one had returned unconverted to a heathen home. All who graduated went out as professing Christians.



A Christian Maid

The great need of the work in Ceylon at the present time is aid for the support of Christian teachers in the village schools.

In a recent letter, Rev. T. B. Scott, M.D., a prominent missionary in Ceylon, writes: "The work that presses hardest upon me is the maintenance and direction of our village schools. The Government gives us a 'grant-in-aid,' based on a yearly examination held by a Government inspector. This takes no account of Bible lessons and cannot be used for the teaching of such lessons. Neither can it be used for buildings.

"We receive a small grant from the Woman's Board for distinctively girls' schools. This provides us for help for twenty-five out of one hundred and twenty-seven schools.

"We must maintain these schools at a fixed standard or forfeit the Government grant, which would mean the loss of the school.

"We must try to find a way, somehow or other, for the maintenance of these schools. These village schools each form a centre in a village for evangelistic meetings and for a Sunday School. Furthermore, they are feeders to the high educational schools, from which come the teachers, evangelists and preachers. A gift of twenty-five dollars will provide the necessary support for a year for one of these village schools, in which from thirty to one hundred pupils are studying, and where they will receive a Christian training." Any one interested in the welfare of this work in Ceylon, should communicate with Mr. F. H. Wiggin, 14 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Dr. Scott will gladly report from time to time the progress of these schools, and of the mission work in Ceylon, and those who support one of these schools can have the joy of knowing that they are partners with him in his work.

MARY LEITCH.

A Christian Endeavor Society

The Motto on the Sword

I am the owner of an officer's sword which was carried by my maternal great-grandfather in the Revolutionary War; by my grandfather, George Cloud, who was a captain in the Tenth U. S. Vol. Infantry, War of 1812, and which was loaned to Major H. L. Webb, who took it to the Mexican War. It has on one side in old-fashioned letters plainly to be seen, "God Bless the Provinces."

I think the motto, "In God We Trust" ought to be on our coins. J. F. LYERLY.

THE UNCONQUERABLE HOPE

Continued from page 173

For a moment after he was in the pulpit he could not speak. His eyes, however, held his audience until the shaking fit was past. Then, when he had begun, he hesitated, as though it were difficult properly to frame his sentences. Occasionally he used a word they did not know. It was many years since he had spoken to people of his kind, and the sentences came slowly, disjointedly, with long pauses between them.

"I do not agree with Bishop Jacoby when he says Africa should be given up. I think the reasons he gives are reasons why it should not be given up. Shall we leave the bones of Lambert and Dana alone there, uncared for, their work abandoned, their names forgotten because their work is forgotten? If they failed, it was partly because they had no help. I have come home to get some one to go back. We have about sixty girls and boys gathered together. We have never been so prosperous. We are not failing, we are succeeding." His hand stirred on the pulpit before him, and touched the yellow paper of the telegram. "I know what Roberts says. But I can build it up again in a month. He—he had no judgment. I warned him to be careful till I got back. They have to be treated like children." He spoke as tenderly as though they were his own. "You have to be there years before you can understand. They did that before once when I was sick. But they will come back. Because — because — "

He seemed to be struggling with inability to grasp his own thought, and the bishop helped with a gentle question.

"Why will they come back?"

"Because I can compel them."

"How?"

Bastian did not answer at once. Then he drew a long breath.

"I own them," he said simply.

"Own them!" The bishop expressed the horror on the faces of the eager listeners. They knew a slave trade still existed, but did the church hold slaves?

"Yes, I own them," answered Bastian steadily. "Not the church. *I*. I bought them with my salary. You don't understand how it is in Africa. I tried to explain once in a letter, but the board wouldn't listen. You can't get the free ones, but you can buy little girls that are—that are going to be—to be sold. They're very little girls, and they—they get fond of you, and you can teach them." He saw one man turn and whisper to another and answered him aloud. "I know all about Mary. We began with her too young, and she went back. But her children are there now. A generation doesn't count. We've only been there sixty years. And what are sixty years? or a hundred? or a thousand?" The Bible-trained men who listened answered in their hearts, "A watch in the night."

"But the fever," reminded the bishop gravely. In a minute they would be in the midst of one of the fervent missionary scenes of his childhood. The question of Africa had been decided, and the decision was not to be changed by Bastian's emotional appeal. "Is it worth while to train a man for years and then to send him where he will die in a week? You have a marvelous constitution. But Lambert only lived a year, and Dana two, and Roe one."

"They didn't take care of themselves properly. They didn't know then that native remedies are best."

"But Roe used native remedies."

"Roe did not die of fever." Bastian put his hand to his lips when he had spoken.

"Roe did not die of fever! But when you went out you found him—"

"Roe did not die of fever. He—he—" the ghastly secret he had kept for twenty years, for fear they should demand his return, was out at last. "Roe was murdered."

"By the natives?" It was a long time before the bishop asked the question.

"Yes. It was — before I got there. I found him. They said here they would waste no more lives in Africa. I knew they would think it was worse if he was murdered. It was—it happened days—before—I got there." His mouth seemed to stiffen so that he could not go on.

"Are they ever unruly now?" asked Dr. Meynell slowly. "Is your life ever in danger?"

"It — it has been." He would have given almost his hope of heaven to say no.

"Would it be if you went back?"

"Possibly."

"And you would go?" the bishop asked.

"I am going." Bastian faced his interlocutor steadily. "Shall they, Lambert and the others, be—" Bastian spoke with difficulty. "Shall they be left out there alone? Shall their lives be failures? And mine?"

"There would be plenty of work here."

Bastian shook his head wearily. "This is not my work. It is not my home. I tell you,"—he lifted his arms,—"whether the board sends me or not, I am going back. I came to get men because I am growing old, but I am going alone if no one will go with me. I am going back."

The bishop shook his head.

"But we can't ask any one to go there. It is the most dangerous spot along the coast. Let us try inland, perhaps, or farther south. We cannot ask any one to go there." He spoke a little impatiently. He was as sincerely interested in the church as Bastian. "We cannot, Mr. Bastian. Think of the lives and deaths of Lambert and Dana and Roe. Think of your own life."

Bastian stared at him dully. His own life! He did not like to remember it, the high hopes with which he had gone out, the finding of Roe's body, the terrors by night, the hard work by day, the loneliness, the mad longing for companionship, the evil desires which he had not known before, bred now by the jungle, desires which he cursed. Thank God he had conquered himself! Was the reward now to be forbidden him?

His gaze swept the faces before him. Some of them showed agreement with the bishop, some of them a wavering between two opinions, and all, pity for him.

"I am going back," he said slowly. "Is there no one who will go with me?"

The bishop started to rise, then sank back. For an instant Bastian held the eyes of the young home missionary who had recognized him when he came in, but presently they dropped. Beyond, his burning gaze searched in vain. He bent his head, defeated, ashamed. In his youth such an appeal would have brought a score of responses. To him now, this silence meant spiritual atrophy. To the bishop it meant that these people were at last sane. He bit his lips. The scene was becoming a nightmare. He half hoped that some one would offer to go, if only to put an end to the agony. Afterwards they could convince the candidates, if they could not convince Bastian, that it was not best. Then the bishop cursed himself for the meanness of the thought. A vast pity came over him for this zealot who was so anxious to throw away his life, and a feeling of thankfulness that he, the bishop, had sternly put down the fanatic enthusiasms of his own youth.

Then suddenly, as he watched, a change came into Bastian's haggard face. Light gleamed in his eyes, and into his cheeks came a redder flush. Bastian lifted his head, he put his hand to his trembling throat, and he smiled, the old radiant smile which was his one beauty. The bishop followed the direction of his gaze. To his amazement, then to his dismay and terror, he saw that Arnold had risen and was speaking. If it had been possible the bishop would have silenced the words upon the boy's lips; he would almost rather he had died. He was not

Continued on page 177

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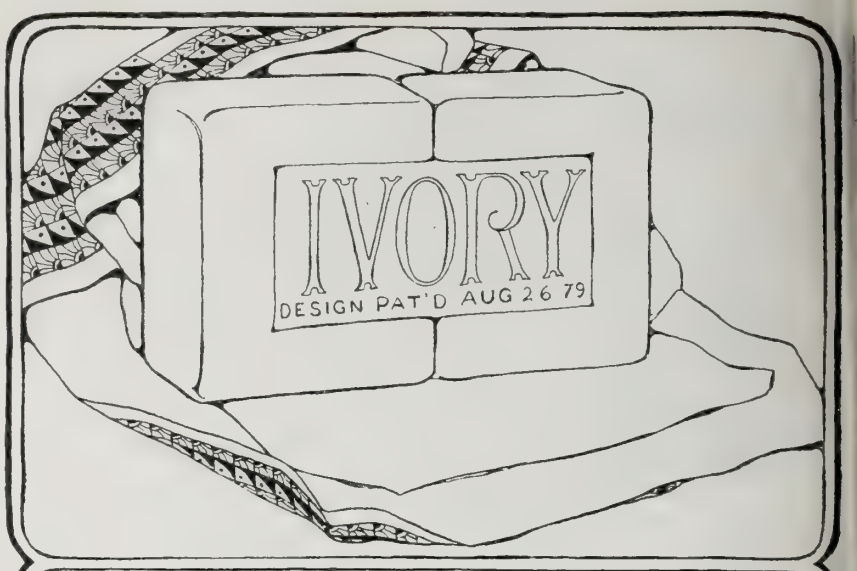

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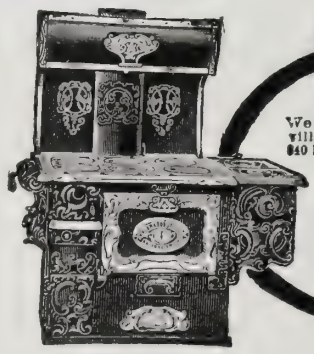

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

The Tramp Problem

ELIMINATION of the Tramp, by Edmond Kelly, M.A., F.G.S., sometime lecturer on Municipal Government at Columbia University, etc., is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York City, price $1. The author proposes to abolish trampdom by the introduction of the Labor Colony System, as successfully carried out in Holland, Belgium and Switzerland, with such modifications as would be necessary to the adaptation of the system to American conditions. He holds that we have a duty to give a home to those who are worn out by our competitive system, "an obligation to those from whom civilization has taken the right to hunt for food, to pluck the fruits of the earth, to avail themselves of the natural methods for securing sustenance"; and such a home offering opportunities for labor, should not be regarded as either a charity or a correction. Scrutinize these starving men, as they file through the Bowery Mission for their midnight meal, and recognize that more than one-half of them are clearly self-respecting workingmen without employment: then feel that you have no right to a moment's rest so long as you remain a party to the indifference that fails to furnish work for these men."

Twenty Years in Siberia

TWENTY Years in Siberia and Leaves from my Russian Diary, is the title of a new volume by Baroness de Packh. This work of fiction shows in vivid colors the life story of a Russian peasant, who was convicted of a crime never committed by him. It tells of his deportation, his life in the Siberian mines, his coming to the United States, and his final vengeance on the high-born perpetrator of the crime which had unjustly been laid at his door. The ending, however, is in the true Christian spirit, leaving the revenge to Him who said, "Vengeance is mine, ' thus relieving the tension after a scene in which the real criminal is brought to bay for whose crime the innocent peasant has suffered. In *Leaves from my Russian Diary*, the authoress describes in her vivid style her own experiences in Russia. One thrilling incident is a ride through the forest, when she was chased by hungry wolves. A few poems from the pen of the Baroness conclude this book, which is most interesting throughout and one that cannot fail to fascinate many readers. Pages 200. Price $1.25. Guarantee Publishing Company, 4 West Twenty-ninth Street, New York City.

Classes to Teach Public Speaking

TO be able to speak in public—to express one's ideas clearly, simply and sensibly, in good grammatical language—is the desire of every intelligent man and woman. It is an accomplishment which, with little effort, may easily be brought within the general reach; yet few avail themselves of it.

We frequently see in church meetings, Christian Endeavor gatherings, prayer-meetings and social assemblies, many who shrink from the ordeal of standing upon their feet and taking part to the extent of uttering a few simple sentences. Their thoughts seem to fly from them instantly when they arise to speak, and the things they had been carefully turning over in their minds are forgotten. It is not timidity, nor ignorance, that troubles them, nor are they naturally halting in conversation. It is because they have not been trained, and know nothing of the few simple rules that would make of many a hesitating one of either sex a good, clear, logical speaker.

There are multitudes of men and women who could easily be trained to enrich the prayer-meetings of their churches, but many of whom are now silent because they think they cannot "speak in meeting." They have the ideas; but when they strive for utterance, the words refuse to come to their lips, and they feel their failure keenly.

There is fortunately a method of teaching which can correct this, and by which any clear-headed man or woman may become a very good speaker with little trouble. One of the best known public speakers in America to-day is the Rev. Emory J. Haynes, D.D., whose magnificent addresses filled the famous Tremont Temple in Boston with admiring thousands. Dr. Haynes has reduced the whole art of public speaking to a simple system or method, which he has applied, for a number of years, with remarkable success in training men and women in the art of clear and facile speech in public. The Haynes system is one that can be followed by intelligent pupils of either sex, young or old. To those who are looking forward to a professional career of activity, the course of training, under this system, could not fail to prove invaluable. It would develop in the individual the priceless gift of clear speech—a gift that needs only to be tested to be appreciated. To the young lawyer it will show the way to success, in pleading and in moving the minds of men; to the preacher, weary of viewing half empty pews, it will give the power to draw and hold audiences; and the merchant, the salesman and business man will appreciate its benefits. To wives and daughters it will reveal the rare secret of a charming and gracious manner of conversation an art so long neglected as to be now almost forgotten.

An opportunity is now afforded for readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who are desirous of acquiring the accomplishment of public speaking, to do so, and to take up an easy course of ten lessons, conducted personally by Dr. Haynes, which will bring them through all the difficulties and give all necessary information. Classes will open in a few weeks from this date, and all who desire to join, should send a postal card to Dr. E. J. Haynes, care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, giving full name and address. A nominal fee, designed to cover the cost of the printing and postage, is exacted of each pupil, otherwise there are no charges. Dr. Haynes has consented to this arrangement for the benefit of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers and their friends, and it is hoped that a very large number will join these classes, in order that the benefits of this excellent course of lessons may be very widely diffused.

The Mikado for Peace

The twenty-fourth Diet of the Japanese Empire was opened December 28, in Tokio, by the Mikado in person with a speech which lasted only three minutes, but which was remarkable for its pacific tone. The Emperor laid stress on the increasingly cordial relations with foreign Powers and the important bearing on peace in the Far East of the *entente cordiale* concluded with Russia and France by Japan. He dwelt on the importance of the more careful deliberation of fiscal measures, and said he expected the concurrence of the Diet in the budget which would be presented by the Government. The message contained no reference to the immigration question.

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RECIPE FOR AN UNHAPPY HOME

By REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON, D.D.

If people were willing to make an exhibit of their family skeletons and arrange them in a long row it might be found that there were very many unhappy homes even in a Christian community. We have in our former talks about the home spoken of it as a divine institution. We have called attention to the fact that it is an institution which has certain definite privileges and duties, and that it is the source of real influence for good or evil, and that as an institution it ranks ahead of the church and school. We have called attention to the fact that the father of the household is the high priest, and that any home which is not founded on the religious idea is liable to disruption. It will not be out of place now to call attention to the fact that for various reasons many homes which, to all outward appearances, should be happy, are not happy,

Rev. Charles M. Sheldon

Suppose we write out a recipe for an unhappy home. We name as the first way of making an unhappy home: Start it wrong. Let the young man marry simply for looks; let the young woman get married for a social position; let both parties have in mind the allurements of rank or wealth. Let them be particular to leave God out, to leave him out of the courtship and out of the marriage, and then the supreme fact of love as the heart of the whole thing sinks into an insignificant place compared with the other inducements for entering into the marriage relation. Especially let the religious instinct and the religious feeling be reduced to a scientific minimum. This will insure an unhappy home life in almost every case.

The Road to Ruin

In the second place, after the home has been organized let the couple begin to live in an expensive manner. Especially let them go into debt for household furniture which they cannot afford to buy. Let the woman demand expensive articles of dress and expensive luxuries for the table. Let there be many social receptions and gay times, and after the honeymoon is over let the husband join a club and spend a good deal of his time there. This will add to the probability that in a few years the home will be unhappy or indifferent or useless or absolutely contrary to every true definition of a home.

Thirdly, into this recipe for an unhappy home put this ingredient: Let these two people made in the image of God, who were created to live to his glory, leave the church alone. Let them not assume any religious burdens or activities; never say grace at the table; if children come into this family they can be allowed to go to Sunday School if they desire, but let neither father nor mother ever make it a habit for the children to go. The main thing for the family providing for an unhappy home is to keep out of church life and away from church work; not know anything about religious heroism; take no religious newspapers; live in the world of the daily press, and of the novels and magazines of the times, and be very careful never to subscribe for anything which tells of the march of the kingdom of God in men's hearts. This will train the children up in ignorance of God and his kingdom, which will fit them in their turn to make unhappy homes.

In the fourth place, to insure an unhappy home no member of the family should have anything to do with reforms. Reforms mean burdens. Burdens mean weariness. Let us, if we desire an unhappy home, avoid burdens and weariness all we can. Let other people do what they will to clean up the municipality, elect good people to office, fight the saloon out of existence, guard the Lord's day in the name of needed rest and worship, and see to it that the devil does not get a hold on everything, and the church be shoved into a corner; but as for us and our house, we will serve ourselves. The people who are always reforming things are disagreeable; they are cranks and agitators. I wonder how many people who never go out of their lazy indifference and their criminal neglect of their own duty have reflected how much they owe to these "agitators." If no one had ever agitated for temperance we should have the saloon on our necks here; burden-bearing is to be avoided by the people who want to create in the end an unhappy home life. It may be very peaceable outwardly. It may contain in it all the elements of outward gayety, but any home which completely thrusts off its responsibilities for the reform of the world is an unhappy home.

Selfishness and Negligence

Fifth, to make an unhappy home let every day of this family begin with some act of selfishness. Let the man come down in the morning and read the morning paper at the table and ignore his children; let the woman complain of everything under heaven and on earth; let the Bible be covered up with the daily press. Let the man spend more for luxuries and needless habits throughout the day than he does for religious instruction. When night comes let the children run the streets as long and as late as they choose. Begin the day without God, and end it without God, and if this does not make an unhappy home in time I do not know what will.

Alongside this sharp position as outlines of absolute indifference to righteousness may be found all gradations in the homes of the people. Most of us probably would be shocked to lay down any such rule of life as that which has been embraced under these five heads, but the introduction of any one of them would be enough to create a serious trouble, the final result of which might easily be the dissolution of the family. After a dish has become cracked even a little, it takes only a little additional heat to crack it clear across until it breaks in two, and the unhappy homes of the world can certainly be accounted for without going into any philosophical reasons. We have already suggested what is true,—that is, that in the choice of life partners there are undoubtedly very many men and women who are what might be called not well-mated. The time of acquaintance, of courtship, has been perhaps comparatively brief. There has not been opportunity for a thorough understanding on the part of two people of each other's habits and tastes and characteristics. They become married, and in that relationship very soon learn things they had not dreamed of in regard to the characteristics, each of the other. Then comes

The Test of Married Life

Will it stand the test of this close and constant relationship, of this revealing of new characteristics, any one of which perhaps may not be agreeable? It is only fair to say that it will not stand the test unless there is mutual willingness to bear and forbear, to forgive, to wait, and to acknowledge the great fact that true love is a solvent for practically every trouble, and homes break down and families become disrupted because on one side or the other or both the heroism of love and the patience of love and the wisdom of love are not pushed to their heroic limits. We know there have been what seemed to be the most mismated marriages which became in the end happy and useful.

It is no more than fair that in as much as we have given a recipe for unhappy homes, we should also give one for happy homes. The negative is never as strong as the affirmative. If we know how an unhappy home may be made we certainly know how a happy home can be made.

The first thing which must be put into the home is God. We have said this so often that it sounds like repetition. It is repetition. It is not new. It is as old as creation. It is trite; but in spite of that it is an eternal truth. Everything that is good for anything is old. So we say: A home must have God in it to insure its happiness.

Second: This home which starts with God should have a programme which is in the nature of daily convictions on the right kind of living. It should be laid down as a practical rule that simply having great quantities of things does not mean happiness. Simple habits of eating, simple habits of thinking, simple habits of philosophy where questions arise concerning the social demands of life are all in order in the happy home.

In the third place, our recipe for a happy home will always tie up the family to some kind of reform; that is, the real joyous life of the world must always have some contact with the heart of the world itself. We should like, if we consulted our own selfish inclinations, to cut ourselves off from the hard and disagreeable duties of making a better world. The fact is, a better world cannot be made unless somebody bears the cross; and I do not believe it is the Christian thing for any person or group of persons to decide that they will lead an easy, indulgent life and leave the other man to form some society or organization while they go their own ways.

Lifelong Love

In the fourth place, our recipe for a happy home includes of necessity the determination on the part of husband and wife to remain lovers as long as they remain alive. The love of courtship is a flickering candlelight compared with the noonday sun of a lifelong love.

Last of all, our recipe for a happy home goes back to the place where we started. The repetition of the same old, trite, worn, but eternal truth: love of God, love of men, faith in the eternal things—this lies at the heart of the blessed, happy home. With this divine seal upon it the family may expect to grow up and blossom out into the most beautiful organization ever known to mankind. There is, in the right sense of the word, no place on earth like home. It occupies the first place among the organizations of the world known to men. Its place can never be supplied by anything else. The home is a unique thing, and it will always occupy its unique place in the world.

May He who gives us this blessing help us in all wisdom so to build up our homes that they shall be every one of them happy abodes where God shall feel himself to be honored and welcomed every time the door is opened. "If any man lack wisdom let him ask of God, who giveth to all liberally," and in the wisdom which comes down from above let us build up our homes to reach even unto heaven; and when we have done our work here, when we have accomplished our destiny, let us not forget that for the children of God there is a home not made with hands, eternal in the heavens; for Jesus said, "In my Father's house are many mansions," or as we might translate it, "homes." "If it were not so I would have told you, for I go to prepare a place for you."

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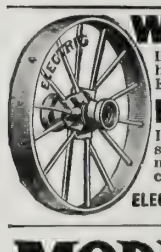

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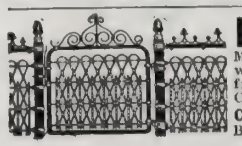

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The Quality of Mercy*

OUR Lord's teaching differs from that of the teaching of the churches in the present day, in the emphasis he placed on character. A candidate for church membership now must show that his beliefs are correct, rather than that he is kind and gentle and helpful, if he desires to be accepted. When a clergyman is arraigned before his judges, the test he must meet is usually his belief in some recondite doctrine, rather than his treatment of the sick and the poor of his congregation. His usefulness may have been beyond praise, but if he has any doubt about the creeds, he is condemned. Christ did not follow this method. It was the Samaritan whose creed was heterodox that he praised, because of his kindness and benevolence. So here, the merciless servant who takes his fellow-servant by the throat is an abomination to the Saviour. The man's orthodoxy does not save him if he is cruel and merciless.

The threat that God will have no mercy on the merciless, ought not to be needed by any Christian. He should have no disposition to be cruel. If he has, he does not belong to Christ and has not his spirit though he be a deacon or an elder. The Christian is a man whose character is changed, who has become like Christ. None can mistake for a Christian the man who uses his power to injure another, who uses his capital to ruin another's business, who presses an obligation against an unfortunate debtor unnecessarily, who is vindictive against one who has done him wrong, or who is uncharitable to the fallen. The love that hopeth all things is not in him.

It is the consciousness of his position before God, in the past rather than in the future, that affects the Christian. He remembers how patient God has been with him, how forbearing and long-suffering he has showed himself in not discharging the unprofitable servant, that is a restraint on his own conduct. He becomes merciful as God is merciful, and loves much because he has been forgiven much. To the world Christ said, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy"; but of his own people he expects the spontaneous exercise of mercy, which is exercised independent of threat or of hope of reward.

Wise Use of Time†

NOTHING surprises a man who has reached mid-life, more than the realization of the extent to which he has drifted. In business pursuits or in his studies he may have made a plan in his youth and have followed it; but his moral and spiritual character may have been influenced by his surroundings and his experiences to an astonishing degree. A moral lapse, or the influence of an associate, or a business disappointment, or family troubles draw him out of his course and send him in an entirely new direction. To a greater or less degree he resembles the wave of the sea, that James describes as "driven by the wind and tossed." Life seems to have slipped away under him.

A young man needs to understand this possibility. He should have a definite end and aim, and should keep them steadily in view. A new occupation, a new relation in life, a change of residence should be to him, not a matter of inclination or impulse, nor of the balancing of worldly advantages, but of how his chief end in life will be affected by the change. That he may make a mistake is possible. The thing that seemed to promise help and development may prove an obstacle. But what then? Shall he lie down and consider himself defeated? Shall he abandon his aim? Too many do that and, during the remainder of their lives, drift like a log on the sea. Should he not rather, perceiving that his life is in danger of shipwreck, put forth new energy that he may overcome the unexpected obstacle? A heavy loss comes to a young business man. If he is weak he bemoans it and takes refuge in the bankruptcy court. If he is strong, he reduces his expenses, studies the markets more carefully, curtails his purchases, takes more pains and works harder and eventually retrieves the disaster. The experience has been useful to him in developing his powers, as well as in saving his good name. Moral and spiritual progress comes in the same way. There are falls and stumbles, but it is how the man acts after them that shows his character. If he rises and resumes the struggle, weak and sore possibly, but determined, he will succeed. He will be saved from the saddening depressed feeling, at the end of his life, of having drifted and wasted his time.

*Topic of the Epworth League for March 8. Matt. 18: 23-35; Luke 1: 11.

†Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for March 8. Eph. 5: 15-21.

The Unconquerable Hope

Continued from page 174

aware that another young man and another and another sprang up; he knew only that the impressions of the moment would remain with him, overshadowing all other impressions of life, until he died. There came, first of all, in one pang, the bitter loneliness of the coming years, accompanied by the knowledge that he had never been really acquainted with his boy; then a sharper stab of intolerable envy of these two men, Bastian and Arnold, one old, the other young, who, whenever they died, would die young, their lives "pouring in full torrent over a precipice," because of their mad devotion to an idea. He could not understand them, these nurses of unconquerable hope, Lambert, Dana, Roe, Bastian, even though there was added to them his own son, who said slowly,

"I will go back with you to Africa."

Called Higher

Mrs. A. E. Ford, a noble Christian woman, who died lately at her home at Blue Mountain, Miss., had been a great sufferer for many years.

Mrs. C. W. Caffray, of Stockholm, N. J., passed to her reward December 23, 1907, aged fifty-nine years. She walked with God forty-six years. The Bible was her daily food and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD her most welcome visitor.

Mrs. S. VanDell, who passed away in Brooklyn, New York, recently, was a sincere Christian all her life and an old reader of this journal. She will long be remembered for her charity, and the beautiful influence of her home life.

Mrs. M. J. Hinman, a noble woman, was called home recently, at Blue Ridge, Peoria Co., Ill. She was a faithful member of the Congregational Church, and a noble Christian character who will be greatly missed.

Mrs. Harriet Asberry Keck passed from earth December 27 last, aged eighty-six. She was a reader of this paper for many years, also a faithful Christian since her childhood and member of the First Presbyterian Church of Greenville, Pa., for nearly sixty years.

Alfred Hill Avery, one of the most prominent business men of Gloversville, N. Y., passed away recently. He was the son of Rev. Royal A. Avery, and was born in Wallingford, Vt., in 1823. All his life he was a consistent Christian, an active church member, and a man of many Christian activities. He had many friends throughout the State. He was a reader of this journal for many years, and employed it to do missionary work by circulating it among his friends. Mr. Avery is survived by a daughter, Mrs. C. H. Silvernail, of Gloversville, and a son, Mr. W. J. Avery, of Troy, N. Y.

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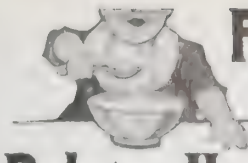

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The Highest Town in the World

Continued from page 163

from the town being nearly three miles above the sea level. In the summer season, which corresponds to winter in the North, the rains come and outdoor life is disagreeable, but no more so than during a rainy November or March in New York or Pennsylvania. In the winter months, such as July and August, frequently the thermometer drops just below freezing point and the streams are covered with a thin film of ice and the ground coated with hoarfrost, while the mountain-tops are covered with snow. At most seasons, the cheery open-grate fires in the homes of the Americans are very pleasant. Yet the climate is not a rigorous one—nothing like Chicago, for instance.

Of course, life at so high an altitude has its drawbacks, and there is a very definite limit to human activity. The most serious inconvenience is the *soroche* or mountain sickness. This is not simply the result of the rarified air which is experienced at high altitudes everywhere. By many authorities, *soroche* is held to be peculiar to the Andes and to be due to the exhalations of vegetable and mineral matter. Sometimes its manifestations are violent—intense headache, pain at the base of the brain, and extreme nausea. I was fortunate enough to escape with a mild attack. After reaching Cerro de Pasco I went to bed with a slight headache, which wore off in a couple of hours. Sleep, however, could not be coaxed, and this lack of sound slumber, with the consequent strain on the nerves, is what wears out most of the employees of the mining company, who have to remain for months at a time without the chance to change to the lower districts. Yet, in spite of the rarified atmosphere, they accustom themselves to pretty vigorous sports. Bowling is a favorite indoor amusement, and out of doors I saw several games of baseball in progress. When regular sports are held, a young American who has been in the district for five years usually wins the foot-races over the natives.

Within the last three years a great change has taken place in the means of reaching Cerro de Pasco. When the mines were discovered by an Indian shepherd in 1630, and they were worked for silver instead of copper, the only route was over a perilous trail. Yet the Spaniards soon had regular communication, the rich ore being brought down to Lima and the seaport, more than 200 miles, by pack trains composed of llamas, and later of donkeys and mules. This was the only means of transportation for nearly 250 years. Then Henry Meiggs, the American, by an arrangement with the Peruvian government, started in to build what is still the most wonderful railway in the world. This is the Central, or as it is better known, the Oroya Railway. It zigzags up the mountain sides and through the canyons, by a marvelous series of switchbacks and tunnels, and crosses the Andes in the Galera tunnel at an elevation of 15,655 feet, or three miles above sea level. Nothing in the Alps or in the Rockies compares with the engineering triumphs of this railroad, nor, as I think, with the majesty of the Andine scenery.

After leaving Galera the railway runs down grade to Oroya, but not so much down grade, since the altitude in this place is more than 12,000 feet. From Oroya the American Mining Company has built a line to Cerro de Pasco, 85 miles in length, and it now is possible to leave Lima in the morning and reach Cerro the same night.

While Cerro, being so high up, is bleak and desolate, it is possible by a three hours' trip on mule-back to start down the continental divide toward the Amazon basin, and to look on the tropical vegetation of sugar cane, coffee, fruits and flowers, with broad rivers winding through fertile valleys and with a climate that is soft and sweet.

LIVING BREAD

By MRS. M. BAXTER

TO the Samaritan woman Jesus had said, "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst," and now he says, "I am the bread of life; he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst." God has so ordered it that he himself should be the Complement of man, and that man without him should be always unfilled, unsatisfied. A man's life without God is always on the stretch after an impossible something. Whether this hunger is the vain desire to know the future, like the ancient astrologists, whether it is the wild idea of turning everything into gold, like the old alchemists, whether it is the equally wild idea of an elysium by dividing up capital, there is a hunger, a need, a craving for something beyond, which God alone can satisfy. In the Church of God itself, how much there is of hunger which is unsatisfied—hunger for spiritual self-satisfaction, thirst for a conscious, felt holiness, for a power which can be gloried in, and which will carry all before it. But nothing of all this is Jesus himself.

When, however, we have taken him as our all in all, our life, and our bread to sustain that life, the source of all blessing, all power, all wisdom, all joy, the one resting-place of our hearts—when we cease to expect from ourselves or from others what only he can give, and what only he can be, then everything is changed; the old wretched hunger, the dissatisfaction with ourselves, with others and with everything, gives way to an intense, quiet, deep satisfaction in him. The circumstances may be all wrong, but he controls them; we ourselves may be all wrong, but he who is with us is at hand to put all right; we may be perplexed, but perfect Wisdom is Maker of the situation, and we cannot have the old despair while we are believing in him for all.

The people said to Jesus, "Give us this bread." "I am the bread of life," he answered; "but I said unto you, That ye also have seen me, and believe not. All that the Father giveth me shall come to me; and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." Here are the two sides—the secret of his own whom the Father has given to him, known only to him and his Father, but also the open declaration, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." We have only to do with the latter, and to rejoice and praise him that none who come to him, whatever the errand on which they come, will be cast out. And this is his Father's will as much as his, "For I came down from heaven," he says, in reference to this very thing, "not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me."

There are many who will come to a meeting, or come to talk with Christian friends, or come to read a religious book, who yet do not come face to face with God. But the promise is, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out," and "He . . . shall never hunger."

Our blessed Lord goes on to show how the bread which God sent from heaven to his people in the desert only sustained natural life. "Your fathers did eat manna in the wilderness, and are dead." But there is a life which the death of the body cannot touch, which is eternal as God's own life. "He that believeth on me hath everlasting life."

You Ask Me

YOU ask me how I gave my heart to Christ?
I do not know. [ago.
There came a yearning for him in my soul so long
I found earth's flowers would fade and die—
I wept for something that could satisfy;
And then—and then somehow I seemed to dare
To lift my broken heart to him in prayer.
I do not know—I cannot tell you how;
I only know he is my Saviour now.

You ask me when I gave my heart to Christ?
I cannot tell. [well.
The day, or just the hour, I do not now remember
It must have been when I was all alone
The light of his forgiving Spirit shone
Into my heart, so clouded o'er with sin;
I think I think—'twas then I let him in.
I do not know—I cannot tell you when;
I only know he is so dear since then.

You ask me where I gave my heart to Christ?
I cannot say. [terday.
That sacred place has faded from my sight as yes-
Perhaps he thought it better I should not
Remember where. How I should love that spot!
I think I could not tear myself away,
For I should wish forever there to stay.
I do not know—I cannot tell you where;
I only know he came and blessed me there.

You ask me why I gave my heart to Christ?
I can reply;
It is a wondrous story; listen while I tell you why.
My heart was drawn, at length, to seek his face;
I was alone, I had no resting-place;
I heard how he had loved me with a love
Of depth so great—of height so far above
All human ken; I longed such love to share,
And sought it then, upon my knees in prayer.

You ask me why I thought this loving Christ
Would heed my prayer?
I knew he died upon the cross for me—
I nailed him there.
I heard his dying cry, "Father, forgive!"
I saw him drain death's cup that I might live;
My head was bowed upon my breast in shame!
He called me—and in penitence I came.
He heard my prayer! I cannot tell you how,
Nor when, nor where: only—I love him now.

—*Selected.*

Bryan on Foreign Missions

HON. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN delivered an address in the old historical Presbyterian Church, Washington, D. C., recently, on the subject of "Foreign Missions." He enumerated the principal objections that are raised against our sending missionaries to foreign and heathen lands, and then proceeded to answer those objections. On his trip around the world, he had visited many places where we have missionaries, and he had witnessed the good work that is being done by them.

Buddhism, Mohammedanism and Confucianism had not progressed in the last two thousand years. In one matter, however, the Mohammedan religion excels our own, and that is, it gets the men out to worship, while in our country, about 75 per cent. of the men do not attend church services.

Mr. Bryan maintains that the signs indicate that the entire world is progressing and growing better materially, politically and morally. Illiteracy is decreasing in every country in the world, and the people in Japan, and even in Russia and China, are demanding more popular forms of government, which is, of course, an indication of advancement and improvement.

Admires the Red Letter Bible

Dear Dr. Klopsch: Yesterday morning I had the pleasure of receiving your free and generous gift, and I am fervently thankful to God for enabling his international servants in New York to reproduce the precious volume in such queenly covering and plates of instructive information. What a blessed contrast to the time in the eighteenth century, when a Dublin publisher was compelled to have a subscription list to encourage him to engage in the same work, in which I rejoice to say my grandmother's name, Jane Armstrong (friend and co-worker in Ireland with Rev. John Wesley), and the names of her sons, Newcomen and John, my father, appear.

Longford, Ireland. ROBERT ARMSTRONG.

BRAIN POWER

Increased by Proper Feeding.

A lady writer who not only has done goo literary work, but reared a family, found Grape-Nuts the ideal food for brain work a to develop healthy children. She writes:

"I am an enthusiastic proclaimer of Grap Nuts as a regular diet. I formerly had appetite in the morning and for 8 years whi nursing my four children, had insufficie nourishment for them.

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"Within a week I had plenty of brea milk, and felt stronger within two weeks. wrote evenings and feeling the need of sus tained brain power, began eating a sma saucer of Grape-Nuts with milk instead c my usual indigestible hot pudding, pie, c cake for dessert at night.

"Grape-Nuts did wonders for me and learned to like it. I did not mind my house work or mother's cares, for I felt strong an full of 'go.' I grew plump, nerves strong and when I wrote my brain was active an clear; indeed, the dull head pain neve returned."

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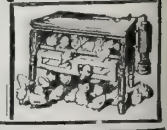

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so well known as the "Leading American Seed Catalog." It is mailed **FREE to all.** Better write **TO-DAY.**

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

See SPECIAL SEED OFFER on Fourth Cover Page of Jan. 30th Issue

"GRANDMA HILL'S" WAY

THERE is a kindly-faced old lady in Emporia, Kan., who is noted for her benefactions. Her whole life is spent in behalf of others, and in good works. Mrs. Julia A. Hill might even be said to lead the list of philanthropists in this and other countries, for while they give munificently of their millions, Mrs. Hill gives literally her all.

"Grandma Hill," as she is known to her friends, is eighty years old, and was born in Mechlinburg, Pa. She has been a widow for fourteen years and lives alone in a tiny three-room cottage. This house is owned by a son of the old lady, and she lives in it rent-free. Her sole income is from a small property which she owns in another State. Interested friends have arranged that she can draw from this only a stipulated portion at

Mrs. Julia A. Hill

intervals, lest she give the whole away at once, and so come to want.

Like Margaret, of New Orleans, Grandma Hill spends nothing for clothing for herself. She supplies her needs in that line from the "rug rags" which people send in to her, knowing her liking for rug-making. She sets aside $25 each year for table expenses, and holds herself strictly to this limit, which is eked out by the vegetables from her small garden plot, which she herself is still able to cultivate.

"Bless you, I am not poor," laughs the dear, sunny old lady; "I feel so rich! I read the other day that wealth is having all that you need. I have everything I need, everything," emphasizing the assertion lest it should be doubted.

"The giving," she continued. "Oh, I love to give, so I deserve no credit for doing it. It's second nature, and I couldn't help giving to save my life. I have always given even when a child. My mother trained me to it."

Mrs. Hill has several pet philanthropies, among them various orphans' homes and Crittenden homes, foreign missions, the Bowery Mission Bread Line and Prohibition work. To these she gives the larger part of her yearly income, in sums varying from $10 to $25. Much of her giving is done through the agency of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, though to some causes she sends direct.

Almost every day of the week, except Sunday, and far into the night, she may be found sorting, cutting and sewing, knitting her rugs and piecing comforters. Until recently, she has never kept track of the amount accomplished. Within the past five years, she has made and sent to orphan asylums and like institutions nearly three hundred rugs and twenty-five comforters. Two years ago, she dried seventy pounds of fruit for "her orphans." Only those who have ever dried fruit can know the amount of work this entailed. Besides these things, she makes and sends scrap-books and various trifles for entertainment or utility. She packs her own boxes, and prepays charges on all that she sends—an example to the charitably inclined.

The old lady's rooms furnish an interesting study. They are filled with little mementoes from admiring friends, always given with the laughing stipulation that "you keep this." The furniture is of the plainest and astonishingly changeable in character, for never a piece remains with Grandma, if she finds some one needing it worse than she does. Once she tore up the ingrain carpet from her own floor to give it to a needy neighbor. In its place is perhaps the most wonderful floor covering ever seen, for it is made of small scraps of various patterns of ingrain carpet put together patch-work fashion. It supplies warmth, and Grandma treads it as complacently as though it were Brussels.

Like Carnegie, Mrs. Hill is terribly afraid of dying possessed of property, and is trying to devise means to avoid that "disgrace."

LILLIE GILLILAND MCDOWELL.

Lecompton, Kan.

A Centenarian Preacher Dead

REV. ANGUS JOHNSON, the oldest minister of the Southern Presbyterian Church, died at Avalon, Texas, recently. He was in his one hundredth year, and was probably the oldest minister in this country. A member of the Presbytery of Dallas, he continued to supply his charge at Avalon until a short time before his death.

He was born in Robeson County, N. C., but moved to Cheraw, S. C., at the age of fifteen, and soon after united with the Presbyterian Church. At nineteen he was received by Harmony Presbytery as a candidate for the ministry. In 1838 he was ordained to the full work of the ministry by Fayettville Presbytery and installed pastor of Philadelphia and Union Churches, N. C. In 1843 he organized the church at Water Valley, Miss., and served as its pastor until 1860, in connection with the Sand Spring and Centreville Churches. From 1860 to 1870 he was pastor of the Philadelphia, Hudsonville and Spring Creek Churches in Mississippi. Thence he went to Tennessee and was pastor of Rocky Mount and Ebenezer Churches for nine years. He next served the Dunedin and Johnson Lake Churches in Florida for three years.

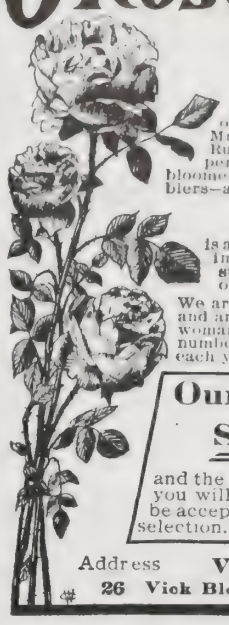
Removing to Texas in 1886, he became pastor of the Avalon Church, and served it until his death. During the past twenty years he organized several churches in Ellis County, and supplied them most of the time, together with the Avalon charge, which required long rides through the country.

Mr. Johnson was in active service as a minister for seventy-two years. A remarkably vigorous man, he never passed the "dead line." In 1906 he and his wife visited the Southern General Assembly at Greenville, S. C., and were enthusiastically received. A few weeks later he made the address at the seventieth anniversary of the organization of the church at Cheraw, S. C. He leaves two children and his second wife. His death followed only two or three weeks after that of his nephew, Rev. Dr. Josephus Johnson, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Austin, Tex., who had bequeathed to his uncle a substantial sum for his remaining days.

REV. EDWARD J. YOUNG.

Bartow, Fla.

6 Rose Bushes FREE



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and the Magazine for the remainder of the year 1908, if you will send us **35c.** We suggest that the offer be accepted **at once** in order to obtain the best selection. Fill out Coupon and mail today.

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In the Starlight When You and I Were Young, Annie Battle of Bunker Hill Black Eyed Susan Killarney Speed Away, Speed Away Come Back to Erin Where's Rosanna Gone? Spring, Gentle Spring The Maiden's Prayer Old Dan Tucker Old Grimes My Bible Leads to Glory When I Can Read My Title Clear Star of Bethlehem I'll Hang My Harp on a Willow Tree Old Tubal Cain Sing, Sweet Bird Molly, Put the Kettle On We're a' Noddin' My Mother's Bible Where Was Moses When the Light Went Out? Come Home, Father The Danube River By the Blue Alsatian Mountains Hickory, Dickory Dock Take Back the Heart Obi Kang Gore The Old Oaken Bucket Home, Sweet Home Star Spangled Banner Hail Columbia Camptown Gongs Hare' the Ryes Robin Adair Annie Laurie When the Swallows Homeward Fly Ben Bolt Uncle Ned Rock a Bye Baby Seaside Cottage Kind Words Can Never Die Little Buttercup The Heart Bowed Down Life on the Ocean Wave Columbia, Gem of the Ocean Marseillaise Hymn Paddle Your Own Canoe Kathleen Mavourneen Don't You Go, Tommy Up in a Balloon Ring on, Sweet Angelus Soldier's Farewell Johnny Morgan Nancy Lee Man in the Moon Billy Boy Bell o' Baltimore My Heart with Love is Beating Our Flag is There My Little Wife and I Over the Garden Wall Let Me Dream Again Do They Think of Me at Home? When the Band Begins to Play The Years Have Passed Within a Mile of Edmboro Town Good-Bye, Charlie I Wish You Well, etc., etc.

This well-made book of **128** pages, containing the above list of songs and many others, more than 250 in all, words and music, in attractive **Colored Covers,** will be sent by mail postpaid together with **The Housewife** all the rest of this year for only **25 Cents. The Housewife** has been published for nearly 25 years. It comprises from 20 to 32 pages each issue, is printed on good paper and is Clean, Bright, Timely, Helpful and always Interesting. Our complete and serial stories are of good moral tone, are written by first-class authors and are a special and attractive feature. Departments are devoted to The Kitchen, Fancy Work, The Home Nook and The Social Circle. The latter department is, as one subscriber writes, "As good as a visit from one's friend." We believe that there is room in your home for **The Housewife** and know that you will enjoy its visits when once you become a reader. There is no other paper just like it and if you pay a dollar a year you cannot get any better reading matter. On receipt of only 25 cents we will send **The Housewife** on trial and the **250 Good Old Songs** as above described. We guarantee complete satisfaction or refund the money. Remit by P. O. order or in postage stamps. Address

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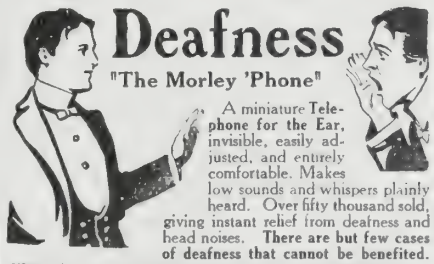
Deafness



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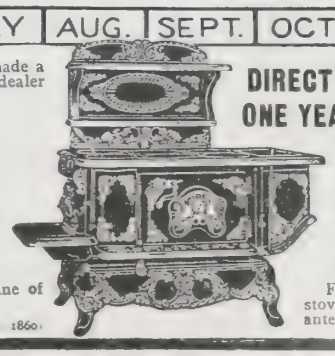

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Building and Barn Plans— Architects Advice

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Nevada, Mo.

Will say I am very much pleased with material, especially the dimensions. Have had several contractors to see the lumber and they were well pleased with it. Will order 8 or 10 cars in the spring. —J. FOWLER.

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I received my carload of lumber from you and it was O. K. in every respect. It will advertise itself in my locality and I am sure it will bring you several orders from here. —WM. RASCHKA.

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Carload of lumber arrived. Everything satisfactory. Our lumber merchants inspected the lumber and admitted for the purpose we wanted, it was a very good bargain. We had ten big loads. Very glad we sent our order to you as we got better value for our money than expected.—Mrs. C. JONES.

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Hope we can deal together again for I am pleased to know that you are an honest Company and do what is right. If I need any more lumber will be sure to deal with you. —ALEX CAIRNS.

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Building and Barn Plans— Architects Advice

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Make up a list of what you need. Send it to us for our price. If you are putting up a building of any kind whatsoever let us figure with you. ***Our prices talk louder than words.*** Have your carpenter or contractor send us your list of what is needed if he has charge of your building. Don't pay exorbitant prices to the lumber trust with their long line of lumber yards all over the country. Don't let the local dealer soak you with his heavy profit. Remember: Chicago House Wrecking Company buys millions of feet at a time under circumstances of forced sales which mean sacrificed prices and enables us to sell even as low as cost without loss. You take no chances in dealing with the Chicago House Wrecking Company. Whether for $1 or $10,000 your order will be filled carefully. Our lumber and supplies are guaranteed exactly as represented. If you have no need for a whole carload yourself, get your neighbors to club in with you. By buying a carload you can save all kinds of money on freight charges. We have railroad trains running through our main warehouses and buildings and can load a car to good advantage for you. You can include in this same car, pipe, plumbing material, roofing, wire, fencing, furniture, hardware and merchandise of every kind.

We also furnish you building and barn plans absolutely free upon request. Write us for any information or advice you want and we will have our staff of architects answer every inquiry promptly. Our free book of plans is sent if you mention this paper. We simplify your building proposition.

Our business demands quick action. We must keep our stocks moving. This means prompt shipment — no annoying delays. Let us help you lay out your plans. We will relieve you of every detail. That is what our Special Builder Service is for. Be sure and send us your lumber bill for our estimate. Feel free to write for anything you want to know along the line of building and building supplies. All questions cheerfully answered.

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WE PURCHASE OUR GOODS AT SHERIFFS' and RECEIVERS' SALES

Don't Build Your House, Barn, Store, Corn Cribs, Church, Etc., without getting our big lumber offer.

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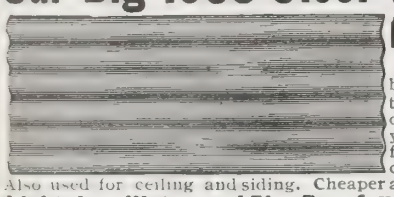

100 SQ. FT. $1.50

Most economical and durable roof covering known. Easy to lay, no tools but a hatchet or hammer. Will last many years with ordinary care. Ideal for houses, barns, stores, churches and out-buildings. Also used for ceiling and siding. Cheaper and lasts longer than shingles. ***Lightning, Water and Fire Proof.*** Will stand the elements best of all. Makes your building cooler in summer and warmer in winter. Will not taint rain-water. We are headquarters for roofing. Our prices defy competition. Read our offer: Absolutely perfect, brand new, No. 15 grade, semi-hardened Steel Roofing and Siding per 100 sq. ft. ***$1.50.*** Each sheet 24 in. wide and 24 in. long. Our prices on corrugated, like illustration, 22 in. wide and 24 in. long ***$1.75.*** For 25 cents per sq. additional we furnish sheets 6 and 8 ft. long. Steel pressed brick siding per sq. ***$2.00.*** Fine steel beaded ceiling, per sq. ***$2.00.*** Can furnish standing Seam or "V" crimped.

WE PAY THE FREIGHT to all points East of Colorado except Oklahoma, Texas and Indian Territory. Quotations to other points on application. This freight prepaid proposition only refers to the steel roofing offered in this advertisement. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. We will send this roofing to any one answering this advertisement C. O. D., with privilege of examination if you send 25 per cent of the amount you order in cash; balance to be paid after material reaches your station. If not found as represented refuse the shipment and we will refund your deposit.

Lowest Prices on Millwork Supplies, Roofing, Water Supply Outfits, Paints, Plumbing Supplies, Hardware, Heating Outfits, Furniture, Carpets, Linoleum, Etc.

PAINT, 30c Per Gallon

Barn Paint, in bbl. lots. per gallon,.....***30c***
Cold Water Paint, celebrated Asbestine brand, outside use, fully guaranteed, best assortment colors, 50 lb. lots, per lb..... ***3c***
"Perfection" Mixed Paints, per gal.....***75c***
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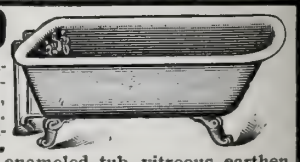
Varnishes Supplies

Bath Tubs, $6.00



300 "New Style" metal tubs, finest galvanized steel, finished inside with Special white japanned enamel. Nicely finished outside. Heavy wood rim. Length 5 ft. While they last, ***$6.00.*** 5½ ft. ***$6.40.*** Handsome porcelain tubs with 3-in. roll rim. Seamless. White enameled on inside, finest nickel-plated fittings, each ***$14.*** Full line of other tubs up to ***$25.***

BATH ROOM OUTFITS $25. With steel enameled tub, vitreous earthen closet bowl, polished hardwood seat and tank, handsome enameled lavatory, all nickle trimmings, complete, ready to install, ***$25.*** Other complete combinations at ***$37.50, $50.00, $54.00*** up to ***$150.00.***

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"Eagle" Brand Prepared Roofing. Composed of two and three sheets of carefully saturated felt; between sheets water-proof insoluble cement; compressed together making a solid flexible sheet with layers of composition thoroughly combined. Practically fire-proof against sparks and cinders. 32 in. wide, about 40 ft. long, 108 sq. ft. to the roll. ***2 ply per sq.....60c 3 ply per sq .....90c*** Roofing cement, caps and nails, additional per square ***35c***

"Rubberized Galvo" Roofing. This is highest grade roof covering manufactured. Absolutely nothing finer. No coating necessary. Practically indestructible. Water-proof fire and lightning proof. Brand new. Its base is the strongest and best wool felt obtainable closely woven and especially made to meet severe roofing conditions. It is weather-proof, fire resisting. No tar, asphaltum or paper used in its manufacture. It will last from 20 to 50 yrs, depending upon the ply you purchase and local conditions. It is easy to lay. We furnish nails and caps, as well as sufficient to make laps. Our price is per 108 square feet as follows: ***1 ply.....$1.35 2 ply.....$1.55 3 ply.....$1.75***

DOORS 40c WINDOWS 29c

1,000 Good Doors, various sizes, secured by us in connection with our dismantling operations. Most of them with hardware. Prices range from ***40c up.*** Fancy front doors, all modern designs, ***$2.95 up.*** 10,000 windows, ***29c up.*** All sizes. ***Mill Work Bargains.*** Complete line of everything. Barn sash, 6 sizes, ***40c up.*** Cellar sash, ***43c up.*** Mouldings for every purpose, ***1c*** per ft. Porch columns ***$2.60*** Stair Newells, ***$3.25.*** Stair Rail, ***12 1-2c*** per ft. Door Trim, ***70c.*** Window Trim, ***90c.*** Base blocks, ***4 1-2c*** each. Quarter Round, ***50c*** per 100 feet. Hardwood Thresholds, ***7c.*** Porch Brackets, ***7C.*** Porch Spindles, ***2c.*** We handle everything in the building supply line. ***Send Us Your Lumber Bill For Our Estimate.*** Order today.

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This Wonderful Bargain Book is just out and ready to be sent to you at once. It is a book such as every shrewd buyer must have. ***500 pages*** with thousands of items of the very best merchandise and supplies bought at Sheriffs' and Receivers' Sales. It will pay you to keep it handy. Its pages contain a full record of what we still have on hand from the wonderful St. Louis Worlds' Fair. Merchandise, machinery and supplies, articles for everyone. You will find it useful in the home, in the workshop or in the office. Write today.

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CHICAGO HOUSE WRECKING COMPANY, 35th and Iron Streets, CHICAGO, ILL.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

SUBSCRIPTION, $1.50 PER ANNUM
PUBLISHED 52 TIMES A YEAR

Copyright, 1908, by Louis Klopsch

New York, March 4, 1908

VOL. 31–NO. 10. PRICE 5 CENTS
OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

From a Photograph taken for "The Christian Herald"

SEE PAGE 187

Russian Pilgrims Bathing in the Waters of the Jordan

Questions and Answers

L. A. T., Westminster, S. C. Is it possible that Judas could have been forgiven and admitted to heaven, seeing that he repented?

No man has the right to pronounce in these matters. God alone has the prerogative. To us, judging by the Scriptures, it seems impossible that Judas could have been forgiven, but his doom was in God's hands. Jesus is represented as calling him "the son of perdition" (John 17: 12). There is little doubt that he was amazed and was stricken with consternation, when he saw that Jesus was submissive at his arrest. Judas evidently expected that he would deliver himself by his miraculous power and would become a king. He probably had no idea that he was sending Jesus to his death. Hence his remorse when he saw that his plot had failed.

G. H., Detroit, Mich. When were the different members of the Supreme Court of the United States appointed?

Chief Justice Melville W. Fuller, of Illinois, was appointed in 1888. The Associate Justices as follows: John M. Harlan, in 1877; David J. Brewer, 1889; Edward D. White, 1894; Rufus W. Peckham, 1895; Joseph McKenna, 1898; Oliver W. Holmes, 1902; William R. Day, 1903; William H. Moody, 1906. They were appointed by the Presidents who were in office at the dates given. The question you sent in regard to their religious affiliations you should send to the judges themselves.

F. P. W., Los Angeles, Calif. 1. Does it not please God as well if each member of a family kneel at the bedside before retiring and offer prayer, as to have family prayer in the usual way when one or more of the family cannot be present? 2. Is it right to advertise in a Sunday paper or hang out a business sign on the Sabbath day? 3. Is it not just as wrong to buy on the Sabbath day as it is to sell?

1. Family prayers in the good old-fashioned way, with all the available members present, is the best. It promotes the spirituality of the entire household as nothing else can. 2 and 3. The day is the Lord's and no business should be done on that day, either personally or by other agencies.

A. B., New York City. Please give list of principal wars and pestilences of the last century.

Napoleonic wars, 1800-1815; United States and England, 1812-1815; Greek Independence, 1821-1828; Mexican War, 1846-1847; Crimean, 1854-1856; Italian, 1859; United States Civil War, 1861-1865; Seven Weeks' War of 1866, Prussia defeats Austria; Franco-Prussian, 1870; Russo-Turkish, 1877; Chinese-Japanese, 1894-1895; Spanish-American War, 1898; South African War, began 1899, ended 1902. Pestilences: In the East, 1800; Spain, 1804-1805; Asiatic cholera in Great Britain and in England again, in 1848-1849; cholera in Constantinople, Paris, Naples; new disease in Dublin in 1866; plague in Astrakhan, yellow fever epidemics in South and in Cuba.

J. G. C., of Manchester, N. H., kindly sends the following in regard to a recent question:

Old Subscriber, of Omaha, Neb., asks you what is the meaning of the name Connecticut. The Indian name is *Kwenitewq*, Long River. I think there is no pine in it. The English used the letter "Q" and the French the letter "K," and it finally came to the use of the letter "C." Pine was "Coa" in English and "Koa" in French. The Indian name in local term for Connecticut was *Kwenitegok*, which meant "At the long river."

C. P. A., Centreville, Mo. 1 What is the wealth of the United States, England, Germany, Russia, Italy, France, Austria, Hungary? 2. How long will the Panama Canal be? 3. Who is President of Panama? 4. Where does Andrew Carnegie live?

1. The wealth of the United States is $116,000,000,000; Great Britain and Ireland, $62,200,000,000; Germany, $42,800,000,000; Russia, $35,000,000,000; Italy, $13,000,000,000; France, $42,800,000,000; Austria-Hungary, $20,000,000,000. 2. The Panama Canal will be forty-six miles long. 3. The President of Panama is Manuel Amador Guerrero. 4. Mr. Carnegie divides his time between Scotland and New York.

Several Readers. The Esperanto *Text Book*, which will be found exceedingly serviceable as the Course of lessons advances and pupils make progress, will be supplied by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, at 50 cents post paid. The *Primer* and *Vocabulary* will be sent post paid, at 10 cents each.

H. G., Markleysburg, Pa. Is a man born of God in this life or not until the resurrection?

There is no reason in the Bible for supposing that the new birth is postponed to the resurrection. The Apostle John is very emphatic on the subject. He says (I. John 3: 2), "Behold now are we the sons of God." Paul agrees (Gal. 3: 26), "For ye all are the children of God." Jesus in his talk with Nicodemus (John 3: 3) said, "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." It is also stated (John 1: 12), "As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God."

J. B. Rayner, of Calvert, Tex., writes announcing the formation of a Texas Law and Order League, the objects of which he states as follows:

To suppress crime and to socially ostracise the lazy, the immoral and criminal of my race, and to encourage my race to strive for virtue and toil in self-denial to own a farm home, and become producers of human necessities. To teach a reverence and love for law. To persuade my people to leave the towns and cities and live on farms. To encourage and foster industrial training and to teach domestic service.

L. S. O., San Diego, Calif. Is there any Scriptural authority for the statement in the Sunday School Lesson that Jacob dug the well by which Christ sat (John 4: 6)?

No, the tradition is very ancient, but the narrative of Jacob's life in Genesis contains no mention of his digging the well. There is a record of his buying the land (Gen. 33: 18-20), and a passing mention of a well there (Gen. 49: 22), but no direct statement. The curious thing about it is that it should have been deemed necessary to dig the well, as there is plenty of water in the valley. Its being done tends to confirm the tradition. Such a man as Jacob, with large flocks, may have felt it wise to have a well of springing water on his own land to avoid such disputes as his father Isaac had. (See Gen. 26: 19-23.)

Reader, Woodbine, Ill. 1. Is it right for people who profess Christianity to mingle with those who indulge in wrong amusements? 2. Should Christians accept invitations to card parties and dances? 3. Is it right to have entertainments in church to keep the worldly in the house of God? 4. Should we keep asking those who are unconcerned and worldly to come to the house of God?

1. They may mingle with them for a good purpose, but not to countenance or share in their amusements. 2. Certainly not. 3. There are entertainments that are suited to church work and others that are not. To cater to the worldly in a worldly spirit would be wrong. To attract them by proper means, such as illustrated lectures, concerts, etc., is right. The line should be rigidly drawn against improper entertainments. 4. By all means. It is our duty to do so and to awaken them to the vital truths of the Christian religion.

The Picturesque "Castle Rock," Colo.

CASTLE ROCK is a county seat in Colorado, so named from a picturesque rock on a high elevation. The photograph is forwarded by Mrs. Anna V. Whittier, a reader of this journal. West of the town looms the mountain range, resting, as it seems, its southern extremity against that towering and snow-clad buttress, Pike's Peak. Adjoining the limits of the city is the famous Castle Rock, towering as a giant, 7,219 feet above sea level, and 1,000 feet above the city, on the summit of which the tourist may drink in the scenic beauties of Colorado, viewing, far below, and for miles and miles in every direction, a luxuriant country, dotted with cultivated fields, with occasional rugged or picturesque elevations in the form of "buttes." From the south flows Plum Creek, a mountain stream, supplying the city with pure water. Castle Rock has many attractions for the tourist.

A. H. N., Des Moines, Ia. How many people were killed in the Deerfield, Mass., massacre, February 28, 1704?

There were about forty killed by the French and Indians, and one hundred taken prisoners. Many of the latter died while being taken to Montreal. Some of the prisoners were exchanged and returned home. You can get full information by writing for the little booklet printed by the curator of Memorial Hall, Deerfield, Mass.

M. W. C., Petersburg, Ill. 1. Did Mary, the mother of Christ, have any other children besides him? 2. Why was a prisoner released to the Jews at Passover?

1. The people of Nazareth, where Jesus was brought up, said so (Matt. 13: 55, 56) and mentioned the names of four brothers and referred to his sisters. Mark also mentions them (6: 3). The attempt to hold Mary up to extreme reverence has led to an effort to make these out to be the cousins of Jesus, or the half brothers, children of Joseph by a former wife. They may have been so, but there is no basis in the Gospels for the contention. Paul speaks (Gal. 1: 19) of "James, the Lord's brother." The expression "till," in Matt. 1: 25, implies that Joseph and Mary lived together as husband and wife. 2. It was apparently a mere custom, a contribution of the Roman government to the joy of the public festival. The subject people were conciliated by concessions of this kind, as kings grant an amnesty on some public celebration.

Apropos of Sunday traveling, Mrs. W. W. Carter, of Galt, Canada, writes:

I should be delighted to show you several Canadian cities of from ten to fifty thousand inhabitants where Sunday street cars are unknown. I should also be pleased to have you peruse our new Lord's Day Act, which forbids Sunday street cars on all lines, except those which had the privilege before this act came in force.

Mrs. O. E. S., Jewell City, Kan. Is it right for the ladies of a church to earn money for church purposes?

Provided they earn it in a proper manner, as we have no doubt would be the case, there can be no objection. We think you did a very laudable thing in earning money and giving it to improve the Lord's house.

Reader, Pleasant View, Va. 1. Who is the author of "green-eyed monster"? 2. What is meant by the "Brownies" in *The Brownies Around the World*?

1. The phrase, "green-eyed monster," is used by Shakespeare in *The Merchant of Venice* and again in *Othello*. 2. A brownie is a "house spirit," according to old superstitions. In England he was called Robin Goodfellow. It is an old-time fairy fancy.

Miscellaneous

S. S., Greenville, S. C. From Shem.

T. J. D., Murray, O. We were unable to solve it.

Subscriber, Pasadena, Calif. Address her, Glen Ridge, N. J.

J. E. G., Blairsville, Pa. We have been unable to find the date.

E. M. H., Melford, Pa. We cannot find the quotation.

Subscriber, Letonia, O. We have not read the book, consequently cannot express an opinion.

X. Y. Z., Grafton, O. Probably the only way is to advertise in the leading newspapers in both countries.

A. U. S., Reading, Pa. If it is a game used by gamblers or low characters, better not touch it. Avoid even the appearance of evil.

C. C. P., Boyce, Miss. 1. Write to Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., for copyright laws. 2. Only our own premium books.

C. F. P., Waterford, Mich. The County Clerk may be powerless to withhold a license, if the applicant complies with the requirements. It is the law that is at fault.

Reader, Baskerville, Va. You have evidently misunderstood the Esperanto programme. Send your address and we will be glad to send you Mr. Privat's own explanation.

W. B., Oaktown, Ind. 1. The name of Cain's wife is nowhere mentioned. It is simply stated that he married. 2. The land of "Nod" means the land of "exile," and is not geographically definable.

B. B. S., and several others. To form an Esperanto Study Circle, first find a half dozen or more who are interested in Esperanto. Then meet from one to three times a week. Talk about Esperanto to your friends. Get the local newspaper to mention the meetings of your circle. If there are both ladies and gentlemen in the circle it will add greatly to the attractiveness of the meetings. Children of twelve years can join, as the study of Esperanto is simple, and is a great aid in the better understanding of English grammar. All you need is the course of lessons in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which you may supplement with a Primer and Vocabulary costing ten cents each.

W. M. W., Wakefield, Kan. 1. The "Hegira" which means "going away") was the flight of Mohammed and his followers from Mecca, July 16 or September 13, 622 A.D. 2. Mohammed never went to Jerusalem. His wars were chiefly in Arabia. Caliph Omar took Jerusalem in 637 A. D. (five years after the death of Mohammed), defeating the Persians, who had captured it twenty-three years earlier. 3. A Turk is a native of Turkey proper. Ottoman is any subject of the Grand Turk, or anything that relates to, or is characteristic of, the Turks or their government. Mussulman, Mohammedan and Moslem are synonymous words and mean a believer in the Mohammedan faith. Thus, a man may be an Arab or a native of India, or an Afghan, or an African, and still be a Moslem, whereas, to be a Turk, he must be a subject of Turkey or some Ottoman dependency.

NEW YORK, MARCH 4, 1908

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

A Mountain "Hotel"

Jackson, the County Seat of Breathitt County

Washday in a Highland Home

THE GOSPEL IN THE MOUNTAINS

It is the Only Hope for the Transformation of the Kentucky Feudists of the Cumberland Range

THE dreadful tragedy at Jackson, Ky., recently, in which a leading citizen was killed by his only son, has again attracted the attention of the whole country to Breathitt County, known as "Bloody Breathitt."

When a soldier, I several times crossed this county and served in the army with many of its sons. For twenty-five years I have traveled all over it, preaching the Gospel, and have some knowledge of its people.

Breathitt is a large county in the Kentucky Cumberlands, lying on the north and middle forks of the Kentucky River. The mountains lie *en masse*, and not in ranges, like the Southern mountains, so that the valleys are narrow and tortuous. The people live along these narrow valleys. The only cereal raised is corn, and not enough of that to feed the 15,000 people who live in it. The lack is supplied by logging principally, and digging medicinal roots, and, with some, stock and coal. One railroad, the Lexington and Eastern, reaches Jackson, the county seat, some one hundred miles from the Blue Grass capital.

When I first visited this county as an evangelist, over twenty years ago, there was not a church in it of any kind, and not a regular preacher. I preached in the courthouse at Jackson and organized the first church there. The village had no schoolhouse and no house of worship. The county was then known as "Bloody Breathitt," on account of deadly feuds, in which it is said over a hundred men had been killed. There had been a reign of terror following the war. The differences were largely political.

The State of Kentucky sent distinguished judges, under escort of a heavy guard, to stop the feuds. The Synod of Kentucky pushed its work of preaching the Gospel of peace, organizing and building churches and placing educated and consecrated ministers in the county to teach the people. They found the people ready and willing and even anxious to hear. Six churches were organized in different sections of the county, large congregations gathered and houses of worship built. A different order of things started. The Synod established an institution of learning at Jackson, which has grown to be one of the largest and best in the State, numbering hundreds of students, who are instructed in every branch of learning, both literary and mechanical. A handsome new brick church succeeded the frame one which was burned. The Methodists built a nice frame church, and the Baptists a brick. The town has grown in the twenty years from a village of some 200 to a well-built town of nearly 2,000, with fine brick business houses, courthouse, hotels and residences.

A Mission School in the Kentucky Mountains

Twenty years ago I rode there horseback, over some seventy-five miles of bad mountain roads. Now three railroads enter the town; one from Lexington and two from neighboring counties. For years after the advent of the church, the county was among the most orderly, peaceful and prosperous in the State. It is a local option county.

One may ask, Why this reign of terror? The reply is not so easy to give. First of all, I believe, it is due largely to illicit selling of whisky, or the sale of it under government license. Most of the murders may be traced to this prolific source of crime. Probably bad feeling over political differences is responsible for part of the troubles. The mountain people are largely related to each other by blood or marriage. Few of them ever emigrate. They are clannish, like most highlanders. When you strike one, you strike the whole family and connection, and all resent it. Law is slow and lax in its administration, so the people take it into their own hands. But the crying cause back of all this violence and bloodshed is the want of religion, the want of the Gospel of peace, and forgiveness and love.

People must be educated to value human life, to obey God's laws, to live peaceable and sober lives. This is what some of God's people are trying to do. It is a big undertaking and cannot be accomplished at once. Character cannot be changed like clothes. This is the humble endeavor of the Society of Soul Winners, the America Inland Mission. This year it had twenty-one faithful missionaries teaching the children a Gospel of peace and good-will. Most of the religious work now carried on in the county outside of Jackson (the county seat), is done by the Soul Winners. New missions are being opened, new churches built, new schools organized, and a college just completed. In all these enterprises the people have given their earnest co-operation.

The Breathitt people are not heathen nor barbarous. There is not in all my knowledge a kinder, braver, gentler people naturally. They are the soul of hospitality. They have their faults, like others, and are

Continued on page 198

THE
AMERICAN PULPIT

A SERMON BY
Rev. F. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.

Right and Wrong Allegiance

TEXT: I. Samuel 16: 1—"How long wilt thou mourn for Saul?"

WHO has not read with thrilling interest Sir Walter Scott's story of Jeanie Deans? I was much interested in learning that the heroine of that story was a real character, a girl who lies buried near Dumfries, on whose tombstone is an epitaph written by Scott himself. It is impossible to refrain from tears as we read the story. The girl, whose life is wrapped up in that of her young sister, gives evidence against her that convicts her of a capital offense, and then walks all the way to London to obtain a pardon for her. The brave girl could not tell a lie, even to save her sister from a shameful death, but could undergo hardship to deliver her. That is heroism, the heroism of a fine soul that loved intensely but feared to sin. Few of us could have done a thing so heroic. We try to shield our loved ones. We shrink from exposing them. We sometimes shrink even from reproving them, lest we cause them pain. We try to shield and cover up their wrong-doings, even as you sometimes see a foolish mother shield from her husband the wrong-doings of her prodigal son, because she is afraid the father might punish the boy.

Useless Regrets

It was in this way that Samuel clung to his protege, Saul. Most of us think of Samuel as a stern-faced, grim-visaged mentor to the young king. We picture him standing before the offender implacable as a Goddess of Justice, with blinded eyes, holding high the scales, and ready without a particle of personal regret to execute the sentence when the scales indicate guilt. But underneath this stern-set, iron-muscled countenance of Samuel was a heart of deep, tender, faithful love. Though he must denounce Saul's sins, he could not cease to love Saul. His heart seemed to cling to Saul, and he would have been glad, had it been right, to cover up Saul's misdeeds. Thus in the text the Lord finds the old prophet, and says practically this: "Samuel, how long are you going to grieve for Saul? He has done wrong. Are you going to continue to stay at home and grieve? Are you not going forth to try to rectify the evil Saul has done? Come, Samuel, be a man. Be brave and true to your nobler and better self. Come, I have selected another king for Israel." As God came to Samuel in times of old, God is coming to us and bidding us refrain from useless grief.

In the first place, you must remember that Saul was a handsome man. He was not only a king by election, but he was one of those wonderful men who are described as every inch a king because of their physical presence. He was not only tall, standing head and shoulders above all his companions, but he was perfectly formed. And his face in its beauty must have looked like the features chiseled out of marble by Phidias to form the beautiful countenances of Greek gods. His bearing, when he first came before Samuel, was so humble and pure that, even in the eyes of the stern-faced prophet, nothing was to be criticized, nothing was to be apprehended.

Justice Deflected by Beauty

Saul had the refinement in his make-up which came from a cultured life. He was the son of one of the representative men of his tribe. His blood was of the best. He walked with the conscious gait of one well-born, who was a natural leader among men. His ancestors for generations had been great men. If you turn to the record, you can read these words: "Now there was a man of Benjamin, whose name was Kish, the son of Abiel, the son of Zeror, the son of Bechorath, the son of Aphiah, a Benjamite, a mighty man of power. And he had a son whose name was Saul, a choice young man and goodly; and there was not among the children of Israel a goodlier person to look upon than he: from his shoulders and upward he was higher than any of the people." Can you not see Saul moving along, the cynosure of all eyes? Cannot you see him, handsome as an Apollo Belvedere? Was it any wonder that Samuel the prophet should love him and hate to give him up? It is so easy to excuse the sins of a man and a woman when they are beautiful and graceful. But because Saul the handsome man was a sinner, was that any reason why his sins should not be condemned by God?

Take for instance the life of Mary, Queen of Scots. There is a lot of maudlin sentimentality expended over that sinful life. But was not John Knox right when he used to stand up in the Scottish pulpit and denounce her profligacies in plain words? And should not scores and hundreds of our women to-day in social life be denounced by some modern John Knox if they are ruining the lives of men by the charm and attraction of their pretty faces? When the great day of judgment comes it will be found that many of the sins of this day which we look upon as trivial will be catalogued as among the worst of sins in God's sight. And there is no sin, I believe, which will be more condemned than that sin so often practised by women with pretty faces, which is called the sin of flirtation—a sin which sometimes not only destroys all a man's true appreciation of a woman's honor, but will sometimes send a man into a drunkard's grave and into a suicide's eternity.

Shall the world honor the handsome face of Lord Byron, when one realizes to what base uses he put that handsome face? If you would read one of the vilest and the most disgusting revelations of depravity, all that you have to do is to turn the pages of *Don Juan*, which is believed to be an autobiography, and know what England's handsome poet was able to accomplish for the degradation of the human race. Oh, men and women, because sin is masked behind a beautiful countenance, remember it does not cease to be sin. God blasts the sin of a handsome Saul and he will blast the sins of our modern lecherous and adulterous Lotharios as well. Pity Samuel for clinging to the handsome Saul if you will, but do not condemn him, unless you condemn all the men and women who make excuses for the modern Don Juans because of their charm or their beauty.

Peril of Evil Association

I know it is hard to turn our backs upon some friends when we know they are doing wrong. I know that some of those friends wield a powerful influence over our lives. There is a breeziness, a freshness, an originality about some of them that holds us to them like a magnet. We know, furthermore, that some of those wicked friends love us with a devoted love. But if we do not break away from them in time, their sins will corrupt us. There is an old proverb which says: "If a man preaches what he does not believe, after a while he believes what he preaches." That is true; but another fact is also true. If you make a bosom friend out of one who is living contrary to all that you believe to be right, after a while you will begin to sin as he sins and do as he does. You cannot systematically associate with an evil-minded person and not in time become evil-minded yourself. And the more fascinating the friend, the quicker your own spiritual ruin.

What right have you to go with a man or a woman who will tell an immoral story? And I would warn my hearers of both sexes on this subject, for there are certain women who are just as shameless in listening to such stories as are some men. What right have you to go with men who are loose in their morals, or with those who make light of the purity of the home? What right have you to make bosom companions out of those who do not honor the house of God and all that the house of God stands for? What right have you to yoke yourself in business partnership with a man whom you have to watch every moment, for fear he will bring a scandal and a disgrace on the name of the firm? Did your Christian father and mother ever go with such associates as you select for

Your Daily Companions?

Would you be willing to have your companions make the coarse remarks before your wife or children which they often laughingly make before you? Either you must lift your daily companions up to your moral and spiritual level, or else they will drag you down to theirs, and there is no exception to the rule. Have you a right to associate with sinners and expect to escape becoming in time a companion with them in their sins?

But there was another reason why Samuel clung to the royal apostate. Saul was a king. He had been anointed by the order of the Lord God Almighty. He had been selected from all the tribes to rule over Israel. There was a certain sanctity about him. Of course, he had proved false to his trust; but still Saul was king. As king, the people had been taught to do him reverence. The hardest bands to break are the bands of regal authority. We are ready to send the common thief to the penitentiary; but we hate to impeach the honesty of those who have been placed over us in properly constituted authority. And yet, when the king does wrong, should he not suffer? When the President of the United States, or a legislator, or a governor, or a mayor does wrong, should he not also suffer? And when wickedness and corruption fasten themselves upon our political life, should we not, by the grace of God, cast off those sins and also cast off those politicians who are responsible for the moral obliquity?

A Conscientious Sheriff

I had this truth most wonderfully portrayed before me some time ago when I heard Samuel P. Pearson addressing a great popular meeting in Chicago. Mr. Pearson had been elected a few months before sheriff of Portland, Me. Although Maine was a "dry" State there were many "speak-easies" being run on the sly. The people of Maine's capital said those places could not be shut up, but Mr. Pearson said: "Elect me your sheriff, and in six weeks there will not be a speak-easy in all the county." The people took him at his word. He shut up those speak-easies so quickly that the saloon-keepers did not have time to ship their beer and whisky out of town, but had to empty the barrels in the gutter and let their poisonous liquors run away into the sewers, where they belonged. Well, of course Pearson's name was heralded from the Atlantic to the Pacific and praised by all good people. He was invited to address a ministers' mass meeting in Chicago, and there he told us how he became a Prohibitionist, and why he was so bitter against the other two political parties.

This was his story, as I remember it. When Pearson was a young man, there was an election going on in Portland. He stood in line waiting to cast his vote for a certain candidate. Ahead of him he saw a disreputable saloon-keeper. He accosted him and said: "Hello, So and So, for whom are you going to vote?" Strange to say, Mr. Pearson found out that this reputable saloon-keeper was going to vote for the same candidate he, Pearson, was supporting. Behind him he saw a notorious libertine, gambler and drunkard. Mr. Pearson asked him whom he was going to vote for, and strange to say, he found out that this libertine and drunkard wanted the same man elected as he, Pearson, was going to vote for. Then Mr. Pearson stopped and soliloquized: "Do I desire the same men to govern this city that those corrupt men want? Am I going to travel with the same crowd they run with? No, I am responsible to God and my country for the actions of the men whom I help to elect to office. You had better either purify your party and kick these dissolute members of society out, or else help start a new party, which these men will condemn. What they want, you don't. And what you should want, these men do not want." There is the whole question of political life in a nutshell.

Responsibility of Voters

Now, I care not how brilliant Saul may be when he is king; I care not to which political party he belongs; but this is what you should want to know: Whom is Saul serving? What kind of men wish him to be elected to the throne? Is this Saul who is seeking office to-day prepared to fight the saloon? Does this Saul promise to obliterate the gambling hells of the city? Does he promise to close up the dens of infamy? Does he want the Bible in the public schools? Is he the friend or the foe of the dissolute members of the community? With whom is he training? Do you elect Saul to a position of political life, and keep him there, merely because he is brilliant of tongue, and overlook the fact that he is rotten in morals? That is the question Samuel had to answer. And that is the reason God is hurling the rebuke of my text at the prophet of old, as well

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INDIA MISSIONARIES IN CONFERENCE

Hindus and Mohammedans Unite in Welcoming the American Baptist Telugu Conference

THE Hindus and Mohammedans of Cumbum, India, united with the Christians in giving a royal welcome to sixty missionaries of the American Baptist Telugu Mission, who met there in conference December 27, 1907, to January 2, 1908. Along the road, for four long miles the road was spanned with gay arches, on which "Welcome, Welcome, Welcome!" was inscribed over and over again. On one of the arches was to be read: "Hail, Preachers of Truth!"

Praise God for this welcome! India has changed wonderfully. Not only in Cumbum, but throughout all India, the people, as a people, hail the missionaries as preachers of truth and as sons and daughters of mercy.

The readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have done much to bring about this happy condition, for the people of Cumbum and of hundreds of other places have been fed with CHRISTIAN HERALD gifts during the late great famine, and they are beginning to realize that Christianity alone has the truth. Gratitude fills every heart, and love for the missionaries is to be seen on every face.

The personnel of this American Mission is nearly as cosmopolitan as that of America. We have German Mennonites from Russia, men who have never been in America, yet they have the true spirit of Americanism, which is the spirit of Jesus who sets all men free. There is Rev. A. Friesen, the senior, with his long beard. After eighteen years of service in India, on account of the ill health of Mrs. Friesen, he will return to Russia to work among the Russians on lines he has learned in India. Besides these noble pioneers, there are the stalwart brothers, C. and H. Unruh, the Rev. J. Wiens, who preached the splendid Conference sermon in Telugu, and Rev. A. J. Hubert. During the past year two Swedes have joined the Mission, Rev. N. C. Parsons, who was for five years the pastor of the Swedish Baptist Church of Kansas City, and Rev. E. O. Schugren, of Minnesota. Canada has able representatives in Rev. G. H. Brock and Rev. J. Hannah. Germany is represented by Rev. J. Dussmann and the writer; Holland, by the Huizinga brothers, and England, Scotland, Wales and other lands by the other missionaries whose ancestors came to America. Almost every Northern State has a representative here.

The children of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Home Circle will be interested in seeing among the missionary mothers and their children Miss A. M. Evans, who mothers them all. She came to us, after being in Y. W. C. A. work in Gloversville, N. Y., and working for three years as a teacher in Mont-Lawn, the CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home in Nyack, N. Y. All these missionaries sang the Coronation Hymn in one tongue.

Church and Tents at Cumbum, India

While the Conference primarily met to transact the business of the Mission, yet much time was given to the business of spiritual growth. Singing was one of the great features of the Conference. Rev. W. C. Owen had charge of the service of song. Few mortals have such glorious voices as Mr. and Mrs. Owen. We had congregational singing and singing by male mixed and female quartettes. But the keynote of all was Hebrews 3: 1: "Let us consider . . . Christ Jesus!" or, as the words are rendered in modern speech so true to the Greek: "Let us fix our thoughts on Jesus!" Jesus was our one and only theme, and every heart was filled and thrilled, for

> Jesus, the very thought of thee
> With sweetness fills the breast;
> But sweeter far thy face to see
> And in thy presence rest!

Some of our best missionaries are Rev. and Mrs. J. Newcomb, who entertained the Conference. Mr. Newcomb is from Indiana, but after a short service in the U. S. Army, during the Civil War, he joined the British army in Canada, and eventually he came to India. While serving in the commissariat department in Secunderabad, he was converted, and for twenty-three years he has done a great work for Jesus in Cumbum. His commissariat training helped him in the entertainment of such an army of missionaries. The tents were pitched in military order, and the Mission compound was transformed into a camp where the hosts of Israel rested for seven days, in order to arrange new methods of warfare, and to lay new plans of conquest.

May God's richest blessing rest upon THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its readers; upon all the pastors in America; upon the missionaries in all lands; yea, upon all the Church of Christ, and may God's Holy Spirit "fix our thoughts on Jesus" throughout the year!

GEO. N. THOMSSEN.

Bapatla, S. India.

RIGHT AND WRONG ALLEGIANCE Sermon by Rev. F. DeWitt Talmage, D.D. *Continued*

as at some of us to-day. "How long wilt thou mourn for Saul? How long? How long?"

But there was still another reason why Samuel clung to this recreant king. Saul was Samuel's political protege; Samuel was the instrument in God's hands chosen to make him king. Samuel lifted the anointing horn to pour the sacred oil upon Saul's head. And in one sense Samuel looked upon him as a loving parent sometimes looks upon the erring deeds of a favorite child. He tried to shield him and protect him and to ward off his coming doom. And when Samuel did this, he was like Eli. He only hastened the coming tragedy of this handsome king. Oh, it is an awful thing to see a father and mother shutting their eyes to the sins of a child! I almost tremble when I speak upon this. Yet I am firmly convinced that many young men and women have gone to destruction in the past, not because their parents have been too strict, but too lenient with the self-evident shortcomings of their children.

There is only one way to deal with the sins of children, and that is to eradicate them while they are young. And the more insignificant those sins seems to be, if let alone the more surely they will destroy the temporal and spiritual life of the child. Do you see that magnificent oak tree growing there on the hillside? Yes, it is a beauty. It has lifted itself like a mighty giant. No tornado is strong enough to blow that tree down. It has struck its roots clear down to the solid rock.

"But," you ask, "what are those strange-looking vines crawling up the sides of that tree?" Then you come nearer and say, "Why, they are the vines of the wild grapes. See how fine they are! I must take some home to the children." "Ah," I say, "is that so? Is that tree covered with the grape vines? Then, when you are eating the wild grapes you are eating the life-blood of the tree." If you will carefully examine the stems of the wild grapevine, you will find them filled with a lot of root-like suckers. These suckers fasten themselves into the tree, and draw the life out of the tree, and, give them time, like all vampire ivies, they will grow bigger and bigger. Then the suckers will sink deeper and deeper into the tree, until after a while that mighty tree will droop and die. Those few wild grapes may be very appetizing to your palate. They are very costly when they kill a tree to produce a few bunches of fruit.

Such are the bitter vampire sins of the child. It may not seem to be much when the child steals the candy after you have forbidden him to have it. It may not seem to be much when a child tells you a falsehood. It may not seem to be much when a child pretends to go to school when he is going skating. It may not seem to be much when a schoolboy commences to smoke cigarettes and drink beer. It may not seem to be much when the boy refuses to go to Sunday School or to church. These are little things in a little child's life. But though the wild grapes are appetizing, remember these little sins are the vampires sucking away the child's spiritual life. That fruit is made out of the life-blood of the child's spiritual existence. Beware, parent, how you, like Samuel, allow the sins of Saul to devolop unrebuked.

But lastly, I think Samuel grieved for Saul because he said: "If Saul fails, who can make a success? Why, in all Israel there is not another like him. He is the handsomest and the best. What shall we do? What shall we do?" But God said: "Fear not, Samuel, I will raise up another. Take thy anointing horn and go where I tell thee. David will do for me what Saul has failed to do." So when we find a great man go astray, we say: "Oh, what shall we do? What shall we do?" But God will bring us another. Fear not; fear not. Only follow God and he will bring the right man to thee. If God anoints a man, then it is God's work and we have only to do his will.

And is it not a blessed thought that no one is essential to the Lord's work? God is always able to send some one to take the vacant place. Oh, how often we think we are necessary to the church or society! We say: "What will the home do without us?" Or, "What will the church do without us?" Or, "What will our business do without us?" Never fear, friend; when the time of our going is at hand, God will always have another to take our place. Therefore, does it not behoove us to do our work so well that when the time of our departure is at hand our successors will find the foundations well laid for building the superstructure? God can send another minister to follow us in the pulpit. He will send another teacher to follow us in the Sunday School. He will send another person to bless our loved ones in the home. May we to-day be like David, when he surrendered his throne to Solomon, rather than like sinful Saul, who had to be pushed aside by the divine hand to make room for David. Use us, O God! Use us, as thou didst thy sweet singer of Israel! Use us, Master, and use us now!

Among the Workers

—EVANGELIST IRA E. HICKS recently closed a successful revival meeting at Minden, Neb.; 425 confessed Jesus as Saviour.

—EVANGELIST SMILEY lately conducted a series of very successful meetings at Mount Holly, N. J. Over 250 made public confession of Christ as Saviour.

—CHARLES EASTON, a Christian worker, is conducting a most deserving mission on Sullivan Street, Elmira, New York. He is greatly in need of lesson papers for his Sunday School.

—MISS SUSAN E. HASWELL, missionary at Alabama Plantation, Moulmein, Burma, writes that applications of orphan children—Chinese and Burmese—for admission to the Home she conducts at the mission station, are increasing rapidly. Funds are greatly needed to meet the new demands.

—MRS. SARAH W. PEOPLES, missionary at Nan, Burma, writes that an earnest effort is being made to evangelize a heathen inland tribe, the Yows, who are now receiving books and instruction. A school will be opened among them, and it is hoped that some of them may become evangelists and school teachers for their own people.

—DR. ALICE CONDICT, of Ludhiana, India, writes: "The elegant electric plant which your readers' great generosity put in my hands is giving untold relief to the poor sufferers of India. I am made to rejoice at the unique results. The government inspector of the North India medical work bids me go on and prove to India all I can do, and he believes the government will in time adopt my methods."

—THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH at Whitehall, N. Y., under the leadership of Rev. A. D. Sheldon, assisted by Mr. B. Frank Butts as singer, has been visited by a gracious outpouring of the Spirit. Rev. J. Duffield, the pastor, writes: "For a long time our people prayed for a work which should be inspired by the Holy Spirit. One hundred persons, chiefly adults, signified their intention of consecrating their lives to the service of Christ."

WITH THE "GOOD-WILL FLEET"

OUR sailormen are receiving an ovation on their passage up the west coast of South America and seem to have taken a strong hold on the warm hearts of our South American neighbors.

Valparaiso, Chile, went wild with enthusiasm over the advent of the great white ships from the United States. Chile means the land of snow, but there was not the slightest chill in the atmosphere, or in the manners of the most dignified and conservative Chilean the afternoon the fleet arrived. A general holiday was proclaimed and special trains from Santiago and other cities and towns were run into Valparaiso. The trains were packed with sightseers who seemed enthusiastic over everything American, and made a most picturesque appearance in their gala clothes. Thousands took position on the hills about the city to watch the review, while others, in tugs, sailboats, rowboats and every kind of available craft, went out on the blue waters of the bay for a closer view of the battleships. The day was perfect with a gentle breeze, and the eye, unaided by the fieldglass, could see for miles.

The President of Chile, and all the members of his cabinet, and many people socially prominent in his capital, went on board the *Pequedano Zenteno*, to see the fleet pass in review.

Early in the afternoon the ships came and the people at once showed their appreciation of the fact that Admiral Evans had made a detour from his regular course in order to let them see the greatest fleet of battleships ever gathered for a single cruise. They came into the harbor with the flagship *Connecticut* leading, the rest following in single line. They made a half circle about the bay and the maneuvres lasted a full hour and a half, and were executed with faultless precision. The people on shore and in the boats cheered so heartily that they could be heard for a long distance, the shouts coming over the water to the American sailors in a continuous roar. The cannon of the forts and the Chilean warships boomed repeatedly in answer to the salutes of the battleships, which were all steaming by with the red and white banner of Chile hoisted to the fore. Through the crash of the guns could be heard now and then the blare of bugles and the ruffle of drums, only to be lost a moment later in the general din.

The ships passed the presidential vessel, headed out to sea, and, veering to the right, were soon "hull down" on the horizon on their way to the north to Callao, in Peru, the land of the Incas.

The government of Peru began to plan for a cordial reception to Admiral Evans and his men as soon as the battleship fleet left Hampton Roads. The officials carefully watched the triumphant progress of the fleet and the elaborate receptions accorded it by the governments of the countries at whose ports the ships called. The officials evidently wished to surpass anything that had been done before and laid their plans accordingly.

The ships at Callao, the forts and the officers of the army and navy received Admiral Evans with the honors due a vice-admiral, one grade higher than he actually holds. Three private firms arranged for receptions and entertainments for the Admiral and the members of his staff and his officers. The Admiral and his staff went to Lima, the capital, to call on President Jose Pardo, who received them with great cordiality, and the next day, in celebration of Washington's Birthday, the President gave a banquet to Evans and two hundred and fifty American officers and many prominent people of Peru in the great exhibition hall. The "men behind the guns" were not forgotten and the people of Callao did everything in their power to make their stay an enjoyable one.

An excursion was taken to Mount Meiggs by many of the Americans, special trains being provided at the expense of the South American hosts. The American Minister gave a reception to the officers as well as to the Peruvians who had been entertaining them. Admiral Evans, not to be outdone, opened several of his finest ships for the inspection of the people and entertained them most lavishly on board, and so the list of exchanges of good will went on until their enumeration would exhaust both space and the reader.

All of the Americans who are making the cruise already feel that the friendship between the United States and the South American countries has been so strongly cemented by the visits of the batteships that it cannot be broken by the ordinary jars that arise in the ordinary course of international relations. North Americans and South Americans understand each other better, and many pleasant personal friendships have been formed that will count in the future intercourse between the respective governments.

The destroyer fleet did not arrive as soon as the battleship fleet, its movements being regulated by a schedule independent of the one followed by the larger vessels; but the officers and men are really seeing more of the South American countries, as more frequent stops are being made.

Admiral Evans, it is rumored, will give up the command of the fleet when he reaches San Francisco, as he retires early in the fall from active service, and it is said that he will probably be succeeded by Captain Richard Wainwright, who has had a distinguished career in the navy. By July Captain Wainwright will be raised to the rank of rear admiral on account of the retirement of Rear Admiral Burwell. Wainwright would thus be in command during the cruise from San Francisco to the Philippine Islands if it should be decided to send the fleet there. If he takes command he will step over the heads of some senior admirals, but all of these are soon to retire, and it is understood that the government wants an admiral who can stay in command of the ships for at least two years. The others would find their time expiring at various points on the cruise, and would thus give the fleet a succession of commanders—something, it is understood, the Navy Department wishes to avoid.

View of Valparaiso, Chile, from the Harbor

TO CAPTURE THE WORLD FOR CHRIST

THE Presbyterian Men's Foreign Missionary Convention, held in Philadelphia February 11-13, was one of the most impressive gatherings of the kind that ever convened in that city. Some two thousand delegates and visitors were present, among them being missionaries from the far places of the earth, travelers who had investigated mission work in many lands, and men prominent in religious affairs throughout the country.

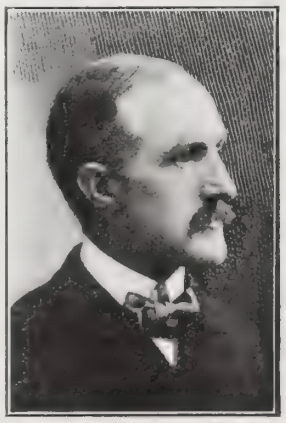
The convention hall was elaborately decorated, and here and there were display cards with missionary mottoes. Almost every speaker emphasized the fact that the time is ripe for aggressive action; that the nations are being aroused to the claims of Christianity, and are now receptive and plastic.

The delegates received a very cordial welcome on the opening day from the mayor of the city, who said, in part: "There are many denominations in our city, but there is one underlying faith, and that is that the family should be clean and pure; and so far as it is possible for one man to do it, I shall help to that end."

Dr. William H. Roberts, Moderator of the Northern Presbyterian Church, and Dr. J. W. Howerton, Moderator of the Southern Presbyterian Church, made stirring addresses, showing the vast strides that have been made in the work of foreign missions by these churches since 1834, when there were but three mission stations. To-day there are above 2,000. Then there were only two or three native converts; to-day there are above 3,000 native helpers in the Northern Church alone. There are 73,000 communicants, and 83,000 Sunday School scholars. The printing establishments distributed above 32,000,000 pages of religious literature in Chinese, Persian, Siamese, Laos and Arabic.

Rev. Homer C. Stuntz, representing the Methodist Church, spoke of the Methodist convention held in Cleveland in 1902, when the sum of $300,000 was collected for missions in less than an hour. Since that convention, which led to the organization of the Open Door and Young People's Missionary Committees, the Methodist Church has added to its contributions till they are now annually $2,000,000.

Mr. A. H. Whitman, of Buffalo, N. Y., speaking on the cultivation of systematic giving, mentioned a church that pays $2,100 annually for music, and yet can afford only $300 a year for foreign missions. Continuing, he said: "A man can afford $4,000 for a new touring car, but can give only $10 to missions; his wife may pay $20 for a plume for her hat, but gives only a half dollar for spreading the Gospel abroad."



Mr. W. H. Grant
Traveler in Mission Fields

Dr. George Alexander
Pres't Presby'n Board

Dr. J. H. Odell, a returned missionary, said: "One of our best schools in China we allowed to be closed recently merely because the missionary in charge was unable to get any replies to his persistent appeals for the $300 necessary to keep it going. There are men in this country who spend that sum for a wine dinner, and think nothing of it."

One of the ablest addresses was delivered on "The Interest of the Nations in the Foreign Missions of the Church," by J. A. Macdonald, editor of the Toronto *Globe*, Canada. On being introduced, he stated that an ancestor "was a Scotchman, who came to America in 1776, owing to circumstances over which he had no control, and that the people did not seem to appreciate him and would not let him stay." This raised quite a laugh. He made a strong plea for the brotherhood of nations. The convention closed with a masterful address by Robert E. Speer, who said, "The fundamental thing in the life of Christ was his noble sense of duty; and with him the idea of duty seems to have been ever related to the evangelization of the world. He was the Saviour of the whole world, and we are bound to carry him to the world. To recognize this duty and to set about discharging it is the vital test of faith and love." Other speakers were Mr. W. H. Grant, who has traveled widely in missionary lands; Dr. George Alexander, of the Presbyterian Board, and Mr. W. T. Ellis, who lately returned from a tour of missionary lands.

The resolutions declare in favor of raising $2,000,000 for foreign missions during the coming year; urge synods, presbyteries and individual churches to take steps to raise their full share; urge all church members to assist in gathering information concerning the progress of missions, for the purpose of inspiring the people, and propose that "the noon hour of each day be a time when all men may appeal to the throne of God for the speedy evangelization of the world."

ALLAN SUTHERLAND.

RUSSIAN PILGRIMS IN HOLY LAND

By O. E. MOFFET

A Family Group

FROM Mount Tabor, the Plain of Esdraelon looks like a great carpet of irregular-sized squares. Dark green and light green; these are the wheat fields and meadows. The dark red is soil, newly plowed for the lentils. The road looks like a line stretched across this carpet.

Here I first saw the Russian pilgrims, fifteen hundred strong. They were creeping along that line like ants. The monks of the monastery on the mountain had already seen them, and were making preparations for their reception. Several iron kettles, each holding about a barrel, were set out on stones. Some brought thorns and brushwood to make fires around them, while others carried water from the well. A shepherd boy came from the mountain side driving several long-eared goats for slaughter. Pieces of straw matting were laid out on the grass to sun. These were the beds. With our glasses we could see the pilgrims quite distinctly, though they were ten or twelve miles away. First came a cavalcade, mounted on donkeys, two or three hundred in number. Following were the strongest walkers; while stretching back in an irregular line, nearly two miles long, came the rest of the company. We could see there were many women on foot and some had great burdens on their backs. All were walking slowly, with that odd, draggy step that tells of weariness.

We went into a great room of the monastery, where a monk gave us a lunch of bread, raisins, cheese and *leban*. While he served he told us how those straw mats would be spread down on the stone floor of the room and this would be the sleeping-place for three hundred. Each pilgrim carried his blanket, and his burden served as pillow. They only expected the mounted ones to climb to the monastery that evening. The rest would spend the night in Nazareth.

We hastened down from the mountain and took a position on the road leading up from the plains to see the pilgrims pass. What strong, powerful people they were! Most of the men had full beards and long hair. Only a few could afford to ride. These were singing a hymn as they approached Nazareth. We doffed our helmets, and all of the pilgrims uncovered as they passed. Some wore black fur caps, though the afternoon sun was very warm. Nearly all carried bundles and staffs. As the column approached, it seemed to be the color of dust; but as the individuals passed, one could see through this outer coating, the faded black and brown of the men's clothing and the brighter colors of the women's head-dresses and skirts. Most of the pilgrims were past middle life and many were old and infirm. These leaned heavily on their staffs as they came slowly and painfully up from the plains.

What struck me as most peculiar was the great variety of foot-wear. Many of the men wore great leather boots reaching to the knees. Some had Russian shoes of strange patterns. The most common among the women was a clublike shoe, made entirely of straw. There were wood soles, leather soles, felt soles and straw soles. Some had worn out the shoes they brought, and had shod themselves with the red flat-soled shoe of the country. Many had no shoes at all, but rags bound on with strings.

They were a very devout people and never missed a shrine in all that long pilgrimage. I attended services at the Church of the Annunciation, when it was so crowded with the pilgrims that there was scarcely standing room. I could not help but feel the deep spiritual influence that swept over them, though not one word or feature of the service was familiar. The singing of these peasants was the sweetest I ever heard.

As I went down to Jericho I overtook an old woman traveling slowly with a staff in each hand. I was so touched by the sight of this old grandmother on that long dusty pilgrimage, that I asked a dragoman who came by to translate, for I wanted to talk to her. She said she had been successful in life and hers was a story of triumph. Like all the devout people of her country she commenced saving for this journey when very young. Sickness, deaths and revolutions had come time after time, and exhausted her small hoard. Now she was seventy-four years old, and the grandmother of fifty. It was more than fifty years since she commenced to put by, and at last she was triumphant. She had made the journey from Jerusalem to Nazareth and back on foot. Now she was going down to Jordan to bathe at the Epiphany ceremony, and dip her burial shroud in the sacred waters. I saw her as she returned. Some kind-hearted countryman had loaned her a donkey for the long ascent from Jordan to Jerusalem.

The dragoman told me these people could hardly be induced to pay a penny for good water at the Samaritan's Inn, though they were suffering from thirst, but they contributed quite liberally to each monastery and church they visited. He said her story was the story of all. Each one had saved and sacrificed for years to make that pilgrimage, and each carried his shroud and would put it on and bathe in the sacred waters of Jordan, and then use it no more till his burial day. On Palm Sunday, fifteen thousand of these Russian pilgrims stood in procession at the door of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and their deep spiritual emotion shone in their faces. They stood there again on Easter, waiting for the "sacred fire" to come from the Holy Sepulchre. Then they departed to their homes.

Streator, Ill.

A Leader Among the Pilgrims

Russian Pilgrims at the Holy Sepulchre on Palm Sunday

The Hour of Devotion Among the Sad-Faced Pilgrims

Starting Home from Jerusalem R.R. Station

A Study in Foot-wear

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, Associate Editor — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, Associate Editor

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Subscriptions may commence with any issue.

Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

Congress and the Motto

IT will be welcome news for those who have been earnestly urging the restoration of the time-honored motto, "In God We Trust," to the national coinage, to learn that all indications now point to an early victory. On February 19, the Committee on Coinage, Weights and Measures of the House of Representatives, by an unanimous vote, reported favorably the bill introduced by Congressman W. B. McKinley of Illinois, for the restoration and permanent retention of the motto upon the coins. It is understood that the bill will meet with no opposition in the Senate. It will go into effect one month after its passage.

Christian people all over the land, who have united in the popular protest through this journal, will rejoice at a result, which will be accepted by the whole world as a convincing demonstration of the fact that this is a Christian nation. The motto will stand as a testimony that in all things that pertain to our national life, we still place our dependence upon Him who was the God of our forefathers, and who has made of us a great people and a power for good among the nations of the earth.

The "Gift of Healing"

MUCH interest has been awakened throughout the Christian Church, both here and abroad, by the recent remarkable developments in connection with what is known as the "gift of healing." A new impetus was given to the subject when, a few months ago, a well-known bishop announced his acceptance of the healing doctrine and his purpose of carrying it into practical use. Still more recently, a clergyman in Boston and another in Brooklyn decided to follow his example. They claim to be able to cure mental and nervous diseases through the medium of Christian faith alone, without the aid of hypnotism and simply by the laying on of hands, assuming faith on the part of the sufferer. While the pastor will not supersede the physician, it will be his duty to re-establish the spiritual health of the patient. That intimate relationship which exists between the physical and spiritual natures, stimulated by faith, is depended upon to accomplish the cure.

With many others, we shall follow the progress of this new development with interest, and in that spirit of tolerance which is now extended by the modern church to all who are striving, earnestly and unselfishly, to help their fellow-men. But though recent developments invest the subject with a certain novelty, it is as ancient as religion itself. All through the Old and New Testaments we find the unequivocal recognition of God as the helper and restorer of sick humanity (Exodus 15 : 26), the pardoner of man's sins and the healer of his diseases (Psa. 103: 3). Christ's mission on earth was not only to the soul, but to the body, and the divine power is no-wise shortened to-day. God is still the source of health and blessing as in the ancient days, and if his children go to him in simple faith and make request in Christ's name, all physical as well as spiritual needs can be supplied (John 15: 16). They are to use the means at hand, and look to him for the blessing. Jesus himself never denounced doctors.

There is in many quarters a misapprehension concerning the belief of the orthodox Christian church to-day with regard to the "gift of healing." Nowhere is the Scriptural authority for the gift called in question. It is acknowledged that the presence of the Divine Spirit in the heart imparts wisdom, joy, peace and more abundant life, and opens the way to innumerable blessings.

A spiritual uplift affects the whole being and endows it with strength to resist sickness and danger. We have a right to ask our Father, in Christ's name, for health as well as for other blessings. Not a day passes in which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD does not receive many letters showing the efficacy of prayer in the restoration of health as well as in other affairs of life. But these are the results of the personal prayers of faith from consecrated hearts and of holding fast to the promises. They have no relation whatever to any system now being promulgated outside of the orthodox church. They are, moreover, in line with the continuous development of that Christianity which was taught and practised by the great Physician, Jesus Christ. At the same time they are entirely distinct from the public ministry of healing, as illustrated in the cases of the Boston and Brooklyn pastors already referred to.

Was the miraculous "gift of healing," as a public religious function, a special endowment of apostolic days, which after a time ceased to be permanent or even necessary, or is it a continuous inheritance, capable of practical realization by the religious teachers of the present day? This is the question now before the religious world. People have watched similar experiments before, and have seen them wax and flourish and wane.

Our churches, for the most part, hesitate to approve a course which may open the door to religious hysteria; yet if God should choose to place the gift of healing in the hands of his servants, the churches would not withhold recognition. If it should prove, however, that the work was merely of human seeking and not of divine ordination, though tens of thousands might be attracted by it, it could result only in distraction and confusion. Hence, it is the duty of all good Christians to treat every movement of this character with patience and toleration. If it be the Lord's work, he will establish it before men; if otherwise, it will pass away like other ephemera, leaving hardly a trace behind.

A Question of Citizenship

F. W. B., Raymond, Minn. Is *Hill's Manual* correct in stating that the native-born son of a foreign subject residing in the United States must be naturalized in order to become a citizen?

COUNSELOR G. H. CRAWFORD, to whom this question has been referred, gives the following explicit interpretation of the law. His explanation is of general interest to all readers: In U. S. *v.* Wong Kim Ark, 169, U. S., at page 674, the U. S. Supreme Court (Mr. Justice Gray) laid down the law as follows:

Passing by questions once earnestly controverted, but finally put at rest by the Fourteenth Amendment of the Constitution, it is beyond doubt that, before the enactment of the Civil Rights Act of 1866, or the adoption of the Constitutional Amendment, all white persons at least, born within the sovereignty of the United States, whether children of citizens or of foreigners, excepting only children of ambassadors or public ministers of a foreign government, were native-born citizens of the United States.

This statement of the law appears in the opinion of the Court, after an exhaustive review of the authorities, and establishes the rule that all white persons, except children of ambassadors or public ministers of a foreign government; as *ex. gr.*, children born here of German, French, Italian, Spanish, Austrian or Russian parents, etc., and not within the exception stated, are citizens of the United States, whether the parents are naturalized or not. In the case from which the above quotation is taken the question was whether the child of Chinese parents, born in this country, is a citizen, the law of the United States being that Chinese persons may not be naturalized; or in other words whether a child born in the United States of aliens whose naturalization is forbidden by law, was, by the fact of birth here, a citizen of the United States. After a long discussion, the Court held that by virtue of the Fourteenth Amendment of the United States, Wong Kim Ark, who was born in the United States of Chinese parents, who were subjects of the Emperor of China and were at the time of the birth of their child domiciled residents of the United States, where they had established a permanent domicile and residence, was a citizen of the United States, notwithstanding the alienage of his parents, and notwithstanding that the law prevented his parents themselves from becoming naturalized. The statute bearing upon the question is Sec. 1992 of the United States Compiled Statues, vol. I., p. 1268, ed. 1901. It reads:

All persons born in the United States and *not subject to any foreign power*, excluding Indians not taxed, are declared to be citizens of the United States.

The Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, finally adopted in the year 1868, says:

SEC. 1. *All persons born* or naturalized *in the United States* and *subject to the jurisdiction thereof*, are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside, etc.

Previous to the adoption of the Fourteenth Amendment Congress had passed the "Civil Rights Act," in 1866, which contained a declaration of law exactly the same as the sentence which is quoted from the Fourteenth Amendment.

The right of naturalization is not so broad as the right of native-born citizenship. The Courts of the United States have held that the right of naturalization did not extend to the Chinese or Japanese, the interpretation of the naturalization laws being that Congress may exclude persons belonging to the Mongolian race. Numerous cases have been decided by the Courts of the United States, to which it is unnecessary to refer. There is no doubt that a "native born son of a *foreign* subject, residing in the United States," becomes a citizen by the mere fact of his birth here, unless he is a child of an ambassador or public minister of a foreign government.

Saved from Suicide

HIGHLY suggestive is the report General Booth has published of the results of the effort to prevent suicide which has been made in England by the Salvation Army. The bureau has been a year in existence, and the need of such an organization and the value of its services can now be estimated. The bureau received instructions at the beginning of its work to proceed under three rules: Free consultation and advice; inviolable secrecy; no guarantee of financial aid. Every person meditating suicide was invited to apply to the bureau and state the circumstances which were impelling him or her to self-destruction, and the promise of sympathy and consideration was made. The idea was that in many cases the intending suicide was friendless, or had no friends to whom he could go for advice, and that a cheerful and friendly view of the situation might inspire hope, or at least patience.

The figures justify the experiment. During the year 1,125 men and ninety women applied to the bureau, and General Booth feels safe in saying that at least three-fourths of the number were deterred through the efforts of the bureau from committing the fatal act. The officers were surprised to find how large a number of the applicants revived under the sympathy, prayer and encouragement at their first call, and left in a more cheerful frame of mind, wondering how they could have become so depressed as to meditate suicide. The very contact with faithful, hopeful, prayerful men worked a healthy change in their spirit and led them to trust in the Almighty Friend to whom they were encouraged to commit their difficulties.

More than one-half of the applicants were overwhelmed with financial troubles. These did not come from the very poor. Indeed, the poorest people were conspicuously absent from the bureau. General Booth thinks that probably these people were so accustomed to poverty, or were in so bloodless a condition, that suicide was not attractive to them. They were chiefly people who had lost money, or a situation, or were under some sudden pressure. Efforts were made to find such persons employment, and in some cases temporary loans were made, in spite of the rule, to tide them over an emergency.

Other causes of trouble were drink, drugs and disease. About one-tenth of the whole number of applicants were driven to contemplate suicide from these causes, and here, too, wise remedial measures were applied with success. It was melancholia induced by loneliness, by brooding over troubles, that occasioned the most difficulty. These victims were chiefly women, and it was hard work getting such persons to take a more cheerful view of life, but even with these the warm friendliness and the earnest faith which is contagious did much. The lesson that the ordinary Christian may learn from the report is, that outside such an organization he may do more good than he knows by a cheerful word and a friendly greeting to those with whom he comes in contact.

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THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

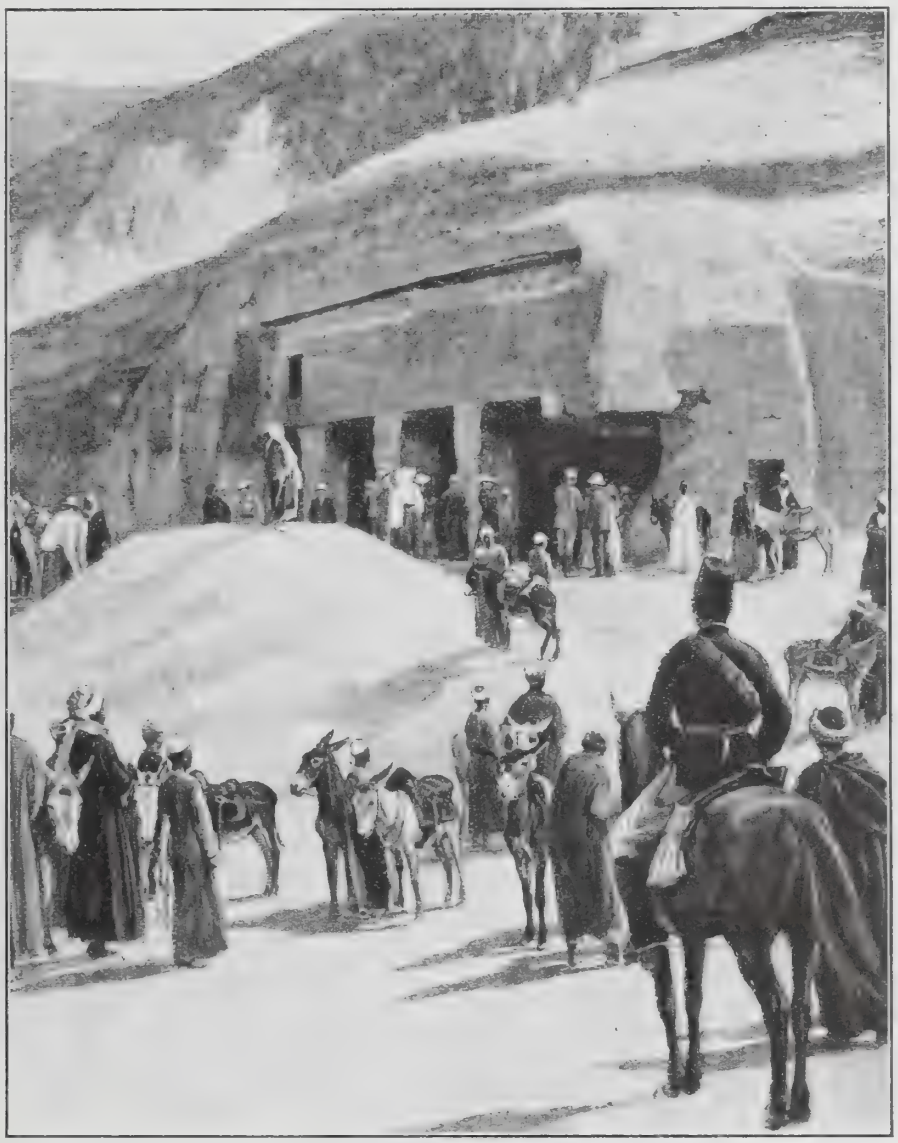
Famous Egyptian Tombs

HIGH in the mountains of Egypt, and hewn out of solid rock, are the tombs of Beni Hasan, recently discovered. The inscriptions show that the interments in them were made from four to five thousand years ago. The discovery has drawn a large crowd of interested scholars, visitors and officials. The inscriptions have not yet been deciphered, but it is believed from various indications that they are the resting place of great Egyptian governors who flourished under Usertsen I. and his immediate successor. One sarcophagus bears the name of Amenemhat, but it is not known whether it belonged to any of the kings of that name. The tombs are thirty-nine in number and are three hours' journey from the banks of the Nile.

The most remarkable characteristic of the tombs is the number of models, singly or in groups, that they contain. A French writer who has made an exhaustive study of Egyptian history, writing in an antiquarian journal says: "The question is often asked why it is that Egyptian tombs contain so many such figures. The answer is interesting. There was no race of people who kept death so constantly before them as the Egyptians. It was before them all through their lives. The pious Egyptian built his tomb during his lifetime, he superintended its construction, or its cutting out of the rock, with all or even more attention than he paid to the erection of his earthly dwelling. He painted its walls with the happiest scenes in his life, or the most important events in his official career. His coffin was certainly, in the case of rich men, made before his death, and scribes often wrote themselves the copy of the Book of the Dead, which was to act as their guidebook in the next world. The tomb was furnished with models of various kinds—figures of servants, groups of men in various domestic occupations, brewing beer, baking bread, storing corn in the granaries, or slaying oxen for the feast. Models of ships and boats were placed in the tombs.

No doubt in ancient times the custom was to slay at the tomb of the deceased noble, certain servants who would go with their master in the spirit to the next world, and there relieve him of menial duties. Later the more humane custom was to make small figures of these workmen, the more according to the deceased's rank, and place them in the tomb, so that these doubles might perform the work. These little figures are inscribed with the Sixth Chapter of the Book of the Dead. Here we find that their name was Ushabtiu, or Answerers, a name of which the origin is given. In the chapter the master tells them to watch the work, and when he is called, to answer: "Behold! I am he whom ye call." Thus provision was made for his living such a life beyond the grave as he had lived here and maintaining his rank and status. The poor fellaheen who toiled for him here they supposed would toil for him there. They did not rise to the conception of compensation that Christ enunciated in his parable of the rich man and Lazarus:

Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things and likewise Lazarus evil things; but now he is comforted and thou art tormented. (Luke 16 : 25.)



Recently Discovered Tombs in Egypt, 4,000 Years Old

A Missionary's Warning

An earnest warning to those in various parts of the country who claim to have the "gift of tongues" is given by Rev. F. C. Todd, a missionary at Macao, China. He says that a number of persons have gone to China, Japan and India, believing that they had the gift of tongues and could preach to the people without learning the language. One party of several preachers from the State of Washington went to Japan fully expecting that the Japanese would understand them. Mr. Todd went to see them and found them utterly unable to make themselves understood. In another instance a preacher and his wife went to India with the same expectation. Mr. Todd saw them, too, and found that they needed an interpreter, as other newly arrived missionaries do. Similarly many have gone to China, who confessed to him that they had been disappointed and that neither in preaching nor in the ordinary affairs of life had they found anyone who could understand the tongues. These facts, he says, should be widely published as a warning to sincere but mistaken people. Whatever the use of the new gift may be, it is not of the same utility as the gift at Pentecost, when those who had the gift could preach intelligibly to men of various lands.

Every man heard them speak in his own language. (Acts 2 : 6.)

An Unrecognized Brother

A citizen of New York is making a search for a brother from whom he was separated in 1875. He lost both his parents in that year, and he and his brother were placed in different charitable institutions. As soon as he was old enough to work, he obtained employment and supported himself. He made inquiries for his brother, and learned that he had been placed with a farmer in Connecticut. No further tidings have come in the years that have passed; but recently he met a man who knew the farmer and remembered the boy. He said the farmer was named Martin, and the boy had taken that name. He subsequently ascertained where he had worked, and, to his astonishment, found that three years ago he had actually been introduced to his brother by a business acquaintance. He did not recognize him under the name of Martin, and the brother having so long used the name of Martin forgot at the moment that his real name was the same as that of the man to whom he was talking. The opportunity of fraternization passed and now the brother who is known as Martin has disappeared and the other is vainly endeavoring to trace him. It is matter for regret when men of different denominations meet without recognizing one another as brothers, and this sometimes happens through the stress laid on denominational affiliations, instead of on brotherhood in Christ.

Every one of you saith, I am of Paul; and I of Apollos; and I of Cephas; . . . is Christ divided? Was Paul crucified for you? (I. Cor. 1 : 12, 13.)

Blank Checks Stolen

A man has been arrested at Somerville, N. J., who is charged with stealing a number of blank checks. For some time past these checks have been disappearing from country railroad stations and the police have been unable to trace the thief. No great effort was made to find him, as none of them had been presented with forged signatures, and the loss of the checks was small. Some other charge led to the arrest of this man and in his possession the missing checks were found. He was a very ignorant man, unused to the ways of cities, and had fallen into a mistake through being unable to read. On being questioned, he confessed his crime and explained why he had stolen the worthless plunder. He had once been paid for some work he did on the roads with a check, and the exchange of a piece of paper for money at the bank led him to believe that everything in the shape of a bank check was as good as gold. He would have learned his mistake very quickly had he offered one at the bank. It would have been explained to him that the value of a check is determined by the resources of the man whose signature it bears. It would be well if that fact were realized by people who fear to trust the promises of God though he confirms them, as we are told in his Word, by an oath.

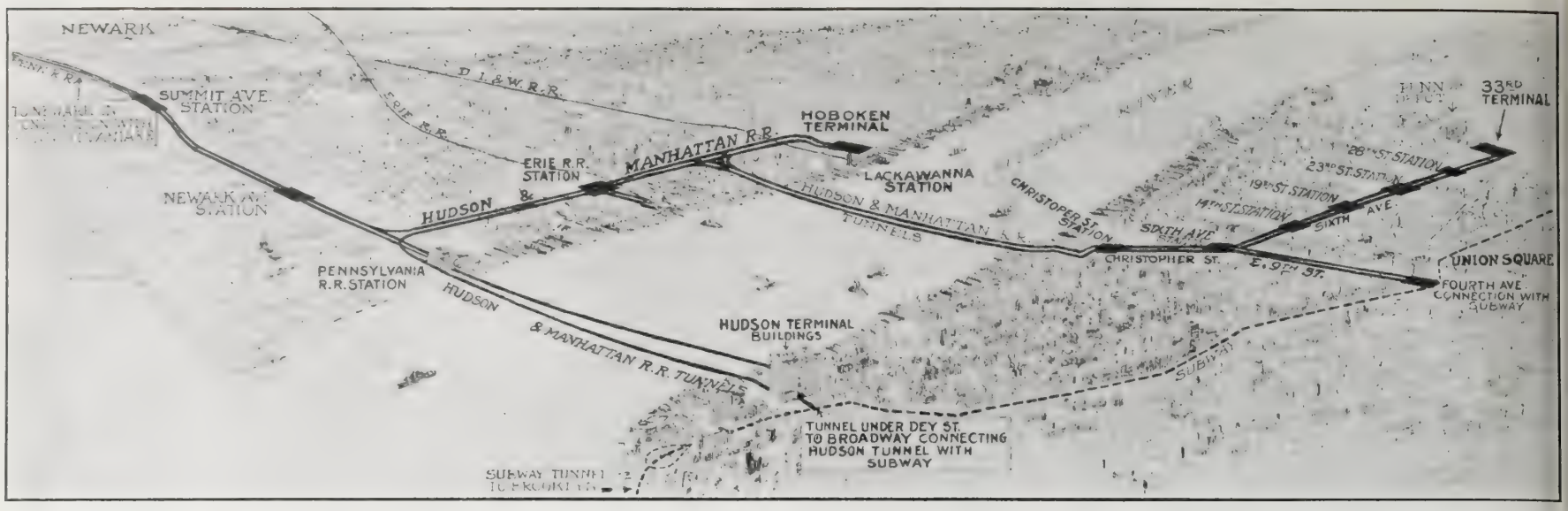
God, willing more abundantly to shew unto the heirs of promise the immutability of his counsel, confirmed it by an oath. (Heb. 6 : 17.)

Merchant a Thief

A remarkable confession has been made by a prosperous merchant in Brooklyn, N. Y., who was recently arrested for picking pockets. When he was arrested his friends and men with whom he had done business, made indignant protests and promptly gave bail for him. The prisoner astonished his acquaintances by making a full confession. He said he was born thirty-three years ago in New York. At the age of fifteen he fell in with a band of stylishly dressed young men who proved to be pickpockets. Their trainer was an old man who also helped them to dispose of their plunder. The youth soon became an adept, and went to Chicago, where he continued his course without having to divide with the gang. Thence he went to St. Louis, where he was caught trying to pick the pockets of a detective. He was convicted and received a severe sentence. While in the St. Louis prison he determined to lead a new life. On being released he returned to New York, and for more than a year attended strictly to his business. But one day an opportunity to pick a pocket occurred while he was on a car, and he yielded to the temptation. From that time the old habits asserted their sway, and though he continued his business in the day, he was a criminal at night. He declared that he had striven hard to live a clean life, but the temptation to steal was irresistible. It may have been so in his own strength, but if he had sought the divine help offered to him he would have conquered.

He is able to succor them that are tempted. (Heb. 2 : 18.)

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE NEW TUNNEL SYSTEM UNDER THE HUDSON RIVER



TRAINS RUN BENEATH THE HUDSON

New York and New Jersey Are Now Joined by Four Submarine Steel Tubes

AFTER years of planning by the most famous and experienced engineers and work by thousands of skilled mechanics, assisted by an army of laborers, the great system of Hudson River tunnels has been practically completed and the first train sent speeding between New York and New Jersey at a rate that threatens to destroy for ever the usefulness of the ferryboats that make the passage overhead.

According to the programme, President Roosevelt was to touch a button and start two trains of eight cars each toward the centre of the tunnel. In the train from the west would be Governor Fort of New Jersey, and in the one from the east Governor Hughes of New York. Accompanied by their staffs, the governors would greet one another and exchange mutual congratulations over

A Car Leaving Hoboken

the great engineering feat that had come to a successful conclusion.

The first public trip of inspection, however, was made by a party of one hundred officials, engineers and newspaper men a week before the formal ceremony of opening. They found that the cars, and the system of starting and stopping the trains, had many features to add to the safety and comfort of the passengers. The cars are made of steel with doors both at the sides and ends. The passengers enter on one side and leave on the other, thus doing away with the congestion that comes from one stream of people trying to get off while others endeavor to force their way in. The seats are placed along the sides and at intervals rise metal posts to which passengers who have not got seats may hold. There are two ways of ventilation: one comes from the air drawn in by the moving train, the other by artificial openings and tubes. The cars come along the station platform in a straight line leaving no wide spaces in which a passenger can fall or catch his foot. The doors open and shut automatically. When the last door is closed an electric light signals the motorman to go ahead. If there is the slightest obstruction, such as a part of a woman's dress caught in the door, the signal will not work.

There are four tubes in the system and the tunnel just opened connects Sixth Avenue and Nineteenth Street, New York City, with the Lackawanna Railroad Station in Hoboken. The remaining tubes will be opened in the spring, benefiting over a million and a half of people. Hundreds of city dwellers, who have looked with longing eyes at the green hills of northern New Jersey, will probably move over from New York now that the journey has been shortened, and the most uncomfortable part of it—the ferry ride—entirely done away with. To the people already living in the towns of New Jersey near the Hudson, it means that they may avail themselves of all the advantages of New York City as easily as if their homes were in the residential districts of the Bronx, or the northern part of the Island of Manhattan. The length of all parts of the system is eighteen miles.

There are two tubes in the section of the system where the cars have been put in—one for outgoing, the other for incoming trains. These tubes are of steel, made of rings of steel, bolted together and put in place as fast as the great shield forced a way for them through the mud and gravel of the river. The tubes, for much of the distance, are about thirty feet distant from each other. They lie about sixty feet below the bottom of the river, and ninety feet below the surface of the water where hundreds of vessels, large and small, plow their way every day, crews and passengers alike, hardly conscious of the fact that they are sailing over a part of a railroad line, where people are riding in luxurious cars, and reading perhaps that a certain steamer is expected to arrive, which at that very moment may be churning the waters overhead.

The tubes make a circle of fifteen feet in diameter, and are coated with concrete. They are about three miles in length, and when everything has been thoroughly tested and is in working order, it is expected that trains will make the trip from New York to New Jersey in ten minutes. The line will soon be extended to a point near the new Terminal Station of the Pennsylvania Railroad at Thirty-third Street. There will be several subway stations on this part of the line.

There is another set of tubes nearly completed which extend under the Hudson River from Fulton Street and Cortlandt Street, New York City, to Jersey City. The station in the latter place has been blasted out of the solid rock many feet beneath the train shed of the Pennsylvania Railroad, where the trains start for Philadelphia, Washington and the South. The terminal of the Jersey City tubes and the terminal of the Hoboken tubes will be joined by a tunnel which has been dug along the New Jersey shore of the Hudson River for about a mile and a quarter. Stations will give access to the Pennsylvania, Erie and Lackawanna Railroad systems. Thus passengers from almost any point in New York can get to their trains in the most inclement weather without going to the surface. Joining this tunnel another one goes under the crowded parts of Jersey City, and then opens out on the tracks of the Pennsylvania Railroad, from which point the trains speed quickly on to Newark and other suburban cities and towns.

In New York City itself, other connections are already being made with the present system of lines stretching north and south from Harlem to the Battery. One will go from the Sixth Avenue line already mentioned, across town to Astor Place, where it will meet the Interborough lines. If a few more are constructed, only underground office buildings and hotels will be lacking to enable the New Yorker to spend all of his time beneath the earth's surface. In fact, at the present time, several hotels and stores have entrances on the subways. In the near future a woman visitor to the city may go from her room in the hotel to an elevator, descend several stories, take a subway train to some store that has a subway entrance, complete her shopping, take another train to Hoboken, and there take a train for Philadelphia. When she leaves the station in Philadelphia she will be in the open air for the first time since she entered her hotel in New York. How this would astonish Benjamin Franklin if he could come back to earth for a moment. It will be remembered that he was quite a traveler, and that it took him three days once to get from Philadelphia to New York, riding on the top of a stage coach, the driver knitting stockings most of the way. And though

Interior of a New Style Car

Franklin predicted many wonderful things in a scientific way, he probably never conceived, even in his wildest flights of fancy, anything half so wonderful as has been accomplished in settling the great rapid transit problems about New York.

Pleased with Premium and Promptness

Dear Dr. Klopsch: "Animal Book" received some days ago. Am much pleased, not only with the book, but with the promptness with which you sent it. It is a very nice premium for the money. S. J. POWELL.
Salem, N. J.

Always Better Than Represented

Dear Dr. Klopsch: I have received the premium, "Heroes and Fairies," and am very much pleased with it; also the Calendar. I am never afraid to send for anything you offer, for I know it will be even better than represented. SARAH MURPHY.
Mount Vernon, O.

A LENTEN HOME TALK

By Margaret E. Sangster

If Christ Were Here

IN studying the life of Christ as it was written by four evangelists, four men who saw and knew him, and who were not removed from his bodily presence, as we are, by nearly two thousand years, we are at first impressed by his majestic claim to be the Son of God. Jesus Christ was God in human flesh. He came to be the life and the light of men; the living bread, the living water were his to give. We are on the threshold of the season that is more and more observed by Christian people as a period of pause amid social pleasures and worldly activities when they may draw near to Jesus Christ and get in touch with him. It is a pertinent question at the beginning of Lent for each of us, What would we do if Christ were here? In very truth he is here, filling our hearts and homes with strength and sweetness; but the question we would ask is one that carries us back to the days when he walked in Galilee and Jerusalem. A few women ministered to him then, a few men followed him everywhere, a handful of people were his disciples and friends. Vast multitudes knew about his wonderful works, and crowds thronged the streets and roads, that they might see his miracles. Yet, when the time came for his arrest, trial and crucifixion, it is written that all men forsook him and fled. Were Christ here to-day, as he was in old Judea, would we belong to the few or the many?

Let us imagine that Christ should appear in twentieth century garb, in New York, in this month of March. New York is a city of tremendous contrasts. The luxury of old Rome, in its imperial splendor, pales before the luxury of the New York millionaire. No past magnificence or wealth of the world can bear comparison with that of the city that stands at the gateway of the West, holding out her hands in welcome to the rest of the globe. At the same time, no poverty or squalor, no distress and suffering of other days can, by any possibility, exceed that which is endured as a matter of course by thousands upon thousands in this same great city. Riches and poverty jostle each other on the pavement. Those who serve in the homes of ample space and easy comfort, often have kindred whose means are of the narrowest, and who drain to the depth the cup of continual anxiety. If Christ were here and we had clear vision to see him, would we be so contented as we are to do our alms-giving by proxy, to refuse to help a struggling brother unless we could do so through organized charity? Would we consent, were we Christ-like and Christ were here, to let children go hungry and old people perish with cold and exhaustion, while we did nothing to help them?

This question is not socialism. It is simply a question of what we would do if we took a walk with our Lord anywhere on the East Side or the West, where the population is thick and the people are strangers and ignorant and poor.

If Christ were here and he came into our households, do you think that we would yield to the temptation to be fretful, unreasonable, arrogant and disagreeable? Would we let petty jealousies and envies steal into the household? Would there be in our lives any secrets that could not bear the light, if we understood that Christ was here and was looking straight into our hearts? Would we under any stress of provocation, however great, either hastily or deliberately, say a word that could pierce another soul like a barbed arrow with its poison of contempt, or its undertone of scorn? Would we ever be uncivil or discourteous or less than gentle, considerate and kind, if we had the feeling that here in the room with us was the divine Master, and that he heard our words and saw our manner? Would we withhold advice, sympathy, assistance, encouragement to a friend or brother who was bearing life's burdens and finding the road very difficult, if Christ were here at our side, and shamed us by his surprise at our attitude of aloofness? Would we not all prefer to be good Samaritans rather than haughty priests and indifferent Levites if Christ were here and it were our privilege to walk and talk with him?

When Christ was in the world, he opened blind eyes and deaf ears, cooled fevered brows, enabled the lame to walk and restored the dead to life. There are still blind eyes to open and deaf ears to be unstopped; there are the sick to be cheered and the mourners to comfort, and by Christ's help we may aid the dead in sin to awaken to a new life. This is our mission. Alas, day by day we need to pray in our individual experience, "from blindness of mind and hardness of heart, good Lord, deliver us."

Looking back over the last twelvemonth, which of us has not much to regret? Which of us would not, were it possible, undo some mistakes, retract some utterances, call back some memories that carried pain with them when it was in our power to have been messengers of gladness? The lesson of Lent is a lesson of getting nearer, if we can, to the dear Lord in complete imitation of him. In all candor, let us ask ourselves what would we be, what would we do, how would we live, if Christ were here?

SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY

To man and maid in life's sweet spring,
There comes a trysting day,
When soft and clear the joybells ring
Beneath the words they say.

She listens as he pleads with her
His queen of love to stay;
She smiles upon her worshiper;
So runs the world away.

I WOULDN'T BE CROSS

I wouldn't be cross, dear, it's never worth while;
Disarm the vexation by wearing a smile;
Let hap a disaster, a trouble, a loss,
Just meet the thing boldly, and never be cross.

I wouldn't be cross, dear, with people at home;
They love you so fondly, whatever may come,
You may count on the kinsfolk around you to stand,
Oh, loyally true in a brotherly band.
So, since the fine gold far exceedeth the dross,
I wouldn't be cross, dear, I wouldn't be cross.

I wouldn't be cross with a stranger, ah, no;
To the pilgrims we meet on the life path we owe
This kindness to give them good cheer as they pass,
To clear out the flint-stones and plant the soft grass.
No, dear, with a stranger, in trial or loss,
I perchance might be silent—I wouldn't be cross.

No bitterness sweetens, no sharpness may heal
The wound which the soul is too proud to reveal.
No envy hath peace; by a fret and a jar
The beautiful work of our hands we may mar.
Let happen what may, dear, of trouble and loss,
I wouldn't be cross, love, I wouldn't be cross.

Wanted, a Friend

THERE'S a bit of Christian work waiting for somebody to do, and very possibly the somebody is yourself. It is the sort of work that makes no show, never sounds a trumpet before it, and will not set your name high on the scroll of fame. The only eyes that will take much notice of the work or of you are the eyes of the watching angels who always behold the face of the Master. Down in the next street there is a poor fellow who has lost his grip, has found temptation too strong for him, and is taking a sort of toboggan slide toward ruin. Before the inevitable downfall comes, he needs help, he needs a friend. You may be the one called upon to be that man's friend.

When, a few years ago, Hugh Beaver, in his twenty-fourth year, after a few days' illness, left this world for a higher service, men came from far and near to attend his funeral. At the door of the church where crowds were entering, a poor man stood, shabby, disreputable, slouching, discouraged. Probably the ushers had no thought of keeping him away, but it seemed to him that they had, and he said to one of them, in hushed but determined tones, "I am going to attend Hugh Beaver's funeral. I am pretty low-down, but there's never been the day when Hugh Beaver was ashamed to put his arm through mine and walk up the street with me."

On the same day a stranger, alighting at the station in the Pennsylvania town where this young soldier of Christ had fallen asleep, inquired the way to the Presbyterian Church. The person of whom he asked drove a hack. "You have come to attend Hugh Beaver's funeral," he said. "I knew him. He brought me to Christ."

* * *

What the world wants is friends. What the church wants is friends. What hearts want is a key. When our Lord began his earthly ministry he gathered about him a little company of friends. One friend spoke to another; one friend brought in another; we are too unfriendly in our church life. We are too ready to confuse the sin and the sinner. We may hate and abhor sin as much as we please, but for individual sinners we should have not mere tolerance, but a spirit of tender sympathy and of loving comradeship.

There are lonely hearts to cherish
While the days are going by.

How do you know where those hearts beat? The maid in your kitchen may carry one, the lad who runs the elevator in the hotel may have another, the young woman behind the counter with an ailing father or mother at home, the doctor going about among his patients, the nurse at the bedside, the child in the schoolroom, may have a lonely heart. Lonely hearts need friends. The world wanted a friend once, and God saw it and sent his own Son, not to condemn, but to save the world. The very sweetest thing our Master ever said to his disciples was the thing he is saying now, "I have not called you servants; I have called you friends."

Look about you and see if you cannot find an opportunity for gentle, unobtrusive and genuine friendship. Look about you and discover where you can do good by the touch of human kindness. The full purse may overflow in bounty, but so may the full heart, and the one may do as much good as the other.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—A. B. C. A lady should leave her own and her husband's card only when making first or formal calls.

—E. E. C. A book of entertainments, published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York, might meet your need.

—Teacher. "Work and play with might and main," would be a good motto for your boys.

—Louise. If the bride's dress has short sleeves, she should wear gloves to the elbow. A wedding dress is supposed to cover neck and arms, no matter what the time of day.

G. N. I am sorry I cannot answer your question. It does not come within the scope of this paper.

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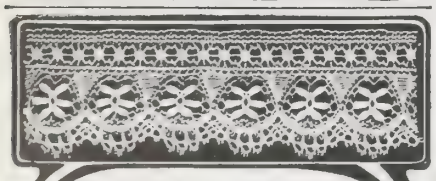

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CLEAR VISION OF SOUL

*By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts**

As Jesus was entering the gate of the temple "he saw a man who was blind from his birth." Beggars at the doors of churches are familiar sights in Europe to-day; all travelers will bear witness to this. In Rome there is hardly a church which has not its gathering of beggars around the entrance door. As to this particular beggar Edersheim says: "On the Sabbath he would of course neither ask nor receive alms, though his presence in the wonted place would secure wider notice, and perhaps lead to many private gifts. The blind were regarded as specially entitled to charity."

A Persistent Question

This question, asked by the disciples, "Who did sin, this man or his parents?" was often upon the lips of the Jews, possibly because it was ground into their consciousness that the iniquity of the fathers should be visited upon the children of those who hated God. There was, in this instance, some idea that the man might be suffering blindness because of his own sins. Jesus said of this particular man, "Neither hath he sinned, nor his parents, but that the works of God should be made manifest in him." This was the secret of the man's blindness. "The man himself was intended to be a symbol." In heathen lands blind people are helpless dependents, mostly living by the wayside begging. But in Christian lands how different! No blind person needs to beg, because of the asylums where sick and feeble blind folk are cared for, and because of the schools where they are taught many trades. The encyclopedia gives a long list of blind people who have become eminent as musicians, sculptors, philosophers, preachers, authors, astronomers, mathematicians and mechanics, and so the works of God are made manifest in diverse ways.

Jesus said, "I must work the works of him that sent me." On another occasion: "He hath sent me to heal the brokenhearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised" (Luke 4: 18). "The night cometh, when no man can work"—the night of death. "And yet," as Henry Ward Beecher said, "how little do we measure the progress of things! How little do we look forward and say: 'If I have anything to do I must do it quickly; for the night is coming!' If you have anything to do in behalf of the poor, you have but little time to do it in. If you have anything to do in behalf of your own class, there's but little time for you to do it in. If you have anything to do in Christian literature, or in the establishment of institutions of religion; if you have anything to do in making the world wiser, and better, and purer, and happier, you have no time to lose. The night comes when no man can work.

Presuming on Time

"Probably not one in a hundred of all that are before me, however active he may be, is using the whole economy of his nature according to the power that is in it. The resources of your being are altogether disproportioned to the products which you bring forth. You are living with various energy in secular things; but when you consider yourselves as complex creatures, as living toward God, as living toward the whole commonwealth, as living in your family relations toward those who are dependent upon you, and as living toward yourselves, you cannot wisely look at what you are and not feel that you are living delinquently, that you are presuming upon time, and that you are not habitually measuring matters by a sober consideration of death."

"I am the light of the world." The power of Jesus to open blind eyes in the world to-day is upon the physicians who work in his name. And so medical missionaries are in the direct line of succession to Christ the Great Physician. In Pekin there is an asylum and school for the blind which has been carried on for over forty years by a devoted Christian Scotch missionary. In all missionary lands there is healing for the blind. In Canton, China, there is a refuge for the insane under American missionaries—the only one in China, and in which many who come there are returned to their homes cured.

"He spat on the ground, and anointed the eyes of the blind man with the clay." The standard treatment for blind eyes in those days was spittle-moistened clay. Jesus made use of that custom in order that he might be better understood by the people. But the result was to be far different from what they had been accustomed to seeing—rarely if ever had they seen blind eyes restored to sight by such a process. Because Jesus did it that day the power of God was made manifest. "Go, wash in the Pool of Siloam." It is always God's plan to make a man take some part in his own cure. There are many who need to be reminded that Jesus does not deliver a simply passive supplicant. He must show his faith and obedience. To such as do that the divine hand is held out in help.

Obedience Precedes Cure

"He went his way, and washed, and came, seeing." The blind man went to the Pool of Siloam, and in obedience found healing. A sceptic would have said: "What is the use of going?" or, "You have healed others by a touch or a word, why not me?" If the blind man had any doubts they were dispelled by the doing, for he came back seeing. As Dr. Talmage used to say: "I know why he could open blind eyes: it was he who made the optic nerve."

"Is not this he that sat and begged?" "This is he." "He is like him." So said those who gazed upon him, struck by the strange appearance which sight gave to the beggar. They could hardly believe their own eyes. Some people are of such suspicious nature that they are always looking out to find imposition. But the man said, "I am he," and in response to their question, "How were thine eyes opened?" he told them how in the fewest possible words. "He made clay, anointed my eyes—said, 'Go, wash.' I went, washed, received sight"—the whole story in a nutshell. "Where is he?" "I know not." In a deeper sense than appears in his answer, he knew not Jesus. For the first time he looked upon Jesus a few hours after his healing as he met him in the temple. There Jesus revealed himself to him, not only as his healer, but as his Saviour, and the beggar cried out, "Lord, I believe," and he worshiped him.

It mattered not that the carping Pharisees stood by, they who, since his healing, had made every effort to discredit him who had healed him, and had even tried to make it seem that the man had not been blind.

Jesus Gives Sight

The central truth of this lesson is the power of Jesus to help the blind: in body—in soul. The living Saviour has given sight to a living man. He gives bodily sight, as in this case, and in every case, for what are the laws of nature but the fixed operations of his will? He gives mental sight, enabling Bacon and Newton and others to see great facts of nature that were not seen before. He gives moral sight, enabling Confucius and Zoroaster and Socrates to see great facts of the human soul. But, above all—and with that we are mainly concerned—he gives spiritual sight, enabling us to see ourselves as sinners, and God as our loving Father, pardoning iniquity, transgression and sin.

Continued on page 193

* **International Sunday School Lesson for March 15, 1908.** Jesus heals a man born blind. John 9: 1-12. GOLDEN TEXT: "I am the light of the world." John 9: 5.

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Sunday School Lesson—*Continued*

"Lord, I pray thee, open his eyes, that e may see." Such was the prayer of Elisha for his servant (II. Kings 6:17), errified by the sight of the pursuing yrian army surrounding Dothan, where Elisha and his servant had halted for he night. Elisha had no fear, and he ad tried to put courage into his servant y saying, "They that be with us are nore than they that be with them." God id cause the servant to see the host of leaven ready to defend them, for behold, he mountain was full of horses and hariots round about Elisha. This man lready had his sight and could see all hat other men could, but he had not the ight of Elisha until God gave it to him or a moment, to give him faith and ourage.

What Is It Like in Common Life?

To the Amritsar Hospital, in India, ame a blind Hindu woman eighty years f age, who asked the doctor at the door, Are you he who gives people new eyes?" No, but I sometimes mend old ones." On examination it was found her case equired such an operation as one of her reat age could hardly be expected to go hrough successfully. She cried, "I will ell all I have and give it to you, and I vill bear any pain or privation if you vill give me sight for even five minutes." She explained that she had had but one on, and when he had died, she had wept er eyes away, but that since his death a randchild had been born whom she had ever seen, and she said: "I will give all have to see his face for a moment be- ore I die."

The earnest missionary doctor told er of God the Father of Jesus, and of leaven, and so opened the eyes of her linded soul. When they parted, she aid: "You can talk of going to heaven y and by. If you only knew it, in what have heard and felt, I have heaven ow!" Jesus had proved to her the light f life. It is the testimony of medical issionaries that the healing of the body s the most direct way of reaching the ouls that sit in darkness.

An incident from daily life to help a young man: "A young man, who was a decided and thorough unbeliever—so decided that the arguments of modern infidels seemed to him very inferior—at the age of twenty-five years chanced to fall in with a copy of Strauss' *Life of Jesus.* He eagerly devoured the book. He was charmed with the keenness of its statements and the completeness of its views. But the more he read, the more he was impressed by the conviction that if the display of such keenness and ability was necessary to prove the Gospel history a myth, it is a far simpler thing to accept the history just as it stands. Thus the scales fell from his eyes. His former system, on which he prided himself so much, and in which he had hoped and expected to find himself sustained by Strauss, parted like a rope of sand. Having read the last page, he exclaimed, 'I thank thee, Strauss; thou hast been my salvation!'"

What Is It Like in Nature?

One beautiful summer day a lady was walking across the Capitol grounds in Washington, D. C., and seeing a tree in magnificent bloom, stepped upon the grass to examine it more closely. Immediately a police sergeant was at her side, and the lady expected to hear from him a request that she should "keep off the grass"; but not so. Instead, she was greeted with, "Lady, do you not think that is a beautiful tree?" "Yes," she replied, "I have been watching it many months; even in the winter when it had no leaves, I used to walk by it to see its beautiful branches. But now it is more beautiful than I have ever seen it." The officer picked off a bunch of the lavender blossoms, passed it to the lady and said, "I am no church member, but the other day, when I was looking at some of these flowers, and I noticed that each flower had the same little green lines against the lavender, I said to myself, "Only God can make flowers that way." And the lady passed on with a prayer that the man, who was "almost persuaded," might become an out-and-out follower of the Lord Jesus Christ.

BOOKS RECEIVED

High School Algebra, by Prof. J. H. Tanner, Cornell University. 346 pp. Price $1. American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago, publishers.

A Short History of Greek Literature, from Homer to Julian, by Prof. Wilmer Cave Wright. A comprehensive summary for the student and the general reader. Pp. 543; cloth. Price $1.50. American Book Company, New York, publishers.

Sunshine All the Year Around, or Life at its Happiest and Best. By Rev. J. H. Potts. Helpful selections for every day the year round, to be read in the home circle. Illustrated. Cloth covers. P. W. Zieglar Co., Philadelphia, publishers.

An American Book of Golden Deeds. by James Baldwin; the stories of humble heroes, the recital of which should stir youthful patriotism and ambition. Pp. 304; illustrated. Price fifty cents. American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago, publishers.

The Betrothal of Elypholate and Other Tales of the Pennsylvania Dutch, by Helen R. Martin, author of *A Mennonite Maid.* These eight stories are charmingly told and beautifully illustrated. Pp. 249; cloth covers. Price $1.50. The Century Co., New York, publishers.

The Cozy Lion, as Told by Queen Crosspatch, by Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, a pretty little story for the youngsters, cleverly and amusingly illustrated by Harrison Cady. Pp. 105; cloth covers. Price 60 cents. The Century Co., New York, publishers.

Fishing and Shooting Sketches, by Grover Cleveland. Copiously illustrated by Henry S. Watson. A helpful book by the ex-President, giving his experiences in the sporting field. Pp. 209. Cloth covers. Price $1.25. The Outing Publishing Company, New York, publishers.

A Book of Plays for Little Actors, by Emma L. Johnston and Madaline D. Barnum. These are for children, and are to be read at sight and acted at the same time. Pp. 171; cloth. Illustrated. Price 30 cents. American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago, publishers.

The Steps of Life, Essays on Happiness, by Prof. Carl Hilty, of Berne University. These deal with such topics as "Sin and Sorrow," "Culture," "Notable Souls," "Transcendental Hope," etc., and are of a highly spiritual and helpful character. Cloth. Pp. 264. Price $1.25. Macmillan Company, New York and London, publishers.

The Negro in Business, by Booker T. Washington. A book that is full of examples of successful members of the negro race, in a great many fields of effort, some as agriculturists, others as builders, bankers, manufacturers, capitalists, publishers, etc. Pp. 379. Cloth covers. Hertel, Jenkins & Co., Boston and Chicago, publishers.

Smoke, by Ivan Turgenieff. Translated from the Russian by Isabel F. Hapgood. This is one of the famous Russian author's characteristic stories, written in the masterly style which has given his works such a wide popularity throughout Europe. Pp. 310. Cloth covers. Price $1.25. Charles Scribners' Sons, New York, publishers.

What Can a Young Man Do? by Frank West Rollins. A book of advice to parents concerning the education and training of boys, with up-to-date, practical information concerning the openings and opportunities afforded in a variety of trades and professions. Pp. 339. Cloth covers. Price $1.50. Little, Brown & Co., Boston, publishers.

The Eternal in Man. By James I. Vance, D.D. Twenty gems of thought on matters in which every thinking man is interested. "The Atrophy of a Soul" and "The Call of the Good" are two chapters that especially appeal to the earnest seeker after God. Pp. 240. Price $1. Published by the Fleming H. Revell Company, New York and Chicago.

The Life Story of Henry Clay Trumbull, Missionary Army Chaplain, Editor and Author, by Philip E. Howard, with an introduction by Charles Gallaudet Trumbull. This is the story of a remarkable career, and is full of interest and teeming with helpful suggestions. Pp. 525. Illustrated. Cloth covers. Sunday School Times Company. Philadelphia, publishers.

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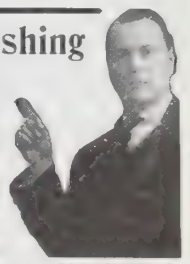

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A MASTERFUL MAN

BY MRS. SUSAN M. GRIFFITH

"THERE'S the postman!" said Pearl, running to the front door and returning with a letter in her hand.

"Only just one!" she exclaimed with a pout. "And for mother! I thought surely I'd hear from Lenore Wilde today. She said she'd stop over here for a day or two on her way home, and see me, and would write and tell me the date. I haven't seen her for an age. What's the matter, mamma? Trying to find out who the letter is from without opening it? You are the funniest woman."

"I was just studying the post-mark a bit," said Mrs. Randall, rubbing her spectacles with a corner of her gingham apron; "but it's not plain. The handwrite ain't a mite familiar. I don't know who in the world it can be from."

"May I politely suggest that you open the missive and look at the signature? Possibly that may throw some light on the mystery," said David, with an amused twinkle in his dark blue eyes. "It beats all, mother, what an extraordinary pleasure you take in guessing. I believe you would have made a good try at Samson's riddle."

"I wouldn't have done just like them Philistines, anyway," said Mrs. Randall. "They had to get a woman to coax it out of him at last. I think I'd have held on to my thinking-cap a little longer. Let me see!" peering still inquiringly at the envelope. "H—O—P—now I've got it! Why, it's Hopewell, children; it must be something concerning your Uncle Joseph Byxbee."

"I hope not," observed Pearl. "I never want to hear from him, the old hermit and miser."

"Tut, tut!" said her mother, reprovingly. "Get the scissors so I can open it; no, you shan't tear it; you may pull off some of the writing and spoil the sense. How ruthless and reckless you are, Pearl."

Pearl laughed and brought the scissors, and David, who was just graduated from the theological seminary and awaiting a "call," returned to his book on homiletics. The mother painfully perused her letter, which was no easy task, as she was near-sighted. A sudden exclamation made the children give attention once more.

"Well, I never!" said she. "It's right hard to make out, but as near as I can read it, your Uncle Joseph is right bad off sick, and there ain't a soul to do a thing for him. He won't have no one around for fear he'll have to pay 'em, and he's in a dreadful state alone by hisself. The letter is from a neighbor who thought it no more'n right to let me know, seeing I'm a half sister."

"Well, it won't do an atom of good," sniffed Pearl in disguist. "You can't go and look after him; he wouldn't allow you to if you made the attempt. His house must be a perfect hog-pen. Why, mamma, how long has he lived on that little old place near Hopewell all by himself?"

"Oh, it must be nearly twenty years."

"And he's rich, too, isn't he?"

"Why, I suppose he is," said her mother reflectively; "folks say so, but I guess nobody really knows. He lives poor enough, the dear knows; wears scarecrow clothes, and eats only what he can raise on his bit of a place. I never was there; Joseph never had no use for me, nor I for him. I don't see what I can do for him, and yet it does seem mighty inhuman to let him lie there and starve to death."

"Now, mother, let your son solve this riddle for you," said David, quietly, possessing himself of the letter and reading its contents. "I am of the opinion that this is in my line; a field of labor for me. If you'll kindly put a few clean things in my suit-case, mother, I'll run down to Hopewell and see what I can do for this ill-conditioned relative of yours. It may be that I can do a bit of work for the Master."

"You, David, you!" exclaimed his mother. "Why, if there's any one that he hates on earth, it's a preacher. My! he'll run you right out in no time."

"He can't if he is confined to his bed. And as for the hating, that's nothing. We preachers have to expect that. You know what the Master said: 'Marvel not that the world hate you. It hated me before it hated you. If ye were of the world, the world would love its own; but because I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you.' Get the grip ready, mother, I'm going."

"Good for you, David Randall!" said Pearl. "Let him go, mother; he's just the very one. Just remember it was a David that slew that old giant Goliath. Uncle Joseph has always been your giant, mother, and the terror and disgrace of the Randall household. Let David beard him in his den and destroy him forever with the sword of the Spirit. I believe he can do it; why, yes; what else is a minister for?"

It was late in the afternoon of the same day, a pleasant day in June, when David Randall swung off the train at the pretty town of Hopewell. It was necessary to make inquiries as to the route he must take in order to reach his uncle's dwelling, which he knew was some distance from the village, on the edge of a desolate wood, entirely off from any road. Before instituting any especial search, however, he visited several stores and made certain purchases, looked up the writer of the letter and held a consultation with her, and then picked his way through dusty weeds and thickets of briars to the mean-looking house, hardly deserving to be called a house at all, which he had been told was occupied by Joseph Byxbee. As he reached it, a singular whining drone arrested his attention, and he stood listening, a grim humorous smile overspreading his face as he called to mind old Bill Barley in *Great Expectations,* for the refrain was very like to his, interspersed with the same kind of wishes to his fellowmen as that noted character indulged in. Thus:

"Here I be, hard and fast, with the hand of death a clutchin' at my throat. Here I be, treed like a squirrel, knocked down flat as a pancake, old Joseph Byxbee, aged sixty-nine. I ain't never done nothin' to nobody; I've let folks be and stayed by myself, yet here I be, laid low, with no one to keer a red cent fur me. Heigho! this here's the end. I reckon Joseph Byxbee's goin' into the earth to feed the worms. Ha, ha! ho, ho! that's a fine endin' to the Creator's masterpiece, now, ain't it? A human feedin' the worms! Oh, my eye!"

David pushed open the half closed door and stepped into the room; a dirty, forlorn, wretched room it was, too; almost entirely bare of furniture; cobwebs hanging in long, hideous festoons from ceiling and corners; uncurtained windows, and a desperately filthy bed on which lay an old man with wild, gray locks and gaunt, pinched face and skeleton fingers. His shirt hung upon him in rags and tatters, and the bed-clothes were a sickening, demoralizing sight. But David did not flinch. Laying his suit-case and a large bundle on a chair, he approached the bed. "How are you, Uncle Joseph?" he said kindly, touching the old man's skinny hand. Joseph Byxbee stared at him with a hard look in his cold eyes.

"Who be ye?" he snarled with wildcat ferocity.

"Your nephew, David Randall," said the young man quietly. We heard today, for the first, of your condition, and I came to take care of you. You must have a bath, and your bed must be changed at once. And the house must be thoroughly aired and cleaned without delay. It is unsanitary."

It's what?" demanded the old man, with a string of words frightful to hear, as David, paying no attention to

Continued on page 195

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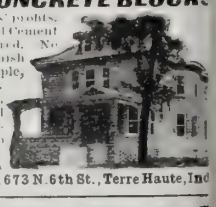

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A MASTERFUL MAN

Continued from page 194

im, flung wide the door, and threw up
he windows.

"It is not healthy," said David, with
cherry whistle. "The atmosphere is
ough to make any one ill. You must
ve fresh air to breathe, and God's sun-
ine to heal you, else your chances are
all indeed."

"You you—you! What business have
u coming here and meddling?" The
d man was fairly choking with rage, his
es burned and glared, and he was, al-
gether, a horrid spectacle as he tried
vain to rise from the bed. He fell
ack with a groan, and David calmly
rew off his coat and hung it out doors
a bush. Then he proceeded to make
fire in the adjoining room. Old Jo-
ph heard him breaking some ancient
hairs for kindling, whistling cheerily
e while, and growled out unutterable
ords. In a short time David came in,
eeves rolled to his elbow, and a tub of
t water. Going to the big bundle he
d brought, he produced soap, towels,
eets, pillow-slips and clothing. Then
took the rags off the emaciated old
an without ceremony, and proceeded to
ve him such a bath as he had never
d in the whole course of his life.
hrieks and groans filled and fouled the
r, but David went calmly on with his
gorous scrubbing as if nothing unusual
as occurring. Finally, too exhausted
struggle further, either with voice or
nds, the old man submitted and the
th progressed rapidly.

"That's right," said David, "just you
ep still and this business will soon
me to a successful finish. You see,
I am to take care of you, I must do
in my own way, and I insist on your
ing clean. When you get clean things
your bed and clean clothes on your
dy, you'll feel like a new man. And
s soon as the woman comes that I have
gaged, and the grocery wagon, we'll
x you up a good meal and you'll go to
ep like a new-born baby."

"Woman! Grocery wagon!" screamed
e old man, suddenly recovering his
reath. "Who's goin' to pay? Not Jo-
ph Byxbee! There ain't no money in
is house! I swear it! Not a red cent!"

"There, there," said David, "don't get
xcited; I expect to cancel all bills." And
e pulled a clean shirt over the tousled,
amp, gray head. Then rolling him skil-
ully from side to side, he tore off the
retched bed-clothes, mentally resolving
make a bonfire in the back yard, and
pread on the clean, cool, sweet-smelling
heets.

"You're a—a—mighty masterful young
an," said the invalid feebly, inter-
persing the remark with various rough
ords. "I'd like right well to know your
uthority for doin' the like of this here."

"Shall I tell you?" asked David, be-
inning to comb out the wild, straggling
ray hair. "My authority is Jesus Christ,
he Saviour of men. The Father of all
ife sent him into this world to suffer
nd die for men like you and me, be-
ause he loved us so. And he has sent
e, his servant, to carry on his work;
nd I am here to help him save you, body
nd soul.

"Humph!" grunted the old man,
you're a preacher, I reckon. I hate
reachers!"

"So I have heard," said David, "but
hat does not matter. We hope to
hange all that in time."

With the arrival of the woman and
he groceries the work of reformation
ent on apace. David went into the ad-
oining woods with an axe and brought
supply of wood to keep up the fire
n the old stone fireplace. The walls were
wept down, the floors scrubbed, the win-
lows and woodwork likewise, and a cot
nd furnishings brought from the village
or David to sleep on. A meal of toast
nd eggs and tea was prepared for the
atient, who at first sulkily refused it,
ut something compelling in David's eyes,
s well as the mastery of hunger, made
im give way, and he ate ravenously.

Two weeks passed away, and David's
kind care was rewarded by the complete
recovery of his patient. More than that,
Joseph Byxbee was a very different man.
He no longer railed and cursed at David,
but followed him wistfully with his eyes,
as he went about singing Gospel hymns,
or sat reading his Bible, or engaged in
silent prayer. One day he called to him
softly.

"David, son, sit by, and read a bit
out of the Good Book to me." And
David read with a great prayer in his
heart.

After that, it became a daily occur-
rence, and then, one night about twelve
o'clock, David was awakened by the
voice of prayer from the old man.

"Dear Lord Jesus Christ," he was say-
ing tremulously, "you know I'm a dread-
ful old sinner, but if you want me, just
take me, body and soul. But—but, Lord,
I know you won't take me, if I don't give
up the money. It's hid, Lord, all about
the house, but I'll get it for you; I'll tell
David. It most kills me to give it up,
dear Lord Jesus, but I'm goin' to do it,
now and evermore, because I love you
and want to belong to you. Amen."

"Amen!" echoed David. And then,
fearing to delay, the old man arose, and
from a dozen different hiding-places
brought out as many thousand dollars,
laying them down before the young
minister for the Lord and his work.

When David Randall returned home he
took with him his uncle, Joseph Byxbee,
and for twelve years he lived, an honored
and beloved member of the household.
To the day of his death he would never
handle money, but left to David the en-
tire dispensing of his funds. He adored
David, and would sit in his big chair and
watch the lithe young form swing down
the street, an awed expression stealing
into his face. Then he would murmur:
"A masterful young man is David, my
nephew. Here I be, a saved man, by
the grace of God, and he did it—he
brung me to the feet of Jesus, praise
the Lord! Yes, David's a masterful
man."

A Bomb Explodes in a Mission

THE "Black Hand" became a very real and tangible thing to the Home Garden Settlement, 405 East One Hundred and Sixteenth Street, New York, when one evening not long ago a bomb was exploded in the doorway of the four-story building, while the superintendent, Miss Guyon, and the servants were asleep. The front of the building was wrecked to a large extent and much damage done to the surrounding tenements. The bomb exploded outwards, to which is due the escape from personal injury of those in the house. The Home Garden was founded in 1898 by Miss Anna C. Ruddy, who continued its superintendency until a year or two ago and is still active in its management. Miss Guyon, the present superintendent, was Miss Ruddy's assistant for seven years and holds to the traditions of love and good-will with which the work was begun. It is a work especially for Italian children (though many others come to it), and has aimed from the first to reach them solely through a spirit of love and good fellowship and by the general atmosphere of a real home.

The bomb, according to the police view, was not intended for the Settlement, but for an Italian contractor nearby. The blow is nothing short of a calamity to the Home Garden, which has been forced to make an appeal to its friends for help.

Famine Relief in Russia

At the last session of the Russian parliament before the Christmas holidays a famine appropriation of $7,500,000 was passed. This famine appropriation is double the amount originally proposed in the budget, and will be immediately available for the relief of about twelve provinces. An additional appropriation will be necessary later. A large part of the money is to be distributed through the zemstvos and other local organizations. This course will be adopted because the centralization of relief work showed the danger of abuses.

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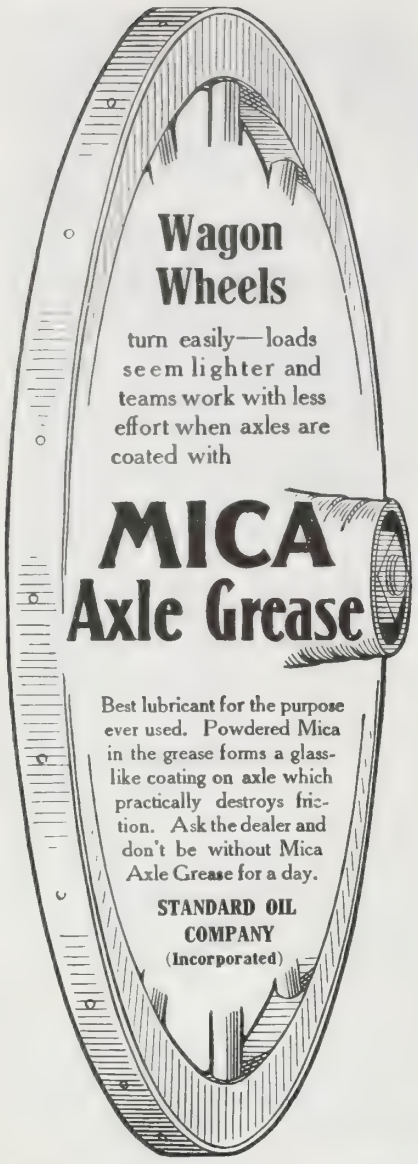

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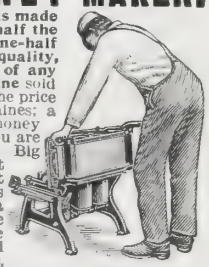

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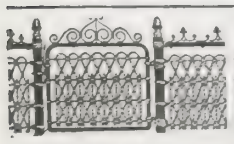

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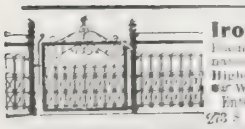

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A COURSE IN ESPERANTO

LESSON No. 5.—By Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

Exercise. Translate into Esperanto:

The star will be shining. The girl was singing. The stars were shining. The daughters will be singing. The man was speaking. The window was broken. The books will be changed. The books were changed. My nephew was speaking. The table will be moved. The woman will be hearing. The moon was shining. The boys were walking. The spoons and forks were changed. The mother was speaking. The uncle is walking. The trees are growing. The dishes will be changed. The mattresses will be moved.

Grammar. Some More Participles

ACTIVE VOICE

Mi estas aminta, *I have loved.*
Mi estis aminta, *I had loved.*
Mi estos aminta, *I shall have loved.*

Exercise. Mi estas kantinta. Mi estis promeninta. Mi estos aŭdinta. Li estas parolinta. Li estis parolinta. Li estos parolinta. Vi estas aŭdinta. Vi estis aŭdinta. Vi estos aŭdinta. Ŝi estas movinta. Ŝi estis movinta. Ŝi estos movinta.

PASSIVE VOICE

Mi estas amita, *I have been loved.*
Mi estis amita, *I had been loved.*
Mi estos amita, *I shall have been loved.*

Exercise. Mi estas movita. Mi estis movita. Mi estos movita. Mi estas aŭdita. Mi estis aŭdita. Mi estos aŭdita. Ĝi estas rompita. Ĝi estis rompita. Ĝi estos rompita. Ĝi estas ŝanĝita. Ĝi estis ŝanĝita. Ĝi estos ŝanĝita.

ACTIVE VOICE

Mi estas amonta, *I am about to love.*
Mi estis amonta, *I was about to love.*
Mi estos amonta, *I shall be about to love.*

Exercise. Mi estas kantonta. Mi estis kantonta. Mi estos kantonta. Mi estas promenonta. Mi estis promenonta. Mi estos promenonta.

PASSIVE VOICE

Mi estas amota, *I am about to be loved.*
Mi estis amota, *I was about to be loved.*
Mi estos amota, *I shall be about to be loved.*

Exercise. Ĝi estas rompota. Ĝi estis rompota. Ĝi estos rompota. Li estas aŭdota. Li estis aŭdota. Li estos aŭdota. Ŝi estas ŝanĝota. Ŝi estis ŝanĝota. Ŝi estos ŝanĝota. Ĝi estas movota. Ĝi estis movota. Ĝi estos movota.

Vocabulary

aĉeti, *to buy*	laŭdi, *to praise*
admiri, *to admire*	lavi, *to wash*
alveni, *to arrive*	lerni, *to learn*
aŭskulti, *to listen*	loĝi, *to dwell*
bati, *to beat*	manĝi, *to eat*
bezoni, *to need*	meti, *to put*
doni, *to give*	morti, *to die*
esperi, *to hope*	pagi, *to pay*
forgesi, *to forget*	pensi, *to think*
forpeli, *to expel*	plori, *to weep*
koni, *to know*	povi, *to be able, can*
kredi, *to believe*	preni, *to take*

Directions. First, pronounce the whole list; second, write them from dictation; third, learn their meaning; fourth, form sentences, using these new words with those already familiar.

Exercise. My mother is buying chairs. My sister is buying pictures. I am closing the door. My husband has forgotten the books. My grandfather is about to arrive. The boy shall have forgotten. Her uncle had paid. The great-grandfather is about to die. The great-grandmother is weeping. The mother had praised the boy. The aunt had loved the nephews. The wife had been loved. My father was about to forget. I am able to buy books. I am hoping. She is weeping. They are eating. They are about to forget. She was about to wash. The woman was about to beat the boy.

Adverbs

Adverbs end in *e.*

bele, *beautifully*	utile, *usefully*
brave, *bravely*	facile, *easily*
eble, *possibly*	frue, *early*
poste, *afterwards*	certe, *surely*
rapide, *rapidly*	laŭte, *loudly*

Exercise. Li parolas rapide. Ili alvenos frue. Ŝi estas ploranta laŭte. Li lernas facile. Ŝi pensas bele. La steloj brilas bele. La knabo esperas brave. La knabino parolos poste. La viro estas promenanta rapide. Ŝi estas kantanta laŭte. La arboj estas kreskantaj rapide. La avo estas certe mortanta. La viro parolis facile. La steloj estas briletantaj bele. Knaboj forgesos facile. Li certe pagos. Mia patro promenos frue. La birdoj kantas laŭte.

WHY WE GO TO CHURCH*

MANY and diverse would be the answers given to the question, even by intelligent Christians. Unhappily there are some who would have to have the question changed to, "Why we ought to go to church"; or even, "Why we neglect to go to church." It is remarkable how many would have to allege an excuse for staying away, that would not keep them from attending a place of amusement, or from going to business on a week day. A snow storm, a slight cold, the absence of the favorite preacher, etc., are reasons for staying at home, that are used by persons who keep secular engagements regardless of such matters. The tendency of our times is to a neglect of the church service, to a diminution of it to one service a week, and to an irregularity that has suggested the name of religious tramps, men who wander from one church to another without having any church home. It will be well if the selection of this topic by the League managers leads to a consideration of the subject that will result in reformation.

Apart from the main reasons for going to church, which are to be discussed in next week's meeting, there are several minor and incidental reasons. One of these is that we should go for the sake of example. If the Christian stays away from church, or allows a small obstacle to prevent his attendance, he creates an impression that will not fail to be perceived by young people and irreligious people. They think that if the Christian does not feel it incumbent to be present, they, too, may stay away. They need the teaching of the pulpit, perhaps more than he does, but they stay away as he does, and so the church suffers through its friends.

Then there is the spiritual uplift that comes from a church service. The contact with other Christians, the union in prayer and song is a stimulus that we cannot afford to miss. The delight in the society of God's people is a sign of a godly spirit, and brings its reward. Then, too, there is the need which the church service supplies of getting away from business ideas, from sordid thoughts into the spiritual realm, which is a preparation for another week's temptations and trials. These besides the supreme idea of duty.

* Topic of the Epworth League for March 15. Luke 4: 16-29; Ps. 84.

CALLED HIGHER

Mrs. Susanna Wardan, of Dallas, Tex., who died lately, was in her ninety-ninth year, having been born on the shores of Lake Champlain, in Vermont, on February 10, 1809. She was united in marriage to John Wardan in 1826. This union was blessed by fourteen children, seven of whom are still living. Deceased was a shining example of true Christian womanhood. She retained her remarkable memory up to the day of her illness. She was of a kind and generous nature and never failed to exercise that deep charity so characteristic of intelligent and noble-minded people.

Your savings, small or large, will be handled temporarily or through a series of years to your best possible advantage by the Industrial Savings and Loan Co., whose advertisement you will find on page 192 of this issue. They will refer you to patrons everywhere, doubtless to some in your own locality. Write them.

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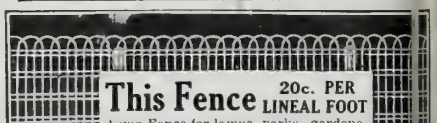

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Box 47 **Winchester, Indiana**

The Bread-Line at Close Range

(From the New York Times)

IT was 12 o'clock. The coffee and rolls would not be given out until 1. This was to make sure that those who applied at the Bowery Mission were really homeless, that there should be no make-believe, that none who could afford the price of a bed should take the bread from the mouth of the waif who must walk the streets or sleep in a doorway. A handful of these shivered beneath the half roof of the Mission Church, waiting for 1 o'clock. One hour to wait. The snow fell in big, soft flakes.

There is a certain mercifulness in the actual falling of the snow, for it is not until afterward, when the big soft flakes have turned to tiny, stinging needles, when they scream under foot in crystallized masses and hang to the ragged coat in icicles, that the real misery begins.

Ten minutes after 12.

The handful had grown to sufficient proportions to form in line. A certain etiquette exists in this line as in others. Those who come first take up their places directly opposite the cellar door that will open the way to coffee and rolls. The handful ranged in a bent line on the curb, each forming a human covering of the other from the cold.

They stood under the umbrella of the elevated that sheltered them with some show of charity, except in the event of the passing of a train, at which time the hurrying wheels sent furious flurries of snowflakes on their unprotected shoulders.

One hand washes the other. Some one had blundered, and the panic of the rich had extended to the army of the poor. The bread-line grew. From out their holes these homeless creatures crawled to the comfort of the coffee and the rolls.

One found a small curved plank, placed it over the pool of melted snow in which he stood, and rested on it for the protection of his ragged shoes. Courteously he offered part of it to the waif who served as his human covering.

Both stood out of the wet for a period of time until the plank should have soaked itself sufficiently for the penetrating of the perforations of the aged soles of their shoes.

Some found bits of kindling wood and started small fires on the curb, the upward flying flames of which served as footlights to accentuate the wildness of hungry eyes set in the frames of pallid faces.

The line continued to grow. It doubled itself in places on the curb. It extended now to Canal Street and around the corner, to the street below and around its corner.

It was a quiet line and well behaved. The panic of the rich screams out its pain to the world. The panic of the poor is still.

In the room back of the Mission Church there sat the men who had charge of the coffee and the rolls, the little kindly manager half nodding in his chair, the little weazened sailor who hands out the rolls from the bin dozing gently before the big round stove bleached white by the intensity of its own heat. The little man straightened out of his doze and looked at the nodding sailor.

"We'll have to turn them away to-night," he said. "There are only a thousand rolls. Last night we had to turn them away and the night before, and the night before that."

The sailor nodded back at him.

"Yes," said he; "we'll have to turn some of them away to-night."

Below in the basement two great barrels of coffee were steaming, ready to be put into pots for the cups. The rolls were piled high in a bin near the door, a thousand, no more. On a long table were ranged the big tin cups for the coffee, a thousand, no more.

It neared the hour of 1, and more than a thousand stood on the curb, the line doubling, extending far toward the second corner on Canal and that other street below.

Two men filled huge coffee pots from the steaming barrels. They began to pour the coffee into the cups. The long table served as a tray. They poured the coffee quickly and recklessly, but there was no waste, for beneath the spout of the table there stood another coffee pot to catch the drip.

At last it was 1 o'clock. All the cups were filled with the steaming coffee. The little old sailor took his seat on a counter by the bin, and the little man called out:

"Open the door!"

Then down through the open door came the army of the poor to the coffee and the rolls, tramping, tramping.

The pallid faces of them! The hands outstretched for the rolls, the trembling lips pressed to the heat of the coffee in the cups. The misshapen hands, the grimy hands, the long, attenuated fingers, the cold, blue lips, the wolfish, backward look of the wild eyes at the pile of rolls, the fiendish stare of insatiable and unsatisfied hunger.

Down the cellar steps they tramped like herding cattle toward the grateful warmth of the cellar and the coffee and the rolls.

Outside, the onrush of the foremost of the line extended its eager trembling to the length of it. There were only a thousand rolls and many more than a thousand mouths. The frantic fingers of the two long arms of the line pushed the foremost down the steps to the coffee and the rolls, the thud of their tramping beating on the stillness of the night.

Again and again the little old sailor raked the rolls down to within his reach, picked out one at a time and gave it forth to the outstretched hand that snatched it, clawlike, after the fashion of a famished animal. Then on went the herd to the coffee cups, tramping, tramping, the thud of their footsteps beating on the quiet of the night.

Some drank the coffee in gulps, some drank it slowly as if loth to leave the comfort of its heat. Some thrust the roll into the pocket for later in the night, some had finished it before they reached the cup of coffee. Some passed around the long table and on out at the other door which led from the warmth of the cellar back to the night silently, sullenly, dazed by the despair of the hollow street. Some stopped and spoke to the little man and thanked him for the coffee and the rolls.

The bread was getting low in the bin.

"We will have to shut the door soon," said the little man, "and the line is long outside. It will not be many minutes now before we shall have to shut the door."

Outside the line had caught the fear of the shut door.

All at once, with a mighty movement, it rushed forward, and with a wild, still intensity pushed the foremost of the line down the steps in at the door. And then like a knell came the order:

"Shut the door!"

The shut door pushed the mass of humanity back up the steps and into the street.

The staring eyes of them! The white, clutched hands of them! The wolfish look of unsatisfied hunger! The hopelessness! The despair!

. . .

[Since this article was written, the Bowery Mission Bread Line Supply has been doubled. Two thousand rolls and 2,000 cups of coffee are now served every night to the hungry and homeless men and lads.]

A Governor Kneels in Prayer

A touching scene occurred in Gov. Glenn's office at Raleigh, N. C., lately. Len Bennett, sixty-four years old, one of the two long-term convicts who received Thanksgiving pardons, went directly to the Governor's office. He thanked Gov. Glenn for his clemency and begged him to pray for him. The Governor agreed, and they both knelt in prayer. The Governor's prayer was most earnest and fervent. Bennett later went to the jail, prayed for the inmates, and advised them to lead good lives when their terms expired. The convicts were profoundly impressed.

What Will You Give To Be Well

I CANNOT tell you ***how happy I am*** that I have been able to bring health and strength to 30,000 women in the past six years. Just think! this means a whole city. It is to my thorough study of anatomy, physiology and health principles, and to my 12 years personal experience before I began my instructions by mail, that I attribute my marvelous success. It would do your heart good to read the reports from my pupils—and I have done all this by simply studying Nature's laws adapted to the correction of each individual difficulty.

To Have **Good Figure, Vibrant Health, Rested Nerves?**

If vital organs or nerve centers are weak, I strengthen them so that each organ does its work.

I want to help every woman to be perfectly, gloriously well, with that sweet, personal loveliness which health and a wholesome, graceful body gives—a cultured, self-reliant woman with a definite purpose, full of the health and vivacity which makes you

A Better Wife
A Rested Mother
A Sweeter Sweetheart

A Corset is not Needed for a Good Figure

Too Fleshy? You can easily remove the fat and it will stay removed. I have reduced 15,000 women.

One pupil writes me:

"Miss Cocroft, I have reduced 78 pounds and I look 15 years younger. I feel so well I want to shout! I never get out of breath now.

"When I began I was rheumatic and constipated, my heart was weak and my head dull, and oh dear, I am ashamed when I think how I used to look! I never dreamed it was all *so easy*, I thought I just had to be fat. I feel like stopping every fat woman I see and telling her of you."

Too Thin? I may need to strengthen your stomach, intestines and nerves first. A pupil who *was* thin, writes me:

"I just can't tell you how happy I am. I am so proud of my neck and arms! My busts are rounded out and I have gained 28 pounds; it has come just where I wanted it and I carry myself like another woman.

"My old dresses look stylish on me now. I have not been constipated since my second lesson and I had taken something for years. My liver seems to be all right and I haven't a bit of indigestion any more, for I sleep like a baby and my *nerves* are *so* rested. I feel so well all the time."

I bring each pupil to symmetrical proportions and I teach her to *stand* and to *walk* in an attitude which bespeaks culture and refinement. A good figure, gracefully carried, means more than a pretty face. Nature's rosy cheeks are more beautiful than paint or powder. I help you to

Arise To Your Best!

The day for drugging the system has passed. In the privacy of your own room, I strengthen the muscles and nerves of the vital organs, lungs and heart and start your blood to circulating as it did when you were a child. I teach you to breathe, so that the blood is fully purified.

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And the vital strength gained by a forceful circulation relieves you of such chronic ailments as *Constipation, Torpid Liver, Indigestion, Rheumatism, Weaknesses, Catarrh, Dullness, Irritability, Nervousness, Sleeplessness or Weak Nerves* by strengthening whatever organs or nerves are weak.

I wish I could put sufficient emphasis into these words to make you realize that you do not need to be ill, but that you can be a buoyant, vivacious, attractive woman in return for just a few minutes' care each day in your own home.

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For ten cents I send you a card of correct poise for your dressing table and a booklet, showing you how to stand and walk with ease.

Write me today telling me your faults in health or figure, and I will cheerfully tell you whether I can help you. I never treat a patient I cannot help. If I cannot help you I will refer you to the help you need.

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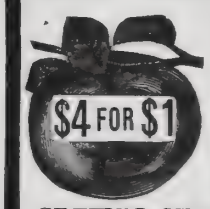

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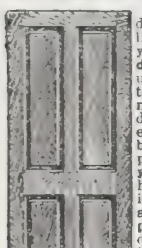

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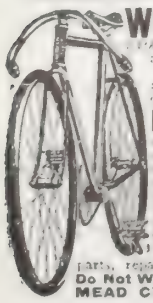

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FIELD FORCE PUMP CO., 75 11th St., Elmira, N.Y.

The Gospel in the Mountains

Continued from page 183

too prone to fight and drink. The remedy for this is the Gospel—the only sufficient remedy for all sin and all men.

The manifest duty of all Christians is to remedy this state of things, by sending the Gospel to these neighbors. It is the only transforming power on earth. I do not undervalue other agencies, as schools, colleges, settlements, or secular societies. They are all good in their places; but they are powerless when men are to be transformed and society regenerated. The object of this Society is the salvation of the mountain people, not only from murder, but from other sins which prevail among them. It is a disgrace to them and to us also, if we do not help them. The people of the Cumberlands and Alleghanies can be made an orderly, peaceable, and God-fearing people. As it is, there are tens of thousands of them who never saw a church, or heard a Gospel sermon they could understand. This state of affairs is a blot and shame on the good name of our country. Let us remove it.

This America Inland Mission has over 100 missionaries now at work in the mountains of Kentucky, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Virginia, and their support comes largely from good people all over the world who know the work and heartily approve of it.

EDWARD O. GUERRANT,
President, America Inland Mission.
Wilmore, Ky.

. . .

THE causes of the strifes and murders in the mountains are very different from those of the "night riders" in the western part of Kentucky and Tennessee. The latter are a protest on the part of the tobacco raisers against the oppression of the Tobacco Trust. The former are largely a result of feuds that grew out of the Civil War. Most of the mountain people were on the side of the Union, as there were hardly any slaves among them, and all their traditions were in favor of liberty.

After the war closed, the strife was continued by individuals in the mountains, and a feud, having started, was handed down in families, until at last a father has been killed not by one on the other side, but by his own son.

The whole police power of the great State of Kentucky has failed to eradicate the feuds. There is only one power that can do it—the Gospel.

Some twenty or twenty-five years ago, before the railroad was built, Rev. Edward O. Guerrant, D.D., of Wilmore, Ky., a gallant ex-soldier and preacher, came on horseback to Jackson, in Breathitt County, bringing a tent with him. There had been one hundred "killings" in that section. People did not dare go out of their homes at night. While the court was in session, the Governor had to send a company of militia to keep the peace. The night before Dr. Guerrant arrived, the mob took four men out of the jail and hanged them. There was not a church in the county.

Dr. Guerrant held meetings under his tent, and in ten days organized a church with over one hundred members. He got money to put up a building, and sent them a minister, and that church to-day is paying one thousand dollars as salary. He organized a college there that has developed finely. He went through the country with his tent and his Bible and organized seven churches, and Breathitt became as orderly for years as any county in the State, until this late feud broke out anew and stained the record with blood.

The Gospel is the best force to change and transform these mountain people in the South. They have been strangely neglected. Much has been done, but it is believed that there are still one million people there who have never had a church or preacher, except a few native workers.

The mountain people deserve better things and a better chance than they have had. They are of good blood. Their ancestors fought our battles during the Revolution. Many of them fought bravely during the Civil War. They welcome eagerly the church and school. They are brave and hospitable and capable. This is the most needy, the most neglected, the most productive mission field on the Continent.

Ten years ago, Rev. Dr. Guerrant organized the America Inland Mission or Society of Soul Winners for pioneer work among these mountaineers. The one missionary of the first year has increased to more than one hundred the past year. The Mission is interdenominational and dependent on the free-will offerings of all of God's people. His blessing has been with it wonderfully. Perhaps there is not on this continent a field where so much can be done for so little, or where there may be such large returns.

One can have a missionary teacher for ten dollars a month, or build a home for a missionary for one hundred dollars, or a neat church for two hundred and fifty, or a dormitory for a college for two thousand. Every step in the direction of the Gospel or education helps to heal up the feuds, to banish ignorance and crime, and to develop the good qualities of a deserving people. REV. H. M. MOREY.

In the Bread-Line

IN the bread-line see them stand,
Gathered here from every land.
Faces marked with lines of care,
Some with signs of deep despair;
Hopeless faces though still young,
Tattered garments loosely hung.
Ghastly faces, hollow-eyed,
Who were once some mother's pride;
Homeless men out in the cold,
Wanderers from some dear home-fold;
See them standing there in line,
Showing want by many a sign.

Shall we turn us from their need
Giving them but little heed?
What if dear ones of our own
In some distant land, unknown,
Wait some day in such a line
Longing for some friendly sign?
Lest some others turn away
From our own on such a day,
Let us help them in their need,
Let us prove "a friend indeed."

Pittsfield, Me. MRS. MARY B. WINGATE.

HOT BISCUIT

Kind of Breakfast Passing Away.

The old-time hot biscuit played a prominent role in the breakfast bill of fare, along with fried potatoes, ham and eggs, and coffee.

The whiter and lighter the biscuit the more pleased the cook, which was usually Mother, who did the best she could, with her understanding of the matter.

But most people have learned in recent years, that white flour lacks the nourishing elements of the entire wheat berry, and many cases of imperfect nutrition follow its use.

In Grape-Nuts, all the food elements of wheat and barley are used, and this largely accounts for results similar to those given in the following letter:

"I wish to tell of the health and strength-giving properties of Grape-Nuts. I am 45 years old and had for years been afflicted with indigestion and other stomach troubles, brought on by eating hot biscuit, white bread and improperly cooked cereals.

"Noticing an advertisement stating the benefits derived from eating Grape-Nuts, I was skeptical because I had tried so many so-called 'health foods.' I thought it would be useless to try Grape-Nuts.

"But during the last six months I have been eating it, my stomach has been the best for years, my mind clear; my nerves quiet and a feeling of buoyancy pervades my whole being.

"This I attribute to Grape-Nuts as I have left off using medicines. I now firmly believe in the brain-clearing, nerve-steadying and muscle-building properties of Grape-Nuts.

"I am healthier than I have been for years, weigh 180 lbs., which is more than ever before."

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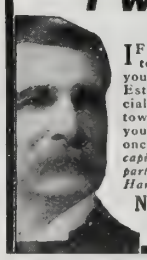

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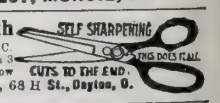

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Sight for the Blind

By Mrs. M. Baxter

WHEN Jesus left the temple, where the scribes and Pharisees had taken up stones to cast at him, he saw a man who was blind from his birth. No thoughts concerning his own safety hindered Jesus from his wonted compassion; it would not have been like him to pass this man by. Truly, the man had no other claim on Jesus but that of affliction on him who was anointed "to preach . . . recovering of sight to the blind" (Luke 4: 18).

The disciples had not entered into the force of their Lord's words, "God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved" (John 3: 17). They said, "Master, who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind? Jesus answered, Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents; but that the works of God should be made manifest in him." Jesus did not say, "He has not sinned," nor yet "his parents have not sinned"; but that, even if they had, the point now was, "that the works of God should be made manifest in him." It was as much as to say, "You have not to be occupied with the cause of this blindness, but to see that the man be brought into contact with him who opens the eyes of the blind." No sickness or physical infirmity could have existed if sin had never existed; but the part of Christ's disciples is, not to judge sufferers, but to bring them to Jesus. Suffering is by no means always the result of the sin of the sufferer or of his parents.

Jesus continued, "As long as I am in the world, I am the Light of the world." And this he said in connection with the opening of the eyes of the blind! Accordingly, he who is light itself, "spat on the ground, and made clay of the spittle, and he anointed the eyes of the blind man with the clay, and said unto him, Go, wash in the Pool of Siloam. He went his way therefore, and washed, and came seeing."

"There, you see," say many, "Jesus used means, and blessed them, in the healing of the sick; he used the clay for the blind man, and saliva is an excellent thing for the eyes." Oh, how short-sighted is human reasoning! Surely, if clay made of saliva had in itself the property of curing birth-blindness, it would be now commonly in use, and institutions for the blind would be done away with. In this case, however, the man was healed, not by the clay, but by the Lord. It was indeed a great test of faith, that, being born blind, he should be rendered doubly so by the clay, and then directed to go to the Pool of Siloam. But the man trusted Jesus to tell him the right thing to do, and he did it in all simplicity, and was healed.

But a great stir was raised in the neighborhood. The neighbors began talking among themselves as to the man's identity; but he soon settled that, by himself telling them that he was the man who before was blind; and, moreover, he related the circumstances of his healing. But the Pharisees felt it was only right that they, the great religionists of the day, should judge about this unusual matter. No one attempted to say that the man was deluded, and that he could not see after all; but they could not make up their minds that it was quite right he should be healed. So he underwent an examination by the Pharisees, who, at last, discovered a flaw in the proceeding. It was the Sabbath day when Jesus made the clay and opened his eyes, so some of them pronounced the verdict, "This man is not of God, because he keepeth not the Sabbath day."

How would it have been if the high priest or one of the Pharisees had had power to open his eyes? They had settled to their own perfect satisfaction that Jesus was a sinner, but still they could not undo the fact that he had opened the eyes of a man born blind, and they could not hinder others from saying, "How can a man that is a sinner do such miracles?" So they attempted to disprove that the man was born blind. They sent for his parents, questioned them circumstantially, and got their testimony that he was born blind, and that now he could see.

But the parents knew the threat of the Pharisees, that if any man acknowledged Jesus to be Christ, he should be excommunicated, or put out of the synagogue—the greatest public disgrace which could happen to any Jew, and they were not prepared to face anything which cost so much; and therefore, they refused all testimony as to how their son's sight had been given, and said, "He is of age, ask him, he shall speak for himself."

Wise Use of Money*

WISDOM in the use of money is largely determined by the quantity of it there is to use. Where there is so little of it that there is barely enough to cover the actual necessities of shelter, food and clothing for the family, as is the case with a large and rapidly increasing part of the population, the wisest use of money is to provide necessaries and avoid the purchase of luxuries of all kinds. Where there is a little more money, the margin would be wisely used in making provision for sickness or old age. Where the income is largely in excess of the need, there is opportunity for charity, for helpfulness and beneficence that may bring a blessing to giver and recipient. It is, we presume, such circumstances that the Committee had in mind in choosing the subject.

Our Lord's remark, that it was "more blessed to give than to receive" (Acts 20: 35), though it applied to other matters beside money, applied to that certainly. There are few who have no desire to share in that blessing. There are none that have made the experiment who have not proved its truth, and it is a noteworthy fact that a gift which involves self-denial on the part of the giver, is that which brings the greatest blessing. Apart from the benefit to the recipient or of his gratitude, apart from the question of duty to God, the gift that costs the giver some personal sacrifice, brings to him a satisfaction which can come to him in no other way. This is a luxury peculiar to the poor and the rich cannot know it. The delight of adding to a hoard, or of piling up a fortune, is not to be compared to the pleasure that comes from using money that we need ourselves, and denying ourselves an indulgence that we may help another.

Until the ideal time comes when the products of the soil and of industry are so distributed as to give every man his share, not an excess to one and a bare subsistence to another, it is only by charity that the rich can escape the penalty of injustice. Charity is a poor substitute for justice, but it is the only one available under present conditions. There must be shame to the conscientious man in keeping for his own use funds far in excess of his wants, when his brother is starving or has a wife and children starving. He cannot by himself remedy the injustice, but the least he can do is to give of his abundance to relieve the ever present poverty and distress. Thus charity in existing circumstances is the wisest use of money until we reach a state in which charity gives place to justice.

* Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for March 15. 1. Tim. 6: 17-19.

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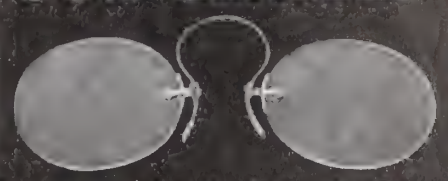

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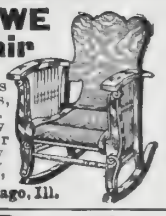

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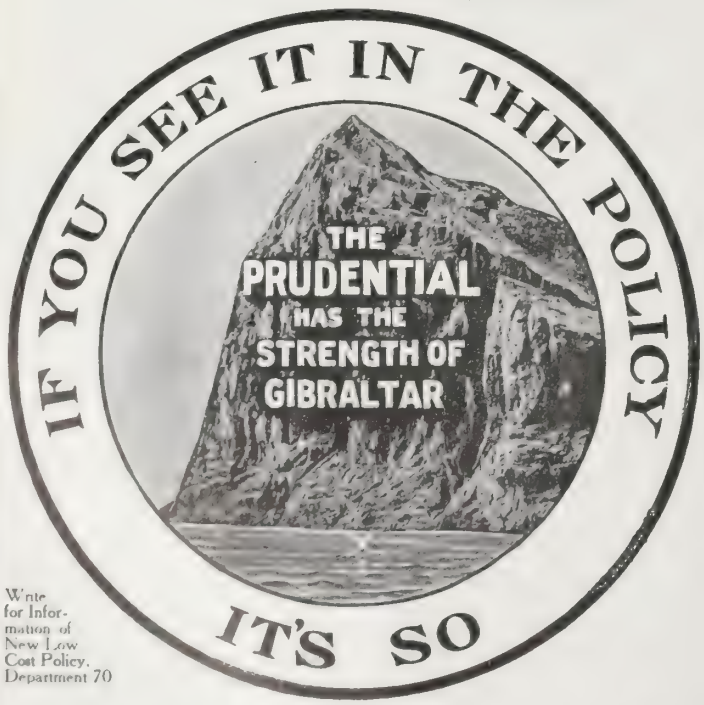

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

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SUBSCRIPTION, $1.50 PER ANNUM
PUBLISHED 52 TIMES A YEAR

NEW YORK, MARCH 11, 1908

VOL. 31—NO. 11. PRICE 5 CENTS
OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

SEE PAGE 207

ON THE RAJAH'S ELEPHANT

Questions and Answers

M. A. L., Auburn, Ind. Is the "sex drama" a thing to be tolerated, under existing laws, in New York?

It is a comparatively recent development and is decidedly immoral in its tendencies and teachings, and consequently unfit to be patronized by Christian people.

Reader, White Pine, Tenn. Is it right or wrong to patronize palmists and astrologers?

These are pseudo-sciences, and are chiefly practised by charlatans, who prey upon the credulous. All who profess to foretell the future may be safely set down as humbugs. In some States they are prohibited by law.

Reader, Pottstown, Pa. At what age has a boy a right to earn and save money for himself?

It depends upon circumstances. If the boy is put to work in order to help the household at home, his first duty lies there, and he will have comparatively little for himself beyond actual necessities. If, however, there is no urgent need at home, he should be taught to economize his expenditures and to begin saving as soon as possible. Many a boy of sixteen, by industry and economy, has already laid the foundation of a future competence.

J. A. S., Canada. 1. What does the Angelus mean? 2. Is the name attached to your calendar the surname or Christian name?

1. The Angelus is a prayer to the Virgin, instituted by Pope Urban II. The sounding of the bell, which summons people to this prayer, is also known as the Angelus. 2. Christian name.

D. C., New Lexington, O. Where did Simon Stylites stand on a pillar thirty-six years?

Simeon the Stylite (or Simeon Stylites,) (Simeon of the Pillar), was a Syrian Christian, who lived in the fifth century A.D. He adopted a monastic life, and was an extreme ascetic, living in a hut on the side of a mountain, and undergoing long fasts and severe penances. He erected a pillar, thirty-six cubits high, on top of which, it is said, he spent the last thirty years of his life. His followers became a distinct order or sect by themselves.

Subscriber, Watertown, S. D. In what States is there a law prohibiting the marriage of first cousins?

In the following States marriages between first cousins are prohibited:

Arizona, Arkansas, Colorado, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Michigan, Missouri, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, South Dakota, Washington and Wyoming.

Wray B., Newark, O. I enclose list of the leading modern miracles which have made the twentieth century what it is. When I was born (1830), we had no modern science. Later, I taught modern science for twenty years in our American colleges.

1436, printing; 1492, America discovered; 1517, the Reformation, Copernican system introduced; 1535, the first English Bible; 1588, the Spanish Armada sunk (129 ships); 1590, microscope; 1607, Jamestown; 1704, first newspaper; 1725, gravitation (Newton); 1750, electricity (Franklin); 1775, steam engine (Watt); 1776, the Declaration; 1807, steamboat (Fulton); 1819, steamship; 1830, railroad (Stephenson); 1844, telegraph (Morse); 1857, Atlantic Cable; 1862, ironclads (Timby); 1880, electric railroad (Edison), 1898, wireless telegraph over the Atlantic; 1904, Roosevelt sent a message around the world in five minutes; 1907, wireless telephone, balloons active; now, the acousticon transmits sermons; soon, balloon excursions to the North Pole.

D. C., New Lexington, O. 1. Were not Joseph and Mary first cousins? If so, was not their marriage illegal? 2. Do persons obtain blessings by prayer because they pray aright rather than because of their importunity?

1. What makes you think they were cousins? We know of no passage implying it. Besides, there was no prohibition in the law of cousins marrying. 2. They obtain the blessing because what they ask is in accord with the will of God. It is conceivable that where a person is very importunate in prayer, God may grant the request, and it may be bad for the person who prayed. God gives him his desire to teach him that he should not assume to know better than God what is good for him.

Subscriber, Murfreesboro, Tenn. Where are these lines to be found:

"Right forever on the scaffold,
Wrong forever on the throne."

The correct quotation is "Truth forever on the scaffold; Wrong forever on the throne." It is from Lowell's "Present Crisis."

Mr. John Gaston, of 170 Lexington Avenue, Passaic, N. J., wishes to procure a set of Dr. Talmage's Sermons. As our stock is exhausted, he would like to communicate with some reader who is willing to sell a set for spot cash.

A number of readers have expressed their views regarding the novel proposition of Miss Arbella Saddlemire (in THE MAIL-BAG of February 19), that the "best way to stop the flood of poor people is for Legislatures to pass laws that no man shall marry until he has at least $2,000 at interest and until he is twenty-five or thirty years old and in a position to keep a family, and no girl until she is twenty-three or twenty-five and has things to keep house with." Miss Saddlemire contended that such a law would make a better people and would wipe out the slums.

J. P. K., Mechanicsburg, Pa., writes:

Marriages will take place, no matter what laws may be enacted. One month after marriage the $2,000 may be gone. What then? Is marriage only for the rich?

J. M. J., Cedar Falls, Ia., writes:

A reasonable property qualification should be required of one before marrying; but that would not be a guarantee that he or his family might not become a public charge. The only effectual way to prevent poverty as far as possible and reduce it to a minimum, is to remove the causes. Statistics show that the use of liquor as a beverage causes from eighty to ninety per cent. of poverty and crime. We hope, pray and believe that the saloon, the greatest evil of this country, will soon be a thing of the past.

J. S. B., Oxford, W. Va., writes:

Her proposition is just the thing this world needs. Many children are now born into the world by parents who cannot (or will not) support themselves.

R. O. B., Indianapolis, Ind., writes:

The suggestion of Miss Saddlemire is a very wide and large subject for any person to handle. To pass a law such as set forth by Miss Saddlemire will mean just this: that vice will be even ten times greater than to-day. Has she visited the slums of New York, Chicago, Pittsburg, Galveston, Louisville, St. Louis, Kansas City, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland, Ore., Seattle, Vancouver, Winnipeg, Buffalo, Boston, Washington, the mining districts of Pennsylvania and of Colorado as I have? Does she know of the many hundred well-mated, deserving people that were married at twenty with just a few dollars and lived to celebrate their golden wedding, reared large families and were happy with their lot?

C. A. B., Knoxville, Ill., writes:

I like her idea of the girls having money of their own at the time of marriage. It looks as though she was or is a "help-meet" and not a "help-eat." We have in Illinois a sect of Germans known as "New Omish," who are not allowed to marry unless both of the couple are of sound mind and capable of providing for the family. Result: no paupers amongst them; all have homes of their own.

George D. D., Hampton Falls, N. H., writes:

I have never read a more Utopian suggestion than that of Miss Saddlemire. It would have eliminated Lincoln, most of his class, and the nation itself. Some of the best of men are destitute of the faculty of acquisitiveness. Hasten prohibition and make education more practical for both men and women. Let God's plans alone. Celibacy is already too prevalent.

M. E. C., Olympia, Wash., writes:

If I were in her State I would try and help her to start the ball a-rolling. I was married in 1874. My husband was twenty-nine, I was twenty-seven. He had $1,000, all bringing ten per cent. interest. With thrifty habits it is easy to keep out of the slums. If such a law was passed as she suggests, it might prove an incentive to young men to cultivate more thrifty habits.

G. R., Newark, N. J., writes:

I notice Miss Saddlemire's suggestion and wish to protest against such a law being even hinted at, as I can only see the evil of it. Take the large number of people who work for $10 or $12 per week. How do you suppose they ever will save up $2,000 and wait until they are thirty years old before marrying, except in very isolated cases? I venture to say that three-fourths of them will take to evil and make the slums just so much worse. Again, I think that when a man from nineteen to twenty-three years old marries, it is the best thing he can do, as it is the time when he turns, and he is the better for it, if he has been inclined to be reckless.

W. A. C., Lyndon, Kan., writes:

Her proposition would bar from the marriage relation four-fifths of those who now marry; for very few young people lay by much money until they are married. Were the restriction she names imposed, it would drive thousands of people into either licentiousness or common-law marriage.

The Great Gathering in Hoboken, N. J., when the Inter-State Tunnels were Formally Opened

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, in his office in the White House, pressed a little electric button on the twenty-fifth of last month and the electric current a moment later started the trains for the official opening of the tunnel under the Hudson River, between New York and New Jersey. Thousands of people surged about the entrance in Manhattan in their desire to be among the first to make the trip. Governor Hughes of New York and Governor Fort of New Jersey were present and rode through on special cars. Both Governors spoke from the platform constructed at the Hoboken entrance. The photograph shows the Hoboken station and speakers' stands, with the great crowd that had come from New York on the first trains.

A Word of Caution

Some of the advertisers in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD say that among the many replies received from our readers, some of them forget to sign their names to their letters. The Western Newspaper Association, of 204 Dearborn Street, Chicago, for instance, say that they have a large number of the coupons cut from their page advertisements unsigned; consequently no doubt many of our readers are wondering why they do not hear from these advertisers. If you have written to any of our advertisers and have not yet received a reply, perhaps this may be the reason, and we would suggest that you address a postal at once to such advertiser, being sure to sign your name.

NEW YORK, MARCH 11, 1908

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

Rev. Walter B. Williams — Visiting the Kraal of a Native African Monarch — Rev. R. Wodehouse

A VISIT TO AFRICAN KINGS

Missionaries Discover Tribes Which Have Never Heard the Gospel and Dusky Royalty Welcomes Them

THAT large tracts of territory in the interior of Africa are yet unevangelized, and that many thousands — possibly millions — of the dark-skinned tribesmen have never heard the Gospel and know nothing of a Saviour, is disclosed in letters that come to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from missionaries now laboring in Rhodesia and other parts of the "Dark Continent." This may surprise many, in view of the remarkable progress of missionary work; but the truth that there are many tribes still in heathen darkness should not discourage the friends of missions, but should rather inspire them to renewed effort for the complete evangelization of those regions of sin and superstition.

Concerning the rapid growth of the general work now conducted by our American missionaries in Zambesia, Rhodesia, Angola, the Congo and other parts of Africa, the most encouraging letters are received by this journal.

At Inhambane, the mission over which Dr. E. R. Richards has charge has now over twenty out-stations. The missionaries publish a paper called *Kuca Ka Mixo* (*The Morning Dawn*), in three languages. At New Umtali, Missionary Wodehouse is supported by a most active corps of workers. Occasional letters from this missionary have appeared in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. This mission has now two churches and an academy for whites and several churches and schools for the natives. It has two large out-stations and fifteen other places, where regular Gospel services are held. In addition to these, the mission has a farm of some three thousand acres, part of which is under cultivation.

Mr. Shirley D. Coffin, missionary at Old Umtali, Rhodesia, writes picturesquely of the work among the kraals and native villages in that vast region. At almost all of these the mission bands are warmly welcomed. On a recent tour Mr. Coffin's party had many strange experiences. It is a country in which elephants, leopards, lions, monkeys, deer, snakes and crocodiles abound. One hundred and fifty kraals were visited and the Gospel was preached to 25,000 souls, of whom more than 20,000 heard it for the first time in their lives.

During this tour the kraals or headquarters of a number of petty kings or chiefs were visited. Some of these kraals have as many as 1,000 huts and 5,000 population, forming good-sized villages. One of the dusky monarchs—Mangwende by name—who had the reputation of being a "bad native," treated them very hospitably, but wanted to smash the missionary's camera with an axe, being very superstitious. Another king, Merawa, gave them presents of food and said he wanted a missionary for his people. They held a meeting at his kraal, at which 3,000 natives heard the Gospel and were taught to sing Christian hymns.

They found many kraals where the name of God had never been heard and to whose people the Gospel message was a new revelation. With a native guide, Mr. Coffin ascended a small hill, from which there were pointed out to him ten kraals or villages, whose thousands of inhabitants were still strangers to the Gospel.

One heathen chief, after listening to the missionary, said: "I have lived many years and am an old man now. I have wondered who made the world and all that I see, and what was to become of us. I have been afraid of death. Now I am glad you have told me of all this." Could there be a more pathetic appeal from one who had spent his life in heathen darkness?

There were certain kraals, however, in which the greeting was not so reassuring. Tall warlike natives, some more or less intoxicated, wearing only skin loin-coverings, with brass rings on arms and legs, and feathers in their hair, and carrying axes, spears and knives, surrounded the missionaries. The native baggage-carriers were afraid to go forward, but the workers themselves were divinely protected, and even in these warlike camps some good seed was sown. In some sections the natives found were of a wild, primitive type, living in caves and the thick bush, too savage even to cultivate the soil, and subsisting on fruit, roots and small animals. One African king, Mpeko, met them with fifty of his chiefs and headmen in imposing array. The workers told the Gospel story to those wild children of nature and got them deeply interested. Another chief, named Katia, said to his men, "You hear what the white stranger says?" and they muttered with one voice in reply, "It is good, it is good!" and all shook hands with the visitors. In this king's kraal, all that night, hundreds sat in circles, hearing the preached word and singing hymns, Katia himself standing by the missionaries' side, motioning dignifiedly with his hands for silence and attention. Katia, it should be explained, is a monarch with twenty-eight wives.

One of the least agreeable personages encountered was a chief named Nyrgena, a wild-looking creature, huge of limb, with a striking head-dress, brass rings, leopard-skin cloak, axe, spears and knife—a savage through and through. "Yes, I know you," he said to the missionary; "you take our country and make us pay tax. You say you are a friend, like all white men, who at first speak good words until they have what they want; then they are thieves and liars." After a while he became better natured, and accepted some food. Yet as the missionary left, he said: "It is going to rain. I hope you will get wet."

Dukoo was a different type—a fine-looking monarch, with much native dignity, attended by a headman, or *undana*, a sort of interpreter. He became greatly interested in the Gospel story, and accompanied the strangers three miles on their journey, asking questions all the way.

One of the plagues of African travel is the ants. Even the natives say "our huts bite," meaning they were swarming with the insects. At different times they caused

Continued on page 206

Gospel Service at a Native Out-Station in Rhodesia

THE
American Pulpit

A Sermon by

Rev. Silas C. Swallow, D.D.*

Church Financiering

TEXT — Prov. 21: 26
"The righteous giveth and spareth not"

THE simple life of the early Christians, when they had everything in common, was adequate to the infancy of the Church for a very brief period only, but inadequate to its requirements further on. It was probably as hard for some followers of the Master to give up leaky boats, and time-worn nets, because it was their all, as for Matthew to relinquish a good clerkship in the Custom House. Church financiering was comparatively easy where the preacher was satisfied to be sower, reaper, thresher, miller and baker, by rubbing the wheat grains out in his palm, and being content with such a meal eaten while he walked. He was his own steward, trustee, treasurer and banker. All of these offices were easily filled, where bread and meat in the form of manna and quails came daily with the dew; or where the crows had a special commission, like that to Elijah, to provide for daily wants. Church financiering was also simplified where the oil barrel was miraculously replenished for the mere asking.

Our lot, however, is cast in a different period in the world's history. Ours is a different, not to say a better, type of civilization, from any that has preceded it. And yet the birds and the dews still feed us, and the olive and the oil are still miraculously multiplied by Him who sends the former and the latter rain, the seed-time and the harvest.

Essential Partnership

In a sense, we still have everything in common. One man furnishes brain, another brawn. The skill of the architect, the builder, the artist, the factory expert is set over against the money of the man who knows how to get it, save it, and spend it. The time of the employee is pooled with the money of the employer. They are brethren, co-partners, mutual helpers, and palsied be the wagging tongue that would set the classes against the masses, or the masses against the classes. It is still true that "The laborer is worthy of his hire"; still true that we have everything in common. The head cannot say to the foot or the hand, "I have no need of thee," nor can the eye say to the ear, "I have no need of thee." The conductor is dependent on the engineer, he on the fireman, and all three on the brakeman and flagman, the switch-tender and the track-walker. And the passenger's life hangs on the integrity and fidelity of each separately, and not only so, but upon the conscientious co-operation of all, and of a hundred and one other partners in the "all things in common." And so it is through all the marvelously intricate and mysterious ramifications of what we call "modern life." Partners multiply with each added link to the ever-lengthening chain of our high-pressure civilization.

With such alarming rapidity have organizations multiplied to emphasize and facilitate the theory of "everything in common," that the student of sociology must needs rub his filmed eyes and prick open his dull ears. It goes without saying that this sociological disorder, this materialistic mania, this communistic malaria, has not only made sad inroads on individual devotions and family altars and the religious and social gatherings of the Church, but has, in too many instances, abridged, if not destroyed, the home life. Those who in our day clamor for the equal division of property, and for the good old Pentecostal times when men had literally all things in common, forget utterly, that under the most favorable conditions, that supposably ideal policy probably did not last a year. For as the number of the disciples multiplied, there arose a murmuring of the Greeks against the Jews because their widows were neglected in the daily ministration. Then the preachers of that day, seeing

The Gathering Storm

and feeling helpless to stem it, called the people together, literally the whole congregation, and said, "It is not reason that we should leave the word of God, and serve tables. Wherefore, brethren, look ye out among you seven men, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom, whom we may appoint over this business. But we will give ourselves continually to prayer and to the ministry of the word."

The Church has sought to stem the tide of worldliness by organizing counter attractions, such as church theatricals, lotteries, and appeals to the stomach; also by establishing the institutional church, where all of human wants, physical, intellectual and moral, are supplied, not forgetting man's need of recreation and amusement. It has appealed to the youthful and masculine love of strife by establishing military organizations among the boys, where the rattle of the kettle drum, the clash of steel sabres, the click of the rifle and the military command, contrast strangely enough with the philosophy of him who said, "Put up thy sword." "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you." It is in sharp contrast, too, with this International Peace Conference held in the hope of establishing arbitration in lieu of the arbitrament of the sword. Large amounts of money that should go to the church, now go to clubs, lodges and orders.

The Larger Resources

Perhaps in nothing has the materialistic tendency of the age, somewhat Christianized to be sure, been more manifest, than in an attempt to raise and expend money for educational, benevolent and eleemosynary purposes. Millions on millions now replace the contributions of the dimes and dollars of a half century ago. Yet, let it not be forgotten that the old-time Christians were heroes, and gave as a rule "till they felt it." They gave outright of their time, their best thought, their prayers, their tears, their labors and their money. Their homes were ever open to the minister and his family, including his faithful and indispensable horse. The "prophet's room" was ever ready and often filled. Let us honor the memory of our fathers. They were men of whom the world was not worthy, and in some respects the former times were better than these times; for character cannot be purchased by money, and is frequently the product largely of environment. Struggle makes character, and our fathers were compelled to struggle, in order to lay the foundations on which we of the twentieth century are so proudly building. Yet, with all our backslidings, and heart-wanderings, and degeneracy, who so foolish as to want to exchange the present for the past, or the men of to-day for those of yesterday?

We have greatly improved in the matter of church financiering at some points, but have we not at other points deteriorated? The Jews gave their tenth, the early Christians gave more; do we do as well? The command of Jehovah, four hundred years before Christ, was, "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." Ah! There is no provision there for a church supper, or an oyster stew, or a lunch, or for a fish-pond or grab-bag lottery. No provision for the Church merchandizing in ice cream to freeze you, or coffee to warm you, or pickles to sour you, or taffy to sweeten you. No "tailing the donkey," no sham marriage or euchre party, with a price for admission. Every offer of a saucer of ice cream, or a lady's fancy purse, or a comic church show in exchange for a contribution to Christ's kingdom is a deliberate discounting of Christ's cause. Such money-raising practically says: "The Church of Christ is not worth supporting; but it has got to be supported, so buy this thing, almost getting your money's worth, and we will turn over the profit to the Church." Or, it is equivalent to saying, "The Church is worth supporting, but we don't give you credit for believing it, or for any willingness to help in its support, so we offer you something that will appeal to you." Such an appeal is

A Travesty on Christ's Charge

to his disciples, "Freely ye have received, freely give." One has properly asked, "What would be our estimate of Moses, if in the account of the building of the old tabernacle of the Hebrews, which cost a large sum of money, you should read something like the following: And Moses called unto him Bezaleel and Aholiab, and saith unto them, 'Go to now, let us get up an entertainment, a grand festival with a manna supper and roast quails in abundance. We may also have games and music and dancing, or a kissing frolic. And let sundry beautiful damsels scour the neighboring country selling tickets, and by the payment of a shekel each, let the people vote as to the most beautiful woman in the village.'"

If it is right to raise money for church repairs by means of concerts or appeals to the eye or the stomach, why not right and expedient to raise money for the pastor and the missionary in the same way? Some one has suggested a paraphrase like the following of the preacher's announcement to his congregation as throwing some light on the subject: "The stewards will now serve ice cream to those whose hearts are moved in this congregation in behalf of the perishing souls in heathendom. The ice cream is of three flavors, of good quality, and two spoons are with each glass. Brethren and sisters, invest for the cause of missions. Think of the souls in danger of perdition, and take at least one glass apiece; two, if your own souls are greatly moved." Permit me to say that there is presumptive proof that the whole business of selling animals in the temple for sacrifice, and of changing money as a convenience to tribute payers, was done by the authorized collectors of religious offerings, and that the profits were a portion of the religious revenues of the temple establishment. The Master's vehemence, as with a whip made of short, knotted ropes he beat the desecrators out of the temple and overturned the tables of the money-changers, was directed against a pernicious, enervating, reverence-destroying system of church finance, rather than against the individuals engaged in the desecration.

Indirect Support

I know a church, and it is one of many scattered far and near. Ten years ago, its financial management fell into the hands of a young layman and his wife, both most excellent and self-sacrificing persons, but, unconsciously perhaps, selfishly ambitious to run things. Through all these years, there has been a succession of suppers, festivals, concerts and all sorts of entertainments, for the purpose of raising money for that church. Interest, pastor's salary, repairs, Sunday School supplies, etc., have appealed to that people through their ears and eyes, but principally through their stomachs. Nearly every financial effort gave rise to dissatisfaction on the part of some one. In almost every instance, some individual, or family, or class was offended. And while the village has increased threefold in population, that church is neither numerically nor spiritually as strong as it was eight years ago, when the population was one-third what it is now. There may be other causes for its failure, but none I think so potential as the persistent attempt to do God's work in an indirect, rather than in a direct, way. And there is surely a difference here with a distinction.

Now, I speak from the standpoint of personal experience. For more than a dozen years of my early ministry, I followed the multitude in the matter of church suppers, festivals, excursions and paid entertainments; but, seeing the error of my ways, determined to set my face like flint against the whole brood. I came to the conclusion that, if properly presented to their intelligence and conscience, the people would give directly for church and benevolent work all that was necessary to be raised. Or, to reverse the proposition, that God's cause could get along without that which the people refused to give, or were unable to give directly, in response to a

Direct and Intelligent Appeal

And with one or two solitary exceptions, I managed to influence my congregations and hold them to that theory. The result was less social friction, more liberality, more intelligent consecration of individual resources to the work of the Master, larger church revenues, and incomparably greater spirituality among the members, followed by blessed revivals among the unsaved. And last, though not least, a greater reverence for God's house on the part of the young people—a consideration worth all the sacrifice required to secure it.

I may be asked, "How much ought our people to give?" I answer, there can be no hard and fast rule. There are those who, in view of health conditions, family, and limited income, should not give one-tenth of their incomes. With the masses, the tenth is a safe rule. There are many who should give two-tenths; yes, five-tenths. Others might even give all their income, and a part of their capital stock. Circumstances alter cases. While the "two mites," given by the poor widow out of her penury, was more than the rich gave into the Lord's treasury out of their abundance, and was commented upon by the Master, I do not understand him to commend the giving of all, but rather that he would condemn the "withholding of more than is meet" on the part of the rich. To "give as the Lord hath prospered us" is our formula taken from the New Testament, and perhaps it is quite as good as any other.

Jacob's Bethel vow to give a tenth if the Lord would prosper him in the way, seemed much like a sharp bargain made with the Lord for the purpose of personal gain. But since the Lord ratified it by giving the pros-

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*Delivered before the Harrisburg, Pa., Ministerial Association.

The Assassination of King Carlos of Portugal and his Son, and the Death of the Two Leading Assassins

From the London Sphere

THE DOUBLE FUNERAL IN LISBON

WITH imposing religious rites and military ceremony the bodies of the late King Carlos, of Portugal, and his eldest son, the Crown Prince, who fell by the hands of assassins, have been laid to rest in the royal tombs of Lisbon. The people were sincerely affected, and all who could afford it were dressed in mourning, others who were poorer wore black ties or gloves or a bit of crape pinned to their coats. Thousands of peasants came in from the country to Lisbon on the day of the funeral, and all classes, old animosities apparently forgotten for the time, lined the streets in the ancient city, through which the solemn procession passed. Private houses and public buildings were alike draped in black, and the national colors drooped from their halyards at half mast. Beautiful floral tributes from all over Europe began to arrive a day or two before the funeral and were taken to the chapel where the bodies lay.

During the night, soldiers in scarlet uniforms, with the tops of their halberds pointed to the floor, and servants of the late king and prince, watched about the coffins. Some of the floral designs that surrounded them were so massive that it took several men to lift them into place. The floor was matted a foot deep with blossoms from the far-famed gardens of the rock-set castle of Cintra; roses, violets and jasmine made up this wonderful carpet.

There was an early morning service at which only the most intimate members of the household were present, and then at half-past nine the formal funeral ceremonies began. The voices of the clergy rose, chanting the litanies for the dead, and the ministers of State and officers of the household in full uniform glittering with embroidery and knightly decorations formed in procession. The palace officers went through the ceremony of recognizing the bodies, according to ancient law and usage, and then the caskets were closed and taken to the state hearses. Over each was a heavy black velvet pall embroidered with a golden cross. The king's hearse was drawn by ten horses and the prince's by eight. Officials with lighted torches walked on either side. The king's saddle horse followed King Carlos' coffin, and the favorite horse of Prince Luiz was led behind the body of his late master. Aides-de-camp followed carrying the helmets and swords of the king and prince. The master-of-ceremonies bore the royal crown of Portugal on a velvet cushion.

Lancers of the Municipal Guard led the cortege; then came the carriages of judges, councillors, members of the Senate and ambassadors from foreign countries. Next came an empty hearse, "the coach of respect," and then the royal hearses. The Royal Body Guard, officers and cavalry followed. The troops who guarded the route fell in behind, increasing the length of the procession. It took over three hours to pass a given point.

The people were packed closely from curb to wall along the street, with one exception—that was in front of the arcade where the tragedy occurred. No one seemed to wish to stand there. As the hearses passed all uncovered and the people were visibly affected, many unable to restrain their tears, especially when the hearse of the young prince passed by. He had been greatly beloved by the warm-hearted people over whom it was expected he would rule.

When the hearses arrived before the door of the Morterio de Sao Vincente, the coffins were taken in charge by an association called the Holy House of Mercy, which has the privilege of carrying the royal coffins and making the first prayers for the dead. All of the ceremonial of centuries was used. The coffins were placed at the door of the church while the diplomats uncovered and filed past. Then the caskets were lifted by twelve bearers and taken to the interior of the church and placed on a catafalque for the religious service.

It is the beginning of this service that is illustrated. It was drawn especially for the London *Sphere*. The diplomatic corps sat upon two specially constructed tribunes. A requiem was celebrated, and the Patriarch gave the last absolution. Then the coffins were borne to the Pantheon, where they were to lie in state. The bells of Lisbon tolled, and the walls reverberated to the solemn boom of the minute guns of the warships.

The young King Manuel and his mother, the bereaved queen, did not attend the public funeral, as that is contrary to Portuguese custom. The king took final leave of the silent forms of the father and brother early in the morning, and as he turned away, his eyes were filled with tears.

From the London Sphere

Formal Funeral Service Over the Bodies of the King and Crown Prince of Portugal

A VISIT TO AFRICAN KINGS

Continued from page 203

great inconvenience to the travelers. There were other troubles, too; one being the failure of natives to give direct information regarding the roads; yet, in five weeks, 700 miles were covered, 500 of them on foot, at the rate of from 12 to 30 miles a day. The travelers visited 150 kraals, preached in 135, and talked to many groups of natives while passing through.

During one of his journeys in the interior, Mr. Wodehouse gives a pleasing description of a visit to a Dutch Reformed mission station at Jiris Kraal, where Mr. Jackson and his helper, Mr. Kruger, are stationed. This station has the poetical name of "Pamoshana," which means "In the sunshine." The work here is in striking constrast to that in the unevangelized kraals already mentioned.

Mr. Wodehouse writes: "We visited the school, where there were about eighty children. The average attendance is about one hundred.

"Some of the children come every day a distance of three miles. A number of little boys were quite naked except a string of beads round the neck, but it made us glad to see them being taught. How much it will mean for the future of these kraals for these children to have a knowledge of Jesus! Many are sincere little Christians. After the service, at which we all spoke, we went to dinner at the Mission House. We had prayer together after dinner. We had a service in the evening with the natives."

That there were perils even in the most peaceful sections of the African interior, however, this passage from Mrs. Louise Wodehouse's journal of travel shows:

"At the Sabi River we took off our shoes and stockings and went out into the water and sat on a rock. We kept a good lookout for crocodiles, for there are a great many in this river. On the way back we saw the print of lions' feet in the sand, where they had been down to drink. There are many hippopotami here, and we saw several traces of them. Charles brought me a tooth of a hippo which he picked up from the river. Such a huge thing! It must be dreadful to have a toothache with a tooth like that."

African scenery is full of delightful surprises. On one occasion a missionary party traveling in Basutoland stopped for breakfast in a beautiful place. They found a natural dining-room, with walls of rock on all sides and a narrow passage leading into it. It was about six feet square, while the gurgling waters of a river near by sounded like distant music in the travelers' ears.

These children of nature are logicians in a way. One chief asked Missionary Coffin to explain some strange things he had heard from Stephen, one of the missionary's native helpers. Stephen, thinking it an opportunity to exhibit his knowledge, had told him that, in the teacher's country, "it is day when it is night here." The chief did not believe him, so an animated discussion followed. "I did not know what they were talking about," writes the missionary, "but noticed them looking at me with unusual curiosity. After a little, the old man came and asked: 'Teacher, is it day in your country when it is night here?' I attempted to explain, but the old heathen only shook his head uncomprehendingly, and turning to Stephen said: 'Teacher is as big a liar as you are.' "

Mangwendi, one of the chiefs already spoken of, and who has quite an extensive territory, has been active in several native outbreaks of the past, but is apparently reformed now. Being an old man and quite lame, the authorities as a reward for his good behavior, and in recognition of his royalty, presented him with a donkey, of which the old chief was very proud. He did not,

A Group of Evangelized African Children in Angola

Left to Right: 1. Kapaxi (Little Trouble). 2. Kafundanga (Little Gunpowder). 3. Matthew Sunday. 4. Happy Anthony. 5. Kadiesu

however, become an adept equestrian, and this caused one of the boys to slyly ask "which was the donkey?" The old king was quite oblivious to the jest and paid no attention.

Usually an adult African in his native wilds and uncivilized is a rather dignified person. One native, named Mushuri, who was employed as guide and carrier, was a happy, lazy character with a powerful dislike for work, yet he did what was required of him goodnaturedly. Natives venerate age, and at night, when Mushuri was told to go for water, he, greatly surprised, turned to the missionary and said: "Teacher, I have whiskers." He thought it strange that a chief with whiskers should carry water. It was beneath his dignity! He knew the country perfectly, and frequently would stop and point, saying, "Teacher, look," his quick eye having caught sight of some kind of a deer.

In the Victoria section, the missionaries were surprised to find a chief named "Johanas" teaching the Gospel to the people of his vicinity. Upon inquiry, they learned that he had become converted some time before in the Transvaal, and had felt that he must carry the message back to his own people. For months he had been among them, earnestly working, burdened for souls and hoping for help in his work. The missionaries carefully examined him, received him into the church, arranged with him to continue, and with the natives, to build a suitable chapel. Thus the first mission in that section of unevangelized Africa was opened and supplied.

On one of these missionary journeys, the travelers in the afternoon reached a Basuto settlement. Right here is a picture in vivid contrast with some that have preceded it. These Basutos came eleven years ago from the Transvaal. They paid a Dutchman $4,000 cash for the land, and they have now a nice village of square houses with windows and doors. One house had five rooms. They make their own bedsteads, tables and chairs. These houses are clean, and not lacking in ornament, having pictures on the walls and a few trinkets on shelves. One man they found building a three-roomed house of stone. The Basutos brought the visitors each a cup of coffee in china cups. These people are far in advance of the natives living around them and are an object lesson to them. One woman had twin babies, who were neatly clothed and cared for, as babies should be. The other heathen around kill twins, if any woman should be so unfortunate as to give birth to them; but the whole Basuto community seemed very proud of those twin babies. These people have a good schoolhouse and a Basuto teacher to instruct their children. A service was held for them in their schoolhouse. They came neatly dressed, and eager to hear the Word. When a missionary called for testimonies, several spoke out of a full heart.

In the African mission work there is need of buildings, native workers, schools, school books, and tools for the farm and industrial work. This applies equally to Gospel work in Rhodesia, Angola, the Congo and Liberia.

Even with the limited facilities now at their disposal, the progress made by the missionaries is more than remarkable. It is astounding. They deserve the substantial encouragement and support of good people of all denominations throughout the world.

CHURCH FINANCIERING

Sermon by Rev. Silas C. Swallow, D.D.

Continued from page 204

perity, we may safely conclude that he is not averse to such vows. I know a man who, with his wife, said at their marriage, "Henceforth not less than one-tenth to the Lord's cause." And they kept their vow and were surprised again and again at the prosperity that came, enabling them to give hundreds and thousands, where they had expected to give through life only cents and dollars.

I was accustomed, prior to the year 1873, when Jay Cooke failed, and the whole country suffered, to point when attending church dedications to that financier and philanthropist as an example of systematic Christian liberality. Early in his business career, he had opened an O. P. J. account, which he explained as the "Old Patriarch Jacob Account," referring to his Bethel vow to give a tenth. After Cooke's failure, not a few of my friends came back at me with "Where now is your O. P. J. account?" I would answer, "Wait for the finis." When Jay Cooke had paid back in full to those creditors who held on to his securities, including ten per cent. interest on their holdings, I retorted on my friends by saying, "There is your O. P. J. account with interest!" It is still true that "the righteous are not forsaken, nor do their seed beg bread." Ten per cent. of the income of the millions of Christians in this country, on a careful estimate, would yield so enormous a revenue to the church annually, as to require the services of many more church officials than we now have on annual salaries of $5,000 each and expenses paid, the sum total of whose duties would be just to give this money away.

We know of no better system of church financiering than the envelope system. We worked it long before it came into general use and in a more general and systematic way, twenty-five years ago, than it is worked even now by most of our churches. I like the plan of fifty-two envelopes, one for each Sunday of the year. Similar in its details is what is known as the "duplex envelope system" issued by a Richmond, Virginia, printing-house, and now in use in many churches. One end of the partitioned envelope is for the local church, including incidentals and pastor's salary, and the other end for related benevolences. I would modify the system somewhat, but follow the general plan. This system eliminates, in a measure, the necessity laid upon the pastor for dunning from the pulpit, beginning when his pastorate begins, and ending only when the pastorate ends, unless perchance death shall mercifully relieve him before. While the caution of the Master to "do not your alms to be seen of men," and "let not one hand know what the other does," is generally applied to our method of helping the poor, yet I question whether, on interrogation, the Saviour would not have applied it with equal force to all kinds of religious, charitable and philanthropic giving. Certain it is that many of our methods for money-raising, especially at church dedications, are so ostentatious, so at variance with the spirit and character of the "meek and lowly One," so booming to the rich giver and such a boomerang to the poor giver, that we need to take heed to our ways.

We need to teach our people that giving is an act of worship, and that the daily toil that confers the ability to follow the Pauline method of giving, should be done in a worshipful spirit, whether it be farming, railroading, merchandising or housekeeping. "Whatsoever ye do, do it as unto the Lord." Then the blacksmith, as he hammers the glowing iron, will say, "At least a tenth of this product will, on Sunday next, go to enrich the treasury of my Lord." Paul wrote to the Corinthian church, "Now concerning the collection for the saints, as I have given order to the churches of Galatia, even so do ye. Upon the first day of the week, let every one of you" (that means men, women and children) "lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him, that there may be no gatherings when I come." It would be a strange paraphrase of that language to read it thus: "Let every one of you join in getting up an oyster supper, or a charity ball, or a taffy pull, or a Boston baked beans dinner, or church theatricals, or any other thing that will raise money, only so that you have it all ready for me when I come," and further, "Oh, my Corinthian brethren, if you can induce some of the Canaanitish descendants of the Hivites, the Hittites, or the Girgashites to buy some of the tickets, this will be clear gain, and will be greatly appreciated by your servant in the Lord."

When the members of any church, large or small, have given to their full ability and have done their utmost to induce gifts from other legitimate sources and still find their expenses not met, it is a fair presumption either that the expenses should be cut down, or a padlock be put on that church door.

As another has said, "Giving to the church a portion of what one earns in his daily work, as Paul surely did, is good in every way. To ask some one else to buy the product of that work, on the plea of helping the church, does not help the buyer as much as the church ought to help him in teaching him to give." A church may get money by selling peanuts, or taffy, or oysters, or pin-cushions, or Teddy bears, but it is by that act squandering one of its finest opportunities. A church can hardly afford to lower its morals in order to raise money; better raise its morals, even if it lowers its cash balance. A church had better have high moral standards than a high steeple. There are church buildings still standing in America that were paid for with money secured by lotteries. This method was long since outlawed everywhere, except in those churches where grab-bag and fish-pond festivals still prevail. And the church fair or social entertainment as a money-getter is passing even now, as the better way begins to appear more clearly to earnest Christians and devoted supporters of church work everywhere.

A TOUR IN SOUTH INDIA

By LIONEL S. MITCHELL

THROUGHOUT India the missionaries are pushing the campaign of the Gospel aggressively and with most encouraging results. Small parties of missionaries will start out from a central station and will travel several hundred miles before they return.

Tea for the Guests

On our recent trip up North, we passed through many towns and villages, and were impressed by the large population of India, and wondered how nearly all of them seemed to get a living of some sort, despite their numerous competitors. We were surprised to learn from our leader that about ninety per cent. of the population of India live on the land. We spent a day at Madras on our way, staying at the residence of a dear old Christian lady, Mrs. Lydia Cotelingum, who worthily fulfilled the part of her gracious namesake, who refreshed the apostles of old.

Resuming our journey to Ellore we were met by our old friend and fellow worker, Daya Seela, and his co-worker, I. D. Raju, and a band of Indian Christian workers, who received us with great joy.

Outside the railway station awaiting us was the Rajah of Bhadrachellum's own carriage, which he kindly placed at our disposal. On our arrival at the Mission House, we were greeted by more of our Christian friends: and upon entering the courtyard were agreeably surprised at the sight that met our gaze. A number of flags were fluttering in the breeze, and two handsome and artistic greetings, "God bless our Indian Christian Realm Mission" and "God bless Mr. and Mrs. Paynter," were prominently displayed.

During the day and evening, different members and friends came to pay their respects to us. After a very pleasant day we retired to rest with heartfelt thanks for the kindness we had received at the hands of the Telegu people, who are kind, polite, mild, broad-minded and agreeable in their manners and customs. On the following day we had further visits, and in the evening we paid a visit to the village of Lingaragudem, where we had a very fine meeting, there being about one hundred people present.

It was very interesting, and at the same time very touching, to see and hear many of the people who, but a short time since, were in the darkness of heathenism, singing hymns of praise and thanksgiving to God, and exhorting their unsaved fellow villagers to come to him through the Lord Jesus Christ.

After a time of singing two addresses were given—one by Mr. A. S. Paynter, the director, and the other by the writer. Both addresses were listened to attentively by the villagers. Mrs. Paynter also gave an address which particularly aroused the interest of the women of the village. After an appeal had been given to people desiring salvation to come to Christ, the meeting was brought to a close by Mr. Paynter engaging in prayer and pronouncing the benediction.

On Sunday morning about seven o'clock we returned to the village in order to baptize nine of the villagers. When we reached the village we heard the sound of singing, and on entering the compound of one of the Indians we found a number of the children of the village singing sacred hymns as lustily as only children can sing. After waiting here for a little while we adjourned for the baptismal ceremony, which was to take place a little distance out from the village, "for there was much water there." The Indian Christians sang hymns in Telegu, and after a short time of prayer and instruction, the baptismal service was proceeded with, when nine converts confessed their Lord, one of the Indian pastors carrying out the ceremony under the direction of Mr. Paynter.

We afterwards returned to the village and spent a little while conversing with the villagers.

One of the head-men of this village, an old man, named Abraham, who gave the missionaries considerable trouble when they first came to the village, was a particularly interesting case. He told with a beaming face what the Lord had done for him since he gave his heart to him, and pointed to two of the converts who had been baptized that morning, informing us that they were two of his sons. The writer particularly noticed the old man at the open-air meeting on the preceding evening. He seemed to drink in everything that was said by the various speakers.

It is not a hard matter to pick out Christians from heathen in these villages. The faces of heathen wear a dark, blank expression, and they are generally untidy in appearance, whilst the Christians have pleasant and intelligent faces, which tell of light and peace within. They are also tidy and clean in appearance, so different from the heathen villagers. A few more words of exhortation and instruction and we left these people, returning to the Mission House at Ellore, to rest and prepare for our evening service. For this service chairs and forms were procured from different places in the town, and shortly after 5 P.M. nearly every seat was occupied. Most of the people present were high-caste Hindus, Brahmans, Mohammedans, and others—many of the leading people of the town.

A splendid service had been prepared by our workers and some of their friends, and was carried out in a manner befitting any European service. Hymns were sung and short addresses given by some of the townsmen, and an ode by Narasimha Row, a local poet of repute, was read and presented to Mr. A. S. Paynter and the others. These were afterwards followed by short speeches. Mrs. Paynter sang a hymn, and then evangelical addresses were given. We believe that many hearts were touched and souls awakened as a result. The service over, a number of Brahman gentlemen who were present, some of whom are the leading officials of the town, congratulated the speakers on the success of the meeting. Some of the others present, high-caste people, promised to come and see us personally on the following day, which they did. The next day was spent in preparation for our tour in the villages in the Kolair Lake District, and in speaking to those needing a word of cheer and instruction, who came to us for that purpose.

An Open Air Gospel Service in an India Village

At night we talked with three high caste young men who were anxious to become Christians. Two of these were Brahmans and the other a Vaisiya. One of the Brahmans and the Vaisiya both accepted the Lord, and both of them knelt in prayer, thanked God for what he had done for them, and testified to the joy that had come into their hearts after making their decision.

The following day we left for the Kolair Lake Distrist. We passed through the village of Lingarowgudem, where Pastor Daniel Ebenezer and several others were waiting to give us a greeting. Proceeding a few miles further we arrived at Siripathupadu, where we transferred ourselves and luggage into the boat, as the rest of the journey to Komati Lanka, which was our next halting place, had to be done by water. Imagine our surprise when we alighted to find a number of school children with their teachers and pastor, Mr. Row, waiting to receive us. They graciously salaamed us, and then sang a pretty action song, descriptive of children's duties from morning to evening, such as saying their prayers, drawing water from the well, etc. At this place we received a petition written in Telegu and English asking us to build a church there, and also thanking us very warmly for the good the Mission was doing for their "wild children." We then left them and started on our boat journey of five hours on Kolair Lake to Komati Lanka.

It was a very beautiful and interesting trip from start to finish, the journey from the canal to the lake being especially charming. On each side of the canal lay extensive rice fields ready for the reaping, and here and there we passed groups of villagers at work gathering in the harvest, and a picturesque and interesting sight they made. They looked happy and healthy. The women are straight and graceful as those mentioned in Indian poems.

It was pleasing to notice that the children of the Christian people are cleaner, healthier, brighter and happier than those of their fellow heathen villagers.

We had a very pleasant trip across the lake, where we saw thousands of thousands of lotus flowers, from which the Buddhists say the god Parvati originated. Reeds and rushes were everywhere. When in about the middle of the lake we saw thousands upon thousands of wild duck; also flamingoes and other waterfowl.

As the sun set the lake presented a beautiful sight, and just before nearing Komati Lanka we spent the time singing some of the familiar old hymns we used to sing in the dear home land, such as "Abide With Me" and "At Even Ere the Sun Was Set." As we sang these hymns our thoughts wandered to the land where our dear ones were.

About seven o'clock we reached Komati Lanka and were met by our old veteran Indian friend and teacher, Brother Prakasam, whose energy and ability is known to all. The people go to him with anything of any consequence and he is their doctor, lawyer and spiritual adviser all in one. He was accompanied by some of his flock, who quickly transferred us and our luggage to a little mud church where we were to have our meeting, and to stay for the night.

One was amazed to find that eight months ago there was not a single Christian in this village, and now there are between sixty and seventy. At daylight we were astir again, for in India it is customary to rise early in the morning in order to escape the heat of the day at noon, when many retire for an hour's rest.

An interesting experience on the trip to Bhogapuram should be mentioned. The mud was so deep that neither horse nor bullock cart could get through it. The Rajah of Bhadrachellum lent us his elephant for the trip. Mr. Paynter was astride the elephant's back four hours. Crossing a river, the animal grew sulky, a blow from the mahout made him more angry, and he stood trumpeting for ten minutes and then moved on.

The next afternoon we made our way to Mandavelli, calling in at the Birapatam *en route;* Evangelist Raguniah and Teacher Isaiah meeting us with the school children, who also sang several songs of welcome to us. We resumed our journey, arriving at Mandavelli at about 7 P.M.

Our meeting at night was in the village square, and we had one of the best open-air meetings we have yet had. The sight that gladdened our hearts most here was the number of young men present who have recently become Christians. Pastor Philemon is in charge here, and is training many of the young men for future work as teachers, pastors and evangelists. The evangelization of India will mostly be done by the native workers in the future, and every inducement should be given the young men of the various missions to prepare themselves for missionary effort. In many ways the trustworthy native evangelist is superior to the European worker. He is better adapted to the climate and conditions, understands the people, knows their difficulties, and, having come from heathenism himself, is better able to point the way out than his European confrere.

Among the Workers

—Evangelist Sunday has just closed a revival at Bloomington, Ill., during which 1,266 persons confessed Christ.

—Evangelist E. R. Hermiston lately conducted a successful revival at Boker City, Ore. Over one hundred came forward, mostly men, and confessed Christ as Saviour.

—A great revival has just closed at Oho, Wis. Fifty one persons united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and more are coming in. The pastor, Rev. C. T. Beers, was assisted by Evangelist E. D. Johnston, of Clear Lake, Wis.

—Evangelist W. H. Van Dusen and wife, who have conducted many successful union revival meetings in the West, will be glad to help any churches now arranging for such meetings. Their address is 409 East Cherokee Street, Enid, Okla.

—Evangelist David E. Reed and George Bennard have lately conducted a twenty days' spiritual campaign at Northeast, Pa., which resulted in an old-fashioned revival. The Methodist Church was crowded nightly with large audiences. Over two hundred confessed Christ, and the spiritual life of all the churches in the place was greatly strengthened. The Baptist, Presbyterian and Evangelical churches aided in the movement.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, Associate Editor — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, Associate Editor

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

Expiration of Subscription.—The date on the wrapper indicates when your subscription ends.

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Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

The Bill to Restore the Motto

COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS,
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, U. S.,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 21.

Dr. Louis Klopsch, Editor The Christian Herald, New York.

MY DEAR SIR: The Committee on Coinage, Weights and Measures has favorably reported the McKinley bill restoring the motto, "In God We Trust," to our coinage. The bill reported is in the name of Hon. William B. McKinley, the Chairman of the Committee. Further steps toward the final passage of the measure now rest with Mr. McKinley, the Chairman of the Committee, and Hon. Joseph G. Cannon, Speaker of the House of Representatives.

It would be well to suggest to your readers that the fate of the measure now rests largely in the hands of the Speaker of the House. I am sure that, within a few days, Mr. McKinley will hold a conference with the Speaker, for the purpose of requesting permission to call up the bill from the calendar on the floor of the House. If the ministers of the district represented by Speaker Cannon would write him at once, in behalf of this measure, I am sure great good would result. All further communications regarding the matter should be sent to Hon. William B. McKinley and Hon. Joseph G. Cannon. Yours very truly, MORRIS SHEPPARD.

Canada's Temperance Campaign

WHILE people all over this country have watched with keen interest the progress of the aggressive campaign against the saloon in our Southern and Western States, encouraging news comes from across the invisible line that separates us from our friends and neighbors in Canada, where the forces of temperance have been fighting a similar battle with almost equal success.

Recently, in the Legislature at Toronto, Hon. W. J. Hanna presented a report showing that there were now 198 licenses less than in 1906-7, and that the law is better and more strictly observed. In the city of Toronto a number of hotel men are being legally forced to give up their licenses. In 700 municipalities in the Province of Quebec there is not a single license for the sale of intoxicating liquor—a gain of 100 towns for temperance in one year. The saloon in towns where licenses still exist, it is said by the secretary of the Dominion Alliance, is becoming an unpopular institution. The success of the movement is due to the fact that temperance societies of all creeds have been working together without friction and stirred by the sole ambition to wipe out the saloon. These united societies have outlined a vigorous campaign for this year, and it looks as if at no distant day the saloon may be only a malodorous memory in the progressive Dominion.

Ill-Assorted Marriages

WHETHER the present generation be really wiser than its predecessors or not, is an open question often discussed by philosophers and sociologists. When we look around us, especially in populous neighborhoods, and note the poverty and misery that seem to increase rather than diminish with the years, the problem recurs: Are sociological conditions, after all, improving or the reverse? Are the common people to-day in better circumstances to enjoy life like reasonable beings, than were those of fifty or one hundred years ago?

Although many plans have been devised for the "abolition of poverty," it is everywhere apparent that none have thus far been successful. It was this consideration, probably, that prompted one of our readers, Miss Arbella Saddlemire, to write to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a letter which appeared in these columns a few weeks ago, and which seems to have stirred up many readers to active discussion of the question whether ill-considered and early marriages are not largely responsible for poverty and suffering in very many instances. Leaving out drunkenness, extravagance and similar vices, Miss Saddlemire boldly asserts that ill-considered marriages are directly responsible for much of the poverty that exists. She urges that a law should be passed by our State legislatures forbidding young men to marry until they are twenty-five or thirty, and until they have a reasonable amount ($2,000) safely invested, and employment which brings in a sufficient income to maintain a home. She further suggests that a similar law should forbid the marriage of girls under twenty-three or twenty-five, until they have demonstrated their capacity for home-building by getting together "things to keep house with." Such a law, she declares, would "wipe out the slums in our cities."

Many will claim, no doubt, that this is a sordid view to take of the marriage relation—that it eliminates all romance and puts love and sentiment at a discount. But is it really a mercenary view? May not one have the highest appreciation of sentiment and yet be governed by common sense? Looking around at the poverty and the hopeless struggles of thousands, ay, hundreds of thousands, of couples who have taken up the cares and duties of the marriage state without due preparation, but simply on sentiment, one cannot but feel that, had there been a little consecrated common sense at the outset, many miseries might have been avoided. Surely it is not unreasonable to urge that there should be due preparation for a condition which is designed to be life-long and which, under divine blessing and with adequate human effort, should be a happy one.

There is an old proverb which says that "When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out of the window." Exemplification of this is not hard to seek. A young man on a small weekly salary, being "in love," decides to take unto himself a wife and selects some young girl with no more experience of the world than he himself possesses. With a devotion that is chivalrous in the highest degree, they decide to face the world together. How does such a pretty idyl, in many cases, work out? Will not the next turn of the vitograph be liable to show love in furnished rooms or a flat, with a hard struggle to keep up appearances on a most inadequate income; with both husband and wife out of latitude and out of sorts, becoming discouraged and wondering how it will all end? Of course, there are many young people who, fortunately, have the qualities that enable them to rise superior to their surroundings and to emerge from the mass to a condition of comparative comfort; but any one who is familiar with the life that is led in the poorer class of flats and apartments, to say nothing of tenements, knows how fierce is the battle, how hard the hill to climb that leads to success, and how difficult it is to keep the candle of love alight, when want and penury guard the threshold.

Miss Saddlemire has brought forward a topic of such universal interest that we should be pleased to have our readers discuss it, frankly and fully, in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Leaving aside the question whether such a law as she suggests is practicable, let us know what you think of the case as we have presented it, and whether it is not better that our young people should return somewhat to the older and more conservative ways of careful preparation for married life and domesticity, rather than plunge into matrimony with as little hesitation as they would go on a summer day's excursion.

The Turf Gamblers and the Law

UNDER the fundamental law of New York State, gambling is forbidden. It exists on the race-track only by a violation of that law, and this violation is accomplished by perverting the language of the statute. Right-thinking people throughout the State are now earnestly seeking to abolish race-track gambling altogether. As was to have been expected, the whole gambling fraternity, including all the big and little gamblers, and not a few men of wealth and influence who should be ashamed to be found in such company, are up in arms to prevent this reform. At Albany, we have the spectacle of the forces of good government and honest legislation on the one side, confronted by the gamblers and their allies, who include nearly all the forces of evil, on the other, and the great battle is now being fought which will decide whether the Empire State shall be given over a prey to the gamblers, or redeemed.

License evil and it is evil still. License gambling and the evils that flow from it and the crimes it promotes will remain untouched. High license or low, it is all bad. These gamblers claim that the "spirit of gentlemanly sport" and the science of "improving the breed" of horses will suffer, if they themselves are worsted. Nothing will suffer but the birds of prey, the bookmakers and their allies, the touts. As far as the horse-breeders of the country are concerned, it is incredible that they should believe turf gambling to be indispensable to the improvement of equine qualities. The greatest breeder of them all has testified that he never bet on a race in his life. He raises horses because he loves the horse, and he would not degrade it by making it a tool for the race-track gamblers.

Thus far, the battle at Albany has been waged squarely and openly, and every opportunity has been afforded both sides for a full hearing. It has been clearly shown that the claim that the farmers and agriculturists generally favor the continuance of turf betting has no foundation. A majority of the rural communities express themselves in favor of its abolition.

We have said nothing of the wider moral aspects of the question, because these are already known to every one. Turf gambling has been responsible for innumerable crimes. It has allured multitudes of young men to their ruin; has made defaulters by the thousand, and has helped to fill our jails with criminals. Governor Hughes could do no better service than to wipe out this foul blot on the Empire State. He himself has declared that race-track gambling is in direct opposition to existing law. This law should be enforced. There should be no compromise with the turf gamblers. They should be rooted out, bag and baggage.

Grace at Meals

A CORRESPONDENT recently wrote us that he had been much embarrassed by a request to say grace when a guest at a friend's table. Never having done this at home and knowing no form that suited the occasion, he was obliged to decline, and determined never again to be similarly situated. He asked for a suitable form of grace, determining to learn it and to become familiar with it by using it daily at home.

There are several simple forms of asking a blessing upon food, that fit into the need of one who desires to begin a meal by acknowledging the Giver from whom comes our daily bread. The shortest is, perhaps, "For what we are about to receive, may the Lord make us truly thankful." Another and more beautiful form is "Bless, O Lord, we beseech thee, this food to our use, and us to thy service, for Christ's sake, Amen!"

Any little extemporaneous prayer that recognizes God as the fountain of all good, is suitable in this connection. For instance, one might say, quoting the Bible, "Father, thou openest thine hand and satisfiest the desire of every living thing. We thank thee for what thou hast given us this day, and ask thee to accept us, for Christ's sake." Another and easier form is, "We ask thy blessing on this food, on this home and this day, for Christ's sake." The youngest child in the family is often taught to say grace, and it is very sweet to follow little lisping lips when a small head is bowed and dimpled hands are reverently folded.

A silent grace, when every head is bent in an attitude of prayer, is far better than no grace at all.

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THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

Sun-Worship Among Indians

HOW ancient superstitions survive even in lands in which civilization and religion are in an advanced stage, is indicated by the picture by Charles M. Russell, "the cowboy artist," which is reproduced on this page. It represents a spectacle he witnessed recently in Montana. An Indian mother of the Blackfeet tribe is holding up her babe to catch the first rays of the rising sun, that it may receive the blessing which, according to the Indian tradition, comes from the great luminary. It is not astonishing that the magnificent spectacle of the sun rising in its might, dispersing the gloom and darkness of night and bringing joy and gladness to the earth, should have inspired uninstructed people to worship. Nothing more imposing comes within their experience, and its slow and majestic rising could not fail to suggest to an impressible mind the conception of the Deity. Accordingly we find among the Indians of this country and Canada, as among the Indians of Peru, who inherit the traditions of the Incas, and far away among the tribes of India, surviving to this day among the Parsees, this superstitious reverence for the symbol of light and giver of heat and fertility. Loew says that wherever he went he found among the aborigines of the various lands the same reverence. Challenging a Moqui Indian in New Mexico for the reason of his faith, he received the answer: "Why should we not worship the sun? He diffuses warmth for us and our animals and we owe to him all the comforts of life. We would be ingrates not to worship him." To which Loew adds that the Moqui was a wiser philosopher and showed a better spirit than some of his white brothers, who know more about the heavenly bodies.

Attempts have been made to trace an ethnological connection between the Indians of North America and the tribes of India, based on this common superstition, but an analysis of their varied beliefs does not support the idea. That we find sun-worship and its attendant subsidiary reverence for fire in such widely separated localities is rather due to the tendency already mentioned, natural to the untutored mind, to pay reverence to the most majestic and beneficent of natural phenomena. May the time soon come when in every land the superstition yields before that better faith:

Unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings. (Mal. 4: 2.)

A Blackfoot Indian Mother Holding Her Babe Before the Rising Sun

Saved by a Dog

A dispatch from Louisville, Neb., reports that a young man of that city has been restored to his family through the sagacity and fidelity of his dog. In returning to his home after an excursion he fell into a dry well about two miles from the farm. He sustained severe injuries in his fall, including a broken leg and the fracture of two ribs. He was unable to move, and his cries were not heard by the few people who came near the well. Two days and nights passed, and he began to think he would die of starvation, when at last rescue came through his dog. After he fell into the well the dog went home, where, after barking and whining, he set off again for the well. He continued this until they followed him thither and drew his master to the surface. It would be well if Christians were as much in earnest as this dog in trying to save those who have fallen on life's journey and are helpless to save themselves. They have better reason than he for their efforts, for Christ is ever ready to go to the rescue when his help is sought.

And Jesus, seeing their faith, said unto the sick of the palsy, Son, be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee. (Matt. 9: 2.)

To Bring the Dead to Life

A paper recently presented at a meeting of the French Biological Society by Dr. L. B. Robinovitch has caused a sensation. The author, who is a lady physician, made the startling claim that she has discovered a method of restoring to life persons who have been killed by electricity. Her method is to give the patient a series of rhythmic electrical impulses, thus re-establishing respiration and cardiac reaction and restoring sensibility. The same treatment has been successfully applied where the subject had been suffering from a syncope produced by chloroform. She proposes to come to New York and obtain permission to try her remedy on the next murderer electrocuted in prison. If she obtains permission and succeeds in restoring an executed murderer, the courts would be puzzled about his standing. He might demand to be set free, having submitted once to the punishment prescribed. It is such a condition that the apostle uses to typify the change that occurs in the standing of one who has appropriated the great Sacrifice.

The death that he died he died unto sin once, but the life that he liveth he liveth unto God. (Rom. 6: 10.)

Amateur Church-Builders

A church is being finished in novel fashion in Kansas City, according to a report in the *Times* of that city. It states that a Baptist congregation, which has outgrown the frame building it has hitherto occupied, decided to erect a more commodious edifice. The people, however, are not wealthy, and through unforeseen circumstances, the funds were exhausted before the church was finished. A meeting was called to consider finances. Finally the pastor suggested that the people themselves should do the work. There was no difficulty about obtaining materials and he proposed that each member should contribute his labor. The proposal was cheerfully adopted. The *Times* gives this report of progress: "Every day and many nights, under the direction of some of the members who are carpenters, the work goes on. Those who cannot work by day give their time at night." That church when it is finished will be very dear to the men who have labored on it. Men treasure most that which has cost them a sacrifice of some kind. The living church is represented as being dear to Christ himself for the same reason.

Even as Christ also loved the church and gave himself for it . . . that he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing. (Eph. 5: 25, 27.)

Refusal to Fire at the Flags

A change has been made in the arrangements for a sham battle, which is planned to take place near Fort Worth, Tex., owing to the loyal sentiments of one of the armies. The parties to the mimic combat are on the one side the Texas national guardsmen, and on the other an organization still maintained, called the Confederate Guard of Dallas, which did effective service on the Southern side during the Civil War. At the final meeting of the committee of arrangements, the captain of the Confederate Guard announced that his command would not participate if the militiamen used the American flag. "Under no circumstances will we fire on the Stars and Stripes, not even in a sham battle," declared the captain. "We stopped doing that in 1865." Rather than have the sham battle abandoned, the managers of the event decided to have the national guardsmen use some other set of colors. Firing on the Stars and Stripes even in play was repugnant to an organization which had experienced the consequences of firing on them seriously. They were more careful about their conduct not being misunderstood than those Christians are who fail in reverence for the Bible. Jokes and puns on Bible passages are shocking when they are uttered by Christians who should hold God's Word in too much reverence to use it to point a witticism.

Be more ready to hear than to give the sacrifice of fools; for they consider not that they do evil. (Eccles. 5 : 1.)

Resisting Rescue

A narrow escape from a terrible death occurred recently in Brooklyn, N. Y. A girl fourteen years old was awakened about midnight by the roar of flames in the store kept by her mother, in the rear of which she was sleeping. She sprang out of bed and rushed to an adjoining room in which her two brothers slept, then to her mother's room, in which were two sisters beside her mother. Each sleeper snatched what garments were at hand and ran for safety. The mother was leaving the burning house when, to her horror, she saw the girl who had aroused them all standing as if dazed in the path of the flames. She called to the child, but the girl had begun screaming in frenzy and made no attempt to escape. The mother seized a blanket and throwing it over the girl tried to carry her out. But the girl had lost her mind and fought desperately. The mother was weak, and, having carried the girl toward an open door, fell in a faint. This seemed to restore the child to reason, for seizing her mother by the feet she dragged her into the open air, and in saving her mother, saved herself. Many a mother has had a similar struggle in trying to save a beloved child from an infinitely worse fate. The spell of temptation and sin seems to temporarily suspend the use of reason.

The god of this world hath blinded the eyes of them that believe not. (II. Cor. 4 : 4.)

Murderous Bills

There was a hurried funeral in New York recently. The superintendent of one of the Mills Hotels in the city died after a short illness and was buried the following day. The physician who attended him said he had died of malignant scarlatina, a disease that is rare among adults. There was no doubt in the doctor's mind that he had contracted it in handling the currency brought in by some of the lodgers from the slums. He was the treasurer of the hotel as well as its superintendent, and in that capacity had to handle thousands of bills. The doctor recognized the critical nature of the disease as soon as he was called in, and advised consultation with another physician. The other doctor confirmed the diagnosis and both did their utmost to save the patient, but he died in spite of their efforts. One wonders what became of those bills and whether they are now carrying their infection to other holders. We are told sometimes that there cannot be tainted money, but this incident shows that there is a sense in which it can bear a very deadly taint. People understood that, and if those bills could be identified, no one would touch them, however badly he needed them. He would be considered foolish who accepted them, even as a gift, yet men are considered wise who strive to gain money that bears a more deadly moral taint, being unjustly obtained.

As the partridge sitteth on eggs and hatcheth them not, so he that getteth riches and not by right shall leave them in the midst of his days and at his end shall be a fool. (Jer. 17 : 11.)

THE STORY OF A CHRISTIAN HERO

General O. O. Howard's Remarkable Career in War and Peace—Army Reminiscences

THERE is not a dull chapter in the two ample volumes of General Howard's autobiography.* Of course, each chapter is not of equal interest to every reader. One veteran general of the Civil War, who lost an eye in a battle charge which he gallantly led, said to the writer that he "read with deep interest every word." Another speaks of the account of the seven years' administration of freedmen's affairs as an invaluable contribution to history, because of the great importance of that attempt of the nation to start the emancipated race aright and the fact that no adequate history of that period of reconstruction has ever been written.

There is much that is of thrilling interest to any patriotic reader, and especially one who has sympathy for the oppressed race, in the description of the conditions of the freedmen and refugees in 1865-66, and later, in the legislation to assure them their rights as men and citizens, in their inevitable sufferings, whether from hunger, want of proper shelter, sickness and all the concomitants of poverty (for emancipation brought them no possessions but freedom), or from the cruelty in some sections, of their former owners and those who resented any attempts to build up the manhood or womanhood of the ex-slaves.

On Behalf of the Emancipated Race

Few philanthropic people can read the chapter on the Ku Klux Klan without having their hearts stirred with sympathy for the hunted freedmen and their families and appreciation of the noble teachers, women as well as men, who were willing to undergo social ostracism in the South and live in deprivation of many of the common comforts of life for the sake of giving instruction and help in practical Christian living to the freed people and their children. The narrative depicts this great educational work in its beginnings and records how the foundations were laid for such institutions as the Hampton Institute, Virginia, and of Fisk, Atlanta, Tougaloo and Straight Universities, situated in different Southern States, and of Howard University at Washington, D.C. If any one desired to test the practical wisdom of the head of the Freedmen's Bureau he would only need to turn to these chapters, which tell of the numbers of teachers and Christian leaders for their people which have been turned out from year to year, during forty years, from these and other similar institutions. Some twenty-six of them are briefly sketched. "There has been no cessation of demand for trained colored youth," writes General Howard, "and no diminution of interest on the part of the descendants of the freedmen in seeking for that knowledge which will fit them for the common duties of life. To show how great things spring from small in this matter, notice the work of a single graduate of Hampton, Booker T. Washington." The wonderful growth of Tuskegee is indicated from the small beginning in a colored church till it has reached an enrolment of 1,624 students in 1907, and has received into its treasury in thirteen years $491,955.42 in cash.

Gen. Oliver Otis Howard

The Boy Father to the Man

The part of the first volume devoted to boyhood, to college and West Point life, will seem all too brief to the younger readers and those who are fond of tracing the elements of promise in a youth who afterwards has a distinguished career. By reason of the death of his father when he was only nine years of age, the oldest of three brothers, he was early made to feel the responsibilities of a comforter and helper to his mother. Work on the home farm gave him an appreciation of labor and a sympathy for the laborer which he has always evinced. To supplement the meagre three months

Gen. Howard, Commander Dept. of the East, 1888

in a year of a country school, he worked for his board and attended a high school at Hallowell, Me. His mother, ambitious that he should have a collegiate course, denied herself luxuries and practised the New England economy, and young Howard, at Bowdoin College, spent his winter vacations in teaching district schools to add to the necessary funds.

At West Point, although he had warm friends among the cadets from Southern States, he was immediately brought to feel that he had come into an atmosphere where his early democratic feelings and habits were unpopular. Sometimes already, in 1850, discussions of the slavery question brought slurs and insults for a fearless Northern opponent of slavery, and Cadet Howard received a cut in the head which was doubtless the first blood shed by him in the cause of human freedom.

Courage as a Christian

Lieutenant Howard's first campaigning was in the Florida Seminole War. Perhaps no part of his life will interest earnest Christian people more than this. He dates his conversion at this period, and gives a simple, frank account of his study of the Bible, his reading of the life of Captain Vicars of the British Army—a deeply religious character—and the way light and peace came to himself one night in his little office in Tampa. Soon after, while he was sitting one evening in a Methodist church and the minister was inviting people to come forward to the altar, an incident occurred which illustrates that courage can be tested in other ways than on the battlefield. In the words of the narrative:

> Quite a number arose and worked their way to the front; among them was a poor hunchback woman whose gait in walking was very peculiar. I noticed some young men on the other side of the church, that I knew, laughing at her grotesque appearance. I asked myself, "Which would you rather be, on the side of those who are trying to do God's will or on the side of the scoffers?" I instantly rose and went to the front and knelt at the altar. Mr. Lynde, in tears, put his hands upon my head and prayed for me. I was not conscious of any particular change in myself, but I had taken the public stand, which caused quite a sensation in our garrison. Some of the officers said that I had disgraced the uniform; others, that I was half crazy; but a few sympathized with me, and were my friends then, and, in fact, ever after.

A Brilliant Military Career

When the Civil War broke out, Lieutenant Howard was at West Point as Assistant Professor of Mathematics. When appointed Colonel of the Third Maine Infantry on the nomination of Honorable James G. Blaine, then speaker of the Maine legislature, he bade good-by to his wife and two children and was soon on the way to Washington with a regiment of a thousand strong. The account of his first battle, Bull Run, and, the following spring, of his campaigning and fighting, in command of a brigade, with McClellan on the Virginia peninsula, are given more in detail as to the minor incidents than his descriptions of more famous battles, and possess great interest for the general reader. It was at Fair Oaks that Howard lost his right arm. Before the expiration of his leave of ninety days, he was back to the army and commanded the rear guard in a night march, after the Second Bull Run battle. In the next great battle, Antietam, he was promoted during the fight, to the command of a division consisting of three brigades—a Major General's command — succeeding General Sedgwick, who was wounded. It was this Second Division of the Second Corps that Howard led at Fredericksburg. The Seventh Michigan Infantry answered with a cheer Howard's call for volunteers to cross the river in boats, with the enemy in rifle pits on the opposite banks. This they accomplished successfully, and made prisoners of some rebels who remained too long in the trenches.

Mrs. Eliza Otis Gilmore

Gen. Howard's mother and her grandchild

Soon after this terrible battle, having been promoted to Major-General, Howard was assigned by request of Hooker, then commanding the Army of the Potomac, to the Eleventh Corps. At the disastrous battle of Chancellorsville, his corps was on the extreme right, and both the corps and its commander have been blamed for the loss of the battle. Those who read the frank statement of the situation given in this book, in which it is shown that 8,000 in position were attacked by more than 26,000 under Stonewall Jackson, cannot wonder at the result, which no amount of precaution could have changed. But it is very noticeable that Howard in no instance seeks to exculpate himself by casting blame upon another or upon the troops.

At Gettysburg, soon after the battle began, Reynolds, in command of a wing consisting of three corps, was killed, and Howard, as the ranking officer, came into command of the field. For his selection of the military position on Cemetery Ridge and stubbornly beating back a force of the

Continued on page 216

Gen. Howard, Supt. of U. S. Military Academy, West Point, 1881, with Aids

** The Autobiography of Oliver Otis Howard, Major General U. S. A. Two volumes. Six hundred pages each. Baker & Taylor Company, New York.*

AROUND THE HOME HEARTH

By Margaret E. Sangster

Country Girls and Business Life

THOUSANDS of girls brought up in the country, when they reach the age of eighteen or twenty, turn longing eyes to the city. There are no business opportunities in the home village. They have availed themselves of the district school, and very likely have been graduated from the nearest high school, often straining the family finances to reach this point of vantage. A high school diploma is a certificate that enables a girl, who is clever and quick-witted, either to go on to future educational heights or to prepare herself at once for a business career. A gifted and ambitious girl with scholarly tastes and large perseverance, may determine to work her way through college with little outside help. The thing is difficult, but it has been done by country girls, and will be done again. Nor need city girls be left out of such an enrolment. When, however, there is little money on which to count and parental resources have been taxed to the uttermost, when perhaps there are younger children still to be educated, or others who can assist the mother in domestic life, it is not surprising that a conscientious girl resolves, since she cannot find business where she is, to go where there are presumably numerous openings. A vast army of young women leave their homes in the early morning in every town and city to seek the factory, the shop, the counting-room or the office, where they give hours of work to earn a weekly wage.

Spending a night several years ago at a deaconness' home downtown in New York, I was impressed in the early morning before it was fully light by the tramp, tramp of the brave procession of young girls starting on their day's work. The procession began at half-past six, and it was forging ahead steadily until nine. The girl in business is a familiar figure and a thoroughly respectable and respected one. In a multitude of instances she is a girl away from her own home boarding or living in a lodging, saving a share of her earnings to send to her people, herself an object lesson in love's sweet altruism.

When a country girl begins to think of coming to town, her first step should be to ascertain before leaving her home what are her chances for securing paying work in her special line, and what safe shelter she may depend upon until she can begin to earn money. A penniless girl should never seek the city unless she has friends to whom she can go, and with whom she may stay. Unless she has a position pledged, she would better remain on the farm or in the village, among those who have known her from childhood.

. . .

Supposing that a girl has neither kindred nor acquaintances in the city of her desire, how shall she proceed, and what initiative shall she take before burning her ships? As a rule, her first proceeding should be to write a letter to the Young Women's Christian Association, asking for a list of boarding houses within her means, and procuring the advice of the resident secretary as to her finding something to do. The same counsel may be given to an art student or a girl with a voice that she wishes to cultivate, or a talent for the piano that seems worth higher instruction than can be had at home. One of the friendly offices of the Young Women's Christian Association is to look after girls who are strangers and give them sisterly aid until they are able to stand on their own feet. A letter of introduction from the country pastor to a minister of one's own denomination in the city is also an excellent thing to have. As soon as possible, after reaching a strange city in which she expects to spend months or years, a young woman should establish herself in a church home. In every large city there are churches that extend cordial hands of welcome to young people who are absent from home and friends. Let no one make you believe that city churches have room only for the rich and influential. It is not so. The spirit of Christ permeates his church, and any young woman who enters a church, makes herself known to a pastor, attends services regularly and joins a Sunday School class or a Christian Endeavor Circle, will, before very long, find herself in a warm atmosphere of friendship and good will.

The problem of living is an intensely difficult one in the city, and a girl dependent on her own earnings must reckon very closely if she is to keep within her income, avoid debt, save a little, and, it may be, assist her dear ones. Girls often find it well to live in a co-operative fashion—two or three uniting to pay the rent of a lodging where, if they choose, they may prepare their own breakfast. They often find that it is cheaper, and on the whole more comfortable, than to go to a boarding house.

Art students, journalists, stenographers and others whose weekly salary or income from their work warrants the outlay combine in what may be called girl colonies. An apartment may be taken by eight or ten young women who share expenses, and a mother or elder sister coming from a home that can spare her will chaperone the entire party, keep house, do the catering, and in every way act as matron and caretaker for the busy girls. Every sort of device is utilized in these cases to economize space, and the droll makeshifts to which the girls resort, that their home may be pretty and attractive, witness the ingenuity and aristic skill dormant in almost every woman. They are obliged to calculate very closely, not only as to space, but as to expenses. But they seldom fail to show a satisfactory balance sheet at the end of a year.

A Princess who Trains her Children

PRINCESS FREDERIC CHARLES of Hesse recently created somewhat of a sensation in European court circles by announcing that she purposed having her two little sons (shown in the photograph) trained "like American business men," so that their future might not be dependent on royal "allowances." The little princes are amply provided for, but their mother means that they shall be of some use in the world, and not mere lay figures. They are to have an all-round business education, supplemented by foreign travel. She has a great admiration for Americans.

In Times of Discouragement

SEASONS of discouragement may be the portion of the most optimistic, because no one can control destiny, and trouble of some sort is certain, sooner or later, to invade every life. The way in which one meets trouble is an unerring test of character. Temperament, as well as character, must be taken into account when one is confronted with trouble, either actual or imaginary. The fact is that depression and melancholy much oftener follow in the wake of fancied distress than of real calamity. One cannot fight a fog as one fights a foe that one meets in the open. When the discouraged mood settles down grimly on the soul, the best plan is as soon as possible to get into the out-door air, take exercise and change the scene. Reason has little to do with this state of things, and is powerless to combat it successfully. Three times out of four there is physical derangement to which the low mood is due. When the brain does not supply the requisite nervous force to assist the stomach in assimilating food, man or woman alike may be a victim of the blues. If one can possibly help it, he should not inflict the torture of his mood of depression on the family. Resolutely to present a cheerful face to the world, concealing whatever disturbance may lurk in the soul, is often the best way of routing the enemy and becoming of good cheer. The effort to look, act and speak as if everything were right brings about the desired result. We should try to remember that the bright days in life far exceed the dark ones, that the smooth road is longer than the rough, and that just around the next corner some unexpected pleasure, some happy turn of fortune may be waiting for us. Then, too, the best panacea for discouragement is the knowledge that God's care of us is never intermitted, and that God's promises are forever sure. "Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." What does this mean if not that you are to be victorious in the end over circumstances, moods and tenses, time and tide? There is nothing a child of God can possibly want that God cannot send to enrich that child's heart and life. Let the seasons of discouragement pass away in the sunshine of the Father's love.

Who Carries the Heavier End?

The question came up not long ago in a circle of friends, and is now offered for discussion by the editor of this page, Who carries the heavier end—the farmer or the farmer's wife? The man has on his mind and hands the labor of the farm, the ploughing and the planting, the sowing and the reaping, the redemption of barren acres, the cutting down of timber, the clearing away of stone and the care of stock. Often enough he finds it no easy task to carry on his part of the business profitably. But the wife, with fewer labor-saving contrivances than he, has the round of indoor cares, the training of the children, the cooking, sewing and mending; in summer the preparation of food for hired men, in winter a routine that keeps her busy from dawn till long after dusk. Frank letters and expressions of opinion are requested from the farmer and the farmer's wife. They may be addressed to the editor of the Family Page, CHRISTIAN HERALD. Write on one side only of the paper.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

X. Y. Z. The incompatibility between the husband and wife you mention may not be vital, and their differences may be reconciled if no third party intervenes. To step in between husband and wife and advise either to leave the other is a serious matter. If you have a real regard for your friend you will cease giving her advice that may lead her into a course she may regret all her life.

M. P. R. While your children are so young you would better tell them stories than read to them. I advise Bible stories and fairy tales. You should try to cultivate the imagination by the latter, and teach truth and wisdom by the former.

JESUS, THE LIGHT OF MEN

*By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts**

JESUS the Light of Childhood. He, the only begotten Son of his Father, who had been in heaven since before the world was made; he who had shared in the making of this world, for we are told that "without him was not anything made," even he left his high estate, and so humbled himself that he came down to earth to live among men, being born of a woman.

Mary was that mother mild
And Jesus Christ that little child.

The Divine became a child, that a child might become almost divine. His birth in Bethlehem wrought a great change in the estimate of the child. Hitherto the elder or the Pharisee had been the ideal, but Jesus set a child in the midst, saying, "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." And from that hour the whole fabric of childhood was changed.

Roman parents, perhaps the most cultured parents in the world, were guilty of the grossest cruelty to their new-born children, even abandoning them by carrying them to the Velabrum, a district in Rome, near Mount Aventine, where they were left to die, or to be gathered up by ill-disposed people, who maimed them by curving their backs or shortening their limbs, in order to use them as beggars. "That workshop of human misfortunes, those

"Shambles of Infants"

that was what the Velabrum was. When the influence of Christ was felt, and Christianity began to hold sway, this crime against innocents was abated. Constantine, the first Christian Emperor, put forth a proclamation to turn parents from using a murderous hand on their new-born children, and to dispose their hearts to the best sentiments. And the "abandoned" children were gathered from the Velabrum to be brought up honestly; foundling hospitals were established. Later, houses of mercy for children were founded by Justinian, and gradually all sorts of charities for the welfare of children have been developed, such as aid societies, creches, kindergartens, hospitals for children, schools for defective children, reformatory institutions, etc. It is the far-reaching influence of the fact that Christ was born in Bethlehem.

Jesus the Light of Evangelists. John was the herald of Jesus, going to the river side where he knew men would congregate to hear the voice of one proclaiming a message. They came, and he prepared their hearts to receive the Son of God. And ever since those days there have been evangelists, as Whitefield and Moody, and others, who are even now earnestly at work in this manner, because John the Baptist led the way.

Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, one of the prominent evangelists of our day, says: "The evangel proclaims the Lordship of Christ; secondly, the cross of Christ; thirdly, the resurrection of Christ, and, finally, an indwelling Christ by the Holy Spirit."

Jesus the Light of the Church. The Church of the living God had its beginning when Andrew and John went with Jesus to where he was abiding, and sat under his teaching the livelong day. The church began to grow when the two men went out to seek their brothers to bring them under the influence of Jesus. And it grew still more the next day when Philip and Nathaniel were added to their number. "Is it a strong congregation?" asked a man respecting a body of worshippers. "Yes," was the reply. "How many members are there?" "Seventy-six." "Seventy-six! Are they so very wealthy?" "No, they are poor." "How, then, do you say it is a strong church?" "Because," said the gentleman, "they are earnest, devoted, at peace, loving each other, and striving together to do the Master's work. Such a congregation is strong, whether composed of a dozen or five hundred members!" And he spoke the truth.

A Reservoir of Blessings

The church may be likened to a great reservoir, from which streams of blessing flow to the whole world, not alone spiritual blessings, but the comforts and advantages of civilization: better homes, the knowledge of sanitation, improved methods of work and commerce, better laws and safety of life. There is an abiding Pentecostal condition in the world, because of the activities of the church.

Jesus the Light of Honest Dealing. He cast out of the temple the money changers and those who sold doves, because they were making it a den of thieves. Christianity has become the searchlight to discomfit and scatter all sorts of dishonest dealers. Stupendous frauds called "grafts" have been exposed in our own land and others, and a check put upon them. Jesus put his seal upon the punishment of offenders when he drove the thieves out of the temple.

God's Great Family

Jesus the Light of Christian Missions. Jesus laid the plan of salvation clearly before Nicodemus, but it was not for Nicodemus alone, nor for the Jews alone, but for the whole world. Said the Bishop of Ripon: "All classes, races and conditions are God's, no matter with what color the colder or warmer sun may have touched their faces, no matter in what tongue they express their sorrows, no matter what sad hereditary taint may have descended upon them, no matter what low, groveling superstitions may be their intellectual inheritance, no matter in what squalid circumstances they may be living, no matter in what dark surroundings their character may be formed, no matter what degradation civilization or the want of civilization may have imposed upon them, all are God's by right of the prophetic declaration, 'All souls are mine.'" And so Christ is the light of Christan missions. At the ancient city of Rhodes there was a colossal statue set up in honor of Apollo. It was the figure of a man bestriding the harbor, of so great size that vessels passed between its legs. In one hand there was placed a light for the guidance of mariners, in the other there was a sword as a warning to invaders.

"A light to lighten the Gentiles and the glory of thy people"

Jesus is the colossal figure of all ages. He is, himself, the beacon light for all mankind, but in his hand he bears no sword; instead, his hand is raised to bless the world. "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Jesus the Light of Hope for Women. Jesus met the sinful woman of Samaria at the well, and brought her out of her evil life, and made her a blessing to her fellow townspeople. Out of this incident have grown Doors of Hope, refuges for fallen women, Florence Crittenden Homes, etc. Eighteen years ago, in the province of Anhui, a little girl was born at the season when the poppy fields were at the height of their scarlet glory. From some fancy, born of the season, the mother named her Ang Kwei, the "Spirit of the Poppy." Year by year in those far-away fields, two wonders grew—the wonder of the poppy's delicate beauty, and the wonder of the child's grace and form. Sometimes the mother, looking from her husband's dull face to the dainty features of the child, would murmur, "Strange."

And as the child grew older, the father would now and then say to the mother, "We should be able to marry her well, for she is good to look at." When Ang Kwei was fifteen, she was suddenly transplanted. The poison from the wounded poppy stems had stained first her father's fingers, then his lips, and at last his heart. He sold his beautiful little Ang Kwei for sixty dollars, to a stranger from the distant city of Shanghai. In the month when thousands of hands were busy gathering gain from the broken poppies in the field, this life was gathered in by greedy hands, also to be broken in the service of sin. The mother of Ang Kwei was so anxious about her daughter, that from her little earnings she presently saved enough to go to Shanghai. She found the girl in Foochow Road, where the mother, clad in the coarsest of garments, clasped to her heart the beautiful young girl in her satins and jewels.

"Mother, take me home!" was the burning cry of the daughter. But they would not let her go, because they could sell her for one thousand dollars. At last some one said, "Why do you not go to the Tsi Liang Soo (The Door of Hope)? They rescue girls like Ang Kwei." Again Ang Kwei was transplanted—this time to the Door of Hope, and to a soil which God had prepared. Ang Kwei's sweet face grew lovelier, her gentle ways more gracious, as silently but deeply God worked within, until into the bruised and broken life came the transforming power of a new life from above, making again, after the desire of God's heart, that which sin had marred.

Two years passed, when a still broader Door of Hope opened for her into the heart and home of an earnest Christian young man, with whom she is sharing a happy life of service in God's work.

Jesus the Leader of Young Men

Jesus is Light for Young Men. He healed the nobleman's son by power of his word. We have only to examine into the great Y. M. C. A. movement to know what the influence of Jesus has accomplished for young men. It is thus that the manliness of Jesus is emphasized for the uplift of young men in physical and spiritual energies side by side.

The Light of Jesus for the Sick. The impotent man at the pool of Bethesda had been without hope for thirty-eight years. And when he came in contact with Jesus, one sentence was enough to give him perfect health. The work of healing has not ceased. Witness the hospitals for the insane, for emergency cases, for incurables, for cripples, for lepers, most of them founded and sustained by Christian benevolence.

Jesus is Light to the Hungry. "Whence shall we buy bread that these may eat?" asked Jesus of his apostles, as he looked at the multitude of people, five thousand and more, who had hung upon his words and upon his healing the livelong day. Can any person, who is poor and hungry, ever think that Jesus is indifferent to his condition? Two little children in a garret were found nearly at the point of starvation, but they were trustful, and said to the kind strangers who had brought them food, "God always seems to hear us when we scrape the bottom of the barrel." In His Name free breakfasts are given to the hungry school children, and Sunday morning breakfasts to poor men to whom the Bible is read as they eat; dinners, too, are provided on holidays; diet kitchens are established for the sick poor; none of these things would be in existence but for the light and love of Christ.

Light to the Blind

Jesus is Light to Those Who Hunger and Thrist After Righteousness. How many churches in the town or city where you live? How many churches in all the world? If we can tell the number of the stars, we can also tell the number of the churches. Every church is a house of bread, of the Bread of Life. Not all to whom Jesus offered the Bread of Life that day in Capernaum really wanted it. There are many to-day like-minded. In a certain first-class boarding house there were sixty-three boarders. A pastor called there to see one of his members, and asked the question: How many people in this house attend church? "Only my husband and myself," was the reply.

Jesus is Light to the Blind. One Sabbath day, as Jesus was entering the temple, he healed a man who had been blind from his birth. A few hours later, he performed even a greater miracle upon the same man by opening the eyes of his soul, when he recognized his benefactor as the Son of God and worshiped him.

Not so encompassed by the night are they
Whose sealed eyes ne'er look upon the day,
As those who view the miracle of morn
And hold the Marvel-maker's name in scorn.
CLINTON SCOLLARD.

A blind Milton writing the sublimest poem of the ages, and blind Fanny Crosby, writing hundreds of hymns, are illustrious examples of the Light which Jesus is to the blind.

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* **Quarterly Review of Sunday School Lessons from January to March, 1908.** GOLDEN TEXT: "In him was life, and the life was the light of men." John 1 4.

A WOMAN IN THE PULPIT

Mrs. Varney's Pastoral Work at Paw Paw, Mich.

PEOPLE who do not believe it is practicable for a woman to have a career and still be loved devotedly by her husband, will be interested to know about the Rev. and Mrs. Charles E. Varney. Since their marriage nearly twelve years ago, Mr. Varney has been her tutor and he has trained her for the ministry. He went with her to college until she obtained her degree of B.D. Being a scholarly man and a hard student, he has always expected his wife to read all that he reads and to acquire intellectually all that he acquires.

Rev. Chas. E. Varney

Mrs. Mecca Marie Varney

Finding that his own true place was probably on the lecture platform, Mr. Varney entered that field, and has done a gratifying year's work; but in the midst of his success, he never for a moment forgot his wife's work and his ambitions for her. Last summer, while they were spending the summer at Eagle Lake, Mich., they became interested in the Christian Church in Paw Paw, Mich. They filled the pulpit Sundays, and when the time came for Mr. Varney to start out on his lecture work, the church invited Mrs. Varney to officiate as minister. Being much attracted by the young people, who showed an unusually beautiful Christian spirit, Mrs. Varney accepted the call. She and her little ten-year-old boy took up their residence in Paw Paw, and she began her work in October. In three months, the little church has grown rapidly. At a recent meeting, nearly fifty were added to the membership.

Mrs. Varney is original in the pulpit and in pastoral work. After school hours her home is full of children and young people. She plays with the children or helps the young people with lessons and essays. She is either the youngest or the oldest, as the social condition demands. Her pulpit work is always womanly, yet strong and dramatic. Mrs. Varney's theory is that whatever one's gift is, it should be consecrated to the highest ends. Her simple emotional power is especially revealed in her lecture, "The Life of Christ." At Christmas time she persuaded the class of young people to forego the pleasure of exchanging presents and to respect the great gift of God by giving to the work of Christ. This class presented the church with a bouquet of green paper leaves, with thirty-one roses made of one-dollar bills. Other classes followed and the result was a large Christmas gift to the work.

Classes in Public Speaking

MANY readers of this journal are taking advantage of the opportunity (announced in a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD) to send in their names for enrolment as students in the classes now being formed by Rev. Dr. E. J. Haynes, "the Tremont Temple orator," who is one of the best practical instructors in the art of public speaking now before the American public.

Dr. Haynes' method is a personal one, and is conducted wholly by mail. No one need know you are practising it. It is the condensed experience of thirty-five years. Speaking of his method, Dr. Haynes says to students: "There cannot be the remotest doubt of success, if you will give your attention, nor need the study interfere with the exactions of the busiest life. The first lesson lays down the general principles of the art of clear speaking. The second lesson is of great service in adding to the grace of conversation. The verbiage, the accent, the moderation of tone, the enunciation with which a person speaks, betray refinement or the reverse. It is a more certain index than the dress, and, indeed, often gives the lie to the dress. The succeeding lessons cover the whole ground, step by step. There are ten lessons in all, and if the student gives reasonable attention, he or she will quickly acquire the much-wished-for power of standing up and speaking in public without confusion of ideas or hesitancy of utterance, whenever occasion demands. Indeed, I may say with absolute truthfulness, that the ordeal of speaking, either at a friendly gathering at home, at dinners, luncheons or receptions, at clubs, circles or societies, in church meetings, or from the platform at formal assemblages, can be and should be, not a pain, but a genuine pleasure. This is the revelation my method makes to those who take it up as a study."

To those who are backward in taking part in gatherings where speaking is to be done, this course of training will be a timely opportunity for acquiring just what is needed to give skill in address, clear and distinct utterance, and that self-possession which is more than half the battle for young speakers. Every man and woman, young or old, can acquire this gift by a series of simple graded studies which meet every difficulty. Timidity, shyness and self-consciousness vanish as soon as the practical training begins to be grasped by the student.

All who wish to enrol in the classes now forming, should address Dr. E. J. Haynes, care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, New York.

A Friend of the Bowery Mission

Mrs. Frank M. Miller, a most energetic and philanthropic lady of Chestertown, Md., wishing to get her friends interested in the work of the Bowery Mission among the homeless poor of the metropolis, invited a number of acquaintances to a "box social" lately, and has now forwarded $10.25 for the benefit of the Mission's work among the poor and unfortunate.

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"He said it was a food called Grape-Nuts, and even as its golden color might suggest, it was worth its weight in gold. I was sick and tired trying one thing after another to no avail, but at last consented to try this new food.

"Well! it surpassed my doctor's fondest anticipation, and every day since then I have blessed the good doctor and the inventor of Grape-Nuts.

I noticed improvement at once, and in a month's time my former spells of indigestion had disappeared. In two months I felt like a new man. My brain was much clearer and keener, my body took on the vitality of youth, and this condition has continued."

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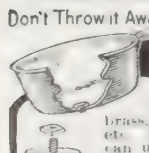

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JIM'S MOTHER

By MADAME DU BOIS

"I JUST can't do it!"

Helen Sothern sat listlessly looking out of the window, with her hands in her lap. Her pretty face was drawn and wet with tears. It seemed to her as though the death-knell of all her hopes had been sounded.

The day was a gray one; the sky wore that leaden aspect which is typical of early November, and seemed to throw a depressing mantle over her once joyous heart.

Helen and James Sothern had been married six months and the first shadow had now come between them—the first war of words. James had gone to his office in town this morning with an anxious, careworn face, carrying with him the vision of his wife's tearful eyes and quivering lips. He was miserable all day, knowing he had brought the first cloud into their lives.

After bravely doing her morning work, Helen tried to eat her luncheon, but left it unfinished on the table and went to her little, low rocking chair by the front window to try and think it out. After an hour of sad reflection she turned to her work-basket and tried to sew on those bits of things that were so full of meaning and intense joy. After an unsuccessful attempt at singing over her work, the weight of her misery was so great that she flung herself down on the couch, hid her face in the pillows and sobbed. Supposing herself alone, she sobbed out just what was in her heart.

She did not hear the rap on the door, nor notice the entrance of her neighbor, who came in just in time to hear her cry:

"No, I just —can't —do—it!"

Here was a choice bit of gossip, indeed! Sarah Gadabout had not heard anything like it since Mrs. Simpson's husband went off with his "affinity." Here was a bride of six months in tears and open rebellion over something, and she must not leave the house until she found out what.

"Ahem!"

Helen did not hear her.

"Ahem!" a little louder.

Helen hastily rose in confusion and apologized for her appearance by saying that she did not feel well. Sarah Gadabout knew that she was not telling the exact truth; but Helen did not know that the intruder had been in the room long enough to have heard what she said.

"What ails ye, Helen?"

"Oh, a slight headache," she replied.

"Seems to me you do take on dreadful, when you have a slight headache," sarcastically.

Then, as no reply was forthcoming, she added:

"I thought I heard you tell the minister's wife that you never had a headache in your life."

Realizing that she was cornered, but having no intention of telling the village gossip her troubles, Helen said:

"We are all apt to exaggerate. I should have said, rarely; maybe I did. Are you sure you heard exactly what I did say?"

"Dead sure! I took particular notice, because, says I to myself, that girl don't look over rugged, and I believe she's puttin' on about her fine health; we'll just wait an' see."

Helen tried to turn the subject; but Sarah had no intention of having it turned, and continued to annoy the sufferer, who finally said very firmly:

"Sarah, dear, you must pardon me; but I really do not wish to discuss the matter. I gave way to some unpleasant thoughts, but I feel that private matters should only be talked over between husband and wife; in fact, James and I agreed to this before we were married."

Finding that all her coaxing ended in flat failure, Sarah Gadabout went away. To the first person she met she said, breathlessly:

"Have you heard the news?"

"No. What is it?"

"Why, Mr. and Mrs. Sothern have had their first quarrel."

"No! You don't mean it! And they such a loving couple, too!"

"Yes," said Sarah, "I found her in tears and declarin' that she just could not do something or other. I couldn't find out what, though I tried hard enough, goodness knows! I knew you would want to know all about it. You don't suppose she's goin' to put poison in his coffee, do you?"

"Sakes alive! You can't tell; I never did like the way that silly young thing wears her hair!"

Then each went her separate way to spread the news of the quarrel. In the meantime Helen's dearest friend, Mary Rice, came in, and, seeing at once that something was wrong, said:

"Why, dearie, what is the matter? You look as though you had been crying your eyes out!"

Helen, knowing that confidences were never betrayed in this quarter, told her friend all about it, between fresh sobs. "A mother-in-law!" exclaimed Mary. "Heavens! What is your husband thinking about, to bring his mother here? Why, your home is as good as broken up already! There will be no more privacy in your lives. Home is never home with a mother-in-law in it! No, I never had one, but I know all about it. My married sisters, Jennie and Clara, each had a mother-in-law living with them, and they were never happy with their husbands until after Jennie's mother-in-law died and Clara's went to the Old Ladies' Home, because she felt so unwelcome, she said. And even now they are not really happy, you might say! They got so used to wrangling that it don't seem natural to even eat a meal without discord of some kind."

At this Helen sobbed again. "I just can't do it!"

"No, of course you can't, dear. Just get your husband to board her somewhere if she has no home. My husband would never think of imposing on me in that way! No, indeed! I wouldn't stand for it, you know—not after what I have seen with Jennie and Clara. Well, I must be going home. He will be home to supper and no supper ready. Goodby, dear. You just be firm now, and don't let your husband get the upper hand too soon." And Mary went out, leaving fresh rebellion in Helen's heart.

When James came home to supper, the house had that homely look that only the magnetic touch of a loving wife can create. Supper was ready. Helen was simply, but attractively, gowned in some filmy white affair that men like so well; but there were still traces of tears that it was impossible for her to hide.

James ran up the steps, and as she met him, exclaimed:

"Well, here I am, little woman, and as hungry as a bear!"

As he kissed her, he noticed the telltale face, but wisely said nothing. They ate their supper, talking cheerily, but there was a little restraint on the part of each that each hoped the other would not notice. They both knew that unpleasant discussions at the table were disastrous to domestic peace.

After supper, James sought his accustomed place by the open fire, where Helen soon joined him. She dropped a cushion on the floor by his side and nestled down with her head upon his knee.

After discussing his business and the general news in town, they had come into a harmony of thought where it was possible for him to broach the subject that was uppermost in both their minds.

"Well, wifie, have we decided to make mother welcome to our home, and try and make up to her the loss of father and little Prue?" Helen averted her face and replied:

"This is your house, Jim, and of course you have a perfect right to take into it whom you please."

Continued on page 215

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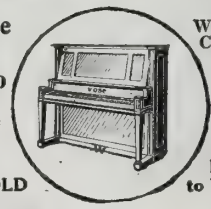

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JIM'S MOTHER

Continued from page 214

hough her words hurt him he was
ent with her, knowing that her atti-
tu was the result of prejudice. After
a hile he spoke again, softly:

Helen, sweetheart, your mother was
th idol of your heart. You and she
re perfect chums. When she was
tal n away you felt that life contained
no ing for you any longer—until you
me me. Pet, I have a mother. She is
as ear to me as yours was to you. We,
to were chums, when I lived at home.
Sh did not grudge me that home after
I came a man; all she had was mine.
It was she who gave me birth—had it
no been for her, you would not have me.
It was she who nursed me through all
my childish sicknesses and griefs; it was
she who watched over me those days and
nights when the doctor had given me up.
Sh would not give me up, but literally
ov l me back to life—and to you. Now
she is alone in the world: Father and
Br are dead and I am all she has left.
Sh is not dependent: if she were I am
only able to provide for her elsewhere;
bu would that be gratitude? Would we
be happy together, knowing that mother
is lone and needs us?

Sweetheart, I would not refuse your
mother a home with her daughter, had I
an opportunity to provide it, and I know
you will not refuse your home to my
mother, who is now our mother, but I
think you would want her. Let us settle
it to-night, then make ready for her
coming. When you feel like it I wish
you would write to her and ask her to
come and make her home with us—her
children."

By this time Helen's face had relaxed,
the tense suffering had left it, and she
said:

"She shall come. I cannot promise
to love her at first, but I will try."

James understood the struggle and ap-
preciated the victory. The next day
Helen wrote the letter and in due time
received a charming note of acceptance.
In few weeks she was coming to them.

Helen began making ready. She did
over things that she loved to do as
though for the last time, feeling that
it would be so different when her
mother-in-law came, and she would never
be free again. She did not give expres-
sion to any such feeling, though James
suspected it. However, this gave him
no uneasiness, because he knew his
mother so well that he felt certain that,
with her wonderful tact, love and mag-
netic personality, all things would adjust
themselves.

When Sarah Gadabout heard that the
elder Mrs Sothern was coming to live
with her son, she wagged her head and
said:

"There, I told you so! I just knew
those Sotherns had had a quarrel of some
kind. It was over the mother-in-law."

She started right over to the par-
sonage where the Ladies' Aid met that
afternoon. She was an hour late, but
they all welcomed her, as they were sure
she had some news or she would not be
there at all.

Mary Rice cited many unpleasant ex-
periences of her family and kept poor
Helen in a continual inward struggle.

The day came. By this time Helen
was simply anxious for the first ordeal to
be over. If she could only get that
mother-in-law in the house gracefully,
and the first meal over without breaking
down! She was hoping against hope
that Mother Sothern would prove as
dear as James had pictured her so many
times, there in the gloaming, by the
open fire.

The carriage drove up to the gate and
Helen looked out of the parlor window
to catch a first glimpse of her mother-
in-law.

From the carriage stepped a little lady
of some sixty years. She was dressed
in gray from head to foot; her features
were exactly like Jim's—and Helen
loved Jim so! But the expression of
her face! Even from the window,
Helen could see that it was the sweetest,
most spiritually lovely face that she had
ever beheld! All her fears vanished in
an instant; she rushed to the door, opened
wide her arms in welcome, and cried:

"Mother!"

The response came quickly:

"Daughter!"

When James came home that night, he
found them sitting—as he and Helen had
sat the night they settled the question—
with their hands clasped, talking of him,
the most natural bond between them, and
he knew that his mother's loving per-
sonality had conquered.

THE USE OF INFLUENCE*

LOOKING back over life every one is conscious of the effect upon him of the influence of persons with whom he has come in contact. He is what he is, to a considerable extent, because of the influence exerted upon him at certain crises of his career. The influence of the parent or teacher has tinctured the thoughts and feelings of maturity, and it affects the prejudices even of old age. The octogenarian takes views of society and politics that he might not have taken if he had not had that particular kind of parent or teacher in his boyhood. The outward conduct, too, is influenced. A man is conscious that his present habits and mode of life are different from what he might have been if he had not met a certain person, at a given time, who gave his life a new direction. It may have been for good or evil, but it had its effect. What he would have been if he had not married, or if he had married a different kind of woman, he can imagine. He came under her influence and insensibly, almost unconsciously, his life was changed. Or he may have been pursuing a quiet life in some country village and had formed the acquaintance of some city friend under whose influence he enters a circle of people that are like a new world to him. Or, he was drifting steadily downward, wasting life in dissipation, when by God's love he came under the influence of some pious man or woman and gained purer and higher thoughts and motives. It is not necessarily that he has been weak, with a character like clay, moulded into any shape by skilful hands, but he has been pressed here and there, undesignedly, by some one whom he admired and followed.

The consciousness of these changes that have occurred in his own life under the influence of others should prompt him to the utmost care about his own influence on others. His children, his young associates, his business comrades will feel his influence as he has felt the influence exerted upon him. Some careless word, some hasty action may have an effect unknown to him, but of far-reaching consequences; but it is the habitual tone of his life that will weigh most. A wise philosopher said that "the chain of consequences in another man's life that may be started by what we say or do or by the principles we have, is so long that there is no mountain high enough to give us a prospect of the end." If we could see the end, it might make us shudder at the responsibility. Will there be some who, half a century hence, will curse the day that they made our acquaintance? The thought is appalling, but the converse is equally true. Tom Hughes has shown with vivid force how the influence of Arnold affected the boys in his school, giving them higher standards of character and conduct. Our influence may be small in degree, but let us see to it that whatever the degree may be it is exerted in the right direction.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for March 22. Eccles. 4: 9, 10; Prov. 27: 6-10.

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The Story of a Christian Hero

Continued from page 210

enemy much larger than his own during all the day, in order to retain the advantageous position for the whole army when it should come up, Congress associated Howard's name with that of Meade in a vote of thanks. It was near the close of the fighting of that day, when the troops were being located by Howard and his staff behind the stone fences on Cemetery Ridge, that one regiment came up the pike from the town in a rather demoralized condition, and its colonel hesitated or failed to turn them back to the new line. Howard seized the flag from the color-bearer in his one left hand, and started back in face of the bullets and planted the flag on the stone fence; the men, raising a cheer, followed, and were soon aligned with the other troops.

Meade came upon the field after midnight; and, just at daylight, at his request, Howard rode with him along the ridge and pointed out the natural strength of the position, and the exact location of the lines as he had established them. Meade asked on parting: "Well, Howard, what do you think of the position? Is it the place to fight the battle?" Howard replied, "I think it is a strong military position, General Meade." And the event proved the soundness of his judgment.

Under Grant and Sherman

When the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps went West, under Hooker, to reinforce Rosecrans after Chickamauga, Howard first met Grant. The battle of Wauhatchie, in Lookout Valley, was fought the very night when, just before sunset, the veterans from the Army of the Potomac had met the heroes of Thomas' army who had been starving in Chattanooga. They hailed them as friends in need for having re-established the "cracker-line" for the Army of the Cumberland. Grant, in his *Memoirs*, gives distinct credit for Howard's part in that night battle. Soon after, the Eleventh Corps took part in the great battle of Missionary Ridge, connecting the right of Sherman with the left of Thomas. Howard, in this way, was brought under the personal observation of both Grant and Sherman. Soon after, his corps marched under Sherman to the relief of Knoxville. Howard returned and had his camp in Lookout Valley. Here Col. Benjamin Harrison (afterwards President) with his brigade, joined the Eleventh Corps and, on Sundays, came to the little Sunday School for the poor whites and soldiers that Howard had arranged for in an unoccupied hospital tent.

The following spring, Howard was promoted to the Fourth Corps, on recommendation of Grant, a corps nearly double the Eleventh. During the hard marching and constant fighting of the Atlanta campaign Howard was under Thomas and also saw much of Sherman. Just before the fall of Atlanta, when McPherson was killed, Howard was surprised to receive the appointment to command the Army of the Tennessee. Within a day or two the battle of Ezra Church was fought by these troops, the veterans who captured Vicksburg. Although a stranger to them, when Howard passed along the lines at the close of this battle, the soldiers cheered him heartily and Sherman felt that he had made no mistake in recommending a corps commander of the Army of the Cumberland to command the army that he had brought from Vicksburg.

When he organized his forces for the march to the sea, Howard was given the right wing and continued in this position till the end of the war. Grant ordered him, after the assassination of Lincoln, to report to Secretary Stanton. The narrative of the meeting with the great War Secretary and of his statement that President Lincoln had designated him to be the head of the Bureau of Refugees, Freedmen and Abandoned Lands, is one of the many dramatic sketches of the two volumes.

General Howard's last station was on Governor's Island as commander of the Department of the Atlantic. He was here in 1894, the date of his retirement by reason of the age limit. His active Christian work in New York City at this period, and his fellowship with the church people of New York and Brooklyn, helped to soften the natural sense of loss, not to say regrets, at parting from the army associations of forty years.

The last chapter contains a vivid account of the wreck of the *Spree*. Dwight L. Moody, with his son and General Howard, held a prayer-meeting in Moody's stateroom when it seemed certain the ship would sink with all on board. Following is a brief extract from this thrilling account:

When I arrived (in New York), I found the newspapers filled with opposition to Moody's theory, which he expressed in the brief phrase: "Prayer saved the ship." When correspondents met me and asked for the facts, I said: "Mr. Moody's prayer had been, 'Please send us a ship, and smooth the waves so that we shall not be drowned.' The ship *Huron* did come in time to our rescue and we had a smooth sea for eight days back to Queenstown, Ireland. What we asked for came, but whether our heavenly Father performed a miracle to bring this about I do not know. You ask for daily bread and receive it, and that is sufficient.

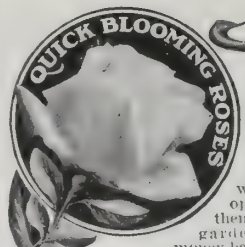
It was remarkable that only one man perished on the *Spree*. He jumped overboard and refused the help offered him; a German sailor said: "He murdered hisself." That homeward trip had hundreds of incidents peculiar to such a situation, but whatever our belief, surely we were made to feel, as Moody said, that "God is Love."

Sleeping in Church

SOME one writes to ask: "Why do people sleep in church? Is it because the sermon is dull, or the music not pleasing? Often, at any rate, is it not because the atmosphere in the church is so close that the mind has not the power to absorb good thoughts and so goes to sleep? If the ministers want large and appreciative audiences, let them ventilate their churches. This interrogation was put at a recent meeting of the Social Economics Club in Chicago, by Dr. Annette Ayers, who took up the subject of the correct way to wake up sleepy congregations." This subject of headachy churches is becoming a common one in these days. It is certainly true that there is often a condition of somnolence or involuntary sleepiness among congregations. Formerly it used to be asserted that the dulness of the pastor's sermons or the poorness of his delivery was the cause of the trouble; but people are now beginning to realize that such a verdict is unjust. Scientific authorities now point to a totally different cause and declare that bad air is the real cause of congregational sleepiness in a great majority of cases.

They tell us that the low ceiling of the average modern church makes it possible for little pockets of noxious gases to be accumulated in the corners and even in the "sunbursts" which decorate the centre of the ceilings. More careful attention to the condition of the wall surfaces would remedy the trouble. Every wall surface should be porous, else the room will be air-tight. Where hundreds of all classes of people are gathered together, there may be various stages of health as well as varying degrees of disease. The constant breathing of the same air fills the building with germs, which rest there until the circulation of air from the furnace or the door starts them into circulation again ready to lodge on some unlucky mortal. If the walls of the church were coated with Alabastine or some similar antiseptic substance, of sufficient tenacity and durability, so that it could be brushed down at regular intervals, there would be no danger. A clean church is a live and wakeful church and a healthy one. President Collcutt, of the Royal British Architects, says: "I must protest very strongly against the use of glazed surfaces on church walls. My own experience with them has been that of discomfort and irritation." In view of the knowledge which science affords on this subject, it is certainly poor economy for any church, afflicted with sleepiness, if nothing worse, among its members, to neglect the condition of the walls. Clean up your walls, and put fresh vigor in your congregation, and you will have fewer complaints of dull preaching and drowsy audiences.

For a period of fourteen years the Industrial Savings and Loan Co. have been building up their reputation for integrity, conservatism and liberality in handling accounts of small investors throughout the country. See their advertisement on Page 214 and write them for particulars.



Money Back

if they fail to bloom **this year.** We grow roses by a method peculiarly our own. sturdy stems and wonderful root-development. We guarantee them to bloom in your garden this season—or money back.

12 Quick Blooming Roses $1.00

Every one a gem for garden culture. All thrifty growers and profuse bloomers, and all guaranteed to bloom *this year.* Every rose correctly labelled.

Gruss an Teplitz, dark rich crimson
Mad. Camille, clear rosy flesh.
Mad. F. Kruger, soft pink.
Mad. J. Schwartz, flushed pink.
Marie Van Houtte, rich cream.
Mrs. B. R. Cant, rose pink.
Queen's Scarlet, bright scarlet.
Wellesley, silvery rose-pink.
Corallina, deep coral red.
Winter Gem, lovely creamy pink.
Lady Roberts, coppery apricot.
Maman Cochet, finest pink.

These roses delivered charges prepaid, on receipt of $1.00.

Order now and we will ship at proper planting time

Our color-plate **"Floral Guide"** contains descriptions and helpful cultural directions not only of Roses, but hundreds of other choice flowers and plants. **It is free.** Write for it *to-day.*

ROSES GUARANTEED TO BLOOM

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BORDEN'S PEERLESS BRAND EVAPORATED MILK

(UNSWEETENED)

Is Delicious

MODEL MONEY MAKERS

Poultry is a profitable crop on the farms where Model Incubators and Brooders are used. If you are not making big money on your chickens, write for my book. It tells how.

MODEL INCUBATOR CO.,
Chas. A. Cyphers, Pres.
346 Henry St., Buffalo, N. Y.

100% HATCHES 100% Every Fertile Egg

The **Globe Incubator** does this all the time—has done it for 16 years and hatches strong, healthy chicks—chicks that **live** and **grow.** Our **Globe Incubator** Book with Beautiful color plates tells **you** how to make more money out of poultry. Sent FREE. Write to-day.

C. C. SHOEMAKER, Box 338, Freeport, I

Best Birds, Best Eggs Lowest Prices All leading varieties pure-bred Chickens, Ducks, Geese and Turkeys. Largest Poultry Farm in the world. Fowls Northern-raised, healthy, vigorous. Fowls, Eggs and Incubators lowest prices. Send for our big 132-page book "Poultry For Profit," full of pictures, tells you how to raise poultry and run incubators successfully. Send 4 cents for book, to cover postage.

J. W. MILLER COMPANY, Box 179, FREEPORT, I

U.S. 150 Styles Direct to You

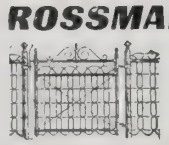
Every vehicle built on the standard of quality that has made U. S. vehicles famous. Many new features. We ship direct from our factory to you, saving ⅓ to ½. Every vehicle sold on 30 days' free trial, 2 years' guarantee. Write today for our Big 1908 Catalogue. Free. It shows 150 styles of vehicles, 65 styles of harness

Price $37.5 up

U. S. BUGGY & CART CO.
Carriage Builders
432-452 E. 8th St.,
CINCINNATI, O.

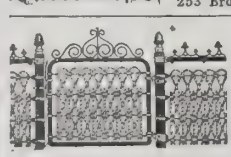
ROSSMAN LAWN FENCE

(STEEL AND IRON)



combines the strength of a stone wall with the beauty of a hedge. More durable than wrought iron and erected at less than cost. Ask for Catalog J. Write today.

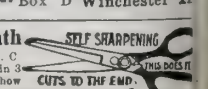
SLEETH, BROOK & SEAMAN CO.
253 Broadway, New York



LAWN FENCE

Many designs. Cheap wood. 32 page Catalog free. **Special Prices** Churches and Cemeteries. Coiled Spring Fence Co. Box D Winchester, In.

Agents $103.50 per month selling these wonderful Scissors. V. C. Glebner, Columbus, O. sold 22 pairs in 3 hours, made $13; you can do it, we show how. FREE OUTFIT. H. Thomas Mfg. Co., 68 H St., Dayton, O.



Bishop Henry Y. Satterlee Dead

CHRISTIANS of all denominations sympathize with the Protestant Episcopal Church in the loss it has sustained by the death of Dr. Henry Yates Satterlee, Bishop of Washington, D.C. The good bishop had won the respect of all the churches by his sound common sense, his geniality, and his strong and hearty sympathy with the poor. His was a stalwart Christianity, having the principles of Christ's teaching applied to modern life with a force and directness that were sometimes startling to his hearers and readers. He had a faculty of going below the surface of the letter, and showing the principle which Christ enunciated and how it applied to society as at present constituted. He studied the problems of the poor with the view of devising means for their solution. Every man with whom he came in contact knew that in the bishop he had a sincere friend and wise counselor, and it is no wonder that he was loved. While he was a rector in New York, he was a hard worker and devoted himself, heart and soul, to the welfare of his people. The Galilee Mission and the Olive Tree Inn, already described in these pages, were the fruit of his earnest endeavors to lift the burdens that lie heavy on the shoulders of the wage-earners of the city. In the pulpit he strove manfully to bring the selfish among the rich to a sense of their responsibility, and when he became a bishop and went to Washington, he did not modify his teaching to please men of power and influence.

Bishop Satterlee, on one occasion, occupied a position representative of the church in other lands. In 1896 when the Armenian massacres had aroused the indignation and horror of all Christendom, a petition was prepared for presentation to the Czar of Russia, asking him to interfere in conjunction with other European Powers for the protection of the Armenian Christians. It was signed not only by bishops and prominent men in this country, but by the Archbishop of Canterbury and other prelates of the English Church. Bishop Satterlee happened to be in Europe and was urged to present it. It was believed that the petition would have more weight with the Czar if it reached his hands through an American. Bishop Satterlee consented, and though many persons doubted whether he would obtain an audience on so delicate a matter, he was received most cordially by the Czar, who discussed with him the difficulties of Russian interference. He was also honored by the Dowager Empress of Russia, who invited the Bishop to dine with her. Though the mission failed, as was inevitable, the failure was made as palatable as possible for the American envoy by these imperial courtesies.

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The Late Bishop Satterlee

The bishop was sixty-five years of age when he died. He had been staying at Providence, R. I., and on his way back to Washington he caught a severe cold. He insisted on officiating as usual at the Sunday services. On the following day, however, it was seen that his attack was serious. Pneumonia set in and he died. He had been twelve years bishop in Washington. Previously he had spent thirteen years in New York as rector of Calvary Church. He was descended from an old English family, the first representative of which came to this country in 1685.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

C. A. S., California. "I am constrained, with grateful heart, to acknowledge God's love and care in a wonderful deliverance from a great trial."

Mrs. J A. P., Pennsylvania. "Lately a great trouble faced me. Human aid seemed impossible. I prayed for deliverance, and it came as if by a miracle."

H. J. G., New York. "I promised to publicly acknowledge the answer to a certain prayer. It has been answered in part. I thank Him. Pray that my faith may be strengthened."

F. G. M., Minnesota. "I want to add my testimony that God hears and answers prayer. I have been sick for twice eighteen years, and he has heard and healed me. Blessed be his name."

Mrs. W. M., Missouri. "I was afflicted, had lost my voice for three years, could only whisper. I prayed every day for my voice to be restored, and the answer came at last. I praise God for his goodness and mercy."

Mrs. N. T. W., Iowa. "I wish to acknowledge special answer to prayer. A cloud hung over my home, and I took it to God. Just when the darkness was deepest the day-star arose, flooding the earth with heavenly light and peace."

Letters acknowledging answers to prayer have been received from the following:

Reader, California; A Deserter from His Ranks; V. M., Ghent, N. Y.; M. M., Whiteside County, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. E. M. K., Creston, Ia.; An Interested Reader; Mrs. R. C. G., Memphis, Tenn.; Reader, Macomb, Ill.; Subscriber, Dakota; Reader, Flintstone, Md.; N. E. T., Mansfield, O.; Mrs. J. S., Lexington, Va.; K. K. G., Bloomington, Ind.; Reader, New York; Mrs. T. R., Waupaca, Wis.; A. T. C.; Mrs. G. A. C., New Hampshire; Reader, Vermont; Mrs. Susie S., Gresham, Ky.; Constant Reader, O.; H. E. M., Summit, Ind.; M. J. G., Spencer, Ind.; R. M. E., Ills.; Subscriber, Palisades, Colo.; L. P., California; M. J., Oregon; M. D., Illinois; M. A. R., Longmeadow, Mass.; I. W., East Grafton, N. H.; S. D. K., Columbus, O.; Mrs. M. C. C., Iowa; Life Subscriber, Canada; Mrs. D. E. D., Ulster Co., N. Y.; E. R. D., West Orange, N. J.; L. A., New Jersey; J. C. L., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; M. A. B., So. Dakota; Mrs. S. H. ., Winnebago, Minn.; Believer, No. Dakota; W. A. McC., Lancaster, Pa.; Reader, New York; Mrs. I. W. L., Quaker Springs; Reader, Texas; Reader, W. Virginia; A. A. B., Connecticut; M. J. V., Bushnell, Ill.; S. R., Iowa; A. Y., Black folds, Can.; Mrs. L. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Love of God

COULD oceans, rivers, springs and lakes,
All that the name of water takes
Beneath the extended skies,
Be turned to ink of blackest hue,
And every drop of falling dew
To make the wonder rise;
A book so large could we suppose,
Which thinnest paper could compose,
As the whole earthly ball;
Were every shrub and every tree,
And every blade of grass we see
Open to write withal;
Were all that ever lived on earth,
Since nature first received her birth,
Most skilful scribes to place
In clearest light that wondrous love,
Found in the heart of God above
Toward Adam's ruined race;
Were each Methuselah in age,
And every moment write a page,
They'd all be tired and die.
The pens would every one wear out,
The book be filled within—without,
The ink be drained all dry;
And then to show that love, oh, then,
Angels above as well as men,
Archangels e'en would fail;
Nay—till eternity should end,
A whole eternity they'd spend,
And not have told the tale.

Are You Tired of Wall Paper Patterns?

Then decorate your walls with Alabastine—in dainty tints to harmonize with the woodwork and furnishings of each room. The soft, velvety finish that Alabastine gives the walls makes the most restful and effective background.

You can do the work yourself, or employ a painter or decorator.

When once the wall is finished with Alabastine you save all the fuss and bother of washing or scraping the old material from the walls when you are ready to re-decorate. Simply cover up the rugs or carpet and the furniture, and apply another coat of Alabastine in any desired tint.

Alabastine
The Sanitary Wall Coating

therefore cuts the cost of decorating in half, and adds to the healthfulness of the home because it is the only absolutely sanitary material you can use. Alabastine neither fades, rubs off nor scales. It becomes a part of the wall and offers no breeding place for disease germs or insects.

Alabastine is sold in carefully sealed and properly labeled packages at 50c for white and 55c for tints, by all Paint, Drug, Hardware and General Stores. See that the name "Alabastine" is on each package before it is opened, either by yourself or the painter.

Tell us the size of the rooms you wish to decorate, color of woodwork in each, and we will send you special detailed color plans in the genuine Alabastine tints and give you valuable information in regard to beautifying your home at small expense. Alabastine tint cards mailed free on request.

The Alabastine Company, 923 Grandville Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich.
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are sold under an ironclad guarantee—one year's trial and return if not satisfactory; besides you buy

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A Bad Complexion

pimples, and rough skin, are caused by indigestion. Charcoal is an active digestive. It stops fermentation, absorbs all gases and clears up the complexion. Use

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A. J. Ditman, 2 Astor House, N. Y.

We catalogue this season several choice new vegetables of sterling merit.

EARLY MORN PEA, the earliest, largest podded pea known. One farmer harvested 80 bushels from one planted and received from $3 to $3.50 per bushel. Quality of the best.

GREGORY'S EARLY EXCELSIOR, the best second early low growing pea without any exception. A great favorite with the leading gardeners.

"Big Crop," our new white potato, out-yields all the well-known varieties, is less affected by rot, is deliciously mealy. Let us tell you all about it. Catalogue free.

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Are You Deaf?

If you are bothered with "head noises," are hard of hearing and becoming deaf, write to-day for the addresses of people in your vicinity whose hearing has been restored by our new scientific mechanical device, which is invisible and unfelt, and easy to put in and take from the ear. It is the greatest boon ever brought to sufferers from imperfect hearing and has helped nine out of every ten who have tried it. Don't doubt, don't wait. Send for our free book now. Tell us as near as you can of your deafness and our specialist will advise you free of charge. Address **Way Ear Drum Co., 321 Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich., U.S.A.**

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The BURPEE IDEA

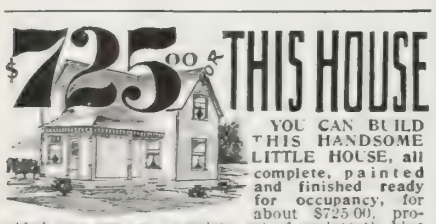
is "to try all things, hold fast to those that are good,—and then make them better!" If you would have pleasure or profit from your garden you should plant

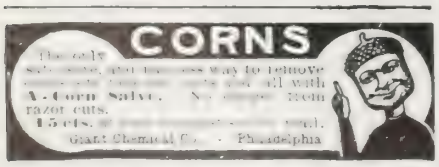
the BEST SEEDS that Can be Grown!

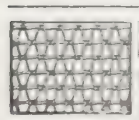
Shall we mail you a copy of **"The Leading American Seed Catalog"?** It is an elegant book of 172 pages and is mailed only to those who can appreciate the **BURPEE QUALITY in Seeds.** Most Important Novelties for 1908—sixteen of which are shown painted from nature. **Write TO-DAY!**

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., Seed Growers, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"East, West, Home is Best," if kept clean with **SAPOLIO**







AGENTS $300 Every month selling our wonderful SEVEN PIECE KITCHEN SET
Send for sworn statement. Outfit free. H. Thomas Mfg. Co., [illegible] St., Dayton, O.

AN AID FOR THE DEAF
SENT ON TRIAL, FREE.
D. G. TIEMANN & CO., 107 Park Row, New York

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A CHURCH OF MANY ACTIVITIES

A CHURCH anniversary of a notable kind was celebrated recently in New York City. It was the twentieth anniversary of the West End Presbyterian Church, which has grown from a little band of sixty-nine members meeting in an old election booth to a church with 1,845 names on its membership roll, a Sunday School of 1,178 and a church plant worth nearly $300,000. There was a distinct leading of Providence in the organization of the church. It was founded in 1888 in a sparsely settled neighborhood. All around were vacant lots and a few frame houses. Now Amsterdam Avenue and One Hundred and Fifth Street, where the church stands, is the centre of a large population. It seemed as if God had foreseen the coming settlers and had moved his people to provide a church home for them.

Rev. A. E. Keigwin, D.D.

The church has been blessed in its pastors as well as its location. Dr. A. E. Keigwin, its present pastor, has had only one predecessor, Rev. John Balcom Shaw, D.D., now of Chicago, whose ministry of six years in the West End Church was signally blessed of God. He nursed the church through its infancy, as Dr. Keigwin has trained it through adolescence to its year of majority, on which it now enters.

The West End is a typical institutional church. The edifice is used every night of the week, and there is a church house at 166 West One Hundred and Fifth Street, which is open all day and evening. The lower floor is for men and boys and the upper for women and girls. Besides the musical organizations, the church operates an employment bureau, has relief committees, and conducts mothers' meetings. There are also gymnasium classes for men and girls under qualified instructors. Other organizations are the Good Cheer Circle of the King's Daughters, Nimble Fingers, Girls' Club, Forward Movement Class, Young Women's Bible Class, Mission Study Class, athletic clubs, basket ball team, not to mention the Christian Endeavor Societies and the graded Sunday School. Rev. J. Garland Hamner, Jr., the assistant pastor, is superintendent of the Sunday School, and is in regular attendance at the church house, and assists Dr. Keigwin in the parish visiting. The church has under its spiritual care all the children in the Half-Orphan Asylum at Manhattan Avenue and One Hundred and Fifth Street. Last season the church maintained a summer Bible school for children, which had a daily attendance of eighty-nine, and it expects to do likewise next summer. The three teachers are college students.

The West End Church is another illustration of the rule that obtains of all prosperous churches in being a missionary church. The long list of its activities seems to have stimulated instead of retarding missionary zeal. Four missionaries in heathen lands and three domestic missionaries derive their support from this church and its societies. Rev. John E. Williams and Mrs. Williams, at Nanking, China; Rev. D. A. Yammin, at Baalbec, Syria; and Mr. E. A. Ford, at Libreville, Africa, are laboring in the foreign field; and Dr. C. H. Ellis and Mrs. Ellis, at Phœnix, Ariz., and Rev. Oscar E. Tell, at Parker, S. D., are working in our own outlying spheres. A still more notable contribution to the cause of missions, the church has made in giving four of its own members to the work, three of whom are serving in India and one in China.

ATTENDANCE AT PUBLIC WORSHIP*

WHY we should go to church, the question propounded by the managers of the League last week, is answered in this topic. There are other reasons besides those of worship and service, but these are the chief reasons. Attendance at the church service is a public acknowledgment that we desire to join in the worship of God and an expression of our readiness to take part in his service. It is true that the real personal worship is done in the closet when we enter into personal relations with God, and between the two, if one must be omitted, it is the public service that we can best spare. But the one will naturally impel to the other, and he who prays most earnestly and sincerely in solitude, will be the one who will most enjoy and gain most profit from the public service. His heart is with them who fill the Lord's courts and sing his praises, though, if deprived of that privilege, he is not shut out from spiritual communion with God. In his heart are the ways to God's throne. We can imagine a man in a desert or in a heathen land, offering in solitude acceptable worship, but if he is in any place where men unite in worship, we cannot imagine his voluntarily absenting himself from the assembly. His fellow-worshipers may be of a different creed from his own, and may have a different mode of worshiping God, but they worship the same being and he will wish to add his mite to the tribute of praise.

It is in the sanctuary, too, that God imparts the impulse and the strength for service. The Christian is reminded there of the need of service, of the opportunity and of his own call to work. He is reminded of the obligations laid upon him and of Christ's injunction, "Freely ye have received, freely give." He finds his problems solved there. David said he was puzzled about many things, but when he went into the assembly, he understood. To the worshipers God makes revelations either by the reading of his Word, or by the message of the preacher. The worshiper goes there, too, as a soldier of the Lord's army to receive his orders, and to receive the inspiration that comes from comradeship. Men have come away from an assembly with a new impulse to labor, a new consecration which they would never have received in solitary worship or meditation. The servant of the Lord who conducts the service is gladdened by the sight of those who have come together. He realizes that he is not as a voice in the wilderness, but is among those who have sympathy with him in his aims and efforts, and he is stimulated to further energy. Thus the attendant renders indirect service and contributes to the general benefit. He does good as well as gets good, and thus in both ways the service is profitable to him. So the advice of the Scripture is justified, Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together.

* Topic of the Epworth League for March 22. "The church for worship and service." Mark 1: 21-28; Psa. 40.

Called Higher

Rev. Edward Niles Harding, of Bayonne, N. J., a native of Bristol, R. I., died recently in Fall River, Mass. He had been a faithful ordained Baptist minister for nearly thirty years, and had charges in different parts of Massachusetts, New York and New Jersey.

CHICAGO & ALTON R.R.

"THE ONLY WAY" BETWEEN
CHICAGO - ST. LOUIS
KANSAS CITY-PEORIA
FOR RATES, MAPS AND FOLDERS ADDRESS GEO. J. CHARLTON, GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

ASK US HOW WE Give this Chiffonier and over 1200 other nice things for the home with orders for groceries—tea, coffee, baked pork and beans, rice, soaps, pure foods, extracts, perfumes, etc. Send for Catalog telling "How the Housewife Can Furnish Her Home Without Cost" and "How the Housewife Can Save $10 every few weeks." A postal will do.
Crofts & Reed Co., Dept. 970 Chicago.

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Stop Forgetting
You are no greater intellectually than your memory. Easy, inexpensive. Increases income; gives ready memory for faces, names, business details, studies, conversation; develops will, public speaking, personality. Send today for Free Booklet. Address
DICKSON MEMORY SCHOOL, 701 Auditorium Bldg., Chicago

Greider's Fine Poultry Catalogue.
Tells all about pure-bred poultry and Illustrates 60 varieties. Contains 10 beautiful chromos. Gives reasonable prices of stock and eggs. Tells how to cure diseases, kill lice, make money. Only 10 cts. postpaid. B. H. GREIDER, RHEEMS, PA.

LIGHT BREAKS IN

Thoughtful Farmer Learns About Coffee

Many people exist in a more or less hazy condition and it often takes years before they realize that coffee is the cause of the cloudiness, and that there is a simple way to let the light break in.

A worthy farmer had such an experience and tells about it in a letter. He says:

"For about forty years, I have had indigestion and stomach trouble in various forms. During the last twenty-five years I would not more than get over one spell of bilious colic until another would be on me.

"The best doctors I could get and all the medicines I could buy only gave me temporary relief.

"Change of climate was tried without results. I could not sleep nights, had rheumatism and my heart would palpitate at times so that it seemed it would jump out of my body.

"I came to the conclusion that there was no relief for me and that I was about wound up, when I saw a Postum advertisement. I had always been a coffee drinker, and got an idea from the ad. that maybe coffee was the cause of my trouble.

"I began to drink Postum instead of coffee and in less than three weeks I felt like a new man. The rheumatism left me, and I have never had a spell of bilious colic since.

"My appetite is good, my digestion never was better and I can do more work than before for forty years.

"I haven't tasted coffee since I began with Postum. My wife makes it according to directions and I relish it as well as I ever did coffee, and I was certainly a slave to coffee."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

INFINITE CONDESCENSION

By MRS. M. BAXTER

HOW few consider who it is that, being so high, came down so low! How few grasp, for a moment, something of what it cost him to enter into the limits and into the deep humiliation of a human life, and live alongside of fallen creatures, debased by sin, in whom the image of God, in which man was created, is so far obliterated! What must it have been for him to dwell with such, who, from uprightness in which God made man, have fallen into crookedness and untruth, becoming more one with God's great enemy, the father of lies, than with him who is the Truth! He, the holy and spotless One, came not only as a Benefactor, to visit us from above, for a moment or an hour. He came "and dwelt among us," a Man among men, a dependent One among dependent ones, a Learner amongst learners, One who "learned obedience," "suffered being tempted," and was "tempted in all points like as we are," and even died—died for us! This is grace.

"And we beheld his glory." On the Mount of Transfiguration the veil was lifted for a moment. The Light of the world shone out before human eyes, and after his resurrection and ascension his disciples understood that he had been shining all along, but that only when the Holy Ghost took possession of them on the day of Pentecost were they able to perceive the glory of the spiritual "which the Holy Ghost teacheth" (I. Cor. 2: 13), and they saw in the whole life of Jesus, as they looked back upon it with eyes illuminated from above, "His glory, glory as of the Only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." Yes, it was a wondrous Life which existed in Jesus of Nazareth, the Only-begotten of the Father! His very breath, his every word and deed, was grace; undeserved mercy to man; and it was truth, rectitude, transparency, holiness; grace which had in it no compromise, and rectitude which was in unspeakable love, and yet unbending righteousness. Grace and truth. This is the character of our God.

Oh, how poor are human words! All the life of Jesus was the language of God's grace, and God's truth to man, for he was "the Word," the Message of God to man. He brought God near to man, not in a weak belittling of sin, but in taking upon himself every detail of every sin of every man, and in his own person making atonement for each one, he met the mighty debt of obligation to the righteousness of a holy God, and rectified the disturbed balance which might have existed in the divine relation of Father and of Judge. The work was done by the Word made flesh. But this was not enough for him: He would choose out and educate from among men those who would understand and follow him whithersoever he went, after they had suffered with him, to reign also with him, united to him and to the Father by the Holy Spirit for ever. This is grace and truth.

The faithful preaching of repentance by John the Baptist, his glad introduction of Jesus as "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world," and then his glad sinking into the shade, while his disciples left him for his Lord, and then his martyr-death, all showed how very really he had drunk into the spirit of his Master. This man was filled with the Holy Ghost. Never was there found a man more averse to speak about himself. "I am not," was his answer to those who questioned him, until at last he took up the prophecy of him in Isaiah 40, and owned, "I am a voice," only a voice, to tell about my coming Master. Don't notice me; behold him. How unlike so many who go about telling people that they are filled with the Holy Ghost! The Holy Ghost was so self-evident in John the Baptist's reticence about himself that it could not be mistaken. He was indeed a forerunner of him by whom came grace and truth.

The same dependence on the Holy Spirit was seen when our beloved Lord called his first disciples, "not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble" (I. Cor. 1: 26).

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It is a pure oil, so pure that it is positively free from disagreeable taste and odor. It digests readily, does not cling to the palate, and never "repeats."

It is made and bottled by Peter Moller at his own factory at the Norway fisheries—no adulteration possible.

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Schieffelin & Company, New York

SOLE AGENTS

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It shows almost all the towns that a U. S. Geography **could** show where satisfied users of **Kalamazoo** stoves live. All have bought **Kalamazoos,** direct from our largest stove factory in the world **at factory** prices.

You can **do the same** and **save** from $5 to $40 and get the highest quality stoves for the price that can be bought anywhere.

A great many housekeepers do not seem to appreciate the saving and the satisfaction of buying stoves and ranges by mail; it is the cause of more or less interest on our part **why** they no not look into the matter by buying a high-grade stove or range by mail from a **real manufacturer.**

This advertisement is written for two purposes: One is, on our part, to sell you a stove or a range, and the other is, to have you become interested enough in our effort to sell you a range, by your sending for our catalog and investigate our sellingproposition.

100,000 In Use

More than 100,000 housekeepers in more than 17,000 cities, towns and villages in all parts of the United States, Canada and Mexico are satisfied users of Kalamazoo stoves and ranges as shown in our **Big Free Catalog.**

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All our cook stoves and ranges are equipped with patent oven thermometer which makes baking easy.

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The only salesman we have is our freecatalog which Uncle Sam assists us in distributing all over the U. S. He has helped us to such a remarkable extent that we have induced a hundred thousand housekeepers in this country to avail themselves of our factory plan and prices which **save you all dealers' profits.**

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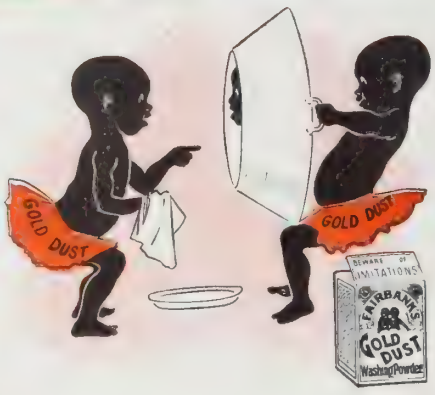
Write a Postal For Our Big Catalog No. 103

We Pay The Freight

Just write us your name and address on a postal and be sure to ask for catalog by **number above.** We'll send you this remarkably interesting catalog of ours—**postpaid.** Then you'll **know** our prices and know how to judge and buy stoves at **biggest savings** to yourself at any time. Our catalog shows you over 300 **Kalamazoo** styles and sizes—fully illustrated and described. Write **now** for it while you think of it. It will **pay** you to.

Kalamazoo Stove Company, Manufacturers, Kalamazoo, Michigan

FAIRBANK'S Aids to easy Housework



Gold Dust

will relieve the housewife of half the burdens of housework. It will do all the hard part of cleaning without her assistance.

GOLD DUST is simply a vegetable oil soap in powdered form, which starts to dissolve and cleanse the instant it strikes the water. For cleaning anything and everything, from cellar to attic, GOLD DUST has no equal.

GOLD DUST is, moreover, a positive antiseptic. It drives out germs and sterilizes everything it touches.

For washing dishes, scrubbing floors, cleaning woodwork, oilcloth, silverware and tinware, polishing brasswork, cleaning bathroom pipes, refrigerators, etc., softening hard water, washing clothes and making the finest soft soap.

"Let the GOLD DUST Twins do your work"

Fairy Soap

will add to the pleasure of your toilet and bath. It lathers freely in either hot or cold water, soothes and softens the tenderest skin, cleanses thoroughly and leaves the whole body sweet and wholesome.

FAIRY SOAP is made from choice edible products. Pay 25c. or 50c. for a soap, if you will, but you will get no more soap merit and purity than are found in FAIRY SOAP at 5c.

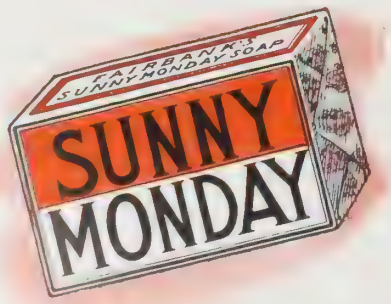
FAIRY SOAP is the best white floating soap on the market to-day, and the equal of any soap sold at any price.

Order a cake to-day of your grocer or druggist.

"Have You a Little 'Fairy' in Your Home?"

Sunny Monday Laundry Soap

will not only cut your soap bill in two, but make your clothes last twice as long—double economy is the result.



SUNNY MONDAY LAUNDRY SOAP *(N.R.) is white and will not injure the hands; SUNNY MONDAY LAUNDRY SOAP *(N.R.) will wash woolens and flannels (your own lingerie and baby's fine things) without the slightest danger of shrinking; SUNNY MONDAY LAUNDRY SOAP *(N.R.) will do equally good work in hot, cold, hard or soft water; SUNNY MONDAY LAUNDRY SOAP *(N.R.) will do more work and better work than soaps containing naphtha, ammonia, borax, etc.

*** (N.R.) means "No Rosin." SUNNY MONDAY LAUNDRY SOAP contains no rosin. Rosin is an adulterant and will rot and ruin clothes. Because it is all soap, one bar of SUNNY MONDAY LAUNDRY SOAP will do the work of two bars of any other laundry soap.**

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Makers, Chicago

CHRISTIAN HERALD

Copyright, 1908, by Louis Klopsch

SUBSCRIPTION, $1.50 PER ANNUM
PUBLISHED 52 TIMES A YEAR

New York, March 18, 1908

VOL. 31—NO. 12. PRICE 5 CENTS
OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

Photographed specially for "The Christian Herald"

SEE PAGE 227

Greeting Fanny Crosby, the Blind Hymnologist, Now Nearing Her Eighty-Eighth Birthday

Questions and Answers

F. M., Petersburg, O. 1. Was not Judas hasty in committing suicide? Might he not have been forgiven? 2. Was there any special virtue in the blessing a father conferred on his son? Why was Esau so cast down in missing it? 3. What significance had the ladder of which Jacob dreamed?

1. Every man who commits suicide is hasty. He is impatient and rash, rushing out of troubles that might be lifted if he waited. Heinous as Judas' sin was, Christ would probably have pardoned him as he did Peter, if he had been penitent. 2. That was the popular idea of the time. The blessing could not have been more than a prayer. The patriarchs had no more power than other men to confer blessings. 3. Jacob probably regarded it as a symbol of the connection between heaven and earth.

Mrs. E. B., Bellingham, Wash. Why were the names of many of the old Gospel songs designated as "Duke Street," "Martyn," "Greenville," etc.?

Probably "Duke Street" was in the town where John Hatton, the composer, lived; the same as to Greenville; but Martyn was probably named for some friend of the composer. In those old days singing-books were the fashion for use in choirs, conventions, and singing-schools, and with men like Lowell Mason, Wm. B. Bradbury, I. B. Woodbury, and L. O. Emerson, who wrote hundreds of tunes and anthems each, it was a big proposition to name them all, so Bible names, street names, and names of friends were used.

J. W., Bald Eagle, Pa. 1. Name the director of the first United States government mint organized in 1792? 2. Were there any gold or silver pieces coined with the sanction of the colonial governments previous to that time?

1. The first director of the mint was David Rittenhouse, appointed by President Washington, April 14, 1792, resigned 1795 on account of ill-health. He was succeeded by H. W. De Saussure. 2. The earliest coinage in America was that of the Virginia Company in 1612-15. It consisted of silver sixpences and shillings, each coin having a hog on it. In 1652, the Boston mint (John Hull, mint-keeper) issued the "pine tree" coins, silver three-penny, six-penny and shilling pieces. These were in colonial days. After independence, while arranging for the establishment of the new United States mint and during the preliminary work, the first coin of the new republic was struck by Benjamin Dudley, as Morris records in his diary.

W. P., White Plains, Ky. Does the Tower of Babel, which was built in the land of Shinar, still stand?

The tower of Babel has long since disappeared. What were once supposed to be the ruins of it were found in Babylonia under a great mound known to the Arabs and natives as *Birs Nimroud*, but the identification has now been discarded.

S. S., Greenville, S. C. From which one of Noah's sons did the Mongolians spring?

Their descent is not positively traced by ethnologists. Some assert, however, that the Mongolians, from earliest history, were a nomad race, of mixed stock, and distinct from the Aryans proper and also distinct from the Shemites and Hamites. The presumption would seem to favor their Japhetic origin, but even this cannot be positively affirmed. Shem had five sons, the descendants of only two of whom are recorded, so it is possible that the Mongols may have a claim to Shemite extraction at least.

W. M. C., Wilmington, N. C. Why was the tribe of Dan omitted in the sealing of the tribes in Rev. 7 and both Joseph and Manasseh included?

It appears to have decreased in numbers even before the exile. The lists given in Chronicles indicate that the tribe was small and uninfluential. Probably in John's time it had dropped out of sight altogether. Joseph's name stands in the place of Ephraim's. Joseph was promised two portions (Gen. 48: 22). So in all the lists of tribes Ephraim and Manasseh count as tribes, though they were grandchildren of Jacob.

Subscriber, Oskaloosa, Ia. What should a boy of fifteen weigh, and what should his height be?

He should weigh ninety-six pounds and stand a little over five feet high. It would require a long discussion to answer your other questions.

J. W. V., Blawenburg, N. Y. I saw in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD that you give the birthday of George Washington as February 22, 1732. I have since learned that the date was February 11, 1732, and the change in time makes it come eleven days later. As there has been such a change in the last 176 years, what will be the change in the next 176 years?

There will be no change in the future in the date celebrated. The difference in dates you refer to comes from the change in reckoning from "old style" to "new style." The new style, as the Gregorian system is called, was adopted by most European countries before 1700. Great Britain and her colonies, however, did not change to the new system until 1752, when the eleven days between September 2 and 14 were omitted and the beginning of the year moved from March 25 to January 1.

A. E. W., Bingham, S. C. 1. Who was Sir William Pepperell, and what did he do? 2. Who was Leonard Calvert? 3. Who was d'Iberville, and in what way was he distinguished?

Sir William Pepperell was born in Kittery, Me., in 1696; died in 1759. He was the son of a Welshman who settled in Maine and became a wealthy shipbuilder. Young Pepperell was a justice of the peace at twenty-one, and soon rose to be colonel of all the troops of Maine, then a part of Massachusetts. When King George's War broke out he took command of the colonial army sent against the fortress of Louisburg, on Cape Breton, and after a siege compelled the French to surrender. King George made Pepperell a baronet. He was governor of Massachusetts, a major-general in the French and Indian War, and a lieutenant general. He was one of the greatest figures in our colonial history. 2. Leonard Calvert was an English statesman. He was born about 1606 and died in 1647. He was the first governor of Maryland, and arrived with colonists March 20, 1634. 3. Le Moine d'Iberville belonged to a noble French-Canadian family. He was born in 1642 and died in 1706. He was a naval commander and explorer. He was the founder of Louisiana. He was one of the leaders of the force that captured and burned Schenectady, N. Y., in 1690, and he also took Pemaquid, Me. He died in Havana, Cuba, while preparing to attack the coast of North Carolina. The other character you wrote for we could not find.

Reader, Worcester, Mass. Would you advise a young man to go "on the road" as a traveling salesman?

If he has the qualifications there can be no objection. For such a position he requires to be a good, persuasive talker, and to know his "line" of business thoroughly. There are many peculiar temptations to which traveling salesmen are liable, however, and one must needs be well grounded in moral principles to resist these successfully.

A Strange Ceremony for Bible Scholars in an English Village

What is known in England as "The Glanville Charity" was founded by William Glanville, a barrister of the Inner Temple, London, at the town of Wotton, Surrey. A curious provision in his will was that a number of boys should visit the testator's tomb on the anniversary of his death, and "repeat by heart and without book, in a plain and audible voice, the Lord's Prayer, the Apostles' Creed, and the Ten Commandments, in the English tongue," and should "also read the fifteenth chapter of the First Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians." To each of five boys chosen out of the parish of Wotton by the trustees of the charity were to be paid forty shillings (equal to $10), together with a further sum of ten pounds ($50) on the apprenticeship of any one of the boys who had obtained the first gift of forty shillings. The artist has presented this unique examination at the last anniversary of Mr. Glanville's death.

A. I. R., Dayton, O. Where can I get a complete dietary list, telling what articles of food make fat or muscle?

These are the essentials of the standard dietary list:

100 PARTS.	WATER.	MUSCLE.	FAT.
Cabbage	90.0	4.0	5.0
Milk, cows'	86.0	5.0	8.0
Apples	84.0	5.0	10.0
Eggs, yolk of	79.0	15.0	27.0
Potatoes	75.2	1.4	22.5
Veal	68.5	10.1	1.6
Lamb	50.5	11.0	35.0
Beef	50.0	15.0	30.0
Chicken	46.0	18.0	32.0
Mutton	44.0	12.5	40.0
Pork	38.5	10.0	50.0
Beans	14.8	24.0	57.7
Corn	14.0	12.0	73.0
Wheat	14.0	14.6	69.4
Oats	13.6	17.0	66.4
Rice	13.5	6.5	79.5
Cheese	10.0	65.0	19.0
Butter			100.0

Mrs. H. M. J., Plattsburg, N. J. Where can I find the poem which includes the following line?

We live in deeds, not years.

It is from Bailey's *Festus* (scene: "A Country Town").

B. E. S., Clifton Forge, Va. Will you please state in your paper the number of books written by John Bunyan?

Bunyan's writings were *Pilgrim's Progress*, *The Holy War* and *Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners*. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD can supply you with *Pilgrim's Progress*. The others can be procured through any regular bookseller.

T. W. C., Selma, O. What became of St. Paul and St. Peter? I find no account of their deaths in the Bible.

According to the accepted records, Paul was beheaded at Rome by Nero, and Peter was crucified at Rome with his head downward.

Mrs. E. G. Hawley, Kenwood, N. Y. (a reader who was born in Ceylon in 1814), sends this interesting bit of ornithology, apropos of the recent paragraph in THE MAIL-BAG about Elijah and the ravens:

Mr. Delater said the ravens of Ceylon were very large birds and very troublesome. They would enter an open door or window and carry off a leg of veal or any other meat sufficient for a good sized family's dinner. Now, if the ravens in Ceylon do that, it would be an easy matter for ravens to deposit their plunder where Elijah could help himself. God made the ravens; he gave them an instinct. Undoubtedly the Bible record is literally correct.

O. E. S., Williams, N. C. Is there any such church as "Omish" in this country, or is there any history of such church as the "Omish" Church?

The Omish Church is a sect of the Mennonites in this country, who have derived their peculiar name from one of their preachers of the seventeenth century. The Omish are also found in Germany and Switzerland.

Miscellaneous

Sadie, Mass. You will have to be more explicit.

E. R., Ninga, Man., Can. There is nothing said about it in the Bible.

A. P. M., Keokuk, Iowa. Lead or galvanized iron.

Reader, Newton, N. J. Joan and Joanna, also Johanna, are variants of the same name.

Subscriber, Greenville, S. C. Sesame is pronounced in three syllables, with accent on the first.

Mrs. F. S., Birmingham, Ala. By interment generally, at seasons when the melting of the ice permits it.

Sage Brush, Sparks City, Nev. We do not describe gambling in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

J. B. S., Lyons, Neb. Bunyan's life is generally bound in with his works, forming part of the same volume.

Reader, Hillsdale, Ontario, Can. We do not know the concern. Would advise you to deal with larger, recognized establishments;

Miss E. T., Petoskey, Mich. There is no absolute proof in the matter, but only an inference, which some scholars have concluded is to be found in Genesis 6: 3.

Missionary J. W. McKean, of Lebanon, Mo., can use to advantage any good religious reading matter, magazines, etc., in his work among the Ozark mountaineers.

A. C. F., Daleville, Va. The Mongolians, or at least some portions of that race, have been migratory in the past, probably to a greater extent than other nations.

Subscriber, Tucson, Ariz. You probably mean the Mongolian immigrant. The Hindu, or native of Hindustan, is by no means prominent in this country at the present time.

I. M. B. H., Terry, Miss. If you send your question about the value of greenbacks in 1863 to the Secretary of the Treasury you will get more accurate information than we are able to give.

Subscriber, Fair Haven, Vt. The Queen of Roumania has used the *nom de plume*, "Carmen Sylva," for many years in her literary work. Don't know where she got it.

Mary C. M., Fancy Prairie, Ill. 1. We should imagine a Christian farmer would not send his crops to market to be sold to brewers and distillers. 2. No statistics available.

Reader, Great Barrington, Mass. There are two systems of wireless telegraphy, the Marconi and DeForest. The Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America, 27 William Street, New York, can give you the information. You should have sent your full address.

Reader, Fayette, O. 1. It is not in the Bible. 2. Tattooing probably had its origin in the custom, still in vogue in some heathen countries, of making tribal marks on the skin. The Maoris of New Zealand used to tattoo the whole face. In some parts of Africa it is still practised.

B., Boston. Speaking broadly, we would say emphatically that a Christian could not consistently patronize a Sabbath-desecrating business. Works of necessity or of mercy, however, are excusable on the Lord's Day. If the work to which you refer belongs to either of these classes, it is admissible; otherwise not.

NEW YORK, MARCH 18, 1908

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

Cadet Horsemanship

The Y. M. C. A. Tent

The Company "Water-Wagon"

RELIGIOUS LIFE AT WEST POINT

By WILLIAM J. ROE

FORTY years ago there was nothing that could properly be called religious in the life of a cadet at the Military Academy. In place of piety there existed a rude, almost barbaric, but wonderfully sincere code of honor. It prescribed rigorously and enforced effectually these three great rules of honorable conduct: 1. Thou shalt not steal. 2. Thou shalt not lie. 3. Thou shalt not be afraid.

As an ethical trilogy, this was effective enough, at least for the maintenance of discipline. Beyond these requirements, infraction of the law of Sinai, or of any moral code whatever, were matters of taste, sentiment, or the usages of society. A few among the corps of cadets in those days—a very few (in 1867 not more than six or eight)—held higher views of their religious obligation. These met occasionally for private worship, to be rewarded with hardly repressed sneers.

But though the laws of cadet morality were few, they were administered with inflexible severity. From 1862 to 1866, four members of the corps were ignominiously expelled from West Point by the cadets themselves, without appeal to the authorities, and with no opportunity for self-defense. Of these four, only one refused to submit to expulsion. This one, it is only fair to state, after having been driven away, returned to the academy, demanded justice from the superintendent, was sustained, tried by court-martial and acquitted of wrong doing.

Religious life at the Military Academy in later years underwent a great change for the better. Since that time, forty years ago, the order of study and discipline, keeping always well to the front of the advancing culture and progress of the world, has never wavered. Practically the same rigorous routine is maintained to-day as that which prevailed nearly a century ago. Hours of study and recitation are as long, the standards of excellence as high, and the drilling as severe. The Spartan fare of the olden time at the mess-hall, however, has been replaced by a more generous diet, and some effort is now made to give the cadets opportunity for social culture; but with these exceptions, and the enlargement of the corps consequent upon the growing needs of a larger army, the routine of a cadet's life is almost what it has been so long as any living graduate can remember.

In dealing with the private life and individual religious convictions of the students at West Point, the Federal Government and the military authorities have never deviated one hair's-breadth from that principle which absolutely forbids interference. To-day, as formerly, attendance once on Sunday at some form of religious service is expected. The chapel, now located on the plain, but soon to be replaced by a far finer structure on the hills, is no longer used for services, these being held in the great audience hall of the Cullem Memorial building, the corps of cadets marching to and from the hall in military fashion with side-arms, and due decorum being exacted as a military duty.

Services, at present, are conducted according to the order prescribed in the Book of Common Prayer of the Protestant Episcopal Church, although in the past they have often been according to the mode of worship of other Protestant denominations. No one is compelled to attend these services. The Roman Catholic finds here his own church and his priest, and the right of conscience even of the Hebrew is respected. No one need attend at the chapel, if he is willing to affirm "on his honor" that he has scruples of conscience.

Picturesque Views at West Point

Among the cadets themselves, however, a very active interest in religious matters has become firmly established. The chaplains of the past have always been devout, God-fearing men; some striving for higher standards of religious life in the corps, but few meeting with much encouragement, and others quite daunted by the prevalent atmosphere, not exactly of indifference, but certainly of pronounced apathy. From this lethargic condition the corps of cadets became aroused by no special single agency. There has never been at West Point, as at many other universities, a "revival of religion." Slowly, year after year, beginning during the seventies, the change has come.

Probably among all the influences tending to educate and encourage the vitality of religion among the cadets, none has been so effective as the modest work of two sisters, the Misses Susan and Anna Warner, whose home was on Constitution Island opposite West Point. These noble women, members of the famous literary Warner family, began about the year 1870 to conduct Sunday meetings for Bible reading and study, among a few of the families of officers on the post. It was not long before some among the more serious of the cadets joined these classes—if classes they may be called. Little by little the gatherings enlarged. Miss Susan Warner died many years ago, but the work was kept up by her younger sister, and has been continued to the present time. Many an

Continued on page 230

THE
AMERICAN PULPIT

A SERMON BY

Rev. F. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.

Light for the Perplexed

TEXT: Acts 1:24: "And they prayed, Thou, Lord, which knowest the hearts of all men, show whether of these two thou hast chosen."

THE Crucifixion was over. The little scattered band of disciples had been brought together by the second and third appearances of Jesus. The ascension also was over. Now the disciples were abiding at Jerusalem awaiting the Day of Pentecost. The time seemed to the disciples appropriate for completing the organization of the infant church. The defection of Judas had left only eleven apostles. Should not the mystical number corresponding to the twelve tribes of Israel be made up? The disciples appear to have thought so. One reason was that the number of authorized witnesses to the life, work and resurrection of Jesus should not be diminished. They would choose from among them one who, having been with them from the beginning, was competent to give such testimony. There were two such men, Joseph and Matthias. Either of these was eligible, and a choice must be made.

An Apostolic Election

What did the disciples do? Did they turn their meeting into a political caucus as so many of our religious meetings become when a new elder or a new pastor or a new bishop is to be chosen? Did one of the disciples say, "Select Barsabas, because he is my sister's husband"? Did another disciple say, "Oh, elect Matthias, because he has lent me money, and as he has helped me I want to do him a favor"? Do you suppose another said, "We will elect Luke or Mark because we want to have our friends on the Apostolate"? Do you suppose God would have sent a Day of Pentecost if such a selfish spirit had moved those disciples? No, no! That was not the way the place of Judas was filled. These disciples said, "We will make no mistake. We will throw the whole responsibility upon God." Thus they went to their knees. "O Lord," they cried, "make this selection for thy honor and glory." Were they right? Ought not we to make every important move of our life a matter of earnest, intense prayer? Should we not learn to trust God and follow his leadings? "And they prayed, Thou, Lord, which knowest the hearts of all men, show whether of these two thou hast chosen." They were wise and pious men. I commend their example to every one of you. There come times when you must stand at the parting of life's ways. You hesitate which way you will take, because your whole future seems to hang on your decision. Then do as the disciples did: turn to God who knows all things and ask him to direct you. Ask him which of the two ways he chooses for you.

In the first place I would turn the attention of young people to the message of my text. I would first speak to those who have not yet decided what is to be their occupation in life. I am not now addressing those who are coming to the close of their studies in medicine, or the law, or theology. They are like the sea captain who has already set his compass and has left harbor and is sailing for a chosen port. I talk to the young people who do not know what they ought to be in life, or what vocation they should follow. I am speaking to those just about to graduate from our grammar schools, who have not yet decided what line of work or of studies they will follow. That time of life is the most critical of all, because a mistake now in all probability will mean a mistake irreparable.

Choosing an Occupation

Some of you have no doubt what you are to do. Some time ago I addressed the graduating class of one of our grammar schools. The chief attraction of the exercises was the wonderful playing of a famous musician of our city. When he ran his fingers over the keys, he could make that piano talk or weep or laugh or dance or march or thunder or sigh. We encored him again and again. After the meeting was over his daughter told a member of my family that her father was born with such a genius for music that he could play upon any musical instrument. It was just as natural for him to play as it is for a bird to sing or for a fish to swim or for a rabbit to burrow. Thus some men are born artists, or born inventors, or born financiers, or born orators; and this genius of their minds is manifested when they are very young. But most of us were not developed that way. When we were in our teens we were entirely in the dark about what God wanted us to do.

"What would you do with your son, if he came to fifteen years of age and did not know what he wanted to be?" a lady of my church said to me some time ago. "My son is a bright boy; but he has no overpowering desire for any one line of work." There is a fine good boy who is just as much in the dark about the future as you and I were when we were in our teens. And yet a mistake now might ruin his whole future life. If you get wrong upon the first part of your journey of life, you are apt to follow the wrong path clear to the end. What had that young boy better do? What had that father and mother better do? They had all better get down on their knees and pray. They had better lift up an earnest petition to God that he will direct that young boy to choose the vocation which he should follow. For God had a purpose for him when he was born. And the whole happiness of that boy, as well as his usefulness, depends upon his making no mistake in following the line of work God intended him to do.

Lowell's Class Poem

But, fathers and mothers, before you start in this prayerful selection of the line of work your boy or girl will follow through life, I want you to thoroughly consecrate yourselves to the Master. For if you do not you may receive a jolt that you will never get over. What God wants that boy to do, and what you want him to do, may be as far apart as the North Star is distant from the Equator. God may want that boy to enter the ministry. God may want that girl to go to foreign lands as a missionary. God may want your son to be a reformer with his pen. What God wants, and you, the parent, wants, may bitterly clash unless you are ready to surrender your will to his will.

The story is told that when James Russell Lowell was class poet, a friend sent his father, Doctor Lowell, an account of the commencement at Harvard, at which the son had achieved such a brilliant success. The old gentleman at the time was staying in Rome. When he received the account, instead of being pleased, he was very angry, and said, "Well, well! look at this. I am very sorry and disappointed. James promised me when I left home that he would give up poetry and stick to his books. I hoped he had become less flighty." Yet it was as a poet that Lowell was destined to achieve fame. Thus what God wants your boy to do, and what you would like to have him do, may be entirely different. And yet, my brother, all the happiness and the usefulness of your son is to be decided within the next few months. Better pray, and pray earnestly, that God will help him to choose aright in the selection of his life vocation. Better not let your will run counter to God's will.

Influence of a Uniform

But after we have asked God to select our children's work in life, we must not stop here in our divine pleadings. The school or the college in which our children prepare for their life's work is important. Now you had better make a prayerful selection of the institutions to which you send your children during the critical formative periods of their lives. You need God's help here as you need him in other vital matters. You need to plead to him for guidance just as much as the disciples needed to pray for wisdom to make a right selection for the vacancy in the Apostolate.

The older I grow, the more I am amazed to see how blindly and in what a "don't care" spirit most parents allow their children to select the school or college at which they are to be educated. Very slight and trivial reasons weigh with the boy. Do you want to know how I went to a certain military school? There was a boy who lived on our block who went there. He came home for his vacations dressed in a beautiful uniform. That uniform, with its silver buttons and shining chevrons, was the envy of all the neighborhood. Like most of the boys on our street, I wanted to go to a school which would let boys dress up in a uniform like that. And though that school at that time was not what it ought to be in many respects, yet the infinitesimal thing of a little silver button took me to that school, where I passed four long years of the most important part of my educational life. Hundreds and thousands of young folks go to a school because a friend goes there, or because that college has a fine football team, or because that institution is the largest university in the State, or because that college is situated in the East. And the great essentials of the moral and spiritual characteristics of that educational institution are passed over as though they did not amount to anything.

Did you ever realize that a university or a college has an atmosphere or a soul? Are you not aware that just as you have certain special characteristics that in your life stand for something, so an educational institution has its distinct personality and stands for something, and that something is for the benefit or injury of the students who live within its walls? I received some time ago a letter from an old and very dea classmate. He was writing about some of the weai nesses of the college we both love. Then he wrote th sentence, which I have often pondered over, because presented a truth in a way that I had never had driven into my mind before: "Educational institutio are controlled by individuals who are merely huma and human actions are vital there as elsewhere." D you grasp that tremendous fact? Who are the me at the head of those institutions to which you intend t send your boys? What is the moral and spiritua status of the members of those faculties? Are the noted for their Christian principles? Are they pro fessors who will instil reverent ideas of God and o the higher life? These are questions which you shoul ponder well before you let that boy leave your fire side for scholastic halls. Better pray over that fac earnestly and long. God alone can direct you so tha you will make no mistake.

Business Partnerships

But we cannot always remain at school. We canno always be preparing for the battle of life. Afte a while we must do something besides talking about what we intend to do. So from scholastic walls we step forth into the struggle of life. Then we must enter into certain business partnerships and professional affiliations. Whom shall we trust? With whom shall we go? Whom shall we allow to enter the holy of holies of our hearts? These are weighty questions which I am putting to you to-day. For a man's success is not more due to what he himself does than to what his business associates do. To a great extent they make him or break him.

What a lot of trouble you would have saved if you had only known what a rascal your partner was, before you hitched up with him in business! Do you suppose your mother and father would have let you enter into that business partnership if they had known what kind of a man he was? "Oh, no," you reply. "My parents love me too much to let me get into such quicksands of trouble as that." Yes, you are right! But tell me, friend, does not God love you as much as your father or your mother? Would he not have guarded you from that trouble if you had only asked him? Did you ask God's advice when you entered into that business arrangement? Am I making too literal interpretation of the Gospel? What do you mean by that sign which is tacked over your office door, "Business during business hours?" Does that mean that God has no part in your business? No! Then, if that is not so, why do you not ask God to help you select your partners and guide you in your great financial deals? Is that sentence of the Lord's Prayer a mockery?—"Give us this day our daily bread." Ah, my brother, as a business man you had better get down on your knees and pray for wisdom. God will guide you. Yes, he will. He will answer your prayers in the store just the same as he helped the disciples to choose Matthias for the vacancy in the Apostolate. God hears his children pray by the store counter on Monday and Tuesday and Wednesday, just as much as he hears his ministers pray on Sunday in the church pulpit.

At the Marriage Altar

But though our partnership papers at the store are important, there are closer and more important human relationships than even this. And this other partnership has as much to do with what we financially make, as it has to do with the home and with the happiness of domestic life. I am alluding to the partnership of the marriage altar. Some people look upon marriage as a joke; but it is far from being a joke. The marriage altar should be the most solemn place this side of heaven; for if it is not the joyful enslavement of love, it is the most awful tragedy of life and it is, in too many cases, the merciless rock upon which the craft of earthly happiness is shipwrecked.

But, though marriage is one of the vital pivots upon which usefulness as well as happiness turns, yet how blindly and ignorantly most people enter sacred wedlock! Too often it seems to be the blind leading the blind. And I am not alluding simply to the young when they get married, but to the middle-aged and to the old who get married as well. Indeed I sometimes think it is far easier for a young man to pick out a good wife, than it is for a middle-aged man to make a happy selection. The older people grow the more expert they become in the ability to deceive if they are naturally mean and contemptible in disposition. And some of the meanest people on earth can make the

Continued on page 225

Pastor Sheldon's Negro Kindergarten

THE kindergarten school for negroes in the district known as "Tennessee Town," in Topeka, Kan., is now in its fifteenth year. Last Christmas it celebrated the birth of Christ by a series of tableaux, including the "Three Wise Men and the Shepherds," the latter group including a real live dog, all the other parts being taken by children between three and six years of age. Lincoln's birthday was celebrated on February 12 with appropriate exercises. The room was decorated with flags and pictures of the great emancipator, and the songs, tableaux and stories centred about the great American.

The longer I watch the effect of the kindergarten training on the mind and heart of the negro, the more wonder I feel at the comparatively small amount of attention given to this kind of education. The negro is peculiarly susceptible to the educational idea founded by Froebel. He is naturally musical. His movements are rhythmic. He is naturally deft with his fingers. He lends himself, so to speak, to every phase of a true kindergarten training. We have found this to be so true in our kindergarten experience, that we are now ready to say, after fifteen years' constant trial, that a kindergarten school for negroes in every district, in every town where they are found in numbers over a thousand, would be of incalculable benefit in the way of fundamental training for future safe and useful citizenship. Habits of cleanliness, of kindness to animals and to people, of politeness, of obedience, of reverence, of thoughtfulness, and of Christian character, are a part of the kindergarten school life.

We naturally feel proud of the medals which have been granted to the school exhibit sent first to St. Louis and then to Jamestown. Not the least valuable part of the school for the children is the Corresponding League of the mothers. The programme of the Mothers' League indicates in part what they are thinking about and actually doing. The constant theme of these mothers is the betterment of the home, and the work of our mission will be practically over, so far as we are concerned, when the people themselves have established in permanent form the home and family life.

The Raw Material at Tennesseetown—Dr. Sheldon and some New Kindergarten Children

In addition to the kindergarten and the league, the mission also sustains a free reading-room and library, open five nights a week, for the boys and girls in the district. This is constantly used and the circulating library is a steady and constant source of education. This is the only room in the neighborhood open in the evening for the young people. This work is still carried on by private contributions, and to any friends of the negro who are hopeful of his development, and willing to assist toward a higher manhood and citizenship, may I say briefly that I shall be glad to receive and use whatever they may choose to send towards the work. We look for the final emanciaption of the negro in America along the line of Christian education and development. There is no solution for the difficulties between the races except that which is furnished by the spirit of Christ, and in our work in the mission we look forward to the time when this settlement shall be effected. The problem is not a negro problem. It is simply a human problem. We have no race question in America; it is all a human question. We can forget all kinds of prejudice when once our lives are filled with the love of Christ.

Topeka, Kan. CHARLES M. SHELDON.

LIGHT FOR THE PERPLEXED Sermon by Rev. F. DeWitt Talmage, D.D. *Continued*

most pleasant, fascinating impressions if you do not see them too often. And surely a woman has to be a very repellant specimen of a sloven if she cannot dress up and make herself attractive for a couple of hours a week during the time her lover is with her. And yet it is upon this slight and meagre acquaintance that some of the momentous partnerships of marriage are entered into for better or for worse. Do you wonder that so many of the marriages are failures, and are truly made for the worse? Do you wonder that so many people look upon marriage as a lottery where a man does not know whether he will draw as a prize a bee that will gather honey, or a wasp that finds her chief delight in thrusting a merciless sting?

Philip Henry's Children

And if it is difficult for a man to select the right kind of a wife, how much more difficult for a woman to make the right choice of a husband! A woman seems to be entirely helpless. Her danger is greater, and the results to her at least may be even more tragic. A man may make a success in spite of an unhappy marriage; but when a woman marries a man beneath her, she inevitably drops to the husband's level, and there is hardly an exception to the rule. Now when men and women go courting what should they do? The most important act is to go to God in prayer. God would select for Isaac a Rebecca, and for Jacob a Rachel; surely he will select for you a marital companion and make no mistake. Philip Henry used to say to his children, "Please God and you will please me." Then at the wedding he would say, "Others wish you all happiness. I wish you all holiness, then there is no doubt you will have all happiness." Was it a foolish caution? If we please God are we not sure to make the right move when we plight our troth under the orange blossoms? We have often heard ministers plead with wives to pray for their erring husbands. If some ministers would teach their people to pray before they entered the marital yoke, there would not be so many erring husbands to pray for, nor so many broken-hearted wives.

But where should we make prayerful selections more earnest and intense than in our church work? If there is any one place set apart for the purpose of prayer and for the demonstrations of the power of prayer, that place should be the church of God. And yet I am amazed to find how often a church in the crises of its history neglects prayer. And this fact is never more demonstrated than in the way the average church goes about to select a pastor.

Now, how does the average church select a new pastor? First, the congregation chooses a committee to look out for a suitable candidate. This committee sends its invitations to different ministers to ask them to supply the pulpit. The candidates come before the congregation and preach their trial sermons. The congregation is divided into factions or cliques. One faction likes one candidate because he has curly hair and creases in his trousers, and has a winning smile and is good-looking. Another faction favors another man because he is endowed with a fine voice and has perfect elocution. Another candidate is rejected because he is past fifty and the church wants a young man. And so the see-sawing goes on until at last a man comes along who sweeps everything by storm. He has a genius for getting calls. He has four or five good sermons. He has spent weeks and months upon them. Like the mosaics of the Alhambra, those sermons are

A Patchwork of Sermons

It would not be so bad if that minister had made them a mosaic of his own discourses; but sometimes they are taken from the sermons of other men. "We must have this minister and have him right away," cries the congregation. "Wait," says some old, conservative elder; "you do not know yet who this man is. Let us investigate a little further. It is not the first sermon or the tenth, but what kind of a sermon a man can preach after he has been in a pulpit for five years, that decides whether he is a good preacher or not. Then let us find out what kind of a Christian leader this man is. Will he be a true guide? Is he right upon the doctrine of the Atonement? Does he gamble at progressive euchre parties? Does he drink and dance and go to the theatre? If he does, we do not want him, even though he has the golden lips of a Chrysostom. Let us pray over this matter a little while. If we ask God to lead us, he will not let us make a mistake." Is the old elder right? Shall we not ask God to lead us when we are about to choose a new pastor?

But if we are to lead the right Christian life, we must ask God what we shall do for others, as well as what others shall do for us. "Oh, I cannot do anything to help a person or to lead a troubled soul to him." Is that so, my brother! Are you not doing yourself an injustice? The reason most of us have never done anything for Christ is because most of us have never tried. We have not the desire, therefore we have done nothing for him. We do not strive, therefore we do not achieve.

Work For All

What have you ever tried to do for God? Whom have you ever tried to lead to the Master? What aching heart have you tried to heal? Have you ever gone to God in prayer and asked him to guide you on a Gospel mission, and show you where you ought to work in his name? It was very important for the disciples to ask whom they should select for the vacant position in the Apostolate; but it was just as important for each one of those disciples to make the prayer like that Paul offered on the Damascus road, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" If you get down on your knees and earnestly pray to God for a position in his army, on the battle line, there is no doubt he will detail you for active work. Pray earnestly that God will open to you unlimited fields of Gospel usefulness. "And they prayed and said: Thou, Lord, which knowest the hearts of all men, shew whether of these two thou hast chosen." We are Gospel soldiers, and we must go to our divine Commander for marching orders. When you once swear your allegiance to him, you are never to make a move in life, no matter what it may be, unless you first kneel down and implore the blessing and guidance of God. In your daily communication with God are you willing to do as did Matthew Henry's father? The boy was very sick. The father said, "If the Lord will be pleased to grant me this request, I will not say, as do the beggars at my door: 'I will never ask anything of God again'; but on the contrary he shall hear me oftener than ever, and I will love God better as long as I live." Are you willing from now on to walk in such close communion with God that you will never cease to ask him what he wants you to do, and that your chief pleasure in life will be to find out his will and to accept and obey it cheerfully?

A TRAGEDY IN THE PHILIPPINES

By Mrs. E. W. Jansen

ARRIVING in the Philippines we found that sad news was awaiting us. We send you the story of the facts, so that you may be helped to appreciate how much the gift of the mission boat *El Heraldo Cristiano* will mean to these persecuted islanders, as it will bear to them the encouraging presence of their fellow Christians, both native and foreign. We are assured that you will all try to assist in making it possible to keep this boat going from town to town and from island to island on its deeds of mercy.

The Mission Boat for the Philippines

Last October a petition was brought to the Cebu missionaries from the village of Santander. It was signed by 185 persons, who begged to have an evangelist sent to them. The condition of affairs in this town was so awful that the petitioners seemed to fear that the document might be looked upon as a bait to entrap the evangelist, so they had added to it the sworn signatures of three of its principal men.

Two years before this petition was brought to the missionaries, 300 of the villagers had separated themselves from the Church of Rome. This was probably in part due to the tyranny of the priests. The fear of the parishioners who remained under the priests' control appeared to be absolutely abject. The native pastor, Ricardo, was living some ten or twelve miles from Santander, so he arranged to help the people by visiting and holding service for them. From among the seekers forty were accepted as candidates for baptism. About 250 others were kept waiting that they might receive further instruction before confessing their faith in the Saviour by baptism. Among these was a man of remarkably simple and strong Christian faith. His gentle spirit won him the love of all who knew him.

The Gospel was being accepted in Oslob and other neighboring towns. In Oslob alone, three hundred persons had declared their faith in Christ, and their lives were bearing witness to the pure and uplifting power of the Gospel. The priests and those under their influence had done all in their power to hinder the advance of the Saviour's teachings. The converts suffered stonings and countless indignities, as well as loss of employment in many cases, and imprisonments and threatened death.

In Santander, it was decided to build a church, and the converts erected a suitable building for their simple services. The Sunday was agreed on for the dedication of the church, and the friends in Oslob with Pastor Ricardo were invited. According to the testimony of several of the priest's parishioners, the Sunday before dedication he ordered his people to come armed to mass the next Sabbath. That week his people spent in sharpening their bolos, as was proved by what followed. Those who had not native weapons obtained or else made them. All went on Sunday morning to their church armed for the carrying out of the priest's orders.

That Sunday morning much prayer and praise went up to God from the simple trusting souls gathered in the new church, and hearts beat stronger with faith and determination to live for the praise and glory of their Saviour, whose teachings and spirit had brought love and peace into their hearts and homes. Some of the people were much impressed by the words of their loved teacher, he told them that, though he felt there was trial of faith awaiting him, yet even if he should be called to lay down his life for the faith, he was unspeakably thankful to God that he had received the Gospel.

With no thought of impending danger, the Christians returned to their homes with their children by their side. The native pastor and other guests were provided with refreshments, which were prepared for them in the three largest houses. While all the friends were at dinner, some persons rushed to the house where Ricardo and others were seated, and in terrified words, told them that a mob of three hundred armed men, led by the priest, was hurrying to kill them. The word was passed to all to flee, and men, women and children sought to make their escape. Their thought was t find shelter in Oslob, but twelve miles distant.

Only a little distance was covered when Ricard strength began to fail him. He said to his frier that they must go on and not linger for him, he could not proceed. At this moment a man horseback drew near. He was friendly to t Protestants and knew Ricardo. At the request the exhausted man's friends, he dismounted and ga Ricardo his horse. The hope of getting help for t endangered people seemed to give him strength, and hastened to Oslob; but the mayor refused to send he to the people in danger, and Ricardo wired to th American missionaries in Cebu of the urgent need.

The other escaping people, mostly women and chi dren, reached Oslob, bringing the news that one of the number had been hacked to pieces. Next morning th constabulary's launch arrived, and took the refuge from Santander back with them to their village. Son little children were missing and the sorrow of man hearts was intense. Ricardo and the friends who ha been with him were also taken back to the village. D Graham, of the mission in Cebu, was on board, and h presence gave the people some comfort.

Many came back to ruined homes. The desolatio which met their gaze in the morning sunlight was ter rible. Five homes lay in ruins.

They went on toward their church, the constabular with their officer, and the medical missionary and th captain of the vessel leading the way. When about a hundred yards from the church they saw the body o the murdered man lying in a pool of blood. The hea had been nearly severed from the trunk, and gapin wounds in the body bore witness to the ferocious fur of the priest and his helpers. By the side of the muti lated corpse the poor wife was standing silent. She hac watched there through the long afternoon and night to keep the animals away from all that was left her o her beloved husband. The horror and sadness of the scene brought tears to the eyes of the officers and men.

The converts in Cebu City have collected some money which they sent to the poor widow and her children. All are full of thankfulness that no more lives were lost. On one of the villagers informing the priest that the desired deed was done, saying to him, "Father, I have killed one of your men," the priest is reputed to have answered, "Good! And if you had killed ten, you need fear nothing, for no harm would come to you."

The offending priest has had passed on him a sentence of seventeen years' imprisonment and a fine. But as he has appealed his case and is let out on bail, we fear that the troubles are not over for the poor Cebuans.

[The mission boat *El Heraldo Cristiano* is now almost in readiness to be sent to the Philippines. She is a trim and serviceable craft, and will be a great aid to the workers there. Funds are needed to complete certain parts of her equipment and also to cover cost of transportation. Every gift for the missIon boat, however small, will be acknowledged in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.]

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A Typical Filipino Village and its Inhabitants

CHINA'S AWAKENING*

THE important edicts issued by the Chinese Government come nearer, says *The Missionary Review*, "to placing Chinese Christians upon an equality with their non-Christian fellow subjects. It also rightly lays the blame for past troubles on the local officials, through their failure to act impartially. The issue of such a liberal edict indicates a great change in the attitude of the Chinese Court and Government toward Christianity. The higher officials are now ordered to put together the articles regarding Christianity in China's treaties with other nations, and issue them in the form of a booklet for the information and guidance of local officials throughout the empire, who must make a thorough study of them."

Converts and non-converts are alike the children of the Emperor, and alike amenable to the laws. Those who break those laws must be punished according to the laws without regard to their being Christians or non-Christians. Evil men who spread ill rumors and seek to stir up strife for their own selfish ends must be sternly dealt with; so also must those officials who act partially toward one side or the other.

"The Empress Dowager has also lately issued a proclamation calling upon all viceroys, governors and men in power to treat justly the representatives from all the Western nations, and see that all are protected in their lawful callings. God's people have abundant cause to rejoice and give thanks for the wide-open door in China. 'The Lord of Hosts is with us: the God of Jacob is our refuge.'"

A missionary of the China Inland Mission reports genuine progress in her sphere. She says: "Looking back on the past year we have every reason to thank God and take courage, for though it has been a year of very severe testing God has not only enabled the Christians to stand true to him but has also deepened and broadened the spiritual life of many." The same testimony with few exceptions comes from other provinces of China.

* Topic of the Epworth League for March 29. Acts 11 : 19-26 ; Ps. 11.

How He Views the Premiums

Dear Dr. Klopsch: The Red Letter Bible and Calendar both received in excellent order, and I congratulate you on the beautiful Bible you have published. Paper, type, binding, references, maps, are all praiseworthy and should appeal to the most critical taste. Every lover of art will delight in welcoming the Calendar. DANIEL BIXLER, JR.

Baltimore, Md.

FANNY CROSBY AT EIGHTY-EIGHT

Old and Blind, the World's Best Beloved Hymn Writer Sends a Birthday Message Through "The Christian Herald"

SHE came into the room almost noiselessly, but with a bright smile and a cheery greeting a slender little woman, in a black silk gown that fell about her in soft folds. Her delicate hands clasped a little red-covered New Testament which she opened from time to time, as though she were going to read from it.

But Fanny Crosby has never read. Only for a brief period were her eyes opened upon the objects of this world. Then an accident closed them, and since that day she has lived in a world of mental visions. One would not dare to call her blind. She has seen far more than many whose eyes are wide open.

"You have a pleasant home," I said; "so bright and cheerful."

"Isn't it nice?" she replied enthusiastically. "I just love the sunshine!"

"That's the reason you reflect so much of it, I guess." She laughed—a gay, free, childlike laugh.

"Come and see my room," she said; "it's just the prettiest, most comfortable place you ever saw. They're so good to me," she went on as she led the way carefully and threw open the door to the bedroom.

"There," she said triumphantly, "isn't that nice? See all my pictures and all my things about me!"

It was pleasant, exquisitely dainty, and decorated with bright pictures.

During the few hours I spent with her, I was continually impressed, almost startled with her wonderful alertness of mind, and her reference to things and people as though she had seen them. There is scarcely a thing about her to tell of her misfortune save her dark glasses, and her careful movements when she walks about.

"How did you happen to come to Bridgeport?" I asked.

"My niece and her family lived here," she replied. "Tell Dr. Klopsch, if he wants to see a clean, pretty little country place, to come here in the spring when it's all fresh and budding and warm. I'll shake hands with him twice if he will come."

"Indeed I'll tell him. You must enjoy having young people about you."

"I should say I did. I want to tell you about my nephew. He's the youngest. He's a limb, I can tell you! We're great friends. They laugh at me because I always stand up for him. Now I want to tell you what he did. I call it a fine point of honor. The other night at supper, there were two pieces of cake gone off the cake plate. Circumstantial evidence pointed to me, for I was the only one sitting in the room; yet I hadn't risen from my chair. There was quite a bit of discussion about it. I said, 'It looks as if I was the guilty party.' Then my nephew spoke up: 'Aunt Fanny didn't take it,' he said, 'I did it myself.' He wouldn't let the suspicion rest on me. He's the brightest boy; only fourteen and always asking me the deepest questions about religion and philosophy."

"You really have everything you want, haven't you?" I asked.

"Everything," she answered softly," everything. I am very happy. You know I made up my mind when I was a little girl that I wasn't going to let my affliction keep me from being happy. I wrote a little verse when I was eight years old. This is it:

> Oh, what a happy soul am I!
> Although I cannot see,
> I am resolved that in this world
> Contented I will be.
>
> How many blessings I enjoy
> That other people don't!
> To weep and sigh, because I'm blind,
> I cannot, and I won't!

"What things stand out most clearly in thinking over the experiences of your life, Miss Crosby?"

"First—oh, that was wonderful—first beginning to learn the Bible by heart. When I was eight years old, I knew the first four books. I never learned to read with my fingers. I just committed to memory. I know the New Testament well enough to teach it to others. Others have to go and get their book, but I have mine always with me. I can recite long poems, too."

Her friends say that Miss Crosby knows her own thousands of verses also, and they cannot confuse her as to any line she has ever composed, although her writing has extended over the whole length of her life. She has written for Biglow and Main alone 5,409 hymns (not all of which have been published) and at least 1,000 others for Kirkpatrick, Sweeney and other composers. Her beautiful hymn, "Saved by Grace," was written two years before it was published, and it aroused a furore of enthusiasm when she recited it for the first time at Northfield. She has used over 200 "pen-names" in her productions. Her words are sung all over the world, and many of her hymns will live, as those of Wesley have done. She will be eighty-eight on the twenty-fourth of March.

"When I was fifteen, I went to the New York Institution for the Blind. It was just at the beginning of the work of education for the blind. I had learned to play on the guitar and that had calloused my fingers so that I could not use the raised letters. The fingers have to be very sensitive to read, you know. So I was taught, as I had been before, through memory. Then they discovered my gift for making verses and gave me the very best education possible to help me to write. We traveled a great deal in those years. We went to Albany to ask the legislature for an appropriation for the Institution, and then we went through many of the towns of the State, giving entertainments and interesting the people in the work. I remember riding on the canal-boat. The steersman and the driver became great friends of mine, and they used to pick fruit for me from the orchards along the tow-path, and bring it to me. You know that's always been the trouble, I've been petted and spoiled."

I laughed very heartily.

"I don't believe it has hurt you at all," I said. "You have traveled quite a bit, haven't you?

"Yes, especially at that time. I went to Washington twice to interest Congress in educating the blind. I was the first woman who ever spoke before that body. I have been to Cincinnati several times, usually to collaborate with Mr. W. H. Doane. He was such a splendid man! Isn't Cincinnati a wonderful city? all up and down hill. Mr. Doane lived 'way up high on Mount—Mount—"

"Auburn?"

"Yes, that was it. And you went up and down on the cable cars."

"You must have met a great many famous people, Miss Crosby."

"Yes, yes, indeed. Henry Clay was the greatest. He was a wonderful man. Oh, such charming manners! He came to the Institution and I was selected to welcome him with a poem. He had lost his son six months before in the Mexican War and I had sent him some verses. So after I read my verses of welcome, he stepped forward and said, 'This is not the first poem for which I am indebted to this lady. She has already sent me some lines on the death of my dear son.' It was said so tenderly that I cried. He shed a few tears, but was able to recover himself; but I had hard work. I shall never forget that."

"Once, when President Polk was visiting us, I asked him if he did not wish to look over our grounds. They were very beautiful then, extending along Thirty-fourth Street and Tenth Avenue. Now I understand the city has crowded in on them. President Polk said he would be pleased to walk about. We started and had walked a little way when an old servant, who had been very good to me, came to say good-by, as she was going to leave. I asked the President to excuse me for a moment while I spoke to her. When I returned to him, I explained what had called me away and begged him to pardon me.

"'You did just right—just right, Miss Crosby,' he said. 'Those who stoop to be kind to others below their station, will be rewarded. You did just right.' He was a fine man—a very fine man.

"Martin Tupper, the English poet, was once the guest of the Institution. He was asked to recite some of his own verses. He began, said a few lines, then forgot. I prompted him. He said a few more, then forgot and I had to prompt him again. When this had happened a third time, he turned and said, 'Miss Crosby, I wish you would finish; you seem to know my poems much better than I do.'"

Photographed for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

The Aged Poetess and Hymnologist in Her Study at Bridgeport, Conn.

Our talk was interrupted by the arrival of the photographer who was to take Miss Crosby's birthday picture for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. He was an old friend of hers, and she greeted him very gaily. A good many jokes passed between them and a lively discussion of town affairs, on which Miss Crosby seemed to be fully informed. In fact, she seemed to know and to be interested in the affairs of the whole world.

She was much entertained by the picture-taking process, and almost childlike in the simplicity with which she obeyed. When we asked her if it tired her, she scoffed at the idea. She rallied her friend the photographer on the many times he had taken her without flattering her greatly, and told him this time he must certainly catch her with a pleasant expression.

. . .

While she was busy discussing a big convention she had attended the year before, and the Grand Army post to which he belonged and before which she had recited some of her poems not long ago, I asked her niece if she was always so sunshiny and so quick. Miss Crosby, the niece assured me, was always the same. Even when her sister, who had been her constant companion and helper in all her work, passed away a few years ago, she did not grieve. Her perfect faith in God and the immortality of the soul and the impossibility of permanent separation from those she loved sustained and cheered her. Her nephews and nieces read to her a great deal from books and magazines, so that she keeps in touch with what is happening all over the world. She is delighted with the gifts that come to her now and then from admirers in many parts of the globe. She enjoys the visits of friends, and has been looking forward to her birthday celebration with the greatest pleasure.

"I haven't told you half about the splendid people I have known in my life," she said, when we were alone again. "There was Mr. Bradbury, Mr. Sankey, Mr. Biglow and, most remarkable of all, Sylvester Main. I had known him when I was a little girl, as he lived in the next town to ours. He used to lead the singing when the children gathered on the green in the summer twilight; but I had not seen him for many years until I met him in Mr. Bradbury's office in 1864. I never shall forget him. His son, Hubert, has been a firm friend of mine many years; but I always say, 'Oh, you can never be as good as your father was!'"

"Is it easy for you to remember people after you have met them once? Would you know me if I came again?"

"Yes, I think so. Sometimes, when I have been introduced to a number of people at once, I have not been able to recall them; but that's a pretty severe test. It's the voice first, of course, that I recall. My seeing is all done within, you know. And I do see many, many things, often beautiful faces and beautiful eyes. Once, years ago, I had such a wonderful dream. I was walking beside a clear river with a spirit or an angel guide. On the other side of the river were beautiful trees, perfect ones, with no sign of age or decay; and under the trees people were walking, and they were

Continued on page 232

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, Associate Editor — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, Associate Editor

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Subscriptions may commence with any issue.

Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

The Collinwood Disaster

IN the frightful sacrifice of life by the burning of the schoolhouse at Collinwood, near Cleveland, O., there is a lesson which may well be heeded by the authorities in many districts throughout the country. According to the reports, the Collinwood school building was a structure of the old-fashioned type, with all too narrow hallways, and with exits that were totally inadequate in an emergency where the quick emptying of the school became a matter of life or death. Narrow staircases, cramped exits, and doors that are said to have been hung to swing inward instead of outward, all helped to swell the disaster and made the building a death-trap for the hundreds of children within its walls.

This appalling calamity should be a wholesome warning to school trustees in towns and villages. It should prompt them to take effective measures to ensure the safety of pupils in case of fire or panic. The Collinwood school had been examined; but, although its defects were known, apparently no effort was made to remedy them. Whether it was a case of false economy or simply stupid, criminal neglect, or both, will probably appear during the investigation.

Tax-payers, especially in rural districts, should see to it that their school trustees make ample provision for the safety of the children under their care, and that any radical defects, such as those that existed in the Collinwood school, should not be permitted to be overlooked through false motives of economy.

In these days of improved construction, every school building, church, opera house or other place of public assemblage should be made fireproof. Where hundreds of human lives are at stake, municipalities cannot afford to be parsimonious in providing modern safeguards. School boards especially have a heavy responsibility in this respect, and as we read the heartrending story of the immolation of the hundred and sixty helpless little victims at Collinwood, we are impressed with the conviction that he who is indifferent to the safety of a little child, and exposes it to death or danger, is a criminal indeed.

Migration as a Remedy

THE problem of the unemployed appears to be tending in increased degree to a problem of migration. A contractor in New Orleans announces that he could employ several thousand men, and that throughout Louisiana there is a general dearth of labor, and from rural districts there are complaints that laborers are scarce. These facts should be made known and aid should be rendered to any unemployed men in the cities who are able and willing to work in the country. Obviously, however, these opportunities do not meet the whole difficulty. There are many men walking the streets of our great cities seeking employment, who could not do the work offered for physical reasons. Some of them who could do it, shrink from it because they have a specialty that is more valuable than mere physical strength. The man who has been trained to do work requiring skill and delicacy of touch, feels that he is throwing away the years in which he acquired his skill, when he takes up the pick and shovel. He hopes that if he can hold out a little longer, there will be a demand for his work—the work that he can do better than other men.

Nor would it be a good thing for the country to turn the skilled laborer into the unskilled. But if the unemployed men of physical strength could be helped to leave the cities, where work is scarce, for the country where it is plentiful, the numbers of the needy would be reduced. When the revival in their special kinds of industry comes, they would be sure to hear of it and could return, unless, as might happen, they had made themselves so useful to their country employer as to find it to their advantage to remain. Even the Princeton professor who crossed the continent working his own way as an unskilled laborer was frequently offered on the farms an inducement of good wage that, while not attractive to a professor, would be gladly accepted by a laborer, and would be far better than the precarious employment now obtainable in the crowded cities.

Would it not be possible for churches and philanthropists to raise a fund for the purpose of migration? To aid the worker to reach a place where he is needed would surely be better, both for him and the community, than to give him charity in the city, and would really be cheaper in the end. The country itself would thus become a vast employment bureau, the cities would no longer be congested and many a man would gain in health the vigor he is now losing by unsufficient food and a tainted atmosphere.

Japan Sends Thanks

OUR Ambassador to Japan, the Hon. Thomas J. O'Brien, sends the following official communication to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

"AMERICAN EMBASSY, TOKYO, February 7, 1908.

"*Gentlemen:*—Subsequent to the famine in Japan, of 1905, the following sums, collected by your publication, were sent to the Japanese Government through this Embassy—the dates herewith being those upon which the Embassy received its telegraphic instructions from the Department of State:

1906.		
Feb. 16,	$10,000 (yen 20,050.13)	Transmitted through Red Cross.
Feb. 23,	$10,000 (yen 20,050.13)	Transmitted through Red Cross.
Mar. 9,	$10,000 (yen 20,100.50)	Transmitted through Red Cross.
Mar. 17,	$50,000 (yen 100,502.51)	Transmitted through Red Cross.
Mar. 23,	$20,000 (yen 40,201.01)	One-half sent to Sendai and one-half to Minister for Foreign Affairs.
Mar. 31,	$25,000 (yen 50,251.26)	Transmitted through Red Cross.
Apr. 7,	$25,000 (yen 50,251.26)	One-half sent to Sendai and one-half to Minister for Foreign Affairs.
Apr. 27,	$25,000 (yen 50,251.26)	One-half sent to Sendai and one-half to Minister for Foreign Affairs.
May 11,	$25,000 (yen 50,251.26)	Transmitted through Count Matsukata.
Mar. 7,	$ 5,000 (yen 10,052.25)	Sent direct to Foreign Committee, Sendai (Davison).

"This Embassy is now in receipt of a communication from the office of the Miyagi Prefecture, stating that the three Prefectures concerned are desirous of expressing their appreciation to the individuals contributing these sums, and requesting that the name and address of each of these (with a note of the amount contributed in each case), be secured for them.

"In case a record of these details has been preserved, I will be glad if a copy can be put at the disposal of the Embassy.

"I am, gentlemen, your obedient servant,
(Signed) "T. J. O'BRIEN, *Ambassador.*
"THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, New York City."

As upwards of **eighty-five thousand** individuals sent in their gifts through this journal for the relief of the famine sufferers, it would be obviously impracticable to carry out the plan indicated in Ambassador O'Brien's letter, of forwarding to each contributor the appreciation of the Japanese Prefectures. Further, we believe that our readers and their friends who rendered this valuable service to Japan, would not desire it. What they did for the sake of Christ and humanity finds its reward in the work itself and in the approval of their own consciences.

In their behalf THE CHRISTIAN HERALD sends greeting to the Japanese Prefectures. May the black shadow of famine never again darken the thresholds of their homes.

A Great Missionary Gone

IN the death of the Rev. Jacob Chamberlain at Madanapalli, India, lately, the Christian world loses one of its grandest missionaries. Dr. Chamberlain for many years shared with the late John Paton, the "apostle of the New Hebrides," the honor of being one of the oldest and ablest workers in the foreign field. At the time of his death, at the age of seventy-three, he had been nearly half a century in active missionary service.

These fifty years have witnessed a marvelous transformation in the heathen world. In that time India has been opened up everywhere to the Gospel. China has been invaded throughout nearly all her provinces by the pioneers of the Cross. Japan, Corea, Siam, Burma, practically the whole of Africa, Malaysia and the numerous groups of islands in the great South Sea Archipelago have come under the banner of Christ.

Dr. Chamberlain was a man of magnificent equipment for his high vocation. To ripe scholarship he added a wide acquaintance with the native languages, and with the habits and customs of the people among whom his life was cast. Author, physician, theologian, linguist, he made all his accomplishments tributary to his desire for winning souls. Surely it can be said of such a man as Jacob Chamberlain, that he was one of those of whom the prophet Daniel wrote: "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."

The Government and the Anarchists

THERE are indications that the Federal Government has at last decided to adopt effective measures for keeping anarchists out of the country, and for deporting those who may succeed in coming here. This decision is prompted by the recent attack on Chicago's Chief of Police, although it may not have been the outcome of anarchist plottings, but the act of an individual without accomplices.

Whatever may develop later in the Chicago inquiry, it is evident that the time has arrived when some emphatic stand should be taken to prevent the admission of alien disturbers and terrorists from foreign lands. With this view, Secretary Strauss, of the Department of Commerce and Labor, has directed all Commissioners of Immigration and immigrant inspectors to take vigorous necessary measures for the detection of immigrant anarchists with a view to their deportation, and to cooperate with the Secret Service for that purpose. While there is no disposition on the part of the authorities to restrict immigration in the general sense, it is intended that alien disturbers of the peace who have acquired a bad record in their own countries shall not have the privilege of coming to this free republic. This applies specifically to all advocates of violence or those who are opposed to our government, or to government and law generally.

In the Immigration Act of February 20, 1907, the term "anarchist" is clearly defined and power is conferred upon the authorities to exclude those who come under that classification. Heretofore the attitude of our government has been a very generous one, and except in extraordinary cases, there has been no attempt to enforce the law of exclusion. This was partly due to the fact that, under the existing law, actual deportation is a difficult matter; but it is not improbable that additional legislation may be had during the present session of Congress, remedying these defects and enabling the authorities to carry out the purpose of the Act of 1907.

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THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

Quarrel Over a Railroad

MUTUAL jealousies of the European Powers have again been stirred by the revival of the interminable Eastern question in a new form. An apparently innocent project on the part of the Austrian Government to construct a railroad through a wedge of Turkish territory to the sea has set the statesmen of Europe by the ears. The proposed line of railroad was to run from Sarajevo to Mitrovitza, connecting there with an existing line to Salonica on the coast. The line would obviously be a commercial and social convenience, and the Sultan of Turkey gave a cheerful consent to the construction. But Russia perceived in the project a deep-laid plot inimical to her interests, and contended that Germany was backing Austria for reasons of her own. She complained that the privilege Turkey had granted to Austria had been sought and denied to her. She too wanted a line of railroad through Turkish territory, which would connect Odessa with the Adriatic at Antivari, thus making her independent of the passage to the sea through the Dardanelles. The privilege of putting that line had been refused to Russia by the astute Sultan, while Austria had been favored. Russia hinted that advantage was being taken of her embarrassment resulting from her defeat by Japan, and contended that Germany would not have prompted Austria to launch the project, if she had not supposed that Russia might be defied with impunity. Russia proposed to show that she was still able to protect her interests, and would forbid the Austrian project, unless she had permission to proceed with her own. While this dispute is occupying the rulers and statesmen, the people who would be benefited by the construction of the railroad must wait until the various dynastic interests are adjusted. The situation indicates how great will be the change in international conditions in that future time predicted by the prophets when Christ shall reign, and mutual jealousies shall cease.

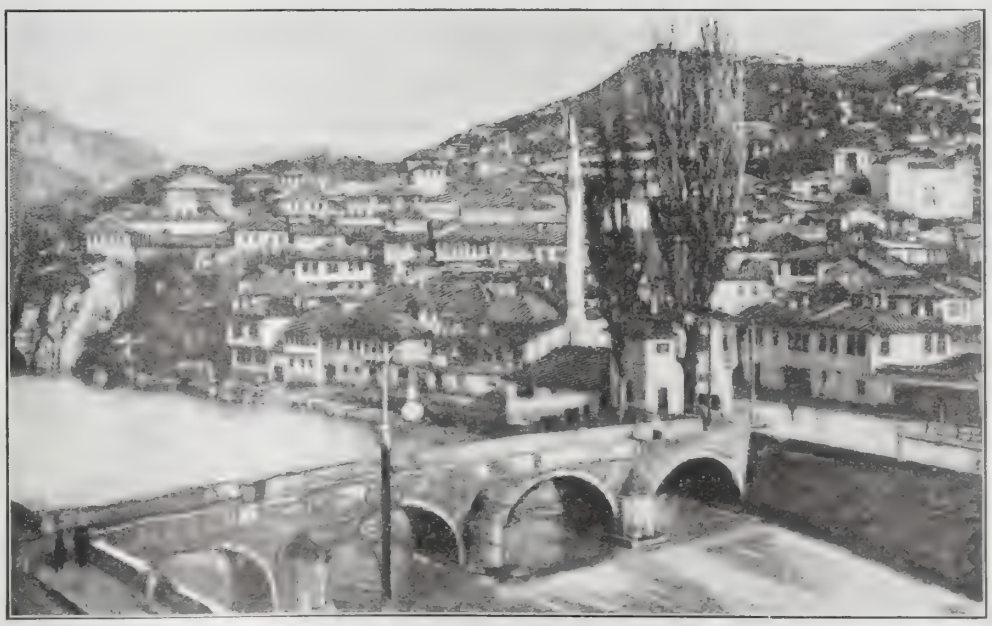
Ephraim shall not envy Judah; and Judah shall not vex Ephraim. (Isa. 11: 13.)

Map Showing Proposed Route of the Austrian and Russian Railroads

Hypnotism Causes Crime

Deep interest has been aroused throughout Germany by a crime that has now become doubly sensational through the suicide of the criminal. The bare recital of facts given to the press stated that a distinguished officer of the German army shot and killed a major of the same army in the latter's own house. Friends of the murderer exerted themselves to have him acquitted on the ground of insanity, but there was overwhelming evidence of his being sane and he was convicted. Realizing what a disgrace to his exalted family and to his uniform his execution as a common murderer would be, he committed suicide with a knife he had secreted during the momentary inattention of his guard. To a noted physician who, posing as a criminal, was locked up with him, the murderer explained his crime a few hours before committing suicide. He had conceived a mad love, he said, for his victim's wife, and though he knew her to have lived an erratic life, he had fallen so completely under her fascination that he was hypnotized and would cheerfully have betrayed his country, his mother, or his friends, had she desired it. She wanted none of those things, but did want her husband killed, and he obeyed her. It is difficult to understand how so honorable a man could have become so infatuated. But his is not the first or only instance of inordinate affection. Even in apostolic times men were warned against such subservience.

Who changed the truth of God into a lie and worshiped and served the creature more than the Creator. (Rom. 1: 25.)



Sarajevo, in Bosnia, Northern Terminus of the Projected Railroad

A Pedestrian's Discovery

A discovery that seemed paradoxical to his friends and astonished the young man himself, was made recently by an excursionist. He set out on a trip from Jersey City, N. J., to Norfolk, Va. For reasons readily understood by young men of his kind at the present time, he resolved to walk the whole distance there and back. He thought he could bear the labor and the loss of time better than he could the expense of traveling on the cars. His friends were astonished to learn that he had finished the journey by rail and still more astonished to hear from him that he had adopted that course to save money. He said he had walked the first half of the journey, covering more than three hundred miles. It had taken him thirteen days and his expenses for board and lodging on the way had been over thirty dollars. The second half of the trip had been made on a fast express in twelve hours, at a cost of eight dollars—thus proving that riding had been cheaper for him than walking. All the toil and labor of the long journey had been incurred in addition to loss of money, when an easier and cheaper way was open to him, which at last he perceived. Such a discovery has been made by many who sought to win eternal life by penances, gifts and pilgrimages, instead of accepting the simple and easy way God has provided.

To him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness. (Rom. 4: 5.)

His Ashes on the Sea

During the steamship *Lucania's* recent eastward passage a woman passenger scattered an urn full of ashes overboard in mid-Atlantic. She obtained a certificate from the captain showing that she had done so, together with the time and the latitude and longitude. She said the ashes were those of the cremated remains of a prominent New York business man, who had directed that they be thus disposed of, and who specified the *Lucania*, which was his favorite steamer, as the ship they were to be thrown from. The time for the scattering of the ashes had been previously arranged, so that the man's relatives could simultaneously attend a memorial service in New York. The dead man's ideas were the exact opposite of those of the ancient Egyptians. Their concern was to preserve the dead body from perishing, while his was to annihilate it as far as could be done. Neither course is of any importance except from a sentimental standpoint; the real object of concern is what will become of the soul. The Christian has no reason for doubt in that matter.

I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day. (II. Timothy 1: 12.)

To Exclude Anarchists

The recent attempt to murder the chief of police in Chicago has led to active measures being taken to break up anarchistic societies in that and other cities. Clues obtained from the dead anarchist's belongings have been followed, and it is now declared that he was simply the agent of a society. He had no grievance against the police officer he attempted to kill, but belonged to a society of anarchists that had condemned the officer to death and needed an agent to execute its will. There appears to have been a meeting at which lots were drawn, and the lot to kill the police officer fell to this young Jew, who had come but lately from Kishineff in Russia. That city was the scene of the terrible massacres of his co-religionists, yet his escape and coming here had not taught him the duties of good citizenship, and the anarchists found in him a suitable tool. The effort to root out anarchism here does not fully express the indignation of the public. It is now proposed to draw tighter the lines of exclusion at our ports. Inspectors of immigration are directed not only to exclude anarchists with a record, but persons who hold anarchistic beliefs. The Government evidently thinks that persons who have anarchistic beliefs will act upon them. It is a fair assumption in that case, though it does not apply in every case. There are many, for example, who believe in Christianity whose life and conduct do not express that belief.

Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven. (Matt. 7: 21.)

A Novel Sunday School

Mr. W. C. Tirrill, of Fostoria, Ohio, writes:

"Our Men's Sunday School class has 115 members; sixty-one were out last Sunday—a stormy, snowy Sunday. We have men in our class who, like myself, had not been in Sunday School for twenty years until four years ago.

"We have men, like myself, who have not missed over one Sunday in all that time. I got up a church directory to post on my billboards, so I could reach all the men all of the time, when going about the street to and from meals. They stared them in the face with these words: 'Are you a Christian?' and 'Get right with God.' An excellent plan for other teachers to follow."

A PIONEER MISSIONARY AT REST

NEWS has been received from Madanapalli, India, of the death of a famous missionary, the Rev. Dr. Jacob Chamberlain, of the Dutch Reformed Church, at the ripe age of seventy-three years. Dr. Chamberlain was born in Sharon, Conn., in 1835, and had one of the most remarkable careers of any missionary in the last half century. He was, in the highest sense of the word, a pioneer, and to other notable qualifications he added those of linguist, author, theologian and physician, his whole equipment giving him a commanding influence among the native peoples among whom he labored. He is survived by a widow and six sons, one of the latter being Prof. Wm. J. Chamberlain, of New Brunswick, N. J.

Dr. Chamberlain was an American and the descendant of a family whose members were ardently devoted to Christ and deeply interested in foreign missions. Dr. Chamberlain, several years ago, in the course of some personal reminiscences, said: "I drank in the spirit of missions on my mother's breast. That sainted mother was the instrument of sending out eleven of her sons and daughters, nephews and nieces into the foreign field. I had, in young manhood, so taken in the spirit of missions that though my course in life seemed to have been definitely settled, and it had never occurred to me that I should be a missionary, I remember distinctly vowing a most solemn vow to my Master, that if he would prosper me as I thought I would be prospered, I would myself support my missionary in a foreign field, and never for a moment did I waver in that vow until the Lord turned me over into being a foreign missionary. And when I had, with my mother's and my father's blessing, consecrated myself, and was leaving for the foreign field, I then learned for the first time that my mother, as her first act after the birth of her eldest son, had placed me before the Lord and vowed that I should, so far as her consecration and her influence should go, be a foreign missionary."

The young man received his education at the Western Reserve College, Ohio, graduating in 1856. He then went to New Brunswick Theological Seminary and subsequently studied at the Medical College in New York, from which he received his diploma in 1859. But it was not as a physician that he was to attain the eminence which would assuredly have come to him in an path of life. His mother's prayers had been heard, th vow with which she had consecrated her boy had bee accepted, and in due time the call to labor at the fron came to him. He offered himself to the Board of Mis sions of the Reformed Dutch Church, and was appointe to its mission at Palamanair, in the Madras Presidenc of India.

The Late Dr. Jacob Chamberlain

The field was a difficult one. Dr. Chamberlain wa quick to perceive how his medical knowledge migh help him to win his way as a preacher among th people. He opened a small hospital and dispensary i connection with the mission, and soon afterwards opene others at Madanapalli. Patients flocked to him, but h made it clear to them that it was as a missionary tha he had come and that his medical service was but sub sidiary to his Gospel work. Each ticket admitting a patient to consultation had printed on the back of it a concise statement of Christian doctrine, and when th patients had been examined and their prescriptions written, a short service of reading and prayer was held, while Dr. Chamberlain's assistant made up the prescriptions. That these services were appreciated was evident. On one day three Brahman clerks were among the patients. Knowing that they were in an office where unpunctuality was punished, Dr. Chamberlain ordered their prescriptions hurried forward, and told them that while it was the rule for patients to wait for the service, he would, under the circumstances, allow them to have their medicine and go to their office. They replied, "No, we prefer to wait for the prayer. We are not of your religion, but the God who sent you to heal us will hear your prayers, and we will wait while you pray to him."

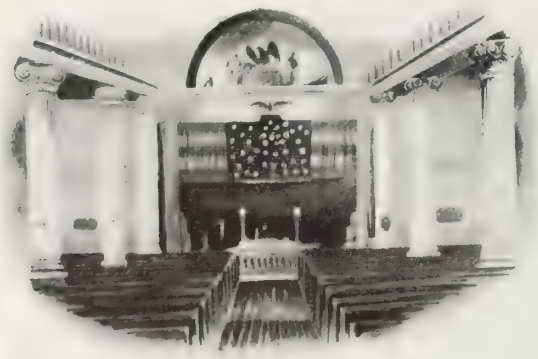
Dr. Chamberlain continued preaching and healing year after year, with brief intervals of rest, for forty-seven years. In 1874, and again in 1884, impaired health necessitated a voyage home, but he was restless and uncomfortable until he could return to his work, in which God has signally blessed him.

RELIGIOUS LIFE AT WEST POINT

Continued from page 223

army officer recalls those delightful meetings, which influenced so much for good all their lives.

The next step towards Christian fellowship was undoubtedly the founding of a branch of the Y.M.C.A. at the Academy. The object was to promote among the men of the corps the principles of right thinking, right speaking, and right acting, "as shown in the life of Jesus



Interior of the Old Chapel

Christ"; to increase Christian fellowship in the corps; and to send active Christian men into the army. The Association occupies a spacious hall, amply fitted for its purpose, and provides a bountiful supply of periodical literature. In summer, while the corps is in camp, a Christian Association tent furnishes a convenient place for reading and letter writing, supplementing the attractions of "Kendrick Hall," which is in the cadet barracks some distance across the plain. Meetings of the active members are held on Sundays and also on one other day of the week, these being always well attended.

In the fall of 1900, the first organization for systematic Bible study was effected. Fifteen young men of the class of 1903—then "yearlings"—under the leadership of Cadet Leeds, began the work. In July, 1901, two more classes were enrolled, the average attendance being 30. Three years after the beginning, the membership had risen to 91, divided among 14 classes, and in 1894, with 20 classes, the attendance averaged 120, since risen to over 140.

No record of Christian work among the cadets would be complete without reference to the devoted labors of the present chaplain of the post and the corps, Rev. Edward S. Travers. In his study, located conveniently to the cadet barracks, Chaplain Travers is always to be found by any who may be in "sorrow, sickness, need, or other adversity." While the services in the chapel are those of the Episcopal Church, the broad spirit of Christian liberality pervades them, and clergymen and laymen of other denominations often occupy the pulpit. Not only are the ministrations of the chaplain designed for the corps of cadets, but also for the large number of officers and their families, and the still larger number of men in the ranks, and civilians, employees and others residing on the military reservation. For these a prosperous Sunday School and evening services are maintained.

The basic principle of cadet life is more than scholarship, more than manual training of the "man-at-arms"; it is the development of individual character and the elevation of the man above the sword. To the love of truth, justice and integrity is now largely joined the aspiration—further and higher—of faith and virtue and clean living, characteristics which the nobility of knighthood alone is powerless to give.

A greater West Point is now being prepared; a marvel of magnificence among the Hudson highlands. Among other changes, a new chapel on the hill sup-

Kendrick Hall Y. M. C. A.

plants the old upon the plain. So perhaps, let us hope, a new and higher spiritual life may be in store for West Point.

For all vested rights upholding shall West Point forever stand;
In a finer manhood blended both the gentle and the strong;
Where to-morrow's men are moulding who shall serve or guide the land
For a conquest swift and splendid over every vested wrong.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

G. L. L., Kansas. "I have always regarded myself as being saved because of my mother's prayers."

H. C., Michigan. "I have been afflicted for years. I took it to the Lord in prayer, and he has answered."

K. P., Pennsylvania. "God has given me the desire of my heart in answer to prayer. I wish to publicly express my thanks to my heavenly Father for his goodness."

I. T., New Jersey. "A whole family can testify to answered prayers, for God has lately brought us safely through a couple of most trying ordeals."

C. A. L., Texas. "I wish to acknowledge God's [illegible] goodness and mercy both in preservation from awful danger and in hearing and answering prayer."

L. C. M., Delaware. "I want to acknowledge the recovery of my dear brother from a severe and desperate illness. Our prayers were answered in his behalf. We have sincere faith in the efficacy of prayer."

Reader, North Carolina. "Our only child was very sick. He heard our prayers and restored her to health. Bless his name."

Mrs. A. M., Canada. "I wish to acknowledge the goodness of God in sending a great blessing to our home during the last year."

D. S. V., New York. "God has answered many prayers of mine and has delivered me from many difficulties. I believe God always answers our prayers when we ask with faith, if it is for our highest and best welfare."

Young Reader, Nebraska. "I wish to acknowledge to the world that God has answered many prayers for me. He will deliver us from our troubles, if we will but ask and trust him."

E. E. F., Indiana. "I want to acknowledge an answer to prayer. My daughter was very sick. The Lord heard my prayer, and is restoring her to health and her little ones. Praise his name!"

Reader, Pennsylvania. "I wish to acknowledge God's answers to my many prayers for both spiritual and temporal blessings. But recently I have had a special prayer for temporal blessing for a dear friend answered in a very practical way. I believe God desires us to bring all our cares to him whether they be spiritual or temporal."

Reader, New York. "He has heard my cry, and answered my prayer in relation to business matters when everything looked so dark."

Reader, Ohio. "I wish especially to testify to His goodness in restoring to health myself and a dear one in answer to prayer."

G. W. N., Oklahoma. "I recently promised God that if he would grant me a certain good blessing I would acknowledge it to the world. I have received it as well as numerous others. God answers prayers of faith."

AROUND THE HOME HEARTH

By Margaret E. Sangster

Concerning Blue Monday

EVERYBODY remembers the old Mother Goose rhyme about the two young people who were walking out one Sunday in the bravery of their best attire and the happiness of their innocent hearts, probably coming home from church, and who parted on the door-step with a sigh, saying, "To-morrow will be Monday." Nobody likes Monday. Everybody is glad when Saturday night comes. The advent of Sunday brings joy and rest alike to the grateful and reverential who spend it as it ought to be spent, and to the unthankful and the evil who trample on its holy hours. Everybody welcomes Sunday. Nobody, let it be repeated, has a specially good word for Monday. It seems to come with a little jar and shock, and most of us have to brace up, get a good grip on ourselves, and start in with determined courage unless we want Monday to be blue. In the household it is washing day, and that fact makes mistress and maid both cross and tired.

In business, men face anew the complications and embarrassments that they dropped on Saturday night. A man does not mind a disagreeable letter, if he receive it on Tuesday, nor is he half so apt to send a tart or ungracious reply to a correspondent whose letter is inopportune, on Tuesday as on Monday. "I make a point," said a sensible wife, "never to ask Harry for money on Monday morning. If Monday happens to be my shopping day, I arrange my finances to my satisfaction on Thursday or Friday."

A most amiable and complacent gentleman, the manager of a large department store, was known by his subordinates always to be perverse and irritable on a Monday, and the head of a large publishing house, generally the most considerate and charming of men, was positively morose on that day, and was avoided accordingly by every one who could arrange to keep at a distance until the day was over.

Ministers, who more than other people should be entitled to a blue Monday, or at least to a tired and exhausted Monday, Sunday being their hardest working day, are usually pleasant and cheerful then. They frequently and wisely take it as their day of relaxation. Many ministerial clubs meet on Monday morning, and not a few ministers give Monday afternoon, at least, to their wives, who have very little of their company on other days.

The temptation to be blue on any day in the week ought to be resisted with all one's might. Really there is never anything worth being blue about. Sorrow has a dignity of its own. When we mourn over the loss of a dear one or over any trouble that has overtaken one we love, we have legitimate reason for grief, but when we make a fuss and are sullen and pity ourselves and go around with a long face, speaking in monosyllables, snubbing our friends and scolding the children just because we are out of sorts and blue, we have not the slightest excuse. Ill temper may be caused by indigestion. It is pitiable, whatever causes it; all the more that in this good world there is so much to make us happy. As Stevenson puts it:

> The world is so full of a number of things,
> I think we should all be as happy as kings.

To suggest to the housekeeper the revolutionary idea that washing day should be deferred until Wednesday or Thursday would probably do very little good. The day appears to have fixed itself with cast-iron decision as the day for the laundry, and on Monday the laundry has the right of way. Yet there is a good deal to be said in favor of a change in the housekeeping schedule. Were Tuesday selected as washing day the matron could adjust herself to it without much inconvenience, and the looking over of soiled clothing, separating the coarser and finer pieces, and putting the linen into its preliminary soaking, could be easily accomplished on Monday evening. One excellent woman I remember, who never had fixed days for any part of her housekeeping, and who, beyond other feminine souls, enjoyed emancipation from the restraints of system. She was wont to boast that she ruled her system, such as it was, and did not permit any system to lord it over her. Although she would take her children and spend a morning on the river bank among the reeds and flowers when other women were baking and scouring, her family managed to get enough to eat, and her household moved without friction. She never had blue Mondays, nor had her husband, who, equally with herself, was absolved from regular rules, and had a habit of coming home for meals at most unseasonable hours. How they managed to live in utter comfort and perfect tranquillity in their haphazard jolly way was a puzzle to their friends; but by some secret of their own the results of their confusion were quite as fine as those of their neighbors' good order.

Anxiety about pecuniary matters naturally and almost relentlessly drives people into despondency and the blues. Mr. Micawber's famous dictum about nineteen pounds, nineteen shillings and sixpence, leaving a lucky sixpence as margin in every twenty pounds, would save many a family from distressing solicitude about money, and would be a panacea for producing cheerfulness. Suppose we make it a Christian duty to have no blue Mondays.

A DIFFICULT FLIGHT

DESIRING to carry help to her soldier friends in the army, this good dame is driving in hot haste and is greatly vexed at her slow progress in fording a stream. Behind her on horseback, coming nearer and nearer, are men pursuing her, lest she shall give aid and comfort to the enemy. Alas, although she does not know it, her feathered freight is making its escape, her ducks and geese are taking to the water, and if she gains the opposite shore and makes good her run to the camp beyond, she will carry a much diminished store from her poultry yard. Poor old lady! How one wishes she were more fortunate!

A Leap Year Suggestion

Can it be true that Dr. Denslow Lewis, president of the Medico-Legal Society of America, seriously meant all that is implied in the assertion that it would be a good thing for home life and individuals in general if every year were leap year, and if women would propose to the men of their choice, instead of waiting for the men to propose to them? This strikes the ordinary mind as crying for reform against nature, since man must always be the seeker, and woman the sought in happy marriage. There is no surer way to stem the current of a young man's fancy than for a girl to become the open wooer, and no more certain method of piquing curiosity and awakening desire than for a maiden to wear a queenly air of indifference when suitors make advances. Yet few women will deny that there are little feminine ways of innocent coquetry that are perfectly legitimate, and that persuade men without their suspecting it to offer their homage to charming girlhood. Leap year parties create a great deal of fun, and a timid swain, too bashful to prefer his own claims, may not complain, but on the contrary be thankful, if a dear girl makes his path to happiness easier.

Ignorance or Knowledge

WHEN shall I begin to initiate my child into the mysteries of her own being? When shall I tell my little son things that he ought to know about the facts of life? These questions occur over and over in letters from mothers, and it is impossible to answer them in an arbitrary manner, or in a way that will suit each particular case. Every mother must judge for herself circumstances that surround her child. In a growing family no two children are precisely alike. One child is inquisitive and curious, another is exposed to danger through the influence of coarse or vulgar companionship, and still another is going away from home and should be shielded by maternal care from the possibility of contamination. Speaking broadly, when youth of both sexes approach the dividing line between childhood and maturity, when they confront changes in their own physical nature that must puzzle and alarm them, they ought to be told in the simplest way something about those hidden things that are not matters for common talk, and yet lie at the foundation of the race. A father may reveal to his sons what they ought to know about themselves, or a mother may properly do it, and a mother is always the one to lift the curtain for her daughters, showing them plainly and delicately that there is nothing of which to be ashamed in their physical nature, although there is much which need not be mentioned in ordinary intercourse. A little child of five or six is too young to be taught anything except modesty in speech and behavior. To allow a girl or boy to enter the teens without solicitous watchfulness for the right moment when revelation should be made of hitherto unknown secrets, is extremely foolish and cruel. Children should be enjoined from the first never to discuss on the playground or elsewhere anything that has to be concealed from the mother's ear. "I will ask mother." "I have no secrets from mother," is armor of proof for every little maiden. One great perfection of childish innocence in these days is the wholesome tendency to engage in sports and pastimes that enable both sexes to meet on terms of equality. Plenty of outdoor life and exercise, although it may sometimes be a little rough and boisterous, aids to preserve the purity of mind and thought that are desirable if young people are to grow into clean and wholesome adolescence, and later make splendid men and women.

Babies and Fresh Air

"I wrap the baby up very warmly, even to putting a quilt or blanket over her carriage, and she takes her nap out of doors even in zero weather. There is a sheltered angle of the front veranda where I carry her on windy or stormy days, and I should feel as if I had committed a sin by allowing a single day to pass when she was not out in the fresh air for at least two hours."

This is the modern way of making infants physically strong. Another mother who is too busy to take all the time she would like for wheeling a baby carriage out of doors, dresses her little one from top to toe in folds of very warm clothing, and puts him in a room with the windows open to take his daily nap. Babies brought up to breathe fresh air, do not take cold so easily or so often as those babies who are constantly coddled. These fresh air babies, too, are by no means fed whenever they cry. They are fed at intervals regulated by the clock, and everything that can possibly bring to them a malefic germ is sterilized with the greatest care. We have been told that every infant is born into the world with a certain capital of health. Too many babies are so badly brought up by ignorant parents that this capital is early exhausted. Mothers should do their best to give their children a good start physically, thus lessening the peril of disease, and in a way giving them immunity from contagion. With both babies and grown-ups, exhausted vitality is the starting-point for a great many maladies.

Reading Shaken by a Revival

IN Reading, Pa., thousands assembled nightly during February and clamored for admission to the great Auditorium to hear Evangelist W. E. Biederwolf and his helpers, in the great revival just closed in that place. Repeatedly the street in front of the building was packed with an eager throng long before the doors opened. Twenty-nine churches had united in the call to Dr. Biederwolf. Thorough spiritual preparation had been made in every department long before the opening night. Many cottage prayer-meetings were held, pulpit exchanges made, a great chorus organized and drilled, and hundreds of personal workers selected and trained.

The revival was a success from the first meeting to the last. The Gospel was preached with power, and all classes were attracted.

Personal work was one of the most effective features. Two hundred earnest men and women were detailed for this definite work, under the leadership of Howard E. Taylor. The great chorus was another feature. Five hundred volunteers gave themselves willingly to this work. At the close of the revival, the chorus was formed into a permanent organization.

Upwards of 700 people professed conversion. Reading is distnictly a church town, eighty-five per cent. of its population, according to report, being church members; but there had been a lack of any real spiritual life, and it was among this class that the greatest work was done. Hundreds of Christians, nearly all young people, publicly declared their purpose to henceforth forego the doubtful indulgences of the world, in order that Christ might use their lives. In the last few days of the meetings many were swept into the Kingdom. Nearly a hundred decided for Christ at the great farewell service, the meeting lasting until midnight, and it was a scene that the thousands who were there will never forget.

Gracious Awakening in Reno

EVANGELISTS Bulgin and Gates lately conducted a series of Gospel meetings at Reno, Nev., which were greatly blessed. Somewhere near three hundred confessed Christ, and many more have come out since the meetings, showing that the Spirit is still moving. The campaign, for which the churches of Reno have been praying and earnestly working, was brought to a head by this revival, and an Anti-Gambling League was started. Papers were circulated and nearly a thousand names signed, asking the City Council to call a special election so that the people might have a chance to rid the city of gambling. The women formed an auxiliary and resolved to aid in every way possible. The gamblers are greatly alarmed because the churches and good people of Reno now say "they must go." The townspeople are resolved, with God's help, to make the city a better and purer place to live in, and an example to the rest of the State.

Among the Workers

EVANGELIST W. A. SUNDAY'S Gospel campaign at Bloomington, Ill., has been wonderfully blessed. It is said that over four thousand have confessed Christ at the series of meetings.

—MR. T. E. SULLIVAN, of Farmersville, O., writes: "Prohibition has made great headway here in Ohio, and only last week the legislature passed a county option law by which it is hoped to make eighty-three counties out of the eighty-eight "dry" territory.

THE CANADIAN TEMPERANCE League is making great headway in the Dominion. At a recent public gathering in Massey Hall, Toronto, most favorable reports were presented showing the progress of temperance. Miss Grace Hildebrand was the singer of the occasion.

—THE PRISON-GATE MISSION of the Salvation Army, in December, welcomed more than one hundred released men and almost an equal number in January and February. It made temporary arrangements for the men until situations or support of some sort could be procured for them.

—DR. ALICE CONDICT, in a recent letter from Ludhiana, India, sends most cheering accounts of the work she is accomplishing with the X-Ray machine she received from the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. She has given 2,428 treatments, and the results have delighted both doctors and patients. The Gospel is preached to all the patients.

The Christian Herald "Old Guard"

IN a recent issue of this journal, a paragraph appeared in THE MAIL-BAG referring to a letter from Mrs. L. W., of New York, an old subscriber, who wrote us that she had read THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for more than twenty years without interruption. "How many such have you on your list of subscribers?" she asked. Always glad to hear from old friends, we invited a roll-call of those who had read the paper as long as this lady. To our surprise, there came a flood of replies from all parts of the country, which showed us that we have many friends who have reached Mrs. L. W.'s record, and not a few who have eclipsed it.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD was founded in 1878 in New York City—just thirty years ago. We believe there are many more still on our subscription lists who began to take the paper at that time and who have continued uninterruptedly ever since.

We have given below the names of those who responded to our invitation, but they constitute only a part of the "Old Guard"—a single battalion, so to speak, of the great army of readers, now the largest of its kind, thousands of whom have marched forward in Gospel array with us from the beginning. We greet the "Old Guard" lovingly and thank them for all the kind words of encouragement and appreciation contained in their letters. May they long be spared to labor with us in advancing the cause of Christ's kingdom on earth:

Name and Address	No. of Years Subscriber	Subscribers' Remarks
Mrs. Geo. W. Sells, Chicago,	25	Always a welcome visitor
Mrs. C. A. Bailey, Cookston,	20	Never missed a number
Joseph Thomas, Royalton,	24	A continuous reader
Rev. Thos. Rafter, Dimock,	25	I am one of your family
Geo. Fay, W. Palm Beach,	30	Read it continuously
Mrs. Alex. Ingram, Mime,	24	Could not do without it
Simon Affolter, Mt. Pleasant,	23	Will read it as long as we live
Sam Jones, Lyonshall,	23	A regular subscriber
S. A. Cochran, Woodhill,	30	Read without interruption
Mrs. Len, Camden,	30	Prized very highly
Mrs. Abby A. Bush, Hackensack,	30	A great comfort to me
W. L. Keech, Hull,	24	Grows better every year
Mrs. O. O. Saunders, Pensacola,	20	Uses it in home missionary work
Mrs. J. J. Trompen, Hickman,	25	Read it continuously
Mrs. Sarah A. Blackburn, Baltimore,	30	Read it with delight
Mrs. M. Miner, Nilwood,	23	Couldn't keep house without it
W. P. Oden, Arcadia,	28	Best investment I ever knew
C. A. Ramage, Winnsboro,	20	Will take it as long as I live
Mrs. H. R. Betts, Jonesville,	25	Taken regularly every year
Frances O. Perkins, Lynnfield Center,	20	The good it does cannot be estimated
Thos. T. Vaughan, Castle Rock,	30	I prize it very much
Ellen Ferguson, Bloomfield,	23	Read it without a break
Kate Eitel, Vernon,	20	Could not live comfortably without it
Mrs. Wm. Miares, Princeton,	25	Has a warm welcome in our home
T. Baker, Vashon,	20	A continuous subscriber
Mr. & Mrs. Frank H. Pratt, Mukhannock,	26	A valuable publication
Wm. Carney, Silver Hill,	28	Expect to continue taking it
Eunice Mendenhall, Winchester,	23	I am delighted with it
Mrs. R. P. Roberts, Remsen,	22	One of the best papers published
Wm. L. Hooven, Glenside,	20	Wants to enrol in the Old Guard
Mrs. A. L. S., Princeton,	26	Read it without interruption
A. L. Ingeson, Lemon City,	20	We send it to many others
Mrs. Longman, Rochester,	20	A great comfort in our home
Ralph Middleton, Abilene,	23	Hope to continue as long as I live
Mrs. E. Jordan, Alameda,	20	A source of great pleasure
J. F. Smith, Cedar Grove,	30	It has been a great help to me
Sophia Beale, Haverstraw,	20	Could not think of giving it up
Jacob Kerfen, Naperville,	27	I have every number on file
Mrs. John From, Allen,	20	It is a welcome visitor
Mrs. A. C. Cowham, Marcellis,	20	It has been a great comfort to me
Josiah Small, Paonia,	20	The whole family reads it
Geo. Barnes, New Bedford,	25	It helps every one in our family
Mrs. E. P. Kingsbury, Ludlow,	15	It is like a letter from a dear one
Mrs. M. E. Crawford, Danbury,	20	Our motto is "Pass them on"
T. G. McClure, Eldora,	23	I expect to take it as long as I can
Mrs. V. G. McFadden, Spokane,	20	Loves The Christian Herald dearly
Mrs. Bansbeba Newth, Phila.,	29	Have read it since 1879
Mr. & Mrs. D. S. Sanders, Beaufort,	28	Intend to continue taking it as long as we live
C. H. Durfey, Fall River,	24	It seems like an old friend
M. H. Hummer, Annandale,	25	I am on theOld Guard list
Mary Altman, Nelsonville,	21	Would miss it very much
Rev. S. H. Baumgartner, Indianapolis,	22	Family could not do without it
Geo. Sampson, North Hartley,	30	Reader for three decades
H. D. Masters, Anderson,	20	Think it a home necessity
Mrs. B. Been, Branchville,	23	Read continuously since 1885
Mrs. Austin Turner, Middleburg,	26	Never missed a paper
Hon. Samuel Ricker, Fredericksburg,	24	Have all the issues on file
F. M. Bush, Perry,	25	Will love it while I live
A. H. Nims, Des Moines,	28	We pass it along when read
Mrs. Sarah Weaver, Fort Wayne,	28	Enjoying its regular visits
Mrs. H. Ross, Clifford,	20	Would give up all our other papers for it
S. R. Buckwalter	20	A faithful subscriber
Robert D. A. Hellier, London,	26	Would sooner do without every other periodical
W. A. & Mrs. Shaffee, Xenia,	29	A lighthouse to the world
Mrs. Anna Houghton, Springfield,	25	Derived much good and pleasure from it
Miss H. L. Roselle, Brooklyn,	28	I think it better each year
V. Newman, New York City,	23	A regular subscriber
Miss Isabella P. Osborne, Patchogue,	25	I look forward to its coming
Mrs. A. M. Farrow, Mechanicsville,	21	Don't feel that I could go on without it
Thos. W. Gerrard, New York City.	25	Year after year it continues improving
Mrs. W. P. Cole, Brooklyn, N. Y.	20	I have had a great many premiums
Mrs. G. W. Porter, New Haven,	27	Have read it without intermission
Mrs. G. Mooney, Ness City,	29	The purest, sweetest, best paper in the world
Mrs. L. S. Cravath, Edmonds,	23	A regular subscriber
Mrs. C. D. Shaw, Olmstedville,	30	I have never destroyed one number
Mrs. J. W. Day, Roxbury,	27	Hope to take it as long as I live
James Atchison, Galva,	28	It is the best family paper I know of
F. Scott, Phila.,	26	Have been blessed in the reading of it
Mrs. Mary Porter, Yelm,	25	God bless The Christian Herald family
Mrs. W. Bee, Los Angeles,	25	I wouldn't be without it
Mr. Geo. B. Morgan, Danbury,	27	Hope to continue to read it
Mrs. John Evans, Cuba,	21	Hope to take it as long as we live
L. M. L. Dillon, Mont.	30	Outspoken on all vital questions
Arthur B. Austen, W. Canaan,	30	It has been our constant friend
E. G., Norfolk,	30	Have read it every week
Mrs. H. DeRowville, Albany	30	A constant reader
Mrs. E. O. Balch, Kalamazoo,	30	Read it since it started
Wm. Walker, Corning,	30	A member of the Old Guard
Mrs. V. G. McFadden, Spokane,	20	It brings help and cheer to the suffering
W. F. Bertkan, Paterson,	30	Tells how to live the Christian life
Robert Shaw, Madison,	22	Children also subscribe
Mrs. L. H. Stilwell, Shelby,	30	Read by two generations
Mrs. D. J. Griffiths, Palisade,	20	Indispensable to our happiness
Mrs. S. S. Harrison, San Francisco,	20	Grows better and better every year
W. H. Faxon, Ovid,	20	Considers it the best paper printed
H. Herman, Chambersburg,	30	It is the paper for the family
M. L. Caldwell, Otsego,	30	Most practical exponent of Christianity
J. Gottschalk, Zion City,	17	Will take it the rest of our days
Mrs. M. P., Belle Fourche,	29	A continuous reader
Wm. T. Dawson, Johnstown,	30	Reader for three decades
Mrs. B. Elliott, Brooklyn,	15	Will never give it up
E. E. Donovan, Plainfield,	15	Have mailed it to many others
Uriah T. Knowles, Bahamas,	24	Does a wonderful work for good
Mr. & Mrs. C. F. Mueller, Detroit,	22	Take great comfort in it
L. C. Carpenter, Lookout,	30	Expect to read it while we live
John Batchelor, Eureka,	27	I like The Christian Herald
Sarah R. Herrick, Troy,	28	Blessings on its work

A Missionary Martyr

ONE of the most pathetic of the later appeals of the late Dr. John G. Paton, the Apostle of the New Hebrides, was for the evangelization of the cannibals of the Southern Pacific. His success at Tanna and other islands proved that the Melanesians were capable of being transformed. The Presbyterians of Canada, Scotland and Australasia established a mission on Norfolk Island which became a centre of Christian influence, whence native preachers reached, not only islands of the New Hebrides group, but Banks, Torres, Santa Cruz and the Solomon Islands. The white missionary did not always accompany these expeditions, experience having taught that hostility was less likely to be provoked when none but natives were in the company. There have, however, been exceptions to the rule among the bolder spirits.

The steamer *S. N. Castle*, which arrived at San Francisco recently from Southern Pacific ports, brings news of a distressing tragedy in connection with one of these missionary efforts. An island of the Solomon Group, called St. George by the white men, was known to be the abode of cannibals. Rev. Alexander McLoughlin, a Scotch Presbyterian missionary, nevertheless, attempted to found a mission there. He left Pago Pago, his own station, last June, against the advice and protests of his colleagues. It was known that he arrived safely, and, apparently, was cordially welcomed. But near the close of the year, a report came that he had been attacked, and still later came the shocking news that he had been killed, and that his body had been used for a cannibal feast.

The British Government on receipt of the intelligence promptly sent a steamer to St. George to investigate. The chief of the island admitted the facts and expressed regret. He was warned that he had made the village liable to severe punishment. He pleaded for mercy and volunteered to bring the murdered missionary's bones on board, with a present of pearl shells as indemnity. On that understanding he was released, but though the steamer waited the promise was not kept. The steamer finally began the bombardment of the island. The chief promptly yielded. He sent several of his people down to the sea bearing the whitened bones of the missionary, and with them all the pearl shells in the possession of the people.

Fanny Crosby at Eighty-Eight

Continued from page 227

perfect, too, and it looked so peaceful and so lovely that I said to my guide, 'Oh, let me cross over the river into that beautiful land.' But the guide replied, 'Not yet. Go back to your work. Fulfil your mission, then you may cross.' So I went back and tried to be faithful over all the things that have been given me to do.

"I have done mission work for many years. I have been connected with the Bowery Mission, and I consider that I am still in service."

"You write hymns yet, of course?"

"Yes, occasionally."

"Perhaps you will write some verses for your friends on your birthday."

The idea seemed to please her. "Perhaps," she said, "perhaps."

"What message do you want to send to your friends all over the world through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD? Will you tell them that life is worth living?"

"Indeed, yes," she said earnestly," indeed it is. Say to them never to cross a bridge until they come to it—never to be discouraged; never to look for evil, but to have faith and hope—and love!"

With her bright "good-by" still ringing in my ears I closed the door and went away, and as I went, I wished that all who were weary and heavy laden, and who felt that the burden of life was unendurable, could come, even for a few moments, within the radius of the atmosphere of that loving, cheerful soul, Fanny Crosby, the grand old hymnologist, whom the whole Christian world loves and honors, and whose sweet songs of salvation and cheer are to-day sung in every land where the name of Jesus is known.

EUPHEMIA HOLDEN.

WOES OF THE WINE-DRINKER

License Cuts the Only Sure Restraint

*By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts**

WHO hath contentions? First of all, the drinker has inward "contentions" in conscience, such as are described in Rom. 7: 19. He is forever warring against God and against his nobler self. No soul can rest that is not right. Nothing causes deeper "woe" and "sorrow" than such self-reproach. It is also in the nature of alcohol to prompt the drinker to foolish quarrels with others. A fire without fuel would be hardly more unusual than a fight without drink. The Chicago *Tribune*, in an argument for high license, said: "The saloon business adds more than any other to the work of the police." That ought to be sufficient reason for prohibiting it, as other crimes that require the attention of the police are prohibited, many of them but children of what Senator Lot M. Merrill called "the crime of crimes."

An Unrestrained Tongue

Who hath babblings? "Wine in is wit out." He puts "an enemy in his mouth to steal away his brains." The talk one hears in a saloon is indeed "babbling," such as the revelation of family secrets to strangers, with effusive expressions of love to boon companions. The Revised Bible translates "complainings" instead of "babblings." The drinker has much of both. Much of the anarchistic discontent comes from those who have wasted their substance in riotous living. "Where is your carriage?" said the anarchistic demagogue from his dry goods box street pulpit, to his audience of tramps and loafers. "The rum-seller's got mine," said one of his half-drunken auditors. And there is no little "complaining" about the lost job, the better condition of those who are not supporting saloon-keepers, and about the mothers and wives who object to the debauching of husbands and sons. Worse than these, and yet more common, is the horrible cursing and filthy stories. "The whole head is sick," brain and tongue alike. Surely that is not the way to have "a good time"!

Who hath wounds without cause? When Theodore Roosevelt was Police Commissioner of New York, he set the police to close the Sunday saloons, thereby reducing the number of patients in the hospitals, a striking reminder of the fact that many wounds are due to drink as well as many diseases. If we would close the saloons, we might, no doubt, turn half our hospitals into schools, of which many cities have too few, because taxes are so largely used up on the consequences of drink.

There is a crippled boy. What made him so? A drunken nurse dropped him in babyhood. There is a man with one leg gone; you will embarrass him if you ask him if he lost it fighting for his country; for it was amputated by a street car when he was too drunk to get out of the way. There is a wife and mother with one eye gone: it was gouged out in drunken fury by the man who had promised to love and cherish her. Bottles have made more wounds than bullets, and the scars of the former are not badges of honor but of shame. Surely these "wounds" mean "woe," not joy! One of the most terrible of the destroyers now used in war is the self-propelling torpedo, which is launched as a submarine boat, and goes swiftly beneath the water to an enemy's ship lying far away, to blow it suddenly into the air with all on board. The bottle is such a torpedo, shot from the brewery or the distillery, to destroy the prosperity and happiness of the home. As the ancient Slavs buried some human being alive as a sacrifice under the corner-stone of every important building, so every saloon lays its foundation in the blood of broken-hearted mothers and children and ruined young men.

Weakens and Disfigures

Who hath redness of eyes? Alcohol assails every part of the body, but the red flag of danger is most distinctly seen in the face. A recent test of Swiss soldiers in marksmanship showed that total abstainers are the best shots. Drink mars the eye for work as well as for beauty. And it is drink that creates more than anything else, the "lust of the eyes." "Redness of eyes," which also implies dimness of vision, reminds us how every bodily function is disarranged by drink, as if one poured a muddy stream into a watch. The heart, whipped by alcohol into unnatural activity throws the blood too rapidly into the little blood vessels of the eye and face, indeed, of the whole body, which for the moment increases surface heat, to be followed by unnatural cooling, as when coffee or tea has been poured into a saucer. The next effect is to stupefy the nerves, as when one takes ether, so that one does not feel either heat or cold, and so seems to be warmer in winter and cooler in summer, because less sensitive to his surroundings; but he is all the more in danger of freezing or sunstroke.

Wasting Precious Time

They that tarry long at the wine. What a vast waste of time is due to drink! "Time is money," in a very literal sense; and enough time is wasted in drinking, and the loafing and sickness that goes with it, to change poverty to plenty in the drunkard's home. From the beginning it has been the tendency of drink to create the craving for more. When one has eaten abundantly he wants no more till another meal-time, but every dose of intoxicants increases desire. When there is added with attraction of social companions in a pleasant "ing" in the music and amusements, it is easy to "tarry" resort which "saloon," the loafing, treating, plotting found in its worst intensifies all the evils of drink, and

"As he that lieth upon the top of a mast"

form in the very countries that profess to be the best. In abject slavery to a foolish custom, that man who does not wish to drink, or would stop at one glass, drinks four or five rounds, in order that every member of the party may have his turn at treating. Besides the waste of money, what waste of precious time, what loss of work, there is in this long and worse than useless tarrying over the wine, or beer, or whisky! Enough wasted opportunity to make the tippler both rich and wise, he uses to make himself both poor and foolish.

Temptations Removed

Look not upon the wine when it is red (that is, fermented)—when it shows its bead on the cup, when it flows in beauty from the flagon to the cup, and from the cup to the throat. This is one great advantage of prohibition. Even if old topers can find the drink in hidden places, it is not arranged attractively in show windows before the gaze of boys and young men; and in "no-license" places, law-abiding people are less likely to put intoxicants on their tables. In the front store window of a dealer in wines and other intoxicating drinks, I several times noticed during the past winter placards displayed, upon which were lettered the words: "Come in and look, you will not be expected to buy." How like in sentiment and accordant in rhyme, I thought, to the familiar ditty of my childhood: "Will you walk into my parlor? said the spider to the fly." Little Henry had been very sick. When he was slowly getting better, and was just able to be up and about the room, he was left alone a short time. His sister came in eating a piece of cake. Henry's mamma had told him that he must eat nothing but what she gave him, because it would not be safe for him to have what other children did till he was stronger. He was hungry; the cake did look so good; he wanted very much to take a bite of it, and the kind sister would gladly have given it to him. "Jennie," said he, "you must run right out of the room away from me with that cake, and I will keep my eyes shut while you go, so that I shan't want it." It is half the battle to keep our eyes from lingering on the things that would harm us.

Nansen's Testimony

Here we see one of the chief benefits of prohibition. Where liquor-selling is forbidden, it cannot be set in windows to tempt the passer-by. To say that prohibition does not lessen sales, would be to say that business men do not know their business when they set their goods attractively in costly show windows, and it would also imply that laws enabling men to collect legal debts are useless. The outlawed saloon has no rights in the courts.

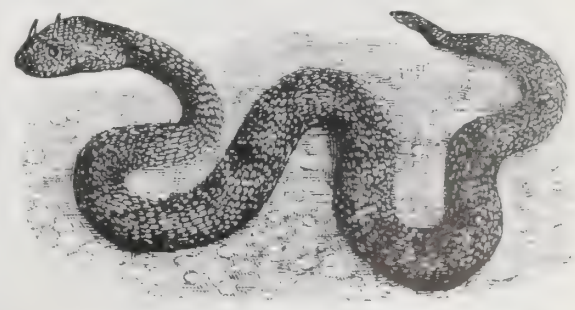
When it sparkleth in the cup. Here we have the same thought that Solomon put in another passage: "Wine is a mocker." It looks like a joy-bringer, a health and strength giver. For ages it fooled men with its claim that men could drink "health," and the idea that it gave strength was embodied in the misleading name "strong drink." No intelligent people now believe the use of intoxicants as a beverage makes a man stronger and healthier. Some still think the same drink cools them in summer and warms them in winter, when it only dulls their senses, like chloroform, so that they would not know when they are in peril of heat or cold. The Arctic traveler, Nansen, was guest at a dinner of medical and other scientists, held at Munich. A neighbor asked: "Did you take any alcohol with you when you left the *Fram* to make your heroic expedition by sledges?" "No," said Nansen, "for if I had done so, I should never have returned." And yet so-called statesmen in Washington argue that liquors must be sold in Alaska because it is so cold, and in the Philippines because it is so warm.

A patient was arguing with the doctor on the necessity of his taking a stimulant. Said he: "But, doctor, I must have some kind of stimulant. I am cold, and it warms me." "Precisely," came the doctor's crusty answer. "See here. This stick is cold," taking up a stick of wood from the box beside the hearth and tossing it into the fire. "Now it is warm, but is the stick benefited?" The sick man watched the wood first send out little puffs of smoke, and then burst into a flame, and replied: "Of course not. It is burning itself." And so are you, when you are warming yourself with alcohol; you are literally burning up the delicate tissues of your stomach and brain.

False Promises of Joy

"Wine is a mocker" also when it claims to be a stimulant. Its first effect is to stimulate. Its final work is depressant when nature pays the forced loan of stimulation. Beer is also a mocker, especially when it claims to be a harmless drink. The papers are full of the stories of the people who have been tricked, but no man has been more fooled and defrauded than he who has taken intoxicants for health, or strength, or joy. What a mocker is the alcohol in patent medicines, that makes people topers in the guise of medicine.

At last it biteth like a serpent (this is a general term), *and stingeth like an adder* (an exceedingly venomous horned snake). A young man, some years ago, while in the jungle in Africa with an exploring party, caught a young boa constrictor, which, for amusement, he taught some wonderful tricks, one of which was to coil itself about his feet and body, and as it reached above his head, to curve over and kiss his face, and then, at a signal, drop to the ground. The scene was an African jungle. A traveler on the stage, followed by a stealthily moving object, the head of a great snake, with eyes like fire. It crept softly to the man, wound itself about him, and brought its head in line with his face. He gave the signal, but the serpent was affected by the fumes of his breath; it had him entirely in its power, and tightening its coil about his body, crushed out his life. How many tragedies of young lives crushed out by the serpent of drink there are!



"It biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder"

* **International Sunday School Lesson for March 29, 1908.** Prov. 23: 29-35. GOLDEN TEXT: "At last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." Prov. 23: 32.

THE MARK OF CAIN

By Ellen Bertha Bradley

CHAPTER I

THERE had been an unusaally impressive service in a suburban church. During the singing of the last hymn, "God Moves in a Mysterious Way," the eyes of the pastor were fixed on the leader, a young man whose fine tenor voice rose full and clear above the rest. As the last strains died away, moved by something in the face of the singer, and an impulse for which he could never account, the minister said:

"That was to have been our closing hymn, but let us sing 'God Be With Us Till We Meet Again.'"

As the beautiful voice rose again, a number turned to look at the singer, who was plainly unconscious of the unusual power and pathos of his voice and the attention it was attracting.

"How beautifully Howard Graham sang to-night," said one lady to another, as they left the church.

"Yes, he has a fine voice and is a fine fellow," was the answer. "It is such a pity——"

"What is a pity? I do not understand."

"Have you not heard? I am sorry I spoke, but it is common talk. You know he had typhoid last year, and the doctor fed him on whisky. They say it saved his life, but sometimes, terrible as it is to say it, I fear it would have been better for him and his mother and sister, if he had died then. You remember his grandfather——"

The voice died away in the distance, the careless speaker not dreaming that Howard, waiting for a friend, had heard her words. He stood transfixed, all the holy influences of the service overpowered by a tumult of rage and shame. John Tracy, his friend, who had also heard, laid a hand on his arm.

"Come," he said, "let's take take a walk," and he began hurriedly talking of the baseball match they had won the day before.

Howard was not to be drawn into conversation. In moody silence, he led the way down a side street till they came to a saloon, running wide open in spite of the Sunday closing law.

"No! Howard, no!" begged John as he turned toward it.

"I'll only be gone a minute," said Howard as he shook off the detaining hand.

It was scarcely more before he returned and they resumed their saunter, but the glass of liquor swallowed had excited his already overwrought nerves. No one ever knew just what happened. Something turned his anger against his innocent friend, and he struck him a fierce blow. John, taken off guard, fell, striking his head, and lay unconscious.

In an agony of remorse, Howard tried to rouse him, but without avail. Then he fled, he neither knew nor cared whither, obeying a blind impulse to get away from his dead friend, from all who knew him and from the officers of the law, whose tread he even now seemed to hear. It did not occur to him to call a physician. Excited by drink, and maddened by the thought that he had killed his friend, his only impulse was flight.

A short distance brought him to an old church, standing in a graveyard. Overpowered with distress, he sank down among the century-old stones and lay till the striking of a church clock, a mile away, warned him of the flight of time. He counted the eleven strokes and cautiously peered up and down the deserted street. At a nearby dock there were rowboats, and across the narrow stream was another State, where he could find temporary refuge. He gained the dock, pushed a boat quietly out into the water and let it float to a safe distance, then pulled for the Jersey shore and landed in a lonely spot. He sat down and looked at the moonlit banks of his loved island home as one takes a lingering farewell of the dead. As the stroke of twelve sounded across the water, he set the boat adrift, to be picked up the next day and returned to its owner with the caution to "tie it better."

He watched it float out into the stream and turned away, a wanderer on the face of the earth, saying bitterly to himself:

"The mark of Cain! The mark of Cain! I might, indeed, better have died."

Could he but have known it, John had been only stunned, and had been found and taken home. To him there were no serious results from the "accident," the cause of which he either could not or would not remember.

No questioning, no teasing, could make him explain how, on a bright moonlight night, he had fallen by the way and bumped his head. Indeed, the incident was soon forgotten by most in the far graver q[u]estion, "What had become of Howard G[ra]ham and sis[ter]."

His mother, [e]xperience that who had learned by sad ex[pe]rience for him after mi[d]night was not wise to sit up [t]heir rooms, saying: "[Ho]ward, went sadly to the[ir] but will not like to find us [up]," will be in soon, b[ut] nces had not been infrequent.

Such absence he had been doing better, but of late hoped—God only knew how. They had ped and prayed—that he would they had ho more his old self, the l was to be once and brother he ha[d] oving, devoted so[n] been before.

CHAPTER II

HOWARD turned nort[h] the thought of los[t] with a vague great city, pe[r]ing himself in [a] on some vessel [p]erhaps shipping reached the [c]. By morning he had having walk[ed] outskirts of Jersey City uses to res[t] ed slowly and with many [s]on the [m]et. Seeing a yellow envelo[p]e and, to sidewalk, he idly picked it [up] ained a[t] his delight, found that it co[n]tained a first-c[la]ss ticket to Tacoma, Washington, de[s]tination, and a first-class ticket to Chicago, beyond that day [d]ated and signed "S. S. Small." A[n]y other time ago he would have scorned to [a]ccept what was not his; now he thought only [o]f the chance to escape. Realizing the [d]anger of meeting the owner of the ticket, he put the signed part into an inner pocket. That to Chicago would be comparatively safe. He would go there and then decide what to do. On the way to the railroad depot he saw in the window of a second-hand store a slightly worn dress-suit case marked "S."

"That will go well with my new name," he thought, "and may be a help in proving my right to it."

He bought the case and, at another store, a few articles necessary for a long journey. Then he went to the station, where an early train was made up, passed the gate without question and took his seat in a car.

"This is well," he thought, "the police will be more likely to look for me in a freight car than in a first-class coach."

There were, however, no watchers for him, except the mother and sister, who, at that hour, were putting away their scarcely tasted breakfast and wearily setting about their day's work. The owner of the ticket, who intended taking a later train, had not discovered his loss. When he missed the ticket, he concluded he had left it at a friend's home, and now he had no time to get it before the train went. He decided to postpone his journey a few days and have the date of the ticket changed. Thus it happened that his "double" was well past Chicago before the railroad officials were notified to stop the ticket if it should be presented.

Howard made the journey without challenge. One conductor looked sharply at the ticket; but a glance at the suit case reassured him. When the train pulled out of Jersey City, Howard sank back in his seat exhausted, and for a few moments lost himself in merciful sleep. He had not regained his full strength after the fever, in spite of the alcohol treatment freely administered by his doctor. It was taken without thought of harm, till the slumbering hereditary appetite was awakened which his weakened will seemed

Continued on page 235

Your Way

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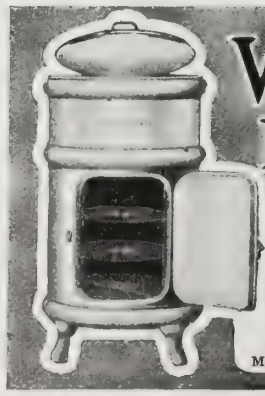

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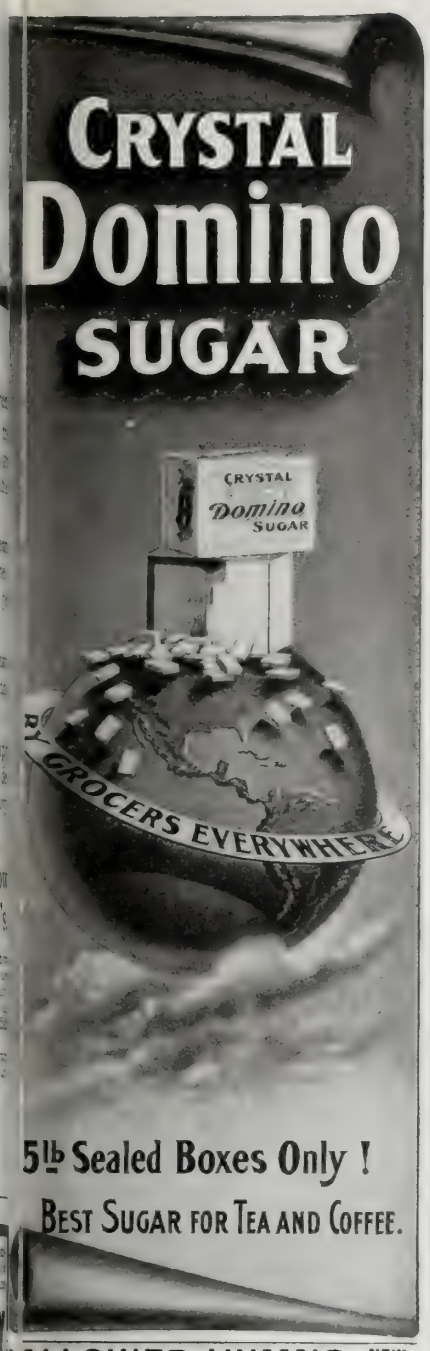

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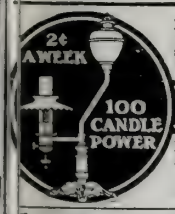

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The Mark of Cain

Continued from page 234

powerless to control. As is always the case, Howard himself was the last to realize his danger, believing that his mother and sister were over-anxious, and that he "could stop when he chose."

His sleep on the train was short. As he waked, the monotonous sound of the wheels beat upon his brain and mechanically he began counting "one, two, three, four, one, two, three, four." Then half-consciously he substituted for the numbers the old ditty of childhood:

Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief,
Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief

With a start, he roused to full consciousness, a paraphrase of the familiar words ringing in his ears:

Drunkard, liar, murderer, thief,
Coward, rascal, fugitive.

He tried to forget them, but the rhythmic pounding of the wheels beat the cruel words into his brain till at times it seemed as if he must jump from the train. He sat outwardly calm; but as he thought of his dead friend and the two sorrowing families, he felt that he should go mad.

"Our poor mothers! Our poor sisters!" he almost wailed. "Curse the liquor! I'll fight it to my latest breath. Howard Graham is dead, but Seth Small shall work."

Then he remembered that he was a fugitive and must walk warily, seeing ever a noose hanging over his head. But his vow was a new strength and inspiration. Resolutely he put his past behind him, and turned his attention to the wonderland of oil, coal and iron through which they were passing. He had never traveled and, in spite of the ditty of the wheels, he was soon measurably diverted and interested and began to plan his future. Tuesday evening he reached Chicago, and finding that he made close connection with the Burlington train for the coast, decided to go on further west.

At Omaha, next afternoon, a big, good-natured man came into the car and took the seat beside him. He was a cattle man familiar with the country and its resources, an entertaining companion for one entering on life in a new region. Howard told him truly that he had been ill; his physician had advised change of climate, and he had come west with no definite plans. He was a surveyor, but would be glad of any respectable work.

His new acquaintance, Mr. Brown, had come west more than a quarter of a century before, a heart-sick invalid, to find among the mountains health and wealth. He was noted for his kindness to the "tenderfeet" and the keen judgment with which he selected the worthy. His business gave him the opportunity of employing and testing many. His wife had laughingly called their ranch "a clearing-house for eastern runaways," so many young men were there who were ultimately persuaded to return home or helped to positions. It was a practical and modest sort of home mission work in which the good couple delighted. The good wife never guessed the shady spot in her husband's history, nor could she divine the bitter memories which had made him so kind to others, and so wise.

Next day's ride was through the Black Hills and the scenes of the Custer-Indian raids. To Mr. Brown it was familiar ground. Listening to his story of those wild days, Howard almost forgot his own plight, and did not notice the keenness with which he was being studied. The older man read the signs of strength and weakness in his face, and noted the marks of dissipation and sorrow.

"There is a sad story here," he thought. "He has been sick, no doubt, but that is not all. He's worth trying for. I'll take him to mother," as in rural fashion he called his wife.

"Well, young man," he said late in the afternoon, "What did you say your name was? Seth! Good honest name; no humbug about it! It's honest and square-sounding." Howard winced. "Well, Seth, as you have no special plans, go home with me. I have a little place up here in the spurs of the Rockies, a matter of a few thousand acres. We'll find something for you to do there till you get your bearings. The missus will make you right welcome."

There was no doubting the hearty kindness of the invitation, and it was gratefully accepted. Thus was answered the mother's heart-broken cry, "O God, take care of my boy." The big-hearted ranchman, in the coarse gray suit, was as surely God's messenger as any angel of olden times.

The next morning they left the train and were met at the station by a big farm wagon and three extra horses—one for Mr. Brown to ride and two to "spell" those in harness, and make a four-horse-team when necessary. An extra saddle had been brought, so a mount was easily arranged for Howard. Among the goods loaded on the wagon was a lot of fence-wire and Mr. Brown said:

"I think, Seth, your first work will be to help put this up," and Howard answered with a cheery

"All right, sir."

To be continued

Work in the Philippines*

HOPEFUL reports come from all sources of the progress of missions in our far-off possessions. The American Board, taking a general survey, says: "Missionary work is keeping pace with the other forces of development in the islands. The success of Bishop Brent, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in establishing missions is noteworthy. Presbyterians have eight vigorous stations. The work is radiating from the centres over a wide area—as from Iloilo, which station reports that a people back in the mountains who, since the revolution, have been living in the fields, the companions or the prey of the mountain robber bands, have formed a village, and organized in it a church whence the Gospel message is spreading to other villages in the mountains. In this one mission station some six hundred adults have been baptized during the year, and the outlook is bright for all forms of work, educational and medical as well as evangelistic.

"Bishop Oldham, of the Methodist Church, declares that he finds no such opportunity in any foreign mission field to win the thousands of the natural leaders of the people as is now before his church in Luzon. The outlook is bright; everywhere there is a welcome and a response to the Protestant message." It is encouraging to learn that the American Board is sending out a duly qualified physician, Dr. Charles T. Sibley, and his wife, who is a trained nurse. Their assistance will give new energy to the work there and will be valuable to the missionaries as well as to the natives.

* Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for March 29. Matt. 15: 31-33.

Scatter Flowers Among the Living

SCATTER flowers among the living,
Do not save all for the dead;
They no longer need their fragrance,
Resting in their narrow bed;
They are with the blessed angels,
Where the flowers never fade;
Clothed in garments pure and spotless,
In the mansions God hath made.

Some are bent with heavy burdens,
As they journey on life's road;
May we not strew sweetest blossoms
If we carry half their load?
Then the God who watches o'er us,
He who knoweth every thought,
He will send us many blessings,
With the sweetest fragrance fraught.

May the sunshine on our faces
Shine upon some face that's sad!
It may help to banish sorrow,
It may help to make them glad.
Give to them the choicest blossoms,
Some of kindness, some of love;
Help them feel there's hope remaining,
Point them to the home above.

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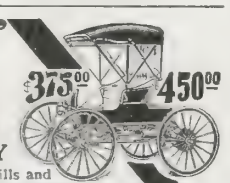

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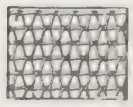

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School Children in a Fire-Trap

AGAIN the American people have been thrilled with horror by a fire in which many innocent lives were lost, and narrow, ill-arranged entrances and inadequate precautions played their part in adding to the long death list of at least one hundred and seventy, all pupils and teachers in the Collinwood School, at Collinwood, not far from Cleveland, Ohio.

There are conflicting reports as to the causes of the disaster, and the matter will probably not be settled until the coroner makes his investigation and report. At present the most probable theory seems to be that the fire started from an overheated furnace in the basement.

It was half-past nine in the morning, and the pupils were at their recitations upstairs, when the janitor noticed a little thread of smoke rising from under the front stairway. He at once ran to the fire-alarm and rang the gong vigorously. At once the recitations stopped, and the teachers without excitement formed their classes for marching out as they had so often done in the school fire drill. There were nine rooms in the building and about three hundred pupils registered as regular attendants. The building, the reports from Collinwood state, was much overcrowded, and the younger pupils of from six to seven years of age were in what were called the attic rooms.

For the first few moments things went well, but as soon as the lower classes had got down toward the front door, and the children saw that it was a real fire, and that the flames were already licking hungrily at the woodwork of the hall, all discipline was at once thrown to the winds, and despite the heroic efforts of the teachers, a wild panic ensued.

They broke ranks and dashed in a wild crowd down the lower hall and up against the main doors. These doors were the main cause of such a fearful loss of life. Like so many others in private and public buildings, they were made to open inward. The first comers were jammed hard against the doors by those behind, holding the doors tightly shut. Despite the struggling mass in front other pupils rushed madly on from behind, trampling over their fallen comrades, to be thrown down in turn by those who followed from other classrooms. The pupils perished where they fell.

Many of the pupils, convinced that they could not escape by the front entrance, rushed down to the rear door. It is not definitely known whether the door was locked, but at any rate, pull as they might, the door would not open. Miss Catherine Weiler, one of the teachers, lost her life while trying to marshal her pupils. She was killed in the crush at the rear door and her body was found an hour later beneath those of a number of her class. Her room was on the second floor. Hearing the fire alarm, she thought it was but the signal for the fire-drill which was gone through frequently. She formed her line and led them out into the hall. There the children saw the flames, and, with a shriek, broke ranks and plunged madly forward, knocking one another down and forming a barrier against the back door they sought to open.

More of the children on the upper floors were saved than those who went out of their rooms below. One of the teachers on the top floor started her classes down stairs, but she quickly saw that there was no hope of getting them out through the panic below. She led them into a room from which another class had marched but a moment before. Opening the window onto the one fire-escape she passed her pupils rapidly out. A few broke away and ran to the stairs, only to be burned to death.

Then the news spread rapidly and frantic parents and eager volunteers rushed to the scene, but the structure was doomed and they could do little. The front door was partly battered in and partly burned away enough to show the heap of children massed against it. Eager hands grasped the children, but they were so tightly wedged that no human strength could pull out even one.

The flames spread with such rapidity that within one-half hour after the first smoke was seen, there was nothing left but blackened walls, with gaping windows, and a cellar filled with burning beams and charred bodies. One of the car shops was later turned into a temporary morgue, through which passed a long and sorrowful procession of parents, all looking for what they hoped, yet feared to find.

The Collinwood Schoolhouse Where Over 170 Children Perished

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"Mother followed the directions caref and I thought I had never tasted such a d cious drink. We drank Postum every mo ing instead of coffee, and by November I more like myself than for years, and ready to resume my music.

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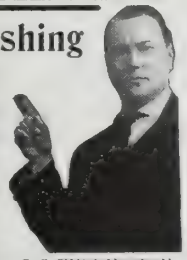

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A COURSE IN ESPERANTO

LESSON No. 6.—By Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

Is it your daily habit to give aloud the sounds of the letters in the Esperanto alphabet?

As to accent: Do you always accent the syllable next to the last? In words of two syllables the accent would of course be on the first syllable. Accent strongly. It is the beauty of Esperanto.

Do you study aloud? Do you write out all exercises? Do you try to think in Esperanto?

Learn to speak by speaking.

An Esperanto Dinner

tablo, *table*	pastêĉo, *pastry*
tablotuko, *tablecloth*	kafo, *coffee*
buŝtuko, *napkin*	lakto, *milk*
telero, *plate*	sukero, *sugar*
forko, *fork*	kuko, *cake*
tranĉilo, *knife*	manĝi, *to eat*
kulero, *spoon*	ĝui, *to enjoy*
glaso, *tumbler*	tranĉi, *to cut*
salujo, *salt cellar*	havi, *to have*
pipro, *pepper*	pasigi, *to pass*
vinagro, *vinegar*	ameti, *to like*
pano, *bread*	kuiri, *to cook*
butero, *butter*	preni, *to take*
ostroj, *oysters*	freŝa, *fresh*
supo, *soup*	malacida, *sweet*
olivoj, *olives*	pura, *clean*
fiŝo, *fish*	acida, *sour*
terpomo, *potato*	longa, *long*
napo, *turnip*	frukto, *fruit*
beto, *beet*	pomo, *apple*
brasiko, *cabbage*	persiko, *peach*
asparago, *asparagus*	piro, *pear*
greno, *corn*	banano, *banana*
pizoj, *peas*	vinberoj, *grapes*
fabo, *bean*	nuksoj, *nuts*
spinaco, *spinach*	figo, *fig*
bulbo, *onion*	fromaĝo, *cheese*
tomato, *tomato*	mola, *tender*
rafaneto, *radish*	suka, *juicy*
celerio, *celery*	varmega, *hot*
latuko, *lettuce*	matura, *ripe*
salato, *salad*	blanka, *white*

meztagmanĝo, *dinner*
meleagro, *turkey*
rostita šafido, *roast lamb*
rostita bovido, *roast veal*
rostita bovaĵo, *roast beef*
rostita kokido, *roast chicken*
rostita anaso, *roast duck*
rostita ansero, *roast goose*
kremglaciaĵo, *ice cream*
bolita bovaĵo, *boiled beef*
florabrasiko, *cauliflower*

NOTE.—First, review the sounds of letters in the Esperanto alphabet. Second, read the words aloud without thinking of their meaning. Third, learn the meaning. Fourth, when words are given in the singular, form the plural. Write out the different tenses and participle forms of the verbs given.

Meztagmanĝa Konversacio

La tablo estas longa. La tablotuko estas blanka. La buŝtukoj estas puraj. La teleroj estas bluaj kaj blankaj. La glasoj estas puraj. La pano estas freŝa. La supo estas varmega. La ostroj estas freŝaj. La olivoj estas verdaj. La fiŝo estas bona. La rostita bovaĵo estas mola. La bolita bovaĵo estas varmega. La rostita šafido estas bruna. La terpomoj estas bolitaj. La asparago estas mola. La greno estas flava. La brasiko kaj florabrasiko estas bonaj. La pizoj estas verdaj. La rafanetoj estas ruĝaj. La salato estas celerio kaj kokido. La frukto estas freŝa kaj matura. La pomoj estas acidaj. La figoj estas malacidaj. La piroj kaj persikoj estas sukaj. La fromaĝo estas freŝa. Tranĉu la pastêĉon. Mi ametas la malacidajn vinberojn. Mi ametas la meztagmanĝon. Ŝi kuiris la meztagmanĝon. La kafo estas varmega. Ŝi ĝuas kremglaciaĵon. Li prenos figojn kaj nuksojn.

NOTE.—In the great Convention of Esperantists held in Cambridge, England, in August, 1907, eight hundred dined together daily—people of thirty nations. Of course they talked in Esperanto as they ate together.

How to Make New Words

Add *et*, denoting decrease; as, birdo, *bird;* birdeto, *a little bird* (not necessarily a young bird, but a small one, as a wren or a humming-bird); ĉevalo, *horse;* ĉevaleto, *a small horse.* Pordo, *door;* pordeto, *a small door.* Varma, *warm;* varmeta, *a little warm.* Feliĉa, *happy;* feliĉeta, *a little happy.*

Recall all thus far learned, and apply the rule as far as possible.

Eg, suffix, denoting highest degree; as, varma, *warm;* varmega, *hot.* Granda, *large;* grandega, *huge.* Pordo, *door;* pordega, *portal.* Arbo, *tree;* arbego, *a large tree.*

Mal, prefix, denotes contraries. Acida, *sour;* malacida, *sweet;* Pura, *clean;* malpura, *soiled.* Longa, *long;* mallonga, *short.*

Ist, suffix, denoting occupation. Dento, *tooth;* dentisto, *dentist.* Okulo, *eye;* okulisto, *oculist.* Floro, *flower;* floristo, *florist.*

Ig, suffix, denotes *to make, to cause to be.* Kreski, *to grow;* kreskigi, *to make grow.* Kuri, *to run;* kurigi, *to make run.* Kredi, *to believe;* kredigi, *to cause to believe.*

Iĝ, suffix, *to become, to get.* Sana, *healthy;* sanigi, *to become healthy.* Forta, *strong;* fortiĝi, *to become strong.*

Exercise

La dentisto havas tranĉileton. La arbego estas en la ĝardeno. La ĉevaleto kuras. La libro estas malpura. La knabo fortiĝas. Ŝi kurigas la knabon.

The dentist has a small knife. The large tree is in the garden. The little horse runs. The book is unclean. The boy becomes strong. She makes the boy run.

Let the members of the circle take turns in making sentences.

Esperanto Note

Mrs. S. E. B., South Scituate. "One letter, one sound" is the invariable rule in Esperanto. An error was made in the reply to you in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of February 19. It is the principle laid down in the *Fundamento de Esperanto*, by Dr. Zamenhof, the founder of Esperanto, to which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will loyally hold.

Called Higher

Mrs. Mary J. Millspaugh Boyd, of Middletown, N. Y., widow of Rev. John N. Boyd, entered into rest at the age of ninety-three years.

Mrs. Julia H. Dillingham, who passed away lately at Hartford, Conn., aged eighty years, was a devout and exemplary Christian and a regular reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for many years.

Miss Elizabeth Gibson, of Ocean Grove, N. J., has passed to her reward. She was a sincere Christian and a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for many years.

Deacon H. N. Bowen, of the First Baptist Church, Dighton, Mass., was called to his rest a few weeks ago, in his sixty seventh year. He was for many years a constant reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mrs. Lucy J. Barhite, of Long Island City, N.Y., died recently, aged sixty-three. She was a sweet and gentle Christian. She had been a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for many years, and it was, by far, her favorite paper.

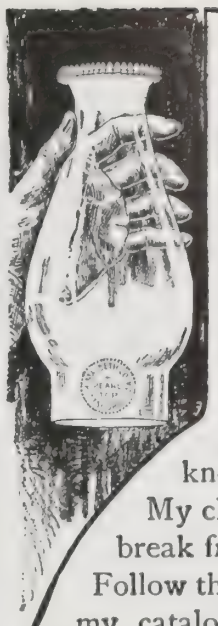
Josephine Hite Smith, of Guyandotte, W. Va., aged seventy-two years, laid down the burdens of time recently. In charity, gentleness and perfect faith she walked her earthly way and her thoughts and deeds were "steps toward God."

Mrs. D. H. Baker, wife of Rev. D. H. Baker, of Hanover, Pa., went home recently in her sixty-fourth year. She was a devoted Christian for forty years and noted for her musical gifts. She was a reader of this journal for fifteen years.

Books Received

Rejoice Always, or Happiness is for You, by Frank S. Van Eps and Marion B. Van Eps. A book on the practical value to one's health, happiness and well-being of "joy in the Lord." The authors explain how living in conscious oneness with God influences the whole life, inducing cheerfulness and enabling us to overcome trouble and transform disaster into blessing. "Putting on joy as a garment" and keeping in touch with God is declared to be the real secret of personal force. The book is full of spiritual suggestion, but is in no sense identical with Christian Science. Pp. 186. Cloth binding. Price $1. Published by the authors, 144 West One Hundred and Twenty-third Street, New York.

The Industrial Savings and Loan Co., regularly examined by the New York Banking Department, and having a well earned reputation for prompt, fair and liberal dealing with clients, asks your attention to certain advantages they offer to small investors. See their advertisement on Page 238 and write them.



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We have been established nine years—have thousands of pupils from eight years of age to seventy. Don't say you cannot learn music till you send for our free booklet and tuition offer. It will be sent by return mail free. Address U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Box 7—225 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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Liberal Commission to Clergymen who procure orders for us.

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Grape-Nuts as a Reconstructing Food.

The number of cases of appendicitis which get well by proper feeding and nursing is not less remarkable than the number of cases which were formerly operated on only to find that the operation was unnecessary.

While looking for the cause of this disease, it is well to remember that excessive starch fermentation may be considered a frequent cause, and that suggests more care in the use of starchy foods.

Grape-Nuts can be retained on the most sensitive stomach and is extremely nourishing—just the ideal food for appendicitis cases.

"Last spring I was taken ill with appendicitis," writes an Indiana man. "The doctor told me not to be alarmed, for he would do the best he could to save me from the operating table.

"He advised me to eat nothing for two weeks, during which time I became so weak I could hardly move. The trouble began to leave me and I began to eat fruits and milk, but I did not regain the strength I had before I was sick.

"A friend of mine recommended Grape-Nuts. I tried it and it worked wonders with me. I soon began to gain in strength, and in a month was as strong as ever.

"I don't think I ever used a food that did me so much good. I now weigh 160 pounds, as against 130 before I was sick, all due to Grape-Nuts and regular exercise.

"My muscles are like iron and I can do the hardest work. Being employed in a printing office, I have to think a lot, and my mind is clear, thanks to Grape-Nuts." "There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

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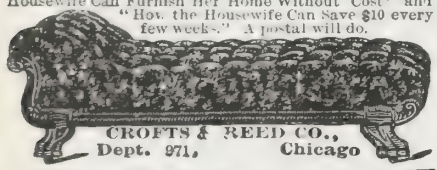

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—Automatic—including Agitator and Strainer Cleaner—Sprays 40 acres daily—State experiments show gain of more than $75 per acre by using the WATSON. Booklet FREE.

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HENDERSON'S SEEDS FREE To introduce [illegible] 50c Henderson Collection of Flower and Garden Seeds.

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LOW PRICES ON Coiled Spring Fencing. Bull-strong Chicken-tight. Sold on 30 days free trial, we pay the freight. 100 page Catalog free.

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Chief Shippy's Escape

An Anarchist's Startling Attempt in Chicago

FROM East to West there seems to be an epidemic of crime sweeping over the country, murders and holdups being reported in increasing numbers in our daily papers. The police of our great cities have been almost powerless so far to stop this epidemic, partly, it is said, because this country has no secret service that can ferret out plots against the public peace before open attacks are made. Organized gangs of evil-doers are making war on the respectable and law-abiding portions of the community, and from attacking private citizens they have begun to threaten the municipal authorities. Clergymen, as advocates of order, have also been made objects of assaults.

Chief George M. Shippy

Chief of Police George M. Shippy, of Chicago, was recently attacked by a desperado, and in the encounter the chief, his son and his coachman were wounded, and the assassin shot dead.

Chief Shippy has had a long career on the police force of Chicago, and is known as a brave man who more than once has taken his life in his hands while enforcing the law. The chief was preparing in the morning to leave his home for headquarters, and his buggy was already standing before the door with his driver, Foley, on the seat. A dark, foreign-looking man sauntered up to the door and pulled the bell sharply. The chief was near the hall and answered the ring himself.

The stranger thrust an envelope into the chief's hand, saying: "Here is a note I bring you."

A sudden move on the stranger's part at once made the chief suspicious, and he caught hold of both his hands and called for Mrs. Shippy to search the man's pockets. The man jerked back, but Mrs. Shippy had just time to discover a revolver in his pocket.

"He's got one!" she cried, "look out, George, for your life."

The chief whipped out his own revolver and aimed it at the desperado. The latter, wild with rage, attempted to shoot Mrs. Shippy as she dodged back from him. Georgia, the chief's daughter, and Foley, the coachman, rushed up to discover the cause of the commotion, while the chief's son, Harry, came dashing down stairs with a pistol in his hand. The assassin lunged with a large knife at the chief as he was about to fire and gashed his armpit, shot Foley through the wrist, and, turning back, sent a bullet through the lungs of young Shippy as he was about to close. Chief Shippy and Foley fired together and sent seven bullets into the body of the assassin, who dropped dead on the porch.

It was found that the desperado came a short time ago from Russia, and his name was supposed to be Lazarus A. Aberbuch. It is said that the man was selected by lot to do the deed at a meeting arranged to form plans to make away with the chief of police and Mayor Busse.

Are You Too Thin?

For only 15 minutes a day's practice in your own room upon special exercises that I will give, you can be round, plump, wholesome, rested and attractive. Nature intended you to be—why should you not?

A pupil who was thin writes me:

Miss Cocroft at Her Desk

"I just can't tell you how happy I am! I wore low neck and short sleeves the other night and I was so proud of my neck and arms! My busts are rounded out and I have gained 28 lbs., it has come just where I wanted it and I carry myself like another woman. My old dresses look stylish on me now. You remember I have not been constipated since my second lesson and I had taken something for years. I guess my stomach must be stronger too, for I sleep like a baby and my nerves are so rested. I feel as if I had missed so much enjoyment in life, for I never did have such good times before. I feel so well all the time.

I have built up thousands of women—why not you? You will be so much better satisfied with yourself and more attractive to your friends.

I will cheerfully tell you about my work, and if I cannot help your particular case I will tell you so. My information and advice are entirely free.

SUSANNA COCROFT
Dept. D 57 Washington St., Chicago

Note: Miss Cocroft's name stands for progress in the scientific care of the health and figure of women.

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We ship direct from factory to you, where we have no agent, if you address Dept. No. 2.

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$30 to $40 per Week and Expenses Guaranteed. If you are not making that much money, write us today and we'll start you in business for yourself. Be independent—work for yourself—we'll help you. Ohio Cooker Co., 327 Jefferson Ave., Toledo, O.

YOU CAN AFFORD a New Song Book in Church or Sunday School when you can get "FAMILIAR SONGS OF THE GOSPEL" at $3 per 100; words and music 83 songs. Sample Copy 5c. HELPFUL TRACTS: Temperance, "Buy Your Own Cherries:" Soul-Winning, "Cripple Tom:" "Second Coming of Christ:" "The Missing Ones." Assorted $1 per 100. Samples of all, 5c. E. A. K. HACKETT, 100 North Wayne Street, Fort Wayne, Ind.

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Sent to any address post-paid; guaranteed to reach you in good growing condition.

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White Maman Cochet, pure white.
Mrs. Ben R. Cant, deep red.
Bridesmaid, grandest pink.
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SPECIAL BARGAINS

5 Carnations the "Divine Flower," all colors, 25c.
5 Prize-Winning Chrysanthemums, - - 25c.
6 Beautiful Coleus, - - - - - 25c.
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15 Pkts. Flower Seeds, all different, 25c.

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$30.95 BUGGY OFFER.

From us you can get a top buggy, road wagon, surrey, farm wagon—any rig, quality better than others for very much less money. **How much can you save?** Look in our Big Catalogue, your own or your neighbor's, or to get our very latest and greatest buggy offers write us a postal and say, "Mail me your new Free Buggy Book," and get everything by return mail. Address:

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I Can Reduce Your Flesh

Would you like to reduce it by natural means and in a scientific, dignified manner?

I have reduced 15,000 women in the past six years by a few simple directions followed in the privacy of their own rooms.

I can reduce you and at the same time strengthen stomach and heart and relieve you of such chronic ailments as rheumatism, constipation, weak nerves, torpid liver and such difficulties as depend upon good circulation, strong nerves strong muscles, good blood, correct breathing. You can be as good a figure as any woman of your acquaintance.

One pupil writes:

"Miss Cocroft, I have reduced 73 pounds and I look 15 years younger. I feel so well I want to shout! I was rheumatic and constipated, my heart was weak and my head dull, my liver all clogged up and oh dear, I am ashamed when I think how I used to look."

Send 10 cents for instructive booklet with card for your dressing table, showing correct lines of a woman's figure in poise.

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Bear the script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label.

Get "Improved," no tacks required.

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CRESCO FLOUR For DYSPEPTICS

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Deliverance From Sin

By Mrs. M. Baxter

EVERYONE has woe and sorrow from time to time; but as Solomon declares they are the lot of the drunkard always. "The drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty" (Prov. 23: 21). "Who hath contentions?" Many a one who has not learned the secret of taking all things from the hand of God; but the poor drunkard is never free from them. He contends with his wife, he contends with his children, he contends with his neighbors. "Who hath complaining?" Who is it that makes his home miserable, brings no money home to buy food, and then complains because there is none? Who but the drunkard? "Who hath wounds without cause?" Is it not the man who, no longer master of himself, rolls down into the gutter and breaks his arm or wounds his head against the curbstone? or a man who picks a senseless quarrel with another drunkard, and gets a broken head without cause? It is a terrible picture of the degradation, the perversion, of a being created to be "the image and glory of God."

The finishing touches, the vivid description of a man in delirium tremens—the eye seeing strange women, the heart uttering perverse things, the awful sensation of lying on the top of a mast or in the midst of the sea, of being stricken and feeling nothing; the awful sense of being the helpless prey of unseen foes; how unspeakable the misery depicted! How often have we been ready to wish that all the intoxicating drinks, which are the means of such a degradation of man, were down at the bottom of the sea! And heartily we desire that all the efforts of temperance reformers may be owned and blessed of God. But while the heart of man is away from God, he cannot but be a prey to the enemy of souls; he cannot but be a slave to sin, in one form or another. "Know ye not that to whom ye present yourselves as bond-servants, [R.V., marg.] unto obedience, his bond-servants ye are whom ye obey, whether of sin unto death or of obedience unto righteousness?" (Rom. 6: 16.) The root of the drunkard's sin and misery is not so much the amount of temptation, terrible as it is, which surrounds him, but the lack of that relation to God which would bind him in heart and will to him who has the will and power to keep him from evil.

If a man whose nature tends to self-indulgence, whose environment and associations lead to indulge in that which procures him temporary gratification, and enables him for a time to forget things which he would rather forget—if such a man has no power other than his own already-enslaved will to fight against his sin, he is indeed to be pitied. And such is the case with almost all the slaves to spirituous liquors, to opium in all its forms, to tobacco, or any other thing by which the body is brought into an unnatural condition, neither responding to God, nor yet to the power of self-government.

The way out of bondage is to turn our will, as far as we are masters of it, towards the only hope for Satan's slave the re-establishment of our primary relation to God. How can a lost man or woman, a bondslave to drink, opium, smoking, impurity, speculation, frivolity, or any of Satan's chains, break through his prisonhouse and be free? Let the slave of sin go to the best source of information, the Word of God, and read for himself whether God is to be trusted. Let him seek some word which will show him whether God hates him because of his sin, or whether God loves him while he hates his sin. "God so loved the world," with all the drunkards in it, "that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever [even the most enslaved drunkard] believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Is it true, and is it true for me? Can God love me, who hate myself? If this is true, then there is hope for me. If this is true, God does not want me to perish. If this is true, then God is on my side, and my side is stronger than that of the devil and all his angels.

STRANGE INVENTION! NEW PECULIAR APPARATUS BEST EVER HAPPENED! CAUSING GREAT EXCITEMENT

MILLIONS MADE HAPPY. Wonderful but true, **no more farm, town or city homes without a bathroom and something more. THE ALLEN PORTABLE BATH APPARATUS** operates with **one gallon of water,** yet does more than a tub full. **Used everywhere that water exists.** Everybody has water, hence everybody can now have their own bathroom. **Cost but $5.00** ready to use—**cost nothing to operate.** Makes a bathroom of any room at home, or when traveling—even better, **does more than bathrooms costing $100.00.** Sounds strange, even impossible, yet its being done.

SEE HOW SIMPLE, EASY, CONVENIENT: To use—place Metallic non-corrosive fountain on wall or shelf—fill with water—turn screw—**that's all**—thereafter it **works automatically. A** bath, **hot or cold,** in one operation, **5 minutes' time,** your skin constantly flushed with **clear running water,** pores opened, cleansed, invigorated by **hundreds** of littlesoft **self-cleansing teeth** working gently, thoroughly. Only clear, running water touches the body—a delightful, tingling, sparkling spray that refreshes while it cleanses.

CLEANSING, FRICTION, MASSAGE, SHOWER BATH ALL IN ONE—same time. What a pleasure—Could anything be more perfect? **Just think—No tubs to clean, bowls or buckets to fill—No wash rags or sponges**—No dirt, splashing or muss. No plumbing, tools, valves—not even a screw to set. Move it about at will. Simple, durable, handsome, sanitary. **Saves time, expense, labor, space. The ideal bathroom for town** and country homes, travelers, roomers. **No experiment.**

USED AND PRAISED BY THOUSANDS.

INSURES CLEANLINESS WITHOUT DRUDGERY, inconvenience, **annoyance**—promotes health, beauty, happiness, sound sleep—prevents colds, La Grippe, contagiousand other diseases.

C. R. MARTIN, PA., writes: **"Outfit is a marvel** of effectiveness, convenience, simplicity. Certainly will create a sensation."

H. H. CRAFT, KANS., writes: **"A God-send** to any family."

W. W. DRURY, O., writes: "Exceeded my expectations. Mechanically perfect, attractive. **Can bathe in one-fourth the time** of ordinary methods."

Guaranteed by an old, reliable house, capitalized for $50,000.00. Price complete, ready to use, only $5.00 and up. Sent to any address. Order now,—you'll be satisfied. Send card anyhow for full description, valuable book, catalogue, testimonials—ALL FREE.

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O. K. Chase
St. Louis, Mo,

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2 Full Gallons Free to Try—3 Months Time to Pay

You Pay No Freight To Try My Paint

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It's unique—it's *better.*

Before my plan was invented, Paint was sold in *two ways,*—either "Ready Made"—or Paint Ingredients were bought and mixed together by a Painter.

Both of these ways are at fault.

"Ready Made" Paint settles on dealers' shelves—sediment forms in the bottom of the can—the mineral pigments and chemically acting driers in "Ready Made" Paint eat the *life out of the Linseed Oil,*—and Linseed Oil is the LIFE of ALL PAINT. Paint cannot be properly made by a painter, because of the lack of heavy mixing and grinding machinery.

My Paint is unlike any other Paint *in the world.* It's *ready to use*—but not *"Ready Made."*

My Paint is *made to order—after* the order is received. It is packed in hermetically sealed cans—and the date it is made is stamped on each can by Factory Inspector.

Only PURE Linseed Oil and Pure FRESH Paint Ingredients are used in my Paint.

Paint Ingredients and Linseed Oil found at local dealers' is oftentimes adulterated.

I sell my Paint *direct* from Factory to User—at very low factory prices.

You pay no dealer's or middleman's profits. I pay the freight on Six Gallon Orders or over.

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If—after you have used the Paint—you are not *perfectly satisfied* with it in every particular—RETURN THE BALANCE OF THE PAINT TO ME—and the two gallons you have used won't cost you one penny.

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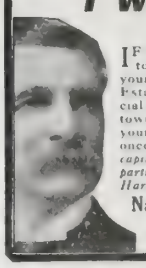

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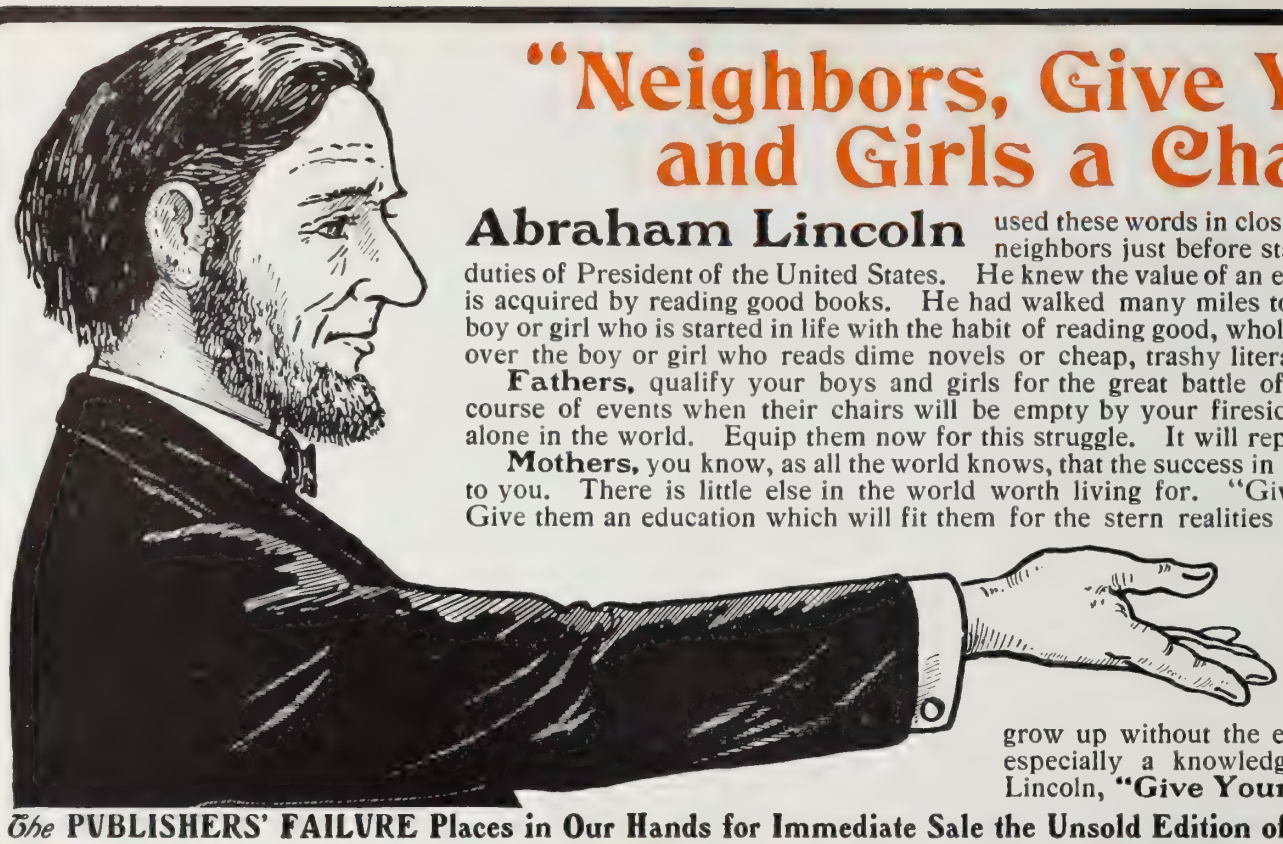

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Fathers, qualify your boys and girls for the great battle of life. The day must come in the course of events when their chairs will be empty by your fireside, and they will be out struggling alone in the world. Equip them now for this struggle. It will repay you a thousandfold.

Mothers, you know, as all the world knows, that the success in life of your boys and girls is heaven to you. There is little else in the world worth living for. "Give your boys and girls a chance." Give them an education which will fit them for the stern realities of life. Teach them to love home by making the home so attractive that it is **worth** loving. Place in your home, good, interesting, truthful books for your children. In this day and age of fierce competition it is little short of a misfortune for any boy or girl to grow up without the equipment of a good education, and especially a knowledge of History. In the words of Lincoln, **"Give Your Boys and Girls a Chance."**

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

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NEW YORK, MARCH 25, 1908

VOL. 31—NO. 13. PRICE 5 CENTS
OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

Photographed for "The Christian Herald"

SEE PAGE 248

A Village Market Scene at Cebu in the Philippines

Questions and Answers

H. E. B., Marathon, N. Y. What is the largest ship-building city on the great lakes?

Most of the ports of the great lakes, especially those on Lake Erie, do some ship-building. Cleveland, O., is the leading ship-building port, according to one report. We are unable to answer the second question you sent.

S. S., Wellsville, N. Y. Who invented the telephone? Was it Mr. Bell or Mr. Edison?

The telephone was invented by Alexander Graham Bell, who was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1847. He came to the United States in 1872. You should have sent your full name and not initials.

Reader (M. A.), Minnesota, and another. What is the value of a violin with *Antonius Stradivarius Cremonensis faciebat Anno 1716*, written on the inside? Will you please tell how we can tell if it is genuine?

If it should prove to be a genuine Stradivarius of the "Grand" period, it might be very valuable. Some Cremona violins, which were originally sold by the makers for about $20 apiece, have brought in late years thousands of dollars. We would advise you to write to A. Gemunder & Sons, 42 East Twenty-third Street, N. Y.

J. J. H., Chester, Conn. 1. When and by whom were the first colored men brought to this country as slaves? 2. From what part of Africa were these taken, and was any objection made by this country to prevent them from being brought here? 3. Were they bought and sold on their arrival here?

1. In the year 1619 a Dutch ship arrived at Jamestown, Va., with a cargo of negro slaves. 2. It is not known from what part they came. There was no objection to their being brought here, as at that time in the colony white men were held in bondage. The only difference was that the whites served for a limited period, while the colored men were bound to a master for life. 3. Yes.

H. E. B. A., Barkersville, N. J. Where is the Golden Gate and the Golden Horn in Europe?

The Golden Gate is a channel two miles wide, forming the entrance to San Francisco Bay, California. The Golden Horn is the harbor of Constantinople, an inlet of the Bosphorus. It is so called from its shape and beauty. We are unable to answer your other questions. You should have sent name with the address.

S. I. T., Kalamazoo, Mich. What happened in September, 1869, on a Friday, giving it the name of Black Friday?

On September 24, 1869, a group of speculators advanced the price of gold suddenly to 162½, causing a panic that resulted in the failure of many business firms.

H., Thomasville, Ga. What are the six largest navies in the world in general order? 2. Where is the *Army and Navy Magazine* published?

1. The first six navies are those of Great Britain, United States, Germany, France, Japan, Russia. 2. New York.

S. S., Findlay, Ill. 1. Of what State is Vice-President Fairbanks a citizen? 2. How many soldiers, including officers, in the army of the United States? 3. How many post-offices in the United States? 4. What is a body politic?

1. Indiana. 2. The total number of officers is 3,896; enlisted men, 69,871. This does not include the native Philippine scouts, which number 5,000 men and 116 officers, and the Porto Rico regiment, 605 officers and men. The army with full ranks should consist of 100,000 men. 3. There are 6,318 presidential offices and 56,345 fourth class. 4. The body politic is the State or nation as an organized political body—the people as a whole. You can secure answers to your two other questions by writing to the clerk of the House of Representatives, Washington, D. C. You should send your name in full in all letters to THE MAIL-BAG.

R. McL., Stirling, N. S. 1. Was the rich young ruler justified in saying that he had kept all the commandments from his youth? 2. Upon what grounds can the millions who die in heathenism be condemned to eternal punishment? 3. How is it that Matthew and Luke differ about Christ's genealogy? 4. Is capital punishment justifiable?

1. We cannot say. Perhaps some who knew him intimately might have disputed the fact. Perhaps he told the truth according to his own standard. We are inclined to think so from the statement that Jesus beholding him loved him. You must remember that the deeper spiritual meaning that Jesus gave to the commandments was not the standard the ruler applied or was expected to apply. Paul said practically the same thing (Phil. 3: 6), though he called himself the chief of sinners. 2. If God does so condemn them, you may be sure he has good grounds. It is not for us to question his righteousness. Our duty consists in doing all in our power to send the Gospel to the heathen. Whatever God may do with them we may be certain he will do no injustice. 3. It is supposed that Luke traces the genealogy of Mary and that Luke 3: 23 should read, "who was the son-in-law of Heli." 4. Yes, it is justifiable, but we do not think it is wise. More murderers would be convicted and punished if the penalty was life-imprisonment.

Reader, Dorchester, New Brunswick. Is it right for the members of a local church, who have a financial debt upon the same, to contribute of their means to missionary or other foreign work until their own honest debts are paid?

If you mean that a church with a mortgage should not contribute to foreign mission work until the mortgage is paid, we cannot agree with you. The mortgage is taken care of by payment of the interest. This same remark applies to ordinary floating debt or current liabilities, which should be properly taken care of without interfering with the church's offerings to foreign missions.

W. H. Are diamonds found in the United States?

The statement is made in *Nelson's Encyclopedia* that "In the United States a great many diamonds have been found in the glacial drift south of the Great Lakes. The probable source of these gems has been a most interesting geological speculation."

A. O. B., Owanita, Fla. Are men the children of God before their conversion?

Not in the spiritual sense. In the moral sense, and by nature and kinship, we are his children. Disobedient, unworthy, vagrant, but his children, as the prodigal son was the son of his father when he was feeding swine in the far country. To the Greeks Paul said (Acts 17: 29), "Forasmuch as we are the offspring of God." Jeremiah, after upbraiding his people and calling them hard names, addresses them as God's children (Jer. 3: 22). There would be little hope of saving some men if there was not in them something of God to which appeal might be made. When they are restored to him by the new birth, then they are his spiritual children, greatly beloved for Christ's sake.

E. A. B., whose letter appeared recently in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, writes:

My heart is filled with love and gratitude to God and to all who have contributed to help an aged woman to return to her native place and find a home there, and to one who this morning sent his check to me for $18.67. Words fail to express my deep and sincere gratitude.

P. H., Matawan, N. J. 1. Please explain Psalm 37: 25. Are the seed of the righteous never reduced to begging bread? 2. What is the kingdom of God?

1. The psalmist simply stated his own experience. He had never seen it. He did not say it never occurred. If it did not occur in his day, it does in ours. It ought not, and God never designed that it should. There is enough wealth in the world to provide food and clothing and shelter for all, but under our present system some get more than their share, and the others suffer and some starve. If a good man, though he be the seed of the righteous, acts imprudently, or is wasteful, or speculates unwisely, God does not interfere to keep him from ruin. 2. The kingdom of God is that condition in which God rules. It is not a place, but a state. If you ask God to govern your life and pledge yourself to obey him as a loyal subject, trusting in Christ to give you the necessary power, you are in the kingdom of God. So long as you cling to some sin you are unwilling to renounce, you are outside the kingdom.

"New Testament" Policemen

A REAL revival has sprung up in the Birmingham, England, Police Station, near the home of Mr. Charles M. Alexander, the Gospel singer, through the officers carrying and reading New Testaments. Eight of the policemen have confessed Christ and five have joined the Confirmation Class. The officers and hundreds of other people in Birmingham belong to the Pocket Testament League, which was originated by Mrs. Alexander. The photograph shows the members of the Police Bible Class.

Miscellaneous

Subscriber, Brooklyn, N. Y. The address is 240 West One Hundred and Second Street, New York.

Subscriber, Guysville, O. Address both at New York City.

M. A. H. S., New York. We should consider it inconsistent.

Subscriber, Erie, Pa. Write to Editor, *Irish World*, New York.

L. E. J., San Ardo, Calif. We regret that we have no means of answering your questions.

Reader, Evansville, Wis. Cards, theatres and dances are not in the category of Christian amusements.

G. C. H., Loretto, Mich. Mizpah is the name of several places in Palestine, and means "a watchtower."

Reader, Urbanna, Va. It will cost from $160 to $190 for each person to go from New York to Buenos Ayres.

Arthur S., St. Marys, O. The practical way is to procure employment in a detective agency or join the police force.

Mrs. L. H. D., Pa. Write to the Superintendent Old Ladies' Home, Wissimoming, Philadelphia, for all particulars; entrance fee, $250.

Mrs. E. C., Chesterville, Me. The Bible has not been abolished, in the comprehensive sense you mean. The law is against the teaching of any religion, as such, in the schools, but there are still many schools in which the Bible is read.

L. B. H., Gainesville, Fla. In the writings of Paul Du Chaillu, the celebrated traveler, there are many references to the Pygmies, and other reliable travelers have mentioned them. Schweinfurth, in his story of journeyings across Africa, also encountered the Pygmies and found them a wonderfully interesting little people, though shy, sensitive and treacherous.

Several Readers. All students of our Esperanto Course are invited to write to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York, for explanation of points that present difficulty. These queries will be submitted to an Esperantist and will be answered fully and promptly. Esperanto compositions will be corrected.

Reader, Keystone, Ill. The war debt is part of the national debt, which can only be paid in specified amounts at stated intervals. Even if the United States government had plenty of money to wipe out its indebtedness at once, it could not do so, as those who purchased the government bonds are entitled to their interest for the specified period. Fanny Crosby lives at Bridgeport, Conn. You can get the books from Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers, New York City.

EVERY now and then inquiries reach this office, from generously-inclined friends, for the proper legal designation of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD charities. While the benevolent work of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD extends over the whole world, its special charities are the Bowery Mission and our Children's Home. The corporate name of the Bowery Mission is as follows: "The Bowery Mission and Young Men's Home of New York City." The proper designation of the Children's Home is as follows: "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home at Nyack, New York." Both are duly incorporated and entitled to receive legacies.

NEW YORK, MARCH 25, 1908

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

Kuan Hgsu, the Emperor of China

Mutsuhito, the Emperor of Japan

THE WAR CLOUD OVER CHINA

Japanese Minister of War

SIXTEEN years ago, when our people knew a great deal less about China and Japan than they do now, war broke out between these two nations, in which several bloody battles were fought, and Japan, with her modern drill, rifles, and heavy warships, was the victor. The provocation at that time was not large, and now, over a very small matter, which could be easily settled by a court of Admiralty, there is again a threat and growl of war in the East—that East which we have long thought of as passive, but which now seems to be the scene of world events.

As long ago as February 7, a steamer belonging to a Japanese commercial company, and bearing the euphonious name of *Tatsu Maru*, sailed into the port of Macao, China. There was a strong suspicion in the minds of the Chinese officials, based probably on reports from secret agents received beforehand, that there were concealed on board the *Tatsu* a large supply of arms and ammunition which was intended for the revolutionists, who were then operating in several districts of South China and terrorizing the country. The Chinese ships, under the orders of Commander Kwangtung, surrounded the *Tatsu* and sent an armed party over her rails, much to the surprise of the placid Japanese merchant commander, who expected that the Japanese flag would inspire sufficient awe to keep even four Chinese gunboats at bay. The Chinese made a thorough investigation of the *Tatsu's* cargo, and evidently felt that they had found sufficient evidence to justify her detention, and then pulled down the Japanese colors and took the ship to Canton.

It added greatly to the snarl that Macao is a Portuguese concession, over which a Portuguese governor holds sway. The Japanese official report, printed recently in London, states that the ship was seized by force by Chinese warships, while she was lying at anchor and waiting for a turn of the tide at Macao. The steamer, they claim, was far enough in shore to be in Portuguese waters. The Chinese sailors, the report continues, fully armed, boarded the merchant ship, seized part of the crew, and took part of the cargo. Japan contends that the ship held a regular permit from the Portuguese authorities, to allow the Japanese to land the arms and ammunition openly. Japan sent a demand for the immediate release of the *Tatsu*, and also for an official apology and an indemnity to be paid the owners.

The Chinese were very unwilling to do this. They claimed that arms and munitions of war should not be carried to Chinese rebels in the hold of a ship flying the flag of a nation that is supposed to be friendly and with which they had been long at peace, and that this act of private owners should not be backed up by the Japanese Government. Ever since the ships of the Rising Sun crushed the fleet of the Dragon on the waters of the Yellow River—a day that still burns in the memory of the Chinese—the hand of Japan has been growing stronger and heavier in their affairs, and it has caused much uneasiness. The Chinese, their own leaders say, have conceded again and again until they can go no further and maintain the dignity of the empire. The recent interference with the Northern Railroad was a strong hint that Japan felt her influence to be dominant, and that all others must give way. Japan has made no secret of the fact that she wishes to be considered the leader of the East, even as far as India, as one of her foremost statesmen has put it.

In Canton a monster meeting was held that appealed to the growing patriotism of the Chinese masses and at which strong protests were made against the surrender of the steamship to Japan and against paying indemnity. Members of the Chinese aristocracy were wildly cheered when they declared that China should assert her sovereign rights. Resolutions were voted that if the cargo and the ship were not both confiscated for carrying arms to the insurgents, a boycott of all goods made and imported by the Japanese should at once be inaugurated.

After a short interval Japan sent an ultimatum that she would take immediate action to force a surrender of the ship if it were not at once given up.

At this writing there is a rumor that Japan will blockade Canton with a powerful fleet of ships. This may show why Japan has had so much interest in making much of the seizure of the merchantman. It would furnish her an excuse for sending a fleet about twelve hundred miles nearer the Philippines, and beyond the disturbed island of Formosa. It is not a long sail from Canton to Manila, and such a move would be watched with interest by all Americans if any critical unpleasantness should arise later between America and Japan over treaty questions.

China, being in no condition to go to war, will probably apologize and make terms with Japan to avoid a conflict. One report states that Great Britain may intervene in behalf of peace, and that the whole dispute will probably be settled in an admiralty court to be specially called for that purpose.

The Docks at Canton, Where the "Tatsu" Was Held

THE

American Pulpit

A Sermon by

Rev. Charles F. Aked, D.D.*

GUEST AND HOST

TEXT—Rev. 3 : 20
"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."

IT is more than fifty years since the genius of a great painter stereotyped for the English-speaking world a misinterpretation of this text. Few modern pictures are better known than Holman Hunt's wonderful allegorical treatment of Christ as the Light of the World. Few have won a popularity so instantaneous; few have retained it so long. Reproductions of it are to be found in every city, almost in every home. There amid the shades of evening stands the kingly figure of the thorn-crowned One, knocking at the fast-shut door, at the door which has so long been closed that weeds rank and poisonous possess and bind it. Christ seeks entrance to the solitary human heart, saying, Behold, I stand at the door and knock!

For the door is hard to open,
And the weeds and ivy vine,
With their dark and clinging tendrils,
Ever round the hinges twine.

Sacred poetry has followed the devout imagination of the painter—in some cases has anticipated it. Joseph Grigg, Bishop How and Harriet Beecher Stowe bring us the same reading and the same appeal.

Ah! my soul, for such a wonder,
Wilt thou not undo the door?

It cannot be denied that there is exquisite beauty in that view. With the hymn-writer we can say,

O lovely attitude! He stands
With melting heart and laden hands;

and we can exclaim with him, at the marvel of it:

O matchless kindness! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.

though such a comment, absolutely true to the letter and the spirit of other Scripture, is not true to this Scripture. It misinterprets the text and loses the whole point of the words addressed to the Laodicean Church, with their encouraging, inspiring message to us all.

The Church of Laodicea is the self-complacent church. It is so degenerate, so fallen, so lost to the whole purpose of the existence of a church, so alien from the mind of the Founder of the Church, that of it the Risen Christ is represented as speaking the one violent word of physical repugnance and loathing which to this day shocks and startles us. And the text says that at the door of this church, not at the single human soul, at the door of this church so unchurchlike, so un-Christian, Christ stands and knocks and asks admittance. And the promise of the text is that if in this recreant community any single individual will rise and let him in, then Christ will come into the midst of the company of unbelieving believers and unfaithful followers, will hold sweet communion with him who has responded to his call, will be first guest, then gracious host: "I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me!" Let a church be never so worldly, so cold, so barren of aspiration, so bankrupt of achievement, let its doors be never so fast-barred against sympathy, pity, love, its heart steeled against the pathos and the passion of the Cross, and still, if there be some in that church who will hear the Saviour's knock, and will rise and let him in, there into that worldly and selfish church which has a name to live and is dead, the Christ will come! And coming, he will fling fire on the earth!

The Individual Heart

It is not necessary to suggest that every church is a church of Laodiceans; it is not. But the argument is good from the inclusive to the particular; if the promise was made to a fallen and despicable church, that the individual in its midst who would hear Christ's knock and would open, should be able to let him in, how much more does it hold good where the church is not fallen, not despicable, and where the individual none the less will hear and heed the call of Christ! If he would come into the church of Laodicea, when one would open the door to him, how shall he not come, in his glory all resplendent, to this church and to any church when men and women with hearts aflame with love prayerfully listen for his knock, and with flying feet hasten to let him in! That is the word of brave hope for us all.

And, indeed, we do well to remind ourselves over again what churches are for. Nothing is more curious than the fatal facility with which people who have come together for a certain great and clearly defined purpose can wholly lose sight, wholly, absolutely, lose sight of the object they had in coming together. I have been in a college where men were preparing for the ministry of the Gospel. Prior to experience it would have been impossible to believe that foundations could be laid, an institution built, the machinery of education set in motion, and young men gathered from all parts of the land to train for the preaching of the Word, yet where for weeks and months together everybody concerned could live in utter oblivion of the one single purpose of life. I have lived in a sanatorium to which a hundred and twenty men and women had come, each one brought within sight of the Valley of the Great Shadow. Every man and woman amongst them was afflicted by an insidious and terribly dangerous disease, for long centuries believed to be beyond the hope of cure, now, in the blessing of these modern days, known to be as certainly curable as any other ill our flesh is heir to. Every one amongst them knew for himself what his condition was, every one had received the news of the real nature of his illness as he might have received a sentence of death, until hope revived in his soul. And every one knew that upon himself and upon the life he lived depended everything controllable by man of hope of life, or threat of death. And every one had come to that sanatorium with the one single purpose of escaping from the outstretched hand of death.

The Chief Object Neglected

Would you not say that that purpose would be an ever-present, ever-absorbing, passionate reality, gripped with all the tenacity of life, and held on to with the despairing energy of death? And yet I declare to you that for weeks and months again in the case of at least a clear majority of the men and women there, nothing in the world was more remote from the thought than the purpose which had brought them there. Any amusement, any frivolity, any pleasure, any nonsense, any occupation or interest might appeal to them, and they would follow it with indescribable recklessness of consequences, so that the physician at the head of the sanatorium had to be night-watchman, policeman and magistrate all in one. But the thought of seeking the cure they came to find never once occurred to them!

And have you not seen churches where the same forgetfulness of the real and original purpose of churches was as wholly lost? I have. It is charged against preachers often enough that Christ has been hidden in theologies, buried in controversies, lost in denominational prejudice, bitterness, or pride. Can it not be charged against our Church life that Christ has just as often been lost in institutions that were called into existence for the sole purpose of proclaiming his name? And another and more deadly charge, could not it be preferred against us, that Christ has been lost amid the un-Christly things which have come into his Church, stifling aspiration, silencing prayer, dissipating energy sufficient to save a city upon a multitude of trivialities of which grown men and women ought to be ashamed? What are men Christians for? We need to ask the question.

What Churches Are For

And for what do churches exist? You are the salt of the earth. Salt is something which is rubbed into dead matter to prevent it going bad. You are the salt of the earth, rubbed into a society which is dead in its materialism, in its selfishness and sin, to prevent a process of corruption. You are the light of the world, and a city set on a hill cannot be hid. And the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, which has shone into your hearts from the face of Jesus Christ, is to shine again from you into dark hearts and dark homes until his kingdom come, and his will is done on earth as it is done in heaven. Churches exist to hold Christ crucified before the eyes of men; to preach Christ as the ideal of heroic living, Christ as the law of human life, Christ as the world's enduring hope. Churches exist to win men and women to Christ, and to a Christ-like life. That church is successful, because doing the work it exists to do, which makes a few more good men and women, very sure that each one will be a centre and source of goodness again. That church, however rich, however great its numbers, brilliant its leadership and compact its organization, fails, if it is not growing good men and women in its ranks and sending them out, missionaries of goodness, into all its world.

What commonplaces are these! Yet because they are so obvious we lose sight of them! Moreover, organization is a necessity. But there is danger in organization. And the danger is that we should leave the organization to do what can only be done by a living spirit. It is the inevitable tendency of all human organizations to stifle individuality. Let the organization fulfil its tendency and it droops and dies. It is for the individual to assert himself within the organization and if need be against it. By so doing he serves its deepest interests and saves its life. Force and fire brought the organization to the birth, force of will and fire of devotion. By force and fire alone can it be fed and nourished and kept in vigorous life, force of enthusiastic service, fire of consecrated love. The organization is a magnificent piece of machinery. But no mechanical means at present known to mortals will generate energy to set it going or keep it moving. Human heart-beats must supply the driving power.

The Message to the Waiting Hearts

Then here is the promise to the individual and to the Church: if, in the midst of a community wherein many have lost sight of the object of their existence, in the midst of an organization whose forces and fires have begun to droop, any individual will hear the Saviour's knock and will seek to open the door and let him in, Christ will come, and where he comes, his Church will palpitate again with the glad energy of living. He will come to the individual. It is his way. He will come in no other way. God does not speak to committees. He speaks to the waiting and willing heart. It is the one to whom God has spoken who must speak to committees. And when all the members of the committee are willing and waiting to be led to him, and all hear his voice, and all respond, then there is let loose upon the community in which the committee operates the power which in days gone by has turned the world upside down. Behold, I stand at the door of the church and knock. If any one will open the door I will come unto him, and will sup with him—and though the mass of those in the church will not hear, will not heed, will sleep their thick sleep and go their sluggish way, yet this one is friend of Christ, bond-slave no longer but friend, and the Master sups with him!

Do you lament the low vitality of your church in things of the Spirit? Is prayer neglected? Are the words of prayer few, halting, formal? But do you pray! Pray more. Pray better. Pray oftener, with intenser zeal. Enter into the deepest intimacy with your God. Open your own heart to the influences of heaven. So shall you open the door of your non-praying church, and the one who gently knocks will come in. Do you grieve over the sordid and squalid selfishness of men and women in your church? There is no elasticity in their giving? No joy in pouring out their possessions in the service of the Lord? No happiness in counting themselves as stewards of the manifold goodness of God, and spending their best for his cause? Well, stretch your own generosity to the breaking point. Give more than you can afford to give. Give with fine and happy carelessness, not counting what you give, nor calling your left hand to witness what your right hand does. And he who knocks at the door of your miserly church shall come in. Or is your complaint this, that there is no vigorous life in your church, none to work, none to offer hours of every day, and days of every week to the church and school? Then, as far as dwelleth in you, do you labor on, steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord. And the promise is to you: I will come to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.

The Sure Remedy

This is better than to rail at the church, to take up your parable against it in the market-place, or write accusations against it in the magazines. Such critics stand, as though rooted and grounded in the earth, waiting for other people to be good; or they elbow their way to a coign of vantage from which they can look upon the real or imagined infirmities of the rest of mankind, then hold up their hands in pious horror at the discovery that other people are uncommonly like themselves. My sister, if gentleness and courtesy and refinement are not as common in your circle as they should be, are you quite satisfied that you are doing all that mortal can do to increase these graces, and to spread them? If things come to such a poor pass in your church, my brother, that you have little good you can truthfully say about it, are you quite clear that there is nothing you can do to improve it? There are some curious people in this world; but to my mind one of the most singular is that benighted person who is forever telling us how bad things are, but never once

Continued on page 245

*Preached in the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, New York.

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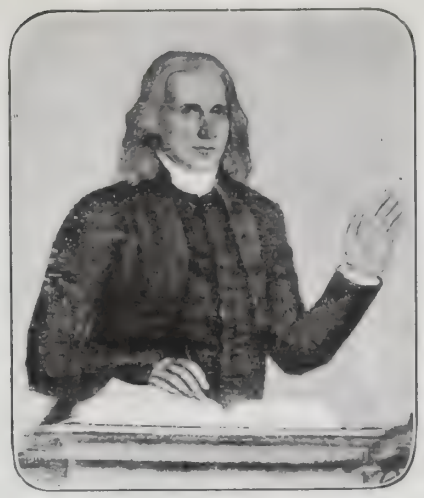
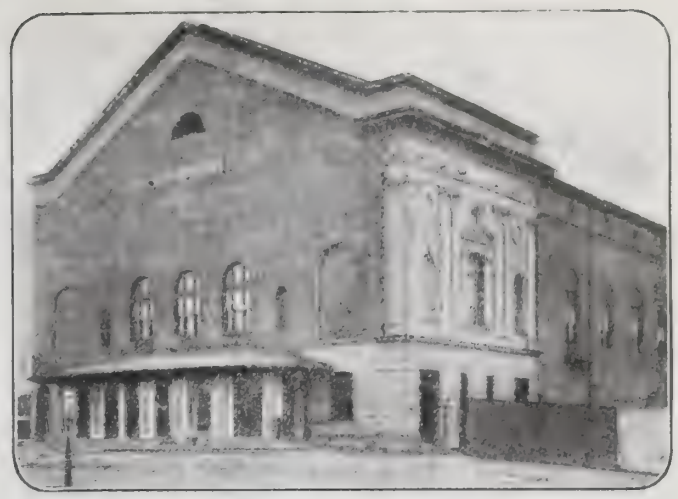
Where the Conference of 1808 Was Held

Bishop Asbury (from an old print)



Lyric Hall, Baltimore, Scene of Present Conference



METHODISTS TO MEET IN BALTIMORE

THE twenty-fifth quadrennial session of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church will meet in Lyric Hall, Baltimore, Md., Wednesday morning, May 6, 1908, and will continue throughout the month. The General Conference is the governing body and is purely a delegated one, representing 131 annual conferences, nineteen of which are foreign and twenty-one Afro-American.

The conclave will be composed of cleric and lay members in equal proportion. Among the lay members will be a few elect women, perhaps six or eight. The last General Conference, which was the first to admit them, learned that they could easily hold their own in debate.

The morning hours will be devoted to open Conference work and the afternoons to committee meetings, many of which will be numerically as large as the Annual Conferences. The evenings will be largely given to lectures and addresses.

The bishops will preside over the regular Conference sessions in the order of their seniority. Bishop Henry W. Warren, D.D., LL.D., of Denver, Col., the senior active bishop, will open the Conference. Bishop Thomas Bowman, who is ninety years of age, will probably be in attendance, as the Conference is at his door.

Several things combine to make the coming session one of the most notable in the history of the church. It will be within territory preciously reminiscent. Baltimore might be fittingly termed the "cradle of American Methodism." It was in that city and contiguous to it that the followers of Wesley gained their first footing and achieved their greatest victories. Strictly speaking, the first General Conference was organized in Baltimore city in 1792. Unfortunately, the minutes were not preserved. This was followed by four sessions, viz.: 1796, 1800, 1804 and 1808, all of which were held in Baltimore, and were composed of all the ministers then in full membership throughout the entire connection. At the General Conference of 1808, provision was made for a delegated General Conference. May 1, 1812, the first delegated General Conference convened in old John Street Church, New York City. Including this session, there have been twenty-four quadrennial delegated General Conferences, five of which have met in Baltimore (1816, 1820, 1824, 1840 and 1876). Again, after a lapse of thirty-two years, the choice has fallen upon that city, which is a synonym for hospitality. It seems but proper, after a hundred years from the inauguration of a delegated General Conference, that the great conclave should go to this place to celebrate a kind of centenary of splendid, aggressive and successful history. A hundred years ago Bishop Francis Asbury presided, and was in fact the only bishop of which Methodism could then boast. Now she has an episcopacy consisting of thirteen active bishops, six missionary and five superannuated.

During the General Conference a hundred years ago, Bishop Asbury dedicated the Eutaw Street Church on May 8, 1808. The organization has remained intact through all the passing years. This old church has passed through three baptisms of fire: the War of 1812, when the harbor and city were exposed to the fire of the British fleet; the Civil War of the Sixties, and the awful conflagration of more recent years. Eutaw Street Church is beautifully adapted to meet the present needs. This church ranks historically with St. George's of Philadelphia, old John Street Church of New York, and the Stone Chapel, which marks the spot where Strawbridge erected the first Methodist log meeting house in America, in 1764, in Frederick County, Maryland. These are venerated as shrines by the followers of Wesley. Of the four, St. George's of Philadelphia bears the distinction of being the oldest (1763).

The quadrennium drawing to a close has been characterized by a closer fraternity between the several branches of Methodism, creating the hope that at least federation, if not actual organic union, may be realized in the near future. There has been a steady and satisfactory growth. Perhaps the greatest success and growth have been in foreign fields, and the record of the home church in standing by the foreign work has been of the most loyal type, both as to men and money. No church can fail that shows such splendid devotion to the missionary cause.

The episcopal bench has been deprived by death of some of its most princely men, including Merrill, of the Websterian type; Andrews and Joyce, the evangels; Fitzgerald, the parliamentarian, and McCabe, the irrepressible Boanerges. Other men, great in the councils of the church, will doubtless be called upon to wear the episcopal mantle, but just how many will be elevated is a matter of conjecture. Worthy of mention are Drs. W. A. Quale, Homer C. Stuntz, J. T. McFarland, George Eliott, Frank M. Bristol, E. H. Hughes, W. S. Lewis, George P. Eckman, Ward H. Platt, R. J. Cooke and T. E. Fleming, all of whom are regarded as good available episcopal timber.

The election of a bishop is of prime interest and is preceded by earnest prayer. The election is by the two-thirds rule. The editorial and secretarial force, together with the publishing agents, are nominated and elected by majority vote. Many important questions will be brought forward. Here are a few that will probably command attention: "Districting of the Bishops," "Elective Presiding Eldership," "Remodeling of the Office," "The Pastoral Tenure," "Unification of Publishing Houses," "Change of Ratio in Representation," "Permanent Conference Claimaint Fund," "Deaconess Work on a Permanent Basis" and perhaps a little tinkering with the famous paragraph 248, which bears upon the amusement question. The last General Conference retained the paragraph by such an overwhelming vote as to almost preclude the probability of resurrection.

W. M. LEMEN.

GUEST AND HOST Sermon by Rev. Charles F. Aked, D.D. Continued

stirs hand or foot in the effort to make them better. When Tennyson's furious and more than half-insane hero, who has flung his curses right and left with a frenzy which only a Tennyson could describe, at last comes to his senses, he has to admit,

> We have proved we have hearts in a cause, we are noble still,
> And myself have awaked, as it seems, to the better mind;
> It is better to fight for the good than to rail at the ill;
> I have felt with my native land, I am one with my kind,
> I embrace the purpose of God, and the doom assigned.

There is a world of good Gospel in that. It is better to fight for the good than to rail at the ill. Let a man feel with his fellows; be one with his kind; let him embrace the purpose of God; and he will find it no "doom" which is assigned him, but joy, blessing, peace and happy content. If any man will hear my voice and open the door, I will come to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.

So, then, this is the plain teaching. Whatever others may or may not do, or whatsoever they may leave undone, as for you, do you open to Christ's knock, and let him in. But all along I have assumed, though I have not stated, what remains to be said. We ground ourselves on the ascertained and tabulated facts of human nature, when we declare that there is no community to be found on the face of the whole earth where one man may hear the voice of Christ and let him in, without others hastening also to his call, offering him open heart and open door, and longing to become the guest of such a host! In plain words, we ground ourselves upon common human experience when we declare that it is not possible, in any community, for one person to cherish a high ideal and live continuously in open obedience to that ideal, without other lives being touched to finer issues. I do not know whether any person can be really bad without making others bad; but I do know that in this world as God made it, this world as we know it, no person can really try to be good without, unconsciously though it be, helping some other person to be better. This, let the pessimists say what they will, this is the elemental fact of human nature; there is that in our hearts which is touched by the presence of goodness, which appreciates it, is moved by it, and in the long run will respond to it. It is this which makes all redemptive effort, all missionary propaganda, all teaching and preaching of the Gospel "worth while." Deep down in the human heart, crushed, stifled, buried if you will, but living still, is something which can respond to the goodness and the love of Christ. So, if any one hear his voice and will let him in, it will not be to himself alone that he welcomes Christ; sooner or later—later it may seem to our noble impatience—but not too late for the purpose of God, inevitably, others in his circle, in his community, in his Church, will seek to sit at the Master's table.

In the works of the professional commentators you will find this image of Christ standing at the door, knocking, and entering in to sup with the willing soul, referred back to a line in the Song of Songs. The suggestion to me is far-fetched and absurd. The figure was born of memories folded within the loving heart of John. Weary with the labors of the day, the vital forces drained by much preaching and teaching, the crowds pressing upon him, and the excitement which filled Galilee down to its utmost edge with talk of him, every evening Jesus went forth from John's home where he lodged in the city. He found his way to the silent spaces of the mountain side. He refreshed his body with deep, deep draughts of the cool night air, and his soul with fellowship with God. At home sat the well-beloved disciple, waiting his return. By the flickering light of the oil lamp he read in the Scriptures of his race the words of prophecy which were even then being fulfilled in the person of his God-like guest. And as the hours passed and anxiety about him grew, he mounted to the roof and peered through the starlight for the figure of One who seemed so long in coming, or descended to the narrow, wind-swept street to see if he was near. Then he returned to the scroll of the Psalms or the precious copy of Isaiah, and waited still. At length came the footfall he had learned to know, the welcome knock, the haste to let him in, and the simple evening meal. John for a time was host in his own house, and never man entertained a fairer guest; but soon the parts were reversed. Inevitably, Christ took the place that was his. He breaks the bread, and blesses the cup, and the disciple sups with him. How do I know? The heart has its reasons! And well I know that in this church, and in every church, and in every city, and in every village, disciples whom Jesus loves still keep the light in the window burning for him, as they wait and watch intently for his coming. And through the roar of city streets I hear his gentle promise, sweeter than distant music on a moonlit sea, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."

BURYING COLLINWOOD'S DEAD

TWICE have the streets of Collinwood, Ohio, been lined by crowds of people who stood, silently and sadly, while they watched the most remarkable funeral processions in our history pass by—processions such as the most hardened spectator prayed that he would never have cause to see again. The funerals were those of the victims of the late horrible conflagration at the Collinwood school, where at least one hundred and seventy-two children and two teachers lost their lives in the wild stampede, and in the fire which followed.

On the first day the identified dead were buried by the surviving members of their families. Starting at nine o'clock in the morning, there were at least ten funerals an hour until late in the afternoon. There were over forty separate funerals held from various homes and churches, while in one church in the morning a solemn service was held over the remains of sixteen little ones, while in another twelve small coffins shone white in the gloom of the chancel. The clergyman's voice choked with emotion.

Friends from far and near came to pay their last loving tributes and gathered with tear-dimmed eyes about the caskets of the little friends who had lately shed rays of summer sunshine in the hearts of their fathers and mothers and of their playmates. Flowers seemed to come from everywhere, and there was not a casket but bore a great bunch of white blossoms that seemed to speak silently, and yet eloquently, of the eternal hope.

There were not enough hearses, though many had been sent in from other districts, to bear the bodies to the cemeteries, and the trolley cars were pressed into service to make a funeral train. The cars each held several coffins, and the fronts and sides were draped with festoons of white and black cloth. Slowly this remarkable cortege made its way toward the outskirts of the town. Without a jar, almost noiselessly, the heavy cars moved, carrying their silent passengers to their final resting places. The people stood in groups along the route, the men with bared heads as the cars swept by, and there were few, even among the strongest, who did not break down at this, the end of the great tragedy.

The second day set apart for the funerals was for the "unknown dead," and of these there were many. It was perhaps more heartrending than the first day, as the parents who had been unable to identify the bodies of their children suffered untold misery as they thought they would never exactly know in which spot in the green earth their dear ones would rest. At the last report it was found that at least six children are missing, and it is thought that their ashes are still in the mass of debris in the bottom of the school cellar.

Mr. Frank Whitney, the superintendent of the village schools of Collinwood, made a house-to-house canvas of the entire Lakeview School District, in which all of the pupils who attended the school lived. Six were missing and twenty-two unidentified out of the hundred and sixty-seven bodies taken from the ruins. Several who were rescued died later, adding to the total.

It was found that the body which was supposed to be that of the heroic Miss Weiller, the teacher who attempted to stem the mad rush of her pupils to destruction, was that of some other person. It is believed to be that of a man. One of the rescuers, a young man of twenty-eight, has been missing since the fire, and it is now supposed that he gave his life in an effort to save some of the children's lives. It is thought that Miss Weiller's body is entirely lost. Two of the bodies taken from the ruins were buried in Oswego, N. Y., and the funerals there were attended by a large concourse of people.

The fire has really become a national and international affair. School committees all over the United States have been investigating the buildings under their charge, and it has been found, in many cases, that their arrangements offered a chance for such a disaster as occurred at Collinwood. In these cases, the schools were closed for one or two weeks, while the necessary alterations were made.

Europe has been interested and several countries, including England and Germany, have made surveys of many of their buildings. Messages of sympathy with the people of Collinwood in their great sorrow were sent by the heads of many foreign governments.

The mayor of Budapest, Hungary, at the opening of a recent session of the municipal council, spoke of the Collinwood fire. He said he believed that some children of Hungarian immigrants were among the victims. The council passed a resolution of sympathy with the parents of Collinwood, which was cabled to America. In a New York school, about two days after the disaster in Ohio, a fire broke out and the teachers, with the previous fire in mind, quickly formed their classes. In a few moments all of the two thousand or more pupils were safely out in the street. The fire was quickly extinguished.

Electric Cars Carrying Bodies to the Collinwood Cemetery

BEREA'S DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION

"LINCOLN has hallowed the log cabin. I can never pass one of those little blind log cabins without thinking of the possible Lincoln within, and wishing we might give him at least the six books which formed the library of our president in his youth," said Dr. William Goodell Frost, addressing an audience assembled at the home of Miss Helen Gould on a recent afternoon, in the interests of Berea College.

Berea is well known as an educational centre which has been doing good work for many years. Established in 1855, the liberal sentiment of its supporters was such that it has admitted colored students since 1866, and in all the years no cause for rebuke or reproach has been given by the negroes. The recent law passed in Kentucky requiring separate provision for the two races, came as a great trial to the school, just as it had begun to feel able to fulfil its mission. Although it is expected that the United States Supreme Court will declare the law unconstitutional, Berea will not avail itself of such decision, but will conform with the wishes of the State as expressed in the new law.

To carry forward its mountain work unimpaired, and at the same time to establish an effective colored school, an "Adjustment Fund" of $400,000 is proposed. Mr. Carnegie has pledged $200,000, and others have added $80,500, so that the amount now required is only $119,500. The treasurer is Thomas J. Osborne, Berea, N. Y.

"A dollar spent at Berea is a dollar put into the building of a man or a woman," said Hamilton W. Mabie in his address. We provincial Eastern people did not know about the Cumberland Mountains until Miss Murfree and John Fox, in his 'Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come,' introduced us to those wonderful men full of audacity, love of adventure, courage and the great human passion for action. After the Revolution, thousands of men and women of English and Scottish blood settled in that mountain region, and their descendants have grown up a community of themselves, until they now number 3,000,000, forming their own institutions, making their own laws, solving their own problems in their own way. Their solitude was first broken by the cannon of the Civil War. Then 180,000 loyal men formed a solid wedge thrust down into the South as an impassable barrier of protection for the Northern States. We are here presented with a great problem, dealing with 3,000,000 people with primitive virtues and primitive faults, uninfluenced by the outside world."

Mrs. Frost describes "the mountain mother" as a woman of strong personality, hospitable, domestic, susceptible to good influence and recognizing the value of "eddication" for her children. Many of the women display among their household treasures, quilts and shawls handed down as heirlooms from ancestors who were wives of generals in Washington's army. Indeed, more than a dozen "Daughters of the Revolution" are found in the school at Berea, one of them descended from a signer of the Declaration of Independence. These mountain women, leading isolated lives, are keen for news from the outside world. "One reason we take to shootin' each other here in the mountains is because we don't have nothin' else to think about," commented one in conversation with Mrs. Frost.

"The teaching of such a college as Berea," said the Rev. Percy S. Grant, "constitutes a missionary enterprise. The teachers are just as much missionaries as any in foreign lands. Most of these teachers are working for only one-half the pay they would receive in a Northern school. President Frost cut in two the salary he was receiving in a Northern college when he went down there to take up this life of unutterable hardships."

"What Hampton has done in adapting conditions to the negro, Berea is doing in adapting conditions to the mountaineer," said President Frost. "We not only welcome our 1,250 students who come to us, but we go books in hand to the homes endeavoring to sow the seeds of education and citizenship. These valleys must soon overflow into surrounding parts of the country. Shall they overflow with people who have no ideas of town government or of any of the conventional proprieties of accepted civilization? The usual settler going West to seek new territory takes ideas with him from what he has seen; these mountaineers have no such ideas to take elsewhere; they are quite primitive. Pupils of our school are hailed as leaders when they return to their homes. One of our boys has now been sent to the State Legislature. He is coming back to school again when Legislature adjourns.

"Here we have a community of loyal citizens, red-hot Protestants, the Abe Lincoln kind of people, who need immediate training for self-help. The mountain work is of national importance. Much time and thought have been given to solving the problem of the city. In finding cures for the adverse conditions of mountain life, we shall solve the rural problem (as real as the city problem) for all the world."

Girls of Revolutionary Ancestry at Berea

How the St. Paul Fought the Terror

By REAR ADMIRAL CHARLES D. SIGSBEE, United States Navy

IT is required of me that I write again of my personal experiences. Looking back on my naval career, it appears that I have been repeatedly in danger from submarine explosive agencies, and probably to a degree without parallel in the United States Navy for a single individual.

As a young officer, in our Civil War, I spent many a night watch, with my binocular glasses resting on the rail, sweeping the water for makeshift torpedo boats, as well as for blockade runners. It is well-known history that some of our blockading vessels were blown up by such boats.

At the battle of Mobile Bay, I was next to the head of the column when the fleet passed over the mines. For taking his vessels over, Farragut got great credit. Fortunately there were no losses from mines then called torpedoes—except in the case of the *Tecumseh*. That vessel was blown up and sunk close to my ship, the *Brooklyn*. All on board were lost save ten men from the turret. Some of our vessels, however, made contact with mines. Their people between decks heard the fuses exploding under the bottom of the ship.

I commanded the *Maine* when she was blown up in Havana Harbor on the night of February 15, 1898. The forward half of the *Maine* was blown to tatters. Of her people, 252 were killed at once, and 8 died in hospital afterwards. She had 26 officers and 328 men. Of these, all but four officers were on board. Only 16 of the men were wholly uninjured. I was writing in my cabin when the explosion came.

In the war with Spain I commanded the *St. Paul*. She was the American liner of that name hastily transformed into a cruiser for the war. She was of 16,000 tons displacement and carried six 5-inch guns, six 6-pounder and six 3-pounder guns, all rapid firing rifles. Half of each were on each broadside. She was an enormous ship with a small battery and was classed as an auxiliary cruiser. Her principal duty, as first intended, was scouting -to get in touch with the enemy and report him. In her structure she was very vulnerable. Her protection lay in her speed.

On May 19, 1898, the Spanish Admiral Cervera arrived at Santiago de Cuba. With him were the armored cruisers *Maria Teresa*, *Vizcaya*, *Oquendo* and *Colon;* also the destroyers *Furor* and *Pluton*. The *St. Paul* reached there on the morning of May 21. She was the first United States vessel to arrive after Cervera entered. She was there by virtue of the following cable dispatch from the Navy Department, received at Cape Haitien on May 19:

> "Proceed at once off Santiago; the Spanish fleet reported there; Schley ordered there; communicate occasionally."

In a previous dispatch, setting me a certain scouting service elsewhere, the Navy Department had directed me to avoid being captured. So off Santiago my duty was plain—to scout effectively within the limitations of non-capture. During daylight the *St. Paul* would remain in sight of the Morro. At night I used stratagems to avoid night attack by the destroyers. I lack the space in which to describe them more fully here.

"Terror"—Photo Presented to Admiral Sigsbee by Mme. la Rocha, wife of the Commander

The *St. Paul* remained eight days off Santiago—until the arrival of Commodore Schley's squadron. During five days and nights she was alone. She was a shining mark for torpedo attack more than a tenth of a statute mile in length, drawing about twenty-six feet of water, and her huge funnels pouring out black volumes of smoke eighty-four feet above the water. Her crew was newly enlisted and made up of many elements. She had had but one target practice. That was in sight of the Morro of Santiago on the morning of her arrival.

An attack by Cervera's destroyers was provided for nightly. It was inconceivable that they should not try if they were there. According to the captain of one of them, he tried for a whole month to get outside to attack Sampson's vessels, but was prevented by the illumination of the entrance by Sampson's searchlights. Certain records show that the destroyers were outside once or twice, at night, while the St. Paul was there. The risk to the *St. Paul* was critical. Had she been cleverly attacked at night, by both destroyers at once, the chances would have been much against her. At least my responsibility as captain was a lively one. The edge of a risk is acutely whetted to one who must bear the chief responsibility in situations of emergency.

On May 25, the *St. Paul* captured the collier *Restormel* off Santiago, whereby Cervera was deprived of further coal supply. The capture was made in plain sight of the entrance. It was seen at the Morro and reported. It is now known that the *Colon* and one of the destroyers were down near the entrance at the time, and with steam up. I believed attempted rescue so imminent that I made the *Restormel* steam full speed due south—away from the port.

The next and last occasion of my exposure to submarine attack is the principal topic of this article—viz., the *St. Paul's* engagement with the cruiser *Isabel II.* and the destroyer *Terror*, off San Juan, Porto Rico. The *Terror* was the third of Cervera's destroyers. She parted company with the Spanish squadron at Martinique and thence went to San Juan, while the *Pluton* and *Furor* continued with the cruisers to Curaçoa and Santiago. First and last, therefore, the *St. Paul* was in hostile company, and alone, with all three of the Spanish destroyers.

On June 13, the *St. Paul*, after a visit to New York, was again off Santiago. Admiral Sampson informed me that I might expect orders to proceed with the *St. Paul* to establish a blockade of San Juan single-handed. That port was credited by Admiral Sampson with twenty-one modern 8-inch guns, some 10-inch and 12-inch guns and a number of others of modern design. He also said that in the harbor were six war vessels, as follows: One cruiser, three gunboats, an armed transport of the *St. Paul's* strength and a destroyer. The information given me was correct. The Spanish vessels were the cruiser *Isabel II.*, the gunboats *Concha*, *Ponce* and *Criollo*, the armed transport *Alfonso XIII.* and the destroyer *Terror*. The Admiral smiled when he said that the *St. Paul* must blockade the port quite alone; but he promised support as soon as other vessels could be obtained. Neither of us cared for aught but the *Terror*. As a vessel of stealth and nocturnal habits, when properly used, she was something of a bugaboo. Still, it was a goodly force for one improvised, auxiliary cruiser to blockade or even to bluff.

Continued on page 250

The Naval Action between the "St. Paul" and the "Terror" off San Juan

Fort San Cristobal, San Juan, overlooking the Scene of the Battle

San Juan, Porto Rico—The Fight with the "Terror" took place to Seaward

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, Associate Editor — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, Associate Editor

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Subscriptions may commence with any issue.

Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

The Spectre of Famine in India

THERE was a hope, until within a few weeks ago, that the threatened famine in India had been averted by the refreshing rains that fell in the Central Provinces. At that time, as our readers will remember, in view of the general anxiety, the editor of this journal sent a message by the cable to Lord Minto, governor-general of India, inquiring as to actual conditions and proffering aid, if relief were needed. To that message Lord Minto cabled in reply that the distress was not yet so acute as to warrant an appeal to America's liberality. This was supplemented by a letter from the Viceroy's secretary, which was still hopeful.

That this hope, after flickering for months, has unfortunately died out, and that an actual famine crisis is near, is made evident in this latest cable message received from the Viceroy's secretary:

Calcutta, March 11.

Dr. LOUIS KLOPSCH, New York:

One million and a half people now receiving famine relief and Viceroy is forming charitable fund. Any assistance from America will be appreciated and can be usefully applied.

It is clear from the foregoing authoritative statement that the situation is a serious one, since it justifies the government in appealing for outside aid. Measures seem to have been taken in due season to meet the emergency; but if we may judge from past visitations, the sweep of a famine in India is so vast and widespread, and her population so multitudinous, that no human preparation, short of that which would involve the entire resources of her government, would be adequate to stem the suffering.

Let us hope that India may be providentially spared a repetition of the horrors of the last great famine. Should the worst fears be realized, the benevolently disposed in other lands will doubtless come to her aid. Our American missionaries, sustained by the generosity of their friends at home, will be found among the foremost in the work of succoring the distressed.

The Poor in Our Cities

EACH passing year makes more complex the problem of poverty and the housing and care of the poor in our great cities. Society seems to be no nearer a solution, although the matter is one that has been discussed many times in all of its varied aspects. In New York the city fathers, the pastors and the sociologists have given it frequent consideration, but the situation remains unrelieved. Well nigh half the city downtown is given over to a vast heterogeneous mass of Italians, Jews, Russians, Greeks, Germans and Scandinavians, who are huddled together so closely that the congestion has become a serious menace to the general health.

At a recent meeting held in New York expressly to consider this urgent problem, Dr. Felix Adler, an eminent sociologist, told his auditors plainly that all the methods adopted thus far for the relief of the congestion and the assuagement of human suffering had proved utterly futile. Crowded tenements, high rents and the herding of men, women and children together like cattle constituted conditions incapable of relief. The actual monetary burdens of the thrifty poor he declared were far greater than those of the wealthy. Settlement work, public parks, libraries, and all the various recreations and attractions furnished by well-meaning people did not and could not meet the situation. What was needed was plenty of work for the unemployed and wholesome surroundings. Other speakers advocated relieving the congestion by the wholesale removal of factories, workshops and tenement dwellers to the suburbs.

Such measures, even if they were practicable, while they might afford temporary relief to a few thousands, would hardly affect general conditions. Labor colonies and the establishment of municipal works on a large scale would also no doubt afford partial relief. But these suggestions do not reach the real root of the problem. If it were possible to distribute the unemployed multitudes of New York throughout the country, where they could find steady work at living wages, we might see more substantial results; but large appropriations would be needed for so gigantic a deportation. Besides, the official cooperation of the various States would be indispensable to the success of the scheme.

Truly, it is a hard problem at which the sociologists are tinkering. And the hardest part of it is that grim residue of the prevalent congestion, the unemployed, whose representatives are to be found in the "Bread Line." Professional philanthropists and superficial observers have decried the "Bread Line," and inveighed against what has been crudely termed "indiscriminate charity," as tending to "pauperize the people." Nothing could be further from the truth. What "pauperizes the people" is not the helping hand they occasionally get at a pinch from their sympathetic brothers and sisters, but low sweat-shop wages, exorbitant rents, high prices for food caused by cornering the necessaries of life, labor strikes, panics, wholesale enforced idleness, privation and sickness. For how much or how little of this the poor themselves are responsible any fair-minded person can judge. As to the criticisms of the "Bread Line," and its simple, elementary way of relieving hunger, those who hold it to be a duty to share their abundance with "their brothers in need" care but little. They are equally indifferent to praise or censure. To permit a man or woman to starve because they do not know their antecedents they would regard as a crime against God and nature. They remember, too, how Christ fed the hungry multitudes under conditions which might have rendered him liable to the charge by the Pharisees of "pauperizing the people."

This is the working theory of the "Bread Line" and, indeed, of all elementary benevolences. It has its springs deep in human sympathy. Besides, it should not be forgotten that your workingman, however poor, is not a beggar. He may be toilworn, hard of hand, rugged of face and weather tanned, or he may be weakened by want and suffering; but he is neither shirk nor criminal, but a man who will grasp at work as a drowning swimmer clutches at a rope. To those who regard the "Bread Line" as putting a premium upon idleness we would merely say: Investigate it for yourself, and you will speedily be convinced of the injustice you have been doing unwittingly to the deserving poor.

A Wonderful Record

THERE have recently appeared in some of our papers and magazines severe criticisms of the construction of our American battleships, which have caused a great deal of alarm to parents all over the country whose sons have donned the blue and are serving their country on the high seas. The relatives and friends of the sailor men have felt that if the young men stand ready to give their best service and their lives for their country, if need be, they should have the best ships to serve upon which American genius and mechanical skill can provide.

These hostile criticisms, while perhaps true in a few minor details, have not been supported by our most practical ship-builders, and the American people may feel sure that there are no better vessels afloat than those which have just completed the wonderful trip to Magdalena Bay in Lower California. The great fleet, without a single "straggler ship" left behind, arrived two days ahead of schedule time and in better condition, so the wireless dispatch reads, than when they left Hampton Roads. The machinery has been keyed up, and a spirit of emulation among the crews has put everything about the vessels in ship-shape order.

Along with the report about the ships came another, which all who have followed the news from the fleet will be glad to hear. It was from Admiral Robley D. Evans himself, and read, "I am much improved in health, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding." So again the alarmists will have to look elsewhere for reports wherewith to fill the pages of the more sensational press, and to worry those whose loved ones are making the great cruise. Admiral Evans and his men have made a record for practical seamanship that will be hard to equal.

In addition, it should not be forgotten that the cruise has cemented strongly the bonds of friendship between South and North America. At every port at which the fleet touched it received an ovation, and the South Americans did all possible to show that next to their own country the United States had their highest esteem.

Magnanimous Haiti

ALTHOUGH the recent revolutionary movement in Haiti seems to have been little more than a "tempest in a teapot," it threatened at one stage to become sufficiently tragic. When the government of President Nord Alexis had succeeded, by the employment of strong measures, in suppressing the rebellion, there was a sudden stampede among those connected with the movement. Foreigners who had been involved in the rising sought refuge in the different consulates at Port de Paix, a number finding shelter in the America consulate. Having been caught in open rebellio against the regularly constituted government of Hait their position was one of grave peril.

A few Europeans appealed to their governments fo protection, and it was arranged that they should remai in the consulates while their trials proceeded, afte which the Powers, it was believed, would urge lenit on the part of the Haitian president.

It must have been something in the nature of a pleas ing surprise to the refugees and their friends when a fe days later President Alexis sent an order to the Haitia War Minister, authorizing the immediate release of al refugees sheltered in the American Consulate. This ac of executive clemency was performed at the request of representative of the New York *Herald*, who appeale personally to the President in behalf of the prisoners. I will probably be followed by the pardon and deportatio of all the refugees in the other consulates.

In this matter little Haiti has set a notable exampl of magnanimity to other governments. Its course wil assuredly raise it in the estimation of Americans through whose intercession the concession was granted.

Among the Workers

—EVANGELIST GEISENHEINER, of Decatur, Ill., has been assisting i revival meetings in Cedar Bluffs, Kan., for about three weeks Twenty-one have made public profession thus far.

—EVANGELIST E. R. HERMISTON has just closed a series of meet ings at Boise, Idaho. All classes were reached, old and young judges and gamblers, and in one week one hundred and twenty came forward. Most of these have presented themselves fo church membership.

—A PENTECOSTAL SHOWER has visited the town of North East Pa., through the presentation of the Gospel by Evangelists Reed and Bennard. There were many seekers for pardon. Ninety-five names have been added to the M. E. Church, and other churches are also receiving additions.

—WE ARE INDEBTED to Missionary Frederick Jansen for the very interesting photograph on the cover page of this issue, showing a "Market Day at Cebu," in the Philippines. These picturesque people are in the hundred-island parish under the spiritual care of Mr. Jansen and his associate workers.

—IN THE evangelistic campaign in Philadelphia, conducted by J. Wilbur Chapman and Charles M. Alexander, fifty evangelists and Gospel singers assist. The city is divided into forty districts, and special meetings are held in saloons, railway shops and other places. It is a union effort. The campaign will continue for about five weeks.

—REV. H. D. SHELDEN, one of the Chapman workers, held a series of spiritual meetings at Shelton, Conn., lately. The Congregational, Baptist and Methodist churches united. They were very successful. At least ten per cent. of the Protestant population signed inquirers' cards. Mr. Shelden was assisted by Mr. B. F. Butts as soloist and chorus leader.

—DR. SMILEY, of Denver, and his Gospel singer have just closed a union meeting at Malvern, Ia., with a spiritual uplift to all the churches. Merchants closed their stores at half-past six each evening, that they and their clerks might attend. One entire day was given over to prayer, when eleven services were held. It was like a Sunday in the middle of the week. The churches continue the union meetings, though the evangelists have gone to Lyons, Neb., to direct a union effort there.

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THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

To Explore the Antarctic

NEWS comes from Christchurch, New Zealand, that the *Nimrod* has returned to that port after taking the Shackelton party to the scene of their operations. It will be remembered that Lieutenant Shackelton of the British Navy, who was a member of the *Discovery* expedition under Capt. K. T. Scott in 1902, publicly declared his intention of renewing the exploration of the Antarctic. He set out from England in July last for New Zealand, whence the exploring expedition was to start on its adventurous journey early last month. A hearty and cordial godspeed was given to him when he bade farewell to his native shores. The King bestowed the Victorian Order upon him, and Queen Alexandra presented him with a flag for the vessel then waiting for him in New Zealand. On his arrival there no time was lost in completing preparations. A specially constructed motor car for dragging sledges over flat ice was put on board, and a number of Manchurian ponies and Siberian dogs were added to the equipment. There was also a wooden shelter lined with felt and granulated cork as a refuge for the explorers during the winter darkness. The explorers said good-by to civilization, and the *Nimrod* with its crew of twenty men sailed for the unknown. It was arranged that she should carry the twelve explorers to some suitable camping-place as far south as possible, leave them there and return, to go back for them early next year. She now reports that she put them ashore at a point about eight hundred miles from the South Pole. This is not far from Scott's old camping-ground, with which Shackelton is familiar. He plans, however, to proceed by a more easterly route toward the Pole, believing that the ice in that direction is less hummocky. Though he expects to stay only one year, he has provisions for two years. The brave explorers are going into an utterly unknown region never yet trodden by men—a region of darkness, mystery, and perhaps of peril. We may hope that like the Christian entering that mysterious land beyond the grave they are able to say:

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me. (Ps. 23 : 4.)

Chasing a Runaway Train

A thrilling story comes from Portland, Me., of the capture of a string of loaded freight cars, that came near wrecking the Portland-Montreal express with two hundred passengers on board. Just as the last car of the express on the Grand Trunk bound for Montreal passed Copperville, N. H., a wild train of twenty cars, loaded with pulpwood, and without a locomotive, which had broken loose on a siding two miles away, shot on to the main line, and, gaining speed every minute, plunged along toward Portland. At Berlin, five miles away, a big mogul engine, with steam up, happened to be on a siding. The operator at Copperville wired: "Look out, runaway freight coming!" The last click of the message had hardly been received when the runaway, going at a mile and a half a minute, rushed past the Berlin station. The engineer and fireman were in the cab of the mogul. They knew the train was a runaway before the telegraph operator could tell them. The big engine snorted and trembled as she went in pursuit. The runaway had the lead, and the only hope of overtaking it was in its losing speed on a three-mile rise before reaching Shelburne. The momentum carried it up the hill, and not until it arrived at the top was it caught and the coupling to the mogul made. Then it was dragged back and an almost inevitable wreck averted. It was providential that the engine was there to follow it and bring it back. One shudders to think of what might have occurred if it had not been checked in its blind insensate course. We can but wish that there was a similar way to check the sinner. When started once on the downward track, he is carried on by his own momentum to his own destruction and that of others.

Then he is gracious unto him, and saith, Deliver him from going down to the pit; I have found a ransom. (Job 33 : 24.)

A Bride's Consternation

A family in Brooklyn, N. Y., were entertaining the recently married sister of the head of the household and her husband, who were on their wedding trip. The family party was startled by the entrance of the police, who arrested the young bridegroom on the charge of robbing a house in Riverdale, N. J. The bride was utterly overcome. She protested her husband's innocence, and insisted on accompanying him to the police station. There she told the lieutenant that the charge was preposterous, and assured him that a deplorable mistake had been made. The husband was in another room undergoing a searching examination. When he returned the wife rushed to him, declaring he was the victim of mistaken identification, and said she would stand by him to the last. To her horror she was told that the man had confessed his

Officers of the Exploring Expedition

guilt, and, looking in his downcast face, she saw it was true. The shock was so great that she fell to the floor in a swoon. When she was revived she no longer wanted to go to her husband. "I loved him so," she said. "I was so proud of him. He was the trusted caretaker of the home he robbed. He resigned the position only to be married. It is incredible that he was a thief all the time." She shrank from him with loathing, yet outwardly he was the same man that she had loved and married. Her love was completely dead, and not even if the man reformed could he win it back. In that her love, like that of all mortals, differs from the love of Christ, who, seeing us as we are, and knowing all about us, loves us in spite of our faults.

In that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. (Rom. 5 : 8.)

The Exploring Steamship "Nimrod," Bound for the Antarctic

Fall of an Avalanche

A cable dispatch from Berne, Switzerland, reports the descent of an avalanche near the village of Goppenstein. A company is now engaged there constructing a tunnel to be known as the Loetschen Tunnel, and has erected a hotel for the convenience of the engineers and others engaged in the work. It was the dinner hour and the inmates were seated at the table when two children ran in screaming, "An avalanche!" There was a rush to escape, but the building collapsed before any one could leave. The crash came so suddenly that escape was impossible. Thirteen persons were killed, including the two children, and fifteen were injured. It is a curious fact that the hotel collapsed before it was struck by the avalanche. It fell before the air-wave which preceded the fall of the avalanche. Engineers in this country to whom the report was shown said that the phenomenon was common in such cases. The snow gathered in a huge mass, starting down the mountain side at a terrific rate, sending before it a mighty gust of wind. This atmospheric pressure was quite powerful enough to overthrow an unsubstantial structure such as the hotel was. How mighty are the forces of nature, and how feeble the power of man to oppose them! Not only the avalanche itself but the atmospheric disturbance it initiated proved destructive. It is strange that in spite of such warnings men should have the temerity to defy the God who controls such forces, and should take refuge in the frail shelters that philosophy has constructed, which will at the last perish before the breath of his anger.

When they shall say, Peace and safety, then sudden destruction cometh upon them. (I. Thess. 5 : 3.)

An Unconscious Heir

Search is being made in Eastern Pennsylvania for a young man who gives his name as James. He ran away about three years ago from a farmer in Susquehanna County to whom he had been apprenticed. An orphan asylum apprenticed him to the farmer, so the boy, who is now about twenty years old, believes himself to be an orphan. The fact, however, as was discovered sometime afterwards, is that he is the son of parents of good social position, who at the time of his birth were in dire poverty and affliction. The mother was in New York City sick and in want. Her husband, the boy's father, had suddenly disappeared and she had no resource but to send the boy to the asylum. She believed he had been murdered. It is now learned that he had been struck down by thieves, and had been found near the docks, unconscious, with an injury to the skull. When he recovered a strange although not unprecedented thing happened. All recollection of his name and past life had gone, and, being among sailors, he readily consented to go on shipboard to fill the place of a sick sailor. After his voyage he went to Nevada and Colorado, where he found friends and prospered. All those years he had completely lost his identity, but recently he had to go to a hospital for treatment and the old injury to the skull was then discovered and was treated. The recollection of his name and past life returned to him immediately and he came East to find his wife and son. He has a considerable fortune, which the son will inherit if the search for him is successful. The youth may be bearing hardship and poverty, unconscious that he has a wealthy father searching for him. How gladly would he go to that father if he only knew! Yet the sinner in like circumstances often hears, unmoved, that his heavenly Father is waiting to receive him and make him heir of all things.

If children, then heirs: heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ. (Rom. 8 : 17.)

Offered to Risk Life

In some unexplained way a report came into circulation that the Government was seeking men to submit to a dangerous experience. The men, according to the report, were wanted to go into the turret of the monitor *Florida*, and remain there while guns were fired at it to test the resisting strength of the turret's armor. Incidentally it was desired to demonstrate the explosive power of a new shell. Two men, one from New Jersey and one from Kentucky, wrote to the Navy Department offering their services. They declared themselves ready to go into the turret while the tests were made and to report the results of the tests. The department informed these volunteers that no human beings would be allowed to go into the turret during the test, but praised their courage and readiness for self-sacrifice and suggested that men of that character would be welcome if they were to enlist in the navy. Men are desired in that service who think more of the interests of their country than of their own lives, and in every emergency such men have been found. The cause of Christ, too, has had many such among its followers—men who have willingly braved death by the sword, or by fire, or by cruel torture, rather than save their own lives by disloyalty to Christ.

None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy. (Acts 20 : 24.)

A PALACE OF THE PAST

By LOUIS M. WATERMAN

"In the arms of love enfolded!"

I

I HAVE looked on marble mansions
Crowned with turrets and with domes;
I have reveled in the beauty
Of earth's rare palatial homes;
But not one of these seems shining
With a glory that shall last,
Like that dear old home of childhood,
My fair palace of the past.

II

Never once guessed I its glory
While as yet I lingered there,
For on every side were houses
That to me seemed far more fair;
But long years of tears and trials
Have a halo o'er it cast,
Till I see now, oh, how plainly,
'Tis a palace of the past!

III

In that home I dwelt in grandeur that a king can never know,
For my mouth was filled with laughter and my heart had not a woe!
And in arms of love enfolded I was dowered with riches vast,
For affections were the treasures of that palace of the past.

IV

What a retinue of servants
Waited on my bidding there:
Clad each one in lovingkindness—
Richer robes than princes wear!
How those hands would haste to help me,
And those feet would follow fast
To supply each childish craving
In my palace of the past!

V

And those faces that bent o'er me
In that happy home once mine,
Lo, they gleam like stars at midnight,
And forever shall they shine!
Time has touched all those that linger
And o'er some death's veil is cast,
But to me they are immortal
In my palace of the past!

——"One face above all others
Must with peerless lustre glow"

VI

And one face above all others
Must with peerless lustre glow—
Yea, a sweeter, nobler vision
On this earth I ne'er shall know!
Round that face like clustering jewels
All bright memories are massed,
For my mother was the princess
Of my palace of the past!

"O thou haunt of happy childhood!"

VII

O thou haunt of happy childhood!
Shrined for aye within my heart,
More art thou than recollection—
Thou a holy prophet art!
For when God unveils that mansion
Where all hope shall be surpassed,
Lo, on heavenly heights, transfigured,
See, my palace of the past!

How the St. Paul Fought the Terror

Continued from page 247

A wise policy for the Spaniards would have been to send out their entire force against us, holding the *Terror* ready to make her dash. I would then have had to fight the whole force or retire. Had I retired, the foreign consuls in San Juan would probably have reported to their governments that the Spaniards had raised the blockade. This they surely would have done, had the Spanish vessels remained outside for several days, and permitted merchant vessels to enter and leave freely. Neutrals will not concede a blockade unless it is effective. It must be established with certain notice and formalities. If raised it must be re-established in the same way, if at all. The aggregation failed to come my way. My further narrative will show what was actually done. Would I have fought all of them? How do I know? I am a retired officer. Courage as an afterthought has no quality. The *St. Paul*, while scouting, would have been justified, under her orders, in avoiding any fight that would have interfered with her emergency reports to her government. At San Juan the case was different. Her duty then was to maintain the blockade, which is a forceful measure always. I was free to use my best judgment, but was highly responsible.

We left Santiago in the evening of June 19. With the hope of prize money in my mind's eye, we took the route south of Haiti and up through Mona Passage, but without adding to our own wealth or the wealth of the nation. We arrived off San Juan at 8 A.M. on June 22. The weather was clear and pleasant. As might have been expected, off a weather shore where the trade wind prevails, the wind was fresh and the sea moderately heavy. The sea was nothing to the big *St. Paul*. We took station in towards the Morro, but outside of gun range. Soon thereafter, smoke was seen arising back of the city ridge, apparently from the harbor. I expressed the belief that the Spanish men-of-war were getting up steam.

The former library of the *St. Paul* was my mess cabin. Lieutenant S. Nicholson Kane, my aid and signal officer, had been taken into my mess. Kane had been graduated at the head of his class at the Naval Academy, in 1866. He had resigned when an ensign. For many years he was a leading spirit of the New York Yacht Club. He re-entered the navy for the war. At 12:40, while we were at luncheon, we were startled by that ever-hideous sound, a blast of the siren. That was our emergency signal for manning the guns and going to quarters. We hastened to the bridge. There the officer of the deck, Lieutenant Pattson, pointed out the *Isabel* coming out—a sister ship of the *Don Juan de Austria*, sunk at Manila. She flew a surprisingly large flag, but hugged the Morro rather closely. The *St. Paul* held her position without headway. She lay with her head to the easterly wind and sea. The *Isabel* steamed cautiously a short distance to seaward, maneuvered and opened fire at long range, still under the protection of the batteries. Several of her shot probably passed over us on ricochet. One came rather near in that way. The *St. Paul* replied only by an occasional shot from Lieutenant Poyer's 5-inch gun, but the *Isabel* continued her ineffective fire. Our men would laugh derisively as her shot fell short.

Burial of the Dead of the "Terror"

At one o'clock, a new enemy appeared and the fight promised to be more than symptomatic. Dimly visible against the gray background of the Morro was the long, low, snaky form of a destroyer putting to sea. Once outside, she shaped her course northeast, apparently to intercept us, in expectation of a chase. She had three smokestacks or funnels, one large one between two smaller ones. Plainly she was the *Terror* and, therefore, very fast. I announced my plan to Lieutenant Kane. I would keep the *St. Paul's* head up to the wind and sea—about east or parallel to the shore line. That would make her very steady and give us accurate fire. We would steam slowly east, with the object of keeping the *Terror* on a south bearing, so that she would be obliged to come at us unsteadily, in the trough of the sea. This would draw us away from the *Isabel* and let us meet the *Terror's* attack singly. The *Isabel* was to the westward of the *Terror*. The plan succeeded quite as intended. The ridge of the city was covered with people interested in the fight. I have since learned that they expected to see us run away. Many thought that the *St. Paul* would be sunk in any event.

The *St. Paul* steamed slowly ahead, maintaining that relative bearing. The converging courses of the two vessels drew them closer. At one o'clock the *Terror* was nearly in range of our 5-inch guns. There she steamed in a circle to get up speed. The *St. Paul* stopped her engines and waited. Then the *Terror* made her dash at us, with high speed, firing as she came and rolling deeply. She looked like a knife edge. When she was about 6,000 yards distant, coming on at twenty-two knots, and ready to ring for twenty-seven knots, as I have since learned, I pulled the siren cord and sounded two blasts of the siren. That was our signal to open fire.

The *St. Paul* seemed to jump at the volume of our fire. Only the three 5-inch guns of the starboard battery could reach home, but the 6-pounder and 3-pounder guns of the same battery were allowed to fire also, in order that they might get in touch with the *Terror* as she came on. She hardly got in range of the small guns. Although the distance was great, our 5-inch shell were falling rapidly around our enemy and very close to her. The *Terror* was doing her part well, but suddenly she sheered up into the wind, broadside to the *St. Paul*. She

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A Typical Assemblage of Young Chinese Converts at the New York Chinese Settlement

NEW YORK CHINESE WANT A CHURCH

AN institutional church for the ten thousand Chinese of New York is soon to become an established fact. "The Christian Chinamen need a church and must have it," said the Rev. Dr. George Alexander, of University Place Presbyterian Church, who numbers some hundred of Chinese among his church members. "The Chinese need a place to call their own, where they may concentrate their efforts and prepare themselves to evangelize their own people. They will now have their own church with officials from their own number, and with the Rev. Huie Kin as pastor. He is a man of God, and an honored member of the Presbytery, and a man of rare foresight, who can discern the signs of the times, seeing what China and what the United States should do."

The Mission now located at No. 26 West Ninth Street is the headquarters for many Chinese of New York City and surrounding towns. On Sundays the men begin to gather by noon in the library to read and chat, exchanging friendly gossip and bits of news from home. At 2:30 Sunday School opens, followed by preaching in Chinese at 4 o'clock. Dinner is served at 5 o'clock. An hour later is held a meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association, followed by Bible classes in both English and Chinese, and a song service.

"The days when one lonesome Chinaman sat by his individual Sunday School teacher to learn his A B C's are past and gone," said Mr. Huie. "The Chinamen are pretty well educated now, and they need regular preaching and Sunday School services such as are found in any church. The young men who come to this country to better themselves are not, as is commonly supposed, of the lower classes. Although they are found working in laundries, it is because of their industry, thrift and perseverance that they are working hard while studying to improve themselves. Many a man who has been a teacher even in high school, comes to this country or sends his sons, and while working at some humble trade, is studying with the idea of returning to help in the development of the new China. It is the farmers' sons who come to this country, just as our young men go West or to Australia or to the Philippines.

"Young men of this class return to China to fill government positions and to operate factories and industries after Western methods. One such Chinaman, upon returning to his native country, established a factory for the manufacture of hosiery and underwear, associating with him a number of others of American education. Every Sunday services are held in the factory under the supervision of these young men, who are loyal to the religion of Christ as they learned it in the New World. Others have recently graduated from art and textile schools, and are now studying engineering. They will establish factories upon their return to China."

Mrs. Huie enters sympathetically into the Mission work among the young. All who come are welcomed cordially and entertained hospitably. On Sundays, some forty or fifty men sit down to dinner; sometimes to an American dinner, sometimes to Chinese cooking. Mr. Huie acts not only as preacher, but as lawyer, peacemaker and general adviser. The Mission is affiliated with members in Chicago, St. Louis and Cleveland; also in different places in New Jersey, Arkansas, Montana and Canada. It is doing a work similar to that done by Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations in meeting the varied needs of these homeless strangers. The Mission, however, has outgrown its present quarters. A suitable building has been found with auditorium, gymnasium, shower-baths and dormitories well adapted for the uses of an institutional church. An effort is to be made to raise a fund of $40,000 to purchase the building and put it in order for occupancy this year.

HOW THE ST. PAUL FOUGHT THE TERROR *Continued*

kept firing though her shot fell short. Then I saw a pear-shaped volume of white smoke or vapor stream from her hull, abaft her smokestacks, and remarked that she had probably been hit in her engine room. I was right. She turned at once and steamed for San Juan at about sixteen knots' speed. Her eccentric behavior after that showed that she was damaged. The *St. Paul* could not follow without drawing the fire of the shore batteries. With them I had no quarrel. Admiral Sampson's attack in force had done them no harm.

The *Terror,* instead of standing directly into the harbor, fell to leeward, down towards Cabras Island. When well inshore she rounded to and struggled into the inner harbor, evidently out of trim and not properly manageable. The *Isabel* had shown concern by standing in after her. They disappeared around the point. Later, on the same day, the *Isabel* and a gunboat came out. They held to the eastward, close to the shore. When I turned the *St. Paul* towards them, though with no intention of running in, they promptly retired to the harbor. The *Terror* had two engineers and three men killed and seven men wounded—about one-sixth of her people. Her decks were swept several times by fragments of shell and one 5-inch shell went through her, wrecking her after engine and passing out below the water line. Her steering gear was injured also. In the harbor she was run aground to keep her from sinking. She could not have remained afloat much longer, and was under repairs about one month.

The prompt success of the *St. Paul* made me very proud of my command. Her efficiency and steadiness reflected much credit on the executive officer, Lieutenant-Commander William H. Driggs. Both officers and men did the shooting. We had on board 26 officers and 500 men. It is hardly conceivable that so many as 100 of our people could have been saved had the *Terror* succeeded. That was the first attack ever made by the type of vessels known as torpedo boat destroyers. It should have been delivered at night, but I have been told that the captain of the *Terror,* Commander de la Rocha, acted under orders. The people of the United States had feared the advent of the Spanish destroyers, as against our battleships, especially because we had no destroyers to meet them. My official reports of the fight, which give the names of the officers, are published in the Appendix to the Report of the Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, Navy Department, 1898; pages 220 to 222.

Now comes the sad sequel to the story. After the war, Commander de la Rocha was tried by a military or naval court in Spain. The court decided against his conduct of the fight. He was taken ill, lost his mind and died. From all that I saw, I formed the opinion that the *Terror* was fought with great spirit, so long as there was a chance for success, and that when hope of success was gone, her commander did well to save his crew and vessel for his government. The *Terror's* condition, on her arrival in port, showed that she would have sunk at sea ultimately—even if the *St. Paul* had not fired another shot. In her damaged condition the *Terror* was at least three knots slower than the *St. Paul,* and getting still slower. Her steering gear was defective. The *St. Paul,* with her excess of speed, could then have chosen her own position, beyond the range of the *Terror's* guns and torpedoes, and with her 5-inch guns could have sunk the *Terror* quickly without risk to herself. The slow *Isabel* could not have come up in time to interfere, and would, herself, have been outmaneuvered and defeated by the faster *St. Paul* had she entered into a fight.

The *St. Paul* let no vessel get into San Juan while blockading, but turned a German steamer away. Only two vessels passed out. These were boarded and examined. One of the latter told us the nature of the *Terror's* losses and injuries, and virtually as ascertained officially after the war. The blockade was perfectly efficient.

THE DIVINE SHEPHERD-SAVIOUR

*By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts**

"He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber." The "sheepfold" here referred to was an enclosure made by a high stone wall. The wall was made formidable by being topped with a row of thorns. There was only one door to the sheepfold, so that the shepherd might have a more perfect knowledge of his sheep, as they passed in and out, one by one. The heavenly sheepfold has one door. Jesus himself said, "I am the door." And we are told in Acts 4: 12, "There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." Those who try to make an entrance for themselves, by their own names, through their own good deeds, are verily "thieves and robbers."

He that Entereth in by the Door is the Shepherd of the Sheep. The shepherd is not a respecter of sheep.

> Dey's some, dey's black and thin,
> And some, dey's po' ol' weddas.

Yes, and there are some torn with thorns, and bruised by falling among the rocks, for each one the Shepherd has a kind look at least, a drop of oil for the wounded, a cup of cold water for the weary. And our Shepherd is no respecter of persons; he loved us while we were yet sinners. The church founded by the Good Shepherd should have his spirit. A sexton once ordered from the church a poorly dressed woman who had come in from the street on a week-day, and was kneeling in one of the pews, praying. The incident was related to the pastor, who reproved the sexton. The sexton defended himself by saying: "Why, if we permit it, they will soon be praying all over the place." The pastor, in his reply, showed that he had the right idea of his position, and that of the church. He said: "I want to see an open door and a welcome to all."

The Welcome Shepherd

To Him the Porter Openeth. At night when the flock is safe in the fold, their care is given over to an under-shepherd, who is the "porter." In the morning when the shepherd comes, the porter hastens from within to open the door. Each one of us may be said to be a "porter." And when the Good Shepherd comes to us seeking entrance, we should be ready to open the spiritual door of our hearts. A critic spoke to Holman Hunt about his picture of Christ standing at the door and knocking. "The door has no handle," he said. "Ah, that is not a mistake," replied the artist, "the handle is inside. It is from within that the door must be opened to Christ standing without."

He Calleth His Own Sheep by Name. It is said that Oriental shepherds often give names to their sheep descriptive of some trait or characteristic of the animal, and the sheep learn their names and will come at the call of the shepherd. By what names shall the Good Shepherd call us? We are told in Rev. 3: 12 that he will give us new names which he will write upon us, even in our foreheads (Rev. 22: 4.) "What shall be my angel name?"

He Goeth Before Them and the Sheep Follow Him, and thus it is that the Oriental shepherd has no dogs to drive his sheep as the Western shepherd has. Let us be followers of God and his Christ, impelled only by the love we bear him. He draws us, and we follow on.

A Stranger will They Not Follow. Each Oriental shepherd has his own peculiar call, and it comes to be well known by his sheep. When he calls, they cease their nibbling, lift their heads and are attent; but not so when a stranger calls, instead of following they scatter. In Eph. 4: 14, Christians are warned against the strange calls of every wind of doctrine, and of the sleight of men, and cunning craftiness whereby they lie in wait to deceive. Two ladies left their homes in a Christian land, that they might sit at the feet of a Babist teacher in far-away Syria. Others have listened to the "wind of doctrine," as it is to be found in Theosophy, Christian Science and other cults. Are men and women less wise than sheep?

Pillars in the Church

This Parable Spake Jesus Unto Them. He was giving these Pharisees a New Testament version of the twenty-third Psalm. They "understood not," because they would not. Their minds were filled with prejudice and pride, and their hearts were hard. Hear a modern parable: "Once there was a church which had two kinds of pillars. One was of wood covered with stucco, very large and ornamental; the other kind was all solid granite, very plain. One day a flood undermined the church, and one of the pillars fell. When the architect heard of it he quietly asked what kind of pillar had fallen, and when he learned it was a large and very prominent one, he replied, "That will make no difference. Those pillars support only themselves; the modest granite pillars support the roof."

All that Ever Came Before me are Thieves and Robbers. It was the Jewish leaders that in this story Jesus called "thieves and robbers." It was these same men at whom he hurled the sevenfold lightning of his "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, covetous."

We hear too much of the patience and gentleness of Christ, but too little of his courage and severity, which must be included in any true following "in his steps." When it is needed we must be ready to rebuke wickedness, both in high places and low, being always careful to avoid Pharisaism and the spirit of criticism which makes a man a pest in any society. The self-righteous people, who are continually looking for faults in other people, do more harm than good, and make religion hateful even to religious people.

The Door of the Fold

By Me if any Man Enter in, he Shall be Saved. I had a dream in which I seemed to be standing looking through a high fence and seeing heaven and its joys inside. There were throngs of happy and blest men in my sight, but no one seemed to see me. I was almost at the point of sobbing in my disappointment and loneliness, when a beautiful angel came toward me, and in sweetest tones said: "Will you not come in? You are very welcome," and then opened the gate for me, and when I was inside, the angel's arm held me in tender embrace about my waist, as we walked together toward the groups of the beatified. We have Jesus' word for it that "any may enter in."

"And go after the sheep that was lost till he find it"

And Find Pasture. It is the promise that we shall find it soul-satisfying to take Jesus for our Shepherd-Saviour. Jesus said, "I am come that they might have life." "In every circle or community where you have ever lived has there not been some man whom you knew as the life-giver? He quickened languid natures. He made the streams run full. He called the dead to life." But Jesus is the true Life given to every one; to every community.

Nibbling Astray

The Good Shepherd Giveth His Life for His Sheep. Jesus was looking forward to the cross, where he should pay the purchase price for his sheep with the red coin of his own blood. "Ye are bought with a price, therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's" (I. Cor. 6: 20). A traveler once said: "I have often been wandering over the Scotch hills away from haunts of men, but I have always found one man there—the shepherd. So we ought always to have our Shepherd with us. Some say he is up in heaven. He is no good to me, if I cannot always have him near. Bring him down."

Nibbling Ourselves Astray. This is a phrase from Jowett, of Birmingham. Timely figure! We do not stray from the flock intentionally. We simply get our heads down to the ground in business or pleasure, absorbed in the detail before us, and ere we are aware we have nibbled ourselves from the path and the flock and the safety of the Shepherd's shielding care. Be careful about this matter of absorption in the nibbling process, which results in the loss of the sense of direction and the appreciation of distance. We dabble too much, taking a nibble here and tarrying for a moment there, until we are in the place of peril without knowing it. Take care of the little things! They fix direction and plow the furrow of habit. Do not nibble yourself astray.

The sun was setting over the hills around the little town of Nazareth, when a traveler stopped to rest and to gaze down upon the valley beneath him. Far away in the distance his eye caught a certain object, which seemed to be moving nearer and nearer. By and by he saw distinctly that it was a shepherd leading home his flock of sheep for their night's rest. Darkness would soon fall, and the traveler knew that the hour was late but he lingered, fascinated by the sight in the valley below. He could see at the foot of the hill a little building evidently intended for a sheepfold. "But it is very strange," thought he: "the sheep certainly rested there last night, for I can see straw scattered about on the ground: the walls are strong and thick, but—there is no door. So the place is absolutely useless as a protection against thieves and wild beasts."

The Living Door

All this time the shepherd was going quietly on with his work. Now he had reached the fold, and one by one the sheep entered until they were all safely inside. "It is very late," said the traveler to himself, "but I cannot leave until I see what the shepherd means to do for the protection of his sheep." The man was busy now providing them with food for their evening meal, and soon the sheep all settled down to feed and rest for the night. Then the shepherd brought out his own food. Taking his provisions with him, he seated himself in the very middle of the opening, where there was no door.

His meal finished, he laid his shepherd's crook beside him, wrapped his cloak around him, and lay down across the open space to rest. He himself was the door, and no harm or danger could come to the sheep during those long night watches, without first passing over the shepherd's body. Is not this a wonderful picture of what our Lord Jesus Christ meant when he said: "I am the door; by me if any man enter in he shall go in and out and find pasture."

The Lamb's Mother. "Do you know where Farmer Taylor is? asked a clergyman of a man in a wagon on the hill. I see'd him five minutes ago down there amongst the sheep," answered the man. "This snow is making him a bit anxious about the lambs." When the clergyman turned into a lane, he came on a picturesque scene. The newly fallen snow was sparkling in the sunshine, and over it tramped the kindly farmer. Several sheep and lambs were with him, and his faithful dog Jack, active and alert, kept a sharp eye on both master and flock. The smallest lamb was in its owner's arms, and close by his side trotted a sheep. Mr. Mason told his errand, then noticing how this sheep kept rubbing against the farmer's legs and bleating in a kind of quiet satisfaction, he said: "I suppose this is the mother of the lamb. I never saw such an intelligent sheep before. Is she showing her satisfaction at your carrying the lamb?" "Well, there's a bit of that in it," answered Joseph Taylor, in his slow North country dialect. "But that dumb thing just loves to be with me; you see she was a puir bit of a creature when she was young, and we brought her up in the house. She followed us about like a dog, and we had

An Oriental Sheepfold

no end of trouble to make her take to the fields later on." "She loves you still, that's clear," said Mr. Mason, as he watched the sheep pushing her head into his hand. "Ay, ay, loves me, that's the word," said Joseph, "and she loves me because she knows me. See how she trusts me with her lamb, and no one else is allowed to touch it, if she can help. A while back she broke her leg jumping that wall to get round to me, because she heard me talking in the barn. She let me set it without once moving, and licked my hands when I was done. You may smile, but I fairly love her." "I don't wonder," said Mr. Mason. "As you were speaking, I thought that your words made a beautiful parable." "I know," said the farmer, his dark eyes twinkling. "That poor beast has taught me several things. It has made me understand our Lord's words, 'My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me,' in quite a fresh light."

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* **International Sunday School Lesson for April 5, 1908.** John 10: 1-11. GOLDEN TEXT: "The Good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." John 10: 11.

AROUND THE HOME HEARTH

About Holding One's Own

By Margaret E. Sangster

WE are all familiar with the phrase "holding one's own," as it is applied to patients who are very ill. The doctor comes in several times a day, the house is hushed and silent, and everything focuses in the sick-room, where some one—man, woman or child—is fighting for life. Inquirers at the door hear that the dear one is holding his own, and go away thankful for that much of comfort. The scale may turn for the better in a few hours; hope is not abandoned yet; the strife may be against odds, but there is still a chance for recovery.

There are other forms of illness, shall we say, or, perhaps, of an equal loss of poise, in which it is worth while to make a hard struggle to hold one's own. How many of us, for example, left school years ago with a brilliant record and a fair equipment for going on intellectually! We meant then to keep on with study, to add to our reading, and to devote at least a little time every day to the work and the text books over which we had spent years of happy toil. But everybody knows what a difficult task it is to study alone, without the incentive of emulation and the spur of a schedule. The thing that may be done at any time is frequently not done at all. The thing that was done with ease and delight in a classroom under a competent teacher falls flat and seems tedious when done at home amid constant trivial interruptions. The girl graduate, for it is to her especially that this talk is addressed, to her, to her elder sister and her mother, soon discovers that other claims interfere seriously with her efforts for mental improvement. Very likely she ceases to read, except in a desultory fashion, or she marries and has babies, or keeps house, rises early, sits up late, and almost imperceptibly changes into a very different woman from the woman she expected to be in her school days. Fifteen or twenty years after she leaves school she has parted with a good deal of mental alertness, and feels herself hopelessly left behind when talking with those who have had wider opportunities and a more varied life than hers. She has not held her own and is disheartened. How shall she remedy the evil? What can she do to keep step with her children? The question is being asked every day by hundreds of anxious women.

A practical plan of action requiring an exercise of will power and a sacrifice of vanity, is to sit down every evening and partake in the home work of the children at school. On the whole, it is surprising how much the children are taught in these days, and how far-reaching and suggestive are the questions they are asked and expected to answer. Simply to sit down and study with the children, beginning perhaps at their beginning, and proceeding as they proceed, will brighten the wits of a mother who has forgotten what she learned in her youth. Presently she will find out that memory is not so untrustworthy as she supposed, and that the layers that have hidden its treasures are one by one drifting away.

A college graduate who saw on her return from her Alma Mater that her mother was grieving because she had been surpassed by her clever daughter, devised on her part an equally excellent plan. She persuaded her mother to take up with her a study in science and some work in English literature. Each morning from half-past ten until half-past eleven the two sat together hard at work, thus gaining for each study three hours a week. In the evening the family gathered around the lamp, listened to entertaining reading, and the mother soon found that she was holding her own and gaining a new grasp of what had been, as she fancied, lost forever.

In the matter of accomplishments, especially in the department of music, where daily practice is requisite if one would not entirely lose technique, the great majority of women heedlessly let slip from them all for which they strove with incessant labor in the days of their girlhood. Yet ten minutes a day devoted to finger exercises and scales, and fifteen minutes now and then given to memorizing, to reviewing old favorites or acquiring new ones, would keep a woman in touch with her juniors throughout her life. This would not be enough to enable her to remain a finished artist, music being the most exacting and jealous study in the world. It would, however, enable her to hold her own. Among the readers of this page are women in the later fifties, the sixties and the seventies who have never entirely given up piano practice, and who continue to find pleasure for themselves, and to give pleasure to their families by the music at the finger tips.

The determination never to let a day pass when one is in fair health without doing some little thing outside of and beyond the daily grind, will go far to keep the mind fresh and to rob life of the dread of ennui. There may be a great pile of stockings waiting to be darned; Johnnie's trousers may need patching and Elizabeth may have torn her only decent school frock in climbing a fence. Don't make the patching too artistic, and if the darning has not the fine finish that your grandmother would have given it, never mind. The important and necessary thing for the house mother and her children is that the mother shall hold her own in all-around development. Once it has been decided what the essentials are everything will become easy.

THE CONVALESCENT

The tide has turned, my darling, you'll soon be well once more,
About the time that lilacs are blooming by the door.
Then we'll forget the illness, the fever and the pain,
And praise the Lord with galdness that health is yours again.

The Upper Side

When the clouds are low, and the winds are wild,
And the world forgets that it ever smiled,
Have thou no fear, for above the cloud,
And above the realm where the winds are loud,
Light, and glory, and joy abide;
There is always light on the upper side.

No Tyranny in the Home

A LETTER lately received by the editor of this page tells a mournful story of a life practically wrecked because of a wrong start in the home. This friend has reached middle life, and declares that she has never as yet had a fair chance, but has been continually misunderstood, badgered and criticised from four to forty. So far back as she can remember she has been subjected to fault-finding, being as a small child obliged to wait upon and mind the older children. As a young girl, having never received sympathy at school or at home, and in her married life quite naturally having failed to take her rightful place as mistress of the household, she is now the victim of a morbid despondency. Very likely ill-health has had a good deal to do with her constant lack of confidence in herself and inability to hold her own. But the natural outcome of petty tyranny exercised upon children is to confirm them in undue sensitiveness and to make them hesitating and timid in after life.

To one who has drifted into the position of this correspondent sermons are not of the slightest use. She needs a little more sunshine. If she could have an outing and get away from her present routine that would help her, and so would a new dress or two, a new hat and a little money to spend according to her pleasure, without any one's interference. There are times in life when, strange as it seems, an interest in dress and the ability to freshen her wardrobe do far more for a woman than pills and potions.

In training children, mothers should keep before them an ideal of justice. No tyranny in the household to-day, if there is to be symmetrical development and happiness to-morrow.

Hundreds of women reading this advice will express a wonder whether the writer has forgotten that a hard struggle with poverty and incessant anxiety about the price of coal and meat make new dresses and hats and excursions for pleasure an impossibility in their case. They may say as well advise a trip to Europe or a journey around the world as a cure for melancholy, as to counsel independent spending money when the case is that of a wife married to a very poor man. Undoubtedly the exception is well taken, but suppose instead of dresses and bonnets, jaunts and outings we substitute a plant in the window, a few flowers in the yard, a visit to an old schoolmate a few doors away, and every day an hour's rest in the afternoon. When sickness prostrates a woman and she takes to her bed, she is compelled to rest. Many a woman far too soon lays down life's burden and rests beneath the sod. If husbands were oftener asked to lend a hand with the harder portions of the housework, few of them would refuse the assistance of their stronger arms. A man may handle a washing machine fully as well as his wife can do, and churning is as easy for him as for her. There are of course churls and misers, but, thank heaven, they are not the rule among American men, the great majority of whom are chivalrous and tender and would help along when domestic crises come if only they knew how, and their wives would permit them to give a little aid. A woman should not say, "I toil and toil beyond my strength, and I will not request my husband to help me, although I think he would not refuse if he were only asked."

How is the man to know that his help would not be regarded as obtrusive, if this is the attitude of his life partner?

A Word to the Wee Ones

—Aunt Prudence Payson has received a number of names for the Midget's Club. She would now like every little girl and boy who wishes to belong, as soon as possible, to write her a letter, giving name and address very plainly. The letter need not be long, but it must tell something about the little writer's home. Listen, children! Tell Aunt Prudence whether you go to school or not, what pets you have and what you would best like to find in your corner of this page. Aunt Prudence will send a prize and will publish the best letter of each fifty that she receives.

I Love to Be with Jesus

I LOVE to be with Jesus,
He understands me so,
And bids me lean upon him
Wherever I must go.
I tell him freely, fully,
The things that trouble me;
For he will help me bear them,
Or make them all to flee.

If I have failed to please him,
I come to his dear feet,
With penitential sorrow
The story to repeat.
He does not frown upon me,
He does not spurn me then,
But in his great compassion,
He bids me try again.

I love to be with Jesus,
He is so kind and true;
And when things are perplexing,
He tells me what to do.
A "present help in trouble,"
I always can depend
On him to lead me safely,
My tried and trusted Friend.

When I am stunned by sorrow,
When heart and hand are numb,
'Tis only Christ can help me,
And so to him I come.
He folds me to his bosom,
He blends his tears with mine,
And breathes his blessed comfort,
His love, his peace divine.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

Haddonfield, N. J.

Evangelist Hilton Dead

MAJOR HILTON, long and favorably known as an evangelist and Christian worker, is dead. He was taken with heart failure during some meetings in Los Angeles recently. The Major was a man of very strong personality, and for twenty-five years or more he lived a life of unselfishness, devoting his time and talents in an endeavor to slay sin and uplift Christ.

Major Hilton was born in New York City in 1836. He was educated for a business career; but when the Civil War broke out he followed the example of

The Late Major Hilton

thousands of other young men and enlisted as a volunteer, his regiment being the Twelfth New York. He rose to the rank of adjutant and then to major, and was among the Union forces which surrendered at Harper's Ferry in 1862. After the war he re-entered business, but some time later was appointed to a clerkship in the Internal Revenue Department, Washington, D. C., which he held for ten years with credit. He was a lover of society and was esteemed a "good fellow" among the young men of the capital; but at that time he had no special religious convictions.

In January, 1880, he was converted, and soon afterward began Christian work as a laborer in the spiritual vineyard. His work led him among the prisoners in the Washington jails and among railroad men, and he exerted a wonderful influence wherever he went. In 1884, he was associated with several other gentlemen in the organization of the Central Union Mission on Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, a mission which has been the means of reaching multitudes throughout the country, through the labors of its evangelists and also through a weekly publication issued by the mission. Under its auspices, from thirty to thirty-five Gospel meetings were held from week to week, and it soon had a corps of over a hundred Christian workers in the different churches and denominations.

But Major Hilton was not satisfied with local evangelistic work. He resigned his lucrative post under the government and went forth to preach the Gospel throughout the land. This was in 1884, and from that time until the day of his death he continued in evangelistic work, conducting meetings in almost every State of the Union and being wonderfully blessed in spiritual results. For nearly a quarter of a century he has been one of the best known lay evangelists in America. He invariably brought to his work an earnestness that compelled immediate attention, a faith so strong that it overleaped all obstacles, and a simple, straightforward eloquence that won all hearts. His presentation of Gospel truth was convincing, and it can be said of him that he was one of those "who brought many to righteousness."

Called Higher

Mrs. Nelson Dufford, a constant reader of this paper for about twenty years and a consistent Christian, died recently at Hackettstown, N. J.

Mrs. Leona Jarvis, of Carnegie, Pa., entered into rest in her thirty third year. She was a devout Christian of the Presbyterian faith. She was a constant reader of this paper.

Henry Gibson, of Swansboro, Va., passed recently to his reward, aged seventy-four years. He was a native of Massachusetts, and moved to Virginia from Wisconsin in 1873. He was an earnest Christian.

Mrs. E. A. Buell, of Earlville, Ia., entered into rest at the age of eighty-seven years. She was one of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S oldest subscribers, as she had taken the paper for more than twenty-five years. She formerly lived in Dubuque, Ia.

Mrs. Margaret Sherman died recently at her home in Churchville, Va., aged seventy-six years. She had been a consistent member of the Methodist Church for many years. She was the wife of Peter Sherman, who died during the Civil War.

Mrs. Susannah Warden, of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., passed recently to rest. She was ninety-eight years old, and for years had been a faithful reader of this journal, ever since it was published, and had the sermon read to her every Sunday for twenty years.

William H. Rising entered into rest at his home near Garkill, N. Y., in his seventieth year. He had been a subscriber of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for years and always looked forward to its coming. He had been a member of the Baptist Church of Newark Valley for more than twenty years.

On January 13, Miss Ida C. Fritz, of near Boyertown, Pa., was called to her heavenly home. She and her father were among the victims of the Boyertown Opera House fire. She was a true Christian and worked faithfully and earnestly in God's vineyard and exerted a wholesome influence upon all who came in contact with her.

Mrs. Maria Doty entered into rest at her home in Poughkeepsie, N. Y. She was nearly ninety-two years old. She was a conscientious Christian mother and a member of the Methodist Church for over a half century. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD was a great comfort to her, having been a weekly visitor in the family for many years.

Emily Parks, born in the town of Mount Pleasant, N. Y., October 30, 1834, has passed to her reward January 6, 1908. For more than sixty years she followed Christ and loved his church. She was a devoted reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for twenty-five years. She found help and comfort in the sermons. Her funeral was held at St. Paul's Methodist Church, White Plains, N. Y.

Mrs. Emily H. Walden departed this life recently at the age of eighty-five years, at the home of her daughter, in Clifton Hill, Mo. She had been a constant reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for many years and loved it much, having given it as a Christmas present to each of her daughters, with whom she alternately resided. She had been ill over two years. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

William H. Roberts, of Knapp Creek, N.Y., died at the Bradford Hospital, aged fifty-seven years, after a lingering illness. He was born in Devonshire, Eng., and came alone to America when he was fourteen. He was active in church work, and was superintendent of the Methodist Church Sunday School, and a licensed local preacher. He was a constant reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for over twenty-five years, and loved it for its good work. A faithful Christian gone home.

The Red Cross Thrown Open

The government has decided to throw open the American National Red Cross to general membership, and already applications for enrolment are pouring in. Under the plan, every good American citizen—man, woman or child—is eligible to membership. On application to Edward R. Johnstone, National Registrar of the Red Cross, 341, War Department, Army and Navy Building, Washington, D. C., the applicant's name will be enrolled, a badge of membership forwarded, and the *Red Cross Bulletin* will be sent regularly for one year. Every candidate should forward one dollar with application, to cover enrolment fee and necessary expenses.

The first requirement of soap, no matter what it is used for, is purity.

An impure soap, that is, a soap that is not made of good materials, *properly combined*, will injure everything it touches. Such a soap, if used in the laundry, will change the color, weaken the fabric and shorten the life of every article it comes in contact with.

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"I have used Grape-Nuts," writes an Iowa man, "for 8 years and feel as good and am stronger than I was ten years ago. I am over 74 years old and attend to my business every day.

"Among my customers I meet a man every day who is 92 years old and attributes his good health to the use of Grape-Nuts and Postum which he has used for the last 5 years. He mixes Grape-Nuts with Postum and says they go fine together.

"For many years before I began to eat Grape-Nuts, I could not say that I enjoyed life or knew what it was to be able to say 'I am well.' I suffered greatly with constipation, now my habits are as regular as ever in my life.

Whenever I make extra effort I depend on Grape-Nuts food and it just fills the bill. I can think and write a great deal easier."

"There's a reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Young People's Societies

Nature and Providence*

IN these spring days, a man must be very unthoughtful, that is not impressed by the old but ever new miracle of the reviving life all around him. We speak of nature being so abounding in her wealth of life, when we see the trees putting forth their shoots and the plants breaking into fresh green, but it is really God that we mean. Nature is only his garment. The old Pantheists who saw God in everything taught a more reasonable philosophy than the modern materialisis who regard the world as dead matter, renewing its vitality mechanically by some law of its being. The more thoroughly the world of trees and flowers and birds and beasts is examined, the more clear do the evidences of design and continued care become. Evolution does not account for the remarkable beauty, or for the extraordinary fertility of this prolific natural world. The tiniest butterfly living but its one day of glorious life, has a robe of exquisite beauty, that becomes more lovely under the microscope, that reveals the defects of our own work. Our looms and palettes confess their failure as they are compared with the texture and hues of the moth's wing or the most insignificant flower. And as we learn the habits and formations of these common objects, we discover evidences of design and adaptation to purpose more wonderful than artistic skill. One who has regarded nature as mere matter dead and insensible has only to study and he will exclaim, "Surely God is here and I knew it not."

Is it probable that all this care and thoughtfulness which God lavishes on the world of nature ceases when he deals with humanity? Is it not a fair inference, that the same God that provides so bountifully for the insects, birds and flowers will show still more wisdom and love in providing for the race which is the chief and crown of all? True he does not pour out his provision indiscriminately, without regard to human effort, nor does he interfere to save the wrongdoer from the natural consequences of his misconduct. To do that would have been to develop a race of dependent children, not of men. He expects us to struggle, to strive, to labor, but for those who do, he makes bountiful provision. The trickster sometimes succeeds in taking another's share and keeping the reward from the laborer, but that is the fault of our system which will be remedied in a happier condition. There is no limit in the provision God makes for his creatures.

*Topic of the Epworth League for April 5. "God providing for his birds, his lilies and his children." Matt. 6 : 25-34 ; Ps. 37 : 23-29.

Who Are Eligible?*

NO knowledge could be conceived more important than this of the conditions of acceptance with God. Men in all ages and in every land have striven to learn what they must do to win the divine favor. To this day men may be seen in India whose bodies are contorted by the long disuse of some member — men whose arms have become rigid by being held upright night and day through long years, men whose bodies have been torn by hooks and otherwise tortured. Others in Mohammedan lands have undertaken long and painful pilgrimages with the same object of winning the divine favor. The history of Catholicism, too, teems with narratives of self-inflicted suffering and of the penances of the saints. We speak strongly of the wickedness of the human race, but the fact cannot be denied that there have been multitudes of proofs that men have been willing to undergo suffering and make extraordinary effort to render themselves acceptable to God. When, therefore, the Psalmist undertakes to declare the conditions of obtaining the divine favor he answers a universal longing of the human race.

The announcement is all the more interesting because of its simplicity. If it had been a matter of money, and the Psalmist had declared that only those who could give a certain sum would be accepted of God, the poor would have taken no further interest, perceiving themselves excluded. Had it been that only persons of aristocratic birth, sons and daughters of the Revolution, or persons of influence, were eligible, the obscure would have abandoned hope. Or if it had been that persons of learning or culture alone would be received, the ignorant and unrefined must have been out of the race. But it is none of these things. The Psalmist says that he that is worthy to ascend into the hill of the Lord, is "he that hath clean hands and a pure heart." After all, then, it is not a question of rank or class or possessions, or even of attainment, but a question of character. The poor and the ignorant have the same chance as the rich and cultured.

The time came when the Psalmist learned the need of a still further concession. After his dreadful sin, he could not hope to be received as a man of clean hands. Like so many of us, he had shut himself out of the ranks of the sinless. But even then he did not lose hope. He cried, "a broken and a contrite heart thou wilt not despise!" and rejoiced in his acceptance.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for April 5. "The men whom God accepts." Psalm 24.

An Ex-Governor on the Motto

EX-GOVERNOR L. BRADFORD PRINCE, of New Mexico, in a letter published in the New York *Tribune*, thus explains the meaning of the motto, "In God We Trust," which the people are now demanding to be restored to the national coinage:

"In the voluminous correspondence which the proposed discontinuance of the words, 'In God We Trust' has called forth I have not seen any mention of the point which to me is the important and controlling one. I refer to the ingratitude involved in discarding the words at this time; ingratitude to God for past protection and blessings, and a virtual assumption that the nation is now so strong that it is independent of any heavenly aid. To those who remember the circumstances under which the words were placed upon our coins this ingratitude seems not only self-sufficient and arrogant but despicable.

"The nation's life was in direct danger. No graver crisis ever confronted a people. Many disappointments and disasters had weakened self-confidence till at last, strong in the sense of right, but humbled by delay and defeat, the national feeling took form in the brief expression from the very souls of the people, 'In God We Trust.' It was not simply a creed, an expression of their belief; it was a prayer. It was an acknowledgment that only by God's blessing on the justice of our cause was victory to be assured, and it was an appeal to the Majesty of High Heaven to aid the right.

"The God in whom we trusted gave us victory and peace and union. And now, when we have grown strong, when we boast of being a world-power, when we depend on great ships and vast armaments, when, in short, we have outgrown fear and believe that we can depend on the strength of our own arm, we are called on to be ingrates, to forget the debt of gratitude due to the Almighty in the day of trial, and to announce our self-sufficiency in the face of men and angels of erasing the words which were at once a declaration of faith and a prayer for protection, and practically asserting that we are no longer dependent on the power and the mercy of God, but will depend on our own strength and wealth.

"History, sacred and profane, is full of such examples from the days of Babel down, and the sequels of them all have been additional proofs that 'pride goeth before a fall.'"

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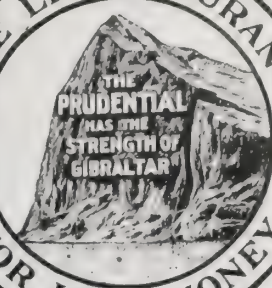

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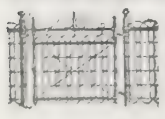

SLEETH, BROOK & SEAMAN CO., 253 Broadway, New York City

THE MARK OF CAIN

By Ellen Bertha Bradley

CHAPTER II *Continued*

IT was astonishing how light Howard's heart was growing. The bracing air, novel surroundings and unwonted exercise were quickening his pulse and raising his spirits. Their road lay up a gulch which, in the spring, was the course of a raging stream, but now at midsummer was nearly dry. On either side rose sparsely timbered, angular peaks, cut and broken into quaint shapes. There was not much of animal life. An eagle floated over the mountains, a jack-rabbit ran across the road, a chipmunk peeped from behind a rock. Once or twice they met a team or a horseman, but the first day's ride was lonely. At night they camped by a spring, and Howard had his first experience of sleeping in the open. As he looked up at the moon and stars, he realized that they were almost the only old friends left him, and was thankful they could tell no tales. But he was too tired for thought and soon slept soundly.

The second day's ride was more lonely than the first, its only incident being the killing of a rattlesnake. The novelty of the scenery was waning. One set of peaks looked much like another set. The sun was hot and Howard lame and weary with the long ride. He remembered that it was Saturday afternoon, just a week since John and he were playing ball with their friends on the village green. Memories of the past rushed upon him. The horses' hoofs took up the ditty of the wheels. "Drunkard, liar, murderer, thief, coward, rascal, fugitive." He felt that his brain was reeling and he could bear it no longer. Just then Mr. Brown exclaimed: "Here we are!" and a turn of the road brought them in sight of the ranch.

It was a rambling building which had been begun as a log cabin and had received log and adobe additions till it presented much the same scraggy and irregular appearance as the surrounding peaks. A collie dog bounded toward them with a joyous bark, and two girls came running to meet them, followed by their mother. Howard was presented as "Mr. Seth Small, a surveyor who is going to straighten our fences." The "missus" and the girls made good the promise of a hearty welcome.

The forlorn youth, fleeing from the mirage of crime, was taken into the happy family circle and warmed and comforted by genial Western hospitality. Men came from the out-buildings to take the tired horses and the women hurried away to get supper.

"Another clearing-house case," said Anna, the elder daughter.

"Looks like a case for the undertaker," answered her sister.

"A sad, sick boy," said the mother. "Stop talking and get to work. They are hungry."

A savory meal was quickly ready and Howard had never enjoyed one better. Whatever his troubles, he was a young man with a normal appetite, who had been living for some days on lunches. As he ate his spirits rose.

"He has not lost his appetite, whatever is the matter with him," laughed Anna, as they cleared away the remnants of the meal. "You need not send for the undertaker quite yet, Carrie. I guess it is clearing house."

"Hush, he will hear you," cautioned the mother.

But he did not; he was at the barn watching the, to him, interesting business of caring for the stock.

Work finished, the family and help gathered for evening devotions, led by the master, who, like the patriarchs of old, was the priest of his own household. The simple service ended with the old-time evening hymn, "Glory to Thee, My God, this Night." A few hours before, Howard would have said he could never sing again; but habit and the love of music were strong. He began by softly humming the tune; but before the end his voice rang out in leadership so accustomed as to be unconscious.

There had never been anything vicious about Howard. He had grown up in a Christian home a clean, pure boy; had early united with the church, and was a worker in Sabbath School and Christian Endeavor. There was no stain upon his record until the subtle poison of alcohol, prescribed and administered by professional hands, and for which, at first, he was not responsible, had aroused hereditary appetite and weakened self-control. The sense of his own sad position and the evil he had wrought; the quiet peacefulness of the scene; the glories of the mountain sunset; the atmosphere of Christian love and fellowship, stirred him deeply. Never had he uttered a more sincere prayer than as he softly sang:

> Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
> The ill that I this week have done.
> That with the world, myself and thee,
> I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

And temporary peace came to his troubled heart. He bade his new friends "good night," and lay down to dreamless sleep.

"Where did you pick him up?" asked Mrs. Brown, when she and her husband were alone.

"Found him on the train when I took it at Omaha. He said he had been sick, and his doctor had ordered him West for change of climate. He wanted work, so I brought him along."

"Come West for his health without an overcoat? A likely story!" said she.

"How do you know he hasn't one?"

"There isn't room for it in that little suitcase. Guess he started in a hurry."

"Never mind, mother. We'll fix him out with all he needs from the store-house. Some time he will tell you all about it."

"I wish his mother knew he was safe here," said she, quietly.

CHAPTER III

WHEN Howard waked it was morning and the family were astir. At breakfast Mr. Brown explained how the sacredness of the day was regarded. Only necessary work was done, and that early. In the afternoon, friends came to service, as the ranch was centrally located, and adapted for the purpose. Several families lived within riding distance, some ten or twelve miles, and there were miners and other workmen in the mountains, all of whom were cordially invited.

Soon after dinner, the company began to assemble. A couple of heavy farm wagons were filled with women and children, gathered up, stage-coach fashion, on the way. A number of men came on horseback, as did the girls and young women, who rode cross saddles with ease and dignity. Ten or more men came on foot, singly, or in groups of two or three. In all there were some twenty-five or thirty people, who seemed to Howard to have sprung out of the earth. He was introduced to all and asked to lead the singing, which he willingly did.

At two o'clock they had a regular Sunday School session. Mr. Brown was superintendent. Anna and another young lady took the young children in a primary class. The older boys and girls were properly graded with suitable teachers. A Bible class of women was taught by a young college professor who was "ranching it" for his health, and Mr. Brown had a class of men. Everybody seemed interested. The session closed promptly on time, and was followed by an hour of recreation which the guests spent as they pleased, in rest, quiet visiting, or in enjoying the books that lay around in abundance. At four there was another service, with singing, Scripture reading and prayer, a sermon (on that day taken from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD), and a general talk over events of interest in the religious and philanthropic world, concerning which these isolated mountain

Continued on page 257

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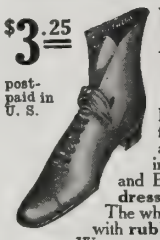

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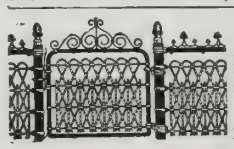

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"My feet were greatly swollen, my right arm was shrunken and twisted inward, the fingers of my right hand were clenched and could not be extended except with great effort and pain. Nothing seemed to give me more than temporary relief.

"Now, during all this time and for about thirty years previously, I drank daily an average of six cups of strong coffee—rarely missing a meal.

"My wife at last took my case into her own hands and bought some Postum. She made it according to directions and I liked it fully as well as the best high grade coffee.

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"There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

The Mark of Cain

Continued from page 256

people showed an intelligent interest, that might have put to the blush many an Eastern community.

At six, a picnic supper was served. The other families had brought well-filled lunch baskets. Mrs. Brown served tea and coffee and supplied whatever might be lacking to give the men a real "home treat," which helped to make Sunday afternoon the brightest spot in their week. After supper, those who chose to do so, left. Nobody wished to go before.

Howard, greatly entertained and interested, had really enjoyed the day; but at evening he slipped away by himself. The mountains seemed to have suddenly closed in around him, like prison walls, and he stood sadly gazing toward the east and thinking of that last service in the home church and the tragedy that followed. There rose before him a vision of his friend lying in the grave, a week dead. With a groan and shudder, he sank upon a stone and covered his face with his hands, to shut out the sight.

Had his vision but been long enough, he might have seen John at that very moment (half-past seven in Montana being half-past nine in New York) bidding Howard's sister good-night at her door, having escorted her home from church. "Have you heard from Howard?" John asked as they were parting.

"No," she sadly answered. "He never stayed away like this."

"Do not worry, I think he will soon come home," said John, and softly pressed her hand as he left her.

For some reason she could not have explained, she felt cheered and comforted; but John walked slowly homeward troubled in heart, and from that hour strove to fill, in such small measure as he might, the place of his absent friend in the bereaved household.

* * *

There was a touch on Howard's arm, and he started up to see Anna standing by him. Shocked by the misery of his face, she stammered:

"Excuse me; I spoke your name three times without your hearing. We are going to sing again. Mother sent me to ask you to help."

Quickly pulling himself together he followed her to the house. Later she reported to her parents:

"His name is not Small. He does not know it when you speak it. I spoke to him three times, and then touched his arm; and when he looked up, his face was just awful. It gave me the creeps."

"What did it look like?" asked Carrie.

"Oh, I can't tell you. Like Lady Macbeth's when she said, 'What, will these hands ne'er be clean?' "

"You ridiculous child!" said her mother. "Ever since you took part in that play at the high school in Helena, you have had Lady Macbeth on the brain. Probably the poor boy is homesick."

"I think he is under an assumed name," said Mr. Brown. "Very likely he was traveling on a scalper's ticket and had to use the name on the train and now doesn't know how to get out of it. That may be all that worries him. Don't you girls go to making a tragedy hero of him. That is too silly."

But Anna, who had seen the look, was of the same opinion still. Her mother changed the subject by saying:

"He has a beautiful Bible and he knows how to use it. Did you see how he turned it over in Bible class for references? I found him in the sitting-room this morning, working at the lesson with his Bible and the *Sunday School Times* like a good fellow. I noticed the book and he said his mother gave it to him on his last birthday. We need not suspect a boy with his mother's Bible in his pocket of an heinous crime, even if he did leave his overcoat home."

CHAPTER IV

THERE was certainly nothing of the hero of tragedy in Howard's appearance as he started cheerily out, dressed in a ranchman's suit, to begin on the fences. He knew little of wire-stretching and post-setting; but that was easily learned, and his knowledge of surveying was useful in straightening lines and determining angles. He went at his work with energy, and Mr. Brown soon decided that he was good help. The other men liked him. The women found him always courteous and thoughtful—"a real mother's boy," Mrs. Brown said.

Their gratitude was especially won by his planning a pipe line to bring to the house hot water from a boiling spring on a nearby hill. All through that section of country, such springs are frequent; for, as in the Yellowstone Park, the surface lies near to the internal heat of the earth.

The bracing air and exercise brought color to Howard's cheeks and a sparkle to his eyes. The days were too busy for brooding, and at night he was tired enough to sleep. Still, he did much earnest thinking, and decided that at any risk, S. S. Small must be found and paid for his ticket. Reparation was possible and must be made, though he fully realized that it might give a clue to the detectives that would send him to the electric chair or life imprisonment, and bring shame and sorrow to his mother and sister. He also decided that it was wiser to take Mr. Brown into his confidence as far as necessary and get him to make inquiries, than to leave his present retreat to make the search.

When he had been at the ranch about a month, Mr. Brown was going away on one of his frequent business trips. The afternoon before he was to start, they went together to measure the ground for the pipe for the hot water. At the top of the hill they sat down to rest and talk.

"Let me know when you want some money, Seth," said Mr. Brown. "Do you prefer to be paid by the month, or how?"

To be continued

Prohibition in Missouri

SEVENTY counties in Missouri have voted for Prohibition within the last six months, but in none of them has there been a fiercer fight than in Ray County, of which Richmond is the county seat. The women of Richmond organized a Prohibition league and to them is given credit for reforming this county, where thousands of coal miners and illiterate foreigners reside, who demanded open saloons.

The campaign planned by the women of Richmond was launched a few days prior to the date of the local option election, by means of a system of "follow-up" letters. These letters were original and three were sent to each voter in the county. They arrived in consecutive mails, one reaching the voter the day preceding election. Then a campaign of prayer began. The last letter mailed by the women was an appeal to the men of the county to vote out of existence a traffic which they represented as bringing to the community hunger, suffering, sorrow, crime and death. It said:

Vote for your boys, your girls, your sister, your brother, your wife, your neighbor, and for yourself, your country and your God. The licensed saloon can't buy a light that the citizen can walk by and it brings no business except suffering and death. The man who votes for saloons votes all these into his home. We appeal to you not only that you vote right, but that you use your influence to help drain Richmond of this dangerous traffic. Have you a boy or a loved one to give to the saloon when you vote? Remember this when casting your ballot. We cordially invite you to enjoy our hot coffee and sandwiches at the polls in your precinct on election day.

Then the most appealing argument of all was used. It was the five o'clock morning prayer in the streets. The last of these meetings were held in a driving sleet and snowstorm. Then came election morning. The women called to their assistance five hundred schoolgirls and boys and paraded the city throughout the day. Early on election day a saloonist cleared his bar and fixtures and invited the women to take their luncheon in his place. The women talked to the voters earnestly. As soon as a man gave his promise to vote against the saloon he was decorated with a white ribbon. The women also organized a drum corps and went through the streets playing sacred music.

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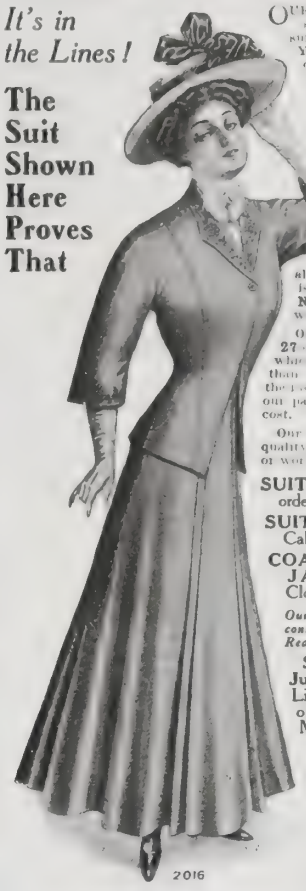

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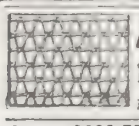

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The Conard & Jones Co.'s *New Floral Guide for 1908*. The standard reputation of this house in flowers will assure the catalogue of a wide welcome. All the finer varieties of roses and the popular choice in bulbs, shrubs and fruits are presented here. There is just the right kind of variety here for a tasteful and appropriate selection for any garden, large or small, in city or country. The *Guide* will be sent free on application. Pp. 136. Illustrated, with colored cover. Issued by the company, at West Grove, Pa.

Iowa Seed Co.'s 38th Annual Catalogue. This long-established house presents the fullest and most alluring variety of garden, farm and orchard stock, in a well-illustrated 104-page catalogue. There is everything here to satisfy the needs and to gratify the taste of the horticulturist. With such a splendid assortment to choose from, flower and vegetable growers can here indulge to the fullest extent their visions of the ideal garden. The *Catalogue* is sent free. Issued at Des Moines, Ia.

The Storrs & Harrison Co.'s Catalogue for the spring of 1908 gives all the choicest products of the famous Painesville Nurseries. Pp. 68. Illustrated. Gives a wide variety of flowers, fruits and vegetables, which are justly ranked as standard and give the highest satisfaction to growers generally. *Catalogue* sent free. Published at Painesville, O.

Bell's Annual Catalogue of Vegetable and Flower Seeds, Bulbs and Plants for 1908. A compact and serviceable guide to buyers. Gives all the best up-to-date varieties. Pp. 42. Illustrated. Published by the J. J. Bell Seed Company. Deposit, N. Y., and mailed free.

Choice Flower Seeds for 1908 is the title of a neat little illustrated catalogue, issued by Miss Emma V. White, Minneapolis, Minn. Very convenient for buyers making selections. Miss White has the rare gift of excellent taste in her flower selections and her fine garden seeds. The catalogue will be sent free on application.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

Mae, Iowa. "I want to add my testimony that God does hear and answer prayer."

Reader, Louisiana. "I wish to acknowledge God's answer to a special prayer. Bless his holy name."

M. A. K., Mississippi. "I desire to acknowledge God's goodness to me, in answering prayer many times."

Reader, Iowa. "I cried mightily to God and he took the desire to sin out of my heart and healed the affliction of my body. Praise his name."

L. M., Pennsylvania. "I promised the Lord if he would answer my prayers, I would tell it to the world. He heard and answered. Praise his name!"

Reader, Michigan. "I wish to testify to the benefit received from the Answered Prayer column. The Lord has answered many prayers for me and I shall keep on praying."

Mrs. A. B., Texas. "I promised that if my prayer was heard I would tell it to the world. It has been answered and I thank him more than I am able to tell."

A. M., Maine. "I was in great distress of mind over an estrangement between myself and a sister, and took my trouble to the Lord in prayer. He graciously answered me, and for this and other blessings I will praise his name."

M., Alabama. "I was in great trouble for years, and seeing so many answered prayers in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD increased my faith. I promised the Lord if he would hear me I would acknowledge it to the world and serve him the rest of my life. Less than two months ago the answer came."

L. V. O. B., New York. "Each week I read the Answered Prayer column, and wish to see my name there as a witness to God's mercy and loving kindness. Sincerely am I trusting in a prayer-hearing and answering God. He has wonderfully answered my prayers many times, bringing sunshine to my soul when I was troubled. My heart is filled with a peace the world could never give."

E. W. W., Illinois. "I am one of the many thousands who, over two months ago, found themselves suddenly out of work. I was praying earnestly for God's blessing to open the way for work, but no blessing came. At this time my heart was troubled about having family prayers, so I obeyed the 'still small voice,' and established family prayers. Our prayers were answered, work came, and at a better salary than I have had for years. To him be all the glory."

There are many tempting offers for the investment of savings, but the wise investor investigates before risking his principal on promises of fabulous returns. The Industrial Savings and Loan Co. invite inquiry, see ad on Page 257.

Liquid Court Plaster

immediately dries, forming a tough, transparent, waterproof coating. "New-Skin" heals Cuts, Abrasions, Hang-Nails, Chapped and Split Lips or Fingers, Burns, Blisters, etc. Instantly relieves Chilblains, Frosted Ears, Stings of Insects, Chafed or Blistered Feet, Callous Spots, etc., etc.

A coating on the sensitive parts will protect the feet from being chafed or blistered by new or heavy shoes. MECHANICS, SPORTSMEN, BICYCLISTS, GOLFERS, in fact all of us, are liable to bruise, scratch or scrape our skin. "NEW-SKIN" will heal these injuries, will not wash off, and after it is applied the injury is forgotten, as "NEW-SKIN" makes a temporary new skin until the broken skin is healed under it. "Paint it with 'New-Skin' and forget it," is literally true.

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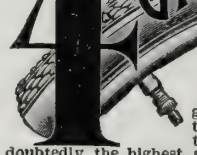

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Guidance and Providence

By Mrs. M. Baxter

MORE than a thousand years before Christ declared himself the good shepherd, God had said the same thing to the heart of David, and the sacred Psalmist, from the fulness of his heart, echoed back the words, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want" (Ps. 23: 1). Few there were in David's time who entered more fully into this relationship of God than he, and few there are still, whose freedom from all the burdens which try others, and whose constant confidence in God says, "The Lord has undertaken for me; I shall not, do not, cannot, know want in any respect whatever."

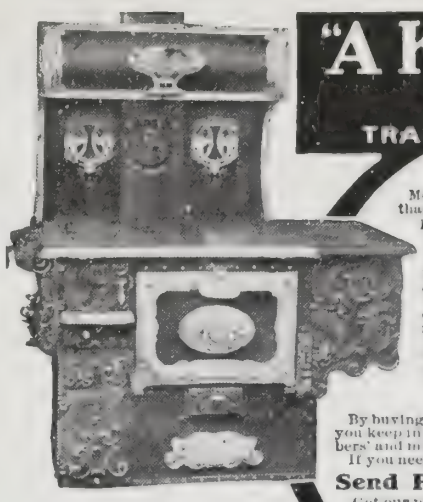
The sheep is the most helpless and most defenseless of all animals, therefore the shepherd must do everything for it. It is not adventurous enough to find pasture for itself; therefore the Good Shepherd says, "I will feed my flock." Sheep cannot find their way alone; therefore he says, "I will seek that which was lost, and bring again that which was driven away, and will bind up that which was broken, and will strengthen that which was sick" (Ezek. 34: 15, 16).

Our blessed Lord spoke his parable of the Good Shepherd to the Pharisees who were offended with him because he had healed the man born blind, and because he had done so on the Sabbath Day. They were, professedly, the shepherds, or leaders, of the people, but the diseased had they not strengthened, nor healed that which was sick, nor bound up that which was broken, nor brought again that which was driven away, nor sought that which was lost (Ezek. 34: 4); and when a poor man, blind from his birth, was healed in their very sight, instead of rejoicing and congratulating him, they persecuted him. Theirs was no true shepherding.

Jesus said to them, "Verily, I say unto you, he that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber." There is but one Shepherd of Christ's sheep. To approach them in any other way than through Jesus, in his name, in his authority, in his Spirit, is seriously to wrong him and his sheep too.

"But he that entereth in by the door is the Shepherd of the sheep." Can Jesus enter by himself? Yes, truly; "By his own blood he entered in once into the holy place" (Heb. 9: 12). The undershepherds enter only by him. They are not mentioned in the parable—why should they be? Only as they are one with Christ, only as they manifest him, can they feed the flock; their office is to lead to him. "To him the porter openeth; and the sheep hear his voice; and he calleth his own sheep by name, and he leadeth them out." An Eastern shepherd guides by his voice, whether by night or by day; it is essential, therefore, that his sheep shall know their Shepherd's voice. Perhaps the greatest mistakes which we make about guidance arise from a doubt about the Shepherd's voice. How may I always know whether it is the Lord's voice which speaks? His voice always calls us to follow him. "When he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him; for they know his voice." His voice speaks his presence just at hand, just on before, making the way plain for his sheep. His voice makes it perfectly easy to follow him. When, therefore, a suggestion arises to do some impossible, impracticable thing, with an awful sense of condemnation which clouds out Jesus from our view, if we do not do it—we may be sure that this voice is not his.

The true sheep of Jesus will not follow a stranger; "they will flee from him, for they know not the voice of strangers." Nothing fills our hearts fuller of joy and praise than to know certainly the mind and will of God, and to have the presence of Jesus with us in doing his will. When, therefore, an impression which arises in our minds fills us with perplexity, it is either because, for some reason, we are not willing to do the will of God, and are kicking against that which he shows us, or it is because Satan is deceiving us and attempting to break our rest in the Lord by imitating the voice of Jesus, and so misleading us.



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HERMOSA (the old Favorite).—It is hardy as an oak, and always covered with its clear pink blooms; there is not a shade or color of any kind to mar its purity. No Rose will give more general satisfaction.

MAMAN COCHET.—One of the best new Roses. The growth is vigorous, with rich, healthy foliage. The extra large flowers are produced on long stems, are very double, and the buds and half-expanded flowers are simply exquisite in their graceful form, delicate color and rich fragrance. The color is deep rose-pink, the inner side of the petals silvery-gray.

STAR OF LYON.—This magnificent Tea Rose is *a rich golden yellow*, a strong, healthy and vigorous grower; immense bloomer, bearing flowers and buds early and late. The flowers are very deep, rich and full, excellent substance, very sweet. Surely one of the best and most beautiful yellow Tea Roses for general planting ever introduced. Remarkably hardy, both as to heat and cold, frequently standing the Winters uninjured in open ground without protection and blooming nicely through all the hottest part of the Summer.

ANNA MULLER.—The New Pink Baby Rambler. The shining, brilliant pink flowers are produced in great profusion, in large clusters, from June until late in the Fall. Each individual floret measures two inches in diameter. The petals are twisted, making a charming effect.

SCARLET BEDDER.—This is without doubt the very best of all Red Roses for bedding. It can be planted anywhere, being entirely hardy. Flowers are large size, fiery scarlet, a color rarely seen in Roses. Planted everywhere on account of its color and freedom of bloom.

For Only 35c. we will send **The Housewife** all the rest of this year and the collection of **6 Splendid Roses** as above described, **postpaid.**

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MISS MAUD MUELLER.—Scarlet and white variegated. Is one of the best Carnations for home culture, as it is easily grown, and not at all susceptible to the different Carnation diseases.

FLORA HILL.—It is the grandest white and the most prolific bloomer of the Carnation family that has been raised up to this time. The flower is of enormous size, full and double; has a good calyx; not subject to rust, produces good flowers throughout the entire season.

BOSTON MARKET.—In many sections this is being grown to the exclusion of all other white varieties. Can be depended upon for good sized, nicely shaped bloom in profusion. Stem, form and habit of growth excellent. Color ivory white.

MRS. FRANCIS JOOST.—This has proved to be one of the most satisfactory and profitable Carnations introduced in years. Color a soft shade of pink. It is a strong, vigorous grower, and is generally recognized to be one of the best Carnations. A variety that we can recommend in the highest terms.

HARLOWARDEN.—Very strong, free grower; extra long stems; large flower, of bright crimson with shadings of scarlet. Very free.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.—Flowers large, very full, deeply fringed; deep brilliant, scarlet-maroon, full, rich and striking; a great producer, flowers averaging three inches in diameter.

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ESTELLE.—Produces extra-sized flowers of the purest white; fine deep form; under the same conditions of culture it came a week earlier than its parent, Glory of the Pacific, with a far superior flower in shape and substance.

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MRS. HENRY ROBINSON.—In the entire Chrysanthemum family there is no grander white variety, no matter when it blooms; it is the most popular style—immense, incurving, broad-channeled petals of great substance and the purest white; from a flat incurved form it gradually changes into perfect ball of snow, sixteen to eighteen inches in circumference. Winner of twenty-six first prizes.

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S. A. NUTT.—This is the darkest and richest Double Geranium grown. It is a very bright, dark, deep, rich velvety-maroon, an excellent bedder and a perfect pot plant; one that must find its way into every collection. Always in bloom.

HETERANTHE.—A magnificent variety. Flowers bright red, trusses of enormous size and borne high above the foliage.

P. A. STEWART.—A new Geranium and a new color, very difficult to describe. It is a very light cerise-pink shaded salmon. A splendid bedder and exceedingly free bloomer.

L. CONTABLE.—Plant of perfect habit; very free; large, full double flowers, of a beautiful bright rose color. An extra fine variety.

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"Your editorials are the best I have ever read; they have been helpful to me and I read them often in our Mothers' Meeting."

"While I am renewing my subscription I can't but speak a word of praise for our dear, good paper. I did think once I would not take it this year, but when the time came for it to come and I had waited, it just seemed as if a friend had disappointed me. I want to thank you and dear Hilda Richmond for the Little Lessons—they alone are really worth the price of the paper."

"It is an interesting paper: the editorials are uncommonly fine, calculated to do great good, and the stories are always practical and helpful."

"We have been readers, lovers and appreciators of THE HOUSEWIFE for years. In these days of yellow—deep yellow—cheap publications, words would not express our gratitude for the work of the Editor of THE HOUSEWIFE."

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The columns of ***The Housewife*** *have been graced by the work of the following writers, among others:*

Mary E. Wilkins	**J. L. Harbour**	**Geo. Madden Martin**	**Marion Ames Taggart**
Marion Harland	**Elizabeth S. Phelps**	**Eleanor H. Porter**	**Lillian Bell**
Amelia E. Barr	**Annie H. Donnell**	**Mary Lewis**	**Nora Archibald Smith**
Sophie Sweet	**Hilda Richmond**	**Owen Kildare**	**Bell Elliot Palmer**
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COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY LOUIS KLOPSCH

$1.50 a Year—5c. A Copy
Published 52 Times a Year

New York, April 1, 1908

VOL. 31—NO. 14
Offices: Bible House, N. Y.

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PAINTED BY J. JAMES TISSOT

ABRAHAM'S SERVANT MEETING REBEKAH

Questions and Answers

M. V. V., Cleveland, O. Are Admiral Dewey and his wife Roman Catholics, and if not, to what religious denomination do they belong?

Mrs. Dewey is a Catholic, a member of St. Matthew's Church. Admiral Dewey affiliates with the Episcopalians and has a sitting at St. John's Episcopal Church, Washington, D. C.

A. J., Auburn, N. Y. A. wishes to sell some land and offers it to B. at a price much lower than he had heretofore held it. His offer was for $1,000, less $100 tax, which would become due later. A. expected to receive $900 from B., and the tax would be paid by B. as it became due. When transfer was made, B. paid A. $1,000, and said he would pay tax when it became due, this being as he understood A.'s offer. B. is very much pleased with his purchase. What are the moral obligations in the case?

B. has as good a right to say what the contract was as A. had. If A. offers to sell a watch to B. for $20, but B. understands him to say $25, and assents and pays the latter amount, there is no legal wrong in A's taking the larger amount. Of course, something depends on the relations of confidence between the parties; but in buying and selling parties deal at arm's length. The buyer wants to buy as cheaply as he can, and the seller to get as much as the buyer will pay. In the case supposed, A. has full value for his money, and has not been injured. If A. lives up to the Golden Rule, however, he ought to return $100, as being what he would like to have done to him if the conditions were reversed. C.

Enquirer, Plainfield, N. J. I have seen the name of Michael Angelo, the famous Italian soulptor and artist, speiled as Michel Angelo. Which is the correct pronunciation and spelling?

The first, the Anglicized form, has been used in English and American publications. Recently, however, the spelling, Michel, has been used as in the original Italian. Both are in good use. The Italian name, Michel Angelo, is pronounced Me-kel An-je-lo. The two names are sometimes now printed with a hyphen between them and in a very few cases as one word, but this is not really correct.

A Constant Reader, Bethlehem, Pa. Do second class passengers from Europe have to go to Ellis Island, the same as third class passengers? Do they have the privi lege of landing the same day the boat arrives?

We are informed by the Cunard Company that second class passengers come directly to the dock in New York and do not have to go to Ellis Island unless they are ill. They land the same day, their privileges in this regard being the same as if they came first class.

R. B., Beverly, Mass. Is the Pool of Bethesda in existence to-day? Is it used for any purpose? Are its waters supposed to still contain healing properties?

Yes. The large reservoir or tank called by the Mohammedans *Birket Israil*, within the walls and close to St. Stephen's Gate, is generally believed to be identical with the Pool of Bethesda. It has been dry for nearly two hundred years.

Missioner Crittenden, Bellefonte, Pa. 1. What is the right name to give to the Sunday or Sabbath? 2. Is it consistent for a Christian Brotherhood to hold a "smoker" in the church?

1. Why not give it the Scriptural name of "the Lord's Day" (Rev. 1: 10)? Sabbath leads to misunderstanding, for it is not a day of rest to hosts of the Lord's most devoted servants. Sunday, too, has a heathenish suggestion of sun worship, but not more than Monday, Thursday, etc. Your suggestion of Bible School as a title for Sunday School is good and may be used by persons concerned about such matters. 2. The "smoker" should not be held in the church, though it is said that in the times of the Dutch occupation of New York the pious burghers smoked in church during the services, but not during prayer, and they complained if the prayer was too long that "the pipes went out."

Subscriber, Locklies, Va. I am told that the order of Odd Fellows was founded in Baltimore. If not, in what country and by whom was the order first started?

Washington Lodge of Baltimore, established in 1819, was the first lodge of the order in this country, but the order itself was founded in England in the eighteenth century. In 1820 the Baltimore lodge received a charter from England, making it the Grand Lodge of the United States, but the next year gave in its charter and became subordinate to the Manchester Unity Order of Odd Fellows of the United Kingdom. In 1843 this connection was severed and the Grand Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows in the United States formed. Write to Washington Lodge in regard to the person mentioned; we are unable to verify the name.

Vira, Urbana, Ill. In *Paul Revere's Ride*, Revere had a lantern and it was hung in a window in a church in Boston, Mass. Will you please tell which church it was? Some say in the old South Church, some say in the old North Church. I have been trying to find where the poem is, but failed to do so.

The lantern was hung from the belfry of Christ Episcopal Church, commonly called the "Old North Church." The sexton of the church put out the lantern, the signal to Revere to mount and ride. Paul Revere had gone over to the Charlestown shore, and was waiting beside his horse for the signal. The old lantern is still a treasured possession of the Old North Church. The poem was written by Longfellow, and may be found in any collection of his poems. The route of Revere has been marked in several places, so that to-day it may be accurately followed.

Reader, Newton Junction, N. H. Why are all the pictures of angels painted with wings? Is there any place in the Bible where it says that they have wings?

There are such passages, notably Isa. 6: 2. The word wings, however, is often applied in a figurative sense, to convey the idea of the unimpeded, swift locomotion of the spirit as contrasted with the material body.

Church Member, Waldo, Fla. 1. Can a person of good character and irreproachable life be saved if he does not join a church when there are churches of all denominations in his neighborhood? 2. What is meant by Christ's statement, "the last shall be first" (Matt. 20: 16)?

1. As we have said many times on this page, we shrink from declaring who will and who will not be saved. Who are we that we should presume to pronounce in such momentous matters? We can only remind you that Christ demanded public confession of him of his followers, and said that if any one was ashamed of him, of him would he be ashamed in the day of his glory. Joining a church is the recognized mode in these times of making public confession, but it is not necessarily the only one. 2. A reproof to envy and ambition. Those whose labors have been highly successful, or who have done some great thing in Christ's service, must not count on a high position as having been won by merit. Christ's rewards are for the Christly character, not for achievement.

Willard, Manhattan, New York. Are there any observatories in America that I can apply to for special information about the stars?

Yes, the National Observatory at Washington, D. C. Doubtless the professors in charge of the various college observatories would answer a few special questions if you are an interested student of astronomy.

Sarah R., Troy, N. H., sends this version of the lines written "by a lunatic upon the wall of the room in which he was confined":

> Could we with ink the ocean fill,
> And were the sky of parchment made;
> Were every blade of grass a quill,
> And every man a scribe by trade;
> To write the love of God above
> Would drain the ocean dry;
> Nor could the scroll contain the whole,
> Though stretched from sky to sky.

Reader, Johnsonville, N. Y. If a man dies without a will, being married twice, and leaving a child by his first wife, what share would the wife hold of the property?

In New York a widow takes one-third of the personal property absolutely and the use of one-third of the real estate for her life.

F. B. McC., Roseburg, Ore. What became of the dry dock sent from Hampton Roads to Manila, *via* Suez Canal, some time ago?

It arrived safely at Manila, and is there now.

A. F. A., East Oakland, Calif. Which States are Prohibition?

There are now twenty-eight Prohibition States, some wholly so and some in part, viz.: Alabama, Georgia, Kansas, Maine, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Mississippi, South Carolina, Florida, Connecticut, Vermont, New Hampshire, District of Columbia, Tennessee, North Carolina, Arkansas, Iowa, Michigan, Missouri, Delaware, Kentucky, Texas, West Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, Nebraska, Massachusetts, South Dakota.

Reader, Eau Galle, Wis. Where do we get our marginal dates in the Bible?

They were compiled by Archbishop Ussher, a distinguished prelate who lived 1580-1656. They are simply chronological calculations and are not to be regarded in any sense as a part of the text.

Miscellaneous

M. J. P., Prole, Ia. The prayer in Congress is offered by the chaplain.

H. H. W., Fremont, O. Yes, there were two versions of the song you mention.

J. H. G., Kecksburg, Pa. We are unable to tell what was the first poem he wrote.

H., Thomasville, Ga. You can get the book you mention through Samuel French, 42 West Twenty-Second Street, New York City.

M. C. W., Mount Joy, Ia. There was no Mother Shipton. The so-called prophecies were discovered to have been written long after the date first attributed to them. This has been repeatedly explained in THE MAIL-BAG.

R. H. P., Reardon, Wash. We only have the figures for the battle of Waterloo. Wellington and Blucher lost 20,000 men. The French figures are not really known. Only the wreck of an army was left of a force of 71,947. Thousands were killed by the pursuing cavalry many miles from the actual field of battle, whole regiments practically disappearing without record.

R. M., Galena, Ill. 1. According to your letter, the hospital seems to be doing good, and the fact that it is under Catholic auspices should not prevent you from giving it support, as its benefits are probably shared by Catholic and Protestant alike. 2. Three times married. 3. Do you mean Carmelite or Campbellite?

Reader, Rockford, Ill. We received your question about the medicinal properties of the two rays some time ago. They are invaluable in locating foreign particles that have become embedded in the human body. We believe, however, that their use for treating certain diseases is still a matter of discussion. Ask your local physician.

Subscriber, Waldoboro, Me. There are Buddhist temples all over Japan, China, India, etc. We do not know to which one you refer. The New Testament has been translated, and most of the Old Testament, into every recognized language, and many additional dialects. You can probably get a full list by addressing the American Bible Society, New York City. You should sign your name and give address on all queries sent to the MAIL-BAG.

OUR NATIVE MISSIONARY SUBSTITUTE ROLL UP TO DATE

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* artial support.

NEW YORK, APRIL 1, 1908

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

Governor Crothers, Md. | Governor Warner, Mich. | Governor Hughes, N. Y. | Governor Campbell, Texas | Governor Harris, Ohio | Governor Dawson, W. Va.

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GOVERNORS AND THE UNEMPLOYED

Governor Deneen, Ill.

Governor Hanly, Ind.

Governor Guild, Mass.

ONE of the most distressing features of the recent depression in all branches of trade is the unusually large number of unemployed to be found in almost every considerable sized city throughout the country. That the present condition is anomalous is shown by statistics that were recently laid before Congress on this subject. Representative Willetts of New York, on March 13, in the course of his speech on the present condition of the working classes, submitted valuable figures relative to the situation in New York among the trades generally. He read a letter which was ordered to be printed in the *Congressional Record*, from the secretary of one of the leading labor organizations, giving the total of unemployed workers in the organized trades in New York City as 147,500. Seventy thousand of these are in the building trades alone. The same Congressman also submitted an estimate from the same authority, showing that 356,000 men are idle in the unorganized trades, 110,000 of whom are mechanics. The total estimated number of unemployed in the metropolis is thus placed at 503,500.

Many letters have been received from readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, evincing a keen interest in the labor situation, and suggesting that steps should be taken to distribute at least a portion of this surplus of idle labor throughout the country, in sections where it could be absorbed to advantage. Accepting this suggestion as one that might possibly result in relieving the situation, even to a limited extent, the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, as President of the Bowery Mission, addressed the following letter to the Governors of the various States:

"*Dear Sir:* New York City is deluged with workless men and boys, while in many parts of the country (perhaps in your own State) there is a great dearth of laborers. The Bowery Mission is in a position to supply any number of able-bodied workmen for unskilled labor at a moment's notice. Will you kindly help us to get these men an opportunity to earn an honest living by directing the attention of the different rural newspapers to this offer? All that will be required for those who wish help of any kind is to furnish transportation. We ask no remuneration for our services, and will endeavor, in every instance, to supply the very best help available. All applications for help should be addressed to the Free Labor Bureau of the Bowery Mission, 92 Bible House, New York City.

"Thanking you in advance for your kind offices in this matter, and for the courtesy of an early reply, I am,

"Very truly yours,

"LOUIS KLOPSCH,

"*President of the Bowery Mission.*

"P. S. We stand ready to supply 2,000 men on demand."

Acknowledgments were received from many Governors, and in each case the Governor or his official representative displayed a deep interest in the subject. The correspondence, however, disclosed the fact that in no single State at the present time, as far as heard from, is there such a dearth of labor as would warrant the State authorities in inviting the New York unemployed to go there. On the contrary, the majority of the States have a surplus of unemployed labor of their own. This is the case in Michigan, Ohio and Wisconsin, where there are thousands of unemployed; in West Virginia and Indiana, Maryland, and presumably in others also. The Governors of Texas, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Delaware, Illinois and Montana, all have the matter under consideration, but their formal responses held out no hope of relief. Governor Hughes, of New York, promises to bring the subject to the attention of the State Labor Department.

In order that our readers may judge for themselves of the labor situation in the various States, we give below several of the Governors' letters:

Indiana Says "None Wanted"

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

STATE OF INDIANA.

My Dear Sir: Permit me to acknowledge the receipt of your recent favor, and, in answer, to say to you that in my judgment the State of Indiana has ample labor for the coming year, and I do not believe it would be wise to send the unemployed here. J. FRANK HANLY.

Continued on page 265

Governor Toole, Mont.

Governor Davidson, Wis.

Governor Fort, N. J.

THE
AMERICAN PULPIT

A SERMON BY
Rev. F. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.

The Message of Music

TEXT: I. Chron. 6:31: "And these are they whom David set over the service of song in the house of the Lord."

I WELL remember a Sunday I once spent upon the roof of the Cathedral at Milan. I had been away from home for many weeks and was very lonely and homesick. Furthermore, I was hungry for an old-fashioned Christian service of the type of the American meeting-house. I had been so long witnessing the European desecration of the Sabbath that I yearned for the simple service of my own home church. I entered the Cathedral of Milan that morning hoping that my longing for worship might be gratified, but alas! none of it was there. That huge cathedral is capable of holding forty thousand worshipers. Thousands of people were in the building that morning, but only a little handful were seated about the pulpit. Most of the people inside the church were tourists wandering about examining a statue here, a tomb there, a beautiful column beyond. Sick at heart I turned away and began to climb the stairs which led up to the roof. Higher and higher I went until I seemed to have left the world behind. Alone I was walking upon those lofty heights amid the marble statues, when suddenly I stopped short. Seemingly from everywhere, and yet from nowhere in particular, the sweetest anthem was rising in the upper air. Like the summer wind which kissed my cheek, I could not tell from whence it came. Then, as the voices rose and fell and finally died away in a plaintive whisper, I said to myself, "That must have been like the singing in the old Temple of Jerusalem." It seemed as though choir-loft was taking up the refrain of choir-loft, and the great Asaph himself, the chief of all the musicians and singers whom David appointed, was leading in the service of song.

Generations of Song

Sitting there that Sunday afternoon on that Milan roof, I thought of that service of singers in Jerusalem three thousand years ago, and of the singing of the long succession of all the generations of singers that in the Christian Church have won their triumphs during the past centuries. It seemed as if they were all united in one great service of song, in stupendous harmonies. For wherever you go you find the love of music. The English plowboy sings as he drives his team. The Scotch Highlander makes the glens and gray moors resound with his beautiful songs. The muleteer of Spain cares not who sits on the throne or stands behind it if they will let him have his early morning carol. The vintager of Sicily has his evening hymn even beside the fire of the burning mount; the fisherman of Naples has his boat-song to which his rocking boat beats time on that beautiful sea, and the gondolier of Venice still keeps up his midnight serenade. So, when traveling by land or by sea, we find the innate love of music waving her magic wand over the cradle as well as in the evening twilight of the grave. And inspired poets and musicians of the past and the present have merely harnessed up that innate love in the heart of man and used it for God and for heaven.

To-day, God willing, I want to lead you away from pulpit and lectern. I want to lead you away from altar and chancel and out of the church auditorium, and have you sit with me as I sat that day upon the roof of the Milan Cathedral and give your thoughts to the sweet sounds in which the church in all times has given praise to God. I want to have a little quiet talk with you upon the influence of Gospel song. And after this talk is ended I want you to go home and reverently take down your hymn-books and gather your children about you and teach them to sing praises to God, and utter in tuneful words the love of Christ for all men. "And these are they whom David set over the service of song in the house of the Lord."

The Singing in the Temple

Now, why did David appoint musicians over the service of song in the Temple? First, because music is a combination of beauties in sounds, and no man can truly come to the higher Christian life until he learns to appreciate the beauties of all God's creations. God does not simply say to man, "I am God, Creator and Ruler"; but he says, "I want you to notice that I have made everything beautiful in its time." Thus Jesus bade us look at the lily, or the wild flowers of the field, and observe the care with which God had produced a masterpiece in colors. He makes the leaf of that wild flower so beautiful that artists for centuries have tried in vain to reproduce its harmonies. Oh, the marvelous blending of colors in the leaf of one little daffodil! Then think of God's architecture! What is the Cathedral of St. Peter in Rome, or the Cathedral at Cologne, or any of our architectural masterpieces, in comparison with the grandeur of the Alps or the beauties of the Grand Canon? God's love of beauty shows itself here, as it does in the flowers that are in these days again preparing to make the world a glorious garden. We know from all his works that he loves beauty, and are sure that when we strive to make his worship sweet and harmonious with his gift of voice and with musical instruments, we are pleasing him.

Is not the voice of a great congregation lifting its song in praise like the sound of many waters? Have you ever noticed how many times the Bible tells us to sing the praises of God? Not once, but many times, is the commandment given. "Sing" is the word. "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord." When the time of worship which we spend in the Lord's house is so precious, would God be willing to waste any of the time of church service in singing if music was not a divine means of spiritual grace? Yes, hereafter we must look upon music as a preacher. We must reverently consider our hymn-books as second only in importance to the holy Bible itself. God has placed his divine approval and endorsement upon them.

Sacred Music Honored

Why does God honor sacred music in the salvation of men? This fact should be easily analyzed when you open any hymn-book and begin to sing the grand old songs which have come ringing down the corridors of the centuries. What is the keynote of nine-tenths, ay, ninety-nine hundredths, of the hymns which are sung? God's wrath? No. It is God's love. Of course there are some of the old hymns which contain warnings to the sinner. But in nearly all the hymns that we love the central magnet of our affection is the story they contain of the Cross and God's protecting care for his children. Hell and the terrors of future punishment may lift their red lights of warning; but it is only the Cross of Christ that can make men cling to God as a heavenly Father. Just read over the favorite songs of your hymn-book and see if what I say is not true. And this is the reason why the song which is sung after the sermon often does more good than the whole sermon, upon which the minister has expended weeks of labor. Why? Because the preacher too often wields the Gospel bludgeon. He is bound to declare the whole counsel of God, and sometimes it must sound harsh. He says: "The end of sin is death, and God will not by any means accept the impenitent." Then some sweet-throated songstress arises in the choir loft and lifts up her voice in praise to him for his mercy in redemption. As the sweet message of God's love wings its way to the heart of the worshipers, men say, "I will do this not because I fear hell, but because Christ died for me, and because Christ loves me." Was not this fact demonstrated in the great services of Dwight L. Moody?

No intelligent man can study the work of America's greatest evangelistic preacher, unless at the same time he follows the wonderful career of America's most wonderful Gospel singer. "What do you think of the work of Ira D. Sankey?" I asked one of the greatest and most influential ministers of the West. "He is emphatically the messenger of gentleness. This fact was never better illustrated than by comparing the work of a Moody and a Sankey." "Great team that," I said. "Yes, a great team." Why? Because each man's work supplemented the work of the other man. Moody was an earnest, conscientious preacher. Moody would stir an audience until men and women could see their sins marching before them in an appalling procession, and they could realize the peril of their condition. Then Sankey would sing of the life-line, or of the ninety and nine, and the love of God touched the hearts of men until the whole audience would be melted into tears. Moody was essentially the plougher and the sower. Ira D. Sankey was the reaper. He was the one who could soften the heart and make sinners feel the love of God by the power of Gospel song. The ploughing had to be done. Each man supplemented the work of the other man. Moody and Sankey formed the most potent evangelistic team of the past century.

A Stimulant to Service

But there is another reason why Gospel singing has been baptized by the Holy Spirit for the salvation of men. Gospel singing stimulates the worshiper to do something for Christ. It is his part of the church service. The minister may be praying, but the members of the congregation may not be following him in his prayers. While the minister is preaching, the solemn-faced elder sitting before him may be planning how he is going to run his business the next day. That was a quaint and beautiful compliment which Mark Twain gave to his minister some time ago. The great humorist met the preacher at the door of the church aft the sermon and said: "My dear doctor, you will ha to make your sermons more uninteresting or I cann afford to come to church any more. Sunday mornin in church, is the time I always expect to plan my week work. You are preaching such interesting sermons th I have to pay attention, and you must become mo stupid or else I shall have to stay away." But, alas! wh Mark Twain spoke in jest is only too true of son hearers. Whether it is the fault of the minister or nc one fact is certain: Many a merchant has planned o his business deals during the Sunday morning sermo And many a tired mother has taken a short cat-na during the long prayer of the Sunday morning servic But it is so different during the time of Gospel singin It is the difference of doing something for Christ an sitting passive in your pew.

Why did your mother have you children gather abou that piano to sing? What was her chief reason? I was to get you to do something good to keep you fro doing something positively harmful. O friends, do nc think that the time you spend with your children sing ing is wasted time. If some parents would do a littl less scolding and a little more singing with thei children, perhaps they might have just the same spirit ual influence for good as had your sainted mother whe she gathered the children about her every Sunday af ternoon to sing the Gospel hymns.

The Power of Sacred Song

But there is another truth which comes surging ove me with overwhelming power when I think of the di vine purpose of sacred song. That is the thought tha the great hymnologists have always been the Gospe teachers who have been able to overleap all the barrier of sectarian bigotry and narrow-minded creeds. If the great hymnologists have accomplished no other good, a least they have taught us that Christ has many othe sheep who do not belong to our sectarian fold. Ir olden times the Episcopalian rector would not allow the Presbyterian pastor to enter his chancel. And the Presbyterian and the Hardshell Baptist were just as bigoted in their way as their Episcopalian brothers. But no sectarian bigotry has been able to monopolize the makers of sacred song. In the sectarian churches we have "spite fences" for every one except for our poets and hymnologists. Read over if you will the biographies of the greatest of our Gospel composers. They belong to all churches.

Charles Wesley may never have been allowed to preach in Westminster Abbey, but his great hymn, "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," has been sung there a thousand times. And Charles Wesley was a Methodist. Who was Ray Palmer, the author of "My Faith Looks up to Thee"? A Congregationalist. Who was Horatius Bonar, the author of "I Lay my Sins on Jesus"? A Scotch Presbyterian. Who was James Montgomery, the author of "Hail to the Lord's Anointed"? He was the son of a Moravian preacher. Yet all these singing evangelists with their many different sectarian creeds have their names and their hymns printed side by side in every church hymnal. The church of Bishop Heber may believe in apostolic succession for the pulpit; but it does not believe in apostolic succession for the choir loft, for Henry Newman the Catholic, and John and Charles Wesley the Methodists, and Horatius Bonar are allowed to sing there even though they were not allowed to preach there. Oh, why do we not extend the hand of Gospel fellowship to all the members of the different churches as we extend the hand of Christian love to all the sweet singers who bring to us their Gospel songs? May God give to us a non-sectarian pulpit and pew as he has given to us a non-sectarian hymn-book.

Divine Harmonies

But God honors sacred music for still another reason. The divine harmonies of sound place the hand of holy ordination upon all those who are willing to lift up their voices in his praise. In order to become a minister one has to spend years in study. Then presbytery puts him through the most rigid examinations to determine whether he is fit to preach. Some of my ministerial brethren may be in doubt about letting him pass at that time. But though some presbyteries may make mistakes in allowing a candidate to enter the pulpit when not properly prepared, no such barriers can keep the true Gospel evangelists from singing the praises of God. Ira D. Sankey not only led thousands into the Kingdom by his tuneful voice, but he sent a host of singing evangelists to win other multitudes for the Cross. In other words, as the good Ananias was commanded to open the blinded eyes of Saul in Damascus,

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TO OPEN THE PUBLIC DOMAIN

A MEASURE has been introduced in Congress, having the endorsement of the President, which, when it becomes a law, may cause a rapid decrease in some of the overcrowded sections of the older States and swell the population of the New West.

It provides for the increase of the "homestead right" from one-fourth to one-half section. A man who could formerly take up one hundred and sixty acres of land under the Homestead Law, will have the right to take up three hundred and twenty acres. At the rate public land has been withdrawn from government ownership in the last three years, it would take twenty-seven years to fully settle the vacant areas. Under the new law, Western immigration will be encouraged, and it is believed there will not be an acre of "free land" anywhere ten years hence, except on the bleak and barren mountain sides above timber line.

According to recent reports gathered by the writer from land offices in the West, there are at present 730,000,000 acres of public land, valued at $7,450,000,000. Of this vast area, 150,000,000 acres are irrigable and cannot be taken up except when a water right is purchased in connection therewith. This costs from twenty to fifty dollars an acre. The amount of land to be taken in an irrigated district cannot exceed one-fourth section. There remains open for entry about 220,000,000 acres of farming land, which can be taken at the rate of $1.25 an acre payable in five years. If the law passes any man or woman at the head of a family can take one-half section of this land, and by residing on it fourteen months, can obtain a deed. Here is an official statement which shows the manner in which public land is being taken: Appropriated or land owned by individuals in 1904, 795,000,000 acres; in 1907, 432,000,000 acres. In three years, 449,000,000 acres of public land had been filed upon by 310,000 persons, supposed to be heads of families, each representing at least four persons. Thus over a million citizens of the United States became land-holders at the cost of sixty million dollars, payable at the rate of twelve million dollars per annum.

Public land open for entry in the United States is located in these States: Nevada, 55,000,000 acres; Montana, 50,000,000; New Mexico, 45,000,000; Arizona, 40,000,000; Utah, 38,000,000; Washington, 35,000,000; Idaho, 30,000,000; California, 30,000,000; Colorado, 30,000,000; Wyoming, 30,000,000; Oregon, 15,000,000; North Dakota, 10,000,000; South Dakota, 10,000,000; Nebraska, 5,000,000; Minnesota, 3,000,000; Oklahoma, 2,000,000; Florida, 1,100,000; Kansas, 1,000,000; Michigan, 195,000; Arkansas, 2,000,000; Mississippi, 90,000; Wisconsin, 70,000. Total, 434,755,000 acres.

Of the forty million acres open in Arizona, much is tillable and only needs more rainfall to make rich. About 200,000 acres of Arizona's dry land are now being irrigated. Lands in the Gila, Salt and Santa Cruz River valleys have been pronounced more fertile than the Nile valley in Egypt. Here the home-seeker has the opportunity of taking up land under the Homestead Act.

Choosing a Home in the Missouri Valley

Arkansas contains two million acres of land open to public entry. This land is rugged, suited for fruit and truck farming, and contains much valuable timber. Fruit grown in the Ozark Mountains, where there is a million acres of government land still to be taken, has won international prizes.

California, with its 30,000,000 acres of public domain, offers mostly mountain and desert land. The government is spending $3,000,000 dollars in California to reclaim deserts. This land is open, under the Carey Act, at fifty cents an acre for the land and thirty dollars an acre for a perpetual water right. Colorado has 30,000,000 acres of rich mountain and timber land open to entry. Florida lands open for public entry are swampy and mostly valueless at this time. The State is now draining the swamps. Idaho has 30,000,000 acres of land available. Much of it is rich, level and splendid for agriculture. Kansas has very little public land, all in the western part, and it is being taken very rapidly. Louisiana has several thousand acres of pine forests that can be entered by any citizen who will pay $1.25 an acre, and live on the land fourteen months. Michigan also has a couple of hundred thousand acres of fine timber land open to the public. Minnesota has about 3,000,000 acres of open prairie, much of which only needs the touch of the tiller to produce wealth. Mississippi offers 90,000 acres of rich delta land, good for farming when it does not overflow.

Montana and Nevada are the largest public land States in the Union, each having over 50,000,000 acres. Montana contains much rich farming soil, and the vast areas are fine for sheep grazing, while in the valleys, farmers can obtain good lands for general farming. About one-half million acres of desert land in Wyoming is now being irrigated. Nevada is the largest public land State and has a special law permitting a settler to take a whole section, or four times the amount now allowed, or twice as much as allowed by the new act of Congress. Nebraska and North Dakota offer fine grazing lands for public entry. Some of the land can be farmed without irrigation. New Mexico contains 45,000,000 acres of land open to entry under the land laws. None of it is worth a cent unless irrigated.

Most of the desirable public land in Oklahoma has been taken. In Oregon much of the free land is covered with timber. South Dakota also has good farming land to the extent of 10,000,000 acres. The soil in Utah is adapted to fruit growing. Wyoming offers rich mineral and general farming land to the man who will go out there and pioneer. In Eden Valley 150,000 acres is being opened under the Carey Act at fifty cents an acre for the land, and thirty dollars for water rights.

. . .

Uncle Sam certainly offers something worthy in these public lands, and the homeless man may not long remain the landless man if he will take up the matter with the proper authorities at Washington.

W. R. Draper.

THE MESSAGE OF MUSIC

Sermon by Rev. F. DeWitt Talmage, D.D. *Continued*

this modern Asaph has been ordained to loosen the dumb tongues of men who could have had no part in winning souls except by sacred song.

A Gospel hymn is a sermon. A Gospel hymn is a prayer. When you listen to a testimony in a prayer-meeting you do not listen to oratory. You listen to a man pleading for Christ. When you listen to a Gospel hymn, you listen to a disciple of Christ pleading for the Master in the same way. And though your voice may not be musically trained, yet when you sing God's praises in a simple Gospel song God will bless you as he does when you arise to testify for him in a meeting of prayer.

The consideration of this subject suggests to me three practical lessons. First, I want to impress upon all Christian people that the church which does not put a great emphasis upon its music is making a fearful mistake. "Why do you give out so many hymns in your prayer-meetings and church services?" a friend said to me some time ago. "Because I cannot give out any more hymns," I answered. "I believe that the singing of a church is more important than the preaching. Indeed, I know that what I say is true; for many a church is existing in spite of poor preaching. But you never saw a strong church that did not have fine church music. Church members, beware how you trifle with the music. Get the best hymn-books. Ministers and officers, prayerfully select the hymns that all people can sing. Do not make your singing a mere accessory to the church. God is watching you when he says: "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord."

The next great fact to which I would call your attention is that of your church choir. Sacred singing is an important part of church worship. Therefore, we should be careful whom we select as the members of our choirs to lead us in that song. It is essential that those leaders be living sweet, pure, Christian lives. I care not how brilliant a minister might be, you would not knowingly select him for your pastor if you knew he was immoral or a drunkard. Why should not the same purity of life be required of the members of our church choirs? It is a shame to see some people rising in the choir-lofts to sing the most sacred words in our hymn-books when every one knows that they are living lives that contradict the words they are singing. I have had men and women in my choirs who never made any pretense to religion. These members of the choirs never attended prayer-meeting. They never put their foot inside the Sunday-school. They did what they were paid to do, and they did nothing else. They sang Psalm tunes on Sunday and, as far as I can make out, served the devil the rest of the week. God will never bless a church unless that church has just as pure and as consecrated a choir-loft as it has a consecrated ministry. Mark that.

Lastly, I want you to get into the habit of singing Gospel songs wherever you go. Learn to sing Gospel hymns on the street and in your home when you are dressing. Teach your children to sing these songs in the same way. There is no easier way to spread the Gospel, and to show people that you are standing for Christ, than by singing about him when you are at work. Have you ever attended a great Methodist camp meeting? Then you may have been impressed by the preaching. But I will tell you what you were mostly impressed with, and what has lingered longest in your memory. It was not the service in the auditorium, but what took place after the audience was dismissed. Then the young people, I mean all those who were young in heart—and they all seemed to be young—formed in line and marched around the grounds singing some old hymn like: "We are Marching to Zion, Beautiful, Beautiful Zion." As they sang the very heavens seemed to join in the harmonies. Oh, how that music rings to-day in your memories! Like a great army the people moved as they sang. Cannot you in the same way sing about Christ when you are at work? Like a great singing host let us move forward to capture the round world for Christ.

There is a beautiful story told that many years ago when Jenny Lind was visiting this country she called upon her countryman, John Ericsson, but the famous inventor refused to see her. Ericsson had a magnificent brain, but he was no respecter of persons. He declined to see her. Not to be put off Jenny Lind sent up her visiting card. She stepped to the foot of the stairs and began to sing one of the old Swedish lullabies with which the mothers in that far-off land are accustomed to sing the children to sleep. At once the door of the inventor's room opened and Ericsson came to greet his visitor, weeping like a little child. The music had opened the door of his heart. So by singing the old Gospel songs on the streets and in the homes, we can win multitudes for Christ.

HELPING THE COLORED RACE

OUR readers will be pleased to see the photograph on this page of the scenes daily witnessed on the grounds around Mayesville Institute in South Carolina. The children and young people shown in the photograph owe a debt of gratitude to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD which they are not slow to acknowledge. The self-sacrificing band of colored teachers and workers would not have been able to gather that crowd and educate and train them if the generous friends of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD had not contributed so liberally to the funds of the Institution. The gratification, as in all cases of generous gifts, is mutual. He that gives has reason for rejoicing as has he who receives.

In this case there are three parties to the blessing: the givers, the managers of the Institution, and the children, and it is astonishing how fruitful the harvest has been in which all three will eventually participate. Christ spoke of the recompense which at the last day will come to those who have given to the poor and needy: "They cannot recompense thee, but thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just" (Luke 14: 14). It will be good in that day to receive the recompense at his hands. Then there are the managers and teachers, with Miss Emma Wilson, the founder, at their head, who have laid down their lives to help the poor of their race, but whose good will and sublime aims would have been futile without the funds thus provided. Finally, the students, enabled to earn an honest livelihood by useful work through the technical training they receive, no longer gaining a sparse and precarious living by unskilled labor, but as bricklayers, masons, tailors or shoemakers, taking their places in the higher ranks of labor. These boys and girls raised from drudgery will bless their benefactors to the end of their lives.

Over six hundred of these colored students are now receiving instruction in the Institute, some as boarders and the others as day scholars. Many of the former earn the money for their school fees by their own labor on the Institute farm, working a part of the day for the privilege of studying in the remaining hours. This class might be largely increased if funds were available for the young people of the neighborhood are eager to enter on those terms. They appreciate with an avidity highly creditable to them the advantages of education and their teachers testify that their intelligence and industry are wonderful. The economy with which the institution is run surprises all the Northern friends who have examined the accounts and balance sheets which have been prepared and regularly audited. The wonder is that so much has been done on so small an income. Money given to such an institution is made to do the utmost possible. A small sum enables the managers to keep a student at his or her studies, who might otherwise have to leave them unfinished. Besides this, money is needed for books and educational appliances and for tools and materials in the various training shops. It is urgently needed at the present time, and if sent to this office will be gladly received and acknowledged in our columns.

A Scene in the Grounds of the Educational Institute for the Colored Race at Mayesville, S. C.

GOVERNORS AND THE UNEMPLOYED

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 263

Thousands Idle in Ohio

STATE OF OHIO,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.
OFFICE OF THE GOVERNOR.

My Dear Sir: Governor Harris is in receipt of your inquiry of the 7th, and directs me to advise you that he at once took up the matter with the Commissioner of the Bureau of Labor Statistics, and regrets to be obliged to inform you that there is no probability of any portion of Ohio being able to employ outside labor in the near future. Things may not be as bad here as they are in New York; but there are thousands out of work, and the indications are that, even with a speedy resumption of many institutions now closed down or running half time, there will be a greater supply of all kinds of labor than the demand.

S. J. FLICKINGER,
Secretary to the Governor.

Maryland Has No Work

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.
ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND.

Dear Sir: I am in receipt of your letter in reference to the workless men and boys in your city, and I am very sorry that I know of no place in our State where they could receive employment. I will keep the matter in mind, however, and notify you should anything favorable turn up.

AUSTIN L. CROTHERS.

50,000 Idle Men in Wisconsin

STATE OF WISCONSIN,
BUREAU OF LABOR, ETC.

Dear Sir: Your favor of the 7th inst., addressed to Governor James O. Davidson, has been turned over to this office for reply, and in reply will say that this office, together with the Free Employment Offices established by this State, are already burdened with applications for work, and I will not be able to give you any assistance. There are 50,000 men in the State of Wisconsin looking for work, and we are exerting every energy possible to find such places. It will be folly for us to attempt to induce more men out of work to come to this State.

J. D. BECK, Commissioner.

Michigan Has Many Idle

STATE OF MICHIGAN,
EXECUTIVE OFFICE, LANSING.

Dear Sir: I beg to acknowledge receipt of your esteemed favor of March 7. In reply I will state that your communication will be referred to the Commissioner of Labor. It is, however, extremely doubtful if that Department or the newspapers of this State can render you any assistance in providing employment for the unemployed workingmen of New York City. In a lesser degree, the state of affairs you describe prevails in some of the larger cities of Michigan, and it would, I think, be difficult to secure employment for outside workingmen. FRED M. WARNER, Governor.

Governor Chamberlain's Suggestion

Governor Chamberlain, of Oregon, writes from the Executive Department at Salem:

"Oregon is fully supplied with able-bodied and willing workmen both for city and country, and is not in a position to assist in relieving the congestion of unemployed in your city and throughout the East. The situation is distressing with you, I know; but it seems to me that you will be able to accomplish much more good for the unemployed laboring men in this country, if you, and those who are associated with you, will take active steps to prevent the great transportation companies from bringing an undesirable class of immigration, which is crowding our own people out of employment and filling our country with an undesirable class. If this can be done, it will not be long until the present congestion is relieved."

From Michigan Labor Commissioner

STATE OF MICHIGAN,
BUREAU OF LABOR, ETC., LANSING.

Dear Sir: Your communication addressed to Governor Warner has been referred to this department. In answer to same I will say that at the present time there is *a great surplus of idle labor* in this State. One year ago we could not find men enough to place in any shape, but at the present time it would be like "carrying coals to Newcastle" to send any more labor to Michigan. We are greatly in hopes that as the spring opens times will change along this line. Not that the factories are idle or that business is at a standstill; but there has been a curtailment all along the line.

M. J. McLEOD,
Commissioner of Labor.

Louisiana Gives No Hope

Commissioner Schuler of the Louisiana State Board of Agriculture and Immigration, writes from Baton Rouge, La., that "there is a considerable demand in the rural portions of Louisiana for persons experienced in farming, to work crops of cotton, corn, etc., on shares, half and half. Only men with families are desired."

The Commissioner explains, however, that the cities of his State "are full of men who have no work," and that experience has shown that workless city men make poor agriculturists, as a rule. He holds out no hope to the unemployed.

West Virginia Sees No Relief

STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA,
OFFICE OF COMMISSIONER OF LABOR.

Dear Sir: Your letter 7th inst., addressed to His Excellency, Gov. Wm. M. O. Dawson, Charleston, W. Va., has been forwarded to this office for reply. It is with regret that I have to inform you that *West Virginia can give you no relief.* We have hundreds of idle men in the manufacturing centres of our State, asking for work: and I see no immediate relief, but hope for the best.

I. V. BARTON, per M. B.

From the foregoing letters, it will be seen that but little ground exists for hoping that any immediate relief can be rendered from the different States to the half-million unemployed in the metropolis. Usually with the approach of spring the labor situation improves, especially in the building trades, and it is not improbable that it may do so this year, although thus far there has been no marked improvement except in a few localities. Meanwhile the long months of enforced idleness have involved the workers in many hardships and brought privation and suffering to thousands of respectable homes.

One of the saddest features of the situation is the Bread-Line. The men and boys who compose this line are not simply unemployed. They are homeless and destitute. Unlike a great majority of the idle workingmen, who at least have a place they call home to which they can go for rest and shelter, these are waifs who have sunk so low in the hopeless struggle for existence that even in the heart of the great populous metropolis they are friendless, helpless and ready to give up the fight unless some kind hand is providentially extended to them. This is just the kind of people the Bowery Mission is designed to help. Yet, although the Mission has doubled its Bread-Line and gives a midnight meal to two thousand unemployed men and boys every morning, this beneficence is merely a drop in the bucket. A hundred Bread-Lines would fail to satisfy the hunger that is the daily portion of these idle multitudes.

Some critics of the Bread-Line, in ignorance of its real character, have charged that it is composed chiefly of petty criminals, worthless vagabonds, loafers, tramps and "unemployables" generally. It would be hard to find anything farther from the actual fact than this cruel and inhuman characterization. On the night of January 17, a careful and thorough poll was taken of the Bowery Mission Bread-Line, with the following result:

Carpenters	56	Porters	103
Steam fitters	20	Longshoremen	147
Plumbers	10	Elevator men	6
Blacksmiths	8	Window cleaners	3
Moulders	4	Mechanics' helpers	8
Brass workers	3	Laborers	226
Boiler makers	6	Masons and plasterers	36
Machinists	99	Printers	21
Carriage painters	5	Clerks, bookkeepers and salesmen	29
Varnishers	3	Bookbinders	3
Piano polisher	1	Handy men	10
House painters and paperhangers	64	Crippled and sick	10
Shoemakers	1	Old men past work	67
Laundrymen	3	Tramps, rounders and men of no occupation	26
Tailors	34	Electricians	4
Gardeners	8	Wire workers	2
Farm help	34	Cigarmakers	2
Expressmen	2	Actors	2
Coachmen	3	Weavers	4
Stablemen	4	Shirtmaker	1
Drivers	108	Upholsterers	6
Riggers	4	Silk worker	1
Oilers	5	Chauffeur	1
Sailors	70	Switchmen	4
Firemen	89	Bartenders	3
Bakers	6		
Butchers	18	Total	1,593
Kitchenmen	50		
Waiters	48		
Cooks	12		

From the foregoing it will be seen that practically all the organized trades are represented in the line, together with many that are unorganized. The building and allied trades are among the greatest sufferers by the prevailing depression. Seagoing workers (sailors, firemen, riggers, oilers) are heavily represented. Altogether it is a showing which puts to the blush those ungenerous objectors who, sitting "at home at ease," have denounced these unfortunates, and even suggested that the "proper way to deal with the Bread-Line was to stop the bread." If they could only spend one short hour with the men of the line, their hearts would melt within them and they would form a new estimate of their unfortunate fellow men.

Hon. Morris Sheppard

Hon. O. M. James

Victory for the Motto

BY a vote of 259 yeas to 5 nays, the House of Representatives on March 16 passed the bill providing for the restoration of the time-honored motto, "In God We Trust," to the National coinage.

This triumphant result of the campaign to put back the motto was foreshadowed in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD some time ago, and, therefore, was not unexpected. Nevertheless it was something of a surprise to have a vote so sweeping in its favor as to be almost unanimous.

The bill was reported from the House Committee on Coinage, Weights and Measures by Representative William B. McKinley, of Illinois, Chairman of the Committee. He had no difficulty in obtaining unanimous consent for its consideration. In the course of the debate Representative J. H. Moore, of Pennsylvania, who introduced the bill, said that the President had given him assurance that if Congress directed the restoration of the motto, he would not veto the bill.

On the passage of the bill those who voted against it were Cooper, of Texas; Gordon, of Tennessee; Kustermann, of Wisconsin; Barnholdt, of Missouri, and Slayden, of Texas.

Representative O. M. James, of Kentucky, one of the most vigorous champions of the bill, told the House that the country was to be congratulated that its trust in God was to be restored. Christian people believed a great mistake had been made in ordering the motto to be taken from the coinage.

Representative Kustermann made the only speech against the bill. He spoke in condemnation of those who, while demanding the restoration of the motto, had their hands in their neighbor's pockets. If the motto were to go back on the coin, said Mr. Kustermann, there ought to be printed on notes of higher denominations, and especially those of $1,000, "Honesty is the best policy."

Representative Morris Sheppard, of Texas, another enthusiastic advocate of restoration, also spoke.

Mr. Moore gave the assurance that the President would not veto the bill, and added that the President had said to him that he would respect the wholesome moral and religious sentiment of the country, if the bill was passed.

Representative Sheppard asserted that only infidels had been pleased by the removal of the motto. He declared the removal had been an inspiration to every infidel in the United States.

Representative Kustermann and Gordon argued that the uses to which money is put in the United States made it common hypocrisy to urge a retention of the motto upon any coins. Much poetry was read and many quotations from the Bible cited during the debate. Representative Carlin spoke of the recognition of Deity on the coinage in ancient times.

Representative Ellis, of South Carolina, quoted a poem on the subject, one verse of which was as follows:

> We bowed before the shrine of wealth
> And, drunk with riches, went astray.
> Restore, O God, the nation's health
> And lead it in the old true way.
> In sorrow, shame and vain regret,
> We plead that thou wilt spare us yet.

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Representative W. B. McKinley, Chairman of the Committee

Representative Gaines, of Tennessee, demanded a roll call on the passage of the bill. Thirty-six Democrats and one Republican (Kustermann) stood up to be counted in favor of the demand. Then the roll was called with the result given above: 259 for its passage, and only 5 against.

This decisive vote in the Lower House is the climax of a long and exceedingly interesting agitation which began many months ago. When the new coins were issued, without the familiar motto, "In God We Trust," letters poured into the editorial offices of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from all parts of the country protesting against the omission as irreverent, and a needless slur on the memory of the honored statesmen who placed the motto on the coins during a very trying period in our national history—at the crisis of the Civil War.

It was Hon. James Pollock, Governor of Pennsylvania, next preceding the great war Governor, Andrew G. Curtin, who placed the motto on the coinage. In 1861, President Lincoln appointed Ex-Governor Pollock Director of the United States Mint; Hon. Salmon P. Chase being then Secretary of the Treasury. President Lincoln and Mr. Pollock were very intimate, and while Secretary Chase, as an official, would be called upon to approve so important a matter as a motto on our coins, President Lincoln was also consulted and also approved the motto. The bill framed by Governor Pollock, providing for the motto, passed both Senate and House by a unanimous vote.

Governor Pollock has been called the "great Christian Governor" of Pennsylvania. He was a thorough Christian, and a ruling elder in the Presbyterian Church for almost a generation. He was the lifelong personal friend of Lincoln, who sent for him and consulted with him on the state of the country and the formation of a Cabinet. His appointment as Director of the Mint was President Lincoln's own act. It was to have been expected that the American people of our own day, knowing the past and reverencing the motives of Lincoln, Stanton and Pollock in those days of trial, would resent the unceremonious removal of the motto which those patriots had placed on the coinage, and which had proclaimed to the whole world for nearly half a century the nation's trust in God.

When the protests which flowed in upon THE CHRISTIAN HERALD assumed unusual proportions, they were forwarded *en masse* to Congress, where, through the spirited advocacy of Representatives Morris Sheppard, of Texas, and O. M. James, of Kentucky, they were laid before the House and published in *The Congressional Record*. The widespread national protest did not pass unheeded. Splendid support for the bill to restore the motto was rendered by the two Congressmen named, and also by several members of the Committee on Coinage, Weights and Measures, including the Chairman, Hon. W. B. McKinley, and Hon. J. H. Moore. The last named drew up the bill which was finally submitted. Having passed the House it will now go to the Senate, where it will probably be adopted without delay.

THE LOST BIRTHDAY

ON February 28, 1900, occurred an astronomical event which had not occurred in one hundred years, and would not again for two hundred years, or until A.D. 2100. The phenomenon affected the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, myself and all who were born on February 29. It was connected with leap year, and as the subject, in its entirety, is not well understood, it has seemed to me as though, in view of this being a leap year, a short article on the subject would be interesting and instructive.

In our school days, we were taught that every year divisible by four without a remainder was a leap year, giving the year 366 days by adding February 29. According to the Julian Calendar, which assumes that the year is 365 days and six hours long, this is true; but according to the Gregorian Calendar, it is not exactly true, but fails three times in 400 years. The Julian Calendar was inaugurated by Julius Cæsar forty-five years B.C., and is in annual error by eleven minutes and fourteen seconds, which, if allowed to continue uncorrected, would in many thousands of years make our winter months to be June, July and August. The accumulated error already amounts to thirteen days. It is only used in Russia and Greece. Recently, we celebrated Christmas on December 25. Russia celebrated it on January 7. After this century the number of days difference between the two calendars will be fourteen.

The Gregorian Calendar was inaugurated by Pope Gregory, in 1582—assuming the length of the tropical year to be 365 days, five hours, forty-eight minutes and forty-seven seconds, which is its true length to within two or three seconds, the error not amounting to over a day in 2,850 years. The Julian Calendar adds one day to the year every four years, while the Gregorian drops three days every 400 years, and the rule for their dropping is that all centennial years, to be leap years, must be divisible by 400, as well as by four. Therefore 1600 was a leap year, but 1700, 1800 and 1900 were not; but 2000 will be.

Now the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD can see why all who were born on February 29, no matter in what year, got no birthday in 1900. It was because it was one of the three dropped centennial years, which will not occur again for 200 years. This explains also why I, born February 29, 1820, have at this date had but twenty birthdays, having had but one (1904) since 1896.

The sum total of this whole matter is: First—Everyone born on any day except February 29 gets a birthday every year. Second—Everyone born on February 29 gets a birthday every fourth year. Third—Everyone so born gets a birthday every fourth year, except (according to the Gregorian Calendar) that three leap years dropped as above explained in 400 years, as was the case with one of them in 1900.

LEWIS SWIFT.

Marathon, N. Y.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

Change of Date.—It takes at least two weeks to change the date, after your subscription is renewed.

Expiration of Subscription.—The date on the wrapper indicates when your subscription ends.

Change of Address.—It requires three weeks time to make the change. Give both old and new address.

Subscriptions may commence with any issue.

Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

Now for the Senate!

HAVING passed the House of Representatives, the bill authorizing the restoration of the motto on the coinage now goes to the United States Senate. In order that our friends may be intelligently informed regarding the situation, and as to their part in the further successful prosecution of the campaign, we cheerfully give space to the following letter:

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., March 17.

Dear Dr. Klopsch:

As you have doubtless noted in this morning's press, the bill restoring "In God We Trust" passed the House of Representatives yesterday by the tremendous majority of 259 to 5. I wish to congratulate you on the splendid work you and your great paper have been doing in behalf of the restoration of this beautiful and significant legend. The battle, however, is not yet won. The bill now goes to the United States Senate, and may be overlooked by that august body. It is necessary to bring the matter in every effective way to the attention of every Senator. The campaign should now be directed toward the United States Senate.

Every person in the United States who desires the restoration of the words "In God We Trust" to our coinage should write his or her Senator promptly and emphatically.

With every assurance of regard, I am

Yours very truly,

[*Signed*] MORRIS SHEPPARD,
M. C. First Texas District.

We hope that our readers will follow the excellent advice of Congressman Sheppard, and send in their protests to the Senate in such numbers that that august body will recognize the voice of Christian America on this great question and pass the bill without delay.

The Passion for Law-Making

DOWN in the State of Texas, where they grow good ideas as well as wonderful crops, they have acted on the theory that it would be a good plan to have "fewer, but safer and saner, laws for the State." To further that idea, and give it practical form, a convention was recently held in Fort Worth, which was attended by five hundred men, representing agriculture and commerce. A committee of prominent men was appointed to embody valuable suggestions for the betterment of Texas laws.

Other States might take heed and profit by the example. The various States have a passion for law-making. In most of them the legislatures meet every year, and about every member of those bodies seems to think the more bills he introduces on every conceivable subject the more active and conscientious public servant he will be considered. The average number of laws passed by any one State legislature in a session fills a fair-sized volume. We will have one good law dealing with a certain phase of life and then it will be added to and subtracted from and patched here and there until the man who drew it up first is unable to recognize it, and after it is passed it will have to be sent up to the Supreme Court of the State to be interpreted. We have hundreds of laws on our statute books that actually nullify one another and result in endless confusion.

What the country needs is not an avalanche of new laws every year, but the enforcement of the laws we have got. We are great on law-making, but very poor at making these same laws operative. The laws under which we live, in a general way, are good, but there are a large number that are rated in the "dead-letter" class, because the American people have not insisted with one voice, and loud enough for those who are acting as public servants to hear, that if a law is a good one it is to be enforced. Of course, if it is a bad one, the sooner it is repealed the better.

A Tribute to Motherhood

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is a man of ideals, and he frequently gives them felicitous expression. When the members of the Mothers' Congress took the White House by storm a few days ago, the President and Mrs. Roosevelt received them, and the President delivered a little sermonic offhand talk on child welfare, which was a fine example of mingled patriotism and good sense. "The mothers of the nation," he said, "deserved all honor." While all good men could attain to good citizenship—the soldier, the sailor, the civilian—the mother, he said, was the "best citizen of all." If she did her part aright in rearing and training her boys and girls, she moulded the character of the men and women of the next generation, and consequently wielded a greater influence and filled a more honorable position than any man could ever hope to do. He pictured her life of self-sacrifice, of effort, of suffering, of patient education, and pronounced her the one supreme asset of national life, more important than the most successful statesman, millionaire, business man, artist or scientist. He said much more to the same point, and no doubt the ladies of the Congress felt that all American womanhood, in their persons, had been highly complimented.

It was a graceful and tactful thing for Mr. Roosevelt, amid his multifarious duties, to find time to pay this high tribute to American motherhood. Certainly it was a well-deserved tribute, as all right-thinking men will gallantly allow. We cannot have good men, good citizens, nor a happy and prosperous nation, unless the home life is what it should be. And the key to the home life is, after all, the mother.

The Governors and Labor

IT is not a hopeful showing that is made in the remarkable series of letters from the Governors of more than twenty States, the substance of which appears elsewhere in this issue. As contributions toward the public enlightenment on the labor situation, however, these letters are of the first importance. They disclose the fact that the trade depression has been far-reaching, and that at the present moment there is hardly a State in the Union which has not its thousands of unemployed workers, who are fighting a hard battle with adversity and hoping for a general revival of industry in the near future.

One argument, based on a mistaken impression as to the real situation, is effectually disposed of by these letters. It is frequently urged that the congestion in New York, with its half-million unemployed, should be relieved by sending these idle workers to other States. While this might be sound counsel in normal times, it is the reverse while the present depression lasts. The Governors are a unit in declaring that there is not enough work for their own unemployed and no immediate prospect of improvement. To transport any portion of New York's idle thousands would be to make matters infinitely worse. It would impose upon other States the thankless burden of their support.

This vast plethora of idle labor is a direct legacy of the panic. Governor Chamberlain, of Oregon, regards it as a result of our practically unrestricted immigration, which, he declares, has allowed the great transportation companies to bring in an undesirable class, which competes with our own people and crowds them out of employment. It should not be forgotten, however, that an unprecedented exodus of these immigrants has taken place within the last four months, without materially relieving the situation. There are hopes that, as spring advances, conditions may improve, and that with returning confidence in general business circles, our idle industries may resume their activity, bringing work and happiness, where now there is so much suffering and discontent.

An International Problem

AFFAIRS in the island republic of Haiti have reached an acute stage where not only the people of the country are intensely interested in the outcome of the present unsettled political condition, but the United States, Great Britain, France and Germany as well. Ever since the Haitian Republic achieved its independence it has been subject to revolutions, arising not so much from the discontent of the people with any President or government, as from the vaulting ambition of some politician, who, as is usually the case in Haiti and Santo Domingo, is also a general. Consequently the aspirants were always sure of some military backing when they started an insurrection. Presidents who were ready to spend money for civic improvements, did not dare to do so for fear of being caught with an empty treasury if a rebellion should occur. For, as one Haitian cleverly put it, "No man will spend money on a road when he needs it to save his own neck."

During recent years, however, insurrections have bee less frequent, and Haiti was fast winning a reputatio for stability, and the country has been fairly prosperous In an editorial in our last issue we spoke of the decisio of President Alexis to permit the embarkation of refugee who had sought shelter in the consulates. The act wa magnanimous, but that which followed within a day o two must be classed only as wantonly bloodthirsty Eleven citizens were taken out and shot on the charge o aiding insurrection. If the men had been tried and the condemned, outsiders would have no particular right t object, but in this case there was no trial.

At this point the commanders of foreign warship decided that they should intervene, as all foreigner were threatened. This decision had a quieting effect o the Haitians and may lead to the solution of the presen difficulties. We have no sympathy for those who say the Haitians have no ability to govern themselves. They have done as well as most of the Spanish republics i South America. The Spanish republics, however, have nearly learned the lesson that insurrections and punishment without trial do not pay. If Haiti learns this lesson also, there is no reason why her people need not be among the most prosperous in the West Indies Until then Haiti remains an international problem, and an American fleet in her vicinity would seem to be an imperative necessity.

Among the Workers

—EVANGELIST ROBERT E. JOHNSON has just closed a series of union meetings in a specially erected tabernacle at Miller, S. D., with over four hundred professions. People drove distances of from ten to thirty-five miles to attend the meetings. Among the converts was the mayor, a former states attorney and one of the largest ranchmen of that section.

—REV. LUCIUS B. COMPTON, evangelist, has just concluded a series of meetings at the Gospel Mission, Washington, D. C., which was wonderfully blessed. Mr. Compton, at the age of nineteen, was converted in the Rescue Mission, Cincinnati, since which time he has been an evangelist. He was born in the mountains of North Carolina and has established two institutions—a Rescue Home for Fallen Girls and an Orphanage at Asheville, N. C.

—EVANGELIST C. R. HAUDENSCHIELD began an engagement in Pendleton, Ore., January 22, to continue three weeks. The time was extended to four weeks. Five churches, the Baptist, Congregational, Methodist, Methodist South, and Presbyterian, were united. Two hundred and seventy cards, expressing conversion and church preference, were signed at the altar. More than once the men outnumbered the women in the evening audiences. Among the converts were some of the strongest business men in the community.

A Tissot Masterpiece

(See Illustration on Cover Page)

There is no finer example of the art of the late J. James Tissot than his painting of the meeting of Abraham's servant and Rebekah, which is reproduced on the front page of this issue. Reading the story in Genesis 24: 15-28, and remembering that Tissot spent a great part of his life in studying the manners, costumes and customs of the people of Bible lands, and in familiarizing himself with their traditions, one can better appreciate the peculiar art of this painter who, more, perhaps, than any other artist, succeeded in transferring to canvas the very life and spirit of the ancient Orient.

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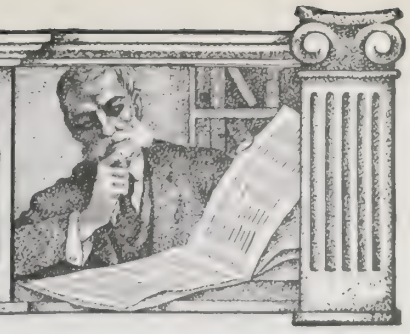
THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER



A Famous Pass

ONE of England's little wars, now happily concluded, has involved her troops entering the famous pass noted in history as the battle-ground of nations. It is that by which more than once armies have poured into India. The mountains which form the natural boundary to India on the northwest are penetrated at this point by the narrow ravine known as the Khyber Pass, thirty miles long, and bordered by mountains, rising in most places by sheer precipices six hundred feet high. Through this pass, the fierce and hardy Afghans could march southward into the fertile plains of India, or the wild Indian tribes could march northward to ravage Afghanistan. It has for more than a century been vigilantly watched by Great Britain, under the apprehension that her enemy, Russia, might bribe the ruler of Afghanistan to let her pass by this road into India, and she has been careful to win the good will of the powerful tribes at both ends of the pass. The recent friendly arrangement with Russia effected by King Edward VII., has removed this apprehension, and there has no longer been the need to pamper and conciliate these tribes. Even the tribe known as the Zakka Khels were no longer regarded as its privileged guardians. The result has been a condition of brigandage which has steadily been growing more and more intolerable. The tribe, familiar with the recesses of the Khyber Pass, have descended on the villages at its exit, have carried off money and cattle and retreated to the pass, where they were safe in its inaccessible caves. Their final outbreak, which rendered their suppression imperative, was a raid on Peshawur City itself, when they seized the chief bank, shot the clerks, looted its vaults and carried off the chief citizens and held them for ransom. Then the British government ordered an expedition dispatched against them. It was a formidable and dangerous undertaking and was put under the command of Sir James Willcocks. It has been carried forward successfully and now the news comes that the tribe has suddenly laid down its arms and submitted to the British commander, and its representatives have entered his camp and given pledges of amity and good behavior. They were cordially received and they asked pathetically if they had not fought bravely. Sir James happily replied that he would not have shaken hands with them had they not. Thereupon, they were led to a place where a meal was ready for them, and they appear to have been quite ready for it. That the surrender was genuine was proved by the immediate cessation of the continuous fire that had been kept up on the British advance for several days. The expedition has cost in money $3,750,000 and many valuable lives, but the result, it is believed, will be peace and order and quietness in future. It may be hoped, for the sake of both sides, that the promise of good behavior will be kept, and that the submission is not due to fear, only to be repudiated when force is withdrawn.

From the London *Sphere*

Khyber Pass, Historic Pathway of Many Nations

Wherefore ye must needs be subject not only for wrath but also for conscience' sake. (Rom. 13 : 5.)

Naval Pride Hurt

General resentment has been aroused among the officers and men of the navy by a sentence pronounced by Judge Tuthill of the Juvenile Court of Chicago. It appears that a boy of sixteen had been brought before the Judge on a charge of stealing. It was not his first appearance in the dock of that court, and the Judge was inclined to be severe. The boy told him, however, that he had an elder brother in the navy who had promised to look after him, and expressed the wish to enter the navy. He believed that if he did, he might become a good man. In all his judicial acts, that is the object Judge Tuthill seeks, so he suspended sentence, and bade the boy join the navy and straighten up. Naval officers in Chicago thereupon made vigorous protest, and sent complaints to Washington. They submitted that the reputation of the navy would be injured if it became a habit to condemn convicted thieves to the service as if it were a reformatory. They do not realize that there is no higher honor that can be won than that of winning a soul from sin to righteousness.

They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever. (Dan. 12 : 3.)

Needless Apprehension

An amusing story of a child's distress is related by a teacher in the *Sun*. "It has been our custom," she says, "to have a lecture every Friday afternoon. One day the lecturer was a geologist and chose Niagara Falls for his topic. He told us about the geological formation of the falls, described the different periods to be traced in the gorge, and then went on to say that the falls were slowly wearing back toward Buffalo and that in the course of some two hundred thousand years they would be worn back to Erie, Pa. Suddenly one of the girls in my class began to sob convulsively. 'What is the matter?' I asked in alarm. 'Oh,' wailed the girl, 'my sister lives in Erie.' " The child reversed the attitude of those whom the prophet warned. She was distressed by fears of a calamity so distant as to be of no concern to her or her sister, while they persisted, as many hearers of the warnings that God's servants give in this day, in referring to a far-off, indefinite period judgments impending over themselves.

The vision that he seeth is for many days to come, and he prophesieth of the times that are far off. (Ezek. 12 : 27.)

Twenty Years Among Maniacs

Application was made recently to the Supreme Court of New York State for the release of an inmate of Matteawan Asylum. He had been sent there twenty years ago for committing a murder, and deemed himself fortunate in being sent there instead of to the electric chair. He knew himself to be sane, but supposed his incarceration in the asylum would be easy to bear. He had a different story to tell when he came into court. He declared that if he had known what the effect on his nerves of association with demented people would be, he would have preferred electrocution. He could not conceive of any offense so disgraceful, or so inherently wicked, that would not be adequately punished by such an experience. Two legacies from members of his family have been left to him during his detention, and he pleaded that now, after twenty years' confinement, he be released to begin life anew. It was not so much the detention that became intolerable to him, as the association with demented people. It is that far worse association that makes the doom of the impenitent in the next world so dreadful.

That righteous man dwelling among them, in seeing and hearing, vexed his righteous soul from day to day with their unlawful deeds. (II. Peter 2: 8.)

Extraordinary Somnambulism

In a hospital in Birmingham, England, is a patient whose strange powers have attracted wide attention there and have been submitted to eminent psychologists here. The patient is a music teacher whose habit of walking in her sleep had developed so far as to alarm her family. She became in fact a confirmed somnambulist, and this strange development caused much sorrow and no little uneasiness to her relatives. They sent her to the hospital in the hope that it might be cured. She was allowed to do as she chose, but was kept under observation while her case was studied. She habitually left her bed after three or four hours and busied herself in various ways, including descending into the music room and playing the piano, tuning a violin and fitting new strings to it, and crocheting. Her most remarkable feats, however, were reading and writing in the dark. This development is extremely rare in somnambulistic cases. If there was even a faint artificial light in the room she would avoid it and go over to the darkest corner, where she would read, study and write letters. When awake she has no recollection of having been reading or writing. An examination of her eyes reveals no reason for her being able to see in the dark. Her condition is obviously abnormal, but it is an indication that the human personality, in spite of the theories of materialists, is gifted with powers of which we have no conception in our present state.

After my skin, even this body, is destroyed, then without my flesh shall I see God. (Job 19 : 26, R. V.)

An Uncertain Site

A curious problem in conducting a marriage ceremony arose recently, owing to a change in the course of a river. A minister in the southern part of South Dakota was called upon to officiate at a wedding in a home in a bend of the Missouri River. During high water the river had burst over the narrow neck at the bend, and at the time of the wedding it was flowing on both sides of the cutoff, so that there was a doubt as to whether the main channel —the inter-State boundary line—was north of them and they were in Nebraska, or south, and they were still in South Dakota. To be assured of the legality of the marriage rite the bridal couple, minister and witnesses rowed to the north bank, and up on the South Dakota bluff the marriage service was performed, returning afterward to the State to which they owed allegiance. The marriage ceremony, however, could not change the residence; but to the Christian, the period of his union with Christ changes his whole life, and he is required ever afterwards to live in conformity with it.

Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord. (II. Cor. 6 : 17.)

Circassian Officer in Kurdistan

A Turkish Lady from the Coast

A Kurd of Malasgird, Near Bitlis

HOLIDAY TIME IN KURDISTAN

IT seems paradoxical to speak of holidays in lands where there is but little cheer for oppressed humanity. This is the case especially with the Armenians in Kurdistan, near to and southwest of Mt. Ararat. Though they may not speak of their ancient history, nor dwell on their patriotism as a race, yet under the name of church or religious days they have over a hundred holidays in the year. Such days usually have attached to them some saint's name, and so, amid this multiplicity of days, little of real hilarity appears. The exception is their somewhat public wedding engagements and their marriages. In the latter case the merry-making and feasting are sometimes prolonged two or three days and nights. During the direful events of 1894 and 1895 very few marriages took place, and the life of the Armenians seemed funereal indeed.

Of all holiday seasons Easter, Christmas and New Year's are the most generally celebrated in Armenia. Our Oriental friends are a full thirteen days behind us in the month's calendar, as their reckoning is "Old Style." Another anomaly is their Christmas, which follows their New Year by six days, coming January 19, our reckoning. New Year's is a "family day," though little "calling" is done. Sweetmeats and small presents are given in the family. Christmas is more of a church day, when the clergy as well as others do a good deal of calling, especially the priests, in hope of perquisites.

Our Protestants in the town and villages over in our "Ararat parish" also have their holidays, and we have had echoes of these in serenades, Christmas trees, etc. Soon after begins Lent—the "Great Fast" as they term it—which brings in the chief time of the year for marriages. In ordinary times drink stronger than wine is sometimes brought out, but not among the Protestants. In view of the abject poverty of the present time, when bread is at double and even triple prices, few of the natives drink.

The much-dreaded Kurds are ever ready for an escapade in hopes of plunder, when the poor Armenians are likely to suffer, if not in property, then in other ways. The local government is frequently unable to restrain these wild Kurds. Not infrequently they have tribal feuds among themselves, for the Armenians have little left for booty to satisfy them, and so they turn on one another.

With present famine prices here in the East we have to watch after the Bitlis Relief Fund most closely, lest we be forced to turn the Armenian orphans into the street from lack of money. It would be a dangerous thing, especially for the poor girls, to be exposed in streets that are filled with Kurds, soldiers and miscellaneous vagabonds.

In our factory where we have weaving, shoemaking, tailoring, etc., our boys are learning enough of the trades to nearly pay their board, and when graduated, they can even lay up a little besides. Their school training fits them to make a living and to set up homes under ordinary conditions; but just now the outlook is dark indeed.

We are grateful for all the help extended by your readers to us for our work at Bitlis. R. M. COLE.

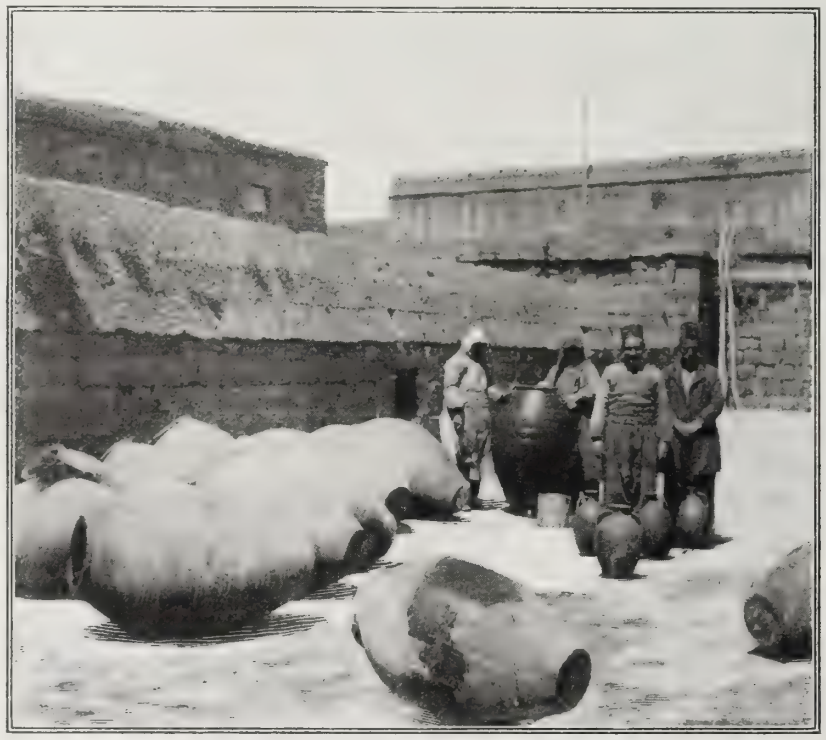
. . .

The mission station of Bardezag is situated on the foothills overlooking the beautiful Gulf of Ismid, just opposite to the ancient Greek city of Nicomedia, sixty miles from Constantinople. Just now permission to visit the capital can scarcely be had under any plea, merchants may not go for goods and women servants may not go to their employers. A well-known professor lately obtained permission from the local government to visit his brother for three days, but on reaching the terminus, he was carried to prison, where he was kept thirty hours in company with equally innocent men of good family, and also with actual criminals. At the end of that time it was decided that he could not be allowed to visit the American College, or indeed see any one in the capital, so he was put by the police on the train and sent back.

Bardezag is to-day one of the most flourishing and hopeful mission training stations in this part of the world. The visitor finds at the eastern end of the village a group of imposing new buildings, the largest of which houses 100 boys. Day school attendance brings the number of scholars up to 186. The other buildings include a Boys' Home, Gymnasium, Lecture Hall and several others. A new workshop is needed where the boys could be trained industrially. Various forms of manual work are an important part of the system. For three years carpet weaving has been carried on. All earnings by this and by silk-worm raising go to the support of the orphans.

Of course, the chief object is the character training and winning the boys to Christ. The daily Scripture lesson, the regular Sunday services for the school, are the acknowledged times for sowing the seed. In the Boys' Home the elder boys gather the younger ones at 6:30 each morning to read with them the portion for the day. They are now starting a temperance meeting amongst themselves, which they officer and manage independently. In the High School there have long existed flourishing branches of the Christian Endeavor and temperance societies, as also a Benevolent Society. This winter they made little self-denial offerings for their starving brethren in Van.

There is an opening here for young men fresh from college, who wish to enter on missionary work. Two such are needed for teaching English, Scripture and gymnastics. All information on the subject may be had from Rev. James L. Barton, D.D., 14 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.



Oriental Jars for Storing the Household Supply of Grain

CANADA'S HISTORIC FIELDS

ALL Canadians, the people of Great Britain and of the United States are taking an active interest in the project of Earl Grey, Governor-General of the Dominion, to preserve and suitably mark the historic battlefields about the ancient walled city of Quebec.

Earl Grey wishes to prevent the further encroachments on the Heights of Abraham and the field of St. Foye. On the first it was definitely settled that Great Britain should rule in Canada, and the battle of St. Foye, won by the French, undoubtedly enabled the French Canadians to secure better terms when Canada was ceded by France to Great Britain. At present, on the Plains of Abraham, there is but a small shaft marking the spot where General Wolfe "fell victorious" on that battle-day of 1759. On the St. Foye road, another simple shaft bears the brief but telling bronze inscription, "Honor to the Brave."

People this side of the Canadian line are in hopes the fields will be suitably marked and preserved, as those battles had a marked effect on the subsequent history of the colonies. Many Americans fought in the red ranks on the Plains of Abraham, and some at the battle of St. Foye.

It is proposed to erect a gigantic figure of an angel of peace on the outermost bastions of the citadel, who, with arms outstretched, will seem to bid welcome to the new-comers to the Dominion by the way of the St. Lawrence. Both French and British Canadians are working together to carry out the project, showing how well old feuds have been forgotten, and that as a united people they wish that the places marked by great deeds and heroic self-sacrifice should be preserved as a memorial.

THE REVOLUTION IN HAITI

View of Port-au-Prince from the Harbor

DURING the last few weeks passengers on steamers whose course lies near the coast of Haiti have noticed, every now and then, a column of black smoke rising from the funnel of a swiftly speeding ship. As the ship drew nearer it would evolve itself into a man-of-war, flying the Stars and Stripes, the Union Jack of Great Britain, or the triple bars of the flag of France. The warship might hover a moment on the steamer's course and then turn toward land, whither it had been called by the civil strife in the Haitian Republic. For such a small part of the earth's surface, Haiti, for the last few weeks, has managed to make itself the centre of interest for the foreign departments of the American government, of Germany, France, and Great Britain, and as this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD goes to press, it seems likely that important international complications will arise that may cause one or more governments to land troops on the island, if they have not already done so.

In our last issue, under the title of "Magnanimous Haiti," we published the account of the liberation of several foreigners who were accused of complicity in the rebellion against President Alexis's government. Recent developments, however, would make it seem that the magnanimous policy was at an end.

Haiti has been noted as a country in which the party or parties out of power have striven to upset the existing government by force if the opportunity offered. The recent, or present, revolution has been led by General Firmin, an officer who has had a large following in Haiti. The revolutionists' plans miscarried, and many of the conspirators who could not escape across the border, sought refuge in the consulates of foreign governments. The prisons were overcrowded, both with prominent Haitians, who, he alleged, had been found conspiring for a second uprising. The hapless men were pulled from their beds—it was yet dark and about three in the morning. Before any great alarm could be raised, they were hurried to the outskirts of the city, and when near the cemetery, were lined up facing several files of soldiers. A sharp command, followed by the glint of lowered rifles, a volley crashing its echoes among low hills, and the participation of eleven leading citizens in the affairs of the country was forever at an end. General Leconte is the newly appointed Minister of the Interior, and he offers a marked contrast to his pacific predecessor.

That day and those that followed were filled with terror for the people in Port-au-Prince. Only officers and officials dared to appear on the streets, where soldiers with fixed bayonets patrolled every corner. Wild rumors were heard on every hand that foreign warships were coming, and that all foreigners might be massacred by the infuriated Haitian troops, who felt that the revolution was helped by outsiders, and in part there is justification for this state of feeling. The Haitian army is one not to be despised. The military spirit is strong, and while there is a great preponderance of officers over privates in the army, all have shown that they can carry themselves well under fire. They dress in French uniforms, and use much of the French drill. French is the language spoken, and the higher officers cherish much of the French military traditions. They have an artillery school and one other institution devoted to the military instruction of cadets. A great many of the officers were sent in their youth to France, and not a few were trained in the famous French military school at St. Cyr.

While the excitement was at its height, the British cruiser *Indefatigable* appeared from Kingston, Jamaica. She fired a salute of thirteen guns, and the city was thrown into a panic, as it was thought that these were the forerunners of a bombardment. Soldiers were sent out hastily in all directions by the government to pacify the crowds, and quiet reigned once more.

A few hours later, the black hull of the German cruiser *Bremen* was discerned making its way into port. Shortly after the President and his cabinet issued a statement that they had "decided to accept the friendly request of the Powers and permit the embarkation of the refugees from the consulates at Gonaives, Port de Paix" and other places—a triumph, it is said, for the diplomacy of the French minister. The execution of suspects, however, was still a bone of contention. President Alexis claimed that he had found that those who had been shot had planned to overthrow the government, and that his cabinet ministers acted to save the State, and that as long as they were Haitians who were executed, outside governments had no right to interfere.

Haitian Army on the March

National Bank of Haiti, Port-au-Prince

Departments of Exterior Relations and Public Instruction, Port-au-Prince

actual revolutionists, caught with arms in their hands, and with political suspects, the latter constituting by far the largest number.

The French minister was very anxious that those who had sought refuge with him should be allowed to leave on French warships and was making progress with the negotiations. On Sunday morning, however, people living near the cemetery in Port-au-Prince heard shots fired in rapid succession. It was discovered that Minister Leconte had sent troops to the houses of eleven

According to the programme arranged by the foreign ministers, the French cruiser *D'Estrees* would go to Gonaives and take on board General Firmin and the other refugees in the French consulate, and sail with them to the island of St. Thomas. The German cruiser *Bremen* would follow the *D'Estrees* and take off the refugees in the Spanish and German consulates at Gonaives and in St. Marc. Probably this will be carried out before these lines strike the eye of the reader. The United States has three warships in the vicinity.

ASTRONOMICAL QUERIES

Answered by Prof. S. P. Leland, Ph.D., LL.D., Seabreeze, Fla.

J. E., Lexington, O. I heard a minister say that he once saw the star that guided the wise men to Bethlehem. He said it was a small red star in the northeast, which appears only once in 360 years. Was he correct?

The statement you report is apocryphal. Astronomers have no knowledge of any star with a periodicity of 360 years. What the minister saw may have been a meteor or a comet, or more probably, olefiant gas. Had such a star appeared within the present generation, the fact would have been recorded by a thousand pens.

Alice E. P., Kokomo, Ind. Is not the great sun affecting the climates of this earth, *i. e.*, making our winters warmer and the time of intense cold and deep freezing shorter; also our summers cooler, longer and more rainy?

The sun has great influence upon our climate. It is impossible to calculate its extent. The sun is almost thirteen hundred thousand times the size of our earth, and any considerable disturbance upon its surface affects our little globe, as a breath would affect a feather. Compared with our sun our earth is a toy. It thrills and vibrates with every considerable chemical change of the great luminary. Just how the climate is affected, and the complete philosophy of its changes, are not well understood. The changes of climate are too local to be wholly referred to the sun. They are frequently continental. Other than solar influences are at work. For years the winters in Russia and northern Turkey have been uncommonly severe and their summers very warm; while with us the temperature has been quite the opposite. These modifying influences are, however, secondary.

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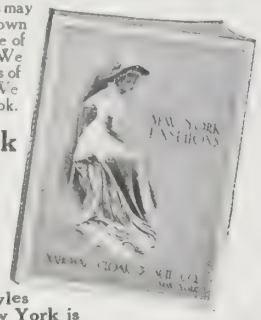

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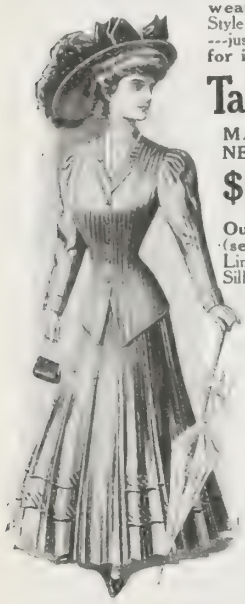

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A LIFE-GIVING SAVIOUR

*By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts**

"THE Jews also weeping!" The Jews had followed Mary to the tomb because it was the custom to visit the grave, especially during the first three days, and the custom also for friends to accompany the bereaved. There can be no doubt that the weeping of the Jews was something more than customary mourning, for Mary and Martha and Lazarus were greatly beloved in Bethany.

"He groaned in spirit and was troubled." Why should Jesus be troubled when he knew he had power to bring Lazarus from the dead, and intended to do it? It was the unbelief which he saw in the hearts of the Jews which troubled him.

"Jesus wept." Jesus is reported only four times to have wept, the first time when he stood by the grave of Lazarus. Weeping is no weakness; it is the overflow of strong love. Jesus wept; therefore let not the holiest and best be ashamed to weep. "Jesus wept." "He wanted the whole of sorrowing humanity to be his in sweet, everlasting sympathy. Great souls weep fruitful tears, and their fruit is the salvation of God's children."

"Jesus therefore groaning in himself cometh to the grave." It was the second time Jesus groaned because of the unbelief of the Jews, which they no longer hid in their hearts, but expressed with their lips, saying that if he really had power to raise Lazarus from the dead, he could have prevented his dying.

"It was a cave, and a stone lay upon it." The tomb of Lazarus as shown to travelers to-day appears to be a pit, rather than a tomb cut in the rock, and so the stone may be said to have been laid upon it, rather than against it, as a stone was placed afterwards against Jesus' own tomb, and rolled away by the angel.

Jesus said to the Jews standing there, "Take ye away the stone." "Lord, by this time the body decayeth" (R.V.) said the sister. Even Martha had not faith to believe that Jesus had power to bring her brother back to life. Before he died she had faith that Jesus could cure him of his sickness, and therefore had she sent for him to come. She may have shared in the usual idea among the people that the spirit of the dead hovers about the body for three days, and then departs. It was the common Jewish idea that corruption commenced on the fourth day, that the drop of gall which had fallen from the sword of the angel, and caused death, was then working its effect, and that, as the face changed, the soul took its final leave from the resting place of the body.

"If thou wouldest believe, thou shouldest see the glory of God." So spake Jesus to Martha. And by so doing he brought Martha to her better self. Her doubts were removed, and she was no longer a stumbling block to those about her.

"Then they took away the stone." The Jews were all the more ready to do it when they saw that hope had dawned in Martha.

"Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard me." These words are a part of the prayer with which Jesus girded himself before he proceeded to raise Lazarus from the dead. Why did he pray? Not for himself, because he knew that all power had been given him, but "because of the people that stand by." Jesus' great desire was that the occasion should be the means of their knowing that he and the Father were one.

"Lazarus, come forth!" "He flings a word into the grave, and Lazarus stumbles forth, dazzled, into the light."

"Loose him and let him go." And they loosed the bands with which he was bound from head to foot, and removed the napkin from his face. What happened afterwards? How they loved him, what they said, what thanks, or praise, or worship, the sisters spoke, and what were Lazarus' first words, we know not.

From a photograph

The Traditional Tomb from which Lazarus was Raised

Triple Consolation

The writer, conducting the funeral of a young man whose parents, sisters and friends were present, grouped three texts for comfort and hope. Turning to the friends he said, "Our friend sleepeth." Turning to the parents he said, "Thy son liveth." Turning to the sisters he said, "Thy brother shall rise again." Such are the lights which Christianity casts.

The infidel Countess of Hanover ordered that her tomb should be made of heavy blocks of granite and inscribed, "This tomb shall remain undisturbed throughout eternity." But God's mighty frosts separated the stones, and into the crevice his winds blew the dust, and then an acorn fell there and grew into a tree that lifted out of its place the very slab that bore the defiant inscription. So truth triumphs over error, and life over death. It will help us to realize immortality, to keep ever in the mind the fact that soul and body are as organist and organ, as tenant and house.

When John Quincy Adams was eighty years old, he met in the streets of Boston an old friend, who shook his trembling hand, and said: "Good morning, and how is John Quincy Adams to-day?" "Thank you," was the ex-President's answer, "John Quincy Adams himself is well, sir; quite well, I thank you. But the house in

Continued on page 273

* **International Sunday School Lesson for April 12, 1908.** The Raising of Lazarus. John 11: 32-44. GOLDEN TEXT: "I am the resurrection and the life." **John 11: 25.**

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Sunday School Lesson—*Continued*

which he lives at present is becoming dilapidated. It is tottering upon its foundation. Time and seasons have nearly destroyed it. Its roof is pretty well worn out. Its walls are much shattered, and it trembles with every wind. The old tenement is becoming almost uninhabitable, and I think John Quincy Adams will have to move out soon; but he himself is quite well, sir; quite well." "And if this earthly house of our tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Say, why should I fear death,
Who gives us life, and in exchange takes breath?
He is like cordial Spring
That lifts above the soil each buried thing.
Like Autumn, kind and brief.
The frost that chills the branches frees the leaf.
Like Winter's stormy hours, [flowers,
That spread their fleece of snow to save the
The lordliest of all things,
Life lends us only feet, Death gives us wings.
Scythe-bearer, when thy blade
Harvests my flesh, let me be unafraid.
God's husbandman thou art:
In his unwithering sheaves, oh, bind my heart.
—*Love Triumphant.*

Some one has said: "I saw a beautiful being wandering up and down the earth. She touched the aged and they became young. She touched the poor and they became rich. I said: 'Who is this beautiful being, wandering up and down the earth?' They told me that her name was Death."

A Waif's Choice

What is it like in daily life? "One Sunday evening an incident occurred at the lodging house in Rivington Street, New York, which shows that some of the homeless wanderers are keenly alive with religious feeling. When the boys had assembled in the reception room after supper, the superintendent proposed that they should join him in reading a chapter of the Bible, and asked if any one had a passage to suggest. A lad fourteen years old called out, "The eleventh chapter of the Gospel of St. John," which was read by the boys in unison, and with much apparent interest. At the close of the meeting the superintendent asked the lad why he preferred that particular chapter. The poor fellow unbuttoned his vest and drew forth a Testament, worn almost to shreds, and with tears in his eyes said: "Three years ago my mother gave me this Testament on her dying bed, and made me promise to carry it always, and read it as often as I could. I have done so, and somehow get most comfort out of this eleventh chapter of St. John, because I think that if Jesus wept from sympathy with the sisters of Lazarus, he can feel for a poor bootblack like me, and will enable me to love him and keep his commandments."

The Lost Cup

There is a story of a servant receiving a silver cup from his master, who suffers it to fall into a vessel of aquafortis, and seeing it disappear, contends, in argument with a fellow servant, that its recovery is impossible, till the master comes on the scene and recovers the silver by infusing salt water, which precipitates the silver from the solution; and then, by melting and hammering the metal, he restores it to its original shape.

What is it like in nature? Look at those grassy mounds in the cemetery. In the light of this truth, the eye of faith sees them changed into a field sown with seeds of immortality. Blessed field. What flowers shall spring there! What a harvest shall be gathered there! In the neighboring fields, "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap"; but here how great the difference between what is sown amid mourner's tears, and what shall be reaped amid angel's joys; between the poor body that we restore to the earth, and the noble form that shall spring from its ashes! Those who saw Lazarus' putrid corpse, looking on the raised body with health glowing on its cheek, saw nothing to match the change the grave shall work on these mouldering bones.—*Guthrie.*

"In every leaf on the summer boughs there is a network which may be dissolved out of the verdant portion, and yet retain as a ghost the shape which it gave the leaf from which it came. In every human form growing as a leaf on the tree we know that network lies within network. Each web of organs, if taken separately, would have a form like that of a man. There might be placed by itself the muscular portions of the human form, or the osseous portion, or the veins, or the arteries, and each would show the human shape. If the nerves could be dissolved out, and held up here, they would be a white form, coincident everywhere with the mysterious human, physical outline. But the invisible nervous force is more ethereal than this ghost of nerves. The fluid in which the nervous waves occur is finer than the nervous filaments. What if it could be separated from its environment, and held up here? The hand might be passed through it; the eyes of men in their present state could detect no trace of it; but it would be there."

What is it like in the Bible? We are reminded of the raising of the son of the widow of Nain, a work wrought by Jesus fully a year before. He, like Lazarus, was probably a young man. He had not lain in the grave, for Jesus had met the funeral procession as it was coming out of the town, and commanded those who were bearing the bier to stand still. And then he spoke the word of power: "Young man, I say unto thee, arise." And he that was dead sat up and began to speak. Then it is sweetly told that Jesus delivered him to his mother. It might be said that Jesus delivered Lazarus to his sisters, and the sweet home in Bethany, where Jesus loved so much to be, was again complete.

The First Palm Sunday*

ONE day set apart from all others in Jesus' life is that of his entrance to Jerusalem. The sole day of triumph for the Man of Sorrows. It was well that he should enjoy it before he suffered. The brief imperfect word of public welcome, the only one he was ever to hear, breaks in on the monotony of criticism, of contempt and of disparagement. Yet it was very small and insignificant. Such a scene occurring to-day in Washington, D. C., or in New York, would scarcely be noticed in the papers, unless some humorous reporter happened to witness it and made it the subject of an amusing article. A man riding into the city on a donkey, preceded by a group of enthusiastic children, who were shouting and carpeting the street with tree-branches, was not a particularly impressive spectacle to the superficial observer. Yet there was significance in it if we look at it closely.

This Man was a teacher, who had dared to contradict the theologians of the most ecclesiastical city in the world, and charge them with misleading the people. He had torn down the separating barriers and opened the way to God himself. No longer, he declared, need men observe the frivolous details of the ceremonial law, no longer be snubbed and kept down by haughty priests. Here was a Man who associated with the lowest classes and invited even publicans and sinners into his Kingdom. If the common people of Jerusalem had understood the significance of what Jesus was doing for them, the demonstration would have been far greater than it was.

Even so poor a thing as this provoked Christ's critics. "Bid them hold their peace." Every hosanna, every welcoming word was an offense to these envious men. It disturbed their peace, it broke in on their decorous quiet and broke up the calm and stolid system which they hoped was to continue forever. But Christ reproved them with the dignity of a king. He saw beneath the surface, and we see now that he saw truly. The very stones of the streets might have been quickened to speak, if these children had not uttered praises that they themselves may not have understood. But God would not let his Son go to suffering and death without some applauding words, and they were all the more welcome coming from children whom he loved so well.

*Topic of the Epworth League for April 12. Luke 19: 32-40; Zech. 9: 9-11.

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A CAMPAIGN FOR VOTES

Mrs. Pankhurst — Miss Gamthorpe — Miss C. Pankhurst — Miss New

AMERICAN travelers in England, during the past year or two, have often been surprised to see repeatedly a line of women parading along the street in the large cities. They wore large placards swung front and back after the familiar method of the American "sandwich man." On the placards in bold letters were the words, "Votes for Women." The women in the lines were well dressed, and many of them evidently from homes of culture and refinement. They walked with a determined air and did not seem to flinch from the running fire of remarks by the bystanders on the sidewalk, which greeted their appearance.

"Votes for Women" is now heard all over England, and a campaign for woman suffrage which has been growing without attracting much attention, has now forced itself on the attention of politicians and public on account of the novel methods employed.

For fifty years, the women suffragists of England have held meetings, sent deputations to cabinet ministers, and influenced voters at home, something, by the way, which is not unknown in this country.

It was not, however, until Mrs. Pankhurst founded the Women's Social and Political Union that the movement made itself felt. Her methods and those of her followers can be characterized by no other word than militant. They have tried to force their way by sheer strength into the House of Commons, and two hundred of them have gone to jail for creating a disturbance at the doors of the Parliament House. Mrs. Pankhurst has gone to prison on account of her methods, and her daughter, Miss Christabel Pankhurst, the organizing secretary of the Union, has gone to prison twice. The suffragettes have asked questions at cabinet ministers' meetings. When these questions have been ignored or laughed down, they have broken up the meetings by charging on the platform and shouting so the speakers gave up in despair. Recently two of them chained themselves to the iron fence in front of the Prime Minister's office, until a large crowd collected, and the policemen had to chisel the locks and escort the women away. For two years this has been going on, and how much has been accomplished for the woman suffrage cause seems to be still a matter of doubt. Some women who are really interested in the cause, but prefer quieter methods, say that such aggressive tactics have put the cause back fifty years. Members of the Union, on the other hand, claim optimistically that their fight is almost won.

The campaign is conducted from the Union's headquarters at No. 4 St Clement's Inn, in London. There every one in attendance says Parliament will have to give votes to women during this session. In Parliament, however, there is not a noticeable number of members who seem enthusiastic in the cause, and the more practical observers say that the time for woman suffrage in England is still far off. At the Portman Rooms, every Monday, the campaigners have an "at home," where they greet their sympathizers and talk over their plans, for the social instinct of the feminine mind is not lost, even if the talk is mostly of votes and bills before Parliament. One of the influential members of the Union was recently in this country to urge the American woman suffragists to wage a more active campaign.

Called Higher

SHALL I KNOW MOTHER'S FACE?

BY IDA HINMAN, A.M.

THE one I love the best of all
Who dwell upon the earth,
Is she whom I delight to call
Queen of our home and hearth.

She taught my infant lips to speak
The name of God in prayer;
And daily his strong help to seek,
And trust his watchful care.

When we shall leave this world of pain
For better realms above,
Shall I know mother's face again
In that blest sphere of love?

It must be I shall know her there,
For that great land of God
Is 'lumined by a light more fair
Than is this earthly sod.

And surely my immortal sight
Will be at least as clear,
And my perception there as right
As is my vision here.

Yes, I shall know my mother's face
Among that throng in white;
And we'll together walk the place
Where Jesus is the light.

Yes, I shall know my mother there,
Her sweet face I shall see,
And we shall praise God for his care
Through all eternity.

And all our loved ones gone before
To that far shore so blest,
We'll know each other, as of yore,
In that sweet home of rest.

For all the ransomed hosts above
Shall know as they are known; [love,
And friends greet friends with words of
As they surround God's throne.

Henry Middleton, of Newcastle, Ont., was called higher recently. He was long a subscriber of this paper and enjoyed it much. He had been a member of the Methodist Church at Newcastle ever since the union, and before that a Primitive Methodist.

Mr. A. K. Shaner, of Pottstown, Pa., has passed to the great beyond after being a patient sufferer for three years. He was a great church worker, and at his funeral the minister said the Baptist Church of Pottstown owed its existence to him, as he saved the church when it was badly in debt. His age was seventy-two years, eleven months.

Entered into rest Amanda Roe Simmons. She was born in Dutchess County, N. Y., October 6, 1822. She was converted in early life and was a consistent member of the Baptist Church. She taught school several years in Connecticut. In 1849 she was united in marriage to Henry Wheeler, and the following spring they moved to Grundy County, Ill. She loved to peruse THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and felt she had lost dear friends when the sermons of the elder Spurgeon and Talmage were missed from its pages.

Mr. Taft on Foreign Missions

THE Laymen's Missionary Movement has arranged to have a men's meeting in Carnegie Hall, New York, on April 20, when Secretary Taft will speak. There will also be presented a preliminary report of the Laymen's Commission which has been making a personal investigation of foreign mission fields this year. Over sixty prominent laymen of all denominations are members of this Commission. Secretary Taft has seen much of mission work in the Philippines and in other parts of the Orient, and will speak of his observations of the work, and of the interest of the nation in the missions of the Church. The meeting in Carnegie Hall will be in the nature of an international meeting of the movement. Men will be present from all parts of the United States and Canada.

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THE MARK OF CAIN

By Ellen Bertha Bradley

CHAPTER IV—*Continued*

"I DO not need any money at present," answered Howard. "I would like to leave it in your hands for a while, till—till——" he hesitated and his face crimsoned, "till—— Oh, sir, there is something I ought to tell you and I do not know how!"

"Do not fear to tell me anything you will," said Mr. Brown, kindly, but wishing him with a keen eye.

"I want to ask you to do something for me. You are going away to-morrow. Could you find for me the address of S. S. Small, of Tacoma? I owe him for my ticket and want to pay him when I have earned enough."

"How is it that you have not his address? Have you lost it?"

"I have never had it. I do not know him. I cannot tell you all, but I was in a desperate strait. I found the ticket on the sidewalk and used it, scarcely knowing what I did. I did not mean to steal it. It was in my mind all the time to pay for it. Oh, sir, do not think too harshly of me—" His voice broke.

The older man, remembering certain facts of his own youth, answered, pitying:

"I think better of you than ever before. I have known all the time you were using a false name, but I thought perhaps you had bought the ticket of a stranger. Now I know that, whatever your trouble may be, you are honest at heart. How do you propose to send him the money when he is found?"

"By a bank draft, impersonal as to the sender, and a line stating that the ticket was found and used by a man in trouble, who asks forgiveness and returns the money with interest."

Finding S. S. Small proved easy. Mr. Brown had hardly boarded his train, before the conductor asked him:

"Do you know anything about that young fellow who was with you on your last trip? He was traveling on a stolen ticket. At the next station after you left the train, I received a belated message to take it up."

"So!" said Mr. Brown. "Who did the ticket belong to?"

"To Sam Small of Tacoma. He is a big lumberman and travels this road nearly as often as you do. He is on the train now and was just asking me if I had heard anything of it."

"Introduce me, will you?" said Mr. Brown. "I would like to talk to him."

The two men chatted a while together and Mr. Brown, having asked enough questions to assure himself that he was making no mistake, said:

"I have a commission to you. Your ticket was found by a young man who was a bit down and out and in a tight place. He has asked me to find you and pay you principal and interest."

"Interest be blowed!" exclaimed the astonished lumberman. "The ticket was fifty-one dollars and fifty cents."

Mr. Brown counted out the money and took a receipt drawn to himself, and so ended the ticket incident, except that when he handed Howard the receipt, he said:

"That was dead easy! Met the man on the train. If you would tell me the rest of your story, perhaps it could be as easily straightened out."

Howard sadly shook his head. For months his life went on with little incident.

Greater even than his anxiety for his own relatives was that for the family of John Tracy, who, like himself, was charged with the support of a widowed mother. He finally thought out a scheme which he decided to risk. He did not send to his mother, lest her movements should be watched, but he could trust his pastor. In the fall, he asked for a few days' leave of absence, and drew from Mr. Brown what was due him.

* * *

A week later, John Tracy was summoned to the minister's study and asked:

"What was absolutely the last you knew of Howard Graham? He disappeared on the night of your accident. Had the two things any connection?"

Then, for the first time, John told the story as we already know it.

"You do not know of any reason for his going away? There was no business or other trouble?"

"Oh, no, sir. Howard was a clean fellow. He drank a little after that doctor fed him on whisky, but I think if that old woman had held her tongue, he would have pulled out all right. But," he added bitterly, "she told the truth. It might have been better if he had died."

"Perhaps not," answered the pastor. "'God moves in a mysterious way.' Read that," and he handed John a slip of paper.

It was a draft for two hundred dollars drawn to the Rev. Paul Forbes, issued by a bank in Montana to one in New York. John looked up inquiringly.

"Now read this," said the clergyman, and he handed him a slip on which was written with a typewriter: "Please cash and pay in equal parts to Mrs. Jane Tracy and Mrs. Mary Graham. Gen. 4: 13-15 inclusive. 'God be with you till we meet again.'"

The paper fell from John's hand. "From Howard!" he exclaimed. "I have always thought he believed he had killed me and ran away. What is that passage?"

The minister read from the Bible that lay open before him:

"'And Cain said unto Jehovah, My punishment is greater than I can bear. Behold, thou hast driven me out this day from the face of the ground; and from thy face shall I be hid; and I shall be a fugitive and a wanderer on the earth; and it shall come to pass, that whosoever findeth me shall slay me. And Jehovah said unto him, Therefore whosoever slayeth Cain, vengeance shall be taken on him sevenfold. And Jehovah appointed a sign for Cain, lest any finding him should smite him.'"

"The poor boy! The poor boy!" said Mr. Forbes. "We must find him."

"Indeed we must," answered John. "This money must all go to his mother. It will be a great help to her for the winter; but to know that Howard is alive and thinks of them, will do them more good than the cash."

A letter was at once sent to the Western bank asking the name and address of the sender of the money. Word came back that the name was James Smith, address unknown. A letter to James Smith was sent to the care of the bank, but no one appeared to claim it. The remittances kept coming every few months, but always from a different town, and inquiry was always futile. Finding Howard was evidently not going to be easy. It was certain, however, that he was in Montana or Wyoming, and more or less guarded advertisements began to appear in the papers of the larger towns addressed to "Howard G———, of New York," and signed by John, Mrs. Graham or Sophie G———, begging him to come home or at least send his address.

None of these inquiries reached Howard's mountain sanctuary. Montana is not a prohibition State, but local prohibition was rigidly enforced on the Brown ranch. Ill would it have fared with any man who brought whisky there. Free from temptation and leading a healthy out-door life, Howard rapidly regained physical vigor. He soon became almost like a son in the Brown household. Thus things went on for a year. Then he astonished Mr. Brown by telling him that he had received an offer to do surveying on a railroad, which he thought it best to accept. The words were as a blow to the older man. He said quietly, "We shall be very sorry to lose you, but your talents certainly deserve a wider sphere."

"It is not that," said Howard. "I would rather stay here. It is very hard to think of going, but to be a wanderer is part of my punishment. I can never have home, wife or children. I am going away simply because I love your daughter Anna and may not ask her hand. After all your kindness to me I owe you

Continued on page 276

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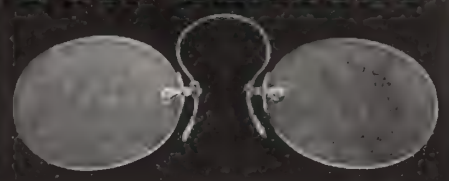

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The Mark of Cain

Continued from page 275

this explanation. I am sure you will understand and see that I am right."

"To that I must answer both 'yes,' and 'no,'" replied Mr. Brown. "You are right if the cloud cannot be lifted from your life, but not if it can. I have watched you closely for a year, and found you the soul of honesty and uprightness. I do not believe you have committed any unpardonable sin. So far as I know you, I would gladly welcome you to my family; but, of course, I do not speak for Anna. I beg of you do not insist on longer being your own judge, and a second time going into exile. Tell me your trouble and let me see what can be done."

Again Howard sadly shook his head. The next week he joined the surveying corps.

CHAPTER V

HOWARD'S work in the surveying camp in the West was often dangerous, and when he had been a short time with the company he "won his spurs" by volunteering for an extra hazardous job, from which the bravest of the old hands shrank. It was necessary to take some measurements half way down a high cliff, and the only way to do it was to lower a man and his instruments from the top. This frequently happened, but in the present case there was unusual hazard.

"He has the real stuff in him," exclaimed the head surveyor as Howard coolly made the descent and proceeded to business. The work accomplished, he was drawn up and went to his other duties as if nothing unusual had happened.

If he was the bravest in the camp, he was also the kindest. The young turned to him instinctively for help and counsel, and toward them he acted the part of an elder brother. In a lad named Joe, who carried chain for him, he took a special interest, and when Joe was taken down with fever, Howard took upon himself the care of the sufferer. Needless to say liquor was not part of the treatment. As the crisis approached, some of the men decided, from honest conviction, that the boy was being sacrificed to "crank notions," and one of them, named Fred, undertook to administer a dose. He slipped into the tent when Howard had stepped out on an errand, but the latter returned as the draught was put to the boy's lips and smashed the glass and the bottle.

"No more of that!" he said sternly.

"He must take it. We will not have him die for your nonsense," was the hot reply.

"Git!" said Howard, pointing to the door. "Don't you or any other man try that again."

"But the boy will die," protested Fred.

"He had better than to take that," answered Howard. "Somebody else will die, if you try to give it to him. You can be sure of that."

The man's eyes shone with admiration. "Well, boss," he said slowly, "we are not quite ready to spare you yet. Manage the kid your own way."

For a month he nursed the lad with almost a mother's tenderness and skill. The experience with typhoid had taught him many things beside the hatred of whisky. During the long days of convalescence they studied his Bible together, and when the lad left his sickbed, Howard had the satisfaction of knowing that he had won at least one soul for Christ.

The second spring after he joined the camp they were working on a switchback connected with a transcontinental line. The main track lay on a ledge below, on the edge of a deep gully. A mass of rock loosened by the spring freshets fell upon it. The men heard the thunder of its descent, and the whistle of a coming express. For an instant they stood aghast. Howard, snatching a red flag that was always on hand in case of emergency, sprang down the bluff in the almost hopeless attempt to warn the engineer. He ran forward to meet the train, which was hidden by a sharp curve. The engineer saw him and put on the brakes.

"What is the matter?" asked the conductor, coming forward to see why the cars stopped. The engineer pointed to the mass of rock a few feet ahead.

"That was a narrow call. How did you know?" asked the conductor.

"A man came straight down that cliff to warn us. I am afraid we went over him," was the husky answer.

But they had not. Howard had sprung aside, not a moment too soon, doing the only thing possible, leaping down into the gulch. His fall was broken by a clump of trees and they found him, unconscious but breathing. The conductor took a flask of whisky from his pocket and held it to his lips. His hand was grasped from behind and the voice of the man whom Howard had ordered from Joe's tent said:

"No, you don't."

"Why not?" asked the astonished conductor.

"He would not take it if he knew it. It shall not be given to him when he doesn't."

"Get out of my way, you fool! I'll attend to my own business," said the angry official.

"You'll not give that to him," retorted the other with his hand on his hip pocket.

"One moment, please," said the cool voice of medical authority; and a physician—a passenger on the train—stepped between and leaned over the prostrate form. With an exclamation in which there was no vestige of professional calm, he tore open the shirt and listened to the heart.

"Thank God!" he cried as he found it strong. He turned to Fred." You did well to stop that whisky," he said. "What made you do it? What do you know about this man?"

"I knew how he hated it. He threatened to shoot me once for trying to give some to a sick boy. And I think he would have done it, if I had persisted. Is he much hurt?"

"Can't tell yet. I hope not."

"Do you know him yourself, doctor? You kind of act like it."

"Yes, I used to know him well," was the answer, and he turned to superintend putting Howard on a stretcher. He was not seriously hurt. When he opened his eyes, he looked up at the gilded and enameled ceiling of a palace car. His eyes fell to the face of the physician bending over him, and his face lighted with unutterable joy as he exclaimed:

"John! John!"

"Yes, old fellow, it's John," was the answer. "Here is some one else who wants to see you. Let me introduce my wife." And Howard's sister's arms were round him and her kisses on his cheek. The young couple were taking their bridal trip to the West in the hope of getting some trace of him.

Joy is a quick restorer. In a short time Howard was able to travel and they went to the Brown ranch, where he was always a welcome visitor. Shep, the collie, bounded to meet them as he did on the day, three years before, when Howard had first come to the ranch. His bark brought the family to the door.

"It is Seth," exclaimed Mrs. Brown, "but who is with him?"

Howard, springing from his horse, said: "I have brought my sister and her husband to see you."

Mr. Brown, who was swinging the lady from her saddle, did not catch the words.

"I'm Howard's sister," she said.

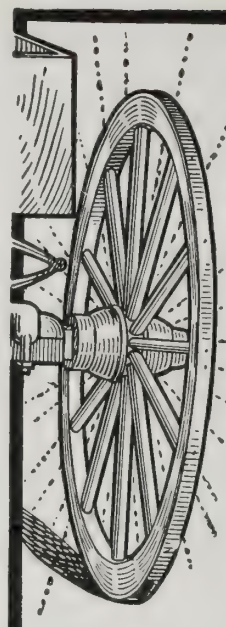
"I congratulate Howard," he answered, "but which of these gentlemen is he?"

Her answer was prevented by Mrs. Brown and the girls pressing forward in eager welcome. At the first pause, Howard introduced "Mr. and Mrs. John Tracy."

"If that one is John, I suppose this one is Howard," said Mr. Brown, dryly. "Would you mind, Mrs. Tracy, telling what his other name is?"

"Why, its Graham—Howard Graham. I thought you knew him." Then as she saw her brother's flushed and embarrassed face, she stopped, confused.

Concluded on page 277



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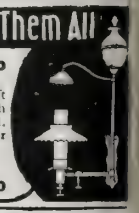

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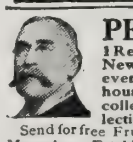

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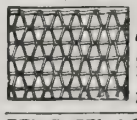

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A Strange Migration

THE Norwegian lemming, or water-rat, is a native of the mountains of the Scandinavian peninsula. It multiplies with exceeding rapidity, so that the surplus population is compelled after a time to seek new feeding grounds. They descend the mountains in great numbers,

The Flight of the Lemmings to the Sea

eating up every green thing before them and finally reaching the sea. This, however, is no barrier to their determined onward march. They plunge into the water and strike out apparently for some new feeding ground, with the result that very few escape death.

During this march, which takes about three years, eagles, hawks and owls harass them from above; foxes and other animals attack them on all sides, while even the reindeer are said to join in the work of devastation. Thus thousands upon thousands of lemmings meet with violent deaths of one kind or another, and more fall by the way from the attacks of disease. Some remain along the route to form small new settlements, and in the succeeding spring and summer, numbers are found breeding in the coast districts, where they soon increase sufficiently to damage the vegetation.

Recalling Gough's Life*

MORE than ninety years ago, John Bartholomew Gough first saw the light in a small English town. His father was a soldier who had fought under Wellington in Spain and was in receipt of a pension of $100 a year from the British Government. His mother taught the village school. It was impossible to raise enough money to have John apprenticed, so when a neighbor, who was coming to America, offered for a small sum to take him along the father and mother reluctantly consented. The arrangement was not successful, for instead of sending the boy to school as they had promised, they kept him at the drudgery of their farm in Oneida County, New York.

Eventually he escaped and trudged to New York City, where he obtained employment as errand boy in the Methodist Book Concern, with permission to work in the bindery when not otherwise employed. He succeeded so well that in a few years he felt justified in sending to England for his mother and sister, whom he ardently loved. For a little over a year the three had a peaceful, happy life, but at the end of that time Mrs. Gough died suddenly of apoplexy and her daughter obtained employment in Rhode Island. Left alone in New York Gough's condition went steadily downward. He lost one situation after another by dissipation and finally, hoping to rid himself of the drink habit, he went to sea. Enforced abstinence seemed to whet the appetite, and no sooner was he on shore than he began another debauch. He attempted to reform, and having persuaded a good girl to marry him, kept sober for a time, but soon fell lower than ever, and at last was seized with *delirium tremens*. His description of the tortures of that time is one of the most vivid passages of the English language, paralleling DeQuincey's famous confession.

It was not until 1842, when he was twenty-five years old, that the turning came. A waiter in a hotel in Worcester, Mass., Joel Stratton by name, encouraged him to believe that with Christ's help he might reform and took him to a temperance meeting, where he signed the pledge. Gough often spoke in after years of the kindness that came to him at that critical time. He was so shabby and dissipated that his old companions had deserted him, but his friend the waiter stood by him and brought men of good standing in the city to encourage him. Every evening one or other of the temperance people took charge of him, and took him to meetings where there was music and found new friends for him. Soon he began to speak at the temperance meetings, and out of a full heart eloquence was born. From that time until his death in 1886 his life was given to the temperance cause here and in Europe, and never has there been a more powerful and successful advocate.

* Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society and a S2 ..Ifor April 12. I: 17-27.

The Mark of Cain

Concluded from page 276

"We will court-martial this naughty boy and inquire into all these things after supper," said Mrs. Brown, with ready tact. "Carrie, take Mrs. Tracy to your room to refresh herself. She must be very tired. Anna, come and help me."

Howard laid his hand on John's arm, and, turning to Mr. Brown, said:

"The dead is risen. Here he is."

In the house, the women quickly came to an understanding and a happy company soon gathered about the hospitable board. Anna alone was a little shy and distant.

"How about Lady Macbeth?" she cried. "You would not believe me. What do you think now? Then, bursting into tears, she threw herself into her mother's arms, sobbing:

"Why wouldn't he trust father? The poor boy! The poor boy!"

. . .

When, not many days later, Howard started on the happy journey home, he had received the promise of her hand.

Our story returns to its starting point. Again it is Sunday evening in the suburban church, and the eyes of the pastor are fixed on the young man who is leading the closing hymn: "God moves in a mysterious way." From the bronzed face every shade of weakness has vanished. The change without was but a sign of that within.

At the end of the service, the congregation almost forgot to welcome the returning bridal couple in the ovation they gave Howard.

As they left the church, the same two old ladies were talking.

"Howard sings as well as ever," said one.

"Yes," answered the other. "What a queer affair it was about his going away! They say he has turned out splendidly. This is a queer world anyhow. One can never tell how things will turn out."

The lady passed on, blandly unconscious of the share her gossip had had in the almost tragedy, which in the providence of God had become a triumph.

THE END

A Notable Anniversary

MR. AND MRS. VINCENT J. PAPPI, of 108 West Ninety-sixth Street, New York (many years subscribers to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD), celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary by a family reunion on March 12. They were married in Philadelphia on March 12, 1858. They have had five children, all of whom are married except one. All the sons and daughters, the sons-in-law and the daughters-in-law and all the grandchildren are alive and in good health and were at the anniversary. Mr. and Mrs. Pappi are members of the Scotch Presbyterian Church, and active in many of its societies. Rev. Dr. Wiley, the pastor, was present at the reunion and spoke. Many floral offerings were received from kind friends and numerous presents of a substantial character were also sent. In view of the fact that every member of the family, young and old, is living and enjoying the blessing of good health, the father and mother and their descendants feel that God has been specially gracious to them, and that they have reason for thankfulness for all his abundant mercies.

A "Home Comfort" Stove

Have you solved the "Home Comfort" problem for this coming summer?

Are you planning to put the coal range out of commission?

Will you do the family boiling, stewing and frying in a sane and restful manner over a stove that *keeps the kitchen cool?* The heat from the

NEW PERFECTION
Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove

is very powerful, but being *concentrated* at the opening on the top of the stove, all surface radiation (the cause of over-heating in a coal or wood stove) is avoided.

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The Rayo LAMP All that a lamp should be the Rayo is. Well made—ornamental—not easily tipped over—has perfect combustion—greatest volume of light for oil consumed—burns longest with one filling.

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What Will You Give To Be Well

I CANNOT tell you ***how happy I am*** that I have been able to bring health and strength to 30,000 women in the past six years. Just think! this means a whole city. It is to my thorough study of anatomy, physiology and health principles, and to my 12 years personal experience before I began my instructions by mail, that I attribute my marvelous success. It would do your heart good to read the reports from my pupils—and I have done all this by simply studying Nature's laws adapted to the correction of each individual difficulty.

To Have **Good Figure, Vibrant Health, Rested Nerves?**

If vital organs or nerve centers are weak, I strengthen them so that each organ does its work.

I want to help every woman to be perfectly, gloriously well, with that sweet, personal loveliness which health and a wholesome, graceful body gives—a cultured, self-reliant woman with a definite purpose, full of the health and vivacity which makes you

A Better Wife
A Rested Mother
A Sweeter Sweetheart

A Corset is not Needed for a Good Figure

You can easily remove the fat and it will stay removed. I have reduced 15,000 women.

Too Fleshy?

One pupil writes me:

"Miss Cocroft, I have reduced 78 pounds and I look 15 years younger. I feel so well I want to shout! I never get out of breath now.

"When I began I was rheumatic and constipated, my heart was weak and my head dull, and oh dear, I am ashamed when I think how I used to look! I never dreamed it was all *so easy*, I thought I just had to be fat. I feel like stopping every fat woman I see and telling her of you."

I may need to strengthen your stomach, intestines and nerves first. A pupil who *was* thin, writes me:

Too Thin?

"I just can't tell you how happy I am. I am so proud of my neck and arms! My busts are rounded out and I have gained 28 pounds; it has come just where I wanted it and I carry myself like another woman.

"My old dresses look stylish on me now. I have not been constipated since my second lesson and I had taken something for years. My liver seems to be all right and I haven't a bit of indigestion any more, for I sleep like a baby and my *nerves* are *so* rested. I feel so well all the time."

I bring each pupil to symmetrical proportions and I teach her to *stand* and to *walk* in an attitude which bespeaks culture and refinement. A good figure, gracefully carried, means more than a pretty face. Nature's rosy cheeks are more beautiful than paint or powder. I help you to

Arise To Your Best!

The day for drugging the system has passed. In the privacy of your own room, I strengthen the muscles and nerves of the vital organs, lungs and heart and start your blood to circulating as it did when you were a child. I teach you to breathe so that the blood is fully purified.

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And the vital strength gained by a forceful circulation relieves you of such chronic ailments as *Constipation, Torpid Liver, Indigestion, Rheumatism Weaknesses, Catarrh, Dullness, Irritability, Nervousness, Sleeplessness or Weak Nerves* by strengthening whatever organs or nerves are weak.

I wish I could put sufficient emphasis into these words to make you realize that you do not need to be ill, but that you can be a buoyant, vivacious, attractive woman in return for just a few minutes' care each day in your own home.

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Miss Cocroft's name stands for progress in the scientific care of the health and figure of women.

A COURSE IN ESPERANTO

LESSON No. 7.—By Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

Commit to memory the following list of words, and then write them from memory. It will be a help to remember how many begin with *a*, with *b*, etc.:

Prepositions Ordinarily Used

al, *to, towards*
apud, *near, at the side of*
anstataŭ, *instead of*
antaŭ, *before, in front of*
ĉe, *at*
ĉirkaŭ, *about, around*
da, *of* (after words of number, weight, etc.)
de, *of, from*
dum, *during*
ekster, *outside, besides*
el, *from, out of*
en, *in*
ĝis, *up to, until*
inter, *between, among*
kontraŭ, *against, opposite to, facing*
krom, *except, besides*
kun, *with, in company with*
laŭ, *according to*
malgraŭ, *in spite of*
per, *by means of*
po, *by* (with numbers), *at the rate of*
por, *for, in favor of, in order to* (before infinitives)
post, *after*
preter, *beyond*
pri, *about, concerning*
pro, *for the sake of, on account of*
sen, *without*
sub, *under*
super, *above, over*
sur, *on, upon, resting on, touching*
tra, *through*
trans, *across*

Prepositions in Esperanto govern the nominative case, and not the objective, as in English, so that *n* is not added to the noun after a preposition. La infano kuras al la pordo, *the child runs to the door.* La pilko estas sub la tablo, *the ball is under the table.*

Every preposition has a fixed meaning. There is, therefore, no variation from the prepositions in the list given. They are always the same. There is, however, a choice to be made, according to logical connections. Do not say "Li batis lin *kun* bastono," but "*per* bastono." Do not say "Hundo estas *per* ŝi," but "*kun* ŝi." In English we use *with*, having differently understand meanings. The correct use of prepositions comes by practice, and by reading books in Esperanto. But there is a convenient *je*, which is indefinite, and may be used when one is at a loss to know what preposition to select.

Mi ploras je via perdo, *I weep at your loss.*

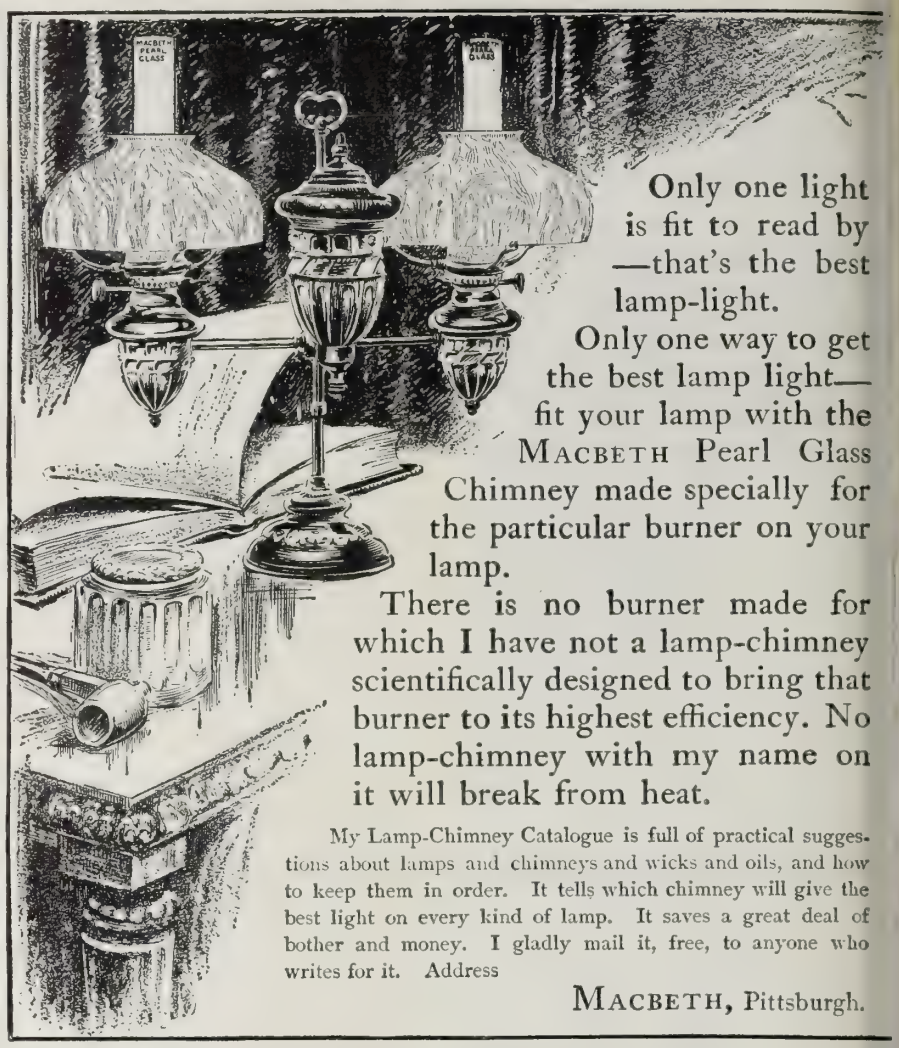
Exercise

La viro promenas *(walks)* al la domo. Vi donis al mi la libron anstataŭ la papero. La viro estas ĉe la pordo. La ĉevalo antaŭiras la vagonon. La ĝardeno estas apud la domo. La herbo estas ĉirkaŭ *(not* pri) la domo. La patro estas kun liaj filoj. La filino estas ekster *(not* krom) la domo. La hundo estas inter la ĉevaloj. La arbo estas kontraŭ la domo. Mi havas ses librojn krom tiuj ĉi *(these)*. La suno brilas trans la herbo.

Let each member choose a preposition and then make a sentence in which it is used. Let the leader write sentences on the blackboard, leaving spaces for the members to put in prepositions.

Words, Familiar in Sound, but Not in Meaning

Aglo, *eagle.* Akcipitro, *hawk.* Akra, *sharp.* Akvo, *water.* Alta, *high.* Angulo, *angle.* Anaso, *duck.* Animo, *soul.* Ankro, *anchor.* Arĉo, *bow.* Arĝento, *silver.* Ataki, *to attack.* Azeno, *ass.* Babili, *to babble.* Baldaŭ, *soon.* Bano, *bath.* Bela, *beautiful.* Bezoni, *to need.* Botelo, *bottle.* Brasiko, *cabbage.* Bruli, *to burn.* Citrono, *lemon.* Cervo, *deer.* Ĉambro, *room.* Ĉapo, *cap.* Ĉefo, *chief.* Ĉizilo, *a chisel.* Danci, *to dance.* Dento, *tooth.* Deziri, *to desire.* Dimanĉo, *Sabbath.* Doloro, *pain.* Dormi, *to sleep.* Drapiri, *to drape.* Edzo, *husband.* Edzino, *wife.* Esperi, *to hope.* Estro, *chief.* Eviti, *to avoid.* Familio, *family.* Feliĉa, *happy.* Fenestro, *window.* Foiro, *fair.* Forgesi, *to forget.* Fraŭlo, *bachelor.* Fulmo, *lightning.* Gaja, *merry.* Glata, *slippery.* Greno, *corn.* Guto, *drop.* Ĝojo, *joy.* Ĝardeno, *garden.* Hajlo, *hail.* Harpo, *harp.* Haŭto, *skin.* Hedero, *ivy.* Horloĝo, *clock.* Hundo, *dog.* Imiti, *to imitate.* Infano, *child.* Insulo, *island.* Intenci, *to intend.* Jako, *jacket.* Jes, *yes.* Juĝi, *to judge.* Juna, *young.* Ĵaŭdo, *Thursday.* Ĵeti, *to throw.* Kalešo, *carriage.* Kolombo, *dove.* Komizo, *clerk.* Kuŝi, *to lie down.* Lakto, *milk.* Laŭdi, *to praise.* Lerta, *skilful.* Libro, *book.* Ludi, *to play.* Maĉi, *to chew.* Malgraŭ, *in spite of.* Manĝi, *to eat.* Mardo, *Tuesday.* Mateno, *morning.* Mirto, *myrtle.* Monato, *month.* Muŝo, *fly.* Najlo, *nail.* Nazo, *nose.* Nebulo, *fog.* Nesto, *nest.* Nubo, *cloud.* Oficejo, *office.* Ondo, *wave.* Onklo, *uncle.* Oriento, *east.* Oro, *gold.* Palpebro, *eyelid.* Papero, *paper.* Paroli, *to speak.* Pavo, *peacock.* Pilko, *ball.* Pinĉi, *to pinch.* Puŝi, *to push.* Rabi, *to rob.* Radio, *beam, ray.* Reĝo, *king.* Riproĉi, *to reproach.* Rosti, *to roast.* Ruĝa, *red.* Salti, *to leap.* Seka, *dry.* Semajno, *week.* Skatolo, *small box.* Ŝafo, *sheep.* Ŝelo, *shell.* Ŝati, *to prize.* Tablo, *table.* Taso, *cup.* Teksi, *to weave.* Urso, *bear.* Utila, *useful.* Uzi, *to use.* Valo, *valley.* Varma, *warm.* Vango, *cheek.* Velo, *sail.* Veŝto, *vest.* Vilaĝo, *village.* Zenito, *zenith.* Zigzaga, *zigzag.* Zorgo, *care.*



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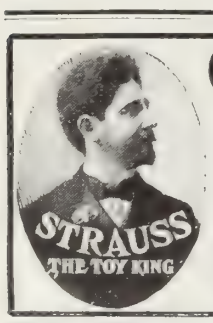

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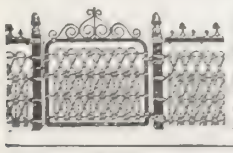

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Jesus at the Grave

By Mrs. M. Baxter

TIDINGS came to Jesus that "a certain man was sick, Lazarus of Bethany, of the village of Mary and her sister Martha." (R.V.) Is it a matter of interest to One so great as our God whether his children are sick or well? Let him answer, "He that toucheth you, toucheth the apple of his eye" (Zech. 2: 8; Matt. 10: 29-31). Thank God, with Him there is neither chance nor accident; His hand is arranging or overruling everything which happens. Mary and Martha were in the right when they sent to him the message, "Behold, Lord, he whom thou lovest is sick." The plea of the sisters was not the relation of Lazarus to the Lord Jesus, but the relation of Jesus to Lazarus—"He whom thou lovest."

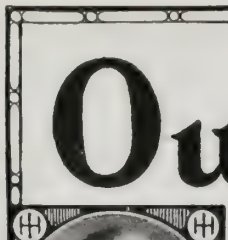
The sisters began well. They took the position of loving confidence in Jesus. But it is just when we are most in the Spirit, that God permits us to be most tried, so that our faith may be kept in exercise, and that we may gain deeper acquaintance with God. The only answer of Jesus (perhaps it was spoken as much for the sake of the disciples who were present as for the sake of the two sisters, who were absent), was this, "This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God, that the Son of God might be glorified thereby."

This was the Word of God, part of that Word which shall stand when heaven and earth shall pass away, part of that Word of which Jesus said, "The words which I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life" (John 6: 63). How, then, should this word have been received? One of the sisters to whom this message was sent knew more of Jesus than any one of his twelve disciples: "Mary . . . sat at Jesus' feet and heard his word" (Luke 10: 39). We are expressly told, "It was that Mary which anointed the Lord with ointment, and wiped his feet with her hair, whose brother Lazarus was sick." Jesus said of this anointing, "She hath done what she could; she hath anointed my body beforehand for the burying" (Mark 14: 8, R.V.). Mary had learnt what no other disciple believed as yet—that Jesus must die. Therefore Mary's faith must be put to a stronger test than that of others.

"Now Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus. When he had heard, therefore, that he was sick, he abode two days still in the same place where he was." To human ideas, this sounds strange. Many would have expected it would be written, "Because Jesus loved this family, he waited not one moment, but hasted with all speed to Bethany." Human love brings us down to the level of the sufferer or the tried one, to sympathize with him in his trial. But Jesus comes down to take us right out of the trial or suffering, and he takes the way whereby the end which he has in view from the beginning shall be secured. Because Jesus loved Lazarus, he did not heal him at once, because he loved Mary and Martha, he did not immediately appear upon the scene. Because he loves the tried child of God, he lets things go on to the very extreme, to see if thou wilt trust him still.

"Then after that, saith he to his disciples, Let us go into Judea again." The disciples, who were slow learners in the line of faith, said, "Master, the Jews of late sought to stone thee, and goest thou thither again?" Oh, how little they understood their Lord! He had been teaching them that he laid down his life for the sheep, that no man took it from him, but he laid it down of himself, that he had power to lay it down and to take it again; and yet they suggested to him fear for the safety of his life, as a reason why he should not go into Judea! Oh, how far was he above the circumstances, above the Jews—"In him was life!" He answered them, "Are there not twelve hours in the day?" It had been his Father's will that he should not immediately heal Lazarus, and that he should not, during those two days, venture into Judea. We cannot run any risk in doing the will of God; danger is not danger when the Shepherd is on before, and we are simply, obediently and trustfully following after him.

Our Next President



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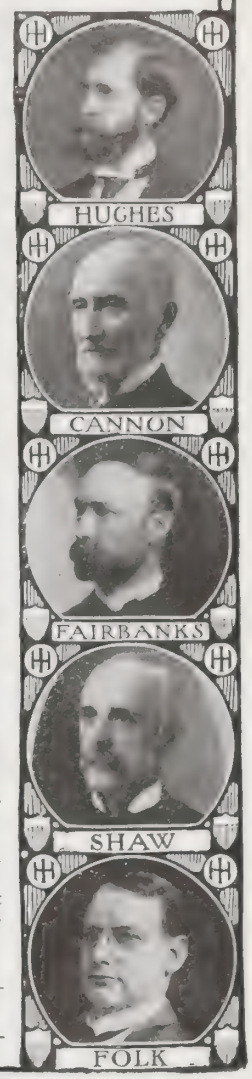
What are their antecedents and ancestry?
What are their home occupations and relaxations?
What are their social ties and to what secret orders do they belong?
What are their church connections?
What are their views on temperance and other great moral issues?



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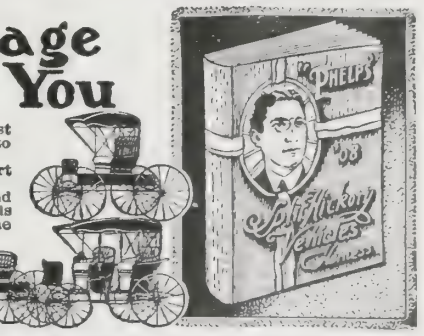

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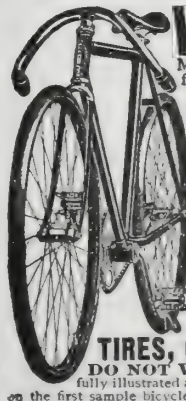

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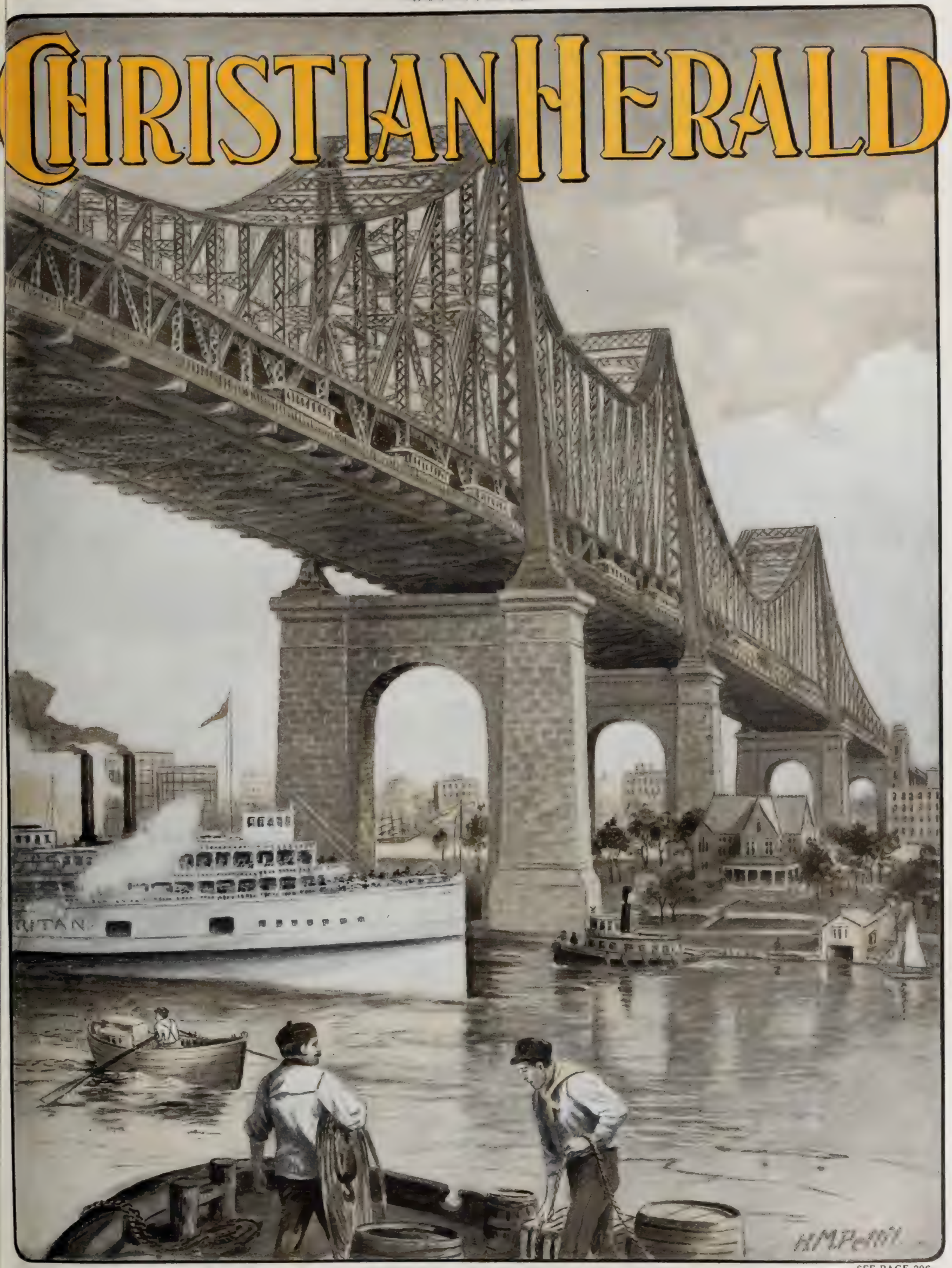

SEE PAGE 296

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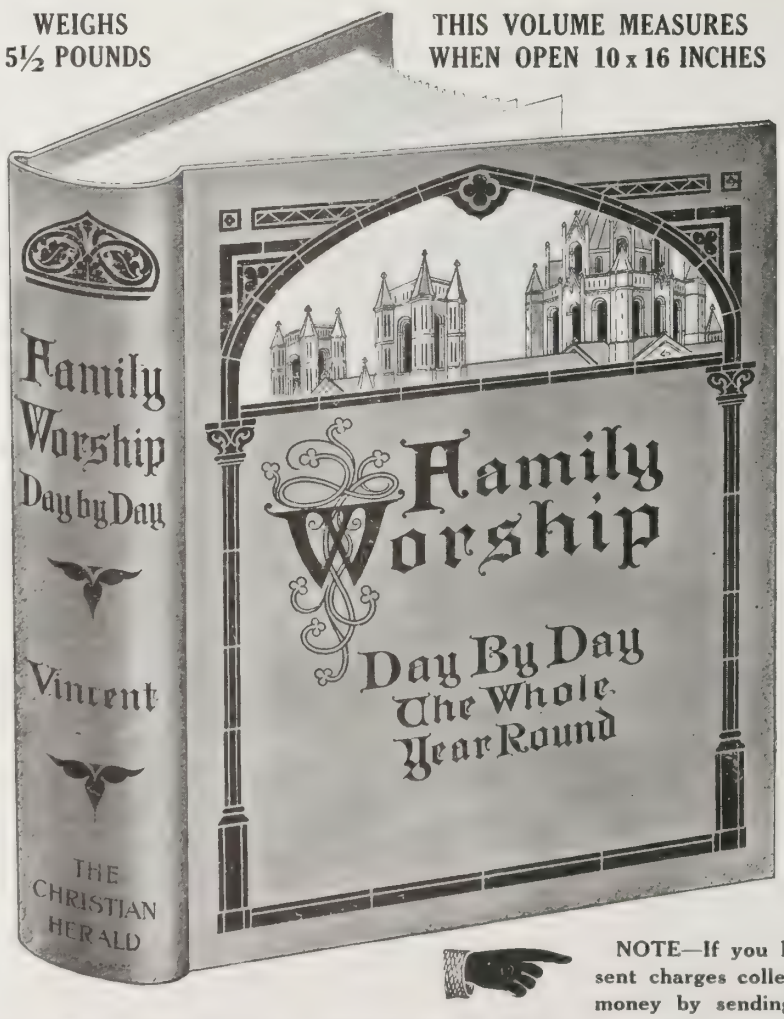

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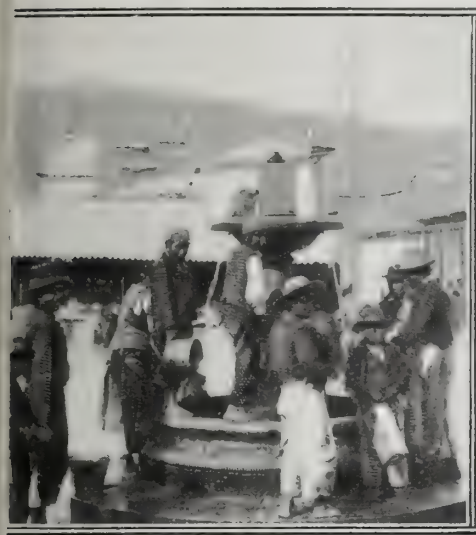

The Mountain City of La Paz

The Inca Mines of Tilcahuano

ON THE RIM OF THE WORLD

A Journey Through the Andean Highlands to La Paz, Bolivia, the Highest Capital on the Globe

By CHARLES M. PEPPER

THERE are some advantages of getting into Bolivia by way of the Peruvian port of Mollendo. Among these is the ride of more than three hundred miles from the seacoast on a railway which has many remarkable engineering features, and which crosses the volcanic range of the Andes at an elevation of 14,655 feet. Another advantage is in taking the little steamer across Lake Titicaca and enjoying the sensation of having navigated the highest body of water in the world on which steam vessels ply, for Lake Titicaca is only a fraction less than two and one-quarter miles above the level of the sea.

Voyaging across Lake Titicaca is peculiar in one respect, for it is possible to have two kinds of seasickness. When the winds blow strongly, as often happens, the little steam craft are tossed about like chips, and some of the passengers feel as badly as if they were on the big ocean. But there are other times when the lake is calm, yet some of the travelers become very ill. This is the *saroche*, or "mountain sea-sickness," which is said to be peculiar to the upper altitudes of the Andes. Its victims suffer from nausea and intense pains in the head. The last time I crossed there were three persons in a state of complete collapse from *saroche*, and, as it turned out, all of them were natives. The malady, in fact, is as common among natives as among foreigners or chance travelers.

The boats usually leave Puno on the Peruvian side of the lake at night, and in the morning the Bolivian Andes are in sight. The finest of these is the giant snow-crowned summit of Sorata, which can be seen when the skies are clear. There are many sights at closer view, small islands in the middle of the lake, which from a distance appear like huge turtles nicely balanced, and clusters of mud cabins on the hillsides. These seem too barren for cultivation, but the inhabitants manage to raise some vegetables, and barley and alfalfa, while they also pasture sheep and cattle.

Guaqui, the Bolivian port, is reached before noon. It has become quite a town because of the great increase in trade through the building of the railway. The population has been swelled by the Americans and other foreigners, who superintend the works. The railway from Guaqui to La Paz is a comfortable one. It runs across a great tableland with easy up-grades.

It is interesting for the tourist who is seeking Inca ruins to learn that he can look out of the car window and see some of the evidences of that marvelous civilization which the Spanish conquerors so remorselessly stamped out. The ruins of Tilcahuano, as remarkable as those of Cuzco, are not far away, and the Indians who may be seen from the train or pictured among these ruins have not changed much since the time of the Incas. Right along the railway track there are pillars and columns standing, which are covered with the inscriptions made centuries ago, and which are now deciphered and translated by the archeologists.

It will surprise many persons who know of Bolivia only as one of the South American republics which are shut in between the great Cordilleras of the Andes, and which is noted for its mines, to learn that, high up as is the great central plateau, this region is something of a "farming country." Since in this section there is a rainy season, sometimes it is literally farming among the clouds; at other times it is farming above the clouds, because these lie in great banks of fleecy vapors far down the mountain slopes, but do not rise and spread over the plateau or pampa. The soil is thin and stony, and at this height—13,000 to 13,500 feet—it might be thought that, even though Bolivia is in the tropics, no crops could be grown; but the natives manage to cultivate barley, potatoes and *quinua*. The latter is a cereal with a small grain like rice and grows about three feet high. It was the food of the natives in the time of the Incas and is still their chief staple. Potatoes also were cultivated in the era of the Incas, and it was from the Andes region of South America that the potato was introduced into Europe.

Llamas and Their Drivers on the Bolivian Pampa

Though means of transportation are being constantly improved, the llamas, which were the sole beasts of burden known at the time of the Spanish conquest, are still the main reliance for freighting, and they will never be done away with entirely. Eighty pounds is the average burden, though sometimes a llama will carry one hundred pounds. If the cargo is too heavy the animal simply kneels down and refuses to move. No one but a native can

Continued on page 283

THE
American Pulpit

A SERMON BY

Rev. Emory J. Haynes, D.D.*

OUR
INFIRMITIES

TEXT—Matthew 8 : 17

"Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses"

IT is the sunset behind the hills of Galilee. Mount Tabor is all aglow upon its western slope, and its eastern side is the deep green and blue of the twilight hour. The Lake of Gennesaret is as smooth as the polished surface of that sea of glass which we shall behold in another world, and out upon the surface of the lake lie the great cones of the hills in shadow, in the quiet of the evening. Over the lake upon the eastern side those masses of rock are all burnished in the splendor of the sun's departing ray. It is the Sabbath evening. The little city of Capernaum grows quiet after evening prayer. Suddenly from the parapet of the spacious synagogue the trumpet in the lips of the priest blows the three blasts which indicate that the Sabbath is done. It is Saturday as we would call it, at sunset, and the Jewish Sabbatic hours are over.

Now, then, the people begin to file through the streets, every herdsman from the hills bringing his sick, every cottager bringing his infirm, every father with a child who is ill, every child with a sire who is decrepit; and they all crowd the little dooryard of the Apostle Peter, their neighbor. It makes one think to read it of the scenes which we have occasionally witnessed in the anteroom of some famous physician in our time, where patients wait so long and pay so high for some slight notice of the great man and his cure.

The Good Physician

If I could make that scene live again in your mind it would be the most useful hour's work that I have ever done in the pulpit. I never read that story but I lament that it is not in my power to paint skilfully with words. But you can do it. Every one of you is poet enough for that. With your own imagination you can reproduce the scene. Here the bundle of the rags of the poor invalid; here the rich palanquin, silk and damask, of some opulent invalid; here the little half-starved babe with the marasmus, pushed out in the arms of its mother, wailing and fretting in the ears of the Saviour of the world. Here an old man going through the motions of casting ashes upon his bald pate as a sign of the hopelessness of his case. Here crutches, staves, bandages; here swathings. There—under that sycamore—he is dead, and they who brought him cover him over now, and yet wait a little in hopes that something may be done even for the dead; but there he lies, stark under the winding sheet.

And now before all this company in the faded glow, because the sun is gone, comes forth the Saviour, whose most beneficent title, save one, is the Good Physician. He stands upon the threshold of the dwelling, gazes out upon this group. Immediately the work begins. There is no feeling of any pulse, no looking at any tongue; there is no asking after any symptoms. He speaks, and that child goes to sleep in the mother's arms, and she sobs her gratitude as she kisses him. He speaks, and that old man, whose creaking joints have not lifted him from his couch for years, limber and lubricate like a lad's, springs up and draws a breath of gratitude. He speaks, and they cast down their crutches and gaze upon them with wonder that they ever used them. He speaks, and they who had not heard a voice for years, listen to the hum of human speech about them. He speaks, and they who had not seen, peer out upon the world and wish the sun had halted that they might linger a little longer on the thrilling aspect of the day which is come back after so many years of rayless night. He speaks, and there is none who is not cured save that dead man.

Miracles of Healing

And it is recorded that the dead were made alive. He speaks, and under that winding-sheet there is a motion as if hands were moving; the cerement is cast off; those bandages which held jaw to jaw snap, and the sheeted dead stands pale and wondering, and rubbing its eyes and looking into the faces of its neighbors! Oh, such a scene! A man may take that story that is written in the eighth chapter of Matthew, and as he sits down and reads it and dwells on the details they will bring tears to his eyes. It ought to be read syllable by syllable, with the locked door of your room keeping the world away, with your imaginative powers at their utmost activity. No wonder it has lived and been told at last in the remotest hamlet of the world in this generation, the latest of time.

Why did Jesus Christ perform healing miracles? For four reasons. Hold down the thumb and hold up the four fingers. He performed miracles, first of all to reveal unto us that our Heavenly Father was kind, beneficent and loving, not indifferent to our sorrows of the flesh. He performed miracles, secondly, because his own heart could not be denied this privilege of curing the sufferings of humanity for the sake of curing them, since, if he would, he could. He performed miracles again, because his miracles authenticated him as one with that beneficent Father. As no other man had ever done such, so no other man had made claims that he had, and his deeds, his works authenticated him. He performed miracles, last, because they were to be an illustration of the cure of the sin-sick soul, which he had equal power to effect with these cures upon men's bodies.

The Infirmities of Age

Let us look in that line at these miracles, therefore, at this hour—our infirmities. There is much said in the Scripture about the infirmities of our flesh. The Holy Spirit helpeth our infirmities. Here in the text, it is declared, he cured, or took away, our infirmities. What are infirmities? Undoubtedly, first and literally, they are maladies of our bodies. All diseases may not perhaps with propriety be called infirmities, and yet all infirmities are more or less diseases with us. We use the word infirmities largely to indicate something else from a sickness. An infirmity is a chronic difficulty; an infirmity is a weakness; an infirmity is a failing and enfeeblement somewhere. One man's infirmity is in his lungs; he cannot live upon the rugged coast of New England, and so he must nurse his infirmity and go to Colorado. Another man's infirmity is in his nervous system, and he has to be very careful that he does not overstrain it, and as long as he keeps himself within temperate lines he lives, and if he oversteps them he goes down. One man's infirmity is of the eye, and so of other parts of the system.

Infirmities may not kill; but when one dies, it is the infirmity after all which is like the open door through which death came. A tree may commence to die at the top, or it may decay at its heart and so be felled to the dust. It may, however, stand long with a rotten core, and be struck by lightning or broken by the storm at last; but when the old tree is toppled down by the wind or lightning, you will notice it was the infirmity that caused the fall; the girdling of the boy's jack-knife, the rotting out of the internal economy of the tree; and the stroke of the lightning was but the incident of its fall. I suppose that almost every one of us, by the time we get to be fifty years of age, at least, knows the infirmity which will be the open door for death, unless we happen to be upon some railroad that dumps us through a broken bridge.

Infirmities of Character

Now, this is the illustration of the thing which I wish to talk about—an infirmity, a moral or spiritual weakness. I do not say it is our only fault, I do not say it is to be palliated, but it is pitiable, and because it is pitiable I wish to speak a kind word about your infirmities. One man's infirmity is a testy temper; he gets angry at a flash. This very last week he lost one of the very best customers that ever crossed the threshold of his store; because of some infelicitous circumstances he lost control and let fly, and so a profitable buyer is gone forever. Almost all the mishaps and drawbacks of his life are the result of this infirmity. Because he made a hasty reply when he was about twenty-five he lost the situation whose line of promotion was to have developed into a partnership in the firm; so he was out of the line of success for eight years. His hasty temper has often grieved his good wife, astonished his children; has often led to soreness between him and his friends.

In some moment of quick temper he has struck a blow which he will never forget as long as he remembers anything concerning this world. He sometimes hopes he is getting over it, and he will go for five or six months without "getting mad," as he says, but then there will arise some circumstance of his daily life which irritates and exasperates him, and before he knows it he has yielded to the rush of passion, and goes out wishing he could kick himself every step of the way home, because he has been "an old fool again," he says. He does not call himself a bad man—but that infirmity! I know he is not the worst of men; but if you have a trouble with the eye, it may extend to the nose, to the fauces, to the brain. You never can tell where the infirmity is going to end. The difficulty with him who gets angry quickly is an infirmity of self-respect. Doubtless that is the real matter—a weakness of self-respect that does not abide at all times; that makes him weak of the affections; weak in association with his fellow men; injures his judgment. A famous psychologist has recently told us that every time a man gets downright angry he has so shocked his nervous system that he has shortened his days, that all the organs of the physical being have been hurt by it more than by a hard day's work. What if it were true, my friend, that this infirmity of yours could be taken away? It is true. That is one of the triumphs of the Christian religion.

Another man's infirmity is the blunting of the moral sense. He does not realize vividly the Ten Commandments as he once did. He can color the truth now, and not feel it as twenty-five years ago. He can swear occasionally a profane oath and not realize or appreciate it as ten years ago. He does not see distinct lines between *meum* and *tuum*, mine and thine, as he did ten years ago. Only a few days ago, he was in the Board, and when they all sat around the table talking about some property that was owned in Boston, and New York, and Chicago, and Philadelphia, and Baltimore, and a dubious proposition was made about the property, one clean-faced, pure, tender, conscientious gentleman protested that the proposed measures were essentially immoral; and this man bit his lip and said within himself, "I declare, I haven't thought in as high a line of morals as that man talked to-day for twenty years! I was brought up that way; used to think that way; but I have lost the moral sense. It is not as keen as it once was." You can trace the most of the failures of that man's life to the blunting of his moral sense. That is his infirmity. That is why he associates with men of a debased character, and does not see that it is hurting him; that is why he becomes indifferent to the Lord's Day; that is why he grows indifferent to the worship of God's house; that is why he is not yet a Christian.

The Master's Mission

An infirmity we get used to, and we do not take alarm until we behold the danger imminent. Do you see that gentleman, about thirty-two or three years of age? This last week he went down to the physician's office, and walked in and held out his hand like this, and said, "Doctor, that right hand, with the pen in it, earns me five thousand dollars a year; I am an accountant. But, doctor, I wish you would see what is the matter with my hand and fingers. Have I got the scrivener's palsy?" The doctor asks, "How long have you had it like that?" "Oh, I have had it for a good while, more or less. I have had a calcareous enlargement of one of the joints in my foot, but I did not think anything about the rheumatism in my foot, for my shoe covers it. But my hand, everything depends upon it. Can you cure me?" Men will carry a moral infirmity for a good while, so long as its indulgence is confined to a holiday hour, so long as it does not interfere with their credit and standing in the community, and the love and fellowship of their household and friends; but after a while, when they wake up to observe that their best friends begin to notice it, that the members of the firm are remarking it, that they themselves are willing to descend to all sorts of mean subterfuges for its indulgence, that they have locked horns with it and it is about to throw them, then they cry out, "My God, is it a hopeless case?" What, suppose that infirmity of yours could be taken away? I come to tell you to-night the old story of the Cross, that Jesus Christ was manifested to take away our peculiar weaknesses. The impression is that Jesus Christ takes away our pleasures, our happiness, our lawful gratifications, our zest for life. No. He takes away our decrepitudes, our weakness, our senility, our foolishness, our puerility, and the qualities we ought to be glad to spare. That is the mission of our Master.

The Knock at the Door

There are two ways in which a dwelling may be cleared. Up the front steps goes the sheriff, walking in the main hall, standing in the great doors of the palace, with the writ of ejectment, or a chattel mortgage. Down the lower step, around the corner, goes the sweet-eyed little girl, with her face chiseled out by poverty, and takes out of the house the scraps, festering pieces, the things that would make defilement in the dwelling, and poison human life. That sheriff is the law; that little messenger of mercy is doing the work that is done by Jesus Christ, and he was greatly humiliated. It is the law and the penalty which take away from the sinner his happiness. At length they arrest him, foreclose the mortgage.

It is Jesus Christ who stands at the door and knocks, and says, "Have you any pains here?" "What, do you take away pains?" "Yea, pains." "Why, yes, we can load you up at this number." It is Jesus who says, "Have you any offenses here?" "What, do you take offenses?" "Yea, offenses." "My brother and I have a quarrel." "Yea, the chastisement of your peace is

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PHILADELPHIA'S GREAT REVIVAL

THE Simultaneous Revival Campaign is stirring the city of Philadelphia as it has rarely been moved before. The leaders, Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman and Mr. Charles M. Alexander, will be assisted before the campaign concludes by about seventy-five evangelists and Gospel singers. Nearly 300 churches have united in the effort, and it is estimated that there are 5,000 personal workers, besides 5,000 Gospel singers in the district choirs. The city has been divided into forty-seven districts, and meetings are held nightly in twenty-one churches. In addition to these, special meetings are held daily in theatres, factories and saloons.

An Outdoor Service in the Warehouse District

The most thrilling meeting of the Philadelphia campaign thus far was a gathering for men only, held on Sunday afternoon in the Garrick Theatre. The building was packed, and it is estimated that a thousand were unable to obtain admission. During the song service conducted by Mr. Alexander, the men were deeply moved by the song, "My Saviour's Love," the chorus of which runs as follows:

How marvelous, how wonderful!
And my song shall ever be,
How marvelous, how wonderful
Is my Saviour's love for me.

After Paul Gilbert, the soloist, who was with Mr. Alexander throughout the London campaign, had sung two verses of this hymn, Mr. Alexander said he wanted to tell the men one of the most touching stories of sacrifice he had ever heard. He said:

"At a small mission station in Africa just before Christmas, the natives who had accepted Christ, instead of presenting each other with Christmas presents, at the suggestion of the missionary planned to bring whatever money, vegetables, or other salable articles they could the night before Christmas, that the money might be used to send the Gospel to the islands near them, where many of their own race were still in the darkness of heathenism. The night came, and one after another they brought their packages forward. Among others was one little girl about twelve years old, poorly clad, who came forward and laid down in English money three shillings and sixpence (that is, eighty-four cents in American money). The missionary was greatly surprised at the money she laid down. He knew that this meant a fortune in that country. After the gathering was dismissed, he stepped up to the little girl and asked her how she had secured so much money. She said: 'I knew that this evening they would all be bringing their presents to Jesus, and I had nothing to bring. I found out that a man wanted a slave girl, and I went and sold myself to him for life as a slave.' She said: 'I could do nothing less than this, when Jesus did so much for me. I had nothing to give but myself and I gladly gave it. Jesus gave himself for me.'"

As the Gospel singer finished the story, tears were rolling down scores of faces throughout the audience.

In the course of a noonday address to business men last Tuesday at the Garrick Theatre, Dr. Chapman said that, if we are to have power of prayer, we must be right with God. He said: "Every revival in the history of the world was born with prayer. The revival of 1857 began with one man on his knees. The revival of 1800 began with a single man praying all the night through, and there are enough people in this noonday meeting, not only to shake Philadelphia, but to move this country, and to take the world. The hour is come to pray. But there is only one man to pray, and that is the man who is right.

A Gospel Meeting at Cramp's Shipyard

"They tell a story of Professor Stuart Blackie, of the University of Edinburgh, hearing a class. One man rose with his book in the wrong hand. He began an explanation, and the professor thundered, 'Take your book in your right hand and be seated.' The student held up his right arm and it was off at the wrist. The Scotch students hissed the professor. The great man hesitated a moment, then he went to the student and put his arm around him, and with tears streaming from his eyes, said: 'I never knew about it. You will forgive me?' It ended in the conversion of that young man.

"I told the story at a Bible conference, and after the meeting a man came forward, and raising up his right arm, it ended at the wrist. He said: 'I am the man. Professor Blackie led me to Christ, but he never would have done it if he had not put his arm around me and made the wrong right."

In Philadelphia homes, in shops, factories and on the streets men, women and children are being approached about their souls' salvation. One evening Mr. Alexander spoke to a drunken man on the street, and he promised to attend the meeting. Two nights later he was present at Bethany, and was led to Christ by H. Wellington Wood, a prominent business man, who is one of the greatest soul winners in Philadelphia.

One night after the service at Bethany, as Mr. and Mrs. Alexander and Rev. W. P. Nicholson—who has come over from England to study the Simultaneous Mission—were going home, they met a man staggering along the street. Mr. Alexander spoke to him kindly, asking the man whether he did not have a good Christian mother. The man replied that he had had one of the best Christian mothers that ever lived. The man sobered down, and expressed anxiety about his eternal welfare. Mr. Alexander suggested that they kneel down right there in the street and have prayer together. Not only did the Gospel singer kneel with the drunken man, but his wife and Mr. Nicholson knelt as well. Mrs. Alexander first prayed touchingly for the man, and then in a broken, contrite manner, the man prayed for himself, calling upon God to be merciful to him a sinner. While this was going on, a crowd of those who had been at the evening service had gathered and Mr. Alexander asked them also to pray for the man, who had thus been suddenly met. It was learned afterwards that a policeman had been following the man, but left him when he saw him in the care of the evangelists.

OUR INFIRMITIES

Sermon by Rev. Emory J. Haynes, D.D.—*Continued*

upon me, and with my stripes ye are healed." At the next door, "Have you any sorrows here? Have you any angers here? Have you any bad habits here? Have you any cumbersome old burdens, miseries, needs? Have you any loss of the joy of life here? Have you any wretchedness here?" "Yea, Lord; dost thou come for these?" "For these." "What dost thou do with them, O Christ?" "Wash them in my blood until they are white as wool, and bring them back to invest him whom I have helped of his sorrows."

Oh, will you not believe him? The old story of the Cross of Christ, that he took away the things we must needs spare if we are to live a happy life. He taketh away our infirmities.

It was once my duty to go to a dwelling where there was an imbecile child, to perform the ceremony of marriage. Bands of music were in the atrium; beautiful adornments of flowers were in the stairways and chambers; one chamber was set apart for such a load of costly presents. At the last moment, as the bride, blushing and beautiful, turned upon the doorstep, and was about to depart, she came back, flew up the stairs, bent over the cradle where lay the babe eleven years old and kissed him last, and turned and went out on her way. Stay, bride, would you take his place? You loved him; you gave him the last kiss. It was very beautiful; it was charming. Would you take his imbecility of mind? "Oh, no!" Christ did.

Who of you would take the deaf ear of your brother? It is one thing to talk about mercy. Who of you would take the blind eyes of your dearest friend? One day last week, I went over and stood in the Blind Asylum in another part of the city. I saw the little lads who drew around about me so happy, until I caught a glimpse of their eyes, and all of them had the marks of this terrible destruction that had crossed their sight. I declare I could have wept. I almost did. It seemed to me I could not endure that place; and I will never go there again unless I can go to do some deed of mercy. But is there a father who suffers such sorrow as to look upon one of these bright lads with all the health in the world except those terrible eyes, and is there one of them loving him ever so much who will say, "My son, I am getting to be sixty-five. You are the babe of my old age. I cannot live much longer. Here, if it be the will of God, give me those wrecks in front of your brain and take my sound orbs." Would a man do that?

Jesus did. He was made a curse for us. He hung upon the tree for us. He was counted sin, who himself knew no sin, for us. He closed his eyes for us. He sits upon the throne of glory to-night, and he says, "Give me your pride; give me your greed; give me your animalism; give me your guilt. I will take your place. I did take your place." Only a God could say that.

Society is very hard on an infirmity. Here comes a school-teacher presenting himself to the committee. They say, "We hear, sir, since we saw you last, that you are subject to epilepsy, the falling sickness." "Who told you?" "We have inquired about you, and we understand that you have had an attack or two of epilepsy." "It is true that three or four years ago, I had an attack or so; but I have lived without it for three or four years. I am skilful in my vocation; I can give you satisfaction. Don't you think you had better give me the chance, and save the good there is in me?" "We must have a sound man. It is a terrible malady. They say one never gets over it; we couldn't employ you."

When I was a boy in our village in Vermont, when they were enlisting men, there was a shoemaker, I knew him well, who had a crooked arm. He went up to the doctor and said, "I will give you all the money I have in the bank—I will give you five hundred dollars if you will straighten my arm." The doctor laughed and said, "Why, if I could straighten your arm, I could not make your hair brown." Then the Colonel turned to the old Crispin and said, "A man like you, loving his country so much, shall go. Come, and be my servant and attendant. And he went, crooked arm and all, white hair and all, and the Colonel took his infirmities (the Colonel came out of our town), and when that regiment was whittled down to a handful, the old shoemaker was seen in the thick of the fight doing valiant service for the cause.

THE FLEET ON ITS WORLD TOUR

Party of American Sailors Visiting Mt. Corcovado, Brazil

Admiral Evans Receiving a South American President

FOR several weeks the American battleship fleet has been anchored in Magdalena Bay, Lower California, and engaged in the regular spring target practice. The scores, so far as they have been made public, show that American gunnery ranks among the best in the world. Some of the ships fired their required number of rounds within a short time after their arrival.

To those at a distance the bombardment of the triangular targets was a fascinating spectacle. A target would be towed several thousand yards from the white hulls and anchored. It looked a mere speck of white away off on the wide expanse of dancing blue. Then there would come a flash from one of the turret guns, a thunderous report would come over the water, and a white cloud would hang for a moment above the turret. Away in the distance a shot would be kicking up spurts of water until it dived to its final resting-place near the target anchorage. Perhaps there would be two or three shots and then one would rip through the centre of the target, tearing it wide open from side to side, and leaving it unfit for service until taken back to the fleet and repaired.

Foreign observers regard the cruise as among the greatest in naval history. One dispatch from Berlin, Germany, says that it is the general idea there that what the fleet has done will place the American Navy on a high level in the world's opinion.

Although the fleet has gone almost to the California coast, it seems likely that another long journey will be taken before the cruise is called complete. It is reported from Washington that eighteen ships will sail from San Francisco about the sixth of July for Hawaii. After stopping at Honolulu the fleet will sail for Pago-Pago, Samoa. Then they will undoubtedly go to the Philippines. Here the fleet once more will have several days of target practice. Very likely a run will b made up to Japan, and then over to the Chinese coast Invitations for the fleet to visit several Eastern countrie have been coming to our Department of State in rapi succession. Australia held enthusiastic meetings an wants the fleet to come to Melbourne. The premier the governor-general and many official and private com mittees are at work to make it a memorable affair if th fleet should come.

Japan has made her invitation most cordial. Th Americans will undoubtedly stay several days at Yoko hama. China, a few days later, also urged that th fleet come to her shores. It is expected that th larger part of the fleet will go on through the India Ocean, up the Suez Canal, through the Mediterranea Sea, and across the Atlantic to our own shores. A world cruise by a fleet of modern battleships has neve been thought possible abroad.

GOSPEL PROGRESS IN AWAKENED CHINA

OVER six years ago we commenced work here in Wuhu under the Advent Christian Mission, of Boston. We had then no established work here, and the field was a hard and trying one under normal circumstances; that year especially so, for it was the great An-Huei Province "flood year," and all the refugees of the flooded district were packed in Wuhu, suffering for want of food and clothing.

We had a small local fund to help; but it was as a drop in a bucket to relieve the need. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers came nobly to our help and fed over four thousand women and children in the soup kitchen for six months, and supplied the funds to keep about ten thousand men at work from early autumn until seed-sowing, supplying the seed also to begin farming again.

After the famine was over, we resumed our church work, and two years ago built a good substantial church, which now has a membership of sixty persons. While leveling off the site for the school and church, we had to excavate over twenty feet of hill. Over fifteen feet deep we unearthed an old tomb, seven feet high, eight feet wide and fifteen feet long. There was no sign of any bones, or even ashes, but we found a number of articles of interest, among others a ring, gold hair ornaments, a sword, a five-bowled candlestick and some brass "cash," made about the time of Christ. These things we want to present to some museum when we return to America.

Our church is conveniently located, and we have tried to make it a working church. These years we have trained young men to go forth to preach the Gospel to their own countrymen. We have now twelve of these men preaching and six more preparing for service. We want to heartily thank the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for what they have done in helping us spread the Gospel of the Kingdom. One lady reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD sent out two years ago $100, which was enough to build a good schoolhouse at Chao Hsien; and last, but not least, Dr. Klopsch sent us enough money to buy a houseboat, and has kept it running ever since.

We were glad to see that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD had taken up the subject of "substitutes" on the mission field. This is a most effectual way of evangelization, and at the same time not expensive. The wages paid to native evangelists are about the same in all the missions, *i. e.*, $5 to $6 gold per month; for Bible women from $3 to $4, and for students about $2. Almost every mission could furnish a list of available, earnest native workers, if called upon for this purpose.

Wuhu, China. REV. Z. CHARLES BEALS.

Excavating a Tomb About 2,000 Years Old, Near Wuhu, China

A Native Pastor Ordained

AN important event lately took place at the Laedie church, near Tang-si, China. Laedie is a country village a few miles northwest of Tang-si. Here is the first branch of the church in Tang-si, a branch which has become stronger in some ways than the parent vine. They have also a preacher, who is a native of Laedie and owns his house and farm, being descended from a well-to-do family.

Before his conversion this same person was a man of strong temper and a heavy drinker, feared by many; but his whole life has since become so changed that his wife and mother were soon ready to accept his Lord as their own. He spent a year in study with the missionaries and became the preacher when the Laedie church was dedicated three years ago.

Tang-si, China. ALEXANDER KENNEDY.

A Chinese Convert's Testimony

WHEN I entered the theological school, I was determined to be a true disciple of Christ. But daily I perceived that there was in my heart a spring of evil which troubled me. My heart was not willing to do evil; but this spring seemed with an irresistible force to drive me to it. I redoubled my efforts to overcome this but never succeeded for any great length of time. I thought to myself, "God sent Jesus for the special purpose of forgiving sins, but if he forgives sins and does not help us to keep from sinning, then the forgiveness is a lie. It is as if one daily took medicine and daily was sick. How could it be said that such a one was healed? If he cannot help me to keep from sinning, he is no Saviour and the Christian religion is no better than any other." I knew that Jesus promised to keep us from sin, and I knew that the promise was not yet fulfilled in me. I remembered that the way of salvation was written in the Bible, and I began both morning and evening to search it diligently, praying that the way might be made plain to me.

As I read and as I saw what my soul lacked, I knelt and prayed that this lack might be supplied; then I rose and read again, and again earnestly prayed. This method of reading and praying by turns I kept up for several months.

SANG HAH-LENG.

Hinghua, China. (*Translated by Rev F. S. Carson*).

The BOWERY MISSION BROTHERHOOD

A GATHERING OF THE MEMBERS OF THE "BOWERY MISSION BROTHERHOOD"

THE name most frequently found upon the lips of Bowery Mission converts, nowadays, is "Brotherhood."

On the morning of Sunday, June 30, 1907, the superintendent gave an address on this subject, and, at the close of the service, a very unusual thing occurred. In giving the usual invitation, which prevails in Rescue Missions, he walked down the aisles of the Mission Hall and announced that he was prepared to offer the hand of brotherhood to any who were willing to enter into that relationship in the full sense of the word, as taught by Christ and the New Testament Scriptures.

He pointed out that the word had a very deep and significant meaning, and quoted Max Muller's statement that the world had no idea of brotherhood until Christ came into it. According to Christ's teachings, the duties and obligations of brotherhood were always mutual. In the Christian Brotherhood Circle, the individual's interest would always be subordinated to the interests of the whole. If men were prepared to enter such a circle on such conditions, he was there to formally but sincerely offer the hand of brotherhood.

A great many men at once responded, and were invited by the superintendent to meet him in the Mission on the same evening, half an hour before the evening service began. Thirty-one came, their names were taken down, and in this quiet way the Brotherhood of the Bowery Mission Converts was established.

Since that time the Brotherhood has met every evening, and Mr. Hallimond has been most assiduously helped in this work by Mr. Charles Balevre, the organist of the Mission. The meetings of the Brotherhood are of a most informal kind. Nothing in the shape of a set meeting is ever permitted, but in a natural, colloquial way, the men tell of their experiences during the day. They mostly talk on the subject of their search for employment; but other affairs come up in the conversation, and every man is made to feel that he has some kind of obligation towards every other man, and so the spirit of helpfulness has been wonderfully engendered.

During the time the Brotherhood has been in operation, the kitchen, in which the meetings are held, has been taxed to its full holding capacity, and the attendance of the members is only limited to the size of the room. The superintendent is delivering a course of talks to the Brotherhood on the Bible, and on the last Friday evening of the month, a social meeting is held. Men in the Bowery know so little of home life and comfort that they appreciate this one night in the month, when the Mission is made to them all that a Christian home can be. Music, story-telling and everything else that would be appropriate in a Christian home is permitted in these gatherings.

The Brotherhood meeting held on the afternoon of Christmas Day last was one that will never be forgotten by those that were present. They are still talking about it, and looking forward to next Christmas Day gathering. They are at present occupied in rehearsing carols for Easter Sunday, which is expected to be a time of great rejoicing.

Since June last over two thousand men have had their names enrolled on the Brotherhood's roll call.

How "Jimmy" Dodd Went Home

ABOUT two and one-half years ago, a young man, hatless and shoeless, his face showing the marks of dissipation, stumbled into the Bowery Mission. Before the service had progressed very far this man attracted attention. The testimonies of saved men, the kind words of the superintendent, the touching music of the organ, the loving tenderness of "Mother Bird," all affected him strangely. That night, before the services closed, a sinner repented, and earnestly asked God's help to keep and to save him thereafter.

James Dodd was born and brought up in a home of culture and refinement. He lived an honest, upright life until shortly after the death of his mother, when his step-father put the children out of his house in order that he might marry again. This was the beginning of James' downward career. Drink and gambling soon robbed him of what little money he had, and before long he was down on the Bowery, shunned by his former friends, a social outcast.

But the influence of a mother's prayers followed him even in his degradation, and won him back from sin. After that night's experience at the Bowery Mission not one drop of liquor ever passed his lips. At first the Mission managers gave him work in the kitchen. Then he became doorkeeper. He soon found work with a firm of range manufacturers in New York, and remained with them until his last illness. He died on March 17 in the Metropolitan Hospital, New York. Three days later, the men of the Bowery, who knew him well, were given the privilege of viewing the remains of their old friend. They came in crowds to pay their last tribute of respect to "Jimmy" Dodd.

At the funeral service in the Mission, Superintendent Hallimond spoke feelingly of "Jimmy's" conversion and his struggle to do right. There were few dry eyes in the hall even among the more hardened.

Later in the evening, the testimonies of the men who had known "Jimmy," and who had roomed in the Memorial House with him, tore at many a heart-string with their touching tributes to their dead comrade. Mr. John Long, probably better known to the men of the Bowery than any other man, told how "Jimmy" had carefully saved his earnings until he had enough to pay all of his hospital charges and even his funeral expenses.

Among those at the Mission that night was Mr. Dodd's foreman, who told how the rules had been broken in order to pay "Jimmy" more for the work he had done, so thorough and conscientious a workman had he been. All who knew "Jimmy" loved him and were inspired by his faith in God and his earnestness in the Christian life.

The coffin was covered with beautiful flowers from "Jimmy's" comrades in the Memorial House and from other friends. The men of the Bowery Mission were represented by a cross, while the kitchen-men with whom he had worked sent a great bunch of lilies. The service was one of the most impressive ever held in the Mission, and showed how deeply the spiritual struggle and triumph of one of their own number had influenced the lives of the men of the Bowery, thousands of whom are passing through a similar experience.

ON THE RIM OF THE WORLD Continued from page 283

manage a drove of llamas. They look more intelligent than they are, yet they are very graceful animals, and a drove of them crossing the pampa presents an attractive sight. They seem to be going in all directions, but their Indian drivers manage to keep them headed one way, and they feed as they go along.

I have described some wonderful places in the Andes for the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, yet I don't think any of them can be compared to the city of La Paz, or "The City of Our Lady of Peace," as the early Spaniards called it. To travel in a comfortable railway train from Lake Titicaca, fifty-five miles across the pampa, and then to find yourself at what seems to be the rim of the world, to look over the rim and see clumps of trees, small green parks and flower gardens, a long tree-lined avenue, red-tiled and silvery-roofed houses, some with blue and red walls, and some of dull mud color; to see the towers and domes of churches and other structures; to note what seem to be crowds of two-legged ants moving through the streets; to view the droves of llamas and the donkeys, seemingly no larger than cats—this is what it is to receive the first impression of the city of La Paz from the *Alto* or Heights. The city lies in a great oval gulch, through which flows the Chuquiapu River, which is fed by some other small streams whose course is marked by narrow gullies. The Heights are 13,500 feet above sea level, and La Paz is about 1,500 feet lower. It is nevertheless the highest capital in the world, for Lhassa, the capital of Tibet, is less than 12,000 feet.

When I visited La Paz some years ago the stage coach brought me across the pampa and down the steep and crooked road with many sharp turns right into the heart of the city. Now the descent is made by means of an electric railway, and the trolley ride is also exhilarating. There are steep grades and loops, and in slowly making the turns there are some wonderful views of the heights above and the city below.

La Paz is changing its appearance somewhat, because of modern improvements, particularly new buildings, including the Government Palace or White House; but it is still a most picturesque capital, and the Aymara Indians, who form the bulk of the population, do not change their characteristics, which are so attractive to strangers.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

Change of Date.—It takes at least two weeks to change the date, after your subscription is renewed.

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Change of Address.—It requires three weeks time to make the change. Give both old and new address.

Subscriptions may commence with any issue.

Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

Covet Not Wealth

NOW that the business excitement of the last few months has somewhat subsided, and the financial turmoil is followed by calmer and clearer weather, we can look back over the scene as one might view a storm-strewn beach and derive a profitable and timely lesson. It is the old, old lesson of the uncertainty of riches—the folly of trusting to wealth as a source of enduring satisfaction and happiness. Truly, as the sacred philosopher wrote, "riches make themselves wings."

But there is to the Christian a supreme consolation amid all earthly losses. He knows that life is simply a school of experience, in which we are to search out and follow the divine will, as revealed to us through Jesus, and he knows that it is madness to waste his best energies in the race for riches. If we obey the Christly mandate to seek first the kingdom, we can safely leave the rest in God's hands, with the comforting assurance that a blessing will rest on our labor and all things needful to our existence here will be supplied.

To make wealth our main object in life is to grasp the shadow and miss the substance. Let us therefore not covet the riches of others, but strive to make the best of our own lot in life and envy none. He who makes the accumulation of money his chief object in life becomes a slave to his erstwhile servant; for there comes a time when the money takes the reins in hand and assumes the mastery. "Ye cannot serve God and mammon."

Heathenism in India

NORTHERN India was the scene, a few weeks ago, of a remarkable religious festival in which over half a million men and women participated. By bathing in the yellow waters of the Ganges, these poor deluded souls believed, as their priests taught them, that they were washing away their sins and the sins of their ancestors, back to the earliest ages of the race. It was the *Ardhodoy Yog*, or "Festival of Salvation," and it occurs only about four times in a century. The word "*Yog*" means "combination," and indicates that the stars must be in a certain favorable position at the precise date of the festival, otherwise no spiritual benefit will result. For this great occasion the native women dress in their costliest robes and bedeck themselves with gold and jewels. Arrayed in this finery, they enter the muddy river and, imploring the blessing of the black goddess Kali, submerge themselves in its waters. The men, also attired in their best, do likewise and the whole multitude—equal to the entire population of many a large American city—dip and flounder amid the clangor of bells, the sounding of conch shells and the beating of tom-toms. At the close of the festival, the great assembly disperses and the next day sees the river practically deserted.

This is sad picture of the heathenism which prevails throughout a large portion of India to-day. Multitudes are yet unenlightened and have never heard the Gospel proclaimed. Their worship of Kali, "goddess of a thousand names," who slew a many-headed giant and danced with joy until she shook the foundations of the earth and until all the heathen gods begged her to stop, is still prevalent throughout Bengal. Her images are made and sold by the thousand. In Hindu mythology, she is characterized as a female Satan, sanguinary, brutal, drunken, who delights in offerings of the blood of tigers and men. All the professional criminals of India are her special devotees. It is demon-worship of the most pronounced character. There is perhaps no gloomier or more repellent impersonation in the whole range of mythology.

A century of missionary effort has done much for India; but the work that still remains is so great that Christian men and women in every land must recognize the need of increasing their efforts for its speedy evangelization. Enlightenment can come from no other source. The white man's civilization, while it admirably guarantees to subject races the free exercise of their own religion, by that very guarantee serves in many parts of the world to foster and perpetuate the worst forms of heathenism. It helps the material man, but is indifferent to the spiritual, and cares little or nothing for the great struggle now going on, not only in India, but in many missionary lands, between the powers of light and darkness. The glorious Gospel is the world's only hope. Through its convincing and converting power, the heathen races will yet be made to realize that neither sacrifice to idols, nor bathing in the turbid waters of a river, but the blood of Christ alone can wash away sin.

The President's Message

ON March 25 President Roosevelt sent to Congress a special message which, both because of its brevity and the importance of its recommendations, received more than the ordinary popular attention. He urged upon that body immediate legislation on the following topics:

A bill should be passed forbidding child labor throughout the nation. A model child-labor law should be passed for the District of Columbia. It was unfortunate, the President stated, that in the one place solely dependent upon Congress for its legislation there should be no law whatever to protect children by forbidding or regulating their labor.

The re-enactment of an employer's liability law, so drawn as to conform to the recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States.

To provide for compensation to employees of the Government for injuries or death incurred in its service.

The modification of injunction practice in labor disputes, so that no restraints be issued without due notice, the hearing for a permanent injunction to be heard by the court within a reasonable time and the settlement of the issue of contempt to be decided by another judge than the one issuing the injunction.

The Interstate Commerce Law should be amended so as to make railroad traffic agreements subject to the approval of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, with the publishment of all the details; also making it a duty of that body to pass upon the issuance of securities by railroads doing an interstate commerce business.

The Attorney-General should be empowered to appoint at least one of the receivers when a common carrier or other public utility is placed under a receivership.

The Anti-Trust Law should be amended so that there will be no further excuse for a construction so sweeping as to prohibit every combination for the doing of business. Combinations in the modern industrial world were absolutely necessary both among business men and laboring men, and they were becoming necessary among farmers. The substantive part of the present law should remain unchanged, that is, every contract in restraint of trade among the States and with foreign nations should be illegal; but the right of all to peaceful combination for all lawful purposes should be explicitly recognized. Nothing should be done to legalize either the blacklist or the boycott.

It was urgently necessary that there should be some action this session on the financial bills before both houses. Action should be taken to establish postal savings banks. They are needed for the benefit of the wage earner and the man of small means, and would be a valuable adjunct to the whole financial system.

The present Congress should provide for the collection of data for use in revising the tariff by the Congress elected next fall. The President said that there was one change in the tariff that could be made at once to the advantage of the country. The forests need protection, and one method of protecting them would be to put upon the free list wood pulp, with a corresponding reduction upon paper made from wood pulp, when it comes from any country that does not put an export duty upon it.

Finally, a permanent waterway commission should be created. "Congress should recognize the fact that the subject of the conservation of our natural resources with which this commission deals is literally vital for the future of the nation." Numerous bills had been introduced, none of which give the Government the right to make a reasonable charge for the valuable privilege. He said he should be obliged to veto any measure that did not set a time limit and allow the collection of a reasonable charge.

It is expected that Congress will consider most of the foregoing recommendations during the present session.

The Affection of Animals

IN the movement for the legal abolition of vivisection, our dumb friends are finding warm and enthusiastic advocates of their claims on humanity. So many readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have written us on the subject that we are compelled to regard the movement as one that is rapidly extending throughout the country.

One of the most effective arguments we have yet met, against the brutal treatment of the lower animals, was recently related by a physician, himself an ardent vivisectionist. He said:

"Some time ago, I got a little dog from a friend. He was a mongrel of no particular breed. I had heard so much about a dog's affection for its master that I resolved to test the matter for myself, so I treated the little animal very kindly. As the weeks passed, his demonstrations of affection became very marked. He would run up to me, leaping, barking and wagging his tail when I entered the house, his eyes fairly dancing with excitement; nor would he be satisfied until I had patted him on the head and he had licked my hand. He was a nice, cute little fellow, and I grew to like him amazingly; so much so that, when the time arrived for making the test in question, I rather regretted it.

"Well, first I cut off his tail, fixed up the wound properly, and then waited. There was no apparent abatement of his affection towards me, for almost as soon as I had finished with the bandage, he was licking my hand and fussing over it. Next, both ears were sacrificed in the interest of science, but still no diminution. Then one of his hind feet was lopped off and even that did not make the slightest difference. He would still stump around after me as eagerly as before, bark as joyously and lick my hand just as fondly as ever. I had never thought such affection could be shown by an animal. One foot after another was taken off. Now, thought I, he will certainly regard me as an enemy; but he did not. The little fellow, to the last, showed his love for me, so that I grew to be heartily ashamed of myself."

This dog died "in the interest of science" some time afterward. It would be difficult, in the whole range of animal history, to find a more touching and convincing proof than this, of the love and fidelity of man's faithful friend for his master, no matter how brutal, inexcusable, or monstrous the latter may be in his conduct toward him. We commend the story to the supporters of vivisection, and trust that it may not be without its effect.

Among the Workers

—MISSIONARY C. C. VINTON, of Seoul, Korea, writes: "Our girls' school here is doing a fine work for nearly fifty pupils, but the appropriation for its use is much too small."

—MRS. JOSEPH MIZELL, Superintendent Woman's Home Mission Society, Tampa, Fla., is conducting a relief work in aid of the Cuban Mission, which has been a severe sufferer by the late disastrous conflagration in Tampa.

MISSIONARY A. R. STARK, of Callao, writes from Colon: "At Sabanilla, Colombia, we had the pleasure of greeting the missionaries of the American Presbyterian Mission. They report a very successful year's work and encouraging increase of membership."

—ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA., was stirred greatly by a revival during three weeks in February. The evangelist was Rev. B. J. Phillips, of Macon, Ga., assisted by Rev. M. E. Jackson, of the Ancient City Baptist Church, and Rev. J. H. Martin, of Grace Methodist Church. Many made public confession of Christ.

—WILLIAM R. BRADSHAW, Pacific Coast Field Secretary of the Commercial Travelingmen's Christian Association, writes from San Francisco: "We start an evangelistic campaign for fifteen days under the leadership of Melvin E. Trotter, of Grand Rapids, Mich. Pray for us in San Francisco, that God will marvelously bless our sin-steeped city."

—IN THE UNION Tabernacle meetings of all the churches of Shenandoah, Ia., where evangelists Hart and Magann, of Fairbury, Ill., recently conducted services, there were some 6,000 people in attendance one Sunday and more than 130 who definitely accepted Christ during the day, mostly men. The city and surrounding community were greatly stirred.

—MORE THAN 1,000 CONVERSIONS, a majority young men, is one of the results of the notable evangelistic campaign just closed at Mount Vernon, O. Rev. Milford H. Lyon, of Wheaton, Ill., led the movement. A chorus of 300 singers, led by Mr. Clifton Powers, proved a great attraction. Special meetings were held for business men, for factory workers and for high school students. During the month, Mr. Lyon spoke nearly 70 times. A tabernacle seating nearly 3,000 was built expressly for the meetings. The entire expense, including a generous offering for the evangelist, was raised by collections.

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THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

A Prince's Wedding

SELDOM has a wedding not of royal rank brought together so many distinguished personages as that recently solemnized in the city of Coburg. The bride was the Princess Eleanor of Reuss-Kostritz and the bridegroom Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria. Neither of them can boast of their youth, for the Prince is in his forty-eighth year and his bride is a year older. Their family connections, however, are so numerous and occupy positions so illustrious in the estimation of their countrymen as to render the union a matter of interest in many ancient palaces. Some idea of the long pedigree of which the bride can boast is obtained from the fact that she was conducted to the altar by her brother, Prince Henry, who is the twenty-fourth of his name to occupy the princely throne of Reuss. Her husband also comes of an ancient family. Though he has ruled his present principality only since 1887, and was the first of his family to occupy that position, he can claim on his father's side descent from the princes of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and on his mother's side from the Bourbons through King Louis Philippe, who was his maternal grandfather. The marriage was the second he has made. His first wife, who died in 1899, was Marie Louise, Princess of Bourbon-Parme. The issue of that marriage was two sons and two daughters, the eldest of whom, Prince Boris, is heir to the throne of Bulgaria. After the ceremony, at which the guests wore their princely robes and decorations, making a most resplendent show, the couple retired to Gera, the capital of the territory of the younger branch of the bride's family. This city, the seat of government, has a population of 46,909. The population of the entire principality is only 144,584, while the population of the principality ruled by the elder branch of the family, in the person of Henry XXIV., is only 70,603. The area of this little principality is 120 square miles, or one-tenth the size of Rhode Island. It is amusing to think of the pride such people take in the long line of their ancestors, regarding themselves as being superior to others on that ground alone. The tendency, however, is not a new one. John the Baptist had to reprove it in his day.

Think not to say within yourselves, We have Abraham to our father; for I say unto you, that God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham. (Matt. 3: 9.)

The Oldest Temple in the World

A cable dispatch to the New York *Sun* states that a temple has been partially uncovered in Bisya, in ancient Babylonia, which antedates all other buildings hitherto found. The walls of the tower were first uncovered and the summit cleared. The first inscription on the surface was on a brick stamped with the name Dungi, which goes back to 2750 B.C. A little lower appeared a crumpled piece of gold with the name Param Sim, who lived in 3720 B.C. Just below were large square bricks, peculiar to the reign of Sargon, 3800 B.C., who was probably the first of the Semitic kings of Babylonia. A large platform was discovered two and a half yards below the surface, which was constructed of peculiar convex bricks such as were used in building material 4500 B.C. This would apparently make the building nearly 6,500 years old, if not older; but it is not at all certain that the antiquarians may not err in their calculations. If they are right, it is remarkable that the oldest building in the world should have been a temple, but there is reason to fear that at a period antedating that of Abraham, it must have been an idol temple and not one for the worship of the true God.

The times of ignorance God overlooked, but now he commandeth men that they should all everywhere repent. (Acts 17: 30, R.V.)

A Hundred Dead Trains

The short-circuiting of a high potential feed cable, one evening last week, put a hundred moving trains on the four elevated railroads of New York out of business. The accident occurred at an hour when seven 5,000 kilowatt generators are whirring out the power to move the trains, loaded to the doors with home-seeking workers. By a system of automatic checks such a short circuit stops the generators—if it didn't there would be trouble—and it is also automatically recorded which cable has broken down. Four branch stations on the East Side and three on the West Side receive the high voltage alternating current which the main station generates, and although making no power themselves, step down this high voltage electricity into a current of lower intensity and a continuous instead of a throbbing flow which can be used best on the third rail. All these branch stations, of course, went out when the generators died and the system lay paralyzed. Every train stopped, and its lights went out. Passengers in trains that had stopped near a station, walked through the cars to the platform, but many sat still in the dark cars till the whole trouble was remedied, which was done in about twenty minutes. It was a suggestive spectacle, that of one hundred rushing trains, with their complete apparatus and running gear intact, brought to a standstill by lack of the invisible force that could in a moment set them all simultaneously in motion. There are many churches in similar condition with perfect organization, but needing the power that God alone can give by his Spirit.

From the London Sphere

Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria and his Bride

I know thy works, that thou hast a name, that thou livest and art dead. (Rev. 3: 1.)

A Human Bridge

An imperiled family in a New York tenement house was rescued from a horrible death a few days ago by the ingenuity of two policemen. They detected a fire and turned in an alarm, but before the engines arrived they perceived that a young man, his wife and two children were in imminent danger. They were in a flat on the sixth floor of the house and the flames appeared to have filled the hall on which the flat opened. There was no fire-escape there, though there was one at a window on the same floor east of the roaring furnace. The policemen made their way to that room and one of them, lying flat and stretching out his hands, reached to a narrow ledge of masonry, just below the window of the room in which the imperiled family stood. His body formed a living bridge. It was tested first by the woman, the other policeman standing well forward and holding out his hands. Then the husband passed the two children along and finally stepped over the bridge himself. The heroic policeman held firmly until his comrade told him all was well and helped him to drag his strained limbs to safety. He must have had extraordinary physical strength, as well as moral courage. Few would have run so great a risk for the rescue of strangers. As we admire such heroism and self-forgetfulness, let us not fail to remember that the whole human race has been delivered by such heroic qualities in their supreme degree.

Ye who sometime were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ. (Eph. 2: 13.)

A Deferred Inheritanc

One of the watchmen working for a firm of metal dealers in Long Island City has asked for a certificate of steadiness and good conduct. Pressed to explain his motive, he stated that he was not serving under his true name. He said he was a German baron, and produced documentary evidence in support of his claim. While serving in the German Naval Academy he had become involved in a quarrel with a man of influence and fought a duel with him. Fearing punishment, he came to America. He had lived successively in no less than eight of our large cities, generally serving on the police force. He never made any progress, for when he was rising in favor, he grew tired of the job and moved to another city and another occupation. He said he could not overcome his restlessness and what Germans call *wanderlust*. His family urged him to return, and assured him that he would not be punished for an offense committed more than twenty years before. He seldom received these letters until they had been remailed several times, and they produced no result. But he had learned now that his mother, who had always loved him and yearned for him, has left him all her property, on condition that he settle down somewhere, and prove that he has overcome his *wanderlust* by holding some regular employment for a few years. He wants the certificate from the metal dealers, so that the period he has been in their service may be counted into his term of probation. His mother knew his character, and was wise in stipulating that he give proof of his change before taking possession of the fortune. It is not so that God deals with his wandering children. They receive their inheritance at once, and he gives them the power to serve their probation afterward.

I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish. (John 10: 28.)

A Fatal Disguise

A singular story coming from Black Creek, Wis., is published by the New York *Herald*. It states that a school teacher of Black Creek recently attended a masquerade ball in an adjacent town. She chose to disguise herself in the shape usually used to depict Satan, and she accordingly prepared grease and paints after the theatrical methods to give her face and hands the tinge ascribed to the diabolic regions. The ball was a pronounced success and the school teacher's costume was the most striking in the room. But she had trusted to her own ideas about the grease and paint, instead of obtaining advice from some theatrical costumier. The result was that when she retired after the ball she was unable to remove the relics of the night's pleasure. She tried for some time, until, wearied out, she went to bed and to sleep in the disguise. The next day, all efforts proving unavailing, a physician was called in, who sent her to a hospital. There she died from blood-poisoning a few days afterwards. Perhaps any other make-up would have had the same result; but her choice of that character indicated a disposition to make a joke of a most serious and gruesome subject. It may be hoped that her desire to resemble that awful being was limited to his traditional appearance. It would be very sad if she had wished to resemble him in character.

Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do. (John 8: 44.)

A RICHLY ENDOWED ORPHANAGE

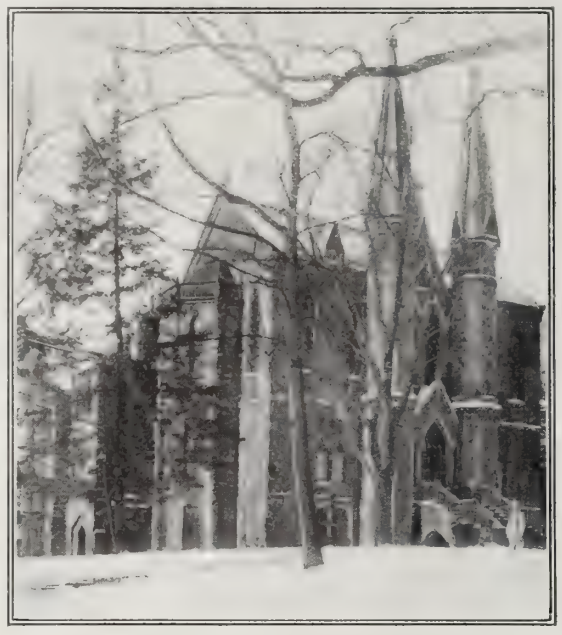
AFTER hiding in modest seclusion for nearly half a century, one of the finest orphanages in the world, founded by private funds, has been thrown into the limelight through the extension of the city of Philadelphia to its gates.

As with many other charities that owe their origin to bequests made long ago, the property acquired for the orphanage has become in course of time immensely valuable.

Forty-eight years ago, Eliza Howard, widow of Edward Shippen Burd, died, leaving a bequest of about $700,000 to build and endow a permanent home for orphan girls, in connection with St. Stephen's Church, Philadelphia. Mrs. Burd was born in the Quaker City in 1793, and was of an old and prominent Philadelphia family. She married at the age of seventeen, and with wealth, position, and a happy home, the future looked particularly bright for the bride. But great benefactions do not often grow out of fulfilled human hopes. The orphanage had its beginning in the laceration of a woman's heart.

From her marriage until she was left in her splendid home, thirty-nine years later, Mrs. Burd's life was a succession of bereavements. Of eight children, only three lived beyond infancy, and these, a son and two daughters, died at the ages of fifteen, twenty-four and twenty-nine. Mr. Burd died in 1849. The widow devoted her life to charitable works, and seven years later laid the foundation for the Burd Orphanage in two houses at the rear of her residence. Here twelve little girls were received, fed, clothed, and taught. The cots occupied by these first recipients of the Burd bounty are still preserved.

From this small beginning, Mrs. Burd resolved to establish an institution for the education and training, first, of the orphans of the clergy of the church and the better class of children, for whom no suitable provision in common homes and asylums had been made. For this purpose, in 1859, she added a codicil to her will, bequeathing her estate to the rector, church wardens and vestrymen of St. Stephen's Church, to establish, maintain and support an institution "to be called, in honor of her beloved husband, the Burd Orphan Asylum of St. Stephen's Church." The will enjoins that "all the children received into the asylum shall be faithfully instructed as a part of their education in the principles of the precious Gospel of Christ, as they are taught and held in the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States." Mrs. Burd died in 1860, aged sixty-seven. Upon her death, trustees purchased the present site of the orphanage, fifty odd acres, and began the erection of the stately Gothic pile which, three years later, opened its doors in welcome. The land and buildings cost upwards of $175,000 and the available endowment of the home is a clear half million. The orphanage has never had to come before the public hat in hand. Its field, too, is in a sense restricted, since it aims to help, first, girls of educated parentage, especially the children of Episcopal ministers, and to bring them up to such occupations as might have been chosen for them by their parents, had the latter been spared. There are about eighty girls in the orphanage.



Main Building of the Orphanage

The spacious, sloping grounds are very beautiful. A winding drive skirts the great lawn, having on its left the sunny pasture where the Asylum cattle graze. On the rear lawn groups of girls may be seen at play in their neat blue-and-white striped dresses.

The style of architecture is early English Gothic, and the buildings are arranged in the form of a Greek cross. A handsome tower surmounts the chapel and main entrance. On passing through the entrance hall of the central building into the square rotunda, one sees on every hand the glitter of cut glass and crystal pendants. Surprise deepens into wonder on entering the reception room and confronting the white and gold magnificence of a set of Gobelin tapestry brought by Mrs. Burd from Paris, and once the property of the hapless queen Marie Antoinette. Here is a library of four thousand volumes, family portraits and busts, and a royal collection of china, cut glass, and bric-a-brac.

An interesting first floor apartment is the large sewing room, where the girls sit at their work. A relic of the founder's home is here in the shape of a dining table of solid mahogany, thirty-six feet long. In this room, besides the sewing machines, stand the telegraph and typewriting apparatus. The orphanage has sent out a large number of stenographers, teachers, needle-workers, bookkeepers, saleswomen and clerks.

Philadelphia, Pa. H. D. JONES.

In the Orphanage Sewing-Room at St. Stephen's Church, Philadelphia

A Beautiful Volume

Dear Dr. Klopsch: The Bible came to-day. I congratulate myself that I am one of the fortunate ones to possess such a beautiful Bible. From cover to cover the whole book is as soft and rich to the touch as satin or velvet. JENNIE L. BLAISDELL.

MOTHERS IN A WORLD CONGRESS

AT the First International Conference on the Welfare of the Child, in the Metropolitan Methodist Church, Washington, March 10-17, the expansion of the National Congress of Mothers to a world-wide organization was formally signalized. The Conference was a consensus of expert opinion, achievement, suggestion and plans on behalf of the best interests of the child and the home.

That "internationalism" in work for home and child training could be accomplished right here in America, was the significant suggestion of the representatives from Greece, Hungary and Turkey. That devoted patriot and consecrated teacher, Miss Sevasti Callisperi, of Athens, Greece, a woman of high Christian culture, and inspector of schools for girls in Greece, at the close of a graphic review of conditions in her own land, made an earnest appeal for the 150,000 Greeks in America. "Be like mothers to them," she pleaded. She urged that the Congress should aid in providing instruction for the young Greek children in America.

Care for the 100,000 Macedonians and the 50,000 Albanians here was eloquently urged by Miss Ellen Stone, the former captive missionary.

To urge the Mothers' Congress to help the native women and children, whom he describes as cruelly ill-treated and held as slaves by the Portuguese traders of West Africa, was the object of General Francois Joubert Pienaar. He was obliged to leave his home in Angola, West Africa, because of his opposition to the conditions of slavery which he declares he found there. The need for help in Persia, where there is a great awakening to higher ideals of home and national life, was impressed by Mrs. Josephine Cowles, sister of President Roosevelt, and also by the Persian minister.

The introduction of the Juvenile Court in Hungary was the theme of Philip Rottenbiller, LL.D., a prominent philanthropist and lawyer of Budapest, sent by Emperor Franz Joseph as his country's representative to the Conference. Great Britain's contribution to the symposium was the work of the British Mothers' Union, a church organization, now numbering over 275,000.

The beginning of Mothers' Congress work in Mexico was announced by two delegates appointed by the Mexican Government, Senora Lopez (who stated that in the city of Mexico at the present time there is a large day nursery for 1,000 children under the watchful care of President Diaz), and Senorita Estefiana Castaneda, supervisor of the twenty-six free public kindergartens of Mexico City. This lady was sent to Washington by the Mexican Republic to study the methods of the Mothers' Circles here.

Delegates appointed by the Governors of over thirty States—experts in child-training, charity workers, skilled educators and home-makers—came with practical plans for the consideration of the Congress. President Roosevelt, in his opening address at the White House, where he, with Mrs. Roosevelt, Mrs. Longworth, Miss Ethel Roosevelt, Miss Carow, Mrs. Cowles and other members of the Presidential family and household, heartily received the Congress), bespoke the mothers' co-operation for a complete training for their vocation in life, both for the boys who were to become artisans and mechanics, and for the girls who were to become mothers and home-makers; and for playgrounds for the children everywhere.

Plans for a National Mothers' and Children's Building, to serve for a national headquarters at Washington, and as a memorial to the late founder of the National Congress of Mothers, Mrs. Theodore Birney, were submitted.

Mrs. Frederic Schoff was elected President for another term of three years.

An amendment to the Federal Constitution was advocated giving the Government power to deal with polygamy.

J. A. S.

Mrs. E. C. Grice
National Secretary

Mrs. Frank R. Hill
President of the Congress

Mrs. David O. Mears
Vice President

How to Gain Christ's Commendation

*By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts**

"JESUS had been in retirement at a little town in the east country, called Ephraim, and had come by way of Perea, across the Jordan by Jericho to Bethany. But for the brow of the ill Olivet, Jerusalem would have been i sight. What was the Passover to which sus was going?" It was the chief annual ast among the Jews, typifying the sacifice of Christ, the Lamb of God, and also mmemorating the time just preceding e Exodus when the firstborn of the ebrews were saved from death by the rinkling of blood upon the door posts and ntels, causing the death angel to "pass er." This was the fourth Passover in e life of Christ. He had cast the traders t of the temple when he attended the st Passover; at the second, he had the ntroversy about the Sabbath with the harisees. He probably did not attend e third Passover. At this, the fourth ssover, he was to be crucified, according prophecy.

The Anointing

"Where Lazarus was." What a peculiar easure it was to Christ to find Lazarus ere, him whom he had raised from the ad! Those who have rescued others from ath may know something about how sus felt. The medal which the rescuer ceives is the smallest part of the ward, and not to be compared ith the satisfaction which noble ing brings.

"There they made a supper; and artha served." We are told in ark's Gospel, also in Matthew, at a supper was given in the use of Simon the leper, but hether the occasion was the same a disputed question. The wom-, the act and Christ's comment the two cases all differ. Simon as a restored leper, else he could t have invited guests to his house. hy did Martha serve? In some ay there was an intimate family lation that has not been exained. She may simply have ne to render a neighboly service, ich as is not uncommon to-day.

"Lazarus was one of them that t at the table with him." How ould we feel to sit with one who d been coffined? A telegram as received one day by a son, hich read, "Father funeral next hursday." It was a shock ineed, and immediate preparations ere begun for the son to start on journey to his father's funeral. ut just before train time the ther walked into the son's house, ying that he had come to make visit. The second shock was lmost as great as the first. There emed to be something almost nncanny about the father's person. t was afterwards explained that ne telegram should have read, Father is wanted to conduct a neral on Thursday" (for he as a pastor). Certainly Jesus did not el that Lazarus was uncanny, but some t the supper may have felt so. The perpnality of Jesus was over all. Some one as said, "Jesus in the home at Bethany as like the ark of God in the home of bed-edom, blessing it beyond measure." t must have been so as he sat in the house f Simon.

"Then Mary took a pound of ointment f spikenard, very costly, and anointed he feet of Jesus." Judas gives us the alue of the spikenard, when he said in rowling criticism, "It might have been old for three hundred pence." As a 'penny" was equal to about sixteen cents, hat would make the spikenard to be worth bout forty-eight dollars. But if we estinate the value in day's wages received in hose times, it must have had a value of earer three or four hundred dollars. o-day women in Palestine receive twelve ents a day for carrying dirt in buckets on heir heads out of the excavations at Gezer; t that rate, a woman would have to work our hundred days, or more than fifteen nonths, to earn such a gift. We are not told how Mary came into possession of so precious a thing. But it was none too good to bestow in loving gratitude on him who had been her teacher and the restorer of her brother.

Mary "anointed the feet of Jesus, and wiped them with her hair." It was not ointment as we know it to-day, but more like attar of roses in consistency, a liquid perfume, and said to have an odor like valerian and patchouli mixed together. Shall we say that Mary humbled herself by wiping the feet of Jesus with her hair? No, but rather that in honoring him, she honored herself. The house was filled with the odor. And so has the world been filled with it for almost nineteen centuries. And it is a sweetness that will never pass away, not even with this world; for surely since good works do follow the doers, it will also be odorous in heaven.

"Let her alone: against the day of my burying hath she done this." Jesus by these words set the seal of his approval upon what Mary had done. And it was a rebuke to Judas, who had found fault with Mary for the waste. In the judgment of Judas, it would have been better to have sold it and have put the proceeds in the bag that he carried, ostensibly to be given to the poor. That it was a misjudgment we know, for Christ rebuked Judas.

Jesus saw more in Mary's act than any one present there. An ineffaceable vision flashed upon all the feasters for an instant; they saw their Lord dead. Who among them would grudge the dead the last anointing? What man among them would think frankincense and myrrh too precious for the dead Master? But they grudged it to him living. It is there that the saying of Christ becomes so poignant. As Dr. Dawson says: "They grudged him the gift of Mary as we grudge the frankness and tenderness of affection to them we love when they are with us, giving them scant words and cold glances, and little sympathy or consideration, until a day comes when all our words are spoken to deaf ears and our tears fall fruitlessly upon a frozen forehead."

The Jews and the Message

"The chief priests consulted that they might put Lazarus to death." Why did they want to kill Lazarus? The Sadducees, to which sect many of the priests belonged, taught that there was no resurrection, and with the resurrected Lazarus in sight it was hard for them to hold their doctrine. Other Jews, not Sadducees, feared the influence of Jesus, whom they would not acknowledge as the Son of God. Notwithstanding this, "many of the Jews went away and believed on Jesus." A Jewish Christian minister one day made an appeal on behalf of the Jews to a large audience of Christian people in New York City. Among other things he said: "Preach the Gospel to the Jews. Think of them as a people who have never heard the Gospel: they have not heard it as you know it." It was quite a new thought to many people—a new view of the Jewish question.

Mary's Penitence

Central Truth. How can we act in the spirit of Mary?

It is not the deed we do,
Though the deed be never so fair,
But the love that the dear Lord looketh for
Hidden with holy care
In the heart of the deed so fair.

The love is the priceless thing,
The treasure, our treasure must hold;
Or even the Lord will take the gift,
Or tell the worth of the gold,
By the love that cannot be told.

But love cannot be pure that has not penitence in it. Indeed, we have no right to say that we love God until we are sorry for our sins and try to stop doing them. In the Christian life, the prayer of the penitent is as the oath of loyalty: "God be merciful to me a sinner." And penitence should be shown not only in words but in deeds. There must not be confusion of mind between penitence and penance. In "doing penance," one does some painful act under the direction of a priest to gain absolution of sin; but penitence is from the heart, and finds expression in some deed of love. Such was Mary's gift when she poured the precious ointment upon Jesus' feet.

And there is still another view-point to be taken of penitence. It is said of Aristotle, that great man of Greece, that he would lie down to sleep with a brass ball in either hand, which would drop into metal vessels at his side, when he would be entirely overcome with sleep, "dead asleep." The partial arousement which would come from the dropping of the balls was intended to moderate sleep, and so heighten intellectual capacity. And so it will be with us if we remember our sins: we shall be saved from self-righteousness, and kept alive to the blessing of salvation through what our Saviour has done for us.

Take for example that other woman who also brought an alabaster box of ointment, and anointed the feet of Jesus and wiped them with her hair. (Luke 7: 36-50.) She is nameless, it is only said that she was "a sinner." She also had critics. Jesus answered them by saying: "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much; but to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little."

But with love and penitence there must be mingled service, a service based upon self-sacrifice. We may not know how much that box of precious ointment cost Mary; but the more it cost, the sweeter was the opportunity to pour it out upon Jesus. We may get an illustration of self-sacrifice and the love that prompts it from the bird world.

Have you heard the tale of the pelican,
The Arab's gim-elbar?
That lives in African solitudes,
Where birds that live lonely are?
Have you heard how she loves her tender young,
And strives and toils for their good?
She brings them water from mountains afar,
And fishes the sea for their food.
In famine she feeds them what love can devise-
The blood of her bosom, and feeding them dies.

You have heard these tales: shall I tell you one,
A nobler and better than all?
Have you heard of him whom the heavens adore
Before whom the hosts of them fall?
How he left the choirs and anthems above
For earth in her wailings and woes,
To suffer the shame and pain of the cross,
And to die for the life of his foes?
O Prince of the noble! O Sufferer divine!
What sorrow, what sacrifice equal to thine?

We call it "instinct" in birds, but it is a God-given instinct to sacrifice for love's sake.

Unhappy Lives

Phillips Brooks said: "As one looks round upon the community to-day, how clear the problem of hundreds of unhappy lives appears! Do we not all know men for whom it is just as clear as daylight that that is what they need, the sacrifice of themselves for other people? Rich men who, with all their wealth, are weary and wretched; learned men whose learning only makes them querulous and jealous; believing men whose faith is always souring into bigotry and envy. Every man knows what these men need: just something which shall make them let themselves go out into the open ocean of a complete self-sacrifice. They are rubbing and fretting against the wooden wharves of their own interest, to which they are tied."

Said Garibaldi to his men: "I can offer you only hunger and danger; the earth for a bed, the sun for a fire; but let all who do not despair of the fortunes of Italy follow me," and with such an army the brave leader gave freedom to his country. A greater than Garibaldi has said: "He that findeth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." In the spirit of those words many disciples of Jesus have gone forth to do battle with sin.

Shortly before her death in 1845, Elizabeth Fry said to her daughter, "Since my heart was touched at seventeen years old, I believe I never have awakened from sleep, in sickness or in health, by day or by night, without my first waking thought being how I might best serve my Lord."

The alabaster box had to be broken before the ointment could be taken out. We are told in Psalms 51: 17 that the services which we render to God must be out of a broken heart, a heart from which has been removed the seal of self. "Less of self and more of Thee." "This is the constant prayer of every earnest Christian. Selfishness and Christ cannot control our hearts at once."

At last comes the epitaph upon the tombstone. Christ never lifted a hand to build a monument but once, and that was when he blessed the sentiment of love in Mary, who undertook to show her gratitude to him. He said: "Wherever my Gospel shall be preached throughout the wide world, in all time, this shall be told a memorial of her."

"This woman, since the time I came in, has not ceased to kiss my feet"

* **International Sunday School Lesson for April 9, 1908.** Jesus anointed at Bethany, John 12: 1-11. GOLDEN TEXT: "We love him, because he first loved us." I. John 4: 19.

Questions and Answers

L. L. H., Oakvale, W. Va. What is meant by the thorn in the flesh (II. Cor. 12: 7), which Paul said was sent to him as a messenger from Satan?

It was evidently something that irritated and humiliated him in his ministerial work. He does not tell us what it was. Some think it was an affection of the eyes, basing their opinion on his remark (Gal. 4:15), that the people loved him so well that they would have given him their eyes had it been possible. Others think that it was stammering, basing their opinion on his remark (II. Cor. 10: 10), that his enemies said his speech was contemptible. He was given to boasting, as is obvious in his epistles, and God, who knows the faults of his servants, allowed this to come upon him, whatever it was, to make him humble.

Oregon Reader. What has become of the transport *Buford* that carried THE CHRISTIAN HERALD supplies to China last year?

The *Buford* is actively engaged in the government service between America and the Philippine Islands. About two weeks ago she left Manila, bound home, with several hundred soldiers whose time of service in the archipelago had expired.

T. M. G., Liberty, Tenn. 1. Is there any possibility of the ark of the covenant being found? 2. Is it true that Jeremiah buried it? 3. May he not have buried it in the land that he bought? 4. Where did he die?

1. Yes, it will probably be found. Overlaid so thickly with gold as it was, it is unlikely that it has perished. 2. There is a statement in II. Maccabees 2: 4, that by divine direction the ark was taken across the river to Mount Nebo, and that there Jeremiah found a hollow chamber in which it was placed. A question arose as to its being found again, but accoring to the historian, Jeremiah replied that the hiding place would remain unknown until God restored his people to his favor and to their land. This of course is tradition. 3. Jeremiah bought the land for an entirely different purpose and it is little likely to have afforded facilities for concealment. 4. The prophet was carried forcibly into Egypt after the destruction of Jerusalem. He arrived safely (see Jer. 43: 8), and as we see later continued his denunciations of his people for deserting God. There is a tradition that he was stoned to death at Taphna, but nothing authoritative is known of him after his own statement that he was taken to Egypt against his will.

E. F. G., Fairfax, Ga. Why are rosin and turpentine called "naval stores"?

Only because they are used extensively in all shipyards. Supplies that are used in the building, repair, or operation of ships, are called "naval stores," when bought for that purpose. The other question sent should be submitted to a physician or a professor in some medical school.

W. M. B., Learned, Miss. In the miracle of feeding the five thousand when did the increase of provision take place?

Read the Gospel account of the incident (John 6: 5-13). We know nothing more than is stated there. As a matter of opinion, we should think that the increase most probably took place as Jesus blessed the bread and fishes and distributed them to the disciples; but it may have been at an earlier or later stage of the miracle.

A. F., St. Thomas, N. D. 1. Is it right to have a box social in a church and auction the boxes, for the purpose of buying new hymnals? 2. We live in a neighborhood some distance from church and few people ever go to church. We used to work in church and Sunday School. Could you tell us something we might do? 3. Do you think it is possible for a man to be a successful evangelist, even if he does not have a college education, provided he is filled with the Spirit?

1. Such forms of raising money are detrimental to a church's spirituality. See Dr. Swallow's recent sermon in this paper on the subject. 2. Write to American Sunday School Union, New York City, for plans to begin Sunday School work in your neighborhood. 3. He may be successful as a soul-winner, even if he is not a highly educated man. Moody was not highly educated, and many of the foremost evangelistic workers have been men of indifferent culture, but deep spirituality and intense earnestness.

W. L. G., West Moshannon, Pa. Can a man be a good Christian who is a moderate drinker?

"Moderate drinking" is a delusion and a snare. Science, philosophy, morality and religion all tell us that indulgence in liquor is an inexcusable vice. Apart from all other considerations, is it not well to remember that the effect of our influence upon others may be such as to draw them into deadly peril? See Romans 14-21.

K. McA., Calabogie, Ont. What nationality were the soldiers who guarded the tomb of Christ?

They were Roman soldiers, and as Rome then had in her armies the representatives of many different nations, they might have belonged to almost any of the European peoples. The story you mention as to their nationality is mere speculation.

E. M. D. B., Washington, D. C., apropos of a recent article in this paper, writes:

Referring to your article entitled, "Sleeping in church," I wish to express the opinion that the one principal reason why people go to sleep during the sermon is too much choir and too little congregational singing. The choir performs four or five set pieces, very few of the words of which can be understood, and only two hymns, and when the sermon begins, which is nearly twelve o'clock, the average man, of which kind I am, is ready to go to sleep—in fact, I sometimes go to sleep while the choir is singing. What makes evangelists successful? Is it not due largely to the Gospel singing? I believe if there were Gospel songs used, congregations would be larger and more interested.

The neglect of congregational singing, and the tendency to run to oratorio or classical music, in which the congregation, for the most part, have little interest, is doubtless a cause of indifference in many churches. Good hymns, which all can sing, are to be preferred to any other and will do more to arouse interest in a congregation than the finest of set pieces.

J. B., Lincoln, Neb. What is the population of Buenos Ayres, Argentine Republic?

In 1905 it was 1,015,000.

H. W., Oxford, N. Y. I am discouraged by the statement of a Christian friend that he is perfect, while I am conscious of so many imperfections. Is it possible to attain to that state?

Do your friend's personal friends endorse his statement? Sometimes a man is not conscious of faults in himself that are conspicuous to his acquaintances. Christ bids us "Be perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect" (Matt. 5: 48). Again we are enjoined to "go on unto perfection" (Heb. 6: 1), and Peter mentions the stages (II. Peter 1: 5-8). John Wesley, the chief advocate of the doctrine in modern times, admitted that the attainment was rare. It is obvious, however, that those who strive to gain it will approach it more surely than those who make no effort. Do not forget that the nearer a man is to perfection the less he is disposed to boast.

Inquirer, Covert, Kan. What is symbolized by the description (Rev. 13: 16, 17) of the beast?

Students of prophecy are now practically agreed that it relates to the being called in other parts of Scripture, Antichrist, the Man of Sin, etc. It is believed that in the last days there will be a persecution, to which Christ referred (Matt. 24: 21) as "the great tribulation," and that this last great enemy of Christ will be endowed with such power that he can cause all Christians to be boycotted, and as in the time when the Roman Catholic Church had power to excommunicate, the true Christian will be cut off from business dealings with others.

L. P. H., Falmouth, Mass. Did Christ clear the temple twice, or do both narratives refer to the same event?

John evidently describes a cleansing that occurred early in the ministry of Christ (John 2: 13-16). That described by Matthew (21: 12) was almost at the close. The dealers probably found the temple an excellent place for the traffic, and if, as is likely, they paid for the privilege of being there, they would return when Jesus was gone. The expulsion could not be permanent unless it was supported by the priests. Therefore, when Jesus returned to keep his last Passover, he found them at the old stand and expelled them a second time.

B. R., Memphis, Tenn. Are any statistics obtainable showing the decrease of drunkenness in the U. S. Army since the passage of the Anti-Canteen Law?

The Anti-Canteen bill passed in 1900 and was signed in 1901. Judge-Advocate Davis of Washington, D. C., who has charge of all general courts martial in the army, reports that in 1900 there were 1,645 courts martial for drunkenness. In 1901 there were 1,458; 1902, 960; 1903, 811; 1904, 616; 1905, 508; 1906, 504; 1907, 476. These figures, which are official, speak for themselves, and expose the absurdity of the claim that "the operation of the Anti-Canteen Law has increased drunkenness" and courts martial.

M. M., Albany, N. Y. It would seem that rats are prolific breeders. In this section we have them in abundance, probably because of our proximity to the river. Are we specially favored in this regard, or do other countries have the same trouble?

An English writer on the subject—an expert—lately stated that there are more rats than people in Great Britain, and that each consumed food estimated at half a cent per day. A pair of rats, it is said, may be multiplied to 800 in a year. They are notorious plague-carriers and should be stamped out wherever they appear in considerable numbers, especially in cities.

N. A. C., Rockville, Conn. Do you consider it right for one who professes to be a Christian, to have drunkards around his house?

Without knowing the circumstances or the motive, we could not express an opinion. It may be that the person in question is engaged in an effort for the reform of these unfortunates and is trying, by advice and example, to win them back to the path of sobriety and right living.

Trained Orphan Children of India, and the "Unbidden Guest"

MRS. E. E. SILLIMAN, of the American Baptist Mission, Narsaravupet, Guntur, India, writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

The last payment for the India Famine Orphans has been received, and we wish to express our sincere thanks to you and the kind donors for the great help which you have rendered to these children for three years. We are indeed very grateful to you for your interest and help, and for your sympathy in this great work of making Christ known to this needy people of India. Some of the children who were on the list at the beginning are now teaching, others have entered other work, and a few of the girls have married and started Christian homes, which means much in a heathen land. This is a picture of our boarding department. The man in the dark coat is the head master, and the young man standing next to me is the assistant. The old woman at the rear on the right hand side is the girls' matron. There is a little "unbidden guest" in the front row, with uncombed hair. She is a little heathen child who wanted her picture taken, and although I asked her to go away, as she was not a pupil, she did not, so there she is, making quite a contrast to the neatly dressed Christian school children.

Miscellaneous

All orders for Esperanto *Primers*, *Vocabularies* and *Text Books* should be sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD direct, accompanied by the money for the same. The *Primers* and *Vocabularies* are 10 cents each; the *Text Books* 50 cents.

No attention can be paid to unsigned letters.

Rev. T. J. Whitaker. We thank you for the information regarding the key of the Bastile.

Subscriber, Yarmouth, N. S. One dollar covers the entire course of lessons in public speaking conducted by Dr. Haynes.

P. M. G., Fort Gage, Ill. The origin of the Christmas tree has been repeatedly explained in THE MAIL-BAG. The Christmas celebration took the place of the old Roman Saturnalia.

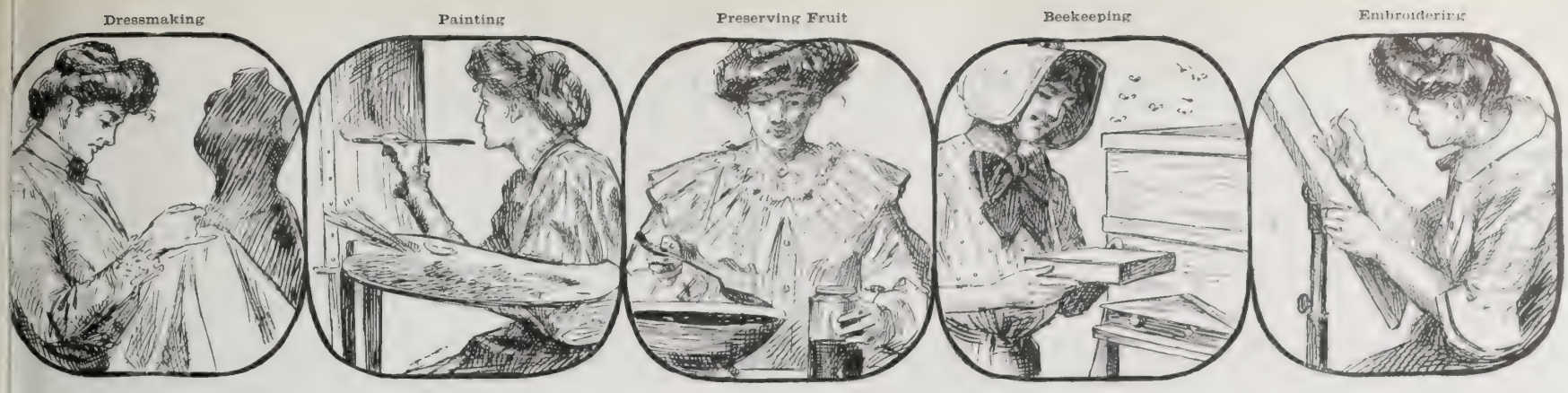
B. C. C., El Paso, Tex. Several Episcopal churches, we understand, have choirs of very young singers. Write to Prof. Tali Esen Morgan, care of the Auditorium Committee, Ocean Grove, N. J.

Subscriber, Tiffin, O. 1. Lecturers do not usually publish their lectures, but keep them as stock in trade. 2. There have been no negro disturbances in New York in many years. 3. The provision virtually amounted to a limited entail of the estate.

Subscriber, Mt. Morris, Ill. 1. Write to American Bible Society, New York, for information concerning Bible circulation. It is now printed in parts in from 300 to 400 languages and dialects. 2. All estimates as to the age of the human race are mere speculation.

Mrs. W. S. M., Honesdale, Pa. 1. We have no late information concerning Pacific coast missions. Write to the *California Christian Advocate*, San Francisco, Calif. 2. The only charge for the Public Speaking Classes is $1, for enrolment and mailing the lessons.

W. E. S., Willington, S. C. 1. If a pastor does his duty by his own flock, it will take up pretty much all of his time. Certainly, it should have the first claim on his attention. 2. A Unitarian believes in God but rejects the dogma of the Trinity; an infidel is one who does not believe in God at all, or who rejects religion generally.



SHOULD OUR WIVES BE WAGE-EARNERS?

By Margaret E. Sangster

THE wife's duty to her home does not include wage-earning unless her husband is infirm, crippled or ill. An able-bodied man should support his family. A married woman in ordinary circumstances has enough to do if she care for her house, keep her home pleasant, making it a safe harbor for her good man, and if there are children, looking after them as only a mother can. The common American mistake is to put too much effort into externals, so that life is more artificial than it should be, and simplicity is forgotten. People live without a margin because they live with a thought of what their neighbors expect of them rather than with reference to their own needs and ideals. In a great many cases it is a misfortune for a woman to earn money, if married, as either the family expenses are doubled on account of the time and strength she uses, or her husband insensibly learns to depend upon her and lessens his own attempts to bring in a sufficient income. Homemaking is woman's province, if she be wife and mother, and wage-earning is that of the husband and father.

Yet it must be conceded that thousands of women have a very great longing to earn spending money by some occupation that may be carried on at home. If, before marriage, a woman has been a skilled worker in any trade or profession, she looks back wistfully to the days when every week or every month she had the independence of her salary. There are women who carry on without seeming detriment to the comfort of their households small dressmaking or millinery businesses for their neighbors, without show or shop window or advertising of any kind. Others perhaps do embroidery, make preserves and pickles, food for invalids or delicious cake, selling these things at a Woman's Exchange. The basis of the many successful Woman's Exchanges carried on profitably, both in city and village life, is the anxiety and necessity that home-staying women feel to make a little money on which no one has a claim except themselves.

Where perfect confidence obtains between husband and wife, and both are agreed as to the style of the family living and the management of whatever income there is, a wife is sure to have some money at her command which she may use, save or bestow without reference to her husband. There are churlish husbands who might easily make their wives far happier than they are by greater liberality. A wife hates to beg for what she needs, and to have money doled to her as though she were a mendicant. In excess of such cases is a vast army of men who work hard and make little and have all they can possibly do to provide shelter, fuel and fire, clothing and shoes and pay doctor's bills. They would gladly give their wives money were it in their power, but it is always an elusive hope, and they never reach the place where the ground is firm beneath their feet. From the wives of these men comes the earnest cry, "Tell me how I can earn a little money for myself?"

Sometimes there is an aged mother or an invalid sister whom the wife is fain to help. Sometimes there is a charity dear to her heart, and again there is a wish to give lessons in music or drawing to a gifted child whose talent ought to be developed.

Notably the wish of women to earn money at home is founded on unselfish motives; not for their own gratification, but that they may add to the comfort and well-being of others are they willing to rise up early and sit up late and forego personal ease.

A few hints may be given to those who are eager to thus augment a scanty purse, yet can see no way of accomplishing their purpose. Do not try to secure work too far away from home. Strangers have no interest in you, they know nothing of your capabilities, they cannot give you practical counsel and they usually have people of their own near at hand whom they wish to assist. People have discovered gold in their own back-yards before now. It may be that a woman, if near a city market, can raise chickens, vegetables or flowers for sale. One little woman remote from markets discovered her opportunity in the artistic pressing of the beautiful wild flowers growing in her vicinity, classifying and labelling them, and gradually building up for herself a demand that paid her for her efforts. A woman early widowed and unable to leave home on account of little children sent specimens of her exquisite plain sewing to various great ladies, known to her only by name. Beginning with a few small orders, in the course of a few years she has so enlarged her business that she now employs between thirty and fifty women, and sends her beautiful work all over the country.

To succeed in wage-earning at home, a woman must have initiative, courage and immense perseverance. Only here and there one achieves a marked success, yet there are many who, by the exercise of skill in some quiet way, manage to get a fair return for their work, and add a little week by week to their private exchequer. If this can be done without injury to health or nervous exhaustion, it seems unfair to treat it as objectionable or beneath wifely dignity.

PRISCILLA AND JOHN ALDEN

Sweet was the maiden Priscilla,
And many there walked in her train;
But she smiled on each Puritan lover,
Was kind to each courteous swain.
"Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"
When one came who would plead for his friend,
The gentle Priscilla said coyly,
And thus did the wooing days end.

HINTS AS TO THE CARE OF CLOTHING

THE difference between two women, one of whom always looks well dressed while the other has an air of shabbiness and neglect, is frequently discernible in the manner in which each cares for her clothes. A stitch in time not only saves nine, but it often keeps a nice garment from losing its first appearance of newness, as a repair may be easily made when a hook or eye is loosened or a button gives way. If the necessary repair is postponed the trouble will soon go further, so that a neat job cannot be made even by an expert seamstress. Garments that one prizes should be carefully laid away when not in use, sleeves should be puffed out with tissue paper and folds of the same convenient material should guard the article against dust. On coming in from a walk or a visit, house dresses should be substituted for better ones, and those taken off should be carefully brushed before they are hung in a closet. Coat-hangers are very cheap, and are indispensable if one would like to preserve intact the shape of a jacket, wrap or waist. Women who are obliged to wear nice clothing every day for any reason may save the front of a dress from injury by the use of an apron, while sleeves may be protected by cuffs of linen, white oilcloth or straw. A woman who does her own work and much of her own sewing, and who is still always ready to receive a visitor, and sits at her table after preparing a meal, looking as fresh and fair as if her hands had been folded all the morning, covers her dainty gown with a large apron that envelops her from head to foot.

Frequent cleaning and pressing of a skirt that is worn in walking or traveling is essential to maintaining its modish aspect. A woman who throws her things about in confusion when done with them for the day, and who never can find them when wanted, need not expect to look well dressed.

A SCION OF KINGS

By BARBARA E. POPE

IN the vicinity of Luxor and Karnak, past a village of mud huts with its well and its white-domed tomb of a saint, stands a massive Egyptian villa of carved stone, surrounded by sycamores and acacias and approached through a long avenue of date palms. This villa with its acres of well-irrigated and highly cultivated land, together with flocks of sheep and herds of camels, buffaloes and other cattle, belonged to a native gentleman bearing the name of Mark Oreb. The name Mark indicated that the gentleman's parents were Copts and the Protestant Christian Church on the outskirts of the village proclaimed the fact that the old gentleman himself had become a convert to Presbyterianism.

The Orebs were descended from the line of Egyptian kings, and for centuries had fixed their residence near the site of ancient Thebes, handing down the villa from father to son, and handing down, also, to the eldest born the princely name of Aahmes. Mark had been a younger son, inheriting from a childless brother.

There had been a wedding at the Oreb villa. The only daughter of the house had married in the village church, and there had been an elaborate marriage festival in the evening, relatives and friends having come from every section of the country and even from the Soudan.

The next day, when the bride and bridegroom had departed for their home, Mark and his wife stood in the great reception hall of their mansion, wishing godspeed to the guests who had lodged in their home. Down the broad avenue of date palms passed the merry throng, some on foot, walking side by side with the musicians, while others rode donkeys and camels, and not a few were conveyed in carriages to the steamboat landing and the railway station. Finally, a quaintly costumed couple with a long train of attendants, a man and woman, black almost as Nubians, but of distinguished appearance, mounted their kneeling camels for an overland trip to the Soudan, and Mark and his wife were left in the reception hall with only their son and his most intimate friend.

"When our people gather, as at this time, from the four corners of the earth, it does my heart good to look upon them; but a medley we make of it with our old and our new," said Mark Oreb, smiling.

"Let the young people have progress even in such matters as barbarities in dress," said Madam Oreb, amiably, as she shook out, with much satisfaction, the scanty folds of her girdled silk gown. The old lady and her husband clung to the comfortable dress of their fathers, but the two young friends, handsome young men of a yellowish hue, wore with the tall fez the ordinary morning clothes of the upper class European.

"What a nation we might now make of ourselves, if the land were only our own," said Joseph Neris, one of the young men.

"That is what I have been thinking," said Aahmes Oreb, passionately.

"Cease those vain desires, my son, and settle down as I and those of our line who were before us were constrained to do," chided Mark. "Here are goodly acres and, with the farm in the Delta, you have something of a heritage. Curb that chafing spirit and be content."

"Kamena has married, and, if Aahmes had only hearkened to us, Judith might now be here to fill the place of our daughter. Aahmes and Kamena came into life together, twins bestowed upon us by the good Father after long years of beseechings, and it seemed so fit that they should stand at the same time to receive the marriage blessing," said Aahmes' mother.

"Two years hence will suit Judith as well as last evening," replied Aahmes. "You complain that I wrong her by so long waiting, but she sheds no tears over her extended freedom. Kamena looked youthful as a bride of twenty-two, and Judith will look as well at the same age."

"But Kamena would have wedded six years ago, had not he to whom she was first betrothed died," said the mother.

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance, from an inner chamber, of two young women of about the same age and of a fair height, the one stately and the other slender, two beauties of the Nile such as graced the courts of the Pharaohs and captivated and subdued visiting princes and philosophers.

Judith Veneran, Aahmes' betrothed, was of the statuesque type, a divinity cast in a classic Egyptian mould, perfect in form and perfect in feature. From the crown of her regal head to the sole of her arched foot, in the line of her nose and in the coral bow of her lips, in her large, long black eyes, and even in the shell-like structure of her ear, there was neither flaw nor blemish. Nature had so fashioned her, and seemed to set her forth for admiration. Her street costume was Parisian, simply made.

In Taisu Neris, Judith's companion, and the sister of Joseph, the charm lay chiefly in attractiveness of manner, and in a certain grace and loveliness. There was real beauty, however, in her almond-shaped eyes with their silky lashes, and her brownish complexion was faultless and her Coptic features refined. Her brow was broad and her face studious in repose; but she was capable of great animation, and her laugh, though not so frequent as that of Judith, was as gleeful.

"We have had an adventure," said Taisu, speaking in a voice of sweetest tone.

"Your sister has been guilty of a flirtation," said Judith, giving Joseph just one full glance of her large black eyes.

"You know me too well, brother, to believe this siren. 'Twas she who made dizzy the head of the poor captain," said Taisu.

"Captain Mustapha ben Ali," laughed Joseph. "We saw him ride by on his fine new Arabian."

"We were in the garden," said Taisu, "and he came riding around, declaring that he was hunting for a little jeweled scimitar which he claims to have lost last evening; but, from the looks, half timid and wholly languishing, which he cast on Judith, I am inclined to think that she was the jewel sought."

"You should have seen Taisu drop her veil at sight of him," said Judith.

"I am sorry that you expose yourself with such indifference, Judith," said Madam Oreb. "Even though you wear a hat when you go abroad, you could, like Taisu and my Kamena, have a short veil attached to shield your face from an impertinent gaze."

"The custom is obsolete," said Judith, haughtily. "Beside, my dear aunt, the captain's looks were not impertinent."

"Mustapha is an idiot," said Aahmes, shortly.

Judith made a grimace behind her future husband's back for the benefit of Joseph Neris, who felt called on to smile, but performed his task rather faintly.

It was not long before one of the carriages returned empty and the two young men assisted the young ladies into it. The four were driven to the railway station, from which Joseph and his sister took a train to Cairo, and Aahmes escorted Judith back to her home at Assiout.

Judith's father had in early life turned his attention to trade, and was now the richest merchant of Assiout, living there in a modern brick house of palatial proportions, and surrounding his daughter with every luxury that money could acquire. In her childhood, he had consented to her betrothal to the son of his aunt, and he had a proper appreciation of the honor of such a union, for even a nation bereft of power can esteem blood which has flowed in an uninterrupted channel from its own royalties.

Continued on page 295

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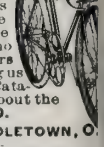

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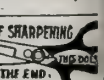

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A SCION OF KINGS

Continued from page 294

hmes Oreb could have presided with ly over court and council chamber, d victorious armies in the field. He tall and strikingly handsome, and gave the impression of great force of character. In infancy he was an engaging hi, and he grew into a manly little fellow bright and intelligent, chivalrous and daring. With his twin sister he played among the ruins of temples, and he on applause from the little maiden by is feats in climbing.

hmes soon became expert in horsemanship, and he learned to manage the swiftest racing camel, keeping his seat with the ease of the old sheiks in the desert. As was the family rule, his father began teaching him before he could speak plainly the names of the royal line of kings, and, when Aahmes had grown old enough to go to school, he could recite without blunder the list, beginning with Menes, and give some account of the reign of each. He could read, too, his descent through the entire line showing how, by marriage of the heir of a new dynasty with a daughter of the former reigning house, the sacred blood of old Menes was transmitted to each native dynasty, prior to the Persian invasion, leaving the ancient line without a monarchical representative only during the usurption of the Shepherd kings.

Such was Aahmes' claim, and such had been the claim of his ancestors. As the boy grew, he became more and more interested in the achievements of the sires, and he would spend hours deciphering inscriptions on columns and monuments, and in studying the tombs on the other side of the river. His father had rolls of precious papyrus and from these he added much to his store of history.

The youth thought proudly of what his country had been, and he considered her present condition. There was some quickening of life, some feeble flutterings of the Phœnix-like rise from the cold ashes of the funeral pyre; but how tame was the situation! Furthermore, for Egypt her own children still lived; then, why the Turk, the Arab, and the Englishman? The spirit of the greatest Pharaoh of them all was not stronger or more animous than that which had been born in Aahmes. He saw, or fancied he saw, the possibilities, and he began dreaming of mighty deeds.

With the easy indulgence characteristic of all their dealings with the children of her old age Mark Oreb and his wife yielded to their son's desire to take a college course abroad, and Aahmes went to Vienna, where he distinguished himself, and then he traveled for a year, greedily grasping every idea that could be of benefit to himself and his country. Returning home at the age of twenty-one, he wanted to master the art of war. A commission in the army was secured; but it was not easy for one of his temperament to serve as subordinate in strict military rule under those who were to be alien lords over his own domain. The young officer resigned his commission, embittered, but not despondent.

Aahmes staid nearly a week at Memphis, but Judith could scarcely have considered herself that his lingering was unlike. He was with her at times, but his interest centred in the townspeople of all conditions, whom he visited and studied diligently.

"I give you this as a talisman to insure your safe passage back to me," said Judith Veneran, as Aahmes sat beside her on a divan the morning appointed for leave-taking.

"Thank you." The young man was putting the trinket, a bangle from one of her bracelets, into his vest pocket, when she reached out to stop him.

"Don't put it where you will run the risk of losing it," she cried. "Attach it to your watch chain. Wait. Let me do it."

"Do you believe in such superstitions?" asked Aahmes.

Judith laughed. "In truth, I don't believe much in anything," she confessed. "I don't like your speech," said Aahmes, frowning. "It seems to me that you affect a vulgar lightness of both speech and manner."

"Now, don't scold," pleaded the beauty, laying her jeweled hand caressingly on his shoulder.

"Did I hear you singing last night after I had retired?" inquired the matter-of-fact lover, when a pause had ensued, during which no notice had been taken of the caressing hand.

"Possibly," answered the lady, coldly, withdrawing her hand.

"The song is familiar to me. Where could I have heard it?"

"I learned it of Taisu Neris. She found the words in some of that old rubbish that she delights to delve in and set them to music. I care nothing for the verse, but the air pleases me. It is lovely rendered by a male voice."

"A good baritone or bass could awaken with it the deepest emotion. It is a prayer for a renewal of life addressed by a dying warrior to the god Ptah. The music accords admirably with the sentiment of the verse, and swells out nobly in the last plea. It must have been at Joseph's house that I first heard it."

"They say that Taisu entertains lavishly in Cairo. Is it true?" asked Judith.

"I would hardly express it in that way. Her company seems to be much sought after. I visited Joseph regularly during my stay in Cairo, but I saw little of Taisu. I have never interested myself greatly in women. It is not that I am lacking in high regard for the sex, but my parents kindly chose a wife for me, and I have not found it necessary to seek other female society."

"You don't seek mine often," said Judith, tapping his cheek with her fan, as he arose to prepare for departure.

When the parting kiss had been given and she had been left alone, Judith summoned her maid to inquire if the young Turkish captain, seen at her cousin's wedding, was in reality one of the new officers assigned to the military post near Assiout.

"I knew his smiling face, and he asked after your good health, and gave me a handful of coins to say nothing to you about it," said the woman.

To be continued

Called Higher

Mr. J. E. Gusman, of Jordan Valley, Ore., entered into rest at the age of seventy-two years, eight months and seventeen days. He was a member of the Methodist Church, and a constant reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and it was always a welcome visitor to him.

Mrs. M. A. Terry died recently at her home in Salem, Ore., in the sixty-fifth year of her age. She joined the Baptist Church at the age of twenty and lived a true and consistent Christian life. She was for about twelve years a subscriber to this journal. She left a numerous family of children and a devoted husband.

John D. Gardner died at Georgetown, O., at the age of sixty-three years. He was ready and willing for the great change to come and he was anxious to be at home with the Saviour. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD was one of his comforts. He had taken it seventeen years. He was a God-fearing man and his aim was always to do right.

Calvin Clark passed to his reward at the home of his daughter in Granville, O., in his eighty-eighth year. His wife, Alida Clark, died at Helena, Ark., in 1872. These good people were sent in 1864, by Indiana's yearly meeting of Friends, to Helena, Ark., to care for the children of freedmen left destitute at that time, and for many years labored faithfully for those people. For some time he had been a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mrs. S. E. Harrison, late of Buda, Tex., died at her home in Austin, Tex., recently. Mrs. Harrison had just passed her seventy-eighth birthday. For sixty-nine years she had been a faithful follower of Christ. She died happy in the faith. For about fifteen years she had been a constant reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and it was her great comfort during her long illness, having it read to her up to within two days of her death.

Prof. Jacob Beamer, of Mano, Pa., was called higher recently, aged seventy-seven years. He was of German-Swiss extraction, his forefathers having emigrated from Switzerland. They were among the early settlers of Westmoreland County. He was a diligent student of nature and author of several books, and delivered hundreds of lectures over a period of forty years. He had a kindly and genial disposition. Prof. Beamer was a veteran of the Civil War, having enlisted in Company K, 116th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. He was a subscriber of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for over twenty-five years.

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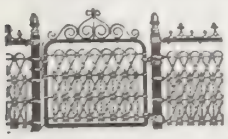

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A Noted Theologian Dead

AFTER an illness of nearly a year's duration, involving much suffering, the Rev. Charles Cuthbert Hall, D.D., President of Union Theological Seminary, New York, and formerly pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn, passed away at his home in Manhattan on March 25. He was fifty-six years of age. During a world tour, from 1903 to 1906, he contracted a tropic fever in Japan, from the effects of which he never fully recovered, and which ultimately led to fatal complications.

Dr. Hall was born in New York City in 1852, and was the son of Mr. William C. Hall, the head of a New York firm of importing druggists. He entered Williams College at seventeen, and was graduated in 1872. From youth his desire was to enter the ministry, but his voice becoming affected when he was about twenty, he temporarily abandoned the idea. In 1872, however, he entered Union Theological Seminary, and two years later was licensed to preach. He visited Great Britain, and took post-graduate studies at the Presbyterian College in London and in the Free Church College, Edinburgh. On his return he was ordained, and became pastor of the Union Presbyterian Church, of Newburg, N. Y.

In 1877 he was called to the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church in Brooklyn, where for twenty years his ministry was a notable one, and his spiritual influence marked and widespread in that city. He was the author of several able books, among them being *Does God Send Trouble? Into His Marvelous Light*, and *The Gospel of the Divine Sacrifice*.

His advanced views on certain theological questions, while absolutely sound, were so ably set forth that on one occasion a resolution was introduced in Presbytery which aimed at having him tried for heresy, but Presbytery promptly sustained him and killed the resolution.

The Late Dr. C. Cuthbert Hall

After serving the First Presbyterian Church for nearly twenty years Dr. Hall was elected to the presidency of Union Theological Seminary in 1897. During his pastorate Dr. Hall paid much attention to music. With the assistance of Dr. Lasar, Dr. Hall compiled *The Evangelical Hymnal*, which introduced a higher standard of devotional music, and was adopted largely through the country.

Twice he was chosen as the Barrows Lecturer in India, and he visited that country and won an enviable reputation for his fine literary abilities. During his second visit to the East he contracted the disease from which he died. He was long a trustee of Union Seminary before election to the presidency, and in 1894 he declined a call to the chair of sacred rhetoric and pastoral theology in Andover Seminary.

Greater New York's New Bridge

See Illustration on Cover Page

WITH hundreds of workmen swarming about the iron girders, and driving a bolt here and fastening a rivet there, another bridge, called "The Blackwell's Island Bridge," is nearing completion and will make another connection between old New York, or the Borough of Manhattan, as it is now called, and Long Island. To one standing below at the water's edge, or looking up from the deck of a steamer bound up the sound to Fall River or Providence, the bridge seems practically complete, and, in fact, it is possible now for foot passengers to make a passage on a temporary wooden walk along the steel beams.

There are now three bridges between Manhattan and Long Island, the old Brooklyn Bridge and the Williamsburg Bridge to the Borough of Brooklyn, and this latest structure which spans, with its great network of iron and steel, the waters of the East River between Manhattan and the Borough of Queens.

The "Blackwell's Island Bridge," of which an illustration especially drawn for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD appears on the cover of this issue, is built on a different plan from those previously thrown across the swiftly rushing waters of the East River. The other bridges are suspension bridges with great towers of stone or steel from which hang the long cables of wire that support the roadbeds. Here the island between the shores allowed the construction of piers so that the distance to be spanned without support was much less. The bridge is built on the cantilever system and resembles the celebrated cantilever bridge across the River Forth in Scotland.

The final "linking up" of the last open space was made an interesting ceremony. A workman employed by the construction company hung by the left elbow, his feet dangling in the air one hundred and thirty-five feet above the swift current of Queen's Channel. Holding himself as steadily as possible, he drove in with swift strokes of his right arm the hot bolts that linked up the eastern cantilever arm. The bottom cord that made the connection was a little less than two feet long, and it settled into place without a deviation of the sixteenth of an inch.

A little wooden bridge was placed over the steel bars and a delegation of city officials and well-known engineers walked across, while far below on the river, the captains of passing tugs and steamers pulled their whistle cords and sent up to the watchers above a noisy salute of sharp toots mingled with the long drawn wail of siren whistles.

The work on the stone piers began in 1901, and the iron work was commenced in 1904. The length of the bridge proper is 3,724 feet, and with approaches from either end it is 7,424 feet. The west span from Blackwell's Island to Manhattan is 1,182 feet long, and the east span from the island to the Borough of Queens is 984 feet. In the middle the bridge is 135 feet above the surface of the channel. When it is completed it will be double-decked. On the upper deck will be two promenades for foot passengers and four tracks for elevated trains. On the lower deck will be one inside trolley track, two outside trolley tracks and a roadway for horses and carriages. Over fifty thousand tons of steel have been used in its construction.

Although it has up to the present time been called the "Blackwell's Island" Bridge, there is a strong probability that in the near future its name will be changed to the "Queensborough Bridge."

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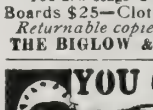

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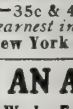

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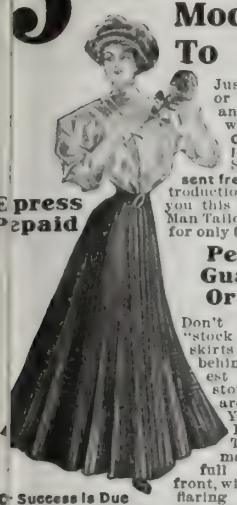

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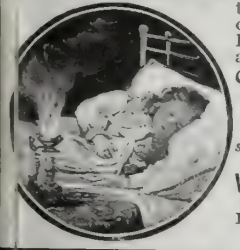

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Young People's Societies

Life in Possession*

HOPE of an immortality beyond the grave is not the only blessing that the truth of the resurrection brings to the Christian. That hope had been indulged before he rose. David had cherished it, the prophets had clearer glimpses of it, and even in Christ's own time it was a doctrine firmly held by the Pharisees. Paul was able to throw a whole assembly into turmoil by simply stating that his enemies were persecuting him because of his holding that faith (Acts 23: 6). But it was only a hope until Christ proved it by himself rising and appearing to men as sceptical as Thomas. Then the hope became certainty. Still there was more than the assurance of immortality in the inferences that were to be drawn from Christ's resurrection. Scarcely an instance occurs of men living to extreme age that we do not find them wearying for rest. Life becomes a burden when the years are counted above four score. To have it merely continued indefinitely would be a curse if nothing more.

The revelation of immortality has in it much more than this. The resurrection life has a new quality in it which affects the present life. He who has this hope in him lives under a new influence, even now. Christ spoke continually of the life that he gave; the life that would never end; the life that would pass through death unscathed; that would survive the destruction of the body and would sustain him who received it through suffering and sorrow here while on this side the grave. Not merely a rising again, but a life which we might have here, on which death has no power. It was this that Paul referred to when he wrote of his desire: "To know the power of his resurrection," the power of the life which flowed from the risen Christ into the souls of men.

It is this new resurrection life that we celebrate every Lord's Day. That day is the perpetual weekly memorial of the change from dead ceremonies into the glorious posesssion of eternal life. The resurrection becomes thus the culmination of Christ,s work for us. He gives us now, imparts to us as we put faith in him, the same life teat carried him triumphantly through the grave. Not the mere power of continued living, but the divine life that dwelling in him abundantly he gives freely to all who love him and live in him.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for April 19. "Sunday, our weekly Easter," John 20: 1-10, 19-23; Rev. 1:10.

Christ's Loving Message*

WHAT glad news that message of Christ would be to his disciples! When they forsook him and fled on the night of his arrest, we may be sure they contrived in some way to keep themselves acquainted with subsequent events. From John and the women who stood around the cross, they would hear of the hours of suffering, the patient endurance and the final cry, "It is finished." That must have seemed to them the end of the whole movement, which had engrossed them for more than three years. He who had led them and taught them, and from whom they had expected so much, was dead, and their hopes had perished with him. The question must have arisen in their minds, too, whether they had not been mistaken all along. In the perturbation of that time, they would not be able to think clearly and would be liable to think that Jesus could not have been the divinely commissioned Being they had supposed him, otherwise God would have saved him from so ignominious a death. That his death could be a part of the divine plan would not be likely to enter into their conceptions. It would seem to them, as was natural, the close of his work and their part in it. Yet it must have bewildered them, for as one of them said (Luke 24: 21) "We trusted that it had been he who should have redeemed Israel."

To men in such consternation, in such perplexity and despair, what news so unexpected could come like that borne by the men obeying Jesus' own command, "Go, tell my brethren." Those beloved lips they had deemed silenced forever were still speaking and that, too, not in reproach for their desertion of him in his trouble, but in loving greeting. They were still his "brethren." Had the events of the past days been a ghastly dream? Had he survived the scourging and crucifixion? It could not be true. They had yet to learn that Jesus had not escaped death by his miraculous powers, but that a still more wonderful thing had occurred: he had passed through death, had endured its dread sting and had overcome it and risen victorious over it. No wonder that such a marvel became the subject of their preaching ever afterwards.

*Topic of the Epworth League for April 19. "Go tell my brethren," Matt. 28: 1-10; Isa. 40: 9-11.

A Grateful Missionary

Dear Dr. Klopsch: Yesterday's mail brought me the kind letters from the friends interested in my work, and also the check for $43. I am very grateful for your kindness in forwarding the above, and to the dear friends for responding to my appeal so promptly. I am so glad that I shall be able to start a Tamil Bible reader at once; and also that the problem of retaining my Chinese sister is solved for one year at least; and I thank God for his help. I will write to these friends, giving them the names of their respective representatives. I am very thankful for these loving gifts.

MRS. AMELIA J. PYKETT.

Penang, Malaysia.

FARM AND GARDEN

Sterling Seeds, printed above an attractive basket of vegetables, is the name given to the 24-page catalogue of Northrup, King & Co., seedsmen of Minneapolis. It is more than a catalogue of stock and prices; it is a pamphlet all should have who are interested in vegetables and flowers of any kind, for there are not only many attractive illustrations, but many hints from these experienced growers on ways of securing the best results. Starting with the useful beans and beets, there are many pages devoted to the vegetables that have made market gardening one of the most flourishing lines of business near all large towns and cities, and which is bringing in thousands of dollars annually to those who select the best plants and seeds. The model cauliflower and golden self-blanching celery are among their vegetable specialties that are rapidly becoming known throughout the country. The flowers represented include everything in bloom that can be grown indoors and out. The roses, especially the climbers, are very attractive. The Lady Gay well bears out its festive title as a cheerful addition to the walls of the house. The catalogue of 131 pages may be obtained by addressing Northrup, King & Co., Seedsmen, Minneapolis, Minn.

Under the striking title of *Hardy Blizzard Belt Nursery Stock*, the Gardner Nursery Company of Osage, Ia., are sending out a descriptive catalogue that cannot fail to be of great interest to all farmers and lovers of fruit culture who live in any of our States where it is not summer the year round. The Gardner Company's stock is grown under the climatic conditions that insure its survival after transplanting. A great many of our farmers, especially in the New England and Northwestern States, have bought stock from nurseries too far south, and the trees in consequence have perished with the first blasts of winter. Of course anything that can stand the northern blasts will flourish to the south of the "blizzard belt." Besides fruit trees and ornamental shrubs of all kinds, the Gardners make a specialty of all kinds of berry bushes and vines. Berries grown from Gardner stock are attractively illustrated. The catalogue contains 161 pages and many illustrations. Address the Gardner Nursery Company.

Northern Grown Seeds is the name of the catalogue of L. L. May & Co., the well-known seedmen of St. Paul, Minn. This company has one of the most northern nurseries in the United States, and all its seeds, shrubs, and plants are adapted to the needs of growers who live in a climate of late springs and cold and early falls. There are doubtless many farmers who would be surprised at the varieties of corn that are developed by these seedmen. Four varieties of popcorn alone are produced. Realizing that a proper grazing grass is in demand by all milkmen and farmers who raise cattle for market, much time and research has been employed to attain the best results. Among those on the list for 1908 is the brouse grass, the frost-proof grass for the Northwest. The man with the home garden will notice with interest the pictured pages describing the vegetables and small fruits. For the woman of the house the flowering plants and the roses for which May is famous will have the most interest. The catalogue, of 98 pages, fully illustrated, is published by the L. L. May Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

Carrie H. Lippincott, the pioneer seedwoman of America, is sending out this season one of the most attractive catalogues of fruits and flowers that she has yet published. The cover, with its flowers in nature's own colors, from which peeps the face of a merry little gardener, gives an inkling of what is to follow. Several pages are devoted to the asters, which are of a size and perfection to surprise those who are only familiar with the aster grown in the average flower garden. Then follow forget-me-nots and the agrotum, which blooms luxuriantly all summer, and makes a pleasing note of color for three months. As one turns the pages it is hard to discover if there is anything lacking that will give pleasure to the lover of flowers. The variety of pansies and nasturtiums is almost bewildering. Grass and vegetable seeds are also grown by Miss Lippincott, all of the same high quality that characterize flower seeds. The catalogue, fifty-one pages of description and illustrations, may be secured by addressing Miss Carrie H. Lippincott, 602 606 Tenth St. South, Minneapolis, Minn.

An inquiry by mail for "the truth about it," addressed to the Industrial Savings and Loan Co., see page 295, will bring you valuable and trustworthy information about the safe investment of your savings.

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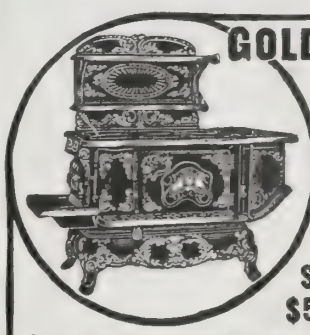

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Where Paul Once Preached

THIS old Jewish synagogue, built in the first century before Christ, still stands in ancient Iconium, in Asia Minor. About the tenth century A.D. it became a Greek church, and the Greeks added the square wooden tower which surmounts it. At present the building is too old to be used, except as a clock tower. It can be seen from all parts of the city.

Jewish Synagogue at Iconium

The chief interest in the old synagogue is that, according to local tradition, in the early days of the Christian Church Paul and Barnabas preached in it. They had been driven out of Antioch and reached Iconium footsore and weary. We read in Acts 14:1 that they both went into the synagogue and preached, and that many believed their teaching. At last, however, they were forced to leave Iconium. In his Epistle to Timothy (II. Tim. 3:11) Paul refers to his persecutions there.

Travelers in Asia Minor should not fail to visit this venerable building.

BESSIE D. PALMER.

Two Drunkards Redeemed

TWENTY-TWO years ago, in the town of Motherwell, Scotland, two boys, Alec and Archibald, were in the same class at school. After leaving school, their ways separated, each choosing a different occupation. Both had ambitions to make a mark in the business world. Alec became a grocer's assistant, and soon started in business for himself, and for several years was prosperous. One day one of his customers loaned him a book to read. It was *The Life of Jerry McAuley*. Alec read it with great interest. He had given his heart to God in his youth, had been an active Christian worker, and for several years had preached the Gospel, so he was thoroughly interested, in sympathy with the work that was being told about in this book. However, he forgot about it in time, little dreaming what would cause him to think of it again years after. During a serious illness he was induced to try wine as a tonic. The craving for stimulants grew on him until it finally resulted in his losing his business and everything. He had married a Christian girl, and God had blessed them with two children, but drink had such a hold on him that he sacrificed everything. He came to New York to get away from the old life; but it was the same story repeated, until one day he remembered the book he had read in Scotland fifteen years before, and he made his way down to the Old McAuley Mission. There he heard the testimonies of the men who had been saved from such a life as he was leading, and hope sprang up in his heart. At the invitation he went forward to the mercy seat. His prayer was heard, and his whole life was transformed.

In the early part of January a letter came from a business man telling Superintendent Wyburn about a young man in his employ who had given way to drink. This young man came to the Mission. He became convicted of sin, and asking God's help, he started to lead a Christian life. One night, after hearing Alec testify, the new-comer spoke to him, and learned that he was his old school-companion.

In One's Own Home

A Study of a Married Man's Rights and Obligations in Relation to the Family

FIRST. Responsibility implies authority. If he is responsible for family support, there must be the legal and moral right to regulate the amount.

Second. There is at least a right equal to that of his wife as to the location of a home and style of living.

Third. His views and wishes as to family habits, guests and entertainments are entitled to respect and should have marked influence.

Fourth. His principles and convictions of right and duty should not be offensively opposed, condemned or disregarded.

Fifth. His personal comfort and physical condition should be considered.

Sixth. It is his right and duty to be governed by his own judgment and conscience as regards benevolence without interference from his family, except in the way of suggestion or conference, which is the mutual right of all the members when opinions differ.

Seventh. It is his right and duty to consider his children's permanent welfare in accordance with his judgment in regulating any pecuniary allowances he may make.

Eighth. It is natural and reasonable that man and wife have not the right to be absent from each other without consent. In this, as in other respects, it is the duty of both to consider the other's wishes, comfort and welfare.

Ninth. There should be such mutual respect, confidence and union as to prevent concealments, secrets and locked doors.

Tenth. There should not be a life or practice in the household that practically condemns the principles and would injure the reputation of its head, or refusal to concur and reasonably co-operate in his plans and efforts.

Eleventh. Within the limits of common sense and reason the right of every adult member of the family should be recognized to do God's work or fulfil all righteousness, as the Bible expresses it, without interference or hindrance, but the right of suggestion should be recognized. H.

THEY GROW

Good Humor and Cheerfulness from Right Food.

Cheerfulness is like sunlight. It dispels the clouds from the mind as sunlight chases away the shadows of night.

The good humored man can pick up and carry off a load that the man with a grouch wouldn't attempt to lift.

Anything that interferes with good health is apt to keep cheerfulness and good humor in the background. A Washington lady found that letting coffee alone made things bright for her. She writes:

"Four years ago I was practically given up by my doctor and was not expected to live long. My nervous system was in a bad condition.

"But I was young and did not want to die so I began to look about for the cause of my chronic trouble. I used to have nervous spells which would exhaust me and after each spell it would take me days before I could sit up in a chair.

"I became convinced my trouble was caused by coffee. I decided to stop it and bought some Postum.

"The first cup, which I made according to directions, had a soothing effect on my nerves and I liked the taste. For a time I nearly lived on Postum and ate little food besides, I am to-day a healthy woman.

"My family and relatives wonder if I am the same person I was four years ago, when I could do no work on account of nervousness. Now I am doing my own housework, take care of two babies—one twenty, the other two months old. I am so busy that I hardly get time to write a letter, yet I do it all with the cheerfulness and good humor that comes from enjoying good health.

"I tell my friends it is to Postum I owe my life to-day."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

A YEAR TO PAY

We'll ship you a single article or furnish your home complete and give you from *twelve to sixteen months in which to pay for your purchases.* You enjoy the full use of the home furnishings while paying for them

HOMES FURNISHED ON CREDIT

We furnish homes on credit all over the United States. We charge absolutely nothing for this credit accommodation—*no interest—no extras.*

CATOLOG No. 97 FREE It is a large and beautifully illustrated catalog, quoting astonishingly low prices on everything to furnish and beautify the home, picturing a wonderfully extensive line of Furniture, Carpets, Rugs, Draperies, Refrigerators, Go-Carts, Stoves, Crockery, Sewing Machines, Clocks, Silverware, etc., illustrated very elaborately in colors. Write at once for this beautiful catalog—this great *price wonder.* Write *today.*

Solid Oak Morris Chair $6.45

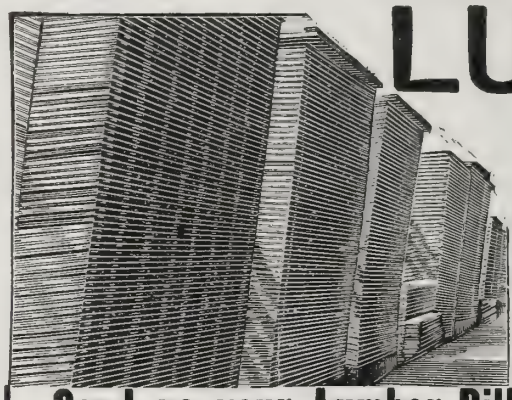
The greatest value on earth—a large, massive Morris Chair, upholstered in Nantucket Leather (has the wearing quality of genuine leather) has patent reclining back, deeply tufted, broad, spacious seat, oil tempered steel springs. Frame is made of solid oak elaborately carved, has large carved heads on each arm. It's a world beater at the price. Shipped upon receipt of $1, balance payable at the rate of 50c per month.

$1 CASH 50c Monthly

22 Great Stores. This concern handles more goods than *any* other store or combination of furniture stores in America, *none excepted.* It enjoys buying advantages which enable us to sell at *lower* prices than *any other firm in the business.* **Satisfaction or your money back.** You have our reputation of 53 years standing and our positive guarantee, backed by a capital of two million dollars, to insure you of absolute satisfaction. Write us today.

HARTMAN FURNITURE & CARPET CO.
223-225-227-229 Wabash Av., Chicago, U.S.A.

LUMBER



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A wonderful opportunity is offered you to buy lumber and building supplies of every kind at ***Prices that will save you big money.*** Such a chance seldom occurs. Lumber for your house, church, barn, meeting house, crib, store, factory, and in fact, buildings of every kind. We can furnish absolutely everything needed in construction material. Have your carpenter or builder make a complete list of everything you require, including Lumber, Sash Doors, Nails, Roofing, Siding, Ceiling, in fact, anything you may need in building material or merchandise of any kind.

Send us your Lumber Bill for Our Estimate.

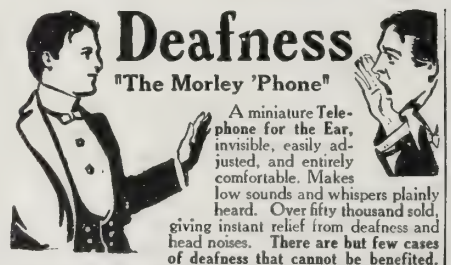
We bought at Manufacturers' Sale over 50,000,000 Feet of all kinds of Lumber and Finishing Material We are making special concessions, to those who buy at once. Even if you have no use for this lumber at once, it will pay you to buy now. Our prices will save you 30 to 50 per cent.

We cheerfully invite inspection of our Lumber stock and will be glad to have you come to our warehouse and yards at Chicago, see the lumber we are offering, and you will recognize that it is all what we say of it; make your own selection and see it loaded. It is not necessary to come to Chicago; we can easily sell you by mail. We can quickly convince you of the wisdom of placing an order with us. Just send us your lumber bill, and we will easily ***"Show You."*** On application we will send copies of letters from customers who have bought. They saved money why can't you? Write us to-day. ***WE PURCHASED EVERY EXPOSITION, INCLUDING THE $50,000,000 ST. LOUIS WORLDS' FAIR. Send for our Free 500 page Catalog No. C.H. 373*** It quotes low prices on Furniture, Household Goods, Building Material, Machinery and Supplies.

CHICAGO HOUSE WRECKING COMPANY, 35th and Iron Sts., CHICAGO.

Deafness

"The Morley 'Phone"



A miniature Telephone for the Ear, invisible, easily adjusted, and entirely comfortable. Makes low sounds and whispers plainly heard. Over fifty thousand sold, giving instant relief from deafness and head noises. There are but few cases of deafness that cannot be benefited.

Write for booklet and testimonials. THE MORLEY CO., Dept. E, Perry Bldg., 16th and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia

Ten Days' Free Trial

allowed on every bicycle we sell. We ***Ship on Approval*** and trust to anyone in U. S. and *prepay the freight.* If you are not satisfied with bicycle after using it ten days *don't pay a cent.*

Factory Prices *Do not buy* bicycle or pair of tires from *anyone* at *any price* until you receive our latest **Art Catalogs** of high grade bicycles and sundries and learn our *unheard of prices* and *marvelous new offers.*

It Only Costs a cent to write a postal and everything will be sent you **FREE** by return mail. You will get much valuable information. **Do Not Wait;** write it **Now! Tires, Coaster Brakes,** single wheels, parts, repairs and sundries at *half usual prices.*

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. S 71 Chicago

MODEL MONEY MAKERS

Poultry is a profitable crop on the farms where Model Incubators and Brooders are used. If you are not making big money on your chickens, write for my book. It tells how.

MODEL INCUBATOR CO., Chas. A. Cyphers, Pres. 346 Henry St., Buffalo, N. Y.

"HOW TO REMEMBER"

Sent Free to Readers of this Publication

Stop Forgetting

You are no greater intellectually than your memory. Easy, inexpensive. Increases income; gives ready memory for faces, names, business details, studies, conversation; develops will, public speaking, personality. Send today for Free Booklet. Address

DICKSON MEMORY SCHOOL, 701 Auditorium Bldg., Chicago

A STRIKING OBJECT-LESSON

May Save a Relative or Friend from Ruin

15 Illustrated Post Cards on TEMPERANCE by famous artists, showing the degrading effect of liquor, and the evil influence of the saloon. 15 cards for 25c. postpaid.

WRITE TO-DAY.

PATRIOTIC POST CARD COMPANY
Dept. A. SAGINAW, MICH.

Don't Throw it Away MEND IT IN ONE MINUTE

COLLETTE'S PATENT PATCHES mend all leaks in all utensils—tin, brass, copper graniteware, hot water bags, etc. No solder, cement or rivet. Anyone can use them, fit any surface; used over and over. Send for sample package, assorted sizes 10c postpaid Regular pkg 25c. Agents wanted.

Collette Mfg Company Box 422, Amsterdam N Y.

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(STEEL AND IRON)

combines the strength of a stone wall with the beauty of a hedge. More durable than wrought iron and erected at medium cost. Ask for Catalog J. Write today.

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CORNS Don't suffer from aching Corns. A-CORN SALVE removes corns quickly and painlessly. No dangerous cutting. Instant relief on application. 15cts. at your druggist or by mail.

GIANT CHEMICAL CO., - Philadelphia

It was before the day of SAPOLIO They used to say "Woman's Work is never Done."

Death Vanquished

By Mrs. M. Baxter

DEATH received its death-blow when Jesus Christ arose from the dead. he was crucified that we also might l crucified with him, he rose again that also might "walk in newness of life. r if we have been planted together in e likeness of his death, we shall be so in the likeness of his resurrection" om. 6: 5).

There can be no resurrection where ere has been no death. "That which ou sowest is not quickened except it e" (I. Cor. 15: 36). Oh, how solemn his truth is that the resurrection life of hrist in us can be quickened only as we to our own life! If we persist in ing to the flesh, we must die. But, on e other hand, "if ye through the Spirit mortify the deeds of the body, ye all live" (Rom. 8: 13).

Just as death must precede resurrec-on, so surely resurrection follows death. hat which thou sowest, thou sowest not at body which shall be, but bare grain, . . . but God giveth it a body as it th pleased him" (I. Cor. 15: 37, 38). he Christ himself was sown on this rth's soil as "a root out of a dry ound" (Isa. 53: 2), having "no form r comeliness." There was restriction, bjection and a dying to his own will, l through his life. Born in a stable, bject to his parents, following a humble peation, tempted of the devil in the ilderness; and when he went about reaching, preaching rather to the coun-y folk of Galilee than to the highly ducated in Jerusalem; all through his fe, he was completely subject to his ather; he was the obedient Son moment y moment. "The Son can do nothing of mself." "As I hear I judge" (John 4:), 30; 8: 26, 28). The words that I peak I speak not of myself (John 4: 10). This is the death side.

"They were astonished at his doctrine, r he taught them as one that had au-hority, and not as the scribes" (Mark : 22). "And all bare him witness, and ondered at the gracious words which roceeded out of his mouth" (Luke 4: 2). "The words that I speak unto you, ey are spirit, and they are life" (John : 63). His Word quelled the storm, ast out the demons, healed the sick, rought Lazarus from his grave, etc.,—o wonder the disciples said of it, "What word is this! for with authority and ower he commandeth the unclean spirits, nd they come out" (Luke 4: 36). This s the resurrection side; yet only the first awn of it; to be consummated when, as he Word of God, followed by the armies f heaven, he will smite the nations by he sharp sword which goeth out of his nouth (Rev. 19: 13-15).

After Jesus had given up the ghost, ommending his Spirit to his Father, and he centurion had borne witness to him, he multitude dispersed, smiting their reasts, under the impressions of the our, but understanding nothing of the vondrous transaction which had just aken place. There were interested spec-ators also, the women that followed him from Galilee, but they "stood afar off," with three exceptions, Mary, the mother of Jesus; Mary, the wife of Cleophas, nd Mary Magdalene (John 19: 25). These had gone deeper with Jesus than the other disciples, and the world and they had nothing in common. But there was one man, Joseph of Arimathea, whose purpose in life was to look for the kingdom of God. He sat silent in the council which condemned Jesus, and even now his faith was not shaken; he came boldly and asked for the body of Jesus. His request was granted; he took down the lifeless body of our Lord from the cross, wrapped it in linen, and laid it in a sepulchre "that was hewn in stone, wherein never man before was laid."

Alone in his death, Jesus must be alone in his burial too. The women who had followed him from Galilee truly "followed after, and beheld the sepulchre, and how the body was laid," but it was only to fall back upon their earthly conceptions and their earthly resources. They returned to busy themselves in preparing spices and ointments to keep the body of the Son of God from corruption! They did their best, but how little they had understood their Lord!

BARRELS OF AIR BURNED AS FUEL

New, Remarkable Stove---Ohioan's Great Invention---Consumes 395 Barrels of Air to One Gallon of common Kerosene oil making oil-gas---the New Fuel that looks and burns like gas!

Wood, Coal and Oil All Cost Money. ONLY FREE FUEL IS AIR! Unlimited Supply—No Trust in Control. Air Belongs to Rich and Poor Alike—We Can't Burn Air Alone, but See Here! Our Wonderful Stove Burns Air and Gas—Very Little Gas—Principally Air. Takes Its Fuel Almost Entirely from the Atmosphere.

A Miniature Gas Works—Penny Fuel for Every Family—Save ⅓ to ½ on Cost—Save Dirt and Drudgery. No More Coal or Wood to Carry—Ashes Unknown—Absolute Safety.

SEE HOW SIMPLE! TURN A KNOB---TOUCH A MATCH---FIRE IS ON! TURN AGAIN---FIRE IS OFF! THAT'S ALL.

Astonishing but True—Time-Tested—Proven Facts—Circulars Give Startling Details—Overwhelming Evidence.

NO SUCH STOVE SOLD IN STORES—UNLIKE ANYTHING YOU'VE SEEN OR HEARD OF

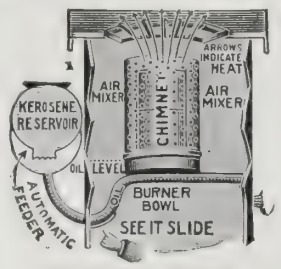
A genius of Cincinnati has invented a new, scientific oil-gas generator that is proving a blessing to women folks, enabling them to cook with gas relieving them of drudgery. Makes cooking and housework a delight and at the same time often saves ⅓ to ½ in cost of fuel.

How often have many of the lady readers remarked that they would give anything to get rid of the drudgery of using the dirty coal and wood stoves—also the smoky oil wick stoves and their gasoline stoves which are so dangerous and liable to cause explosions or fire at any time.

Well, that day has arrived and a fine substitute has been discovered and every family can now have gas fuel for cooking, baking and heating and not have their kitchens a hot, fiery furnace in summer, and be carrying coal and ashes—ruining their looks and health.

Thousands a Week

Upon calling at the factory we found that this invention has caused a remarkable excitement all over the U.S.—that the factory is already rushed with thousands of orders and evidently the Company's representatives and agents are making big profits as they offer splendid inducements.



SECTIONAL CUT OF GENERATOR

As will be noticed from the engraving, this OIL-GAS GENERATOR is entirely different from any other stove—although its construction is very simple—may be easily and safely operated and is built on the latest scientific principles, having no valves, which is a marked improvement, as all valves are liable to leak, carbonize, clog up or overflow.

By simply moving a knob, the oil is automatically fed to a small, steel burner bowl or retort where it is instantly changed into gas, which is drawn upwards between two red hot perforated steel chimneys, thoroughly mixed with air and consumed, giving a bright, blue flame—hottest gas fire, similar in color and heating power to natural gas.

This invention has been fully protected in the United States Patent Office and is known as the HARRISON VALVELESS, WICKLESS, AUTOMATIC OIL-GAS GENERATOR—the only one yet discovered that consumes the carbon and by-products of the oil.

The extremely small amount of Kerosene Oil that is needed to produce so large a volume of gas makes it one of the most economical fuels on earth and the reason for the great success of this Generator is based on the well-known fact of the enormous expansiveness of oil-gas when mixed with oxygen or common air.

Oil-gas is proving so cheap that 15c. to 30c. a week should furnish fuel-gas for cooking for a small family.

Kerosene Oil from which oil-gas is made may be purchased in every grocery—is cheap and a gallon of it will furnish a hot, blue flame gas fire in the burner for about 18 hours, and as a stove is only used 3 or 4 hours a day in most families, for cooking, the expense of operating would be but little.

In addition to its cheapness is added the comfort, cleanliness—absence of soot, coal, dirt, ashes, etc.

What pleasure to just turn on the oil—light the gas—a hot fire ready to cook. When through, turn it off. Just think; a little Kerosene Oil—one match—light—a beautiful blue gas flame—hottest fire—always ready—quick meals—a gas stove in your home.

It generates the gas only as needed—is not complicated, but simple—easily operated and another feature is its PERFECT SAFETY.

Not Dangerous Like Gasoline

And liable to explode and cause fire at any moment. This stove is so safe that you could **drop a match in the oil tank and it would go out.**

The Oil-Gas Stove does any kind of cooking that a coal or gas range will do—invaluable for the kitchen, laundry—summer cottage—washing—ironing—camping, etc. Splendid for canning fruit—with a portable oven placed over the burner splendid baking can be done.

Another Important Feature

Is the invention of a small Radiator Attachment which if placed over the burner makes a desirable heating stove during the fall and winter so that the old cook stove may be done away with entirely.

While at the factory in Cincinnati the writer was shown thousands of letters from customers who were using this wonderful oil-gas stove, showing that it is not an experiment but a positive success and giving splendid satisfaction, and as a few extracts may be interesting to our readers, we produce them:

L. S. Norris, of Vt., writes: "The Harrison Oil-Gas Generators are wonderful savers of fuel—at least 50% to 75% over wood and coal."

Mr. H. Howe, of N. Y., writes: "I find the Harrison is the first and only perfect oil-gas stove I have ever seen—so simple anyone can safely use it. It is what I have wanted for years. Certainly a blessing to human kind."

Mr. E. D. Arnold, of Nebr., writes: **"That he saved $4.25 a month for fuel** by using the Harrison Oil-Gas Stove. That his gas range cost him $5.50 per month and the Harrison only $1.25 per month."

J. A. Shafer, of Pa., writes: "The Harrison Oil-Gas Stove makes an intense heat from a small quantity of oil—entirely free from smoke or smell—great improvement over any other oil stove. Has a perfect arrangement for combustion—can scarcely be distinguished from a natural gas fire."

Mr. H. B. Thompson, of Ohio, writes: "I congratulate you on such a grand invention to aid the poor in this time of high fuel. The mechanism is so simple—easily operated—no danger. The color of the gas flame is beautiful dark blue, and so hot seems almost double as powerful as gasoline."

Mrs. J. L. Hamilton writes: "Am delighted—Oil-Gas Stoves so much nicer and cheaper than others—no wood, coal, ashes, smoke, no pipe, no wick, cannot explode."

Hon. Ira Eble, J. P., of Wis., writes: "Well pleased with the Harrison—far ahead of gasoline. No smoke or dirt—no trouble. Is perfectly safe—no danger of explosion like gasoline."

ALL SIZES

Chas. N. Bendeke of N.Y. writes: "It is a pleasure to be the owner of your wonderful Oil-Gas Stove—no coal yard, plumbing—ashes or dust. One match lights the stove and in 10 minutes breakfast is ready. No danger from an explosion—no smoke—no dirt—simply turn it off and expense ceases. For cheapness it has no equal."

Agents Are Doing Fine---Making Big Money.

WONDERFUL QUICK SELLER

Geo. Robertson, of Maine, writes: "Am delighted with Oil-Gas, so are my friends—took 12 orders in 3 days."

A. B. Slimp, of Texas, writes: "I want the agency—in a day and a half took over a dozen orders."

Edward Wilson, of Mo., writes: "The Harrison very satisfactory—Sold 5 stoves first day I had mine."

J. H. Halman, of Tenn., writes: "Already have 70 orders."

This is certainly a good chance for the readers to make money this summer.

Hundreds of other prominent people highly endorse and recommend oil-gas fuel and there certainly seems to be no doubt that it is a wonderful improvement over other stoves.

The writer personally saw these Oil-Gas stoves in operation; in fact, uses one in his own home—is delighted with its working, and after a thorough investigation can say to the readers that this Harrison Oil-Gas Stove made by the Cincinnati firm is the only perfect burner of its kind.

It is made in three sizes—1, 2 or 3 generators to a stove. They are made of steel throughout—thoroughly tested before shipping—sent out complete—ready for use as soon as received—nicely finished with nickel trimmings, and as there seems to be nothing about it to wear out, they should last for years. They seem to satisfy and delight ever user, and the makers fully guarantee them.

THE WORLD MFG. CO., Cin'ti, O.

HOW TO GET ONE

All the lady readers who want to enjoy the pleasures of a gas stove—the cheapest, cleanest and safest fuel—save ⅓ to ½ on fuel bills and do their cooking, baking, ironing and canning fruit at small expense should have one of these remarkable stoves.

Space prevents a more detailed description, but these oil-gas stoves will bear out the most exacting demand for durability and satisfactory properties.

If you will write to the only makers, **The World Mfg. Co., 6797 World Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio,** and ask for their illustrated pamphlet describing this invention, and also letters from hundreds of delighted users, you will receive much valuable information.

The price of these stoves is remarkably low—only $3.25 up. And it is indeed difficult to imagine where that amount of money could be invested in anything else that would bring such saving in fuel bills, so much good health and satisfaction to our wives.

DON'T FAIL TO WRITE TO-DAY

For full information regarding this splendid invention.

The World Mfg. Co. is composed of prominent business men of Cincinnati, are perfectly responsible and reliable, capital $100,000.00, and will do just as they agree. The stoves are just as represented and fully warranted.

Don't fail to write for Catalogue.

$40.00 Weekly and Expenses

The firm offers splendid inducements to agents, and an energetic man or woman having spare time can get a good position, paying big wages, by writing them at once and mentioning this paper.

A wonderful wave of excitement has swept over the country, for where shown these Oil-Gas Stoves have caused great excitement. Oil-Gas fuel is so economical and delightful that the sales of these Stoves last month were enormous, and the factory is rushed with thousands of orders.

Many of the readers have spare time or are out of employment, and others are not making a great deal of money, and we advise them to write to the firm and secure an agency for this invention. Exhibit this stove before 8 or 10 people and you excite their curiosity, and should be able to sell 5 or 8 and make $10.00 to $15.00 a day. Why should people live in penury or suffer hardships for the want of plenty of money when an opportunity of this sort is open?

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

VICTOR

The magnificent anthems you hear on Easter are too beautiful to be confined to one day alone. You often yearn to hear them again.

You can with a Victor in your home. You can hear Easter anthems and all the most beautiful sacred music by celebrated choirs and soloists any day or every day in the year.

Any Victor dealer will gladly play any Victor Records you want to hear.

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE COMPANY, Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

To get best results, use only Victor Needles on Victor Records

FILL OUT - - - - CUT OFF - - - - MAIL TO-DAY

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO., Camden, N. J.

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New York, April 15, 1908

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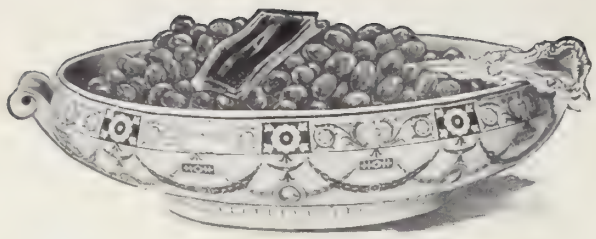
EASTER MORNING



Nutty—Mealy—Whole

Don't serve Van Camp's unless you want to serve them always.

You can't go back to home-baked beans—broken and mushy—when your people once eat beans nutty and whole.

You can't serve tomato sauce as a mere dressing when they learn what it means to have the tomato sauce baked in.

No more beans that are heavy and hard to digest—baked at 100 degrees. For that is about the temperature inside of your baking dish. When your people once know, they will want their beans baked at 245 degrees, as ours are. They will want the particles so separated that the digestive juices can get to them.

No other brand will satisfy, after you once serve Van Camp's.

We pay $2.10 per bushel to get the best beans grown. Yet beans are sold as low as 30 cents. We spend five times as much to make our tomato sauce as other sauce costs ready-made. But the difference all shows in the flavor and zest.

So don't let your folks know how good beans can be until you are ready to always serve Van Camp's.

Van Camp's pork and beans
baked with tomato sauce

But why not serve Van Camp's?

There is no brand worth having that costs any less. And the best beans are cheap enough.

As for home-baking—think of the bother. Van Camp's are always ready. A dozen cans in the pantry mean a dozen meals all cooked. The meals, whenever you serve them, are just as fresh and savory as if served direct from our ovens.

Beans are Nature's choicest food—84 per cent nutriment.

They have the food value of meat at a fraction of the cost.

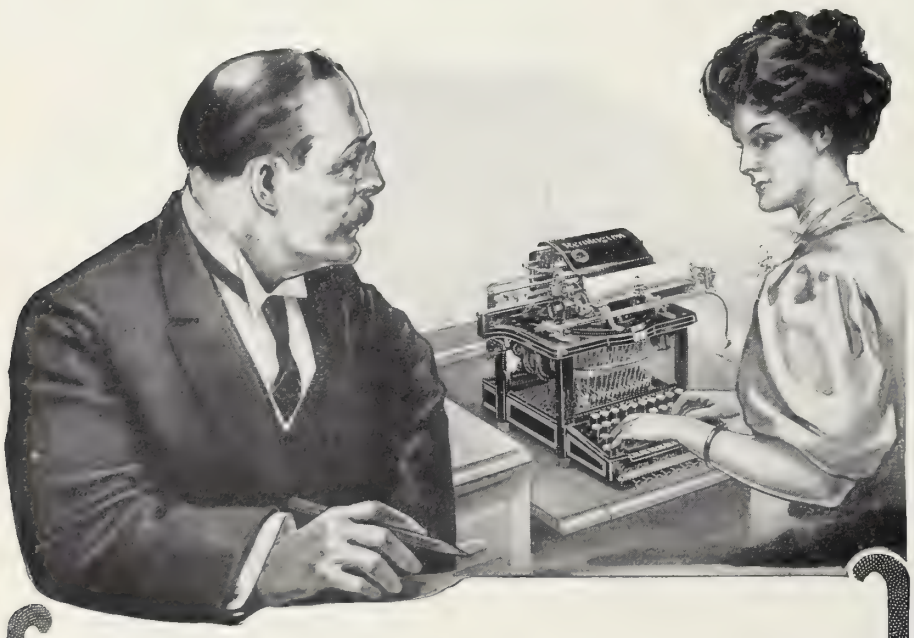
They should be a daily dish—not an occasional. And see what you would save if they were.

Then why not serve beans that your people will like, and serve them in place of meat?

Prices: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can.

Van Camp Packing Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

Much Longer They Last



The typewriter user always expects more and better service from the

Remington Typewriter

than from any other writing machine. He has reason to, a right to, and we want him to.

Remington Typewriter Company,
(Incorporated)

New York and Everywhere

An All-Around Stove

Your kitchen may be well planned—everything apparently handy—yet if there is no New Perfection Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove in it, the one greatest convenience of all is lacking.

The "New Perfection" is a home and family stove—big enough and powerful enough to do all you'd ever ask a cooking-stove to do. The

NEW PERFECTION
Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove

is regulated so exactly that everything you cook on it is well cooked. From week-end to week-and, in cooking, baking, ironing—every time a kitchen stove is needed—the "New Perfection" meets your requirement and never heats the kitchen so that you are uncomfortable. The "New Perfection" is made in three sizes. If not with your dealer, write our nearest agency.

The *Rayo LAMP* is the most perfect all-round home light.

Has large font, best and latest center draft burner and beautiful porcelain shade. Nothing complicated about the Rayo—easily cleaned, easily managed. If not with your dealer, write our nearest agency.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(Incorporated)

NEW YORK, APRIL 15, 1908

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

Enjoying a "Rikisha" Ride

Sampans Near Awaji Island

Reeling Yarn for Weaving

WHEN OUR FLEET VISITS JAPAN

A Missionary Tells of Some of the Curious Sights Our Sailor-Boys Will See Among the Mikado's People

TOURISTS as well as missionaries still find Japan one of the most interesting countries in the world. The officers and crew of our American fleet, when they visit this country, will find it a wonderful study. What with the conglomeration of fashions in dress and customs of living, Oriental and Occidental combined, found in the cities, and even in the interior, amid the thickly dotted towns and villages, where ways and manners are yet so typically old-fashioned and rustic, the observer's interest is never dulled.

The gradual and ever-increasing exchange for Western customs does not appear as humorous to the people here as it does to a stranger. One is liable to see a man on a cold day, with felt hat and a heavy woolen muffler, but with feet and limbs bare nearly to his hips. At another time, when it seems almost warm enough for a foreigner to resort to a straw hat, one may see a native with a big heavy overcoat and the hood over his head, but barefooted on his wooden *geta*. All this, not because of necessity, but rather a proof that they are still at sea regarding Western styles of dress. This fault is, however, mostly confined to the peasant class. Then it is just as striking to find many city people on festival occasions in foreign clothes, dressed to a fault; though the ladies, as a whole, still cling to their quaint and attractive Japanese attire.

Though the missionary labors with one thing in view—to win the people from their idolatry and to help the native Christians—yet it is but natural for him to take in all these conditions, thus affording a little relief from the constant wear and tear on mind and body. So, whether in the north among the Ainos, or along the jagged coast with the fishermen, as well as among the simple-hearted farmers in the rural districts, there is a sense in which the visitor finds his surroundings as interesting as though he were in Tokyo.

Recently, during the hot season, we visited several mission stations in the more western section of Japan, about 400 miles from Choshi, where we were then located. Traveling by way of Tokyo, on the main railway line, we were struck with the beauty of Japan's mountains and vales, its terraced hills and broad, dashing rivers. There are many tunnels through which these quaint little trains at frequent intervals must pass. The track is hardly ever straight, and is like a trail through the woods. At this season, when the train stops at the principal stations, these hygienic, water-loving Japanese hurriedly flock out of the cars and avail themselves of the benefits of the large lavatories, and again are in their places when the little whistle gives the starting signal.

On the way, we met with another missionary, who was accompanied by an earnest and zealous native evangelist. This man was formerly a Buddhist priest, and the scars which he yet bears witness to his former fanatical devotions, which led him to inflict burns on himself, thus drawing crowds of admiring worshipers. In the morning, as the beautiful sun kissed these Japan islands, I chanced to see a young man standing on the car platform offering prayer to the native gods. With reverently bowed head and clasped hands he stood there, loyal no doubt to his best convictions. We trust that Christ was duly magnified on this train through the distribution of tracts and the singing of gospel songs, which the many travelers heartily appreciated. Amid others, a lawyer earnestly inquired of the missionaries concerning the Christian religion.

The "Sacred Car" at a Japanese Religious Festival

What a lovely scene presented itself to our eyes as the train glided through the principal tea-growing section of Japan! From the cars down in the valley below, we saw the hills literally covered with tea shrubs, from two to four feet high, planted in rows. Even up on the higher hills, the little horticulturists were busily engaged cultivating the tea. A sight like this is exceedingly attractive when the tea shrubs are in bloom. The fragrant wax-like flowers are

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Japanese Fencers who Instruct the Police

Rice Cakes Drying in the Sun

A Typical Japanese Farmhouse

WHEN OUR FLEET VISITS JAPAN — CONTINUED

of a soft creamy white and resemble orange blossoms. Soon my friend announced that we were approaching a noted town, whose temple has long been the magnet for many pilgrims. While passing through the place, we saw some in our car standing up and clapping their hands to call the attention of the gods. Then they bowed their heads and made their prayers. Some were still standing as the train pulled out of town. Were any of these devotees ashamed before each other, or even before a foreigner?

After traveling through the ports of Osaka and Kobe, in company with another minister we started to visit a mission station on the noted Awaji Island, where a few months previous a great revival took place. Leaving the mainland we crossed the channel on a steam launch. Here one can often see hundreds of little fishing boats or "sampans," with their square white sails skimming along, all intent on a harvest from the briny waters. We reached the island toward evening, and having great difficulty in securing jinrikishas, which we preferred to the steamboat, we did not get started for Sumoto, our destination, until sunset. By the way, as it was hot, we indulged in a little Japanese ice cream, which is always cheap in this country. It consists simply of ice with the addition of a little soda water and sugar. The ice is shaved fine on a little apparatus similar to a plane. Such a dish is available nowadays almost anywhere in Japan.

At last two countrymen decided to take us half-way—about ten miles. On they came with their dilapidated carts, and we barely got in when they took us whizzing up and down hill. Upon entering a village, our men being unable to find a suitable hotel were forced to take us some miles farther, where we halted in front of a hotel, and engaged lodging for the night. After supper, which was prepared in Japanese style, we were given a native robe apiece, for which we exchanged our clothing, and for a while sat on the porch of the second story outside of our room, in the cooling ocean breeze. Aside from the conversation we were entertained by the roaring of the waves just in front of our inn. Within the hotel there was also some excitement. In one of the adjoining rooms they had a *gochiso*, a Japanese banquet, where song and mirth mingled with the clapping of hands. In the room opposite there were a number of lodgers who also squatted upon the porch or else upon the mats, smoking their tiny pipes. The inn-keeper brought in the register, in which he requested us to insert our names, ages, nationality, and occupation, and at last we were also honored by a visit from the wide-awake and almost all-seeing Japanese policeman.

Oh, how weary we were that night! But the faithful waters sang us a long lullaby, and we slept soundly. After an early breakfast, another set of jinrikisha men were ready to take us on. Our road still continued along the coast; at times the beach was covered with wagon-loads of little fish, spread there to dry in the sun. Now and then we would pass a native hut, where large piles of little match-boxes, each about an inch and a half in length, were lying on matting, in different stages of construction. Again, coming through a village, a large commons was literally covered with oil-paper umbrellas, which were opened up to dry. Curious sight for a stranger!

But there was yet a little experience ahead of us. We visited our friends in Sumoto, and returning the same day by jinrikisha, we arrived at the boat station some time before sunset, where we meant to board a launch for the mainland. Unfortunately, the last boat had left, and we had only one alternative—either to stay in some tea-house overnight, or get a fisherman to take us across in his sampan. When the ocean is not stormy, there is no danger in crossing in such a way; but my missionary friend knew by experience that our prospective sailing was not altogether safe. However, to save time, we thought we would risk it. Soon after starting, a raging gale came sweeping from the northeast, and whipped our boat constantly to one side. The missionaries, who were sitting in the bottom and holding to the sides with both hands, looked into each other's pale faces, and thought about their little families at home. Oh, how long a time it seemed to take for us to reach the farther shore! At last we could dimly see a faint outline of the coast; now and then almost running into a fishing smack, but still avoiding a clash. With thanksgiving to God, we gladly paid our bills, and with a quick step, cheerfully went our way. But I meant to tell THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers something too about the wonderful skill of the Japanese in *ken-jitsu*, or fencing, and *jiu-jitsu*, or wrestling. The chief of police of a certain city accorded me the privilege a few times of attending the regular police drills in these arts. The drills were held at the police headquarters and participated in by the entire force. The instructors are distinctly professional men, who devote their entire time to this work. Besides these, there are some notable champions among the pupils, such as business men and others. Though swordsmanship or fencing is almost a universal affair in Japan, yet its practice among the Japanese is distinctly different from that of other countries. They are remarkably agile and quick-motioned in their strokes. They brandish their long, wooden swords with both hands, and the clash is fierce, and is made more dreadful by constant shrill shouts.

These instructors possess a fine physique, and their constant practice enables them to drill in succession as many as fifty men at a time. Some of them have not only their daily appointments with different police classes, but at night they are engaged with special classes. *Ken-jitsu* is a time-honored art, an inheritance from the Samurai class. It is prevalent in all the higher schools and colleges; but the military spirit of this entire race is also plainly to be noticed even among the smallest common schoolboys, whose skill in handling a bamboo pole is really remarkable.

Jiu-jitsu (which in Japanese means soft art) does not appear altogether soft when one views the performance. This art is not necessarily obligatory upon the students of the schools, but strictly so upon all police officers. These performances were held in a building adjoining the police headquarters, the floor of which was covered with thick Japanese mats. There is a variety of over eighty different performances embodied in *jiu-jitsu*, and it takes more than an ordinarily muscular man to make himself proficient in this art. The strength and endurance displayed even among the smallest of these little men is amazing.

Akashi, Japan. MATTHIAS KLEIN.

SCENES IN PHILADELPHIA'S REVIVAL

THE Chapman-Alexander revival is stirring Philadelphia in a remarkable manner. Between 2,000 and 3,000 people have already confessed Christ, while thousands of church members have been inspired with a new passion for souls. Probably not less than 30,000 daily attend the revival services throughout the city.

One evening recently, Dr. Chapman, his daughter Miss Bertha Chapman, and Mr. and Mrs. Alexander, accompanied by Paul Gilbert, soloist, and Robert Harkness, pianist, conducted two meetings in saloons at the close of their service at Bethany Church, and then held a final meeting from eleven to twelve in a Salvation Army hall, where a large number accepted Christ. On another evening at 11 P.M., Dr. Chapman and Mr. Alexander conducted a meeting at a theatre for the members of a company playing at one of the Philadelphia theatres, and about half the audience remained for the service.

One evening, in the course of a sermon on "Heaven," Dr. Chapman said: "Every end of the child of God is beautiful. Every picture of his going away is peaceful. A man once came to my office and said, 'I will have to ask you to come over and comfort my children. My mother has been living in my house. She has always had the custom of carrying in her hand at night a little lamp, and she had kissed me good-night last night and started away. She came back toward the door and said to us, "Good-night; good-night to you all, for I will see you in the morning." When I called her this morning, she didn't answer. When I opened the door and crossed the threshold, she was lying upon the bed, a sweet smile upon her face; but she had gone home.' Brushing away the tears from his cheeks he said, 'The only thought we have kept of her is this: I will see you in the morning.' "

One of the most interesting of the half hundred evangelists and Gospel singers who are assisting in the revival is Dr. Charles W. Gordon, of Winnipeg, Canada, better known as "Ralph Connor," the author of *The Sky Pilot*. Dr. Gordon is conducting revival meetings nightly in one of the Philadelphia districts. In addressing the men of an aristocratic church one Sunday morning, he told them that soul-winning work is now going on in his church as never before. Men are organized into a brotherhood, and they are going after unsaved men in a definite business-like manner. In every congregation, the beginning of a new life manifests itself in a new concern for the life of somebody else. "The Christian Church should be composed of men who are getting people to heaven. You will be surprised and delighted, and a new joy will come into your life, to find how many men are waiting for you to say a word about Christ."

Dr. Gordon accompanied the others one night recently when they held services in the saloons of the Tenderloin district of the city. He was deeply interested in their efforts to reclaim the wrecks of humanity they encountered, and a day or two later wrote the following poem on the rescue of the fallen, dedicating it to Mrs. Alexander:

Bring Him to Me

Bring him to me; his heart is filled with madness;
From demon chains ye cannot set him free;
The well of peace, the very spring of gladness,
Is mine. Bring him to me.

Bring him to me; his hurt is past your healing;
From death, from death's black doom you cannot free;
The word of hope, the doom of death repealing,
Is mine. Bring him to me.

Bring him to me, your boy is surely dying;
Life's stream runs low, the dim eyes cannot see;
The fount of life, the cure for all heart sighing
Is mine. Bring him to me.

Bring him to me; day's last sad beams are fading;
Dark night falls thick, and shrouds life's troubled sea;
Look up, the dawning day that knows no shading,
Is mine. Come home with me.

Easter Festival in Greece

Approach to St. Stephen's Gate, Jerusalem

On the Via Dolorosa, Jerusalem

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ODD CUSTOMS OF EASTERTIDE

TO the Christian people of America there comes a peculiar feeling of brotherhood with those of their faith in other lands, when they think on Easter morning that long before the first steaks of dawn have gladdened the eastern sky, millions of people beyond the sea, in Europe and Asia, have already gone to their churches to worship, and happy voices have cried in greeting: "He is risen, he is risen!" and as the sun sweeps across the sky it is carrying with it the light and joy of the Easter Day.

Although many of the Easter customs are almost universal, and have come down from the days of the early church, yet every country has some ways of celebrating the event that are entirely national in character. Some of the customs strike the American as not entirely religious, though those who participate would be greatly shocked if they were to hear such a criticism.

In the early centuries of Christianity people fasted and prayed, and religious worship was held the night before Easter. Every one who attended these services kept a vigil from the close of the last prayer to cock crowing, the time at which it is supposed that our Lord arose from the tomb. When the first crow of a cock was heard, the people broke into exclamations of joy and repeated to one another the words still used in many places, "He is risen, he is risen indeed!"

The Lord's Supper was usually celebrated with great ceremony, and those who had been prepared for the sacred rite were baptized. Slaves in many instances were freed by their masters, especially where the slave had endeared himself by long and faithful service. Prisoners, generally those not guilty of the higher crimes or crimes against the government, were released by the heads of cities and States so that they also might rejoice with their more fortunate neighbors. The rich made special donations to the poor that all might have the means to take part in the festival and be free for a space of time, at least, from both work and care. Courts were closed and a general feeling of kindness one to anotner seemed to prevail. In places where there was still a number of heathen living among the Christian population, they were forbidden to celebrate any of their heathen forms of worship, in order that the Christians might not be disturbed in their devotions or in their celebrations. Within a very few centuries, however, this law became obsolete with the almost universal spread of Christianity in Europe.

The entire week following Easter Day was given up to rejoicing. The people who had been baptized on Easter Day wore robes of white for the seven days following in token of the purity of the life into which they had entered. On the next Sunday the white robes were laid aside and the converts welcomed as members into the church.

In many parts of Germany a very ancient custom survives. It is the celebration on Easter Eve. Bonfires of great size are lit on some of the highest hills, the same spots being used year after year, and the hill near a village where such a fire is burned is often called the Easter Mountain. The peasants firmly believe that so far as the light of the sacred fire may be seen, the fields will be fruitful and the houses will be safe from conflagration, and the people who live in them from sickness.

The flames of these Easter fires are fed by sticks brought by the peasants who wish to take part in the ceremony. When the flames begin to die down, all the people present, from the child of ten to the aged grandfather, jump over the glowing embers, and in a few places the cattle are said to be driven over the ashes. This is supposed, according to the old legends, to protect both the people and the cattle for the year against disease.

Special cakes were baked for Easter throughout Europe during the Middle Ages, and the custom still survives in the "semnel cakes" and the "hot cross buns." The custom of presenting stained or painted eggs is centuries old. Christians adopted the custom to symbolize the resurrection, and at first the eggs were always colored red in allusion to the blood of the redemption.

Ceremony of the Holy Fire

In Jerusalem itself, the Easter celebrations are the most elaborate of the many that occur on the sacred days in the Holy City. The throngs of pilgrims increase in number during Easter week and the speech of many countries is heard. Hundreds have made their way on foot, with the exception of short stages in the crowded steerage of some steamer or on a railroad.

The Latin churches vie with each other in their elaborate ceremonials, and the Protestant missionaries hold their simpler services of praise and thanksgiving for the Risen Christ.

On the Greek Easter Day, which is celebrated according to the old style calendar, one of the most interesting of all religious ceremonies takes place in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It occurs in the afternoon, usually about two o'clock, and the "Holy Fire," as it is called, is supposed to descend from heaven and hover over the tomb of Christ. This is a reminder to the faithful of his resurrection from the dead, and to the pilgrims it is of the most serious religious import.

A large detachment of Turkish soldiers, sometimes two or three companies, according to the number of pilgrims present, take stations about the church and guard the approach. Their presence is necessary to preserve order between the different sects, for feeling at times runs high. The soldiers form lanes in close order and the officers do not hesitate to hit smartly with their whips any pilgrim who tries to force his way ahead of his companions.

The Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre is a small building of eight sides about twenty-six feet long and seventeen wide. It is directly beneath the great dome of the church. The people crowd about the little chapel leaving only a narrow passage for the procession.

The Greek Patriarch opens the service by marching about the chapel. He is gorgeously robed and wearing the jeweled patriarchal crown. He is followed by a long train of bishops, priests and deacons who are also dressed in elaborate ceremonial robes. They intone chants, but their voices are soon drowned by the strong voices of thousands of pilgrims who take up the chant as the clergy march three times about the chapel. Still, as the chant rises in increasing volume, the Armenian Patriarch joins the Greek Patriarch and they enter the chapel. The Greek priests declare that the Holy Fire descends miraculously from heaven upon the tomb within. A group of athletic men are gathered about the window of the chapel through which the fire is to be handed out to them.

A glowing ball of fire is held out through the chapel window, and the runners light their torches in the flame. Then they dash full tilt toward their respective chapels, Armenian, Abyssinian, Greek, Syriac and Coptic, that are built at various places within the walls of the church. A select corps of men from each sect tries to assist their runners, while the others attempt to extinguish the lights in order that the sacred flame may be placed upon their own altars first. At last all of the chapels have received their fire, and every one in the crowd has lighted his own torch made of twenty or thirty candles.

The pilgrims extinguish their torches and carry them back to their native villages to be used in religious festivals.

In Greece many ancient social customs are revived on Easter week. One of them comes down without doubt from classic days. The youths and maidens assemble in some large open space near their village. The girls who are of marriageable age form in long lines and go through the graceful motions of the "trata," half a march, half a dance. The "trata" signifies that a girl who takes part in it is ready to have a suitor, a sort of debut into Greek village society.

Proofs of the Resurrection*

AN EASTER SERMON BY REV. C. T. BRADY

WISELY said the Great Apostle, "The fashion of this world passeth away." The whole scheme of it, the mourning, the rejoicing and the rest of it, is this moment sweeping onward like the moving shadow upon the dial. Age succeeds to age as wave to wave. The times change, but we do not change in them. Man in each period plays the same small part. We pursue the same ends; we are moved by the same forces; we fight the same temptations; we think the same thoughts; we love and hate; we live and die. The earth is accompanied in its ceaseless whirl by the same laughter, the same tears. "The grace of the fashion of it perisheth," but nevertheless, "the thing that hath been is the thing that shall be."

This is the age of the temporizer. Expediency and compromise are the watchwords of the time. The wisdom of the world says: Avoid the issue; emphasize the agreeable; bring no burning question to the fore; let sleeping dogs lie; let us have the ethics of Christianity; let us have the consequences of Jesus' life; give us the effects; the cause may be buried in a charitable oblivion.

Such was not the course of the Great Apostle who made known to us "the unsearchable riches of Christ," with a splendor of courage beside which even the boldness of John is little. Paul did not fear to raise the issue in holy Jerusalem, in learned Athens, in sensual Corinth, in lordly Rome. There was no vagueness, no ambiguity, about his position. Though contempt, persecution and death stared him in the face, he would proclaim his Gospel.

In words which ring as true now as when he uttered them, he says: "If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain. Yea, and we are found false witnesses of God; because we have testified of God that he raised up Christ whom he raised not up."

There are two great facts which evidence the divinity of Jesus, by which we prove that "this Jesus whom I preach to you is Christ." One is the Incarnation; the other the Resurrection. Because of the Resurrection, our confidence in the Incarnation is unshakable.

In our own strong-grounded belief, we wonder at the lack of faith of the disciples before Jesus was crucified. But they had not received that final testimony in which this morning we rejoice. The world pointed to Jesus with bitter cynicism: "Is not this the carpenter's son?" And not even Peter himself was convinced by his own confession, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God." His contemporaries looked upon Jesus' sublime assertion of his divinity as blasphemy, and for that they crucified him. Immediately after his death the disciples walked, with hearts doubly saddened at their own defection and at the seeming failure of their Lord. The resurrection changed all that. And yet, although of transcendental importance viewed by itself, its chief value was its witness to the incarnation. It was the great attestation of the Divine plan, the outward and visible sign, the last word that complemented and completed the angelic annunciation.

Now, in the nature of things, we should have a right to expect that so stupendous a fact, correlated to that other fact which makes so strong a demand upon our faith, should be capable of demonstration. The resurrection of Jesus Christ stands apart from the other dogmas of the Christian Church in that it can be attested by the witness of history. There is more and better evidence for it than for any other contemporary fact dealing with purely secular matters. The resurrection of Jesus is as firmly established as is the death of Cæsar.

Let us devote a moment to the witnesses. Upon the character of the witness and his opportunity of information depends the credibility of his testimony. Four men have set forth with much detail the life of Christ, devoting a goodly portion of their several biographies to his apprehension, trial, crucifixion, death, burial and resurrection. Two of these men, Matthew and John, were intimate friends of Jesus; one of them, Mark, a younger man, was the chosen companion of another close friend of Jesus, Peter, whose mouthpiece he became. So that three of the accounts, two actual and one by direct transmission, are those of eye-witnesses to what they describe. The fourth account is a compilation made by Luke, an educated and cultured man of acute perceptions, with a fine historic sense, who prepared his biography by collating many existing accounts which have been lost, testing them by the statements of eye-witnesses and participants in the various events, whom he impartially examined and among whom he judicially decided. In addition to these, we have the explicit testimony of Paul, to whom exact knowledge came not merely from eye-witnesses, but by direct revelations from God, which he sets forth circumstantially on different occasions.

There is no historic document which has been subjected to such searching criticism as the Bible, and the writings of these men have borne the brunt of the attack. So far as I know, not even the most advanced higher critic is disposed to deny the authorship of

The Disciples at the Empty Sepulchre

Matthew, of Mark and of Luke. Some have questioned his authorship of the Gospel ascribed to John. They are not agreed as to who did write it, or whence its materials were drawn, but the preponderance of evidence is in favor of the beloved disciple. The writings of Paul have been included in the scrutiny, but it is a singular fact that no critic of reputation has ever ventured to raise a question as to the authenticity of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, in which the resurrection is set forth so distinctly.

Unfortunately, we know but little about the lives of the Evangelists save what they themselves have told us in their writings, but what we do know from history or tradition exhibits them after the resurrection as men absolutely honest, highly courageous and thoroughly imbued with their own Gospel; men in deadly and terrible earnest in their proclamation of it. So far as humanity can say, every one of these men is worthy of the highest credence.

We know more of Paul. His life and work make up a great part of the New Testament. We know what he did, where he went, what he said, how he lived, what kind of a man he was. He poured out his soul in a series of remarkable letters, still extant. We discern in his writings the most powerful intellect which has ever grappled with the sublimest of subjects, bes whom we can place no other philosopher or theologi The literary remains of the time are extensive and rious, yet there is not in the whole great mass of t timony a single reflection upon the moral character any one of these men.

So much for the witnesses. What do they sa First and foremost, that Christ really died. Now t attack on the resurrection begins right there. It gan right there in Jerusalem. In the Book of the Ac you find no statements from the men who had broug him to crucifixion that Jesus had not risen. They not attempt to deny that fact after Peter preached t resurrection in Jerusalem; they only commanded lence and strove to secure it by imprisonment. Th abandoned the first attempt which they made at counting for the resurrection almost befo they had published it. Modern scepticism, u able to deny the reappearance of Christ, h been forced to repeat the charge that he d not die.

But the testimony to his death is ample a explicit. With a convincing simplicity and rectness, the Evangelists record Pilate's amaz ment at the fact that Jesus should have di so soon, and the inquiry of the centurion as the reality of his death. These statemen would have been suppressed if he had n died. And, lest the appearance of death whi came upon Christ hanging upon the cross a ter that great and bitter cry should be on the result of a fainting spell, one of the R man soldiers whose business it was to see th the people whom they crucified did die, a who would not leave them until they we dead, drove a spear through the side and in the heart of the Master. And the chief pries were there on Calvary to see that he was reali dead.

Then he was buried. His tomb was close by a great stone. That stone was sealed h the official seals of the church. It was guarde by a detail of Roman soldiers. No single ma could have rolled that stone away and hav burst from that tomb.

What happened? The seals were broke the stone was rolled away; the tomb was emp tied of its Occupant. That is universally ac mitted. The first accounting for this by th priests was that the disciples had come to th sepulchre by night while the soldiers slept an stolen the body away.

Now, one of the things which make us th more inclined to credit the testimony of th disciples is that they do not hesitate to se down in plain, blunt words their own previou weakness. Of the twelve who accompanie Jesus, one had betrayed him by the most exec rable treachery of history; another had denie him, not once but thrice, and the others, with out exception, had forsaken him and fled They were absolutely crushed by the terrib end of him whom they had loved. To clain that these tremblers took the terrible risk of like death for the purpose of stealing the dea body of him for whom when alive they coul do nothing, is preposterous. And there is fur ther involved an agreement upon an elaborat conspiracy to defraud, which demanded a degree of intellect, a quality of courage and a moral turpitude inconceivable in connection with these men.

Again, if the chief priests had so easily compassed the death of the Leader of the little band, is it at all likely that they would have hesitated to bring the perpetrators of such an open and atrocious deception to similar crosses? They dared not do this because there was absolutely no warrant for the charge; not even their prejudiced minds could manufacture the smallest evidence to support it. The lives of those Roman soldiers who guarded Jesus' tomb would not have been worth an instant's purchase if they had slept upon their watch, even if no consequences had ensued. The discipline of Rome was ruthless and absolute. The story must be dismissed as soon as it is uttered. Indeed, not the most determined opponent considers it to-day.

What do the records say about Jesus on that first Easter Day? He appeared to Mary Magdalene first of all. Next he was seen of certain other faithful women. He vouchsafed a special interview to Peter. Two of the disciples walked with him to Emmaus and recognized him when he broke bread in their house. In the evening he presented himself visibly to the eleven

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*And some said, What will this babbler say? other some, He seemeth to be a setter forth of strange gods: because he preached unto them Jesus, and the resurrection." Acts 17: 18.

PROOFS OF THE RESURRECTION

Continued from page 306

as they sat at meat in an upper chamber in a house in Jerusalem. With the eleven were others of the disciples, the faithful women and the two who had returned from Emmaus. He appeared again a number of times to individuals and to assemblages of believers during the forty days which intervened between his resurrection and his ascension. And last of all he appeared to Paul. On one occasion he was seen by "above five hundred brethren at once," of whom the greater part were living witnesses, whose testimony was available when Paul wrote his celebrated epistle to the Corinthians, although some, in the words of the great apostle, had "fallen asleep."

This is all exquisitely modest and simple. It is inherently credible, therefore. Liars would have embellished the tale. They would have made the resurrection take place in a blaze of light, at the sound of the trumpets of archangels, with legions of the heavenly host irradiant in glory, the earth quaking and trembling. Instead of which it is all so quiet and so real that it carries conviction on its face. To say that Jesus did not rise is to brand the testimony of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John as a deliberate falsehood. It is equivalent to declaring that Paul wilfully lied when he said that the greater part of the five hundred people who had seen him were still alive. It is simply incredible that any one could maintain in the face of this testimony that, after his death, Jesus did not visibly present himself to the disciples.

Indeed, it is significant that the denial to-day is not a denial of the belief of the truth of these men. The attempt is made to explain away the appearance of the Lord in another manner, and of late the "visionary theory" well named, indeed! has come to the fore. It begins with an admission that Christ actually died. Then it goes on to declare that the disciples, earnestly expectant, eagerly awaiting the resurrection, which had been foretold by Jesus while he yet lived, became the victims of hallucination; that they embodied before their eyes by self-hypnosis, by unconscious efforts of a highly stimulated, neurotic imagination, a semblance, which to their distorted and excited minds took the form of Jesus; that they did not really see him for the reason that he did not really rise; but they were so powerfully moved by their own desires and imaginations that they were absolutely persuaded that they had seen him, and, therefore, that he had risen. In other words, they believed what they wanted to believe.

But here again the evidence is explicit. The contention appears to have been foreseen and provided for. In the first place, the disciples did not expect him to rise. On the contrary, the crucifixion was so complete and crushing a tragedy that it left them utterly hopeless, expecting nothing. In the presence of its awful reality, they temporarily forgot all they had been told. Jesus' submission negatived preconceptions of his origin and mission. Hope was dead. A resurrection was the last thing of which they dreamed. In the second place, while it may be possible that highly wrought, sensitive persons, under such circumstances, could embody their fancy and persuade themselves that "the baseless fabric of a vision" was a reality, that eleven men of different temperaments should have been so deceived, is so improbable that it is unbelievable. And when to these eleven were added varying numbers of others at different times, including in one instance five hundred people, the impossibility of the explanation is demonstrated.

Furthermore, these were plain, simple, every-day people—common people, if you will, for it was they who heard Jesus gladly—hard-working people, tillers of the soil, fishermen, of all others the most unlikely to dream dreams, or see visions. The resurrected Jesus ate and drank with them. He breathed upon them. He offered his wounded hands, his bruised feet, his pierced side, for their inspection. One among the disciples doubted for a time: but he too saw and believed. His confession was complete, absolute and final.

When St. Paul wrote that splendid letter to the Corinthians, Christianity had already aroused the opposition of heathendom. During St. Paul's life, and later during the closing years of St. John, there were men who made it their business to attempt to confute the claims of Christianity. We have references to attacks, as those of Celsus, upon this very fact of the resurrection still preserved in literature with fragments of their work. It is easy to see why Christianity evoked these antagonisms. It was the most aggressive and intolerant of all religions. It was not willing to enter the Roman Pantheon on terms of equality with any other religion whatsoever. It fought all the others. It was an unique religion. It was not one among many, but in the eyes of its followers it was the only one.

Is it conceivable that upon the wide circulation of such a statement as St. Paul made in his epistle to the Corinthians, that there were hundreds of witnesses still alive who could testify to the resurrection of Jesus, the truth could not have been ascertained, and that those inimical to the Christian religion would not have availed themselves of such an opportunity to investigate the truth of this statement and to have branded it as falsehood, which it would have been easy to do if St. Paul had lied? Again, is there a lawyer to-day, who could not extract the truth from five hundred witnesses, howsoever they might conspire to suppress it? And the lawyers and advocates of those days were not less acute than those of our own.

There are very few absolute atheists in the world. They are a negligible quantity, even in this day of scepticism and indifference. Mankind believes and always has believed in God. Also, there has always been some kind of a moral law in human hearts, older far than the decalogue, and varying with race, and place, and time. And one of the innate beliefs of the human mind is that truth is eternal, and that the lie inevitably perishes in the end, however it may flourish for a season. Here are a handful of peasants, in an obscure and unimportant corner of the world, followers of a Man who has been crucified with every possible attendant circumstance of ignominy and contempt. They are simple, plain people. They proclaim a Gospel which deliberately attacks the existing order; which antagonizes religious systems that are bound up with the political fortunes of the Empire whose boundaries were coterminous with civilization and the world. Every hand is against them; every voice decries them; every government persecutes them.

The foundation-stone of their Gospel is the statement that their Crucified Leader rose again from the dead; that he was alive and will remain alive. They point to that as the final proof of the truth of their claim that he was Divine, and that his teaching ought, therefore, to be followed. Nothing so preposterous had ever been heard. There were, indeed, legends of other resurrections; but they were the slow growth of centuries, and had their rise in obscure and long-forgotten periods. These men stood forth, as it were, and said this resurrection took place to-day.

Furthermore, to oppose to the cruel antagonisms and oppressions which their teachings evoked, they offered nothing except a continued insistence upon the truth of what they said. They organized no parties in the State; they did not make use of any political means; they had no army; they simply went tirelessly on bearing witness to this one fact and saying: All we teach and preach and believe is evidenced by, and depends upon, our statement that this resurrection did take place. And they died unresistingly by thousands, confident in the truth of their position.

Look at the two parties in the great controversy—Rome and the world against the handful of Christians! Search the lordly pages of Gibbon for magnificent periods which describe the might and majesty of that Empire. Read the sweet and tender words of Christ to find the characteristics of that opposition. And yet the Empire could no more stay the spread of the Gospel than Canute upon the shore could check the rising tide. But unlike the tide, the onward sweep of Christianity has had no ebb. It suffered from every possible antagonism, outward and inward, alike from persecution and from the weakness of its members, who frequently have been its deadliest enemies. Yet it lived. It lives. It shall live.

It is stronger to-day than ever. It has gone from strength to strength, from conquest to conquest, from triumph to triumph, until now all that is civilized, all that is enlightened, all that is best among the nations, is Christian—imperfectly Christian, if you will, but decidedly Christian as opposed to pagan. These are facts which cannot be lightly brushed aside. Could this work have been done, could these results have been brought about, if those men had lied, if there had been the faintest deviation from the truth in their proclamation? Would not the lie have been exhibited and disclosed long ago by the opposition which has manifested itself against Christ's Holy Church?

Again, if it were a lie, if the witnessing to the resurrection were the result of a gigantic conspiracy, if the men knew that they were lying when they said that Jesus rose from the dead, if they were deliberate in their proclamation of a falsehood, with such means as they had at their command, with such methods as they used, how could they have produced the results?

And again, suppose the Apostles believed that they saw Jesus, although they did not really see him. That belief might have animated them to heroic endeavors, and they might have died in it, but under such circumstances could they and their successors have accomplished their work? For, however a man may be deluded, if the truth be not in him, his work will not endure. There may be no moral turpitude attached to him, but his work will be a failure. The only demonstration of a Gospel is that it is true.

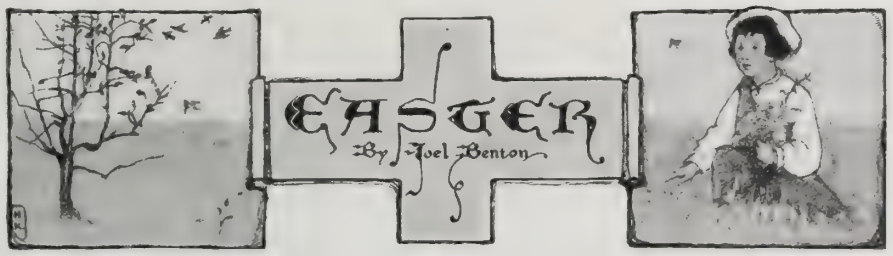
The resurrection of Jesus is an assured fact. Why is it, then, that men do not recognize it? They are afraid to do so. They dare not. Mere intellectual assent to the fact is not sufficient. Men instinctively, even from an inadequate conception of the work and ministry of Jesus Christ, realize that no mental acceptance of him suffices. Acknowledgement is not sufficient. It must be followed by confession. The instant the resurrection is admitted, the claim of Christ to be an Arbiter of human character necessarily must also be admitted. For the resurrection carries with it the incarnation, which involves recognition of Christ's divinity. When that is admitted, conformity to the teachings of Christ as exhibited in his Word and proclaimed by his Church of necessity follows. And that is the reason why men to-day harden their hearts and refuse to acknowledge Christ as the Son of God, Christ as the human-divine person in the Blessed Trinity. That is the reason why they are willing to take the ethics of Christ, or the philosophy of Christ, or the teachings of Christ, or the writings of Christ, and yet withhold their assent to the divinity of Christ.

There can be no effect without a cause; there can be no sharing of effects, in the spiritual world, without participation in the cause. The confession of the resurrection is the confession of the incarnation; the confession of the incarnation is the confession of all of the obligations of a Christion. These they will not assume. They prefer anything, everything to those obligations. "Ephraim is joined to his idols, let him alone."

Look to it, yé idle, ye careless, ye fashionable, to-day; look to it, O Vanity Fair! beware how you reject your risen Lord. You are not merely refusing to acknowledge a fact; you are determining your own eternal future. When you are sick, when you are troubled, you want Christ's Gospel and Christ's minister. When you lie in a flower-shrouded casket in some bereaved home, those you leave behind you crave the assurance of Christ's Gospel from Christ's minister. When you look with tear-dimmed eyes upon those who go before—and no one passing adolescence lives so shortly but what some one goes before—you long to be told that there is a blessed home hereafter; that all is not over; that the parting is but for a moment; that "thy brother," in the very words of Christ, "shall rise again."

Brethren, "my heart's desire and prayer unto God for Israel is that they might be saved." That is the prayer of every priest, every preacher of every church. This is "the word of faith, which we preach: That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." Those were the last words of the Divine, the Compassionate, the Loving Son of God upon the earth, ere he went to that place prepared for him from the beginning, where he awaits us, where we shall join our risen Lord, if we be his children. And it is my last word this Easter Day, which will be the last Easter for some who read this.

Christ *did* die; Christ *did* rise; Christ *is* risen! "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved."



I ASKED a little boy at play,
When Winter's chill had passed away,
What made the sky so soft and blue—
Why all things seemed so changed and new?

"This day," he said, "is Easter morn,
And I upon this day was born;
So, where the Easter blossoms grow,
Through fragrant fields for them I go."

He knew the story, broad and free,
From Bethlehem and Galilee;
And felt his life, in some fair guise,
Was linked to their long-hallowed skies.

He crossed the meadows wet with dew;
The violet's choicest nooks he knew;
But did not miss the spell divine
That came to him from Palestine.

One little child, in springtime hours,
Came home with burdened arms and flowers,
And said: "I've gathered these in play,
To celebrate this Easter day."

Warm faith and hope are manifold—
The Master's love is simply told—
And down the lengthening path of years,
More beautiful its reign appears.

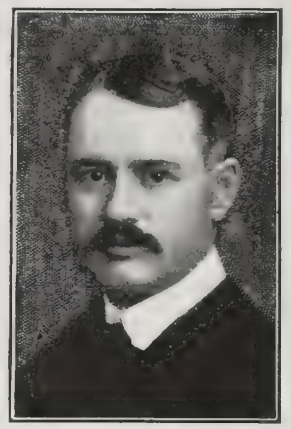
AMERICA'S NEW BIBLE CONFERENCE

AMERICA is to have another Summer Bible Conference that gives promise of being world-wide in its reach. What Northfield has been to the East, and what Winona has been to the middle West, that will Montrose, for so is the new Conference named, be to the wide stretch of intervening territory that lies midway between the well-worked fields of these two other Conferences.

The leader of the new Conference will be Rev. Reuben Archer Torrey, D.D., the evangelist. As showing the strange providences of God and his undoubted leadership in the selection of Montrose for the Conference seat, it need only be mentioned that Dr. Torrey had examined site after site in his "around the world" journey without finding that which met his ideal for a Conference centre—the establishment of a Conference had been upon his heart for several years—until in a very unique and unusual way he was called to Montrose for a day. During that stay he found the spot he wished for. One by one the obstacles melted away, and the Conference plan began to assume definite proportions. Stranger than all, four other Christian leaders on whose hearts projects of a kindred nature had been laid were unconsciously drawn together in fellowship. These forces are all joined in this one undertaking, and Montrose gives promise of becoming a headquarters for aggressive Christian activity within the next year or two at farthest.

Rev. John McInnis

Rev. R. A. Torrey



Pres't John R. Clements

Montrose is the county seat of Susquehanna County, Pennsylvania, and is an ideal country town with a population of about 2,000. It is noted for its solid prosperity and the intelligence of its citizens, who are descendants of the old New England Puritans. The town is about 2,000 feet above sea level, and its climate rivals the best to be found in the Adirondacks. It has two railways—the Lackawanna and the Lehigh Valley. It is easy of access from Scranton, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston, Binghamton, Elmira, Buffalo, and the cities of New York and Philadelphia. It is in every way an ideal summer spot and some of the best people in Philadelphia and New York have summer homes here.

The Montrose Bible Conference Association has already been incorporated, and is officered as follows: Rev. R. A. Torrey, D.D., Leader; President, John R. Clements, Binghamton; First Vice President, Volney P. Kinne, Buffalo; Second Vice President, Rev. John A. Davis, Binghamton; Third Vice President, Rev. Dr. Griffin W. Bull, Scranton; Treasurer, W. B. D. Ainey, Montrose; General Secretary, Rev. John M. MacInnis, Montrose.

The plans of the Association embrace an annual Bible Conference for a special study of the Bible for the purpose of deepening the Christian life, and for inspiring greater and more aggressive efforts for the evangelization of the masses at home and abroad. A school for Bible and missionary training, and a school for boys and girls will also be features in a few years. The will also be made a centre for developing interest in Sunday School, Young People's Societies and Christian Association work, and will provide for Summer School of methods along these lines.

The Association has purchased one of the most beautiful sites in Montrose. The farm, a part of which is within the town limits, contains about 17 acres and overlooks an ideal spring lake.

The Bible Conference for 1908 will be held on August 21-30.

Among others, the following are to take part in the programme: Dr. R. A. Torrey, Montrose, Pa.; Dr. A. C. Dixon, Chicago, Ill.; Dr. J. Shearman Holden, London, Eng.; Major Cole, Rev. H. Frost, Philadelphia, Pa.; Dr. Harris H. Gregg, St. Louis, Mo.; Rev. W. Jacoby, Chicago, Ill. Prof. D. B. Towner will have charge of the music.

Various other smaller conferences are already being arranged for. A permanent auditorium with a seating capacity of 3,000 is being prepared. Dr. Torrey has bought a residence in Montrose, one of the most beautiful spots in the village, a mile distance from the Conference grounds, and here he will make his all-the-year-around home, commencing with next October.

Hotel bookings, reservations for tenting, and inquiries regarding any other details will have attention if addressed to the Secretary, Rev. John M. MacInnis, Montrose, Pa.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

A YOUNG GIRL PREACHER IN NEW YORK CITY PULPITS

ALICE HEYWOOD BURGOYNE is perhaps the youngest woman who has ever spoken from the pulpit of an orthodox American Protestant church. On Sunday evening, March 22, she delivered an address at an uptown Baptist church, and the following Sunday she spoke at the Olney M. E. Church, both in New York City. She is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. John L. Burgoyne, prominent residents of the Borough of the Bronx. Miss Alice is about sixteen years old, intellectually bright, responsive, extremely well poised for a girl of her age.

"My speaking in the pulpit came about unexpectedly," she said to the writer. "One day father and I were having a discussion about revival meetings. I think revivals wake some people up as nothing else would do; but there is a class who have to be appealed to through their reason. Finally father said, 'Alice, you write it out and give it at prayer meeting.' So I did. I wrote the kind of argument I thought would interest those who are reading and thinking along religious and philosophical lines, and when I showed it to him he took it to the minister, and the minister asked me to give it Sunday night from his pulpit. That's the way it all came about."

Miss Burgoyne delivered her address without notes, and the church was packed with people who wanted to hear what so young a preacher had to say. She spoke for nearly forty minutes on the subject of "Creation."

"I studied my manuscript carefully beforehand,"

Alice Burgoyne, the Child Preacher

the young woman continued, "but when I got up into the pulpit I couldn't have told what I was going to say. Just as soon as I began, however, the ideas and the words to put them in flowed out. It was like the Bible, 'Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh.'

"I have always been interested in spiritual and moral things, and I am studying all the time to try to find what is the truth about everything that we see and experience, and it seems to me that the trouble with the churches and religion to-day is that their teaching isn't made vital. There is too much creed and ceremony, while the religion of Christ should be living—the living truth as he preached and practised it. We can't just say we believe things—we've got to understand them—work them out in our daily lives."

Miss Burgoyne was educated in the public schools and entered High School; but her mental development was greater than her physical strength, so that her parents were forced to take her out and let her get her education through other means, without the pressure of school discipline. She has read a great deal during the last few years—books far beyond the comprehension of the average girl of her age. She has always been a lover of the Bible and reads it frequently. Later, she means to follow a definite course of study which will give her mind a more systematic training.

Unlike some so-called "infant prodigies," Alice Burgoyne is quite gay and childlike; gentle and loving to her parents and friends, and pleased with the simple pleasures that make the ordinary girl happy. It will be very interesting to watch the development of so unusual a character. With so many natural gifts and good traits, she promises to grow into a woman who will be known for her strength and good works.

EUPHEMIA HOLDEN.

AMONG THE WORKERS

—REV. W. W. BENTLEY, of Atlantic Highlands, N. J., has again taken up evangelistic work and will respond to calls.

—A REVIVAL lately swept the town of Alden, near Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Evangelist L. Shellhorn, of Ashland, N. J., began the meeting March 5. Many conversions are reported.

—A SERIES OF helpful revival meetings was held lately at the Presbyterian Church, Grand and Washington Avenues, St. Louis, Mo., by the Indian evangelist, Mr. Wright.

—EVANGELISTS HART AND MAGANN, of Fairbury, Ill., have just closed a very successful union tabernacle revival with all the churches of Shenandoah, Ia. Over 600 confessed Christ.

THE BIBLE STUDY SCHOOLS founded by D. L. Moody at Mount Hermon, East Northfield, Mass., open May. The courses will be under the direction of a number of eminent divines, and will average about two weeks in length.

—FANNY CROSBY, the blind and aged hymn-writer, who on March 24 celebrated her eighty-eighth birthday, was the recipient of many congratulations at her home in Bridgeport, Conn. Numerous birthday gifts were also received, among them being a gold watch from the Christian Endeavor Societies of Connecticut, a gold pin and chapter bar from the D. A. R. (Mary Silliman chapter), which also gave the Christian poet laureate a reception at which over four hundred guests were entertained. Among the many birthday greetings was a little poem from friends in Danbury, Conn., one verse of which read:

May your golden days be happy,
Free from worry, care or pain:
With your loving friends around you,
May God's blessings on you rain.

—DR. DAVID R. MCIVER'S archeological expedition in Egypt claims to have discovered the remains of several Christian churches of a date within two or three centuries after Christ. They are now being excavated and it is expected that much valuable information may be gathered concerning the modes of worship and the beliefs of the early Christians, and possibly documents of great historic value relating to the primitive church may be brought to light.

—MISS JENNIE SMITH, railroad evangelist, is holding revival meetings at Roanoke, Va., under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., and is doing a good work among the railroad men and their families. Many conversions are reported.

—A GRACIOUS UNION REVIVAL has just closed at Macomb, Ill., under the leadership of Evangelist C. Fenwick Reed, of Greencastle, Ind., and his singer, C. C. Grant. The Presbyterian church, seating 1,500 people, was crowded nightly, and overflow meetings were held in the Methodist and Presbyterian churches. Five hundred seekers entered the inquiry room and 350 confessed Christ

—MISSIONARY H. LOOMIS writes from Yokohama, Japan, that the distribution of the Scriptures in Japanese is going on actively in the military camps, schools and hospitals, the leper hospitals and the institutes for the blind. Many notable conversions through the reading of the Word are reported. There are 500 Korean students in Tokyo, under a strong Christian leader; 120 of the Koreans are believers. Of 3,000 Chinese students now in Japan, Mr. Loomis declares, 250 have publicly avowed their purpose to become Christians. A church with 60 members has been organized.

THE HEART OF McCLOSKY'S BOY

AN EASTER STORY BY ADELINE TESKEY

HE was brought up in a small country village, and was, therefore, unacquainted with the advantages and artificialities of the city. He knew by the touch of his bare feet all the interesting nooks and corners around his home within a adius of five miles. More than once he had acted as guide to city people who were spending their summer in the village, when they were willing to follow his ad through marsh and over fen, to see the dams hich were built by the beavers when the country was ewer. The whiffs of fragrance from the clover eadows, the hallelujah chorus of the million bees in e apple blossoms, the fiddling of the grasshopper, the ling of the cricket, the songs of the birds and the aughter of the brooks were all familiar joys to him. Ie loved all the living things in the whole-hearted unreserved way in which a boy can love. He could discern the footprints of the fox, the weazel, the ground-squirrel or other marauder which visited the hencoops f the village; and he often chuckled in is secret heart at their sly maneuvers.

But more than anything else in God's utdoors McClosky's boy loved the birds. Ie had climbed trees almost as soon as e could walk, to peep into the nests; he ad carried the young birds many a time n his smutty little hands to save them rom the cats; he had put them back in heir nests when they had accidentally allen out; he had learned to imitate any of their calls, and knew more about heir fascinating ways than any other boy n the neighborhood. It was his delight o listen to the pewee's "one sweetly olemn thought" rising up with the night nists; and when it grew darker, the whippoorwill's plaint, or the startling whoo-oo-oo-o" of the owl. He even had, n more nights than one, heard birdongs in his dreams.

There were occasions on which he had wished that the schoolhouse would burn down—he had dreamed several times of ooking on that delightful conflagration—and thus allow him at least the space of time that it would take to build another schoolhouse, to live in the bird world. But despite this delinquency, he had made admirable progress with his studies; when but thirteen he had passed all the examinations which admitted him to a higher grade school than was to be found in the village. The schoolmaster was very proud of his prodigy, and as the boy's parents were poor, he succeeded in getting some of the well-to-do people interested enough in the lad to send him off to a city school.

The boy was to enter the city school after Easter, but as the village schoolmaster was going to the city the Saturday before, it was thought that the boy should accompany him, and have his assistance about procuring a boarding place. The master returned that evening, leaving the lad among strangers for the first time in his life.

McClosky's boy had been brought up to go to church, so, the next morning being Sunday, he donned his one white shirt, which his mother had warned him to keep for such occasions, brushed his suit that had to serve alike Sundays and week-days, and was ready.

As he was walking down stairs from his room, he heard the lady of the house say: "This is Easter Sunday, and every woman will have on a new Easter hat or bonnet." Somehow this piece of information had a depressing effect on McClosky's boy, and he said within himself, "If they're goin' to be so all-fired dressed up, I won't go." So, when he thought himself unnoticed, he slipped out of the house, and wandered off to make friends in this great lonesome city with the cats and the dogs, and the birds—if he could find any.

He had not gone far before he heard music. "There is in music something that traverses the ear as a door, the reason as a vestibule, and which goes yet further." With McClosky's boy it had gone "further." He found himself strangely tranquilized and attracted. He entered the church from whence the sweet sounds were proceeding; pushing one of the doors covered with crimson cloth, which opened from the vestibule into the audience room, he discovered that the audience had not yet assembled, and that an old gray-haired man was playing the pipe-organ. The attractive power of the music kept growing stronger and stronger, and he crept quickly and silently into one of the back seats.

It was the first time McClosky's boy had ever heard a pipe-organ, and the deep, subtle melody touched chords within his being of which he never before had been conscious. The instrument sang, laughed, wept, prayed and agonized under a master hand, and McClosky's boy thought of home, mother, heaven and all the good and beautiful things that had ever come into his life; and he wished, yea, longed, to be better than he was.

This mood was dispelled by the incoming congregation. He soon found himself seated behind an exceedingly well-dressed throng of men and women. He could scarcely see the organist any longer, being a stocky little fellow, with plumed hats and high bonnets obstructing his view. He had to crane his neck painfully to catch a glimpse of the minister. It required such an effort to keep his mind on the sermon, when he could not see the minister, that he gave up the attempt, and turned his attention to what he could see.

"He caught the eye of a church official fixed upon him"

The birds and wings on the women's bonnets and hats were the most noticeable things within his line of vision.

"That kind," he said to himself, eying a bird on a bonnet in front of him, "builds its nest in the crotch of a tree, up high—wonder how she ketched him." (McClosky's boy was not at all skilled in the secrets of millinery, and had a vague idea that each woman in some way had snared the bird that adorned her bonnet.) "Lines it all with some soft downy thing, most like silk, an' lays five eggs—leetle speckled fellers. Sits on the top of a Norway spruce, an' sings like sixty—'specially when it's thunderin' an' lightenin'. That's a cuckoo," he continued, turning to another bonnet: "I can't see its feet with all them ribbons, but it oughter have two toes in front an' two behind. Don't sing much, but makes a noise like a tree-toad; builds his nest in a low bush, an', like enough, poor codger, that's how he came to get ketched. He lives near streams generally, an' my goodness! if he don't eat caterpillars!—an' if there ain't a hull flock of leetle weenchy hummin'-birds!"

McClosky's boy came near forgetting that he was in a place where his thoughts should dwell on holy things, so wrought up were his feelings, and almost spoke his thoughts aloud.

"Och! I call that mean to take advantage of them leetle fellers—not much bigger than a bum-bee! I've seen 'em dippin' them long bills into the honey-suckle on the schoolmaster's veranda at home, an' drawin' the honey out by the——" he stopped as though his vocabulary failed to supply a word. "How in the mischief did she ketch so many of 'em? I've tried over an' over ag'in, an' I never could ketch one. Wouldn't 'a' killed it if I had; jest took a good look at it—my, how its little heart would thump—an' then let it fly away. I mind the little wee nest in the hickory I climbed once—all lined with fluffy bits o' cat-tails, soft as a feather-bed, all fixed over on the outside as nice as you please, jest exactly like the bark on a tree—an' there's a song-sparrow, 'pon my word! on that woman's hat, with his head perked up as if he was lookin' up into the sky an' askin' God not to let her ketch him. Wonder if he'll sing again. They say there'll be lots o' singin' in heaven. Wonder if song-sparrows, an' canaries, an' catbirds, an' fly-catchers will do any of it?"

Here McClosky's boy looked dreamy and reminiscent; his eyes wandered away from the bonnets toward a stained-glass window in the end of the church, a work of art which was intended to be a representation of the stoning of Stephen.

"They killed him, too," whispered McClosky's boy sorrowfully, "'cause they was bigger an' stronger than him. Men did it. . . . Men an' women are both cruel," he added philosophically.

His eyes soon came back to the bonnets. "I swan," he continued, "if there ain't a gray-and-white phoebe—an" a grosbeak—an' a gull!"

He let his eyes rest a moment while he thought of some barbarous tribes he had read about in some of his school-books that adorned their gate-posts and the palings around their inclosures with the heads of men.

"There's a blue-jay," he said, again turning his attention to the bonnets, an' a blackbird, an' a robin, an' a lettle yellow-hammer, an'——" He was craning his neck for another look at what he thought was some new kind of bird, when he caught the eye of a church official fixed sternly upon him. He straightened up, and tried to remember that he was in the house of God.

The church had been wonderfully decorated with flowers for this day of days; their perfume filled the place like incense; the choir had given some of its grandest Easter music; the minister had preached a sermon of great resurrection power; but McClosky's boy went out from that church feeling depressed. He hadn't heard a word of the sermon—did not even know the text.

"I s'pose it was for their Easter hats an' bunnets they killed all them birds," he said moodily. "Och, Easter!" with a little shudder at the thought of so many of his dead favorites. "I'll never come to church again!" he added fiercely. "I'll chuck a cracker biscuit into my pocket Sundays an' go out into the park an' feed 'em; the robins 'll eat anyhow, an' after a while the sparrows, an' p'raps the bluebirds.

"I'll go when I get back to the village," he added, as his conscience gave him a twinge when he remembered how his mother had always insisted on his church-going.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

Change of Date.—It takes at least two weeks to change the date, after your subscription is renewed.

Expiration of Subscription.—The date on the wrapper indicates when your subscription ends.

Change of Address.—It requires three weeks time to make the change. Give both old and new address.

Subscriptions may commence with any issue.

Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

The High Tide of Easter

SHADOW and sunlight, ebb and flood, mourning and rejoicing are not more opposite than the subdued and sorrowful mood befitting Lent, and the triumphant gladness of Easter. As Good Friday, in its solemn passing, recalls to us the day when the darkness of the cross made the sun ashamed to shine, so Easter Sunday, with a supreme radiance, indicates the hour that is the coronation of humanity. Jew and Roman combined in the crucifixion of Him who came to save, but they could have had no power against him had he not willingly offered himself to atone for the sins of the world. "I am the good shepherd," he said. "I lay down my life for the sheep. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again." No mere man could have made that divine assertion.

Well might the sun in darkness hide
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's, sin.

Christ died, and we must die. There is an hour in the unseen future known to God, but unknown to us, when our friends and kindred will say of us, one by one, "He is gone." "She is not here." But Christ rose again from the dead, and so shall we. We shall live again, not in this poor world of change and loss, but in a far more beautiful one, into which death cannot enter.

Because Christ lives, we shall live. This is the joy of Easter, and this is why when Lent is over and winter is past and spring has returned, Christian life reaches its highest water-mark on the shores of time in an exultant Alleluia that reverberates around the globe.

Ill-Assorted Marriages

OUR New York up-State correspondent, whose letter, published in this journal several weeks ago, stirred up the present controversy over the subject of ill-assorted marriages as a leading cause of poverty, has given in a second communication a fuller explanation of her views on this timely question. That the subject is a vital one must be generally admitted. This second letter, which we print below, shows that the writer has the courage of her convictions and the ability to present them clearly and logically. The essential part of her communication is as follows:

EDITOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

This question has come up several times in different papers: how to better the condition of the very poor. The same answer has always occurred to me by law. People for a long time have been trying to better their condition by help and education, without much result so far. They are perfectly willing to be helped, and, nine times out of ten, just as willing to stay where they are.

I will divide the poor into three classes: *First*—Those who are sober and industrious, who always have a comfortable living and home, and who never know what poverty is, and are never called "poor," except by themselves, when they meet with a little discouragement. They are mostly people who have begun married life with some property or had good luck from the first, and in time have become well to do. *Second*—Those who can work but won't, only just enough to exist. *Third*—Those who can work but won't; or who are industrious, but spend all or nearly all they earn at the saloon or on some other folly. It is the last two classes the people have to deal with. They are the poor who fill our orphan asylums, children's homes and the slums, and who are the cause of all our child labor. If these people are so inhuman and destitute of all honor as to marry and bring innocent children into the world (when they can't or won't take care of them), to be turned adrift, to learn and endure all kinds of vice and misery, then there ought to be a law to stop it. They also fill our jails, penitentiaries and State prisons. Should such people marry?

Not all poor people drink, yet the saloons are our greatest evil. If one man ruined another in any other way but by selling him liquor he would be locked up; yet a saloonkeeper and those who make the liquor can ruin a whole nation, and there is no law to stop it. Liquor is so impure, it is not fit even for medicine. I do not believe prohibition will ever entirely do away with it in the cities. There are too many ways to evade the laws—the more shame to such laws!

Every man looks forward to marriage some time. If he were compelled to have $2,000 before he married, it would stimulate the desire for work and thrift. Men who were too indolent to try would not be worthy of marriage, and if they people together without being married, they should both be locked up for life at hard labor.

Men who are destitute of acquisitiveness ought to be destitute of the desire to marry. God never planned for men and women to marry and bring children into the world (if they could not take care of them), to suffer cold and hunger and misery. He endowed them with the power to know right from wrong. If they choose the wrong they ought to suffer—not the children. Men who begin married life with property don't become public charges as often as those who begin with nothing. I should think we have proof enough of that. A single man who earns $10 or $12 per week and doesn't save $200 per year, girls ought to refuse as a husband. No wonder celibacy is prevalent! A great many girls are beginning to realize that "single blessedness" is better than married poverty and misery. Some young men save their wages, and some young women, too, toward a home and don't get married till they are twenty-five or thirty. They are all the better and happier for it, and are not ready for a divorce the first year, because they have learned to know each other better, and whom they wanted, and whom they did not. If men can't save anything before they are married, how can they afterwards on the same salary?

We make new laws for other things. Why not make a law to better the condition of the two last named classes? As for vice, marriage doesn't stop that. A good strict law with no escape; no more saloons, and no more marriages till men can support families, would in a few years wipe out the slums, turn our asylums into first-class schools, empty our prisons, and make a prosperous, happy people. There would be some hard kicking against such a law at first; but after they were forced to live a better and honorable life, they would be glad of it. S.

Knox, N. Y.

In another part of this issue we print a number of letters from readers who discuss the main proposition. Like a prairie fire in dry weather, this remarkable discussion seems destined to spread on every hand. Let us hope that some substantial good may come of it, although we confess that such an expectation is almost equivalent to looking for a complete transformation of the weaker side of human nature.

Sowing Dragons' Teeth

IT is not an easy matter to determine to what extent the preaching of the dangerous "gospel of discontent" is responsible for the growth of anarchism in this country. Wherever it has been persistently dinned into the ears of the masses, it has invariably produced just such incidents as those lately witnessed in Chicago and New York. In the former city, the Chief of Police apparently saved his life by a narrow margin, his assailant being a wretched refugee from Kishinev, only a short time in America, and who had been a pliant tool in the hands of shrewder plotters. In the New York case, again, we find that the immediate perpetrator of the Union Square outrage, mutilated by his own bomb, was a refugee who had come to this country to escape from Russian tyranny.

Anarchists will continue to come here until our national legislature perceives the wisdom of taking measures which will exclude absolutely, not only the violent class, but many others as well. Indeed, the whole question is largely dependent upon the proper regulation of immigration. To adopt repressive measures after the manner of European governments would simply increase the evil. Further, to deny to any body of citizens, native or naturalized, the rights of free assemblage, free speech and a free press, would be to assail the underlying principles of American institutions and might lead to evils greater than we need now contemplate. But when freedom runs to license; when free speech is perverted to preaching disorder, riot and assassination; then the strong arm of the law should be stretched out to restore order and to properly restrain or punish the disturbers.

It would seem, unfortunately, that there is no law far-reaching enough to touch those who, with voice and pen, on platform and in press, are sowing the seeds of discontent in the minds of the multitudes. These sowers of strife are to-day among the worst enemies of the Republic. Like the dragons' teeth sown by Jason, the seed they are now industriously scattering may yet spring up into armed foes, to confront and confound them—a hostile force that might be difficult to subdue.

The Evangelistic Field

THERE is promise of unusual activity among the forces of evangelism during the coming summer. Everywhere the soul-winners are getting into line for aggressive work against the common enemy. New combinations mark the opening of the campaign. In Philadelphia, Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman and the singing evangelist, Charles M. Alexander, have united and, aided by a large body of local pastors and experienced workers, are holding meetings of a magnitude and fervor never before witnessed in the Quaker City. Ralph Connor, of *Sky Pilot* fame, has come down from his Canadian forests to lend his eloquent co-operation to the movement.

Dr. Torrey, now a white-haired veteran and for many years a co-worker with that prince of evangelists, Dwight L. Moody, is at the head of another powerf organization, which includes some highly successful so winners. W. A. Sunday, probably the most picturesq and vigorous of present-day evangelists, is doing ph nomenal work in the West, where his labors have be blessed with thousands of conversions. Already prep rations are well-nigh completed for the resumption summer tent preaching in New York and other citie

It is evident from the activity on all sides that t Gospel army, which is carrying the message of salvatio to the non-church-going masses this year, will be nume ically stronger and better equipped than in any previo season. Their battles against sin will be duly chronicle in the pages of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and they wi have the earnest prayers of its readers that their effor may be rewarded with a great harvest of precious soul

India's Impending Famine

ONE of the few shadows that mar the brightness this joyous Easter season is caused by the famin cloud which overhangs India. Our missionary letter from the Punjab and the United Provinces are fille with gloomy forebodings. Even while the workers ar preaching to the people and pleading with them to for sake their idols, starvation and misery increase.

Famine's existence is now officially admitted by th Government. Relief works upon a large scale hav been established, and generous appropriations made i aid of the hungry multitudes; but these are wholly in adequate to stem the tide of suffering. There is slender hope that conditions may take a turn for th better before July next. If they do not, then nothing short of providential interposition can save India fron a repetition of the horrors of the last two great famines.

Many of our readers, knowing these facts, have writ ten urging us to make appeal in India's behalf. Indeed, some of them express surprise that we should not have done so months ago. We would remind these friends that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD invariably makes the fullest investigation before taking such a step, in order to justify any appeal. In the present case we have been investigating India's condition for many months. The Governor-General has admitted the prevalence of serious conditions.

Our missionaries are already appealing to us for help to save their dying people. The Secretary of State for India cables us that aid sent to India now should be distributed through the missionaries. If any of our readers are disposed to lay an Easter offering on the altar for India, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will forward all such gifts to the missionaries in the stricken districts, to enable them to meet the present emergency in the same sympathetic and efficient manner in which they fought previous famines: by feeding the hungry and clothing the naked. Let us hold up the hands of those faithful workers by every means within our power. May a brighter day soon dawn for unhappy India.

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THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Honoring a Heroine

THE highest honor in the gift of the city of London, the presentation of "the freedom of the city," was recently conferred on Miss Florence Nightingale. The venerable lady, whose services to the sick and wounded in the Crimean War made her name famous the world over, is now a helpless invalid. A few weeks ago the King made her a member of the newly instituted "Order of Merit," and now the city of London has followed his example in honoring her. It is customary on such occasions for the Lord Mayor to put the coveted document in a richly chased gold casket, which costs the civic authorities over $500. Miss Nightingale, however, intimated to them that she would prefer to receive the document in a plain oak casket, and if the corporation desired to expend the usual sum, it would gratify her if it could be given to a hospital in which she is interested. The corporation cheerfully complied and a check representing the difference in the value of the caskets was enclosed with the document. Miss Nightingale was prevented by age and infirmity from attending at the Guild Hall to receive the honor, but her nephew was deputed to represent her and expressed on her behalf the gratification the presentation afforded her. The City Chamberlain, in the course of an eloquent speech eulogizing the services the devoted lady had rendered in the Crimea, naively referred to the long interval which had elapsed between her service and its recognition. He said: "We regret that owing to some unexplained omission on the part of a previous generation, the honorary freedom—the highest honor in the gift of the corporation—was not conferred upon her half a century ago, when she was in health and strength, and able thoroughly to appreciate and enjoy it." They are to be congratulated that the fact that their recognition, tardy as it is, was not delayed until death had removed the object of it. The delay is not a modern characteristic; the Preacher noted something of the kind in his day.

Now there was found in it a poor wise man, and he by his wisdom delivered the city; yet no man remembered that same poor man. Then said I, wisdom is better than strength: nevertheless the poor man's wisdom is despised. (Eccles. 9: 15, 16.)

Marriage in High Air

The Government guard on the top of the Washington Monument at Washington, D. C., was surprised a few days ago by the arrival of a party of visitors at that eyrie among the clouds. Up there, more than five hundred feet above the surface of the earth, higher than any building in the world, these visitors had climbed to hold a wedding ceremony. The bride and bridegroom were Philadelphia people visiting in Washington, and, having arranged to be married, conceived the romantic idea of being married at that extraordinary elevation. The minister of a Baptist church in Washington consented to make the ascent with the party. On their arrival, the guard, perceiving that some unusual business had brought them, inquired its character, but saw no reason to object when it was disclosed. The ceremony was speedily performed, and the party, after staying a short time to admire the view, descended to the surface again. It was a strange place to choose for such a ceremony. We can but hope that their married life may at least have one characteristic of its beginning, in being high above the petty follies and scandals that spoil the peace and happiness of many unions.

Thou shalt keep them secretly in a pavilion from the strife of tongues. (Ps. 31 : 20.)

Venezuela Defiant

Ordinary diplomatic measures having failed to obtain an amicable settlement of questions at issue between our Government and that of Venezuela, President Roosevelt last week submitted the whole matter to Congress. He is at the end of his constitutional resources, and cannot apply further pressure unless his powers are extended. He did not ask Congress to make any extension, but apparently relied on the necessity of such a measure for the vindication of the national honor being apparent. The documents sent to Congress show that there are five bases of grievance, the most important of which is the injustice done to the American Asphalt Company, on which a fine of five million dollars has been imposed. Other American interests have been fined, concessions made to them have been withdrawn on one pretext or another, they have been required to pay heavy taxes, and their plants have been seized. It has been useless to appeal to the Venezuelan courts, as the judges uniformly decide in accord with President Castro's contention. The aggrieved parties naturally appeal for protection to our Government, which, as the correspondence shows, has approached President Castro in a friendly spirit, trying to obtain justice, or at the least to have the disputes submitted to arbitration. The answer has been a haughty and insolent refusal, and general defiance. This conduct is the more remarkable because Venezuela has relied on our friendship and protection in its disputes with European powers. It will be remembered that during President Cleveland's term this protection was exercised to an extent that brought us to the verge of war with England in Venezuela's cause. Our Government is therefore entitled to at least courteous treatment from Venezuela, rather than the arrogant attitude President Castro assumes. The matter is serious, for if the powers of President Roosevelt are enlarged by Congress, Venezuela must suffer for the obstinacy of the man whom she places in control of her affairs. Complaints have been made against him by many European powers and he has sheltered himself under our protection, but the patience of the world is now nearly exhausted and he should beware.

Scornful men bring a city into a snare: but wise men turn away wrath. (Prov. 29 : 8.)

From an early portrait

Miss Florence Nightingale

Torpedo Becomes Boomerang

A curious accident has befallen the torpedo boat *Blakeley*, which has been engaged in target practice off Pensacola, Fla. A torpedo fired from her own tube turned in a semi-circle, and struck her, doing serious harm. The torpedo had been prepared for a range of 4,000 yards, fitted with the new gyroscope and fired. It had only gone about one hundred yards, when it suddenly swerved, and after making a half circle came directly toward the *Blakeley*. Seeing that the torpedo would strike the boat, full steam ahead was ordered, but the *Blakeley* failed to get out of the way. The torpedo struck on the port side aft, about one foot below the water line, tearing a jagged hole in her hull. Mattresses and bedding were used to stop the inrush of water, and the vessel headed for the navy yard. When she arrived at that point there were three feet of water in her compartments. An investigation showed that the gyroscope, which was supposed to control the torpedo's rudder, had not acted. This was an accident which is little likely to occur again, but it is an illustration of the effects of war. Deadly weapons have a recoil, and the victor suffers with the vanquished.

They that take the sword shall perish with the sword. (Matt. 26 : 52.)

Presentation of the Freedom of the City of London to Florence Nightingale

The Halo a Fact

A treatise has recently been published in Paris by Dr. Fere, an eminent French physician, describing a recent photographic discovery. It is a scientific fact, he says, that there are certain conditions of the human mind and nervous system when a halo, such as the old artists used to put around the heads of saints in their pictures, actually exists. He had occasion to have one of his patients in the hospital photographed, and was astonished, when the photographer showed him the negative, to see a ring of soft orange light surrounding the head. Later, having considered this case, he determined to have another patient photographed. This was a neurasthenic, whose emotional state became at times exceptionally intense. He waited for one of those periods and then had a photograph taken. There were distinctly visible luminous rays, several inches in length, proceeding from his forehead and the sides of his head. Experiments were made with other patients, and it was found that the halo was always present in various degrees under similar conditions. This manifestation is due to pathological causes, but there is another glory which not even the photograph discloses, which is reflected from Him who is all glorious.

Beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory. (II. Cor. 3: 18.)

Wasted Wealth

A startling prediction was made recently before a committee of the House of Representatives by a mining engineer from Colorado. He was advocating the creation of a special bureau to have charge of mining interests. Such a bureau, he contended, with resources to employ experts to travel around the country in an effort to collect data which might be used in evolving improved methods and processes of mining, would discover materials which, when properly treated, would yield mineral wealth from millions of tons of ore that now go to waste. He mentioned in illustration of his theory the product of radium, now extremely rare and costly. He believed that radium, worth billions, would ultimately be discovered in the United States, if proper inquiries were directed by the government. His own researches had convinced him that deposits from which radium could be extracted now lie undiscovered in many States of the West. If there is really such a possibility, a bureau will probably be speedily organized. The hint ought not to be lost on the churches. All around us, in every State and city, is there material now running to waste, out of which true Christians might be made.

Let him know that he who converteth a sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death. (James 5 : 20.)

A Funereal Dwelling

A tourist recently returned from Europe describes a curious dwelling which he saw in Southern France, near the Spanish frontier. It is a house built entirely of tombstones, and stands on land which was formerly used as a cemetery. Its owner, who is also its occupier, purchased the land from the community and stipulated that he should have all there was on it. He had evidently an eye to the weather-beaten slabs that formerly marked the graves of the persons buried there. On taking possession, he collected the slabs, with which he has built his present dwelling. No attempt has been made at concealment. The stones have been set with their epitaph-faces to the front and the inscriptions on many of them are still legible. If the occupier is at all of a thoughtful character, he must be continually reminded every time he approaches his house of the folly of concentrating labor and ambition on this life, the memorials of which, though of stone, lose their identity with the possessor.

Their memorial is perished with them. (Psalm 9 : 6.)

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BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK, April 14, 1908.

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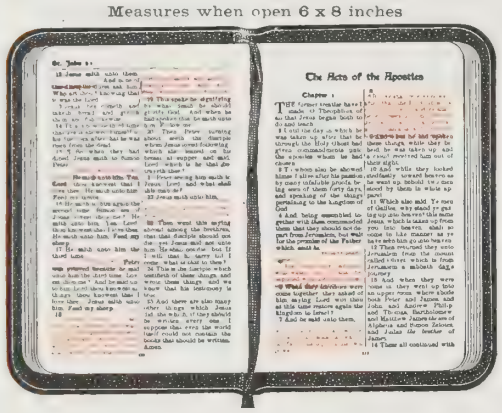

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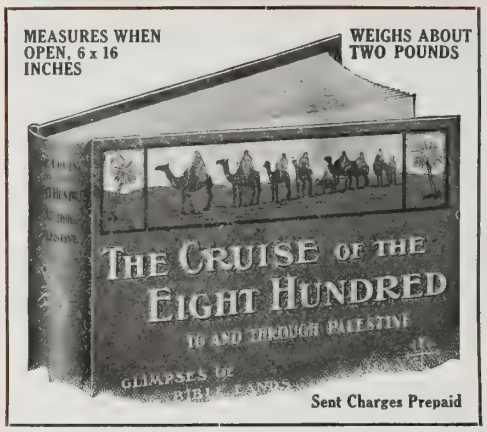

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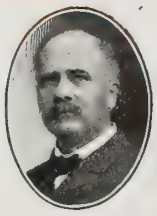

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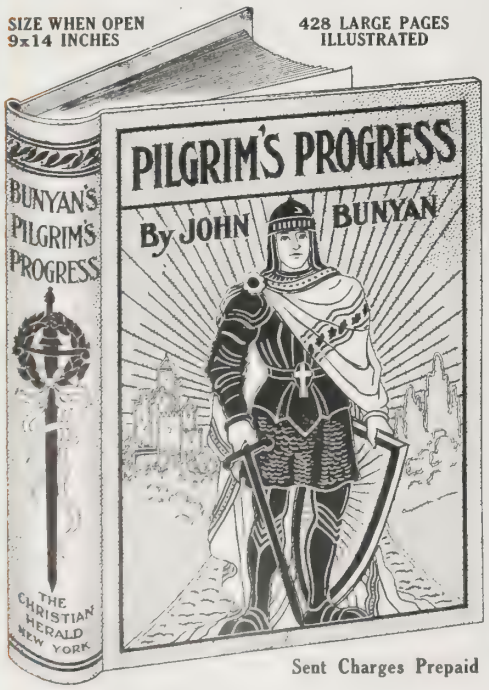

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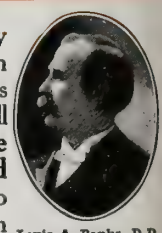

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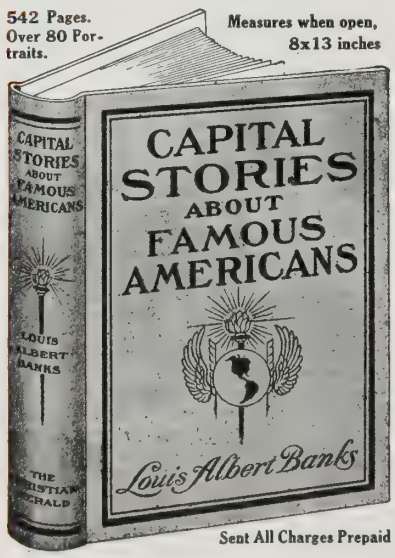

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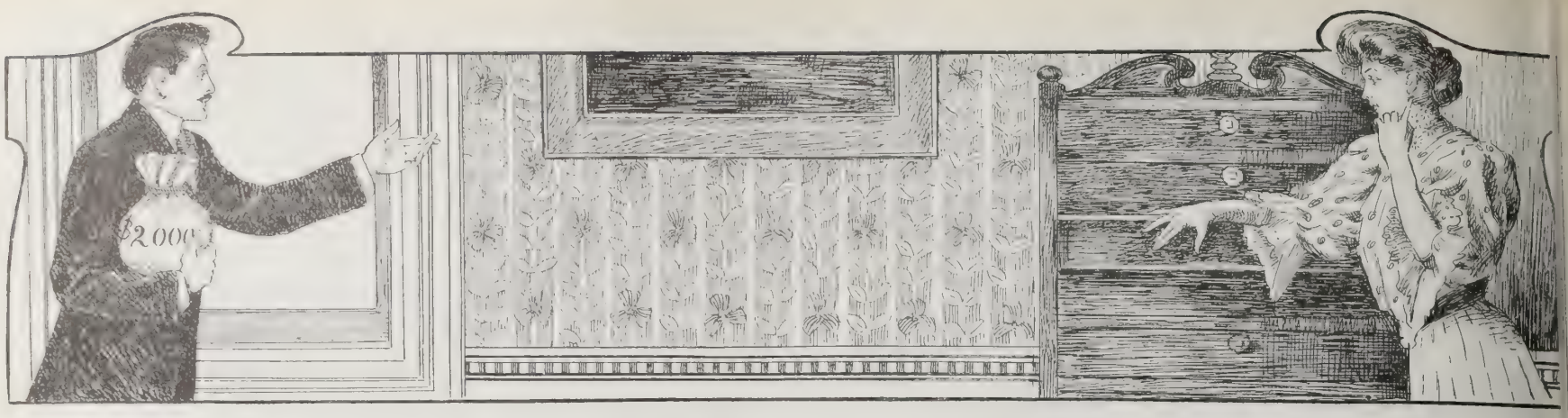

Are Ill-Assorted Marriages Preventable?

IN a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, a letter appeared from Mrs. A. S., a lady residing in New York State, in which the writer, discussing poverty and the condition of the slums, threw out the suggestion that one of the most effective remedies for poverty would be for the legislature to pass a law making it necessary for any man contemplating marriage to have at least $2,000 at interest, to be not less than twenty-five to thirty years old, and to be in a position to support a family. At the same time, the girl, the correspondent suggested, should be from twenty-three to twenty-five, and should "have things to keep house with." Such a law, she believed, would make a better people and go far toward wiping out the slums. The author of the suggestions also writes at greater length in explanation of her idea. Her latest communication will be found on the Editorial page. Many letters have been received from other readers commenting on these novel suggestions, some of which appear below:

What Our Readers Think of it

I fear your correspondent overlooks the fact that misfortune and adversity, for which the sufferer is in no way responsible, and against which he has fought with all the power of a determined will, have effectually schooled many thousands of our most worthy citizens in economy and morality, to an extent which is vastly more valuable to a human life than the $2,000 which your correspondent would make an unconditional qualification to that state which, we are told, is "honorable in all."

The remedy your correspondent seeks will be easily found in the members of her own sex. So long as there is such a rage among the American females to prefer a bogus, self-styled foreign count, lord, duke or other impostor; or even an unprincipled, perhaps dissipated man, of whom they may or may not know anything more than that he makes a grand show in society,—so long, I say, as the average lady prefers the attentions of any of these classes to the attentions of those of more moderate pretensions, who lead a straight-forward, consistent life—so long she must expect to find that she has been deceived, only to suffer the inevitable consequences of her lack of a proper consideration of cause and effect. JUSTITIA.

Watkins, N. Y.

Sound Home Training Needed

The New York lady has introduced a vital question, but her remedy is unworthy of consideration. Domestic conditions and conjugal relations are sorely in need of reform, but the absence of money is not the chief cause of existing evils. It isn't what we have that counts so much. It's the ability to get the greatest good out of what we do have.

Poverty is no crime. Our system (?) of home training is unpardonably abominable. Given a young couple with something worth while in their heads and hearts and they'll solve the financial problem more than that: they will transmit the right qualities to their offspring.

But the greatest source of evil is the home training—or lack of it. There are thousands of sensible parents and sensibly reared boys and girls, and these constitute the backbone of society. While mother does the housework and father slaves to meet the bills, the girl is given an expensive course in music, learns to paint china, and lacerates the atmosphere in an elocutionary way, and just makes "lovely" fudge. Her wardrobe is ludicrously out of harmony with the family purse, and it is positively cruel to deny her a little travel.

It was really intended for her to marry well, you know, but the "wells" are in such popular demand and the market so bare that she marries a man of her own financial standing. Her father's purse and credit are strained almost to the breaking point, to provide an elegant trousseau, etc. A thousand-dollar wedding for a hundred-dollar couple! This sum of money sensibly handled would prove the foundation stone of their future prosperity.

Her husband is a fairly good man, industrious, and gets a moderate salary enough to provide the necessities and lay by a little margin for investment. She never fried an egg nor made a biscuit. She does not know the first one of a thousand little economies that constitute the logical basis of prosperity. The little margin is swept away, and, too often, the future is drawn upon in the form of a loan.

The fault was with the parents. Train the girl to be a woman, a home-maker, a wife, a mother. Train the boy to be a man, a citizen, a husband, a father.

Hood River, Ore. A. J. MILLER.

High Rent and High Prices

Marriage has nothing much to do with the slums. In Grand Rapids, Mich., for instance, there are laws prohibiting high rent, high prices on market, and the city owns the electric lights, besides controlling the car service in just such a way that it is rare to see a cripple. People marry any time, and there are no paupers nor slums. On the other hand, in New York City there are no laws against high rent and high prices on light and market. It may be desirable that men be required to be economical in order to marry, but it is amusing to think the more money people save to marry on, the higher rent there would be to meet. L. E. HAWLEY.

Dayton, O.

Such a Law would be Folly

I can think of no good that could come from such a law as the New York lady suggests. What assurance is there that people would be better mated if they had a little money? Most of the people we read of getting divorces are those having more money than brains, and I am sure that love flying out the window when poverty and trial comes is the exception and not the rule.

Only evil could come from forcing people to wait for a certain age and condition before marrying. I began working for money at thirteen, forty-three years ago, married at the age of twenty-two, have never had the faculty of saving money or property. My father married twice, and each time was out of employment, but raised a large family.

Washington, D. C. C. M. D. BROME.

Things that are Better than Money

In my opinion, money before marriage is not always the best policy. Many couples have started their married life with nothing of this world's store, and are now the happy owners of comfortable homes and heads of loving families. I know a married couple who began with nothing but a second-hand stove, a small table and two chairs. They now have all the comforts one would wish.

The foundation of a family should be God and love. Study the Bible and live up to it, instead of enjoying Sunday excursions. Be present at the Sabbath service and mid-week prayer-meetings in place of attending social functions such as the theatres, dances and all others which tend toward the destruction of our happy homes. In doing this there would be less divorces and less slum life.

MRS. ROBT. PERRY.

New Hartford, N. Y.

Intemperance the Worst Evil

When we have a President and cabinet so fearless as to declare "intemperance shall be abolished once and forever," as the question of slavery was, then poverty and misery will be abolished.

I was one of a large family, coming from a home where education and temperance were the fundamental truths; although my parents had not a large income to maintain a home for nine children, neither poverty nor misery has visited the threshold.

No such a law as a bank account, large or small, nor any legislation placing a fixed age for a marriage—based upon love and respect—could successfully abolish poverty and misery.

Crown Point, Ind. L. A. W.

Back to Nature and the Simple Life

I have read with interest your editorial entitled, "Ill-Assorted Marriages," and quite agree with what is said about the harm of ill-considered marriages. No doubt there are, too, cases in which people marry too young. But the tendency has been for many years to postpone the time of marriage until late in life, and at the same time divorces have been increasing about twice as fast as the population. Is this a mere coincidence?

There is no doubt that in the slums there are those who lack "consecrated common sense" as well as moral stability, and who have gotten into difficulty by marrying. But would not refraining from marriage have resulted in still worse evils? Almost any physician will tell you that attempting to live single is a cause of much of the social evil and attendant ills, so prevalent in this age. As for your correspondent's proposition to prohibit marriage until the age and financial condition she mentions are reached, we do not think it will work, for the simple but forcible reason that nature has prepared people for marriage at a much earlier age, and without respect to their bank account. Why should man attempt to thwart the laws which God has implanted in his being?

Would not the best solution of the problem be to carry the idea of "back to nature" into the family and learn to live the simple life? Many a man has lately learned that neither his "employment," nor "safe investment" was to be depended on, and that habits of thrift and frugality were his best assets.

Boulder, Colo. W. J. REEKS.

Is the Remedy "a Dream?"

Marriage being a divine institution the best authority to consult for its wise regulation is God's Word. In it I fail to notice so much as a word, or even a hint, of a certain amount of this world's goods being required by God's law, or, for that matter, that any are needed at all, nor anything about the proper age of the contracting parties. That ought to satisfy a Christian.

I have myself known in Illinois a respectable couple of Swiss folks who had been obliged to emigrate to the United States in order to get married. The reason? They had no bank account. I myself, being in want of a certificate of origin, was gravely answered by letter that they were willing, but with the express reservation that said document should in no way be construed as a permission to get married!

I have no plan to propose for doing away with the slums. I would hate to take away from the already disinherited the only lawful, God-given bliss, the family joys, and reverse them all for the well-off one and for the rich. If those dreamers could be prevailed to read attentively I. Cor. 7—especially verse 9—they would see that the only way ordered by God to a man for resisting immorality is marriage. LOUIS VORUZ.

Heppner, Ore.

It Would Make Marriage Mercenary

Times have never been so hard that a young couple with ordinary intelligence and health could not make a good living without having anything at interest. People do not become poor in the slums of our cities from marrying too young, or without means, but from bad habits, gambling and drinking. Furthermore, it does not seem right to put anything as sacred as marriage on a money basis. It would greatly reduce the number of marriages and make things worse.

Oxford, N. J. READER.

The Cause of Poverty

I attribute much married misery to too expensive wedding outfits and wedding trips; setting up in a style too expensive, and wanting too many things; buying on the credit and instalment plan; too many luxuries; too much entertaining; no self-denial; trying to keep pace with wealthy people and going in debt for things they could do without; too much theatre going; expensive dress. Young people begin now in the same style their parents live and forget how many years it took to establish a home like their parents. The world is crazy on style and good eating. We need to go back to a simple life. MRS. H. V. P.

Waldo, Fla.

Police Keeping the Crowd Back in Union Square

Mounted Police Trying to March the Crowd to a Side Street

AN ANARCHIST BOMB IN NEW YORK

UNION SQUARE, in New York City, is usually as peaceful and orderly a spot as can be found in the turmoil of the metropolis. Broadway skirts it on one side, at the south is Fourteenth Street, at the east Fourth Avenue, and Seventeenth Street is at the north. Electric cars go bumping and clanging along these streets, while hurrying crowds of shoppers walk in never ending procession. In the park, in the centre of the square, there is usually nothing more aggressive than some sleepy looking loungers upon the benches along the walks about the fountain. For two brief hours, on the afternoon of Saturday, March 28, the square became the scene of disorder, culminating in an explosion and bloodshed that made those who saw it wonder if they were still in law-abiding America.

A call had been issued by the officials of several of the Socialist organizations for a meeting of "the unemployed" in Union Square. The labor unions investigated the reason for issuing the call and decided that organized labor should have nothing to do with the meeting. Under ordinary conditions the city government, when applied to for a permit to hold an open-air meeting, would have readily granted the request. This time, however, the Police Department, it is reported, had received intimations that trouble was to be expected from agitators which would probably result in riot. Accordingly, the permit was refused. The leaders of the meeting, nevertheless, went on with their plans.

On the afternoon of March 28 the square wore much its usual aspect, but the police were not deceived by this apparent calm. In groups of three and four they appeared and fell into platoons.

Inspector Schmittberger was watching events from the little rustic cottage at the north end. He had asked for 160 men—four from each of the Manhattan precincts—and it was these reinforcements that were now making their appearance in Union Square to report for duty.

Men soon began to gather in little groups on Fourth Avenue and on the walks in the park. As soon as a group showed an inclination to become stationary, the police would order it to move on. Suddenly the inspector in command was confronted by a man who cried out, "What are these police here for? Are you going to try to prevent us from meeting?"

"We are going to preserve order and stop any meeting held without a permit," replied the officer calmly. The man grew blustering and as the police escorted him to one side, men began to stream in from the side streets as if on a prearranged signal. In a few moments the square was packed with people. Few of the really unemployed seemed to be there. Most of those who came were well dressed and apparently were workers from the East Side. The inspector saw that he must act quickly if the crowd did not get beyond his control.

Police Surgeons Beside the Wounded Bomb Thrower

"Keep them all moving!" he commanded. There were then about 6,000 people packed upon the sidewalks and only 250 policemen. The police got them on the march, but they refused to move off down the side streets and went round and round the square. From the moving mass came the babel of many tongues, and the English that was spoken, except in a few cases, was of the badly broken variety. A prominent New York Socialist jumped on a stand to speak, but was forced down. The next moment he raised his voice shrilly and began to sing the French "Marseillaise." Hundreds of voices took it up. Through the sound of voices there came, however, the sound of galloping hoofs, and thirty-five mounted police swung into the square and forced the crowd into the side streets. The men receded sullenly. An orator on a box struck a mounted officer a blow in the face and was promptly pulled down by an officer on foot.

Despite the great provocation the police used their hands and not their clubs. At last the crowd thinned out and the officers assembled to march to their home station. Twenty-two tired officers were marching down one path on their way to the Mercer Street Station. At these the anarchists aimed their attack. A man with two companions was seen standing by the fountain and handling what looked like a very light-colored grape-fruit. He raised it and the next moment people were staggering and falling from the shock of an explosion. The bomb, however, had exploded prematurely, desperately wounding the bomb-thrower and instantly killing one of his companions, and the wildest excitement followed. Two of the police were slightly wounded. The police at once arrested all in the park. The wounds of the assassin were dressed by ambulance surgeons and he was taken to a hospital. He said his name was Silverstein, but it was found to be Selig Cohen. It was found that he belonged to the Anarchist Association and to the section of "reds" that manufacture bombs and use them when opportunity offers.

His relatives said he talked of bomb-making constantly and that he was a tailor and not out of work. Prominent agitators in the city were placed under arrest, as it was found from papers in Selig's room that further outrages might be expected.

THE SPECTRE OF FAMINE IN INDIA

CROP prospects in India continue to be a subject of intense interest to the missionaries, and there are still apprehensions of much suffering. As early as November, the reports from mission stations within the famine area were full of forebodings. At Allahabad the famine had already begun throughout a large district. At Fatehpur, the price of grain had risen to the highest point reached in the great famines of 1897 and 1900. The government had given orders for thousands of wells to be dug. The Allahabad *Pioneer* declared the outlook in the United Provinces and Eastern Punjab as "very gloomy." Prices were rising everywhere.

Plague, too, began its deadly work in many parts of the United Provinces. Before the beginning of the new year the existence of a famine was universally acknowledged. A large section of the country was in its grasp, and the government was making tremendous efforts at relief; but it was heart-sickening for the missionaries to note the utter inadequacy of these measures. Even the farmers were trying to buy grain. There was no grain in any of the villages. All the ominous signs of the last two famines were repeated. Bengal, with its scant crops, could give no help. The eyes of the missionaries were again turned toward America, whence aid had come in previous famines.

By the middle of February, over 50,000 persons were engaged on the relief works in the Allahabad district alone. Over 600,000 were on relief works throughout the United Provinces. The men get three cents, women two cents and the children one cent per day. The Famine Committee of the province had voted 20,000 rupees for blankets. Many of the people on the works were almost naked. At Fatehpur it was estimated that one-half the local population, or over 225,000, would soon be dependent on charity.

OUR MAIL-BAG

Questions and Answers

W. F. G., Murfreesboro, N. C. What is the meaning of the Irish sentence, "Erin go bragh?"

It means, we believe, "Ireland forever."

X. F., Berwick, Pa. Will God forgive a man his sin if he does not repent and seek forgiveness, if another prays for him? The question is suggested by Christ's prayer for the soldiers (Luke 23: 34).

The fact that Christ did pray for them implies that he believed that there was efficacy in the prayer. All intercessory prayer is founded on the hope that it will be heard. A mother prays that the sin of her wayward son may be forgiven. The Christian is bidden to pray for his enemies. The thought may have crossed Christ's mind that such cruelty as the soldiers were guilty of was unpardonable. It was significant of his love to put in a plea for them and there is a tradition that those men were among the Pentecostal converts and were really forgiven.

L. C. F., Hazel, S. Dak. 1. Please give the names of the twelve apostles. 2. What is meant by the "centre of population"?

1. See Matthew 10: 2-4. 2. In 1900, when the last computation was made, the centre of population was six miles southeast of Columbus, Ind. It does not mean the geographical centre, but the point around which the population of the entire country is about equally distributed.

B. O. H., Dorchester, N. B. 1. What was the significance of the baptism of repentance administered by John the Baptist? 2. Was it Christian baptism? 3. Had he seen Jesus before he presented himself for baptism? 4. Had John been authorized or commanded to baptize?

1. It was significant in that it stirred the nation and was a preparation for the coming Messiah. "I am a voice," John said, "crying, prepare ye the way of the Lord." 2. How could it be, when it preceded the work of Christ? 3. There is no record of a meeting, though it is not improbable, seeing that they were cousins. John said he did not know Christ (John 1: 33), but that may have meant he did not know him as the Messiah. 4. Most distinctly (see John 1: 33). John said explicitly, "He that sent me to baptize with water."

J. E. W., Ringwood, N. C. Where is Bruton Church to which the King of England sent the Bible last summer?

Bruton Church is in Williamsburg, Va.

A. L., Sanborn, N. D. Does what is said in Gen. 1: 27 and 2: 7 refer to the same creation, or does it mean that two males and females were created?

Both passages refer to the last stage in the process of creation—the creation of man—the second passage adding the significant words that man became "a living soul," being the first intimation of man's immortality.

R. McA., Detroit, Mich. What is the numerical strength of the Protestant missionary force throughout the world at the present time?

Dr. D. L. Leonard, an acknowledged authority, has compiled these figures from the annual reports. They show a gratifying increase over previous years.

	Ordained Missionaries.	*Total force on the field.*	*Communicants.*
Totals for 1906	5,937	108,264	1,843,309
Totals for 1905	5,905	107,174	1,754,182
Totals for 1900	4,738	78,585	1,369,425

L. H., Ridgetown, Ont. Who is the head or chief of the Church of England?

Nominally, the King. He has, however, little to do with the control of it. The Bishops and Archbishops are nominally appointed by him, but really by the Premier, though doubtless his wishes, if he expressed them, would be respected. The Bishops have control of the clergy, but an appeal lies from them to the Privy Council, a body of clerical and lay peers and gentlemen appointed by the King.

T. M. K., St. Paul, Kan. How many times in the Bible does God command that the Sabbath be kept holy?

It would be an interesting exercise, for any one who has time, to count the number of times. It is sufficient for the Christian to know that he has commanded it once.

S. L. B. Can you give me some information about Pocahontas?

She was born about 1595, and died in 1617. She was the daughter of King Powhatan, a Virginian chief. After the settlement of Jamestown she frequently visited the place. In 1612 she was taken prisoner by the whites, and the next year became a Christian. In April, 1614, she married John Rolfe. In 1616 she went with her husband to England. See Fiske's *Old Virginia and Her Neighbors.*

Mrs. J. S., Washington, Ill. Have we greater miracles to-day than in the days when sorcerers flourished? Where did sorcery originate?

Sorcery or divination is practically as old as the human race. It may have originated in Arabia, India or Egypt. From the earliest days there have been seers, necromancers, fortune-tellers, astrologers and magicians, who, by playing on the credulity of the people, pretended to direct events and read the future. They could do this better in those earlier days than now, on account of the widespread superstition and ignorance. The Bible repeatedly warns us against trusting sorcerers or patronizing them. They pretended to produce storms, raise spirits, communicate with the dead and bring about death, good or evil fortune, marriage, etc. The world to-day, being more enlightened, punishes such impostors in almost every civilized country.

R. DeT., Rome, Ga. How many men fell at the battle of New Orleans?

The British made two attacks on Jackson at New Orleans—one on December 28, 1814, another January 1, 1815. The last was the main battle. In it the British general, Pakenham, was killed and his army lost 2,600 men. The Americans lost 8 killed and 13 wounded. Write to the secretaries of the boards of health of the cities you mention for the information asked for in your other question.

L. D. W., Hammondsport, N. Y. If the government can prevent the adulteration of foods, why can it not prevent the adulteration of liquors? I have heard it said by good authority that there was not one drop of wine or brandy made in this country that was not adulterated, and that beer is the most vile of all drinks.

What you have heard is probably true, but it only makes matters worse. The whole traffic is bad—so bad that it should be abolished. Strong drink is the source of more misery, suffering, privation, crime, disease and untimely deaths, than any other evil in the world to-day. It is the cause of many needless burdens in the form of taxation to support jails, judges, police, and to pay the cost of criminal trials. Tom Watson gives a picture of death welcoming the sword and the intoxicating cup as his allies and saying: "The sword is my Saul, who has slain his thousands; but the wine cup is my David, who has slain his tens of thousands."

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Easter Monday Egg-Rolling on the White House Grounds, Washington, D. C.

Reader, Madison, Wis. 1. Is it not possible to check the growing tendency toward general Sabbath desecration, by legislation which shall stop these sports that desecrate the day? What is the present attitude of the various legislatures on this question?

In New York, the courts sustained the law forbidding theatres to keep open on Sunday. In Ohio, the Supreme Court has upheld the law forbidding ball games on Sunday and declaring that the Sabbath, as a day of rest, is necessary to the peace, health and well-being of society. The Nebraska courts have forbidden baseball and similar sports on the Lord's day, and the higher Michigan courts have done likewise. Write to the Secretary, Federation of Sunday Rest Associations, Milwaukee, Wis., for all details.

E. O. White, Toronto, Can., kindly sends the following in regard to a recent query of L. L., Holland, Mich.: "Why is holly used at Christmas time?"

The Druids made mistletoe with its bright white berries a symbol in their heathenish worship. The Christian missionaries appropriated the holly as a symbol to instruct the people in Gospel truths. 1. The evergreen leaves were an object-lesson of God's everlasting love. 2. The beautiful gloss brightness of the leaves set forth the loveliness of Christ's character. 3. The prickles symbolize the nails in the Saviour's hands and feet and the sharp thorns upon his brow when on Calvary's cross. 4. The red berries symbolize the drops of blood shed by the Saviour for the sins of the world. At Christmas, the great Christian holy day, the churches were freely decorated with holly, but the mistletoe was never allowed a place in the Christian sanctuary.

W. F. J., Otselic, N. Y. Which is the correct expression, a "tenement house" or a "tenant house," when applied to a house occupied by a tenant and for one family only?

A "tenant house" is correct. At the same time, the term is seldom used, except probably in rural districts. The term "tenement house" applies to the poorer class of dwellings, which are divided into different apartments for each family.

Miss M. M. R., Camp Nelson, Ky. 1. How old was Fanny Crosby when she became blind? 2. What caused her blindness? 3. Where was she born? 4. Is Ira D. Sankey still living?

1. She became blind when she was a mere infant. 2. The cause was the application of hot poultices to her eyes during an illness, destroying the optic nerve. 3. Born in Southeast, Putnam County, N. Y., March 24, 1820. She now lives in Bridgeport, Conn. 4. Yes, Mr. Sankey is still living, though blind and in retirement.

E. J. S., Rome, N. Y. What is the meaning of "Harp of the North" in the prelude to Scott's poem, "Lady of the Lake"?

It refers to the spirit of ancient Gaelic minstrelsy, which for many ages had found its best and highest expression in the harp. The harpers or minstrels were once familiar figures, but they have long since disappeared. They sang of great deeds, of wars and single combats, of patriotism, and of notable acts of love, piety and consecration.

Miscellaneous

Mrs. M. E. B., Rockford, Ill., thanks the twenty-five ladies who sent her copies of the poem by the late Phillips Brooks.

M. R., Kendallville, Ind. Write to the Methodist Episcopal Board, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York, for all information.

J. A. W., Tacoma, Wash. We can send your friend two little books at ten cents each that will help him greatly in Esperanto studies.

J. A. S., Chickamauga, Ga. You will find the quotation, "Who steals my purse, steals trash," etc., in Shakespeare's *Othello*, Act 3, Scene 2.

W. L. M., Shipman, Miss. The name of Cain's wife is nowhere mentioned in the Bible. For origin of the names of the months, see any encyclopedia.

W. L. R., Malvern, Ala. We have not been able to secure the information. Send your query to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C.

Miss Mary D. Fox, 124 Brady Street, Savannah, Ga., would be grateful to any reader who would send her a copy of the song beginning, "When twilight dews are falling fast upon the rosy sea."

J. O. E., North Carolina. It is said one hundred thousand perish through drink annually in the United States, roundly estimated. Your other two questions are too general; no data for answering.

Reader, Mount Vernon, Ill. 1. Write to Secretary, Civil Service Board, Washington, D. C. 2. Neo-Platonism was anti-Christian and Pantheistic. Its professed object was the conciliation of philosophy and religion. For a full exposition, see McClintock and Strong's *Biblical Encyclopedia.*

Maud Ballington Booth writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in behalf of the Prison League, Volunteers of America (headquarters, 34 West Twenty-eighth Street, New York), that she will be glad to hear from any one who is willing to give employment to discharged men, to help them towards becoming honest and self-supporting

"OVER THERE"

AN EASTER MESSAGE

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

IT was a rather long ferry, and the boat forged steadily onward against the tide. On the forward deck close to the chain stood a lady in deepest mourning, carrying in her hands a splendid sheaf of American Beauty roses. Their glorious color and sweet perfume, their long stems reaching nearly to the hem of her dress, and their lavish number made her a conspicuous object to her fellow passengers. "My! they must have cost a fortune!" exclaimed a thinly clad young girl who stood a little distance off, admiring the magnificent bloom, and secretly wishing that she had only one such rose to carry with her to the bedside of a sick mother. The hopeless dejection in the lady's face touched all who saw her with swift sympathy, for she looked as if she had lost everything she cared for, and as if she could never be comforted again. The contrast between her pallid countenance and the superb flowers in her arms was not more marked than that between her and a workingman who stood a little way off in shabby, almost threadbare garments, wearing something of the same look of absorption that was evident in the brooding face of the lady.

He, too, had his tribute of flowers, beautiful Bermuda lilies that he carried in a large tin pail filled with water. Yet the man's look was that of one who had somehow passed through sorrow and come out on its other side, having gained the victory through faith, while the woman's was that of one who as yet had seen no stars shining through her cypresses.

The wind blew fresh and chill, although it was an April day, and just before Easter. The lady drew her wrap a little closer and shivered. The boat was approaching the dock. The man stepped to the lady's side and, lifting his cap, said gently, "Pardon me, madam, for intruding, but I see we are going to the same place, to the cemetery, with our flowers. Mine were brought me by a sailor friend. I am too poor to buy them. Yours have cost much gold, but we both know the meaning of loss and pain, and I hope we both know the message of the flowers: they mean that there is life beyond, and that we shall see them, the dear ones, safe at home by and by."

The lady thanked him, and they stepped from the boat to the pavement. A carriage was in waiting for her, but the man walked. Presently she stopped the carriage and waited for him, inviting him to a seat by her side. Abruptly she spoke. "You believe that we shall find our lost ones again?"

"Yes," he said, simply, "I believe every word that Jesus ever said, and he said, 'In my Father's house are many mansions.' My little Mildred is waiting for me over there. She is just as much mine as her sister at home, only one is pale and suffering and cannot sleep at night and may never walk again, while the other is full of health and strength and beauty in the homeland."

"Ten weeks ago," the lady replied, "I was the mother of an only son. He was everything that a mother's heart could wish, an athlete in body and mind. He filled my life with pride and joy. He was taken mysteriously ill, and in three days he was gone. My husband is dead, and I have no other child. I cannot see an inch beyond the grave where they laid him. I cannot think of my Harold sitting still with a golden harp, and resting forever. He was not tired, he did not need rest, he had life before him, and death snatched him away."

"Yes," answered the new friend, as the horses walked slowly up the hill and then passed through the cemetery gate into the beautiful God's-acre where so many sleepers lay peacefully beneath the grass and flowers. "Yes, I can understand, but don't you know the word in Revelation where it says that his servants shall serve him? I can't think of my Mildred as sitting still and singing. She was one that flitted about like a butterfly in the sun, and she loved to wait upon others. I think the dear Lord has set her some task over there that her little hands can do, and he has found a place for your boy. I did not bring all my lilies for Mildred. I have saved some to make Easter Sunday happier for Sophy, and I think that is what Mildred would like. Good-by, dear lady, and may God bless you."

"Presently she stopped the carriage and waited for him"

They went on their separate ways, and on the return journey they did not meet, but the man's faith had kindled a little warmth in the woman's heart, and the ice therein began to melt. She left her roses on the mound that covered her boy and hid him from her sight. But that evening she went to a Settlement in which he had been interested, and although the young men there were mostly Hebrews, to whom Easter in its Christian significance was a mockery, she bore to them a gift, not merely of fragrant flowers, but of sweet womanly love. She said to the leader of the group with whom Harold had often met, "I want to do something for these boys for Harold's sake, to keep his memory green. You must tell me what to do."

She sent other flowers to a hospital in which there were many crippled children, and the nurses told her a day or two later that she would have been more than repaid had she seen the eager clutch of tiny claw-like hands, and the light on little wizened faces when a flower was laid beside every pillow. Her regret was that she had not asked her fellow passenger his name. She would have been glad to have helped the daughter whom he had mentioned as an invalid in his home. He had said his word in season, and apparently passed altogether out of her sight. This is a little world, however, and in it unlikely things are always happening.

The Easter music in its triumphant cadences had floated up to join the angels' song, the Easter flowers had faded and summer had come. Long rows of great houses on stately New York avenues were closed for the summer, and those who lingered latest were preparing to depart to the seashore or the mountains. Harold's mother had lingered long, but she was going at last, and the express company were taking to the station her trunks and boxes. Stepping out to pay the expressman who had placed her trunks in the wagon, she was struck by something familiar, and suddenly recalled her friend of Passion week. She took his hand and looked into his eyes, her own filling with tears, not wholly sorrowful. "Oh, I am glad to see you!" she said. "You opened the door for me, although you did not know it, into a new world, a world of courage and of good cheer. What you said that day led me to study my Bible, and now I believe that heaven is a reality. I can wait for it. Tell me where you live. I want to get acquainted with your little Sophy and her mother."

Something like a falling curtain for an instant obscured the steady courage and quiet serenity of the man's strong face. "It will be so good in you," he said. "Sophy has a lonely time of it, poor child. Her mother has been insane for three years." Then the curtain seemed to rise. "It is the will of God," he said. "God knows what is right."

The lady deferred her journey for a day that she might visit the little flat which was the home of her friend, the expressman, where his daughter Sophy sat by the window most of the day. The neighbors were kind and the father was accustomed to doing much woman's work, so that the little flat had a homelike aspect. The first visit was one of many continued after the summer had gone, and a skilled physician was found who was able greatly to benefit the invalid girl. So the blessing of Easter made a long path of brightness in the little home as in the large one.

One never knows on what errand he may be sent between sunrise and sunset. One never knows what messenger is coming from the King with a command, a greeting or a bit of consolation. God's angels come to us sometimes as unseen visitants, breathing into our ears thoughts that vibrate with the melody of heaven. But all the angels do not stand around the throne of God. An angel is a messenger, and the woman who works in your kitchen, the man who tills your fields, the minister who preaches to you from the pulpit and the friend who writes you a timely letter may do angels' work and bring you angelic cheer. Chief among God's angels dwelling here, or winging their flight to us from over there, are those who teach us to believe that the Lord is risen indeed.

The Child-Labor Evil

"IN spite of the gains made during the last decade," said George A. Hall, secretary of the New York Child Labor Committee, in an address at the annual meeting of the Federation of Churches and Christian Organizations in New York City, "there are to-day one and three-quarter million of children under sixteen years of age employed in various occupations. Twenty-five per cent. of the wage earners in the United States are under sixteen years of age, and of this percentage the proportion of girls increases terribly. While laws prohibiting the employment of children in factories and stores have been enacted and are daily being better enforced, the home-workers still remain untouched by law. The child-labor problem is universal throughout all parts of our land. Georgia has children working in its mills; in Pennsylvania are boys of tender years toiling daily in the darkness of the mines; the glass-works of New Jersey and West Virginia employ children; Massachusetts and New York present the horrors of sweat-shop labor for the youngest children, while department stores, factories, canneries and the various street trades offer employment for thousands. We are hoping," said Mr. Hall, "that the present legislature may enact some statute, vote some legislation for the further protection of children. Christianity cannot pass by the child."

A COURSE IN ESPERANTO

LESSON No. 8.—By Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

A Study of Psalm 23

Mi amas la dudek-trian Psalmon. Mi
I love the twenty-third Psalm. I
lernis ĝin kiam mi estis infano. Ĉiuj
learned it when I was a child. All
infanoj devus koni ĝin kiam ili estas
children should know it when they are
kvin-jaraj, kaj ĉiuj maljunaj personoj
five years old, and all old persons
ankaŭ.
also.

After a study has been made of the following words in Esperanto, it will be possible to read and understand the Esperanto rendering of the 23d Psalm.

Vocabulary

Sinjoro, *Lord*	ĉeesti, *be present*
paŝtisto, *shepherd*	vergo, *rod* (staff)
nenio, *nothing*	bastono, *club*
bezoni, *want*	konsoli, *comfort*
kuŝigi, *make to lie*	pretigi, *prepare*
verda, *green*	antaŭ, *in front of*
herbejo, *pasture*	regalo, *feast*
konduki, *lead*	meze, *midst*
trankvila, *calm, still*	malamiko, *enemy*
resanigi, *restore*	sanktolei, *anoint*
animo, *soul*	kapo, *head*
vojo, *path*	kaliko, *cup*
justeco, *justice*	superfluiĝi, *overflow*
nomo, *name*	nepre, *unfailingly*
vere, *yea* (verily)	boneco, *goodness*
kvankam, *though*	kompateco, *mercy*
pasi, *walk*	sekvadi, *follow*
valo, *valley*	ĉiuj, *all*
l'ombro, *the shadow*	tago, *day*
morto, *death*	vivo, *life*
timi, *fear*	restadi, *remain*
nenia, *not any*	ĉe, *at* (sense of in)
malbono, *evil*	eterne, *forever*
ĉar, *for, because*	

La Dudek-tria Psalmo

1 La Sinjoro estas mia paŝtisto; mi nenion bezonos.

2 Li min kuŝigas en verdaj herbejoj: li min kondukas apud la akvo trankvila.

3 Li resanigas mian animon: li min kondukas sur la vojoj de justeco pro sia nomo.

4 Vere, kvankam mi pasus tra la valo de l' ombro de la morto, mi timus nenian malbonon: ĉar vi ĉeestas ĉe mi; via vergo kaj via bastono ili min konsolas.

5 Vi pretigas antaŭ mi regalon meze de miaj malamikoj; vi sanktoleas mian kapon: mia kaliko superfluiĝas.

6 Nepre boneco kaj kompateco sekvados al mi ĉiujn tagojn de mia vivo: kaj mi restados ĉe la Sinjoro eterne.

Note from Mr. Charles W. Stewart, who translated this Psalm: This pastoral Psalm is translated from the English. Its metaphors might be a little more closely connected with sheep and shepherds, but it is in substantial agreement with the original Greek of the Septuagint, and agrees well with the English.

A Word-Study of the Psalm

Why does dudek-tria end in *a*? What is the significance of *ist* in paŝtisto? Why do nenion and nenian end in *n*? Why bezonos in *os*? What does *ig* mean in kuŝigas, pretigas and resanigas, and *iĝ* in superfluiĝas? Why do verdaj, herbejoj, vojoj end in *j*? Why does kondukas end in *as*? Why is *ec* in justeco, kompateco and boneco? (*ec* denotes abstract qualities: justa, *just;* justeco, *righteousness;* kompati, *to take compassion;* kompateco, *mercy.*) Why do pasus and timus end in *us*? Why do sekvados and restados end in *os*? Why do ĉiujn and tagojn end in *n*? Explain *mal* in malbona. Explain *mal* in malamikoj. (These questions can easily be answered if the ways for forming new words by prefixes and suffixes are reviewed.)

What the Leader of the Circle Can Do

Ask the above questions of the members of the Circle. Request that the Psalm be written on the blackboard, each member in the Circle writing a word in turn. If a blackboard is not convenient, let the leader write the first word on a sheet of paper, and pass the paper along, each member writing the next word in turn.

What All Members Should Do

They should memorize the twenty-third Psalm in its Esperanto form.

The Lord's Prayer in Esperanto

The following is the Lord's Prayer in Esperanto, and is printed at the request of an old subscriber who is studying Esperanto at the age of eighty:

Patro Nia

Patro nia, kiu estas en la ĉielo, sankta estu Via nomo, venu reĝeco Via, estu volo Via, kiel en la ĉielo, tiel ankaŭ sur la tero. Panon nian ĉiutagan donu al ni hodiaŭ, kaj pardonu al ni ŝuldojn niajn, kiel ni ankaŭ pardonas al niaj ŝuldantoj; ne konduku nin en tenton; sed liberigu nin de la malvera, ĉar Via estas la regado, la forto, kaj la gloro eterne. Amen!

ASTRONOMICAL QUERIES

ANSWERED BY PROF. S. P. LELAND, PH.D., LL.D., SEABREEZE, FLA.

G. W. E., Xenia, O. Why is it that the *aurora borealis* is not seen of late years?

The *aurora borealis* is of magnetic origin. It is closely connected with the sun. Our planet and its atmosphere are alive with magnetic currents. These forces and the laws governing them we do not clearly understand. We know that the number and brilliancy of these displays are dependent largely on the condition of the sun, and to some extent on the size and number of sun spots. When any great disturbance occurs upon our great luminary, auroras will stream over the skies of our earth and its fellow planets. The magnetic needles will vibrate, and frequently the electric currents of the telegraph wires will intermit. And as the conditions of the sun are variable, so is the frequency or otherwise of the auroras.

Mrs. W. B. A., Biddeford, Me. Saturn and Mars are near each other in the southwest and visible at dark. Early in January they were near each other. They are moving eastward among the stars. The movement of Mars is more rapid, so they are gradually becoming separated. Venus is the bright star in the southwest in early evening. Jupiter rises in the east about the time that Venus goes down. They are both very brilliant and beautiful. Venus is approaching the earth and becoming brighter. Two of the moons of Jupiter can be easily seen with a common field-glass. Saturn's rings are now nearly edgewise to the earth, and can only be seen by a glass three or four inches, well mounted. Mercury is visible in the west, following the sun at his setting. Uranus is near the sun and will be visible in late February. Neptune rises in the early evening and remains visible all night. Our heavens are exceptionally beautiful now. These were the positions on January 17. Once located, it is easy to follow them through the year.

L. B. B., Napoleon, Mich. The orbit of the moon is not situated in the ecliptic; that is, it does not move around the sun on the same plane that the earth does. The plane on which the moon moves, is inclined 5 degrees to the plane on which the earth moves. In winter, the full moon is as high in the sky as the sun is in summer, and sometimes even higher, but in the summer it is very low. At the midwinter solstice, the moon in our latitude rises to an altitude of 70 degrees. This accounts for the apparent movements of the moon. It is a popular notion that the changes of the moon and its position affect the weather, but scientific men have no confidence in the claim. Tables have been made from observations, stretching over long periods of time, which clearly prove that the moon's phases have no influence on our weather.

M. V. B. P., Salem, Mass. Regarding the Star of Bethlehem, the explanation given in the clipping is one of many, and is largely fanciful. Astronomers do not attempt to explain that phenomenon on any scientific basis. The conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn could produce no such result, even though Mars had crossed the path of both at the same time. As early as 1572, Tycho Brahe described a star which appeared suddenly one night, with a brightness exceeding that of Sirius, Lyra or Jupiter. Its appearance was believed by the superstitious to portend the end of the world. Its light, however, faded, and in a few months disappeared. The history of astronomy affords many such instances. The explanation of the appearance and conduct of the Star of Bethlehem must be sought elsewhere than in astronomy.

E. H. B., Pomona, Fla. The length of a lunar month—that is, the time of the revolution of the moon around the earth—is substantially twenty-nine days and twelve hours. Any year except a leap year, when a full moon occurs on January 31, the next full moon will be on March 1, leaving February without a full moon. This is not an infrequent occurrence.

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Easter at the Bowery Mission

AN Easter morning special service will be held at the Bowery Mission. This is always regarded as one of the great days at the Mission, second only to Christmas or Thanksgiving. This year an Easter cantata by Tullar and Meredith, the singing evangelists, has been practised by the men themselves and they have shown great interest in the preparations. Members of the Brotherhood have done most of the work; but the men in the audience have helped with the choruses. At first those in charge could not understand why the chorus was not more effective, but they soon realized that it was because almost every night the chorus consisted of different men.

Easter marks the closing of the Bread Line. Conditions among the unemployed have been unusually severe this winter, and although the amount of food distributed was doubled not long ago, and the cost increased in proportion, yet many have remained unfed. As spring approaches, however, the exodus of men to the country begins and the suffering diminishes. Not all the "wanderers" in New York leave it for the summer months, however. There would still be enough to form a Bread Line if it were practicable to keep this part of the work going the year round.

Despite the unfortunate business conditions, the lack of employment, failures and shut-downs, the workers at the Mission feel that this has been their best year. Employment has been found for many, although the difficulties have been increased by such incidents as the following: After one of the Thursday evening meetings a man came up to Mother Bird and told her he had just arrived from San Francisco and must have work.

"Why did you come to New York?" she exclaimed, "where so many are out of work?"

"San Francisco is worse," he replied. "There are thousands of men out there, and everything is so bad there's no chance at all. I left my wife and child with friends, so they'll be all right; but I've got to get work."

He was a clean-looking, honest fellow—the kind that does get something because he is determined to succeed.

A most encouraging feature of the work is that many of the men have managed to "hold on" in spite of temptations. This result is largely due to the spiritual work of the Brotherhood, which includes a number of men who were converted at the Mission. They hold special meetings before each service and help each other, and after the regular meetings they assist with the general work among the men. These "brothers" have been a great help to Superintendent Hallimond.

The Easter-time is filled with the idea of resurrection—the springing into new life—of bud, leaf, bird, creature. To the struggling men of the Bowery Mission it means new spiritual strength and life to each, and a power that helps them to rise above the world and its allurements and disappointments, and to learn something of a higher and nobler life. Doubtless many of the poor fellows who have wandered into the Bowery Mission this past winter, possibly only to warm themselves or to satisfy their hunger, have been encouraged to begin a new life with the returning springtime.

It is hoped that the new building will be ready for occupancy by the fall. Meanwhile, services are to be held every night in the old familiar place. E. H.

Christening in the Spreewald

YOUR recent article in regard to the Spreewald was especially attractive to me. I was in that part of Germany in 1905, and found the people there most interesting, and brought home many pictures of them and of the scenes there. I had none, however, of this funeral scene which was given in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

I went to a church service there on the Sabbath. The first held in the morning was in German (I did not attend that); then the congregation was dismissed, and one for the Wends gathered immediately. It was a short service and included a christening. The pastor preached in two languages. When the child was brought in for baptism there were, besides the lady who carried it, eight other persons who walked up to the front with it—four men and four women. The men there never wear a beard. The women have a special suit which they wear at christenings: the usual short, full skirt and short-sleeved waist, and on their heads, in place of a bonnet, is a large framework of rattan, bent so as to fit on the head, and from each side is a projection of rattan, so that when the large, white handkerchief (some of them nearly two yards square) is spread over it, it stands out like two huge wings. These handkerchiefs are bordered with a fringe. The special christening additions are a deep, stiff Elizabethan ruff around the neck, which comes out to the edge of the shoulders, a wide, white, satin ribbon coming to the bottom of the dress and tied in front. Each woman carries in her hand, as she walks up to the font, the book of Psalms or hymns, which has printed in gold, on the outside cover, the words: "Ein feste Burg." On this cover is folded a white handkerchief, and on that rests a little nosegay. The whole party presents a most unusual appearance, as it groups around the font. The blanket covering the baby is of purple satin, bordered with white lace.

After the service was over, the party, with other relatives, went into a house near by and had a christening dinner. As I had my dinner in the same place, I saw the table spread and the repast laid on it, which consisted of loaves of bread laid up and down the table (not cut) on the snow-white cloth, and different kinds and colors of bologna sausage, sliced up and laid on plates. One kind was white, and I was told it was veal. The baby was brought into the room where I was sitting and placed on a billiard table. As it made no sound during the long service at the church, nor all the time while they were eating their dinner, I ventured to turn away the blanket and look at its face, to see if it could be really alive. Its little eyes were tightly closed, and it was evidently in a deep sleep. I wondered if they might not have some kind of "soothing syrup" there, in the Spreewald, to keep children quiet.

They are altogether a most peculiar, interesting people. MRS. L. J. PRESCOTT

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A remarkable revival has just closed in Decatur, Ill., after five weeks' meetings under the leadership of Rev. W. A. Sunday. Twelve Protestant churches united and built a tabernacle seating 6,000 people. The expenses were almost $7,000, which was raised during the first two weeks of the meetings. A choir of 500 voices was organized under the leadership of Mr. Fisher. Six thousand one hundred and thirty-five converts are claimed, and many church members rededicated their lives to God's work.

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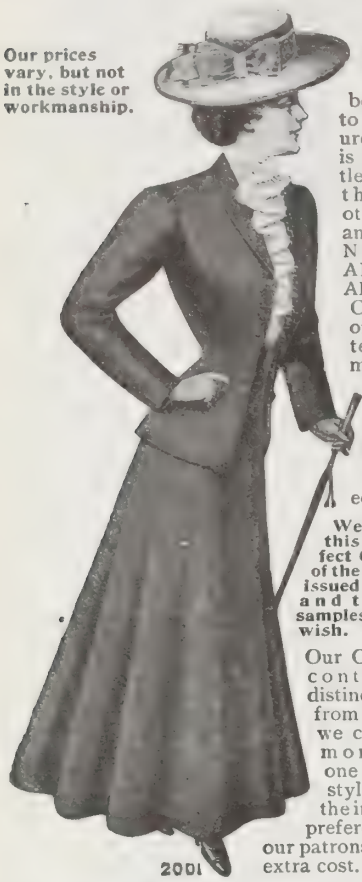

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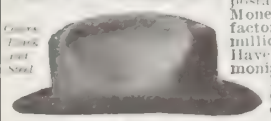

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Joy in Christlike Service

*By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts**

"NOW before the feast of the Passover." It was Thursday evening, April 16, A.D. 30, the celebration of the birthday of the Jewish nation, commemorating their exodus from Egypt, to go to the Promised Land. Jesus and his twelve apostles were gathered in an upper room to eat the Passover. This room is shown to travelers to-day. It is a large chamber thirty feet wide by about fifty feet long and is located over the so-called tomb of David. But it is more likely that it was a much smaller room in the house of Mary, the mother of John Mark, a home which afterwards became a rallying place for Christians that they might pray together, as they did for Peter in prison. That home has entirely disappeared. The room, wherever it was, had been selected by Peter and John, under the direction of Jesus (Luke 22: 7-12).

The Foot-Washing

"Jesus knew that his hour was come that he should depart out of this world." He was already within the shadow of the cross, but those who had been intimately associated with him for three years were not aware of it. And yet he loved them and would love them to the end. "And the supper being ended." The Revised Version puts it, "And during the supper." It was the Paschal Supper, at which roast lamb and bitter herbs and unleavened bread were eaten, and wine was drunk. There were the first, second, third and fourth cups, each about half a tumbler full, largely mixed with water. Each cup was taken ceremonially in its order. After the first cup had been passed around, it was customary for the head of the company to rise and "wash hands." And it was at that juncture that Jesus did the foot-washing. There had been no servant to wash the feet of the apostles, and they had been too proud to do it for each other, or too much occupied with the thought of getting the best places at the table, to attend to it. And so they had come to the feast with unwashed feet, an unusual proceeding in an Oriental company wearing only sandals on their feet.

Self-Abasement

"He riseth from supper, and laid aside his garments and took a towel and girded himself." A recent traveler in Palestine says: "A slave in my bedroom washed my feet. I was struck by the degree of abasement in the act: and as he held my foot in the towel, with his head bowed down toward it, I remembered the condescension of the blessed Lord." "After that he poureth water into a basin, and began to wash the disciples' feet and to wipe them with the towel wherewith he was girded." Jesus would teach them the dignity of service as against the selfishness of prestige. It was a new way to get a first place.

The Modern Ceremony

During Holy Week in Rome there is a travesty of this incident, when the Pope washes the feet of twelve aged paupers. It is done in the presence of people of the highest social and political rank. The twelve old men representing the Apostles are seated in a row in a chapel, and the Pope sprinkles a few drops of water on the right foot of each one, then wipes it, and kisses it. After this ceremony, a feast is served by the Pope and his assistants, and at the close, the twelve paupers are permitted to take away with them the white cloths which were placed upon them for the occasion and the towels with which their feet had been wiped, and each one is, also, given a piece of money.

A similar ceremony is performed annually in Austria, when the Emperor represents Christ. This act does not represent humility so much as service. Following the example of Christ in this act implies doing real service for others, with noble disregard day by day, not once a year, of the false idea that idleness is honorable. "The son of man came not to be ministered unto but to minister." It is to this broad principle of the nobility of serviceableness that the words of Jesus apply, "I have given you an example that ye should do as I have done to you." Many who habitually excuse themselves from service because they are not capable of it, have really mistaken laziness for humility.

Christ Washing the Feet of the Disciples

Peter's Erring Judgment

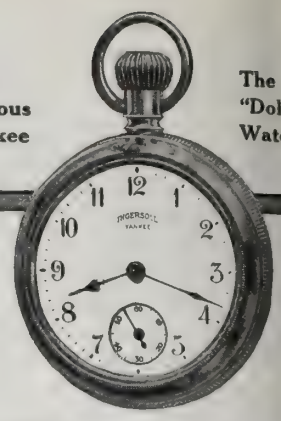
"Peter saith unto him, Thou shalt never wash my feet." Peter's instincts were right, but his judgment was wrong, as the reply of Jesus shows. "If I wash thee not thou hast no part with me." Jesus meant that Peter could have no fellowship with him if he did not learn the lesson of loving service. "What can I do for you?" was the greeting with which a popular minister was accustomed to meet people. He had learned the joy of service. Ruskin said: "The grandest men in the world have chosen to be the world's servants rather than the world's masters." When we are workers together with God, then helpfulness is holiness.

"Simon Peter saith unto him, Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head." Peter's desire was to be entirely consecrated, but for all that, he was in those days as unstable as water!

Continued on page 321

*** International Sunday School Lesson for April 26, 1908.** Jesus teaches humility. John 13: 1-15. GOLDEN TEXT: "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another as I have loved you." John 13: 34.

The Famous Yankee **The "Dollar Watch"**



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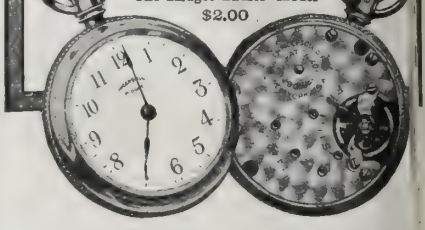

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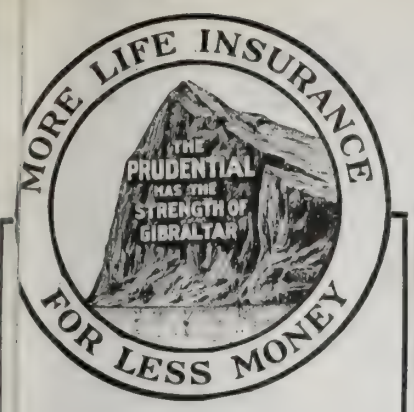

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Sunday School Lesson—*Continued*

No one knew it so well as Jesus, for a few hours ahead was the denial of his Lord by Peter. But how grandly his life afterward proved that he did belong to Christ, feet, hands and head! Let us encourage ourselves in Peter.

"Know ye what I have done unto you?" Christ would bring to his apostles "the arrest of thought." The cleansing of their feet was a mere instance, while the question of loving service was the whole matter. "I have given you an example that ye should do as I have done to you."

The Discordant Note

The discordant note of that supper was that the devil had put it into the heart of Judas Iscariot to betray him. "The deed was virtually done," says Edersheim, and Jesus, longing for the quiet fellowship of his own, with all that was to follow, bade him do quickly what he had in mind. Judas went out into the dark night, and the Paschal Supper proceeded, and with the third cup, called "the cup of blessing," began the institution of the Lord's Supper. The breaking of the unleavened cake became the breaking of the bread of the Holy Eucharist. The truth which the lesson teaches is that to serve and help others is Christlike, and into this thought the Golden Text fits: "Love one another even as I have loved you."

What is it like in the Bible? King David was in battle array against the Philistines, whose garrison was in Bethlehem. He was overcome with thirst, and longed for water and said: "Oh that one would give me to drink of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate." He had remembered the taste of that sweet water from his boyhood days. Was there any one among his soldiers willing to perform the loving, loyal service of getting the water, even at the risk of his own life? Yes, three mighty men broke through the host of the Philistines, and drew water out of the well of Bethlehem, and brought it to David. But it is said: "Nevertheless he would not drink thereof, but poured it out before the Lord" as a sacrifice, saying, "Is not this the blood of the men that went in jeopardy for their lives?" (II. Sam. 23: 12-17.)

A Consecrated Life

What is it like in daily life? "The Bishop of Uganda was at one time a young artist. He was engaged in painting a picture which he hoped would find a place in the Academy. It was the figure of a lovely woman struggling up a street in a wild, stormy night, the sleet driven by the wind into her face, a little baby at her bosom. And doors and windows were shut in her face. The picture was called "Homeless." As the man painted it and the artist's imagination filled his soul, it seemed to come to him as a living reality, and he put his brush down and said, "God help me! Why don't I go to lost people themselves instead of painting pictures of them?" Then and there he consecrated himself to God. He went to Oxford University, and in due course he entered the ministry. After working in the slums of two of our cities, the conviction came to him that he ought to go to that part of the world where men seemed to be most lost. He came to the conclusion that East Africa was the place where he was most wanted. One day there came a message from the Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, asking whether he would be willing to be the leader of a party that was to go to Uganda. In due course he was consecrated Bishop, and he has brought to his high post rare gifts of administration, and an enthusiastic love of souls."

Do Something!

One Sunday morning, far away in one of the islands of the Indian Ocean, a missionary was studying a sermon to preach in the strange language of those countries. A Christianized boy, about half clothed, came in and said, "I would like to do something for Christ." "And what could you do?" said the missionary. Blushing and stammering, as if afraid to say, he answered, "I will be always there. I will do it loud. Please let me ring the bell." That boy became an evangelist when he grew up. While he was a boy he rang the bell that invited the people to church, and when he became a man he preached to his people the same glad news that he commenced calling the people to hear when he rang the church-bell.

One who has traveled in Europe says: "I stood at the base of one of those giant mountains, whose sides are clothed with glacier and their summits with perpetual snow. A Swiss peasant was near, with his long Alpine horn that rested on two wooden props. Applying his lips to the rude instrument, he wound from it a few notes of the musical scale, which made but little impression on the listener. A moment or two elapsed, and then I was entranced, for far above me, among the icy pinnacles, these artless sounds were converted into chords of exquisite harmony. The melodious echoes—I can compare them to nothing but the aerial symphonies of colossal musical-glasses—seemed to sweep in circle among the heights. They rang out again, and again, and again, lingering still amid precipice and peak; then, gradually softening, they became fainter and fainter, and so died away."

The Helpful Life

The circumstances and occupation of this rustic of the valley not inadequately represent our own as witnesses for Jesus. Our performance of the work entrusted to us may be imperfect, and with little in it to attract the admiration of the world; but if with faith and love we sound out in notes sharp and clear, however artlessly, the truth as it has come into our hearts, there will be many who will be helped and uplifted.

George Macdonald said: "If I can put one touch of a rosy sunset into the life of any man or woman, I shall feel that I have worked with God." John Ruskin said: "If you do not wish for God's kingdom, don't pray for it; but if you do, you must do more than pray for it." In helping others we shall ourselves be helped. "A physician was returning to his home, when he saw a little child in great peril in the street. Another instant she would have been crushed under the iron hoofs which were almost upon her. At great peril to himself he rushed forward, and seizing the little one, bore her in safety to the sidewalk. Curiosity impelled him to look into the child's face that he might see if he knew whom he had rescued. Pushing back the little bonnet, what were his feelings to see that it was his own little daughter whose life he had saved. So he who hastes to save the perishing often finds rewards he little dreamed of. "Whatever thy hands find to do, do it with thy might."

The Power of Song

What is it like in Song? "Go into the village round about you and sing to the people," said a minister to a well-trained choir; "and those of you who can sing, get up little garden parties of sacred singing, where the passers-by can hear you over the wall!" We all remember the story of Carlotta Rosa, who visited the dying child in a wretched tenement, and, standing by the little bed, sang "Angel ever Bright and Fair," till the little one asked, "Is this heaven?" Many a sinful soul has been carried for the moment to heaven by song.

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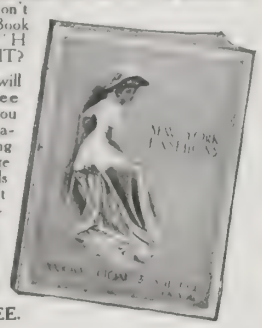

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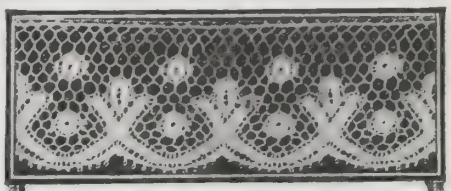

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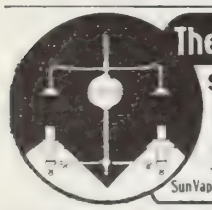

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A SCION OF KINGS

By BARBARA E. POPE

Concluded from last week

FROM Assiout the heir of the Orebs journeyed in plain style up the Nile, stopping at every town and at many of the larger villages. The last census could have furnished him with information concerning the mixed population, but he wanted to acquaint himself fully with the people of his own race, and form some estimate of their capabilities.

Burning with zeal and patriotism, he found little encouragement. The fellaheen, once an intelligent mainstay, were ignorant and had degenerated into mere children of the soil, grateful for a betterment of condition, but unmindful as to the hand that wrote the law. Higher up in the scale were men of pride and thought, men mentally and physically able to follow him into the desert for drill and training, and to march stolidly from the cataracts to the sea. These men, however, were accumulating wealth; and, pleading their numerical weakness and the vast resources and combined strength of the intruders, they felt themselves forced to leave the sceptre where their forefathers had lost it.

To the heart of Nubia and back went the traveler. When he had again passed the wonderful dam, which he knew a sovereign prince of his line could have conceived of and built as effectively, had their power not declined, word came to him that his father was sick and he hastened home, solicitous only of the life of his parents.

For six months Mark Oreb was disabled and Aahmes managed the estates, holding his schemes for restoration in abeyance for the time being, and giving all his attention to the work before him. Agriculture and stock-raising were honorable pursuits, and he was not above looking well into them and setting about, in his energetic way, to put them on the highest scientific basis. Then, there were the fellaheen, the humble men and women who worked for his father, and who lived in scant comfort in the village and in mud huts on the estates. Aahmes had not come in contact with these faithful toilers since his boyhood. There were hosts of them around him, and almost as many more on the farm in the Delta. His compassionate heart turned to them, and he saw in them a work which could no longer be neglected.

Joseph Neris had married, and with his bride and his sister was spending his honeymoon at a small country seat a few miles from the city of Cairo, when Aahmes stopped by on his way to the Delta.

Nearly a year had passed since the two friends parted on the day after Kamena's wedding, and Joseph had a good deal to tell about his courtship and marriage and success in his business, which was that of a banker.

"I know that, since my remote ancestors were priests," he said, with a mischievous smile, "I ought to be looking around for a place to offer sacrifices and interpret oracles; but the instinct is dead in me, and I take very naturally to the prosaic intricacies of finance.

"My father has recovered his health, but the infirmities of age are creeping on him and I must relieve him from care," said Aahmes.

"It is a good thing for you," replied Joseph.

"What a picture your wife and Taisu make down there in the soft light amid the flowers and the foliage and the spray of the fountain!" exclaimed Aahmes.

"Let us join them," said Joseph, leading the way from the balcony to the garden.

It was the most delightful season of the year—that immediately preceding the weeks of the inundation—and the garden was a bower of roses of all kinds, with rare shade trees, orchids and poinsettia. Joseph's father had been the first of the native landowners to recognize the adaptability of the soil to ornamental vegetation, and after his death Taisu had continued the culture of flowers and trees. She and her sister-in-law were, on this occasion, dressed for the evening and had come into the garden at sunset to remain until midnight, when, under the bright light of Egypt's full moon, the farmers would begin to harvest their crops.

"These hours will constitute for us a sort of rural dissipation, an excess which should be permitted every one that has spent months in Cairo," said Taisu, as Aahmes took the vacant seat by her side at the fountain.

"We will not require you to keep guard over us fasting. We have delicious cakes with fruit and rich milk on a table in the olive grove," said Joseph's wife, a good-looking young lady of a practical turn.

"When the eyes of mortal man feast on beauty, there should be no hunger," said Joseph.

"Is that a compliment to us, or, to our surroundings?" asked the bride.

"To yourselves, ladies," answered Aahmes, gallantly and earnestly. In spite of himself, he had been impressed with the appearance of Taisu.

Over a rose-colored silk slip she wore a filmy gown of the same shade, embroidered in gold thread with a delicate tracery of lotus. At her neck she wore a superb antique necklace of brilliants and rubies. A gold asp girdled her waist, and her long flowing sleeves now and then gave to full view the gold asps that coiled around her shapely wrists and the armlets that matched her necklace. Her black hair rippled back from her forehead, and was gathered behind in a loose knot and becomingly ornamented with pendant gems. She confined herself to styles purely Oriental when at home, and was accustomed to being greeted with admiration.

As charming as was Taisu to his sight, Aahmes found a still greater charm in her conversation. Her ideas were near akin to his own, and, as the evening advanced and the newly wedded pair appeared absorbed in each other, he drew himself off wholly to this most attractive of women, and, yearning for sympathy, poured out his soul to her in the moonlight, talking with her over the condition of their country and telling her of his plans for the improvement of his laborers. She, too, was interested in the poor people, and she had worked enthusiastically among the villagers nearby and could give him the benefit of her experience in starting schools for them and lifting them up from their ignorance and squalor. She was teaching them to beautify their homes, and told how little plots of flowers and grass were appearing in front of the mud huts, and how shade trees were being planted here and there on the village streets. There was warm affection in the hearts of the fellahs, and in uplifting them there was solace for one's griefs and something to hope for in the distant future.

"Not in our day do I look forward to Egypt's being free," said the sweet-voiced young woman, as they strolled along one of the walks in the garden, "but we can do our best in working things up to that point and the glory will come hereafter."

"I can see what an advantage your companionship has been to Joseph," said Aahmes.

"We have lived lovingly together, and, although my brother is three years my senior, there have been times when his masculine pride did not rebel against yielding to sisterly influence. Woman is the weaker vessel, but she has always had her place in shaping the destinies of mankind."

"I am beginning to comprehend the situation," said Aahmes, sadly. "Woman

Continued on page 333

A request by mail for practical and trustworthy information about the safe investment of savings will receive prompt attention and sound advice, if addressed to the Industrial Savings and Loan Co., see Page 320.

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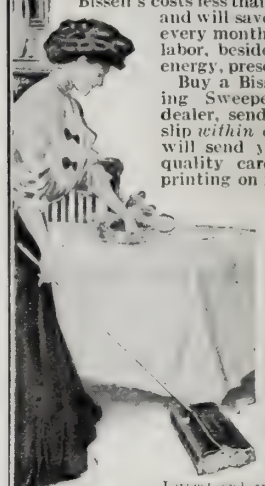

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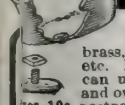

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A Scion of Kings

Continued from page 322

can work for weal or woe, and very disastrous can be the woe."

"See! Joseph is beckoning to us. The harvesters are coming," said Taisu.

Everybody arose late the next morning, but, when Aahmes looked from his window, he saw Taisu at the pigeon tower, feeding the pigeons, which were alighting all around her eating tamely from her hand and perching on her shoulders.

After breakfast he followed her into the library to see her collection of curios. There were the usual heirlooms of a well-descended family, and to them she had added fac-similes of inscriptions found in recently excavated tombs and choice pieces of pottery and bits of mosaic. There was a carved image of a woman that especially caught the eye of the visitor, because of its merit as a work of art. Taisu explained that it was one of her latest acquisitions and had been obtained by her at a good price through the friendliness of one of the government officials at the museum.

"It is an image of Taisu, a priestess of Isis, one of the women of our house, who lived in the dim ages of the past. Traditions concerning her have come down to us, and my father named me for her. The image and this roll of papyrus were found not long ago in a tomb at Abusir, her burial place."

"Taisu the priestess. I have read of her and it is very stupid of me never to have connected her with you. Is it only my fancy that the image bears a resemblance to you?"

"Joseph has said the same, but why should it be?"

"There can be singular likenesses and transmissions in a line of pure blood. Have I your permission to read the scroll?"

"With pleasure," answered Taisu, but her look was not joyous. She had been rather subdued all the morning.

The papyrus, read aloud, related in quaint but glowing terms the illustrious lineage and noble deeds of the deceased priestess, and presently the reader came to an attached poem. It was written by the priestess herself, praising the beauty and virtues and lamenting the death of one whom she had known and loved in early life, and whom the goddess had taken to the land of the immortals, in order that the maiden might devote herself to service in the temple.

"How she loved him! She must have given orders to bury the poem with her," commented Aahmes, in a tremulous voice.

Taisu averted her eyes, which were moist.

The young man bowed his head, thinking madly, not of the dead woman, but of the living one beside him.

In duty bound, Taisu inquired about Judith.

"She was well when I last heard from her," was the reply; and then both left the room, he going resolutely to his chamber, and she, biting her lip in anger with herself, seeking the other members of the household. She felt like a criminal and blamed herself for not keeping her room that morning, as prudence had prompted.

Aahmes cut short his visit and left for the big farm in the Delta. From there he meant to go direct to Assiout, but Joseph hunted him up, in obedience to a letter from Madam Oreb, to tenderly break to him the distressing news of Judith's elopement with Mustapha ben Ali, who had renounced his religion for her.

"Her perfidy makes me shudder; but, then, I should not be hard on her," said the discarded lover. "Her father will forgive her and it is well."

It was but natural for Aahmes to return home with Joseph, and, the next time that he and Taisu were alone in the library, there was no inclination to weep or to rail at a miscarriage of fate. He had learned the full meaning of love, and she blushingly acknowledged that she had loved him long.

There was another wedding a few weeks later and, to the joy and comfort of Madam Oreb, Aahmes was the devoted bridegroom and Taisu the happy bride.

THE END

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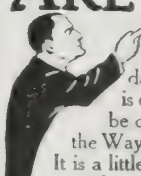

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Anyone who will take up a home course of Physical Culture (which comprises Individual Instruction for each subject of the body), by both muscles and nerves, will be qualified to enjoy Health and will possess a freshness of spirit and body that is very desirable, also a restful mind and hours of pleasurable recreation. No apparatus. My course, which is Concise and Practical, will Preserve and Prolong Nature's Health and promote Vitality. Write for booklet and descriptive letter

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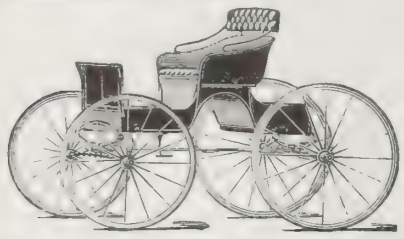

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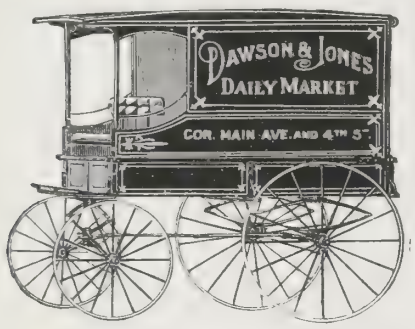

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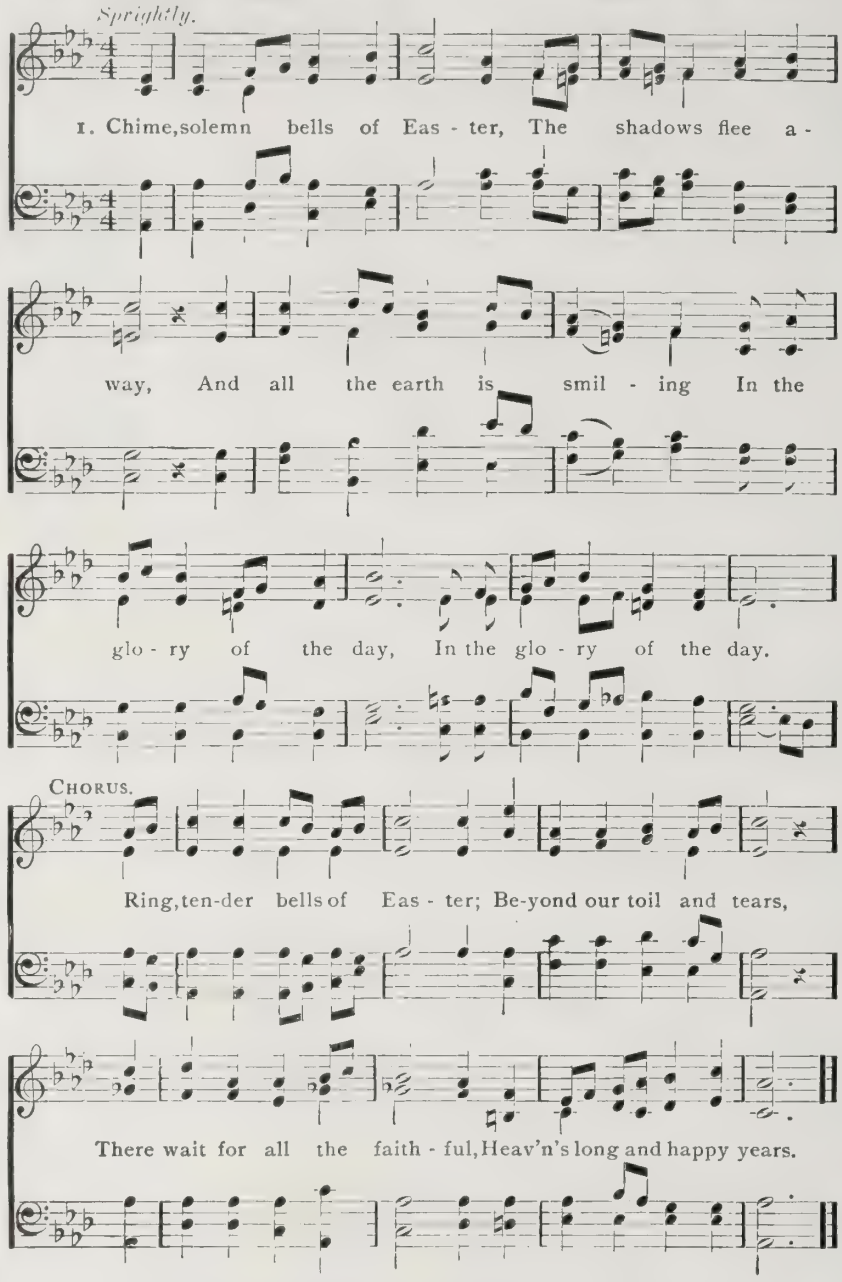
EASTER BELLS

Words by Margaret E. Sangster — Music by Hubert P. Main



Break, joyous bells of Easter! From far across the sea
Bring us the endless music of immortality.

Triumphant bells of Easter, again by angels rung,
Speak comfort to the sorrowing of every land and tongue.

Blend, golden bells of Easter, Heaven's fairest and its best,
To hush earth's clamorous discords and soothe earth's sad unrest.

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CHRISTIAN BROTHERHOOD

John M. Morse, Author of "Christ, Our King"

CHRISTIAN brothers! We, united
'Neath Immanuel's banner stand;
Loving hearts to him are plighted,
We will march at his command.
Where he leads, the stars, combining,
Beckon onward by their shining.

Christian hands and hearts, uniting
For the good that can be done,
Find a field with work inviting,
Close at hand for every one.
At thy door, O Christian brother,
Seek to find and win another!

In thy seeking, do not falter;
Gladly give a helping hand.
Just a word or deed may alter
Base design to purpose grand.
Raise the fallen; ever labor
For the uplift of thy neighbor.

Years are flying faster, faster,
Let us work with might and main.
'Neath the eye of Christ, our Master,
Christian work is not in vain.
Hand in hand we join in labors
For a world where all are neighbors.

Jesus, Saviour! Nought availeth
Unless thou thy blessing give.
When the serpent, sin, assaileth,
We will look to thee and live!
In the mansions bright, supernal,
Life thou givest, life eternal.

Passaic, N. J.

DIDN'T KNOW

That Coffee Was Causing Her Trou

So common is the use of coffee as a beverage, many do not know that it is the cause of many obscure ails which are often attributed to other things.

The easiest way to find out for oneself is to quit the coffee for a while, at least, and note results. A Virginia lady found out in this way, and also learned of a new beverage that is wholesome as well as pleasant to use. She writes:

"I am 40 years old and all my life, up to a year and a half ago, I had been a coffee drinker. About ten years ago, I had indigestion so bad that often the coffee I drank would sour on my stomach and I could not retain it.

"Severe headaches and heart weakness made me feel sometimes as though I was about to die. After drinking a cup or two of hot coffee, not knowing it was harmful, my heart would go like a clock without a pendulum. At other times it would almost stop, and I was so nervous I did not like to be alone.

"If I took a walk for exercise, as soon as I was out of sight of the house I'd feel as though I was sinking and this would frighten me terribly. My limbs would utterly refuse to support me, and the pity of it all was, I did not know that coffee was causing the trouble.

"Reading in the papers that many people were relieved of such ailments by leaving off coffee and drinking Postum, I got my husband to bring home a package. We made it according to directions and I liked the delicious cup. Its rich, snappy flavour was delicious.

"I have been using Postum about eight months, and to my great joy, digestion is good, my nerves and heart are all right. In fact, I am a well woman once more, thanks to Postum."

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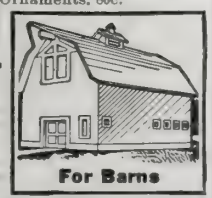
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The Booklovers' Shakespeare

THE great classics of the world are always demanding a new interpreta- tion, a fresh presentation. The *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, for example, have been trans- lated into English again and again, be- cause great works like these may be pre- sented from many different points of view, and because each age requires that such masterworks be rendered in its own idiom and spirit. Ever since the First Folio of Shakespeare, the earliest col- lected edition of the dramatist's works, numberless commentators have exercised their scholarship and ingenuity in an- alyzing these remarkable productions and countless editions have been placed upon the market. Many of the really good critical editions have now become anti- quated through the advance of scholar- ship and progress of time. They have served their purpose well in their own day, but they are no longer abreast of modern research. Many other editions were prepared in a totally inadequate fashion, and some depended almost wholly on more or less gaudy mechanical features for any value that they might possess. Others were intended either for class-room use, or for advanced students who were interested in minute dissection.

It is with special pleasure, therefore, that we commend to the attention of our readers the forty-volume "Booklovers" Shakespeare (The University Society Inc., New York), which is perhaps the best edition for general use that is now offered to the public. This edition is ex- tremely handy. The volumes are just the right size for comfortable use. The illustrative features are unusually full, including forty fine full-page colored plates and some 400 text cuts, many of which are reproduced from publications of Shakespeare's own time, and throw an interesting light upon references and al- lusions in the plays.

But the most important thing about this edition is the remarkably generous amount of notes and other helps that it contains for the use of the general reader. Almost every recognized author- ity on Shakespeare is represented in this explanatory matter. The arguments tell the story of every play. The extracts from noted authors explain the action of every play and the characters intro- duced in it. The two sets of notes make clear every line of the text and the glossaries define every obscure word and expression. To these are added lists of questions which furnish for every one a private study course in their own home. One volume is devoted to a Topical In- dex, by means of which every reference may be located immediately.

To eulogize Shakespeare here would be superfluous. We wish merely to welcome this new edition as being in our view the most worthy for those who wish to make a permanent and delightful addition to their library.

The advertisement of Booklovers' Shakespeare appears on page 319 of this issue.

Books Received

The Church and the Changing Order, by Shailer Mathews, Professor of Comparative Theology in the University of Chicago. Pp. 255. Price $1.50. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York and London.

Magda, Queen of Sheba, from the Ancient Royal Abyssinian Manuscript. Translated by Hugues Le Roux and Mrs. John Van Vorst. Illustrated by Michel Engueda Work, an Abyssinian artist. A quaint version of the famous visit to King Solo- mon, treasured by Menelek's royal ancestors. Pp. 195. Price $1.20. Published by Funk & Wag- nalls Company, London and New York.

The Queenly Mother in the Realm of Home, by Margaret E. Sangster. A beautiful book by this well-known and popular authoress, whose pen il- luminates everything it touches. It deals with "the Sunshine, the Glare and the Twilight of this unloved land—the Kingdom of the Child, hus- bands and home, the place of the young people, the mother's temper, the mother and growing boys, invalids and caretakers and beyond the clouds." Illustrated. Cloth covers. Price $1.50. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York and London, publishers.

Hallowed Hymns, New and Old, edited and compiled by I. Allan Sankey, for use in prayer and praise meetings, evangelistic gatherings, churches, etc. The first department of this de- servedly popular collection is devoted mainly to new sacred songs, including many of the very latest Gospel favorites; the second to the well- known "Gospel Hymns" and sacred songs, and the third to the standard hymns of the church. To these are added a series of responsive readings useful in all services. Pp. 256; cloth binding. Price 40 cents. Biglow & Main, New York, pub- lishers.

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and see list of towns where we have satisfied customers.

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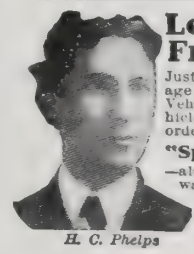
Our patent oven thermometer makes baking and roasting easy.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30 Day Free Trial

Paton and His Colleagues*

MORE thrilling than one of the old romances is the story of the work in which John G. Paton spent his life. Above forty years of labor and peril he passed in his beloved field of the New Hebrides. Born in Scotland in 1824, he served in the home field in the Glasgow slums, until the way opened for him to go to the heathen in the Southern Pacific. "When I first went to the New Hebrides," he said, speaking in 1900 in New York, "I found the people in the most degraded condition. They were cannibals and were constantly warring among themselves. To-day there are 18,000 converts, among whom are three hundred preachers and teachers. In every family daily worship is held, and every one, old and young, faithfully attends the house of God."

The change was not worked without great danger to the missionary. Time and again the murderous club was raised over his head, and only by the intervention of divine providence was his life preserved. In the same islands, though not in the same group, Williams and Chalmers were murdered, and now comes the news that on the Solomon Islands another missionary has been murdered and his body devoured at a cannibal feast. From Paton's home on the Island of Aniwa, the Christian influence went out that subdued the savage nature wherever it could make itself felt, and one island after another was transformed. How much toil and privation the change involved can never be known. Paton has gone to his reward but devoted men have taken his place and are carrying forward the work, undeterred by the labor and danger it costs.

The American Board's work in the islands has been frequently described in these pages. Mr. Price and other missionaries have labored with similar success to that of the London Missionary Society's agents. In the New Caledonia Islands, as in the New Hebrides, the Loyalties, New Guinea, Gilbert and other groups the standard of the cross has been raised and not only have converts been won, but volunteers have come forward offering themselves to go to other islands with the glad tidings of salvation. A visitor who recently attended a meeting in Vatorata, New Guinea, saw there a tablet on which were inscribed the names of eighty-seven native preachers who had been killed in this noble service. They had not counted their lives dear unto them.

Christian Fatalism†

VERY different from Oriental fatalism is the faith that holds the Christian true to his course in spite of danger and menace of violence. The philosophy of the Orient is illustrated in the proverb quoted by Emerson that, "On two days it steads not to run from thy grave: the appointed and the unappointed day; on the first, no physicians nor medicines can save, nor thee, on the second, the universe slay." But that is a dull, spiritless confidence in a mechanical destiny unworthy of comparison with the courage that comes from seeing Him who is invisible," and in whose hands "all things work together for good to them that love God." The fatalist yields to defeat and death, because he must and because it is written in the book of fate; the Christian yields because it is the will of his heavenly Father, which in the end will prove to be the highest wisdom and love. The decree of the one as irresistible as the other, but the one is austere and unintelligent and the other tender, wise and sympathetic.

Let no one think it is possible to draw the line that separates the will and liberty of man from the control of God. Many have tried, but the world has never produced the philosopher equal to the task. Every man knows in his conscience that he is responsible for what he does. He knows as he balances in his mind two courses of action, that he is free to take one or the other; even the suicide is conscious as he raises the poisonous draught to his lips, that it is within his power to cast it undrunk to the ground. Yet we are taught that death and life are in God's hands and that he has perfect control of the issues. The one belief appears irreconcilable with the other, but both are true, and in the region beyond the grave where our mental powers are increased, the mystery will be made plain.

The one fact of which we must keep firm hold is that of human responsibility. We have no right to charge the Deity with complicity in our actions. His purposes he has kept strictly within his own mind and he has left us free to do his will or to oppose it for a time. In the end that will is invincible, but now he bears patiently with his creatures who rebel, hoping that ere the hour of vengeance dawns they will submit and say from their hearts, "Thy will be done."

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for April 26. Acts 28: 1-10.

†Topic of the Epworth League for April 26. "Immortal Till My Work is Done." Josh. 1: 5-9; Deut. 31: 6-8; Isa. 54: 16, 17; Matt. 28: 20.

The Bible at a Glance

THIS Book contains the mind of God, the state of man, the way of salvation, the doom of sinners and the happiness of believers. Its doctrines are holy, its precepts are binding, its histories are true, and its decisions are immutable. Read it to be wise, believe it to be safe and practise it to be holy. It contains light to direct you, food to support you and comfort to cheer you. It is the traveler's map, the pilgrim's staff, the pilot's compass, the soldier's sword and the Christian's charter. Here Paradise is restored, heaven opened and the gates of hell closed. Christ is its grand object, our good its design, and the glory of God its end. It should fill the memory, rule the heart and guide the feet. Read it slowly, frequently and prayerfully; it is a mine of wealth, a Paradise of glory and a river of pleasure. It is given you in life, will be opened in the judgment, and be remembered forever. It involves the highest responsibility, will reward the greatest labor, and will condemn all who trifle with its sacred contents.

Kokomo, Ind. MRS. BELL FAWCETT.

Called Higher

Mrs. Edwin Clement, who passed from this earthly life lately at the home of her daughter, Mrs. David Jackson, Millbrook, N. Y., had been a great sufferer. She was an earnest Christian, faithful in good works, and a most devoted wife and mother.

C. W. Boyer entered into rest after a long and painful illness, at the home of his father in Dallas, Tex. He was a constant reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and often spoke of the benefit he felt he received from its columns. A Christian, he met death without fear.

Miss Ida C. Fritz, of Boyertown, Pa., perished in the fire at Boyertown on January 13, 1908. She was widely known as a young woman of fine Christian character. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD had been a great pleasure to her, having been a weekly visitor in the home for many years.

Mrs. John H. Jett departed this life lately at Gainesville, Tex., at the age of eighty-two years. She was a member of the Greenville Baptist Church since she was twelve years old, being one of the charter members of the church. She had been a subscriber to this paper for a number of years.

Miss Nellie Taylor, of Washington, Ind., passed to the better land recently, after a long illness. She had been an active Christian worker, and called her Sunday School about her a short time before she died. Her words to them at that solemn moment made a lasting impression on their hearts.

Mrs. Elizabeth Pulliam entered into rest at Echo, N. Y. "She was one of your old subscribers," writes one of the family, "and lover of your paper. She praised THE CHRISTIAN HERALD on her dying bed: said it had been a great guide and light to her. Hoped it would help many others to prepare for the great call."

Mrs. Adelia Brown Bentley died recently at her home at Atlantic Highlands, N. J. She was eighty-five years of age and was one of the pioneers of the town. She had been a church member for sixty-five years and was prominent in Christian work. At her funeral it was said her beautiful life preached a sermon in itself.

Mrs. Emily Webster Gallup, widow of Benjamin Lee Gallup, died recently in East Woodstock, Conn. She had been in failing health for some years. Mrs. Gallup was born in Woodstock, November 28, 1836. Her death is a loss to the communities in which she has lived so long. To her church, being a member of the West Woodstock Baptist Church, she was devoted to the last.

Mrs. Sallie Stanford Bradshaw, one of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S most venerable and constant readers in the South, died recently at the age of seventy-eight years, in Halifax County, Virginia. She was a woman of fine Christian character and a member of the Methodist Church for more than sixty years. She was the last but one of the surviving granddaughters of Hon. Richard Stanford, for twenty years member of Congress from North Carolina, and a contemporary of Webster, Clay and Randolph, and the first member of Congress to be called "Father of the House," a title bestowed upon him by Mr. Randolph in a congressional debate in 1814.

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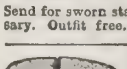

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Jesus' Condescension

By Mrs. M. Baxter

NEVER was there a life in which there was greater leisure than in the life of Jesus. Everything was in perfect proportion, because all was arranged by a Master-hand. There was no lapping of one duty or occupation over another, there was no hurry, no fear that the time taken up in the present service would make the next one run short of time; the time and strength given fitted the work exactly. Jesus did not do all that man expected of him, but his yielded will fitted into his Father's plan, so that he always had leisure to do what the Father called him to do. Oh, how we need this close walk with God, which leaves room for the will of God, and waits in loving reverence and confidence for the unfolding of his plan, in order to work into it without a dissentient thought!

"I am so hindered at home," says a busy mother, whose children and servants provide her with endless occupation, and yet whose heart is in the mothers' meeting, the temperance gathering, the mission service. But in the broken crockery, the spoiled dinner, the torn frock, the wilful boy, there is a wide field for the manifestation of God's victory in herself and in her family; and that, in things so practical that, when she gets to the meeting her words are more blessed, because she can tell the people from deep experience how real God is in daily life.

"I cannot go on with my business," says a brother; "there is so much competition and selfish grasping in trade, and unprincipled people do so get it into their own hands, that I stand no chance if I follow God closely; I must give it up, and take to evangelizing." But think of the tens of thousands of men of business on whose behalf God needs one who shall be able to bear witness to them from experience that God does enter into business matters, and does deliver his children in business, as well as in other trials, when they really count on him to do it. God has, for each life given up to him, an exact plan into which he wills that life should exactly fit, even to its smallest details.

Jesus himself was at leisure from the overwhelming load which was coming upon him; at leisure to teach his disciples. The Passover feast had just been celebrated by them, that feast which meant more to him who was "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world" than any of the disciples could know. He "loved his own which were in the world," although they had just been striving among themselves "which of them should be accounted the greatest" and have the first place (Luke 22: 24), and he knew that in a few hours' time every one of them would forsake him and flee.

Supper was ended, but one thing had been left undone; they had not, as was customary among the Jews, washed before eating. Oh, how many there are who want to sit down with Jesus in sweet communion without being first fully cleansed? But only One can remedy this evil; it is himself. The vessels for cleansing were there, but it was the office of a slave to wash the feet, and they who had just been striving as to which was greatest amongst them, were in no mood to offer themselves for the slave's work. Only One was sufficiently at leisure from himself to undertake this service—it was Jesus himself. He rose from supper, put aside his outer garments, took a towel, girded himself, poured out water, and began to do the slave's work, to wash his disciples' feet.

The Master knelt before them one by one until he came to Peter. All was silence up to this moment, the silent rebuke of the serving Master was going home to each heart; but Peter, the ever forward Peter, spoke out, "Lord, dost thou wash my feet?" Jesus answered and said unto him: "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shall know hereafter." What a word this has been to broken hearts, and, oh, how has patient confidence in God been rewarded when his children were willing to trust him out of their sight! How often has the removal of one missionary to a higher service above been used of God to stir the hearts of many more to take his place!

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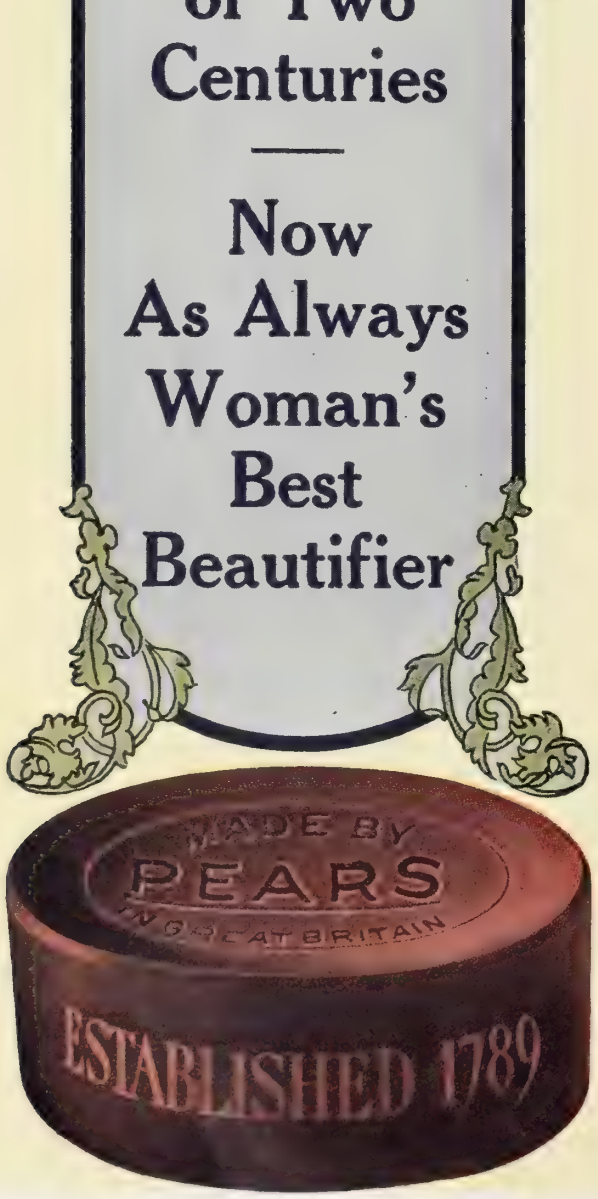

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$1.50 a Year—5c. A Copy
Published 52 Times a Year

New York, April 22, 1908

VOL. 31—NO. 17
Offices: Bible House, N. Y.

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER

Questions and Answers

A. McL., Starkweather, N. D. How did the Israelites get the name of "Hebrews"?

According to some authorities, the name is derived from Heber, the patriarch (Gen. 10: 24); and according to others, it comes from *eber*, meaning "between" or "on the other side." The name "Hebrew" was first applied to Abraham by the Canaanites (Gen. 14: 13), when he crossed the Euphrates.

L. F. Q., Thetford Centre, Vt. Why, as a Christian nation, must we withdraw the Word of God from our schools? A few years since, in a Sunday School convention in this State, it was declared that never so great ignorance of the Word of God existed among our young people as to-day.

In many schools the Bible is still read daily. The effort to get it wholly withdrawn from the schools was not successful. It is the object of certain anti-Christians to exclude it altogether, on the ground that the schools, under constitutional law, should be non-sectarian. Sectarian teaching, of course, is not allowed in the schools.

Reader, Claremont, Ont., Can. 1. What is right in the matter of using words such as "blamed" and "darned," as "I'll be darned," etc., and "Great Scott!" and "By Jove," and other such expressions? 2. What would you say of those who have truly repented of past sins or mistakes and are sincerely seeking to live true Christian lives, yet cannot forget their past sins, and at times brood over them?

1. These are simply substitutes for expletives—a clownish way of escaping from saying the real thing. Sensible people avoid them altogether and talk in a straightforward manner. Expletives and kindred expressions never add to the force of remarks and are vulgar, if not worse. 2. Regret over past sins is natural, but it may be indulged inordinately. Such people should pray for faith to take God at his word and to realize that sins once pardoned are pardoned forever.

Subscriber, Mariaville, Me. Is it modest, delicate or respectable for women who profess to be Christians to go to church bareheaded?

It is not customary for women to go to church bareheaded, although we believe it is done occasionally at summer resorts, camp meetings, etc. This is altogether different from the matter of sitting in church with wide-spreading head-gear, obscuring the vision of those behind you. We heartily approve of women attending without hats in church, or wearing headdresses of a style that will not interfere with the comfort of others.

D. L. W., Gandy, Neb. If a minister's credentials are revoked, has he a right to perform the marriage ceremony, and if he should do so, would it be legal?

If he is no longer a pastor in good standing and with official recognition, he occupies precisely the same position as a layman, and is morally prohibited from performing the duties of his office. If, however, it is merely a question of temporary non-fellowship, he may still have the right to exercise pastoral functions with respect to preaching, marriages, baptisms, etc. In any event, it is wise to select a clergyman in good standing.

M. L. W., Greenfield, O. Ought not Christian people to remonstrate against the profanity of some men in high position? I have seen a statement that the lips of some prominent statesmen drip with profanity, and some of our journals seem to make a jest of it.

Profanity is unfortunately too common among a certain class of politicians. It would not be amiss to send them an occasional tract on the subject. They might be reminded, also, that in certain States there is a law against it.

Jo, Hillsdale, N. Y. Will you kindly describe the making and use of the hay box as a fireless cooker?

It is made of stout timbers, with a lighter box inside, leaving a space of about two inches between the inner and outer boxes. The inner box is lined with felt and may be made in two divisions. It has a tight-fitting lid, which is also lined with felt. The lid of the outer box is heavily hinged and the interior of the outer box is lined throughout with felt. Food, which it is desired to keep warm or to cook, is put in the inner box while boiling, or at maximum heat. The lid is then replaced tightly and the space between the two boxes is tightly packed with hay, a good pad of close-pressed hay being put on the top of the inner box. The outer lid is then shut tight. Such a "cooker" retains the heat for many hours and can be easily and cheaply manufactured.

Reader, Larsen, Wis. 1. Did Napoleon Bonaparte have a son? If so, when and where was he born, and what station (if any) did he fill? 2. What became of the little *Monitor* that fought the *Merrimac* in 1862? Was it ever raised from the ocean bottom?

1. Yes; Napoleon II., born 1811, died in 1832. His mother was Napoleon's second wife, Marie Louise. He never reigned as Emperor of the French, and is better known as the Duke of Reichstadt. He lived most of his brief life in Austria. Napoleon III., who became Emperor in 1852, was the son of Napoleon's brother, Louis Bonaparte. The Duke of Reichstadt is the hero of E. Rostand's *L'Aiglon*, the French for "the Eaglet." 2. No; the *Monitor* still lies where she sank off Cape Hatteras.

Reader, Bertrand, Neb. What is the international date line?

It is an imaginary meridional line 180° from Greenwich, running through Bering Strait and through the Pacific Ocean. East of the line the day is dated one day earlier than west of it.

J. D., Jamestown, Kan. When practising with big guns on warships, do the gunners handle balls and powder separately, or do they use cartridges already loaded (as we do with common hand rifles)? You referred to an accident, not long since, by which it would seem that powder was being handled loose—while, on the other hand, I have various photographs, showing gunners at practice with loaded shells.

The projectile and powder are only combined in the smaller guns. The projectile for the big guns is first inserted; immediately behind it the powder charge is placed. This measured charge of powder is in a cloth bag; it is not loose. The explosion referred to was caused by a spark dropping on the cloth powder bag. The photographs you mentioned showed the shells only. The explosive charge in them is set off by the heat of the impact on the enemy's ship. This charge is not visible, as it is encased. The charge that sends the shell to its mark would only be seen in a photograph of a gun in action, where it is passed quickly to the man loading. They are never left about, but guarded under cover with great care. The smaller rapid-fire guns have bullet and powder fastened together. The sailors sometimes use the term cartridge for the powder bag alone.

E. E. S., Oskaloosa, Ia. Who has the laureateship of England now?

Alfred Austin. He was born at Headingly, near Leeds, England, in 1835. He became a lawyer, but gave up that profession for literature. He was appointed poet-laureate in 1896, in succession to Tennyson.

H. H., Bancroft, Mich. 1 Is photo-engraving a good profession for a young man to learn? 2. What salary does a good engraver command?

1. The engraving business at present time is overcrowded. 2. The scale wage is $25 per week; superior workmen receive considerably more than scale wages.

A. G., Port Huron, Mich. Of what nationality was Alexander Hamilton, and was he born on the island of Jamaica?

Alexander Hamilton was the son of James Hamilton, a Scotchman belonging to the family of Hamilton of Grange, in Ayrshire, Scotland. The patriot's mother was of French descent. Hamilton was born January 11, 1757, on the island of Nevis, in the West Indies.

Ellen S., Poplar Ridge, N. Y., writes:

Your reply to A. J., Auburn, N. Y., reminds me of a pretty little story of two members of the Friends' Church (my own, by the way) many years ago. One had a horse which was good in harness, but not easy to ride; the other had a good saddle horse but wanted a carriage horse; so they agreed to exchange. Meeting again some months later, one said, "Well, A —, how dost thou like thy horse?" "Why, so well, I thought I had deceived thee, and I have brought five p in my pocket that I desire thee to accept, as lieve it to be about the difference in their va Strangely enough the other had had the thought about the horse he bought and had ally brought the same sum to offer to his fr After a little pleasantry, they concluded to to their bargain and each take home his money. Surely these men each loved his nei as himself."

L. McC., Willard, Mo. 1. How did the U States flag get the name of "Old Glory? Did the people in olden times worship before Christ came into the world? 3. I sin to waste food by throwing it for fun?

1. The name "Old Glory" was first en to the American flag in 1831, by W Driver, a sea captain of Salem, Mass. was preparing his brig, the *Charles Ja gett*, for a trip to the southern Pacific. party of friends presented him with beautiful American flag. When it flung to the breeze the captain christe it "Old Glory." In 1837 Captain Dr moved to Nashville, Tenn. When Union Army entered Nashville, Feb. 1862, Captain Driver presented the flag General Nelson, and the captain hoiste on the State capitol. The soldiers lear its story, and the name "Old Glory" given to all the flags. 2. Yes; the Bi and all history show it. 3. It is assure a sin to waste any of God's gifts.

Philadelphia's Anti-Saloon Parade

TWO thousand school children of Philadelphia paraded a few days ago through the leading thoroughfares of that city, in protest against the saloons. It was a pretty sight to witness these enthusiastic young crusaders bearing their banners and marching proudly to military music. Great crowds lined the sidewalks along the route and cheered the children.

Miscellaneous

Christian, New Iberia, La. Write to Leg Brothers, 81 Chambers Street, New York.

M. C. K., Lansing, Mich. 1. See any good ne paper almanac for party platforms. 2. By means write to your Senator.

Subscriber, Missouri. The quotation, "In midst of life we are in death," is a familiar pression. Authorship not recorded.

H. J., Noble, Ill. Write to Mr. W. R. Drap 401 Scarrit Building, Kansas City, Mo., and will give you all information.

Solo, Ontario. We cannot advise in such a ca It is a matter for the individual conscience. T wife is to be commended for her forgiving spiri

W. A. L., Crawford, Miss. We do not think a advantage is to be derived from reading the J ferson Bible. It was published, no doubt, as historical memorial.

W. W. W., Toledo, O. 1. You probably me evil thoughts and suggestions. These you c overcome by prayer, whenever they arise in yo mind. 2. Address S. D. Gordon, Madison, N. J.

L. R., Crossville, Ill. We have not been able secure the measurements here. Write to M Loeb, secretary of the President, for the inform tion. You should sign name in full when sendi questions to Our Mail-Bag.

R. L. B., Clarksburg, W. Va. England has do much to extend civilization. Her colonial posse sions are vast and, while encouraging missiona enterprise, she has carried out a principle of no interference with native religions. Refer to an recent history of the United Kingdom.

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

OUR READERS will recall that in ou last issue we requested them to co operate with us in enlarging our subscrip tion list, and submitted to them som very attractive propositions in the way o inducement and reward. We then state that May 5th was the very last date o which subscriptions secured in response to that appeal could be mailed.

In nearly every instance, heretofore, we have accommodated tardy subscribers accepting subscriptions under similar offers after the time limit had expired; but in this instance we CANNOT UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES accept any subscription mailed later than MAY 5th, on the favorable terms published in our last week's issue.

Subscribers who contemplate earning some of the exceptionally liberal rewards offered in last week's issue should therefore remember this warning and get their subscriptions in before it is too late.

MAY 5th IS THE LAST DATE for mailing under the propositions contained in last week's paper.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

Chinese Lady of Pekin | Confucian Temple of Pei-ling-ssu | A Manchu Lady

HOW A MANDARIN'S WIFE ENTERTAINS

By Evelyn Clark Morgan

WE started in our sedan chairs, with three bearers each, etiquette requiring at least that number for a social call. Our way lay through narrow, crowded, none too clean streets until at last we came to a somewhat wider and cleaner street in the fashionable quarter of Foochow. There was little to show that it was the fashionable quarter, for there were no windows opening upon the street, nor cheerful aspect of any kind; just a row of large, barn-like doors lining the street on either side. Before one of these doors our coolies paused.

They knocked, the wide doors were opened and we entered a large court, empty except for a number of sedan chairs ranged against the side walls. Here our bearers stopped, keeping our chairs suspended in midair, while we sent our cards in by one of the servants who approached to take them from our hands. We had been invited, but this was the proper way of finding out whether the Tai-tai was ready to receive us.

Soon the message came: "Would we do Madame the honor to enter?" Then we were carried to the next court and put down. Between the two courts was a sill or upright board at least twelve inches high, such as we found not only between the courts, but between the rooms in Chinese houses. The inner court was more ornamental than the outer. There were plants and potted flowers standing about, and there were carvings and ornamentation upon the inner side of the partition that divided the two courts, as well as upon the framework surrounding the windows. The entire front of the reception room was open and the rooms on either side were closed in by glass only.

At the sill of the reception room, Madame Lu stood ready to receive us. She was elegantly gowned and her coiffure was elaborate and becoming. Her pretty face—she has the straight features and oval-shaped face so greatly admired in China—was beaming with smiles and beauty as, clasping her small jeweled hands, she agitated them gently three times in token of welcome. The Chinese are very ceremonious and the height to which they raise their clasped hands, and the profundity of their bow, depends upon what they think a person's rank or dignity of position demands. This is the case more particularly with men; women do not raise the hands high in salutation.

In the middle of the room which we entered stood a square table with covers laid for six. The table appointments were dainty in the extreme. Tiny plates of transparent porcelain and quaint-looking forks and spoons rested upon a cloth of richly embroidered silk. A small plant in blossom was the only floral decoration, and this was changed from time to time for others of equal fragrance and beauty.

We were at once asked to take our places at the table, the guest of honor being seated at the left of the hostess, and at the corner of the table furthest from the door. If the Tai-tai had been entertaining only Chinese ladies, each one would probably have insisted upon taking the lowliest seat. In the effort to do so they would have changed places many times, and the hostess might have been half an hour or more in seating her guests. I, at least, not being sufficiently familiar with Chinese etiquette to know how long this polite insistence should be kept up, thought it best to take and keep the seat assigned me by my hostess.

As soon as we were seated, our cups were filled (indeed, they were never allowed to be empty) with delicious scented tea. This was made by a servant at a side table. A handsome lacquered centrepiece for holding fruits was next placed upon the table. There were seven or eight kinds of dried fruits in its various divisions, among them dates, "dragon's eye," pumpkin and watermelon seeds. Tai-tai Lu handed each of us a few of the different kinds of these fruits, lifting them from the centrepiece with her fingers and depositing them on our plates. This was equivalent to saying that she greatly esteemed us and was pleased to serve us. Several courses followed, the foundation of which seemed to be rice and the flavoring fruits. There were small sugared biscuits, too, and then followed toasted slices of New Year's cake. We had silver forks that closely resembled an olive pick, but had some of the characteristics of the chop-stick. Their two tines were long and extremely pliable, and with them we were supposed to hold the thin slice of sugared rice while we nibbled at it.

"Here's a state of things," I thought; "here's a how-d'ye-do." At a Chinese feast, it is good form to eat whatever is put before you, but how to manage this hot delicacy "with a bare bodkin," so to speak, I did not know. It was a question whether to pierce the morsel or to secure it between the unsteady tines. I chose the latter and it took all my ingenuity and skill to keep the portion in the grasp of the elusive fork.

While we were still at the table, four prettily dressed young daughters, with reddened lips and cheeks, entered the room and were presented to us. Their ages were from seven to fifteen, and their manner was as sweet and charming as a little maiden's well could be. One of them opened some loose-jacketed oranges, and, separating the sections, passed from one guest to another, serving two or three lobes to each person.

Several numbers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD sent by an American friend lay upon the table, and Madame showed us some silk wristlets from the same source.

When, after a somewhat lengthy visit, we suggested going, the Tai-tai said she so seldom had an opportunity to converse with American ladies that she hoped we would remain longer, adding, "I invite you to my private apartment."

There we found foreign paper on the walls (the walls themselves were of bamboo with plaster coat),

Continued on page 335

The Children of the Taotai of Hupek

KINDLING THE REVIVAL FIRES

IN consequence of the retirement of the Rev. James B. Ely from the management of the Gospel tent and open-air work in New York City, the spiritual campaign out-doors during the coming season will be under new generalship. Rev. Arthur J. Smith, who will have charge of the work, is a native of Canada. He came to this country when ten years old and has had a remarkable career as a preacher, evangelist and soul-winner. He was formerly associated with Dwight L. Moody, J. Wilbur Chapman, B. Fay Mills and other leading Gospel workers. From 1896 to 1900 he was the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Savannah, Ga., where he conducted a successful spiritual pastorate. Since leaving Savannah he has given himself up exclusively to evangelism, and has taken part in some of the most successful spiritual movements in this country in recent years. The Rev. A. F. Schauffler is chairman of the Executive Committee of the tent and open-air work this year, and Rev. C. L. Goodell is chairman of the General Committee.

Rev. Arthur J. Smith, D.D.

For three years past, Dr. Ely planned and superintended the summer campaigns of the New York Evangelistic Committee. He came to the metropolis in 1905 from similar work in Philadelphia. Open-air meetings were established in many places where tents could not be located, the character of such meetings, like those held in the tents, being determined by the surroundings and the character of the audience. The work was one of many ramifications and employed a large corps of active participants, including pastors, evangelists, singers, children's workers, visitors and volunteers. The foreign element in New York's population was not neglected, and each year there were tents at which the Italians and other foreign nationalities were especially represented. In some cases, these tents have been the foundation work of permanent churches. Concerning his efforts in New York, Dr. Ely frankly admits his inability to estimate in numbers the souls that have been reached in these years. He says, "We have seen people kneel, lift their hands, heard their confessions; we have seen the effect of the Gospel in homes and individual hearts; we have seen the power of God upon the communities and the crowds; we have seen organizations formed and missions rise. We have seen some unite with the churches. Workers and ministers have expressed the blessing they have received." Reviewing Dr. Ely's labors, the evangelistic committee says, "The permanent results of his three years' work can never be tabulated or measured; but we believe that many hundreds, if not thousands, of lives have received lasting blessing in Christ Jesus."

. . .

Dr. Wilkinson Addressing an Open-Air Meeting in Philadelphia

Philadelphia Revival Incidents

THE first half of the Chapman-Alexander Mission in Philadelphia is now concluded, and the evangelists have begun a concerted attack on more than twenty new districts. During the last part of the mission, the campaign will be pushed forward on a still larger scale, with more noon meetings in theatres and factories; more afternoon services in the churches; more saloon meetings, midnight services and special gatherings of every description to reach all classes. Thousands have already confessed Christ at the meetings.

Perhaps the most striking development thus far is the organization of the Pocket Testament League. Its object is to induce people to read at least one chapter in the Bible daily, and to carry a Bible or Testament with them wherever they go. The league was originated years ago by Mrs. Charles M. Alexander. Mrs. Alexander sends THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers this account of the movement:

"When I was about fifteen years old, and attending High School in Birmingham, I was very eager to make the best use of my time there by trying to lead some of my schoolmates to Christ. It was a great opportunity, for the school was made up of girls representing all kinds of denominations and forms of religious belief. Several of us who were Christians banded ourselves together to get hold of individual girls. We made use of recess times and any odd moments that we could find, for quiet talk; and were surprised that many of the girls whom we expected to resent it, were only too glad to talk with us about spiritual things. By degrees we discovered something that was a difficulty. We often wanted to turn to a certain passage in the Bible and actually show it in black and white; but walking around the playground, for instance, no Bible would be handy. We therefore resolved that we would carry a Bible with us or at least a Testament, and even had special pockets made for them in our dresses. We found this at once to be such a help that we formed what we called a 'Pocket Testament League.' There were three simple conditions of membership: Firstly, that each girl should read the Bible daily; secondly, carry at least a Testament always with her; thirdly, try to lead people definitely to Christ. This proved a great help to our work in school, and quite a number of girls who had been brought up in worldly, careless surroundings, became earnest Christians. It is my prayer that God will use the League to bring many to Christ, and to strengthen those who come to him in the work of soul-winning."

Membership cards will be sent free of cost to any one who wishes to join. Address The Pocket Testament League, 518 Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia.

The noon-day meetings for business men at the Garrick Theatre, conducted by Chapman and Alexander, continue to be one of the greatest forces of the campaign. At a recent meeting, Dr. Chapman read a letter which made a powerful impression. The letter follows:

While a well-known evangelist was conducting a meeting one morning, a tramp came in and said, "My father and mother used to sit in this pew. It is the first church I ever attended. My father was an officer in this church. Seven boys used to sit in this pew in the Sunday School class. We had a great love and respect for our Sunday School teacher. Saturday afternoon she invited us to her home for an entertainment of music, eatables and a look over the lesson. After a while she was anxious to please us and hold us, and she taught us the names of cards. None had ever used cards. We became enthusiastic over it, learning different games. We would say, 'Do not give us so much time to the lesson, but let us have more time for playing cards, and show us some more tricks.' After a while we were off in the cotton gins playing cards and not going to her home. Later we failed to go to Sunday School. Cards and cigarettes were followed by drink and gambling. We all at different times left our homes. Two of those boys have been hung, three are in State prison for life, one a vagabond like myself. No one knows where he is and if the authorities knew I was here I would be arrested and put behind the bars. All I wish is, that that teacher had never taught us to play cards."

As he stood there broken-hearted, a lady near the pulpit, dressed in mourning, arose, went to where the man was fell on the floor and said, "Oh God! I am the Sunday School teacher that did it." She fainted, but revived, and was not seen in the meeting any more.

A day after reading this letter, Dr. Chapman received the following letter from a business man who had been present, showing how the truth had gone home:

DR. CHAPMAN: I want to thank you for something God used you to do for me to-day at the Garrick. While I know that I am a Christian, I have always had cards in the house and occasionally played, but they had no particular attraction, and I sincerely and honestly say that I never saw harm in having them or playing as we did. But your story of the teacher and her boys to-day opened my eyes, as well as my wife's (who unknown to me was in the gallery of the theatre), and to-night when we go home, we burn all of the cards. We have a boy that we can't afford to run any risk about. May God bless you.

Many thrilling and remarkable conversions are occurring in the Philadelphia meetings. One night a minister who had given up preaching and come to Philadelphia to engage in other pursuits, wandered into one of the churches. He was so deeply convicted by the sermon, that at its conclusion, he went forward and confessed his wrong-doing, and declared that he would come back to God with all his heart. He stated that a few minutes before entering the church he had been on the eve of committing suicide.

Through the mail, the evangelists receive many touching letters, some telling of the terrible bondage of sin, and others of complete transformation through the power of Christ. One business woman was so discouraged that she was about to end her life, and then was soundly converted. She wrote Dr. Chapman that the words of a sermon which he preached on March 18 in the Garrick Theatre were in her ears as plainly as if God spoke them, and kept her "from turning on the gas and going to hell."

Old Folks Assembling at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia

IN THE HEART OF THE ALLEGHANIES

A Chicken Farm in the Heart of the Blue Ridge

Breaking the Ground on a Mountain Farm

EVERY year people are taking more interest in the spiritual and material welfare of those sturdy and patriotic mountaineers who dwell along the ridges reaching down from Pennsylvania to South Carolina on the back of eight States. They are descendants of early settlers who sought homes on the mountains as far back as the days of the old French wars, and when King George of England still held undisputed sway over the British colonies.

Lucius B. Compton

These mountaineers fought bravely for their country's independence. Some of the people in the mountains about Asheville, N. C., are descendants of colonists who were driven back from the lowlands by British troops while making campaigns in the Carolinas. Men from the mountains fought in the war of 1812.

Through every struggle in which the country has been engaged, these people have done honor to the heroic Anglo-Saxon stock from which they sprang. Over 180,000 of them fought for the preservation of the Union. The little pamphlet issued by Berea College states proudly that the "'flag waved above the clouds' on Lookout was made by mountain women near Berea."

The mountain people kept to themselves, and as they are proud they have asked few favors. But now the younger generation is reaching out for the opportunities that the young people in the lowlands receive. They are going out to schools and colleges, and schools and churches are being established.

Mr. J. B. Mitchell, of Cleveland, Tenn., is devoting his time to mountain mission work. He not only looks after the spiritual interest of the mountaineers in his great mountain parish of several ranges, but also takes clothing to the very poor, and advises them on matters affecting their material welfare, endeavoring to make them feel that he is a warm personal friend as well as a preacher at the meetings held at mountain schoolhouses or in log cabins. Last summer two of his helpers spent most of the time in horseback tours among the ranges of East Tennessee and western North Carolina. They received a most hearty welcome from all with whom they came in contact. The spirit of hospitality is universal.

Most of these hardy mountaineers live in small settlements on the side of the mountains, or in little "coves" in the valleys. The cabins are either of logs or of one thickness of boarding, in most cases with puncheon floors and doors. The chimneys are made of small sticks covered with clay or mud. In the last report Mr. Mitchell said: "Many of the children were going about half clad and with no shoes, but with pieces of cloth tied around their little feet. Our hearts went out in sympathy to them. Many times when we would meet them we felt like taking off our hats to them. We did not know but we might be meeting a future President of the United States, or a Martin Luther, or a John Wesley, or some other great and good man who would shake the world with his eloquence and power for good. Most of these children are bright, and we found some very intelligent." The preachers held revival meetings in nearly every community they visited. Some of the people who attended had never heard a Gospel sermon, while others had not been to a service for many years, but all seemed anxious to attend. Some of the people walked twenty miles to hear a sermon.

Mr. L. B. Compton, a mountain preacher, has been carrying on a remarkable work of faith near Asheville, North Carolina. Mr. Compton was born and brought up in this mountain country, and never had the advantages of schooling. In his twentieth year he landed in Cincinnati, Ohio, and while walking the street at night he wandered into Rev. Sherord Beatty's Rescue Mission and was led to confess Christ. He led men to Christ on the street, in the jails, or at his work on the railroad. His testimony was clear, and many were led to Christ through his efforts.

The people always listened with great attention to the simple message which had been brought to them with such difficulty. Over three hundred and fifty confessed Christ, and two churches were organized and two little churches built.

After three years of labor in Cincinnati and other cities, he returned to western North Carolina, and began an evangelistic work which resulted in the salvation of hundreds. Seven years ago he came to Asheville, doing street-preaching among the poor and neglected. While engaged in personal work he and his wife decided that a Rescue Home should be established for the unfortunate girls of this city and surrounding country. Without the promise of support from any one he opened Faith Cottage, Rescue Home for girls. In two years another step of faith was taken, and a permanent Home was bought, with two acres of land, and necessary repairs were made previous to occupation. From the beginning of this work the public was puzzled, because there was no visible backing. Then Mr. Compton's heart became burdened for the homeless and destitute children of this mountain country, who were without a mother's love and a father's protection. After some time of working among these neglected ones, and taking several, placing them in responsible homes, he decided to give his life and time to the rescue of these dear little waifs. It was while considering this work that two destitute children were brought to his Rescue Home, and he made it known to the public that God had called him to act as a father to the fatherless children of the mountains.

Mr. Compton then proceeded without any human backing to buy property and build a home for orphan children. The only encouragement was faith in God who loves the homeless, and a real desire to be a father to these helpless little ones. Nine acres of land with a small cabin on it was purchased, and a plan was soon given for the erection of the present building. Mr. Compton, with a few men who had offered to donate their services, proceeded to excavate for the foundation, and as he was well known in this section the people were surprised, knowing he had no money for such a building. His reply was: "I believe the Lord will send the money to the home." So this orphanage is the direct result of faith and works.

Eliadia Orphanage is located on one of the most beautiful spots in "the Land of the Sky," about four miles west of Asheville. In the distance can be seen the towering mountains, Biltmore, Vanderbilt's mansion, and the beautiful city of Asheville. The object of this Home is to give the children a good Christian education, and prepare them for a life of usefulness. The boys are given the advantage of some trade or profession, and the girls taught in domestic science. This Home was erected last year, and can accommodate about sixty children, but some improvements must be made before this number can be received.

Mr. Compton and his helpers live a life of faith, and give their services without salary. He turns every cent he receives from his evangelistic labors, except his traveling expenses, to the support of these Homes. This property is not deeded to Mr. Compton nor his wife, but to the unfortunate girls and destitute children as their homes, held in trust by trustees. The children received in this institution are legally bound until twenty-one years of age. The work was incorporated October 30, 1906, and is carried on in a business-like manner.

The books show that while the building was being erected the means week by week came in to meet the need, many times not until the last day and hour, to pay the carpenters. But Eliadia Orphanage and Faith Rescue Home stand as monuments of God's love to the fatherless and homeless.

A Baptism in a Mountain Stream

THE
American Pulpit

A SERMON BY

Rev. David James Burrell, D.D.*

The Doubter at School

TEXT — II. Tim. 3 : 7

"Ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of thé truth"

THE people here referred to lived in Ephesus nineteen hundred years ago. They are characterized by Paul as "men of corrupt minds." Yet they were learners; and this certainly was to their credit, since "wisdom is the principal thing." It was also to their praise that they were "ever learning;" for there is indeed no end to the possibilities of this quest. A tree, after growing for a while, reaches its maturity and grows no more; but not so with a man. His windows are always open toward the rising sun.

The fault of these Ephesians was that, while ever learning, they were "never able to come to the knowledge of the truth." They were like the horse in a tread-mill that goes round and round and never arrives. They were perpetual pupils, always saying "I inquire!" and never "I believe!" They were always seeking and never finding; always learning and never knowing. "Take heed of such," says the apostle, "for they are reprobate concerning the faith."

An Age of Facts and Doubt

We need not go to Ephesus to find such people; they are nearer by. We are living in an Age of Facts. The world never knew so much as it does now. The man with the hammer has been chipping at the rocks for centuries; and the result is Geology, which is a bundle of facts. The man with the spade has been digging among the ruins of antiquity; and the result is Archæology, which is also a bundle of facts. The man with the telescope has been watching the stars; and the result is Astronomy or star-ology, which is a vast array of facts expressed in mathematical terms. The man with the microscope has been scrutinizing vital atoms and the result is a science of Etiology, or facts respecting the origin of things. Thus an immense Cyclopedia has been accumulated in the progress of the ages. If Plato or Aristotle were to return to the world he would find himself a mere abecedarian, unable to pass an examination for one of the advanced grades in our public schools.

And yet we are said to be living also in "an Age of Doubt." For the facts referred to lie within the province of natural science, that is, they are such as can be apprehended and verified by the physical senses; but the great world of truth which lies beyond the horizon of the physical senses is still an open field of inquiry. And here is where doubt prevails. It is easy to believe the things that we can handle with our hands and see with our eyes; but far less so to accept those which are attested only by faith, that is, "the evidence of things not seen."

Phases of Unbelief

The result is Agnosticism, which is a broad synonym for infidelity. The man who confines his investigations to the narrow province of physical things is sure to find sooner or later, as Charles Darwin did, that his power to apprehend spiritual truth has become atrophied by disuse. Unbelief is simply crystallized doubt. The man who keeps on saying "I do not know," is morally certain to reach a point where he insists "I cannot know;" and thenceforth the world of the Unseen and Eternal is an unknown land to him. This is the intellectual state against which Cowper makes his well-known apostrophe to Common Sense:

> Defend me, therefore, Common Sense, say I,
> From reveries so airy ; from the toil
> Of dropping buckets into empty wells,
> And growing old in drawing nothing up.

This condition is due, first, to the absence of any real desire to know. For there is a vital difference between the love of learning and the love of knowledge; or between the love of study and the love of truth. It is like the difference between a sportsman and a pot-hunter. The former goes forth with a complete outfit, a corduroy suit, guides, decoys, a camping kit, and a breech-loading gun with smokeless powder. He is hunting for the sport of it. The other is a rustic fellow with an old-fashioned musket over his arm; he cares for nothing but to bag the game. So the genuine truth-seeker cares less for the pleasure of the quest than for truth itself. He is bent upon resolving his doubts because his life depends upon it.

A second reason for the mental arrest referred to, is the lack of a starting point. Archimedes said that he could lift the world if he could only find a *pou sto,* or place to put the fulcrum of his lever. The man who has no *pou sto* can lift nothing. The beginning of the search for facts is one fact well in hand. He who cannot say that he believes in God, immortality, revelation, or any other cardinal truth is in a desperate case, since he has no postulates. If one were to undertake to master Geometry without accepting the axioms he would never get beyond the fifth proposition of the first book of Euclid; he would always be working at some such simple statement as, "A straight line is the shortest distance between two points." A cobbler's apprentice is wiser than that; for he begins his trade by learning how to wax a thread and split a bristle; and having mastered that, he never goes back to the waxed-end. The secret of wealth is in getting a little and adding to it. It is a true saying, "To him that hath shall be given, but from him that hath not, shall be taken away even that which he hath."

The Lack of Standards

And another cause of this crass scepticism is a lack of standards. The perpetual pupil, like the spider, spins his thread out of his inner consciousness because he has nothing else to go by. He has no test or criteria apart from the Infallible Ego. If a salesman were to measure off your dress goods at random, you would be likely to ask, "Where is your yardstick?" And if he answers, "We don't use the yardstick in this establishment; we guess at it," you would go somewhere else for your goods. So are the children of this world wiser in their generation than the children of light. How can we determine as to spiritual truth if we have nothing to measure by? A skipper who sails without chart or compass carries no cargoes into any port. If a man says, like Theodore Parker, "I am not prepared to accept that statement upon the authority of any such person as God," and in consequence finds himself at sea respecting the great verities, whom but himself shall he blame for it?

And still another and most important cause of spiritual uncertainty is the neglect of faith. For faith is the only faculty by which we are able to discern spiritual things. The basis of Comte's philosophy of Positivism is thus stated: "The classification of the Sciences rests on the general principle that the nearer any department of study comes to the practical concerns of life the more removed is it from the possibility of precise knowledge." This proposition he illustrates by the fact that our knowledge of the solar system can be better expressed in positive terms than that of our nervous system. And this is true. It is a hopeless task, therefore, to undertake to demonstrate any spiritual truth by the scientific method. "Spiritual things are spiritually discerned." To insist on verifying the doctrine of Immortality, for example, by the evidence of the physical senses is as preposterous as it would be to insist on seeing with one's ears or hearing with one's eyes. As men, made in God's likeness, we are endowed with a sixth sense, to wit, Faith, in order that we may be able to perceive spiritual things, or, as Kepler said, "To think God's thoughts after him."

Doctor Chalmers, while discoursing in the General Assembly of Scotland on the Importance of Religious Truth as related to Science, was called to task by a fellow minister who said, "Doctor, did you not yourself once write a scientific book on *The Magnitudes?*" To which he replied, "Yes, more's the pity! For in that book I omitted the two greatest of magnitudes; namely, Time and Eternity."

Getting Right with God

We are naturally prone to listen to the testimony of the five senses as to things material, rather than to the evidence adduced by faith as to things unseen and eternal. On a dark night in the Castle of Erfurt, Luther awoke Melanchthon, saying, "Philip, do you hear the nightingale?" "No," said Philip, "I hear no nightingale. I hear a thousand frogs croaking in the swamp near by." "But listen again, Philip; surely you can hear a nightingale, singing softly through it all." The physical senses speak to us thus, with voices loud and clear, but faith has a still small voice; and only they can hear it who go apart, like Elijah, and bend low with their faces between their knees.

We have considered the causes of this abnormal state of mental arrest and uncertainty respecting the truths that make for our eternal life; it remains to consider the remedy for it. If we find ourselves so habituated to doubt as to have become practically agnostics or unbelievers, what are we to do?

The first thing to do is to form a right conception of Truth. Truth is the principal thing. Truth is more precious than fine gold; it is of more value than rubies. Truth is to be valued not only for its own sake, but also for what it will do. Truth is power; it has in it the making of character and usefulness and eternal life. To belittle the value of truth is to doom ourselve to ignorance. Alas for the man who, like Pilate o finding himself in the very presence of Truth, lifts h eyebrows and asks derisively, "What is it?"

> The owlet Atheism,
> Sailing on unclean wings across the noon
> Drops his blue-fringed lids and holds them close
> And hooting at the glorious sun in heaven,
> Cries out, Where is it?

The second thing to do is to get right with God. I one wished to make himself familiar with the Platoni philosophy he would betake himself to records of th Academy by the banks of the Ilyssus and ask for th writings of Plato, who knew all about it. God is th source and centre of spiritual truth, wherefore th truth-seeker would do well at the outset to get righ with him. This means prayer, or communion with God And once in his presence, the right attitude of the truth-seeker is that of absolute docility; as Jesus said "Verily I say unto you, except ye become as little chil dren, ye shall in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven."

Practising the Truth

And thirdly, to be successful in this sacred quest we must proceed "Line upon line, precept upon precept here a little and there a little." As soon as one has mastered one truth, such as the being of God, or immortality, let him, as Lyman Beecher used to say, "nail that down." So far as that point is concerned, it is settled and beyond controversy, and this becomes a starting point from which to proceed to the acquisition of further truth. One of the wise things that Lincoln said was this, "When I get an idea I bound it east, west, north and south, and lay it by for further use."

And fourthly, having gotten somewhat of truth in hand, it behooves us to practise it. The fact that two and two make four finds its real value when the boy who has learned that lesson grows up and puts the dollar mark before it. A creed on parchment is nil; a creed applied means life and character. It is better to own a small corner-lot than to be a penniless dealer in real estate. The secret of right living is, as the Nonesuch Professor says, "to bring the bottom of one's life up to the top of one's light." This is but another way of putting Christ's word, "He that doeth my will shall know the doctrine."

A signpost at the cross-roads said to a willow near by, "Behold how wise I am; I point travelers to the city." To which the willow replied, "No doubt you know more about the way than I do, but during the years while we have stood together I have observed that, though you point travelers to the city, you have yourself gone no nearer than I, who know nothing about it."

The Disciples' Attitude

And finally, it is important that the truth-seeker should ever "follow on to know." His mind should be kept open to all new and better light. And the possibilities are immeasurable. Oh the universe of truth! The far vistas that stretch before us! This vastness of things unlearned and possible to be learned should make us humbly conscious of our ignorance. The man who comes to our city and rides about in a vehicle bearing the legend, "Seeing New York," returns to his country home with a feeling of satisfaction that he has so thoroughly canvassed the place, while an old Knickerbocker who has lived here all his life says, modestly, "I seem to know little or nothing about it." So says the earnest truth-seeker:

> All things I thought I knew; but now confess
> The more I know I know, I know the less.

We call ourselves "disciples," that is, pupils. It is a great and honorable name. As we venture forth further and further into the illimitable realms of truth, it is important that we should have a guide and a map of the country. Our Guide is the competent One, who said "I am the Truth." Our map is the Scriptures, of which he said, "Search them; for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and these are they which testify of me." And thus we venture forth; our Guide holding us by the right hand, and our left hand holding the Word of God.

And our prayer is ever for more light. "Open the windows," said Goethe on his death-bed; "let in more light." And more light there shall be, more and more forever; until faith is lost in sight and hope in fruition. Now we know in part and see through a glass darkly; but in the blessed realm of truth immeasurable we shall know even as we are known, and see face to face and eye to eye.

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* Preached at the Marble Collegiate Church, New York.

A Part of the "Pink Rose" Choir of Reading, Pa.

WITH THE "PINK ROSE" CHOIR

WITH budding roses of delicate pink pinned to the white waists of the young women and to the black lapels of the coats of the men, the Pink Rose Choir of several hundred singers ade an unusually effective picture as they faced the eat audience at the meeting held in Reading, Pa., re-ntly, in aid of the Beulah Anchorage. Besides the ngers there were prominent clergymen and evangelists on the platform, and from New York City had come rs. E. M. Whittemore, the founder of the original oor of Hope, whose fame has spread far and wide, d has led to the founding of many other Doors of ope for fallen girls throughout the country. The rge and handsome auditorium was far too small to old all the people who endeavored to gain admittance. very seat was taken, and there must have been nearly ree thousand present.

Roses were everywhere. Pink roses they were, of all ades, from those almost merging into red to those ith but a faint flush upon otherwise snowy petals. ot only were they worn by the members of the volun-er chorus choir and by the ushers, but the majority f the audience also soon had the pink blossoms pinned waist or coat, for young women connected with the eulah Anchorage passed up and down the aisles acting s flower girls and selling the blossoms to the audience. he roses seemed to preach a sermon in themselves to ll who were present, and prepared them for the touch-ng story that was to come from the lips of Mrs. Whitte-ore. First came a service of song that was greatly njoyed. The choir had been especially drilled for vangelistic services and was composed of the best oices in Reading. Both the chorus and solo parts were nely rendered. The hymn, "A Song of Victory," as inspiring, and "The Diadem," sung with Welsh notes, was a novel feature that was greatly appreciated.

As the last notes died away Pastor G. D. Batdorf advanced to the front of the platform and asked all to bring their roses to the table at the close of the meeting to be gathered in baskets for the sick. When Mrs. Whittemore rose to speak she must have felt that she was indeed in the house of her friends, so warm was the welcome she received, and so great the interest manifested in the message she had brought. Mrs. Whittemore is a woman who has devoted her life to good works. It is a life that has undoubtedly brought great happiness to Mrs. Whittemore, for her face beamed with pleasure as she looked over her audience. She was dressed in a blue suit of military fashion. On the collar was the capital "S" of the Salvation Army, and on each shoulder shone the shoulder-straps of an adjutant of the Salvation Army. She did not wear the usual poke bonnet, however. Mrs. Whittemore, some years after founding her Door of Hope mission in New York, was taken seriously ill. The thought came to her, "Who will carry on my work if I should not recover?" She decided that she would arrange to connect her work with that of the Salvation Army. Later she herself joined its ranks, but she is entirely independent in the management of the home, and the other Doors of Hope, though all in union with the parent mission, are entirely independent of the Army.

In a clear voice that carried to all parts of the hall, she told the story of the Pink Rose, which has become the emblem of the Door of Hope, and the emblem of a regenerated life, a regenerated heart and a regenerated soul to thousands of young women who had given up the struggle against sin and seemed bereft of all that seemed sacred in womanhood. It is an old story to the speaker, but she makes it ever new.

Mrs. Whittemore and a band of Christian workers were making a Gospel tour of the slums on the East Side one night. Just before they started from home she had been given a beautiful pink rose. In prayer they asked that the fragrant blossom might be the means of bringing some one into the better life, and that God's blessing might go with the rose. The little party went into a crowded sub-cellar on Mulberry Street where a gang of thieves had their headquarters. They were at once accosted by the leader and spokesman of the gang, a young woman known to her companions as the "Blue Bird." She followed them out and went with them on their round. They found out afterward that she did this to protect them, as she was known to all the evil-doers of the district. Mrs. Whittemore urged her to come to Christ, but apparently no impression could be made. At last she left them promising to come to the mission the next night, and to her the rose was given. A day or two later, when Mrs. Whittemore entered the mission, one of the matrons placed in her hand a crumpled rose. The "Blue Bird" had come to enter on a new life. From day to day she grew in Christian character until she became one of the most effective missionaries in the slums. After a year of Christian service, in which she led many of her former associates to Christ, the former "Blue Bird" was called home, but in the lives of hundreds who were influenced by her toward better things, her memory still lived. Her funeral was attended by scores of outcasts who came to see for the last time their loved friend. All this was the result of Christian kindness and a pink rose prayerfully dedicated to the service of the Master. The pathetic story and the singing of the Pink Rose Choir will not soon be forgotten by the Christian people of Reading.

HOW A MANDARIN'S WIFE ENTERTAINS

Continued from page 331

oreign chairs and a foreign brass bedstead. The atter was placed close against the wall, and instead of a mattress, had simply the bamboo bottom. Across the op of the outer side was stretched a piece of handsome ilk embroidery, like a valance. The coverings of the ed were on it, but were tightly rolled, and, with the amboo pillow, were laid against the wall. No matter ow elegant these coverings are, they are never spread over the bed when it is not in use, so a Chinese bed has always a bare and unmade look. There was an ebony stand in the room, and across the front of it hung a table-apron of satin embroidered in dragon design.

After we had admired everything and the Tai-tai had made excuses for everything (this being quite correct form), I, having seen enough of Chinese society to know that the more questions one asks the better, inquired the purpose of the beautiful lacquered boxes that on one side of the room were piled almost to the ceiling. I suspected their use, but needed an opening wedge; and when the Tai-tai said they contained her wearing apparel, it was only polite for me to say that I should be delighted to see some of the robes. Indeed, it would have been remiss not to have shown that interest. The only thought of a Chinese hostess is to gratify and please her guests. In a second, almost, garment after garment was being lifted from its case and displayed to our admiring eyes, while Madame's own almond-shaped eyes danced with delight at our appreciation of the rare brocades and satins. The costume consists of an upper garment or jacket and lower one or skirt, below which the silken trousers are visible. The skirt and jacket do not correspond in color or material, but the shades, which at first glance seem incongruous, blend harmoniously. A dress intended for calls in official circles had considerable gold braiding on it, and Madame showed us the amethyst and jade hair ornaments and beads intended to wear with this costume. Many of the jackets were lined with rich furs, and the entire outfit showed the refined artistic taste of its owner.

A Chinese visit begins and ends with apologies, and the Tai-tai regretted that her house was not in better condition for our visit, saying they had moved so often recently that they had not been able to have it permanently decorated. She also told us that, including children and servants, there were thirty persons under her roof. I afterward learned, through Miss Emily S. Hartwell, a personal friend of the Tai-tai, that the reason Taotai Lu's family has changed residence so often is owing to his rapid promotion. He was subprefect, then prefect, and is now Mandarin at the head of the Telegraph Department of the Foreign Board.

Tai-tai Lu is the most advanced of the wives in the official set at Foochow and shows considerable independence. She is a frequent visitor at the foreign consulates and recently, when calling upon Mrs. Gracey, wife of the United States Consul at Foochow, wore an all white, brocaded upper garment.

"Of course," acknowledged Madame Lu, in referring to this incident, "very few Chinese women would have done it. In China," she explained, "white is used for mourning; but I am not at all superstitious about it, and since I like the foreign fashion of wearing all white, why should I not adopt it? It is so cool and pleasing."

Through the influence of Mrs. Gracey, Madame has unbound her feet and has induced all the women of her household to do the same.

When we took our leave, the Tai-tai accompanied us as far as the court entrance to the house, and again interlacing her slender fingers, said in Chinese, "Walk away slowly," which is the polite equivalent for "Don't hurry."

The Taotai of Hupek Province, who is at the head of the railways, is having his children taught English by the first girl graduate of Foochow College. It was this official who opened the Boy's Industrial Reform School at Foochow, the first provision made by Government for industrial education of this class of boys. The school is situated in the oldest and most noted monastery in the city. Several gigantic idols, some thirty or forty feet high, still remain in the court, showing its former use.

Delighted With the Red Letter Bible

Dear Dr. Klopsch: I received your Red Letter Bible. This makes the fifth teacher's Bible that we have in our home. I have been trying for a long time to get a small portable Bible—a pocket Bible but whenever I found one that suited me in size the print was always too miserably small for my somewhat defective eyesight. But your Red Letter edition fills the bill exactly. It is small in size, light in weight, attractive in appearance, the print large and beautiful. The red lettering makes it especially attractive, with the Bible Readers' Aids, Concordance and Word-Book and Maps. It is a surprise to me how you managed to get so much between the two lids. Thank you a hundred times over for it.

Allentown, Pa. P. O. BITTER.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Subscriptions may commence with any issue.

Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

Labor and the Church

EVERY thoughtful Christian must rejoice that there are evidences, in all our great cities, of the church at last concerning itself with the urgent problem of poverty. May the movement extend and embrace all creeds! It is not the business of any one denomination more than another, nor is any one more likely than another to succeed in solving it. So large and difficult a problem needs the combined wisdom of all, and every denomination should welcome co-operation and assistance from the others.

Every day the problem becomes more pressing, and the responsibility for relieving it greater. It is not the fact of business being more active or sluggish that is to be considered, but the sense of insecurity that constantly weighs on the workingman. The failure of his employer, a fire in the factory, a change in capricious fashion, or a hundred other possibilities may throw him out of work and bring him face to face with grim want. No man can enjoy life or make the best of it with such contingencies before him. It is useless to tell him that he should live well within his income and make provision for a rainy day. He knows, and his employer knows, the market value of his work and his weekly wage does not exceed that rate, which in few cases leaves any margin of income over expenditure, out of which provision for emergencies can be made. This is a continuous anxiety which becomes acute when, in such times as these, there is a tendency in many trades to restrict employment.

It may be contended that this is an economic problem, with which the Church has nothing to do. The fact that the Church has, to a large extent, taken that view accounts for the present alienation of the workingmen from its services. It is the main factor in his life, and if the Church holds aloof and takes no interest in it, the workingman realizes that he and the Church are traveling different ways. The Church, he holds, may settle for itself its problems of doctrine, of ritual, of church government in which it is immersed; he must apply himself to his own problem of getting bread for his family. So he stays at home on Sunday or attends a meeting of men in similar condition to himself, where they can discuss the matters in which they are interested.

Would not all this be changed if the Church put itself in line with the attitude of its divine Founder? His idea was a brotherhood of men, and he dwelt on this as emphatically as on the corresponding revelation of the Fatherhood of God. Cannot the Church consider this awful problem of poverty? Cannot it take it up and honestly strive to solve it? At least it may show sympathy with the sufferers, not so much in gifts—though in some cases these are needed—but in taking the hard pressed man by the hand, listening to his trouble and sincerely and intelligently seeking a way out of the difficulty. So may we bear one another's burden and thus fulfil the law of Christ.

Voting Out the Saloons

IT seems only a few years ago when the outlook for the triumph of temperance appeared discouraging, and even those who knew most about the movement and were working hardest for the suppression of the liquor traffic would say that it would probably be a generation or two before great gains could be counted.

To-day these same workers are watching with pleased astonishment one victory after another over the saloon. It is like a great snowball that has started at the top of a mountain. At first it had to be formed and pushed along, but gradually it gathered more snow unto itself, and then, of its own weight, rushed onward, growing in size with every foot it covered.

So it is with the temperance movement. It is gathering momentum and drawing to itself all of the respectable elements in many communities, and is sweeping everything before it.

It differs, however, from the snowball in this respect: it does not melt away no matter how fierce the heat of the attack made upon it. It is here to stay, and here to win. The liquor traffic is being beaten in all parts of the country. It has received its death-blow in the South, and knows it, though it is making futile efforts to appear alive in a few places. The Christian people in those districts may be depended upon to finish its existence, and its menace to manhood and to the homes of helpless women.

A short time ago there was chronicled upon this page the vigorous campaign in Canada and the stories of the temperance battles that were won. Hardly has the liquor traffic had a chance to think twice about how it could change its tactics and save itself elsewhere, than the thousands of voters of Illinois go to the polls and vote that the saloon has done enough harm in towns in that State. Not all of Illinois has "gone dry," but the list is an encouraging one.

There local option was voted upon in 1,150 of the 1,295 townships of the State. The temperance forces made gains in all of the country districts, with, perhaps, three exceptions. Some of the larger places voted for license, but the liquor majorities were greatly reduced.

It is reported that the women prayed while the men were at the polls, and when the vote was announced it was found that between 1,500 and 2,000 saloons had been voted out of existence. It shows what can be done with the ballot, if the respectable portion of any community would work together for the common good.

Turf Gamblers' Tactics

BY a tie vote of twenty-five to twenty-five, being one vote short of the majority required by the Constitution, the New York State Senate has defeated the bills forbidding gambling upon race-tracks throughout the State. It is only a temporary reverse, however, and should not discourage the many supporters of the proposed reform. It is in the power of the Governor, if he chooses, to summon an extra session of the legislature, at which, if the force of public opinion and the urgent recommendation of the State executive are of any value, the bills ought to pass. It is the duty of the Legislature to yield obedience to the mandate of the State Constitution, which declares that that body "shall pass appropriate laws" to carry out the purposes of the Constitutional provision forbidding "pool selling, bookmaking or any other kind of gambling" in the State of New York.

It is, therefore, no exaggeration to say that the real battle has only begun. In both Houses, the struggle just closed was bitterly contested. But the gamblers were only fighting for time; they could foresee ultimate defeat. All the big and little betting magnates joined forces to defeat the reform, or, at least, "by hook or crook," render it inoperative before September 1, so that for one more summer they might continue to victimize the public. In the Assembly a victory was won for moral legislation and the result was due almost wholly to the skilful and vigorous anti-gambling crusade conducted by the press and the pulpit, and ably supported by a large body of sensible legislators. It was a campaign of education which enlightened the people in relation to the wholesale knavery and corruption of the turf gamblers. A tidal wave of popular indignation arose throughout the State, creating conditions which the law-makers at Albany could not ignore. Able speakers laid before the public convincing evidence of the evils of the betting system; they showed how cunning traps were laid for the unwary, how the rich spoils were gathered by the betting fraternity, and how thousands of lives were blighted and promising careers wrecked by the system which is a disgrace to a civilized community.

Through the failure of the Senate to pass the bills, the gamblers may now enjoy a brief season of triumph in which they will continue to act in defiance of the State Constitution, which prohibits public gambling. Inflated by their victory, they will doubtless consider themselves secure. But it is a time for the friends of public morals to work harder than ever, in order that victory may be assured in the next battle. Reforms are usually of slow development; but public sentiment is cumulative, and when it reaches the maximum stage it overwhelms all opposition. The anti-gambling campaign must be kept up and the people educated until the public conscience is quickened, when they may demand of their legislative representatives, as a right, the passage of the reform and the rooting out of turf gambling and its kindred abominations.

The Misuse of the Mails

IN the shortest message he has ever sent to Congress the President has directed attention to the need of legislation empowering the Postmaster-General to prohibit the use of the mails for the dissemination of anarchistic literature. He fortifies his message with an opinion from the Department of Justice, which holds that the Postmaster-General is justified in excluding any publication which counsels murder, arson, riot, or treason, or which contains any article that is of itself a seditious libel.

This latest contemplated official movement against anarchy is supported by the President in these words:

When compared with the suppression of anarchy, every other question sinks into insignificance. The Anarchist is the enemy of humanity, the enemy of all mankind, and his is a deeper degree of criminality than any other. No immigrant is allowed to come to our shores if he is an Anarchist, and no paper published here or abroad should be permitted circulation in this country if it propagates anarchistic crimes.

In its practical interpretation, the order will only exclude publications that are criminal and will not extend to the literature of political and social discussion. There is no purpose on the part of the government to erect a literary censorship, or to check free discussion; but the whole nation will approve its purpose in summarily halting the spread of such publications as represent the "militant doctrine" and advocate riot, assassination and the deadly bomb.

The Famine Cloud in India

SLOWLY but resistlessly the famine is spreading in India. Conditions which only a few months ago were limited to a portion of the United Provinces and Eastern Punjab, have extended to a much larger territory. On every hand the indications point to a great struggle with hunger within the next few months.

Mr. Benjamin Aitkin, editor of the *Bombay Guardian* and a well-known authority on affairs in India, who has had experience in former famines, a few days ago sent this cable message in response to an inquiry by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

BOMBAY, April 9.

DR. KLOPSCH, New York:

Number on relief works slowly rising. Now more than a million and half. The general distress is spreading.

This message significantly corroborates the letters of the missionaries. Their appeals for help are multiplying with a rapidity that must soon awaken the sympathies of the civilized world, unless a higher Power sends relief meanwhile.

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THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

Britain's New Premier

THE resignation of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman as Prime Minister of Great Britain, owing to illness, has been followed inevitably by the appointment of Mr. Herbert Henry Asquith as his successor. No other choice was possible. He was so prominent in the Liberal party that Bannerman made him Chancellor of the Exchequer—equivalent to Secretary of the Treasury—and during his own illness made him the representative of the Cabinet in Parliament. He therefore advised the King to appoint Mr. Asquith, which he has done.

The new Premier is fifty-six years of age and has been twenty-two years in Parliament. He had a distinguished career at Oxford University, winning the rare honor of a first place in two departments of study. As a barrister he made a conspicuous success, becoming a Queen's Counsel, with the privilege of wearing a silk gown in the law courts, at the comparatively early age of thirty-eight. He was elected to Parliament by a Scottish county, though he is not a Scotchman, and was cordially welcomed by Mr. Gladstone, then at the head of affairs. Mr. Gladstone gave him one of the most difficult places in his cabinet, that of Secretary for Home Affairs, and during the three years that he held office he won the esteem of the party by his eloquence and his sturdy defense of his chief. Lord Rosebery, who succeeded Mr. Gladstone, had similar confidence in him, finding in him a man nearer to his own ideal than any other man in the party.

It is a difficult task that Mr. Asquith now undertakes. A clever critic of Parliamentary leaders writes of him: "I have a suspicion that he is simply incapable of an indiscretion. The party of all the enthusiasms is destined to be led by the man with none." He has undoubtedly more ability than Bannerman had and is more of a statesman, but he lacks Bannerman's fine tact that kept the heterogeneous elements of the Liberal party in good humor and held them in harmonious fraternity, a quality essential in a successful Premier. It is certain that the Labor members regard him as an aristocrat, and that the Irish members distrust him. He is also disliked by the rank and file outside Parliament as the author of a bill diminishing the number of saloons, while leaving unrestricted the privileges of the clubs, where the rich man can get all the intoxicants he wants. Nor has he won the good will of the Temperance party, who are indignant at his arranging to grant compensation to the men who are thrown out of business by the suppression of the saloons. He has, however, a strong majority in Parliament pledged to support Liberal measures, which, unless some unforeseen contingency occurs, he may retain for four years. Unhappily, he cannot count on their loyal support, for one section considers him too conservative, while another deems him too radical. All he can hope to do is to follow his own principles, trusting to God for guidance. Then it may be said of him, as of the ancient statesman in similar circumstances:

They could find none occasion nor fault; forasmuch as he was faithful, neither was there any error or fault found in him. (Daniel 6 : 4.)

Rt. Hon. H. H. Asquith

Another South Polar Exploration

An interesting series of experiments have been made on the Alps by Dr. Jean Charcot, the famous French explorer, who will start in August next on his expedition to reach the South Pole. He contemplates making a more extended use of the automobile than does Lieut. Shackelton, whose expedition for the same object was described in these pages on March 25. Dr. Charcot intends taking three motor-driven sledges to aid him in reaching the goal, and has been making a test of them in conditions resembling as nearly as possible those he expects to encounter in the Antarctic regions. A sledge has been driven to the summit of an Alpine mountain over the snow and ice abounding there, and descending thence to the valley. A sledge, driven by a twenty-four-horse-power motor, with a huge wide wheel, was found to answer the purpose more successfully than any other that was tested, and has been selected. It attained a speed of eight miles an hour in climbing the mountain and remained well under control at the same speed in descending. It is hoped by this means to overcome the difficulty which has hitherto proved insurmountable, both in Arctic and Antarctic expeditions, in crossing the ice which explorers call "hummocky." Dr. Charcot has been in close touch with Captain Scott, the leader of the 1901-1904 expedition, and has the benefit of his advice as to the necessary equipment of the party. He expects to remain two years in the Antarctic and has been undergoing all kinds of tests, both of person and machines, to meet the rigors that his expedition is likely to involve. His success, and perhaps the lives of himself and his companions, depend on the preparations he is making, so that he is wise in seeing that they are thorough. He hopes to enter a region never yet trodden by mortal man. To many men the region beyond the grave, which they must enter, is of that character, but they neglect the Book which is a sure guide and do not follow Him now who has promised them safety there.

Being made perfect, he became the author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey him. (Heb. 5 : 9.)

Prof. Jean Charcot's Snow Automobile for Antarctic Research

Speculation Suspended

A significant reason has been given by a veteran speculator on the cotton market for quitting the field of his operations for a period of two years. He announced publicly that he had closed out all of his cotton commitments, amounting to thousands of bales of the May option. He has also reinsured the business of a fire insurance company, and will liquidate that concern, the stock of which he controls. He has advertised the sale of his horses and carriages at public auction, and has decided to sell out the twelve thousand acres of land around his country home, which he has disposed of. This is all the more remarkable because he was supposed to be immersed in his business, and to have no interest that competed with it. There was some reason for his being proud of his achievements in that line, for it is not long ago that he paid millions of dollars in discharge of liabilities that he had incurred in connection with a firm in which he had an interest. It therefore astonished the market when he suddenly declared that he was going out of business for two years. He explained that his son, only three years old, on whom an operation was recently performed, is in a critical state of health. Specialists have expressed the opinion that his life may be saved and his constitution built up if he can have constant attention in such a climate as Maine, and afterwards on the French coast. The speculator declared that the health of his child was of more importance to him than money-making, so he is going to devote the next two years to undivided and unremitting attention to him. Seldom does a business man in his estimates put business second to anything. If he did, there would be more men who would follow our Lord's advice.

Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you. (Matt. 6 : 33.)

A Judge's Thank-Offering

A boy was brought up in the Harlem Police Court, New York, one day last week, charged with having embezzled eighty dollars, the property of a business man in Philadelphia. Search had been made for him, and he had been traced to New York. The boy acknowledged his guilt, but told a pitiful story of poverty in his home. He had used some of the money to relieve the distress of his parents, and with the remainder had come to New York hoping to obtain employment. He had succeeded, he said, and if his former employer would show mercy he would work hard and repay him the money he had stolen. He was a bright boy, and his story struck every one in court as having the ring of truth. The magistrate was evidently impressed in his favor, and asked the complainant to give the boy a chance, but the man refused. It happened that the magistrate has a son of his own, who had been lying between life and death for several days from an attack of scarlet fever. That morning the crisis had been safely passed, and the father had come to court with his heart full of thankfulness that his boy would live. Looking at the boy in the dock, and thinking of his own boy that had been spared to him, he said: "You may go; I will settle with your employer. But see that you behave in your new place." That boy is now in a position to understand the mystery of vicarious suffering that puzzles many philosophers. He goes free, not for any merit of his own, but because of a father's love for another boy.

Even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you. (Eph. 4 : 32.)

Buddha Ascending the Mountain

The Demon Worships Buddha

The Animals Wait Upon Him

STRANGE HEATHEN TRIBES OF BURMA

By MRS. SARAH WEST PEOPLES

Missionary at Nan

THREE years ago a band of mountain Chinese living in the high mountains in this province visited Nan city. Three of the women came to a prayer-meeting and listened to the story of the raising of Lazarus. This was the beginning of our work among the "Yows," as these people are called by the Laos. For two years, when they came upon their annual trading expeditions to Nan, portions of the Scriptures were distributed to them, and when last March the head-man, with twenty of his stalwart sons and relatives, visited us, it was to thank us with deep emotion for the Gospel, and beg for more instruction and books.

The P'Yah Luang, as he is called, related how precious the Bible had become to him; how they were living where the spirits often made them afraid, and "when we gather around our camp-fires at night and read about Jesus," he said, "we can now sleep without fear."

Daily instruction was given to these people, and when they left us they carried back two hundred copies of the Gospels to give to their neighbors and friends. This P'Yah has about five thousand people under his control, and he tells us that their villages are scattered through all the great mountain chain reaching up into the interior.

A recently converted Chinese coming from the island of Hainan has shown a deep interest in the Yows, and he asked and obtained the privilege of carrying books and tracts to those living in remote regions. He does not speak their dialect, but they both can read the same Bible character, and he feels sure that God can use him to bring many souls to a knowledge of Jesus. One of our dispensary assistants accompanied him and will relieve the sick, of whom we hear of many needing help. If one or two good men can be found who will consent to study medicine at the mission hospital for two years, and take up the work of caring for their own sick, we shall be glad.

At the request of the P'Yah, a Christian teacher has been sent to instruct the young boys at his village in reading Laos. Next year we hope they will have enough knowledge to attend the mission school in the city, and eventually become evangelists to their own people.

Only one of these men has assured support, and we earnestly pray that God will put it into the hearts of some of his children to aid in this work, which is so evidently of his ordering. "He has set before us an open door and no man can shut it."

Your letter was a direct answer to many prayers and in full faith I have sent out four men, and will keep them at work until I can hear from you, for the work is most gloriously encouraging. One man writes that he found twenty-two persons driven out, accused of witchcraft, who welcomed him with joy, and began the study of the Scriptures, fully determining to become Christians. There is no doubt but the mountain people (called Yows), will accept Christ as their Saviour, as a tribe, but they should be fully instructed, and that will require months of labor among them. We expect much fruit from the labors of "Dok Mi," the Chinese, who i now among them.

The church elder, Nan Pun Yah, was most unjustly imprisoned for six months, but the Lord gave him thirty souls while in jail, and the jailor himself has become a Christian. I have the manacles worn by Nan Pun Yah, bound with ribbons and hung in our drawingroom. His conduct under persecution has exalted him in the eyes of the whole community.

[The three remarkable illustrations above are repro duced from drawings by a native Buddhist ex-priest of Burma, which have been forwarded to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by the missionaries at Nan. Together the three pictures form a series portraying incidents in the legendary pilgrimage of Buddha. In the first, Buddha is ascending a mountain, wishing to be alone for meditation; but he is pursued by a man-eating demon or genie. Buddha never hastens, yet the pursuer cannot overtake him, being held back by spiritual influence. In the second, Buddha, having reached the summit, seats himself under a tree, still undisturbed by the presence of the demon. The latter, overcome, throws away his weapon, and worships Buddha, who is wholly unobservant of his proceedings, being absorbed in prayer and contemplation. In the third picture, the powers of nature, animate and inanimate, are seen serving Buddha; the white elephant brings him water, and the monkey, honey and fruit, which he gratefully accepts. Such are some of the peculiar legends attaching to Buddhism in Burma.]

A RACE FOR LIFE IN ALASKAN WILDS

By J. H. ROMIG, M.D., Nushagak, Alaska

LATE in May of this year, and well up to the head of the Kuskokwim River, two miners were coming down from the icy streams that wash the yellow metal from these undefiled deposits of Alaska's frozen banks. They had had an unsuccessful prospecting tour. They had found good indications, but the money of the trip was all gone and no provisions were to be had. Then toward the lower reaches of the river they had turned their faces, where food could be secured. In the mountains they could stay no longer. The dead-lock on travel had just been removed by the bursting of the rivers from their icy fetters, and to drop down the river was a pleasant matter, compared to the many laborious days spent in ascending, when nothing but the hope of great success could spur man to the dangers and perils of such ventures.

Partly satisfied with the trip, they were ready now to return. One day was spent in making the land trip to the main river, which, by the aid of the dogs, could be done by each packing a load. The dogs were accustomed to this; but being under-fed at this time of the year, they felt the weight more than if food had been plentiful. Prospectors may quarrel and separate, but one true friend never leaves them, and that is the dog. Whether food be plentiful or scarce, he is ever at his master's side to do his part, carry his loads, or draw the sledges; and if he cannot go in the boat, if it is summer, he runs on the bank and swims the icy streams if he can but be with his master at camp.

Disappointed in the hope of gold, and without money or provision, the two partners and the dogs had camped on the bank of the river, and were now breaking camp in the morning, preparatory to leaving for the coast. By an unexpected mishap, one man accidentally shot the other through the leg. The bullet shattered the bones into many pieces. A few other prospectors camped near by came to the aid of the distressed pair. The nearest doctor was about 800 miles distant, with an ice-bound coast between. Men of the wilderness do things when they need to be done, and do not lose much time in preparation. The limb was secured as best they knew how, and the trip begun with much haste. The oars fell heavily, as the boat moved from shore. Some things must be left, and among them the dogs, which, as was their custom, ran along the bank, howling, as the boat disappeared from their sight. No food was left in camp and none could be had in the forest, and their only friends were leaving them in the boat. The sick man required too much room to take the dogs in the skiff, though to leave them was distressing, even to the suffering master. Presently the decision was reached and the boat swung to shore. The dogs were mercifully shot.

On the second day of the race for life, to the joy of both, a steamer was sighted. She was tied to the bank and taking on wood for the trip down stream. The friendly captain took them on board. A few days more and the steamer would be at the upper mission station where word could be had of the doctor. Finally the cheering news came to the sufferer: "the mission is in sight," and though the doctor was absent the kindest skill and care of the missionaries were expended for the injured man. But he must go to the hospital, and so, from one boat to another and from one mission to another, the poor sufferer traveled until the coast was reached. A schooner in winter quarters was soon put in readiness, and though two weeks had elapsed since the accident, the race for life was still urged on energetically.

Then followed a dreary experience of storms and fog and the crossing of flats and rolling in the trough of the sea, with misery and discomfort too lengthy to relate. Not until a week after taking the schooner did they dare to round the cape, and then the heavy fogs bespoke ice near by. The wind decided them to take their course for the Nushagak, but it died out before they rounded Cape Constantine, only to come up in a southeaster with a tide drifting shoreward. Their position became most critical as the gale increased and the anchors began to drag. To avoid stranding on the shallows, the sails were set, the chains slipped and the craft headed straight for the cape. Soon a heavy bump was felt and the seas rolling over the deck told them they were near land. Presently the ebbing tide left them on dry land. Few had thought of anything but their lives. It was found that the terrible pounding of the little schooner had loosened the dressings on the injured limb, and added cruelly to his sufferings.

They were wrecked forty miles from the hospital. The captain and another man started out to get help, and in forty-eight hours were at the hospital, footsore and hungry, but thankful to the people who had helped them on the way. Supt. Berglund, of the Alaska Fishermen's Packing Co., placed his steamer at their disposal for the rescue, and in twenty-four hours more the injured man was brought to the hospital. He was almost in a dying condition, for blood-poisoning had apparently set in. His temperature was 104. At the operation, a captain who was present said, "Why torture him further? It would be as well to dig one grave for all of the man as for part of him."

A few days after the operation, when he had strength enough to speak, the sick man said, "I am a countryman of Carnegie, but I have not his wealth. If I cannot pay you missionaries for saving my life the Lord will repay you, and if any of my claims turn out, I hope to do so myself." This man is still with us, well, but crippled. We have applied the $20 THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers sent us on his account, and we assure you that your wish that God might bless the gift, the distributor and the beneficiaries, has already had its fulfilment, and we trust that the blessing of the Lord may be the portion of the benevolent giver also.

AROUND THE HOME HEARTH

By Margaret E. Sangster

About Wedding Anniversaries

IT may be convenient to some of my readers to have a complete list of the successive wedding anniversaries which may properly be celebrated, and to which friends may be invited. They are as follows: First year, cotton; second year, paper; third year, leather; fifth year, wooden; seventh year, woolen; tenth year, tin; twelfth year, china; fifteenth year, crystal; twentieth year, linen; twenty-fifth year, silver; fiftieth year, golden, and sixtieth year, diamond.

The fortunate few who arrive at the diamond wedding must have been wise enough to marry early, and naturally diamond weddings are rare events. It is often, however, our great pleasure to chronicle a golden wedding, and recently the golden weddings of CHRISTIAN HERALD readers have seemed to give good promise that some of the venerable brides and grooms will celebrate the later and more resplendent anniversary. Silver weddings are very common, and so are those that signalize other halcyon periods in married life. Whenever it is possible, a married pair should break the bondage of routine by a celebration of the different home anniversaries. Birthdays should always be fête days, and wedding days should not be passed over in forgetful silence. If only a family dinner is possible, with friends and relatives present; if only a somewhat larger gathering of the clans can be managed, then take the wedding anniversary as an opportunity for thus cementing kindred love. In the earlier anniversaries, a reunion of the friends who were present at the marriage of the happy pair is in order, and, although it is never good form to indicate a desire for gifts, still gifts are always welcome as tokens of good will, and the list given shows what form the gifts may take.

Many inquiries have been received from correspondents lately with regard to refreshments at wedding anniversaries. There should be no difficulty in deciding about a menu, if the hostess can be satisfied to serve her guests as they sit about the rooms or at small tables placed here and there. When people are invited to sit down to a regular meal, such as dinner or supper served in several courses, a good deal of trouble and expense are involved. An informal luncheon need not burden the mind of the housekeeper. Delicate sandwiches may be prepared in great variety, or the hostess may be satisfied with one kind only. The crust should be cut from the bread, which should be buttered on the loaf and very thinly sliced, and the filling may be of minced ham or chicken, of lettuce with mayonnaise dressing, of cream cheese, jam, peanut butter or anything else that the lady of the house chooses to provide. Sandwiches, chicken salad and coffee, or cake and lemonade with ice cream or without, tea and bread and butter with sweet biscuits and bonbons, almost anything, in fact, that is easy to prepare and may be daintily served, will answer the purpose.

In serving guests who are seated around the room, it is customary first to supply each with a plate and napkin. After this, whatever is to be eaten may be served, and tea, coffee or lemonade should follow last. A prettily set central table in the dining-room or in a back parlor is always an attractive feature, and if tea, coffee or chocolate form part of the bill of fare the daughters of the house or their girl friends will always be happy to pour and hand the cups to other young friends who are pleased to act as waitresses or waiters. Many a young hostess hesitates to have company because the serving of refreshments seems to her rather formidable. In reality, nothing is simpler, if one does not make it too great a burden.

At a wedding anniversary, the rooms having been decorated with flowers, the receiving party should form in line near the door of the living room or parlor. If the reception is large, rooms may be provided where gentlemen and ladies respectively may lay off their outer wraps. If small and informal, wraps may be left in the hall. The husband and wife, with sons and daughters, if these are young people, or with brothers and sisters or some of the attendants at their wedding, stand in line to receive the congratulations of guests. When the guests have all assembled, the host and hostess mingle freely with them, passing from group to group. Conversation and a little music, and at a silver or golden wedding, a short address from the minister, if desired, agreeably fill the time. The effort should be to have everything as informal as possible. If gifts are brought, it is always in order to place them where they can be seen and admired.

A Bit of News from Finland

Her name is Muna Sillanfiaa, and she is an active and useful member of the Diet of Finland, elected to her seat largely by the suffrages of the servant maids of her district. This bit of news would indicate that Socialism in Finland is making a practical advance along lines that none who value good order as opposed to anarchy can safely criticize. Why should not domestic servants be represented in government by some one of their own class or of their own choice, just as any other set of people might be? Friction between employers and employed in the domestic realm, and everywhere else, will never cease until people know and understand one another. Most of the grievances about which so much talk is heard in this country might be remedied by common sense and kindness. If only we can let the light in anywhere on any trouble, if only we can learn how to bear one another's burdens, a new day will dawn for labor and capital. One does not need to believe altogether in equal suffrage, to concede that the influence of a sensible, level-headed woman, who knows what she wants and what her constituents want, must be felt for good. Therefore, this bit of news from Finland is on the whole interesting as a straw that points the movement of the tide.

THE BREAKFAST

BREAKFAST will never taste any better than it does to-day to this happy little brother and sister. Older people look back to childhood and talk about the bread and cake that mother used to make, forgetting the zest of the childish appetite. What pleasure to run barefoot in the fields on a summer morning, untrammeled by shoes and stockings, with a glad day before you for work and play! Blessings on the children who are eating their mid-day lunch with relish, sitting close together without a fear for the future. They look as if they had just said a prayer to Him who gives the world its daily bread.

Wearing Out or Rusting Out

"I WOULD rather wear out than rust out," is an observation frequently on the lips of conscientious people who are trying to do all they can at home and in society, to fill a measure of usefulness. The measure, of course, depends on the man and on the woman. There are those whose capacity is merely that of a pint or a quart, while others measure up to a peck or a bushel. For the amount we can do as dependent on our original capacity we are not responsible. As of old, to-day God gives to one a single talent, to another five, and to another ten. We are answerable for the use we make of the ability and the opportunities God gives us. But there is something false in the common saying that it is better to wear out than to rust out.

Why should we do either? To crowd three days' work into one, and to do this deliberately day in and day out, to spend the energy that was meant to last until old age in a few brief years, if it be done with deliberation, is to commit an act of reckless folly. In reading the obituaries of several excellent men who have passed away before they had reached old age, the conviction has been forced on the mind that they have undertaken and carried on far too many enterprises. One man cannot be president of this and vice-president of that, and director of the other, a treasurer here, a secretary there, an office bearer in the church, the principal of a school, a good husband, a good father and a good friend, and keep on carrying every responsibility connected with the manifold duties of his life, without taxing too much heart and brain and body and soul. The man wears out too soon. There has been exacted of him an amount of labor that the fine machine given him by the Creator for use, not abuse, could not endure. Ministers, with their multiform obligations to the individual parish and the larger church organization, are especially apt to wear out and reach middle life with impaired vitality. Teachers do it constantly, and cannot well help themselves. Physicians and business men in the tremendous pace of American life, editors and authors, and certainly housekeepers and mothers, need a caution about this temptation. The exceptional man or woman in our country is willing to rust. Something in our climate, something in our stimulating air, something in the example set us by our fellows, early starts us on that double-quick pace that means inevitably wearing out. We should do better work, be more amiable, easier to live with and very much stronger both physically and mentally, if we made it a rule not unnecessarily to wear out ourselves and not to exact an over amount of service from others.

We are glad to publish this contribution from an old-time reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

Mother's Heaven

All love and joy and peace my home will be. What consolation to know we have heaven to be thankful for! Whatever sorrows bereave us, whatever irredeemable errors darken our lives, we can still trust in the Lord and wait patiently for him in the little that remains. Beyond the loss or gain of this life, high in the serene air of heaven, where existence ceases to be a lesson and becomes vivid life, there and only there will be given us our heart's desire in its immortal fulness. Here knowledge is defiled, love imperfect, purity the result of fiery trial, but in heaven is the very native country of pure knowledge, perfect love, utter sinlessness and riches which moth and rust cannot corrupt, which bless and curse not.

Morris Plains, N. J. HARRIET WILCOX VAIL.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—ANNE PAGE. Kissing games are out of fashion, except occasionally at birthday parties of little children.

—TO HOUSEKEEPERS. Desired an exchange. Mrs B. W. Broughton, Centre Road Station, Pennsylvania, would like to receive from some reader of this page a recipe for a delicious old-fashioned cake, although called training-day gingerbread. She will send in return a good recipe of her own. Aunt Prudence would not mind having this recipe herself, as she used to eat this gingerbread in her childhood, and well remembers how good it used to taste when coming in hungry after school.

MANY GOOD CAUSES HELPED

The Following Sums Have Been Contributed by Our Readers for the Support of the Worthy Causes Mentioned Below:

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IMPORTANT NOTICE

OUR readers will recall that in our last issue we requested them to co-operate with us in enlarging our subscription list, and submitted to them some very attractive propositions in the way of inducement and reward. We then stated that May 5th was the very last date on which subscriptions secured in response to that appeal could be mailed.

In nearly every instance, heretofore, we have accommodated tardy subscribers, accepting subscriptions under similar offers after the time limit had expired, but in this instance we CANNOT UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES accept any subscription mailed later than MAY 5th on the favorable terms published in our last week's issue.

Subscribers who contemplate earning some of the exceptionally liberal rewards offered in last week's issue should therefore remember this warning and get their subscriptions in before it is too late.

MAY 5th IS THE LAST DATE for mailing under the propositions contained in last week's paper.

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IN THE KAMCHATKA MISSION

By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

THERE had fallen to Winnington the hardest of all the missionary allotments of the great church to which he belonged. The Kamchatka mission comprised the coldest, bleakest, loneliest, forlornest territory in the world. There was a little fringe of settlements on the two thousand miles of seashore included in its metes and bounds. The discovery of precious metals had filled these settlements with a heterogeneous population in which the bad of all races predominated. Religion there was face to face with the grimmest materialism. It needed a man of Winnington's high purpose, heroic courage and dogged persistence to fight the battle of the White Christ in the white land of eternal snow. The affair was further complicated by the wretched native races, driven from the seashore lest they be exterminated there by the white man's vices, who clung to the banks of the great inland rivers, to whom also he must minister.

He faced the situation practically single-handed, for the church had not rallied to his support as it might have done, as it should have done. Tirelessly he traversed the magnificent distance which separated his few scattered stations; by boat in the short summer when the sounds and rivers were open, or with dogs and sledges over the snow in the longer seasons of cold. In Arctic day and Arctic night alike he went resolutely about that great business of his Father's which came to him with an irresistible appeal. As much as could be that of any human man his heart was wholly in his work.

Yet not all. As we are compounded of body and soul, material and immaterial; as there is in all of us a singular mixture of sense and spirit, so his thoughts and affections, on the long and lonely journeys in what but for him sometimes seemed an empty world, went back to the United States—to a woman. Winnington was still a young man when he was called to the Kamchatka mission. It was a hard thing for him to leave his former sphere of work, to give up all that it held for him of future usefulness and brilliant service, and to go out to the blasted country which was henceforth to be his home. Harder still than the parish to leave behind him was the woman who tugged at his heart-strings perpetually over three thousand leagues of tossing sea and broken shore.

Charlotte Anstead had refused positively to accompany him. He had loved her; they had been engaged to be married when the call to the Kamchatka mission came to him. Charlotte Anstead, a bright, pleasure-loving, happy young woman, who represented the best and the richest of the social life of the community in which he had worked so successfully, had no mind whatever to bury herself in Arctic wild either for the service of God or for the love of man, although she was quite willing to serve the One and love the other within reasonable limits. Forgetful was she of the fact that true service and true love alike are unconditioned.

Winnington had not pleaded with her to accompany him. He loved her as he loved the summertime in winter; he longed for her as in the darkness of the Arctic night he craved even the pale sun of the Arctic dawn. Like the great, the brave man that he truly was, he loved once, but that once was forever. Yet he had not urged her to go with him! All the pleading had come from her. When the news of his election had fallen from the clear sky of their pleasant life with the suddenness of the proverbial bolt from the blue, it was she who had exhausted every woman's argument to induce him to decline the task and to remain where he was, with her, where such preferment opened before him as should satisfy the greatest ambition, ambition she deftly pointed out for the doing of service incalculable to the cause he loved.

Winnington's conscience, his ordination vows, would not permit him to decline the preferred honor of practical martyrdom which had been, as it were, thrust upon him. He quite understood the feelings that raged in Charlotte's bosom, the tempest of passionate resentment and rebellion which his passive acceptance of the conditions raised in her soul. His eyes were opened even to the love the woman had for him. Yet to Kamchatka he would go.

Winnington had been a timid man with women, somewhat shy even toward her he loved. He had been content with little outward and visible sign. He had asked for few demonstrations of affection during the engagement. And to find the glorious creature that he loved trembling in his arms, her lips pressed to his own, her heart beating against his breast, shook him until he could scarcely control himself. The courtship had been a leisurely one, an old-fashioned one if you will, marked by reverence which shrank from familiarity on the part of the man and a somewhat easy acquiescence in the situation on the part of the woman. He knew the depth of his own passion, but she had never realized hers until she looked upon him, as it were, vanishing from her sight.

"Yet your affection had a measure," said the Bishop quietly

In her struggle she was aided and abetted by all the family influence. They were not unwilling to have her marry the brilliant young minister with such a future as seemed to open before him, but they strongly objected to her going to Kamchatka with him to subject herself—with all her love of the petty luxuries of life, which are not so petty after all to those who have been born and bred to them—to the horrible hardships of loneliness and separation in that frightful country.

While Charlotte was a member of Winnington's church, her soul had never received the fire touch, no Flaming Tongue of Holy Spirit had ever whispered to her heart the unspeakable joys of self-sacrifice and renunciation. She could not, she would not go; and Winnington's quiet, resolute, unbreakable determination to accept the call, even though it involved separation not merely from all his material prospects, but from all his earthly hopes of happiness, finally angered her. She was jealous of that power from whose allegiance she could not shake him. With a marvelous courage she had unfolded her soul to him, she had shown him undreamed-of depths, unimagined treasures of affection, which might be his for the taking. She had witched him and wiled him, swayed him and bent him, almost she had broken him, but she had not moved him. And so, fancying that she was not the stuff out of which the martyr is made, she had turned her back upon him and he had gone forth alone.

The ship that bore him westward had scarcely left the distant shore when she wrote to him. No, not offering to come to him, not changing her decision, but compelled thereto by the intensity of a passion which the resistance of the period which had elapsed between his appointment and departure had developed to an extent which amazed and frightened her so that she scarcely recognized herself. And in her secret heart appraising herself at her full value and conscious of her every charm—indeed, he at least had made no secret of their power in his parting words—she began to admire the man that he could resist her. She began to feel something of the fine and high spirit of him who, humbly following in the footsteps of a Greater than man, counted the world lost that he might save men. Her own passion enabled her to fathom the renunciation of him whom she had sent to Kamchatka on a cross alone.

And yet at first she did not abate one jot of her resolution. Her pride intervened. She would write to him. She would let him know by the burning tenderness of letters that glowed like tropic suns amid the Arctic snows in which he lived, what he had missed and what was still waiting for him. And so she poured out her heart to him with a frankness as unusual as it was extreme under the circumstances; and he—he knew and understood. He told her simply what those letters were to him. And she loved to picture him at night, some dim oil lamp casting a faint irradiance within the hut of wood or house of snow, holding in his gloved hands worn letters which he read and read and read—

The Kamchatka mail was very infrequent, and sometimes many days elapsed before her communications reached him. A letter might be eight months old before he received it. And yet such was the potency and power of its passion that it appealed to his heart with all the freshness of an instantly spoken word. His heart ached for her, yet as she had failed to shake him in her arms, she had not broken him in her letters.

Rich, young, beautiful, she had no lack of suitors. She was not a recluse. By an entirely natural tendency she plunged more feverishly into the social whirl of the world in which she lived than she had before his departure. But no one touched her heart. She remained constant to the brave man battling so far away. She was not chary of her companionship. She gave her friendship freely, but she had no power of disposal over her affections.

He had been twenty-four when he went out to Kamchatka, and she a few years younger. He was thirty now. He had gone forth in the flush of youth and strength and vigor. Hardship, anxiety, disappointment had written their signatures across his brow; tinges of gray were in his hair, lines of care in his face; there was a firmer set to his mouth, a slight stoop to his shoulders worn down by Atlantean burdens; but his eye was still bright, his heart was still high and his courage was still great. The succeeding years might dim the eye as the preceding had whitened the hair and bent the shoulders, but nothing could change that heart and his courage. His the unalterable determination of the hero.

She had no picture of him except the one he had left behind when he went away. There were no photographers in Kamchatka. And, although he had been earnestly invited to return on vacation by the authorities of his church, he had stayed the six years at his post of duty. She had exacted from him by dint of questions something of the change wrought in him. And on one or two occasions she had fallen in with travelers returning from that land who had told her more than he would ever have dreamed of disclosing.

On the other hand time had wrought little change in her, he thought, as he looked upon her picture. She sent him one every year. It was the last that he always wore next to his heart. Little miniatures on ivory or porcelain which the great stark man handled as reverently as if they had been the souls of children, which were the only adornments that lightened the grim log walls of the rude cabin he called his home in the principal settlement on the Okhotsk litoral. Her obstinacy had perhaps tightened the lines of her lips a little, but the face he longed for looked at him from each successive picture with all the smiling happiness of youth and love. Her love was a very sacred thing to him. He never discussed it with any one. The pictures were not on view. The men of the camps had the run of the cabin except the little room in which he

Continued on page 343

THE FILIPINO "FISH FESTIVAL"

By ELIZABETH W. JANSEN

WE know that the editors and readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are hard at work for many parts of God's sorrowing world, and that they are not forgetful of the Isles of the Sea. We know how to appreciate our coming means of reaching waiting, longing people, and thank you and your fellow helpers earnestly for all your efforts for the Mission Boat which is now on the way to Cebu.

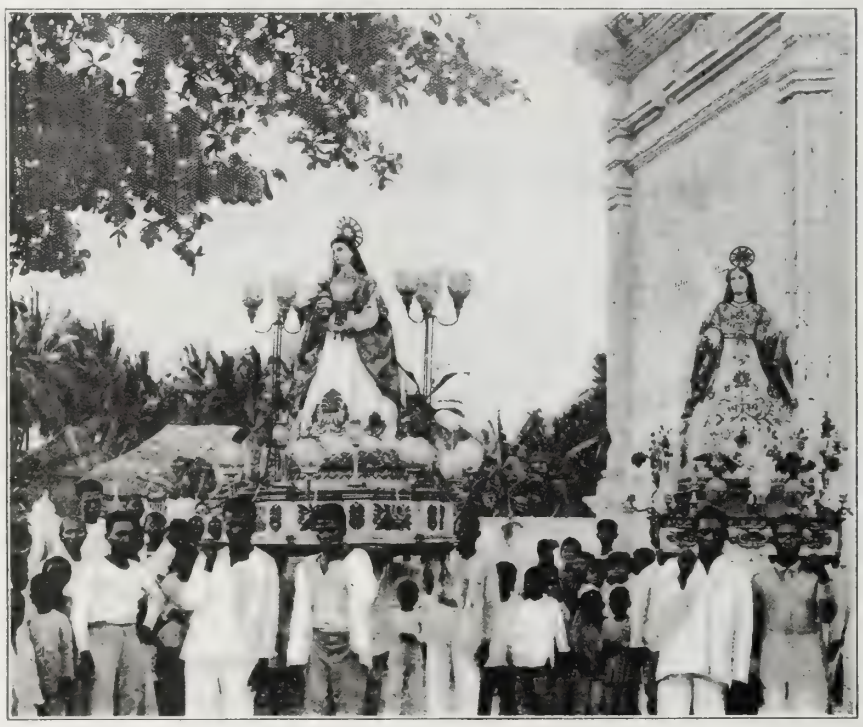
For the past month we have waited for a native boat to take us out to live in the southern villages and towns. For three weeks we have waited, packed up ready to start. Two days ago the news was brought to us that the native boat which was to bring us was under repair, having been found to be rotten and too risky for our lives and belongings to be trusted to.

The Crowd of Worshipers Waiting for the Bringing Out of the Images

These Christians in our distant islands have waited our return a long time. They will praise God and pray to him to reward you and all your readers when the Mission Boat *El Heraldo Cristiano* arrives. We hire a launch now and go on Monday morning early to our waiting village friends.

I am sending you a photograph of a native festival. These Cebuans are waiting for their idols to be brought out of the church. When the idols are carried out, the people form in procession, and go through the streets following these silent images. They mumble prayers to their saints as they walk along, and any Filipino who stands with his hat on as the procession goes by, or any woman who does not kneel, is made to suffer for it.

The church from which the idols are being carried out is perhaps one of the most noted in the history of Romanism in Cebu. Some fifty years ago a story was invented about the Lord Jesus having once visited this church. The story, long accepted by many, is as follows: In the afternoon, when it was about time to think of buying fish for supper, a priest, who was in the church, espied a little boy. He was dressed in the very scanty garments of the poor boys of the tropics. The priest, weary from his devotions, and hungry likewise, ordered the boy to go out and buy him some fish for his supper. The boy, who was ordered to "buy a good fish and to get back quick," never returned! The priest, shocked that a Cebu boy should have so little respect for the man who represented the power of the church, determined to instruct his parents strongly on this point. But the next morning, on entering the church, the priest saw a vision. The church was hung with fish, which were suspended in festoons from its high roof. Then, so the story goes, the priest understood that he had ordered the boy Christ to purchase fish for his supper.



A Religious Procession in Cebu, Philippine Islands

Owing to this strange story, an annual feast day is set apart in this church district of the city for the worship of "the Christ boy" who hung the church with fish. That part of the city was well chosen, for it is where most of the island fishermen live. This miracle and some others equally wonderful, as well as many processions from this church of St. Nicholas, make it a well-known religious centre.

Strangely enough, the first Protestant missionaries to the Southern Philippine Islands settled in this very district, and the first converts—evangelists and Bible women—came from there. The priests of this church had the Bibles burned and the missionaries and converts stoned, and they are still eager in every way to hinder the spread of the Gospel. Yet the Word of God is gaining ground in more hearts and lives every day. There is need of more evangelists to answer the pleas of hundreds of new seekers, north and south and east and west. The spiritual need of the island becomes more and more pressing month by month.

[The Gospel Mission Boat *El Heraldo Cristiano* is now on the way to Cebu and should reach its destination a few weeks hence. Contributions for its equipment and for the balance of the purchase money are still needed. Readers who are interested in the advancement of the Gospel in the Philippines, can greatly aid with their contributions in putting the Mission Boat in working order. It should be a free gift to the missionaries, given in the Master's name. It will be of immense advantage to the workers in that strange "Parish of One Hundred Islands" where so much of the travel is necessarily by sea. These journeys have been made up to the present time in little native boats, a slow and dangerous method of traveling, and one which has been a great barrier to missionary progress. All contributions should be addressed "Mission Boat, care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD," New York.]

CHRISTIANITY AND LABOR

A GREAT light shines upon the questions of capital and labor, when viewed in the white light of Christ's life and his Gospel. Jesus said, "I beheld Satan fallen as lightning from heaven." Thenceforward, and to this day, the burden and bitterness of life and toil have been slowly falling from man.

The awful bitterness of Roman slavery was gradually lessened and finally passed away; the bloody scenes of the arena came to an end as the spirit of Christ's rule began to take possession of the world. There was every promise that the lot of man in a brief space of time would pass from the darkness and misery that so long had covered the earth.

After the first centuries, the advance seemed slow. Then came the discovery of the art of printing, and the Bible, the Magna Charta of the human race, began to be scattered broadcast. From that time man's condition showed more rapid advance. It is but little more than a century ago that the church awoke to the fulness of the truth that God "would have all men to be saved, and come to the knowledge of the truth." From that hour until the present, the church has been sending forth, in ever-increasing numbers, her messengers east, west, north and south.

At about the same time when this great awakening took place, the Spirit of God inspired men to discover and apply the power of steam, and to invent labor-saving machines which in ten thousand ways have lightened the burden of toil. It is manifestly the purpose of the Father of all that as men receive the Gospel of his Son, they shall have opportunity to enjoy that new life in the world that now is as well as in the world which is to come. We believe that the machine, the power of steam, and that mysterious force we call electricity are for man, and to lighten his labor. If this were not the case, and these forces were to be under the complete control of a few, there would be but one end—the lot of the toiler would be utterly hopeless.

This can not be, as the world is ever moving forward. Meantime men must be patient, capital with labor, labor with capital. Each is doing its part toward the better time, not far distant. Our journey onward may at present be as through a narrow mountain pass; but at the end lies a land of fair fields and running streams. The cloud over us has a silver lining. Were it not for the life and teaching of Jesus, we would stand hopeless before the sphinx question of capital and labor. Human society will yet be moulded after the pattern of the teaching of the Carpenter's Son. Both capital and labor, nay, all men everywhere, must come to realize that "these sayings of mine" are the decisions of the Supreme Court of the world. The mountain stream in its flow downward separates the great rocks; so Christianity has already divided much asunder. Right and wrong are growing further apart. To do right because it is right alone, is an ascending principle. What men must ask is: "What is right? What would the Master have me to do?

REV. EDWARD LOVE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

OUR READERS will recall that in our last issue we requested them to co-operate with us in enlarging our subscription list, and submitted to them some very attractive propositions in the way of inducement and reward. We then stated that May 5th was the very last date on which subscriptions secured in response to that appeal could be mailed.

In nearly every instance, heretofore, we have accommodated tardy subscribers, accepting subscriptions under similar offers after the time limit had expired, but in this instance we CANNOT UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES accept any subscription mailed later than MAY 5th on the favorable terms published in our last week's issue.

Subscribers who contemplate earning some of the exceptionally liberal rewards offered in last week's issue should therefore remember this warning and get their subscriptions in before it is too late.

MAY 5th IS THE LAST DATE for mailing under the propositions contained in last week's paper.

IN THE KAMCHATKA MISSION

Continued from page 341

slept, from whose walls her eyes looked down upon him, as with the light turned out he lay awake and dreamed dreams of her.

He knew that those dreams would never come true. One of the reasons he had not gone back was because he could not bear to face her again. Her letters told him that she would use the old arguments, this time with the added power of an experience of life without her which he would find it more difficult to resist.

Well was it for him that the work engrossed him, that it grew and grew, that it presented itself in such a way to him that it needed all his strength and all his consecration and all the spiritual help that he could get to accomplish it. Although he loved her no less, yet in his replies to her letters she could discern with the exquisite intuition of devoted womanhood that the conditions of life had become settled for him; that he had finally acquiesced in her decision, and that henceforth she was to have no personal touch with his career. The bitterness of that conclusion sometimes blinded her. She felt as if she could have gone to him uninvited now simply to show him that he was wrong. But pride held her back until one day something happened.

Among the high officials of the church to which they both belonged was a man distantly related to Charlotte's family. Good fortune brought him to her father's house for a visit. Everybody loved Charlotte, and the old man quickly fell under her sway. One thing led to another, and presently he had her entire confidence. When she had told him her story, he had something to say in turn. He disclosed to her what was known to no one outside of the governing body; namely, that he and his assessors had decided that Winnington had served long enough in the Kamchatka mission, and that they intended to transfer him to one of the more agreeable and promising fields in the United States. They had, said the Bishop, no desire to see such valuable material as Winnington utterly broken down and wasted away in the Kamchatka mission. Other men would be found to take up the work, and Winnington should have the rest he had earned. The old man smiled benignly upon Charlotte as he spoke. He opined that Winnington would have something else that he earned when he came back to the United States.

Charlotte's heart leaped in her bosom; her soul burned as she listened to the Bishop's words. She could not sustain the keen glance of the old man which seemed to read the recesses of her being. She hid her face in her hands; her body rocked softly to and fro. He was coming back; he would be hers. She had not given up; she had shown herself as resolute as he. And now she would have him after all. The years of waiting fled away. She remembered that last hour when she clung to him, when his lips were warm upon her own. The color like a wave flooded her face which had been white in the sudden shock of the tidings. She dropped her hands and looked at her friend.

"Do you love him so much?" asked the Bishop compassionately.

"So much?" half laughed the girl, looking at him with swimming eyes, "I cannot tell you how much I love him!"

The Bishop looked at her gravely.

"Yet your affection had a measure," he said quietly at last.

"A measure?" asked Charlotte swiftly.

"This," returned the Bishop, pointing to the elegance and luxury of the surroundings. "This was its measure as opposed to the lonely log cabin in the Kamchatka snow."

"Yes," said the girl quickly, the flush in her cheeks deepening, "it was a measure once, but it isn't a measure now."

"Do you say that," asked the old man, "because he is coming back?"

"Because it is true. I am sure that any time in the last few years if he had asked me to come to him, I should have gone."

To be continued

AMONG THE WORKERS

—The Song Services ,conducted by Tullar and Meredith, were a striking feature of the South Carolina Sunday School Workers' Convention at Union, S. C., recently.

—The International Laymen's Missionary Organization held its first Conference in San Francisco lately; 250 members attended, including many prominent workers. E. P. Flint is President of the organization.

—Miss Agnes Slack, who is now making an extensive tour in the interest of temperance, has organized in India sixteen new branches of the W. C. T. U. She has founded the first branch of the society in Ceylon.

—Evangelist A. H. Zimmerman recently closed a month's work at Rome, N. Y. During the meetings over eleven hundred made decision for Christ and a better life. Practically all the leading local churches co-operated. Children's meetings were a feature of the revival.

—Miss Ruth Bushnell, a missionary at Erzerum, Turkey, writes: "We have had heart-rending letters from Hanous, telling of the suffering there. There are many families on the verge of starvation. Crops were a failure this year."

—Centreville, Wis., has had a notable revival. Backsliders were reclaimed, old grudges cleared up and fifty-seven persons confessed Christ. The pastor, Rev. A. R. Kleine, was assisted by Evangelist E. De Witt Johnston, of Croton, Ont.

—Evangelist French E. Oliver has just concluded a four weeks' revival at Russell, Kan., in which 750 people confessed Christ. Many have already joined the churches. Prof. W. A. Maltbie organized a fine choir of one hundred voices. A mid-week Sabbath was observed, on which all business houses closed.

—Rev. Robert F. Y. Pierce, D.D., after ten years of successful ministry in the Pennsylvania Avenue Baptist Church, Scranton, Pa., has accepted a call to the Second Avenue Baptist Church, New York. Dr. Pierce is one of the ablest preachers in his denomination and will be a valued addition to the metropolitan ministry.

—The Annual Convention of the National Federation of Gospel Missions will be held in New York City on May 14 to 17. All superintendents and active workers of Gospel and Rescue missions throughout the country are invited. Morning and evening sessions will be held, when reports of missions will be presented and addresses delivered by leading superintendents and workers.

—Rev. William Potts George, D.D., of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., has been appointed as pastor of the historic Bedford Street M. E. Church, New York. This is his first metropolitan charge, although Dr. George, who has filled important charges elsewhere, is already well known to readers of this journal through his sermons, which have occasionally appeared in these pages.

—The Rev. J. Tolefree Parr, a prominent English evangelist, will shortly visit this country. He has done notable service in many parts of the United Kingdom, and is a preacher of a very high order. Rev. F. B. Meyer pronounces him "one of England's foremost evangelists, . . . a godly, earnest and devoted servant of Christ." Rev. G. Campbell-Morgan writes, "He is a capital preacher and a Bible teacher of great ability." Any churches or congregations wishing to communicate with Mr. Parr, with a view to evangelistic work, can address him care of The Christian Herald.

CALLED HIGHER

Mrs. Charles E. Mallette, of Warren, Herkimer County, N. Y., entered recently into rest in her seventy-ninth year. She was a faithful member of the Baptist Church, and was noted for her Christian influence.

Mrs. Mary J. McKinley, of Philadelphia, has entered into rest. She was a faithful subscriber of The Christian Herald for many years and took great pleasure in reading it. Mrs. McKinley was the only daughter of James and Annie Adamson.

Miss Ann Beebe was called higher recently from her home in New London, Conn. She was one of the oldest members of the Broadway Congregational Church and an active Christian worker. She was born in Hartford, Conn., and belonged to an old New England family.

Mrs. Sarah Stram, of Oxford, Wis., recently passed to her heavenly home at the age of eighty years. The Christian Herald was a great pleasure to her, having been a weekly visitor for many years. Early in her girlhood she gave her heart to Christ and joined the Presbyterian Church, of which she was a member until her death.

Entered into rest, Mrs. J. D. Shuler, of Vincennes, Ind. She was interested in all forms of Christian work, and for many years she was a subscriber to The Christian Herald, and through her many friends joined "The Christian Herald family" of subscribers. She leaves a memory that will be an inspiration for good among all who knew her.

The problem of uniting safety with certainity of legitimate and profitable earnings is a serious one to the thrifty wage-earner. The Industrial Savings and Loan Co., whose offer appears on page 345, will help you to solve it right.

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THE HEAVENLY MANSIONS

*By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts**

JESUS is still with his apostles in the upper room. After the supper was ended, he did not go immediately to the garden of Gethsemane, but tarried to say some things to his apostles. The tenderest words he ever spoke were those he spoke then, and we find them recorded at greater length in the Gospel of John than in any of the other Gospels: in this and the three following chapters.

We will now consider the opening part of the farewell address of Jesus. "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me." What a solace to myriads of perplexed people these words have been since they first fell from the lips of Christ, and they will to the end of time have the same comforting power. To believe in Christ as we believe in God is according to the rule of the good teachers, who lead their pupils from the seen to the unseen.

The Place Prepared

"In my Father's house are many mansions." There were many mansions round about his Father's house, the Temple in Jerusalem; chambers against the wall of the Temple built of cedar, for the priests. Jesus probably had these in mind when he told his apostles that there would be many mansions in heaven, the Father's greater home, which he would presently go to prepare. "That where I am, there ye may be also." Home is where mother is, and heaven is where Jesus is. There have been many theories about the location of heaven. Some have imagined it the region of the North Star, others have said that wonderful constellation of the Southern Cross must mark its place, but it should be enough for us to know that it is to be with Jesus.

"Lord, we know not whither thou goest"—so said Thomas, who seemed to have a fear that he might get lost on the way to heaven. Some one has said: "Read the first verses of the 14th of John, with emphasis upon these little words, you, your. These monosyllables are the conductory pipe, or rather the communication wire, that brings the promise right to you, the reader: 'Let not *your* heart be troubled.' 'I go to prepare a place for *you*.' 'That *ye* may be also.' Now, you say these words bring Jesus to me. He is my friend. He speaks to calm the tossed sea on which I am sailing—to rest my wearied head—to guide me to the assured haven—to Christ's 'Where I am.'"

Knowing the Way

"How can we know the way?" So Thomas asked, and Jesus replied, "I am the way, the truth and the life." Would Thomas have been better satisfied if Jesus had said: "I will show you the way?" Possibly he would, for human vision is narrow. But Jesus was to be more to Thomas than he then realized, not a guide but a Saviour. It has been said that "Christ's Via Dolorosa is our Via Gloriosa." And he is "the truth," nothing that he has ever said can, therefore, be contradicted. His words are seals of truth, and to quote his words should be the end of argument. He "is life," and so he conquered death, and will call us from death unto life.

"If ye had known me, ye should have known my Father also." Almost the next moment Jesus said, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." On another occasion Jesus had said, "I and my Father are one" (John 10: 30). On Mount Sinai, Moses had asked God that he might see his glory. God replied, "Thou canst not see my face, for there shall no man see me, and live" (Exodus 33: 20). But God put a veil of human flesh upon his glorious appearance when he sent Jesus to earth that he might live among men, and for thirty-three years men and women gazed upon his face, and little children loved to look up into it, when he put his arms around them and blessed them.

"Or else believe me for the very works' sake." If Philip had been on the Mount of Transfiguration, and had seen with Peter, James and John the glorious appearance of Jesus, and had heard the voice of the Father, saying, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased," it would not have been so hard for him to realize the divinity of Christ, and Jesus felt the necessity of helping his faith by reminding him of the works he had seen him do—works of healing the sick, feeding the hungry, raising the dead, etc.

"Whatsoever Ye Shall Ask"

"He that believeth on me, the works that I do, he shall do also, and greater works than these shall he do." This promise was fulfilled in the Acts of the Apostles, when three thousand persons were added to the church in one day, and when sick persons were brought on beds and couches, in such numbers that they filled the streets, and were healed every one, even those upon whom the shadow of Peter fell; and afterwards, when "God wrought special miracles by the hands of Paul, so that from his body were brought unto the sick handkerchiefs or aprons, and the diseases departed from them, and the evil spirits went out of them" (Acts 19: 11-12).

"If ye ask anything in my name I will do it." To whom did Jesus make this promise? To those who were his closest followers. Certainly those who are not his followers can not have any claim to have their prayers answered. And yet there are some people who say they will not be Christians, because they have prayed and their prayers have not been answered." Let them first "get right with God," and then they will find that their prayers are answered.

Central Truth of the Lesson. Being prepared ourselves for the mansions beyond. What is it like in the Bible? Canon Liddon has said: In the language of the Jews "way" meant the path which a soul should follow in order to reach the true goal of its destiny, in order to conform with the will of God. And thus the Psalmist speaks of "the way of the righteous," "the right way," "the way of God's commandments," "the way of God's statutes," "the way of truth," "the way wherein I should walk," "the perfect way"; and the book of Proverbs of "the way of life"; and Isaiah of "the way of the just," "the way of peace"; and Jeremiah of "the good way," "the one way," "the way of Zion," "the way which would show"; and Amos of "the way of the meek"; and Malachi of "the way that the forerunners should prepare"; and Zechariah of "the way of peace," unto which the star from on high would guide Christian feet.

The Way of Holiness

But of all the many passages in which the word occurs, perhaps the most vivid is that in which Isaiah (35: 8-10), looking through and beyond historical evidence in a nearer future, describes, ideally, the faith and discipline of the Church of Christ as a rule of life for redeemed humanity. "And a highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called the way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over; but it shall be for those: the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein. No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there; but the redeemed shall walk there; and the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." And thus the expres-

Continued on page 345

* **International Sunday School Lesson for May 3, 1908.** Our Heavenly Home. John 14: 1-14. GOLDEN TEXT: "In my Father's house are many mansions." John 14: 2.

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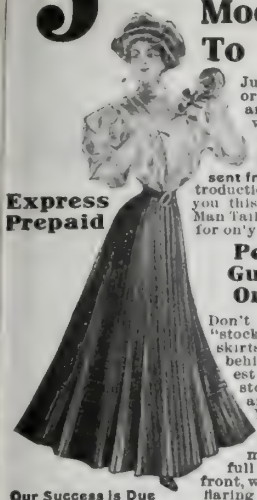

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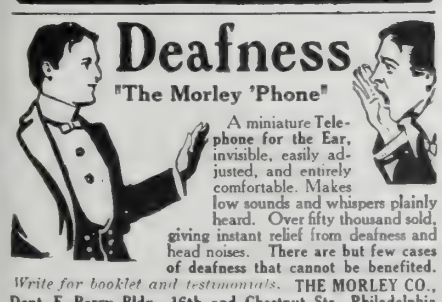

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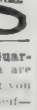

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Sunday School Lesson—*Continued*

sion, "the way," had a fixed and well understood religious meaning. It meant a path uniting two worlds, the seen and the unseen, earth and heaven.

One day last summer a father, mother, brothers and sisters, started for a long country ramble, but Fanny, the eldest girl, was not ready to start off with them, and was to follow. Directions were left with her which road to take. At last she started, and for a time there was no difficulty in following the others; but after a little she came to a place where two roads met. She had now to stand and think; but the more she thought, the more difficult it seemed to decide. Both roads stretched out into the sunshine; both led into the country; but which was the right way?—which would lead to the father's side? As she stood puzzled and wondering, her eye rested on the sandy path, and there, written in round, childish hand, were the words, "Fanny, this is the way." All doubt was at an end; she simply believed the written message, obeyed, and followed, and soon had the joy of reaching those "gone before," and learnt that her little sister had lingered behind to write those words on the sandy road.

The Royal Road

We need never have any doubt about the way to heaven, for Jesus has said, "I am the way." We have only to follow him in all that we do and say. "One of the interesting things connected with the Klondike gold excitement is the preparation made to build houses to be sent from New York to Alaska in sections to be put up in the gold-camps. Vessels are loaded with these ready-made houses in New York harbor, and sent around Cape Horn, thus reaching Alaska in time for the opening of navigation on the Yukon at the beginning of summer. That is the way we must do in going to heaven, in regard to a house of character for the soul. It is idle for us to suppose we shall enjoy heaven unless we cultivate the heavenly spirit here."

When Jesus said, "I am the way," he was using an expression clearly understood by Orientals. Not only did the Hebrews have definite ideas of "a way" from the manner in which the fathers had been led from Egypt to the Promised Land, but they, and others also, knew of the roads and the ways which had been prepared by the Romans; also by the Egyptians. There was a road built by Seti, the father of Rameses II., known as the Royal or Pharaonic Road, leading into Syria. Semiramis, the queen of Babylon, built a road through Media, and afterward through Persia. In ancient Persia, Darius the King built a royal road from Susa to Sardis. In the days of Moses there was a road known as the King's way, and permission had to be sought of the king to pass over it. But there were roads for the people, leading to the six cities of refuge, which were most beneficent in their purpose (Deut. 19: 1-3).

Seeing "Face to Face"

"Passing through the narrow alley of a city the other day, we heard a woman's voice in cheering song. The words of the refrain upon which she lingered seemed strangely out of place in that environment. She sang:

"And I shall see him face to face,
And tell the story, Saved by grace.

Looking up toward the place from whence the song came, we saw a poor old servant woman, down on her hands and knees, scrubbing a second-story floor of a dwelling. In a moment that sweet song took a depth and beauty of meaning and a charm unimagined before. That poor scrubwoman, in her weary toil, was a 'daughter of the King,' an heir of eternal glory, for a short time away from home, a pilgrim and stranger in the earth. What she sang as she looked up into the face of the Unseen, was sober truth. 'I shall see him face to face.'

"The drudgery shall cease. The rags shall drop off the old body. The prisoned spirit shall be set free. The dust and smoke and din of this weary world shall vanish out of sight. New scenes shall open to the unveiled eyes, even a world which needs no light of moon or star or sun, for the "Lamb is the light thereof." It is worth while to tarry and toil and suffer here for a little while, to live for Jesus in a world that "lieth in the wicked one," with the faith and hope of that better time in the heart. As Whittier wrote:

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care.

Save the Homes

IN a recent address, the Rev. Johnston Myers, of Chicago, Ill., made this eloquent plea for the American home:

The happiness of a city depends upon its homes. Yet beyond a question these oases in our human life are in danger. Wife abandonment has increased one hundred per cent. in Chicago in three years. In 1902 there were 557 deserted wives who applied to the county for aid. In 1905 there were 939. Divorce has increased throughout the country over seventy per cent. in seven years. Think of this vast array of ruined homes. Then add to this number the homes which are rent by family quarrels and robbed of their support by the liquor traffic and you can see the pitiable destruction of American homes which is now in progress. From these broken, wretched homes goes the largest number of the patrons of the saloon. They produce boy bandits. They fill prisons with criminals old and young. In so-called higher circles of society the drug fiends and the dissipated weaklings are the result of bad home influences and bad training. "Is there anything going on at the church to-night?" asked a boy of one of our wealthier families. "Why not go home?" he was asked in reply. "Mother is at the theatre and father has gone somewhere and I will not stay with the servants," was his answer. In almost every case our great strong characters in church and state have been the product of good homes. Their parents may have been poor, but the home was made attractive. If you save the homes we will have little use for reformatories and juvenile courts. There will be less and less occasion for places of refuge. Some relative will care for the bereaved ones. Save the homes and fewer of our young men and women will care to spend the evenings in questionable places and degrading amusements.

Nothing is so attractive and enjoyable to the human heart as a real home. A gentleman recently accosted a clerk whom he knew, who was running to catch a car. "What is your hurry?" "Going home," was the reply. "Any one sick?" "No," was the answer, "I just want to get there, that is all." Save the homes if you would bring most enduring happiness to the largest number of people.

How can this be done? It can best be accomplished by sending into all of these family circles trained, experienced, lovable Christian women. They win the confidence of the family. They are fitted to find out the difficulties, to advise, to comfort, to make brave and patient those who are sorely tried. They can minister to the needs whether these be caused by poverty, bad habits or some misunderstanding. Many homes need only a loving friend. This refined Christian woman is fitted to be such a friend.

Increase the number of these competent visitors and the homeless ones will not wander about our streets. The boy will be corrected, not in the courts, but in his own home. He does not need a good judge and a court room, but a good mother and a happy home. There are questions of hygiene, clothing, housekeeping which can all be arranged without humiliating any one. Hundreds of instances might be given where these women by their kind, Christian ministries, have saved the State an additional burden and saved several human lives from lasting disaster.

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COFFEE EYES

It Acts Slowly but Frequently Produces Blindness

The curious effect of slow daily poisoning and the gradual building in of disease as a result, is shown in numbers of cases where the eyes are affected by coffee.

A case in point will illustrate:

A lady in Oswego, Mont., experienced a slow but sure disease settling upon her eyes in the form of increasing weakness and shooting pains, with wavy, dancing lines of light, so vivid that nothing else could be seen for minutes at a time.

She says:

"This gradual failure of sight alarmed me and I naturally began a very earnest quest for the cause. About this time I was told that coffee poisoning sometimes took that form, and while I didn't believe that coffee was the cause of my trouble, I concluded to quit it and see.

"I took up Postum Food Coffee in spite of the jokes of husband, whose experience with one cup at a neighbor's was unsatisfactory. Well, I made Postum strictly according to directions, boiling it a little longer, because of our high altitude. The result was charming. I have now used Postum in place of coffee for about three months and my eyes are well, never paining me or showing any weakness. I know to a certainty that the cause of the trouble was coffee and the remedy was in quitting it and building up the nervous system on Postum, for that was absolutely the only change I made in diet, and I took no medicine.

"My nursing baby has been kept in a perfectly healthy state since I have used Postum.

"Mr. ——, a friend, discarded coffee and took on Postum to see if he could be rid of his dyspepsia and frequent headaches. The change produced a most remarkable improvement quickly."

"There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Scientist Koch Visits Us

PROFESSOR ROBERT KOCH, whose investigations in bacteriology have won him world-wide fame as a scientist, arrived in New York from Germany on April 7, accompanied by his wife. He was met at the Quarantine Station by a committee from the German Medical Society of New York, among them Dr. Carl Beck, the President; Dr. Herman Fischer, Dr. Joseph Gleitsmann, Dr. George Heimrond, of the Rockefeller Institute, and Dr. Alfred Meyer, of Mount Sinai Hospital.

Dr. Koch will visit Buffalo, Chicago, St. Louis and San Francisco, and intends to go to Japan. His trip is in the nature

Prof. Robert Koch

of a health vacation. He has been to Africa five times on scientific expeditions and suffered considerably from the climate. On several of these journeys he was accompanied by Mrs. Koch. Their last eight months in Africa were spent on an island in Lake Victoria Nyanza, where Mrs. Koch was taken ill and had to go to the coast to recuperate. While on the island, the professor investigated the "sleeping sickness," which has created such havoc in the German and British colonies in Africa. As a result of these studies, he prepared his remedy, "atoxile," which is claimed to be the only known cure for the disease. While they were there 1,000 blacks died from the malady, which attacked whites and blacks alike. Two English surgeons died, and several other white men who were there investigating the disease in the cause of science. The first stage of the disease produces great excitement, the second insanity, followed by a comatose condition that lasts for several days and ends in the death of the sufferer. The deadly germ of the "sleeping sickness" is carried from one village to another. The cause of all the infection is believed to be a fly, called by naturalists the "Glosina Polpalis," which preys on crocodiles and hippopotami. It is found in swarms on the banks of the rivers and lakes in Africa.

Additional interest attaches to Professor Koch's visit in view of the recent gift of a large sum by Mr. Andrew Carnegie for the purpose of aiding the scientist in his investigations, especially those that relate to the causes and cure of consumption. His discovery of the bacilli of phthisis in 1890 was one of the notable scientific events of the century.

Dr. Koch was born in Hanover in 1843, and was educated at Gottingen. He has held many appointments of distinction, among them being these: Member of the German Imperial Board of Health, Privy Councilor, Director of German Cholera Commission, Professor in Berlin University, Director of the Institute of Hygiene and Director of the Institute for Infectious Diseases. He was decorated with the Order of Merit several years ago. He is active and vigorous, gray-haired and gray-bearded, with kindly blue eyes that twinkle through gold-rimmed spectacles.

During his stay in New York he inspected a number of the city hospitals. On his way home from Japan, via the Suez Canal, he will devote some time to the study of the bubonic plague in India, and its contagion through rats.

Young People's Societies

Clouds Lined with Silver*

UNDER the many promises of the Old Testament to the good man of immunity from affliction and special protection, there runs a thread of admission that trouble might come for a definite purpose. The whole book of Job is full of that teaching. He was so good a man that his worst enemy could find no fault in him. That trouble so crushing and so distressing should fall upon him was a mystery. The book explained why it had come, and it must have been a consolation to many an afflicted soul. The righteous man groaning under trial, and having to bear the suggestion of Pharisaic friends that he examine himself to discover what sin he could have committed to bring such judgment upon him, could point to that book as proof that God might have some higher motive than punishment in afflicting him. Who can tell how often the book may have served this purpose!

Isaiah, too, has a similar message of an infinitely higher significance. That significance was not perceived for many a century, and until the fulfilment came the Jew had before his mind a literal meaning full of consolation. The beloved of the Lord, the righteous servant, bruised and beaten with many stripes, not for any sin of his own, but for the sins of his people. How that conception must have comforted the oppressed and the exile, who could not understand why God did not interfere for him! If he could only believe that God was not angry with him, but was using him as he used Job to fulfil his purposes, what a relief it would be! He would gladly, cheerfully suffer in such a cause. If he could be assured that it was not in caprice, not in anger that he was afflicted, the cloud would indeed have a silver lining, and he would rejoice in chastisement that only proved his sonship.

* Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for May 3. Ps. 42; Ps. 43.

Kept in Peace*

WHAT a wonderful secret that must be in this world of trial and sorrow, that could keep a man undisturbed in affliction! It is so much the common lot that there is no house in which it is not found, no soul among all the thousands that we see on the street that is not in some shape under sorrow and anxiety. If there is any secret that will keep a man cheerful under his griefs, how many would crave to know it! It is this that Isaiah contends is within the reach of the godly man. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee." It is the figure of a man in a lighthouse who is perfectly assured of the strength of the building as the storm raves around him. But it is more than that. It is the figure of a man lashed by storms, who knows that there is within him a life that will survive though his body perish. Paul has this in mind when he speaks of "the peace which passeth all understanding" (Phil. 4: 7).

When a man in a time of quietness looks forward he is apt to feel himself safe if he has a comfortable provision for himself and family, when his health is good and his conscience untroubled. He is at peace, and the peace is within his understanding. His investments he believes to be secure, and he has made arrangements by insurance to meet all contingencies that may arise. His peace has a basis in his understanding. But it is conceivable that some trouble that he has never foreseen may come upon him which sweeps away all his refuges. Then he needs the peace that passes all understanding. This may come to him in the faith that is above and beyond his own provisions. The assurance that no matter what comes he is safe in the knowledge that "all things work together for good to them that love God."

* Topic of the Epworth League for May 3. "How to Be Untroubled in Trouble." Ps. 125: 1; Prov. 16: 7; Isa. 26: 3; John 14: 27.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

M. P. W., Me. "I, too, can truthfully say, God answers prayer."

Mrs. E. P., N. J. "I want to thank my Heavenly Father for the many prayers I have had answered."

Reader, N.Y. "I wish to add my testimony of God's goodness and the many, many times he has answered my prayers."

Virginia Reader. "I desire to acknowledge God's goodness to me in answering prayers many times. Bless his holy name."

N. N., Ohio. "I promised the Lord if he would hear and answer my prayers I would acknowledge it to the world. Bless his name!"

O. M., Ohio. The Lord, in answer to prayer, has removed a great burden from my heart. Praise his holy name."

E. M., New Jersey. "I believe the Lord hears and answers prayer. My health has been restored in answer to prayer."

Reader, Iowa. "I want to acknowledge an answer to my prayer. God is always good and will help us if we only put our trust in Him."

E. A. B., New York City. "I most gratefully acknowledge to God the answer to prayer for help for an aged friend; it came as a sweet surprise."

Ontario, Canada. "Our little boy was very sick recently. We prayed to God to restore him to health, and he did so. Lord, increase our faith."

N. M. N., Ills. "I have promised my Heavenly Father to acknowledge his goodness in answering my prayers. "I called upon him and he heard me.

M. E. F., New York. "I prayed the Lord to grant me a certain blessing. The blessing came. God always answers our prayers when we ask with faith."

H. J., Oklahoma. "I should like to make known God's great goodness to me. I prayed unceasingly that the greatest hope of my life might be realized, and he has given me all and more than I hoped for."

F. A. H., Mass. "I wish to acknowledge God's goodness to me in answering my prayer for financial help. After many years of worry I left it all with him and help came at once. Never despair; only trust him wholly."

Mrs. J. C., Massachusetts. "Last fall I asked your prayers that my husband might have work. Our heavenly Father answered the prayer. Will you please ask him to let me get work to do that I may help my husband pay our debts?"

Letters acknowledging answers to prayer have also been received from Mrs. M. K., Portland, Ore.; Mrs. R. E., Ada, O.; Reader, Chambersburg, Pa.; Thankful Reader, Connecticut; L. C., Alabama; Mrs. A. H., Ohio; Subscriber, Fairfax, Vt.; Reader, New Mexico; Mrs. E. R. G Indianapolis, Ind.; Mrs. S. P. R., Cold Springs; S. P. P.; Mrs. H. G., Canada; E. E. N., Iowa; Mrs. M. S. C., Saginaw, Mich.; Reader, Pennsylvania; L. J., North Carolina; Mrs. E. C. D., Bellvue, Pa.; Reader, Ohio; Mrs. M., Mississippi; Reader, Colorado; Reader, Iowa; A. L. H., Missouri; Reader, Knoxville, Ia; Young Christian, Williamstown, Vt.; H., Cortland, N. Y.; Mrs. W. M. D., Breckenridge, Mich.; Reader, Pennsylvania; New Hampshire Reader; Reader, Suffield, Conn.; Subscriber, New York; Reader; Mrs. W. M., West Newton, Pa.; M. S., Chariton. Ia.; Prayerful Reader, Virginia; M. W., Ohio; E. C. B.; J. F. J., Michigan; One Who Trusts, Missouri; Reader, Pennsylvania; E. C. W., Pennsylvania; L. L. M., Ohio; H. R., Ohio; Canadian Reader: E. L. I.; C. M. E., New York; D., Pennsylvania; Reader; M. F., California; Mrs. S., Virginia; N. H. A.; Reader, Texas; Reader, Florida; M. A. O., Ohio; Miss E. M. P., Canada; Reader, Pennsylvania; J. F. M., North Carolina; M. L. C., Missouri; J. A. M., Missouri; Subscriber, West Virginia; Mrs. M. A. W., New York; Reader, Iowa; Owen Sound Reader; Mrs. O. B. S.; Mrs. S. F.; Subscriber; Subscriber, Oklahoma; A. B., Michigan; Mrs. J. A. H., Oklahoma; T. M. W., Iowa; Mrs. G. Y., Missouri; F. T., Louisiana; J. S. E., Ohio; Subscriber, North Carolina; Reader, Pennsylvania; W. B., Nebraska, and others.

An Imperial Poet

BY HIS MAJESTY THE EMPEROR OF NIPPON

I

MELTING into dream-mists—golden with the gold of the sun,
Speeds the path that the child may know by the name of the Study-way.
And to the tender feet which wander down the path—
(Ah, let them learn, ere it be too late),
No greater foe is than the whisper tempting says:
"Ease, my child, loiter awhile."

II

Echoes, once silken as a velvet dream, are shrieking:
Silence thunders.
'Tis the voice of victory speaking,
Amid the tumult that lords o'er land and o'er the sea
When victory speaks,
Let them take heed, my men of arms:
The time of watchfulness be with them
When victory speaks. *The Pacific Era.*

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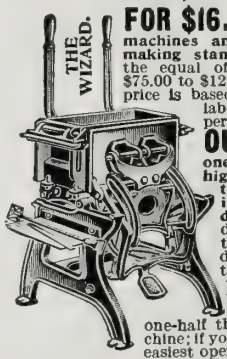

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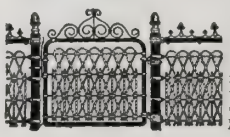

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The Promised Refuge

By Mrs. M. Baxter

OUR blessed Lord does not mock us when he says, "Let not your heart e troubled." He shows us the way out f all our troubles: "Ye believe in God, elieve also in me." When he com- lands us to "be careful for nothing," he lls us how this is possible. "In every- ing by prayer and supplication with hanksgiving let your request be made nown unto God." When he tells us to ast all our care upon him, he also tells s "he careth for you." What does this ean? Just this—that he who "bare our ns in his own body on the tree" (I. et. 2: 24), and made himself respon- ble for them, bears also all our burdens, nd that not in a sentimental way, but eally, practically undertakes them, takes he tangled skein in his own hand and nravels it, deals, in his Almightiness, ith impossibilities, and make them pos- ible.

"Believe also in me." "Believe that I o care for you, and so rejoice, let your rayer and supplication be 'with thanks- iving,' because the troubles are passed ver into my hands, and I take the charge f them and of you." "Believe in me— hat I make that business of yours my wn, as soon as you drop the care of it nto my hands; that that husband, and hat family, and that weak body are my harge, and that I make them my field f labor, as soon as you believe in me, nd give me credit for doing what I say; nd, therefore, let not your heart be roubled." A troubled heart is always n unbelieving heart. How can we be sad when all power and all love has under- aken our case, and it is being carried hrough by God? Believing in him, we est in the midst of trouble; because the burden is upon another.

"In my Father's house are many man- ions [abiding places, R.V.] . . . I go o prepare a place for you." Oh, what an anticipation for the future! What a precious consolation for the present! He who makes us his home tells us he is preparing our home. Room in heaven, and every place there prepared for the coming occupant! What a home feeling t gives one! As population increases selfishness increases too; the struggle to live becomes desperate, and the desolate thought on the heart of thousands is, "There is no room for me." There are plenty of workmen, but too few situa- tions for them; plenty of willing hands, but not enough work for them to do. In every department of life there is the same story, "No room for you." Oh how glorious to go out of an overcrowded world to the place of many mansions! And it is just like the heart of God to make such a provision. There is an abiding place yonder for every one of his children, and room enough for all. Oh, it is so blessed to know that even now, even here, we have a hearty, glad wel- come from our Father whenever we go to him on any errand. It is his joy to re- ceive and to bless us.

Jesus said, "Whither I go ye know, and the way ye know." Thomas demurred to this; he had not learned the lesson which Jesus had again and again taught—that he must die and be raised again the third day. He said, "We know not whither thou goest, and how can we know the way?" Thomas did not understand his answer, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life; no man cometh unto the Father, but by me. If ye had known me, ye should have known my Father also, and from henceforth ye know him and have seen him." "I am the Way"—how that simplifies everything! Jesus is the Way to the Father; Jesus is the Way to salva- tion, to sanctification, to healing, to happiness, to power, to unity among brethren, to the hearts of sinners—the Way to everything but sin. He is "the Truth"; whatever there is of truth is only Christ himself; and he is "the Life"—life for soul and body, "the Resurrection and the Life."

If we try to make our own way of holiness, or of usefulness, or of power, our hearts will be troubled, we shall be full of anxiety which comes from our taking upon ourselves the part which Jesus claims as his. If we demand of ourselves truth or life, and are disappointed that we do not come up to our own expectations of what we ought to be, our hearts are troubled; we are not at home. It is because we do not really believe in Jesus on this point, and we are counting on ourselves instead of him. "No man cometh unto the Father but by me." The reason why so many prayers are unanswered is, that many, in the secret of their hearts, come to God independently of Jesus. They may use the words, "For Christ's sake," but there is a feeling underneath that they have some right to approach God. They are conscious of their own earnestness, of their own need, of the purity of their own intentions, of their own devotion to God,—but, in all this, there is no dependence on Jesus.

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KANSAS CITY, Kan., a city of almost one hundred thousand population, is the largest prohibition city in the United States. It has been represented that the town has "gone bankrupt" since the saloons were ordered out, that business has been ruined, and that people are moving away. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Leading business men and bankers of Kansas City, Kan., declare that business was never better than now. Miss Farrow, city treasurer of Kansas City, said to the writer that there had never been more cash in the city treasury than now; all judgments have been paid and the city employees are paid in cash instead of scrip, as heretofore. The income of the city is just as large, despite the fact that hundreds of saloons or joints have been closed. C. L. Brokaw, cashier of the largest bank in Kansas City, Kansas, has employed from his own resources a corps of stenographers to reply to questions about prohibition features in Kansas City. John W. Briedenthal, a prominent banker and politician, says the business and professional men are aroused at the statements sent broadcast by brewery interests, that Kansas City is suffering in a business way because of the saloons being closed. "Business was never better," is the general sentiment of every business man in the Kansas town. The laboring man, as well as the business man, is realizing that the city is far better off without liquor stores. D.

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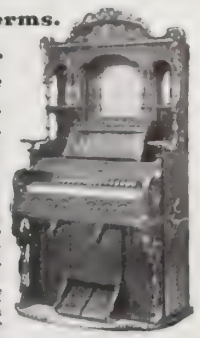

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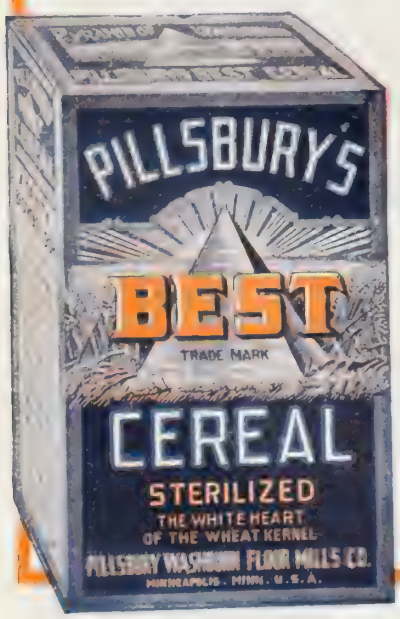

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The Flour

CHRISTIAN HERALD

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New York, April 29, 1908

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Photographed for "The Christian Herald" On the left, Mrs. Charles M. Alexander. On the right, Miss Chapman See page 354

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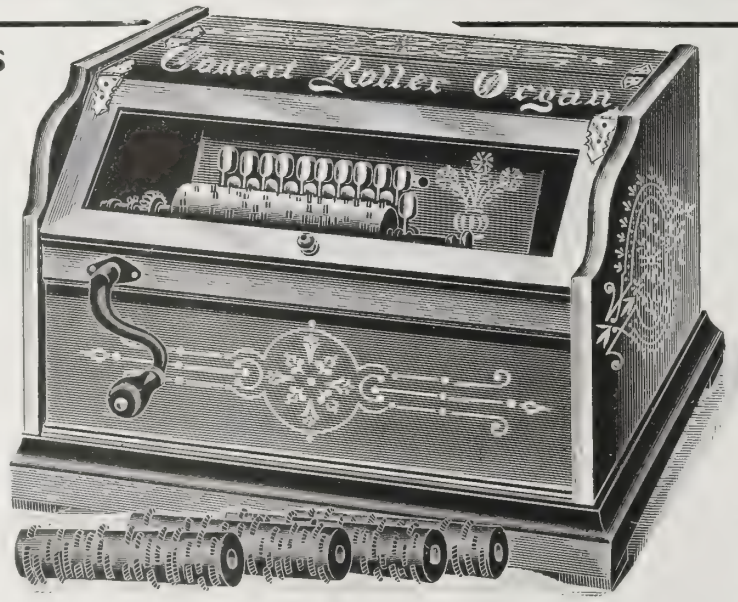
12 Hold the Fort
13 Just as I am
14 America
15 Antioch
16 O to be over yonder
18 He leadeth me
20 The home over there
22 Almost Persuaded
28 He will hide me
29 Pull for the Shore
30 Precious Name
31 Christmas
33 Harwell
34 Hendon
35 Manoah
36 Pleyel's Hymn
37 Zion
38 Warwick
39 Abide with me
40 Dennis
42 Even Me
44 St. Martin's
45 Federal Street
46 Hursley
47 Mozart
48 Webb
49 Bowen
50 Geneva
51 St. Catherine
52 Lydon
53 Prosenell
54 Hummel
58 In the silent midnight watches
65 What a Friend we have in Jesus
68 Sweet Hour of Prayer
55 Paradise
56 Wilson
57 Repose
59 Portuguese Hymn
60 Wellesley
61 Rathbun
62 Come ye disconsolate
63 Belmont
64 Finnish National Hymn
66 Church
67 Rock of Ages
70 Greenville
71 Old Hundred
72 Pass me not
73 Jesus, Lover of My Soul
78 Beulah Land
82 Fisk
83 Mendebras
84 Aletta
85 I am praying for you
87 Go bury thy sorrow
88 Whosoever will
91 Rescue the perishing
92 Follow on
99 Onward go
601 To the Work
602 Only a Step to Jesus
603 Knocking, Knocking
604 Thy Servant I will be
606 Be joyful, O my soul
607 It is now time
608 Thank Almighty God
609 Carried by the Angels
81 We shall meet beyond the river
86 Mere love to Thee, O Christ
89 Softly and tenderly
90 All the way my Saviour leads me
93 Come, great Deliverer, come
100 We're Marching to Jesus
605 From Heaven I am coming
616 When my Saviour I shall see
634 Shall we gather at the river
645 In the Shadow of His Wings
652 Little children, you may come
732 Hark, 'Tis the Song of Angels
733 Will There be Light for Me
734 Lead, Kindly Light
735 Jerusalem the Golden



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80 Shall we meet beyond the river
610 Move Forward
611 Some sweet day
612 Somewhere to-night
613 Wait and murmur not
614 Come, Spirit, come
615 Hiding in the Rock
617 God be with you
618 Anywhere with Jesus
619 Trust and obey
621 Seeking for me
622 Lebanon
624 Duane Street
625 Saul
626 Walk in the light
627 Sabbath
628 Balerma
629 Marlow
630 The Prodigal Child
631 Autumn
632 Leighton
633 When Jesus comes
635 Happy day
643 Coming to-day
644 Come to me
646 Safe to Land
647 Will you meet me
648 The story never old
649 Stand on the Rock
650 My Sabbath Home
651 At the Door
725 Sunshine in the Soul
727 More about Jesus
730 Everlasting Arms
731 Blessed Rock
1 The sweet bye-and-bye
2 Nearer, My God, to Thee
3 I need Thee every hour
4 From Greenland's Icy Mountains
5 Duke Street
6 Onward, Christian Soldiers
7 Ariel
8 Sweeping Through the Gates
9 I'll stand by until the morning
10 The Shining Shore—Nelson
17 What hast Thou done for me
19 I love to tell the story
21 Is my name written there
23 Where is my boy to-night
24 Bringing in the Sheaves
25 Let the lower lights be burning
26 Only an armor bearer
27 I Will Sing of My Redeemer
32 Hark, the herald angels sing
41 I Hear Thy Welcome Voice
43 Watchman tell us of the night
69 Beautiful Valley of Eden
620 Draw me closer to Thee
623 The Garden of the Lord
728 Wonderful story of love
736 It is God's way
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NEW YORK, APRIL 29, 1908

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

A Great American Ranch Upon Whose Ample Lands Over Thirty Thousand Cattle Range, in the Southwest

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VACATION ON A WESTERN RANCH

By WILLIAM R. DRAPER

INDIANS sat in the shade of their tepees and puffed lazily at their pipes, while on the banks of the Arkansas River opposite a herd of wild, long-horned Texas steers were plunging madly toward a bar of quicksand with a dozen or more cowboys trying to stay their course. As our driver drew taut the lines to eight scrawny Texas ponies, and set the brakes, the ramshackly stage-coach came to a sudden stop in the growth of dwarfed trees, near where dirty tepees and lounging redskins denoted an Indian camp.

"Here's a tenderfoot camp all right," an observing young man who had been through the West before remarked cynically. "Got all the fixings, too. Looks as though the scene were studied out by a scenic artist for the especial benefit of those new to the West."

But this blasé individual was wrong. The scene was natural, and could be found on this big Oklahoma cattle ranch almost any time. Just now the ranch was getting ready to entertain a bunch of young fellows from an Eastern city, who had come out to spend their summer vacation.

Any day in that part of the country one might witness the round-up, the Indian dance, the chase after game—anything, in fact, common to western ranching on a huge scale. Only the tenderfeet were unnatural—polished boots and linen collars were not harmonious with sand hills and stage coaches.

The party of young men who had arrived at the One Hundred Ranch that same day were only a few of the many dozens of men and women from the Eastern cities who go West in summer and fall and accumulate experience and regain health on the big ranches. It is a fashion growing in popularity. The busy young men of the cities demand a cessation from office and shop in summer. Two weeks to a month are essential to continued health, ability and energy. Colorado, Michigan, Arizona, the mountain resorts of the East appeal to vacation seekers in emblazoned advertisements and continued illustrated literature. But many are seeking quiet and different fields. At all the popular resorts there is plenty of amusement, and lots of folks there to enjoy them, just as one finds in his own home city. To thoroughly enjoy a thing it must be different. That is why the broad expanse of a plains country appeals to many young men, and women also. On a big ranch one does not meet many persons, especially those whom he knows, or who are of his class. He comes in contact with Indians, cowboys, greasers, but they speak a new language to him. Their methods of enjoyment are new and novel. I mention a trip to the One Hundred Ranch in Oklahoma because it is a type of the big cattle ranches covering a hundred thousand acres or more, where young men may work on the plains at cattle roping, or in the harvest fields, and get a good lot of healthful exercise and enjoy the trip at little expense. There are many such places in the Southwest.

When once we had rid ourselves of dust and dirt at the common wash trough in the rear of the big house at ranch headquarters, our host, a big brusque cattle man, made us welcome to the camp by calling up a lot of cowboys and redskins and introducing us to them. A number of small portable frame shanties on the banks of the river were to be our sleeping quarters—the days we spent in the open on horseback. We found preceding us to the ranch a number of young men from all sections, college students, sons of wealthy men, and office men, whose search for a vacation something different was entirely earnest. They were gathered around the camp fire that evening of our arrival clad in overalls, slouch hats and black shirts, smoking pipes and enjoying the fanciful yarn of some cowboy.

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A Group of Vacationists on a Western Ranch

The first evening was given to our Indian guests, for such they proved to be, having come up from their reservation to give the annual corn dance at ranch headquarters. The owners of the ranch had donated three beeves, and the Indians thought it was their duty to do the right thing. The following morning we selected ponies from the corral, and joined the cowboys on the round-up, eating that noon thirty miles from headquarters from the rear of a cattle-herder's grub wagon. That night, the chase after steers having taken us farther away, we rolled up in blankets and slept on the open prairie. The hike across the plains on the backs of bumpy mustangs continued three days, and when we got back to our little shanties on the banks of the Arkansas and slept in a real bed again, and put our knees under a real table, it was certainly delightful to know we had not been entirely lost to civilization.

The tenderfeet were given a couple of days' rest before engaging further in Western life. A round-up of steers for shipment to market is no

Continued on page 358

THE AMERICAN PULPIT

A SERMON BY

Rev. F. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.

Love, the Chief Grace

TEXT—I. COR. 13: 13

"And the greatest of these is love" [R. V.]

TALKING with a friend before setting out on my European journey, I referred to my long-cherished desire to visit the Grand Canyon of Arizona, that I might study it and describe it to my Eastern friends. "It cannot be done," said my friend; "no living man could describe the grandeur and majesty of that wonderful scene. Just before I went there, I was told that a man approached the brink of that awful chasm, and as he looked across it and down into its depths and up into the sky, he dropped upon his knees and cried: 'O God! How infinitely great art thou! I never realized, until my eyes beheld it, this wonderful manifestation of thy handiwork!' All that you can do when you visit the Grand Canyon is to be overwhelmed with the immensity of its conception. It is greater, far greater than your wildest imagination could ever conceive."

In the Grand Canyon

Well, I said to myself, if that is true, there is one fact I will learn from the Grand Canyon. That will be its superlativeness as a basis for comparison. There are things that are above and beyond utterance. Paul heard things when he was caught up to heaven that he said were unspeakable; and, on another occasion, trying to describe the things God had prepared for them that love him, he said that eye had not seen, nor ear heard, neither had it entered into the heart of man; and John in Patmos fell down as one dead. When I read of these strange incidents, I shall always think of the overwhelming impression which one gets from his first view of the Grand Canyon of Arizona. It is a species of measuring-rule by which I estimate other impressions. It is this kind of culminating comparison that Paul uses in my text.

In the first place, Paul leads us into the celestial choirlofts of heaven. He gathers before us the sweet-voiced singers who once sang the song of the Nativity above Bethlehem of Judea. He leads those white-winged messengers of the sky to sing until their united choruses roll about us in great tidal waves of harmony. Some of us have heard the most famous songstresses on earth lift up their voices in praise. But never will our ears hear melodies like those celestial songs until at last as redeemed spirits we ourselves are singing the song of Moses and the Lamb before the great white throne of heaven. Then after Paul has in imagination led us through the boulevards of gold down past the great white mansions of the skies, and has overwhelmed us with the beauty, and pathos, and grandeur, of the inspiring oratorios of the celestial city, he says to us: "That singing is the most beautiful singing of all the ages. From human lips and throat could never come music so enchanting. But though we could sing like that, our song would be empty, and meaningless, and discordant, if it had not in it that one thrilling note of love. Though I speak with the tongue of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. It is love that gives celestial music its sweetness."

Love in the Heart Essential

Then Paul has us sit at the feet of great Hebrew teachers like Gamaliel and Hillel. He introduces to us the prophets of old. He brings before us the wise men or the magi of the East. He solves for us all the knotty social problems of the day, and leads us down amid the temples of old Egypt, and amid the wonders of Nineveh, and Babylon, and Rome, and Athens. Then he shows us the giants of faith as Titans changing the topographical construction of the earth. Then after he has piled learning upon wisdom, and intellectuality upon intellectuality, and superlative upon superlative, and made man omniscient as well as omnipotent, he utters these words: "And if I have the gift of prophecy, and know all mysteries, and all knowledge, and if I have all faith, so as to move mountains, but have not love, I am nothing." Ah, yes; love is greater than all the knowledge contained within the walls of an Alexandrian Library. Love is greater than the wisdom of King Solomon. Love is greater than the prophetic eye, which can look through the black curtain which eparates the present and the events that will happen millions of years hence. Love is greater than the strength of the everlasting hills. Love is greater than the highest triumphs of art. For if we have not love, no matter how great our intellectuality may be, we are as nothing. Ay, we are worse than nothing. Is not Paul's second comparison again approaching the culminating superlative?

Then, as a guide leads us higher and higher over a mountain range, and we climb from peak to peak until at last we stand upon the topmost pinnacle overlooking all mountains, rising out of material into moral elevation, Paul says: "Love is more than this. Though you labor for others and seem to spend all your life in the service of your fellow men; though you become a pauper for their sake and go to the martyr's stake, if you do not love your fellow men, in God's sight all your deeds of self-sacrifice will go for naught. Yes, yes! How superlative does overtop superlative when Paul is elaborating for us the power and the necessity of love! Now, let us ask ourselves why love is so essential in God's sight, and why love should be the predominant passion of every human heart.

The Human Tree

Now, what is love? "Love," says the lexicographer, "is a feeling of strong attachment to another. It is pre-eminent kindness or devotion to another. It is affection. It is tenderness. It is the bond which binds mother to child, and husband to wife, and brother to sister, and friend to friend." That is the definition which I have abridged from different dictionaries. That definition means this: "Love is the strange power born in the human heart, which like a long arm reaches out and draws another life into that heart and makes the joy and the happiness of that other life more important than the joy and the happiness of its own life." In other words, "Love is the power which will make a human tree graft upon itself other human branches. And then that original human tree shall live simply for the purpose of bearing luscious fruit for the benefit of some other human life." In other words, true love finds its happiness in the benefits which that human life can bring to other lives rather than for the benefits of its own selfish life.

"How do you graft one tree on another?" I asked an old California horticulturist. "Well," he answered, "that depends upon the tree you intend to graft. If I was going to graft a lemon tree upon an orange tree—" "What!" I interrupted; "are nearly all our lemon trees grafted upon the orange tree?" "Yes," he answered; "nearly all. If I were going to graft a lemon tree upon an orange tree, I would go out to my orchard in springtime and cut a slender branch off my lemon tree. From this branch I would cut the healthiest bud, making the grafting bud about three-quarters of an inch long. Then I would cut the bark of an orange tree about two years old and gently press the lemon bud into the bark. Then I would hermetically seal the woods together with wax. Then when the lemon bud takes root and gets fully growing, I would cut off the orange tree just above the lemon bud so that all the strength of the trunk of the orange tree will be conserved to develop the lemon branch and the lemon fruit as it ought." Ah, yes, I said to myself, while my friend was talking. The orange tree has its branches cut off so its trunk can produce sustenance for the lemon branches. And that is love. We are the human tree and will have the branches of our own selfish desires amputated in order that we may bear fruit in the lives of our fellow men. That is the whole definition of love in a nutshell.

Living for Others

Tell me, friend, is your life a life of love? Are you the human orange tree with the lemon buds grafted into your bark? Have you had the selfish limbs of your own life cut off? Are you standing like the trunk of the orange tree, in the centre of the multitudinous orchards of the world, with your own name forgotten and obliterated, that the honor and the glory of Christ may shine in the lives of your dear ones? Are you driving your roots farther and farther into the ground in order to gather up the rich nourishment of the soil to nourish and feed hundreds of buds which have been grafted on your foundations? If you are, then yo have the priceless characteristics which God hono above all other virtues. Then you have love—purifie love, triumphant love, divine love. Then you are lik the Lord God Almighty himself—for God is love an love is God.

Now, if the whole essence of love is to put the joy and the blessings and the happiness of others above a selfish happiness and joys and blessings, what is then, i its crudest form, the first duty of love? First, never t give another pain. Never do anything which will brin the tear to the eye, or the quiver to the lip, or the so to the aching heart. It does not take much to woun the sensibilities of another. And if your first duty o life is to learn not to hurt yourself, so the first duty o love should be never to hurt or to wound the feeling of another.

The Fascination of Danger

Now, it was no easy matter to learn how not to d yourself a physical damage when you were young. I was only by painful experience that those laws of caution were mastered. For instance, when you were a boy you had a great habit of balancing upon the chair in the dining-room. Your father again and again warned you to stop. He told you that you would hurt yourself. But there was a fascination in making that chair tip back. You felt like a trapeze performer in mid-air. But one day you lost your balance and fell backward and struck your head against the mantelpiece. The cut was deep; the blood flowed, and you have a scar upon your head to this day. Then after that you never balanced upon a chair, because you knew your father was right. Or take that old habit you had of sliding down the banisters of the staircase. It was great fun until your hand slipped and you fell stunned upon the floor below. Or do you remember that toy cannon? You asked your mother if you could have one, and she said you were too young; but you thought differently, and you went and bought one on the sly. When you were about to play Bunker Hill the cannon went off at the wrong time, and instead of knocking down the toy soldiers your face received the charge, and your father and mother had to sit for hours digging the powder out. Ay, it was not easy to learn the lesson of physical caution. You learned it by suffering and pain; you learned it by tearful sorrow. And now you know that fire burns and a sharp knife cuts and a tumble will hurt. So you guard your body in the light of warning experiences.

Harsh Words

But the physical sufferings are never as bad as the mental. The accidental blow from the baseball that prostrated you on the field and gave you a headache for days, never hurt you as did the cruel word, the harsh criticism, the unkind misrepresentation of the man whom you had trusted as a friend. You all know what physical pain is. Some of you have been under the torture of the surgeon's knife. But though your physical pains have been great, I ask you if any pain has been so excruciating as that inflicted by one whom you have loved as a brother and who has brutally turned against you as Brutus struck his patron Cæsar? Now, my friends, if you have suffered so much from the attacks of those whom you love, beware how you give pain to others, whether friends or strangers. If you have suffered so grievously from the harsh words, the uncharitable insinuations, the malevolent untruths of those who have treacherously turned against you without cause, learn the lesson and look well to your own conduct lest you sin against another. The law of love works both ways. To deserve God's love, we must graft the lives of others into our lives and make their sufferings our sufferings and their heartaches our heartaches.

Brother, do not speak that harsh word. You have no idea how deep its probe cuts. Sister, do not make that bitter interpretation. You think the person against whom you speak it will not hear about it. He will. He will. He will hear about it in its meanest and most malignant form. I know your brother may have wronged you. But remember, the injustices which he

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ACROSS SALVADOR ON MULE-BACK

The Market Place, San Salvador

I COULD not do better than to write you an account of a trip which I was enabled to take to San Salvador through an offering of CHRISTIAN HERALD readers. Our mode of travel is mostly by mule and consequently out of two hundred and fifty-eight miles traveled, but ninety-six miles were taken on the train; the remainder had to be taken on mule back. During the twenty days I was away, I was able to visit ten outstations.

As there are no hotels in the places we visited, we had to take our blankets and hammock if we wanted to sleep comfortably. After rolling up blankets and hammock, with some extra clothing, and strapping them with saddle bags full of provisions on our missionary mule, goodby was said to the family, and we mounted our beast and started off for the station to take the train for the first thirty-six miles of our journey. Arriving at Armenia, we again mounted our mule and reached the first group of believers after an hour's ride. Here we had two services for a small company of believers. Early next morning we again went on to visit a large family on our way to Izalco. We arrived at noon, and, after a little refreshment, we gave a Gospel message, to the joy of the believers.

Leaving here we continued our journey to Izalco, arriving at 5 o'clock. This is a large town situated at the foot of the live volcano by the same name, called by the mariners, who travel up and down the Pacific, the natural light-house of Central America.

When I was in Izalco I could see the large rocks thrown out, rolling down its side at night. It was a beautiful sight to see the fiery stones come to the top and gradually roll down the outside. There is a rumbling noise like thunder every few seconds.

After an evening's service with a few believers, and a night's rest, early next morning we started off for Sonsonate, called the "City of Palms" (cocoanut palms); there is such an abundance of them that you can get them at five cents (gold) a dozen. There we had a small congregation, and we spent a day and a half with them. At noon on Saturday, in company with the native pastor, his wife and two young men, we mounted our beasts and went up into the mountains, to open a new station. It is one of the towns in the highest altitudes in Salvador. The mountain scenery is most beautiful, and the real Indian villages which we pass, with their thatched-roofed houses, are quite a contrast to the adobe houses built in the cities. After traveling twelve miles through the hot sun and dust, we finally reached Progreso at 5:30 P.M.

All was not to go peacefully with us. On the last night, through the instigation of the priest, a *marimba*, which is a sort of native piano, was engaged with three men to play it. They came and occupied the street in front of our hall and pounded away for two hours. That was a sign for the mob to collect, and they edged their way in our hall until there were eighty or more, some with clubs, others smoking and others blowing out candles.

Seeing that things were getting worse, I slipped out with a brother and sought the authorities, whom I found eventually, and they came and had the *marimba* removed and the mob dispersed; then it was 9 P.M., but we did not think it wise to let them have the victory, so we sang a hymn and preached as usual to quite a large audience, and many, for the first time, heard the glorious Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

A Group of Believers in Ranchadores

A Native Family in the Interior

From this mountain town we went down and down, passing through a desert and forest until we reached the coast, where we found it hot again. By noon we reached Matazano, where we have a company of thirty believers. After a day and a half, we continued our journey and reached the Pacific and traveled up the seashore until we reached the house of a believer, where several gathered to hear the word. After service we retired, but before we left we had a morning service, after which some of the believers got into a canoe and went up the coast in a canal back from the sea. We wished to cross the sand bar, and it was just at the hour the tide was out, but the wind was so furious that it was dangerous to cross in a canoe. Eventually, we decided to try and get across, so the writer, with two others, got in the boat and we were able to get across at last.

On our homeward journey we visited a day and a half Chalchuapa, Candelario and Santa Ana; in the last named place we met a congregation of a hundred, and together we sat at the Lord's table to remember his death. After a full day's service, we took the train the following morning, and reached home at noon, thus ending an eventful and dangerous trip, which was filled with much blessing. Mrs. Bender's health is very poor, and our thought has been to take her back to the States, in order to get medical treatment, and while she is recuperating it is my purpose to return to the field to continue oversight of this great work, as there is no other missionary in Salvador. We trust that there may come some help for this most urgent need. A. H. BENDER.

LOVE, THE CHIEF GRACE — Sermon by Rev. F. DeWitt Talmage, D.D. *Continued*

has done you can never justify the angry thoughts you have against him. Love puts the sufferings of your enemy above your sufferings and the heartaches of those against whom you are uttering those stinging words above your own heartaches. "Love suffereth long and is kind, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

But we do not always want to be little children in the kindergarten of love. We do not always wish to be spiritual babies learning the negative side of the Gospel, which tells us, "Don't do this," and "Don't do that," and "Don't do the other thing." We should grow in grace and grow in spiritual power and learn to utter some other prayer than the little petition—

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,

which we learned years ago at our mothers' knees. And so the next great step in the way of love is, "Never give pain, physical or mental, to another." The second is like unto the first, only a little higher in spiritual life. When we love our neighbors we must rejoice with them in their days of prosperity. As their sorrows should be our sorrows, so their temporal and spiritual triumphs should be our temporal and spiritual triumphs. Their lives as trees are grafted upon us. Then we, as the old orange trunk supporting them, should rejoice at the gathering of their fruits just as much as though the autumnal nuggets of gold were taken from our own branches. Do you grasp the far-reaching significance of my text? "And the greatest of these is love." The more others prosper the more we should rejoice.

But, strange to say, some evil-minded cynics look upon the success and the prosperity of other people as an insult to themselves. They feel that if they cannot have all the honors and all the praises of success, they do not want any one else to have those honors. And not only that, but by sneers they will do all in their power to undermine another's work. Here, for instance, is a college president. For years and years he is the official head of the institution. For years and years he moulds the characters of the boys and the girls under him. He has the devoted following of the officers and teachers; but when his work is done, he sometimes seems to be angry because those officers and teachers give the same loyalty to his successor as they accorded to him, and because the college is making a greater success after he leaves the institution. Why should not that old college president be happy at the success of his successor? Why should not the minister be happy when he hears that the man who follows him in his pulpit is more beloved and is doing a greater work than he was privileged to do?

But you cannot rejoice with a man in his days of prosperity unless at the same time you are willing to sympathize with him in the days of his sorrow. And you cannot truly sympathize with a friend in his time of trial unless at the same time you are willing to do everything in your power to overcome his mental, moral and spiritual weaknesses, and help him to rectify the mistakes he has made. Have you been willing to do that? Have you such an overwhelming love of mankind in your heart that you will do everything and anything to help your brother out of his present difficulties?

Friend, could there be a better message for us to dwell upon this morning than this of love? "Oh," I said, "if I can only get my people to feel and practise this divine love, all will be well." Will you let this divine grace eradicate all hate and bitterness from your heart? Will you go to-day to the man against whom you have a grudge and take him by the hand and say: "Let us quit our enmities for Christ's sake." Indeed, it is not so hard for some of us to say that. For Christ, whom we love and whose example we are to follow, has taught us to pray: "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who have trespassed against us." Oh for a baptism of divine love! "And the greatest of these is love."

There is a star that beams on earth
With tender, lovely ray;
That lights the path of generous worth
And speaks a brighter day.
It is friendship.

There is a tie—a golden chain—
That binds with stronger hand
Than iron shackles of the cell,
Or all the arts of man.
It is love.

There is a gem—a pearl of worth—
As lasting as the skies;
More dazzling than the gems of earth,
Its splendor never dies.
It is truth.

Three angel spirits; evermore
They guard our thorny way;
And those who follow where they lead
Can never go astray.

For God hath given them alike
To childhood and to youth;
And age is mellowed by the touch
Of Friendship, Love and Truth.

"GOOD ANGELS" HELP THE NEEDY

Dr. Chapman, Mr. Alexander and Party Tour Philadelphia's Slums and Give Aid to the Poor

Mr. Alexander Addressing a Meeting at the Simultaneous Revival in Philadelphia

ONE of the most picturesque features of the revival which is moving Philadelphia more deeply each day, occurred last week when a group of the evangelists devoted an afternoon to carrying cheer and assistance to some of the poorest people in the slums. The day before, Dr. Chapman had asked the business men at the noonday meeting in the Garrick Theatre for a collection to be used in giving provisions and money to deserving people in need of help. One hundred dollars was realized, and the following morning part of it was spent in purchasing baskets of provisions and coal; another portion was spent in buying dolls and toys to bring cheer into the lives of the children, and the balance was held for aiding specially needy cases.

At two o'clock in the afternoon, the party set forth on their errand of mercy. It included Dr. Chapman and his daughter, Miss Bertha Irene Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Alexander, Rev. W. P. Nicholson, an Irish evangelist, who has come to study the revival in Philadelphia, and a group of newspaper men. They set out in an automobile loaned by Mr. John Wanamaker, and in two carriages and a hansom.

When the slums were reached, the party was increased by two Salvation Army wagons, one loaded with twenty-four baskets of provisions and the other with twenty-four baskets of coal. Wherever they went, little groups of curiosity seekers gathered to witness the unusual sight of an automobile and carriages proceeding through the main streets. At times the carriages were left behind, as the route lay along narrow alleys, through dark passageways, and up zigzagging stairs where the odor was almost overpowering, or into dark basements. In all, sixteen or more needy families were visited. With each was left a basket of provisions and one of coal, while in some cases silver and bank notes found their way into homes of misfortune or sickness. Scores of children were made happy by gifts of dolls, musical tops, rubber balls, illustrated Testaments, and handy Gospels.

The party was piloted by Col. Alexander Damon, head of the Salvation Army in the city. The first place visited was a Salvation Army Day Nursery, where twenty-four children, ranging between the ages of three and eight years, were made happy by gifts of dolls and tops given them by Mrs. Alexander and Miss Chapman. One little girl with a wan white face slept in a chair all through the visit of the "Good Angels." Miss Chapman placed a doll in the arms of the sleeping child.

At one place, a Jewish family was discovered at the top of a tenement, who were on the point of being turned into the street because they could not pay the rent. There were seven children in the family, huddled in two small rooms. The husband had been out of work for a long time, and as they could not pay the rent, they had been ordered to go. Happily the calamity was averted through the timely visit of the party. At another point, an Italian family were found who were in dire need. The husband had had his foot severely injured and was unable to work. The help came in time to prevent suffering and brought joy to many hearts. A sad case was found on Fifth Street near Monroe. A mother and five children had recently been deserted by the husband and father. The children had all been sick. Words can scarcely describe the cheer brought to this home by the timely aid. While Dr. Chapman and his daughter and Mrs. Alexander were investigating this case, Mr. Alexander, who was outside, had slipped over to a fruit stand, purchased a quantity of fruit and nuts, mounted a chair and begun distributing it to the poor boys and girls of the neighborhood.

The most touching scene of the afternoon occurred in a garret on Delancey Street. Up four winding flights of stairs the party toiled, until they faced a poor, feeble old man. He was ragged and unkempt, and the attic was a picture of desolation. Broken pieces of china and old clothes and old furniture were strewn around the room, while a pile of rags on a tumbledown bedstead showed where the man lay at night. As the party stood grouped around him, expressing words of sympathy, Dr. Chapman began asking him in tender tones about his past life, and whether his mother was a Christian woman. He assured the doctor that she was. Finally the evangelist asked if the man himself was a Christian. Hesitating a moment he replied that, though he had attended church regularly for years, yet his life had been full of trouble.

The Evangelistic Party Visiting the Slums

"But that is the reason you need Christ," declared Dr. Chapman. "He is the one that will help us out of all our troubles and trials."

For two or three moments Dr. Chapman lovingly and earnestly appealed to him to accept Jesus Christ as his personal Saviour.

The man was apparently deeply moved, while some of the party stood about praying silently. After a few moments the man, in trembling tones, declared that he would take the Lord as his Saviour. As the words fell from his mouth, all knelt while Dr. Chapman prayed for anoth sinner redeem As the party ar from their kne Mr. Alexand started up his n "Mother Song":

O mother, when I thi
of thee,
'Tis but a step to C
vary;
Thy gentle hand up
my brow
Is leading me to Je
now.

There was joy the little garre Before the part left, material a was given in th form of both pr visions and money so that the tw months' overdu rent could be met

From this point the party passe down to a low di trict near the river A big crowd wa gathered in the narrow street. Seeing the numbers o children, and idle men, and women with bared head and sleeves rolled up to their elbows, Mr. Alexande requested the party to stop a moment, while he sang "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." The crowd increased and stood in wondering amazement. A holy hush seemed to fall upon the auditors as the song proceeded.

Passing along the streets or standing at a corner Mrs. Alexander was constantly busy talking to some poor forlorn girl with a torn dress and dirty face; telling some toil-hardened woman about the love of Christ, or giving out Gospels or Testaments to boys and girls and grown people. Along the route, Miss Chapman was scattering joy and gladness among the most sorrowful children, and making their hearts glad by giving them shining quarters, of which she seemed to have an inexhaustible supply. It was with difficulty that she could be gotten out of the surging crowds of children.

This personally mingling with the poor of the city was one of the happiest innovations yet attempted in revival work. It not only brought good cheer to the hearts of the poor, but it brought joy to the hearts of the evangelists as well. It also showed the people that they were working for all alike.

It was simply another effort in the great task of endeavoring to reach all classes and conditions throughout the city with the Gospel message.

GEO. T. B. DAVIS.

Important Notice

OUR READERS will recall that in a recent issue we requested them to co-operate with us in enlarging our subscription list, and submitted to them some very attractive propositions in the way of inducement and reward. We then stated that May 5th was the very last date on which subscriptions secured in response to that appeal could be mailed.

In nearly every instance, heretofore, we have accommodated tardy subscribers, accepting subscriptions under similar offers after the time limit had expired, but in this instance we CANNOT UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES accept any subscription mailed later than MAY 5th on the favorable terms published in our last week's issue.

★ ★ ★

Subscribers who contemplate earning some of the exceptionally liberal rewards offered in last week's issue should therefore remember this warning and get their subscriptions in before it is too late.

★ ★ ★

☛ MAY 5th IS THE LAST DATE for mailing under the propositions contained in last week's paper.

THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

Burmese Buddhists

WORSHIP of the image of the Buddha as practised in Burma is vividly delineated in the photograph on this page. It is the boast of the Burmese that nowhere, unless possibly in Ceylon, are the teachings of the great Gautama preserved and followed with the purity that they are in Burma. Yet taking the teachings as they have come down to us, no one can conceive of the teacher accepting or in any sense approving the rites practised by his followers of this generation; they are so utterly alien to his doctrine as we conceive it. The Buddhist priests have their own way of reconciling the formality, the rites and ceremonies of the worship in their temples with the Buddhism that Gautama taught, but to us it seems that it is removed from it as far as a pontifical mass in St. Peter's is from the simplicity of a Quaker meeting. The extraordinary fact is that Gautama, born as is supposed in 540 B.C.—about the time that Ezra and Nehemiah were gathering their people to return to the Holy Land by permission of Cyrus—began to declare his faith in opposition to the Brahmanism which had dominated the thought of India for more than a thousand years, should have been able to establish it single-handed, and that in our time, twenty-five centuries later, it survives and is the creed of five hundred million human beings. As far as we can gather from the traditions that have come down to us, Gautama revolted from Brahmanism, and like Ecclesiastes, sought spiritual peace by various means. He first tried philosophy, and then bodily austerities by which he nearly lost his life. At last he made his great discovery, as he states in his sacred writings, that "To cease from sin, to get virtue, to cleanse one's own heart, is the only way to peace. This," he said, "is the doctrine of Buddha." To die to desire, to make absolute self-surrender to God, to be utterly indifferent to the world, sustained by the inward life, "to be nothing" until finally individuality was swallowed up in the Nirvana, that was Buddha's idea as it appears to the modern student. It is difficult to understand how such a doctrine could have become corrupted into the Buddhism that kissed the toe of an image, if we had not seen men prostrating themselves before a crucifix and praying before a relic. If the Buddhist who really apprehends the true doctrine of Buddha could be persuaded to see it carried forward, as Paul carries it, to its legitimate conclusion as revealed by Christ, he would learn how self-renunciation and death to the world leads, not to Nirvana, but to fuller life.

I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live: yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me. (Gal. 2: 20.)

From the London *Sphere*

Burmese Girls Worshipping Buddha in the Caves of Birgyi

Oldest Newspaper in the World

News comes from China of the suspension of the Pekin *Gazette*, which was established nearly a thousand years ago. Its first number was issued in 911 A.D., and in the year 1351, a hundred years before the discovery of America, it became a daily, and has been issued regularly ever since. Its early numbers contained chiefly edicts from the throne, memorials from provincial governors and reports from various officials. In one number there was a report by Li Hung Chang of a flood of the Yungting River in which he admitted that the officers had risked their lives in their efforts to prevent it from inundating the surrounding country, but he recommended that though they tried to do what was beyond the power of man, they should be stripped of their buttons or deprived of their rank because they failed to avert the flood. Other characteristic Chinese incidents were reported from day to day. The files of the venerable paper are among the curiosities of typography. During a part of the eighteenth century it was printed in the imperial palace from movable copper type, and in the last eighty years from movable type carved out of wood. The Chinese Government will now supplant the publication by the *Government Gazette*, which will be much larger and conducted along more modern lines. It will be the official government organ. The paper will of course refrain from criticism of the government, though there is no government in the world that needs it more. The Oriental idea of the functions of journalism and the right divine of kings prevails there yet.

Wilt thou then not be afraid of the power? . . . He beareth not the sword in vain. (Rom. 13: 3, 4.)

Money Hidden in a Wall

A lady residing in a village on Long Island, N. Y., appeared recently before a surrogate in Queen's County to administer the estate of her deceased father, a farmer who had lived alone and died at the age of eighty-five years. She and her sisters, who knew something of the old man's habits, had made a thorough search of the premises and had found one of his storehouses. He had caused a wall to be built in his kitchen enclosing a vacant space about eight inches square. There was no entrance to it, but near the top, a narrow slit had been left in the masonry. Through this aperture the old man had evidently thrust gold and silver coins from time to time. He could not get at his hoard except by tearing the wall down, but he appeared to be quite content. After his death the wall was removed and the money was gathered up and counted. No less a sum than $7,000, in coins of various denominations, from gold eagles to silver quarters, covered the earth inside the hiding-place. How long it had taken the old man to make the accumulation is not known. It had never been of any use to him and might have fallen into the hands of strangers, if his daughters had not searched for it, yet he had always been intensely avaricious and penurious. Like the man whom the ancient preacher knew, his life was vanity.

Yet is there no end of all his labor; neither is his eye satisfied with riches; neither saith he, For whom do I labor, and bereave my soul of good? (Eccles. 4: 8.)

Stolen Horse Returns

The strange recovery of a stolen horse by a livery company in Chicago is reported by a newspaper of that city. The horse, attached to a buggy, was hired out to a man who returned to the stable with the plea that while he was in a house, thieves had stolen the horse and buggy and had driven away. There was no clue to the thieves, and after a fruitless search the animal and vehicle were set down as lost. The night watchman was aroused some nights afterwards by a pawing at the stable door. On opening it to investigate he was nearly knocked down by the missing horse, who rushed in and up to his usual hay rack. He had no harness on and was covered with foam. It is conjectured that, being unharnessed to change the rig, he had escaped and had made his way to his owner's stable. His fidelity is a reproach to those who voluntarily wander from God's fold, or yield to the temptations of the enemy of souls.

The ox knoweth his owner and the ass his master's crib, but Israel doth not know, my people do not consider. (Isa. 1: 3.)

Stitching a Wounded Heart

A young man who has won some renown as an athlete was taken to a hospital in Yonkers, N. Y., suffering from a pierced heart. The friends who took him to the hospital said they had been returning home from the Athletic Club when they encountered a number of foreigners, who molested them. In the scuffle that ensued one of the foreigners drew a stiletto and stabbed the young athlete to the heart. Happily a vehicle was near, in which he was rapidly conveyed to the hospital. There the surgeons determined on a desperate operation, which was the only hope of saving his life. Two ribs were removed and the heart exposed. Three stitches were taken in the organ itself and two in the sac in which it is contained. Since that time the patient has been slowly recovering. The surgeons have now hopes of his living, as he has already survived a longer period than a patient has ever been known to live after so critical an operation. The surgeon who performs such an operation had need be very skilful, but even he has to confess failure in some cases where the wound is not physical, but spiritual. Only too often he whose heart has been wounded flees to suicide as the only resource. He feels that human help is vain, and he does not seek the help to which Israel's king appealed.

Do thou for me, O God . . : for I am poor and needy, and my heart is wounded within me. (Ps. 109: 21, 22.)

Killed by a Rebuke

In a recent trial it was found, from the inadvertent confession of a juror, that a verdict had been reached by the foreman flipping a coin. When questioned, one of the jury said they were hopelessly divided as to giving a verdict for the plaintiff or defendant. Some of the jury were likely to suffer in their business interests by delay and so they agreed to abide by the throw of a coin. If it came down head, the verdict was to be for the plaintiff. The judge was highly indignant when he heard of the proceeding and fined every member of the jury $50. He also administered a stinging rebuke and discharged them. One juryman felt the disgrace keenly. He declared that he could never meet his friends; they would have read the judge's remarks and would always regard him as an unworthy citizen. His family tried to cheer him, but his uniform reply was, "You should have seen that judge; you should have heard what he said; I can never forget it." He could not sleep, lost his appetite, wandered listlessly about the house and finally took to his bed, and in spite of medical help, he died. The judge was justly indignant, but even he could not have foreseen the effect of his words. We may well consider, in view of such an incident, what must be the effect of a sentence pronounced by the Judge of all the earth, at whose words when he was upon earth the fig-tree withered away (Matt. 21: 19), when he upbraids those by whom his salvation has been rejected.

If the word spoken by angels was steadfast, and every transgression and disobedience received just recompense of reward; how shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation? (Heb. 2: 2, 3.)

Kind Words From Germany's Empress

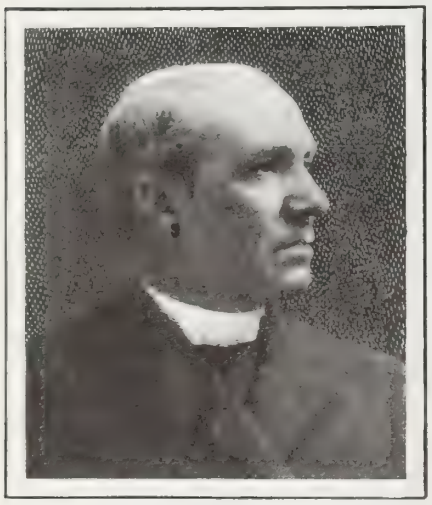
Her Majesty's Visit to the American Church Library in Berlin

WHEN the American Church in Berlin was dedicated in November, 1903, plans had already been formed for having a reference library and a selection of good American and English literature for the use of the students. The need of such a library had long been apparent. When Richard Harding Davis, W. E. Curtis and Winston Churchill, at different times, had visited Berlin, it was difficult for them to verify statements about America, as so few American books were available, and the colony had to be searched as with a drag-net to find for them what they wanted.

Mrs. Dickie, wife of the pastor of the American Church, resolved that this state of things should not continue. From the gifts of such friends as Mrs. Russell Sage, Mrs. Edward D. Adams, Mrs. Sinclair of New York, the late Mrs. D. M. Ferry of Detroit, and others, and from donations from such American publishers as Scribner's, Harpers, Dodd, Mead & Co., the Appletons of New York, and Wanamaker and Gebbie of Philadelphia, she was enabled in February, 1904, to have the library opened. The United States Ambassador, in making the opening address, said that whilst every stone in the American Church would have associated with it for all time to come the name of Dr. Dickie, the library, used by multitudes of students and visiting Americans, would be an enduring memorial to Mrs. Dickie's enterprise and industry, and she would always be regarded as a benefactress to her fellow countrymen.

The library was opened with only 300 volumes. The Ambassador said: "Despise not the beginnings, for Harvard University began with 300 volumes, and its usefulness has gone to the ends of the earth. So might it be with the modest beginnings of this library."

The library is beautifully furnished with Oriental rugs, with a table, on which are thirty-one different American and British magazines. It has five daily American newspapers, and it has now about 2,000 volumes. It has a monthly average attendance of 660 students, not to mention those who come for the exchange of books. Its usefulness has attracted the attention of the German Church authorities, and the fame of it has entered even into the palace. Not only does Mrs. Dickie sustain the library by her own gifts and the gifts of friends, but she has a "five o'clock tea," which is frequented by students on Sunday afternoon when they are specially homesick, and when the touch of their fellow countrymen and countrywomen is a great boon. About 120 young people attend this service, enjoy a social hour with refreshments, and then sing hymns together until ten on Sunday night.



Rev. Dr. Dickie, American Church, Berlin

Library of the American Church, Visited by the Empress

There is a devoted Christian woman, Mrs. MacDunough (the "housemother," as the Germans would call her), who has her apartment of four rooms on the top floor of the church-house. She is the friend and comforting counselor of homesick and belated American girls.

On the 10th of January, Dr. and Mrs. Dickie were suddenly summoned to the telephone with the announcement that Her Majesty, the German Empress, would be at the church in three quarters of an hour. She was received by them and conducted all over the church. She was especially interested in the library. She saw on the walls autographed photographs of President Roosevelt, the German Emperor, the Crown Prince, and the American Ambassadors. On Mrs. Dickie's remarking that Her Majesty would see some members of her own household there, and that they looked a little lonely, she said, "Yes, I think I will come down beside them," and so her autographed portrait is to be added.

Her Majesty walked around the table on which the magazines were laid, took each one successively in her hands, and a smile like sunshine came over her countenance when she lifted THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and said to Mrs. Dickie: "This is the kind of literature that I wish the young people to be reared on."

She then visited the Sunday School room and asked about the afternoon tea, and going up to Mrs. MacDunough's apartments she visited every room, and asked if she might also be allowed to go into the kitchen. Having finished her visit, she sent in a little bouquet o flowers to the "housemother." On th following Sunday afternoon, she sent *baumkuchen*, or German cake five fee high, to be put on the table from whic the refreshments were served to th students. She sent also a large collec tion of potted plants to surround it. Later, Her Majesty sent Queen Victoria' letters in three volumes. She inquired what book was most used by the students, and when she learned that Lavaignac's *Dramas of Richard Wagner* was so sought for that a second copy was necessary, she generously sent the duplicate. She told Mrs. Dickie, when she saw the arrangements for the comfort of the students and the writing-desks for them to write their home letters on, that she was quite delighted with the idea, and hoped to introduce such a system of library, writing, and reading rooms in the German churches abroad.

The Empress of Germany

She was extremely gracious in all her ways, and a more devoted Christian woman is hardly to be found in all the world than Her Majesty the German Empress.

Mrs. Dickie has added new shelves that cover the one remaining side of the library room. But many of these shelves are still empty, and she takes this opportunity of making an appeal to the generosity of American publishers, of American university libraries which have duplicates, and to the American people generally, who are interested in the welfare of American students abroad, to supply special works on music, art, travel, and history, or money to purchase the same. Any gifts of money or books for the American Church Library in Berlin, if sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, will be forwarded to their destination.

A VACATION ON A WESTERN RANCH — *CONTINUED*

small task, and after three thousand wild cattle have been brought from the farthest sections of the ranch and placed in a 160-acre lot, it is still another matter to get them into cars ready for shipment. As the frightened animals were crowded into smaller pens along the railroad many broke away, and it required quick and skilful riding to bring them in again. The vacationists were allowed to take part in these exciting races, and had not the ponies many of us rode been trained, we would surely have suffered collisions with the enraged beasts. It was as much as most of the boys could do to hold on to the saddle horn.

Indians of the southwest, especially those in Oklahoma, are friendly with visitors. We went into a camp of Otoes on the banks of the Kaw River, talked with their medicine chiefs and erstwhile warriors, through an interpreter of course, and found these Indians quite willing to become paleface citizens. The Indians of Oklahoma are forsaking their wild habits very rapidly in recent years, and taking up the ways of the white people. They cling to gaudy costumes and harmless dances, but the warlike sun dance, or the dangerous ghost dances, which stir the redskin's soul against his paleface brother, is not indulged in longer.

I was taking a trip through Texas and New Mexico last summer, and in almost every community met young fellows from the East who were spending a vacation on some cattle ranch. In Arizona, near Yuma, a party of wealthy young men from New York have bought a small irrigated ranch and spend their vacations there, and when they are not on the ranch rent it out to cattle men for pasturage. Instead of traveling abroad, these men take up their abode in Arizona, either in summer or winter, when in need of rest, and explore the ancient ruins of that quaint and historic territory. They are afforded diversion by watching Indian dances, etc. As there is said to be a buried treasure in that part of the country, the young men are in the mountains a good deal of their time looking for this. In the Pecos Valley ex-Governor Hagerman, of that territory, a friend of the President and a Yale man, owns a big ranch, and he has friends from the Eastern colleges as his guests all the time. Polo playing is one of the popular sports on the Hagerman ranch. In the Mesilla Valley of Texas are many ranches of visiting tenderfeet. Carlsbad, N. M., and Bliss, Okla., are tenderfoot towns set out in the open cattle country. More mail comes to these towns from New York than all other points.

There is a wholesome and healthful atmosphere about a ranch vacation that cannot be obtained at other resorts. It is different and cheaper, it offers a view of the passing cattle-raising industry (on a large scale), and the dying Indian race, not to be obtained again in history.

Among the Workers

—DR. ALICE CONDICT, medical missionary, writes from Cawnpore, India: "The grand static X-ray machine sent to me by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers is rendering India splendid service for God's glory, and has enabled me to show Jesus to multitudes of these sorrowing people.

—THE MOODY CHURCH of Chicago, has started a Monday noon meeting at the great Northern Theatre, at which the pastor, Dr. A. C. Dixon, preaches and a large chorus choir furnishes attractive music. This meeting reaches from 800 to 1,000 business men, and conversions occur at every service. The Moody Church furnishes a free breakfast daily to 1,500 unemployed men.

—MARY REED, the missionary to the lepers in India, writes from Chandag Heights, *via* Almora, United Provinces: "The Spirit has been manifestly working in the hearts and lives of many of the poor suffering ones here during the past six months. May I ask the readers of the good CHRISTIAN HERALD, who kindly contributed to the support of some of these, to continue to bear the unsaved ones on their hearts before the throne of grace until they become 'free' and come out into 'the light.'"

CHELSEA, THE FIRE-SWEPT CITY

General View of the Burned District of Chelsea, Mass., Showing Three Miles of Ruined Buildings

ONE of the most disastrous fires that have occurred in recent history laid in ashes on April 12 the business district and much of the residential part of the city of Chelsea, Mass., and ten thousand people were made homeless, all within the space of a few short hours.

Like many other fires that have in the past got far beyond human control, this one started from a small bonfire. Some boys lighted a heap of rags back of the Boston Blacking Company's factory on West Third Street. Under ordinary weather conditions the fire would have smouldered itself out, but that morning the wind was blowing a gale of sixty miles an hour, as the local weather bureau registered, and the sparks were carried for long distances. At first the bells only rang one alarm, and the firemen who responded thought they would soon have the small fire extinguished, but the gale blew up the flames faster than they could put them out. The sparks were carried to twenty different wooden buildings about the blacking factory, and they were soon collapsing in seething sheets of flame. Then, from the southwestern part of the city to the southeastern, the fire spread with great rapidity.

A dozen factories and many tenement houses near the blacking factory fed the flames, and all the firemen of the city were put into action in the district and hurry calls for help sent to Boston, which is just across the Mystic River from Chelsea, and to other nearby cities and towns. All responded with alacrity and sent large detachments of their fire departments. Houses were razed to the ground in an attempt to confine the fire to one locality, but the sparks blew across the open spaces that were thus made.

The banded fire departments of the various cities, together with the almost exhausted Chelsea men, united at Everett Avenue to hold the fire to the east side of the street. If it got to the west side all felt that the entire city was doomed. Twenty engines puffed as if they knew the desperate struggle they were engaged in, and up and down the avenue long lines of hose, each manned by half a dozen firemen, sent their arching streams into the wave of flame that seemed to charge at them a hundred feet high. For a moment human grit and courage seemed to hold the fire at bay, but the attempt was useless. High overhead burning shingles sailed on the wind, and burning rags and paper seemed almost to drop from the sky itself back of the firefighters. Clouds of burning sparks fell many yards in their rear. To save their engines and their lives the firemen were compelled to retreat.

The business district now began to go as soon as the flames crossed the avenue. The People's Methodist Episcopal Church on the east side was filled with worshipers who were listening to the sermon, and had no realization of the great fire raging so near them. A man entered and whispered to the pastor that the sparks had already ignited the roof. The latter dismissed the congregation, and all left the building without the slightest show of panic. When they reached the street many of them saw that their homes were utterly destroyed. In a few minutes the church was in ruins. Church after church was dismissed, and in all cases the people left without a stampede for the doors. In some cases there was a simple word of prayer first spoken by the pastor, or the people sang a verse of a hymn, and then they filed out in order. All who could tried to reach their homes and rescue their household goods, but for hundreds of them home had ceased to exist, and all of their worldly effects consisted of the clothes they wore. Fire was already creeping up the spire of the Polish Catholic Church before the people left the building. In fifteen minutes the church was crumbling to the ground. The flames burned down the wooden tenement district and reached Broadway, the main business street. Here the buildings were of stone or brick, but they burned with great rapidity. The entire business district a little past noon was a great sheet of fire, over which hung a dense pall of black smoke so heavy that it hardly seemed to drift in the gale that was blowing.

The troops were ordered out by the Lieutenant-Governor, and soon the Eighth Regiment was on the ground keeping order and helping the distracted people. The United States marines, with fixed bayonets, lined the bridge from Charlestown and kept outsiders from entering Chelsea. A long and pitiful stream of fugitives poured all day and far into the night across the bridge leading to East Boston. Every one was carrying a picture or some cherished keepsake that had been saved. Here and there in the crowd rumbled a cart heaped with furniture.

In City Hall Square the Baptist Church first caught, then St. Luke's Parish House, the Unitarian Church and several other public buildings seemed to catch at once, the flames shooting yards high with a deafening roar. The City Hall was the last to go, the flames jumping over the wide space about it.

Late at night the fire in Chelsea was declared by the Fire Chief to be under control, though streams were kept going for several days, for fear some blazing ruins might start another conflagration.

There was much suffering, many of the homeless people being without shelter for the night. Tents were brought from the State Arsenal, and food and clothing were contributed by nearby cities. The total loss is many millions, but estimates vary as to the exact amount. In the business district the loss is a total one, as nothing of value was saved. Good order was preserved, and there was no looting about the ruins. A few figures will show how great was the havoc wrought. When a record was made it was found that among the buildings burned were thirteen churches, two hospitals, five schools, the City Hall and another municipal building. The city is a scene of desolation. In some places, as far as the eye can see, there are nothing but ruins. In the residential districts even the trees are but blackened stumps.

The firemen deserve great praise for the unflinching way they faced the dangers of the day, and many of them are now in hospitals as the result of wounds and burns. Relief committees are actively at work doing all possible for the stricken people who have lost all.

Present Appearance of the Business District

JEWS RECEIVE THE GOSPEL

THE mission work under the charge of ex-Rabbi Leopold Cohn among the 250,000 Jews of Brooklyn reports a season of great spiritual blessing. Never before have the Jews attended the meetings so numerously. The hall in Williamsburg is packed, meeting after meeting, and the utmost attention is paid to the preaching of the Gospel.

There were five baptisms on one evening recently. Converts who have come out this season have endured persecution from all sides. One poor Jew was put out of a workshop because "the boss did not want him to talk there about Christ." His acquaintances wrote to his wife in Russia that he had become an apostate. She was shocked and wrote him a touching letter, pleading with him not to forsake the faith of his fathers. He is steadfast, however. He brought his brother-in-law to the Mission after a while; and when, at the close of the meeting, he saw him ask for tracts to read, his eyes filled with tears of gladness. The next evening he brought his landlord and said to the missionary, "I have suffered loss of work and many other things for Christ's sake; but that is nothing to what this man threatens me. He says I must get out of his house. I have no money to pay rent in another place. Please explain it to him, for he says that unless you can make him believe it is the right religion, he will throw me out of the house." The missionary had a long talk with the landlord, who finally relented.

The new converts meet every Monday night to strengthen one another in their new-found faith, and to testify for Christ. This has aroused the interest of the other Jews, who call these Monday night meetings "Holy Monday Night!" Several Jews have come in merely out of curiosity, and in some cases, with the result that before the meeting closed, they, too, were confessing Christ. An elderly Jewish convert arose and said he thought he was the oldest in the audience (being seventy-four years old), and he thanked God that in his old age, after so many years of traditions and superstition, the Lord had taken him out of it, and now he was more than glad to serve Him.

The work in Brooklyn is supported by voluntary contributions, and a monthly paper is published which will be mailed to any reader who is interested, and who will address Mr. Cohn at 620a Quincy Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. He will gladly acknowledge any contributions sent to him for the work.

Questions and Answers

J. S., Reedsburg, Wis. 1. Were there horses on the American continent before it was discovered by white men? 2. On what parts of this continent were buffalo or bison found? Were they east of the Mississippi River? Were they in South America?

1. No; the first horses were brought over by the Spanish explorers of Mexico, and the horses of the Western plains are descendants of a Spanish breed. Horses were brought to New England by the earliest colonists. 2. While most of them were found west of the Mississippi, some were found east of it. There is a species of buffalo in South America.

B. W. A., Lyndonville, N. Y. What about playing flint? It is all the rage with church people.

For the sake of example, if nothing else, Christian people should let cards severely alone. They are the tools of the gambler and the sharper. We know nothing whatever about the game you mention, but it is doubtless like all the rest.

J. E. M., Filer, Idaho. To what extent has Cuba been granted her independence by the United States?

Cuba is practically an independent country. As her independence was granted by the United States, this country is consequently bound to a great extent for the good conduct of the new government. Cuba cannot make treaties with foreign powers without first consulting the American government, so when the peace of the island was disturbed by the recent revolution imperiling international relations, the world looked to us to see that order was maintained. A new election will be held soon and our troops withdrawn. Governor Magoon recently offered to appoint natives as provincial governors if all three parties would agree on the men to be appointed, but they were unable to do so.

Mrs. N. G., Oklahoma City, Okla. Is it any healthier to sleep with one's head toward the north than the south? If so, why?

Some claim that north of the equator one should sleep with head to the north as the electric currents flow that way, and south of the equator the reverse. We do not know whether the idea possesses any real sanitary value. (Write to an agricultural journal about times of planting.)

G. W. R., South Lima, N. Y. Is there a dam in the Nile River and when was it built?

In 1902 a dam was built across the Nile at Shellal, forming a great reservoir and doing away with the cataract at Assouan.

A reader of THE MAIL-BAG kindly sendsus the following in regard to a recent query:

DEAR CHRISTIAN HERALD: I am an old subscriber. In looking over the questions and answers, I was very much interested in the question, Where is the key to the Bastile? September, 1892, my husband and I visited Washington's home, Mount Vernon. Among the many interesting relics, we saw the Bastile key, well preserved, hanging in the reception room. The key was framed and with a glass over it. The writing under the key, giving its history, was yellow with age.

MRS. JOHN SLING.

V. H. W., Laurel Branch, W. Va. Why did Joshua command the sun to stand still if as astronomers tell us, it always does stand still?

He may have supposed that there was no other way of lengthening the day. It was a common delusion at that time that the sun did actually rise and set. Joshua was a good and brave man, but no one supposes he had knowledge beyond his period. You will notice that the book of Joshua is not written in the first person, but Joshua is called by his name, as if the book was written by his secretary or some other person. He seems to have had some doubt as to the literal truth of the story. He says (Joshua 10: 13), as many a man has said since his time, "Is not this written in the book of Jasher?" and he goes on to disclaim responsibility for it, by admitting that no such lengthened day had occurred in his experience, nor in previous history. Jasher was a poet, and in describing this wonderful battle, in which so much was accomplished between sunrise and sunset, used a poet's license.

This, from a Boston reader, is likely to find a sympathetic echo in many other quarters:

In the city of Boston there is too much immigration. The foreigners coming here are skilful and strong. Not being used to the ways of this country, they will work cheaply and can turn off more work than American labor for far less money. What is to become of good American labor in the near future?

J. B., Waltham, Mass. Who was it that wrote, "There are no occult forces"?

It was Victor Hugo who used the phrase in a famous passage. His words were: "There are no occult forces. There are only luminous forces. Occult force is chaos, the luminous force is God. Man is an infinite little copy of God; this is glory enough for man. I am a man, an invisible atom, a drop in the ocean, a grain of sand on the shore. Little as I am, I feel the God in me . . . When I go down to the grave I can say, like many others, I have finished my day's work; but I cannot say I have finished my life. My days will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight to open on the dawn."

W. S., Coolspring, Pa. 1. Why is John 5: 4 omitted from the Revised Version? 2. Would men be good if Satan did not tempt them to sin? 3. What was the name of Samson's wife?

1. It seems to have been inserted by some unauthorized person. The best and earliest copies of the Bible do not contain it. The revisers, therefore, following their usual rule, omitted it as spurious. 2. How is it possible for any one to know? We think he is blamed for a great deal of which he is innocent. It is so easy to say "the devil tempted me," when really the temptation came from within. 3. Her name is not given. Is it important? The woman who deceived him and betrayed him was named Delilah, but there is no record of his having married her.

Mrs. M. C. L., Maxton, N. C. Is local church government right? Does it constitute any part of the Christian Church?

Certainly it is right and does form part of the Church. It is essential that all things should be controlled by principles of law and order, and Church government is as necessary as any other government. You will find the necessity of order in all things relating to the Church repeatedly commended in the Scriptures.

J. R. Armstrong, M.D. In your Sunday School Lesson on the "Resurrection of Lazarus," Jesus is said to have wept four times. Please explain.

Jesus wept at the grave of Lazarus (John 11: 35); he wept over Jerusalem (Luke 19: 41); he wept in Gethsemane (Heb. 5: 7); he cried out on the cross when he was dying (Matt. 27: 46). In this last case, though tears are not mentioned, it has been appropriately said by Mazoomdar, in *The Oriental Christ:* "At last came the moment when he had a tear to weep for himself. It would not be human, not natural, were it not so."

J. D. D., Navarre, O. Can a man be a good moral man and not be a Christian?

Unquestionably; but one's own virtues or good works are not sufficient. Salvation is God's free gift to man through Christ his Son, and it is only by accepting this gift that we can assure ourselves of eternal life. See John 3: 16; Acts 4: 12; Rom. 6: 23, and other passages.

G. R. M., Lyndhurst, N. J. By whom and when was the silver star placed in the floor of the grotto in the Church of the Nativity?

Although there is no special historical record on the subject, it is an obvious inference that the silver star must have been placed there by the early Christian Church (probably between 340 and 400 A.D.), or by the Crusaders, to mark what was believed to be the precise site of the Saviour's birth.

I. G., Pasadena, Cal. How old was Paul when he wrote the epistle to Philemon in which he speaks of himself as "Paul the aged"?

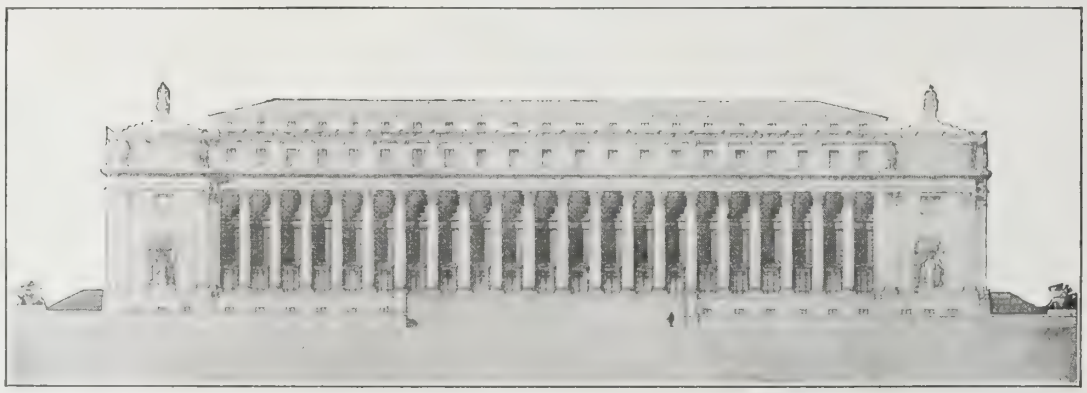
There are very few materials on which to base an opinion as to Paul's age. He was "a young man" when Stephen was stoned in A.D. 31 (see Acts 7: 58), but that is very indefinite. The incident Pau mentions in II. Cor. 11 : 32, must have occurred about A.D. 33. If he was executed, as is generally believed, about A.D. 58, the Epistle to Philemon would probably be written about A.D. 56 or 57, but how old Paul was then, is a matter of conjecture. His worries and hardships had prematurely aged him beyond a doubt.

C. L. Smith, Lancaster, Pa., writes, with reference to a recent article in this journal on "Methodists to Meet in Baltimore":

The Methodist Church at Soudersburg, Pa., is either the third or fourth oldest original building in America, and either immediately precedes the stone chapel in Frederick County, Maryland, or follows right after it. It stands to-day as it stood in 1802—with the exception of an addition of about twenty feet in front to correspond—when it was dedicated by Bishop Asbury. An early history of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, says: "The Soudersburg, Pa., church is among the earliest settlements of Methodism. The first services were held here in private houses in 1772. The first church (log) was erected in 1779. The present church was erected in 1802 and was dedicated by Bishop Asbury. The ground on which the church stands was bought for the sum of thirty-two pounds, eighteen shillings, Pennsylvania money. Bishops Asbury and Whatcoat visited it in 1803."

Reader, Burlington, Ia. Who has charge in the Senate of the bill for the restoration of the motto, "In God We Trust"?

The bill is in the hands of the Senate Finance Committee, which is composed of Senators Nelson W. Aldrich, Rhode Island; Wm. B. Allison, Iowa; Julius C. Burrows, Michigan; Thomas C. Platt, New York; Henry C. Hansbrough, North Dakota; Boies Penrose, Pennsylvania: Eugene Hale, Maine; A. J. Hopkins, Illinois; John W. Daniel, Virginia; Henry M. Teller, Colorado; H. D. Money, Mississippi; J.P.Taliaferro, Florida; and J. W. Bailey, Texas. Senator Daniel is the ranking or senior member. Write to him by all means, or to any one of his associates, if you prefer.



The New $3,000,000 Post Office to Be Built in New York City

THE proposed Post Office building is to be erected on Eighth Avenue, on the two blocks from Thirty-first to Thirty-third Streets, with the principal front on Eighth Avenue and the facades on the streets extending back a distance of 335 feet. In studying the problem, the aim has been, while keeping in mind the practical uses of the building, to give it the monumental character which a government building of such importance should possess. While the design of the exterior has been carefully studied in its relation to the Pennsylvania Terminal Station now in process of erection, the object has been to give it a distinctly governmental expression. The question of the proper relation between the two buildings as regards style, material and scale has also been carefully considered. The principal facade consists of a row of Corinthian columns terminated at the north and south ends by pavilions containing niches. This colonnade corresponds to the public corridor, which extends the entire length of the facade. The facades on the streets are a continuation of the same motive, pilasters being used instead of columns, also terminated in a pavilion at the west end. Ample access is given to the building by steps on the principal facades and on the street facades. The ground on which the Post Office will stand cost the government $1,660,540. The architects are McKim, Mead & White.

Miscellaneous

A. C. P., Blissfield, Mich. Write to the Department of Forestry, Washington, D. C., concerning your tree.

K. K., North Loup, Neb. We do not know the names of all the Taft party on the recent trip around the world. Among those who went were Secretary Taft, his wife and son, General Edwards of the United States Army, Secretary Taft's secretary, and several others.

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

OUR READERS will recall that in a recent issue we requested them to cooperate with us in enlarging our subscription list, and submitted to them some very attractive propositions in the way of inducement and reward. We then stated that May 5th was the very last date on which subscriptions secured in response to that appeal could be mailed.

In nearly every instance, heretofore, we have accommodated tardy subscribers, accepting subscriptions under similar offers after the time limit had expired; but in this instance we CANNOT UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES accept any subscription mailed later than MAY 5th, on the favorable terms published in our last week's issue.

Subscribers who contemplate earning some of the exceptionally liberal rewards offered in last week's issue should therefore remember this warning and get their subscriptions in before it is too late.

MAY 5th IS THE LAST DATE for mailing under the propositions contained in last week's paper.

AROUND THE HOME HEARTH

By Margaret E. Sangster

Health Notes for Women

WHILE it is perfectly true that few of us can escape an occasional illness, it is equally the case that good health is within the reach of most, not occasionally but all the time, if a few easy rules are observed. Each of us has a definite capital of nervous energy on which she can draw for the daily work, just as a merchant draws on a fund to carry on his business. Prudent merchants keep an emergency fund in reserve, so that if an extra demand comes, they may be prepared to meet it without exhausting every resource. A great many women have the pernicious habit of exhausting their working capital of strength every day while they have nothing in reserve. Usually, when remonstrated with, these women declare that they cannot help themselves, there is so much to be done, and unless, in many homes, it is done by one pair of hands, necessary work will be neglected.

The children in school have a problem in which by one gradation after another figures are reduced to their lowest terms. We women should reduce our daily work to its lowest terms. Eliminate, for example, some portion of the superfluities. If you are making a frock or petticoat for the darling daughter, be satisfied with a single deep hem, and do not spend your strength in clusters of tucks that reach half way up the skirt. If you do your own washing and ironing, have as few as possible in the weekly wash of those elaborate and dainty articles that leave one with an aching back and wearied arms, when she should have left the ironing board.

Some time ago, in reading the biography of a Puritan grandmother, I noticed the extreme simplicity of her own and her sister's dress in childhood. The calico slips in summer, the straight woolen frocks in winter were easily cared for by the house-mother in that simpler day.

It is often an easy matter to sit instead of to stand when performing household tasks. A woman should by preference sit whenever she can, and in preparing much of the food used on the table daily, she can actually do better work if seated in a chair, than if bearing her weight on her feet. A great deal of fatigue is caused by reaching up to shelves above one's head, and by carrying on dish-washing and other tasks at a sink that is too low for comfort. The table or sink at which one works should be adjusted to her height.

Try to systematize errands so that instead of a half dozen journeys to pantry, attic and cellar, everything may be accomplished in a single excursion. A wife should allow herself to be aided in many departments by the greater strength of her husband, and by the willing hands and feet of children. Do not say that it is easier to do this or the other thing yourself, than to remind a thoughtless though good-humored man of the matter, and do not shirk teaching a son or a daughter some useful knowledge on the same score.

Wearing apparel, when one is at work in the house, should be loose enough to allow plenty of breathing room, and the unfettered action of every muscle. I have never felt inclined to lead a crusade against the wearing of corsets, because the modern corset is a very different article of dress from the tight-fitting stays of an earlier day, with the terrible iron breast-work in the front. A well-fitting corset that presses nowhere tightly over heart or lungs, and that is reinforced by hose supporters, keeping the stockings in place, is a great comfort to the ordinary woman. Such a corset need not be boned at all, if one has a liking for a corded waist.

Excessive use of coffee and tea is almost as perilous to health and nerves as a resort to other stimulants. The use of narcotics to induce sleep or to alleviate pain, unless they are distinctly ordered by a physician and taken under his direction, is a deadly peril. There are any number of varieties of ease-producing drugs containing more or less morphia, and once the habit of taking them is formed, it subtly steals over a woman until it fetters her body and soul. Avoid as you would a deadly cobra the use either of alcohol or opium to give you temporary strength. When the nerve capital has been exhausted, the only way to restore it is the way of rest. It is a thousand times better to stop before you are tired out, to be thrifty with your health capital, to save yourself from falling by the way, than to wait until you are the victim of a definite nervous disorder. Nature has her danger signals.

A Half-Century of Service

The title of heroine is surely deserved by Miss Ida Lewis, who for fifty years has held the post of keeper at Lime Rock Lighthouse, Newport Harbor. Miss Lewis has not spent a night away from the lighthouse in the half century between her fifteenth and her sixty-fifth year. She is now about to take a vacation, leaving her lamp to the care of her brother, who has long been her assistant. One is not surprised to hear that Ida Lewis, whose health and strength have been a marvel, and who, in the course of her service, has saved eighteen persons from drowning, has now succumbed to insomnia and nervous prostration. Every one will hope for her a speedy return to her normal health and strength. No sailor or coast guard has been more daring than she, and her presence of mind and ceaseless fidelity have no doubt saved thousands of craft from wreck in storm and tempest. All honor to brave Ida Lewis. Her rare merits have been recognized fitly by the American Cross of Honor Society, which has bestowed upon her its cross, she being the first American woman to receive it; and she has also received a pension from the Carnegie hero fund. She was only a slip of a girl when she made her first gallant rescue of the drowning, and she has retained throughout her life the same fearless courage and quick decisiveness of action which were her heritage from a sea-faring ancestry.

THE BUBBLE-BLOWER

Blowing bubbles! ah, my dears,
Some of us do it all our years.
Rainbow-colored in the sun,
Watch the bubbles every one;
If they only would not break,
These bright bubbles that we make!
But I will not moralize
When I see your laughing eyes.

From Personal Experience

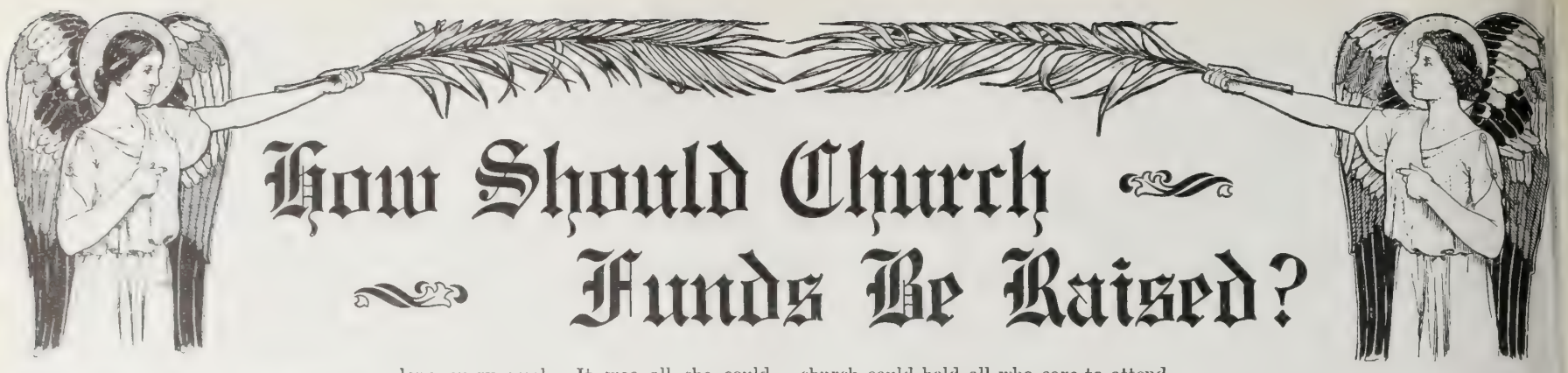
SEVERAL weeks ago, the question was propounded on this page as to whether, in the partnership of husband and wife, woman or man carried the heavier end. A correspondent, who has carried both ends with undaunted heart and wonderful success, sends a bit of her experience. Here it is:

"For nearly nine years I have kept a home over the heads of a large family, as well as supplied the wages of men and women who, as workers, were dependent upon what my farm could produce for the wages they earned. I have tramped over fields with hammer in hand and staples in my pocket, along with the men, to see that the repairing was done satisfactorily. I have stood at my post early and late to see that the crops were put in shape for both seeding and harvest when necessity demanded. I have gone on to a load of grain or stock, and even logs, to see that they were delivered at the market or mill when there was a shortage of hands to do it, or to drive a team. I have tended chickens and raised calves, fed pigs, and always have had a garden. I have gotten meals when the girl was not at home, and I have made the beds and swept when necessity demanded it. I can wash the dishes and I have made the butter, not little dabs, but a hundred pounds a week and even more. When the sewing girl was crowded I have had to lend a hand at the machine; I have raised a family of six children and educated them, not alone in books, but they can—both girls and boys—do the work they are called upon to do, when the time comes to have homes of their own. I was a farmer's wife for over twenty years. I was a farmer's daughter until I went into my own home, being the oldest of a pioneer family, with an invalid mother, and no boys old enough to do work; I often helped indoors and out, wherever necessity called. Owing to these early days I had no high school education, but had a father who always gave us good reading and plenty of it, a habit that was carried into my own home when I came to it. While I am a very busy woman and my life is one constant round of responsibility, I am supposed to help in the church, Sunday School, Aid Society, and if there is an extra thing to do I am the one who is expected to have time to do it. Now, I am going to tell you, if I can, what I think of the whole matter: It makes no difference what we have to do or where we work, it is toil or drudgery, just in the manner we do it, or the disposition we do it in. If it is our duty to do anything, if we have taken upon ourselves responsibilities, that must be carried out. We can accomplish more and make a far better showing if we do that thing, no matter how hard, with a cheerfulness that will go far to making our lives more of a joy than a burden. We are doing things far too often by taking hold of the wrong end of the handle."

Recreations of Royal Ladies

So far from being idle pleasure seekers, who care nothing for feminine industries, the royal women of Europe set an example to the rest of the world by the manner in which they employ their leisure. Royal people, as a rule, are very finely educated, and great pains are taken to prepare them for their eminent station. They are not, however, occupied exclusively with severe studies, as is shown by the following:

"Quite a number of royal ladies are efficient workwomen. The Archduchess Frederick of Austria, for instance, makes scented wax candles. The Duchess of Guise is a skilful milliner, and can also turn out excellent artificial flowers. The Duchess Philip of Wurtemberg makes not only ordinary surgical bandages, but elastic stockings. Princess Hermine of Reuss has exhibited the work she does in her capacity of watchmaker on various occasions. Princess Arnulf of Bavaria makes a good deal of beautiful lace. Princess Carl of Sweden is noted for her ingenuity as toy-maker: all the gollywogs and other dolls, as well as the dolls' houses and furniture, which fill the nursery of her children, the Princesses Margarethe, Martha and Astrid, are her work."



How Should Church Funds Be Raised?

IN a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD we invited our readers to submit their views briefly as to the best methods of conducting a church's finances—how to raise the necessary funds for current expenses, debts, missions, benevolences and other purposes. Especially was it desired that they should give their views, based on experience, wherever practicable, as to whether the pastor should or should not be burdened with any responsibility for the church's financial management. Many letters have been received, and a number of these—which will be read with general interest—are given below:

Let Women Collect

The question of raising money for the church is a hard problem. The facts of the case are that each one who professes to serve God should lay aside a certain amount for such purpose as his income will allow. A great many people are discouraged from giving because there is no end. Take one society—they raise $1,000,000 this year for a purpose, and next year they expect $2,000,000.

I think some lady of the church would be the best person to collect money, and let her explain to the people just how this money is going to be expended.

Tobias, Neb. G. S. GILLESPIE.

. . .

Employ a Collector

All pastors' salaries should be collected by some appointed person or persons. In my personal experience in the practice of medicine, I found it better for myself and patrons to have a well-adapted person to collect my accounts, than to endeavor to do my own collecting. But all other necessary incomes ought to be urged upon by the pastor, for the simple reason that he is supposed to have the clearest view of conditions in all church matters at home and abroad.

Agosta, O. DR. C. H. ARTZ.

. . .

A Pastor's Helper

Your question about church finance is most important. I have seen some glaring cases of injustice. The church officers having a surplus will get a more expensive choir, or will put down a new carpet, or get a supply of new hymn books, ignoring the fact that the pastor is underpaid, and is scarcely able to dress his family decently, or live in a comfortable house. He cannot bring his condition before the church without appearing selfish, yet his constant need affects his work. By all means, therefore, let him have a church board of finance on which there should be some friend of his own who will look after his interests. The Protestant Episcopal Church has a parish warden and a vicar's warden, and so the interests of both pastor and people are cared for.

Brooklyn, N. Y. JOHN WELLS.

. . .

How a Laundress Acted

No church has any right to ask its pastor to look after that end of the business. There is sure to be a business man in the church who can do the work a great deal better. The secret of raising church funds is that Paul gave I. Cor. 16: 2. Lay by, or hand to the treasurer, every week; not monthly or quarterly, but every week. It comes easier for the poorer members that way, and even the richer members will give more that way. Besides, it cultivates a habit of systematic giving. An example will show my meaning. I was connected with a church in which there was a poor laundress. She undertook to put a dime in her envelope every week. It was all she could afford; there was no doubt of that. One Sunday I found in her envelope a quarter with the dime. Thinking it may have been put in accidentally I made it my business to call on her and ask about it. No, she said, it was not a mistake. One of her customers had been entertaining some young ladies, who had sent her extra washing. She thought a share of her increased income for the week "ought to go to the Lord." The church could have done without the hardly earned quarter, but the incident showed the value of the system. Some prosperous merchant having an extra good week, or some broker effecting a good bargain, might be moved in the same way, and the treasury of the church receive an appreciable addition. C. CLARKE.

Philadelphia, Pa.

. . .

A Sure Remedy

You are quite right in saying in your article on Church Finance that it is useless to depend on the lay members of the church for liberal and spontaneous giving. Then there is an annual deficit to be made up by weary dunning. I have had some experience in various churches, and have found only one system successful. It is this: Call a meeting of the congregation, pew-holders or general attendants early in the year and decide on how much shall be spent in each department. So much for pastor's salary; so much for repairs of edifice, etc.; so much for the assistance of sick and dependent members; so much to the church boards. Then ask each member to say what he will give, pointing out that an equal division would be unfair. Add up the total promises and if that total falls short of the other state the fact and adjourn the meeting for a week.

At the adjourned meeting, state the facts and ask whether the appropriations shall be curtailed, or whether they will increase their offers. By all means use envelopes, and collect them according to the Pauline system every week, so that each member will realize whether he is keeping his engagements. All this should be done without troubling the pastor, who has work enough of his own.

Jersey City, N. J. EDWARD WHITE.

. . .

Give the Pastor Time for His Own Work

As a preacher, let me say: I do not think the preacher ought to be financial manager of a church. A preacher has no more business managing the raising of his salary and the incidental expenses of the church than a railroad engineer planning how he shall get his salary. The preacher once had a study, now he has an office. Let the finances be run by others with his advice when needed. Any church of 100 members ought to support a preacher as well as the average among the 100 are supported.

If you want your preacher to preach with power, let him have time for meditation and prayer, and don't make him errand boy, financial manager and Sunday School superintendent.

Bedford, O. CHARLES A. FREER.

. . .

Individual Responsibility

I think the church problem to raise money to defray expenses can be solved in this way: Let each member feel it his duty to help bear the church burdens. None are so poor or weak but they can help in some way. If all try I know from experience that the Lord will help. MRS. W. A. WILSON.

Keysville, Va.

. . .

Church Union a Solution

In the town where I attend church there are two churches where one small church could hold all who care to attend. As far as I have observed similar conditions prevail everywhere. When Christians are willing to unite and work together according to the teachings of the New Testament, the financial question will solve itself. DANA SWEET.

Avon, Me.

. . .

Early Habit of Giving

The responsibility for the finances of any church should not rest with the minister or with any committee. It should rest with the individual member, just where it belongs; and the only way the individual member is to be brought to recognize and to meet his responsibility, is for him to be taught from childhood to lay aside the Lord's portion for the Lord's use.

A comparatively small constituency in any church, who thus act, will solve almost any financial problem presented to it. REV. DAVID E. POST.
Pastor Baptist Church.

Cobleskill, N. Y.

. . .

A Board and Regular Accounting

Outside of special collections, the pastor should not be expected or asked to raise the current expenses of the church. It does not only consume his time required to look after the spiritual welfare of the church, but for like reasons the church officers have a dislike for soliciting money year in and year out. But some one must do it. The very best plan I ever knew was the appointment of a finance committee each year, whose sole duty is to look after the finances of the church, make a report every three months, stating the amounts raised, what for and how paid out.

When congregations do business on business principles, using no doubtful means to get money, but go straight down into their pockets to get it, they seldom have trouble. L. B. LEECH.

Smithfield, Pa.

. . .

Dependence on the Holy Spirit

Neither the minister nor any board of officers should take the responsibility. The present condition of the church shows that that has been done to its detriment.

If the church has faith and leans less on human wisdom, to trust less in human methods and to lean on God and follow after the teaching of his Word, who can doubt that the grinding of our financial machinery would be vastly lessened, and the demonstration of the Spirit be far more apparent? T. A. TRUMBULL.

Troy, N. Y.

. . .

Relieve the Minister of the Burden

I feel strongly upon this matter. I think on the material side the church should consider itself as a business corporation, the Board of Trustees answering to a Board of Directors, and they, rather than the minister or individual member, should be responsible for the finances or income of the church. At the beginning of the fiscal year they should make out a schedule of all known expenses with a contingent fund for emergencies; then plans should be made to raise such funds. In my judgment the Board of Trustees should always have some women members; they are good workers and good financiers.

My objections to having the minister responsible for the income of the church are: first, because of his personal interest in a monetary way, his salary usually being the largest amount to be raised, and it is certainly embarrassing and unpleasant to beg for what is his legitimate due. Second, if he preaches strong, helpful, intellectual sermons as required these days, if he would interest and hold th people he has neither time nor thought for the purely business end of the church work. He should be consulted when financial plans are matured, but not to have the burden of them.

Oakland, Cal. SARAH C. BORLAND.

. . .

The Church Question

The minister is held responsible for pastoral duties in the church as preacher, teacher and leader. The pulpit is his official place, as shepherd over his flock. The church board should constitute officers capable of maintaining their respective positions with as much system and promptness as would be required in any organization where current expenses must be provided. MRS. F. I. MCCREA.

Sheridan, Mont.

. . .

Should Share the Responsibility

The responsibility devolves, according to the New Testament, upon neither of the parties referred to exclusively. Responsibility is a very comprehensive term, and involves sponsorship, making the party or parties referred to liable for payment. The love of Christ is calculated to constrain every member to do his duty. Then, what are the necessary funds to be raised, can only be measured by that which is their duty for the advancement of his kingdom. The very least is said in the New Testament about financial affairs, but what is said is very comprehensive, and will not admit of opinion, but are positive directions. You do not find any of the ministers of the Gospel, whether apostles, pastors or evangelists, making a personal appeal, either for a salary or an increase in one. The broad principle of supporting the Gospel, and contributing to poor saints, is given in I. Cor. 16: 2, and II. Cor. 9: 7. "Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver." WM. RAMSEY.

Salem, N. Y.

. . .

The Presbyterian Custom

In the Presbyterian Church, the minister, elders and deacons have plainly "the finances" under their charge, and a "bulletin" states plainly every Sabbath what all the conditions of the church are. Appeals to Presbytery are always in order where there is any difference of opinion on any subject. The General Assembly is the court of last resort.

St. Louis, Mo. WILLIAM WEBB.

. . .

The Way to Failure

We suppose our minister has a call to one church to preach the Gospel, and when he is very much interested in who shall be the officers of the church, and also as to the finances of the church, his congregation drops off and he is preaching to empty pews. Such has been my observation for more than fifty years.

Knoxville, Ill. C. A. BUCKLEY.

. . .

Regular Assesment

We have a Finance Board of three members, one elected each year. This board presents to the church, once each year, the amount of funds necessary for the year, and the amount agreed upon is used as a basis for the levy. The board proceeds to find the number of mills needful to raise the amount agreed upon by the church. The church treasurer notifies each member of the amount due from him. Funds for special, mission or any other calls are raised by collection or subscription. We have used this plan now for some sixteen or eighteen years, and find it preferable to any other.

Carleton, Neb. LEVI HOFFERT.

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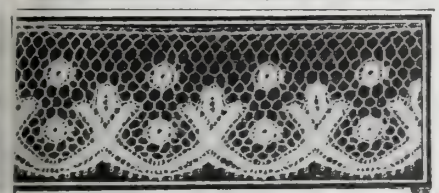

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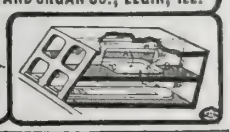

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In the Kamchatka Mission

By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

Continued from last week

THE Bishop was not at all sure that that was true. Not that he suspected Charlotte of a deliberate deceit, but he was afraid her present feelings had led her to say more than she realized. He made no comment, however, as Charlotte ran on.

"But he never asked me once I had refused, once I had driven him from me; and I let him go although it broke my heart. Bishop, he never asked me to join him."

"Did he want you to come?"

"Want me? Why . . ." The woman laughed again, she was so happy. "He loves me almost as much as I love him."

"More," said the Bishop.

"More?" asked Charlotte.

"Yes," was the answer, "for he never asked you to come."

Well, some four months after his visit with Charlotte, it happened as the Bishop had said. The governors of the missionary society under which he worked formally passed resolutions removing Winnington to the United States. They sent him a cablegram by the newly opened Saghalien-Kamchatkan line announcing his transfer and asking his acceptance before they proceeded to appoint another man to the Kamchatkan mission.

By rare good fortune the telegram found him at home. It reached him on the same day that a letter from the United States had been brought to him by the semi-annual ship from San Francisco. Letter and telegram lay in his hand together. It was her letter, of course. The Bishop had allowed her to write to him of the proposed change. The old man knew that the telegram would probably anticipate the letter, and he offered no objection when she proposed to write. The telegram had come and had been read a short time before the letter. When he saw her familiar writing on the envelope of the letter he delayed to open it. He sat there with it in his hand wondering.

Of course she had known nothing about it at the time that letter had been written, but she would know it now, for the same telegram which had carried the tidings to him would have flashed the news over all the land. Winnington's heroic persistence and success in the Kamchatkan mission had given him a far greater meed of fame than he dreamed of in his isolation. Still he realized that sufficiently to know that such tidings must have gone everywhere, and now, at this hour, Charlotte knew and was thinking of him, waiting for him to come back to home and her.

A long time he sat with the telegram before him and the letter in his hand. And then he opened it and was startled to find that even so far back as four months ago she had known that he was to be called back to the United States. The letter was one pæan of joy. He was coming back, back to her. He would find such welcome in her arms, such solace in her affection for all that he had gone through. The years of absence would be forgotten in the joy of that meeting from which there should be no more parting. The whole letter was one glorious, passionate appeal. It said, "Come! come to me, to my arms, to my heart, to my soul, my beloved!" with every ringing, throbbing, beating word.

Winnington read it through slowly, slowly, slowly. He laid it down on the table beside the telegram and covered his face with his hands. He was no saint, was this missionary. The years of repression had but intensified his own feeling. Even as many waters cannot quench love, nor many floods drown it, so much cold could not freeze it. His heart was still warm in its response to her.

On the one hand lay the grim country which he had learned to love, and where he had learned to serve; on the other hand stood the smiling, radiant figure of the woman whom he had not forgotten. He might go to her now with a clear conscience. He had wrought faithfully and well. The approval of his superiors, the fathers in God to whom he looked up, was expressed in that cablegram. He had earned a rest. He had put the service of the Master before everything, and now he could go back and some one else could take up the burden.

And then there flashed into his mind pictures of humble huts where he was welcome; pictures of rude and rough places where he brought gentleness; pictures of misery and sorrow which he had alleviated; pictures of vice that he had rebuked and restrained. He thought of the many places where he came as God's messenger of peace and hope and love. These Kamchatkan years had been after all not much more than years of preparation, the learning of the habits and customs of the foreign peoples on the shore, the learning of the language and thought of the humble natives in the wilds. God had been preparing him to do something great. He had been blazing a trail, making a way—his own—and now a future was opened before him. Another man might come, but he would have to begin all over again and learn just as Winnington had learned. It would be years before a stranger could take his place.

There arose before him in the balance the alluring figure that appealed to his heart, and on the other side the grim presentiment of a duty stern and inexorable. Ah, yes, he could not decide quickly or easily. The man was shaken even in his indomitable soul. Between the two emotions he hung in the mid-air of indecision—how long he could not say.

It was night outside when he finally rose and went out in the snow under the cold stars and threw himself down upon the land to which he was giving his life—ay, and more than his life, his love—and fought it out to victory in the dark with God. So Jacob of old in a sunnier clime had wrestled with the Angel and had conquered.

Far away Charlotte sat, expectant, waiting. The Bishop had telegraphed her privately of the cablegram before it was sent, and she knew that it had gone. If Winnington were on the seashore, his answer, the Bishop had said, might be expected within the next thirty-six hours. She wondered if he had gotten her letter. She hoped and prayed so. It would be too great a stroke of fortune, she felt, for cablegram and letter both to reach him at the same time. What would he do? It shows how she realized the fine temper of the man that even then she was by no means sure of his decision. She passed two days in an ever-quickening agony of suspense, and then the blow fell.

The Bishop published instantly the cablegram received from Winnington in which he thanked those who sought to remove him for their kindly, generous thought of him, but declared that he could not feel it to be right for him to leave Kamchatka then. He had just begun to do the work for which he had been set apart. Others more able, more devoted than he might be found, but they would have to acquire with slow years the experience in which he rejoiced. He would stay in Kamchatka by the help of God.

It was all in the evening paper. The girl sat stunned, staring at the flaring headlines which told of the heroic resolution of the man she loved. He was not coming back then. He could not have had her letter. Her heart stopped its beating. Oh God! could any human being endure such disappointment and live? She stretched out her arms to him as if she would clasp him through the air across half the world even. He had

Continued on page 367

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Christ's Promise to His Apostles

*By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts**

JESUS and his disciples tarried in the upper room after the Paschal feast and the Lord's Supper; and Jesus said to them: "These things have I told you, that when the time shall come, ye may remember that I told you them." And what were the things he had told them? That they should be hated and persecuted, and even killed by those who thought they were doing God's service; for among the Jews were "zealots" who were in the way of doing that sort of thing, as there still are among ourselves self-appointed critics who would like to do it. Jesus was not an alarmist, but he wanted to fortify his disciples against the evils which should come upon them.

"These things I said not unto you at the beginning, because I was with you." What tenderness and consideration this reveals on the part of Jesus. And it should reconcile us to not knowing what the future has in store for us; God knows, and he is able to help us bear whatever of sorrow or joy may be our lot.

The Departure

"But now I go my way to him that sent me." When Jesus had thus spoken, such a sense of loss came over the apostles, that they forgot to ask him "Whither goest thou?" They had been constantly in his presence for a little more than three years. Even strong men sob sometimes. It may have been so with the apostles, for Jesus said, "Sorrow hath filled your hearts." And Jesus comforts them by saying: "It is expedient for you that I go away," and he added: "If I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you." He was really saying, "You ought to rejoice at my going away, for you will have all the greater blessing which will come to you through the Holy Spirit." George Macdonald has said: "Jesus took himself from the sight of them that loved him, that he might hide himself in their very hearts."

"And when he is come, he will reprove the world of sin." There is no searchlight like the Holy Spirit. When evil doers have a searchlight thrown upon them, they run, and try to find a cover of darkness. But darkness and light are both alike to God, and sinners can never get out of his sight. With Dr. Joseph Parker we say: "May God the Holy Ghost show us sin till we hate it—show us the reality of sin until we feel our need of the Cross! May he show us the fulness of the love of Christ until we know what is meant by Christ's ability to take up our sin, our secret sin, take it up in his pierced, bleeding hands, and cast it away forever."

The Holy Spirit in the Heart

"And of righteousness and of judgment." There is a new respiratory invention for the use of firemen carrying enough air under pressure to last one hour. It is said that a man equipped with this apparatus entered a room filled with the fumes of burning sulphur and worked there a full hour, coming out with his throat and lungs perfectly free. The air of heaven is in the Holy Spirit, enabling Christians to live righteously in this world, not for an hour, but for all time, and without fear of judgment.

"I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now." Jesus knew that after the Holy Spirit should come into the hearts of his apostles they would have new light. In themselves they had little power to comprehend Christ. Peter did indeed make the great confession: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God." And Jesus made reply, "Flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto you, but my Father who is in heaven." It was in that same conversation that Christ is said to have confided the keys to Peter. But soon after Christ showed him that he was not infallible when Peter presumed to utter a bull against the atonement: "Far be it from thee, Lord" (Matthew 16: 21-23).

At the Mount of Transfiguration, Peter and James and John had all shown that they did not understand Jesus, for after Jesus had talked there with his two guests from heaven, Moses and Elijah, about his decease which he should accomplish at Jerusalem, the apostles proposed building on the mountain three places of worship, one for Jesus, one for Moses and one for Elijah, which would have made the mountain a sort of Saints' Rest, instead of a place of preparation for work in the valley below, where a demoniac waited to be healed. At other times when Jesus talked of his kingdom, the apostles had so poor a conception of its spiritual idea, that two of them asked Jesus to give them the chief places, one on his right hand and the other on his left. Jesus knew well just how little they were able to bear; that Peter would deny that he knew him, and that all of the apostles would forsake him, and flee before the band who should come to make him their prisoner.

"When the Spirit of Truth is come he will guide you into all truth." To see how this was fulfilled we should read the whole book of the Acts of the Apostles. Then we should see what a change the coming of the Holy Spirit wrought in them. Before Pentecost they were samples of the natural man; after Pentecost they were samples of the spiritual man. In geology, the latest stratum exhibits the higher form of life; so in the Christian life we are called to be not low-level Christians, but high-level Christians; not to be minimum Christians, but maximum Christians.

The Spirit's Mission

"He shall glorify me"—and shall show it unto you. As we read in the Acts of the Apostles, we note how the wonderful deeds of healing which the apostles were given power to perform, were always done "in the name of the Lord Jesus." To him who had all power, all honor was given, and so Jesus was glorified. Jesus was still working among men, but from the greater vantage point of heaven. "The apostles proved their hearts unspiritual before Pentecost by their blindness to great spiritual truths, as clearly as they proved themselves converted after Pentecost by their clear spiritual vision."

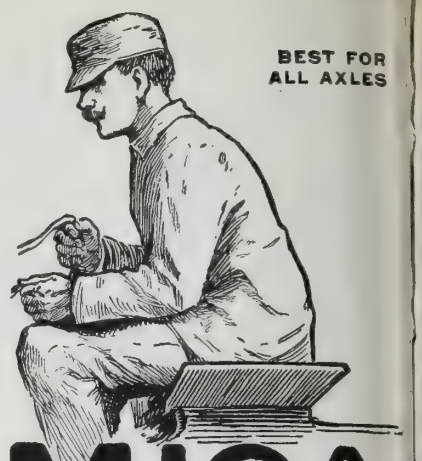
The central truth of the lesson is that the mission of the Holy Spirit is to prepare human beings to do the will of God, and in so doing to be a blessing to each other. Dr. Guthrie said: "Of what use would be the machinery which is to be moved, without a force adequate to move it? Without a main-spring within the clock, however complete all its wheels, pinions, pivots and axles, these hands would stand on the face of time, nor advance one step over the numbered hours. So were it with the renewed soul without the Spirit of God to set its powers in motion, bring them into play, and impart to them a true and heavenward character. For this purpose God fulfils the promise, 'I will put my Spirit within you.'"

Praying for Power

Bishop Henry W. Warren thus relates what was told him by D. L. Moody, the evangelist: "I can myself go back almost twelve years and remember two holy women who used to come to my meetings. When I began to preach I could see that they were praying for me. At the close of the Sunday evening meetings they would say to me: 'We have been praying for you.' I said: 'Why don't you pray for the people?' They answered: 'You need the power.' 'I need power?' I said to myself; 'why, I thought I had power.' I had a large Sunday-school and the largest congregation in Chicago. There were some conversions at the time. I was, in a sense, satisfied. But, right along, these two godly women kept praying for me, and their earnest

Continued on page 365

***International Sunday School Lesson for May 10.** The mission of the Holy Spirit, John 16: 4-15. GOLDEN TEXT: "I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever," John 14: 16.



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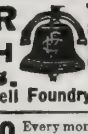

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Sunday School Lesson—*Continued*

lk about 'anointing for special service' t me to thinking. I asked them to ome and talk with me, and we got down n our knees.

"They poured out their hearts that I ight receive an anointing from the Holy Spirit, and there came a great unger into my soul. I did not know hat it was. I began to cry as I never id before. The hunger increased. I as crying all the time that God would ll me with his Spirit. Well, one day, n the city of New York—oh, what a ay! I cannot describe it; I seldom re- er to it; it is almost too sacred an expe- ience to name. Paul had an experience f which he never spoke for fourteen ears. I can only say God then revealed imself to me, and I had such an expe- ience of his love that I had to ask him o stay his hand. I went to preaching gain. The sermons were not different; did not present any new truths; and et hundreds were converted. I would ot now be placed back where I was be- ore that blessed experience if you would ive me all Glasgow—it would be as the mall dust of the balance."

The Spirit's Call

Apollos was an eloquent man, mighty n the Scriptures, and taught diligently he truth as far as he had received it rom John the Baptist. But when he ame to Ephesus, Aquila and Priscilla, fter they had heard him speak, took him o their own home, "and expounded unto im the way of God more perfectly," oncerning the Holy Spirit, and Apollos ecame a Holy Ghost Christian, and reached with abundant success in Achaia nd Corinth (Acts 18: 24-28).

"'Let it be,' said the Lord to David nd his men of war when, lying in am- ush and expecting divine assistance, hey waited for the signal of battle, 'let t be, when thou hearest the sound of going on the tops of the mulberry trees, hat thou shalt bestir thyself.' Such a signal, like the feet of the angelic host narching over the tops of the trees, heaven may vouchsafe to us in some holy lesire, emotion, thought, which, if yielded o and improved, may lead to heaven; but neglected, rejected, or repelled, may eave us to perish.

"And there are diversities of opera- ion; but it is the same God which work- eth all in all." George Frederick Wil- iams relates the following illustration: 'A missionary to an isolated tribe in Central India was confronted by a pecu- liar difficulty. There were no words in the native language for many of the Christian conceptions, and the mission- ary was afraid to use the English words, lest, when taken bodily into the language, they would have no meaning for the people. So he was led to make many shifts to express the ideas he wanted to convey. When he came to the words 'Holy Spirit,' his difficulties reached a climax. There were no such words in the native language, and he could not ex- plain them in terms of warmth and in- spiration and zeal and fervor; because living in a tropical country, where vital- ity was low, all of these conceptions were extremely distasteful to the people. Their word for 'cold,' however, by a curious transposition of ideas, was the one which best expressed the idea he wanted to im- press upon their minds. In their hot and exhausting climate, anything cold was pleasing and encouraging. So for 'holy' he took the word 'cold,' and for 'Spirit' he took their nearest word 'heart,' and that tribe is still praying that the 'cold heart' may come upon them. Could one imagine a stranger way of teaching the warmth and enthusiasm and fire which the Holy Spirit engenders?"

Some scientists are claiming that life can be created in the laboratory, inde- pendent of God; nay, even more, it is claimed that it has been done in the Cavendish Laboratory in Cambridge by the action of radium on gelatinized bouillon, and the little bodies evolved resembling living organisms, are called "radiobes," but the term seems in a fair way to be- come a synonym for myth. Other scien- tists have examined radiobes and assert that they possess none of the attributes of life, and what appeared to be growth was due to the evolution of a gas, to which the name "emanation" was applied. Neither can we have spiritual life with- out God.

Emblems of the Spirit

The Holy Spirit is also compared to the wind. It is like the strong north wind in its purifying work; like the warm and gentle south wind in quicken- ing the seeds of every noble word and deed in the heart gardens of life (John 3: 8). The Holy Spirit is yet more, a divine light and fire, that purges away dross, and give the light of knowledge and of joy, and the fire of enthusiasm to those who receive it. It was this divine fire that filled the bush out of which God spoke to Moses (Exodus 3). The same fire made up the pillar that led Israel and abode above the tabernacle (Exodus 40: 38). The Holy Spirit is also pic- tured as a cloud, in which water and wind and fire all have the hidings of their power (Isa. 6). The Holy Spirit is also like the sunlight in the three-fold power of such light which gives warmth and light and life. Like the sun, the Holy Spirit quickens, heals, purifies, gladdens, strengthens. It has been said that the Holy Spirit is never represented as a dove except when it rests upon Christ. To sinful men he comes as a refining fire. But when we have been purged he comes to us also as a dove, for "the fruit of the Spirit is gentle- ness."

Christian Recreation*

NO charge has done more mischief to religion than that which represents it as making its followers gloomy. It could never have done so much harm if Christians had not unconsciously given a basis for it. It was the fault of the Pil- grim Fathers that they opposed all cheer- fulness and merriment; that, as Macaulay says, they were opposed to bear-baiting, not because of the pain it gave the bear, but because of the pleasure it gave the man. The same tendency has alienated young people from the church, by making it appear that recreation of all kinds is sin. Boys and girls have consequently shrunk from it under the false impression that it robs life of its joys and renders it dull and gloomy. As a matter of fact re- ligion enhances the joy of life and forbids nothing but amusements and pleasures which do harm and work mischief. There is nothing forbidden by religion which wise and farseeing parents would not also forbid on moral grounds.

No better service can be rendered by the Christian to the cause than showing an example of cheerfulness and partici- pating in good honest sports. It is the evil, the wicked, the injurious that he should avoid, and this, if he were wise, he would avoid apart from religious motive. God never intended his people to be de- pressed or sorrowful; he intended them to enjoy life and he gave them abundant rea- son for such enjoyment. It is the business of every Christian to show that he has no occasion to go to the world for his pleas- ures and to prove that the aspersion on religion which represents it as dull and morose is false. To be earnest in work and earnest in play is possible, as every young man has found who has given him- self willingly to the service of Christ.

* Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for May 10. John 5 : 17 ; Eccles. 9 : 10 ; Prov. 17 : 22.

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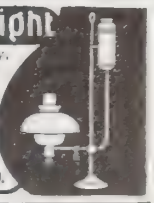

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Indwelling of the Spirit

By Mrs. M. Baxter

IN this dispensation of the Spirit, our glory is God's indwelling. God's people of old were never called "the temple of the Holy Ghost," "the temple of the living God." The promise of the blessed Spirit is one of the most precious of God's promises; it runs throughout the Bible. It was given through Isaiah, "I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring" (Isa. 44: 3); it was given through Ezekiel, "I will put my Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes" (Ezek. 36: 27); it was given through Joel, "And it shall come to pass afterward ["in the last days"—Acts 2: 17], that I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions; and also upon the servants and upon the handmaids in those days will I pour out my Spirit" (Joel 2: 28, 29); and when John the Baptist came, as the forerunner of Jesus, he said, "I indeed baptize you with water unto repentance; but . . . he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire" (Matt. 3: 11).

Who knows what might not be given to the prayer of faith, if Christians, as a body, prayed "in the Holy Ghost"? "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you" (Matt. 17: 20). Paul was a man full of the Holy Ghost, and, discarding "enticing words of man's wisdom," he spoke "in demonstration of the Spirit and of power." Peter tells of those "that preached the Gospel unto you with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven." And yet, when a man is speaking by the Holy Ghost, or praying in the Spirit, he is not conscious of himself, or gratified by a sense of power. Every worker who knows anything of the power of the Holy Ghost knows how often, when we have had such consciousness of power, hardly any result has followed, but how often, when we have felt empty and powerless — almost dispirited with our lack of power—the Lord has done great things, and has thus shown us that conscious power is not always the power of the Holy Ghost.

The great need of the church in the present day is the power of the Holy Ghost; the great need everywhere, whether in work among the heathen, in missions, at home, in schools, or in families, is the need of the Holy Ghost. And yet, the Holy Ghost is given, he is in the world, he is in the church, he is in every believer. But is he recognized? Is each of us living as the temple of the Holy Ghost, really yielded to him as a house is to its owner, for his sole use? If not, let the deeds be made out, signed and sealed, let there be a definite, once-for-all yielding up to him of his property, and a definite acknowledgment of him as its Owner. Then things will come into order. Then God will be able to have full play in our being, and our life will begin to answer its true purpose, the life of Christ will begin to be manifest in our mortal bodies, and we shall become "a habitation of God through the Spirit."

It is a question of questions with many a child of God, "Have I received the Holy Ghost in his fulness?" First, let us notice, that Holy Scripture always recognizes the Holy Ghost as God: "Now the Lord is that Spirit. . . . Even as from the Lord the Spirit" (II. Cor. 3: 17, 18, R.V.), and always speaks of him as "he," not "it." Jesus is revealed to us as a real, living Person, a Person with whom we have to do, and just in the same way is the Holy Ghost, when we really receive him, revealed to us as a Person. The question, "Have I received him?" may best be answered by finding out from the Word what his office is, and then inquiring, "Is he fulfilling that office to me?"

20th Century Gideons

THE organization of Christian Commercial Travelers known as "The Gideons," is making preparations for an active campaign in New York City early in May. Field Secretary C. T. Bowers, of Nebraska, will speak at a number of meetings to be held in New York and Brooklyn churches and Y. M. C. Associations. Renewed interest in the traveling men of the country on the part of Christian people is expected to result. The first meeting will be the John Street Noonday Business Men's Meeting on Saturday, May 2, 12 to 1 o'clock. On Sunday, May 3, meetings will be held at Bedford Branch Y. M. C. A., 1121 Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn, at 4 o'clock P.M., and in the evening at the Embury M. E. Church, Decatur Street and Lewis Avenue, Brooklyn. On Sunday, May 10, Gideon meetings will be held in the Harlem Branch of the Y. M. C. A., 5 West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, at 4:30 P.M., and in the evening at 7:45 P.M., at West End Presbyterian Church, Rev. A. Edwin Keigwin, pastor. A midweek prayer-meeting of Mt. Morris Baptist Church May 13, 8 P.M., Fifth Avenue, near One Hundred and Twenty-sixth Street.

With about 300,000 men engaged throughout the country in selling goods on "the road," it can readily be understood how great a power for good or evil such an organization can exert. The demands of business to-day require energetic, efficient and enterprising men as salesmen, and as a result the moral status of the "road" is much higher than formerly. It is only during recent years that the Gideon type has become conspicuous. These men are engaged in the work of the day, yet find time evenings to do a lot of extra service in prayer-meetings and missions, and the emblem of the organization—a button representing the Gideon lamp and pitcher—is at all times an inspiration not only to the wearer, but to the observer.

Any one desiring information concerning the work, or a complete list of these special meetings, can secure the same by addressing the President, Mr. C. A. Brady, 66 Reade Street, New York City, or the Secretary, Mr. Thomas Amis, 473 West One Hundred and Forty-fifth Street. It is the aim of the organization to enroll in its ranks every Christian commercial traveler, and the cooperation of pastors and Christian workers is welcomed, and has been as a rule very freely accorded.

God's Gifts*

VERY broad and free are the promises God makes to his children in encouraging them to approach him in prayer. "Ask and it shall be given you," is a promise which has no bounds. Yet there are many who mistake its scope. Multitudes of Christians complain that they have besought God for gifts that they have never received. It is easy to perceive why prayers are often unanswered. It is presupposed that in approaching God the Christian is profoundly convinced of his superior wisdom as well as of his love. He should be in harmony with God desiring the highest and best gifts.

No parent would pledge himself to give to his little son, whatsoever that son might ask. The very fact of his loving his son so intensely would require him to refuse the child some of his requests. The boy might ask to spend his time in the playground instead of in school, but the father knows that for the boy's own sake such a request must be rejected. Then, too, if he is a wise father, who has studied his son's character, he knows that a gift granted to other children must be denied to him, because it might injure him. Yet it often happens that the poverty-stricken Christian wonders why his brother Christian has the wealth denied him.

In approaching the throne of God in prayer, the petition regularly offered by a well-known clergyman should always be made both in lip and heart: "Not according to any foolish wish of ours, but according to thy wisdom, as seems best to thee for our own good and the development of our own souls, do thou for us and enable us to say always, Thy will be done." The Christian offering such a prayer is never dissatisfied nor impatient, but is sure that his heavenly Father doeth all things well.

*Topic of the Epworth League for May 10. "What will God give to his children?" Luke 18: 1-8; Matt. 7: 7-12.

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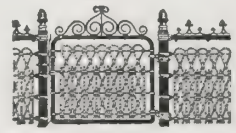

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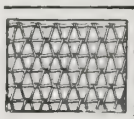

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A COURSE IN ESPERANTO

LESSON No. 9.—By Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

What I See From My Windows

Mi loĝas en la urbo Vaŝingtono, nacia ĉefurbo de Usono. Mia domo havas multajn fenestrojn; tra ili mi vidas multajn aferojn. Mi vidas larĝan straton. Meze de la strato estas duobliga tramvojo. La tramoj estas verdaj kaj blankaj. Ĉiuflanke de la tramvojo estas bulvardo; meze de la bulvardo estas vico da kverkoj. Kontraŭe estas vico da belaj butikoj. Mi sinĉese vidas marsoldatojn preterirantajn, ĉar la ŝiparkorto estas proksime. Mi vidas ofte procesiojn da soldatoj kaj marsoldatoj.

Kvar preĝejoj estas videblaj; tri estas el brikoj, unu el ŝtono. La ŝtona preĝejo havas sonorilon. Mi vidas hospitalon kiu estas konstruita laŭ la arĥitekturo Hispana. Multaj infanoj, blankaj kaj nigraj, trapasas la straton, irante al siaj lernejoj kaj revenante.

Mi vidas la belan montetaron de Virginio, malproksime trans la rivero. Mi rigardas dekstren laŭlonge de la strato kaj vidas la belan Kongresan Bibliotekon. Ĝi estas konstruita el blanka marmoro, kaj la kupolo estas orumita. Antaŭ la Biblioteko estas la Kapitolo. Ĝi estas larĝa kaj granda, la plej bela en la mondo. Maldekstre de la strato, inter la Kapitolo kaj la Biblioteko, mi vidas la novan Oficejo-konstruajon de la Kongreso, konstruita el blanka marmoro. Pretere estas la Mara Hospitalo. Ĝi estas konstruita el griza ŝtono. Malproksime mi vidas la monumenton starigitan je la gloro de Georgo Vaŝingtono. Mi povas vidi ankaŭ la Oficejon de Gravurado kaj la Muzeon.

Viro estis vidata hieraŭ havanta nur unu kruron. Sub lia sola piedo estis radetglitilo, kaj radeto sub lia lambastono. Li glitis rapide kune kun la tramvojo; li sin tenis flanke de la tramvagonoj.

. . . .

With the help of the following vocabulary it should be possible for Esperanto students to translate and write out this exercise. The ability to do so depends upon remembering many words previously given, and applying rules as to the formation of the plural; also the accusative and possessive cases, tenses of verbs, etc. If translated in a Circle, let each member in turn take a word.

Key Words for the Exercise

loĝi, *live*
urbo, *city*
Vaŝingtono, *Washington*
nacia, *national*
ĉefurbo, *capital*
Usono, *United States*
domo, *house*
fenestro, *window*
vidi, *see*
afero, *thing*
larĝa, *wide*
strato, *street*
meze, *in the middle*
duobliga, *double*
tramvojo, *tramway*
tramo, *street-car*
ĉiuflanke, *on both sides*
bulvardo, *boulevard*
vico, *row*
kverko, *oak*
kontraŭe, *opposite*
butiko, *shop*
senĉese, *constantly*
mar-soldato, *marine*
preter-iri, *pass*
ŝipar-korto, *navy yard*
proksime, *near*
procesio, *procession*
soldato, *soldier*
preĝejo, *church*
videbla, *visible*
briko, *brick*
ŝtono, *stone*
sonorilo, *bell*
hospitalo, *hospital*
konstruita, *built*
arĥitekturo, *architecture*
Hispana, *Spanish*
nigra, *black*
trapasi, *go across*
lernejo, *school*
reveni, *return*
montetaro, *row of hills*
Virginio, *Virginia*
malproksime, *far*
rivero, *river*
rigardi, *look*
dekstren, *to the right*
Kongresa, *Congressional*
biblioteko, *library*
marmoro, *marble*
kupolo, *cupola*
orumita, *gilded*
antaŭ, *before*
Kapitolo, *Capitol*
la plej, *the most*
mondo, *world*
maldekstre, *at the left*
oficejo-konstruajo, *office building*
pretere, *beyond*
mara, *marine*
griza, *gray*
monumento, *monument*
starigita, *erected*
gloro, *glory*
povas, *can*
gravurado, *engraving*
muzeo, *museum*
viro, *man*
vidata, *seen*
hieraŭ, *yesterday*
havanta, *having*
nur, *only*
kruro, *limb*
piedo, *foot*
radet-glitilo, *roller-skate*
lam-bastono, *crutch*
gliti, *to skate*
rapide, *rapidly*
kune kun, *alongside*
teni, *keep*
flanke, *at the side*

NOTE.—Mrs. W. F. Crafts, 206 Pennsylvania Avenue, S. E., Washington, D. C., would be glad to receive a postal card from each circle, containing sentences composed of these words combined with others used in the lessons already given.

IN THE KAMCHATKA MISSION

Continued from page 363

not received her letter then. Surely, surely, if . . .

And then the maid placed in her hand another cablegram. She tore it open, divining whence it came. It was from him. A few words:

"You know how I care," it read boldly, "that I would give anything to come back, but I am here and here I must stay. God help us both."

So he had received her letter after all! Would nothing shake the unbreakable resolution of this man? Might she pine and die there alone and awaken no response in that iron heart? She, too, walked her *via dolorosa* in that hour. She, too, rose from it purified as are all those who have gone through such painful ways of life until they have rested calmly on the cross.

He hoped that she might answer him, but nothing came from her. She never sent him a cablegram. Messages had come to him in floods from a world which rang with his heroism, but no word from her whose slightest whisper of approbation would have outweighed them all. His heart broke and broke. The half-yearly ship came at last, and even that brought no letter. He realized then what she had been to him. The food of heart which these letters had given him had kept him up. He saw then that without at least that much from her he could not go on. He would die in the wilderness.

He set his teeth and went about his work doggedly, but hope was dead, slain in his heart. He plunged into the wilds on the longest, most desperate journey of his history. And when he came back grimmer, older, more bent, more broken than ever before, he saw in the window of his hut through the Arctic night a light.

Painfully staggering to the door, he threw it open. And she was there, in all her youth, her beauty, her sweetness, before him; mute, tremulous, expectant, hands outstretched. He shrank back from her with upraised hand, appalled. He could not realize the fact at first.

"Is it you?" he asked when his choking heart let him find words.

"Even I," answered the woman. "Will you have me now?"

"Have you come to take me back?" asked the man, desperately fighting against himself.

She paused, hesitated, stepped nearer to him, her hand fell upon his shoulder, her face approached his own.

"No," she whispered, "I have come to stay here with you, to live with you, and to die with you, if that be our fate."

THE END

They Give Great Satisfaction

Dear Dr. Klopsch: The Calendar and Alexander book arrived yesterday. Am much pleased with both. They will give me great satisfaction.

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begins an area of farming land stretching half way to the celebrated Greeley and Longmont region (the best known irrigation district in the world) which is the basis of an issue of bonds now owned and offered by us, viz:

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due each year from 3 to 11 years. Principal and semi-annual interest payable at **American Trust and Savings Bank, Chicago.** Denominations — $100, $500, $1,000 (Orders accepted for single bonds) issued by the

Denver Reservoir Irrigation Co.

which company has acquired and merged into one system the properties of 9 active, operating, irrigation companies in the immediate vicinity of Denver, thus endueing the company with some of the earliest water rights in Colorado, dating back over 40 years—others 30 years.

These are rights or priorities to the direct river flow and also to the flood waters of the principal streams of the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, and besides, tapping the Fraser, the principal river on the western slope. Water stored in reservoirs for use in the late summer when the streams fail is of inestimable value to sugar beets and other crops. *Stored Water is Stored Wealth.*

Security Under the Bonds

Primarily, mortgage liens on the Denver Reservoir Irrigation Company's system, including water rights, canals, reservoirs, sites, etc., and all properties now owned or hereafter to be acquired by the Company, conservatively estimated worth

Two Million to Three Million Dollars

Secondly, collateral security in the form of mortgage liens upon the lands to which the water is to be applied, derived from sales of reservoir stock representing water rights sufficient for the land, and by the water stock itself, which is not delivered to purchaser until he has completed his payment.

The farmer has ten years in which to pay for a perpetual water right at the rate of $50 per acre. The deed of trust securing the bonds provides that these mortgage liens given to secure the payment for water rights, shall be deposited with the **American Trust & Savings Bank, Chicago, Trustee,** in the ratio of *one and one quarter times* the amount of the bonds issued. This ratio must be maintained during the life of the bonds.

The value of the collateral security is to be [illegible] stated as follows:

As security for each $1,000 bond the trustee bank holds $1,250 mortgage liens upon [illegible] land estimated worth with water over $2,000, or security equal to THREE TIMES the amount of the bonds, in addition to the responsibility of the Company.

The Denver-Greeley District

This is said to be the richest agricultural community in the world, producing the highest quality of sugar beets, potatoes and other farm products.

These securities are unparalleled in attractiveness in the history of irrigation in the United States in the following respects:

FIRST, *Location:* Viz., immediately adjoining the city of Denver, the most beautiful city in the West—the capital of the State, the second largest city between the Mississippi River and the Pacific Coast, with over 200,000 people, twelve or fifteen railroad systems, constituting Denver the principal distributing point for the whole Rocky Mountain region, extending from Montana to northern Texas, affording a ready market for all that can be produced in a radius of many miles, giving a potential value to these lands beyond that of any irrigated section east of California.

SECOND, *Comparative values:* In other irrigated sections fruit lands command from $300 to $2,000 per acre; farming land from $100 to $350 per acre. These values exist in isolated and sparsely settled localities.

Adjoining the land in question on the south and west, the above prices prevail, but as a basis for estimating the value of the security under these bonds we have taken $80 per acre only as the land value. The actual selling price is considerably above this figure and advancing constantly.

Purpose of Bond Issue

These land mortgages are discounted to make available the funds of the Company for the further extension of its canals, and for the construction of the Standley Reservoir, the 10th and largest in the system. In other words, to realize within reasonable restrictions upon the assets of the Company.

Expert reports by Dr. Elwood Mead, Chief of United States Government Irrigation Investigations Department, and J. G. White & Co., Engineers and Contractors, New York, also illustrated book let will be furnished upon request.

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Trowbridge & Niver Co.
First National Bank Bldg.,
Chicago, Illinois

Please send copy of report, illustrated pamphlet and further particulars regarding Denver Reservoir Irrigation Company's bonds.

Name .....
Street and No. .....
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Trowbridge & Niver Co.
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Brain and Nerves Restored by Grape-Nuts Food

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"For 12 years I suffered from dyspepsia, finding no food that did not distress me," writes a Wis. lady. "I was reduced from 145 to 90 lbs., gradually growing weaker until I could leave my bed only a short while at a time, and became unable to speak aloud.

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"My stomach was so weak I could not take cream, but I used Grape-Nuts with milk and lime water. It helped me from the first, building up my system in a manner most astonishing to the friends who had thought my recovery impossible.

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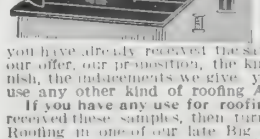

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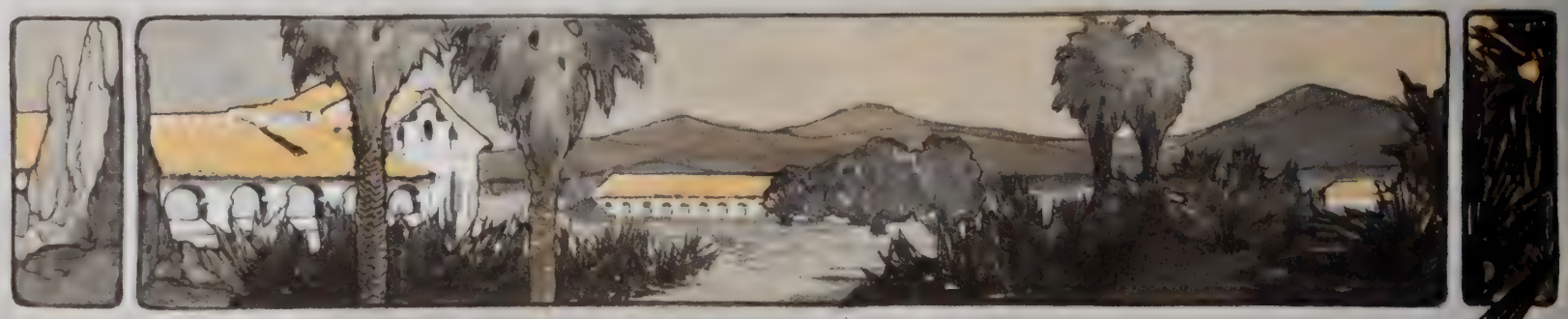

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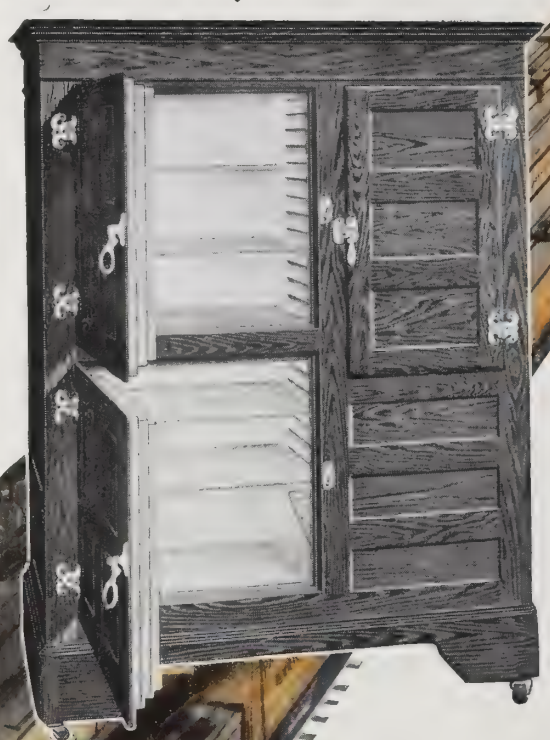

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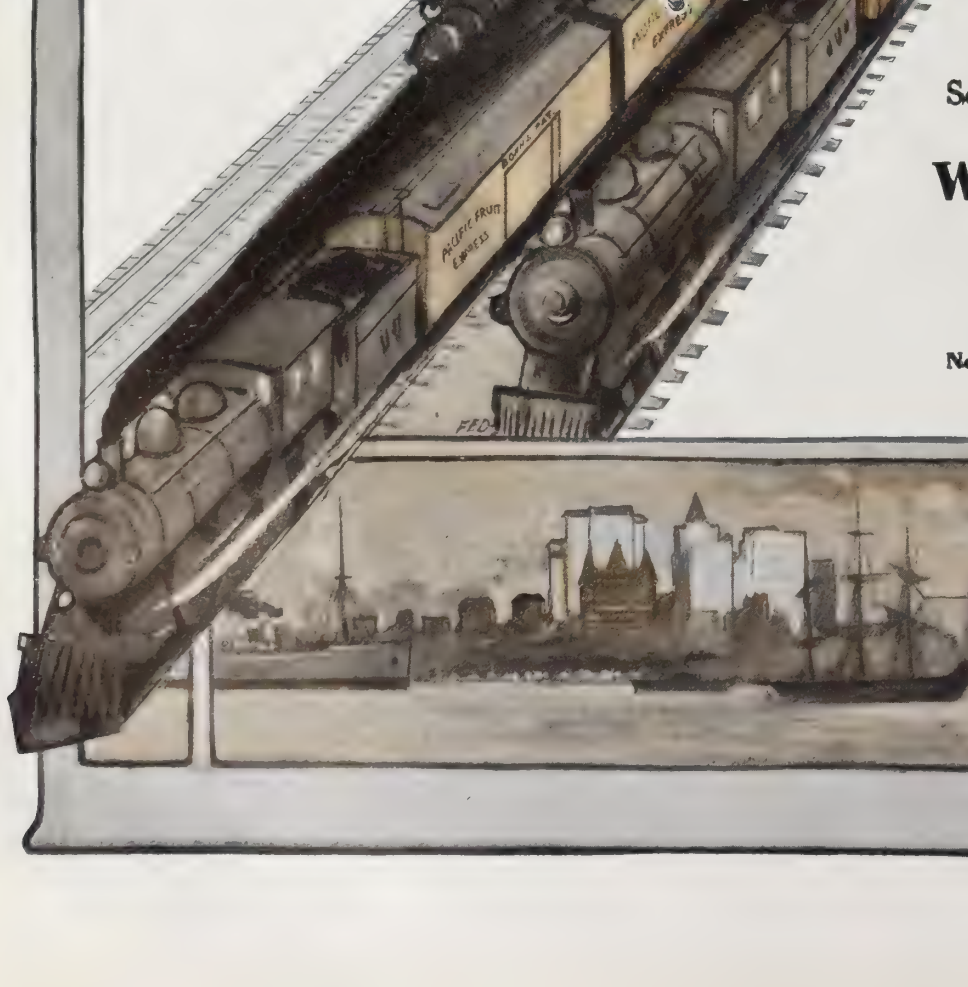
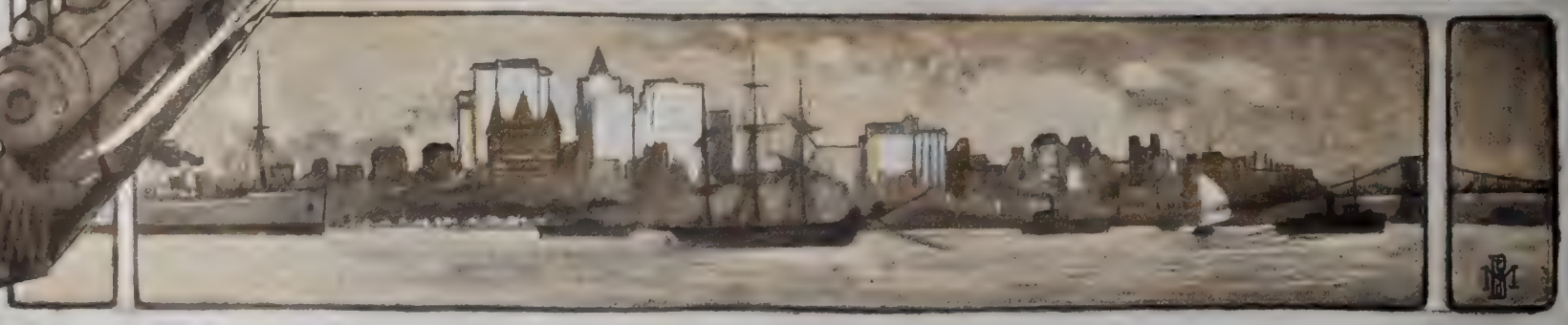




OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK
VOLUME 31

NEW YORK, MAY 6, 1908

PUBLISHED 52 TIMES A YEAR
NUMBER 19

CHRISTIAN HERALD

SUBSCRIPTION, $1.50 PER ANNUM LOUIS KLOPSCH, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR PRICE FIVE CENTS

A MAYDAY FESTIVAL

Shall We Know our Friends in Heaven?

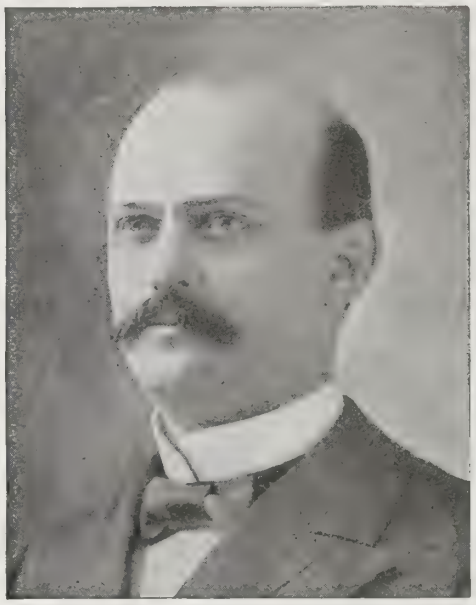
No question has more frequently been on the Lips of the Children of Men, especially those who have laid away the Dearest Treasures of their Hearts, than the one which heads this page. Dr. Madison C. Peters, the Eminent New York Divine, whose Writings and Utterances have made him Internationally Famous, undertakes to Answer this Query in his Magnificent Work, entitled

The Great Hereafter

OR GLIMPSES OF THE COMING WORLD

I believe the saints will differ in Heaven in the glorified bodies which their souls will wear, and that the characters which they make on earth will determine their eternal bodies.

—THE GREAT HEREAFTER, Page 382



REV. MADISON C. PETERS, D.D.

'Tis not a Silent Land!
Tones of harmonic spheres,
Heard not by mortal ears,
Thither their echoes roll
Into the answering soul;
Oh! 'tis a Voiceful Land!

—THE GREAT HEREAFTER, Page 130

This Masterpiece of Art, Thought and Literature contains a Vast Collection of Golden Gems from the greatest Historians, Philosophers, Preachers, Poets, Sages, Scientists and Statesmen of all Ages and Nationalities on every phase of the Future Life.

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From the HOME JOURNAL, N. Y.:

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"A casket of beautiful gems is **The Great Hereafter.** Dr. Peters must have devoted an enormous amount of work upon it. Mrs. Goff has gone over it from cover to cover, and she is delighted with it."

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

Carving at Gateway | Ruins of Nineveh, showing the Tomb of Nebi-Yunus (the Prophet Jonah) to the left | Obelisk of Nimrud

A WALK AROUND OLD NINEVEH

By PROFESSOR EDGAR J. BANKS

"HE will make Nineveh a desolation, and dry like a wilderness, and flocks shall lie down in the midst of her . . . Every one that passeth by her shall hiss and wag his head." So sang the prophet Zephaniah, in his denunciation of the "exceeding great city" of the book of Jonah, which stood far away across the Arabian Desert, on the Tigris River. The words of the prophet were fulfilled, for in the year 606 B.C. Nineveh fell into the hands of the Medes and Persians, the people were killed or enslaved, the tall palaces were deserted, and the clay bricks of their walls turned back into the mud of which they were made. Thus Nineveh turned to barren mounds among which the herds of the shepherds sought shelter, and the passer-by wagged his head and hissed at the ruins of former greatness.

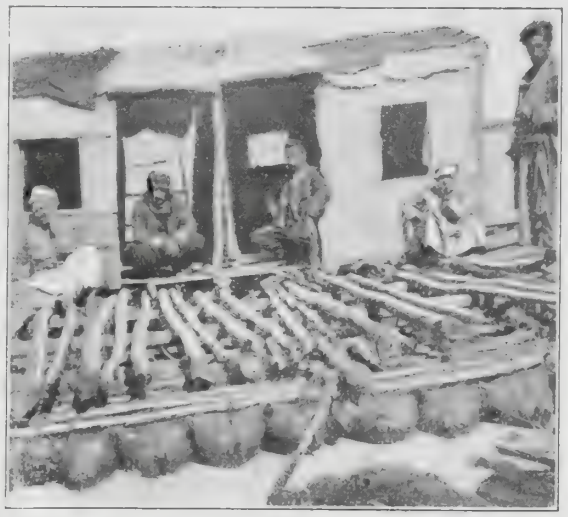
The last king of Nineveh was its greatest, for the city perished when at its height. Assurbanipal was his name. The Greeks, who called him Sardanapalus, told strange tales of how he painted his face like a woman, and passed his days spinning with his wives in the harem.

An Irrigating Plant on the Tigris

The Hebrews called him Osnappar, and in the book of Ezra he is mentioned as great and noble. It was this king who made Nineveh as great and beautiful as any city in the ancient Orient. Though the Greeks called him effeminate, the ruins of his marvelous palace, the sculptured alabaster slabs which adorned it, the enormous collection of the clay books of his library which have been uncovered during the past fifty years, justify the title, "great and noble," which the Hebrews gave him.

It is only in recent years that the real history of Nineveh has been deciphered from the Assyrian books of clay, for the ancient classical writers have recorded little regarding the city but tradition. Though Nineveh is sometimes called one of the most ancient of cities, when compared with the cities of Babylonia it is comparatively modern. We are told in the Bible that

Goat-Skin Raft or "Kelek" on the Tigris



i. e., "Nineveh, the House of Fish," or "Fishing Place"

Asshur built Nineveh, and recent excavations may confirm that statement. The Assyrians were but a colony of Babylonians who migrated north, up the Tigris River, and built a city of their own. They named their new city Asshur, but just why no one knows, unless the leader's name was Asshur. Perhaps that leader, from whom the city was named, became deified, as heroes frequently are in the Orient, and later he became the great national god of Assyria. If this is true, the god of Assyria was but a Biblical character who was exalted to that station by means of ancestral worship, which still exists in so many places. The ruins of Asshur, recently partially excavated by the Germans, may still be seen on the Tigris, half-way between Nineveh and Bagdad. From the city of Asshur the people went north and built Nineveh. The excavations, therefore, teach that the old Bible story is true, that Asshur built Nineveh. It is but one of the many instances of how even the earliest of Bible history is being confirmed at the present time.

About 2,000 B.C. Nineveh was a small hamlet, hardly worthy of the name of city. It was built where the Tigris River was fordable, and there the fish seemed to be abundant, for the word Nineveh means "a fish house." The group of wedges by which the ancient Assyrians wrote the name of the city is composed of the word for "house," with the word for "fish" in its interior. Here, in early times, the Assyrian kings who lived at Asshur had an armory, and here they stored their weapons where they were easily available in case of war. For the first 1,500 years of its existence Nineveh was a small village or fishing hamlet. During that long period, the Assyrian kings lived at Asshur and Nimrud, until finally, in the year 122, King Sargon of the Bible—the king who captured Samaria—built the city of Khorsabad, north of Nineveh. In the year 705 Nineveh first became a royal residence, for Sinacherib, the king who besieged Jerusalem in the time of Hezekiah, built the

Recent Excavations at Nineveh

first walls which Nineveh ever had. There he constructed his magnificent palace, and there the ruins of both the walls and the palace still remain. In one of his inscriptions King Sinacherib says:

> I greatly enlarged the site of Nineveh: its outer and inner walls, which before my time did not exist, I built and made as high as a mountain. The surrounding country, which for lack of water was a desert, I irrigated. I brought water to the city for the people to drink. . . . I enlarged the dwellings of Nineveh and widened its streets, which were too narrow. I made it brilliant like the sun.

Continued on page 373

THE
American Pulpit

A SERMON BY

Rev. Wm. Potts George, D.D.*

Jesus Only

TEXT—I. Cor. 1: 23, 24

"We preach Christ crucified . . . the power of God and the wisdom of God"

THIS was harder for St. Paul to say than it is for us. Nineteen hundred years ago people knew not of any glory connected with the Cross. Its whole history was one of shame and humiliation. To-day it glitters in jewels on the breast of beauty; shines like burnished gold on the domes of earth's proudest cathedrals; is lifted high over the temples of trade and the marts of commerce; is the central object in our million-peopled cities; is the harbinger of mercy and help upon the bloody battle-fields; furnishes sanctuary and protection to those who rest beneath its shadow. It is the symbol of all that is holiest and best in our Christian history, and men beneath its sign have gone forth to conquer barbarism and transform it into Christianity.

It is the apex of our civilization, and as we survey the ruins of empires, the graves of dynasties, the tombs of kings and the wrecks of rulers,

> In the Cross of Christ we glory,
> Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
> All the light of sacred story
> Gathers round its head sublime.

But in St. Paul's time it was the symbol merely of meanness and degradation—the most torturing instrument for punishing the greatest criminals and exacting the last penalty of the broken law. It represented what the gallows, gibbet and electric chair would to-day. Its associations were all of criminal baseness.

And yet, in spite of all this, Paul, knowing so much of the past, present and prospective history of Him who hung thereon, said: "God forbid that I should glory save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ"; and while the Jews asked for a sign, and the Greeks sought after wisdom, he preached Christ crucified, to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness, but to them that believe, the power of God and the wisdom of God.

In opening our metropolitan pastorate and announcing our motto, "A Banner Year for Bedford Street," we use as the keynote of our ministry these words of St. Paul as fitting the needs of America in the twentieth century, as they did those of Corinth in the first century.

Corinth was a city of commerce, trade and sinful luxury. Its inhabitants were the votaries of pleasure and worshipers of mammon. Paul had come to it in the course of his second foreign missionary journey. In obedience to the heavenly vision, he had "come over into Macedonia to help" them, and carried the Gospel torch from Asia to Europe. He met, however, but a rough reception. In Philippi he was cast into the inner prison, and his feet thrust into the stocks. When his great Master came to earth his first cradle was the manger, and when his messenger entered Europe one of his first bedrooms was a jail. After Philippi followed experiences with "lewd fellows of the baser sort in Thessalonica," the scorn and contempt of the Greeks in cultured Athens, and afterwards the longer sojourn and more successful ministry in Corinth.

There he found the Jews as usual conducting the city's finances, the Greeks arguing and disputing all manner of questions, and the imperial Roman, scornful alike of merchant and thinker, believing, like Pistol, that the world was his oyster, which, with his sword, he would open, its lands and cities marked out for conquest, and himself their conqueror. To all of them Paul preached the one Gospel of Jesus Christ, and him crucified. The Jews hated and despised him; the Greeks scorned and derided him; the Roman looked on him with proud indifference; but every evening this mean-looking, undersized, weak-eyed Hebrew Christian gathered together a few people in an upper room and preached to them Jesus and the resurrection.

He hadn't a large audience. There was the poor slave enjoying an hour's cessation from service; the longshoreman with a respite from the task of loading and unloading the ships in the harbor; the soldier with a short furlough for rest and refreshment; the poor woman escaping for an hour from household drudgery: "not many learned, not many noble, not many wise or mighty ones"; but to the foolish, base and weak ones Paul unfolded the manifold wisdom of the ages, and preached the world's Redeemer.

All these classes have their successors in the society of to-day. We have still men who, like the Jews, ask for a sign or wonder. We have still Greeks who sneer at the Cross, and seek in old or new philosophy some other solution of the mysteries of life and death. They would rather construct some new system than accept the divine revelation; and there, alas! are others, the larger number, who, in their sinful indifference, are content with conquering the world and laying tribute on its products for their personal use. To all these classes represented in New York we have but the Pauline message to preach Christ crucified, the power and wisdom of God.

We have sometimes been asked what we think about a New Creed, New Thought and New Theology. Of these we have not any to present. There are enlarged views of truth. Every year, by its inventions and discoveries, broadens the spheres of observation and induction. There are new methods of Christian labor and influence. The truth itself, like the diamond, has many facets; and the preacher's toil, like the lapidary's cutting, should release the hidden scintillations of light and beauty. But the fundamental facts of our holy religion were settled centuries ago. It is our greatest duty and highest privilege to preach the glad Gospel of the Saviour's love. Others may speculate and dream and argue and philosophize and grope through darkness up to God. We preach Christ crucified, the fullest revelation of the Father's love and the Son's self-sacrifice, of which the Holy Spirit delights to bear a present testimony.

Historic Bedford Street M.E. Church, New York, Founded in 1808

Webster defines preaching as the "declaration of a message," a "crying out in public," and a preacher is the herald or messenger of God. It is his duty not to originate a system, but to declare a truth. When Jonah went to Nineveh a second time the divine instruction was: "Arise, go unto Nineveh, that great city, and preach unto it the preaching that I bid thee." It is the preacher's duty, as it was that of the prophets, not to construct a message, but to deliver it with the authoritative "Thus saith the Lord." These olden prophets felt it in their inmost soul and it bubbled forth in the divine formula. Had the human mind the construction of its own history or fiction, the Saviour would have been made to soar into the heaven of heavens at the apotheosis of his earthly glory from Mount Hermon when his face shone like the sun, and his raiment was white and glistening, and he was transfigured before his favored apostles in the company of Moses and Elijah. But though they thus beheld and spoke afterwards of his glory, the burden of their message was not the glory of Mount Hermon, but the tragedy of Calvary and the higher glory of the resurrection of the dead. If the demand of the people nowadays is for short sermons, sensational sermons, up-to-date sermons, semi-secular sermons, the rostrum and the platform are open for the orator to declare his own message, but from the pulpit of the Christian Church the "foolishness of preaching" is to make men wise unto salvation.

But this preaching is no mere foolish work. In using the phrase the apostle was only quoting the words of his opponents. The Lord Jesus Christ announced as his own prophetic work "preaching the acceptable year of the Lord," and he taught it with authority. "Never man spake like this man." This was the apostles' commission and has always been the glory of the Protestant churches, as opposed to the ritualism and sacerdotalism of the Romish churches. They have provided music galore, have burned incense as a sweet smelling savor, have illuminated their altars with waxen candles, have bowed the knee as the bell announced the elevation of the baked piece of flour and water manufactured but yesterday and adored as a new-created Christ.

Protestantism, on the contrary, has elevated the pulpit and declared a divine and spiritual message reaching the soul rather than the senses, and appealing to the conscience as God's vicegerent in the worshiper. This difference in the churches is indicated in their construction. Some writers on church architecture contend that the altar, choir, pulpit and chancel constitute the church proper, the nave where the people assemble being merely an addendum, long or short, broad or narrow, as convenience may dictate. Protestants, on the contrary, assert that the pulpit, whence the power of living men is brought to bear on living men, should occupy the most prominent position, while the true church is the company of believers. Salvation by faith, rather than by a proper administration of the sacraments, should be the prime object of the preacher's labors. We have heard such buildings scoffed at by sacerdotalists as "houses of preaching" rather than "houses of prayer," but the divine commission is to preach the Gospel to every creature, and in fulfilling it we but tread in the footsteps of our Lord and his apostles.

And what a goodly band of preachers has the Church produced! From Chrysostom the silver-tongued to Aquinas the angelic doctor the leaders of the early Church were its preachers of the Gospel. Martin Luther, of Germany, shook the world by his thundering appeals for reformation, while Calvin, in Switzerland; Lefevre, in France, and John Knox, in Scotland, made monarchs tremble as they discoursed of righteousness, temperance and the judgment to come.

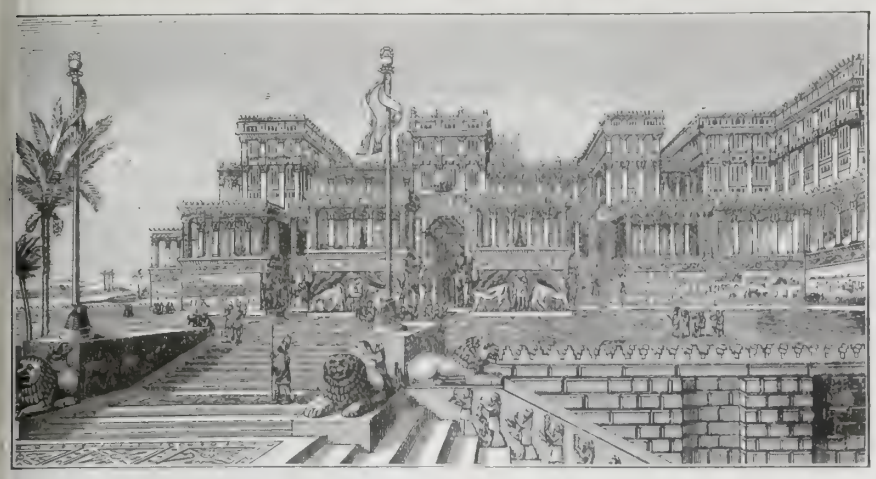
Honest Hugh Latimer, in England, severely rated the "non-preaching prelates" of his day for their failure to fulfil what he considered their principal function. John Wesley traveled over his world-parish preaching as he went from Epworth Tombstone and Gwennap Pit, and from every coign of vantage he proclaimed the sweet Evangel. Under George Whitefield's matchless sacred eloquence the cheeks of begrimed miners showed the furrowed channels of the flood of tears, and even the polite Chesterfield, startled from his incognito, shouted to arrest the sinner on the brink of the pit of doom. In later times men that have moved the world for God were not sacerdotalists, but preachers like Guthrie, Spurgeon, Parker, Punshon, Farrar and the grand old man, General Booth, of the Salvation Army. And America has been by no means in the rear. Our own hills and prairies have re-echoed similar appeals to heart and conscience from Roger Williams, Jonathan Edwards and Charles G. Finney, and of a later date, Moody, Beecher, Phillips Brooks, Fowler and Talmage, and many more too numerous to mention.

"He's only a preacher," say some. Only a preacher! But what an only! It is a work which an archangel would delight to do, but which God, in his wisdom, has delegated to human hearts and human lips and human tongues, and of which he used the cloven tongue of fire as his pentecostal qualification. Is it any wonder we magnify our office and rejoice to preach to our own generation Jesus Christ and him crucified? for that must always be the staple of our message. Although, like Lord Bacon, we take all knowledge to be our own, and ransack ancient and modern literature for illustrations; although we strive to keep time with the majestic tread of modern invention and discovery; although, with reverent eye, we peer behind the unveiling of nature's secrets, and hail with rapture the disclosures of modern scholarship; although poesy lends her wings, and imagination soars her flight beyond the stars, we recognize that in the vanguard of our civilization, solving the soul's deepest problems,

Continued on page 373

*Preached in the Bedford Street M. E. Church, New York.

A WALK AROUND OLD NINEVEH *CONTINUED*



The Palace of Sinacherib (as restored by Layard)

City of Mosul, on the Tigris, Opposite Ancient Site of Nineveh

Thus Nineveh in the year 705 B.C. became a royal city. From that time to the end of the Assyrian empire, in 606, Nineveh was the home of its kings. In all the ancient world of that period, there was not a city which could compare with it in grandeur; but the history of Nineveh as the home of royalty was as brief as it was brilliant. Just a hundred years after its walls and its first royal palaces were built, the city turned into the vast mounds which mark its site and form a monument worthy of it.

Nineveh speedily turned to mounds because it was built of sun-dried bricks. According to the custom of ancient days, the conqueror of a city killed or enslaved the people, and forbade any one to occupy or even to approach its site. Therefore, the deserted houses, uncared for, turned again to the mud of which they were built, and whatever remained in the palaces and temples after the soldiers had sacked them, was soon buried and protected by the covering of dirt above. There the treasures have remained for the modern archæologist to excavate; the name "Nineveh" was soon forgotten, excepting by the natives who lived about them. But the city was not always to remain forgotten. About 116 A.D. a town was erected upon the ruins, and Roman coins bearing the name Nineveh were struck; even now the coins are picked up in the ruins.

In 627 A.D. the famous battle of Nineveh was fought by the Roman Heraclius with the Persian Chosroes. A century later, a Christian named Isaac was made a bishop of Nineveh, and several monasteries were built upon the mound, of which one was dedicated to the prophet Jonah. The life of the second Nineveh was also short, for the Arabs and Tartars burned the monasteries, killed the inhabitants, and built the fort of Ninawi among the ruins. Finally, the little Arab village of Nebi Yunus grew upon the summit of one of the mounds, and on the opposite shore appeared the large modern town of Mosul.

Concerning the size of ancient Nineveh, the early writers disagreed; but no ancient city, when compared with our modern towns, could be called extensive. The Book of Jonah describes Nineveh as a city of three days' journey; three days might have been required if one were to walk through all its streets. Diodorus, an early writer, says that Nineveh was sixty miles in circumference; others describe it as considerably less. However, the walls of the city are still standing, and the modern traveler may ride about their summit in about three hours, for the entire circuit is but eight miles. Their greatest height is forty-six feet. The enclosure within the walls, about three miles long, and with an average width of one mile, covers 1,800 acres. Nineveh was indeed an enormous city for ancient times, far larger than Babylon or Jerusalem.

Within the wall of Nineveh are two huge mounds, in which are buried the palaces of the Assyrian kings. The larger or northern mound, now called Koyunjik, covers 100 acres, and it is said that 1,000 men working for 120 years would be required to excavate it. The southern mound is called Nebi Yunus, a modern Arabic name which means the prophet Jonah. In the little Arab village upon its summit stands a Moslem tomb in which Jonah is said to be buried. The remaining space within the city is now cultivated by the modern Arabs, literally fulfilling the prophecy that "flocks shall lie down in the midst of her."

In 1842, the French government stationed Mr. Botta as consul at Mosul, with instructions to dig into the ancient ruins. When he began his excavations he found nothing to reward him. An Arab, who was watching the work, suggested that if he would find antiquities, he should go to the ruins of Khorsabad, eighteen miles to the north. Mr. Botta accompanied the Arab, and found the wonderful palace of the Biblical king Sargon. Layard, a young Englishman, while hunting in the country, became interested in the work of the French, and in the year 1845, with funds given him by the British Ambassador at Constantinople, he began to excavate at Nineveh where the French had failed.

The story of the uncovering of the palaces at Nineveh is a fascinating one. Many men have taken part in those excavations. Layard conducted two expeditions; he was followed by Rassam and George Smith; last of all, Mr. King, of the British Museum, has recently been digging among the old palaces. The excavators have been wonderfully successful, for the ruins are a vast storehouse of treasures. In the mound of Koyunjik, Layard discovered the palaces of the Biblical kings, Sinacherib and Assurbanipal. The walls, still standing, were lined with the beautiful sculptured slabs which now decorate the British Museum. The accompanying inscriptions speak of the wars which the Hebrews described in the Bible. In the palace of Assurbanipal was the magnificent library of 100,000 books of clay, and in the wedge-shaped writing with which they were covered, we read the history, religion, literature, the business transactions, the law cases, the wills, the schoolboy exercises and even the dictionaries of the Ninevites. Fifty years ago, it was not known who the great Osnappar of the Book of Ezra was; but now he is one of the best known kings of history, and his biography may be found upon the shelves of nearly every well-equipped library.

The southern mound of Nineveh is by far the most interesting unexplored ruin in Mesopotamia. The treasures which are buried there must be of the greatest value to the Bible student. Because the tomb of Jonah and a Moslem cemetery stand upon the summit of the mound, excavations there have never been permitted by the Turks. Once a Moslem who owned a bit of land on the mound, wished to build a house, and Mr. Layard offered to dig the cellar, if he might have whatever antiquities he should discover. Few have ever possessed a larger cellar than did this Moslem, for it reached far into the ground, deep enough to reveal the palace of the Biblical king Esarhaddon. The walls of the palace, still standing, are lined with sculptured slabs of marble and alabaster, and with the Assyrian inscriptions which record the chief events in the life of this Biblical king. In the soil beneath the so-called tomb of Jonah and the squalid huts of the Moslem Arabs, the magnificent palace must lie, until permission to uncover it may be obtained.

Jonah's tomb is so sacred to the Moslems, that as yet only two Christians have succeeded in reaching its interior. Of course, Jonah was not buried there; for the city was still flourishing more than a century after the prophet died. A monastery dedicated to him did, however, stand near the ruins, and the later Moslems who obtained possession of the Christian building supposed that the prophet, whose name it bore, must have been buried there.

The city of Mosul on the opposite shore of the Tigris is interesting to the Bible student, not only because it represents Nineveh, but chiefly because the modern inhabitants live as did the poorer people of the ancient city. The peasants still irrigate the land along the river by drawing the water up in camel skins and allowing it to flow into their gardens. The people still float down the stream on the goat-skin raft or *kelek*, and they live in the same flat-roofed and poorly ventilated huts built of sun-dried bricks. The streets are narrow and dirty, and the only water supply is the river. The present population is about 40,000 Arabs, Christians and Jews. Though Arabic is the modern language and the Paganism of Assyria has given way to Mohammedanism, yet as one wanders along the gardens by the river's edge, or loiters about the bazaars, it requires little imagination to fancy that he is still in the old city of Asshur, and of Jonah and of Sinacherib and of the great and noble Osnappar. EDGAR J. BANKS.

JESUS ONLY ~ SERMON BY REV. WM. POTTS GEORGE, D.D. *CONTINUED*

and illuminating the darkness that gathers round the grave, there still marches in sublime majesty the Man of Nazareth. And Calvary's Cross and Joseph's empty tomb declare with no uncertain sound that he is the Resurrection and the Life, and has brought life and immortality to light by his Gospel.

We preach Christ crucified. The world is still hungry for this message, and to perishing multitudes it is the bread of life and the water of life. Said a regular worshiper to me once: "If you preachers only knew how we desire and hunger for Christ you would preach him more. Our pastor has just returned from an all-world tour, and we have heard to repletion about foreign populations and their heathen teachers, Brahma, Buddha, Confucius, Mohammed and Laotsze. We want Christ! Nothing will satisfy us but Christ! We are hungry for Christ! Worn and wearied, burdened and heavy-laden, perplexed, troubled and sorrowful, we need Christ! Without him we die! With him we live eternally." Is it any wonder we preach Christ crucified? To preach Christ crucified with any dignified relation to the subject cannot be done by the reading of a moral essay, nor the delivery of a ten-minute sermonette. Sermonette, preacherette, churchette and Christianette generally go together, and from the unscriptural alliance may the good Lord deliver us. Whatever the Bible road or avenue selected, its outcome should be Calvary, and its issue Olivet, the mounts of Crucifixion and Ascension.

It is possible to tickle the ears with flights of rhetoric, and to occupy the time by discussing petty problems, while the weightier matters are untouched, and the soul goes home hungry for spiritual food. Some things are good for students, but the preacher's general congregation is in large measure composed of men and women with real needs, real sins, real sorrows and real hopes. To them Christ crucified brings the revelation of atonement, and from atonement, pardon, and from pardon, reconciliation, and from reconciliation, salvation, and from salvation certainty for time and a lively hope for eternity. What Christ crucified means, we can never fully solve. The nineteen hundred years' experience and history of multitudes in every land and clime bear witness that to "those who believe" it has been the "power of God and the wisdom of God." It is the power or dynamite of God which has made "hell's foundations quiver," and earth's foundations to be settled on the Rock of Ages. It is the wisdom of God, inasmuch as it has satisfied the longings of the leaders of the human race, and ministered equally to the needs of the millions who have set to their seals that God is true. It touches humanity at every point. It furnishes material for man's speculative intellect, and satisfies the deepest yearnings of his soul. It rejuvenated the nations at its beginning, and has been the greatest factor in their historic progress since. It has changed the names of Europe and America into Christendom, and is the world's mightiest moral and spiritual force today. Christ crucified has taught humanity the sublimest lessons of self-sacrifice, while, as a revelation of divine love, it has changed the whole aspect of the relations between God and man. It has shown the Father in the face of Jesus his Son.

His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim:
Tis all my business here below
To cry, "Behold the Lamb."

Now, if we preach Christ crucified, won't you believe it? If you believe it, wont you act as though you believed it now? Will you, renouncing and forsaking sin, accept it honestly, earnestly, truthfully, without doubt or questioning, now? Then you are saved; you must be saved. Christ was crucified for you to wash your sins away.

Then let us sit beneath his Cross
And gladly catch the healing stream,
All things for him account but loss
And give up all our hearts to him.
Of nothing think or speak beside,
My Lord, my Love is crucified.

NORTHFIELD'S GATHERING HOSTS

DIVINES FROM MANY LANDS TO LEAD THE STUDENTS THE COMING SUMMER

The Mill Stream Rapids

AMONG the many beautiful towns that dot the green banks along the Massachusetts reach of the Connecticut River, none seem to have been more favored by Dame Nature than Northfield, which lies in that picturesque region almost at the intersection of Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Vermont. The river winds away from it to the north and south, and the hills that shut the village in are lofty enough in some places to be called mountains. Notch Mountain and its "Cathedral Pines" is a picture which lingers long in the memory of those fortunate enough to pass a few happy summer days in the encampment whose white tents gleam from among the green boughs during the conferences which have become such a feature of Northfield life.

Dwight L. Moody was born in the village and his grave is on the beautiful crest of Round Top, the spot he loved so well, and where he and his co-workers in the early days of his meetings at Northfield used to gather for the interchange of ideas and to sing the evening hymns. The buildings of Northfield Seminary are now conspicuous in the landscape, and their number is constantly growing. A beautiful chapel in the English Gothic style is now in the course of erection, the gift of Mrs. Russell Sage, of New York City. Mrs. Sage has also given the money to build a music hall for the musical department of the seminary. Some distance away is Mount Hermon School for young men, and here Holbrook Hall, the new administration building, is now nearing completion, and makes a fine addition to the structures already in use on the Mount Hermon campus.

People who knew the Northfield schools a few years ago would be surprised at the great progress made within a comparatively short period of time. Spring and summer are filled with interesting conferences that are attended by people from almost all over the United States, while many come from Canada and Great Britain.

In addition to those who come for instruction and study, there is an ever-increasing number of summer visitors who seek the rest and physical regeneration that comes from the days spent in the open air, tramping about the beautiful paths and roads that wind along the riverside, or cut back into the mysteries of the hills.

The village itself is historic, and around its shaded streets and colonial homesteads lingers many a fascinating bit of legend and romance.

Starting with the commencement week at Mount Hermon School, which began on April 18, events follow one another thick and fast at this great student and conference centre. The Mount Hermon Commencement was one of the best ever held at that famous school, and a fine body of seniors was graduated and sent out well armed mentally and physically for the conflict that awaits all young men of ambition and high purpose. The address at the commencement exercises was by Dr. John M. Thomas, President-elect of Middlebury College.

The second week of June will be commencement week at Northfield Seminary for young women. Rev. Robert Johnson, D.D., is coming down from Montreal to deliver the address to the graduating class. In addition, there will be a sacred concert, a chorus recital by the young ladies of the school, for Northfield is noted for its love of good music and receptions and exercises by the senior class. Northfield never appears more beautiful than during commencement week. All nature seems to put on the best appearance to add to the festal air of the town and school.

Hardly will the students of the seminary have packed their belongings and scattered for the summer vacation to their homes in almost every State in the Union, when other students, representing the young men of the Eastern colleges and preparatory schools, will assemble for the Student Conference. This conference is perhaps the best known to the general public, for the enthusiastic young men have gone back to their school after each conference and urged their fellow-students to go to a Northfield Conference at the first opportunity. The purpose of this conference is to "quicken the spiritual life of the students, and to train them to lead the organized work of their institutions." The first meetings will be held on June 26, and the last session on July 5. Work and play are mingled in invigorating proportions. On the daily schedule are meetings in the great auditorium, and on the crest of beautiful Round Top, near the grave of Moody; special Bible classes, missionary institutes, meetings of students' delegations and services of song. On July 4 there is always a big patriotic celebration that is always greatly enjoyed by both spectators and participants. The students always invent a new and attractive programme for this day as an appropriate finish to a delightful outing among these hills. During the conference there is time found for baseball games between teams from the different colleges and tennis tournaments.

Among the well-known speakers at the conference will be Rev. Anson Phelps Stokes, Jr., Mr. Robert E. Speer, Mr. F. S. Brockman, and President Falconer.

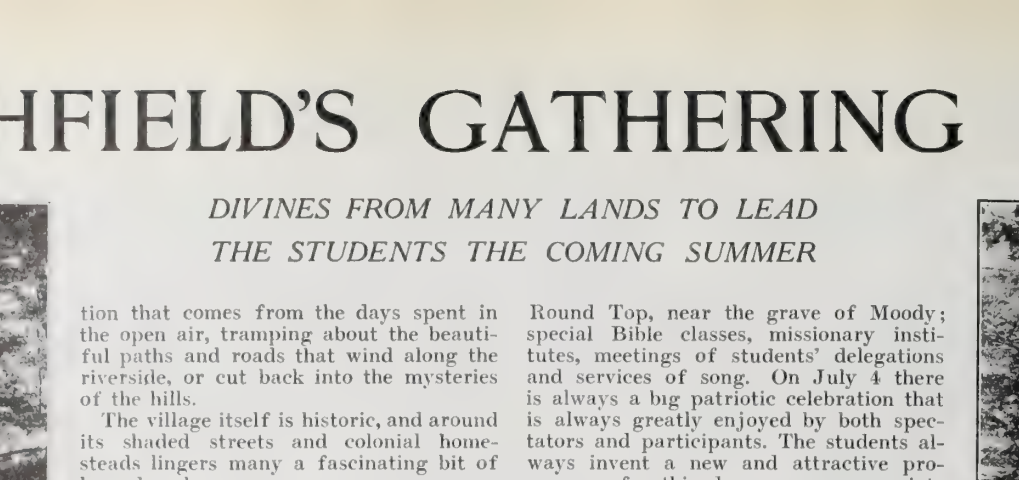
From July 16 to the 20th, the Women's Home Missionary Conference will be held. On July 18 the first session of the Summer School for Sunday School Workers will have its opening session. The Summer School for Women's Foreign Missionary Societies is from July 21 to 28 inclusive. On July 31 the General Conference of Christian Workers will open to last until the middle of August. W. R. Moody will preside and the musical programme will be in charge of Mr. George C. Stebbins and Mr. Charles M. Alexander. The list of speakers is a long one, and includes Rev. Hugh Black, of New York; Rev. R. A. Torrey, Rev. James E. Freeman, Rev. A. T. Pierson, D.D., Rev. C. A. R. Janvier and Rev. W. B. Macleod. This closes the regular conferences for the year, but lectures will be given and classes held at the Northfield schools covering all phases of Christian work for about two months longer. Many attendants at the conference wait over to attend these.

The faculty for the summer course in Bible study and in training for Christian work is one of the strongest ever gathered at Northfield. Rev. Charles W. Heisler, D.D., pastor of the First Lutheran Church, of Albany, N. Y., comes back for the third time. This year he will deal especially with the Gospel in Hebrews. Among the topics on which he will lecture are: "The Better Revelation," "The Better Son," "The Better Prophet," "The Better High Priest," "The Better Covenant" and several others.

Rev. J. Stuart Holden, rector of St. Paul's Church in Portman Square, West London, is one of the clergymen from abroad who will attend the summer conference and deliver addresses in addition to giving a regular course in the summer school on "Christ in the New Testament." Mr. Holden is an inspiring teacher, and was one of the most popular speakers at the General Conference at Northfield last summer. Rev. John Timothy Stone, of the Brown Memorial Presbyterian Church in Baltimore, Md., comes to give his first course at Mount Hermon. The course will have the general title of "Paul the Apostle to the City." Mr. Stone finds in the work of Paul many helpful suggestions as to ways of meeting the great problems of city life to-day.

"Fundamental Virtues in Manhood as Illustrated by Biblical Biography" is the course to be given by Rev. Baily Edwards, of Brooklyn. Mr. Edwards is the associate pastor of the South Congregational Church in the city of churches, and his experience has been such as to enable him to give a course of great practical value. He is at present President of the Brooklyn Sunday School Union. He has often spoken to Northfield audiences during various conferences, but this is the first time he has come as a regular instructor in the summer work. Mr. David McConaughy, Rev. E. F. Hallenbeck, D.D., and Dr. R. Erdman, D.D., are other well-known speakers and teachers who will appeal to all in getting practical knowledge in methods of Christian work. Mr. McConaughy, it will be remembered, is the secretary of the Forward Movement of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. His books on Bible study are widely read and have made for him many strong friends. His topic will be "The Most Vital of Life Problems." Doctor Hallenbeck is the associate pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church of New York City, and has been prominently identified with the Christian Endeavor Movement. Dr. Erdman is a member of the faculty of the Theological Seminary of Princeton University. He will lecture on "Character Sketches for Christian Workers."

All visitors are welcome to Mount Hermon School at the summer term, and they are enabled to see the practical working out of Mr. Moody's far-seeing educational ideas.



The Beautiful Valley of the Connecticut at Northfield

The Romantic Birch Walk

ANSWERED PRAYERS

A Reader, Florida. "I cried unto the Lord, and he [illegible]."

J. B. D., Ohio. "The Lord [illegible] me twice forcibly in answer to prayer, and I praise him for it."

J. H. S., Pennsylvania. "I know [illegible] that God is a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God. Bless his holy name."

Earnest Reader, Virginia. "I want to tell the world that God does answer prayer, as I [illegible] that love and trust him. He has answered many for me, and I praise his name."

Miss J. J. H., Mississippi. "I want to acknowledge constant answer to prayer in most distressing times. How can any one live without God in this world of trouble?"

Mrs. L. E., New York. "We were in great distress of mind for many months over a prodigal son and brother. He left home saying he intended committing suicide. For weeks we did not know whether he was living or dead. We prayed most earnestly that God would save him, and make him a Christian. A few days before Christmas, the prodigal was brought to the feet of Jesus asking forgiveness, and was converted."

Old Subscriber, Iowa. "I prayed for years for the conversion of my dear children. My prayer is answered. I give God the glory."

J. L. E., Oklahoma. "I wish to acknowledge to the world that God has wonderfully answered many prayers. He will deliver us from our troubles if we will but ask, trust and obey him."

Mrs. H. B., New York. "I wish to acknowledge all that the Lord does for me. I know he answers prayer, for he has answered mine many times, and I want to give him all the glory."

B. F. P., New Jersey. "I gratefully acknowledge the power of prayer in the restoration to health of a dear child, thought beyond human aid. With God all things are possible."

Chinese Y. M. C. A. Men Now Visiting Tokyo

A Korean Bible Class Now in the Mikado's Capital

CHINA'S STUDENT MIGRATION

Thousands of her Young Men and Many Koreans Visiting Japan to Learn the Secret of her Greatness

ONE of the strongest evidences of the great spiritual awakening now going on in China is found in the recent surprising development of Y. M. C. A. work in that country. Although it is yet hardly seven years since the work obtained a foothold in the Celestial Empire, it has progressed and expanded amazingly, and far exceeded the expectations of its founders. In Shanghai, the leading Association has a membership of about 500, which includes many Chinese bankers, merchants, officials, professional men, students, teachers and translators, besides a goodly sprinkling of the lower working classes. The Shanghai Association, a few months ago, erected a beautiful new building, which it is now occupying. In other Chinese cities, the Association movement is making strong headway.

Another evidence of the new life which China is developing, spiritually and intellectually, is the earnest search for light that is now being made by the Chinese student classes, no longer against the opposition, but rather with the approval of the Chinese *literati* and the officials. Not long ago several thousands of Chinese students visited Japan on the occasion of the dedication of a Chinese Y. M. C. A. building in Tokyo. Many of these students are Christians and members of the Chinese Y. M. C. A. They went to Japan for two reasons, viz.: to learn something of the civilization of the wonderful people, and secondly, to get in touch with the Japanese Y. M. C. A. They were a lot of fine-looking, bright young fellows, these Chinese visitors who went to Tokyo. One good-sized party went under the chaperonage of the Rev. Mr. Williams and Mr. J. W. Clinton, two well-known Christian workers. Their experience in Japan has been a revelation in many ways, and they will return to their homeland full of new ideas, and inspired by a vision of new and enlarged possibilities.

In an address delivered by a Christian Chinaman at the dedication in Tokyo, the speaker said: "The students head the list of four classes of people that constitute our nation. For thousands of years they have had the reins of government in their hands. It is the same in China now. How important then is the training of this class that is destined to exert such a commanding influence in the future, not only in the history of their own country, but that of the East. The coming, therefore, of such a large number to Japan is a matter of great significance."

In a report on this subject, Mr. John R. Mott writes: "The most striking fact in the student world in recent years has been the migration of such large numbers of Chinese students to the capital city of Japan. In the history of the world, there has been no such extensive migration of students from one land to another in so short a period. Here we find not several hundreds, but several thousands of young men who have come out from the proudest nation, the most conservative nation—aptly called the 'Walled Kingdom'— to sit at the feet of their conqueror, in order to learn the secret of her progress and power.

"These students come from every province of China. The motives actuating them are various. Some have

Mr. C. F. Wang Mr. T. T. Wang

Two Chinese Y. M. C. A. Secretaries

come out of mere curiosity; others have come with earnest and sincere desire to learn what Japan has to teach. It is doubtless true that practically all of these students are more or less animated with the patriotic desire to prepare themselves to do something for China. They have been drawn largely from the highest and best classes in China. Many of them have had good training in Chinese literature, and among them are not a few degree men. Very few come over to Japan as Christians. While in China, most of them were not only non-Christian, but even anti-Christian. They are in the midst of influences tending to materialism, to extreme radicalism, and to gross immorality. They are cut off largely from the good influences which might come from the Japanese, because they have little knowledge of the Japanese language. They are exposed to the active forces of agnosticism and scepticism. There is a general tendency to throw off all religious restraint.

"The Young Men's Christian Association was the first agency to recognize the urgent need of putting forth special efforts to help these young men who were thrown as strangers in the midst of a strange city. Remarkable success attended these efforts. Two strong associations were built up, each with a membership of over 500. Points of contact with the Chinese students were established by means of night classes, courses of lectures, reading rooms and many other practical means of helpfulness. The confidence and sympathy thus won, opened the doors for the propagation of Christian truth. From the beginning, there has been in the pathway of these unselfish efforts an unbroken line of genuine conversions to the Christian faith. The conference of the World's Student Christian Federation afforded a rare opportunity for leaders in Christian work among students of many lands to bring to bear the influence of their Christian message and personality upon these representative young men of China. Of 3,000 Chinese students who heard their appeals, 250 publicly avowed their purpose to become disciples of Christ. A church has been organized with sixty members, and many others are being instructed preparatory for baptism. Who can measure what it will mean to transform these men from enemies to friends and propagators of the Christian faith? Without doubt the key to China is in Tokyo, and that key is in the hands of the Chinese students who are to furnish the leaders of that mighty nation of four hundred millions of people."

There are also about 500 Korean students in Tokyo, of whom fifty are supported by the Korean Government, and the rest by their families or themselves. The superintendent, who is employed by the Korean Government, is a strong Christian man, and is lending his influence and assistance to the Korean Young Men's Christian Association. A Christian Korean has been secured to work among them, and has met with much success. When he first came, in November 1906, there were but six Christians in the whole number; but with such energy and faith has he worked that there is now a permanent Bible Class of more than 120 earnest believers.

H. LOOMIS.

Yokohama, Japan.

MISSIONARY WORK IN RUSSIAN PRISONS

THE Rev. Adam Podin, a personal friend of Baron Woldemar Uxkull, of Russia, was converted about seventeen years ago in London, England, at the Sailors' Mission conducted by Miss Child. He now lives in the neighborhood of Baron Uxkull's castle in the little city of Kegel, province of Esthonia, Russia.

Last year he visited some of the worst prisons in Russia. In one he found 1,440 inmates of various classes and nationalities, many of them under sentence of death, and others waiting to be taken to Siberia or the Caucasus, to which they will be banished for life. Many of these are political prisoners, and not criminals in the ordinary sense. Mr. Podin says, in a recent letter: "To see such a crowd of men, women and children is an awful sight. About 200 or 300 is the average audience I get, most of them in irons and chains—men and women who, like us, once enjoyed liberty and freedom, but for whom now, as far as this world is concerned, all is over. Everything has gone wrong, opportunities lost, lives misspent, and nothing to look forward to but a dark eternity. But, praise the Lord! I have permission to preach to them, and He has wonderfully blessed my work, the last meetings especially. At one meeting, one of the men came running towards me, and as he ran, a soldier stood in his way with a bayonet pointed at his breast, thinking he was going to harm me, but the poor man cried out: 'Oh! I was not going to hurt him. I only wanted to know if it is all true what he said! Who is he? Can I depend on what he says? Can I really believe him?'

"Again I stepped to the front with this message: 'The words are true; I am telling the truth! If the Lord had not saved me I would have been as bad as any man in this prison.' Then I explained how the Lord saved me, and that he could save any and all of them if they believed on Christ as Saviour, Lord and King. You should have seen their faces as they were taken back to their cells, some smiling, others weeping, others reading the New Testaments given them. As an accompaniment to the joy and sorrow the clank, clank, clank of the iron and chains as they dragged along the floor. Some of them, just one hour or two before death, have given themselves to the Saviour, fully trusting and believing His precious promises. In Siberia and the Caucasus also, many are trusting in the Lord."

Thanks and Good Wishes

Dear Dr. Klopsch: Received volume of Fascinating Animal Stories, and am very much pleased with them. Also accept thanks for beautiful Calendar. Wishing yourself and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD every prosperity in the future, I am, etc.,

Claremont, N. H. MRS. T. HODGSON.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

Expiration of Subscription.—The date on the wrapper indicates when your subscription ends.

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Entered at Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

Our New Serial Story

TWO weeks hence, in our issue of May 20, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will begin the publication of a new serial, for which we predict a popularity as great as that which marked the appearance last year of Miss Eleanor Porter's beautiful story, "Into Still Waters." In that realistic tale of child life in the slums of New York, the author related the remarkable adventures of "Mag of the Alley," which were followed by our readers with lively and sympathetic interest.

In the new story, entitled "The Transformation of Margaret," Miss Porter has given us the sequel to her earlier tale, and it is a rarely attractive one, with a thousand wonderful and stirring situations. That sprite of mischief, Mag, though she has been restored to her home, cannot forget her alley playmates or her prankish ways. The reader meets some of the old alley acquaintances, too, including of course the Whalens, Bobby McGinnis and Patty, and the twins. We have more than a passing glimpse of the terrible evil of child labor, with its consequent misery. There is also a pleasing reminder of Mont-Lawn, our Children's Home, within whose happy precincts Mag—then a little slum guest—first learned the real secret of her identity.

But we will not anticipate the story, with its delightful surprises. We prefer that our readers should find out for themselves just what happened. Let every reader pass along the announcement to friends, so that the enjoyment of the forthcoming serial may be as widely distributed as possible.

A Congregational Manifesto

RECENT utterances by certain prominent Congregational ministers in Great Britain have elicited an avowal of orthodoxy from other leaders of that church. This is interesting, because Congregationalists, both there and on this side the Atlantic, have studiously refrained from formulating a creed. It has been the boast of the denomination that its ministers and churches have been left entirely free, within the limits of the Holy Scriptures. The result has been that the highest Calvinism may be preached from one Congregational pulpit, while extreme Arminianism is proclaimed from another. No Congregational minister can be tried for heresy on the ground that his teaching is not in accord with the standards of the church. Only if his doctrines are contrary to Scripture can he be deemed a heretic. It has, however, been considered necessary at various times for some ministers to make "a confession of faith." They have desired to make it clear that they do not hold doctrines which are held by certain other ministers of their own church. They have no desire to quit the church, and they have not the power to expel those with whom they differ; but they want it known that the doctrines they abhor are not the doctrines of the whole denomination. Such a time has now come and a confession of faith signed by the principals of Congregational colleges—who are necessarily expert theologians—and by all the ex-chairmen of the Congregational Union now living except two, has been issued. The confession consists of the following seven statements:

1. We believe in the personality of God the Father, transcendent as Maker and Ruler of all things, and yet, through his eternal Spirit, immanent in the world, and particularly in man and his history.

2. We believe that sin, so far from being necessary to man's development, is, as a distrust of God, and disobedience to him, a perversion of the moral and religious nature, which, apart from redemption, would involve man in ruin.

3. We believe that Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son of God, came into the world to reveal the holy love and grace of God, and to redeem men by the sacrifice of himself once for all upon the Cross for the sin of the world, so conveying to the individual believer the divine pardon.

4. We believe that this pardon is appropriated by faith in Jesus Christ, and that by this faith the Holy Spirit, producing union with the living Lord, regenerates human nature to eternal life.

5. We believe that the regenerate are the true Church, to which, among other sacred obligations, is committed the task of transforming the world, morally and socially, into the Kingdom of God.

6. We believe that the Bible is God's Book, because it enshrines the divine revelation culminating in the historic coming of Christ, his life, death, and resurrection, and the Gospel therein contained.

7. We believe that all truth is to be received as from God, and that the apparent conflict between science and religion not only can be adjusted, but is at the present time approaching a reconciliation.

This confession could become a creed only by its adoption by the separate churches. Not even the Congregational Union, which is a fellowship of the churches, could impose it on the entire denomination; but the eminence of the individual signers compels the respect of the whole church. Its brevity and the vagueness of some of the articles indicate that it was designed to cover minor differences of opinion among them, but whatever differences there are, it is clear they are all united against the movement now known as the New Theology. The fact that Dr. R. J. Campbell, the originator and advocate of this theology, is a Congregational minister, is the reason for the issue of this confession at the present time. It will be a satisfaction to orthodox believers to see that the doctrines of that new movement are repudiated by the leaders of this historic denomination.

Gifts to Evangelists

IN this age of large financial reward, it surprises nobody to learn that scientists, professors, and occasionally preachers also, share in the golden harvest. Recent announcement of the large gifts paid to certain evangelists seems, however, to have stirred up some lively criticism. One Brooklyn reader of this journal writes us directing attention to the fact that one evangelist has bought a fine mansion, while another has received a gift of $12,000 from the people of a Western town, where he conducted a successful five weeks' revival. The correspondent makes the blunt assertion that these people are "out after the money." A Washington reader writes us that this "thank-offering of $12,000, over $2,000 per week and over $100,000 per year, leads me to wonder whether that is what evangelists are in the business for."

There are two sides to this matter, both of which should receive consideration. In the first place, laying all prejudice aside, let us ask whether the evangelist does his spiritual work conscientiously and well. If he does and if, at its close, the people, in a spirit of generous recognition, choose to make a thank-offering of unusual proportions, that is clearly their affair and not the evangelist's. On the other hand, it is not to be denied that any evangelist, under such circumstances, does much harm to the cause of evangelism by accepting phenomenally large gifts for his own personal use. While it is a Scriptural maxim that "the laborer is worthy of his hire," the Gospel laborer would do wisely to avoid even the suggestion of mercenary motives and thus prevent any reflection being cast upon the spiritual work in which he is engaged. Above all other considerations we should set the integrity of the work itself. It should stand absolutely above reproach. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has always held that the worker in the Lord's vineyard, to be successful, must be uninfluenced by motives of personal gain. The passion for souls is incompatible with the passion for gold.

To those who have been quick to criticize the cases of the evangelists in question, we would say: Do not judge hastily and without a full knowledge of all the facts. It may be, and very likely is the case, that if all were explained, censure might turn to approval.

What Shall We Do With the Tramp?

WHAT should be done with the five hundred thousand tramps who are scattered throughout the length and breadth of this country, is a problem that might well puzzle statesmen as well as students of sociology. Can the tramp be eliminated? If so, by what process?

In the multitude of counselors there is wisdom, and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, having confidence in the intelligence, humanity and justice of its readers, lays this problem squarely before them for their special consideration. We should be glad to have them send us their views on the best method of dealing with the tramp, not with a view to his suppression by force, nor to treat him as a criminal; but looking to his reformation and social and industrial rehabilitation, if these be possible.

One of our readers in Miami, Fla., writes, declaring that "the tramps, who are a nuisance and injury, should be drafted into the army, relieving all honorable young men and giving them a chance to become prosperous heads of families." We are not quite so clear that this is anywhere near the solution of the tramp problem. Rounding up the tramps and using them as food for powder might do very well in a European despotism; but we would fain indulge the hope that a better fate might be in store for them here. Poverty is not a crime, and involuntary idleness means poverty. Besides, may not the tramp be worth saving, after all?

How then shall the tramp be eliminated? Shall it be by colonies, and if so, by what sort of colonies? Shall it be by extensive government works in different parts of the country, as suggested by another reader in Ronceverte, West Virginia? The season is near at hand when the tramp will distribute himself far and wide throughout the land. No one knows better than the farmers and those who live in rural districts how difficult it is to deal with this practical problem, which annually recurs in acute form. Making laws for the suppression of trampism; driving them from one county or township to another; imprisoning them as vagrants, and then supporting them at public expense—none of these meet the real question: What shall we do with the tramp? Send us your views, briefly stated, for publication, and address all such communications: Tramp Problem, care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

A Friend in Need

LOVERS of peace and progress in Cuba feel more and more thankful for what American influence is being exerted in Cuba by our government and by American business firms. They feel that the more they copy American ways, both in their commercial methods and in their government, the more secure life and property will become in the island republic.

Recently, our War Department proposed to withdraw the greater part of our troops on duty there, as our own military departments are suffering from lack of trained men for the spring and summer maneuvres. Protests at once poured in from all sides. It was urged that, while the real police work was done by the local *rurales*, the Americans constituted a great moral force that, by its very presence alone, prevented disorder. The officers and men have shown great tact in their intercourse with the Cubans, and prejudice against them has been rapidly dying out. It is now called the Army of Pacification, a title of which it may well be proud. Foreign nations have also objected to their leaving for a while, as they feel Cuba is still in a crucial political state.

Governor Wood, it will be remembered, cleared up the fever-infested cities of which he had charge, and now Havana, at the request of Governor Magoon, has appropriated $10,000,000 for a sewer system. When the Americans finally withdraw, the island will be in a much better state in every way than when they were forced to come in to save the islanders from themselves. Jokingly, the papers have referred to America as Cuba's elder brother, and this country has no need to be ashamed of the title; at least, the United States has always been its unselfish friend in need.

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THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Turkey Yields to Italy

THAT was an amusing illustration of Turkish policy which was given by the recent Italian menace. The Sultan, as usual, resisted and delayed, and made various excuses, but when confronted by the decisive action of Italy, he promptly yielded. The demand of Italy

King Victor Emanuel

was for the right to establish post offices in Smyrna, Salonica, Jerusalem and Constantinople. Other European Powers have long had post offices in those towns, and Italy considered that as her treaty with Turkey contained the most favored nation clause, she had the same right. But these post offices have become a sore point with the Turkish Government, which holds that they are a reflection on her honor and capacity. They imply that Turkish officials are not to be trusted to handle the foreign mail bags, which indeed is the fact. The Sultan therefore would be glad to withdraw the privilege from the Powers already using it rather than extend it. He notified the Italian Government that the proposal was offensive to him, and he should resist it, and, in fact, posted Turkish soldiers in front of the building the Italians intended to use, to prevent their opening the offices. The Italian Government protested, but could get no satisfaction. In addition, there were other grievances of long standing. Turks who had sold land in Tripoli to Italians had been punished by the Sultan, who did not dare to punish the Italian buyers, but had thus made his own subjects afraid to sell more to Italians. He had also by vexatious regulations interfered with the entrance of Italian shipping to Tripoli, and an Italian priest had been murdered in Turkey without redress. It appeared on all these grounds that the Sultan regarded Italy as a weak power, and as his army is vastly superior to that of Italy, he believed himself safe in defying her. The Italian Government decided that it was time to teach the Sultan a lesson. A fleet of thirty-four vessels, including twelve first-class battle ships, assembled at Gaeta to carry an ultimatum to Turkey, with an intimation that further measures would be taken if the answer was not satisfactory. The Sultan waited until part of the squadron had sailed, and then yielded completely on all subjects in dispute, as he has done on various occasions in disputes with other governments, and when the final pressure was resolutely brought to bear. The Italian Government then recalled its fleet, and the incident was closed. Though the Sultan has probably never read the New Testament, his course in this matter shows that he can appreciate the principle our Lord commended.

Or what king, as he goeth to encounter another king in war, will not sit down first and take counsel whether he is able with ten thousand to meet him that cometh against him with twenty thousand? Or else, while the other is yet a great way off, he sendeth an ambassage, and asketh conditions of peace. (Luke 14: 31, 32 R.V.)

A Portrait on a Church Wall

A communication from the vicar of a country church appears in the columns of an English newspaper. He says that his congregation assembled for worship on a recent Sunday morning were surprised to see a shadowy looking figure facing them on the north wall, where no such object had been known to exist before. It would appear that the picture had been covered by a thin layer of plaster, and that the damp had caused it to show through its covering. The face of the figure is in profile, with a beard and curly hair. The head dress was apparently a crown. The left hand grasped a long wand surmounted with a fleur-de-lys. The clothing is a long robe of ermine, over which was a cloak open in front. The wall is of the fifteenth century, and the figure is believed to represent a king or noble of that period. An attempt to remove the plaster was so injurious to the painting that experts have been called in, as it is evidently a work of great value. How it came to be concealed under the plaster is a mystery and it is a still greater mystery that it should have remained hidden so many centuries. This concealment has been a loss to art, but unhappily an infinitely deeper loss has come to the congregations of some churches through the concealment of Christ under the forms and ceremonies and false doctrines emanating from the pulpit.

In vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men. (Matt. 15: 9.)

Saved by a Baby

A German family has been saved from deportation by its youngest member. The father, an ironworker, came to this country with his wife and child in the fall of 1906. He got work at Pittsburg and did well for a time. Seven months ago another baby was born and she cost her father and mother all the money they had saved. Then hard times came, men were laid off at the iron mills and the father lost his job. Not being able to find work in Pittsburg, he moved his family to New York, but he was unsuccessful in his search for employment. He went to the German consul for help and that official sent him to a charity society. Then the immigration bureau heard of the case and decided to send him back to Germany, as he had not been in the United States two years. He was very much cast down and his wife and children wept together in the Ellis Island refuge. There a German pastor saw them and found a way out of the difficulty. The youngest child, whose arrival had been the beginning of their troubles, could not be legally deported, as her birth here made her an American citizen. The pastor laid the case before the Washington authorities and they have now admitted that as the child cannot be sent back, it will be better for her parents to stay and take care of her. They are thankful that their child has the citizenship that enables them to stay. It is not so that parents acquire a place in Christ's kingdom, but it often happens that a child's citizenship leads its parents to seek the citizenship for themselves.

A little child shall lead them. (Isa. 11: 6.)

The Turkish Port of Smyrna

Unsalable Boot-heels

A manufacturer of boot-heels in New England sent a representative to Ireland expecting to effect extensive sales. To his astonishment, none were sold. An inquiry was made and it was learned that the objection to them consisted in the fact that the rubber was corrugated in the form of a cross. The manager of the firm said the people of Ireland hold a belief as to the sanctity of the cross so strongly that the thought of treading it in the dust under one's heel is to be regarded with nothing but horror. "In these circumstances," he said, "we have had to withdraw all stock bearing the objectionable cruciform design and substitute heels which are not calculated to offend religious susceptibilities. It was only recently that we discovered the cause of the widespread refusal to buy heels of our usual design." It may be hoped that the people so careful about keeping the symbol from desecration are still more careful lest they dishonor him by whom the cross was sanctified.

Of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye, shall he be thought worthy who hath trodden under foot the Son of God? (Heb. 10: 29.)

Japanese Insult Our Consul

An unpleasant incident in the far East is reported by the New York *Herald*. It states that Mr. W. D. Straight, our consul-general at Mukden, was recently aroused from sleep by a struggle between his watchman and a Japanese letter-carrier, who insisted on entering the consulate in spite of warning. Mr. Straight separated the combatants and retired to rest again. In a short time the letter-carrier returned with four Japanese heelers and attacked the watchman, who fled. The intruders then entered Mr. Straight's bedroom and maltreated him. He summoned his servants, who called in the Chinese police, and the Japanese were made prisoners. They were taken to the Japanese consulate, where Mr. Straight made a formal complaint against them. To his astonishment they were not reprimanded, nor was any apology offered to him, but he was curtly informed that an inquiry would be made. Later, he was notified that the Japanese account differed from his, and he was invited to put his story in writing. Mr. Straight declined to place his word on an equal footing with that of Japanese coolies and warned the Japanese consul that he would have to report the insult to his government. The representatives of other nations are intently watching the result, having had to complain of similar insults from the Japanese officers who have been placed in charge in Manchuria. The Tokio government will doubtless repudiate their officer's arrogant conduct. They know, as he may not, that the person of a foreign representative is sacred and an insult to him is an insult to the government that sent him. There are some

The Sultan of Turkey

arrogant people who similarly injure a humble Christian, forgetting that he too has a mighty Protector.

For their Redeemer is mighty; he shall plead their cause with thee. (Prov. 23: 11.)

An Invisible Light

A new microscope has been installed in the laboratory of Dr. William W. Gray, the Surgeon-General, in the War Department at Washington, D. C., which it is hoped will lead to the discovery of the parasitical origin of such maladies as scarlet and yellow fever, smallpox, etc. Dr. Gray is now beginning his experiments with the new instrument. He says that certain parasites cannot be detected by the highest-power microscopes employing the white light. The new microscope has therefore been invented to use the ultra-violet rays, the existence of which has long been known, but which are still a mystery. A reporter who witnessed one of the experiments was taken into a dark room, in which there was a powerful battery. From between two points of metal, the one cadmium and the other magnesium, a brilliant blue flame was produced, which, shining through a prism, presented the usual seven colors, beginning with red and ending with violet. Beyond the violet band of the spectrum was a murky gleam which Dr. Gray caught on a chemically prepared screen, and which, though invisible to the naked eye, when thrown on the reflector of the microscope changed its capacity immensely. With its aid every known bacillus can be detected, and it is believed that some now unknown will be discovered and identified. The marvel is that without the aid of the microscope and the peculiar electric mechanism, the ultra-violet rays cannot be used or even perceived, though they must have always existed. It is significant that they should have been discovered just at the time when science is realizing the importance of the study of the mischievous germs which they reveal. Who can tell what undiscovered powers there may be in nature by which moral evil may be exposed?

All things that are reproved are made manifest by the light: for whatsoever doth make manifest is light. (Eph. 5: 13.)

The Bowery Mission Free Labor Bureau

Over 700 Situations Found for Unemployed Men During the Past Winter

THE winter just passed has been a most active one with the Bowery Mission Free Labor Bureau. Mr. John C. Earl, Financial Secretary, who is in charge of the bureau (which was established several years ago by Dr. Louis Klopsch, editor of this journal and President of the Mission), reports that positions were secured for 760 men, 235 of whom were sent to different parts of the country, principally in the rural districts, during the months of February, March and April. The methods adopted by the bureau are these: Notices are printed in newspapers throughout the country, stating that the bureau has on hand, at all times, several hundreds of capable unemployed workmen belonging to the various trades, and representing almost every branch of mechanical industry, skilled and unskilled. Employers in need of help are invited to communicate with the bureau. Such letters are forwarded to Mr. Earl, and a blank form of application is returned, which the employer fills up, stating the class of help he wishes to employ and the wages he agrees to pay. He is also asked to forward the cost of transportation, the bureau agreeing to supply the worker without any registration fee. On receiving the application properly filled up, with the money for transportation, a man is assigned to the employer and sent on without delay, his fare being prepaid. The employer is requested to notify the bureau of the arrival of the worker, and also to communicate further, stating whether the man is giving satisfaction. Secretary Earl's records show that, without a single exception, the employers are greatly pleased with the general arrangement, and that the men have buckled down to work in an earnest and hearty manner, with satisfaction to the patrons. Letters from the employers express appreciation of the prompt and businesslike methods of the Free Labor Bureau. In many instances, they write that more men of the same stamp can be employed in their neighborhood.

One letter from a New Jersey employer states that the man he engaged from the Free Labor Bureau (a painter), having finished his first job, has taken on two more contracts at $3.50 a day, and has good prospects of permanent work in that neighborhood. Another in the same State writes: "I like your man very much so far. You will receive word from others wanting help in this section." An employer in Poolville, N. Y., writes: "I am well pleased with the transaction on your part and with the labor rendered by the man." A Pennsylvania employer writes: "The man gives satisfaction thus far and we think we can work together to our mutual benefit." An employer in West Virginia writes: "Send me another set of blank applications for a neighbor who may give you an order." And so on, through hundreds of letters of the same character.

These 720 men who were thus fortunate in getting positions through the Free Labor Bureau belonged to the great army of the unemployed, which numbered nearly one-half million in New York this winter. Many, if not all, of these 720 have been represented at some time or other among the 238,500 who were fed and helped by the Bowery Mission Bread Line this winter. These figures represent the work of the Bread Line up to the time of closing, immediately after Easter. In addition to the Bread Line proper, during the past winter months, 28,500 men and boys have been fed and sheltered all night in the Bowery Mission and furnished with a breakfast at five A.M. on turning out to look for work.

That the men who are sent out by the Bowery Mission Free Labor Bureau are earnest, sober and reliable and really eager for work and desirous to keep it when secured, is shown by the letters received from them at the Mission. Every day brings a few of these missives from the men, telling the managers of the Free Labor Bureau how they are getting along in their new positions. The letters show that the spiritual influence of the meetings at the Mission has not been lost upon the men. One of the men writes from a neighboring State: "Last Sunday evening I gave a personal testimony at the Christian Endeavor meeting at the church here. I told them how a man can be saved by kind words and the teachings of the Lord Jesus. I showed these Endeavorers what a work the Bowery Mission is doing in bringing salvation to the drunkards and the outcasts, and in helping the unemployed. When I got through they flocked around me in cordial greeting and said it was one of the best personal testimonies they had ever heard. It pays to serve Jesus."

Sociologists and others, who are personally interested in metropolitan philanthropies, have lately devoted considerable attention to the study of the Bowery Mission Free Labor Bureau, and have been surprised at the simplicity of its methods and the magnitude of its work. While attempts have been made in other quarters to aid the unemployed, they have met with comparatively small success, whereas the Free Labor Bureau, with the simplest of systems and absolutely without cost to the beneficiaries, has rendered substantial aid to hundreds of deserving men and won the approval of employers in all directions. As a medium of communication between the two classes, it has surpassed the expectations of its conductors, and it gives promise of still greater development. The tabulated statement on this page—which shows only a few days' results—is printed in order that our readers may form an idea of the wide range taken by the work of the Bureau.

The Free Labor Bureau will continue its work, and any one desiring information concerning the terms of employment and the class of workers available may apply to the Financial Secretary, Mr. John C. Earl, 92 Bible House, New York.

WHAT EMPLOYERS SAY OF THE BUREAU

This Record Covers Only a Few Days' Work, in Five States, of the Bowery Mission Free Labor Bureau

EMPLOYER	LOCATION	EMPLOYEE	EMPLOYER'S REMARKS
T. Archie Campbell..	Earlville, N. Y.....	T. A. Nugent.....	Thanks for promptness.
M. V. Briscoe.....	Delaware, Pa.....	J. L. Webb.....	Well pleased.
L. Canfield.....	New Milford, Ct....	G. Russell / J. Murphy	Thanks for promptness.
Miner Buel.....	Middlefield, N. Y.....	Henry Schmidt.....	Think he will suit.
Frank B. Tilton.....	Cream Ridge, N. J....	Joseph Howell.....	Like him very much so far.
W. B. Forman.....	Delhi, N. Y.....	John Berridge.....	Well pleased with him.
Anna Halsey.....	Whippany, N. J.....	Joseph Peckham.....	Well pleased with him.
Moses A. Hill.....	Greenwich, N. Y.....	Henry C. Butler.....	Made good beginning.
R. B. Hillman.....	Cambridge, N. Y.....	Matthew Bach.....	Works well.
James LaRue.....	Delaware, N. J.....	Joseph Ash.....	Sends thanks.
A. E. Lamb.....	Hamilton, N. Y.....	John Maher.....	Sends thanks.
F. Lewis.....	Rocklet, N. Y.....	Walter Carroll.....	Thanks.
John Moreland.....	Commack, N. Y.....	Anton Benz.....	Thanks.
Samuel Clark.....	New Germantown, N. J.	John Welch.....	Giving satisfaction.
Arthur Dederick.....	Saugerties, N. Y.....	Wm. Kroll.....	Getting along well.
J. Drummond, Jr....	Rome, N. Y.....	John Bradley.....	Gives satisfaction.
Mrs. A. G. Edsall....	Coleville, N. J.....	Martin A. Phillips...	Will be satisfactory.
A. S. Chamberlin....	Pittstown, N. J.....	Joseph Berrier.....	Well pleased with him.
P. T. Noon.....	Brookfield, N. Y.....	William Klotz.....	Thanks for prompt business.
Mrs. J. E. Kimball..	Tappan, N. Y.....	T. A. Muller.... / William Howard / Charles Gerber..	Thanks for prompt business.
H. S. Purdy.....	Ossining, N. Y.....	Wilhelm Miller.....	Found satisfactory.
B. D. Polen.....	Gilboa, N. Y.....	Chas. Martwich.....	Thanks for kindness.
Geo. Potter.....	Califon, N. J.....	W. H. Pinto.....	Thanks for kindness.
Geo. Schneider.....	Livingston, N. Y.....	Rich. I. Gruynol....	Thanks for kindness.
Harry Tieman.....	New Oxford, Pa.....	Thos. Murray.....	Well pleased with him.
Mrs. E. Turney.....	Newtown, Conn.....	John Callinan.....	Thanks for promptness.
C. A. Tefft.....	Bridgewater, N. Y....	Wm. Young.....	Think will be satisfactory.
E. B. Woodruff.....	Westfield, N. J.....	Frank Barrett / Geo. Geiger	Well satisfied.
W. B. Woodruff.....	Westfield, N. J.....	John Martin.....	Well satisfied.
Alexis York.....	Poolville, N. Y.....	Roy Mackenzie.....	Well pleased with him.
Joseph Weber.....	Crafts, N. Y.....	Leo Fink Cohner....	Very satisfactory.
L. A. Exton.....	Clinton, N. J.....	Robert O'Connor.....	Like him very well.
N. J. Hitchcock.....	Lebanon, N. Y.....	Wm. Aloysius.....	Like him very well.
Hon. I. V. Johnson..	Shepherdstown, W. Va..	Henry A Lewis.....	Believe will be satisfactory.

UP IN THE HIMALAYA MOUNTAINS

MISSIONARY WILLIAM GREET, who is stationed at the Tehri Border Village Mission, at Landour, in the Himalayas, has a strange Gospel field. Tehri is a native-ruled State, with 5,000 square miles of mountains, on whose steep and rugged sides are over 2,000 villages — still unevangelized! From Landour some 150 of these villages can be reached by the missionaries. Mr. Greet writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

Missionary Wm. Greet

"We are very grateful for the sum sent by your readers to help our work. We rather wonder that we are remembered, not having traveled away from our field to make it known; but it is a comfort to us when God gives us sufficient to go right on without leaving for great times and distances. We are sending a copy of our last six months' work in this hill world and among its people. We rejoice to see a big work wherever the Lord makes it possible in any of his many ways. May he still more fully bless THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its associated causes.

"In visiting the mountain forests where the native men make their charcoal for supplying Landour, and when holding a service, one has to climb to a position and sit with one's listeners above and below, almost vertically. For sleeping room at night one's choice often lies between a ledge of two feet wide over a bank or precipice, and a wider place where one can squeeze in between men who have not washed themselves for months."

"One of the best opportunities throughout this last year for spreading the message was afforded us by the visit to Landour of the wedding party of the rajah's daughter. Thousands of villagers were requisitioned for labor and supplies from different parts of the State, and many of them were from the northern valley where I had just been touring. On my return from that valley I came over the range with a number of the men who were bringing ghee, goats, butter, etc., for the rajah's following. We held meetings at halting-places while they rested. During the days that they were detained in Landour, we had meetings with them inside and outside the place allotted for their night shelter, and from among the many for whom there was no place except the open air on the roadside, we invited into our two small tents as many as could crowd into them out of the cold. This seems to have made a great impression on them, and we overheard them saying, 'Well, well, what other sahibs would call village people to occupy their tents?' Some of them took away tracts and Gospels to very distant parts where no preacher has gone, or is apparently likely to go, as yet."

Mrs. Greet writes: "As the women never leave the villages, or on such rare occasions that one may say never, my only chance in getting into touch with them is by going out. And it is a great refreshment to be able sometimes to take a share in my husband's work. There is the difficulty of the peculiar dialect, as the women do not speak and understand Hindi as the men do, but some one must go to them, and sometimes one in a group can understand Hindi. We have with us the Gospel of Matthew in the Tehri dialect—the only thing written or printed in this language—for indeed it is more a language than a dialect. Some brightly-colored Bible pictures interest them and help to make it easier to get at their understanding.

A Tehri Charcoal Burner

We are living at an elevation of nearly 7,000 feet, surrounded by snow in the winter, but in the valleys that lie between the ranges, reaching away to the 'eternal snows,' there is none.' In our field there are no roads into the populated valleys, but only worn foot-tracks over all sorts of ground and no dak bungalows; beasts of burden are out of the question; men must carry all our baggage."

OUR MAIL-BAG

Questions and Answers

I. H. S., Union, Ind. What is the origin of "Every tub must stand on its own bottom"?

The quotation is from Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, Part I. We regret that we cannot answer your other question.

V. E. T., Philadelphia, Pa. Were you correct in saying that Gen. 1: 27 and 2: 7 were the first intimations of man's immortality? The same words are used in describing the creation of the lower animals.

We did not intend to imply that the words proved man's immortality, but that they were the first intimation of it. We do not expect to find doctrines proved by the record in Genesis, but there is there, in the expression of man being in the image of God, and in the breath of life being breathed by God into his nostrils, an intimation of so decided a difference between that and the creation of the lower animals as to suggest the idea of a difference in that life. This implied a capacity to which Christ gave a full meaning (see John 1:12).

D. G., Hackensack, N. J. Is there a University of Arizona?

Yes; established in 1891. It is at Tucson, and in 1905 had 28 instructors and 200 students. It is supported by funds donated by the United States Government and Arizona.

J. C. P., Winkler, Tex. Is God's glory a material substance? It seems to be so represented in describing the appearance on Mount Sinai. (Ex. 24:16, 17.)

There are several such expressions in the Old Testament. His presence appears to have been manifested by light of inconceivable brightness, which indicated not so much his substance or form, as a sign of his majesty. We are told that "he dwelleth in light." He appeared to Moses in a glowing bush that gave light, but was not consumed, and when Moses went up to the mount he does not appear to have seen any shape save in the account in Ex. 33: 23, which was evidently exceptional. The fact of Moses' face shining seems to indicate that he was in the presence of a brilliant light, which prevented his seeing any actual substance.

J. McK., Des Moines, Ia. What is the name of Belgium's national song?

"La Brabanconne, composed in 1830. The words were composed by Jenval, a Frenchman, and the music by Francois van Campenhout.

Old Subscriber, Toronto, Canada. From what did Ash Wednesday derive its name?

It was the custom in the Middle Ages for the priest and congregation to sprinkle themselves with ashes on the first day of Lent. It received the sanction of the Church in 1191, but some theological writers trace the custom back six centuries before that date.

L. L. DeB., Hutchinson, Kan., writes:

In the MAIL-BAG I find a question from L. W. D., Hammondsport, N.Y., asking why, if the government can prevent the adulteration of foods, it does not prevent the adulteration of liquors. The government prevents the adulteration of both foods and liquors where they are made. Foods are sold to the consumer in the original package and are untouched by the retailer, and hence are unadulterated. Liquors are sold to the consumer by the glass or in refilled bottles, and can be and are adulterated by the retailers.

J. W., Menomonie, Wis. 1. Are the Jews of the present day descendants of Judah exclusively, or are any of them descendants of other tribes? 2. What became of the ten tribes carried captive to Assyria? 3. What was the cause of the Jewish dislike of the Samaritans?

1. It is probable that some few descendants of the ten tribes joined themselves to the Jews in Babylon, or before the exile, and were received and became part of the nation from whom the modern Jews are descended. 2. There is no positive information. As they had abandoned their faith in God, under their corrupt kings, there was nothing to hold them together but the tie of race. They were consequently liable to be absorbed by the populations among whom they dwelt. Some students think that the Anglo-Saxons are descended from them, and they certainly have the energy and enterprise characteristic of the sons of Abraham. 3. If you refer to II. Kings 17: 23-26, you will see that the Samaritans were of alien races planted in the Israelitish cities and therefore naturally odious to the Jews.

H. S., Reading, Pa. Did Benjamin Franklin have a daughter?

Yes; she was named Sarah, and was born in Philadelphia in 1744. She died in 1808. In 1767 she married Richard Bach, who later became United States Postmaster-General. During the Revolution she attended the wounded in the Philadelphia hospitals and sent supplies to the soldiers in the field.

E. F. B., Oxford, Me. 1. Why did Christ call himself the Son of Man? Did not that imply that he regarded himself as Joseph's son? 2. Would it not have been better if John had omitted the statement about the unrelated events of Christ's life in his Gospel (John 21 : 25)? 3. Do devils obtain possession of men now as they did in Christ's time?

1. Christ seems to have used the title to indicate his representative character as the second Adam, the representative of the whole human race, who by his work would restore it to the privileges it had lost. There were few surnames in that day. Men were identified by their parentage, as James the son of Zebedee. But Jesus did not call himself Jesus, son of Joseph, but the Son of Man, as if to identify himself with the race. 2. No; it is well that he told us that the life had been so full and to assure us that enough had been told to answer the purpose stated (John 20: 31). 3. We know very little of the affliction described in the Gospels as possession and therefore cannot identify any modern disease with it. Medical men who have had the care of demented people say that their cunning and malignity and delight in mischief are in some cases extraordinary. This suggests a resemblance, but not absolute identification.

Reader, New Orleans, La. Where is Mount Ampersand?

It is a mountain in the Adirondacks, Franklin County, N. Y., a short distance from Mount Seward and Lower Saranac Lake. It is 3,432 feet in height.

New Brunswick Reader. In what county of Maine does the Aroostook River rise and what is its length in miles?

It rises in Piscataquis County and is 140 miles long.

R. T., Dover Plains, N. Y. What is meant by "applying an anti-fouling composition" to the sides of sea-going vessels?

It is a coating applied to the hulls of ships below the water-line to prevent the adherence of barnacles, seaweed, etc. The coating is made of chemicals which will either kill animal or vegetable life or will drop off when the growth attains any considerable size. Mercury is usually one of the chief ingredients.

N. P., Memphis, Tenn. What kind of a vegetable is the aubergine mentioned sometimes in agricultural reports?

It belongs to the potato family. It is about the size of a lemon and purple in color. It is native to Brazil and at present is most cultivated in France. It is also called the brinjal, and is practically the same as our egg-plant.

K. O., Washington County, N. Y. What is the meaning of the name Missouri?

It is an Indian name, and means "muddy water," in reference to the color of the Missouri River.

Several Readers. If you are in need of farm help, or of stable help, or of a general handy man around the house or farm, we would strongly advise you to communicate without delay with the Financial Secretary of the Bowery Mission, Mr. John C. Earl, 92 Bible House, New York City.

Subscriber, Fort Plain, N. Y. If a husband gives his note for money received of his wife, can his wife collect the money of him?

Yes, in New York State.

E. S., Jamestown, Pa. In what year did the revolution occur in Ireland, which is mentioned in the song "Boyne Water"?

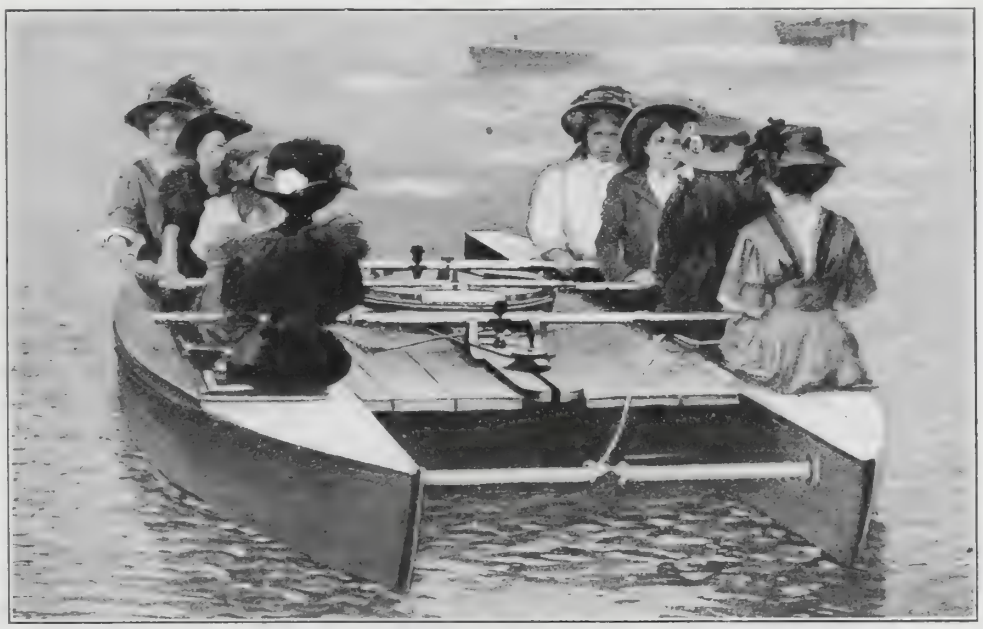
It was the Revolution of 1688, when William III. came to the throne of England and James II. was driven out. James gathered his forces in Ireland and William came over to meet them. The latter was victorious in the Battle of the Boyne, fought July 1, 1690.

A. D. L., Yantic, Conn. Why have you so little to say in the way of warning about the New Theology which Dr. Pentecost, Rev. Smith Baker and other ministers so severely condemn?

We doubt whether severe condemnation, or even logical argument is the wisest course to take in dealing with such teaching as the New Theology. The ministers you mention have a perfect right to their own methods, but for ourselves we prefer to adopt the course prescribed by Gamaliel (Acts 5: 38, 39): "Let these men alone; for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to naught; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it." The New Theology is a rebound from some real evils existing in the Church and may result in curing them, but no Christian nor any sincere seeker will accept it as a substitute for the Gospel. It does not supply the remedy for sin and the hope of eternal life that the old Gospel supplies. It is with that as with the wine Christ spoke of (Luke 5: 39): "No man having drunk old wine straightway desireth new; for he saith, "The old is better."

Reader, Glastonbury, Conn. Who is supposed to have been the first Roman Catholic Pope?

As far as known, Bishop Siricius, in the fourth century, was the first to use the title. It did not come into general use until after the fifth century.



A Remarkable Ferry-Boat, Propelled by the Passengers

ONE of the very latest novelties in aquatics is a catamaran or "twin" ferry-boat. It is operated by six or eight passengers, and is set in motion by means of the levers shown in the photograph. Although the photographer has seen fit to fill the boat with ladies, in order, probably, to make his picture more attractive, it need hardly be explained that the craft is not necessarily a ladies' boat, nor yet a pleasure boat. It is, however, a serviceable-looking affair, with simple mechanism operating two paddles underneath. It is said to be the safest of all ferry-boats, and is capable of being made practically unsinkable.

Miscellaneous

Mr. M. Blake, Montreal, Can. Send us your correct address.

D. B.T., Murphysboro, Ill. We have not been able to identify the David Thomas to whom you refer.

J. A., Westerly, R. I. The pronunciation we gave of Transvaal was taken from Funk & Wagnall's *Standard Dictionary*.

M. R., Kendallville, Ind. We are unable to answer your question. Send it to your Congressman, or to the Navy Department, Washington, D. C.

Reader, Mansfield, O. We believe Swarthmore College refused the gift of Miss Jeans, is at was to be given on condition that the college discontinue competitive athletic sports.

E. B., Greenfield, Ill. 1. Queen Alexandra was born in the year 1844. 2. The law gives her the right to a separation in such a case. If, however, the wife believes she can aid him to reform, it may be her duty to remain.

L. C., North Yakima, Wash. Some scientists have thought there was some connection between the eruption at Pelee and the earthquake you mention, but we have never seen an authoritative statement. Write to the Professor of Geology at your State university.

Subscriber, California. The Empress Eugenie is still alive; she was born in 1826. A book on Napoleon at St. Helena has just been published. You can order it through any bookseller. Hereafter no questions to THE MAIL-BAG will be answered that are not accompanied by the writer's full name and address.

Hattie I. G., Cambridge Springs, Pa. 1. Paine's life can be found in any Encyclopedia and need not now be discussed here. 2. The variation in the magnetic needle, it is stated by writers, is caused by the movement of the magnetic pole, which moves in a circle and is not stationary like the North Pole. The latter is a fixed geographic point.

PHILADELPHIA'S REVIVAL HARVEST

TOWARD the close of the Philadelphia revival campaign, led by Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman and Charles M. Alexander, the city was stirred as rarely before in its history. For five and a half weeks the campaign went forward, with meetings nightly in twenty-one districts, attended by an average of 25,000 to 40,000 people. In addition, all sorts of special meetings were held, including noon-day meetings for business men at the Garrick Theatre, saloon meetings, railway meetings, meetings in jails and prisons, and open-air meetings. A total of nearly seventy-five evangelists, Gospel singers and other helpers assisted in the great movement. It is estimated that between 10,000 and 15,000 publicly confessed Christ or were reclaimed from lives of worldliness.

Mr. Alexander's revival hymns have captivated the city. They are being sung, hummed and whistled in homes and factories and on the streets. One of his new hymns, entitled "He Will Hold Me Fast," has proved an especial favorite with men. One night a man working in Philadelphia was attending the service at Bethany Church, and was converted through this hymn. That young man stated it was the thought of Christ holding him fast that made him become a Christian. It was learned afterward that the young man's brother was recently converted through Dr. Charles W. Gordon (Ralph Connor), and is now a member of the latter's church in Winnipeg, Canada. Another popular hymn of the Mission has been "Memories of Mother." One evening, a visitor from New York told Mr. Alexander that during the singing of it in the metropolis recently, sixty-five men accepted Christ as their Saviour.

A few days ago, a leading bank in the city of Philadelphia received $250 through the mail. A year ago there had been a shortage of that amount in their accounts. The sender had been convicted as a result of the revival movement. One of the largest firms in the city received a letter from a young man who had formerly been in their employ. He confessed that he had taken a small part of a machine while working for them and enclosed $1.50 in payment. He was convicted of sin at a noon-day meeting, and made a public confession at a church meeting at night.

Another striking characteristic of the movement was the conviction of sin. Men and women everywhere seemed deeply concerned about their soul's salvation. Jim Berwick, the railroad evangelist who conducted successful meetings in railway shops around Philadelphia, encountered a remarkable case of conviction one day. He said: "I left the Garrick Theater on Monday noon immediately after the noon meeting conducted by Dr. Ostrom, intending to take lunch in a restaurant near by. I had never eaten in this section of the city before. I saw a number of attractive restaurants, but for some unexplainable reason I passed them by until at length I found myself on Tenth Street. I entered a restaurant and found a table where, as soon as I sat down, a stranger said to me: 'And here you are again. I just came from the Garrick, where the meetings are held. I have heard the testimony of you men there during the past three weeks, and I have just been trying to get away from God all the time. I've been living in a perfect hell. And now here you are coming in and sitting down beside me.' I said to him, 'Well, neighbor, you're a fool for trying to get away from God. If you go to hell, he's there. The only peace you will ever find is in him. Will you take him?' He burst into tears in spite of the throngs about us, and, reaching out his hand across the table, said: 'I'll do it; and I want you to pray for my wife and boy.' I then walked up the street with him feeding him the Word as we went along."

Rev. H. D. Sheldon, one of the evangelists, gave the following example of how midnight prayer won the victory. He said: "At the close of a men's meeting in the Lutheran Church at Glenside, Philadelphia, one of the ministers said to me, 'There is a business man here to-day who is deeply moved, yet he does not believe in the Divinity of Jesus Christ. Will you pray for him?' Ten days after the meeting had closed, this pastor called on his friend and gave him literature to read, relative to the Divinity of Christ, and asked him to read certain passages of Scripture, which he promised to do. That night the minister could not sleep. At 11 P.M. he went into his study to pray. So great was his burden that after praying until 11:30 P.M. he was led to call his friend up on the telephone. He at once responded and said that he was in the midst of all the matter given him. Then he called up a good woman on the 'phone, and she got her husband and other Christians to join him in prayer. Through the night they went on praying, while the unsaved friend went on reading and studying. At last the minister came to James 1:6, 7, 'But let him ask in faith, nothing wavering; for he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea, driven with the wind and tossed. For let not that man think he shall receive anything of the Lord.' Then he trusted and believed that he had the victory. At two o'clock in the morning he called up his friend again and asked how the struggle was going. He replied, 'It is settled, and now I want you to pray with me for my boy.'"

GEORGE T. B. DAVIS.

Closing the Philadelphia Revival

The last meeting was held on the steps of the U. S. Mint

New York's Campaign Opened

A GREAT audience gathered in the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, recently, to inaugurate the fourth season of open-air evangelistic work in that city. On the stage was a volunteer chorus of eight hundred from the city choirs, who assisted Singing Evangelist Charles M. Alexander in the service of song that preceded. Rev. A. B. Schauffler presided. One hundred and forty clergymen took part in the meeting. The Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman made the principal address.

It was stated that $40,000 was needed to carry out the work planned in the tents and open air this summer. A call was made for pledges, and cards were passed through the audience and considerable sums were promised.

THE COMPASS ON LIFE'S VOYAGE*

By JOHN C. HAVEMEYER

I WAS impressed very much several months ago by the suggestions regarding human life which came to me in connection with the steamers sailing from New York. I saw an item in a newspaper that great crowds of people were returning to their native land, and that in some cases they were so anxious to go that they slept on the wharves or docks of New York, to be ready for the next steamer. The inquiry came to my mind, why is it that these people desire to take a particular steamer, and in many cases not so large and comfortable as others? The evident answer was that the value of the steamer to them depended upon its destination, and that every steamer which sails has a particular place or port to which it carries passengers and cargo. How natural it was to recall that I and every human being must have a destination, whether we are conscious of it or not, and that upon it will depend our welfare and success in life. A man without a purpose is indeed to be pitied, and his life will be a failure.

The next thought was that the owners of every vessel realized that to reach the distant port, a chart is necessary which would show the exact course to be followed. This fact again surely applies to human life. What man or woman can expect to fulfil duty and reach heaven without the divine chart which the Bible is?

A moment's reflection showed me that something more was needed, and I recalled that a compass is indispensable in order to make use of the chart, and so important is this considered in navigation that an officer is always on deck to see that the course of the ship closely follows it. So we all require the compass of the Holy Spirit to enable us to understand and to keep in the way that the Bible points out.

Then I recalled that there is always a rudder or helm which is used constantly to make the other outfit available. Among men this represents will or decision which controls one's life. Is any one of us sailing over the sea of life without the fixed purpose or determination to have our course daily directed heavenward?

But with all this a steamer would still be unable to move, and great boilers and furnaces are placed in the vessel in which huge fires are kept up, and these are connected with immense engines and propellers. This again suggests the force of ability to do things which belongs to life, and which God bestowed when he breathed into man's nostrils the breath of life and man became a living soul. There is an innate force in men which enables them to act, but it may be directed for good or evil. We may expend it in the service of God or Satan.

However, this does not complete the preparation of the steamer for the voyage. It must be ballasted so that it will be exactly level and the ballast prevented from shifting, which would affect the speed and safety of the ship. We, too, must be ballasted with principle or righteousness and be consistent in our lives and not subject to impulsive changes and thus prevent the even keel which is essential. To be steadfast and immovable is a Christian's glorious privilege.

Another matter considered by the owner of the vessel is that the cargo shall be adapted or suitable to the country to be visited. A wise owner would not, for instance, send a load of ice to Greenland or Norway, or fruit to Italy or Africa; neither would he take passengers who, for any reason, would be unacceptable or forbidden to land. Otherwise the vessel would not be welcome and the profit of the voyage would be affected. To my mind there is a most important lesson here for every one. Death of course will end the voyage of life. The question then will be whether our character or record, which represents the cargo, is such as to fit us for the atmosphere of heaven, where there is divine perfection and purity? Has there been a preparation of faith and prayer that will transform us to the likeness of God? Even if moral and not criminal according to the standard of the world, have we failed in the supreme love to God and the love for our neighbors, which is what Christ teaches to be obedience to God's commandments? If not, would we be satisfied and happy there, even if permitted to enter?

The Bible gives the wonderful assurances that the true Christian when he reaches heaven will be like God, for he shall see him as he is, and we will hear the glorious invitation, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." God "waits to be gracious," and Christ said, "Ye will not come to me that ye might have life." Does not this mean that God will be grieved and disappointed if we come short of his glory?

No steamer is fitted for a voyage which does not carry signal lights and rockets that in case of need will secure aid from passing vessels. We are all liable to be diverted from our course by contrary winds and unfavorable currents, especially where the sun and stars have been obscured and we are not sure of our location. Then it is our privilege and duty to put up a signal of distress or in other words go to our fellow Christians for help to learn more perfectly the will of God, and for needed light and strength to fulfil it.

I have thought to be very practical in this study, and we will be wise if each one inquires how far he has learned and regarded the lessons which even a speechless steamer may teach us. We can not deceive God. How foolish to deceive ourselves! Shall we not hereafter try to make the most of our life while learning all we can from God's works and ways in the visible creation around us, and carry away with us for thought and instruction the lessons that have been suggested?

*From an address delivered before the Y.M.C.A. at Yonkers, N. Y.

No-License Sweeps Massachusetts

On April 6 many Massachusetts towns voted, and six changed from License to No-License, viz.: Agawam, Charlton, Shutesbury, Southbridge, Wales and West Springfield. Three hundred and three of the 321 towns show a net gain for no-license of 4,614 votes, with twenty-three towns changing from license to no-license, and thirteen towns changing from no-license to license. The license majority of 14,604 in Massachusetts before the city elections of December, 1906, is now changed into a no-license majority of 17,989, this being, except 1893, the greatest sweep no-license-ward that Massachusetts has ever known.

IN THE BUDDING SPRING TIME

The Country Parson

By Margaret E. Sangster

NOT a few of our great men have had their origin in the simple homes of country parsons, who have combined love for Christ and the Church with fine ideals and a noble usefulness. The old fling about the sons of ministers is seldom heard in these days, so many of them having forged to the front and taken high rank in the world's work. Not infrequently, the home of the minister, though simple and frugal, is the centre of culture for the community. The eager, ambitious boy who is reaching out to something better than the district school affords him, consults the minister, borrows books from his library, and finally goes out to a place in the city, or perhaps to college, fortified by the minister's counsel and friendship.

Staying for the week's-end at a small village inn, far back among the hills, a New York merchant and his wife, who were taking a holiday trip in their motor-car, attended the parish church on Sunday morning. All told, there were forty people in the congregation. A young lady played the melodeon and led the singing; the minister, a man of middle age, preached a sermon that went straight to the hearts of the strangers.

There are thousands of able, earnest preachers in this land who are doing God's work with fine ability, comforting the bereaved, strengthening the weak, assisting the tempted, yet whose names will never be written on any roll of fame, and whose stipends are barely enough to enable them to live and bring up their families, who can never hope to make any provision for the future. Too brave to complain, these men accept poverty with heroic fortitude, and their sons and daughters grow strong and sturdy through many a struggle with adversity. Since for one youth who is injured by self-denial and hardship in school days there are ten who become irresponsible and degenerate through over-much luxury and the possession of too much money, the children of the manse are not to be pitied.

Occasionally one finds a country parsonage where, at the cost of much planning and thrift, new books are often afforded, but too frequently the minister finds himself stinted in the one direction which for him is almost a vital necessity. How shall he keep up with modern thought unless he can read at least some of the vital books that are issuing from the press? Yet there are two books that the country minister reads and studies to great advantage—one that unfailing mine of spirituality and intellectual culture, the Word of God, and the other the book of human nature.

"Where Is My Hat?"

One almost never hears a woman crying frantically that she has mislaid her hat. Hats and bonnets are so dear to the feminine heart that the natural and obvious thing appears to be to put them in a safe and proper place when they are not in use. A man, on the contrary, notwithstanding the fact that he is lost without a hat, and seldom wishes to take two steps away from his front door minus that top finish to his costume, is constantly throwing his hat down in a corner or leaving it in the veranda or the wood-shed or on his wife's dressing table or somewhere else that is the wrong place for a man's hat, and then, when anxious to go down street to the post office or the train, he ransacks the house to discover the missing article. Until it is found there is no rest beneath that roof for anybody. "Where is my hat?" demands the man. If his wife is in a teasing frame of mind, she may reply tranquilly, "I can tell you, my dear," only to add when further interrogated, "It is just wherever you left it." This is by no means a soothing reply to make to an irritated man.

The principal use of a hat, after it has fulfilled its duty of sheltering its wearer from wind and sun, is to be gracefully removed when man or boy meets a friend. The art of lifting the hat is one that should be acquired early in life, and little boys should be compelled to practise it when they meet their sisters and their mothers, their aunts and their cousins on the way home from school. Over the gulf of fifty years, a venerable friend has said that she remembers the extreme grace with which a certain young man used to lift his hat when he passed her on the road. "My dear," she said, "that man might have married any girl in our town. His manner was that of the courtier."

"And what became of him?" was the inquiry. A shadow passed over the old face. "He was killed at Gettysburg!"

A Housekeeper's Frank Expression

Here is a letter that it gives me genuine pleasure to insert. I presume the writer is more practical than I am myself, and I am nearly sure that she fairly represents the majority. This is the way she criticises my view as to washing on Monday:

"I read in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of March 18 your article in which you suggest that housekeepers put off their washing until Tuesday, and once before you inquired why housekeepers think they must wash Monday! As a practical housekeeper, and one not enslaved by system, I do not understand your point of view. What possible gain can there be in putting it off? A housekeeper who has used Sunday rightly is so rested on Monday that she feels like vigorous work. It is as much of a rest and change to go at the washing as it is to keep Sunday properly. Then the washing is done and out of the way, instead of having to be done when one is partly tired with the other work of the week. As for putting the clothes to soak Sunday night, no one who knows how to wash will do it. Clothes soaked over night are harder to wash than those not soaked at all. An hour's soaking in the morning is the right amount."

Stereograph Copyright by Underwood and Underwood

CELEBRATING MAY DAY

THE celebration of May Day goes farther back than history can follow on its trail. These little maids celebrate the advent of spring in almost the same fashion as their ancestors in other lands observed the festival centuries ago. The May-pole, the May-walk and the May-Queen are now familiar to American communities. Our photograph shows a group of school-girls led by the May Queen, who are about to take part in the festival in a public park.

The Stealing On of Age

AMONG the letters that came to the editor of the Family Page one day lately was a communication from a woman of fifty-three who bemoaned herself because she was growing old, and who declared that the young people around her were not backward in letting her know that she had passed her meridian. Everything about youth and age is relative. There are women who never were young even in their twenties; there are women who will never grow old should they live to be ninety. To fifteen, thirty is venerable. To thirty, sixty-five may represent old age.

Granting that there is no decay of mind or body, it is hard to say when youth ends and age begins; but fifty-three should be to a woman her glorious Indian summer of life. She ought then to have passed quite beyond the reefs and shoals that make the current difficult at an earlier period, and she should have so much genial experience, so much breadth of sympathy, such mellow tolerance for those who differ with her, such gracious kindliness and such queenly dignity that younger and older people should dearly love and gladly honor her. At fifty-three no woman can afford to be careless about her dress. She may be obliged to choose cheap material, but color and cut should be becoming. She ought not to wear frumpy hats, and she should be fastidious as to the finishings at her neck and wrists. Whether stout or thin, the season has arrived when she should take pains to adopt a style of dress suitable to her figure. More and more she should keep in touch with her world, reading the newspapers to know what is going on, and making the most of any talents or accomplishments that were hers in earlier life. The woman of fifty-three should be a leader in church work, and a good friend to all the neighborhood.

Carlyle said, "Time wears slippers of list, and his tread is noiseless." When a woman really grows old, if she is in fair health and strength, she proves the truth of this assertion. Age does not storm at her; it steals softly onward so imperceptibly that she is often the last one to notice what is going on. If she is foolish, she may behave as did Mrs. Skewton in *Dombey and Son*, may dress girlishly, resort to every artifice of false hair and cosmetics, and may rob age of its real beauty by her pitiful attempts to continue childish and young. In the battle with Time, sooner or later every one will be vanquished. It is wise to make Time a friend, to recognize his claims, and to meet him half way. To settle down too soon to arm-chair and foot-stool is as great a mistake as that of Mrs. Skewton. So far as one may, one should continue active, since early retirement may mean atrophy of one's powers.

In one of Augustus Hare's delightful biographical sketches he mentions a visit to a country house where a Mrs. Duncan Stewart was expected. This lady was past four-score. In a large house-party every one was eagerly anticipating her arrival, and when she came she received an enthusiastic welcome from her hosts and their guests. She came in to dinner dressed in black velvet and lace. She had a word, a jest, a smile for every one. To her life was as full of interest as it had been when she was young, and the interest she felt in others kept her young and charming to her latest day. Some one asked her if she found the cup still sweet. "Yes," she answered, "sweet to the bottom of the cup."

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

– M. A. F. Write for information to the *Kindergarten Magazine*, New York. *Grimm's Fairy Tales* will meet your need, and from the American Tract Society you can procure an excellent book of Bible stories for little people.

A GHOST PARTY. You do not need, dear Mary B., to dress up in spook fashion or ask your guests to come in sheets and pillow slips in order to have a ghost party. Simply turn out your lights, and sit down by a bright fire on the hearth, and let each guest in turn relate the most thrilling ghost story he or she has ever heard. The party will be creepy enough.

JOE AND THE BOSS

By CHARLES LEE SLEIGHT

JOE BIELBY clenched his gnarled fingers and glanced impatiently at the clock. Had it stopped? No; as he listened he could hear it ticking. He could also hear through the closed door beside him the subdued murmur of voices; and then—merciful heavens! was that a moan from the boy?

He sprang forward savagely and seized the door-knob, but his wife glided to him and drew him back, remonstrating: "Don't go in. Dr. Randall declared 't he wouldn't feel no pain."

"All right," he muttered; and shaking off her grasp, strode to the window and gazed out with unseeing eyes.

A year ago they had noticed that something was wrong with little Tom. At first—God forgive them!—they had scolded the boy for not walking straight, for being cross and cranky and lazy; and then, discovering that his ailment was physical, they had called in their physician, and after weary months of fruitless experimenting with various remedies, he had advised their sending for a specialist, if they could afford it.

"If we can afford it!" the father had repeated. "O' course we can. Ain't the boy all we've got in the world?"

The great city doctor was in the bedroom now examining the boy, and they were awaiting his verdict. Presently the door opened and he came out hurriedly, grabbed up his hat and gloves, and with a murmured "good morning," rushed off.

"He wants to catch the next train," explained Dr. Randall, their own physician, who had followed him into the sitting-room. "He wished me to tell you that the case is beyond his skill—Now, now, sit down, both of you, and hear me out! He recommends another eminent surgeon who has had wonderful success with similar cases."

"How much 'd that other one charge to come and cure Tom?" asked Joe.

"Why, bless you, man!" exclaimed Dr. Randall, "he wouldn't come for love or money. Patients must go to him; and as he has more than he can do, his charges are—well, rather steep. I wrote him recently about your boy, and received a reply this very morning. He practically guarantees a cure, but his fee will depend upon the length of treatment required. Judging from my description of the case, he thinks it would cost not less than one thousand dollars."

Joe gasped, and repeated blankly: "One—thousand—dollars!"

"Yes. Have you that much, or can you raise it?"

"Have I got it—one thousand? Why, after I've paid that New York doctor I won't have enough to pay one single dollar on your bill."

"Never mind me, Bielby; and that New York doctor said that, as he had done nothing, he would charge nothing. I have been thinking over this matter, and it occurred to me that your employer, Mr. Brock, might help you out. Perhaps you could get a loan from him, or possibly he might even give you what you need."

"What! the boss?" jeered the man. Then, springing up, he tramped heavily back and forth across the little room, vociferating: "Twenty long years have I worked for him, and he ain't never give me one cent! They claim he has two million dollars he ain't got no use for, and he's going to give it to hospitals, and orphan asylums, and such like. Where 'd he get all that money? Who helped him earn it? I did. These two hands helped. Look at 'em once, all crooked up, and calloused, and nails all black and broke! And what have I got to show for it? Just a bare living, that's what, and he's got two millions to give away. Is that right? Is that fair?"

The physician put up his eyeglasses and studied the grim, scowling face with as much interest as if it were a rare microbe.

"Do you think he ought to divide with you?" he inquired, curiously.

"Well, maybe not exactly divide," said Joe, doubtfully; "but seems to me, as things are, either he's been getting too much, or we haven't been getting enough."

"Doesn't he pay good wages? and didn't he give you a ten per cent. advance last year?"

"Yes; but that was just to keep us from striking, and then he gets even by putting up the rent on us. But the point is just this, doctor, he's got more 'n he needs, and I ain't got enough. Now, he couldn't have earned no money without us men to work for him."

"Oh, yes, he could. He could easily get other men, you know. But you couldn't work without him to run the mill."

For an instant Joe was nonplussed. Then he retorted, triumphantly: "If he died to-morrow, another boss 'd take his place."

"Sit down," said the doctor, quietly, motioning to a chair, "and listen to me. What you want is to get this money. Very well. After your dinner go to Mr. Brock, tell him frankly about your boy, and ask him for a loan. You can repay it from your wages by instalments. It's a simple business proposition, and he can do no more than refuse. I also will see him this afternoon, and will add a word in your behalf."

Two hours later Joe entered the private office of Mr. Brock, and stepped forward to the desk where that gentleman was engaged in signing a batch of checks.

"Well, Bielby, what can I do for you?" asked his employer, pleasantly. He had a strong face, ordinarily prepossessing, all except the mouth, and that at present was relaxed in a smile of self-satisfied benevolence.

"I just want to see you a minute, sir," apologized Joe, rubbing his chin in embarrassment, and glancing down at a newly signed check lying before him. He started perceptibly as he read it: "Pay to the order of St. Christopher's Orphanage one hundred thousand dollars." It was true, then, the report that Mr. Brock intended to distribute among charities a part of his surplus wealth. The figures on several other checks stared up at him, one for $50,000, another for $75,000, and a third—he gasped when he caught sight of it—for $300,000.

"Well?" queried his employer, but not so pleasantly as before.

Haltingly Joe told his story, and ended with a request for a loan.

"Hm!" ejaculated Mr. Brock, compressing his thin lips into a hard line. "You say it is a simple business proposition. What security have you to offer?"

"Why, sir, I thought—or, leastwise—Dr. Randall—he thought," stammered Joe, "that you might keep some out of my wages each payday."

"So it is Randall's scheme, hey? Very good of him, I'm sure." Mr. Brock placed the tips of his fingers together, as if about to engage in prayer, and went on blandly: "I am sorry for your trouble, my man, but it will be impossible to grant your request. It would be practically insuring your health and life for a term of years, and you can readily see that it would be neither fair nor just to grant you that privilege without granting it to all the rest of the hands, and that would tie up my capital and seriously cripple the work, to say nothing of the risk incurred. You understand, do you not?"

"Yes, sir," replied Joe, dully, hopelessly.

"Besides," continued Mr. Brock, indicating the checks lying upon the desk, "I am at present contemplating some—er—benefactions that will take about all the funds I can spare. I regret my inability to assist you, and trust you may secure elsewhere the sum you desire."

Taking this for a dismissal, Joe turned away without a word. In the doorway Mr. Brock's youngest son, Albert, met him, and with a cheerful, "Hello, Joe," bounded confidently into the room, calling, "Busy, father?"

Continued on page 383

Mrs. B.: See, Helen. Here is a pretty pattern. (*To the salesman*) But won't the colors fade when the goods are washed?

Salesman: Not if you use Ivory Soap and lukewarm water.

Mrs. B.: Why do you say "Ivory Soap?" Will nothing else do?

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JOE AND THE BOSS

Continued from page 382

"Never too busy to see you, my son," me the gentle reply.

Joe paused, and glanced back at the y, so straight and sturdy in back and nb, and at the pile of checks, represent- g a thousand times the amount that he eded to make his own boy well and rong-limbed; and then, with a bitter owl, he banged the door shut, and rode away.

Outside Dr. Randall was awaiting him. "ou didn't succeed," cried the physician, e moment he caught sight of Joe's face. Never mind! I'll see him now, and per- ps I shall fare better."

But a half hour later he appeared be- re the open window where Joe was at ork, and said: "He will do nothing for , Bielby. Don't lose heart, however. I ll see some of my friends, and try to cure the sum we need."

But as he turned away, he muttered himself: "I fear it will take too long. he boy ought to go at once."

. . .

That evening Mr. Brock was sitting in s study at home trying to read, but the oices of his two children, Albert and ertrude, in an adjoining room kept dis- tracting his attention. Finally, discover- ig that the door between the two rooms as ajar, he stepped forward to close it, t when he reached it a sentence from bert aroused his curiosity, and he ood there, listening.

"Play you're father, Gertie," said Al- rt, "and I'll be Dr. Randall, for I know et' near 'xactly what the doctor said, 'use I was there in the office and heard m. You sit down at your desk, and I'll me in."

He backed into a corner of the room, d presently stepped forward briskly, ying: "Good afternoon, Mr. Brock. tand up, dummy, and shake hands, d say, 'Have a chair, doctor.')"

Gertrude mechanically obeyed, and the ly continued: "I came to see you about seph Bielby and his poor little sick ly. Can't you lend him twelve or fif- en hundred dollars to get his boy cred? You got such a lot o' money, u'll never miss it.

'Now, Gertie, it's your turn. Just wave ur hand over those pieces of paper— ey're checks, you know—and say, 'I n't do it, doctor. These benefractions ll take all I got to spare.'"

After a little prompting the girl mbled through her part. Then the ly sprang to his feet, and fiercely shak- g his finger at her, said sharply: "Have u a right to give away all that money? dn't Joe Bielby and the other men ork and help earn it? I ask you, sir, it right to give away their money?"

Mr. Brock winced at these words, even he had winced at the more polished hrases of Dr. Randall, for the one ing he prided himself upon was his irness and justice. He knew he was t naturally generous, and never pre- nded to be, even to himself. His pres- nt gifts to charity were simply memo- ials to his beloved wife; they were done her name, they were prompted by love her, and not love of giving. But to called unjust! He wondered if it re true. He also wondered, with a int smile, if he had looked as startled d scared that afternoon as Gertrude oked now.

"Thay, Albert," faltered the little girl, 't'th don't play offith any more. 'Tithn't ry much fun."

"Hold on! Just let's play it a little bit ore," coaxed her brother. "I've thought w we can end it perfectly elegant. ou'll like this part of it all right, I ow. It's real pertend; it didn't really ppen, but I just simply made it up. I be father this time, and you be Mr. ompson, the secretary.

"Ahem! good morning, Thompson— Don't sit down, silly! the secretary ver sits, unless Mr. Brock tells him !)—er—I've changed my mind, Thomp- n. You can burn up all these checks d we'll make new ones, 'cause I'm go- ing to give part of the money to the mill hands, 'cause they earned it, you know. Now, let's see, how shall I divide it?"

"Divide even," said practical Gertrude, repeating the maxim instilled into their minds since babyhood.

"No, Thompson, that wouldn't be fair, 'cause Joe Bielby has worked for me twenty years, and there's Jerry Durgan only came last May. N-o-w, let—me—see. I tell you what! We'll give every man a hundred dollars for each year he's been in the mill. And say, Thompson, make out a check for twenty hundred for Joe first of all, and give it to him to-day, so't he can get poor little Tom cured right away. Well, that's all, Thompson. You can go."

Mr. Brock softly closed the door, and stepping to his desk, seized the telephone receiver. "Hello, Central! give me two, eight, seven. . . . Hello! is that you, Thompson? . . . Yes; this is Mr. Brock. Have you sent the checks to those institutions? . . . Haven't, eh? Well, don't send them until you see me. I want to make out new ones. Understand? . . . Yes. That's it. And, by the way, how long has Bielby worked for us? . . . This is his twenty-first year, eh? Thank you. That's all. Good-by."

He hung up the receiver, took a check-book from a pigeon-hole, filled out a check to Joseph Bielby for twenty-one hundred dollars, and slipping it into an envelope, reached out his hand to press an electric button. But all at once he paused, and with a transfiguring smile on his lips, impulsively arose, and went out.

. . .

"Is he off at last?" asked Joe Bielby that same evening, as his wife came from little Tom's room and softly closed the door behind her.

"Yes," she sighed, wearily sinking into a chair; "but I thought he never would go to sleep. There's somebody at the street door. Hurry down, before they knock again."

Joe clumsily tiptoed to the hall and down the creaking stairs, but when he saw that his caller was Mr. Brock, he stood in silent amazement.

"May I come in?" inquired his employer.

"Why, sure!" returned Joe. But at the foot of the stairway he paused to whisper: "If you'll come quiet like, sir. It's one of the boy's bad nights, and we just got him to sleep."

"Then I'll not go up," said Mr. Brock.

After a moment's waiting, he laid his hand on Bielby's rough coat-sleeve, and asked impressively: "Joe, have I been unfair and unjust to my men?"

"You've always used me right, Mr. Brock."

"But you think that I should divide all my profits equally among my employees."

"Oh, no, sir! That wouldn't be fair and square, because the shops and money's all yours. But, sir—" he hesitated, and then went on bluntly—"I did think you'd ought to divide with us some of that money you're giving away."

"I think so, too," said Mr. Brock, "and I have brought your share."

Joe took the proffered check, and confusedly stammered: "It's—it's—"

"It's sufficient to make the boy well," concluded his employer.

"God bless you, sir!" quivered Joe. "You don't know what this means to me, sir."

"Yes, I do. I have a boy of my own; and I thought, suppose my Albert were—"

He broke off abruptly. There was a convulsive handclasp; and then the boss hurried away, and Joe tiptoed quickly up the creaking stairs to his waiting wife.

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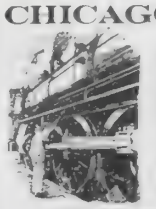

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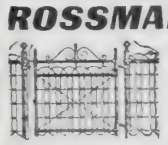

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Jesus Betrayed and Denied

*By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts**

IN 1904 eight hundred and seventeen Sunday School teachers went on the "Jerusalem Cruise." Many lands were visited by that company—Greece, Turkey, Syria, Egypt, Italy and France—but to hold a World's Sunday School Convention in Jerusalem was the purpose for which the journey was made. The delegates from the United States were joined by nearly as large a company from England, and there were also delegates from many lands, making a company of nearly nineteen hundred in all, when the great convention assembled in the immense tent, almost under the shadow of Calvary, near the Garden Tomb, and in sight of the Mount of Ascension.

Some of them went early one Sabbath morning to the Garden Tomb, "as it began to dawn toward the day," and afterwards climbed the Mount of Olives under the guidance of an aged woman, who was a Russian pilgrim, and then, after reaching the summit of the mountain, holding a sunrise prayer-meeting with a company of Sunday School friends who had also sought the mountain top.

In the Garden

After the prayer-meeting they descended the mountain and stopped at Gethsemane to hold a service there. One enters the garden through a low door, in a high wall, descending three or four steps. The space enclosed is about seventy feet square. In the centre of the garden is a clump of eight very old olive trees, surrounded by a picket fence. It is sometimes claimed that these are the very same trees under which Jesus prayed. But this can hardly be true, as the Roman general Titus ordered all trees to be cut down when Jerusalem was subdued by his army in A.D. 70. The trees now seen have in all probability grown from the roots or seeds of those trees. Between the trees simple flowers are cultivated by the monks to sell to visitors. Between the high outside wall and the picket fence is a walk four or five feet wide, entirely around the garden. In the high wall at about equal distances are seven niches about three feet square; in these are represented the "seven stations of the Cross," in painting and relief: 1st. Pilate's judgment hall. 2d. The place of the binding of the cross upon the shoulders of Christ. 3d. The place where Christ sank under the cross. 4th. The impression of Christ's shoulder as he leaned for support. 5th. The house of St. Veronica, who wiped the brow of our Saviour. 6th. The spot where Jesus said, "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but for yourselves." 7th. The place where Jesus is said to have met his mother.

Christ's Agony

On the right side of the wall as you enter is a cross, probably nine or ten feet high. There are fastened on it small-sized objects, which represent the crown of thorns, the nails which were driven into Jesus' hands and feet, the superscription put above his head, the sponge with which wine was offered to him, the spear with which his side was pierced, the dice with which the Roman soldiers cast lots for his garments, etc. We wish that the wall had no niches in it, and no pictures, and that even the cross was not there. Such things only detract from the sad sublimity of the place, for, above and beyond all, it is the most sacred spot on earth, for there was the spiritual crucifixion of Christ when he sweat drops of blood, and prayed: "O my Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from me."

It was to this retired spot that Jesus went after he had spoken his farewell discourse to his apostles, and prayed on their behalf as recorded in the fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth chapters of John. . . . They crossed the brook Kedron, running between the Mount of Olives and the mountains on which Jerusalem is built, "where was a garden, into which he entered, and his disciples." It was the Garden of Gethsemane, not a garden of fruits or flowers, but rather a grove of olive trees, on the slope of Mount Olivet. "Jesus ofttimes resorted there with his disciples"; such instances are recorded in John 8: 1; Luke 21: 37; 22: 39.

The Treason of Judas

We shall miss the most important teaching in the tragedy of Judas, whose last pages, stained with murder and suicide, we are now about to turn, if we do not clearly recognize that his great crimes were not reached at a bound, but by a slow descent, as of a ladder round by round. "We pity him all along, for he is not represented as wholly and irredeemably bad, but only as a man who has no faith and no enthusiasm." All the apostles had followed Christ, partly because they thought he was the Messiah who would not only deliver the nation from the Romans, but also provide his chief followers with lucrative offices. Peter said to Christ: "We have left all, and followed thee; what shall we have therefor?" But selfishness in the other apostles was not allowed to become a ruling passion, as it became in Judas. Other apostles might be thought love-blind. This heartless witness could not be accused of being carried away by "sentiment." Judas worked his plans to get the office of treasurer, probably not admitting yet, even to himself, that he would misappropriate the funds for the poor. Having the money in hand, he stole (John 12: 6), but so prudently that none but Christ knew it, or he would have been dismissed.

Consummating the Plot

When Mary of Bethany poured upon the feet of Christ spikenard of value equal to a year's wages, it was to the covetous soul of Judas as if some one had snatched so much gold out of his own hand. And when his criticism of the "waste" was also condemned by Christ it was like a second stab to the heart. His dishonesty and insincerity made him the more sensitive. A man does not "get mad" at a rebuke when there is no truth in it. Still, for three days Judas does not consummate the betrayal, of which at first he only dares to think. There was, no doubt, many a battle with conscience. He probably said to himself that he had been deceived in thinking Christ would have earthly rewards to give, and was justified in making what he could while taking revenge also for the rebuke. He perhaps argued that Christ would use his miraculous powers to save himself, so that no real harm would be done, and he would have the money.

So hesitating, yet dragged on by his love of money, he went on Wednesday to the plotting priests. Why did they give so little—only the price of a slave—thirty fifty-cent dollars? Was it not because Judas could give them nothing but Christ's body—no proof of fraud or sin by which they could kill his claims to be the Messiah with the multitudes that believed in him? No doubt Judas remembered the treachery of his ancestor in selling Joseph into slavery as the slave price was offered him, but the clink of the coin was the sound of his chain, the chain of covetousness in which he had become entrapped, and which would soon drag him to his death, like the magnificent eagle, born to soar above the mountain, dragged within range of a hunter's rifle by a steel trap in which his foot had become entangled.

This lesson presents—

1. The fruit of covetousness in Judas.
2. The unselfishness of Christ.
3. The folly and fear of the apostles.

Jesus knew when he crossed the Kedron to go into the Garden of Gethsemane, that the crisis of his life had arrived.

Continued on page 385

* **International Sunday School Lesson for May 17.** Jesus betrayed and denied. John 18: 1-9, 19-27. GOLDEN TEXT: "Jesus said unto them, The Son of Man shall be betrayed into the hands of men," Matt. 17: 22.

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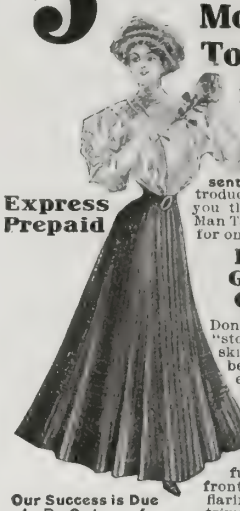

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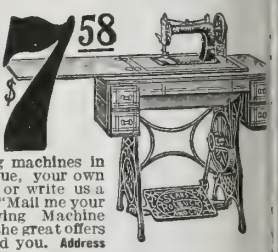

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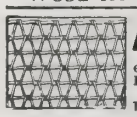

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Sunday School Lesson—*Continued*

is suffering and death were very near, lt he did not hesitate. He knew that udas was bringing the officers upon him at night, but he would not avoid them. Through humiliation and death the path y to the crown. All this he knew when l crossed the Kedron. Julius Cæsar, the ilitary commander of a province only, arching toward Rome, paused at the ubicon, the boundary of his command. o cross it would mean revolt and a ange in the government of Rome, or s own execution. He made his choice d crossed, and became ruler of the orld. Christ knew in crossing the Ked- n that he was going both to the cross d the conquest of the world. For the y set before him in the world's redemp- on he accepted the cross, despising the ame.

The Betrayal

"Judas also knew the place." What asterpieces of hypocrisy we see in this hole proceeding! The chief priests of most punctilious religion plot a mur- er, in which the ringleader is to be an postle, who, with crime in his heart, iously eats a meal with his victim, and en leads the "temple police," with Ro- an soldiers also, to Christ's well-known lace of secret prayer. Nor is it prob- ble that the priests were conscious of ny hyprocrisy or inconsistency. Even udas, we may be sure, had some excuse hich he then thought sufficient. There- ore, let no one to-day suppose he may ot be committing some treachery be- ause he is not conscious of it.

"Let these go their way." What a ublime picture of the true nobility of nselfishness this is in contrast with the upreme covetousness of Judas! As the ompany of Roman soldiers and temple fficers march into Gethsemane with Ju- as at their head, Jesus, strengthened by rayer and angel ministries, steps forth nd says: "Whom seek ye?" They an- wer: "Jesus the Nazarene." To which e replied fearlessly: "I am he." And hen, as if to show them he could yet ave himself if he would, he causes those who seek his life to fall back and fall down. But he did not wish to save his life or destroy the life of others, and so yielded to arrest after making this dis- play of miraculous power. But in sac- rificing himself he sought to save his apostles, saying: "If ye seek me, let these go their way." This spirit of Christ, forgetting ourselves while we seek to help others, was beautifully illustrated in the story of the newsboy who supported a lame brother that "couldn't earn much himself," as the newsboy explained to a kind old gentleman who asked about his home. "Ah! that makes it hard," said the gentleman. "You could do better alone." "No, I couldn't. Jim's some- body to go home to; he's lots of help. What would be the good of having luck, if nobody was glad? Or of getting things, if there was nobody to divide with?"

A Lesson of Prayer

Jesus was strengthened by prayer. Men of science said, years ago, that DeLes- seps' scheme for opening up a way of water communication between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean was absurd and "physically impossible." The picks and spades of DeLesseps' workmen have long since buried these objections. These same men of science pronounced as an absurd impossibility the Bible theory that the lake of the human spirit and the ocean of the divine spirit can and do con- nect by the canal of prayer. But Chris- tian hearts made the experiment, and lo! the blessing for which they sent their empty ships of supplication through the canal of prayer come back from God richly laden with what they asked or something better. The theory of the in- fidel is buried by the thousands of well- attested answers to prayer.

This canal between the heart-lake and the ocean of the Infinite Soul, "how often we have sailed along its waters propelled by the wind of the Spirit in the starlight of a thousand promises during our nights of suspense and sorrow!" And what a com- pany of earth's greatest princes have recognized this canal of prayer: Moses, Samuel, David, Solomon, William of Or- ange, Washington, Gladstone, Bismarck, Lincoln, Webster, Garfield, besides the thousands of less celebrated men who are "kings unto God."

The superintendent of Bethlehem Royal Hospital in London comes forward with the declaration that prayer is the best remedy for mental distresses of all sorts. He said at the recent annual meeting of the British Medical Association: "As an alienist, and one whose whole life has been concerned with the sufferings of the mind, I would state that of all hygienic measures to counteract disturbed sleep, depressed spirits, and all the miserable sequels of a distressed mind, I would un- doubtedly give the first place to the sim- ple habit of prayer. Let there but be a habit of nightly communion, not as a men- dicant or repeater of words more adapted to the tongue of a sage, but as an humble individual who submerges or asserts his individuality as an integral part of a greater whole. Such a habit does more to clean the spirit and strengthen the soul to overcome mere incidental emotionalism than any other therapeutic agent known to me."

Principal J. W. Dawson has said: "A naturalist should be the last man in the world to object to the efficacy of prayer, since prayer is itself one of the most po- tent of natural forces. The cry of the young raven brings its food from afar without any exertion on its part, for that cry has power to move the emotions and muscles of the parent bird, and to over- come her own selfish appetite. The bleat of the lamb not only brings its dam to its side, but causes the secretion of milk in her udder. The cry of distress nerves men to all exertions, to brave all dangers, and to struggle against all or any of the laws of nature that may be causing suf- fering or death. Nor in the case of prayer are the objects attained at all commen- surate with the mechanical activities set in motion. We have all seen how the prayer of a few captives wrongfully held in durance by some barbarous potentate, may move mighty nations and cause them to pour out millions of their treasure to send men and material of war over land and sea, to sacrifice hundreds of lives, in order that a just and proper prayer may be answered. In such a case we see how the higher law overrides the lower, and may cause even frightful suffering and loss of life, in order that a moral or spiritual end may be gained. Are we to suppose, then, that the only being in the universe who cannot answer prayer is that one who alone has all power at his com- mand?"

A Friend of the Armenians

The late W. N. Stonehill, D.D., of the East Side Parish Methodist Episcopal Church of All Nations, New York City, was a stanch friend of the persecuted Armenian people. His widow lately re- ceived a letter of condolence from an Armenian church at Paterson, N. J., in which this passage occurs: "We have heard of Dr. Stonehill's practical preach- ing to the nations of the world and specially his love for the poor Armenian nation. In the personality of this real benefactor, we have lost a very Chris- tian friend. Yesterday we had a touch- ing memorial service conducted by our brother, Rev. A. B. Saroyon, who had the honor to know him, and who told us of his self-sacrifice for the poor and op- pressed. May the hope of eternal life and the consolation of the Spirit comfort you and enable you to realize the blessing of that Gospel, preached so bravely by our dear brother, Dr. Stonehill."

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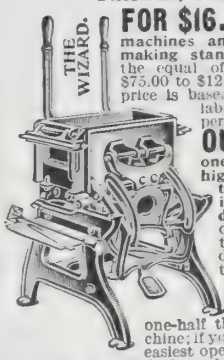

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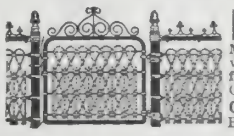

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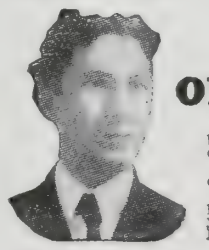

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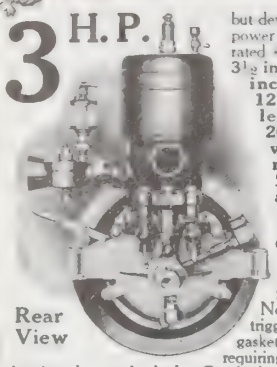

Rear View

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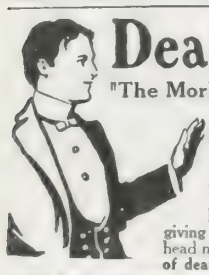

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Secretary Taft and the Missionaries

He Declares Them Guiltless of Provoking International Complications and Praises Their Work

AT the recent meeting held in Carnegie Hall, New York, under the auspices of the Laymen's Missionary Movement, Hon. Wm. M. Taft, Secretary of War, was one of the principal speakers. His theme was "Christianity in the Far East," and he spoke with the knowledge of one who has traveled much in the Orient and been a close observer of existing conditions. His address was a strong defense of the Christian missionaries. Instead of blaming them, as some had done, for being the cause of occasional international complications, he declared that not the preachers of the Gospel, but the advance agents or representatives of business houses in the West were really responsible for such troubles in a great majority of instances. We quote briefly from the Secretary's remarks:

"Western trade is pressing into the Orient, and its agents ahead are not always the best representatives of Western civilization. There are among them many who left the West for the good of the West and because their history might prove embarrassing to them at home.

"It was said that the Boxer war was the result of the meddling of missionaries. That is not true. The first outbreak was against the missionaries because they were the farthest in the country and the easiest to attack. But the attack was against foreign interference, and the Orientals had come to look upon us all as sitting waiting for the slicing up of the Chinese Empire. They thought we were all waiting for our piece of pork. I am not prepared to say that there was no ground for this suspicion.

"Until I went to the Orient, I did not realize the immense importance of foreign missions. We've got to wake up in this country. We are not the only people. We are not all there is in the world. There are lots of other people waiting for our endeavor, for our help, and our sacrifices. Christianity and the spread of it is the only basis for our hope of civilization. We are dependent upon Christianity in any hope we may have for uplifting the peoples thrust upon us.

. . .

"The only people who are Christians in the Orient are those of the Philippines. The old Mission Fathers kept them in a state of ignorance, perhaps, but nevertheless they kept them Christians. Their ideals are Christian ideals. They are fit material to make a self-governing people in two or three generations. My conviction is that our nation is just as much charged to help the unfortunates cast upon us as the wealthy of a community are to help the unfortunates in that community. I am talking practical facts about the effect of religion on political government, and I know what I am talking about. The work of foreign missions should be pressed forward."

Young People's Societies

Child Training*

ONLY a child, is the disparaging phrase with which some act or word of a little one is often dismissed. Yet that expression may be an index of character that ought to be studied; for in a few years those who are children to-day will be controlling and guiding the affairs of the world. As we stand outside a schoolhouse as the children are dismissed, it is hard to realize that those romping, playful boys and girls will, thirty years hence, be in all the places of responsibility and trust. How they will act, whether wisely or foolishly, whether rightly or wickedly depends to a very large extent on what they are, and what they are being made, to-day. The parents and teachers, if they are not too much occupied with other matters, perceive traits and characteristics in their charges which need to be encouraged or repressed, but too often the child is allowed to go its own way, with no correction or training save that which is administered in caprice or in anger. What wonder is it if the child's nature, like a neglected garden, becomes full of weeds and poisonous growths? Those parents whose gray hair is brought in sorrow to the grave through the evil deeds of their children, are in only too many cases realizing the harvest of a neglected springtime.

On the other hand the child has enormous responsibility. Very early he learns that his future depends on the use he makes of his present. His eyes see clearly that the wrecks and ruins of society come from habits acquired in childhood. He soon sees that if he deceives his parents and gives himself to sin and wickedness, the consequences will fall on his own head. Well is it for him, then, if he sets himself to seek God, and gives the care of his life into the wise keeping of Him who will be the guide of his youth. The habits formed then will persist and goodness will become easier to him, as the years pass, than evil, and he will find that the path he has chosen leads to righteousness and peace.

* Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for May 17. "In Home and in School." I. Chron. 13: 12-14; Isa. 54: 13.

Life's Calling*

WHAT is the supreme object in life? Some men make it the acquisition of wealth; some the attainment of high place in the world; some the acquirement of learning and it is possible for a man to succeed in any one of these, if he gives his undivided, unremitting attention to it. Of course some men are so handicapped by their own defects or by their circumstances that they fail, but in the vast majority of instances success is assured to undivided effort. It is, therefore, of the utmost importance to a young man that the object he pursues is one that will not disappoint him when it is attained, one in short that is worth the devotion of a life.

The choice which Paul says he made, is worth considering by every young man at the outset of his career. It was late in his life that the Apostle gives his verdict upon it. He had long ago chosen his calling or vocation. So deeply and resolutely did he follow it that he regards himself as being called, rather than as making his own choice. It had brought him the loss of all worldly good. It had involved him in suffering and hardship, but the result was worth all that he had missed. It compensated him for the loss of ease, of comfort, of luxury, of position, of friends and of all that the world esteems. This should be worth knowing. So often have men who pursued and attained other objects declared themselves disappointed, that the testimony of a man who declares himself satisfied is of the greatest value. Especially is it good when, as in this case, it is confirmed by all who have devoted themselves to the same pursuit. The world may be challenged to produce an aged Christian, who is not glad that he has followed the Apostle's example.

* Topic of the Epworth League for May 17. I. Cor. 1: 26; Phil. 3: 8-16.

Instructive, Interesting, Beautiful

Dear Dr. Klopsch: The Book on Animals received. I think it is an instructive, interesting and beautiful book. I know that my boy will enjoy it.

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IN GETHSEMANE

By Mrs. M. Baxter

JESUS knew "all things that should come upon him," knew from the beginning who should betray him, yet he could go on with his teaching, and with the manifestation of his Father, in the constant presence of this man who he knew was "the son of perdition!" Nothing seems so impossible as to hold on in faith and love just when we are conscious of the presence of the devil in a meeting, in a household, or in a person. Yet it is just when we are most conscious of the power of the enemy that faith may be in most lively exercise. We cannot too often strengthen ourselves with the fact that Christ has destroyed him that had the power of death, even the devil (Heb. 2: 14)—that he is a conquered foe; not under our feet, but under Jesus' feet.

It was just after his last intercessory prayer for his disciples (John 17) that Jesus was betrayed. Straight from the most glorious communion with his Father, his heaven upon earth, Jesus went out to meet the devil in the person of his own disciple. What a contrast! "He went forth with his disciples over the brook Cedron, where was a garden, into the which he entered, and his disciples. And Judas also, which betrayed him, knew the place." What! then had Jesus no place shut out from the traitor among his disciples! No; the door into his presence, and into all his grace, stands open for all, even the most depraved; any one can get at Jesus. He knows no barred doors, all his life, all his Word, all his heart says, "Come"; "Come, sinner; come, backslider; come, traitor Judas, back to me."

Judas had laid his plans deep: the chief priests and Pharisees were glad enough to make common cause with him against his Lord; such an accession to their ranks, one of the very twelve, the bodyguard of Jesus, was the summit of their wishes. Yes; it needed this in order that they should succeed. In order that the machinations of Satan shall succeed, it seems necessary that some child of God should subscribe to them. It was when the sons of God began to fail in the days of Noah, by their guilty marriages with the daughters of men, that the flood was brought upon the world of the ungodly. It was when a child of God had settled in the city of which the men were "wicked and sinners before the Lord exceedingly" (Gen. 13: 13), that Sodom was doomed to be destroyed.

It is a fearful thing when God's children are in league with the enemies of Jesus, when those who hate God count on the influence of God's children as on their side. The men of Sodom counted Lot as one of them, and when he spoke to his sons-in-law "he seemed as one that mocked," his words fell powerless. Ahab counted on Jehoshaphat with him in his attack upon Ramoth-Gilead; and Jehoshaphat nearly lost his life, and met with the severe rebuke, "Shouldest thou help the ungodly, and love them that hate the Lord? therefore is wrath upon thee from before the Lord" (II. Chron. 19: 2). But all this was nothing to the defection of Judas, who had been called to be with Jesus, to preach, to heal, and to cast out devils, in his name; and who now plotted with his Master's enemies—and for what? thirty pieces of silver!

Are there not among the disciples of Jesus more than a few who in business are found among the ranks of the enemies of Jesus, playing into their hands by acting unrighteously? Many things which are done in the way of business cannot bear the light. "Everybody does the same" is the business man's plea; and under the respectable name of "business" many converted men—who wish to be considered disciples of Jesus—can cheat and lie!

Called Higher

Samuel Burnham, of Moorhead, Minn., entered into rest after a consistent Christian life. He was nearly eighty-five years of age.

Mrs. I. J. Byers has been called higher from her home in Nickerson, Kan. She was a member of the Methodist Church and long a reader of The Christian Herald.

Mrs. Emily Callen Hunter died near St. Meinrad, Ind., aged eighty-four years. She was a member of Polk Run Presbyterian Church. She and her husband, Robert A. Hunter, who survives her, have for many years been subscribers to The Christian Herald.

Martha J. Carr, of Anderson, Ind., at the age of seventy-five years, has entered into rest. She had long been an invalid. She was a constant reader of her Bible and The Christian Herald. She united with the Presbyterian Church at the age of seventeen years.

Triumphant in her faith in her Redeemer, Mrs. Ruth Delzell, wife of William B. Delzell, entered into rest at Santa Rosa, Calif. She was nearly seventy years old. Since early childhood she had devoted her life consistently to the cause of Christ. She loved The Christian Herald.

Mrs. Ida (Frame) Crow entered into rest at Cambridge, O. She had just entered a new home and also a new church home, the United Presbyterian. But the Master came and called for her. Bible reading and secret prayer were her daily practice. She enjoyed reading The Christian Herald, and especially the Answered Prayers.

Miss Margaret Cummings has passed to the great beyond from her home in Cecil County, Md., at the age of seventy-two years. She was a member of the Presbyterian Church and an active Sunday School worker. She had long been a reader of The Christian Herald. She died peacefully after a life filled with good deeds.

Mrs. Eliza Rodgers Hill has fallen asleep in Jesus at her home in Knoxville, Tenn. She was for years a devoted reader of The Christian Herald, and watched each week for its coming with great eagerness. Mrs. Hill was eighty years of age and was beloved alike by young and old, and she numbered her friends by those who knew her. Many souls have been won to Christ through her prayers and influence. Her whole heart went out to the temperance cause, and though feeble, she was one of the faithful workers at one of the voting places in the city when Knoxville decided the fate of the whisky traffic in this locality. She was one of the "sweet, old-fashioned mothers." She leaves a husband, two sons and three daughters to mourn her loss.

Mrs. Sarah A. Shaw, of Kingsley, Mich., was called to the better land a few weeks ago. She was born February 7, 1839, at Groton, Tompkins County, N. Y. Her parents were Nathaniel and Anna Loomis. In April, 1868, she married William Shaw. They moved to the State of Michigan in 1874, and lived in Wexford County for some time. About twenty-five years ago they moved to Kingsley, Mich. Mrs. Shaw was taken ill over two years ago, but showed great Christian fortitude in her suffering. She always had a pleasant smile for all who came to see her, and never complained. Her life was an influence for good on all who were fortunate enough to know her. She was active in church work and long a reader of The Christian Herald. She is survived by her husband, two brothers and two sisters, who live in New York State. A little daughter went before in 1874. After her death the following verses were found under her pillow:

The eyes that crave for our smile
Or the ears for our kindly word
May be closed in a little while
And our loudest cries unheard.
Time mocks at our cold delay,
Death waits not, though we wait,
So make haste to be kind to-day,
To morrow may be too late.

Why should we for the dying weep?
They do not die, they only sleep.
'Tis not the soul, 'tis but the shell
We bury with the funeral knell.
This sorrowing life, thank God, is brief,
But that's eternal; why this grief?

Tell All Your Troubles to Jesus

TELL all your troubles to Jesus,
His sympathy reaches so wide;
He well understands without telling,
But blessed it is to confide.
He holdeth you close to his bosom,
And biddeth your sorrow to cease;
He whispers of joy everlasting,
He whispers of comforting peace.

Tell all your troubles to Jesus,
A wonderful Saviour is he;
He went to the deeps of all sorrow,
And knoweth the strength of your plea.
Oh, surely 'twill help you to tell him,
And lean on the arm of his might;
He promised his yoke should be easy,
His burden, he said, should be light.

Tell all your troubles to Jesus,
Our pitiful Saviour so strong,
Abundantly able to help you,
And willing to banish the wrong.
Oh, deem not that you are forgotten,
Though weeping your sight may bedim,
But tell all your troubles to Jesus,
For there is compassion with him.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

Haddonfield, N. J.

Are You Too Thin?

For only 15 minutes a day's practice in your own room upon special exercises that I will give, you can be round, plump, wholesome, rested and attractive. Nature intended you to be—why should you not?

A pupil who was thin writes me:

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"I just can't tell you how happy I am! I wore low neck and short sleeves the other night and I was so proud of my neck and arms! My busts are rounded out and I have gained 28 lbs., it has come just where I wanted it and I carry myself like another woman. My old dresses look stylish on me now. You remember I have not been constipated since my second lesson and I had taken something for years. I guess my stomach must be stronger too, for I sleep like a baby and my nerves are so rested. I feel as if I had missed so much enjoyment in life, for I never did have such good times before. I feel so well all the time.

I have built up thousands of women—why not you? You will be so much better satisfied with yourself and more attractive to your friends.

I will cheerfully tell you about my work, and if I cannot help your particular case I will tell you so. My information and advice are entirely free.

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"After drinking coffee for breakfast I always felt languid and dull, having no ambition to get to my morning duties. Then in about an hour or so a weak, nervous derangement of the heart and stomach would come over me with such force I would frequently have to lie down.

"At other times I had severe headaches; stomach finally became affected and digestion so impaired that I had serious chronic dyspepsia and constipation. A lady, for many years State President of the W.C.T.U., told me she had been greatly benefited by quitting coffee and using Postum Food Coffee. She was troubled for years with asthma. She said it was no cross to quit coffee when she found she could have as delicious an article as Postum.

"Another lady, who had been troubled with chronic dyspepsia for years, found immediate relief on ceasing coffee and beginning Postum twice a day. Still another friend told me that Postum Food Coffee was a godsend to her, her heart trouble having been relieved after leaving off coffee and taking on Postum.

"So many such cases came to my notice that I concluded coffee was the cause of my trouble, and I quit and took up Postum. I am more than pleased to say that my days of trouble have disappeared. I am well and happy." "There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

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One pupil writes:

"Miss Cocroft, I have reduced 78 pounds and I look 15 years younger. I feel so well I want to shout! I was rheumatic and constipated, my heart was weak and my head dull, my liver all clogged up and oh dear, I am ashamed when I think how I used to look."

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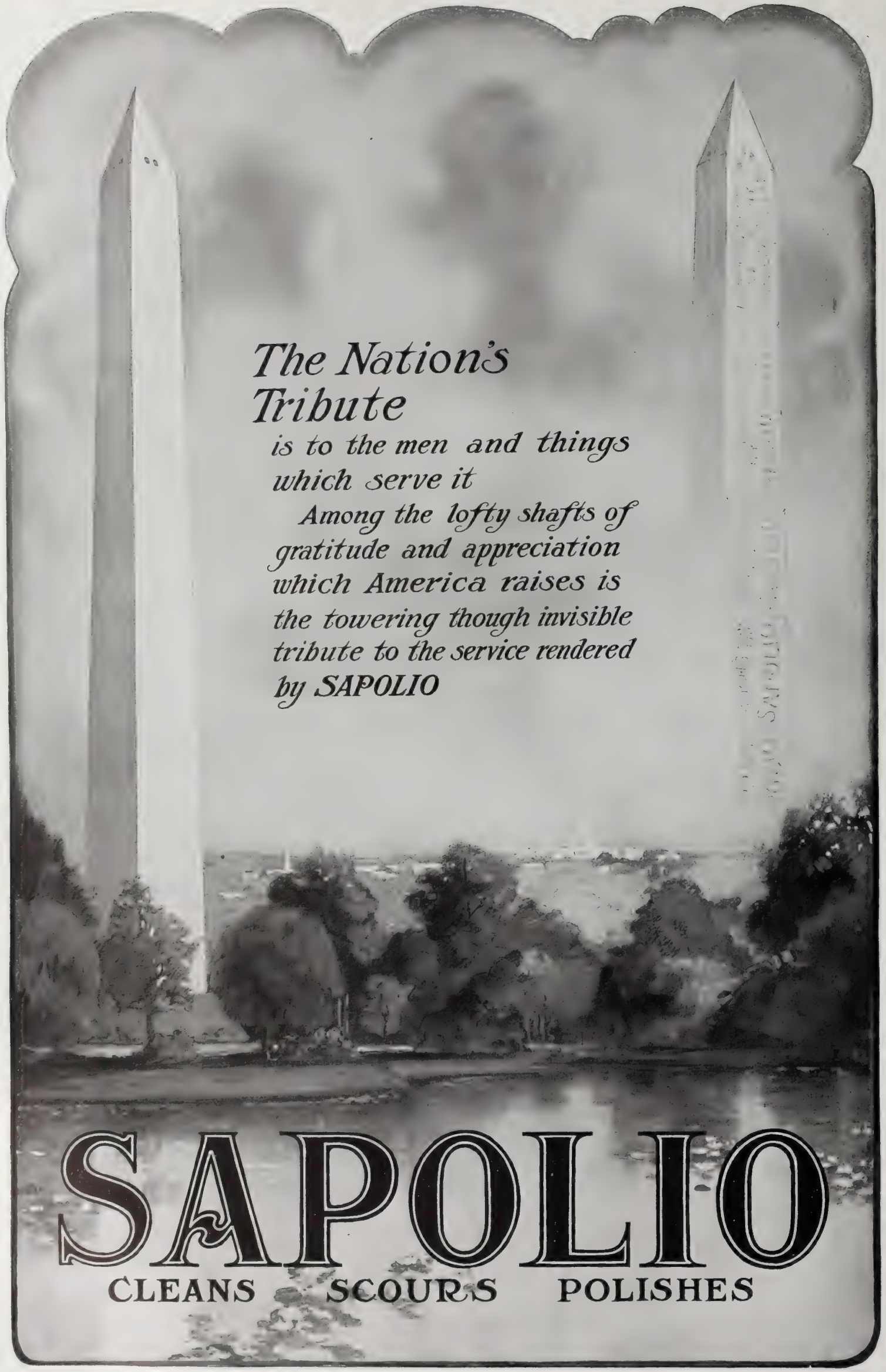
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CHRISTIAN HERALD

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY LOUIS KLOPSCH

$1.50 a Year—5c. A Copy
Published 52 Times a Year

New York, May 13, 1908

VOL. 31—NO. 20
Offices: Bible House, N. Y.

SEE PAGE 394

Skilled Embroiderers in Silver and Gold at the American Mission Schools, Bombay, India

Questions and Answers

Wm. Witt, Nebraska. I am a Methodist but am now connected with a Baptist church. I cannot be a full member without baptism by immersion. Ought I to be baptized in that way?

Why need you hesitate? Even if you do not approve of that mode, it can do you no harm, and it appears that it will add to your usefulness. Paul did not consider circumcision necessary, but he caused Timothy to be circumcized (Acts 16: 3). His rule stated (I. Cor. 9: 20-23) is of general application. You will do wisely to yield to the opinions of others, even when they are not your own, if they do not conflict with the word of God, when you perceive that you may gain or do spiritual good by yielding.

L. M. B., Phoebus, Va. If a Turkish subject becomes a citizen of this country and returns to his native land, is he protected by the government of the United States, and does the Turkish government recognize him as an American citizen, provided, of course, he has not committed any crimes against the government of his native land?

He is entitled, of course, to all the rights and privileges of a naturalized American citizen. If, however, he uses his citizenship as a ground of offense to other governments with which the United States has harmonious relations, he will experience trouble. This has happened in several cases with subjects of the Sultan who, becoming naturalized here, return to make trouble in their native land.

S. H. R., Pleasant Valley, Pa. Will the physical body we now have be brought together at the resurrection?

We cannot limit the power of God, so that we shrink from saying it is impossible, though it appears so to human reason. Paul does not seem to have expected it. The long argument on the subject (I. Cor. 15) implies that he expected to receive a spiritual body which would be far superior to the one laid in the grave. On the other hand, Christ had the same body after his resurrection, and his resurrection is a type of ours.

Mr. H. B. Irving, of Brooklyn, writes calling attention to certain facts recently placed on record in connection with the dispute with Venezuela. Statements which have been presented to Congress by ex-Secretary of State Foster in defense of Venezuela, and made public since our article published on April 15 was written, present the conduct of Venezuela in a new light. As Mr. Irving says, the fact that the American Asphalt Company "fomented, financed and promoted a revolution against the government of Venezuela is some justification for its being fined and cast out. In other countries the trust would not have got off so easily." Mr. Irving also calls attention to the fact, now disclosed, that all contracts made by Venezuela with foreign companies contain a clause pledging the companies to submit any disputes that may arise to Venezuelan courts, and to accept the decisions of those courts as final. These facts were not generally known until Mr. Foster presented the case and they deserve to be thoroughly investigated before any hostile measures are taken against Venezuela.

Reader, Marionville, Mo. You mention several afflictions that may have been the "thorn in the flesh" that Paul refers to in II. Cor. 12: 7, but not the one that to my mind is the most probable. Is it not likely that it was an involuntary impulse of the mind—a suggestion from the evil one—to commit suicide, or to do some [illegible] wickedness? Such a suggestion comes to some good people now and is overcome only by the power that came to Paul, assuring him that God's grace was sufficient for him.

Such persons, of whom there are many, have our deepest and most sincere sympathy. Bunyan, in his *Pilgrim's Progress*, describes Christian as being harassed by such suggestions, and by hearing foul blasphemies, which he was led to think he had uttered himself. The only sure defense is that you mention—instant and earnest prayer. The suggestions gradually lose their power when it becomes clear that the poor persecuted creature knows where to obtain strength to resist. This trial is severe, but it does not appear to our mind to correspond with the case of the apostle, whose affliction was evidently a humiliating one to keep him from "being exalted above measure."

Rev. Robert Wodehouse, of the M.E. Mission at Umtali, South Africa, has sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the portraits of twelve trained native African preachers who are candidates for support on the "native missionary substitute plan," as the personal field representatives of American patrons. Mr. Wodehouse writes us: "They are all good men, converted and trained, and at present doing splendid work at various stations among the heathen. We would establish a plan of monthly or quarterly statements about the field to be sent to each subscriber. The support of these substitutes, who are of a most efficient class, is from $90 to $190 per annum."

W. L., Ortman, Pa. What were the chief mistakes in the life of Abraham?

In a character so eminent and beautiful we would rather dwell on his excellencies. We suppose, however, that you refer to his untruth about his wife (Gen. 12: 13); his relation with Hagar (Gen. 16: 4); his second prevarication (Gen. 20: 2), and perhaps his unbelief of the promise about Isaac when it was first given (Gen. 17: 17).

L. E., Watertown, N. Y. Did Paul intend by I. Cor. 6: 5 to prohibit lawsuits?

So far as might relate to disputes between Christians. He would have them arbitrated by some member of the church chosen for the purpose. He was anxious that the young church might appear to the world as composed of men who loved one another. In this he was in accord with the teaching of Christ. (See Matt. 5: 40.)

B. F. R., Hazleton, Pa. What is Congress doing about restoring the motto?

Nothing has yet been done by the Senate looking to the passage of the bill which was recently adopted by the House of Representatives. We hope, however, to see the measure taken up and passed in the Senate also. The President is understood to be ready to approve the bill when passed. Readers of this journal, and all who desire the motto to be restored, should write to the Senators of their own respective States, strongly urging them to work for the passage of the bill to restore the motto, "In God We Trust," to the national coinage.

S. S., Dayton, O. What is the largest prehistoric ruin yet discovered in this country?

Probably the most extensive and most notable in architectural skill are the wonderful castle-like structures in the Moqui country, Arizona, and in other parts of the far Southwest. In an article in the *National Geographic Magazine*, Prof. C. Blanchard describes some of these remarkable dwellings, which were the homes of a semi-civilized people. Among them are monster structures with frowning battlements, surrounded by miles of canyons and by once fertile valleys. There were all the indications of a great population whose work disclosed "craftsmanship and patience and rivaled in some degree the work of modern engineers." One of the prehistoric ruined buildings is known as the Cheltro Palace. It is 449 feet long, 250 feet wide and four stories high. It is said to be the most famous and stupendous ruin in America.

H. A. W., Daretown, N. J., writes: My father enjoys THE CHRISTIAN HERALD very much, as he is not now able to go to church. He is eighty-one years old.

We are always glad to hear from our old friends, and especially from those venerable Christians to whom old age comes like a crown of glory. The presence of an aged saint is a benediction in the house. It brings us closer to heaven.

R. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. What is speculum metal?

It is an alloy of one part tin, two parts copper and a very little arsenic. It is brittle, hard and white in color. It was formerly much used to make the mirrors in reflecting telescopes, but has been almost superseded by silvered glass.

Reader, Madison, N. Y. When was Syracuse University founded?

It was founded in 1870 and is a continuation of Genesee College, founded in 1849. The medical department is successor to the Geneva Medical College, which dated back to 1835.

A. D., East Hampton, L. I. What are the four forest cantons?

They are Uri, Schwiz, Unterwalden and Lucerne, all grouped about Lake Lucerne, in Switzerland.

H. L., Orange, N. J. How large is Georgian Bay in Lake Huron?

It is about fifty miles wide and one hundred and twenty miles long. Its shore line is entirely within Ontario, Canada.

W. H. B., Newark, N. J. Why is the Crucifixion of Christ called Good Friday?

The word means, in this case, "holy," otherwise "Holy Friday," which is certainly appropriate to the anniversary of the Crucifixion.

Carrie M. S., Baltimore, Md., writes: Concerning the expression, "In the midst of life we are in death" (mentioned in your paper April 22), I would say that *Bartlett's Quotations*, after quoting this sentence from the Prayer-book, adds the following note, which you may perhaps care to read: "This is derived from a Latin antiphon, said to have been composed by Notker, a monk of St. Gall, in 911, while watching some workmen building a bridge at Martinsbrucke, in peril of their lives. It forms the groundwork of Luther's antiphon, 'De Morte.'"

A Peace Memorial Window

ON Easter morning there was unveiled in the Metropolitan Temple, New York City, a window to the memory of General Ulysses Simpson Grant, and at the service on Sunday, April 26, the window was formally dedicated. The subject chosen is "Peace," and the inscription at the base of the window is, "Let Us Have Peace," the words of General Grant at the surrender of Appomattox. The subject is treated in an allegorical manner, the idea being to emphasize the desire for peace, which filled the heart of the great commander. The figures, the landscape, in fact the whole composition, is so arranged that it conveys the feeling that, the horrors and devastation of war being over, the blessed light of peace pervades all the land. In the centre of the window is shown an angel with wings outspread, and poised over a broken shield. The angel bears an olive branch. On the right is the figure of a warrior in armor, wearied and spent with the strain and havoc of strife and sheathing his sword. On the left is the mother with her child at her knee, and in the middle distance the shepherd again peacefully tending his flock, and the plowman tilling the soil. Across the blue sky is the bow of peace. The picture is framed with laurel, and near the top on scrolls are given the dates of the birth and death of General Grant, while on either side are shields showing the badges of the various army corps which fought throughout the Civil War under Grant. The artist is Mr. Charles Mente, whose drawings have frequently appeared in the pages of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Miscellaneous

D. T. R., Cooper, Texas. Ask Biglow & Main Co., 135 Fifth Ave., New York.

E. R. M., Pittsburg, Pa. We do not know how many foreigners are leaving this country at present. They have no difficulty in securing passage at this time of the year. Write to any one of the transatlantic companies for information.

Casual Reader, Newark, N. J. Thank you for your words of appreciation. We are always gratified when we learn that anything we have written has been specially useful to a reader. You are at liberty to republish the article in the way you mention.

Reader, Fitchburg, Mass. We cannot find the incident you refer to. General Andrew Jackson fought a duel with Charles Dickenson. Perhaps this is the case. A Vice-President of the United States receives $12,000 a year. You should sign all communications to this department.

L. J. R., Akron, O. There is no reason why Christian people should not enjoy themselves. It is necessary, however, to discriminate in our amusements, and anything that savors of immorality or vulgarity should be avoided. We could not advise Christians to become theatre-goers, especially in view of the present condition of the stage. With regard to the other amusements you mention, we do not consider that there can be any harm in them.

NEW YORK, MAY 13, 1908

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

On the Guayas River, Ecuador

The Peruvian Cruiser "Lima"

Farming in Peru

CRUISING UNDER THE EQUATOR

By CHARLES M. PEPPER

A Young Araucanian Chief

MANY Americans are traveling down the west coast of South America now. They have been drawn thither by the American investments in mines and railways, so the majority of them are miners, railway men or commercial drummers, but there are also school teachers. I noticed this specially during a recent journey. The people of the South American countries want to learn English, but that should not keep Americans who expect to go there from learning Spanish.

I have always thought a voyage from Panama to Valparaiso the ideal sea trip, because the ocean is almost always so smooth that it takes a strong imagination to realize that there is such a thing as seasickness. Once in a while there is a swell which seems to come all the way from Australia; but even that is gentle, and rough seas are unknown.

For about 2,500 miles the voyage is through tropical waters; yet the sea bath which is to be had on the steamers is not a hot one, as in the Red Sea, for instance. Instead, it is apt to be invigoratingly cool; for the Antarctic or Humboldt Current sweeps all the way up to the equator. In Panama Bay frequently, and sometimes in the gulf of Guayaquil, there are very brilliant phosphorescent displays. During my recent voyage, one night I sat on deck and for hours watched the surface of the water glowing as though it were all afire.

One advantage about this west coast trip is that, after the first day or two, the ships are always in sight of land, so there is plenty of variety. For a couple of days it is very green land, because along the Ecuador coast and up the Guayas River the rains are very abundant and the vegetation is fresh all the year round. Some of the dwellings along the riverside are really very attractive to look at; but I always think that it must be pretty monotonous to live in them without change.

It is always interesting to know when the Line is crossed. Nobody at sea among sailormen ever speaks of the equator, and travelers themselves fall into the habit of calling it "the Line." When the American squadron was along the Chilean and Peruvian coast, the only talk was of being south of the Line where harmless pranks are permitted. When the equator is crossed going north more decorum is expected to be observed.

On the Atlantic side, when vessels cross the equator, the traditional shaving of Old Neptune usually is indulged in, and the sport is very enjoyable for those who escape being soused. On the west coast, the custom is not so common, though on some of the steamers the "crossing of the Line" is made a kind of sailors' holiday, in which the passengers join.

There is one sight along the coast of Peru which I believe cannot be seen in any other part of the world. This is the flock of a million birds, which hover over those waters and make their resting-places on the guano islands that have been created by them through many centuries. The birds are mostly pelicans, although along the southern coast there are vast numbers of cormorants. Many times I have seen the skies black with these pelicans, flying in a solid mass, and separating only when they dived to the waters below for fish. I often wondered how many of the birds there were that formed these feathered clouds, but it never occurred to me to place the number at 1,000,000, until a member of the United States Fish Commission, who is now employed under the Peruvian government, told me there were that many. Nor was he making a wild guess, for his statement was based on careful calculation. All the islands which the pelicans frequent are known, and the size of the flocks have been determined by something like actual measurement. When a flock of them rises a pretty good estimate can be made of the area of the air which they are covering, and it is not at all difficult to determine how many pelicans there are to a given square yard. So, with the number of square yards estimated with reasonable accuracy, the simple process of multiplication gives the total number of the pelicans. In this way, the numbers of all the flocks in the different localities have been judged, and I have no doubt that the calculation is correct. The Peruvian government, in order to protect the guano deposits, exercises great care to prevent the destruction of the pelicans.

There is not much along the northern coast of Peru except the sandy mountains with a few rivers breaking through to the sea and forming very luxurious valleys. But at Callao, which is the chief seaport, there is everything that goes to make a world's shipping centre, and there is an unusually fine harbor, as was made apparent recently, when the American squadron was there. Callao has a pretty park or plaza with some picturesque buildings around it. The most interesting place, however, is the English Club fronting the ocean, where the sea captains gather when they come ashore, and tell tales of all parts of the world.

In southern Peru, the coast range of mountains slopes gradually, and there are a number of very fertile valleys where cotton, sugar, alfalfa, Indian corn, and a great variety of fruit are raised. There are also very fine vineyards. At one place along this coast, there is a series of terraces so perfect that they seem to have been built by human agency; but

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Farm Overseers on a Chilean Country Estate

THE
American Pulpit
A Sermon by
Rev. Charles F. Aked, D.D.*

CHRIST'S Winnowing Fan

TEXT—Matt. 3 : 12
"His fan is in his hand"

IN one of Lowell's noblest and most enduring poems there is a phrase which serves admirably as exposition of this text, or, at least, as introduction to any intelligent discussion of it. It is in "The Present Crisis" that the poet-prophet of two democracies writes:

Backward look across the ages and the beacon-moments see,
That, like peaks of some sunk continent, jut through Oblivion's sea;
Not an ear in court or market for the low foreboding cry
Of those Crises, God's stern winnowers, from whose feet earth's chaff must fly;
Never shows the choice momentous till the judgment hath passed by.

Such crises frequently recur in history, and as often as they appear they serve indeed as "God's stern winnowers," separating the chaff from the good grain—first in the individual heart, and then in the life of the nation. Lowell was impelled to his great deliverance by the question of slavery, which at that time and for so long dwarfed every other into insignificance. That was a winnowing fan in very truth. Your war, when conflict could be no longer delayed, came as a fan—one of the terrible ones of history—winnowing every soul throughout the land. You hold in honor to this day the men who acquitted themselves faithfully in those years of heroic struggle, because in the hour of crisis they measured up to the standard of moral manhood. They had to choose, and they chose not by considerations of personal gain or loss, of safety or danger, but by reference solely to duty, patriotism, conscience and God. And whether they were States-rights men, or men whose conceptions were dominated wholly by the thought of a nation one and indivisible, you know very well that they whose names will shine for ever in this country's history were sifted out from the worthless, selfish and cowardly elements in the nation's life by the winnowing fan of immortal principle.

Moral Issues of the Day

There are moral issues in our day which serve as a winnowing fan. Peace or war is one of them. Nothing will ever extenuate the guilt of the Christian Church from age to age in its encouragement of war and the war spirit. Men lose their reason as soon as the feverish throbbing of the war drum is heard in the city and the war flags are flung wide to the breeze. They lose their Christianity as well. They blaspheme their Lord while still they name themselves by his name. It is possible for men to doubt many things concerning Jesus Christ. It is open to nobody to question whether he was or was not opposed to war and the war spirit. From his flawless humanity to his perfect divinity speculation busies itself with his wondrous personality. There is no speculation about his view of peace and war. There is no if nor but. Not for nothing has the reverent imagination of the ages fastened upon one of his great titles, "Prince of Peace." If the spirit of Christ is not in antagonism to the spirit of war then nothing was ever clear upon this earth, and nothing ever will be, and we had better abandon any attempt to understand anything. He is the "Prince of peace." And by your attitude to every national or international question, when possibilities of peace and war are involved, I see the winnowing of Him whose fan is in his hand.

Prohibition

The Temperance question is at the present moment a winnowing fan. In hundreds of counties and towns in different States of the Union men are being forced to take a side at the polls. The energy of Prohibition which has swept the South and part of the West, which has already come as far East as Illinois and reached North as far as Michigan and may yet spread to these States, has in the process of local option ranged the people on the side of the saloon or against it. And, if there were to be no manifest gain in sobriety for fifty years to come, it would still be to the signal advantage of the nation that men should be driven to commit themselves—yes or no; for or against the legalized traffic in demoralization, debauchery and death. There are many of us who have long ago concluded that, apart from Prohibition by legislative enactment, the simple question of personal habit, of abstinence from intoxicating liquor or drinking which we judge to be moderate, affords the same supreme test. Here is one of the colossal evils of all time, wrecking, ruining, ravaging, on every hand. You have seen manhood shorn of its glory and womanhood low in the dust. You have heard the cry of the widow and orphan, and the low, sad wail of agony sent up by breaking hearts. And the question whether in the sight of God and of his Christ you can continue to be responsible to the extent of your own personal influence for the perpetuation of the infamies inseparable from the drinking habits of our time, is a subtle test piercing to bone and marrow. The issue cannot be avoided. You are on the side of the drinking habits of society, or you are against them; one or other; yes or no. His fan is in his hand.

These are specific and outstanding illustrations, concrete, definite, of a principle for ever at work in human life. There is one test which is constant: Christ is always in our midst. His fan is in his hand. It was John the Baptist who said this concerning him, but even before John's day it was declared that he should be a sign spoken against, and a divisive force in human life.

Free Will and Conscious Choice

He himself was fully conscious of this. In memorable phrases he declared that he had come to set at variance the members of the same families. He declared that a man's foes should be those of his own household. He said that he had come to fling fire on the earth. And to the very last moment of his existence his fan remained in his hand, winnowing the penitent from the impenitent, even as they hung with him upon their cross. So obvious has all this been in all generations that looking at it men have been blinded to the inner facts of free will and conscious choice. For instance, a great preacher once declared that any congregation to which he preached was only as a dust heap in which steel filings were hidden; the Gospel which he proclaimed was a magnet; the steel filings were irresistibly drawn; the heap of dust remained quiescent. It was not flattering to the congregation—most of us regard ourselves as something better than a speck of dust in a heap of waste material, and it is not true to the facts of our nature. It leaves out of account that mysterious force which is our real self, which makes you *you* and me *me*. Emerson's plea is nearer to the eternal facts of things:

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When duty whispers low, "Thou must!"
The youth replies, "I can!"

And Christ's call serves in this way supremely as the test. You are winnowed out as you answer, or fail to answer, "I can! Here am I! Send me!"

What is the fan, precisely? It is the call to each human heart, and it serves its purpose unaided by secular machinery or ecclesiastical organization. It is effective because it is what it is. There is in it nothing which can appeal to the frivolous, the selfish, or the insincere. Or if, strangely misconceiving the nature of Christ's kingdom and his invitation, they respond, they find nothing which is permanently attractive, and they fall away. The happiness which Christianity offers has no charm for such as they.

The Joy of True Service

Are you capable of finding the joy of life in human service? Are you one who can be happy so long as you are making others happy? Would it be enough for you to bring smiles to sad faces and wipe the tears from sorrowful eyes? And if you saw that men and women and little children marked your coming, and that their eyes grew brighter when you came; if you saw that some little corner of this earth was a better spot to live in because of you—would that be enough? Or must you follow after the things which this world counts prizes, and push your way and fight your way to wealth or place or power, reckless of cost to your own soul and of consequence to mankind? These questions go very deep, and according to the answer which our life gives does the fan which is in his hand winnow chaff from grain in this congregation and in all the world.

Christ's call is a call to conflict. In a violent metaphor he once declared that he had come not to bring peace but a sword. I understand him to mean that the Christian life cannot exist in an atmosphere of servile acquiescence in the world's wrong-doing. The peace which he condemns is the peace which is purchased at the price of conscience. The sword which he approves is the spirit which bids us strike and thrust at every evil which rears its head in opposition to the kingdom of virtue and love. But this is a vastly different thing from conflict for personal ends. That is savagery. This is immortality. Here is sublimity when men and women lose themselves in a righteous cause. They know not hunger, nor thirst, nor any heat. They serve him in his temple. And the blackest night of the year to them is still the shining day of the Lord. Do you remember Charles Kingsley's valorous plea—

Who would sit down and sigh for a lost age of gold
While the Lord of all ages is here?
The true heart will leap up at the trumpet of God,
And the soul that can suffer can dare.
Each old age of gold was an iron age, too,
And the meekest of saints can find stern work to do
In the day of the Lord at hand.

Are you capable of response to such a call as this?

The World's Hope

The soul of Christianity is the hope of a world redeemed. During these last days our thoughts have centred round the Cross erected on Calvary. We have heard again the words spoken by the Redeemer of the world. Those last syllables spoken by the Son of God, what did they mean? "It is finished." Was it the sigh of a broken heart? Was it the utter weariness of the human soul freed at last from this burden of mortal suffering? Or was it the triumph-cry of the world's work done, the world's salvation won—the triumph-cry of the immortal Victor over mankind brought back to God? The unknown author of the letter to the Hebrews, in a passage of wonderful beauty, declares that for the joy that was set before him he endured the Cross and despised the shame. What was that joy but this which I am trying so feebly to represent to you?—the joy of knowing that henceforth there was opened a true and living way by which the race might journey home to God; the joy of knowing that the stubborn heart of man was to yield at last to the gracious, pathetic pleading of the Father-heart and the whole wide world was to be every way bound by gold chains about the feet of God? Are you one who can share this hope? Is there in it such charm, such fascination, such power, that in the strength of it you can live and love and labor; in the strength of it endure and suffer; in the strength of it crucify the desires of the spirit as you mortify those of the flesh; in the strength of it tread down baffling foes; and in the strength of it climb from height to height until you share the redemptive passion of your Lord? These again are the questions which Christianity addresses to you. If they find you, you will go forth to your work in the world clothed upon with Resurrection power. If not, you will drift away, for his fan is in his hand.

Acknowledging Christ

I look back upon the appeal which Christ made to his own day and to his own people. He stood before them an unknown figure. He was guaranteed by no authority which they respected. He was of humble birth. He came from the laboring classes. He spoke strange words. He made light of the traditions of the Church. He set at defiance its official chiefs. It seemed as though he would destroy the Temple itself. And through all he invited the people to himself, not to a system, a philosophy, an organization, but always to himself. "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden." "I am the Good Shepherd." "I am the Light of the World." "I have come that they may have life, and may have it in abundance." Response to an invitation couched in such terms called for courage, for originality, and for independence. Naturally, heredity, education, environment, social observance, all conflicted with his claims. And only ardent, enthusiastic, earnest men and women could be expected to take his side.

The conditions are not essentially different to-day. Conventional worship of him is common, fashionable even, so that the curious thing is for a well-bred person to say that he does not believe in Jesus Christ. But the sincere worship of mind and spirit is not so common, and it is not easy. The habit of submitting every question to his authority and of quietly avowing, in whatever company you may be, that you take your standard of social ethics not from the conventions of society but from Christ, is an effort of independence from which all but robust spirits shrink. Doubts are easy. Historical criticism, scientific materialism and the unthoughtful agnosticism of the day impede the flight of the soul to him, while the fear of being thought "odd," of acting in a way to cause the polite lifting of the eyebrows in surprise, and to bring the ill-suppressed smile of banter to the lips, operates to hold us back from the frank confession that we too are his disciples.

It is told of the Roman Christians in the early days of persecution and martyrdom that when their lives were offered to them on condition of recantation, when

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* Preached in the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, New York.
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OUR GREATEST NAVAL LAND PARADE

Rear-Admiral Thomas and U. S. Grant, Jr.

Some of the 100,000 Who Welcomed the Fleet

Commander Valentine S. Nelson

THE thousands of sailors who make up the complement of the big fleet which Admiral "Bob" Evans brought around Cape Horn and up the Pacific coast have not only seen, but they have been seen by scores of thousands of loyal American citizens who came to San Diego, Calif., from all parts of the country to join in the welcome which has been extended to the armada. The whole Western country is still talking about the wonderful parade in San Diego on Wednesday, April 15, for in that procession, with its dozens of bands discoursing martial music, was the greatest number of American sailors and marines ever known to be in line at one time —five thousand and over.

To get such an aggregation of men from the big cruisers lying a mile off shore into the cutters, tow them around into the bay and up to the disembarking wharf, a distance of nearly eight miles; to have the cutters unload their human freight, and for all these individuals to get into orderly battalions, ready for the parade, was in itself no small feat, but it was all accomplished under the direction of Commander Valentine S. Nelson, without a hitch, much to the admiration of the thousands who occupied vantage points along the shore for the purpose of witnessing this prelude to the parade.

Marines and Soldiers Landing at San Diego

As to the parade itself, who can adequately describe it? A picture in colors? Yes. Magnificent? Yes. These are some of the expressions from the hundred thousand and more who lined the route of the parade and looked upon the brigades of marines and sailors with their gay banners, which announced to the onlookers the ships to which each group belonged. Loyal hearts overflowed with enthusiasm at the sight, and cheers made throats grow hoarse as the pageant covered the long route from the water front to the crest in the big city park which had been selected as the scene of the ceremonies, when the freedom of the city was presented to Rear-Admiral Thomas in command of the fleet.

What a panorama this park presented at the close of the review! The thousands of sailors and marines, after passing the reviewing stand, were massed on one of the *mesas*, some distance away, while in the foreground were the school children of the city, who were to perform some intricate patriotic drills. A great grand-stand, overlooking the assembled crowds, was filled to overflowing, while the smaller stand used by the dignitaries presented a fairyland sight, with the gold-braided uniforms of the men and the magnificent gowns of the ladies. On this stand too were many journalists and special correspondents, among them Joaquin Miller, the "poet of the Sierras"; Richard Barry, the young correspondent who became famous because he was within Port Arthur when it surrendered to the Japanese; Frederick Palmer, and others. Rear-Admirals Thomas, Emory and Sperry and dozens of other naval officers of the big fleet; Lieutenant-General Adna R. Chaffee, retired; Governor James N. Gillett, of California, and his staff; Mayor John F. Forward, of San Diego, and other notables had their places on the reviewing stand and were as active in their cheering as the humblest citizen. Tributes were paid to the city, its citizens, the school children, the grizzled veterans who had formed part of the parade, and in fact to every individual or group who had contributed to the success of the day, by the Governor and Admiral Thomas in their addresses. The mayor made the presentation speeches, when a magnificent jewel casket and a gold key, symbolic of the freedom of the city, were presented to Rear-Admiral Thomas, representing Rear-Admiral Evans, and also when medals were presented to the other admirals of the fleet. Besides these gifts, a magnificent sword was given to Admiral Thomas for Admiral Evans, by the veterans of the city, both Union and Confederate, as well as those of the Spanish-American War.

Floating above were great kites, one group bearing the letters of the word "Welcome," while others, inpairs, supported great American flags.

The manifest patriotism and welcome won the warmest words from the guests of honor. "Though a city of but 45,000 inhabitants, San Diego gave a celebration worthy of a metropolis," was the substance of one high officer's remarks, and in his estimate all who witnessed the day's events heartily concur.

ALLEN HENRY WRIGHT.

A FAMOUS CHURCHMAN DEAD

AFTER forty-six years' active service as rector of Trinity Parish, New York, the Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix died on April 29, at the ripe age of eighty-one years. He was sick only a short time. When it became apparent that death was near the Rev. Dr. Wells of Trinity Parish administered the communion and conducted the service for the dying. As the Episcopal service proceeded, and when the Lord's Prayer was reached, the dying man joined in with a strong, clear voice, repeating the words to the end. Half an hour later he became unconscious, and he passed away like one in sleep.

Dr. Dix was born in 1827. In his sermons and views he reflected the sturdy stock from which he came. He was recognized as one of the nation's most scholarly and intellectual preachers.

When a boy he fell under the influence of Bishop Horatio Potter, and naturally turned to the Church at an early age. His father was the well-known General John A. Dix, and his mother was a Miss Morgan, a woman of distinction and high social position. He was graduated from Columbia in 1848, and then entered the General Theological Seminary. On leaving there, he served as assistant in St. Mark's Church in Philadelphia. Dr. Dix next went abroad, and when he returned to New York became assistant rector to Dr. Berian of Trinity. On Dr. Berian's death, Dr. Dix became rector of the church in 1862, and plunged into his work resolutely. Besides his parish duties he did much literary work. His commentaries and sermons have been widely published. His talents in a literary way were recognized by the universities, and he held degrees from Oxford, Princeton, Harvard, Columbia, and the University of the South.

The Late Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix

As a preacher, Dr. Dix was unusually serene in the pulpit. His methods were never sensational. He was outspoken against the sins of society. He preached the sanctity of the home, the inviolability of the marriage bond, and warned the world of its dangers from iconoclastic beliefs or disbeliefs. He commanded respect and attention for his views without ever encroaching upon sensationalism.

INDIA'S VICEROY ON THE FAMINE

From His Recent Address Telling of the Need and Explaining the Government Relief System

THE general position is at present as follows: The famine area comprises practically the whole of the United Provinces, some of the protected States in Central India, and parts of the Punjab, Bengal, the Central Provinces, and even Bombay. It covers approximately 150,000 square miles, somewhat more than Great Britain, Ireland and Belgium combined, with a population of roughly fifty millions; in other words, over one-twelfth of the area of India and one-sixth of its population are affected.

I have been told that some exception has been taken to raising a general fund for all India on the present occasion, on the ground that this is mostly United Provinces famine; but it is really much more than that, though the depth and extent of the distress in the United Provinces compared with that in the other local administrations has naturally focused public attention on that one particular part of India.

It is unnecessary to go into any great detail as to the character of the famine, but a few statistics may assist to explain the situation to the meeting. Over the whole affected area the loss of crops has been very great. In one division of the Punjab, for instance, the outturn of the autumn harvest was much less than one-sixth of the normal, and it is calculated that this means an actual loss of 200 lakhs (£1,383,000). For the whole of the United Provinces the autumn harvest was less than two-fifths of the normal, and the failure is, of course, considerably greater in the famine-stricken areas. The loss on rice and maize alone, the two great food crops, is estimated at fifteen crores of rupees (£10,000,000). According to the latest returns there are 1,410,181 persons in receipt of relief, namely, 1,261,509 in British India and 148,673 in the protected States, and though in January our hopes were raised by the excellent and widespread rain which fell over Northern and Upper India, when there seemed indeed some probability that the sowings for the spring harvest would be more extensive than the original forecast made out. Since then, unfortunately, no more rain has fallen, and we are receiving gloomy accounts of prospects of the next harvest, especially in the Punjab.

Recognizing as we must the existence of much unavoidable misery, it is reassuring to know that the experience gained in previous famines, and the development of remedial measures steadily carried on under the direction of my two distinguished predecessors, Lord Elgin and Lord Curzon, have placed the Government of India in a far better position to cope with widespread distress than they have ever been before, whilst the unprecedentedly liberal issue of agricultural advances, and the arrangements made for prompt suspensions of revenue, have been a distinguishing feature of the administration of this famine, and have put much heart into the people, who, in their turn, are facing the position with remarkable courage and determination. The conduct of the campaign by Sir John Hewett and his officers has been thoroughly practical and humane, and they deserve all praise.

It is quite true that the present famine cannot be compared to the last two great famines, either in respect to its extent or severity, but it has one distinguishing feature in which it remarkably differs from its predecessors. That feature is the very high range of the prices of food grains. They are much higher than in the great famine of 1900, and distinctly higher than in 1897, and though the laboring and artisan classes have to some extent been saved from distress by the gradually increased demand for labor in the last few years, and though cultivators in the fortunate position of having a surplus to sell have benefited by the rise

Earl of Minto, Viceroy of India

in prices, there is, on the other hand, an actually larger number than in former years of respectable poor people whom custom and tradition forbid to apply for Government relief. To these the prohibitive prices mean the most terrible distress and suffering.

I believe it has been asserted that if Government admit their responsibility for saving life and for keeping together the bodies and souls of the suffering people until brighter times come round, there is no necessity to draw on private benevolence for assistance. I am afraid I cannot agree. In spending the money of the Indian taxpayer on famine relief, Government must, in justice to that taxpayer, act on certain fundamental, and in accordance with certain recognized rules. Such limitations are imperative in any expenditure of public money, and in its self-appointed task of saving life the State must be strictly bound by them. But this restriction of the functions of Government leaves a ve large margin of misery and suffering untouched.

Already private charitable relief agencies are at wo in different parts of India. They are, I know, doi good work, and those in charge of them are freely d voting their time and labor to the interests of their di tressed fellow countrymen. There have been exampl of princely generosity, such as the grants already ma to the United Provinces and Central India from t Famine Endowment Fund of the Maharaja of Jaipu whilst many Indian landlords, notably the Maharaja Balrampur, are providing for famine relief in their ow estates with admirable care and completeness. But se arate efforts, no matter how munificent, are after a limited, and the time has come for the general publi to occupy the larger field open to charity, and to unde take the organization necessary to ensure that publi benevolence should be a fellow worker with the Stat In this view I would outline the objects on which chari table funds will be spent. Firstly, in supplementin the subsistence ration which is alone provided from pub lic funds, by the addition of small comforts, whether o food or of clothing, for the aged or the infirm, for pa tients in hospital, for children and the like. Secondly in providing for the maintenance of orphans. Thirdly in relieving the numerous poor but respectable person who will endure almost any privation rather than apply for Government help, the relief of such cases of destitution to be officially inquired into. Fourthly, in restoring to their original position, when acute distress is subsiding, those who have lost their all in their struggle for existence, and in giving them a fresh start in life. Expenditure from charitable funds upon such objects will, it is to be hoped, both supplement and aid at each critical stage of the famine what the Government can do for the relief of distress. It will cheer the hearts of workers in the relief camps by supplementing and varying the monotonous ration, and will give them strength to endure; it will assist thousands of destitute widows and orphans and women and children unable to accompany their husbands and fathers in search of relief; it will give a new chance of life to very many suffering from diseases incidental to famine, who would rather die than go to a public hospital, and whose recovery depends not so much on medical treatment as on diet; it will enable thousands of families, whose livestock has disappeared and whose grain stores are depleted, at the end of the famine to make a fresh start with cattle and agricultural implements, and will save them from lapsing into poverty.

* * *

The following resolution was unanimously passed: "That this meeting recognizes the fact that the time has come when a charitable fund should be formed for the relief of distress in the famine-stricken districts of India, such relief being supplementary to the operations of Government, and designed to meet cases not clearly or adequately covered by those operations; and that to this end subscriptions should be invited from the well-to-do throughout this country, and contributions from abroad should be thankfully received."

Teaching Native Arts in India

See Illustration on Cover Page

YOUNG people in India owe a great debt of gratitude to the hard-working, self-sacrificing missionaries, even though some of them have not yet been persuaded to adopt the Christian faith taught by these workers "from over the sea." While the missionaries make the propagation of the Gospel their main task, they have been able to teach at the same time useful occupations for which there is a demand in the vicinity of their stations, and the scholars in the schools go out well equipped for the battle of life.

Many of these students who go to outlying villages are looked up to for the practical knowledge they have acquired and the message of a better life and religion that they bring is consequently listened to with more respect. They often become teachers, and in this way heathen boys and girls have acquired a knowledge of the trades taught by the American missionaries.

India for many centuries was famous for its beautiful embroideries, done in colored silks and picked out here and there with gilt and silver strands. Even so far back as the sixteenth century these embroidered hangings found their way into Europe, imported by the merchants of Venice in the high-decked galleons whose shipmasters braved the typhoons of the Indian Ocean to seek the beautiful products of Oriental art.

The missionaries have found that many of the older girls under their instruction are very skilful with their fingers, and with a few lessons are able to begin the embroidering of quite elaborate designs. On the cover of this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is a picture of several pupils at their embroidery lesson. They need no urging, for all enjoy working with the brightly colored threads. A door curtain is being finished, the design being one long used in India. Back of them in the doorway hangs a curtain entirely made by the pupils. It is of a most striking and artistic design. The embroidered archway about the central panel is almost Moorish in effect and reminds one of the door hangings found in some of the Moorish palaces of Spain, notably the far-famed palace of the Alhambra. These girls of the Mission School at Byculla won the silver medal for embroidery at the Calcutta exhibition last year.

Plain sewing is first taught in most of the mission schools, and in this line also the girls soon become proficient. The sewing machine they regard with great interest and awe, and are exceedingly proud when they are allowed to use one, and are especially happy if the garment to be made is one for their own wear.

Plain cooking on hygienic principles, and as nearly as possible in the American way, is usually in the curriculum. The instruction begins with the proper way of building and lighting the fire. As most of the fires in India are built directly on the ground the teachers have to vary their methods to a certain extent to comply with the necessities of the case. The dishes made are simple, but a number of them contain the ever-popular curry of which the East Indian is so fond. Onions and potatoes, the latter with the skins on, are cut up for curry. These girls are in many instances "famine orphans," whose parents and relatives perished in some one of the great famines that have swept over some of India's fairest provinces in recent years.

The boys are as interested as the girls in improving themselves and in learning some useful occupation. They wash their own clothes and any of the school pieces in order to earn a little money toward their support. If any one characteristic strikes the visitor more than another, it is the universal cheerfulness that seems to pervade the whole being of these young workers.

The youngsters carry out all the processes of the best equipped laundry, and the baskets are rapidly filled with neatly-ironed suits of duck and linen. Some of the school laundries receive a small grant from the British government enabling a number of the boys to earn the entire amount necessary for their education. Carpentry and metal work attract many of the young men, and there is an increasing demand for their work.

Among the Workers

—MISSIONARY J. M. L. HARROW has returned from Liberia on sick leave. He expects to go back to the field shortly.

—NOTABLE AMONG Sunday School workers is Miss Fannie Hogue, who has attended her class in the First Presbyterian Sunday School of Charleston, W. Va., every Sunday for thirty years, beginning November, 1877, and continuing to the present without a single break.

—THE WOMAN'S OCCIDENTAL BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS, at a recent meeting in San Francisco, dedicated the newly built Presbyterian Mission Home, which takes the place of the one destroyed in the great fire of April, 1906. The home is a refuge for Chinese women and girls rescued from a condition of slavery.

—EVANGELIST MELVIN E. TROTTER, of Grand Rapids, Mich., and his brother George, on March 22 began a series of evangelistic meetings at Dreamland Rink, San Francisco, which proved to be one of the most successful campaigns for souls in that city in many years. Over two hundred confessed Christ. There were many notable conversions. On the closing night upwards of fifty people came forward and accepted Jesus, among these being seven soldiers from the Presidio.

—THE ANNUAL CONVENTION of the National Federation of Gospel Missions will be held in New York, May 14 to 17. Meetings will be held in Bedford Street M. E. Church and the Alliance Chapel, West Forty-fourth Street. Hon. John H. Woolley, of Chicago, the well-known temperance orator, will be the principal speaker. Short addresses will be made by mission superintendents in many States, reporting the progress of the work, a permanent organization will be effected and officers elected for the ensuing year.

CHICAGO'S SLAVIC MULTITUDES

THE WORK OF THE CHICAGO TRACT SOCIETY AMONG OUR FOREIGN POPULATION

THE Chicago Tract Society, which has just issued its eighteenth annual report, was organized by the Western officers and friends of the American Tract Society for the purpose of carrying in and extending Tract Society missionary work in Chicago and the Northwest. For nine years the society was auxiliary to the parent organization in New York. In 1898 the Chicago Society was incorporated, and since that time it has been doing pioneer work, especially among the Slavic immigrants. During these ten years the work has been growing rapidly, and it has increased in volume about tenfold.

Missionaries, speaking in the aggregate twenty-three languages, have been in the employ of the Chicago Tract Society during the past year. The work is strictly undenominational. Missionaries of all denominations have been aided with donations and over 2,100,000 pages of Christian literature have been used for this purpose through several hundred Christian workers.

The regularly employed missionaries of the society visited over 81,000 homes during 1907 and circulated Bibles, Testaments and Christian literature in thirty-three languages to the extent of over 40,500 volumes. During the past year nine denominations have been represented among the officers and seven among the missionaries in the field, yet there has been perfect harmony and every worker has been helping to magnify the Saviour and to honor the Gospel message. Dr. Jesse W. Brooks, the secretary, at the recent anniversary at Chicago said: "It would be little less than a calamity to-day if these workers should be divided and each should be called upon to go out and emphasize the denominational features of the church with which he may chance to be connected. We can conceive of no sadder sight than the vision of a half dozen competing denominations each striving to emphasize the superiority of its claims or of its denominational standards in a work which attempts to reach and win the foreign-speaking population of this great city and country."

He believes too that this work is going to the very root of the greatest problem with which our American civilization has to deal and urges that nowhere in the great world-field is there larger need of Christian service than among these exceptional classes who are crowded together in the foreign districts of our great cities. He says that while the work is essentially foreign mission work, it is supported at a quarter the expense that would be incurred if it had to be done in foreign lands.

In 1907 new departments of work were organized for the Finlanders, the Greeks, the Ruthenians and the Bulgarians. Readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be interested to learn that the work among the Finlanders is in charge of Rev. Gustave Blomgren, who was for five years engaged in similar work in New York City. Mr. Blomgren, during the year, has not only cared for the spiritual needs of his countrymen who are resident in Chicago, but has been a missionary at large to the Finlanders in neighboring States. He has conducted services at least once each month at Whiting, Ind., at Milwaukee, Wis., and at Foster City and Metropolitan, Mich. One of the Swedish papers of Chicago was not far astray when it recently referred to Rev. Mr. Blomgren as having the largest parish of any minister in America. His programme for each month takes him to the principal points where his countrymen dwell in four of these great Central Western States. He reports regarding work at Foster City, in Dickinson County, Mich., where he has been preaching on one Sunday each month, that the Lord has done great things among the Finlanders there. "Sin has been swept away and men and women now love the word of God and have their prayer-meetings, praising the Lord and singing Gospel hymns." Great numbers of Finlanders have been settling in Northern Michigan, and infidel socialism seems to be their greatest foe. There is nothing but the vital power of the Gospel and the warm loving Christian message that can touch their hearts and lift up their lives.

Three Nationalities

Polish Father, Hungarian Mother, American Children

The work of the society among the Greeks is conducted by Rev. Christo T. Papadopoulos, who has been, until recently, for seventeen years a missionary under the American Board in the Turkish Empire. He makes a touching appeal in behalf of his countrymen, of whom over 46,000 were reported among last year's immigration, and for whose spiritual well-being very little has thus far been attempted. Mr. Papadopoulos writes: "Since arriving here I have been in prayer-meetings and have heard prayer for the Jews and prayer for the Italians, but in none have I ever heard any one pray for the Greeks. These Greeks are among the 'all nations' whom we are to go and teach. Paul says, 'we are debtors both to the Greeks and to the barbarians, both to the wise and to the unwise.' To-day the glory of Europe, and I dare say of America, depends on two words—Salamis and Marathon. Only the historian can tell what these two words cost the Greeks, and what they mean. The Greek nation, for whom no prayer is now offered, is prepared providentially for defense of all Europe from Mohammedanism, and God, by means of this nation, prepared the world for his blessed Gospel. Our university and seminary libraries are rich with Greek literature. Did God cast these Greeks away? Surely not, for in Christ Jesus there are no more Jews nor Greeks. Even if they have done nothing for us, at least for Christ's sake we are debtors to preach to them and to pray for them."

The great work of the Chicago Tract Society during these recent years has been among the Slavic people. Concerning the condition of these people in Chicago, Constantine Antoszewski, who is the senior Polish missionary of the society, has this to say:

"There are 40,000 Slavs here, 250,000 being Poles and 125,000 Bohemians. The others are Slovaks, Ruthenians, Slovenians, Croatians, Russians, Bulgarians, Servians, etc. The Poles here have twenty Roman Catholic and a number of Independent Churches; some of them are the largest in the city. Just now they are building one which will cost $250,000. One of the churches has over 30,000 members. But the churches are surrounded with many saloons and the people do not hesitate to go from church straight to the saloon."

A Group of the Chicago Helpers

Eleven Nationalities Represented in this Group

All the principal Slavic settlements in these Central Western States have been visited frequently by the missionaries, and in several of them the work has taken permanent form. Some of these centres where most has been done this year are Detroit, Saginaw, Bay City, Grand Rapids and Jackson, Michigan; Indianapolis and South Bend, Indiana; Milwaukee and Racine, Wisconsin; Cedar Rapids, Iowa; Hannibal, Ilasco and St. Joseph, Missouri; Kansas City, Leavenworth and Atchison, Kansas.

Mr. David Vernon, vice-president of the Commercial National Bank, Chicago, the treasurer, who has served the society solely as a labor of love almost ten years, makes a strong appeal now for larger support for this work, and also asks the friends of the society to provide a larger endowment fund in order to insure the future of the work. The society's headquarters are at 169 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

PLANNING A STRIKE

IN a Prussian roadside inn, one hot summer day, several men were smoking and drinking. The room was dirty and uncared for, and the men, who looked quite in keeping with it, were railing at the ways of Providence, and contrasting the luxury and idleness of the rich with the hardships of the poor.

During the conversation, a stranger, a young man, came in to eat his bread and cheese, while his team rested in the shade before the inn. For a time he listened silently and then joined in, saying:

"You must strike."

"Strike against what?" asked the peasants.

"Against poverty!" answered the young man, "and the weapon with which to strike is work."

"Well said! Sensibly spoken!" laughed the peasants.

"It would have been well for me had I always been as sensible," continued the stranger, "but I used to be an idle rogue. I was strong and healthy, but I would not work, and if now and then I was obliged to do anything, I was off at once to the alehouse, and like lightning the money was out and the brandy was in. I went from place to place. I soon had enough of farm service, and then I went about to fairs and public houses as a fiddler. Wherever any one would hear me, I scraped the violin; but with all my scraping I was never able to get a whole shirt to my back. Soon I grew tired of music, and then tried begging. I went up and down the country, but most doors were shut in my face. I grumbled that God had not made me a rich man, and I was envious of all who were better off than myself. I would have liked to turn the world upside down, that I might have been able to lord it over the rich. One day I went into an inn, sat down in a corner, and began muttering my begging speeches. At a table not far from me sat a gentleman—he is, as I afterward heard, a writer of books—he kept glancing at me, and I kept glancing at him, for I thought he would be sure to give me a good alms, and so he did. I'm spending it still."

"What was it?" asked the men.

"He came up to me and asked me about my early life. I told him I had been a farm servant, and sent from place to place—in short, I told him everything. He listened quietly, shook his head, and at last said, 'Show me your hands!' Astonished, I held out my hands; he examined them all over, pushing up my shirt sleeves, and again shook his head."

"'What powerful hands! What strength there must be in those arms!' he said. 'My lad, you must join in the war.'

"'In what war?' I asked.

"'In a war against your misery!' he exclaimed in a loud voice. 'You fool, you imagine you are poor—poor with such hands! What a mad idea! He only is poor who is sick in body or in mind. You are healthy in body and in mind. What! with such hands, poor! Set your wits to work and reflect upon the treasure God has given you in your strong, healthy limbs. Recover your senses and march forward in the war!'"

"Bravo! That was good," laughed the peasants.

"And so I joined in the war," continued the young man. "I looked for a place, and now I am content and industrious." ANONYMOUS.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, Associate Editor — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, Associate Editor

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

Change of Date.—It takes at least two weeks to change the date, after your subscription is renewed.

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Subscriptions may commence with any issue.

Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

Jesus and King Abgar

PUBLIC interest has been revived lately in one of the strangest of the apocryphal writings of the early Christian age. A cable dispatch from Paris announces that a French journal, *L'Illustration*, has obtained possession of a Greek parchment purporting to be a letter from Christ written to King Abgar, of Edessa. This parchment, it is stated, was discovered recently in Egypt by a French investigator, Abbe Jaffre. It is described as a document "rich in illuminations" illustrating the text. It recites a letter from the king appealing to the Saviour to cure his disease, and offering him an asylum from his persecutors in the royal city of Edessa. Then follows the text of what purports to be the reply of Jesus blessing the king and his city, but declining the offer of shelter, because he must fulfil his mission. He promised, however, to send his disciple Thaddeus, who would give healing and the Gospel to king and people.

This letter is by no means a new discovery, although it comes by the cable. Its existence was known as early as the third or fourth century, and Eusebius, in his writings, gives it in full. It was declared apocryphal by the authorities of the church in the fifth century, although it continued to find believers. There is not the slightest evidence that such an incident ever took place. Biblical scholarship in our own day has agreed on its rejection as spurious, and as belonging to an age when monkish ingenuity had well-nigh exhausted itself in devising imaginative stories concerning the Saviour and his earthly mission. These and all stories of a similar character were stamped as apocryphal by the leading churchmen of those early days. Since they pronounced the Abgarus letter spurious, it has never been seriously considered by church historians. The recent discovery in Egypt of an ancient copy of the letter in Greek may excite a passing interest among the curious; but it cannot change the verdict already pronounced by those best qualified to judge of the value and influence of early monkish fiction.

Statistics Made to Order

A READER of this journal in a Western State recently wrote to us enclosing a clipping from a Chicago newspaper. It was in the form of a brewing company's advertisement and was designed to catch votes for the saloon interest. This advertisement contained the following alleged statistics relative to "dry" and "wet" States, which were declared to have been compiled from the latest United States Census Report:

	Maine (Dry)	*Kansas (Dry)*	*Illinois (Wet)*
Number of saloons	0	0	9,416
Arrests for drunkenness, per 1,000 population	26	24	22
Number of prisoners per 100,000 population	70	193.3	60.8
Number of prisoners per 100,000 population committed to jail in 1904	254.6	144.9	80.5
Increase in value of all property for five years, ending 1905	14%	16%	26%
Decrease in rate of tax in twelve years	7%	....	10%
Average annual wage per wage earner	$427	$532	$548
Decrease in child labor in five years to 1905	32.4%	8.4%	50.2%

Then came the direct appeal of the saloon: "Do you want to adopt Prohibition (or local option) and have more drunkenness and crime, higher taxes and less wages? Vote No!"

As THE CHRISTIAN HERALD stated recently, the saloon and brewing forces, driven to desperation by the recent temperance victories, have not scrupled at mangling official statistics to make them appear to bear out their particular claims. Investigation proves that the present case is one of this mendacious character. In order to ascertain the exact facts THE CHRISTIAN HERALD wrote to the Director of the United States Census in Washington, submitting the advertisement containing the "statistics" in question. Acting Director T. R. Rossiter replied: "I take pleasure in enclosing to you herewith a reprint of a letter on the subject of your inquiries addressed by the Director of the Census" (to an inquirer in Virginia).

The statement enclosed, which is signed by S. D. North, Director of the Census, says: "The Census Office is not responsible for this publication; no Census official has made any statement of the nature contained in the article." He adds that the press, the Census Office and the public have been made the victims of an irresponsible writer, "who undoubtedly manufactured his statistics from tables 2 and 3 in the Census report on the statistics for cities for 1903—Census Bulletin 20. . . . The writer of the article in question combined the arrests for drunkenness with those for disorderly conduct, and thus **falsified the figures.**"

Director North adds: "These computations were made with the apparent purpose of conveying a **distinctly false impression.** All such computations, based on these statistics, are valueless and misleading."

Director North's very frank and unhesitating repudiation of the manufactured statistics relieves the Census Bureau of all responsibility in the matter. It lays at the door of the brewers and saloonkeepers the blame for this transparent fraud which has been so easily punctured. Of course such manufactured evidence can only recoil against the cause it is designed to support.

The Slaughter of the Birds

WITH what delight we watch for the first robin, and how happy we are when we hear his cheery note and catch the first flash of his crimson breast! In many Northern localities it has been noted with regret that there are fewer robins than of old, and robin-lovers have been troubled to account for the fact. In the South, from Virginia to Florida, the robin is accounted a table delicacy, and is killed by hundreds and thousands during the winter months. Small boys get fifty and sixty cents a dozen at the hotels for dead robins; negroes shoot them as they lodge in the cedar bushes, and while mocking-birds are protected by law, no legal shield saves the little robin from its cruel fate. To those who love the robin for its song, and who know what a friendly neighbor it is around Northern homes, it seems like vandalism that robins should be slaughtered for food.

The slaughter of birds unnecessarily, either for the table or for decorative purposes, is a crime against nature, and nature will surely exact reprisals in the day of her harvesting. Why should not bird-lovers everywhere, both North and South, take steps at once to protect the birds from wanton destruction? Unless something is done speedily, a great joy will disappear from our common life.

Newspapers in every part of the land should call attention to this wrong. Many an evil would be corrected if only public attention were focused upon it. The song-birds cannot save themselves.

A Historic Church

IN 1808, when New York had a population of 75,000, the territory north of Canal Street and west of Broadway was vacant ground known as "Greenwich Village." In that section of the young metropolis the Methodists began to preach the religion of Jesus, "the carpenter's Son," in a carpenter's shop. From this humble beginning there soon grew a large and flourishing church, inspiring and evangelizing a great part of the northern section of the city. Among the pastors of Bedford Street Church, who were the foremost men of the old-time Methodism of the early days, were many who afterwards became famous. Here John P. Newman (afterwards Bishop Newman, and the personal friend of President Grant) commenced his metropolitan career. Here John E. Cookman served two two-year terms and proved himself a flaming evangelist. He was followed by men known far and wide throughout the land—among whom were G. H. Gregory, W. McK. Darwood, James S. Chadwick and John J. Reed, while among the list of converts in this hive of spiritual activity we find such well-known names as Edward Sketchley, identified with the beginning of rescue mission work, and Stephen Merritt, whose preaching has been the means of leading thousands to the Saviour, among them the proprietor and editor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Louis Klopsch.

Old Bedford Street Church this year celebrates its rounded centenary of Gospel service. Its newly appointed pastor, the Rev. William Potts George, D.D., LL.D. (who is already known to many of our readers, and whose inaugural sermon we printed in last week's issue), announces as the keynote of his ministry, "Jesus Christ and him crucified." God's people everywhere will unite with us in wishing for the grand old church a still broader field of Gospel activity and steadily enlarging opportunities for spiritual work in the years to come.

The Question of Quality

TO close observers of present day life there are tw characteristics which stand out prominently First, the almost universal desire to do things quickl if possible at greater speed than ever before; second, i do things in a big way. Quality, which should be the first importance, seems to take third place, if it b remembered at all.

A prominent American educator, in speaking of th rapid rush to settle our unoccupied territory in th great West, which was the most noteworthy characte istic of our national life for three-quarters of a century said recently that, now that that stupendous task ha been practically completed, we were now going ove the ground to see if we had done it well. We hav demanded greater bridges, faster engines, larger steam ers. The *Lusitania* of over seven hundred feet in lengt is now not big enough, and one is building that will be thousand feet from stem to stern. All these thing strike the popular imagination and doubtless stir laudable ambition, but is not this ambition for speec and size only? This would be a matter for congratula tion if the imitators were also stirred with the ambitio to make whatever they produced the best of its kind.

In our character building we too often forget the insistence that should be placed on quality. The brilliant and showy in man's mental make-up are often but mistakenly placed at a higher value than sound judgment, experience, and accurate thinking. The man of business who gets rich slowly but honestly seems not to be so much admired as he who becomes wealthy in a day, yet the latter may be but a creature of chance and good fortune, and what came in a few hours may go in less.

The finest things of past ages, the great temples, the majestic cathedrals, all great works of art, of literature, and of nation-building have been done by men who sought quality and worked as fast as good results would permit, and no faster. They doubtless had worshipers of size and speed in their day, but we of the present know not who they were.

We need above all else a little more attention to the test mark on our work and in our lives than to those marked "time" and "size."

Missionary Mention

—PASTOR W. FETLER, of St. Petersburg, writes calling "for a united and universal week of prayer for poor and needy Russia," for the revival of all Christians, the conversion of the masses and the work among the young.

—MISS MARY ELY, missionary of the American Board at Bitlis, Asia Minor, writes that the suffering in that section continues. At Diarbekir, a large number of persons from the northern provinces have come to beg. There will be an increase of suffering until the harvest.

—THE TWENTY-FIFTH annual gathering of missionaries of all evangelical missionary societies, from all lands, will convene at Clifton Springs, N. Y., June 3-10. The object of this union is to enable those in attendance to get acquainted with persons, fields, methods, helps and hindrances in mission work, and to promote missionary sympathy, prayer and fellowship.

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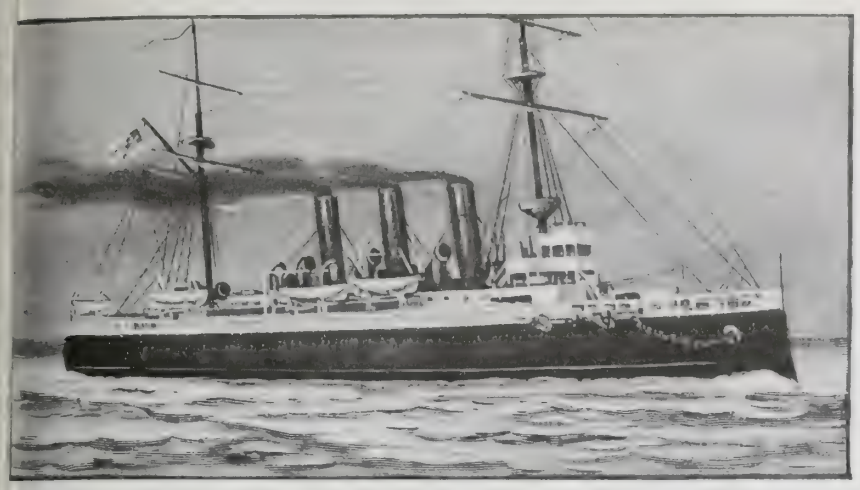
THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER



The British Warship "Gladiator," Damaged in Collision

The American Liner "St. Paul"

Collision at Sea

LOSS of life, the sinking of one ship and injuries to another, were the sad tidings cabled from the English shores on April 25. The *St. Paul*, of the American line, sailing from Southampton for New York, was proceeding toward the open sea through the narrow channel between the mainland and the Isle of Wight, when it had to slow down owing to fog and a blinding snowstorm. The pilot was still in charge and lookout men were placed forward, when the hull of the British cruiser *Gladiator* was seen scarcely a ship's length ahead. Everything possible was done to avert the disaster, but it was too late. Though both vessels were proceeding at a slow rate, the stem of the *St. Paul* struck the cruiser straight amidships, where it was unprotected by armor, and cut her almost in two. The cruiser heeled over immediately, showing that she had been injured below the water line, and many of her crew of 450 men fell into the sea. The American liner's watertight compartments were speedily closed, and having thus protected herself, efforts were made to save the men from the sinking cruiser.

They were evidently under excellent discipline. Some of their boats had been smashed by the collision, and the vessel was rapidly going down, but they were drawn up in line on the slanting deck as if on parade and were being told off in companies to the remaining boats and to those which the *St. Paul* was lowering. So cool were they that, standing on deck waiting their turn to enter the boats, they sang "Rule Britannia." They were all on board the boats before the captain left the ship. Some of the men who had been injured when the impact came, and others who had fallen into the water, were lost. It is believed that in all thirty-six men perished, none of whom belonged to the *St. Paul*. One of the dead was a steward who actually reached the shore in safety, but, remembering that he had left his savings, amounting to $200, on board the cruiser, he swam back again and recovered the money, but lost his life in swimming back to the shore, and his dead body was flung up on the beach.

The *Gladiator* sank in shallow water twenty minutes after the collision, and the *St. Paul* returned to Southampton for repairs. Her stem was completely carried away and her plates twenty feet back were crushed in. Her passengers and mails were sent on by a White Star liner. It is satisfactory to learn that the coroner's jury empaneled to inquire into the death of the *Gladiator's* men acquitted the American liner of blame for the disaster, declaring it to be the result of an accident to which all seamen are liable. Like the chariots described by the prophet, the swift progress of these mighty vessels is somtimes destructive to one another.

They jostle one against another in the broad ways; the appearance of them is like torches, they run like lightnings. (Nahum 2:4, R. V.)

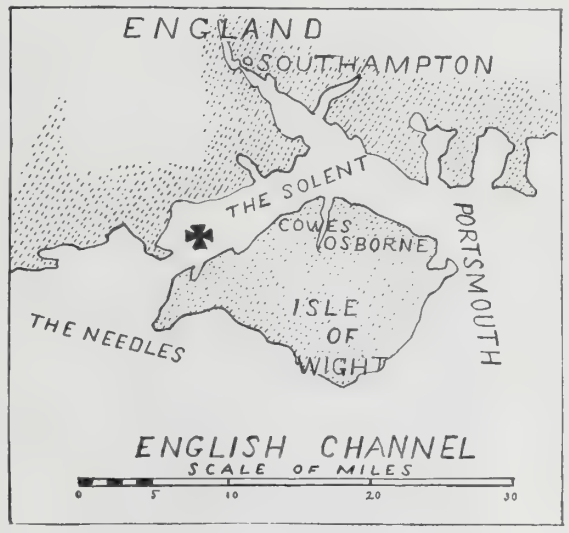
More Wireless Wonders

A cablegram from London says that Hans Knudsen, the Danish inventor, announces his discovery of a method of setting type at a distance by wireless waves of electricity. He promises to publicly demonstrate his invention within a few weeks. By a machine now in course of construction, he says, he will be able to set type at a distance just as readily as if the operator were seated at the machine. He declares that the time is not far distant when the newspaper correspondent in Europe will be able to set his articles for the American press in type here instead of writing them or cabling them over. As a reproof to his incredulous hearers, he transmitted a portrait from one room to another, through a brick wall without wires. In the first room a transmitter with a needle point passed over a picture, and in the adjoining room, unconnected by wire and separated by a wall, a succession of electric waves accurately reproduced the picture on a smoked glass plate. "I claim I can send pictures wherever Marconi can send messages," said Mr. Knudsen. "Within a short time I shall be sending pictures of criminals and finger-prints from England to New York." It would appear that the time is coming when the work of the world will be largely done by the forces surrounding us, of the existence of which men have been ignorant all the ages, and an affirmative answer be given to the challenge to the patriarch:

Canst thou send lightnings that they may go, and say unto thee, Here we are? (Job 38 : 35.)

A Hospital 2,200 Years Old

An American lady wintering in Rome, according to a European correspondent of the *Sun*, made an interesting discovery recently. One of her servants was suffering from an ulcerated tooth, and pitying the girl yet shrinking from paying the high charges of Italian dentists, she



Cross Shows Where the Collision Occurred

cast about for some place where free treatment was given. She was directed to the Island of the Tiber, where there was a hospital. She sent the girl there, and she was successfully treated by a monk-dentist named Fra Arsenico. Mentioning the circumstance to a Roman scholar she learned that the hospital on the island had a romantic history. About 300 B.C., tradition says, a pestilence raged through the region, and a deputation was sent to Epidauras to obtain the help of Æsculapius, the tutelary deity of that place. The ambassadors returned with a sacred snake, the emblem of the god, which escaped as their boat passed up the Tiber, and took refuge on the island. Thereupon the augurs concluded that a temple to Æsculapius should be built there. This was done, and the temple was called Asklepia, which became a sanctuary for the afflicted. The poor people resorted thither, and according to popular belief many miracles were wrought. The temple was destroyed about 468 A.D., but a church and convent were built on its site, and as the sick still resorted thither attracted by its record of miracles, a hospital was erected that now bears the name of St. Bartolommeo. A number of monks devoted to medicine still keep up the traditions that have been associated with the island for twenty-two centuries. How much better are such traditions than those that cling around the famous battlefields! How much nearer it is to the character of that place that John saw.

And the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations. (Rev. 22: 2.)

Dies of a Rare Disease

The case of a young man who died recently at Glen Cove, N. Y., is causing some interest among physicians. The young man was away from home on a visit when he was taken ill, and his condition became so alarming that his father was hurriedly summoned, and removed him to his home. He was restless during the night, but toward morning fell into a deep sleep from which, though physicians were called in, he could not be aroused, and finally died. The physicians, after a careful study of the symptoms, came to the conclusion that it was a case of the "sleeping sickness," which has wrought widespread havoc in Africa. Only one or two other cases of this have been recorded in this country, but it has been made familiar to medical men through the researches of Dr. Koch. The illness is caused by a parasite called "trypanosome," which is disseminated by a fly, to which naturalists have given the name "Glosina polpalis." The one prominent case known in this country was reported from New Orleans, whither the fly had probably been brought from Africa in the hold of a ship. Dr. Koch has been to Africa to study the disease, and has succeeded in obtaining an arsenical preparation as an antidote, which he calls "atoxyle," which has cured practically every case of the disease on which it has been tried in the earlier stages. It will surely be used in every future case that may develop, for it is the only remedy that has proved efficacious. We can but wish that in the still more deadly malady of sin, which has the same effect of producing the fatal sleep of the soul, the sovereign remedy that Christ has revealed might always be applied.

Wherefore he saith, Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light. (Eph. 5 : 14.)

An Unknown Noble

A plain American business man is expecting the arrival from Europe by the next steamer of his daughter and her husband, who have been visiting the latter's family. It is quite a romantic visit, for the young man courted and married the girl as plain Noel De Vaux. He was working some years ago as a draughtsman for a bridge-builder and lived at Hackensack, N. J. He was a studious man, and was able after a time to pass his examinations and take rank as a civil engineer. He made the acquaintance of the Hackensack girl and won her affection. He had worked for her father, who is a contractor, and his skill and industry commended him to his employer. His suit, therefore, was favorably received when he proposed for the young lady's hand. They were married, and were living quietly and prospering, when a visitor arrived from France. Mr. De Vaux received him hospitably, but what was his wife's surprise when she heard the visitor refer to her husband as "the Baron"! Then the secret was told. Mr. De Vaux admitted that he was the great-grandson of the Marquis De Vergennes, and was known in France as the Viscount De Vaux. He stated simply that he had concealed his rank, preferring to make his own way here rather than lead a life of frivolous idleness in Europe. The surprise of his wife and his business associates may be imagined. There will be an infinitely greater surprise in that day which is surely coming, when humble men little thought of now are recognized as the children of God and heirs of heaven.

Hath not God chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that love him? (James 3 : 5.)

THE GOSPEL AVERTS A TRAGEDY

A WOULD-BE MURDERER AND SUICIDE CONVERTED AT A REVIVAL IN NORFOLK, VA

ALTHOUGH the Chapman-Alexander meetings have been in progress in Norfolk, Va., only a few nights, the city is already aroused by the movement. A sensational incident occurred at the first meeting. About three thousand people had gathered in the big armory to hear the evangelists. After a stirring song service, led by Mr. Alexander and his choir of four hundred voices, Dr. Chapman announced that all day long a text had been ringing through his mind. He had wished to take another, but had been strongly led to the one in John 6: 68: "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life."

It happened that there was a man in the audience at that very moment who was planning to commit a double crime. The Gospel message pierced his heart, and instead of doing the deed he intended, he gave his heart to God. The next day Dr. Chapman gave the representative of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD this account of the incident:

"The first morning we were in Norfolk, a well-dressed young man met me in the hotel and said: 'May I speak to you a moment?' When I said: 'Yes, sir,' he said: 'I must see you alone.' Taking him over into a secluded corner he burst into tears and said: 'I heard you preach last night and you have saved me from an awful crime, and I want to give you something.' He said that he and his young wife were not residents of Norfolk, but were strangers in the city. They had been disappointed in finances and had been reduced to the last penny. Their unpaid hotel bill was staring them in the face. 'I am a graduate of a school of technology,' he said, 'and also of music, but I have been able to find nothing. We are on the verge of starvation and I had become so depressed that I had made up my mind last night to kill my wife and then to end my own life. But my wife asked me to go to your service and I went, thinking only that it would occupy my time. Your text went through me like a knife. I saw my sin and myself. I cried all the night, and I hope that I have given myself to God. At least I know that I am not a murderer, and now will you take this?' and he drew from his pocket the revolver which would have ended the lives of the two. Bursting into tears he said: 'Pray for me! Do pray for me! God helping me, from to-day I shall lead a Christian life.' Since talking with him I have every reason to believe that his conversion is genuine. Such is the power of a single verse of God's Word."

Every indication gives promise of sweeping spiritual victory in Norfolk. Other evangelists assisting Chapman and Alexander, and holding meetings in other districts of the city simultaneously, include Dr. Daniel S. Toy and Frank Dixon, Dr. Frank Granstaff and O. F. Pugh, Dr. Ora S. Gray and C. F. Allen, and Charles H. Marsh. Miss Bertha Irene Chapman, the evangelist's daughter, and E. W. Naftsger are the soloists with Chapman and Alexander, and accompanist Robert Harkness.

Dr. Gordon ("Ralph Connor") and Evangelist Alexander

After leaving Philadelphia, Dr. Chapman and Mr. Alexander spent two days in New York. On Monday evening Mr. Alexander led the singing at the Laymen's Missionary Meeting at Carnegie Hall. On the following day, Dr. Chapman, with Mr. Alexander and Dr. Charles W. Gordon, were the guests of honor at a luncheon given by the committee in charge of the summer tent work in New York. Nearly or quite one hundred clergymen or business men were in attendance. Dr. Gordon, better known as "Ralph Connor," the author of *The Sky Pilot*, etc., aroused great enthusiasm by telling of his experiences as an evangelist during the Philadelphia campaign. He said he had gone to the city with a pile of "beautiful sermons," but he threw them aside, gave simple talks on how to find Christ and had glorious success.

Dr. Chapman made an address on present-day evangelism. He related the following story: "While the Philadelphia campaign was in progress, a distinguished looking man came to me, to invite me with Mr. Alexander to lunch with him. The invitation was declined, only to be renewed the next day, and accepted. We learned that our host was one of the important men in Pennsylvania, politically, financially and socially. He told us he had taken a decided stand for Christ, and was so emphatic about it that I asked him to give his testimony in public. But he said: 'I cannot do this for the present, because I have been living a hypocritical life and people know it; and I must go about and build up some of the fences which I have torn down.' He went away and was gone almost an entire week. He journeyed through the State, asking forgiveness of men against whom he had sinned, and then came back and said he was ready now to speak."

A great meeting was held in the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, to inaugurate the summer tent work in that city. Over 5,000 people were present. While all were singing "Rescue the Perishing," Mr. Alexander saw the author of the song, Dr. Doane, sitting in one of the boxes. Calling upon him to stand up, Dr. Doane reluctantly consented, and the people broke into hearty applause. Dr. Chapman and Dr. Gordon delivered powerful addresses on the transforming force of the Gospel.

GEORGE T. B. DAVIS.

WELCOMED AT THE BOWERY MISSION

AT one of "Mother" Bird's recent meetings at the Bowery Mission a great pleasure was afforded the men by the unexpected entrance of Mr. George S. Stebbins, the eminent Gospel song writer, with his brother-in-law, Rev. John Currie of Montreal. Mr. Currie is the Superintendent of the American Mission Chapel on Inspector Street, in that city. No sooner had these two gentlemen taken seats on the platform than they were pressed into service.

The Bowery Mission is famous for its congregational singing, and singing evangelists like Mr. Sankey and Mr. Alexander have been deeply impressed with the tremendous volume of sound that these five hundred Bowery men can produce, as well as by the facility with which they learn any new hymn introduced. They are never happier than when they are singing some of Mr. Stebbins' exquisite productions, such as "Saved by Grace," "Jesus is Calling," "Come Unto Me, Ye Weary." It was therefore a great delight to them to meet face to face the man "whom having not seen" they had come to reverence because of the joy his songs had brought into their lives. Mr. Stebbins, however, after a few earnest, tender words, and the singing of the solo, "The Bird with the Broken Pinion," introduced his brother-in-law, and for the rest of the meeting kept in the background.

Mr. Currie is a keen-eyed, ready-witted, Bible-reading, soul-loving Scotchman. At Mr. Stebbins' request, he sang with great tenderness and power, "My Ain Countrie." The soul-moving influence of the quaint Scotch dialect brought tears to the eyes of many of his fellow countrymen who were present. Away down in the audience could be seen poor sin-stricken prodigals who were "far frae their hame," men who, like the singer, had had a Godly training in their youth, but had broken away from all restraints, and were now suffering and heart-broken outcasts in the Bowery. They listened as men seldom listen to a Gospel message, and when the singer came to the words,

Rev. John Currie, of Montreal

> My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows hae been sair;
> But there they'll never vex me, nor be remembered mair:
> For his blude hath made me white, an' his haun' shall dry my ee,
> When he brings me hame at last, to my ain countrie.

they were deeply affected, and when the song and the spoken message were concluded, many of them stayed in the after-meeting, and were gathered into the fold of the same Shepherd-Saviour who, thirty years ago, saved John Currie.

Mr. Currie gave a most interesting account of his early training, his subsequent prodigal life, his rescue in Montreal, his conversion, and his subsequent work in the Inspector Street Mission. Over and over again, in recounting happenings there, he was corroborated by men who had lived in the city of Montreal, especially by one old Irish sailor who had been a frequent habitue of "Joe Beef's Canteen," in which place Mr. Currie conducted religious services at one time for sixteen consecutive months.

J. G. H.

Thinks the Calendar is a Gem

Dear Dr. Klopsch: Your beautiful Calendar received. Many thanks for it, and also for the good wishes that accompanied it. I have no hesitation in saying that it is by far the most beautiful calendar that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has given its readers within the last five years at least, and that is saying a great deal.

New Haven, Conn. A. E. GUEST.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

Reader, Georgia. "God has given me salvation in answer to prayers from loved ones and myself. Bless his holy name!"

Reader, New York. "I wish to acknowledge an answer to prayer. I have been wonderfully helped by the Answered Prayer column. Trust him!"

N. A., Pennsylvania. "How great it is to whisper a prayer into the ear that is ever ready and willing to hear and help those who are sad and oppressed by the cares and trials of this life. Would I might tell all sad and sorrowing ones of that Lord who has done so much for me."

Reader, West Virginia. "I desire to express my thanks to my Heavenly Father for his goodness to me. I called upon him and he heard me."

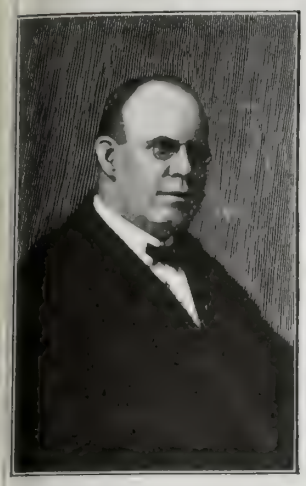
Mrs. L. Z., New York. "I wish to acknowledge restoration to health by prayer. All praise to Him who has all power in heaven and on earth!"

R. R., Pennsylvania. "I have been strengthened in belief of answer to prayer by personal experience. I recently had a direct answer to prayer. I am earnestly praying for the recovery of a loved one."

Old Reader, Wisconsin. "For more than sixty years, God has graciously answered my prayers, and now I am trusting him for the temporal welfare of a dear son."

J. W. C., New York. "God has wonderfully blessed and helped in answer to prayer. We surely can go to him with every burden and trial, and he always helps and blesses."

A Home for the Nation's Consumptives



W. R. Eidson, Founder

Main Building of the Fraternal City Sanatorium

A Patient

By GILSON WILLETS

"NO Sick." In these two words lies the story of one of the most tragic sides of the "Great White Scourge" that claims one victim in death in this country every three minutes. "No Sick" — meaning, literally, "No Consumptives Wanted Here."

I saw that sign hanging in front of many boarding-houses in Los Angeles, El Paso, and other towns of the Southwest. I saw those words at the end of many newspaper advertisements for boarders. At the same time the State of Texas put itself on public record as opposed to "harboring" consumptives. In Los Angeles I saw hundreds of consumptives eating in cellar restaurants. They ate in those dark places because food was cheaper there than above ground, and because in the more desirable eating-places the man with the mark of tuberculosis upon his countenance was given to understand, in one way or another, that his patronage was not desired.

Here, then, was the anomaly of health-seekers in the land of sunshine going three times a day to underground dining-rooms for their meals. Here was one of the visible results of that sign, "No Sick."

It was the same in regard to rooms. Light, sunny, cheerful rooms were reserved for red-cheeked tourists. For the white-faced victim of the Great White Plague there was left only the dark inside rooms in the cheaper rooming-houses. In these cheerless rooms I found them living under unsanitary conditions, without any medical attention, their sole hope lying in the salubrious effect of the climate. What I saw in Los Angeles and El Paso, I saw in other towns in the Southwest.

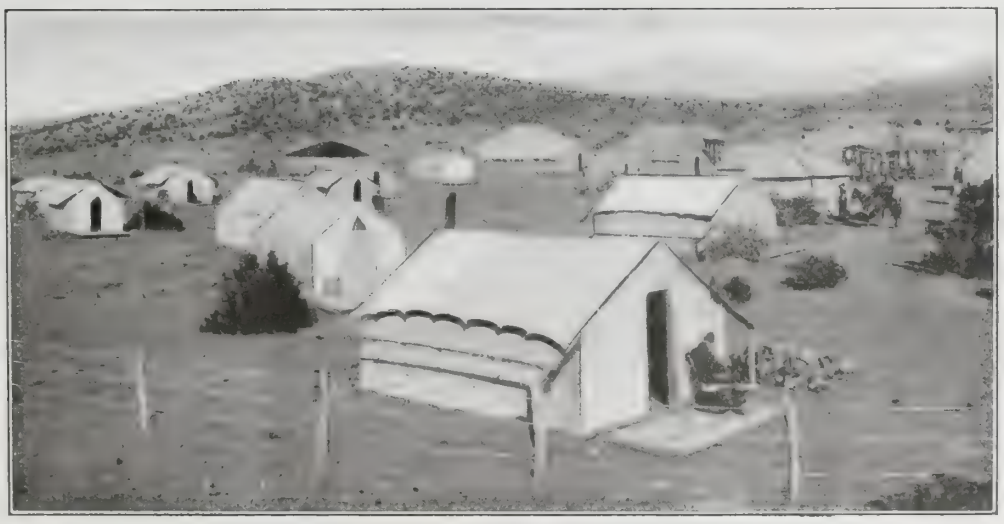
It may be added that consumptives to-day find themselves barred even from the low-rate hotels in the Southwest. Time was when all hotels in that region of our country were glad to receive as guests persons suffering from the scourge of consumption. Now, however, both population and travel have wonderfully increased, and hotels are taxed to care for the healthy transients. Hence, no matter what inducements the patients may offer, the hotels do not want them, the regular guests are afraid of them, and the poor invalids are now forbidden, or simply taken as a great accommodation.

Yet the knowledge among physicians generally of the ideal conditions prevailing in New Mexico has resulted in thousands of sufferers being sent to that Territory, and, in consequence, every town and settlement has its share of afflicted ones. But where are they to lay their heads, where to eat, where to be cared for, where to find a home? These are the questions I asked myself when, day after day, I saw scores of sufferers sitting in the park at El Paso, all looking so hopeless, all shunned by the healthy.

It is estimated that eight million persons—one in every ten of our population—suffer from tuberculosis in this country. An average of 450 perish every day. One person dies of consumption every three minutes, a total of 175,000 a year. Tens of thousands of these poor sufferers flock to the Southwest—New Mexico, Arizona, Southern California—because there they find a minimum of dampness and a maximum of dryness and sunshine in a climate in which they can live the year round outdoors. The victim of tuberculosis goes to the Southwest, in short, knowing that there is the climate that will not only prolong his life, but probably cure him.

"But climate is not all," I said to doctors in Los Angeles and in El Paso and elsewhere. "It is evident that what these sufferers need, in addition to dryness, sunshine and altitude, is a home. They need sanatorium life where each case will have medical attention, where the daily life of a patient is under control. Is there not even one thoroughly equipped yet low-priced home in all the Southwest?" I asked.

"Yes! It stands between the two government sanatoria in New Mexico, between the sanatorium at Fort Bayard and that at Fort Stanton. It is the the Fraternal City Sanatorium at Alamo Gordo, New Mexico. There is a place run on humanitarian lines where the patient of small means can live under doctors and trained nurses as low as $1.07 a day, or about one-third the cost of living either in boarding-houses or in other sanatoria in the Southwest."



A Group of the Tents at Fraternal City

I resolved to go up to Alamo Gordo, visit the Fraternal City Sanatorium and stay there long enough to see for myself exactly how it was run and what progress toward health the patients made there. This was in December last. I had been interested in the great scourge for five years and had myself lived at different sanatoria in the Southwest; but always I found that among the patients of small means it was a question of cost. I found that at the expensive sanatoria, poor patients would remain till their money gave out and then go back home only to die.

The train took me direct to Alamo Gordo, a pretty, progressive town of 4,000 inhabitants, with a park bigger than the biggest in El Paso and with churches of many denominations. At the station I was met by Melville P. Moody, the general manager of the sanatorium. Mr. Moody was for twenty-five years manager of the American Baptist Publication Society. Three years ago he forsook all other interests to give his undivided attention to the management of the Fraternal City Sanatorium. He has worked all three years without salary —for God and humanity.

Our drive out to the sanatorium, along the foothills of the Sacramento Mountains, was simply delightful. It was a drive of five miles, always upward—the sanatorium being 400 feet above the town and about 5,000 feet above sea level. As I alighted from the buggy at the front door, I looked out upon a magnificent panorama 150 miles long and 70 miles wide.

Henceforth, for six weeks, I was to live amid these grand aspects of nature with thirty or more sufferers from consumption—men and women who had come there for their health—and who, as I learned, were regaining health quicker even than they had hoped.

Conceive of two large buildings set down in the ideal surroundings I have suggested, constructed on the latest models for habitations for victims of the great scourge; imagine a weary, despondent patient arriving at this institution and being shown into a room all light and sunshine; think of the peace and cheer that come to him when he surrenders himself to a kind doctor and a trained nurse, who is a veritable "little mother" to him! Thinking of these things, you can appreciate the remark made by a newcomer while I was there. When that newcomer arrived, after having been buffeted about the Southwest for months, with no one around him caring whether he lived or died, with the sign "No Sick" confronting him everywhere, with people shunning him openly, as people in the Orient shun the "unclean" leper—he was now put to bed and told to rest for twenty-four hours. Every few hours during that time the nurse brought him two raw eggs in a crystal tumbler. His regular meals were brought to his bedside. Dr. Miller gave many orders concerning his care. The nurse entered his "condition" in a book, and in the evening Mr. Moody brought a Bible and, sitting by the patient's bedside, read him the Word. As the chapter was finished, the patient, with tears coursing down his white cheeks, exclaimed: "This is heaven!"

That is the experience of all the patients arriving at Alamo Gordo. They find not only a sanatorium but a home. They are far from loved ones, yet homesickness drops from their soul as the overcoat which they no longer need drops from their back. They were racked mentally about making ends meet in their former necessary expenses; but here everything is supplied for $7.50 a week—a room or tent-house with connecting toilet, a comfortable, clean bed, a doctor at hand always, a trained nurse administering to all wants, a dozen fresh eggs daily and three homelike meals in a lofty, sunny dining hall.

Eleven States were represented among the thirty patients I met while there. There are accommodations

Continued on page 405

IN THE BUDDING SPRINGTIME

Love Never Grows Old

By Margaret E. Sangster

TWO dear old people recently left their home and went on an outing to a popular resort by the sea. They must have passed the milestone of the golden wedding by several years, but both were still young enough in heart to enjoy their bit of a holiday with fully as much zest as the youngest bride and groom sitting in the drawing-room after dinner, or loitering on a pier above the sweep of the great foam-capped breakers. The old wife called the old husband darling, and was solicitous for his comfort at the table, and careful that he was seated in an angle of the porch where the rough winds would not blow upon him. The old husband looked at the old wife with the eyes of a lover, and sometimes glanced around when she had said something clever or witty, to see if others had caught the sparkle of her bright and merry talk. There were those who followed every step of some newly wedded pair, with the peculiar tenderness that is associated with love's young dream, but others thought of the romance that had held fast its sweetness through many changeful years, and of the fidelity that had bound two hearts together from life's clear morning to its sunset slope, and for the old lovers they felt greater sympathy and the fuller enthusiasm.

No wonder two old friends and comrades who have fared along the same life path through life's succeeding seasons, bearing and sharing the burdens and the joys, halving every load and tasting the sweetness of every cup, grow in time into a certain resemblance, so that bystanders say smilingly that they might be brother and sister. When the hour comes that these friends must part, the one who stays behind may have the comfort of knowing that the separation cannot be long. The loneliness will be as complete as any that can fall to the lot of youthful companions who are separated by death. In very truth love never grows old, and the child-heart still beats in many a venerable breast.

We need to repeat this with emphasis in days when, were we to judge by the reports in the newspapers, divorces are as plentiful as once they were singular, yet there are whole towns and villages inhabitated by orderly, well-meaning folk in which a report of marital unhappiness or the rumor of a divorce would today produce a sensation akin to an earthquake. The bulk of our people are faithful to their marriage vows, and look upon the pledges made at the altar as sacredly binding them one to the other until earthly life shall end. The country could not flourish as it does were there any real menace to the stability of the family. The strength of a chain is in its every link. The safety of an edifice depends upon its corner-stone. Because Americans revere the home and the hearth-stone, because parents and children as a rule live in mutual trust and affection, and because unselfishness is much more common than its opposite, our nation still presents an unstained front to the world, and continues to grow in the world's respect and confidence. The young girl may smile when the old wife calls the old husband "darling," but in the far end of the day the youth at her side may hear the same gentle word from her own loving lips.

MAYTIME IN THE GARDEN

IN the garden 'mid the flowers,
Sweet as flowers are they,
Their's are morning's happy hours,
Girlhood's pleasant way.

Never life will brighter seem,
Full of work and play,
Ere the vision and the dream
Lose the golden ray.

Girlish Prowess

Three young girls, belles of a Southern city, were recently visiting a relative in a village where there was no organized fire department. The house took fire and for an hour or more the girls fought the flames as intrepidly and successfully as men could have done, passing buckets of water to one another and breaking down portions of the wood-work so that the progress of the fire was stopped. In the Revolutionary days girls were quick with devices to aid their brothers, by melting lead for bullets, as well as preparing lint for bandages. The courage of the modern girl quite equals that of her great-grandmother. In an emergency she may be trusted to see the right thing and to know how to do it. One advantage our girls have in these days is that their athletic training stands them in stead when there is need for the quick eye, the ready hand and the elastic muscle. A girl who can play basketball or row a boat, who has taken lessons in first aid to the wounded, and paid attention to physical culture will never run away from danger if there is any probability of success in fighting it.

Girlish prowess was shown in another way by a trio of Pennsylvania girls who were treed one spring day by an angry bull. They were crossing a pasture and they were dressed in finery befitting the season of blossoms and birds. The bull, monarch of a herd, happened to catch the gleam of a scarlet ribbon and was straightway infuriated and rushed headlong at the young women, whose athletic training had taught them how to climb. They were imprisoned in the branches of a tree at a height that made them safe from the bull, who pawed the ground at its foot, and though a hail storm, with lightning and thunder, fell upon them with hurtling force, they were thankful for the tree's asylum in mid-air. They, too, showed girlish prowess, discretion being valor in their case.

A Needless Sacrifice

Those who love horses (and who does not?) must be grieved to learn that Mr. Cody, better known as Buffalo Bill, felt obliged to kill all his magnificent horses, to satisfy a popular prejudice among the peasantry in France. An epidemic had broken out among these poor horses, but they had recovered and were out of danger. Amid the useless bloodshed of the world may be enumerated this slaughter of dumb creatures that had willingly served their owner, and given pleasure to thousands of the public.

Telephone Manners

THE telephone has become almost a necessity every house that is possessed of ordinary co veniences. One finds it in homes great ar small, in the farm house, the suburban cotta and the ample mansion. By its means the luxuries c the market are brought at short notice to homes remot from railway centres, and friends at a distance fro one another have the pleasure of hearing the livin voice and of quick communication. There ought to b a code of telephone manners. In the first place, th young woman at the other end whom we call "Central is not a machine, but a personality. We would no think of being rude to her if she and we were in th same room, yet we often permit ourselves to show irri tation by brusqueness bordering on abuse when "Cen tral" does not do our bidding or give us the parties o whom we are in search as promptly as we anticipate "Central" has her own difficulties with which to contend. She is a young girl honestly earning her livelihood, and entitled to as much consideration as if she were our sister or daughter. A cardinal point in telephone good manners is to be courteous to "Central." In the next place, if we have what is called a party wire, we share it with a number of others who have as much right to its use as we have ourselves. Strictly followed, the rules of the company allow each customer time to talk from three to five minutes. In rural neighborhoods some license is given for longer conversation than can be compressed within this limit. It is extremely thoughtless in people sharing a party wire to use it for lengthy gossipy conversations with friends at any time of day, and it is especially unpardonable to do this in the rush hours of the morning when everybody wants to give orders to grocer and butcher, and when the man of the house is hurrying away to his train.

We have been asked whose part it is to close a conversation on the telephone. Good manners require over the telephone precisely the same etiquette governing well-bred men and women everywhere else, and, therefore, the one who begins a conversation should be the one to close it with a final good-morning or good-by. Professional men have exclusive wires, yet even to one's physician whose wire is his own, one who speaks over a party wire should be guarded as to confidences. It goes without saying, of course, that no honorable person ever takes advantage of opportunity to listen to what is not intended for his or her ear, yet there are those whose curiosity or ill-breeding makes them forgetful of the rules of honor.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—COUNTRY MAID. The city cousins are wearing large hats with flaring brims and quantities of flowers and feathers this season.

—L. B. A little manual of hand sewing issued by the Wilson Industrial School of New York will give you the information you need.

—NURSERY DISCIPLINE. If a child is wilfully naughty and in need of punishment, the fact that she is motherless has little to do with the situation. I am not in favor of whipping as a punishment for little children, except as a last resort. In most cases it would be as effective to undress the child and put it to bed in the daytime, depriving it of dessert or of some indulgence, as to resort to spanking. The latter course is a little easier for a grown person, and is sometimes the best remedy for childish obstinacy. A switch is a better instrument than a slipper, if a child must be punished by this method. I advise my correspondent to buy a copy of *Gentle Measures in the Training of the Young*, by Jacob Abbott, a book worth its weight in gold. It is published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

A COURSE IN ESPERANTO

LESSON No. 10.—By Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

Esperanto and the Red Cross

At first mention of the matter one must see the desirability of Esperanto being adopted as the language of the Red Cross in all lands. It would insure more rapid relief work, because all orders would be understood at once. It is said to be necessary often to hold back things to be done until an interpreter can be found. In this way the noble labors of the Red Cross often lose much of their value. Dr. Zamenhof, the *aŭtoro* of Esperanto, is profoundly interested in this matter, and wishes *la plej bonan sukceson* to those who are trying to have Esperanto thus used. Miss Clara Barton, who has large influence in Red Cross matters in all the world, is greatly in favor of it, and the Secretary of the American Red Cross gives it his approval.

A Red Cross Manual in French and Esperanto has been prepared by Lieutenant Bayol, of the Military School of Saint Cyr. Extracts from it will be given in this lesson, translating the French into Esperanto and English.

Red Cross Vocabulary

Am-bu-lan-co, *ambulance.* mi-li-ta hos-pi-ta-lo, *military hospital.* ĉef-ku-ra-cis-to, *chief doctor.* ĥi-rur-gi-is-to, *surgeon.* fle-gis-toj, *nurses.* re-li-gi-is-toj, *chaplains.* lan-ce-to, *lancet.* en-spi-ri-lo, *respirator.* pin-gloj, *pins.* gu-ta-per-ko, *gutta-percha.* ban-da-ĝoj, *bandages.* fa-de-no, *thread.* am-bu-lan-ca ve-tu-ri-lo, *ambulance wagon.* mal-sa-nu-le-jo, *infirmary.* mi-li-ta-ku-ra-cis-to, *military doctor.* a-po-te-kis-to, *pharmacist.* por-tis-toj, *bearers.* ra-zi-lo, *razor.* kra-ĉu-jo, *spittoon.* si-ren-go, *syringe.* spon-go, *sponge.* splin-toj, *splints.* lam-bas-to-noj, *crutches.* klo-ro-for-mo, *chloroform.* ra-bar-bo, *rhubarb.* laŭ-da-nu-mo, *laudanum.* jo-do-for-mo, *iodoform.* a-mo-ni-a-ko, *ammonia.* e-te-ro, *ether.* ko-lo-di-o, *collodion.* be-la-do-no, *belladonna.* gli-ce-ri-no, *glycerine.* sul-fu-ro, *sulphur.* ko-ka-i-no, *cocaine.* al-ko-ho-lo, *alcohol.* jo-do, *iodine.* ki-ni-no, *quinine.* va-ze-li-no, *vaseline.*

(Words are syllabized to help in pronunciation.)

Conversation in the Hospital

Ĉu vi estas malsana?	*Are you sick?*
Mi estas laca.	*I am tired.*
Mi havas kolikon.	*I have colic.*
Mi havas doloron je la stomako.	*I have pain in the stomach.*
Mi havas doloron je la dorso.	*I have pain in the back.*
Mi havas doloron je la kruro.	*I have pain in the leg.*
Mi havas doloron je la dekstra flanko.	*I have pain in the right side.*
Mi havas doloron je la maldekstra flanko.	*I have pain in the left side.*
Mi vomis.	*I vomited.*
Mia brako sangadas.	*My arm bleeds.*
Voku la kuraciston.	*Call the doctor.*

Organizing an Ambulance

Ĉu vi havas tie ĉi hospitalon?	*Have you a hospital here?*
Ĉu estas kuracisto tie ĉi?	*Is a doctor here?*
Kiom da litoj vi povas doni al mi por mia dispono?	*How many beds can you give to me for my disposal?*
Mi bezonas tridek litojn.	*I need thirty beds.*
Kie estas la operacia ĉambro?	*Where is the operating room?*
Ĉu via apoteko estas bone provizita?	*Is your chemist's shop well provided?*
Montru al mi viajn drogojn.	*Show me your drugs.*

NOTE.—Let each member of the Circle, and individual students as well, write a short composition about a visit to a hospital, combining with words already learned the new ones given in this lesson.

"My Country, 'Tis of Thee!"

(Sing in Esperanto)

Ho, mia land', pri vi
Ĝojege kantas mi,
Libera land'!
Tie la prapatroj
Mortis, pilgrimantoj;
Voku vi montflankoj:
Vivu la land'!

Ho, naskoland' de mi,
La liberecon vi
Portas al ni!
Ĉiu river', kampar',
Ĉiu mont' kaj arbar',
Kara al koro, ĉar
Vin amas mi.

Aŭtoro, patra Di',
De l' liberec', al ci
Nun dankas ni.
Donu prosperon, Reĝ'!
Regu la justa leĝ'!
Estu laŭ nia preĝ',
Nia reĝ, ho Di'!

Esperantigis A. KRAFFT.

KEY.—Mia land', *my country* (where a letter is dropped for the sake of meter, an apostrophe is put in); pri vi, *of thee;* ĝojege, *joyfully;* kantas mi, *I sing;* libera land', *land of liberty;* tie, *there;* prapatroj, *forefathers;* mortis, *died;* pilgrimantoj, *persons making a pilgrimage;* voku, *call;* montflanko, *mountainside;* naskoland', *native land;* liberecon, *freedom;* portas, *bring;* ĉiu, *every;* river', *river;* kampar', *broad fields;* mont', *mountain;* arbar', *woods;* kara, *dear;* koro, *heart;* ĉar, *because;* vin, *you;* amas mi, *I love;* Aŭtoro de l' liberec', *Author of liberty;* patra Di', *father-God;* nun dankas ni, *now we thank;* donu, *give;* prosperon, *prosperity;* Reĝ', *King;* regu la justa leĝ', *rule the just law;* estu laŭ nia preĝ', *be it according to our prayer;* ho Di', *O God;* nia reĝ', *our king.*

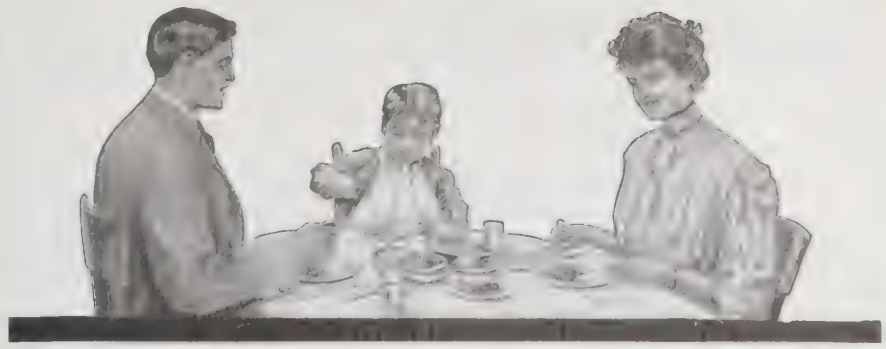
Cruising Under the Equator

Continued from page 391

a professor of geology who was my traveling companion told me this was not so. Each terrace, he said, represented a different period in which the waters which once covered all that region had receded.

Below the Peruvian ports is the nitrate coast of Chile. This is about as forbidding as any place along the entire stretch of 3,000 miles of coast. It is all without a sign of vegetation, and part of it is known as the Great White Desert of Atacama. But the Atacama desert is a region of vast wealth, because it contains the deposits of saltpetre or nitrate of soda which furnish fertilizers for all the world. Vast quantities of these fertilizers are shipped from Iquique and Antofagasta, many of the cargoes coming here for the use of American farmers.

The lower Chilean coast is more interesting because there the sandy mountains are lost and their places taken by the cordilleras, which are covered with vegetation of the temperate zone. Many of the snow caps are also visible. From the lower Chilean ports there are railways leading into the big central valley, an agricultural region as rich as any favored section of the United States. On any of the *fundos* or farms it is very interesting to note a group of mounted farm superintendents and overseers in their ponchos. Along this southern Chilean coast the Araucanian Indian population still exists, though there is much admixture of Spanish blood. The Araucanians were the most vigorous Indian race of South America. Some of them still preserve their pride of ancestry, and it is not unusual to meet with the caciques or chiefs who are training up their sons to be chiefs also.



Let Your People Decide

Let your people decide between home-baked beans and Van Camp's. Serve them both.

We bake in live steam, so all beans are baked alike. No beans are crisped, no skins broken. They are nutty because they are whole.

Learn if they like beans that way.

We bake the beans, the tomato sauce and the pork all together, and get a delicious blend. Ask if they think it tastes good.

We bake our beans at 245 degrees. That's twice the heat that gets to most of yours.

The result is, our beans are digestible. The particles are separated so the digestive juices can get to them.

Ask if that isn't better than having beans heavy. Having them ferment and form gas. For beans, to be digestible, must be factory cooked.

Leave the decision to those you serve. And be glad of their choice. For, think of the bother saved by having beans ready to serve; having your meals all cooked.

And think what you'll save on meat, when you serve beans good enough to largely take its place.

Van Camp's pork and beans
baked with tomato sauce

It pays to serve the best beans, baked in the proper way. For beans are both choice and cheap. They give you a food value equal to meat, and at one-third the cost.

You will eat more beans when you know how good beans can be.

That's why we pay $2.10 per bushel to get the best beans grown. To have them picked out by hand, so we get only the cream of the crop. That's seven times what some beans cost.

And we spend five times as much to make our tomato sauce as other sauce costs ready-made. We want that sparkling zest which comes from vine-ripened tomatoes.

For the best beans are cheap enough. If we lessened our cost you would eat them less often. And serve in their place a costlier food, not so nutritious, not so good, as beans.

10, 15 and 20 cents per can

Van Camp Packing Company, Indianapolis, Ind

A Stove That "Makes Good"

Baking proves the quality of a stove. But every stove doesn't pass the test. No stove bakes bread, pies, cakes—everything that's bakable—quite as well as the New Perfection Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove.

Besides, the "New Perfection" stove makes the kitchen a cool and pleasant place in which to do the baking. Do the family cooking; broil the steak; prepare the meals—every separate item of domestic work done over the flame of the

NEW PERFECTION
Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove

adds to your satisfaction because it's all done so quickly and so well. The "New Perfection" surpasses the performance of any other stove. Its quick heat saves moments; its cleanliness saves labor; its fuel economy saves expense; its new principle of blue flame combustion saves *you* physical discomfort. No other kitchen appliance will take the place of the "New Perfection" oil stove. If not with your dealer, write our nearest agency.

The **Rayo LAMP** Just such a lamp as you've been looking for. Made with artistic simplicity and fine proportions. Beautifully nickeled; hence easily cleaned. Very handy to fill and trim. If not with your dealer, write our nearest agency.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
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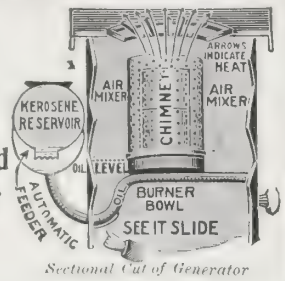
NOTHING ELSE LIKE IT—THE MOST WONDERFUL STOVE EVER INVENTED

Consumes 395 Barrels of Air to One Gallon Common Kerosene Oil

Causing Great Excitement Wherever Exhibited

Fuel drawn principally from atmosphere. **Uses 395 barrels of air while consuming one gallon of oil.** Wood and coal cost money. **ONLY FREE FUEL IS AIR.** Supply unlimited. No trust in control. Air belongs to rich and poor alike.

Harrison's Valveless Wickless Oil-Gas and Air-Burner Stove



Sectional Cut of Generator

Automatically generates gas from kerosene oil, mixing it with air. Burns like gas. Intense hot fire. Combustion perfect. **To operate**—turn knob—oil runs into burner—touch a match! It generates gas, which passes through air mixer, drawing in about a barrel of air to every large spoonful of oil consumed. **That's all.** It is self-regulating—no more attention. Same heat all day or all night. For more or less heat, simply turn knob. There it remains until you come again. To put fire out, turn knob, raising burner—oil runs back into can—fire's out. As near perfection as anything in this world. No dirt, soot or ashes. No leaks—nothing to clog or close up. No wick—not even a valve—yet heat is under proper control.

D. CARN, Ind., writes: "It costs me only **4½ cents a day for fuel.**"

L. NORRIS, Vt., writes: "The Harrison Oil-Gas Generators are wonderful savers of fuel—at least **50 to 75 per cent.** over wood and coal."

E. ARNOLD, Neb., writes: "**Saved $4.25 a month for fuel** by using the Harrison Oil-Gas Stove. My range cost me $5.50 per month and the Harrison **$1.25** per month. Objectionable features of all other stoves wiped out."

One, two or three-burner sizes—with or without oven.

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Ideal for cooking, roasting, baking, ironing, canning fruit, picnics, cottages, camping; also for heating houses, stores, rooms, etc., with radiating attachment. No more carrying coal, kindling, ashes, soot and dirt. No hot, fiery kitchens. Absolutely safe from explosion. Not dangerous like gasoline. Simple, durable—last for years. Saves expense, drudgery and fuel bills.

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SALESMEN—MANAGERS—MEN OR WOMEN at home or traveling, all or part time—showing—taking orders—appointing agents.

Messrs. Head & Frazer, Texas, write: "Enclose order for $81.00—RUSH. Sell like hot cakes. **Sold 50 stoves in our town.**"

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This patent new. **Nothing like it.** Demand enormous. Agents reaping great harvest. Where operated people stop on street, leave their homes, places of business, miss trains to watch this generator—excites curiosity—watch it as though a thing of life. Show a dozen—sell ten. **Write to-day for special agents' new plan. Send no money.** World unsupplied. Get in early for territory.

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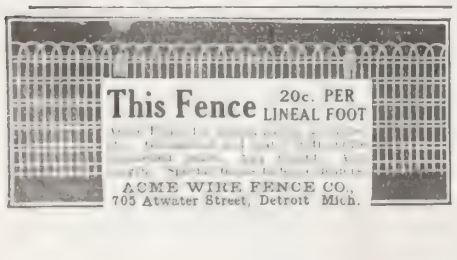

THE SUFFERING SAVIOUR

*By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts**

FROM Gethsemane to Calvary and the Garden Tomb. Thursday midnight, Jesus brought before Annas. John 18: 13. Brought before Caiaphas in the palace of the high priest. John 18: 15. Denied by Peter. John 18: 18; Luke 22: 55; Mark 14: 66-68; 71, 72; Luke 22: 59-62.

Friday, very early, Jesus was brought before an informal meeting of the Sanhedrin, examined and condemned. Luke 22: 66-68;

The Way to Calvary

Mark 14:55-66. Spit upon and buffeted by the guard and by servants. Mark 14: 67,68. Formal meeting of the whole Sanhedrin (6 A.M.), from which Jesus was led to Pilate's judgment hall. Matt. 27: 1, 2. Jesus' first trial before Pilate. John 18: 29-32; Luke 23: 2; John 18: 33-38; Mark 15: 3-5; Luke 23: 4, 5. Jesus' trial before Herod. Luke 23: 6-11. Jesus' second trial before Pilate. Luke 23: 12-16; Matt. 27: 15-20; Luke 23: 20-23; Matt. 27: 24, 25. Pilate delivered Jesus to be scourged. Matt. 27: 26. Jesus mocked and crowned with thorns by Pilate's soldiers. Matt. 27: 27-30. Pilate makes a last appeal to the Jews for the release of Jesus. John 19: 4-15. Pilate delivers Jesus to be crucified. John 9: 16.

Friday, 9 A.M., Jesus led away to be crucified and bearing his cross. Matt. 27: 31. The cross being too heavy for Jesus was laid upon Simon. Luke 23: 26. A sorrowful company followed after Jesus. Luke 23: 37. Jesus spoke words of comfort to them. Luke 23: 28-31. Two thieves were led forth with him to death. Luke 23: 32. Jesus was exhausted when Calvary was reached. Luke 23: 33. He was crucified between the two thieves. Mark 15: 27, 28. Jesus prayed that they who crucified him might be forgiven. Luke 23: 34. Jesus' garments were claimed by the soldiers. John 19: 23, 24. How Jesus was mocked by Pilate. John 19: 19-22. How Jesus was mocked by the rulers and chief priests. Matt. 27: 39-43. How Jesus was mocked by the thieves. Matt. 27: 44. How the soldiers mocked him. Luke 23: 36, 37. The thief whose mocking was turned into praise and pleading for mercy. Luke 23: 39-43. Jesus' farewell to his mother. John 19: 25-27. Darkness at midday. Mark 15: 33-35. Jesus beginning to die. John 19: 28.

Friday, 8 P.M. The dying words of Jesus. John 19: 30; Luke 23: 46. Events accompanying the death of Jesus; the rending of the veil; the earthquake; the resurrection of the dead. Matt. 27: 51-54. The friends who witnessed the death of Jesus. Luke 23: 48, 49. How Jesus' death was proved. John 19: 31-37. How the body of Jesus was secured by Joseph of Arimathea. Mark 15: 42-46. How Nicodemus assisted in the burial of Jesus. John 19: 39, 40. The tomb where Jesus was laid. John 19: 41, 42.

"It is finished." What was finished? The punishment of our sin was finished. Jesus bare our sins in his own body on the tree (I. Peter 2: 24). The Lord hath laid on him—on Jesus—the iniquity of us all; and by his stripes we are healed—forgiven (Isa. 53: 5, 6). The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin (I. John 1: 7). Little children, your sins are forgiven you for his name's sake (I. John 2: 12). I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins (Isa. 45: 22).

And will these sins ever find us again? Have we not God's Word for it that "as far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us"? Where do the east and the west ever come together? Nowhere. What a figure is this then to describe the complete putting away of our sin through our Saviour? And we have the assurance in God's Word that "there is, therefore, no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus" (Rom. 8: 1).

Dr. Guthrie, the learned and eloquent Scotchman, has said: "It is alleged by travelers, that the ostrich, when pursued by its hunters, will thrust its head into a bush, and, without further attempt, either at flight or resistance, quietly submit to the stroke of death. Men say that, having thus succeeded in shutting the pursuers out of its own sight, the bird is stupid enough to fancy that it has shut itself out of theirs, and that the danger, which it has concealed from its eyes, has ceased to exist. It is because escape is hopeless and death is certain, that it has buried its head in that bush, and shut its eyes to a fate which it cannot avert. To man—rational and responsible man—belongs the folly of closing his eyes to a fate which he may avert, and thrusting his head into the bush while escape is possible; and because he can put death and judgment out of mind, living as if there were neither a bed of death nor bar of judgment."

Christ's death magnifies the law. No doubt he has "blotted out the handwriting of ordinances that was against us, and has taken it out of the way, nailing it to his cross." The reference in this is to the practice in Palestine, of a creditor, when his debt was discharged, driving a nail through the bond, to signify that it was canceled. Christ has done that. The ransom has been paid for us and is not to be paid over again by us.

Krummacher describes "the Cross as a rock against which the waves of the curse break; as a lightning conductor by which the destroying fluid descends which otherwise would have crushed the world."

Of all forms of jewelry we would say

The Garden Tomb

that the cross is most used. It is made of pearls, of amethysts, of rubies, of emeralds, of diamonds; in fact, of every sort of precious stone. In itself it is not beautiful, only two straight lines, but its beauty is in what it represents, the love of God for us, even while we were yet sinners. And the little child was right who called it "the key to heaven." How could one who is wearing a cross do an unkind or wicked act? Let us bear his image on our hearts, and not on the crosses which we wear, and we shall be all the more likely to follow him. A lady was wearing a beautiful

Continued on page 403

* **International Sunday School Lesson for May 24.** Jesus' Death and Burial. John 19: 28-42. GOLDEN TEXT: Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures. I. Cor. 15: 3.

Keep the Wheels Turning

One of the little economies that help toward a substantial saving is the use of a good axle grease. A grease without proper "body" runs off. One too heavy stiffens on the axle and adds to the pull.

MICA AXLE GREASE

is *right*—won't run, won't stiffen, won't wear out as soon as other grease will.

Covers the axle with an almost frictionless coating of powdered mica and keeps *your* wheels turning when the other fellow, who uses poor grease, is stuck.

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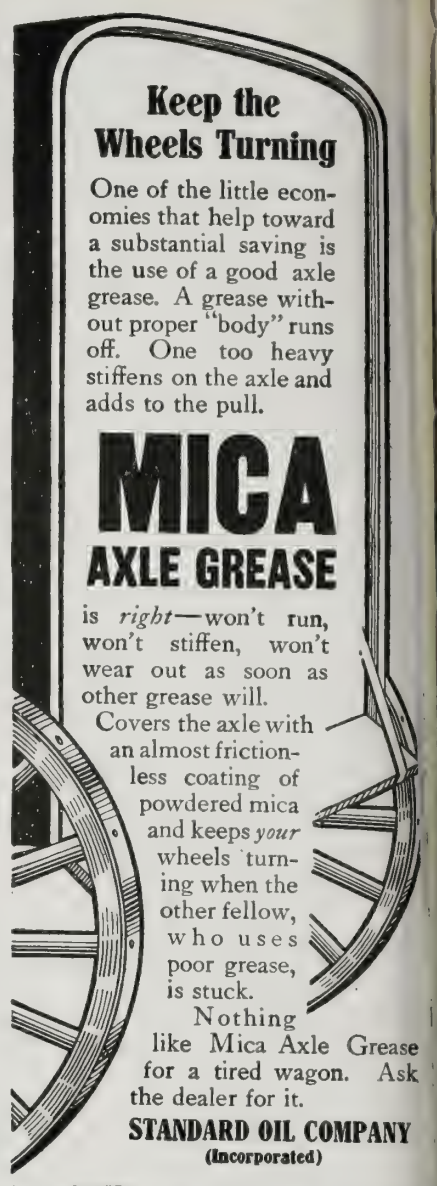

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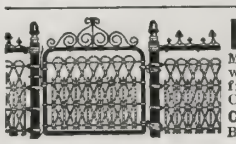

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Works Wonders in Health

It is worth knowing that a change in food n relieve dyspepsia. "I deem it my duty let you know how Grape-Nuts food has lieved me of indigestion.

"I had been troubled with it for years, til last year my doctor recommended rape-Nuts food to be used every morning. followed instructions and now I am entirely ell.

"The whole family like Grape-Nuts, we e four packages a week. You are welcome use this testimonial as you see fit."

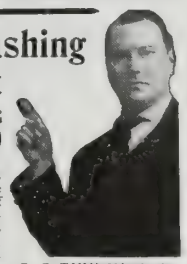
The reason this lady was helped by the e of Grape-Nuts food, is that it is predi-ested by natural processes and therefore es not tax the stomach as the food she had en using; it also contains the elements re-ired for building up the nervous system. that part of the human body is in perfect orking order, there can be no dyspepsia, r nervous energy represents the steam that ives the engine.

When the nervous system is run down, the achinery of the body works badly. Grape-uts food can be used by small children as ell as adults. It is perfectly cooked and ady for instant use.

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one ppears from time to time. They are enuine, true, and full of human interest.

Busting the Washing Machine Trust



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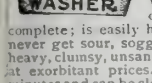
Mayor of Fremont, Ohio

I'll send a BASKET WASHING MACHINE anywhere F.O.B. Fremont, O., for $3.50

A saving of fully $5.00 to $7.50.



The Basket Washing Machine is made of pure, sanitary, galvanized metal, except handle and dasher. Weighs only 17 lbs. complete; is easily handled. Is non-corrosive and will never get sour, soggy, mouldy, rusty, or leak, like the heavy, clumsy, unsanitary wood tub washers that are sold at exorbitant prices. Will wash a tub of clothes in 5 minutes and can be cleaned in 2 minutes and hung against the wall. **I'll Guarantee the Basket Washer for 5 Years** and you needn't keep it at all if it is not as represented. Then I'll return your money. References: First Nat. Bank, Fremont Nat. Bank, Colonial Nat. Bank, Fremont, Ohio. **Write for my Free Book. It tells you why as Mayor of Fremont I am selling this Washer.**

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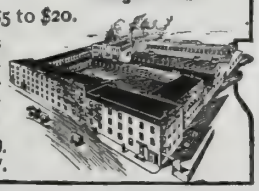

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Sunday School Lesson—*Continued*

Continued from page 402

cross of amethysts and pearls, and when questioned by a person as to what value she placed upon it, replied, "It is priceless, because it was given to me by my friend who is now dead." And so the Christian should esteem the Cross of Christ.

The inscription on the cross in Hebrew, Latin and Greek, was a silent prophecy that he to whom they referred would be the means of uniting those who spoke these languages in one common faith, and in acknowledging one common God and Saviour. And to-day that title might be written in more than four hundred languages. "For our King's drink the hyssop on the sponge! For our King's purple the slow trickling blood! For our King's courtiers the writhing thieves, this side and that! For our King's ministers those legionaries with the savage spears! For our King's praises gibes of passers by! For our King's throne the cruel torturing tree!

Would any to-day crucify Christ? It was because the human heart is ever the same, and the spirit that rejected Christ is confined to no age, that Paul charges those who have rejected the invisible Christ with "crucifying the Lord afresh." Let us make sure that we have indeed crowned him "Lord of all" in our lives. It is said that on the eve of his martyrdom St. Peter had made his escape from Rome, having been persuaded by his friends to regain that liberty which he had been warned he must forfeit in his old age. He had not gone far along the Appian Way when he met face to face the vision of the risen Christ. "Lord, whither goest thou?" said the astonished Apostle. "I go to Rome to be crucified a second time!" was the reply. Peter understood the rebuke, and at once returned to the city to encounter the death that awaited him.

Sometimes it is harder to live for Christ than to die for him. A few years ago there came to Jerusalem from England a young man to be a missionary. Preparation for his work had been gained through great difficulties. One of his first converts was a young Mohammedan boy, whose home was on Mount Olivet. This boy soon became very ill with typhoid fever, and begged most earnestly that the missionary should come to see him. He came and spent several hours with the sick boy, and even laid down on the bed beside him. The result was that in a few days he became ill with the fever, and died, having been in Jerusalem scarcely eight months. The boy recovered, and his greatest ambition is that he shall be fitted to preach the Gospel in place of the young man who laid down his life for him.

"It is finished." What is finished? The robe of righteousness. We could not stand in the Heavenly Presence if we had on the garment of our own righteousness. "He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness. (Isa. 61: 10.)

> When this passing world is done,
> When has sunk yon glaring sun,
> When I stand with Christ in glory,
> Looking o'er life's finished story,
> Then, Lord, shall I fully know
> Not till then—how much I owe!

A pastor said, "Some years ago I was called upon at my house, and requested to see a little girl, seven years of age, who I was told was dying. She lived in a little back street. When I got there a woman showed me where this child was, and I sat down. 'What do you want, darling?' I then said. 'Well, sir,' said she, 'I wanted to see you before I die. I have a special favor to ask of you. Ever since I became a Christian I have been trying to bring father to the tabernacle, and he won't come; and I think if I die, you will bury me, won't you?' 'Yes, darling.' 'Well, I've been thinking, if I die, father must go to the funeral, then you will be able to preach the Gospel to him, and I would be willing to die if I could be quite sure that he would hear the Gospel once.' This was wondrous love that filled her little heart. She would be willing to die that her father might hear the Gospel once. Well, she went home as she had anticipated, and just as she was to have been buried, strangely enough, I was taken seriously ill myself. I was so grieved. I thought of the poor little thing, and I should so like to have buried her. Some time passed on and a rough-looking fellow called upon me and held out his hand. 'You do not know me?' 'No, I do not.' 'I am the father of Mary, the father she was anxious about when she died, for I heard as how she said she would be willing to die if I could only be induced to hear the Gospel once. It nearly broke my heart, and now I want to join the church.'"

The Tomb of Christ to-day. Would you visit it? Seek it not in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem, but rather in the quiet garden. About four hundred feet northeast of the Damascus gate is the now famous "Skull Hill," believed by many scholars to be the true site of Calvary. In 1876 excavations were made which led to the recovery of the hallowed tomb. It is said: "It alone fulfils the numerous and precise descriptions and the point of the compass northward, indicated by the Scriptures." The sum of fifteen thousand dollars was paid for it by an association of English Christians.

And so they laid him to rest in the niche of the new rock-hewn tomb. Edersheim says: "It was probably about the same time that a noisy throng prepared to follow delegates from the Sanhedrin to the ceremony of cutting the Passover-sheaf. The Law had it, "He shall bring a sheaf (literally, the omer) with the first fruits of your harvest unto the priest; and he shall wave the omer before Jehovah, to be accepted for you."

"The women . . . stood afar off beholding these things"

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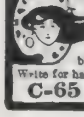

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A Strange Church in London

SIX o'clock on Sunday evening. In one of London's dingiest side streets, a little crowd gathered at the doors of St. Mary at Hill Church. Suddenly those doors open, and the crowd makes way for a procession of men and girls carrying lamps, and accompanied by a brass band. When they have started on a short tour of the streets they are admitted to the church.

Here the pastor, the Rev. Wilson Carlile, greets strangers cordially. He offered the writer a seat in the Princess's pew. This man, who threw away the chance of a fortune to undertake mission work, wears the conventional surplice, but he is as unlike the conventional clergyman as the church is unlike other city churches. He carries a trombone and he rushes up and down the aisles before the service begins, giving instructions to the orchestra and organist, welcoming strangers, announcing solos and describing lantern pictures. Two large sheets are hung up, and on these are thrown a wonderful mixture of pictures, some sermonic, some lurid in their "old theology," some topical and dealing with events of the day. Some are cinematograph pictures, depicting events of the time. While they are flashed on the screens, organ and orchestra are combining in popular music.

Prebendary Carlile may be eccentric, but he fills his church. As, between six and seven o'clock, there are musical selections of all kinds, men and women stream into the building. A woman sings a solo, with pianoforte accompaniment. A large gramophone near the pulpit suddenly renders a lively selection. The organ (a fine old instrument) fills up all the gaps. Then, punctually at seven o'clock, the brass band returns to add to the harmony, Prebendary Carlile mounts the pulpit and announces the opening hymn, which, like everything else at this service, is thrown on the screen, and organ, orchestra, brass band and voices

Prebendary Carlile

roll forth some old melody like "We Are Out on the Ocean Sailing," the band and choir marching meanwhile round the church.

Mr. Carlile draws into these strange services all conditions of men, down to the very lowest. Rough, bullet-headed fellows, many of them, with coat collars turned up, and close-cropped hair telling its own tale. A queer congregation! The ordinary Church of England service proceeds, but the preacher makes it extraordinary. He sounds blasts on his trombone, which can be heard above all the other instruments. He interpolates topical references in the prayers; he puts questions to the reader of the lesson; he talks freely to the congregation about events of the day; but at the back of it all is an earnest appeal to the best in the men and women before him. Most of the lantern pictures are object lessons. The hearty singing does everybody good, and the prayers and hymns and the confession being thrown on the screen, no prayer-books are needed. The congregation laughs one minute and cries the next. The sermon is usually a brief talk on some topic that has been filling the newspapers during the week.

After the sermon there is an open meeting, at which almost anybody may give testimony, or thank God for some blessing. The preacher loves to get one of his lieutenants and argue with him, and the dialogue shows how firm is the faith of the younger workers in the church army. The whole service is extraordinary. "Music-hall methods" some of the features introduced may be called. But every Sunday night the church is filled, and filled with men who could be got to go nowhere else, and the hearts have been changed of many who looked in just out of curiosity. Reverence may often seem to be lacking, but the old Gospel in song and picture goes right home.

HAROLD MURRAY.

JESUS ON THE CROSS

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

IT was the common custom that a criminal who was condemned to be crucified should bear his cross to the place of execution, and Jesus bore his, but not alone. Simon the Cyrenian was compelled by the enemies of Jesus to bear it after him (Luke 23: 26). He had nearly died in Gethsemane, and their bitter, cruel vengeance would not be satisfied if he should be exhausted before he came to the cross.

He was not occupied with himself even in such an hour. "There followed him a great company of people, and of women, who also bewailed and lamented him" (Luke 23: 27). Having so little understood his teaching, their hopes of temporal deliverance through him were at an end; they loved him, they could not bear that he should suffer, but they were altogether nonplussed and astounded that this Man of mighty deeds should be at the mercy of men whom they saw to be so inferior to him. Had he lost his power? Was he, after all, not the Messiah? Oh had they taken to heart his own repeated teaching they would have understood his wondrous redemption work; they would have adored while they wept; they would have seen salvation accomplished in the one great Sin-offering; they would have beheld in him "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." Jesus turned to them, and said, "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children."

"They crucified him," and he, "for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame" (Heb. 12: 2). Yet none can ever know what it was to Jesus to bear upon him sin and sin's consequences—sickness and death. How it could be that he who knew no sin, could yet bear our sins and be made sin for us; how he, in his perfection as a Man, could take our infirmities, and bear our sicknesses; how he who is the Resurrection and the Life could die, is a mystery beyond human knowledge and human language. Our hearts fail us when we think of his suffering—the spiritual, mental, physical suffering accumulated upon him at that terrible time. And he bore it willingly, he made a free-will offering of himself to God on our behalf, and he makes a free-will offering of his propitiation to you and to me. Precious, wondrous Jesus!

The clothing of one who was crucified was the perquisite of the executioners, and so the soldiers parted among them the garments of Jesus. But a passage of Scripture had to be fulfilled in order that no single proof of his identity as the Messiah should be wanting (Ps. 22: 18). "Now the coat was without seam, woven from the top throughout"—no doubt the work of Mary, his mother, or the other women who ministered unto him of their substance. "They said therefore among themselves, Let us not rend it, but cast lots for it whose it shall be, that the Scripture might be fulfilled, which saith, They parted my raiment among them, and for my vesture they did cast lots." Every prophecy regarding Jesus as the suffering Saviour was fulfilled in every detail, so that the Jews had no excuse for failing to recognize him.

To add to his humiliation, they crucified two thieves with him, on either side one, as though to prove to the assembled crowd that he was as they! But the only robbery Jesus was guilty of was the robbing Satan of his prey, and Death of his sting! This he continued to do on the cross. These very thieves took up the insolent cries of the priests, who, in their fancied victory and exultation, manifested the spirit they were of, and mockingly cried, "He saved others; himself he cannot save. Let Christ the King of Israel descend now from the cross, that we may see and believe" (Mark 15: 31, 32). It was the vulgar irony of a brutal mind which might befit a murderer, but did it befit the lips of chief priests. It was but the outcome of hearts full of all uncleanness! Yet they spoke the truth.

He saves others still, but no thought of sparing himself found a place in the heart of Jesus. He was, in every sense, a Sacrifice, and a complete one. "Himself he cannot save," because his wondrous love demands that he shall die! His arm was not shortened, he was the same Mighty One as ever, but he was giving the death-stroke to death by dying, the death-stroke to sin and sickness by bearing both, that so he that believeth should not bear either.

The Message

AS I stood before the gateway
Of the Master's harvest field,
To the tempter bending o'er me,
Lo, it seemed that I must yield;
For I felt so weak and weary
And unfit the task to try,
Till a voice within said, "Enter!
I will needed strength supply."

Then I could no longer falter,
But, obeying, took my stand
With the toilers in the vineyard,
Ready for the Lord's command.
To the weak the Master whispered,
"As thy day thy strength shall be;"
To the strong his message ever,
"Share the strength I give to thee."

But no need of marching orders,
For the Master's work is planned
So that every willing worker
Finds some service near at hand.
There the hopeless to encourage,
Weary, fainting hearts to cheer;
Smiles to scatter mid the shadows—
Bear the message, "Christ is near."

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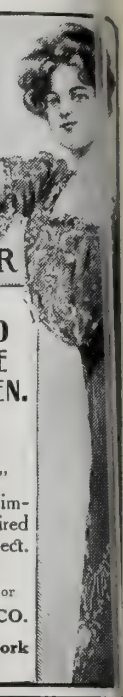

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A POLICE CHIEF'S GOLDEN RULE

CHIEF OF POLICE KOHLER of Cleveland is very much in the public eye at present, owing to the "golden rule" policy which he has adopted. It is different from anything ever tried in police circles before. Chief Kohler has instructed all of his 400 policemen not to arrest first

Chief of Police Kohler, of Cleveland

offenders for trivial misdemeanors, unless it is clear that the misdemeanor was committed with criminal or malicious intent. They are to warn a drunken man and help him home, instead of putting him in jail. First offenders found fighting are to be separated, reasoned with and allowed to go. Officers must keep a record of all prisoners released or warned.

The new plan has been in force only since the first of the present year. In two recent weeks under this plan the total number of arrests in Cleveland was but 400, compared with 1,200 for the same period a year ago. The felon or habitual violator, however, is to be dealt with as relentlessly as ever.

Chief Kohler says the object he wishes to attain is the disposal of trivial misdemeanors without arrest, and to prevent the humiliation and disgrace of persons who, through thoughtlessness, passion or temper, or in a spirit of frolic or mischief, have given cause to be considered offenders. He also desires to prevent the humiliation and disgrace of the offender's father, mother, brother, sister, wife or relatives, who are of good reputation or character.

The Gambler Turns Preacher

By W. R. Draper

A REMARKABLE scene was enacted in a church at Macon, Mo., on a recent Sunday afternoon. Five hundred men, many of whom had never been seen in church before, sat in front of a slight, pale-faced young man whom they had never known in any other capacity but that of a smooth and constantly successful gambler. They came to hear what "Walt" Bryant, a man who had made his living by gambling since he was sixteen, had to say about his old life, and whether he was going to lambast the fellows who had "trained" with him.

The convert had nothing but kind words for those who had sat with him at the gambling table. A collection was taken up according to Methodist fashion, and the proceeds tendered him, but he refused to touch a penny of it.

"I come to you, my friends," said the ex-gambler with emotion, "with a new tongue and a new heart. Not to chide, not to say one word that will rankle in your breasts, but that you may find the peace which I have found."

Bryant was visibly agitated, but he seemed tremendously in earnest. He purposely avoided going very much into detail about his former profession, for fear that some of the boys present might learn things about cards and their manipulation, and might be inclined to experiment.

"You nearly always win at first," he said, "and thinking you have the combination, you keep on. Then maybe you will become so adept that you may become known as a 'swift man.' Then you have a reputation to maintain, for the gambler calls his ability his reputation. You devote time and thought to the working out of a system. If you stay in the business you must devote a wonderful amount of study to keep up with and beat the men against whom you play. They are doing the same thing to defeat you. The lawyer devotes no more care and pains to looking up legal technicalities which may help him to get the better of his opponent in the courts than does the professional gambler in devising systems and plays to win the other man's money.

"Many and many a night have I sat with pencil and paper figuring out a new line of tactics designed to overmatch card generals, against whom a battle has been planned. Then you go at it like trained athletes in the arena. It is a contest of brain against brain. You are going to do anything to win. You know your opponent will not hesitate to take any advantage. The prize is money—the root of all evil, it is said. The hours go by, but you care not. The night runs into day and the streets below begin to hum with the activity of labor, but you do not notice it. At last your man sighs, puts his hands in his pockets, and says:

"'I'm all in!'

"You arise the victor. Tired and hungry as a famished sailor, but you've won. You've beaten a cardplayer, who, perhaps, has journeyed a hundred miles to beat you, and who was up on all the tricks of the game. You've practically ruined him.

"But an expert cardplayer doesn't let his conscience worry him. He parts with that when he goes into the business, else he'd never sleep. He reasons if he didn't 'do' the other fellow the other fellow would 'do' him, and the shallow philosophy satisfies him.

"But when I came under the Saviour's influence, I looked at things differently. I saw that it would have been better for me to have urged that man to keep his money for his wife and children, who needed it. I saw that if I had devoted the same amount of study and energy to a calling that could have been followed out in the open—one that exacted the same skill and effort—I could have made as much money. I saw that my wife would have preferred the plain garments for herself and child that came from money earned by the day's labor, rather than the diamonds and silks and stylish costumes that I had been providing for them by the revenue from the gambler's table."

When Bryant concluded his talk he asked those who had been his old comrades at the gaming table, those who had believed in him and wanted his prayers, to walk up and shake hands with him. Over half of the audience promptly responded to his appeal.

Bryant a few months ago abandoned a profession as manager of a gambling house in Hannibal to take a job in the shoe factory there at $8 a week. He was converted at a revival meeting conducted by Evangelist J. E. Brown, was immersed at the Fifth Street Baptist Church and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. He took his loaded dice, marked cards and other adjuncts to an up-to-date gambling outfit, out in the back yard and burned them up.

The Sweetest Verse

A young Christian, at the death-bed of an aged saint, said to him, "Shall I read to you the sweetest verse of the Bible?" "Yes." The young man read the second verse of John 14, "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you; for I go to prepare a place for you." "No," said the dying man, that is not the sweetest verse. Read on." The young man read, "And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also." "That is the sweetest verse," said the dying man. "It is not the mansions, *it is Himself I want.*"

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Home for Nation's Consumptives

Continued from page 399

just at present, for one hundred patients. The accommodations will be extended, however, in the form of new pavilions or tent houses, as fast as required. Any church or society that may be supporting a sufferer may send the patient to Alamo Gordo, confident that Mr. Moody will accord him or her a Christian welcome.

The property consists at present of a square mile of land secured from the government, and buildings erected at a cost of $60,000. Patients who arrive in the winter remain through the summer, too; there is no excessive heat, just as there is no excessive cold. Rainfall and snow are practically nothing.

The president of this institution is Mr. W. R. Eidson, a wealthy banker and business man of St. Louis and Alamo Gordo. He and others were induced by Mr. Moody to furnish the capital for the erection of a sanatorium of the kind described and for the purpose of taking care of patients of the smallest means. A company was formed to operate solely on benevolent lines. Any possible profits are returned to form a charitable fund to be used for the benefit of patients. In his address at the founding of the institution, Mr. Eidson said:

"Under the charter of this institution no man can obtain any personal rights or derive any individual profit. It is an institution that belongs to the people who contribute to its support. It is a great humanitarian movement with a great future in the way of doing good. The doors of this sanatorium will be thrown open to the consumptives of the whole country, and every sufferer will be cared for at the actual cost of keeping, whether paid for by himself, or by his church, or brotherhood, or society, or lodge. In addition, we shall use every effort to raise a charity fund for the care of penniless sufferers." While plans were forming for the building of the sanatorium, Dr. P. M. Rixey, Surgeon-General of the United States Army, wrote: "I have been looking into the climatology of New Mexico lately, and am of the opinion that your location is a good one, your object most laudable, and the result can but be most beneficial to the class who need and will get the benefits of such an institution. I wish you all success in adding to the already too few institutions for combating tuberculosis in this country."

Secretary Taft, at a recent meeting in Washington for the discussion of tuberculosis, spoke of the government institutions in New Mexico, a few miles from Alamo Gordo, as follows: "I came here to-day to testify by my presence to the importance of finding a way to combat tuberculosis. We have in the army a place where we think we cure tuberculosis; and we not only think it, but we believe it, because we send men there who have it and they come back without it. I brought here a man to convince you of the fact. General Edwards was certainly afflicted with the disease. He went to Fort Bayard. He was treated there, stayed several months under treatment, and he has come back as strong and able to resist disease as any soldier in the army. The same thing happened with respect to Judge Robb, whose going to Fort Bayard I was able to facilitate by making the order."

The sanatorium at Fort Bayard, New Mexico, maintained by the government for the treatment of consumptives from the army, and the one at Fort Stanton, New Mexico, for the benefit of the Marine Hospital Service—referred to in the above letters—have shown by their high percentage of cures what the climate, coupled with proper medical attention, is capable of doing. The Fraternal City Sanatorium is midway between these two government institutions.

* * *

My stay at this Christian home for consumptives comprised the busiest six weeks I have ever spent in the Southwest. The longer I stayed, and the more I saw how that sanatorium managed to support the kind of home that thousands of sufferers need, the more I became convinced that to help consumptives should become a part of my life-work. And how could I make a better start than by telling the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD something about this home in New Mexico? Your daughter, your son, your wife or other relative, may be looking for a place in the great health belt of the Southwest. Your greatest problem and theirs is to locate such a place and to learn from one who has been there all the facts concerning it.

I will gladly give any inquirers every possible help within my power to get their dear ones or friends to the home where they will have a fighting chance for the prolonging of life, if those interested will address Gilson Willets, care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Christ's Winnowing Fan

Continued from page 392

they were invited to offer a pinch of incense at the heathen altar, they refused with one short, telling phrase: "Christianus sum!" That is to say: "I am a Christian!" That was enough. It did not seem to them thinkable that a Christian should buy his life at such a price. The arena might be waiting, the wild beasts ready, or the flaming torches kindled which were to light their way to death. But, "Christianus sum!" What is all that to me since I am a Christian? This day of ours calls for deep resolve, for chivalry, for consecration, and for heroism, if not for martyrdom, and, amid the conflicts to which Christ calls every one of you and the temptations which may await you, I pray that your courage may be equal to every test, and that in word and work and life you may answer him whose fan is in his hand: "Christianus sum!"

A Subscriber's Missionary Work

MRS. J. L. STECK, 47 Ravina Avenue, Jersey City, N. J., who has for many years subscribed for a number of copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for every company in the fire department and every police station of Jersey City, writes as follows:

"I hope God will bless each paper and accomplish the work whereunto it is sent, and may others whom God has blessed follow in other cities. One CHRISTIAN HERALD in an engine house means that twelve to fifteen men see it. I think so much of this kind of mission work that, although I have been very sick for the last twenty-one months and am yet in bed, I have mentioned this to be continued in my will, as long as the amount appropriated will last. I am sure there are many who could and would (if they thought of the amount of good it can do) do the same. These people (especially in the fire department) have plenty of time, and are deprived of the privileges which we enjoy Sundays and during the week. May God bless these words!"

Perhaps you deposit your savings at less than 5% and suffer some loss besides through arbitrary rules reducing the dividend paying period. Write the Industrial Savings and Loan Co., concerning their 5% investments. You will find their advertisement on page 404.

HANG ON

Coffee Topers as Bad as Others

"A friend of our family who lived with u a short time was a great coffee drinker and continual sufferer with dyspepsia. He admitted that coffee disagreed with him, bu you know how the coffee drinker will hol on to his coffee, even if he knows it cause dyspepsia.

"One day he said to me that Postum Foo Coffee had been recommended and suggeste that he would like very much to try it. secured a package and made it strictly accord ing to directions. He was delighted wit the new beverage, as was every one of ou family. He became very fond of it and in short time his dyspepsia disappeared. H continued using the Postum and in about three months gained twelve pounds.

"My husband is a practicing physician and regards Postum as the healthiest of all beverages. He never drinks coffee, but is very fond of Postum. In fact, all of our family are, and we never think of drinking coffee any more." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

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OUR INCUBATOR OFFER. We will furnish you an incubator, either a 100 or 200-egg size, on the condition, even though you have never used or seen an incubator, that it must hatch out ninety-eight healthy chicks from every one hundred fertile eggs, must be so simple that a child can operate it, instructions so plain and simple that you cannot make a mistake, must be in every way the best incubator made, must be free from every one of the complications of other incubators, and then at a cost to you which means next to nothing compared with what others charge. **Look for Incubators in our late Big Catalogue.** If you haven't the Big Book borrow your neighbor's, or on a postal card addressed to us simply say, "Mail me your great free Incubator Offer." Address **SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO.**

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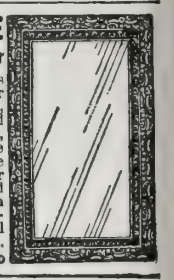

and 1200 other nice things for the home with orders for groceries—tea, coffee, soaps, pure foods, baked pork and beans, rice, extracts, perfumes, etc. Send for our large free Catalog telling **"How the Housewife Can Furnish Her Home Without Cost"** and **"How the Housewife Can Reduce Her Home Expenses One-half."** A postal will do. Send today, it's free.

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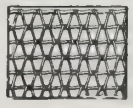

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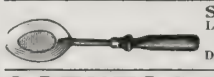

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In the Spirit of Dorcas

MRS. W. R. MARSHALL, of Stratford, Ont., Canada, passed away recently at the ripe old age of seventy-eight years. Mrs. Marshall had long been known as an active Christian, identified with many good

The Late Mrs. W. R. Marshall

works. She was a native of England and came to Canada with her parents while still very young. She was married in 1856, and in 1906 she and her husband, a retired merchant, celebrated their golden wedding.

Mrs. Marshall took a special interest in leper missions, and was president of the local Foreign Missionary Society for years. Through her efforts an asylum for lepers was built in India, and she personally supported some of the lepers in charge of Rev. W. P. Byers, missionary at Asansol, India. She was a member of the Baptist Church, and for many years had charge of the infant class in the Sunday School. In the cause of temperance she took a deep interest, and was at one time president of the local branch. Her life was like that of Dorcas, and among Christian, temperance and charitable workers, and throughout a wide circle of acquaintances, she was honored and esteemed for her kindness of heart and her efforts to promote the welfare of others.

Besides her husband, a family of five sons and two daughters survive her. It can truly be said of her that she spent her life in doing good. She was a reader of this paper and deeply interested in its worldwide work

Divine Protection*

HOW precious must have been Christ's words of encouragement to his followers, in the years of persecution following his departure from the world. He did not promise them immunity from suffering nor even from martyrdom, but he assured them of sympathy and support under trial. When they were arraigned before the unjust tribunals he assured them that words should be given them for their defense, and that in prison and on the scaffold the divine presence should be with them. That promise strengthened and supported the early Christians to a degree that caused them to be the marvel of the world. Weak men and delicate women went cheerfully to torture and death in the confidence that those words gave, so that men accustomed to witnessing heroism on the battlefield were amazed at the courage and fortitude displayed by those humble victims. In succeeding ages Christians suffered and died heroically inspired by the same promise and even down to our own time the same heroism has been manifested in the South Seas, in China, India and elsewhere.

What is the secret of this wonderful transformation of character? What is it that renders frail men and women spiritually daring? How is it that the physical courage that despises death on the battlefield is exhibited by feeble invalids, aged men and women and even children? It is the inspiration that we read of as coming from "Beholding Him who is invisible." We know not how it comes, nor how the process of faith operates, but of the fact there is no doubt. In some way known to himself God does support those who put their trust in him. He does not undertake to keep them from financial ruin, from physical suffering and death. If he did there would be no heroism in loyalty to him; but the promise of his support avails and his grace is sufficient for every crisis.

* Topic of the Epworth League for May 24. II Kings 6: 14-19; Luke 12: 4-12.

Christians as Voters*

UNDER our form of government there are overwhelming reasons for the Christian remembering his Christianity as he exercises his rights of citizenship. The policy and destiny of his country depend upon him. Under an autocrat, and to some extent under a constitutional monarch, he necessarily leaves the responsibility to those who claim to hold the divine commission to govern; but here, if the nation is degraded by iniquity and if its policy becomes wicked, the fault is with the people. We speak of the masses, of the public, but after all the public consists of individuals, with individual responsibility. No man can hide his responsibility among the millions whose votes are cast at a Presidential election, any more than he can evade it when he sits as a juryman. The decision is his decision, unless he protests and does all in his power at the ballot box to make his protests effective by his vote. He has the right to strive to influence others, but he is personally responsible for his vote, whether he succeeds or fails to exert that influence.

This view of the responsibility of citizenship is indissolubly bound up wth the Christian's attitude and influence in the community. He is set as a light, as "a city set on a hill," and he has no conception of the extent of his influence. It is no defense to a wrong cause, or an inconsistent vote, that he is bound by party loyalty. His party is not to be weighed against loyalty to Christ and his cause. If he insists on casting his vote according to his conscience, the party leaders will not be slow to learn that the nominations must be of a character to insure his support. The proposal to nominate an unprincipled man or a man of irreligious character will be recognized as impolitic, and so his attitude may exert an influence that even a politician must heed.

* Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for May 24. Ps. 28: 1-9.

A Well-Deserved Tribute

TO aid the campaign to increase the membership of the Red Cross, a meeting of the New York State Branch was held in New York City on Tuesday, April 28. Patriotism and work for humanity were the themes of all the speeches and the decoration of the Astor Gallery of the Waldorf Astoria, where the friends of the movement assembled, were arranged to emphasize this double mission of the Red Cross. The Stars and Stripes were draped in graceful festoons from pillars and boxes and in the centre of each festoon was the banner of the society. Col. William Sanger, president of the State Branch, presided, and Secretary Taft delivered the principal address. At its beginning the Secretary paid a graceful and well-deserved tribute to Miss Mabel Boardman, of Washington, whose tact, untiring zeal and love for the work of the Red Cross has done so much to arouse public interest in the organization.

"I am here as the president of the American National Red Cross," said the Secretary. "I became so at the request of a lady with whose work I have the most profound sympathy. She informed me in 1905 that I would be a mere figurehead of the society and that is what I am. The real spirit of the American Red Cross, the real president who directs the work, is Miss Mabel Boardman, of Washington. I have had occasion to proclaim this fact in different parts of the country, and she asked me not to mention it this afternoon. I have obeyed in so far as was consistent with my duty."

The enthusiastic applause which burst from all parts of the hall showed how much the Secretary's remarks were appreciated and what an honored place in public esteem Miss Boardman has made for herself by her humanitarian work.

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This is the mark to guide you in buying right finishes for every purpose. You'll see it on the can.

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Any woman can produce a beautiful effect by enameling the furniture and woodwork of her bedroom to harmonize with the decorations and draperies, following any color scheme whatever.

Neal's Enamels, Acme Quality, produce a smooth lustrous porcelain-like finish in all shades from rich, dark colors to delicate tints and pure white. Anyone can apply them successfully and with little trouble.

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Paints, Enamels, Stains and Varnishes are wonder-workers about the home. If there's a surface to be finished, there's an Acme Quality specialty to exactly fit the purpose.

The Acme Quality Text Book on Paints and Finishes tells you just what to use and how to use it no matter what the work may be—old or new—wood or metal. Write for it and it will be sent free.

Ask the practical painter about Acme Quality New Era Paints for the outside of your house.

ACME WHITE LEAD AND COLOR WORKS,
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IN DETROIT—Life is Worth Living.

SUN PASTE STOVE POLISH

MADE PERFECT BY FORTY YEARS EXPERIENCE.

Try a box from your grocer. Use it on your stove according to directions and you will be convinced and delighted.

Applied with a wet cloth, it spreads smoothly. It polishes quickly with a dry cloth or brush, giving that brilliant black lustre which makes the stove an ornament and Makes old stoves look like new.

Don't take any other kind said to be just as good.

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Our patent oven thermometer makes baking and roasting easy.

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The Natural Laxative Mineral Water.

Nature's own way of cleansing the body is most simple. She provides a pure and wholesome Mineral water as a laxative and health tonic. Keep yourself in healthy condition by drinking half a glass on arising in the morning.

YOU CAN AFFORD

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Gold Dust

not only cuts dirt and grease from dishes with scarcely any rubbing, but is an antiseptic that goes deep after every minute and ofttimes hidden impurity.

GOLD DUST will sterilize your kitchen things and make them wholesome and sanitary—besides doing most of the cleaning without your assistance.

GOLD DUST points the short way to easy housework.

For washing dishes, scrubbing floors, cleaning woodwork, oilcloth, silverware and tinware, polishing brasswork, cleaning bathroom pipes, refrigerators, etc., softening hard water, washing clothes and making the finest soft soap.

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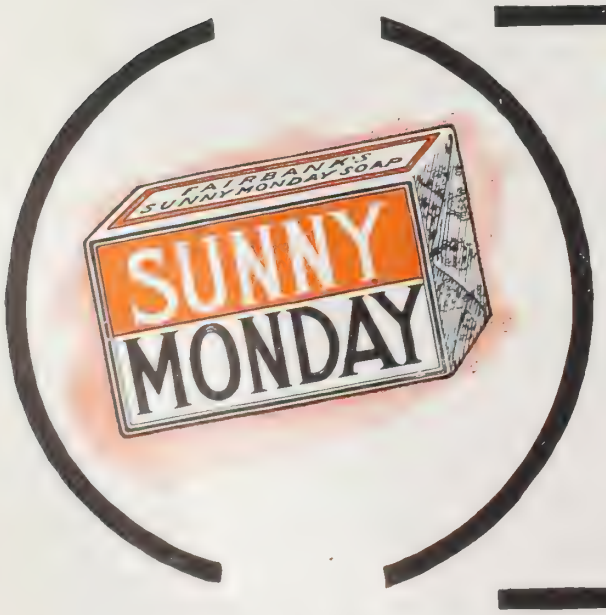
Fairy Soap

Good soap is naturally white. If coloring matter or high perfumes are incorporated, they add nothing to the virtue or efficiency of the product—more often they are used to cover up the inferior quality of the raw materials and the greasy smell.

FAIRY SOAP, though it sells for but 5c a cake, is the equal of any 25c or 50c soap on the market. It is made from edible products, and is just as pure and high grade as any soap can be—contains no free alkali, no coloring matter and no adulterants.

In buying FAIRY SOAP, you get the highest possible grade for the lowest possible price.

"Have You a Little 'Fairy' in Your Home?"



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SUNNY MONDAY LAUNDRY SOAP *(N.R.) is white and will not injure the hands; SUNNY MONDAY LAUNDRY SOAP *(N.R.) will wash woolens and flannels (your own lingerie and baby's fine things) without the slightest danger of shrinking; SUNNY MONDAY LAUNDRY SOAP *(N.R.) will do equally good work in hot, cold, hard or soft water; SUNNY MONDAY LAUNDRY SOAP *(N.R.) will do more work and better work than soaps containing naphtha, ammonia, borax, etc.

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

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New York, May 20, 1908

VOL. 31—NO. 21. PRICE 5 CENTS
OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

IN THE TIME OF BLOSSOMS

Questions and Answers

I. M. P., Washington, Pa. Would you give me any information you can concerning a small country in Europe in which the people use the ancient Latin language?

There is no country in which Latin is the every-day speech of the people. The romance languages, French, Italian, Spanish, etc., are derived from old Latin. In the Vatican at Rome, Latin is spoken to a certain extent, and it is the official language of the Roman Church. In no place, however, is it spoken as a means of ordinary communication. It is a dead language, and scholars are in doubt as to the ancient pronunciation, most nations giving the letters the sounds found in their own tongue.

R. M. E., Cincinnati, O. Did Christ give to his disciples the power to forgive sins by his promise in John 20: 23, and if so, is that power continued to the clergy in this day?

They had not the power to forgive the impenitent. Christ would never give them that. There are some people who repent, and yet live on under the apprehension that their sins are not forgiven. Christ conferred on his disciples the power to assure those who repent and put their trust in him that their sins were forgiven, and every Christian has the same power. An explicit pledge was necessary in those days, because the Gospel was new to the world, and the disciples might have been in doubt on the question, and their hearers might have had the same doubt. There is only one way of getting forgiveness, and if a man takes that he will get it. He does not need any man to assure him of it, or rather he should not; he has the better assurance of God's word. But human assurance may relieve his mind, and that any Christian may do if he is really penitent. If he is not penitent the sins will be retained, no matter what assurance a priest may give him.

F. McN., Germantown, Pa. What are the average salaries or yearly incomes of the leading evangelists, and how do they compare with the salaries of our high public officials and bank and railroad presidents?

We have no positive means of learning the figures regarding evangelists' salaries. Their spiritual vocation requires great concentration and special training, and they are never employed the whole year through, but only at certain seasons. In view of these facts, they should be well paid for the good work they do. But even the best paid are poorly recompensed compared with the princely salaries received by many men in other lines of business. It is said that the chief consulting engineer of a great mining magnate receives $500,000 a year. Many executive officers in banks and railroads are getting $50,000 to $100,000.

Reader, Scranton, Pa. Does God send out evil spirits as stated in I. Samuel 16: 14?

God sends punishment on the disobedient and rebellious, which was probably what the writer meant. Every source of good becomes a source of trial and punishment if disobeyed. The fire that warms and comforts, brings ruin when misapplied. The law that protects us in our homes, imprisons the criminal. Paul said (II. Cor. 2: 16) that the preaching of the Gospel operated in the same way. It was a blessing to those who accepted it, but a curse to those who rejected it. It involved a terrible responsibility. The spirit mentioned in Samuel was evil only in that it produced misery by reminding Saul of what he had lost.

L. P. H., Falmouth, Mass. Was Christ anointed more than once?

It is a disputed point, but on the whole the commentators think the evidence is in favor of two anointings. It is difficult to harmonize Luke's account with those of the other evangelists. They represent the incident as occurring in the last week of our Lord's life, Luke mentions it as immediately after the Sermon on the Mount; they describe it as being in the house of Simon or more indefinitely at Bethany, Luke as being in the house of a Pharisee; they represent the disciples as objecting, Luke says it was the Pharisee; they say that Christ said it was done in anticipation of his burial, in Luke Christ gives a totally different answer (see Luke 7: 40-48). There are other differences, which lead to the belief that Luke is describing one incident and the other evangelists another.

E. Y., Norristown, Pa. What is the stole used in the church dress of priests in the Roman and Anglican churches?

It is a thin strip of silk worn over the shoulders and passing back of the neck. The color changes in accordance with the seasons of the church. Symbolically it represents the yoke of Christ.

H. C. W., Jamaica, N. Y. 1. How does *The Wandering Jew* rank among first class stories? 2. What distinguishes it most?

1. Among the most popular of works by French authors of stories of the mysterious and supernatural. 2. It graphically portrays the agony of remorse and punishment indefinitely continued on earth—based on the legend of the Jew condemned to wander till the judgment day for offering insult to Christ on his way to Calvary.

Reader, Dundee, N.Y. Is a girl of age at eighteen or at twenty-one in New York State?

A girl must be twenty-one before she becomes independent of her legal guardian.

B. M., Raleigh. Can a man be a good Christian and play cards? I do not mean to play for drink, or gamble, but to play as in a game of letters, authors, dominoes, etc.?

The true Christian will do nothing whereby he may place a stumbling-block in the way of another. While card-playing may in itself be innocent enough, it is a practice which has proved the first step to ruin to countless multitudes. On the other hand, man's moral, spiritual or mental character has never been improved in the slightest degree by card-playing. It is not an accomplishment that wins for a man esteem and confidence either in business or in private life, but the reverse. For the professed follower of Christ to attempt to justify this dangerous and evil pastime is an incomprehensible inconsistency. See Rom. 14: 15-21. Apply the fixed principle that "it is good not to do anything whereby thy brother stumbleth," and you will never touch another card, lest by example you may lead weaker ones into sin and possibly be the means of their spiritual destruction.

I. C. W., Gaithersburg, Md. What does "Erin go braugh" mean?

Ireland forever.

T. M. Scott, Morden, Manitoba. 1. Do you believe a person who gives a tenth of his income to the Lord will be blessed temporally as well as spiritually? 2. Should capital as well as income be taxed?

1. We think so, providing the giver does not regard the gift as constituting an obligation which God is bound to fulfil. You cannot purchase God's blessing by the payment of money. Jacob supposed he could (Gen 28 : 20-22), but he had to learn by painful experience that it was by changed character and not by gifts that God's favor was gained. Micah directly negatives the idea that God can be bribed (Micah 6 : 7, 8). David expresses the same conviction (Ps. 51 : 16, 17). Christ himself repudiates the idea in his parable of the laborers (Matt. 20 : 10-16), showing that people who try to make a bargain with God must not expect special favors, while they who do good spontaneously expecting no reward are abundantly blessed. The same idea is reiterated in the parable of the judgment (Matt. 25: 44), in which the givers had actually forgotten that they had given. Paul is in agreement (see I. Cor. 13 : 3). Give by all means; give a tenth and more; it is a duty and a privilege; but do not give as an investment. 2. No; to continually tax the capital is to have it disappear eventually. The interest on the capital and the earnings of the year are the legitimate material for taxation.

Mrs. A. O. J., Easthampton, N. Y. My health necessitates my spending next winter in a warm, dry climate; but it must be in a place where piano lessons can be secured.

Florida is warm in winter, but it is not dry. New Mexico is both warm and dry. In Orlando (Fla.) or Alamo Gordo (N.M.) piano lessons can be had as well as in any other town in Florida or the Southwest. (See "A Home for the Nation's Consumptives" in May 13 issue.)

G. A. B., Maiden Rock, Wis. Was the earth formed a good many thousand years before the Bible was written? Is there any way of knowing just how long it has been since God created Adam and Eve?

The age of the earth is so much older than any definite time mentioned in theological text-books that no approximately exact computation can be made. According to Bishop Ussher's chronology, about six thousand years have passed since Adam and Eve lived in the Garden of Eden. Ussher's computations, however, are no a part of the Bible, but are calculations made in the seventeenth century. The Bible itself gives no clue to the age of the world but simply says, "in the beginning." Discoveries by archæologists in the Orient have brought to light statues and tablets with inscriptions, showing them to be between 6,500 and 7,500 years old, and these point to a still earlier civilization. Prof. Agassiz is said to have unearthed a skeleton in Florida, whose age he computed to be over 20,000 years. We cite these figures to show how vague and speculative the average computation is on this subject.

P. P., Esmond, N. D. Do the cruelties to natives of the Congo by white representatives of the Belgian king continue?

According to latest reports of missionaries and correspondents, conditions have improved in the Congo, the natives now being given an opportunity to tell of any grievances before certain government agents.

R. K. W., Collingwood, Canada. Which President of the United States kissed his mother at the inaugural ceremony in the sight of the multitude?

James A. Garfield. His mother was to him one of the inspirers of his career and he chose this means of honoring her out of the gratitude in his heart at the moment for the debt he owed her. The action was not theatrical, but entirely spontaneous.

F. L. Richmond, Va. The "big hat" fad, which is blossoming out here as elsewhere, is proving an annoyance in churches, at concerts, etc. What is to be done about it? As a Southerner, I would not be so ungallant as to suggest that our ladies deprive themselves of the pleasure (I suppose it is a pleasure), of parading these monstrous headpieces in public, but surely one might intimate, ever so delicately, that they might yield so far as to wear something else in a place of public assemblage. Why not a "church hat" for ladies? Here is a money-making idea for some clever milliner.

It would be a most grateful boon if our correspondent's suggestion could be carried into practical effect. Why should not Sorosis or the D. A. R., or even the W. C. T. U., take up the subject of hat reform and popularize a church or lecture hat for ladies that would be seemly and acceptable? We gladly publish the suggestion for what it is worth. Apropos, three of the leading churches in an Indiana city have just put a ban on the prevalent "big hat," by resolving that it must be removed by the wearer "during the preaching of the sermon." Why not during the whole service?

Miscellaneous

E. M. L. Sixty-eight years and one day, or in his sixty-ninth year.

D. M. F., Boydton, Va. Send your query to the Navy Department.

A. B. C., Manitoba, Canada. We do not think that either statement was right.

M. A. H. S., New York. We should use the best facilities at hand and ask God's blessing on the means.

Inquirer, Athens, O. The topic, apparently, is not a favorite one, in so-called fashionable churches at least.

A. B. R., Cleveland, O. See answer in MAIL-BAG of April 15. As to the number of nurses, inquire of the *Medical Record*, New York.

C. S., Kingston, Ont., Canada. Almost any bookseller or publishing house can procure for you a *Ready Reckoner*, which gives a list of the tables you want.

E. M., Tiffin, Mo. Lazarus the beggar was a mere character in a parable. There was no connection between him and the brother of Martha and Mary. The name was a common one.

C. C., Marmaduke, Ark. The only labor that is justifiable on Sunday is a labor of absolute necessity or of mercy. One can decide for one's self whether his work belongs to one of these classes.

J. W. S., Fort Wayne, Ind. The Strait of Magellan is dangerous for ships if the weather is foggy. It is the usual route instead of going farther around the cape; probably there is a great saving of time. Send full name when writing to this department.

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NEW YORK, MAY 20, 1908

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

Officials in Carnival Parade

Native Boat

Moro Constabulary Wearing the Red Fez

AT THE PALACE IN MANILA

Our Correspondent Visits Gov.-Gen. Smith, Who Tells How the Philippines Grow Under American Rule

Evelyn Clark Morgan

By EVELYN CLARK MORGAN

MANILA has had its first carnival. Business men and other public-spirited citizens put energy and money into it and made it a success. Now it seems pretty well assured that a yearly carnival will add to the attractions of America's Oriental capital. Nothing the Filipino appreciates so much as a "fiesta," and it would be hard to find a better setting for a carnival scene than Manila. When their majesties of the Orient sailed out on the bay to meet the king and queen of the Occident, they had apparently called to its surface the choicest denizens of the sea to follow in their mimic train. The land parade, beneath tall palms and scarlet flame trees just bursting into bud, was scarcely less effective, and in the royal pavilion, where the evening festivities were held, the fragrance of tropical flowers perfumed the air.

The cockpit proved a failure financially. Owing to this fact and the protest made by the ministers and many citizens (including 700 Filipino youths), the cockpit bid fair not to be a feature of future carnivals.

Many things are being done for the betterment of conditions in the Philippines. On March 1, 1908, the law against the sale of opium went into effect. All opium dispensaries were closed and the Philippines took the lead over the rest of the world in this great reform.

On March 2 the corner-stone of the Philippines General Hospital was laid. This is the first hospital to be built since American rule and is of vast importance to the Filipino people.

The walls of the city are being pierced, but not destroyed, here and there for the convenience of the people of Manila. The Spanish trait of indirectness was shown in the gates of old Manila. It was formerly necessary to go almost around the enclosure of the "walled city" to find an entrance. In leafy San Luis and other streets sewers are being laid, and sanitation is now so complete that Manila may well claim to be the cleanest city of the Orient.

When my host, Rev. G. W. Wright, president of Ellinwood Theological Seminary, told me that Governor-General Smith had invited him to bring me to the palace, I was delighted to have this opportunity of talking with the Governor about the Philippines and Filipinos. He gave us a hearty welcome. He talked freely about conditions in the islands, and when I asked him what moral and social progress was being made, replied:

"Well, first of all, the Filipinos are not an immoral people, according to their lights," and he repeated, as if to give emphasis, "according to their lights and understanding. Socially, they are a courteous and polite people. I am speaking more particularly of the higher and educated classes, although even the other classes are innately polite. A Filipino gentleman doesn't meet a lady guest at the door of the reception room, but receives her at the foot of the stairs, and escorts her up, and when she leaves, he accompanies her to the bottom of the flight."

"The different dialects must impede both education and progress," I suggested, and repeated what a missionary had told me, that in a seven hours' journey he had been in seven provinces and found five different dialects spoken, and that the native men with him all carried bolos, though he had thought it best to go unarmed.

"Yes and yes," said the general. "The dialects of course make it more difficult to reach the people. They are not a bad sort, but they need education, and that is what will tell. It is doing the work slowly but surely. The results are already felt, but it will take time. We must depend upon the rising generations. Catch them young," laughed the general; "that's the only way. It is the lesson at the mother's knee that counts. When hearts get hardened with time, you can't make much impression. As to the question of carrying arms, if you wish to inspire confidence, you must show it. I go about without guard or escort of any kind, and even when I am up north among the head-hunters, I go unarmed."

"How about the Spanish population? How do they like our rule?" I asked.

"They are a proud people, and it is hard for them to forget the war, but that is natural," said the Governor, in the broad, tolerant spirit I had noticed throughout his conversation. "We should be the same, under similar conditions."

Just then our conversation was interrupted by the announcement and then the entrance of Dr. Hayes, an American, who is physician to the King of Siam. Dr. Hayes was here to attend the International Medical Convention. He wore full dress uniform, and came at the request of the King to bring complimentary and congratulatory messages from the latter to the Governor-General. After some formalities, in which "His Majesty" and "Your Excellency" figured largely, the conversation turned upon the progress of the islands under American rule.

"When I came to Manila five years ago," said the doctor, "I could not get away soon enough; now I leave with regret. The development and improvement have been wonderful. The thing with which I am most impressed and which pleases me immensely, is the advance made along scientific lines. The laboratory is the finest I have seen anywhere, and I have seen many, including Johns Hopkins. It may interest you to know," he continued, "that the first original scientific research in Siam came from Manila. Dr. Wooley came to us (Dr. Hayes has been twenty-six years in Siam)

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The Governor-General's Palace at Manila

THE
American Pulpit

A SERMON BY

Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, D.D.*

The Little Sins of Good People

TEXT—Song of Solomon 2 : 15
"The little foxes that spoil the vineyards"

PEOPLE who of set purpose are hostile to man's law and God's law, and are trying to make a living by criminal practices, are not exceedingly numerous. It is not alone what we call great, coarse crimes and misdemeanors which give to a city or community a low moral tone of life. In fact, the actual outbreaking sins which call for human punishment probably do not create as much trouble in the long run as what we call the little sins of life, which persist in the community as a whole, lower its ethical standard, deaden its spiritual enthusiasm and make impossible what we call growth in the higher life. In mentioning a few of the little foxes which destroy the beautiful vineyard of Christian character we do so not in a spirit of cynical fault-finding but for the purpose of reminding ourselves, perhaps, of errors so common that we are not duly conscious of them, and also for the larger purpose of giving us an insight into sins which can be corrected and should be driven out of the Christian life.

Fault-Finding

I have asked a number of people to tell me what they thought were the besetting little sins of what we call good people, that is, church members, themselves included, and in reciting these as they have been given me I am not imagining little faults which do not occur, but those which the people themselves have declared to be in existence. A common weakness among good people as well as others is fault-finding. One prominent journalist in the city said he thought the whole city was glad to find something wrong on every occasion, and cited instances where his own paper, sending out reporters for news, was constantly facing the fact that the reporters' definition of news was oftenest to get something that was going wrong, and emphasize the fact to the community, on the theory, which seemed to be borne out by the facts, that the readers of the papers in this city would gloat more or less over the fact of wrong-doing and be ready to condemn and find fault with anything which was not right or with matters which were partly right and partly wrong; more rejoiced, however, to find something which needed to be smitten, than to find something which was worthy of praise. It is a common notion, I think, in a large part of the newspaper world, at least, that the best news is a bad story. This is the assumption that most of the great dailies go upon, and without exception all the yellow journals. Goodness, they say, is not news; but scandal, crime, misdemeanors, failures in administration, crookedness in public life or private affairs—these things are news.

This fault-finding, however, exists in petty ways through the lives of otherwise good people to the spoiling of the vineyards of life. Most of us say we know some persons who are continually fault-finding. They remind us of Sheridan's "School for Scandal." No person is so good, no one is striving so hard to be good that some evil thing cannot be said about him. Flaws are picked in the best things and in the best people. The attitude of fault-finding, when it becomes chronic, is a cancer in the character; the bloom is rubbed off of the fairest fruit and flower. In itself it seems like a little fox, but multiplied by the increasing habit, it becomes an army that destroys. It is well for us to take account of this habit if we have it even in the smallest degree, and root it out. There is a difference, of course, between honest, fair-minded criticism and what we call hateful or destructive criticism, and even criticism is worth very little anywhere, whether it is in art or literature or in the rightful judgment of public conduct, unless it is made for the purpose of bettering conditions. No Christian ought to indulge in destructive criticism which does not have for its end the upbuilding of something. If a thing needs to be broken in pieces let us break it, and then immediately construct something to take its place.

Worrying

Another little fox that destroys the vineyards is the common habit among even Christian people of worry. Edward Everett Hale says, "Most people carry about with them three kinds of trouble; all they have ever had, all they are having now, and all they expect to have." George Macdonald says, "If you have a disagreeable duty to perform on Friday do not blacken the hours of Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday thinking about it." As long ago as Seneca lived that wise old philosopher said, "Though sorrow must come, where is the advantage of rushing to meet it? It will be time enough to grieve when it comes. Meanwhile hope for better things." Whoever is Josh Wise says, "The man that has got troubles and the man that thinks he has are in the same fix." The Rev. Robert J. Burdette says, "There are two days about which nobody should ever worry, and these are yesterday and to-morrow." Honoré de Balzac, that wonderful delver into human passions and motives, who conceived a plan of fiction which was to embrace the whole range of human energy, said: "Feeble natures live in their sorrows instead of converting them into apothegms of experience. To forget is the great secret of strong and creative existence. To forget after the manner of nature, which knows no past and begins again every hour the mysteries of her indefatigable productiveness." Most of us know persons who have met with bereavement. Great and loving souls have gone out of our lives in the earthly existence. We treasure their memories, we are thankful for their participation with our struggles, and then we live continually in the atmosphere of our grief. There are Christian people who have lost their usefulness largely from the moment of some family bereavement. They have dropped out of the work of the church. They have ceased to take an interest in humanity. They revolve continually in the little circle of their own mourning. They have become tremendously selfish instead of tremendously loving out of an experience which was not intended to drive men and women back into the secret place of mourning, but was intended to make their spirits more rich and more helpful on account of the trial which was meant to try them as gold is tried in the fire. Many and many a soul that has called Christ Master has made woeful mistake by nourishing a private grief to the rubbing out of a public service. This is to carry the habit of worry to the last extreme. It is one of the little foxes that gnaw at the tender buds of the life in the vineyard and finally spoil it.

Indifference

Another besetting sin of good people which was often mentioned was indifference to the welfare of the public. It was not long ago that this community was aroused over the question of law enforcement on account of the condition of the city. There was a wave of indignation, of protest, of public disapproval. It subsided, although the conditions apparently have not changed. I suppose it is not possible for human beings to live up on the high ground of indignation at evil at a white heat all the time. Nevertheless there should exist in the soul of a Christian always a spirit of indignation at wrong, always the same spirit of protest in the heart and the never ceasing effort in every way to better social conditions. If it is true, as very many say, that this city is as corrupt now as it was several months ago, if it is true that the mayor and others associated with him are as derelict in their duty now as ever, there is no good excuse for indifference as to the situation. Very many good citizens feel as if there was no hope of doing anything under present conditions and are simply waiting for an opportunity at the next election to put better men into office. If that is the fact there will be no excuse for the good people of this city if they do not carry out that resolution when election day comes, and I believe if we do not succeed in electing the right men for county attorney and sheriff and mayor the blame will rest entirely with indifferent good people who would not take the time from their business or their professional career to register—men who are living good enough lives themselves, who would be horrified at the thought of their children going into a joint or a house of vice, but who, when the only means is offered to them for the enforcement of law through good men, ignore it because they do not wish to take the trouble to do their part. There is always a number of men in every community who practically say, the ministers will look after that, or the State Temperance Union, or the Committee of Two Hundred, or those who are specially interested in politics will see to it. In that spirit of indifference many and many an otherwise good blow for good citizenship has failed to be struck, and when the hour has passed no one can be blamed except those we call the good people.

No Love for the Multitude

Then there is another little fox that spoils the vineyard, which we may call by the negative term of a lack of love for the multitude. It is akin to this spirit of indifference. It is not easy to love the multitude. It is indeed one of the great qualities which belong to a growing Christian life. It is an exceedingly high quality. The absence of it, however, in a professedly Christian life is not easily excused. It is quite easy to be selfish in our loves. It is very easy for a man to settle down in his own home, make it a beautiful place, improve the property as we say, dress and clothe and feed his children with the best that money can buy; be an exemplary man himself, pay his taxes, tell the truth, love his wife and children, go to church and behave himself generally, and with all that, in the long run, be a man whose affections circle about in a very narrow and belittling circle of life. It is like being selfish in one's grief. One may also be selfish in one's joy. We have no right to live continually in the circle of our immediate friends and relatives. This is the mistake that is made whenever any organization known to men limits its affections, its friendships or its companionships to a select circle. No Christian has any right to complain of individual and personal friendships of a peculiar kind. Christ had his beloved disciple John, but that did not hinder him from having compassion on the multitude and loving the great wide world. Indeed, the presence of a particular friendship or love ought to increase one's compassion for the multitude rather than lessen it. Whenever young men and women enter into an organization of any kind for social life and find it is continually revolving about in that one circle, having a limited number of friends and companions, reluctant to step outside of it for their pleasures or their unselfish giving, it is a pretty good sign that this little fox of selfishness has come into the vineyard. All college or high school fraternities, all religious organizations even, like those of the Endeavor Society, all church organizations, all organizations of any kind in the Masonic or insurance orders, which revolve continually about themselves to the exclusion of a large sympathy and love for all sorts and conditions of men are letting little foxes of selfishness come in, and in the end they will spoil the vineyard.

Selfishness

It is as possible for even a home to become a selfish little circle of private interests as it is for a worldly organization banded together for physical pleasure. A Christian of all persons needs to guard against this little fox. Here we have again our old friend Seneca, who was not what we call a Christian, saying, "No man can live happily who regards himself alone; who turns everything to his own advantage. Thou must live for another if thou wishest to live for thyself." And another philosopher has said: "A man who lives only with himself and for himself is apt to be corrupted by the company he keeps." President King of Oberlin says, "You can make no hopeful fight for your own character without beginning at once the service for others." Walter Scott makes one of his characters say, "Teach self-denial and make this practice pleasurable and you create for the world a destiny more sublime than ever issued from the brain of the wildest dreamer." John William Kaye is on record with this: "Selfishness is suicidal. If it be true that heaven helps those who help themselves, it is no less true that heaven helps those who help others."

There is nothing in all the world which broadens the mind and strengthens the heart and lifts up the soul as a universal sympathy. The church which has no use for foreign missions, which does not see across the ocean as well as across the street, the society which does not embrace in its creed the wide world, is living in a narrow and narrowing circle. The absence of this love of the multitude is one of the things which makes the church powerless, robs it of its enthusiasm, takes from it the great motive for saving men. If we could once capture the ability and the energy of the business men there is nothing which we might not do with an organization which has the centuries behind it and Christ within it. Lacking this element of universal love for universal mankind we remain in the little rut, go through the old forms, sing our hymns with listlessness and offer our prayers sometimes like the heathen, reeling them off at so much a yard with our thoughts upon anything except the great thing for which we are here, which is to save men.

Sensitiveness

There is another little fox in many lives which otherwise would be great, the sensitivenes which takes offense, which says often among church members, like the little boy or girl, "I won't play any longer. I have been hurt in my feelings." One of the last things some people ever learn in the Christian life is to forgive an injury. There are good men and women in this town who, if the crisis arose, would go to the stake and be burned for their faith, who will not forgive an unkind word and who cherish in their hearts for years some slight, real or supposed. These people are sensitive plants. I think they are greatly to be pitied. In a world which is so full of big things it does not pay to linger over little ones, to let them worry or trouble or vex us. What if some one has said something to hurt you? If he has done it with malice he has hurt himself more than

Continued on page 413

* Preached in Central Church, Topeka, Kansas.

AT THE PALACE IN MANILA — *CONTINUED*

rom Manila, and now Siam has called another of your pecialists, Dr. Edwards."

As Dr. Hayes withdrew, Governor Smith accom-anied him to the door, giving him polite messages for he King of Siam. Then returning, he resumed our onversation.

"We are making an effort to give the Manilans pure vater," he said, "and are sparing no expense in clear-ng the water-sheds of the new works of both people nd cattle. Then we are improving the roads in the rovinces, and in this way Baguio, the health resort, as been made much more accessible and popular."

"I understand that the natives are fond of music," I aid, "and that they learn a tune by hearing it once."

"Yes," ejaculated the Governor in a characteristic nanner that gives weight to his words, 'they do, and they have the love of art, oo. Come," he said, "and I will show ou some pictures by native artists."

We crossed the hall and paused before beautiful painting by Luna, the great Filipino artist.

"The one on the opposite wall is by the ame painter and that (indicating another) s also by a native artist. Don't you see lainly," asked the Governor, "that this s an artistic people? When they have ad the opportunity to see more of the works of the great masters and to study he different schools of art, the Filipinos will come to the front."

In the centre of the hall hung a portrait of the former Queen Regent and on either side pictures of Spanish grandees of the old regime. Recognizing the portrait of General Blanco hanging near that of a famous legislator, Mr. Wright remarked: "Those who fought her battles and those who made her laws, I see."

"Yes," replied the Governor, "and what laws they are! We use them yet. They are too good to discard. As legislators, the Spanish could not be surpassed; but as administrators they were not so good, else they would not have lost the country. We will administrate ourselves," and the General laughed, "but we won't touch their laws. Shall I show you through the palace?" he asked. "I have some rare old tables I think you would appreciate."

Of course we accepted and followed the Governor into the ball-room, an immense and handsome room with a wonderful floor of red findalo and white calamansary woods. The planks are of tremendous length and have never been planed, but are smooth and highly polished. General Smith turned on the electric lights and the floor fairly gleamed beneath their rays. In dining-room, study and reception hall were exquisite tables of native woods: narra, rosewood, red, and black ebony. One of these tables was twelve feet across, and all of them had a beauty of grain and a polish like satin. From the reception-room we stepped to the balcony for a view of river and distant mountain range upon which the glow of late afternoon was resting. This reminded us that we must terminate our visit and leave our kind host. But the Governor said we must first see the grounds, and we strolled out on the green lawns which,

Residence of General Weston, U. S. A., Commander in Philippines

with their venerable trees, were seen at their best at this hour. In the flower garden, which is Mrs. Smith's special pride, we found a wealth of old-fashioned flowers.

We now signaled for our *calesa*, and while it was approaching Governor Smith gathered some *papaia*, and handing them to our *cochero*, said to me, "You must taste our tropical fruits."

Our visit had been a delightful one, and so I told the Governor as he shook my hand at parting.

While much, everything one might say, is being done for the Filipino youth, a great thing was done for our own boys as well, when Bishop Brent of the Episcopal Church turned over to the young men of Manila, for club purposes, the Cathedral House of St. Mary and St. John. It is one of the finest buildings in Manila. The funds for its construction came from an American friend of Bishop Brent, and its furnishings from several American universities. At the Columbia Club young men away from home can enjoy athletic games and club life without temptations.

Apropos of exercise, a few evenings ago I met General Weston, the new Commander-in-Chief of the United States troops in the Philippines. He was walking briskly along the Luneta, taking his usual evening exercise. In a few moments' chat with him, I asked whether it were true of the Philippines as of India that one needs a great deal of exercise.

"Yes," he replied, "exercise in the tropics is essential; but we should know how to take it. It should be always in the shade, never in the sun. We have a lesson to learn from the Filipinos in this respect. They cover their heads, and if by chance the sun should peep out and catch them without an umbrella, they would find shelter if they had to creep under a bench. But," said the Commander-in-Chief with a twinkle in his eye, and an accent that marked him Hibernian, "this is not a land for women, though it is good enough for men and dogs," and with "good-by" he left the side of our carriage to enter his own, which was approaching.

The good work being done by the missionaries is almost beyond estimate. To cite one case: Pastor Nicolas Zamora is well known to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, who have given him generous support in his work in the Philippines. He was the first ordained native pastor of the Methodist Church. He is a very eloquent man of marked power and is doing a truly great work among his people. Eight years ago he was the only Protestant Filipino preacher in the islands. To-day there are 800. The mission with which Mr. Zamora is connected last year received 7,000 members on probation and profession. They have erected a hospital near the First Methodist Church in Tondo, of which Mr. Zamora is pastor, and to quote him: "We are going to build a Bible seminary at Caloocan. May God bless you, is the message I send to my friend, Mr. Klopsch, and the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, who so generously helped me in my work."

The Little Sins of Good People — Sermon by Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, D.D. *Continued*

you. If you are innocent of anything wrong what has been said cannot hurt you. If there has been reason for the rebuke, if something has been said sharply which has been caused by your own lack of Christian life, the rebuke ought to do you good; but we all of us know people, and we are all of us included at times, who are always ready to lose their tempers or fly into a passion if anything occurs which disturbs their equanimity. We have not learned, some of us, how to love our friends, to say nothing of our enemies. Good Christian men and women who have beautiful qualities in other directions, mar their whole lives and never seem to get any nearer the standard of Christ on account of this one fault of quickness of temper in the face of wrong. I think myself the temperament which is so exceedingly sensitive that it cannot stand rebuke is to be pitied exceedingly. But a Christian, of all persons, should learn to overcome. Jesus anticipated this when he said, "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." He also anticipated this habit in men's lives when he said that we should forgive seventy times seven. How many of us, members of churches, have found it hard at times to forgive even once? This is one of the little foxes that spoil the vineyard.

Another little fox is making things necessities which are not necessities in life. That is, magnifying the unimportant things. It is indeed one of the great problems of our existence to find out what the most important things of life are and do them to the exclusion of the others; but our minds and hearts are often set upon what we call "things," and it is exceedingly difficult for us to set them aside and put in the place of mere "things," ideas or ideals and live around them. We have not reached the plane of the philosopher Ralph Waldo Emerson, who was once sitting in his study when a crank rushed in and said, "Mr. Emerson, do you know the world is speedily going to ruin?" And the philosopher looked up from his work and said, "Well, I can get along without it." I do not know why the Christian disciple cannot find out with the aid of his Master what the great things of the kingdom are and do them. When he does he has discovered the secret of life and his soul is not possessed with anxiety for things which do not themselves represent realities. A man's life does not consist in the superfluity of the things which he possesses, said Jesus. The same is always true in any age with any life.

Then there is the little fox of joylessness. It would be difficult to say how many so-called Christian people lack the joyous spirit. They are good people; they perform their church duties with loyalty; they are faithful; they undoubtedly love their Lord and Master; they have great qualities of endurance; but when it comes to sheer happiness they are almost strangers to it. When trouble comes they bear it, but with stoicism, not with joy. When grief comes they endure it, but with the endurance of the Indian rather than the Christian. They do their work faithfully but sing very little over it. What is known as the joy of the Lord is an unknown quantity to them. They do not realize, these good people, how much they miss as they go through the world. They have learned duty but they have not learned the joy of duty. They have learned to do things, but they have not learned how to do them. The gladness of life seldom visits them in the daily routine. Now a Christian of all persons in the world is entitled to this happiness, not only when things go smoothly and when everything is prosperous, but in times of trouble and defeat and oppression and loss; then of all times we are not only entitled to the joy of the Lord, but we need it and we ought to claim it. The little fox which is represented not by discontent or any of the positively disagreeable qualities, but by the absence of a positive joy, is a little fox that spoils the vineyard.

It is in the aggregation of these little faults in our Christian lives that we make the sum total of the destruction of the vineyards. One little fox in the vineyard might not matter; large numbers of them, as they increase, finally spoil the vineyard. It is significant that in the American version there is a marked change in the interpretation. In the old version it says, "Take us the little foxes that spoil the vines." In the new version it says, "Take us the little foxes that spoil the vineyards." Vines here and there might be spoiled but the vineyard as a whole remain intact; but the thought is that the little foxes as they multiply spoil the whole vineyard. These little faults of which we have made mention to-day break down the whole character. Instead of becoming filled with Christian sweetness and helpfulness to the world the life is spoiled throughout. It behooves us, therefore, to guard our vineyards from these faults. Let us not forget Hawthorne's story of Rappicini's daughter. Rappicini was a naturalist who had made a special study of poisonous plants and flowers, and he experimented on his beautiful daughter by having her inhale the odors of these poisonous blossoms until she possessed the terrible faculty of poisoning whatsoever she breathed upon. It was by the gradual inhalation of these odors that her whole body was finally possessed by the poison. Year by year as she grew in the midst of these horrible plants in Rappicini's garden her body was becoming saturated with death. Outwardly beautiful, she was really a source of death to those who drew near her.

The lesson is not far to seek. The deadly, insidious poisons of the little wrongs and vices and sins of life permeate character, destroy its usefulness and make it unworthy of the divine purpose. God has given us a beautiful place for the planting of the vineyard of life and has enriched the soil with the streams from his own never-failing springs, and has built about us safeguards of a civilization which contains all possibilities for protection, and has committed this vineyard of character, of richness, of sweetness, to our keeping. If then, we carelessly or selfishly open places around this safeguarded vineyard for these enemies of the vine, what can we expect but the final spoiling of the vineyard? May it be our prayer to-day and every day to shut out these little enemies of our souls, to exclude them for the good of the wide world as well as for ourselves, and to grow daily in the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. Why should we have the same faults to-morrow that we have to-day?

Why should we persist in allowing the same weakness of temperament to persist year after year and see no betterment when we have, as the source of our strength in overcoming, the Master of the universe himself to help us? I wish that we might all of us learn from this day what a wonderful thing it is to overcome. "In the world ye shall have tribulation. Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." Let us not forget he was tempted at all points like as we are. For there hath no temptation overtaken us except such as is common to man. He will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able, but will with the temptation provide a way of escape. Let us then grow in the grace and knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ, going on from perfection to perfection until at last we "attain unto the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

FIGHTING SIN AT PANAMA

A Mission Worker's Impressions During a Recent Gospel Tour Up and Down the Isthmus

FOR months letters had been coming to headquarters at Barbados, urging the Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us!" Thousands and thousands of men, so they told us, were in Panama, and almost nothing was being done for their spiritual welfare. Sunday was not the Sabbath, but simply a big holiday, filled with cock-fights, bull-fights, drinking, carousing, dancing, licentiousness, etc.

Many men from the Christian mission stations in the West Indies had gone there to work on the Canal. They were doing what they could to stem the tide of sin by open-air meetings, and distributing tracts and religious literature. But there was a crying need of some one to marshal the forces and set them in battle array.

In answer to this urgent call, Brothers S. S. Nelson and Charles Slater and I left Barbados in February for a five weeks' missionary trip. We held services every evening, both in the open air and indoors. God wonderfully blessed us, and the hearts of thousands of men were touched.

On Saturday evening we went into the slum district of the city of Colon. We attracted a large crowd by singing, then jumped into a mule-cart and preached from the text, "Prepare to meet thy God." Hundreds listened attentively. When the invitation was given, a dozen men immediately pushed their way toward that old tip-cart. There they knelt on the bare ground, crying out to God for mercy. Before the service closed, over twenty-five men asked for prayer.

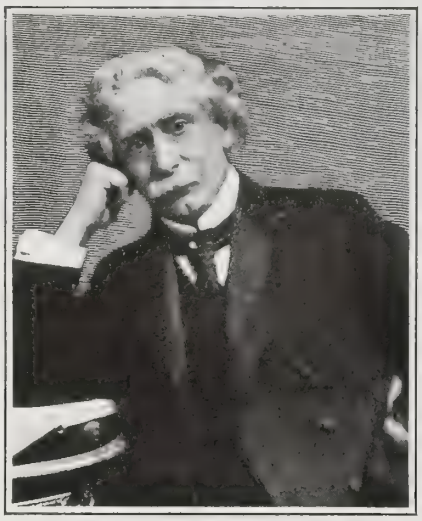
Our first week on the Isthmus convinced us of the need of conserving the work, and of a missionary to devote all his time to it. It was decided that Brother Nelson should stay and take charge. We want the readers of this paper to pray especially for him and the work in Panama.

We next crossed the Isthmus to the city of Panama, on the Pacific side. Here, too, crowds listened at the open-air services and followed us as we went singing through the streets to the mission. We noticed that on the ruins of the walls of some of the old Catholic churches, sometimes twenty feet from the ground, were growing trees fifteen and twenty feet high.

At La Boca, the Pacific entrance to the canal, we held services in the men's camp, and quite a few sought the Lord. At Culebra, where the great cut of the canal is being made, several young men from the Barbados Mission have denied themselves, saved their money, and purchased a small mission building. This is the only life-saving station in that neighborhood, where hundreds of houses abound in sin and vice. For a week we held meetings here; the people thronged the place, hundreds stood outside, and the altar services were encouraging.

It was pay-day when we reached Gorgona. The streets, vile resorts and rum-shops were filled with men, wasting their substance in riotous living. In the centre of town was a large open square, filled with drinking places. In the midst of that, at half-past six that evening, a dozen or twenty of us began to sing. Soon a large crowd, ninety-five per cent. of them men, was surging about us. We mounted a large dry-goods box and for thirty-five minutes poured in the red-hot Gospel truth. Twenty-four men and one woman responded to the Gospel invitation. Kneeling on the ground beside us, with faces upturned, they pleaded for pardon and salvation. Never in all our ministry had we seen such a sight; we felt it was our pay-day, also.

The moral conditions of Colon and Panama are appalling. We know of no place where there is as much sin and licentiousness. Girls are being shipped from the United States and elsewhere for immoral purposes;



Wm. N. Cromwell
The New Canal Commissioner

some are stolen, others ensnared by false advertisements for stenographers, school teachers, etc. Yet very little is being done in the line of rescue work. One woman, Miss Rose Johnson, is giving her time, assisting all she can to escape from the snares set for them. Many instances, of which she told us, were heart-rending.

When we reached Barbados, we found the spiritual tide still high and salvation flowing like a river. Again Sunday the tabernacle was crowded and a number were at the altar. Our new publishing house is so nearly finished that we expect to move into it this month. As soon as the finances warrant it, we shall begin the erection of the new tabernacle. We are sure that if those who are praying and giving for the Christian Mission in the West Indies and South America could see the work they would feel that their investments are yielding large returns.

C. O. MOULTON.

The New Panama Commissioner

William Nelson Cromwell, the new Panama Canal Commissioner, who preceded Secretary Taft to Panama to arrange for the important conferences to be held concerning the boundary disputes between Panama and Colombia, was appointed to this high post under the government because he was the man most conversant with the entire situation in regard to this stupendous national work.

Mr. Cromwell, while following his profession of lawyer, became acquainted with Panama Canal matters some years before the United States assumed charge of the work. He was long engaged in looking after the legal interests of the French Panama Canal Company.

Learning at that time the true importance of the canal to the United States, Mr. Cromwell made himself actively instrumental in securing the Panama Canal Bill in Congress. After that he engaged in perfecting the details of the transfer of the vast properties on the Isthmus to our government.

It may be said, indeed, that Mr. Cromwell has "grown up" with the Panama Canal; and so, when Mr. Roosevelt wanted for a commissioner one who knew the situation well enough to act as adviser, he chose this distinguished member of the American bar.

Among the Workers

—MR. AND MRS. REGINALD T. BROWN, missionaries at Porto, Portugal, write reporting encouraging progress in their Gospel work. During March they report fifty-four conversions at their meetings, the total attendance being nearly 6,500.

—ONE OF THE CONVERTS of the old McAuley Mission, New York, Singing Evangelist Frank Fitzgerald, has recently returned from an extended evangelistic tour through New York State and the West, where his message of song was greatly blessed to many.

—THE UNION MEETINGS conducted by Evangelist H. W. Bromley at Mason City, Neb., were a season of visitations of grace. At Bertrand, Neb., the evangelist and his assistants had a notable victory. Besides the large number blessed, about eighty-five were added to the Methodist Episcopal Church.

—EVANGELIST MILTON S. REES, of Rochester, N. Y., has just closed a most unusual evangelistic work in North Tonawanda, N. Y. Five churches were represented—the Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist and two congregations of Disciples of Christ. The utmost spirit of unity and co-operation prevailed throughout the meetings. A large number made definite decisions for Christ, and practically all took membership with the churches. An entire week was given to services for men and some great victories were won.

ITALIANS UNITE WITH GRACE CHURCH

A NOTABLE religious service was held on the East Side, New York City, on April 6, when Bishop David H. Greer, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, confirmed a class of seventy-four Italians at Grace Chapel. People look at beautiful Grace Church, Broadway and Tenth Street, as they enter the shopping district, and think of it as a fashionable and wealthy congregation, little knowing the large work that is being carried on by this church over on the East Side. The Grace Chapel Settlement is a little east of First Avenue, reaching from Fourteenth to Thirteenth Street. There is a hospital, a church, a parish house and a clergy residence. A very large work is being done from this centre, under the direction of the vicar, the Rev. George H. Bottome.

When the chapel work was first started the neighborhood was mostly German, and the chapel flourished. In recent years, the neighborhood has been changing, the Germans have been moving away and Italians have been taking their places. The chapel people, realizing this, began to plan Italian work. Two of the clergy learned to speak the Italian language. These services are usually conducted by the Rev. Melville K. Bailey, who advises the Italians, plans work among them, teaches their Bible Class, and preaches to them in their own language. He is assisted by Francesco Urbano.

There is a choir of Italian girls to lead in the service of praise. During the week there are many classes in English, that they may become worthy Americans, in trades, that they may become more proficient, and in music, which they love so much.

Italians at a Song Service in Grace Chapel

When it was announced that the Bishop would hold a confirmation, many of them asked for the privilege of being in the class. No one was urged so to do. In fact, some were put off till another year. These people are above the average. The old church that they had attended in the home land had lost its hold upon them, and they were without a church until they received the invitation to learn American Protestant ways.

The confirmation service was conducted in Italian, and was remarkable for its heartiness. Among those taking part beside the Bishop and Mr. Bailey, were the vicar, Dr. W. R. Huntington, rector of Grace Church, and Dr. George F. Nelson, Archdeacon of New York.

In the instruction of the class, Mr. Bailey had charge of the men, and Deaconess Gardner, of the Grace Church Day Nursery, taught the women. The class was made up chiefly of adults, the larger portion being men of mature years.

Bishop Greer spoke of the importance of the occasion, referring to it as one of the most impressive and significant during his term of service.

HOW A LITTLE GIRL CAME TO CHRIST

Mrs. Alexander's Touching Story of Her Own Conversion in Childhood in England

Mr. Alexander Addressing U. S. Seamen at the St. Helena Naval Training Station at Norfolk, Va.

NORFOLK, VA., is deeply stirred with religious fervor through the Chapman-Alexander meetings. Each night the big Armory holding 3,000 persons is filled, while three simultaneous meetings are held in other sections of the city. Six or seven thousand people are in daily attendance at the revival meetings, and scores are daily confessing Christ as Saviour. One of the most faithful attendants at the meetings is a woman, who is said to be a very prominent social leader in the South.

Soldiers come in from Fort Monroe to attend the meetings. On a recent Sunday night, 130 apprenticed seamen from the St. Helena Naval Training Station came to the Armory Hall in a body. When Dr. Chapman gave the invitation a long line of them came forward to confess Christ.

One afternoon recently, Mr. Alexander, his wife and Mr. Harkness and others went over to the Naval Training Station and held an open-air Gospel service for the sailors. Mrs. Alexander told how she had accepted Christ when she was a young girl in Birmingham, England. She said in substance:

"My father, who was a business man, did a great deal of Christian work, both in his business and out of it. In one part of Birmingham, where he built a Mission Hall, he used to arrange for a series of special mission meetings once a year. Sometimes, in our school days, we were allowed to go with our father to the evening meetings, and one night I went down with him to the mission. It was in rather a poor part of the town, and the hall was filled chiefly with poor people. Those who were Christians had been working to bring in people who did not know Christ, and among others were a good many men and women who had been drinking. I do not remember what the sermon was about, but I distinctly remember one of the hymns:

"Free from the law, oh happy condition!
Jesus hath died, and there is remission:
Cursed by the law and bruised by the fall,
Grace hath redeemed us once for all.

"For some time I had been weighed down with the burden of sin. I knew I was a sinner and I longed to be free and to know that I was forgiven. That night, as they were singing the hymn 'Free from the Law,' I could not help noticing the glad light on the faces of some of the people as they sang. You could see that they were really free and that they knew it, and I longed to be free and sing it as they did.

Mrs. Charles M. Alexander
Wife of the Well-known Singing Evangelist

"At the end of the meeting, when the invitation was given for those who would come to Christ to show their willingness by standing where they were, it just seemed to me as if everything in the room was blotted out except the Lord and myself, with all my heart's need. It seemed as if the Lord Jesus Christ was saying to me 'Give me thy heart,' and I arose to my feet. Several drunken people also came to Christ that night, and a little later on those who stood up were asked to come into another room to have some conversation and prayer with Christian people. I half started to get up, and I remember that one of my cousins, who was sitting by me, took hold of my arm to pull me down and said: 'There is no need of your going into the inquiry room; I shouldn't go if I were you. You can have a little talk with your father and mother when you get home.' I know it was really meant in the kindliest way, but it seemed right for me to do just as the others were doing. If it was good for them to show their willingness to accept Christ by walking through the hall to the inquiry room, then it was good for me, for I needed Christ just as much as they. So I did go into the little room and found my father there. He was kneeling down praying with a poor drunken fellow, and I sat still until he had finished. Then he came over and knelt down by me, and I shall never forget the tender sound in his voice and the look of rejoicing in his eyes over the fact that his own little girl had come to Christ."

When the appeal was made by Mr. Alexander at the close of his wife's testimony for those who would then and there accept Christ, a number of young men had the courage to make an open confession of faith. At the conclusion of the meeting over one hundred signed the membership card of the Pocket Testament League, and each signer will be presented with a Testament by the Gospel singer. As the sailors go throughout the world in the various ships of the United States Navy, no one can estimate the good accomplished by their having with them and reading daily the Word of God.

PURSUED BY AFFLICTION

By Emory J. Haynes

A MEMBER of a prominent Methodist church in New York City has been the subject of almost unparalleled affliction. It is first necessary, in order to appreciate the sorrows that have befallen this Christian gentleman, that the reader be informed of his most exemplary character. He has, through a long and very busy life, always found time to be faithful to many official relations to the church. On the Sabbath he has been found in his pew, during the week generally at various religious and social gatherings. Of his very large wealth he has always given generously. To his pastors (of whom I was one) he has been a true friend. This busy man has, all the while, been the chief financial officer of perhaps the greatest railroad system in America.

His bereavements began some few years ago with the death of a most promising son, in the fulness of his youthful manhood and usefulness. Next, another son was taken, a young man of equal promise and worth. Next, a beautiful daughter, just after her graduation from college, sickened with consumption unaccountably and died. The noble wife and mother of these children, a woman of great social charm and usefulness in the church, apparently as strong as she was attractive, fell under a most wasting malady and died.

Within the last few days the only remaining child, a married daughter, with every grace a young matron could possess, went on a visit to Chelsea, Mass., at the home of her aunt, the sister of the man whose sad chronicle I write. During the conflagration which on April 12 destroyed so many Chelsea homes, these two ladies fled through the streets, unguided and terror-stricken. The flaming steeple of a church toppled over on them. After days their remains were recovered and only identified by some articles of jewelry.

Thus in less than fifteen years, if I mistake not, all the immediate kin, except grandchildren, are taken by premature death from this solitary man. He bears his sorrows by the faith of the Christian religion. His character is shown in that, while daily we read of men who take their own lives for mere trifling disappointments, this heroic soul pursues his duties, greets his friends through tears, yet not with bitterness, and abides God's time of explanations. Such a life is a marvelous lesson for all those poor mortals who play the coward or turn infidel in sorrow for less than this. It shows what Christ can do for a manly soul.

One hopes that the closing passages of Job may be realized in this man's life. Read the last chapter of the Book of Job.

A Pastor's Appreciation

Dear Dr. Klopsch: I have received in good order, both the Calendars and the two premium books as per order, *i. e.*, "500 Animal Stories" and "Twice Round the World with Alexander," with both of which I am delighted; they are certainly very charming books. The Calendar is beautiful in design. With much respect and good wishes for the season,

Chicago, Ill. (Rev.) John Wicks.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

The Senate and the Motto

FOR many weeks past the country has awaited with eager expectation the intelligence of some action by the Finance Committee of the United States Senate in regard to the bill for restoring the motto "In God We Trust" to the nation's coinage. That bill, which passed the House by an overwhelming majority, has remained in the hands of the Committee of the Senate for so long a time that people began to be apprehensive that it had been forgotten. They could not understand the apathy of the Senate concerning a measure which had aroused the loftiest patriotic and religious sentiment of the whole country, and which caused the Lower House to be flooded with protestations from many States, urging the passage of the bill. Moreover, the bill is one which is understood to have the informal approval of the President himself, who has intimated that, should it pass both Houses, it will certainly receive the executive approval.

Now, we have the cheering though somewhat tardy announcement that the Finance Committee of the Senate will take up the bill for the restoration of the motto at its next meeting. A letter giving this assurance has been written by Senator Daniel of that Committee. We hope, therefore, soon to hear that the bill has been reported favorably to the Senate. The members of that august body owe it to the whole nation that this measure, concerning which there has been so much feeling among our people, should have a fair opportunity for discussion in open session. Any failure to report it during the present session would be misinterpreted and attributed to indifference on the part of the Senate to the earnest desire of the American people.

The Treaty With Japan

THE closing year of the nineteenth century witnessed the embodiment of the world-wide aspiration for peace in the establishment of the International Court of Arbitration at The Hague. The fifteen nations uniting in establishing this highest tribunal in the world embraced all the Great Powers and all maritime nations, thus affording a basis for friendly arbitrament among practically all the nations most likely to disturb the peace of the world. That tribunal, after sinking into a state of desuetude, was revivified by President Roosevelt's action in having submitted to it the dispute between this country and Mexico, and may now be said to be a permanent agency for world peace.

Happily, also, another achievement looking to international peace and good will is also to be credited largely to the President, who received the Nobel prize for bringing about peace between Japan and Russia. The announcement that Secretary Root and Baron Kagoro Takahira, the Japanese Ambassador to the United States, have signed a general arbitration treaty between the United States and Japan is one of specially pleasing significance and interest, in view of recent bellicose talk and diplomatic difficulties growing out of the assaults on Japanese subjects in San Francisco. The treaty is practically similar in all respects to those recently negotiated between the United States and several other Powers, and provides for the settlement by arbitration of all disputes of a legal nature or growing out of the construction of existing treaties between the two nations, questions of vital interest affecting the honor or independence of the two contracting States, or their treaty obligations to other powers, excepted.

The signing of this treaty, which is the first of the kind ever negotiated between Japan and the United States, comes opportunely as a quietus upon war-talk, in Congress and out of it, that at times since the assaults upon the Japanese in 1906 on our Pacific Coast threatened the hitherto unbroken friendly relations between Japan and ourselves. The treaty is to remain in force for five years from the date of its ratification. As no opposition to the treaty is expected, the prospect for better relations between the United States and the leading Power of the Orient is now bright.

Dr. Parkhurst on Vivisection

ONE by one the leaders in press and pulpit are coming out squarely against vivisection. Like most reforms, it makes progress slowly at the outset, but soon the influence of the recent important accessions to the Anti-Vivisection ranks will become cumulative. Then we may expect to see the movement take on real life and go forward with energy. The most recent notable accession is the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, who, in a letter published in a contemporary, expresses his views in these characteristic sentences:

> So long as it is a question whether vivisection really renders any service to humanity, and so long as it is an undoubted fact that vivisection is of use to man only in exceptional instances, I want to be distinctly understood as belonging to the ranks of the Anti-Vivisectionists. I would not knowingly be attended by any physician who has caused acute pain by the tortures inflicted upon any dumb beast. I should expect the sensibilities of such a one to be so benumbed that he would not be averse to playing any little experiment upon my body he thought would escape detection. I do not want to be cared for by any one that is without a heart, and I will not give any one credit for heart who can without quailing witness the prolonged agony of any little piece of animal innocence. It is no less fiendish for a physician to stick needles into a rabbit's eye or lacerate the spinal cord, than for a boy to set fire to a kerosened cat.

Dr. Parkhurst's point that a physician who is fond of carving dumb creatures might have no scruples at doing a little experimental work among his patients is one that will probably stir up the medical faculty. In justice to the doctors, however, let us admit that the general experience is against such a conclusion. They are humane and considerate to their patients. If the truth were known, probably the most of them—certainly the best of them—would be found as firmly opposed to vivisection and its attendant barbarities as the most sensitive non-professional.

Retiring Presidents

WHEN a President retires from office, the same public interest which has attended his executive career follows him, to a very considerable extent, into private life. An ex-President never ceases to be a public character. Like General Grant, he may make a spectacular tour of the world; like Rutherford B. Hayes, he may prefer the quieter pleasures of farming and poultry-raising, or like Grover Cleveland, he may devote his abilities to the practice of law, with shooting and fishing as side diversions; but whatever he may do, he is still more or less in the public eye.

It is not surprising, therefore, that we should find, even at this early date, a good deal of speculation concerning the probable manner in which President Roosevelt will dispose of his time after March 4 next, when he retires from office. He will still be a comparatively young man, just a year over the half-century mark. According to some of the published reports—all of which are of course purely speculative—he will go abroad for a year or two, and his travels will include a hunting tour in Africa among much bigger game than mountain lions. One can already see in imagination the ancestral hall at Oyster Bay studded with elephants' tusks and wilderbeeste heads, and hung with tawny lion skins, after the wanderer has returned to settle down.

Some of these speculations, however, go deeper into Mr. Roosevelt's future and cast a horoscope which reveals him as a man with a great career still to be carved out either in the United States Senate or as the distinguished president of some well-endowed and prosperous university. It is safe to venture the prediction that in whatever direction his choice may lie, it will be one that will afford employment for his incessant energy and strenuosity. He is not a man to subside calmly into the quieter grooves of conservative citizenship. Whether as Senator, college president, or Ambassador to London or Paris, he will continue to be heard from. However people may differ regarding the wisdom of his policies and the soundness of his statesmanship in some of the intricate questions that affect our national affairs, all will accord him credit for strong, virile, intensely patriotic Americanism. A man of such tremendous vigor is not disposed of by retirement. The country will hear of Mr. Roosevelt in the years to come.

A New Danger in Speech

UNEXPECTED reinforcement has been given to the old proverb that "silence is golden" by the latest dictum of medical science. Several of the leading physicians in London, and certain eminent lay observers, have given to the scientific world a new theory, which declares substantially that an enormous amount of vital energy is wasted in talking; that an excessive talker is a human vampire who saps the vitality of those arou him, and that a large percentage of the victims nervous and mental diseases are inordinate talkers.

Of course, this novel theory can hardly be made general application. We might readily understand if only intended to be applied to the garrulous, to t incessant chatterer, to the inveterate talker who stream of speech irritates and fatigues those arou him. It certainly cannot apply to the men and wom of ready speech whose utterance flows in smooth a well-rounded sentences, and whose ideas are logical a convincing. In Congress, in our various Legislature and on our public platforms, one occasionally encou ters a speaker whom he would gladly miss; yet t average deliverance is agreeable and entertaining. is undeniable, however, that there is a class of talke who tire out the hearer with their small-fry gossip, the egotistical boasting, or their tidbits of scandal a personal detraction, which they skilfully but mal ciously inject in an ordinary conversation. To thes may be added the chronic disputant, who is ready t whet his tongue, if not his wits, on any subject unde the sun, and the "walking encyclopedia" who is alway on the lookout for some victim whom he hopes to aw with his great accomplishments.

It would of course be ungallant to say that any of th fair sex should be included in this category. Whethe the theory of the London doctors be a tenable one o not is soon to be demonstrated by experiments in th London hospitals. They hold that sickness is propagated if not created, by talking about it, and that imaginary ailments under perpetual discussion become real ones Herein is a hint worth heeding. If you *will* talk, talk health, happiness, good humor and pleasant anticipations. Talk well of your neighbors, and as agreeably a you can, even of your enemies. Be an optimist. Avoid the penalties that come from undue conversational indulgence by not talking too much at any time. After all, the man who says little, and that little well, is not only wiser in his day and generation, but happier, and in the main better liked, than his loquacious brother. It is a consoling reflection, too, that his reserve has the additional advantage of being a mental and moral tonic.

In the Gospel Field

—EVANGELIST WALT HOLCOMB and his singing evangelist, E. R. Smoot, have lately conducted many successful meetings in the Southern and Western States.

—DESPITE ALL APPEALS and protests by the Protestant clergy and many American citizens, the cockpit was a feature of the Manila carnival just ended. It occupied the largest building on the carnival grounds.

—THE CHURCHES OF Holdrege, Neb., are rejoicing over the results of the union evangelistic campaign. Rev. Milford H. Lyon, of Wheaton, Ill., conducted the movement. A tabernacle seating 2,400 was built. A chorus of 150 voices was organized, led by Mr. Lyon's assistant, Clifton Powers. Nearly 600 began the Christian life, the saloons have been driven out, and a movement is being pressed to a successful issue to build a Young Men's Christian Association building.

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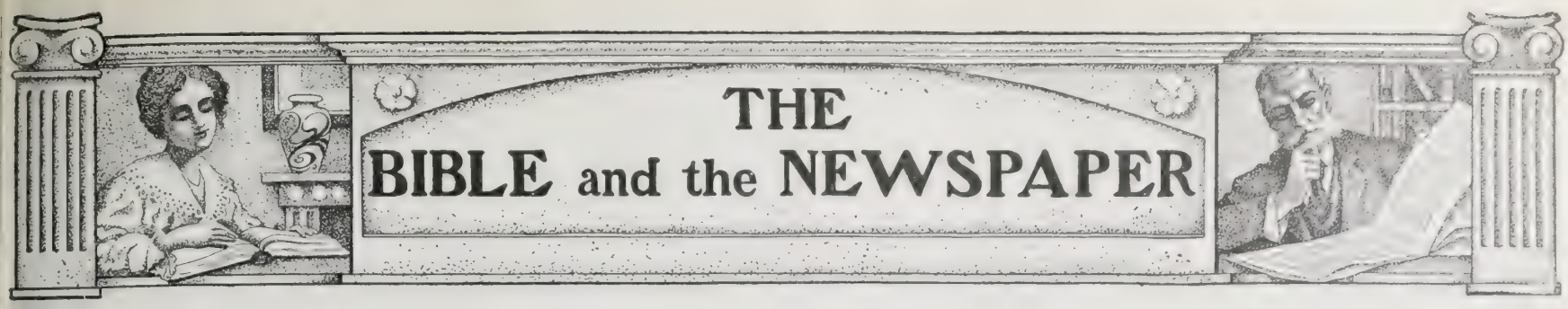

New York's Free College

THE College of the City of New York opened its new buildings on Washington Heights on May 14, with dedication ceremonies, in which the participants included representatives of the nation, the State, the metropolis and other universities throughout the country. Peculiar interest attaches to this institution, first, because it is a ward of the great city that built the beautiful new buildings and maintains them; seecond, because it is an absolutely free college, making no charges for tuition, nor even for text-books or for any of the paraphernalia needed by young men in their studies. The present enrolment numbers over 4,000 students and the living alumni exceed 2,700, out of a total of 3,000 students graduated in the sixty-one years of the existence of the college. According to the programme, the ceremonies on the greatest day in the college's history included addresses by the Secretary of Commerce and Labor, Mr. Straus, who was appointed by Mr. Roosevelt to "represent the nation at the opening exercises of the country's most important free college."

Governor Hughes was slated to represent the State and Mayor McClellan formally to hand over the keys of the college to its president, Dr. John H. Finley. President Eliott, of Harvard, was down for one of the most important of the dedicatory addresses. In the evening the alumni gave a dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel to all the distinguished guests of the day, at which further speeches were made in eulogy of the splendid opportunities for a thorough education offered to students who, but for this free institution, might be denied the advantages of college training. Some of the youths who are to benefit by the training in this great college may yet prove an honor to the State and the nation. It is a great privilege and they would do well to show their appreciation by their diligence in study and rectitude in behavior, remembering the admonition of one who valued education above all material possessions:

Exalt wisdom, and she shall promote thee; she shall bring thee to honor. (Prov. 4 : 8.)

From a Drawing by Richard Rummell.

The College of the City of New York

A Confucian Temple

For the first time in the history of the Chinese in America, action has been taken to establish a centre of Confucianism in this country. This initial step was taken by the Minister of China to the United States, Mr. Wu Ting Fang. At a mass meeting held in the Chinese Theatre, in New York City, Mr. Wu delivered an address in which he called for subscriptions for the building of a Confucian temple in Chinatown. Mr. Wu himself is an earnest Confucian, as are also most of the Chinese in this country, and, as was expected, his appeal for funds met with ready response, especially from wealthy Chinamen, many of whom came promptly to the platform and signed their names to the subscription paper, pledging thus in a few minutes a sum reported at about $100,000. Minister Wu said that the temple would contain, not only halls of worship, but also a library, reading-room and gymnasium. He expressed his opinion that such a temple would add much to the strength of his people in New York. He added, however, that in spite of the high-sounding designation, the proposed temple will be more like a school or an Association building, its purpose being mainly to teach and to facilitate the Confucian philosophy and practices. The lesson taught by Confucius, Minister Wu declared, is the practice of goodness for goodness' sake—"a manly philosophy." Confucian principles, which Minister Wu said would abide forever, were, "Respect those in authority, love one's kin, venerate one's elders." "The proposed temple," he concluded, "is a mingling of Confucius and the West, and I am certain Americans will watch the movement with great interest as a possible concentrated representation, a microcosm of the great awakening that is taking place in China." Mr. Wu diplomatically evaded dwelling at much length on the religious phase of the work of the temple, broadly intimating that the chief work undertaken would correspond in a certain sense to that of a Y. M. C. A., making the temple in effect a headquarters for the mental and physical development of the young men of Chinatown, as well as for the teaching of manners and morals. A number of Christian Chinamen of distinction were present at this important meeting and they, too, delivered addresses favoring the building of a temple of the kind Minister Wu described. On the platform behind the distinguished diplomat was a copy of a Confucian screen, the original of which was made 2,400 years ago. But Confucius, though a famous moralist, was not the founder of a religion. His doctrines have been known and preached in China for the last 2,500 years, yet that country has lain all these centuries in spiritual darkness. Nor will it awaken and rise until a greater light than that of Confucius, the rising sun of Christianity, shines forth over all its dominions.

I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life. (John 8 : 12.)

Medicine from a Snake

A perilous exploit is reported from the Zoological Garden of New York. A lancehead snake, brought from Brazil, was compelled to give up its venom for medicinal purposes. The snake is of an extremely deadly kind. The Brazilians call it by a name which means "instant death," and the Brazilian and Portuguese sailors refuse to go on a ship in which there is a live specimen. Nearly a century ago an eminent physician in Germany, Dr. Constantine Hering, discovered that a minute extract of the venom of the lancehead was a remedy for epilepsy, insanity and some acute forms of nervous disease. He obtained a supply and was highly gratified with the results. It has always been difficult to replenish the stock and this is the first time in America that an attempt to do so has succeeded. The snake, which is four feet long, was taken by Snyder, the keeper of the reptile house, to the operating room. There the curator of the museum, Dr. Raymond L. Ditmars, was waiting, with Dr. Ardo Hering, a grandson of the original discoverer. The snake was laid on a table and Dr. Ditmars, watching his opportunity, grasped it just back of the lancelike jaws. The snake became infuriated, darting its black tongue in and out viciously. Dr. Ditmars held it over a glass jar, over which a piece of gauze was stretched like a drumhead. The snake in its fury bit the gauze and instantly Dr. Ditmars tightened his grip on its neck. A little stream of the venom ran down into the jar. Snyder, who was holding the tail of the snake, shook it, and again it bit the gauze and the venom ran out. The operation was repeated until all the venom was extracted, and then the snake was restored to its cage to rest and feed. The doctors, examining the jar, found they had enough of the priceless remedy to last for several years. So powerful is it, say the doctors, that an infinitesimal portion, highly diluted, makes an effective dose. It is difficult to understand how so minute a remedy can cure, but it is certainly a novel idea to extract from so deadly a creature a remedy for disease. Who can tell whether in the coming millennial time God may not transform all the foes of men so that they may do him good and not evil?

The sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice's den. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain. (Isa. 11: 8, 9.)

A Boy Entombed

Some ten or more boys, all of them under fourteen years of age, have been very busy for two weeks back in a work of excavation. Near the avenue where they live in New York there is a vacant lot. The boys have been reading stories of adventure and of Indian warfare. They determined to construct a cave on the vacant lot, and a boy who had begun to study engineering was their leader. Under his instruction they dug a tunnel twenty feet long, ending in an underground room. In this they had soap-boxes to serve as chairs and a packing-box for a table, and had collected a store of candles. This was to be the council-room. Other smaller rooms were to open out of it, and last week they began to excavate these. The leader went down to examine the work with two of his lieutenants. No sooner had he reached the council room than the roof fell in. One of the boys was caught in the passage, and only his head and one arm were visible. He shouted for help, and was able to tell that the leader was under the soil behind him. He was quickly rescued by the men who came in response to the cries of the boys, but the leader was dead when he was dug out. It was a sorrowful end to their weeks of toil. It may be hoped that the survivors, when they grow up, will not forget the tragic result of their efforts to construct a resort of their own, but will trust in that indicated by the wise king:

In the fear of the Lord is strong confidence: and his children shall have a place of refuge. (Proverbs 14 : 26.)

A Missing Heiress

Search is being made for the daughter of a deceased New York policeman, who proves to be entitled to a large share of an estate worth $100,000. Ten years ago the policeman resigned from the force and devoted himself to speculations in real estate. He was at that time a widower with one daughter, then twelve years old. As his traffic in houses prospered enormously, he married again; but the daughter and the new wife did not agree, and one morning the girl was missing. Her father supposed she would soon return, but as she did not he searched for her. It is thought she must have entered domestic service, in which she might easily conceal her whereabouts. During all these ten years no trace of her has been found, and her father found himself baffled in following the faint clues he obtained. Two months ago he died, and now the discovery of his daughter became a matter of legal importance. She is entitled to a large share of the considerable property he left, the extent of which she probably has no idea of, as he was comparatively poor when she left home. Hitherto all inquiries have failed to reach her, and it appears doubtful whether she will be found. If she had only communicated with her father during her absence she might now be in the enjoyment of a fortune. An infinitely greater loss comes to people who hold no communication with their heavenly Father. They suffer the loss of present peace and happiness as well as a future inheritance.

If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him? (Matt. 7 : 11.

AMERICA'S FIRST BULGARIAN MISSION

Rev. and Mrs. Bagranoff
In charge of the First Bulgarian Mission in America

BULGARIANS in America twenty-five years ago numbered not more than twenty. Those few were here for educational purposes only. The number grew until, at the beginning of the present century, there were about one hundred Bulgarians scattered through the Union.

A more rapid increase in emigration from Bulgaria began five or six years ago; yet, up to 1905, the meeting of two Bulgarians in an American city was characterized by all the rejoicing common to the sudden meeting of two brothers in exile. To-day, however, our Bulgarian population numbers at least 150,000, of which some 70,000 are from Bulgaria proper and the remainder from Macedonia.

What caused this sudden and extraordinary exodus of men and women from the countries named? The reason involves a matter in economics. In Bulgaria, in the last few years, wonderful progress has been made in education, in militarism, in public roads, in railroads, in the rebuilding of ruined cities and in the founding of benevolent institutions. But all this progress cost money; it cost so much more than was derived from the ordinary public revenues, that the government was forced to increase the taxes. Taxes had already fallen too heavily on the working population, and this increased burden now brought widespread dismay. The result was that the workers began leaving the country by the hundreds—all seeking the greater opportunities and higher wages offered by America.

The reason for the exodus from Macedonia, meantime, was political as well as economical. It was the result of the outrages of the last few years—outrages said to have been committed by both Greeks and Turks on innocent Bulgarians.

The largest group of Bulgarians is to be found in the twin cities of Granite City and Madison, Ill., just north of East St. Louis. The Bulgarian colony there numbers about 7,000.

Very few of the Bulgarians in the United States are accompanied by their wives or children. A large number are unmarried. A great number of the married men, however, have expressed their determination to bring over their families as soon as possible. The younger men are already asking for American citizenship, though few of these can speak more than a few words of English.

The majority of these immigrants are poor wage-earners. Until recently they had neither a school nor a church which they could attend. The first to give them attention was Dr. T. D. Logan, President of the Home Missions of the Presbyterian Synod of Illinois. Dr. Logan searched till he found a native minister, the Rev. T. S. Bagranoff of Bald Mount, Pa., who was appointed first missionary in the new field.

Rev. Bagranoff was graduated from the American Collegiate and Theological Institution at Smokov. He finished his theological course at Auburn Theological Seminary, Auburn, N. Y. Then he returned to his native country where, until 1900, he engaged actively in the missionary field as a pastor and teacher.

He married Miss Nevenka Gradinaroff, also a native of Bulgaria and a graduate of the American College for Girls at Constantinople. After the wedding they left for America. In New York City they were engaged in the evangelistic work of the tent campaign. Then both Mr. and Mrs. Bagranoff enlisted as students of the Bible Teachers' Training School, conducted by Dr. W. W. White in New York City, where they took a course of Bible study. While there Rev. Bagranoff received and accepted a call from an American church in Pennsylvania. After two years of pleasant and successful service there, they entered into their present missionary work among their fellow countrymen in America.

Dr. Bagranoff's new mission was opened in December, 1907. The work of the mission includes a school in Madison and a branch in Granite City for the teaching of the English language, United States history and geography, government and laws and subjects calculated to promote an intelligent knowledge of American institutions, morals and good citizenship. In connection with the school there is a reading-room supplied with literature of an instructive and moral character. Sunday School and religious services are conducted in the Bulgarian language. Time, energy and money have been spent in helping hundreds of the poorest among the Bulgarian population. Since the first of the present year 140 members have been enrolled in the mission's school and some of these have acquired so much English as to be able to read and write.

Rev. W. W. Jeffries, the synodical superintendent, says of this work: "We are now in the beginnings. But the field is large and inviting and we ask the co-operation of all interested in home mission work."

Family Members Left Behind by Bulgarian Emigrants

The "Christian Herald" in Central America

Dear Dr. Klopsch: I beg to enclose herewith one dollar and a half, for which please add my name to the list of subscribers for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and have the same sent to my residence. I received your most interesting and valuable magazine for a period of ten years or more, both in this city and Central America, and read it weekly with absorbing interest and instruction.

Brooklyn, N. Y. JAMES RAY HOSMER.

BOWERY MISSION PRODIGALS

ONE of the most gratifying features of Bowery Mission work is the number of men and boys who, through the instrumentality of the Mission, are restored to happy relations with their families. During the year many hundreds of such cases occur. It is one of the compensations for the terrible heartache and heartbreak that come to those whose lot it is to work among human shipwrecks. When a letter turns up in the mail saying: "Send my son home at once," it is like a radiant shaft of sunlight shining against the dark background of sorrow and despair.

I remember once sitting in my office face to face with a prodigal, who had shamefully betrayed his father's trust and for two years had kept his loving mother in the most agonizing suspense, but who had come to repentance in the Mission, and had asked me to write home seeking his father's forgiveness. The reply had come and was lying on the desk before us, and my hand trembled as I opened the envelope, for I knew it sealed the boy's fate one way or the other. I tried to read it to him, but my voice broke. When I recovered myself and was able to read the letter, he put his wan face upon his hands, his elbows on his knees, and sobbed like a child. They were tears of joy, however, for the message was: "Send my boy home by the first boat. I will meet him at Savannah, and it will be like the coming home of the prodigal in the Scriptures."

I have sometimes visited the homes in which restored prodigals have been reinstated and nothing more like heaven has ever entered my experience.

Very often we had visits at the Mission from mothers, wives and children, which have been like pilgrimages of homage to some sacred shrine. One night, one of our converts, whom we had not seen for twelve months, paid us an unexpected visit, bringing his wife and a lady neighbor. After the man had given his testimony, his wife rose to her feet to speak, but was unable to do so coherently, her emotions being so intense. Thereupon the neighbor rose, and in glowing language testified to the real change which had come into the life of the man, a change so great that it had stirred all the neighborhood in which he lived.

. . .

The following lines are from a letter I have just received:

"It is with a happy mind and heart that I write to let you know that I do not forget you and the dear old Bowery Mission. May God bless you for what you have helped to do for me, and others just like me. You would be surprised to know the change that is in me since I joined the Brotherhood of the Mission. I am writing this letter in my own daughter's home after being separated from her for thirteen years. Is not that a grand testimony? Will it not cheer the heart of dear Mother Bird? God bless you and your little family of workers. Pray for me.

"Yours, JOHN J. CANNON."

. . .

On a recent Sunday evening, a special farewell service was held for the encouragement of two young men who were going back the next day to their respective homes in Montreal, Canada. A few months ago, they were both penniless outcasts in the Bowery. They were first noticed in the Bread Line, where an invitation was given them to attend the Mission meetings. They came and were converted. Although both came from the same city, they had not known each other till they met in the Mission Brotherhood meeting. From that time on they were inseparable friends. A David and Jonathan affection sprang up between them. Their tastes, desires and hopes all seemed to run in the same direction, and when one of them announced his intention of writing home, asking for forgiveness, the other quickly followed his example. They both were fortunate in obtaining employment at about the same rate of wages. They attended the meetings regularly together. They agreed to lay by a certain amount of their earnings for the purpose of returning home in decent shape, and, ultimately, both traveled back on the same train to Montreal. Encouraging letters have been received, telling of their joyous reception at home, and of their still being further strengthened in their good resolutions for an upright life.

. . .

For the last nine years, visitors to the Mission have noticed an elderly gentleman of very dignified appearance occupying a seat near the platform. This seat this man has filled almost nightly. He rarely, if ever, speaks in a meeting, but his interest in the Mission and everything pertaining to it is so intense that we look upon him as a father, and have learned out of respect to call him "the Deacon." Occasionally he has risen and uttered a very touching request for prayer that he might be enabled to get some news of his family. We have known that there was a tragedy behind it all, but no one ever thought of intruding upon the secret of his grief.

On a recent Sunday, to the surprise of every one, he rose and made what was for him a lengthy speech: "I am going to leave to-morrow to go down East, where, twenty-two years ago, they turned me out. They gave me two chances, one to get away, the other to go to a place where I could not get away, so I took the first alternative. These people down East do not very easily forgive, but I will try hard to convince them that I have left off drinking. JOHN J. HALLIMOND, *Supt.*

THE TRANSFORMATION OF MARGARET

A New Serial Written for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

By MRS. ELEANOR H. PORTER

Author of "Into Still Waters," etc.

Synopsis of "Into Still Waters"

THE serial which begins in this issue is the sequel of the story by the same author, entitled *Into Still Waters*, which appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD last year. For the benefit of those readers who may not recall the leading incidents in that story, we give them below, as they are essential to a proper understanding of *The Transformation of Margaret*.

Little Margaret Kendall, aged five years, arrives with her mother at the Grand Central Station in New York. Mrs. Kendall hurries away on an errand, first telling Margaret to wait until she returns. Mrs. Kendall, while crossing a street, is run over and taken to a hospital. Margaret, after waiting a long while, goes out in the street to find her mother. She gets lost. A little street boy takes pity on her and leads her back to the Grand Central; but the mother is not to be found. Margaret tells her new-found friend that her mother wore a blue dress, and the boy then remembers seeing the accident. He does not tell Margaret, however, and finally induces her to go home with him, telling her his name is Bobby McGinnis. Mrs. McGinnis, Bobby's mother, hospitably receives the little waif and treats her as a daughter.

Margaret lives for five years in the slums of New York. She is the child of wealthy and cultured parents; her new surroundings, therefore, seem strange to her, but she adjusts her young mind to the poverty around her. She asks what has become of her mother, but meets with various evasive explanations. Margaret is at last reconciled to her mother's mysterious disappearance. Mrs. Kendall, through all the five dreary years, tries in vain to find her child.

Margaret is put to work in Sullivan's sweatshop in an attic to pull bastings for a few cents a day. Margaret is held prisoner in the sweatshop, and though Mrs. McGinnis finds the distracted mother, Mrs. Kendall, she is unable to locate the child, who has escaped from the sweatshop.

The waif becomes known in the slums as "Mag, the Terror of the Alley." When summer comes, she goes with others to the Bible House to be enrolled among those who go to enjoy the delights of a ten days' visit at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home at Mont-Lawn, Nyack-on-the-Hudson. The visit of "Mag" is described.

Maggie then goes to work in a paper bag factory, then at making artificial flowers in a cellar and saves a little money, living meantime with four other girls. She lives through many adventures and comes to know all the sufferings of the poor. She knows supperless nights while fighting the world practically alone; she knows neglect and abuse. A marvelous change for good is wrought in her through her visit to Mont-Lawn—and it is through being traced to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home that she is at last restored to her mother's arms.

CHAPTER I

MARGARET had been home two hours—two hours of breathless questions, answers, tears and laughter—two hours of delighted wandering about the house and grounds.

In the nursery she had seen the little woolly dog that lay on the floor just as she had left it five years before; and out on the veranda steps she had seen the great stone lions that had never quite faded from her memory. And always at her side had walked the sweet-faced lady of her dreams, only now the lady was very real, with eyes that smiled on one so lovingly, and lips and hands that kissed and caressed one so tenderly.

"And this is home—my home?" Margaret asked in unbelieving wonder.

"Yes, dear," answered Mrs. Kendall.

"And you are my mother, and I am Margaret Kendall, your little girl?"

"Yes."

"And the little dog on the floor—that was mine, and—and it's been there ever since?"

"Yes, ever since you left it there long ago. I—I could not bear to have any one move it, or touch it."

"And was I lost then—right then?"

"No, dear. We traveled about for almost a year. You were five when I lost you." Mrs. Kendall's voice shook. Unconsciously she drew Margaret into a closer embrace. Even now she was scarcely sure that it was Margaret—this little maid who had stepped so suddenly out of the great silence that had closed about her four long years before.

Margaret laughed softly, and nestled in the encircling arms.

"I like it—this," she confided shyly. "You see, I—I hain't had it before. Even the dream-lady didn't do—this."

"The dream-lady?"

Margaret hesitated. Her grave eyes were on her mother's face.

"I suppose she was—you," she said then, slowly. "I saw her nights, mostly; but she never stayed, and when I tried to catch her, she—she was just air, and wasn't there at all. And I did want her so bad!"

"Of course you did, sweetheart," choked Mrs. Kendall, tremulously. "And didn't she ever stay? When was it you saw her—first?"

Margaret frowned.

"I—don't—seem—to know," she answered. She was thinking of what Dr. Spencer had told her, and of what she herself remembered of those four years of her life. "You see, first I was lost, and Bobby McGinnis found me. Anyhow, Dr. Spencer says he did, but I don't seem to remember. Things was all mixed up. There didn't seem to be anybody that wanted me, but there wouldn't anybody let me go. And they made me sew all the time on things that was big and homely; and then another man took me and made me paste up bags. Say, did you ever paste bags?"

"No, dear." Mrs. Kendall shivered.

"What, not any one? in all that big house?"

"Well, you don't want to," volunteered Margaret; and to her thin little face came the look that her mother had already seen on it once or twice that afternoon—the look of a child who knows what it means to fight for life itself in the slums of a great city. "They ain't a mite nice—bags ain't; and the paste sticks horrid, and smells."

"Margaret, dearest!—how could you bear it?" shuddered Mrs. Kendall, her eyes brimming with tears.

Margaret saw, and understood. This tender, new-found mother of hers was grieved; she must be comforted. To the best of her ability, therefore, Margaret promptly proceeded to administer that comfort.

"Pooh! 'twan't nothin'," she asserted stoutly; "besides, I runned away, and then I had a tiptop place—a whole corner of Mis' Whalen's kitchen, and just me and Patty and the twins to stay in it. We divvied up everythin', and some days we had heaps to eat—truly we did—heaps! And I went to Mont-Lawn two times, and of course there I had everythin', even beds with sheets, you know; and "

"Margaret, Margaret, don't, dear!" interrupted her mother. "I can't bear even to think of it."

Margaret's eyes grew puzzled.

"But that was bang-up—all of it," she protested earnestly. "Why, I didn't paste bags nor sew buttons, and nobody didn't strike me for not doin' 'em, neither; and Mis' Whalen was good and showed me how to make flowers — for pay, too! And—"

"Yes, dear, I know," interposed Mrs. Kendall again; "but suppose we don't think any more of all that, sweetheart. You are home now, darling, right here with mother. Come, we will go out into the garden." To Mrs. Kendall it seemed at the moment that only God's blessed out-of-doors was wide enough and beautiful enough to clear from her eyes the pictures Margaret's words had painted.

Out in the garden Margaret drew a deep breath.

"Oh!" she cooed softly, caressing with her cheek a great red rose. "I knew flowers smelled good, but I didn't find it out for sure till I went to Mont-Lawn that first time. You see, the kind we made was cloth and stiff, and they didn't smell good a mite—oh, you've picked it!" she broke off, half-rapturously, half-regretfully, as Mrs. Kendall placed in her hands the great red rose.

"Yes, pick all you like, dear," smiled Mrs. Kendall, reaching for another flower.

"But they'll die," stammered Margaret, "and then the others won't see them."

"The—'others'? What others, dear?"

"Why, the other folks that live here, you know, and walk out here, too."

Mrs. Kendall laughed merrily.

"But there aren't any others, dear. The flowers are all ours. No one else lives here."

Margaret stopped short in the garden path and faced her mother.

"What, not any one? in all that big house?"

"Why, no, dear, of course not. There is no one except old Mr. and Mrs. Barrett, who keep the house and grounds in order. We have it all to ourselves."

Margaret was silent. She turned and walked slowly along the path at her mother's side. On her face was a puzzled questioning. To her eyes was gradually coming a frightened doubt.

Alone?—just they two, with the little old man and the little old woman in the kitchen who did not take up any room at all? Why, back in the Alley there were Patty, the twins, and all the Whalens—and they had only one room! It was like that, too, everywhere, all through the Alley—so many, many people, so little room for them. Yet here—here was this great house all windows and doors and soft carpets and pretty pictures, and only

Continued on page 423

FIRST HERALDS OF THE RISEN LORD

*By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts**

THE story of the resurrection of Jesus in the fourfold Gospel: How the stone was rolled away. Matt. 28: 1-3. Who saw the angel roll the stone away? Matt. 28: 4. The first visitors to the tomb and what they brought. Mark 16: 1. Luke 24: 1. The stone rolled away a surprise to them. Mark 16: 3, 4. Why Mary Magdalene at once left the tomb. John 20: 1, 2. The other women searching for the body of Jesus in the sepulchre. Luke 24: 3. They were frightened by the appearance of the angels. Luke 24: 4, 5. The words of assurance spoken by an angel. Luke 24: 5, 7. Why the women left the tomb at once. Matt. 28: 8. Peter and John come to the tomb (having been told by Mary Magdalene about the resurrection of Jesus). John 20: 2-10. Mary stood alone at the tomb weeping. John 20: 11. Two angels appeared and she talked with them. John 20: 12, 13. She heard a voice behind her and spoke to the supposed gardener. John 20: 14, 15. It was Jesus himself whom Mary saw. John 20: 16, 17. Whom Mary first told about Jesus appearing to her and speaking to her. Mark 16: 10. Why the disciples mourned and wept even after Mary had told them that she had seen Jesus alive. Mark 16: 11. The women who were on their way to the disciples met by Jesus. Matt. 28: 9. The message which Jesus sent to his disciples by the women. Matt. 28: 10.

Woman's Share in the Resurrection

This part of the resurrection story has particularly to do with woman's share in it. Jesus placed great honor upon women by making them, next to the angels, the first heralds of his resurrection. Wherever the Gospel is preached, women are honored, and their kind deeds done "In His Name" are accepted. They are seldom ordained to formal office in the churches, but they constitute two-thirds of its membership, and do more than two-thirds of its work: last at the Cross, and first at the tomb, they have been testifying of the life of Christ ever since. Only in heathen lands is the ban on women. A young woman was sent from the United States to Korea to teach the women there to read the Bible. But the poor things said, "We haven't sense enough to learn how to read." The missionary reasoned with them by saying: "You have sense enough to cook your husband's food, sense enough to wash and iron his beautiful white coats, and I am sure you have sense enough to learn to read." And so they were encouraged to try. Of course they learned how to read, and to read the Bible, hundreds of them, and then they became Christians, and had names given to them. Strange, they never had names before! Only recently, an interesting Korean girl was brought by a missionary to a lady visiting Korea, saying: "Do you not think it a pity that such a girl as this has no name?" "Give her my name," said the lady, and she was named "Lucy Broad." It was Jesus who called a woman by her name "Mary" in those first solemn and sacred moments after his resurrection. And the woman he called so had been a most unfortunate one, if not wicked, for out of her Jesus had cast seven devils and had redeemed her.

An Uplift to Womanhood

Christianity is lifting the ban that is on women in other lands. Particularly is this so in China, where girls' schools are really becoming so popular that the Chinese people themselves are establishing them, patterning them after the missionary schools. A distinguished Chinese official desired to secure a missionary's daughter to instruct his three daughters in English ways and learning. Miss Janet Reese, only seventeen years of age, was offered the position and accepted it. Almost at once, the great viceroy, Yuan Shi Kai, made application for the services of Miss Reese to teach his five daughters. For three years she continued to teach in Mr. Tong's home in the morning, and in Yuan Shi Kai's yamen in the afternoon, with the result that the education of women grew into such high estimation that colleges, normal training schools, etc., were opened by Yuan Shi Kai and others, and to-day these circles of influence are ever widening. In Canton there is the "True Light School" for girls, which has been in operation over forty years, carried on by two devoted American missionaries. In that school many of the girls commit to memory the whole of the New Testament. Let not the statement be challenged; it is true, and as wonderful as it is true. In that same city of Canton are intelligent, well-educated Chinese girls studying medicine under missionary teachers; some of them have already become proficient in practice. This would not have been possible had not the Christ they have learned to serve and love come to heal the lame and sick, and open the eyes of the blind.

And in Japan the ban is being taken off woman; the factory girls, so weak and sinful under Confucianism and Buddhism, are being led to lead pure Christian lives. Girls' schools, under missionary training, are widespread in their influence. We saw one group of Japanese women being prepared for pastors' assistants by two American lady missionaries. The course they were being given would compare favorably with courses given in the United States to theological students.

Jesus did not make a special beatitude for women when he was on earth, but he certainly meant that women should have a share in all the blessedness of helping those who needed to be helped.

God made the world for women, too:
Its singing birds, its fragrant flowers,
Its lofty peaks and skies of blue
Our Father made, and they are ours.

The Saviour died for women, too:
About the Cross in every land,
They gather with their sin and woe,
And lay them in his pierced hand.

There's Christian work for women, too:
First heralds of their risen Lord,
Great host of loyal hearts and true,
They still proclaim the saving word.

(This poem was written by the R
Wilbur F. Crafts after an address gi
by Mrs. Crafts to a company of sev
hundred women in Sendai, Japan, on
theme of what Christianity has done a
can do for women.)

On one occasion a class of stude
about to graduate in the Sorbonne
Paris were asked by their teacher, "Wh
person who had ever lived in the wor
they would like best to be?" There w
only one woman in the class of one hu
dred and thirty-seven students, and th
was Miss Sevasti N. Kallespere of Athe
Greece. She did not reply until urged
the teacher, and then with tearful earne
ness said, "The Virgin Mary." We rec
the word of the angel who at the Annu
ciation said to Mary: "Blessed art th
among women," and should we not ther
fore hold her in highest esteem and grea
est love, but without worshiping her,
calling upon her in prayer as we call up
God; we have no authority in the Bib
for doing this. But we have much t
learn from the obedience of Jesus to h
mother when he was a boy, and of h
tender love for her when in his dyin
moments he commended her to the lovin
care of John, as to a son. Jesus in all h
relations to his mother set a seal upon th
sacredness of motherhood, and the seal
honor upon womanhood.

How Christ Dignified Woman

In his administrations while on earth
he passed not by women. One of his firs
miracles was the healing of Peter's wife'
mother of a fever; the widow's son wa
the first one called from death to life, an
the second miracle of the kind was th
raising of the little daughter of Jairus
He gave health to the sick woman wh
touched the fringe of his garment. He
restored health to the little daughter o
the Canaanite woman who came to him
beseeching. He cured the woman sick o
an infirmity for eighteen years. He
taught Mary while she sat at his feet.
He cast seven devils out of Mary Magda-
lene. He forgave the sinful woman at
whom men were pointing the finger of
scorn. He commended the widow, who
made an offering of two mites in the
temple. He showed his appreciation of
the anointing by the woman who loved
much because much had been forgiven
her. He commended the act of Mary in
anointing him for his burial. He spoke
words of consolation to the weeping
women who followed him to Calvary.

Oh, let me know
The power of Thy resurrection!
Oh, let me show
Thy risen life in calm and clear reflection!
Oh, let me give
Out of the gifts thou freely givest!
Oh, let me live
With life abundantly because thou livest!

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

Reginald loved stories and was all attention. "I was told," said Mrs. Grantham, "that after the great fire of London Sir Christopher Wren was called to rebuild St. Paul's Cathedral, which had been destroyed. Before he began his great task, he called a workman, and told him to fetch from the heap of rubbish left by the fire a stone with which he could mark the centre for his new dome. The workman quickly sought and brought the first stone to hand from among the pile of debris. Sir Christopher Wren took it, and scrutinizing it carefully and closely found carved on it the one word 'Resurgam'—'I shall rise again.' And from and about this stone he rebuilt the mighty edifice of St. Paul's Cathedral. And so I think, Reginald," concluded Mrs. Grantham, "we may claim from the great Master Builder, Christ, the 'white stone' engraved with the one word 'Jesus,' which shall be our foundation stone.

On the Way to Emmaus

BIBLE LIGHTS ON THE RESURRECTION

OLD TESTAMENT	NEW TESTAMENT
If a man die, shall he live again? Job 14: 14.	The dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God: and they that hear shall live. John 5: 25.
Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell; neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption. Psa. 16: 10.	This Jesus did God raise up. . . . He whom God raised up, saw no corruption. Acts 2: 32; 13: 37.
I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth. Job 19: 25.	I am the first and the last: and the Living One; and I was dead, and behold, I am alive for evermore. Rev. 1: 17, 18.
My flesh shall rest in hope. Thy dead men shall live, together with my body shall they arise. Psa. 16: 9; Isa. 26: 19.	If the Spirit of him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwelleth in you, He that raised up Christ Jesus from the dead shall quicken also your mortal bodies through his spirit that dwelleth in you. Rom. 8: 11.
I will ransom them from the power of the grave. Hosea 13: 14.	Christ Jesus gave himself a ransom for all. I. Tim. 2: 5, 6.
I will redeem them from death. Hosea 13: 14.	Christ redeemed us from the curse of the law, having become a curse for us. Gal. 3: 13.
Behold, O my people, I will open your graves, and cause you to come up out of your graves. Ezek. 37: 12.	God hath both raised the Lord, and will raise up us through his power. I. Cor. 6: 14.
God will redeem my soul from the power of the grave: for he shall receive me. Psa. 49: 15.	When Christ, who is our life, shall be manifested, then shall ye also be manifested in glory. Col. 3: 4, R.V.
O death, I will be thy plagues; O grave, I will be thy destruction. Hosea 13: 14.	O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? I. Cor. 15: 55.
He will swallow up death in victory. Isa. 25: 8.	Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. I. Cor. 15: 57.

*International Sunday School Lesson for May 31, 1908. Jesus Risen from the Dead. Luke 24: 1-18. GOLDEN TEXT: "I am he that liveth, and was dead; and behold, I am alive for evermore." Rev. 1: 18.

IN THE BUDDING SPRINGTIME

Folk-Lore and Superstition

By Margaret E. Sangster

WHEN the new moon, a faint crescent, appears in the sky, nine people out of ten prefer to catch the first glimpse of it over the right shoulder, making a wish that they hope will ome true. In a hill country of New England I have een a woman half in jest and half in earnest bow nine imes to the new moon, thus invoking good fortune for season. Few of us remember that this homage to the noon carries us far back into the world's history when he Phœnicians and other Eastern peoples worshiped Astarte. Credulity dies hard. Superstition, pre-emiiently the distinction of primitive nations, reaches downward to the beginnings of the race and belongs to the period when the stars in their courses, the sun, the moon and the tides, the wild winds and the surging waves either held men in terror or gave them encouragement to go forward with their enterprises. We need not necessarily regard the desert and mountain children of the past as greatly inferior to ourselves, for some magnificent remnants of their work abide to this day, found in excavations, in ruins and in the pyramids. Although we dwell in the meridian light of applied science and have ceased to marvel at any new possibility of electricity, there are thousands of us who are frankly in bondage to some ancient superstition or other. We do not like to give or receive a knife because it may cut friendship. We prefer not to walk under a ladder, to rock an empty chair or an empty cradle, to sit thirteen at a table or to open an umbrella indoors. We dislike to dream of cats, as when dreamed of these familiar domestic pets signify enemies lurking in ambush. Children who have been left to the care of servants, white or black, are often imbued with superstition in the nursery, and grow up believing this or that and shrinking from this or the other, hardly knowing whence the vague imagery of superstition came from. The opposition to thirteen at the table dates to the Last Supper, where Jesus sat with the twelve, one of whom went forth from the feast to betray his Lord. When a friend apologizes for offering you his hand with a glove upon it, there is a harking back to the middle ages, when a man offered his naked hand in token that it held no unfriendly weapon. Dreams are like mists of the morning. Those who believe in them either as forecasts of good or evil, are allied with the majority in every land and clime who have a certain dread of ghosts and apparitions, who do not care to pass a cemetery after dark, and who affirm with Whitcomb Riley that "the goblins will catch you if you don't watch out."

So long as we confine superstition to the realm of poetry where it properly belongs, it will do us little harm. It is only when it serves to fetter the mind and hamper action that it becomes absurd and uncanny. To walk in fear of anything is to fall into slavery. Non-Christian nations see demons in earth, air and sky, but we who believe in Christ should walk in the light, with clear vision, knowing no perturbation. We are ourselves supernatural beings, and we have a right to believe that we are often helped by invisible agencies, but these are ministers of the kingdom of heaven, and bring good gifts; they are not the emissaries of Satan or of darkness.

As an intellectual study nothing is more interesting than psychic research restricted to imagination's realm. This is not to be confused with superstition. Rather it is scientific. It is a little curious in this connection to observe the similarity in certain stories that belong to the literature of the world. In the Scriptural narrative of Jephtha, the valiant captain who successfully led the children of Israel in a brilliant foray against the children of Ammon, we find that Jephtha made a vow unto the Lord that whatever first came to meet him from his own house on his victorious return should be offered in sacrifice to Jehovah. With consternation and dismay and a father's broken heart, Jephtha found himself met by his darling and pride, his beautiful young daughter.

The story in the Judges is touchingly told. The daughter, having no choice but to yield to her father's rash vow, asked a little respite and was allowed two months, after which the Biblical chronicler tells us her father did unto her according to his word. Thenceforward, for hundreds of years, the daughters of Israel kept an annual lamentation in memory of this ill-fated girl.

In Grecian mythology the story of Iphigenia, daughter of Agamemnon, has some features that are suggestive of the Biblical story. In a book recently published, *China in Legend and Story,* by C. Campbell Brown, we find a bit of tradition in the same line. Ages ago, a certain builder had been charged with the erection of a beautiful city. Houses, temples and paved streets were at last complete, but the gods demanded a sacrifice. The builder could not leave his work until a young and spotless maiden had voluntarily sacrificed herself to propitiate the deities who presided over the destinies of men.

The maiden, reared in Oriental seclusion, was to walk in the sight of the populace utterly naked, and in their sight to perform the usual rites in the temple of the gods. She was then to await her doom. Weeks passed, and no one could be found who was willing to endure the personal ignominy of such a sacrifice. Finally the builder's own daughter presented herself, and when the trial was over threw herself from the battlements of the wall down a deep precipice, and was instantly killed. Thenceforward, the inhabitants felt that their city was safe, and thenceforward, too, the girl was remembered and mourned as one who had done a magnificent deed. This story in turn reminds the reader of that of Lady Godiva of early English fame.

In the study of folk-lore and superstition, as well as in following out the familiar history of different peoples, we are more and more forced to the conclusion that there is nothing new under the sun, and that in successive centuries the same tunes with variations are played on the doorsteps of the world.

A STREET SINGER IN OLD NEW YORK

In old Manhattan, where the fathers dwelt,
Were simple ways, and simple pleasures, too;
The singer and the song would hard hearts melt,
Or, haply, early thoughts of youth renew.

More about Latch-Keys

A MANLY boy may be trusted with a latch-key. How shall we define a manly boy? He is one who has nothing to conceal from his parents, who is open and honest about everything, and who considers his mother his best friend. From babyhood this boy has been trusted. His father and mother were not on the watch to discover him in telling untruths. They set him an example of perfect candor and simple truthfulness, and he grew up in a friendly atmosphere in which lies did not flourish. The manly boy has always brought his companions to his home with entire freedom, in deference only to his mother's convenience, and when he goes out after supper to visit a chum, call on a girl friend, attend a boy's club, or keep any other engagement, his father can pretty well gauge where he is going, and would know how to find him were there sudden necessity. This lad is not a cigarette fiend. If he were he would not be manly. No baleful habit strikes at the root of manliness with such fatal certainty as cigarette smoking in boyhood. The boy is as yet inexperienced and crude in some directions, and at times he is conceited and aggressive, as boys are apt to be when first the tides of youth are setting strongly toward maturity, but he is a responsible person. He scorns anything furtive, and he may safely be given a latch-key. Very likely his mother does not go to sleep until she hears that latch-key turn in the front door. She goes to bed and has little excursions into drowsiness and naps from which she easily awakens, but when that well-known step rings on the pavement and the boy runs up the steps, opens the door and closes it softly, and turns out the light in the front hall, saying tenderly "Good-night, mother," as he passes her room, she settles down into a blissful night's rest.

The father has always had good times with his boy, but there are better times coming, times when they will discuss politics together and walk to the polls in company; times when the relation between them shall be more like that of brothers than of father and son.

The question of the latch-key is to some extent a question of locality. There are still neighborhoods where people retire for the night without locking and barring their doors. These places are every year receding farther and farther from thickly populated towns. Doors and windows must be safely closed against those who have no right to enter them, and the latch-key becomes a convenience for those who have errands outside the house in the evening. Most of us can remember how conscience-stricken we have felt when, dwelling under a roof inimical to latch-keys, we have been obliged to make some one sit up for us until a late hour, or have been compelled to arouse the household from slumber when coming home by a midnight train.

A boy who after the age of fifteen is without a sentiment of honor, and who is heedless and irresponsible then, is in great peril of making shipwreck on the reefs and shoals that beset young manhood. To reach that goal unstained, with a clean, wholesome body and a good physical basis, with a strong, fearless mind and a brave outlook to the future, is a splendid consummation in a boy's education. Many more boys are ruined by harshness and nagging than rigid parents understand. Plant the good seed early, and let the sunshine of love aid in its development. Trust the boy and he will not betray the trust.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—T. Your question, if I understand it, is whether or not you can safely consent to marry a man who is leading a Christian life, but who in early youth committed a sin, of which he long ago repented. If you love him why should you sit in judgment upon him. The question is for your own decision. An honorable life in the present, continuing years of well-doing, should, I think, make up to you for the past. It all depends on how much you love him.

ONE BRAVE WOMAN'S LIFE-WORK

How Evangelist Moody's Protege Founded a Settlement and Is Now Reaching Five Hundred Lives

"MR. SANKEY, tell this young lady about the beauties of Northfield. I want her to go up there to school," said the great evangelist Moody, as he waved his hand toward a chair. The previous day, my sister and I had attended one of his large gatherings, and after the meeting had talked with him. I had broken down a bit while she was telling him of the old home which we were about to lose. Suddenly, Mr. Moody, after looking at me intently, said, "How would you like to go to my school? I want you to go to Northfield, where there are about five hundred girls. Come to-morrow morning and see me at the hotel."

Then Mr. Sankey told of the beauties of that lovely spot, how the Connecticut River formed the letter "S" in front of the campus, and laughingly said that it was a positive indication to his mind that it was always intended a seminary should be there.

I still hesitated, remembering my mother's dying request to me to be with my father in his old age. But when Mr. Moody decided on a plan, obstacles had to yield. I was dismissed with, "Tell your father to come and see me to-morrow morning."

So the next morning father went, with the result that in less than three weeks I reached Northfield and was driven through the snow to the school, where I spent six of the happiest years of my life: studying through the school year, and working each summer during the conference season.

Well, I remember, at the close of my second year's stay at the seminary, a little incident arose which Mr. Moody felt I had not understood. In his great-heartedness he said to his wife that he must make it plain to me ere he slept that night. He then told me that he had been watching my progress without my knowledge (a thing he always did with those students to whom he had personally given these advantages), that my life had fitted in as he had thought it would, and that he felt God had a large work in the future for me to do. We had driven out at dusk. On our way home he stopped his horse, took off his hat, and as we both bowed our heads under the starry sky he dedicated my life to God, asking a blessing on me, his adopted daughter in Christ. Had there been no other influence in my life, that evening alone would have urged me to live for the service of others.

After my graduation, that study and work had so told on my health that I had to take months for complete rest. But the door was opened to me at last. Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Otis, of Yonkers, N. Y., who were close friends of Mr. Moody, told me that if I cared to do Christian work in my native city, they would look after my living expenses. This, as they intended, made it possible for me not only to enter the work for which I longed, but also to take up the charge laid on me by my mother.

Six years ago the fifth of last October, I opened the People's Settlement, of Wilmington, Delaware, in one room, with but seven girls. The first question that confronted me was how to meet expenses; for I had started with little encouragement and no active sympathy or help from friend or stranger. But I felt that the Lord wanted me, and that if persistence, hard work and, above all, prayer, could make a thing succeed, this would go. So I began—at first by visiting churches and presenting my work before organizations which the pastors thought would respond to the call for funds. It was a long, lonely, up-hill struggle, seasoned with many rebuffs, but finally enough was gained to give the work an impetus.

At that time I learned of a business man of wealth in Philadelphia who gave twenty cents out of every dollar he earned to the Lord's work. I determined to see him. After telling him of the Settlement's needs, I was utterly amazed to hear him say, "Miss Pyle, I am intensely interested, because when a boy of twelve I, too, lived in Wilmington. My parents at that time lost everything, and I, in working for a tailor, often had to carry goods to that section of the city; many times, I thought, at the jeopardy of my own life. Now how about ten dollars a month?" The following year he sent for me, saying that he had been quietly watching the work, that it was growing so fast he felt the burden too great for one person to carry, and he urged its organization and incorporation, closing with, "As soon as you get that done, Miss Pyle, come and see me." In less than three weeks, all was completed, and the chief justice of the State, a strong Christian character, became our president. I presented myself at Mr. J.'s office, and have scarcely yet recovered from the surprise when he handed me a thousand-dollar gold bond toward a new building fund! The work had reached its first mile-stone toward real success.

After I had opened the Girls' Club, the neighbors warned me to let the boys alone, as the previous year, two young men who tried to do some work with them were pelted with missiles. But those boys were just the ones I wanted, and as I opened the door to their knock, twenty-two little unkempt, unwashed urchins came tumbling into the room. They soon wore out the patience of two volunteer men workers, who claimed that no possible good could come out of "that clan." But the boys and I became close comrades. Often, at first, it was impossible to hear myself speak at their meetings; many times there were black eyes to be bandaged,

Miss Sarah Pyle

regular fist fights to settle, and cheating at games to straighten out; but we held together, and finally the lads decided to brace up and be clean, honest boys. A captain came to drill them. Then uniforms had to be procured; home-made ones, to be sure, but they were all the more appreciated. An interested minister gave a stereopticon lecture: five-cent tickets were issued, and the lads cleared over twenty-eight dollars toward uniforms. At our ten-cent entertainment the following June, the boys drilled beautifully before several hundred proud relatives and friends. But none was quite so proud of them as I.

To show their appreciation, some time later they presented me with a picture. It was a great occasion for the little fellows, and as their president mounted the table he said, "Miss Pyle, we gives yer this picture to tell yer we're glad ye're not thin-skinned, but stuck to us. We got this (proudly holding the gift before the crowd) without none of the older folks jabbin' in, an' we wanter say that when ye get old and gray we fellers are goin' ter pitch in an' look after yer." One little fellow in the rear, evidently feeling that the emotion which momentarily sealed my lips bespoke lack of appreciation, elbowed his way to me, saying, "Miss Pyle, that 'ere picture cost an awful lot. Why, we almost give two an' a half fer it!" Immediately, he received a thru from the leader. I thought, as I gazed into their eag faces, "Bless their hearts! They little realize how mu I appreciate the gift." For many of the lads work hard selling papers, and could ill afford to spare t pennies so royally given. To this day, the majority the boys have clung to us. Splendid manly fellows th are, a bulwark of strength and protection to the Sett ment. Has it paid? The untold patience required, t strength and time given? I answer most emphaticall a thousand times, yes!

Where the Settlement Began in a Wilmington, Del., Slum

A few months afterward we extended our workin quarters from one room to include the whole house. was a deplorable six-roomed place. I remember our first supper, during a severe storm, the rain can pouring through several generous leaks in the ceilin We closed the house that night singing, "There shall b showers of blessing," to the measured tattoo of the drip ping rain, as it was caught in the pots and kettles. W had great sport that winter making ourselves weather proof.

Four years ago, we opened our first fresh-air cam in Jersey. It proved to be such a haven of rest to tire mothers and little children, that it has become a par of our work. The fresh air and delights of nature hav touched some of those boys who needed them most, an opened up a new world. The expense has been met in various and unique ways. Boys have been able to earn their own outing, and sometimes have added to the funds of the Settlement.

For some time, a set of young men has been coming to the Settlement who used to frequent the corner saloon. Three years ago the saloonkeeper sent for the leader of the gang to ask the reason of their absence. The youth thrust his hands in his pockets, jingled the coin there, and said, "Do you hear that, Mr. M.? One year ago you got all our money, and none of us had such respectable clothes (pointing to his suit). No sir! We've got a better place to go to now, and that's the Settlement." It was not the saloonkeeper's last effort however. On Christmas Eve he sent for the boys, offering them as much whisky as they cared to drink, and more to carry home. But they were loyal, and after courteously refusing, came tooting their horns to the Settlement, where they helped trim the tree for our little ones. That was the best Christmas gift I had ever received, and my heart beat with a great, deep joy as they told me of the victory.

It is not easy to tell of the ways in which we go into the homes. One day, Mrs. Y. came rushing into my room like a creature gone mad, crying, "Oh, Miss Pyle, my husband's left the city! The police can't find him nowhere, and when I thought of the way he's treated me, with his drinking and our six little children to do for, I just felt I couldn't stand it. I put the bottle of laudanum to my mouth, and then, of a sudden, I thought of the God you'd been telling us about in Bible class; an' so I just come to you. Oh, for God's sake help me!" I spent hours in talk with her, and it was a long struggle, but at the end was faith and peace. We helped her in many ways, procured work for her, and finally brought back her husband. They came to see me. It was a memorable meeting. He broke down and confessed that he had a praying mother, and after we had all prayed together he said, "I never seen such a change in any one as in my wife. With God's help I'll be a better man." I felt then that the little room was truly consecrated to God's service, so many wonderful things have transpired there.

. . .

Thus we touch life on different sides. The past six years have been full of active service and have been full of blessedness for the workers and myself. Truly God has been with us and prospered us beyond expectations. To-day, aside from three house residents, two of whom are Northfield girls, there are forty volunteer workers who cheerfully give their service a portion of each week. We have fifteen clubs where boys and girls, men and women, meet to learn basketry, iron work, sewing, parliamentary law, etc. There is children's vesper service, young women's Bible class, young men's Bible class, kindergarten, savings bank system, library, mothers' meeting, Penny-a-day Society, boys' brigade, Anti-Tobacco League. In all, we are touching about 500 lives each week. We need sadly our own gymnasium and manual training room, especially for our boys; a cooking school for our little housekeepers; larger kindergarten space and a dispensary. We have no fear of failure, for all things are possible with God, and this is his work. He will speak to his children and they will help us. Doubtless we shall soon break the ground for our building. Every penny counts and will be gratefully received.

SARAH W. PYLE.

People's Settlement, Wilmington, Del.

The Transformation of Margaret

Continued from page 419

yo, three, four people to enjoy it all. Thy had not her mother asked—

Even to herself Margaret could not y the words. She shut her lips tight, id threw a hurried look into the face f the woman at her side. This dear eam-lady, this beautiful new mother—s if there could be any question of her oodness and kindness! Very likely, anyay, there were not any poor—

Margaret's eyes cleared suddenly. She rned a radiant face on her mother.

"Oh, I know," she cried in triumph. There ain't any poor folks here, and so ou couldn't do it!"

Mrs. Kendall looked puzzled.

"'Poor folks'? 'Couldn't do it'?" she estioned.

"Yes; poor folks like Patty and the halens; and so you couldn't ask 'em to ve with you."

Mrs. Kendall sat down abruptly. Near r was a garden settee. She felt particularly glad of its support just then.

"And of course you didn't know about he Whalens and Patty," went on Margret, eagerly, "and so you couldn't ask hem, neither. But you do now, and hey'd just love to come, I know!"

"Love to—to come?" stammered Mrs. endall, gazing blankly into the glowing oung face before her.

"Of course they would!" nodded Margret, dancing up and down and clapping her hands. "Wouldn't you if you idn't have nothin' but a room right own under the sidewalk, and there as such a heap of folks in it? Why, ere there's everythin'—everythin' for m, and oh, I'm so glad, 'cause they was ood to me—so good! First Mis' Whalen ook in Patty and the twins when the ent man dumped 'em out on the sidealk, and she gave 'em a whole corner f her kitchen. And then when I runned way from the bag-pasting, Patty and he twins took me in. And now I can ay 'em back for it all—I can pay 'em ack. I'm so glad!"

Mrs. Kendall fell back limply against he garden seat. Twice she opened her ps and closed them again. Her face ushed, then paled, and her hands grew old in her lap.

This dancing little maid with the sunt hair and the astounding proposition o adopt into their home two whole famies from the slums of New York, was Margaret, her own little Margaret, lost o long ago, and now so miraculously retored to her. As if she could refuse any equest, however wild, from Margaret! But this—!

"But, sweetheart, perhaps they—they ouldn't want to go away forever and eave their home," she remonstrated at ast, feebly.

The child frowned, her finger to her ps.

"Well, anyhow, we can ask 'em," she eclared, after a minute, her face clearng.

"Suppose we—we make it a visit, first," uggested Mrs. Kendall, feverishly. "By nd by, after I've had you all to myself or a little while, you shall ask them to isit you."

"Oh, bully!" agreed Margaret in swift elight. "That will be nicest; won't it? hen they can see how they like it—but here! they'll like it all right. They ouldn't help it."

"And how—how many are there?" uestioned Mrs. Kendall, moistening her ry lips, and feeling profoundly thankful or even this respite from the proposed wholesale adoption.

"Why, let's see." Margaret held up er fingers and checked off her prospecive guests. "There's Patty, she's the ldest, and Arabella and Clarabella they're the twins, and they're my age, ou know), that's the Murphys. And hen there's all the Whalens: Tom, Peter, Mary, Jamie, and—oh, I dunno, six or ight, maybe, with Mis' Whalen and her husband. But, after all, it don't make o very much diff'rence just how many here are; does it?" she added, with a happy little skip and jump, "'cause here's heaps of room here for any 'mount of 'em. And I never can remember just how many there are without forgettin' some of 'em. You—you don't mind if I don't name 'em all—now?" And she gazed anxiously into her mother's face.

"No, dear, no," assured Mrs. Kendall hurriedly. "You—you have named quite enough. And now we'll go down to the brook. We haven't seen half of Five Oaks yet." And once more she tried to make the joyous present drive from her daughter's thoughts the grievous past.

CHAPTER II

IT was not long before all Houghtonsville knew the story, and there was not a man, woman or child in the town that did not take the liveliest interest in the little maid at Five Oaks who had passed through so amazing an experience. To be lost at five years of age in a great city, to be snatched from wealth, happiness and a loving mother's arms, only to be thrust instantly into poverty, misery and loneliness; and then to be, after four long years, suddenly returned—no wonder Houghtonsville held its breath and questioned if it all indeed were true.

Bit by bit the little girl's history was related in every house in town; and many a woman—and some men—wept over the tale of how the little fingers had sewed on buttons in the attic sweat shop, and pasted bags in the ill-smelling cellar. The story of the co-operative housekeeping establishment in one corner of the basement kitchen, where she, together with Patty and the twins, "divvied up" the day's "haul,"—that, too, came in for its share of exclamatory adjectives, as did the account of how she was finally discovered through her finding her own name over the little cot bed at Mont-Lawn—the little bed that Mrs. Kendall had endowed in the name of her lost daughter in the children's vacation home for the poor little waifs from the city.

"An' ter think of her findin' her own baby jest by givin' some other woman's baby a bit of joy!" cried Mrs. Merton, of the old red farmhouse, when the story was told to her. "But there! ain't that what she's always doin' for folks—somethin' ter make 'em happy? Didn't she bring my own child, Sadie, an' the boy, Bobby, back from the city, and ain't Sadie gettin' well an' strong on the farm here? And it's a comfort ter me, too, when I remember 'twas Bobby who first found the little Margaret cryin' in the streets there in New York, an' took her home ter my Sadie. 'Twan't much Sadie could do for the poor little lamb, but she did what she could till old Sullivan got his claws on her and kept her shut up out o' sight. But there! what's past is past, and there ain't no use frettin' over it. She's home now, in her own mother's arms, and I'm thinkin' it's the whole town that's rejoicin'!"

And the whole town did rejoice—and many and various were the ways the townspeople took to show it. The Houghtonsville brass band marched in full uniform to Five Oaks one evening and gave a serenade with red fire and rockets, much to Mrs. Kendall's embarrassment and Margaret's delight. The Ladies' Aid Society gave a tea with Mrs. Kendall and Margaret as a kind of pivot around which the entire affair revolved—this time to the embarrassment of both Mrs. Kendall and her daughter. The minister of the Methodist Church appointed a day of prayer and thanksgiving in commemoration of the home-coming of the wanderer; and the town poet published in the Houghtonsville *Banner* a forty-eight line poem on "The Lost and Found."

Nor was this all. To Mrs. Kendall it seemed that almost every man, woman and child in the place came to her door with inquiries and congratulations, together with all sorts of offerings from flowers and frosted cakes to tidies and worked bedspreads. She was not ungrateful, certainly—but she was overwhelmed.

To be continued

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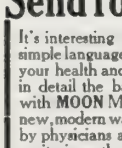

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

The Nation's Drink Bill*

WILLIAM HARGREAVES, M.D., of Philadelphia, author of *Worse than Wasted*, estimated the drink bill of the United States for 1900 at $1,465,000,000. He explains his method of computation; says he has made these estimates for twenty years, and that they have never been questioned; that he has laid them before gaugers of the revenue department, before ex-saloonkeepers, and other persons capable of judging, and they agree that his estimates are as nearly correct as it is possible to make them. He insists that his figures are conservative, below rather than above the actual cost. We will take only $1,200,000,000 here, for purposes of comparison. This is probably on the safe side.

We will now place an object or two in the foreground that we may better judge of distance and size. The public school system of our land, that best exponent of democracy and greatest factor in our national assimilation,—for every dollar that the American citizen pays in taxes for public education ($200,000,000), he pays not less than six for liquor. Again, the United States of America, a country vast in extent, first in resources, great in achievement, liberal in expenditure, a world power—the total expenditures of this great nation for one year ($593,000,000 for the year ending June 30, 1902), covering the legislative, executive and judicial branches; including the army, the navy, Indians, pensions, post-office, interest on public debt, and every other last item and source of expense; these liberal expenditures of a liberal government, which the citizens do not always contribute without grumbling, amount to just about one-half of what the same people pay out, in a like period, for strong drink. Subtracting, now, the $300,000,000 which the liquor trade pays back to the people, and we have an absolute waste, or loss, of $900,000,000 and upwards; one billion dollars, approximately.

Let it not be forgotten that this vast sum represents, at its best, an annual waste and loss. That the money is not sunk into the ocean, but is all kept in the country, does not make it one whit less a waste and loss. The expenditure has brought no returns. It is as if this country should engage half a million skilled workmen, set them at making pianos and fine furniture, having them furnish their own materials, and pay them an average of two thousand dollars a year for every man; then give orders that each night the entire finished product of that day's work shall be burned up. The money paid for this work all stays in the country, but it brings no return. It represents destroyed wealth.

The United States could better afford to support a standing army of a million men, gathering up all the unemployed and relieving every overcrowded business and profession, and pay each man an average of a thousand dollars a year, having him out of this sum furnish his own board, clothes and ammunition,—could better afford to support this body of men, and keep them shooting at targets, than it can afford to pay a similar sum to a nearly similar number who now spend their time and labor at making and selling liquor. Each eats up the same amount of wealth of others' toil; neither gives anything in return; with this much in favor of the army—it would at least leave its supporters sober, probably very sober. This country could better afford to support in absolute idleness, as lords and gentlemen, the 200,000 men who run retail liquor establishments in our land, paying them $5,000 a year each, the salary of a United States Senator, than it can afford to pay the same sum to these same men, as it now does, for selling strong drink. Out of the money now spent for liquor, our Government could buy out, every twelvemonth, the entire wine, spirit and malt liquor industry of the country, using land and buildings for the benefit of the people, and have a number of millions left besides.

*From *A Century of Drink Reform in the United States*, by August F. Fehlandt, pp. 422, cloth binding; price, $1. Eaton & Mains, New York, and Jennings & Graham, Cincinnati, publishers.

A Widely Read History

THERE is probably no history, since the making of books began, that has been so widely disseminated or has found so many readers among all classes and conditions of men in many countries, as *Ridpath's History of the World.*

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has made inquiries and finds that this wonderfully comprehensive history is receiving every year wider appreciation. It has been placed in hundreds of colleges and libraries in the United States. Complete sets of the work have been sent to delighted purchasers in nearly every civilized country on the face of the earth. Sets have gone to Egypt, to China, to Siberia; a number are in the hands of missionaries in India, and many sets have gone to individual subscribers in Paris and in Liverpool, while numbers have found their way to Australia, to Samoa, and to many islands of the sea.

It is in American homes, however, that *Ridpath's History* finds its warmest welcome and highest appreciation. This great work was more especially written for the occupants of these homes than for the professional literary man. It is a history for the common people, and one which readers of all classes can thoroughly understand, appreciate and enjoy.

Dr. Ridpath was a born historian. A letter received lately from one of his old teachers says: "Dr. Ridpath had the most wonderful memory for historical facts I have ever known. He never forgot anything that he ever read or heard pertaining to history. When a boy, he once made inquiry for a history of the world and was unable to find one. He wrote to the President of Harvard to refer him to such a work, and received a letter stating there was no such work. This was the inception of his idea for writing the *History of the World.* Dr. Ridpath determined then and there to devote his life to the preparation of such a work."

The entire publication of this famous *History of the World* is clean, wholesome and true, from lid to lid. It is a great, comprehensive work, the reading of which "maketh a full man" as far as history, biography, science, exploration and many other branches are concerned, and the diligent study of which, as has been aptly remarked, "is equivalent to a liberal education." Many readers of this journal who have secured sets, esteem them among their most highly valued possessions. In many cases they have formed the substantial nucleus of a home library, and are a never-failing source of entertainment and instruction to old and young.

Dr. Ridpath, it may be mentioned here, was a duly ordained minister of the Gospel. All his literary work, but more especially his masterpiece, the *History of the World*, has an influence in the homes of the community and the nation for righteousness and for Christianity.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The Loves of Pelleas and Etarre, by Zona Gale. This is a novel experiment in writing a real love story about a hero and heroine of seventy. The book is a succession of adventures and amusing incidents, and is well worth reading. Pp. 341. Cloth covers. Price $1.50. Macmillan Company, New York and London, publishers.

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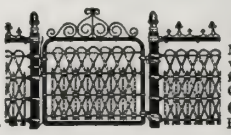

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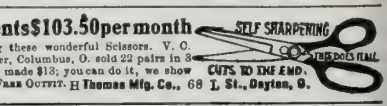

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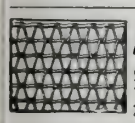

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TRINITY'S NEW RECTOR

THE richest church parish in the country, Trinity, has for its new leader the Rev. Dr. William T. Manning, successor to Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix. Dr. Manning was in direct line for this promotion, having been assistant rector of Trinity for the last four years. He was elected to his new post by the unanimous vote of the seventeen members of the vestry, who attended the special meeting held for the purpose. The meeting at which Dr. Manning was elected for one of the most important church posts in America, lasted only twelve minutes, Dr. Manning having no rival in the field. The unique ceremony of "delivering the keys" to Dr. Manning was identical with that used at the induction of the first rector of Trinity, Dr. Ford Compton, in 1696, and has been adhered to ever since. Vestrymen and members of the congregation marched in procession through the churchyard to the main door of the church. The door was locked and the key left in it. The senior warden, in appropriate speech, presented Dr. Manning with the key. The new rector then turned the key, opened the door and led the way up the aisle through the darkened church to the altar, where a prayer was offered to conclude the ceremony.

Rev. Dr. William T. Manning

Dr. Manning was also vicar of St. Agnes' Chapel, in Trinity Parish. He was born in England forty years ago. He was graduated from the University of the South, at Sewanee, Tenn., and holds degrees from other Southern colleges. Ordained in 1891, he was appointed rector of Trinity Church at Redlands, Calif., in 1892; of St. John's Church at Landsdowne, Tenn., in 1896; and of Christ Church, Nashville, in 1898, which post he held till called to New York to join the Trinity forces.

A SOUL AWAKENED IN PRISON

MANY a romance comes to the notice of Christian workers who are interested in the salvation of prisoners behind the bars. One instance showing many strange providences has recently come to the writer's attention:

In the *cárcel* (prison) at Havana, Cuba, is confined the son of a clergyman of the Church of England. He received a good education, and after taking his B. A. degree, studied medicine and became an army surgeon. Being of a nervous nature, however, he gave it up after four years, entered Episcopal orders and was ordained by the late Bishop of London. For some years he exercised this vocation, but becoming dissatisfied with the church, he became a Roman Catholic. Being then deserted, as he says, by all his friends except his dear old mother, he began to drift, teaching and filling other openings until he became "disgusted with all religion," and finally landed in the Havana jail without hope and without God.

Here a copy of *The Railroad Men's Magazine* fell into his hands, containing an article in which the old story of the Prodigal Son was paraphrased by a railroader, who had heard it at the Pacific Garden Mission, Chicago. This led him to reconsider his life, and he asked Jesus to help him and to forgive the dark past. He has before him the possibility of from five to eight years in the jail or in the *presidio,* which is even a worse place for confinement.

Under the impulse of his new religious purpose he sought friends. There is only one other English-speaking man in the prison. There is no library, and no work. All the prisoners do is to wander around the courtyard from 5:30 A.M. until 6 P.M., when they are locked up over night in large rooms, each holding 100 prisoners of all colors and races. In 1892, however, this man had drifted into one of the sessions of the International Christian Workers' Convention held in Boston, when he heard Dr. Torrey say that when he was asked to do anything, he went to God for guidance, and if God said "yes," he did it. This prisoner therefore wrote to Dr. Torrey, telling him the circumstances of his case as related above, and asking for a copy of the Bible and a copy of his book on *How to Study the Bible.* These have been sent to him, and the prayers of readers are asked that God may bless his Word to this man, strengthening him in his own Christian life and making him a blessing to others.

A. P. FITT.

Federation of Gospel Missions

THE annual convention of the National Federation of Gospel Missions was called to meet in New York May 14 to 17. The programme was as follows: First day, May 14—Evening: Convention assembles at Christian Missionary Alliance Chapel, Eighth Avenue and Forty-fourth Street, Rev. C. H. Madison presiding. Election of Federation officers for ensuing year. Second day—Session in Alliance Chapel. Reports of superintendents and workers. John Callahan presiding. 7:30 P.M.—Experience meeting. F. K. Ward, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, presiding. Third day—Discussion of Federation plans and projects. Hon. John G. Woolley presiding. Evening: Seeing New York Missions. Last day—10:30 A.M.: Bedford Street M. E. Church; John G. Woolley will preach. Afternoon: Farewell service in Missionary Alliance Chapel. Evening: Bedford Street M. E. Church. Closing address.

In the afternoons side trips to Central Park, Grant's Tomb, Ellis Island and other places of interest were arranged for the delegates.

It Is a "Bonnie Bible"

Dear Dr. Klopsch: I wish to thank you for the promptness in sending me your new Red Letter Bible. I am delighted with it. It is a "bonnie" Bible indeed. The type is clear and distinct, as are also the maps.

LEVI BRUEGEMAN.

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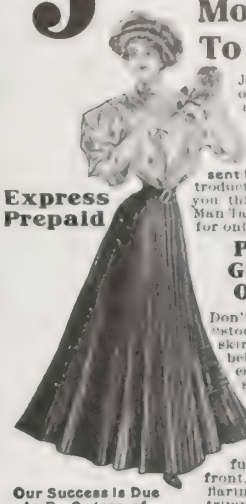

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Just wait a day or two before buying anywhere till you write a **postal** for our **Great Spring Catalogue** of all Latest Spring fashions—**sent free.** Then as an introduction to you we'll make you this nobby and stylish Man Tailored Walking Skirt for only $5.17.

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Don't think of buying "stock made" walking skirts made up **months** behind the season's latest style from the stores. Our fashions are fresh from New York, Paris and London models. This handsome skirt made in eleven gores, full plaited back and front, with the **new** circular flaring side gores, strap trimmings of the same material, cut and made to your individual measure

Our Success Is Due to Re-Orders of Satisfied Customers

Send for Samples and our free catalogue of all the new ideas. We are not an ordinary stock mail order house. Our goods are in the newest and latest style **to measure.** We are custom tailors to women. Remember,

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and your **money back** if not satisfied and delighted. That's our way. Write for book and samples today. Now.

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Let us send you the Booklet giving full information concerning this old, conservative institution.

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FEEDING FOR HEALTH

Directions by a Food Expert.

A complete change in food makes a complete change in the body. Therefore if you are ailing in any way the surest road back to health is to change your diet. Try the following breakfast for ten days and mark the result.

Two soft-boiled eggs (if you have a weak stomach boil the eggs as follows: put two eggs into a pint tin cup of boiling water, cover and set off the stove. Take out in nine minutes; the whites will be the consistency of cream and partly digested. Don't change the directions in any particular), some fruit, cooked or raw, cooked preferred, a slice of toast, a little butter, four heaping teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts with some cream, a cup of properly boiled Postum Food Coffee.

The Grape-Nuts breakfast food is fully and scientifically cooked at the factory, and both that and the Postum have the diastase (that which digests the starchy part) developed in the manufacture. Both the food and the coffee therefore are predigested and assist in a natural way to digest the balance of the food. Lunch at noon the same.

For dinner in the evening use meat and one or two vegetables. Leave out the fancy desserts. Never over-eat. Better a little less than too much.

If you can use health as a means to gain success in business or in a profession, it is well worth the time and attention required to arrange your diet to accomplish the result. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

FRONTIER MISSION PERILS

The Romantic Story of the Founding of Mission Work Among the Indian Tribes Along the Missouri River

FOR thirty-two years the Rev. C. L. Hall has been laboring for the salvation and upbuilding of the red man. His work has been among the tribes of Gros-Ventres, Mandans and Arickarees. Long years ago, he came up the Missouri River on a boat to the squalid village about Fort Berthold, where a thousand Indians lived in earth lodges along the river banks. It was a place of evil name. Sons of frontiersmen would gravitate there and sink to lower depths. Men esteemed honorable at home were dragged down and lost there.

When the missionary began to build his home, the stones for the foundation were thrown into the excavation the night after they were hauled. As he was raising the frame, the Indian chief sallied forth with his weapons and threatened to burn it down, but afterwards promised his protection. Before the house was finished, the Sioux "Sitting Bull," who killed General Custer, sent a band to win over the Fort Indians, but the Rees fired upon them. The Rees had lost three scouts in Custer's command. All through the season there were fears of attacks. Amidst such danger and excitement, the preacher told of the Saviour, the "Prince of Peace."

The Old Block House at Fort Berthold

One of the rooms in the old blockhouse had been for an Indian council room. In this room was held the first Gospel service. Pierre, the interpreter, tells of putting a slip-noose down from the projecting upper story over the neck of a Sioux, hauling him up and taking his scalp. Pierre acted as an interpreter for a time, but it was found out that he was giving his own version of the Scriptures. The Dakota Indian has a vivid imagination. The Indian child can outdo his little white friend in power "to make believe," and the strange myths of their people have a wild imagery like that of Ezekiel. A spirit divides the water and dispels the mist. Water rippling through the weeds is the "hair of the grandfather." A bird crossing a river is a "watcher, who will carry messages back to loved ones." He always looks in his journey for the "thunder bird" and the "storm spirit." But he is ready for the Gospel and listens to it gladly.

Mr. Hall has four congregations and two native assistants or missionaries. At one of the stations, the Rees have erected a neat chapel, giving in labor and material more than a third of the cost. "Pone Wolf," the oldest member, is a head-man, eighty-seven years old. He was a conjurer, and when he was converted, he took his superstitious belongings to the top of a hill and threw them to the winds. A prairie fire consumed them. His two daughters had already begun the Christian way, and in distress the aged Indian prayed that their God would be his God too. His conversion was complete. He and all his household were received into the church.

Mr. Hall for nearly twenty years kept an Indian school. He is planning to take into his home at Elbowoods ten or a dozen of the weakly native children whom no one else will provide for, but who need education all the more on account of physical defects.

Corona, L. I. W. J. PECK.

A WANDERER BROUGHT BACK

A MAN came to the Whosoever Mission, Germantown, Pa., several months ago, in a deplorable condition. He was converted, and was taken into the Home, and for over five months lived a consistent life. Last month he was taken ill and in a few days died in the Germantown Hospital. A few days later a letter was received from his sister which contained the following newspaper clipping: "Rolan W. Curtin, a brother of Mrs. I. M. Harvey, of State College, who had made his home here for some time, died at the Germantown Hospital last Monday of pneumonia, after an illness of but a few days. The deceased was a member of the well-known Curtin family of this county, his father being Austin Curtin, a brother of ex-Governor Curtin. He is survived by two sisters and two brothers. The remains were interred at Curtin on Wednesday." In her letter his sister said among other things, "I want to thank you for your great goodness to my brother, and if your mission never does anything more than to reform and help him you certainly will receive your reward. I am thankful that he got into the Mission. We tried every way to get him to reform, but he would only laugh. He was a bright young man, but like many others got into bad company, and had been very wild. Oh, how often have I prayed that he might be brought to Christ! I don't think I was ever so happy as when I received his letter just two weeks before his death, telling me I need not worry any more about him, as he had become a Christian and was working in the Home. My prayers were answered."

Night With Our Fleet

PLOWING through the mighty main,
Leaving in our wake a train
Of jeweled foam,
While in the moonlight's ray
Our pennons lightly play
As we roam.

Now no enemy in view
On the calm deep ocean's blue,
All is free,
Now is heard no battle shout,
And our guns look grimly out
On the sea.

In the silent midnight air,
The bright stars glowing there
Seem to tell
That guardian spirits bright
In those spacious realms of light,
Guide us well.

As I gaze upon the scene,
Sublime and yet serene,
Thoughts will come
Of those absent ones who pray
For us as we take our way
Far from home.

W. S.

A Helpful Book for Boys

The Boys of To-day contains timely words of encouragement from personal letters of eminent men, which will inspire the young reader to form habits of thrift and self-reliance. Sent free on application to Industrial Savings and Loan Co., whose ad. appears on page 424.

YOU can secure absolute and lasting cleanliness of the teeth and mouth by using the Sanitol Tooth Preparation.
YOU can add to the comfort and beauty of the body through the services of the elegant Sanitol Toilet Preparation.

SANITOL TOOTH & TOILET PREPARATIONS

fifteen in the family, all good

Select them today at your druggist or at any toilet counter

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Eden Valley, Southern Wyoming
150,000 ACRES—
50 CENTS PER ACRE

$20 down holds valuable farm in district number three. Districts 1 and 2 all entered. Water now being delivered in District Number 1, where great activity prevails. Land in District Number 3 equal to best lands in Districts 1 and 2. Water assessment $30 per acre payable in ten years. Immense irrigation system now being completed. State fully protects your investment. Write to-day enclosing 4 cents in stamps for pamphlet and official map containing full particulars as to filing on these lands. Filings made without leaving home.

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431 Scarritt Bldg., KANSAS CITY, MO.
Commissioner of Deeds for Wyoming

Die in open air seeking water.

Packed in boxes, ready for use.

Gets Them All
Has cleaned out the worst infested "rat holes." Rats and mice leave choicest food and grain for it. Dry, clean; never leaves a mark.

Rat Bis-Kit
All druggists—15 cts. a box.
If yours hasn't it, send us 25c for one box, or 60c for three boxes, delivered prepaid.
Also ask your druggist for Yankee Roach Powder or send us 25c; we'll mail direct to you. "Never fails."
The RAT BISCUIT CO.
35 Limestone Street, Springfield, Ohio

WANTED INFORMATION REGARDING
Farm or Business
for sale. Not particular about location. Wish to hear from **owner** only who will sell direct to buyer. Give price, description and state when possession can be had. Address,
L. DARBYSHIRE, Box 378 Rochester, N. Y.

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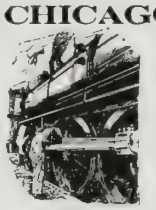

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THE RACYCLE has 27% less pressure on its crank hanger, ¼ less strain on chain, it runs and climbs hills easier than other bicycles. Is the largest selling high-grade wheel in the world. Will last a lifetime. We make no cheap RACYCLES but you can get yours **AT FACTORY PRICES** by securing us an agent. Catalog and pamphlet sent FREE. It tells about the RACYCLE and how to get the $60,000.

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—also shows how I make any Vehicle you want to-your-order.—Also full line of High-Grade Harness all at great saving prices. Address me personally—H. C. PHELPS, President, The Ohio Carriage Mfg. Co., Station 236 Columbus, O.

30 Day Free Trial

Bear in mind that "The Gods help those who help themselves." Self help should teach you to use **SAPOLIO**

CHINESE SCHOOL CHILDREN

A Group of Native Scholars at Hinghua, China

ONE day traveling through a village in which we had no Christian church, we heard a small boy studying his lessons aloud so that every one in the neighborhood could hear, in true Chinese fashion. When we drew nearer, we found he was repeating a portion of one of our Christian catechisms. He was thus telling all those people of God, all unwittingly, for he was getting ready for a good recitation to his teacher. He was a pupil in one of our schools in a neighboring village.

This gave us a new idea of the influence of our net-work of Christian day schools in Hinghua, China. We want to place one in every church, and indeed in many other villages, that they may become the centre of new churches. We save the boys, we train them for God, and they take the message of the Gospel into hundreds of homes.

Rev. F. H. Trimble has charge of these schools for Hinghua Conference, and Rev. George S. Miner of those in the Foochow Conference. ELIZABETH F. BREWSTER.

Hinghua, China.

Suffering in Asia Minor

A LETTER from Miss Billings, American missionary at Hadjin, Turkey, gives a pathetic picture of the sufferings of the Armenian population of that district in consequence of an almost total crop failure. She writes:

"Wheat is $1.50 or more a bushel, and people have difficulty in getting it in small quantities at any price. Every kind of thing is just as high in comparison. Many families are reduced to actual want. Yesterday we heard of a family that had had no bread for three weeks. Many pitiful cases are brought to us nearly every day. An old man was found lying in a stable on a few rags, with no food, no fuel, and no one to care for him. It is hard enough to see the suffering of grown people; but it seems almost more than one can bear to see the little children and babies suffer.

"We are doing all we can to relieve the suffering, but it is so little compared with the great need. Our girls, too, are doing all they can. For nearly two months they have been giving their dinners once a week and going without themselves. They also give their Sunday treat of rice once a month to the sick. Miss Vaughan and I put all the money we could command into wheat and had it made into flour, which we give out to the women and children. In two weeks we gave work to about 325 people. May the Lord touch the hearts of many people to send relief."

A Story by Mr. Carnegie

AT a dinner party in New York lately one of the principal guests was Mr. Andrew Carnegie. He made a short address on various topics and incidentally touched upon Prohibition. He said he gave each of his men ten per cent. of his yearly earnings as a bonus if he would give his word of honor that he had not taken a drink of any spirituous liquor during the year previous.

"All I want now," he added, "is an option from God on my life to live as long as I like. Heaven is a nice place, I have no doubt, but I do not want to go there just yet. This reminds me of an old colored servant I once had who had periodical fits of depression in which he always wanted to start at once for the promised land. One day he came into my library and told me that he was going to de golden shore and had come to say good-by. I tried to reason with him, but it was of no use. 'No, boss,' he said, 'I'se goin' to de golden shore right away, and I shan't come back no more.'

"I said, 'Well, George, there's no use in taking that long journey on an empty stomach, so I guess you had better go into the dining-room and refresh yourself.'

"When he came out, half an hour later, his face was bright and shining, so I said: 'Well, George, are you still going to the golden shore to-day?' He smiled and replied: 'Yes, boss; I'm goin' to de golden shore all right, but de excursion has been postponed.'"

GOLDEN AGE

SWEET is childhood! How soon 'tis over!
We kiss and part;
Then comes youth, the arrant rover,
How like the heart!
Succeed manhood, toil and duty,
And lurking cares;
Then hoary age, which is the beauty
In which God shares.

The child outgrows his drum and horn—
His laughing eyes;
And youth succeeds to childhood's morn—
Yet oft he sighs;
And man plods on in patient toil,
Midst hopes and fears;
But age, content, eased of turmoil,
Sweet cadence hears.

Age backward turns—sees visions gay,
And manhood blest;
Sees youth rush out into the fray
With eager zest;
And then the child with tangled curls
And cheeks of tan,
Again he sees. The dream unfurls
The Father's plan.

So childhood, youth and manhood meet
In golden age,
And dreams of life are ofttimes sweet
As turns life's page;
Then toil and cares are passing fleet,
For God is nigh,
And sweet the sound of angel feet
We hear go by. T. G. ARDEN.

What Will You Give To Be Well

To Have **Good Figure.** **Vibrant Health, Rested Nerves?**

I CANNOT tell you ***how happy I am*** that I have been able to bring health and strength to 30,000 women in the past six years. Just think! this means a whole city. It is to my thorough study of anatomy, physiology and health principles, and to my 12 years personal experience before I began my instructions by mail, that I attribute my marvelous success. It would do your heart good to read the reports from my pupils—and I have done all this by simply studying Nature's laws adapted to the correction of each individual difficulty.

If vital organs or nerve centers are weak, I strengthen them so that each organ does its work.

I want to help every woman to be perfectly, gloriously well, with that sweet, personal loveliness which health and a wholesome, graceful body gives—a cultured, self-reliant woman with a definite purpose, full of the health and vivacity which makes you

A Better Wife
A Rested Mother
A Sweeter Sweetheart

A Corset is not Needed for a Good Figure

You can easily remove the fat and it will stay removed. I have reduced 15,000 women.

Too Fleshy?

One pupil writes me:

"Miss Cocroft, I have reduced 78 pounds and I look 15 years younger. I feel so well I want to shout! I never get out of breath now.

"When I began I was rheumatic and constipated, my heart was weak and my head dull, and oh dear, I am ashamed when I think how I used to look! I never dreamed it was all *so easy*, I thought I just had to be fat. I feel like stopping every fat woman I see and telling her of you."

I may need to strengthen your stomach, intestines and nerves first. A pupil who *was* thin, writes me:

Too Thin?

"I just can't tell you how happy I am. I am so proud of my neck and arms! My busts are rounded out and I have gained 28 pounds; it has come just where I wanted it and I carry myself like another woman.

"My old dresses look stylish on me now. I have not been constipated since my second lesson and I had taken something for years. My liver seems to be all right and I haven't a bit of indigestion any more, for I sleep like a baby and my *nerves* are *so* rested. I feel so well all the time."

I bring each pupil to symmetrical proportions and I teach her to *stand* and to *walk* in an attitude which bespeaks culture and refinement. A good figure, gracefully carried, means more than a pretty face. Nature's rosy cheeks are more beautiful than paint or powder. I help you to

Arise To Your Best!

The day for drugging the system has passed. In the privacy of your own room, I strengthen the muscles and nerves of the vital organs, lungs and heart and start your blood to circulating as it did when you were a child. I teach you to breathe, so that the blood is fully purified.

You Can Be Well Without Drugs

And the vital strength gained by a forceful circulation relieves you of such chronic ailments as *Constipation, Torpid Liver, Indigestion, Rheumatism, Weaknesses, Catarrh, Dullness, Irritability, Nervousness, Sleeplessness or Weak Nerves* by strengthening whatever organs or nerves are weak.

I wish I could put sufficient emphasis into these words to make you realize that you do not need to be ill, but that you can be a buoyant, vivacious, attractive woman in return for just a few minutes' care each day in your own home.

Individual Instruction—I give each pupil the individual, confidential treatment which her case demands.

For ten cents I send you a card of correct poise for your dressing table and a booklet, showing you how to stand and walk with ease.

Write me today telling me your faults in health or figure, and I will cheerfully tell you whether I can help you. I never treat a patient I cannot help. If I cannot help you I will refer you to the help you need

SUSANNA COCROFT, Dept. 18, 57 Washington Street, CHICAGO

Miss Cocroft's name stands for progress in the scientific care of the health and figure of women.

Deafness

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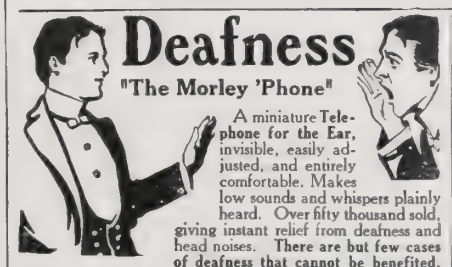

A miniature Telephone for the Ear, invisible, easily adjusted, and entirely comfortable. Makes low sounds and whispers plainly heard. Over fifty thousand sold, giving instant relief from deafness and head noises. **There are but few cases of deafness that cannot be benefited.**

Write for booklet and testimonials. **THE MORLEY CO., Dept. E, Perry Bldg., 16th and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia**

Rider Agents Wanted

in each town to ride and exhibit sample 1908 model. *Write for Special Offer.* Finest Guaranteed **1908 Models $10 to $27**, with Coaster-Brakes and Puncture-Proof tires. **1906 & 1907 Models** all of best makes **$7 to $12**. **500 Second-Hand Wheels** *All makes and models,* **$3 to $8**. Great **Factory Clearing Sale.** We **Ship On Approval** *with no a cent in advance,* pay the freight and allow **TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL.** Tires, coaster-brakes, parts, repairs and sundries, half usual prices. **Do not buy** till you get our catalogs and offer. *Write now.*

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. T71, Chicago

Public Lands—FREE

Millions of acres, rich irrigated lands open for public entry. My book contains full information: how to enter land without leaving your home; where located, crops, etc. Lay the foundation of a fortune by taking one of Uncle Sam's farms before they are all gone. Book prepaid, $1.

W. R. DRAPER, Scarritt Bldg., Kansas City, Mo

FIT THE GROCER

Wife Made the Suggestion

A grocer has excellent opportunity to know the effects of special foods on his customers. A Cleveland grocer has a long list of customers that have been helped in health by leaving off coffee and using Postum Food Coffee.

He says, regarding his own experience: "Two years ago I had been drinking coffee and must say that I was almost wrecked in my nerves.

"Particularly in the morning I was so irritable and upset that I could hardly wait until the coffee was served, and then I had no appetite for breakfast and did not feel like attending to my store duties.

"One day my wife suggested that inasmuch as I was selling so much Postum there must be some merit in it and suggested that we try it. I took home a package and she prepared it according to directions. The result was a very happy one. My nervousness gradually disappeared and to-day I am all right. I would advise every one affected in any way with nervousness or stomach troubles, to leave off coffee and use Postum Food Coffee." "There's a Reason." "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

Bear the script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label.
Get "Improved," no tacks required.

Wood Rollers *Tin Rollers*

Allen's Foot-Ease

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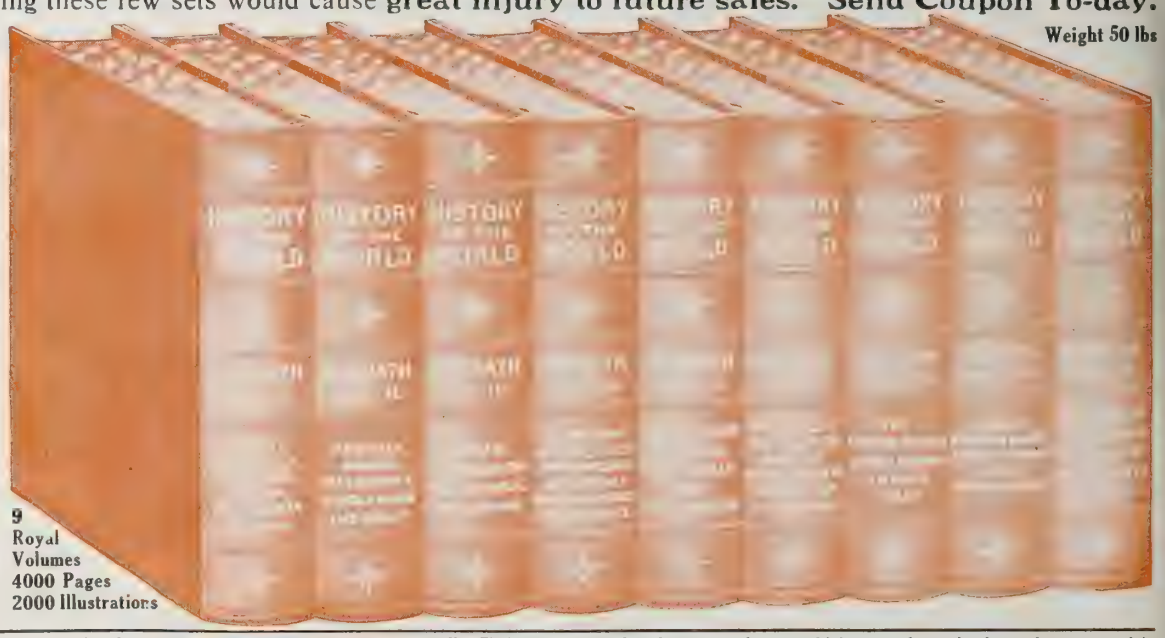

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VOLUME 31—NUMBER 22
OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

SEE PAGE 434

President, Governors, and Leaders of Industry Meet in the White House

1. President Roosevelt. 2. Governor Hughes of New York. 3. Governor Guild of Massachusetts. 4. Hon. Wm. J. Bryan. 5. Governor Stuart of Pennsylvania. 6. Governor Fort of New Jersey. 7. Governor Folk of Missouri. 8. Andrew Carnegie. 9. Secretary Root.

Questions and Answers

B. McK., Three Rivers, Can. Are children born to American parents residing under the jurisdiction of a foreign government considered citizens of the United States or of the country where they were born?

It has been declared by act of Congress that "children of persons who now are or have been citizens of the United States, though born out of the limits and jurisdiction of the United States, are considered as citizens thereof."

D. J. L., Des Moines, Ia. 1. When and where was the Luther League of America founded? 2. What does the League advocate?

1. The first national meeting was held at Pittsburg, Pa., in 1895. 2. It purposes to link together the various societies of young people in the Lutheran Church which are working for the good of the church.

H. M., Norwalk, Conn. What is the wealth of the great nations?

The statistics given below are "estimates," the real values probably varying a little from the figures given. The United States is rated at $116,000,000,000; Great Britain and Ireland, $62,200,000,000; France, $42,800,000,000; Germany, $42,000,000,000; Russia, $35,000,000,000; Austria-Hungary, $20,000,000,000, and Italy, $13,000,000,000.

A. B. T. 1. When a person dies, is it right to say that God called him? 2. What is meant by the transmigration of souls?

1. If the person was godly we may say so, for nothing takes place without God's concurrence. There are, however, some deaths which imply far other than that God is calling; it would appear, rather, that he was forbidding the person to enter his presence. 2. The transmigration of souls is a doctrine originating with the Egyptians, and later taught by Pythagoras: that at death the soul passed into an animal and lived in various forms of animal life successively and returned into a human body after a long period, usually about three thousand years.

B. M., Rahway, N. J. How many persons, approximately, are now receiving famine relief in India?

As stated by Lord Minto, the Viceroy (see CHRISTIAN HERALD of May 13), there are now 1,410,181 persons in receipt of Government relief. The *Bombay Guardian* of April 11 puts the total at 1,522,000. It adds, "The number of persons in poorhouses continues to decrease."

Subscriber, Greenwich, N. Y. What was the exact date of the death of John Alexander Dowie, and of what did he die?

He died of paralysis and dropsy March 9, 1907.

Reader, Oakland, Calif. Do all of the States observe Arbor Day?

Every State and Territory, with the exception of Indian Territory and Delaware, has observed a day as Arbor Day. They do not, however, follow the same date.

W. P. A., Newark, N. J. Who is the highest ranking officer in the United States Army and who is the chief of staff?

The highest officer is Lieutenant-General Arthur MacArthur, of Milwaukee, Wis. Major-General J. Franklin Bell, of Washington, D. C., is Chief of Staff.

M. R., Virginia City, Nev. In what year was marriage forbidden to the Catholic clergy, and what was the name of the Pope that promulgated such an edict?

The idea that a member of the priesthood should not marry was of gradual growth. At the first council at Nicæa, 325 A.D., an attempt was made to impose celibacy as a law, but it was unsuccessful. Gregory VII. tried to carry out the idea, and was successful to some extent. After the first and second Lateran Councils, 1123 and 1139, clerical marriages were declared invalid. Since the Council of Trent, in 1563, the law has been strictly enforced.

Reader, Applegate, Mich. Who is the oldest and who is the youngest Senator at Washington?

Senator Allison, of Iowa, is the oldest Senator. He is seventy-two. William James Bryan, of Florida, who died a few weeks ago, was the youngest Senator of the present Congress. He was thirty-one years old.

Reader, Hollis, N. H. 1. How many members has the British House of Lords? 2. How many members in the House of Commons?

1. The House of Lords has 617 members. 2. The House of Commons has 670 members, 30 for Wales, 72 for Scotland, 103 for Ireland and 465 for England.

J. W. R., Linomie, N. Y. 1. When and at what expense was the dam in the Nile River built? 2. How many acres will it render fit for cultivation?

1. The dam at Assuan on the Nile, the largest of its kind in the world, was completed on July 31, 1903, and formally opened by the Duke of Connaught in December of that year. It cost $24,000,000. 2. It will irrigate 600,000,000 acres of cotton and sugar-cane lands.

A. A. G., Aitkin, Minn. What meaning is there in giving the freedom of a city to a person?

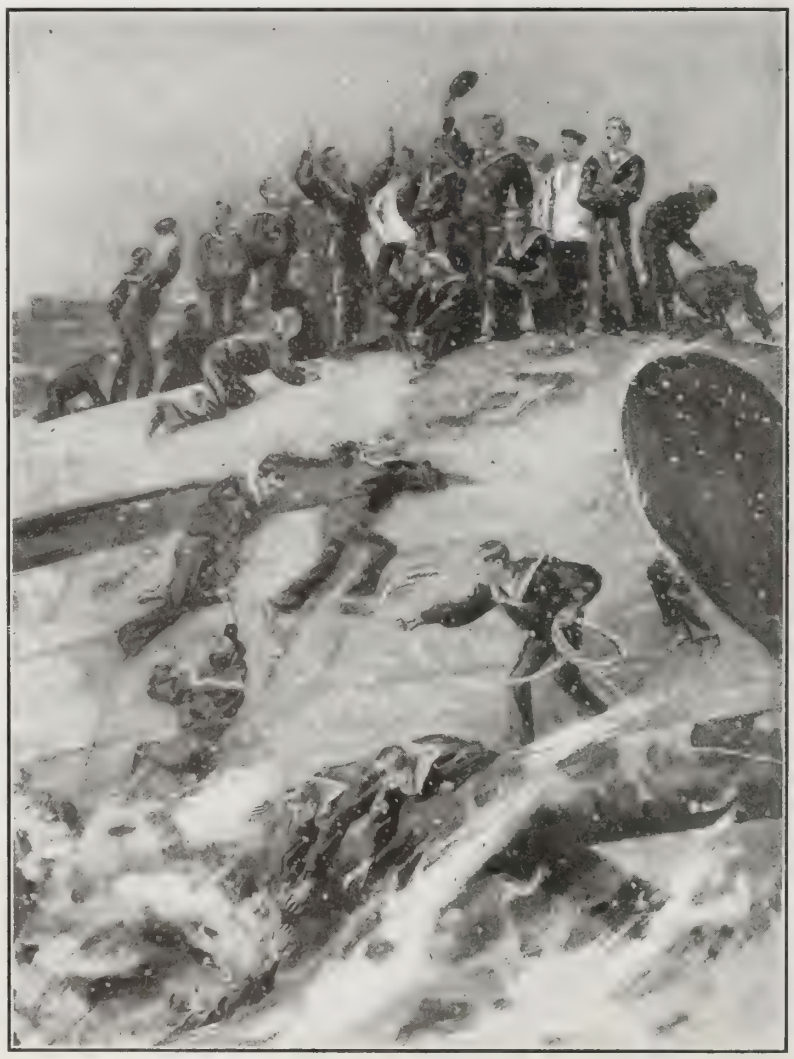
It is an ancient custom, and formerly meant much more than it does now. It meant that the recipient was granted certain privileges the possession of which gave him immunity from taxation, etc., and the right to do certain things which others did not enjoy and to have certain homage and service rendered to him. Now, the freedom is simply a formal honor, a compliment paid to distinguished people. It is occasionally done here but is more common in Europe.

A. G., Long Island. In I. Sam. 31 : 4-5, we read that Saul, after being sorely wounded in battle, took his sword and fell upon it and died. In II. Sam. 1: 1-10 it is, however, stated that a young man, an Amalekite, slew the king, as the latter had requested him to do. How are we to harmonize these two statements?

Commentators have apparently agreed on regarding the first account as the correct one and the Amaleki story "a fiction of his own intende ingratiate himself with David, the p sumptive successor to the throne." the other hand, it is held by some t Saul, having given himself a thr with his own sword, was finally c patched by the Amalekite.

Canada Subscriber, Montreal. What is me by the term "the tenant held his lanc socage"?

It was one way of renting land fr its owner in the middle ages. The f mer held it in "socage" when he p formed certain services for its u such as plowing the owner's farm a certain number of days, or paic fixed rent. It was distinguished fr other feudal tenures in that no milita service was required.



Survivors of the "Gladiator" Disaster on the Upturned Hull

ONE of the most thrilling and tragic disasters at sea occurred off the coast of England during the recent blizzard. The British warship *Gladiator* was on its way from Portland to Portsmouth, when the hull of a great vessel loomed out of the darkness. It was the liner *St. Paul*. Before the latter could change its course it rammed the *Gladiator* amidships. The *St. Paul* was but slightly damaged, but the warship turned over and sank in shallow water. A number of the sailors were drowned. Those who could got on the upturned hull, and, nothing daunted by the peril of their situation, began to sing.

R. R. W., Pearson, N. M., write

In the April 1, 1908, number of your val paper W. R. Draper speaks of the forty-five m lion acres of government land in New Mexic "not worth a cent unless irrigated." Now, t is a mistaken idea. The soil here is very prod tive. The main crops are milo maize, Kaffir co Indian corn, and sorghum. Peanuts, melo cantalopes, pumpkins, squashes, cushaws, sw potatoes, cucumbers, turnips, beans and p produce very abundantly. Alfalfa tests h succeeded. All these crops are raised on uni gated lands on the Staked Plains in New Mexi

Mrs. K., Denver, Colo. Here in Denver a hand of God-fearing people are trying to vote liquor. The liquor people are circulati pamphlets telling what a detriment Prohi tion is to business. Before me is a picture over one hundred vacant stores in Kan City, Kan., and another one saying that th is more drunkenness in Maine, more men the penitentiary there, than in four Stat where whisky is sold.

Such claims are absolutely untru of course. They are on a par with t mangling of the census reports by t liquor men, which the Director of t Census has just exposed. The Kans City story has been fully explode See page 347 of CHRISTIAN HERAI of April 22. Their Maine assertio too, is unprovable, because the fac will show the reverse.

Mrs. W., Wadena, Minn. What does the nin teenth verse of I. Peter, third chapter, mea

Our best commentators now hol that the earlier interpretations of thi which implied that the Gospel of Sa vation was preached, were not justifie by the context. Scripture everywher represents man's state after death a irreversible. There is nothing in th passage to show that anything furthe is meant than that the Gospel wa "heralded" (not preached), and tha the heralding, or announcement, o publishing of the fact of the finishe work was the true interpretation. I is a passage, however, concerning which there have been many differen opinions.

Astronomical Queries

Answered by Prof. S. P. Leland, Ph.D., LL.D. Seabreeze, Fla.

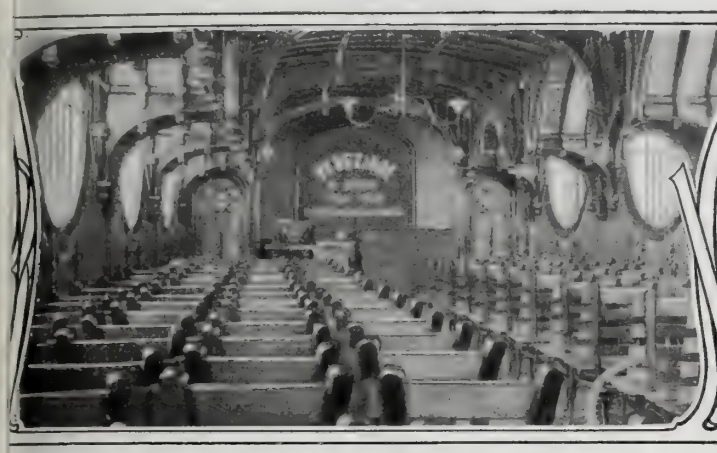
R. B. J., Vincent, W. Va. The earth has various magnetic centres toward which the needle points Beds of magnetic iron, called lodestone, are found in many parts of the earth, especially in Siberia and the Scandinavian Peninsula in the North, and other beds in the Southern Hemisphere. The needle points toward the magnetic centre having the strongest attraction, whether in the Northern Hemisphere or the Southern. Navigators are provided with tables giving the location of these centres, and the variation of the needles in the several seas.

Aula B., Ladora, Ia. The moon makes a revolution around the earth in 29 1-2 days. When it is on the opposite side of us from the sun, it is full moon, because the sun shines upon the side exposed to us. We then see the whole illuminated side. In about 7 1-2 days it will be in the last quarter, and only one half of the exposed side is illuminated. In about 7 1-2 days more, it gets between us and the sun and no part of its surface visible to us is illuminated. It is then in the dark. Then in 7 1-2 days more, one half its exposed surface is illuminated and the moon is in its first quarter. Then comes the full illuminated side again and it is full moon. These constitute its phases. The shadow of the earth has nothing to do with it.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

Interior of the Chapel Boat "Bonne Nouvelle" (Good News)



Rev. R. W. McAll

The Chapel Boat of the McAll Mission

HIS LIFE FOR THE POOR OF PARIS

Romance of the McAll Missions, Whose American Auxiliary Has Celebrated Its Twenty-fifth Birthday

TWENTY-FIVE years of sustained and systematic endeavor on the part of Christian Americans for the evangelization of France was chronicled at the great anniversary meeting of the American McAll Association held recently in Philadelphia. An interesting feature of the celebration was the bringing in of special gifts by the sixty local auxiliaries and the presentation of written records to be kept as a part of the history of the movement.

The McAll Mission began, like many other great religious movements, in a small way, and with no idea on the part of the founder that the work would be one that would flourish long after he was gone and be supported by the Christian people of many lands.

Dr. R. W. McAll was about fifty years old when he started his work in Paris. He was the son of Dr. Robert S. McAll, a famous Congregational preacher of Manchester, England. The son was converted at an early age, and was determined to follow in his father's footsteps in the ministry. After completing his theological course he became pastor at Sunderland, England, and later at Leicester and Birmingham. He was a man who was not content to go on with simple pastoral work among his own parishioners, but constantly sought new ways of reaching the masses. He soon became as welcome among the people in the poverty stricken quarters of the cities in which he worked as in the homes of his most aristocratic church members. He had a message for all classes, but made an especial appeal to the "unchurched."

Just at the close of the great struggle between France and Germany, Dr. McAll carried out a long cherished plan of a visit to Paris. He was worn out with hard work, a work in which vacations had been few and far between. He thought, now that the Germans had withdrawn from Paris, he could visit the French capital, its art galleries and literary shrines, and derive great benefit from an entire change in his environment.

He arrived in Paris just as the uprising of the worst elements in the city, known to history as the *Commune*, was being crushed by the loyal portion of the French troops. For a second time within a few months, Paris had seen its streets drenched with blood. Where Dr. McAll expected to see beautiful palaces, gaunt ruins raised their broken and windowless walls to the sky; on every hand he met people despairing, emaciated, even starving.

The good doctor's heart was filled with pity and he felt that here, among these people, was his real life work. He could then speak but little French, but whenever he met a person whose face seemed to indicate a hopeless heart within, he was able to say "God loves you; I love you." And then he would thrust into the stranger's hand a copy of the New Testament in French from a little stock which he had purchased.

Village of Nemours, France, Where a McAll Mission Has Been Started

This good man soon became well known to the distressed people, and they began to come to him for his advice in their time of trouble. He worked hard to attain a good French vocabulary, and held several meetings. People came to him to urge him to hold more. The doctor returned to England, told his congregation of his purpose to work for the evangelization of France, resigned his pastorate and returned with his wife to Paris. He opened his first mission hall in Belleville, a district infested by some of the worst characters in Paris. So great was the interest of the people that others were started. In a few years Dr. McAll had in Paris and other French cities over one hundred and thirty mission halls, and two Gospel boats. Many of his helpers were men and women converted in his mission work and who gladly served without pay to carry the Gospel to others. A McAll mission station often has several halls under its charge.

Dr. McAll passed away in 1893 and his good wife in 1906. So great was the esteem in which he was held that the President of France conferred upon him, in 1892, the decoration of the cross of the Legion of Honor, in recognition of his public service extending over twenty years, and his devotion to humanity—the first time the honor had been bestowed for such services. At her passing Mrs. McAll was buried beside her husband in the famous cemetery of Père la Chaise, not far from the historic corner where, thirty-five years before, they had heard the call of unredeemed France, "Come over and help us." On the granite cross above their graves is engraved in French the favorite text of Dr. McAll—"*Venez à moi, vous tous, qui êtes fatigués et chargés. Je vous soulagerai, dit Jésus-Christ.*" (Come unto me, all ye who labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest, said Jesus Christ.)

The same sweet verse of invitation and consolation is seen on the walls of the speaker's desk in the chapel-boat *La Bonne Nouvelle* (the Good News), one of the two McAll Mission boats which travel the length of the French rivers, seeking to save the lost. The church bell in the little tower of the *Bonne Nouvelle* is often the only call to worship in the isolated country districts into which the Gospel boats penetrate. Commenting on this novel method, some French wit of the daily press has asked whether there might not be inaugurated a missionary visiting balloon. In response to the suggestion of Rev. Henri Merle d'Aubigné, head of the work in Paris, a missionary van or automobile

Continued on page 437

THE
American Pulpit

A SERMON BY

Rev. Llewellyn S. Fulmer*

On the King's Business

TEXT—I. Sam. 21: 8
"The king's business required haste"

IT was a lie, a miserable subterfuge. The most noble of men sometimes do the most ignoble things. The situation was this: David had incurred the displeasure of King Saul and was a fugitive from his wrath. Saul had sent his agents through the kingdom to apprehend David. Leaving his most intimate friend, Jonathan the king's son, who had befriended him, David journeyed to the city of Nob to apply to the priest Ahimelech for aid. Knowing well that the priest would at once have a suspicion at his sudden appearance and with no retinue, David resolves to fall back on the art of deceit. Accordingly he represents to the priest that he is on a secret expedition on behalf of the king and that the business was so urgent that he had been obliged to leave with the utmost haste and so had brought neither food nor sword with him. A retinue of men, he said, were at an appointed place awaiting his arrival.

On this representation of his plight Ahimelech gave him the shew-bread from the altar, which was not lawful to eat but for the priests, there being no other provision at hand. The sword of Goliath was also presented to David, which he eagerly accepted, believing it might be a good omen in that it was the same sword he had used in killing the giant.

A Disastrous Deception

Without entering further into the narrative, suffice it to say that the outcome of this deception was most disastrous for Ahimelech and David himself. A spy in the service of Saul had been a witness to the whole transaction, and when it was reported to the king, Ahimelech, the innocent party, was put to death, and David himself was pursued with still greater ferocity. To die may be a necessity, but to lie can never be a necessity. It is better to die, if need be, for the truth, than to live at the price of a lie scorching the soul.

The king's business required haste, or was urgent. It is my purpose this morning to transfer this passage, which was originally an ignoble lie, to the expression of a noble principle—to the thought of the message and mission to the world of the great God through his Son Jesus Christ and the disciples who walk in his steps. "On the King's business," then, is our theme for the morning. "The King's business requires haste," *i. e.*, is urgent. Three thoughts are suggested from this text—the King's business, the agents of the King's business, the urgency of the King's business.

It is rather late in the day to deny the existence of the King. This is not a hap-hazard universe. Chance, we are quite sure, is not an able enough architect to have planned and builded these hills and mountains, rivers and seas, skies and landscapes fair. Things have not just happened. How does the gold-miner know there is gold in yon mountain? He knows it by the particles of gold which the river washes down from that mountain, and with which it fringes its banks. Waves of melody beat upon your ear. They come from the house of your friend. The doors are shut. The shutters are closed. You can not see your friends. Yet you recognize their voices. How do you know there is music there? The sound vibrations convey the knowledge to you. How do I know there is a King, a God? I see his footprints in creation. I see his calligraphy in the illuminated manuscript of the skies. I hear his voice in my inner consciousness. *God is*, and because God is, *he is* for some purpose, some business. Herein we see the character of the King and the nature of his business.

God's Attitude to the World

God is no idler. Idleness is at a discount in his economy of grace. God is a worker. It is only work that is at a premium. Quiescent ease is not the atmosphere he breathes. Rather energetic activity is the environment in which he lives, and moves, and has his being. Not a palace so much as an arena is characteristic of God's existence in the universe. Not the encampment but the march is the normal state of his being. The symbol of God's attitude to the world is not the great boulder that remains quietly in its receptacle in the side of the mountain, but the stately river that flows on perpetually and rolls on irresistibly to the sea. Activity—ceaseless activity—is the attitude of God to the world and the world of humanity. What a God, what a King is this! Does he not lead us over the burning sands and rest us in luxuriant glades? If there are disappointments at Marah there are surprises at Elim. Sometimes he leads us by a cloud, but he speaks to us by a human voice. Ofttimes he chooses a thundercloud as the canvas on which he paints his promise in rainbow hues. His beneficent purpose and activities are not restrained nor are they confined to a select few in the great family of humanity. The sun does not shine for a few trees and flowers, but for the wide world's joy. "The lowly pine on the mountain-top waves its sombre boughs, and cries, Thou art my sun; and the little meadow-violet lifts its cup of blue and whispers with its perfumed breath, Thou art my sun; and the grain in a thousand fields rustles in the wind, and makes answer, Thou art my sun." So God sits effulgent in heaven, not for a favored few, but for the universe of life; and there is no creature so poor or so low, that he may not look up with child-like confidence and say, "My Father, thou art mine."

Infinite Love and Sympathy

Then think of the nature of the King's business. It is the manufacturing of worlds and the institution of laws for their government. So nicely adjusted are these laws that there is not a clash among the myriads of worlds that roll through space. The great systems of suns and planets, galaxies and constellations move in their appointed orbits. And God is not only the Divine Mechanic, he is also the Divine Artist. His universe is not only mechanical, it is also artistic. Beauty is joined with utility. Does he not paint the sunsets and give to the lily its sweet fragrance, its delicate texture, and its lovely line? Does he not clothe the mountain with majesty and the sea with sublimity? Yes, this is his business; but this is not his supreme business. The supreme business of the King is with the world of men—the creatures of his own hand and created in his image.

It is with an infinite love that the King loves his subjects. But ingratitude and disloyalty have spurned that love. Sin has poisoned the fountain of man's being and has alienated him from the King's heart and the King's court. But the heart of the King yearns for his wandering child, and his supreme business is to bring him back to innocence and purity, love and hope and heaven. To this end his only begotten Son came and gave his life a ransom for many. The nature of his business then is redemptive. He would play upon the keys of man's life and bring forth the hidden harmonies. He would touch his mind with the magic wand of immortal truth. He would touch his heart with the pathos of sympathy and brotherhood. He would touch his will with a divine ecstasy. He would touch his conscience with the poesy of the ideal. He would touch his spirit with high resolves and immortal cravings. He would touch and save his soul for time and eternity. This, this is the supreme business of the King.

The Evolution of Manhood

The world is full of agents and promoters. Many and vast are the schemes exploited. Great business enterprises have been exploited by men who have been the agents of wealth and power, and with this strong backing, together with their own ample girth of brain, wise forethought, keen foresight and marvelous executive efficiency, they have enlarged the dimensions of trade, and have made for themselves honorable reputations. Vast schemes of knowledge have been launched upon the world by men who have enriched the mental halls of humanity, widened individual capacity to be and to do, and opened up avenues leading to the highest and the best in life, earning for themselves, too, the title, benefactors of the human race. But the scheme which Jesus launched upon the world was the business of the King—the evolution of manhood into the stature of the Divine. And when we walk in his steps we become the agents and promoters of the mightiest, the vastest, and the most glorious business on earth, a business that the angels of heaven would fain take up. Herein we see the honor of the calling and the responsibility of the position.

Think of the honor of the calling. To become a mighty factor through divine grace in the building up of the Kingdom of God, to become a partner with him in the great business of character building—there is no higher honor, no higher privilege in t world. To speak the word that shall start in t mind of a brother a train of thought that will bri him, like the prodigal of old, to himself and God; to evince a sympathy toward one who h passed through the deep waters of trial so that song finds its oratory in the heart and the shado flee away; to give a brotherly grip of earne solicitude to one who is wavering on the very ed of some frightful precipice of evil, and to enal him to walk again the broad table-lands; to be t means in God's hands of saving a soul from dea and of covering a multitude of sins—ah! this, th is to be on business for the King. And it is th honor of the calling that tints all life with the tou of the beautiful.

Our Responsibility

Then let us realize the responsibilty of the pos tion. It is a heavy, a vital business in which a agents we are engaged. It involves great respons bility. "I can not sweep the darkness ..t, but I ca shine it out," said John Newton. We can n scourge dead works out of the church, but we ca live them out. If we accuse the church of havin pneumonia, let us who are individual air-cells i that church breathe deeply, and wait patiently, an pray believingly, and one after another of the ol structed cells will open to the Spirit till convales cence is re-established in every part. Individual re sponsibility—not responsibility in the mass. N man can eat, drink, or sleep by proxy. No man ca get the alphabet learned for him by another. Jus as it is with the mind and body, so is it with th soul. There are certain things absolutely needfu to the soul's health and well-being. Each must at tend to these things for himself; each must repen for himself; each must apply to Christ for himself and for himself each must speak to God and pray You must do it for yourself, for by nobody else ca it be done. And no one else can perform the dut which devolves upon you as an agent of the King' business. You must do your own promoting. You responsibility can not be shifted to the shoulders o some one else.

Alas! alas! what shifting of responsibility there is among those who profess to be on business for the King! What specious excuses are offered! Think you not that the King sees through the flimsy veil with which you would fain cover your responsibility? Ay, your fellow men see it too. There are enigmas to clear up, problems to solve, sufferings to assuage, poverty to alleviate, sad hearts to cheer, the discouraged to be nerved with a mighty hope, the dying to be guided to the haven of rest, the living to be pointed to the Lamb of God, and the immortal soul to be assured of its power of endless life. The position of the agent in the King's business is that of solemn responsibility.

The King's Business Urgent

The King's business requires haste; that is, it is urgent. When your child whom you love as your own life was taken suddenly ill in the night and the tides of life seemed to roll their surge-beats on the other shore, you sent in great haste an imperative message to your physician to come with all despatch to the rescue of your child. The business of the physician was urgent. When the fortunes of war seem to be going against the gallant regiment and they are retiring before the destructive fire of the enemy, the commander of the retreating regiment sends a messenger post-haste for reinforcements. The need is urgent, and if that need meets with a prompt response victory may perch upon the banners of defeat. And when the child of God discerns the sgns of the times, and learns the lessons in the school of the Spirit, and is dominated by the mighty motive of the Christ, and has caught the new vision of the triumphant life, then will he be conscious of the urgency of the King's business, and with great alacrity will he spring to the doing of it. That the King's business is urgent may be seen from the spirit of the age and the open door of opportunity.

The age is such that men are asking the question, Is Christianity losing its grip? This question is prompted by certain facts. In a statement published in the New York *Times*, Dr. C. E. Jefferson, of the Broadway Tabernacle, made special reference to conditions in New York. These are his words: "Manhattan Island is more and more the

Continued on page 433

*Preached in the First Presbyterian Church, Montclair, N. J.

THE AWAKENING OF MONT-LAWN

he Scene at Mont-Lawn, from the Terrace in Front of the Homestead Building

HE Children's Paradise is under the magic touch of spring. The hills are putting on their robes f green. The Hudson sparkles in the sunlight. he smiling face of May gives greeting, as another eason of preparation for our little guests is in rogress. Mont-Lawn is a busy place. While Iother Nature loses no time in tinting the wide awns and whispering to dogwood, lilac, and other owering shrubs that it is time to spread their lossoming branches, while cherry, pear, and apple ie in their pink and white profusion, the sound of he carpenter is heard in the land. A new dormiory cottage is rapidly approaching completion. his building, very beautiful in its architecture, ith heavy stone foundations and picturesque ables, will contain seventy-six cots. Seventy-six ttle hearts will be made glad, in addition to the ormer numbers of tiny guests.

Here is an opportunity for seventy-six additional ndowments of cots for the season of 1908, a seaon which we hope to make a record-breaker, in ringing happiness to the poor children of New ork. The past winter has been one of great finanial stress even among the so-called well-to-do. Iow much more heavily has the hand of privation allen upon the families of the man out of a job, hrough the long, cold, cruel winter months!

Many a little one has gone to school with scarce enough food partaken of to last until the meagre lunch. Many a little form has shivered for want of sufficient clothing. It has been "hard times" in truth for many who before this last winter never had felt the tangible sting of poverty.

But "lo, the winter is past, . . . the flowers appear upon the earth; the time of the singing birds is come." How many little ones are looking forward to the one bright spot in the whole year to them—their ten days' sojourn at Mont-Lawn. How they count the days until the summons comes, that the Home is ready to welcome them!

Already letters are being received at the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, begging for a chance to go again to the Home—letters written by the little ones themselves, wonderfully well written, considering the baby hands which penned them.

Not always dimpled and rosy, these little fingers—more's the pity—little hands that will soon have to help carry the burden of life, to assist father and mother in the care of the family; "little mothers," yes, and fathers, too. Must we not do what we are able to crowd into their lives all the brightness we can?

Loving hearts and willing hands go from cottage to cottage, from the beautiful Temple to the dining pavilion and rainy-day playroom with its castle-like tower; every nook and corner is inspected, every door and window opened, letting in God's sunlight and fresh air. Gardens are planted, shrubs are trimmed, lawns and walks receive minute attention. Renovation and renewing is in the air. Every one sings and whistles about his work, when Mont-Lawn awakens from its winter's sleep. Every one is happy, each feeling that he has a personal interest in this great work for His little ones.

How joyous is the thought that all its beauty, which means the salvation of many a little child, is made possible by the kind and loving friends who are among those whom the Lord loveth—*cheerful givers!*

Twenty-one dollars endows a cot for the season. Twenty-one dollars brings life, health and strength to seven little ones, who have a vacation of ten days each; three dollars provides a ten-day outing for a little tenement boy or girl.

Good, wholesome food in abundance, the sweetest and cleanest of beds, the wide, green fields to roam in, unite to make a ten days' stay at Mont-Lawn a never-to-be-forgotten episode in the lives of children who otherwise might never know the beauty of God's country, might never hear the sweet message of peace which may come to them in afterlife as they remember the teachings at Mont-Lawn.

M. S. H.

ON THE KING'S BUSINESS ∽ Sermon by Rev. Llewellyn S. Fulmer *Continued*

Paris of pleasure-seekers and the London of business; it is more and more a foreign city. Of our 2,500,000 population, the Roman Catholic Church claims 930,000. There is a Protestant remnant of only 720,000, which is 50,000 less than it was ten years ago. Only the smallest fraction of these 720,000 nominal Protestants have any connection with the churches. It is not easy for churches to work here, and it grows harder all the time. The last decade has been the most strenuous and discouraging for Christian workers which this city has probably ever known." This somewhat pessimistic view is more than sustained by figures gathered by the New York Federation of Churches. The metropolitan churches, it has been said, are financially richer today than ever before. There are magnificent church edifices, but they can not fill them. Nor is the problem of religious decadence confined to New York City. It exists in many sections of the country.

Now, aside from all faults in the church itself, aside from faults in the preachers, aside from all this, this at least is true—the spirit of the age is plumb against the King's business. And what is this spirit of the age? Intensely materialistic. The first duty is to get land and money, place and name. The world is a sort of Vanity Fair. Success is reckoned in coin of the realm. Objects in life become mere things. Truth and beauty and the ideal dwell in the mystic shades of the unnatural and the unreal. As for a halo—there is no halo about anything under the sun. The spirit of the age makes the King's business urgent. A writer reminds us that a picture like Millet's "Angelus" comes like a voice out of the skies, bidding our age stop, ponder and adore. Even if the burden of existence be the digging of potatoes, and the ever pressing questions be, What shall we eat? What shall we wear? still beneath the growth of the potato is the mystery of God, and beneath food and clothes is the soul with its limitless wants; else our men and women would be little different from the clods of the field, of the earth, earthy. Yes, the Angelus bell does break in upon the materialistic solitudes of our day, and calls all human life to be reverent and worshipful.

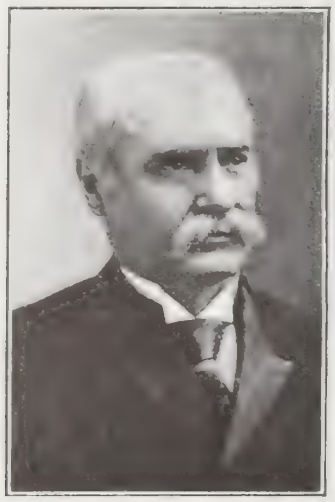
The very difficulty of injecting the King's business into the maelstrom of our materialistic life is, to the agents of the King, the strongest possible argument for its urgency, and is, therefore, the creation of the door of opportunity. When the attempt was made to persuade Napoleon that a certain military expedition could not be made because of the Alps looming up as a mighty barrier, he exclaimed, with a wave of his hand, "There shall be no Alps!" And when the church of Jesus Christ, the aggregate of the agents in the King's business, is really in for business, and conceives of the business of the King as the only real reason for her existence; when she looketh forth as the morning, is fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners, then the magnitude of the task will be to her the golden opportunity. When we, as the disciples of our blessed Lord, have truly caught his spirit, and echoed his note of the heroic in our lives; when we have been possessed of his passion and compassion, and have stopped acting as if we were fooling with heaven and frivoling with hell; when the Pentecostal baptism of fire has been poured out upon us and the beacon lights of eternity thus kindled shall flame with a mighty evangelism; then will the church create the mighty opportunity which shall prove in a very tangible way her belief in the all-conclusive urgency of the King's business.

The Christ who loved us and died for us demands of us our best. The door of opportunity opens the way for us to do our best. When the great military chieftain pointed his soldiers to the Pyramids, he reminded them that forty centuries were looking down upon them. The thought thrilled them and nerved them to do their best and thus they measured up to their splendid opportunity. The Christ of history, the hero of Calvary, the lover of the soul, the Saviour of the world, the Master of character—God over all—is looking down upon us from his throne in the skies; and shall not the thought of it thrill us with a new purpose, a new consecration, a new devotion of love, that shall respond gladly to the loud call of a matchless opportunity?

We have spoken of the King's business as revealing the character of the King—a God of activity; and the nature of his business—the redemption of humanity. We have spoken of the agents of the King's business, how honorable is the calling and how responsible the position. We have spoken of the urgency of the King's business, as emphasized by the spirit of the age and the open door of opportunity. My concluding word is this: We can not enter into the spirit of the King's business, we can not understand its scope, or be efficient in it, save as we come into living, vital touch with the King. You are familiar with the old story of the auction sale in a London curio shop. The auctioneer brought forth an old, dirty, battered, begrimed violin. He said, "It is worth its weight in gold, a genuine Cremona, made by Stradivarius himself." But the crowd doubted. The Stradivarius name was not cut in. Only five guineas were bid for it. The auctioneer said, "It is ridiculous to sell such a rare violin for such a small sum." Just then a rather prepossessing man entered the shop, edged his way through the crowd, picked up the violin, tightened its strings, took the bow and gently drew it over the strings; and, lo! a soft and entrancing harmony poured forth that held the people spell-bound, and involuntarily they exclaimed, "Paganini!" When he stopped playing the bidding became spirited, and the violin was finally sold to Paganini himself for one hundred guineas. That very evening he held an audience entranced by the matchless harmonies he drew forth from the old, battered and begrimed violin. The violin needed the touch of the master to bring forth its hidden power. You, my friend, as you look within yourself, may be deeply conscious of the discords in your life; you may feel that within you there is no power of efficiency to make you of service in the King's business. Listen: You are discounting yourself. Let your personality be touched by the Master's hand, and hidden symphonies will pour forth.

The touch of the Christ is vital to the King's business. Brethren, we are born to the purple. We are born to the throne. We are born to the sceptre. We are born to the crown. But we can never ascend the throne, we can never wear the purple, we can never wield the sceptre, we can never have our brow graced by the crown, save as we come into living touch with the King. God help us all to be on the King's business; for the King's business is urgent.

THE FIGHT FOR THE MOTTO WON



Senator Aldrich, R. I.

Senator Bailey, Texas

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Representative McKinley, Ill.

Representative Sheppard, Texas

Representative James, Ky.

AFTER six months of agitation, during which the entire Christian community was sympathetically enlisted in behalf of the restoration of the motto, "In God We Trust," to our national coinage, the victory has been splendidly won. The bill providing for the restoration of the motto on the coins passed the Senate unanimously on May 13, having previously passed the House by a practically unanimous vote. It becomes a law within thirty days after receiving the executive approval.

There have been many features about this battle that make it a memorable one. The motto, "In God We Trust," was placed on the coins during the Presidency of Lincoln, and while the Hon. James Pollock was Director of the United States Mint. It was a period of great national stress and trial, and during those dark days, the President and his nearest advisers—all men of deep religious convictions—felt that it would be appropriate to put on the gold coinage of the country an expression of our people's trust and confidence in God. From 1861 to 1907—forty-six years—the motto remained undisturbed. There was no suggestion of removal made in any quarter until a year ago, when new designs for the coins were called for. To the astonishment of the whole country, the new gold coinage with the St. Gaudens design appeared minus the motto.

When the people began to realize that the reverent and time-honored motto was really gone from the face of the national coins, an agitation was at once begun for its restoration. It was the general feeling that the effacement of this public acknowledgment of the Deity was an act which not only demanded explanation, but which should be reversed at the earliest opportunity. Hundreds of letters poured into THE CHRISTIAN HERALD office from all parts of the country, urging this journal to exert its influence in behalf of restoration, and when the flood-tide of the agitation was reached these letters swelled into the thousands.

Yielding to the universal demand from men and women of every religious denomination, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD communicated with leading members of Congress on the subject of restoration. Hon. Morris Sheppard, of Texas, and Hon. Ollie M. James, of Kentucky, two members of the House of Representatives, who were in the heartiest sympathy with the restoration movement, led the campaign in the House. Several bills were introduced and those were referred to the Committee on Coinage, Weights and Measures, the Chairman of which is Representative William B. McKinley, of Illinois. A compromise bill, drawn by Chairman McKinley, was finally agreed upon and reported to the House, which on March 16, by a vote of 259 yeas and five nays, passed the measure after a long and interesting debate. During the discussion, the immense mass of protests sent by Christian men and women from all the States to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, was laid before the House and many of the letters read in order to show the extent and character of the public feeling on the subject. A large number of these CHRISTIAN HERALD letters were spread upon the pages of *The Congressional Record.*

But the bill for the restoration of the motto ha yet to run the gauntlet of the Senate. It was sen to the Finance Committee, and after many urgen requests that it be considered, it was called up b Senator Aldrich, of Rhode Island, in Committe There had been suggestions that the bill would b allowed to die in Committee and would never be re ported to the Senate; but to these THE CHRISTIA HERALD gave little heed, believing that the Senator equally with the Representatives, were appreciativ of the tremendous sentiment that had arisen on thi subject all over the land. This proved to be th case, for when the bill came up in the Finance Com mittee on May 12, it was discussed briefly and unan mously approved. It was then immediately reporte to the Senate and placed upon the calendar, and o May 13 it passed the Senate unanimously.

The success of the measure is largely due to th energetic and insistent efforts of Congressmen Mor ris Sheppard, Ollie M. James and W. B. McKinley of the House of Representatives, and Messrs. Bailey Aldrich and Burrows, with their associates in th United States Senate. What these legislators hav done entitles them to the gratitude of the nation As far as the part of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in bringing this about is concerned, we are sincerely thankful to have been once more the chosen channe through which public opinion has expressed itself so effectually on a great question which deeply touched the religious feelings of the American people

We trust that never again will the motto disap pear from the face of the coins of our Republic.

THE GOVERNORS IN COUNCIL

WITH an attendance of almost every Governor from the States comprising the Union, and with prominent statesmen, manufacturers and labor leaders as guests, the Conference of Governors called by President Roosevelt to meet in the White House on April 13 was a most notable assembly. They were called to discuss "the conservation of the Nation's natural resources," a subject that affects the interests of all the States without exception and one which is holding no small place in executive recommendations to State Legislatures. President Roosevelt, it is said, has had the plan of such a meeting under consideration for several months, and all of the State executives who could come to Washington at the date set were present. At the formal dinner given in the beautiful state dining room of the White House, on the evening previous to the opening day of the Conference, thirty-six Governors of States were present, besides those of Hawaii, Porto Rico, and distant Alaska. Prominent statesmen who had applauded or criticised one another's public acts, met for the first time and shook hands as if they were old friends; party lines were forgotten and a general spirit of cordiality seemed to prevail.

The opening session was held on the morning of the 14th, in the famous East Room, which has been the scene of so many historic gatherings. Forty-five Governors were present, and other persons of national note filed in until at last five hundred were seated in the rows of chairs or banked about the walls. They comprised Senators, Representatives in Congress, Justices, members of the Cabinet and noted representatives of all lines of industry.

President Roosevelt's opening address took fifty-five minutes for its delivery, and it will rank among his most able and constructive utterances. When he finished the part dealing with the work of the Inland Waterways Commission, every Governor in the room cheered.

Secretary Root, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, and Mr. John Mitchell were the principal speakers besides the President at the first session. Andrew Carnegie spoke as an expert on "The Conservation of Ores and Related Minerals." "Iron and coal," he stated, "are the foundation of our industrial prosperity. Unless there is careful husbanding or revolutionizing inventions, or some industrial revolution comes which can not now be foreseen, the greater part of those estimated 2,500,000,000,000 tons of coal, forming our original heritage, will be gone before the end of the next century. I believe, as a practical man accustomed to dealing with those mineral factors on which our National prosperity is based, it is time to take thought for the morrow."

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President Roosevelt and the Governors of Forty-four States at the White House

A LIFE OF CHRISTIAN WORK ENDED

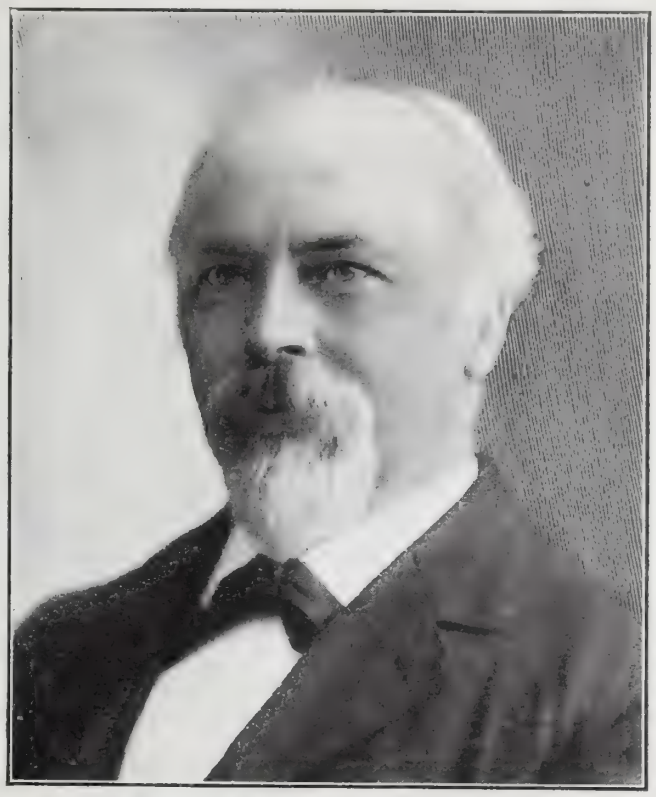
THE editorial staff of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has been bereaved by death of its oldest and best-loved member, Dr. Benjamin J. Fernie, who passed away at Lakewood, N. J., at an early hour on Monday, May 11. He had been afflicted with heart trouble for several years past, and when, three months ago, his illness assumed an acute form, he withdrew to a large extent from his active literary labors to undergo treatment at his home in Brooklyn. For a time he seemed to improve, and his physicians decided that a change of air and surroundings would be conducive to recovery. Accordingly they conveyed the sufferer to Lakewood; but he had hardly arrived there before he was seized with a violent congestive chill. He rallied, however, and hopes once more grew bright that he might be restored to health.

When Sunday, May 10, dawned quiet and peaceful it was evident that Dr. Fernie had again experienced a relapse and that his vitality was fast ebbing away. His mind was clear and his body was not racked by pain on that last Sabbath of his earthly sojourn. Those who sat watching by the sufferer were themselves comforted by the words of faith and assurance that fell from his lips from time to time. A little past midnight, he breathed his last. His going out was as calm and peaceful as a child falling asleep.

Benjamin James Fernie was born in the town of Halesowen, in Shropshire, England, November 29, 1842, and was the only child of Henry Fernie, a prosperous merchant and leading churchman of that place, and Eliza Brittell. He came of a long line of Congregational clergymen, and was educated with a view to following in their footsteps. As his education progressed, he began to develop a love of literature, which grew stronger as the years advanced. He wrote many essays and was an active member of several literary societies in Worcester, and soon began to be known as a writer of ability. He often said that those early days in Worcester were among the happiest of his life. He was a keen nature lover and somewhat disposed to archæology, and greatly enjoyed taking quiet trips into the country and visiting the ancient manor-houses and historic places of which there are many in that part of England. He took long rowing trips on the river Severn every summer. The great Gothic cathedral held a special charm for him. He would go to the vesper services, and, half hidden in some quiet corner, listen to the notes of the organ and the sweet voices of the choristers.

He had already so far progressed in journalistic work that he resolved to make it his life profession. Accordingly he went to Leamington, where he passed several years writing for the religious press and acquiring new and valuable experience. In 1876 he moved to London and became one of the editors of the English *Christian Herald* under the management of Rev. Michael Baxter, in which capacity he did such excellent work that in 1878 he was commissioned by Mr. Baxter to come to this country and establish an American edition. He began work in his new field under many difficulties, but enjoyed a fair measure of success.

When THE CHRISTIAN HERALD passed into the hands of the present Editor and Proprietor, Dr. Louis Klopsch, Dr. Fernie continued with the new management. His contributions to this journal during all these years of service took a wide range, touching every variety of topic suited to the requirements of a religious paper. He was an ardent theologian, soundly orthodox and a great lover of the "old Gospel," which he esteemed as the sole and sovereign remedy not only for the sinner but for all the evils that affect society at the present time. His broad views and generous opinions and the soundness of his Scriptural expositions have received the widest endorsement among the multitudes who read his articles in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Among other unique features which he introduced was the department known as "The Bible and Newspaper"—an application of Scriptural truths to current events.



THE LATE DR. BENJAMIN J. FERNIE

Associate Editor of "The Christian Herald," Born 1842; Died 1908

He conducted it with rare skill and ability up to the very last week of his life.

It would be impossible to estimate the extent of the influence of Dr. Fernie's teachings during all these years of incessant activity. No writer better understood his public, and probably none in recent years has ever come closer to the hearts and consciences of so many of God's people. There were times when his pen literally seemed to be tipped with living Gospel fire. He could move to pity, or rouse to indignation; and through it all there was a vein of kindness and gentle consideration which warmed and comforted even while it admonished. His creed was broad enough to embrace all Christian denominations, and he never failed to present the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man in language that was simple, direct and convincing. He was a master of spiritual narrative, and his mind was a storehouse of illustrative anecdote. His knowledge of the Scriptures was something remarkable. Hundreds of sermons, by preachers of every Protestant denomination, passed under his scrutiny every year, many of them the ablest efforts of the leading pulpiteers of two continents; but he invariably chose the "plain old Gospel" for presentation in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in preference to those that treated of doctrinal topics or theological disputation. Such was his love of the Bible that it was his constant companion, and after his death his daughter found beneath his pillow the Bible he had used for years. He passed away with his head pillowed upon Christ and the Book. In private life Dr. Fernie was a warm friend and a generous companion, and was greatly loved by his associates. He had at all times a list of private pensioners who lived largely on his bounty—unfortunate men, whom he had helped through years of struggle and adversity. In addition to his editorial duties, he found time to be active in various benevolences. He was one of the officers and directors of the Bowery Mission and an enthusiastic supporter of the work of that institution. He was also an incorporator and trustee of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home at Mont-Lawn. He was one of the founders of the Mayesville, S. C., Industrial Institute for the training of colored boys and girls, an organization which has grown to be one of the most notable of its kind in the country. During its early struggles, his pen and influence helped materially to smooth the way and to bring friends and supporters to the Mayesville work. Besides the foregoing Dr. Fernie was actively identified with practically all of the charities and benevolences, national and international, which have found presentation in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD during the last twenty years. His whole life was one of unostentatious devotion to duty and he reckoned no sacrifice too great, no expenditure of time and labor too onerous, if only he could assist in bringing comfort to some suffering one or help a wandering soul to find peace and pardon. In recent years, he has written thousands of letters of spiritual advice and consolation, to correspondents in almost every State of the Union, who appealed for counsel at some crisis in their lives. Among these unrecorded efforts of his pen, there are doubtless hundreds of cases where he has been the means of bringing blessing and spiritual consolation to those who needed it above all else.

Dr. Fernie leaves a wife and four children. Three of the latter, one son and two daughters, are married. His wife was Miss Elizabeth Catherine Smeeton, of Warwick, England, and she, like her husband, was a descendant of a family famous for its long line of Congregational preachers.

The funeral took place from his late residence, Bushwick Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., on May 13, the services being conducted by Rev. D. Niles, assisted by other pastors. Rev. Dr. Iglehart paid a warm tribute to the deceased, with whom he had been personally acquainted for a number of years. There were many floral tributes, some of them being the offerings of the proprietor and editors of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Mr. Fernie's associates. The interment took place in Evergreen Cemetery, Brooklyn.

HIS LIFE FOR THE POOR OF PARIS

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has been employed during the past year to carry the Gospel message to unreached, unchurched towns and villages and hold services in these places, similar to those in the floating chapels, the boats, for two or three weeks at a time.

The work has been conducted steadily through the years. At present there are fourteen McAll mission halls in Paris and vicinity, and twenty-eight provincial stations. Marseilles has three missions; Calais, Nice, and Saint-Etienne, two each. The mission at Nemours under Mr. M. E. Darly is the outcome of the visit of the *Bonne Nouvelle*, which, after a lapse of over two centuries, brought back the New Testament and its wonderful message into the broad and smiling valley of the Loire. In the hitherto Christless little town, preaching services are now regularly held.

The halls of the McAll missions are centres of varied activity. Religious services are held almost daily. In addition there are Sunday and Thursday schools, Societies of Christian Endeavor, mothers' meetings, men's clubs, temperance work and prayer meetings. Many of the workers are French pastors and French lay-workers, who serve, as do many of the English-speaking helpers, for love of the cause, unpaid. About $60,000 annually is the expenditure for the work.

At its twenty-fifth anniversary the American McAll Association pledged itself to a greater effort in the organization of home auxiliaries for the maintenance of this great Gospel work in France. The fact that there is not more than one Protestant to fifty of the population, and not more than one earnest evangelical pastor to fifty thousand people, makes France a fruitful field for evangelizing endeavor. The call comes from scores of places for help from the heavy burden of atheism under which the country has been suffering.

The leaders of the Association are Mrs. Charles H. Parkhurst, New York City, President; Mrs. Abraham R. Perkins, 302 West Upsal Street, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa., Treasurer; Mrs. H. L. Wayland, Philadelphia, Pa., Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. John H. Scribner, Mount Airy, Pa., Recording Secretary.

Finns Against Socialism

THE Finnish people throughout the United States, and especially in the West, are making a determined effort to stamp out the anarchy and discontent which have been instilled into some of their people by unscrupulous leaders. Those of Socialistic tendencies represent only about two per cent. of the Finns in this country. The majority of the Finns are good, law-abiding, Christian people, who wish to command the respect of the country of their adoption. To set themselves right before the public they have issued a protest which they hope will bring them the good will of all true American citizens. At a meeting recently held in Eveleth, Minn.. resolutions denouncing the Socialists were signed by 260 Finnish citizens.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, Associate Editor — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, Associate Editor

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

Change of Date.—It takes at least two weeks to change the date, after your subscription is renewed.

Expiration of Subscription.—The date on the wrapper indicates when your subscription ends.

Change of Address.—It requires three weeks time to make the change. Give both old and new address.

Subscriptions may commence with any issue.

Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

Our Dead Associate

DEATH has again invaded the editorial circle of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Dr. Benjamin J. Fernie, our veteran Associate and the longest in service, has gone from us. His chair is vacant, and his familiar place knows him no more. His kindly face, his valued counsel and ripe judgment, the store of knowledge that was always available to those who enjoyed his friendship—all are passed beyond recall.

But the influence of his life and work during these thirty years of service remains, and will continue to be felt as the years roll on. His life was devoted to the uplift of humanity. He gave to the poor, the suffering, the sin-burdened, the best that was in him. His unselfish helpfulness, his innate generosity, the spontaneous outpourings of his inmost spiritual convictions, which found expression in his editorial work and in his daily life, were felt far and wide. His hand was ever open to the needy, his heart ever ready to sympathize with the distressed, and his pen was at the service of every good work. To thousands of those in spiritual trouble, his cheering words and sound Gospel advice have brought consolation and hope.

Touching countless lives, who can estimate the moral and spiritual influence of such a worker?

To his associates who labored by his side, he was a dear comrade and a beloved friend. They will long cherish his memory and they know that this world was better because he lived in it, and performed so faithfully and well the work allotted to him.

Memorial Day

MORE than forty years have passed since the white flowers of peace sprang from the crimson soil of war in this great land of ours. During four terrible years, indelibly stamped on the memories of all who lived through that fateful period, the one topic in every home, North and South, was the war. Probably no similar war in the long history of the world involved issues more vital to a nation than did this Civil War of ours. Certainly no war of modern times shows a longer list of men slain in battle, of homes bereft of their natural supporters, of men crippled and wounded, of towns burned and looted, in short, of the awful calamities and catastrophes that follow in the wake of fraternal strife.

Forty years is a very brief interval in the life of a nation, although it looms large in the life of an individual. It has been a sufficient time to prove that the peace which followed the conflict was to be enduring, and to bring forth constantly fruits of good will and prosperity. The men who did the fighting did not remain foes when the battles were over. They were soon ready to clasp hands in friendship; and when there came the little flurry of the Spanish-American War, which, compared to the other, was a mere tempest in a teapot, those who wore the blue and those who wore the gray were again ready to stand shoulder to shoulder under the old flag.

The young people who have grown up since the Civil War do not in the least understand what that storm of passion and those days of anguish meant to North and South. To the children at school the story is a chapter to be learned and recited, and it is much less interesting in their eyes than the earlier story of the Revolution, or the still earlier one of the French and Indian War. Although this state of things is a little irritating to the people who were part of the tremendous time, when both North and South had their heroes, and when an honest difference of opinion could be settled only by the sword, it is, on the whole, perfectly healthy and natural and altogether for the best. As time passes, every asperity will be softened, old hates will be obliterated, and everywhere the united nation will take pride in standing in the front rank of the world's progress.

Memorial Day, originating in a desire to decorate the graves of the dead who had died in battle, preserves and epitomizes a tender and beautiful sentiment. We have too few such aids to patriotism. The day gives us another opportunity for a holiday in the early summer, when nature is everywhere doing her utmost to repair waste places and make beautiful the gardens and fields.

The quiet sleepers who will never again wake to reveille until the resurrection morn, were sturdy men-at-arms and performed their allotted tasks with valor while they lived. They have left us a legacy worth more than gold, they were brave and loyal, and they fought a good fight, under whichever flag they fell. They would not wish to cloud the gaiety of youth, nor to be remembered to-day with tears. The laughter of happy crowds, the refreshment of a day's outing for busy toilers, is a good way of keeping their memory green.

The Motto to Go Back

IN behalf of all thoughtful and reverent Americans THE CHRISTIAN HERALD extends congratulations to the members of the Finance Committee of the United States Senate for its action on the bill providing for the restoration of the motto, "In God We Trust," to the national coinage. On May 12, Senator Bailey, of Texas, called up the bill in Committee, and it was unanimously approved. It was then placed on the Senate calendar, and next day was passed by a unanimous vote.

By passing the bill, the Senators as well as the Representatives have won what is far more precious than cheap applause: the grateful remembrances of loyal, patriotic, God-fearing Americans everywhere.

To Senators Bailey, Aldrich, Burrows and their associates, and to Representatives Sheppard, of Texas, James, of Kentucky, and McKinley, of Illinois (author of the Restoration Bill), especial thanks are due for the splendid service they have rendered in a matter which affected neither politics nor tariffs, nor any similar considerations, but which touched the hearts and consciences and stirred the highest patriotism of the American people.

As long as the stars shine out on our nation's flag; as long as the Republic endures, may the motto remain, to show to the world that we are not a people living in spiritual darkness, but that we reverently acknowledge God in all things, and look to him as the Author of all our blessings.

Converging Views

A FRANK discussion of an important social question has the same effect, if the question is one of morals, that good ventilation has upon a crowded building. Those who remember Dwight L. Moody, the great evangelist, recall his dislike of an auditorium where the people were drowsy because of bad air. On one occasion, when speaking from a platform in a large city, Mr. Moody suddenly stopped and said, "Those who are afraid of draughts will please put on their overcoats and wraps. The Lord does not want us to worship him in a poisoned atmosphere. I request the janitor to open all the windows and the audience will rise and sing a hymn." On another occasion at Northfield, when people were growing restless and uneasy, Mr. Moody again paused abruptly and said, "There is some reason why you can not sit still. I think the reason must be that your attention has been too long directed to one point. I shall ask the Mount Hermon choir to sing again, and then we will resume the subject which we are studying." Frank discussion and fresh air are essential if we are ever to arrive at helpful conclusions in matters relating to the good of society. Socialism has been much misunderstood, and confused in some quarters with anarchy, with which it has nothing whatever to do. Socialism merely aims to carry forward in modern times the Gospel of St. Paul. As one member of the physical body can not suffer without involving the whole body in pain and weakness, so there can be no injustice, no distress, no wretchedness in any part of a nation that does not, sooner or later, send a vibration of suffering through the nation as a whole.

There are two kinds of Socialism—the one good, the other the twin-brother of Anarchism. True Socialism, written large, means the brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God. It aims to elevate and uplift, not to disorganize and destroy. It has nothing in common with the so-called Socialism which finds expression in violence and which sows widespread the seeds of discontent.

Religious Child-Training

The Last Editorial Written by Dr. Fernie

LETTERS that come to us from all parts of t country show that with all our study and exp rience we have not yet solved the problem of re gious education. In some districts the utmo liberty prevails, in others the teacher is restrict to reading the Bible without comment, and others the Bible is altogether excluded from t schools. To each of these systems there are stror objections. No conscientious parent is willing have his child taught in school doctrines that l regards as erroneous. Though the majority of h fellow citizens believe in those doctrines and so a able to have teachers of that creed appointed, h naturally resents such teaching being given. I the schools where the Bible is read without com ment, the difficulty of answering questions that a intelligent child is sure to ask must be felt by ever teacher, and he is naturally puzzled how to giv the information required without touching the deli cate ground of doctrinal belief. The third plan o excluding the Bible altogether, offends still mor decidedly the religious conscience. It is felt to b utterly inconsistent to leave out of the educationa programme the Book which is the basis of ou civilization.

In the face of these difficulties shall the child b reared without any religious education? Shall w sharpen his intellectual faculties and equip hin with accomplishments and give him full store o knowledge, and fail to deal with the soul, the most important part of his nature? Will not such a course increase his powers of doing evil, without directing him to that spiritual force which could restrain the evil? Under such a system, shall we not throw wide the gates that keep the road to vice and immorality, to chicanery and fraud?

There is another alternative that should be applied in any case. The Church, in its many denominations, ought to take up the difficulty. It is obvious that the home instruction is inadequate. The parents, who are the natural teachers, are too often compelled by the exigency of life to leave the religious teaching of the child to others. The fact has been recognized by the organization of the Sunday School; but it is obvious that the brief period that the child once a week is taught spiritual and divine things bears no relation to their importance. It is evident that the time has come when all the churches must make better provision for the religious education of the children, both in striving to make the Sunday School more efficient, and by enlarging its opportunities by special services for children, or in some other way. To ignore the subject is to invite social as well as religious peril.

The address delivered by Dr. F. C. Iglehart, D.D., at the funeral of Dr. Benjamin J. Fernie, will appear in next week's issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

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THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

A Temple of Republics

ON May 11, President Roosevelt, in the City of Washington, laid the cornerstone of the first International Temple of Peace, riendship and Commerce, the tangie evidence of the desire of the wenty-one American Republics that ar shall be no more in the Western orld and that material prosperity romoted by international trade shall ake its place. Distinguished men ere present at the laying of the corerstone and messages were spoken or ent by representatives rom all of the twenty-one epublics of America. The ew building is to be the oint property of all the epublics. The site proided by the American ongress is within a few undred yards of the Vhite House and is adacent to the State, War nd Navy Buildings and he Corcoran Art Gallery. Ir. Andrew Carnegie conributed three-fourths of million dollars to the rection of the building nd each of the republics as added an appropriaion to the fund. The buildng is to be the home of he International Bureau, maintained by the Amerian republics and is to be nade the centre of a coninuous campaign of eduation, where one country may obtain accurate and p-to-date information of ny other. A library on ll subjects American is to be secured, nd by every possible means the Amerian governments are to be brought loser together with intimate acquaintanceship. The imposing building will tand on a five-acre reservation. It will be 169 feet square, the main porion standing two stories above a huge studded basement and being in turn surmounted by dignified balustrades. The rear portion, in order to cover a capacious assembly hall, will rise still higher. The general architecture will suggest Latin-American treatment, out of respect to the fact that twenty out of the twenty-one republics are of Latin origin. A large reading room will be a feature, where can be seen all the South as well as North American publications, besides important historical data. A beautiful assembly chamber that, for present purposes, may be called the "Hall of the American Ambassadors," will provide the only room of its kind in the United States especially designed for international conventions, receptions to distinguished foreigners, and for diplomatic and social events of a kindred nature. The bureau is strictly an international and independent organization maintained by the joint contributions, based on population, of the twenty-one American governments. We have not been without our difficult problems of solution in the United States, but the republics of South America have had a very troublesome and disastrous time in their national and international struggles and revolutions. The success of the United States government has been a splendid example and inspiration to the sister republics of the South, and the foundation of this Pan-American Palace of Peace, Friendship and Commerce, is an important epoch and will be a potent instrument in securing the prosperity and happiness of the Western Hemisphere, and in promoting that good will among men and nations which is the ideal and purpose of the King of kings.

And they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruninghooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. (Isaiah 2: 4.)

The New Bureau of American Republics as It Will Appear When Completed

The Sad Leper Girl

Bertha Osis, a Russian girl leper, brought from Penikese Island, Buzzard's Bay, on the Cape Verde packet schooner *Ramona* to New York recently, was transferred to the steamship *Hellig Olav*, which sails from Hoboken for Copenhagen, Christiania and Christiansand. The girl came here about three years ago. Her deportation has been ordered at the request of the State of Massachusetts. She dreaded going back to Russia. She begged to be allowed to live and die on Penikese Island, with her leper companion, Lucy Peterson. She fears that her native country may send her to Siberia. She easily passed the physical examination at Ellis Island for admission to the country. She took service with a family at Brookline, Mass. In August last the Boston Board of Health received an anonymous letter revealing the nature of the servant's illness. She was sent to the Massachusetts leper colony on Penikese Island. When it was found that she had not been here three years the authorities were very glad of a chance to send her back to Russia. She was placed in the padded lunatic hospital on the foredeck of the *Hellig Olav*. There may be prudential reasons that justify this course, but it seems a pitiful thing to send this poor girl back to Russia to die, when she desires to remain in this country. Whom the hand of man casts out, the heart of God takes in. The great Physician who healed the diseased, never turned the leper away.

All that which the Father giveth me shall come to me: and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out. (John 6: 37.)

President Roosevelt Laying the Cornerstone of the New Bureau Building

Translated From the Church

It was on a beautiful Sunday morning recently that Father Osborne went to the Tremont Methodist Church, of New York City, to worship as usual. The minister was at prayer when he reached the vestibule. He went into the church parlor and before the minister's prayer was ended he sank down in his chair and died. Dr. Barnett, the pastor, said: "I have a sad announcement to make to this congregation. Father Osborne has just passed away in the parlor of the church. He was one of the truest and best men we had in this church, always faithful to every trust, and was constancy personified. I am certain if he had had his choice of a place from which to go to heaven, next after his own home, he would have selected the house of God, which he loved like he did his own life." A death like this at first seems a very shocking thing, and yet, could there be anything more beautiful than for a father in Israel to be translated from the house of the Lord? And the suddenness of his taking off was only the chariot with steeds of a little swifter foot or a band of angels with a little swifter wing, sent to carry his faithful child home.

And Enoch walked with God: and he was not; for God took him. (Gen. 5: 24.)

Waste Forces

Mr. J. J. Hill, president of the Great Northern Railway, made an address at the Congress of Governors held at the White House, in which he emphasizes, in a very strong manner, the waste of the natural resources of the country. Among other things he says:

The forests of this country, the product of centuries of growth, are fast disappearing. The best estimates reckon our standing merchantable timber at less than 2,000,000,000,000 feet. Our annual cut is about 40,000,000,000 feet. We are consuming yearly three or four times as much timber as forest growth restores. Our supply of some varieties will be practically exhausted in ten or twelve years; in the case of others, without reforesting, the present century will see the end.

The exhaustion of our coal supply is not in the indefinite future. The startling feature of our coal production is not so much the magnitude of the annual output as its rate of growth. If coal production continues to increase as it has in the last ninety years, the available supply will be greatly reduced by the close of the century.

The iron industry tells a similar story. The total of iron ore mined in the United States doubles about once in seven years. Our production now is over 600 pounds per capita. We do not work a mine, build a house, weave a fabric, prepare a meal or cultivate an acre of ground under modern methods without the aid of iron. And the supply of this most precious of all metals is so far from inexhaustible, that it seems as if iron and coal might be united in their disappearance from common life.

It is vitally important to stop the destruction of forests, the evaporation of rivers, the exhaustion of mines, the impoverishment of the soil, but it is still more important to stop the tremendous wastes in the mental, moral, and spiritual realm. It is more necessary to cure the wastes of the intellect, caused by ignorance or idleness, that of moral loss produced by evil appetite and bad habit, and to the spiritual nature, caused by indolence, selfishness and sin. If the religious energies of the followers of Christ in the world to-day could only be utilized, it would be a very little time before the whole world would be brought into his Kingdom.

And not many days after the younger son gathered all together and took his journey into a far country; and there wasted his substance with riotous living. (Luke 15: 13.)

BRIEF NOTE

Countess von Boos Farrar, founder of the Home for Prisoners' Children, will accept engagements to sing in churches and at Gospel meetings, etc. She will also tell of her charitable work if so desired.

CLOSE OF THE NORFOLK REVIVAL

The Leading Evangelists Who Took Part in the Norfolk Revival

From right to left, lower row: Rev. William Asher, Rev. Daniel S. Toy, Charles M. Alexander, Dr. J. Ernest Thoeker (Chairman Norfolk Mission), Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, Rev. Frank Graustat Dr. Ora S. Grey. Upper row: Frank Dickson, Singer, Mrs. William Asher, Mrs. Charles M. Alexander, Miss Bertha Chapman, Charles F. Allen, Singer, Charles H. Marsh, Pianist, O. F. Pugh, Singer, and William Norton, Superintendent of Personal Workers.

By GEORGE T. B. DAVIS

THE Chapman-Alexander two weeks' mission in Norfolk, Va., has closed with the whole city aroused with new spiritual fervor. Many hundreds have confessed Christ; thousands of church members have been quickened, and a new impetus has been given to Christian work of every kind.

One evening, an actor about to leave the city dropped into the meeting to while away the time before his train departed. He was so deeply impressed that he did not leave the city that night. He became deeply concerned for his soul's welfare and remained in the city for nearly a week, attending the meetings night after night. One evening he sent in a request for prayer, signed, "A Son of Sin." When a worker spoke to him one night, he confessed that he was tired of the life and that he knew he ought to become a Christian. He further stated that his father had been a Baptist minister, and his mother was a godly woman. He had, however, just signed a contract for theatrical work and could not see his way out of the dilemma before him. That night, however, alone in his room, he definitely accepted Christ, and will quit the profession.

Several reporters have joined the Pocket Testament League and are enthusiastic over it. One who has reported the meetings continuously was on a leading Philadelphia paper during the work of Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander there two years ago, and was converted. At the conclusion of the first meeting in Norfolk, he went back to the newspaper office, overflowing with happiness and singing "The Old Time Religion." Quickly the other reporters and even the printers gathered around him, and they made the newspaper office ring with the old-time revival melody.

Among the many remarkable conversions which have occurred here, one of the most interesting is related by Mr. William Asher, the Rescue Mission evangelist. One night, at the conclusion of his Gospel meeting in a low class variety theatre, he was walking along the street talking with a man, when he noticed a man walking in front who was partially intoxicated, but seemed eager to speak to him. After a few moments' talk the man definitely accepted Christ, and they had prayer just as they sat together on the door step. It turned out that he was the manager of a store in Norfolk. This man's wife afterward told how their home had been transformed since her husband had accepted Christ.

A dramatic event was the children's parade two days before the mission ended. Nearly 7,000 children from the Sunday Schools of the city formed in line and marched through the streets, headed by a sailors' brass band, and by a company of marines and another of militia. A throng of about twelv thousand gathered in the square in front of th Court House, where brief addresses were delivere by Dr. Chapman, Mr. Charles T. Schaeffer, the Chil dren's Evangelist, and Mr. and Mrs. Alexander. O the steps of the Court House was a children's choi composed of several hundred boys and girls ar ranged in the form of an American flag.

The last day of the Mission was "Mothers' Day." In the afternoon, old ladies were carried to th church in carriages and automobiles.

Miss Bertha Irene Chapman, daughter of th evangelist, has helped and inspired thousands by her beautiful singing of new and old Gospel hymns She is to be married on June 2 at the home of her father at Winona Lake, Ind., to Rev. C. P. Goodson pastor of the King's Highway Presbyterian Church in St. Louis.

The Norfolk Mission closes the season's work of the evangelists. After a mass meeting at Kansas City, May 23, in connection with the Presbyterian General Assembly in that city, Mr. Alexander and his wife will sail for England. The latter part of July they expect to return to this country to be present at the Christian Workers' Conference at Northfield, Mass., and at the Bible Conference at Winona Lake, Ind. Next fall Dr. Chapman and Mr. Alexander expect to spend several months working in England.

VARIOUS GOOD CAUSES HELPED ❋ Blind Babies' Home and India Famine Sufferers

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A Friend, Wheaton, Minn 1 25
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Mrs R S Morrison. 1 25
Ida L Tukioman. . . 1 25
Mrs Ira Bailey . . 1 25
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Mrs G A Moore. . . 1 25
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L E Potter 1 25
Mrs T M King. . . . 1 25
M A Fuller 1 25
Carrie M Stenerson 1 25
A Friend, Milo, Me 1 00
A Friend, Milo, Me 1 00
S D Longwell . . . 1 00
Mrs W C Kriegel. . 2 00
Mrs A Wright . . . 1 00
A Friend, Denmark, Tenn 1 00
Mrs Mary Barton. . 1 00
Mr & Mrs Stout. . 3 00
John Adair 1 00
Mrs C Thompson. . 1 00
Dorothy E Beidler 1 00
J C McWilliams. . 1 00
Mrs R V Bailey. . . 1 00
S M K, Williamston, Mich 1 00
C M Kenyon . . . 1 50
Wm & Mary Chapin 1 25
Mr & Mrs B Alverson 2 50
A Friend, Freeport, Ill 5 00
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Mrs W C Senior. . 1 00
E A Robbins. . . . 1 00
A Friend, Milo, Me 1 00
A Friend, Milo, Me 1 00
S D Longwell . . . 1 00
Mrs W C Kriegel. . 2 00
Mrs A Wright . . . 1 00
A Friend, Denmark, Tenn 1 00
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Mr & Mrs B Alverson 2 50
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Mrs Pigueron . . . 1 00
A Friend, St Catharines, Ont Can. 1 00
R C Cheesman. . . . 1 25
Alice McNulty . . . 5 00
Mrs A S Low 4 00
F W S, Reading, Pa 1 00
H Roerber 5 00
A D S, Ravena, N Y 1 00
Mrs C H Wilson. . 1 25
Helen Hungerford. 1 25
J J Manuel 1 25
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THE TRANSFORMATION OF MARGARET

A New Serial Written for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

By MRS. ELEANOR H. PORTER

Author of "Into Still Waters," etc.

CHAPTER II—*Continued*

NOT only cakes and tidies gave Mrs. Kendall food for thought during those first few days after Margaret's return. From the very nature of the case it was, of necessity, a period of adjustment; and to Mrs. Kendall's consternation there was every indication of friction, if not disaster.

For four years now her young daughter had been away from her tender care and influence; and for only one of these four years—the last—had she come under the influence of any sort of refinement or culture, and then under only such as a city missionary and an overworked school-teacher could afford, supplemented by the two trips to Mont-Lawn. To be sure, behind it all had been Margaret's careful training for the first five years of her life, and it was because of this training that she had so quickly yielded to what good influence she had known in the last year. The Alley, however, was not Five Oaks; and the standards of one did not measure to those of the other. It was not easy for "Mag of the Alley" to become at once Margaret Kendall, the dainty little daughter of a well-bred, fastidious mother.

To the doctor — the doctor who had gone to New York and brought Margaret home, and who knew her as she was — Mrs. Kendall went for advice.

"What shall I do?" she asked anxiously. "A hundred times a day the dear child's speech, movements and actions are not what I like them to be. And yet — if I correct each one, it will be a continual 'don't' all day. Why, doctor, the child will—hate me!"

"As if any one could do that!" smiled the doctor; and in the look in his eyes Mrs. Kendall dropped her own—the happiness that had come to her with this man's love was very new; she had scarcely yet looked it squarely in the face.

"The child is so good and loving," she went on, a little hurriedly, "that it makes it all the harder — but I must do something. Only this morning she told the minister that she thought Houghtonsville was a bully place,' and that the people were 'tiptop.' Her table manners—poor child! I ran away from the table and cried like a baby the first time I saw her eat; and yet—perhaps the very next thing she does will be so dainty and sweet that I could declare the other was all a dream. Doctor, what shall I do?"

"I know, I know," nodded the man. I have seen it myself. But, dear, she'll learn—she'll learn wonderfully fast. You'll see. It's in her—the gentleness and the refinement. She'll have to be corrected some, of course; it's out of the question that she shouldn't be. But she'll come out straight. Her heart is all right."

Mrs. Kendall laughed softly, though her eyes were moist.

"Her heart, doctor!" she exclaimed. "Just there lies the greatest problem of all. The one creed of her life is to 'divvy up,' and how I'm going to teach her ordinary ideas of living without shattering all her faith in me I don't know. Why, Harry"—Mrs. Kendall's voice was tragic—"she gazes at me with round eyes of horror because I have two coats and two hats and two loaves of bread, and haven't yet 'divvied up' with some one who has none. So far her horror is tempered by the fact that she is sure I didn't know before that there were any poor people who did not have all these things. Now that she has told me of them, she confidently looks to me to do my obvious duty at once."

"The two sat in their favorite perch in the apple tree"

The doctor laughed.

"As if you weren't always doing things for people!" he said fondly; then he grew suddenly grave. "The dear child! I'm afraid that along with her education and her civilization her altruism will get a few hard knocks. But—she'll get over that, too. You'll see. At heart she's so gentle and—why, what—" he broke off with an unspoken question, his eyes widely opened at the change that had come to the other's face.

"Oh, nothing," returned Mrs. Kendall, almost despairingly, "only if you'd seen Joe Bagley yesterday morning I'm afraid you'd have changed your opinion of her gentleness. She—she fought him!" Mrs. Kendall stumbled over the words, and flushed a painful red as she spoke them.

"Fought him—Joe Bagley!" gasped the doctor. "Why, he's almost twice her size."

"Yes, I know, but that didn't seem to occur to Margaret," returned Mrs. Kendall. "She saw only the kitten he was tormenting, and — well, she rescued the kitten, and then administered what she deemed to be fit punishment there and then. When I arrived on the scene they were the centre of an admiring crowd of children" — Mrs. Kendall shuddered visibly—"and Margaret was just delivering herself of a final blow that sent the great bully off blubbering."

"Good for her!"—It was an involuntary tribute straight from the heart.

"Harry!" gasped Mrs. Kendall. "'Good'—a delicate girl!"

"No, no, of course not," murmured the doctor hastily, though his eyes still glowed. "It won't do, of course; but you must remember her life, her struggle for very existence all those years. She had to train her fists to fight her way."

"I—I suppose so," admitted Mrs. Kendall, faintly; but she shivered again as if with a sudden chill.

CHAPTER III

SCARCELY had Houghtonsville recovered from its first shock of glad surprise at Margaret's safe return, when it was shaken again to its very centre by the news of Mrs. Kendall's engagement to Dr. Spencer.

The old Kendall estate had been for more than a generation the "show place" of the town. Even during the years immediately following the loss of little Margaret, when the great stone lions on either side of the steps had kept guard over closed doors and shuttered windows — even then the place was pointed out to strangers for its beauty, as well as for the tragedy that had so recently made it a living tomb to its mistress. Sometimes, though not often, a glimpse might be caught of a slender, black-robed woman, and always there could be seen the one unshuttered window on the second floor. Every one knew the story of that window, and of the sunlit room beyond, where lay the little woolly dog just as the baby hands had dropped it there years before; and every one knew that the black-robed woman, widow of Frank Kendall and mother of the lost little girl, was grieving her heart out in the great lonely house.

Not until the last two years of Margaret's absence had there come a change, and then it was so gradual that the townspeople scarcely noticed it. Little by little, however, the air of gloom left the house. One by one the blinds were thrown open to the sunlight, and more and more frequently Mrs. Kendall was seen walking in the garden, or even upon the street. Not until the news of the engagement had come, however, did Houghtonsville people realize the doctor's part in all this. Then they understood. It was he who had ministered to her diseased body, and still more diseased mind; he who had roused her from her apathy of despair; and he who had taught her that the world was full of other griefs even as bitter as her own.

Not twenty-four hours after the news of the engagement became public property, old Nathan—town gossip, and driver-in-chief to a generation of physicians, Dr. Spencer included — observed triumphantly:

"And I ain't a mite surprised, neither. It's a good thing, too. They're jest suited ter each other. Ain't they been traipsin' all over town tergether, an' ridin' whar 'twas too fur ter foot it? . . . Ter be sure, they allers went ter some one's that was sick, an' allers took jellies an' things ter eat an' read; but I had eyes, an' I ain't a fool. She did good, though—heaps of it; an' 'tain't no wonder the doctor fell head over heels in love with her . . . An' thar was the little gal, too. Didn't he go twice ter New York a-huntin'

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THE POWER OF AN ENDLESS LIFE

*By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts**

THE same day at evening." It was the evening of the first Lord's Day, on which Jesus had risen from the dead. He had risen early in the morning, even before it was light. Where had he been all day? Mary had met him beside the tomb in the garden; and the holy women had met him on their way to the apostles; and two travelers had walked with him on the way to Emmaus, though they did not know with whom they walked. He had sat at table in their home, and had broken bread with them, and then had vanished out of their sight.

"The doors were shut where the disciples were assembled for fear of the Jews." Probably in the same upper room where they had eaten the Lord's Supper with Jesus. They were all there save Thomas. Two men from Emmaus had come to tell the apostles that they had seen the risen Christ and had walked with him. Why were the disciples fearing the Jews, when they should have been waiting in tenderest expectancy for him who had sent them word that they should go into Galilee to meet him? But the message had seemed an idle tale of the women, and they believed them not. And neither did they believe the testimony of the two from Emmaus.

"Jesus came and stood in the midst." Did they welcome him with open arms or with reverent salutations? No, we are told, "they were terrified and affrighted and supposed that they had seen a spirit." And why? Because Jesus came into their midst without the door being opened. Jesus' resurrection body may have differed from his previous body, but certainly it must have been known to them that Jesus had the power to appear and disappear at will (Luke 4: 28-30; John 8: 10-39).

"Peace be unto you." A beautiful message from the Prince of Peace. It meant peace with God, sins forgiven, harmony with the will of God; the peace of righteousness (John 14: 17, 21, 23); peace in their desires to all mankind. It was this large peace that Christ desired for his followers. This was the customary form of salutation, "Salaam," but it had new meanings coming from the lips of Christ.

"He shewed them his hands and his side." This he did in tender, divine patience, giving a sign by which they might know him. Seeing the nail prints and the spear wound they would surely know he was their very Jesus. And to convince them that he was not a spirit, he asked for food, and when they brought him broiled fish and honey comb, he ate of it (Luke 24: 41-43).

"As my Father has sent me, even so I send you." It was their commission to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature. He breathed on them and said unto them, "Receive ye the Holy Spirit." And so power was given unto them to forgive sins.

A larger measure of power was promised to them (Luke 24: 49), which was realized at Pentecost. Oh that we might feel his inspiring breath upon us to fit us for loving service to all about us, in our home and in the world. We know that he is breathing upon us when we feel him in our thoughts.

"Thomas was not with them when Jesus came." How much he missed by being absent! He was so outside of the circle of sympathy that he declared he would not believe it was Jesus himself until he should put his fingers into the nail prints and thrust his hand into Jesus' side. Some one has said: "Thomas was not so much of a doubter as he was a realist."

"Thomas, reach hither thy hand and thrust it into my side"

"After eight days." It was the next Sabbath evening, the apostles being again assembled in the upper room, not for fear of the Jews, but expecting that Jesus might come again, and Thomas was this time one of the number. And Jesus did appear as before, the doors being shut. And again Jesus greeted them with, "Peace be unto you." He had hidden himself all that week as if once more to make the first day of the week the day of days.

"Thomas, reach hither thy finger and behold my hands, and reach hither thy hand and thrust it into my side, and be not faithless but believing." Who had told Jesus of Thomas's unbelief? We do not know. Jesus did not need to be told, for he can read all hearts.

"My Lord and my God." Thus did Thomas make his confession.

"Because thou hast seen me thou hast believed." It was a gentle reproof, and yet severe, as Jesus contrasted him with those who would believe without visible proof.

What now is the central mountain range of truth in these verses? Is it not "the power of an endless life"? When the apostles were fully assured that there was life beyond death for Christ and so for themselves, they were prepared for service and even for sacrifice in this world as their training for a larger life beyond, and because in such service they would still be serving a living Master.

"Nothing more perfectly reveals the moral character of a doubter," says N. J. Cooke, "than the instinctive tendencies of his mind during his mental conflicts. In *Pilgrim's Progress*, Christian and Pliable both fell into the Slough of Despond. Pliable struggled to the side nearest to the City of Destruction, but Christian, with infinite toil, reached the side nearest the Celestial City." Thomas got out of the slough of doubt on the celestial side, and developed into an active, brave disciple. A traveler in India a few years ago came in contact with a large band of Christian people who called themselves "St. Thomas Christians," and claimed to be the descendants of those who had heard the apostle Thomas preach the Gospel. They also claimed that no missionary had ever been among them.

The martyrdoms which the apostles endured because of their belief that Christ had risen from the dead and was a living Lord and Saviour proves that they fully believed it. That Paul, the educated persecutor, became a witness unto death that Christ lived and reigned, converted one great infidel, Lyttleton, who could find no other cause than the resurrection of Christ that would be adequate to produce such a marvelous result. Greenleaf, the standard authority among lawyers on the laws of evidence, finds that the New Testament proof of the resurrection and other facts of Christ's life bear all the legal tests of historic evidence, seeming discrepancies being especially valuable as showing the independence and truthfulness of the witnesses, whose testimony would have been under suspicion of collusion if more uniform.

The story of Thomas illustrates the saying that "immortality was brought to light by the Gospel." A party of tourists, each carrying a candle, were exploring a celebrated cave in America. One of them was feeling greatly disappointed with the place, of which he had heard much. But suddenly the guide set light to a roll of magnesium ribbon he carried. In a moment the whole scene was changed. The grandeur, height and beauty of his surroundings now held that disappointed visitor spellbound. Dropping his candle, he gazed in awe and delight at the wonderful effects of mingled crystals and stalactite and revealed by that clear and splendid light.

Many years afterwards, describing some of the details of the sight, that American minister compared himself when exploring that cave to a man reading God's Word, with only the little candle of his own human intellect to guide him. He may be learned enough to translate it into four or five languages and yet fail to see the risen Christ revealed in it, or to discover any of its hidden beauties, because he has not dropped his own candle and relied on the illumination of "the Spirit of Truth." "The Spirit searcheth all things, yea the deep things of God." "He will guide you into all truth."

"Why, Peter still at work on that same great chain? What a slow fellow you are! Hurry up, man, and get to something else." The old blacksmith smiled and carefully examined the last link of the chain. Did it ring sound? Was it absolutely flawless? that was the question. Link by link the chain grew, and was coiled in a corner of the smithy, but by and by the patient old hands that had done their work so faithfully were forever folded to rest.

And men came and carried away the huge chain and put it on board a ship, where it lay unnoticed and unused for many days. One dark night a storm arose. The captain, looking anxiously into the darkness, said to himself, "We are in for a gale." Soon he commanded the men to let go the anchor. Down she sank through the boiling waves, until the anchor at last touched bottom. "Will it hold?" the sailors wondered, as they felt the ship quiver under each fresh shock. One imperfect link, and the chain must snap. But the anchor held; every link of the chain was perfect.

Faith's anchor chain has four links: the belief of the intellect, the submission of the will, the trust of the heart, the faithfulness (faith made full) of the life, and every one of these links must be strongly made, for a chain is no stronger than its weakest link. Many are carried away by every wind of doctrine because their intellectual beliefs are weak and uncertain, or their will lacks decision and persistency.

* **International Sunday School Lesson for June 7, 1908.** Jesus appears to his apostles, John 20: 19-31. GOLDEN TEXT: "Thomas answered and said unto him, my Lord and my God." John 20: 28.

IN THE BUDDING SPRINGTIME

Commencement Days

By Margaret E. Sangster

A HOST of young people will soon arrive at that brilliant turning point in life known as Commencement. It used to be a puzzle to my juvenile mind why the ending of the school year should be called the commencement, the latter word being to me synonymous with beginning. Yet the close of a college term of four consecutive years is in reality the commencement of active life for the students who must now enter the ranks of the world's workers. In this country we have few idlers. The sons of the rich as frequently as the sons of the poor enter upon careers of absorbing activity. Their education has all along been intended to fit them for the places they are to fill. One of the best things college education accomplishes, is to break down certain foolish barriers of caste and to obliterate accidental distinctions that come from circumstance and fortune. The girl who has had a liberal allowance has shared recitations and competed in sport with another girl who was glad to make a little money go a long way, who very likely paid part of her expenses by hard work in the summer vacation, or by undertaking extra duties out of college. The man who works his way and who is frankly unable to afford any expense that has to do with mere pleasure, may be as popular a fellow as his friend who owns a motor-car or drives his own horses, belonging to the set who wear purple and fine linen. Snobbishness seldom thrives in college life.

The last week before the break-up has its side of shadow to young men and women who must henceforth go on their separate ways. As never before they realize that childhood with its dreams and joys must now be left behind. They shoulder their burdens and step forward gallantly on the path of maturity.

Each summer sees a throng of newcomers in professional ranks. The young doctors and lawyers and ministers who begin to serve the public are not precisely discounted on account of youth, particularly in the medical and clerical ranks. Possibly the young lawyer must wait longer to win a firm foothold than the man who chooses another profession, because most people are reluctant to risk their property in inexperienced hands. An old lawyer keeps on winning laurels and receiving large retainers at a period when congregations show no little weariness with an elderly pastor, for example. A physician has a protracted career of usefulness, and so long as his strength continues and his professional reputation is unblemished, he may count on the loyalty of his patients. There is, nevertheless, a deepening impression as to the value of youth in the medical profession. Constant advances are made both in medical practice and surgery, and the young doctor who wins his diploma this year, who is willing to work hard and to grind, who in every way keeps himself up to date, may confidently look for a good measure of success without too long a delay. As in the past, so in the future, it will be proved that there are surprises in store for parents and faculties. It is not always the graduate whose record has been most brilliant and who has taken the largest number of prizes who achieves most in the competitions of real life. The hard working, plodding student often surpasses in the race the classmate who carried all before him in academic days. On the whole, the men and women who will make most of their lives have had an all-round training, physically and mentally, and bring health, energy, common sense, and disciplined powers to the every-day contest.

Girl Graduates and Gowns

The cost of a daughter's graduation from either high school or college is often appalling to the man of moderate means. In some localities little girls cannot be graduated from the grammar school without a really absurd outlay in the way of flowers, satin slippers, a frilled frock and a carriage, the whole amounting to a bill of expense that will cripple a poor family for several weeks. The custom of making the graduation ceremony an affair in which presents loom large on the part of friends and neighbors is to be deprecated, and indeed it would be in far better taste to have a change of a radical nature in the whole proceeding. So long as there is one girl in a class who cannot easily afford the expense of a costly graduating gown, the rest of the class should forego ostentation in favor of simplicity. Seldom is there a class of any size in which there are not several girls to whom the expense of graduation is an incubus. Either young girls should be graduated in their ordinary caps and gowns, a custom that obtains in some colleges, or else they should be limited to the wearing of precisely such a costume as they usually have for attendance at church and Sunday School.

Tennyson's *Princess* should be read over again in these summer days. What a gift of prophecy the poet had! Little he knew how swiftly his dreams were destined to come true, and how familiar every one would be before very long with the sweet girl graduate in her golden hair. There is a great deal of sound philosophy as well as of beautiful poetry and eloquent diction in Tennyson's immortal idyl.

THE TEA PARTY

We have such fun when dolly's friend comes here to visit her and me.
All day we play, and at the end I give them both a cup of tea.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—S. W. The Business Woman's Bureau, 21 West Twenty fourth Street, can furnish you the information you need, and is a trustworthy agency. Your best way of finding such a position as you want will be to apply to it in person or by letter.

Our Girls and Marriage

I REMEMBER an old-fashioned gentleman who was fond of saying that in his opinion no young woman was ready for marriage unless she could make a shirt, broil a beefsteak, and bake a loaf of bread. In his early days it seems that shirts were made by hand, with no end of fine, dainty stitches, including hemstitching on bosoms and wristbands. The old gentleman said that unless a girl was past-mistress of this sort of fine sewing, she would never make a good wife. Then, too, he held that she must be a thoroughly competent cook, or else she could not supervise the oven and the gridiron. Times change and we change with them. Although many good people affirm an opposite opinion, I have always held that an intelligent American girl may easily acquire everything she needs to know about practical housekeeping in a few weeks. As for the making of shirts, that difficult art has now passed out of the domestic realm into the hands of manufacturers, and girls are not expected to know anything about it. It is, in fact, much more expensive to make such articles at home than to buy them. But as in these days many young women are looking forward to marriage, it is well worth their while to consider what a young wife specially needs to be prepared for her vocation. For one thing she needs firm and elastic health. By this is not so much meant actual robustness as the sort of buoyant health that enables one to go through the day's work without headache and backache, that enables a woman to smile at nerves and hysteria, and helps her to be a good comrade to the man she has married. Next, a young wife needs a serene, quiet, and unceasing faith in God. A wife who marries without real faith has no defense against the trials that are inevitable in every life. Again, she needs common sense and patience, and these will enable her to adjust herself to circumstances and to keep from fretting when she discovers that though her husband may remain her lover, he will not always continue in the stage of adoration that appertained to courtship. A young wife should learn how to cut her garments according to her cloth, how to economize, how to make the most of a little, how to assume her place as a member of society with dignity. She will make the greatest of mistakes if she turns herself unnecessarily into a drudge, if she runs to wait on her husband at times when he might as well wait upon her, and if she contentedly slips into the background while he steps to the front. Wives sometimes do this through thoughtlessness. Husbands are public spirited and gradually drift into having a great many engagements outside the home, while wives remain simply and solely domestic. There should always be the golden mean. Nobody can make so good a wife to an American man as an American girl, and we cannot help regretting that so often our American girls are turning away from their native land, and giving themselves to foreign husbands. No matter how high the place a man may have to offer abroad, those of us who are conservative think our girls would be happier and safer were they to choose their mates at home.

To Remove Swedenborg's Body

The body of Emanuel Swedenborg, after resting in the vault at the Swedish Church, St. George's-in-the-East, London, for 136 years, is shortly to be removed to Sweden and reinterred there. Application was made a few years ago for its removal, but was refused by the British government. Now the application has come from the Swedish government itself and the request has been granted. The body will be conveyed to its final resting place by the Swedish frigate *Fijgia*.

The Transformation of Margaret

Continued from page 439

fur her, an' wa'n't it through him that they finally got her? 'Course 'twas. 'Twas him that told Mis' Kendall 'bout that 'ere Mont-Lawn whar they sends them poor little city kids ter get a breath o' fresh air; an' 'twas him that sent on the twenty-one dollars for her, so's she could name a bed fur little Margaret; an' 'twas him that at last went ter New York an' fetched her home. Yes, 'twas allers him. Thar wa'n't no way out of it, I say. They jest had ter get engaged!"

It was not long before the most of Houghtonsville—in sentiment, if not in words—came to old Nathan's opinion: this prospective marriage was an ideal arrangement, after all, and not in the least surprising. There only remained now the pleasant task of making the wedding a joyful affair befitting the traditions of the town and the honored name of Kendall.

In all Houghtonsville, perhaps, there was only one heart that did not beat in sympathy, and that one, strangely enough, belonged to Mrs. Kendall's own daughter, Margaret.

"You mean you are going to marry him, and that he'll be your husband for—for keeps?" Margaret demanded with some agitation, when her mother told her of the engagement.

Mrs. Kendall smiled. The red mounted to her cheek.

"Yes, dear," she said.

"And he'll live here with us?" Margaret's voice was growing in horror.

"Why, yes, dear," murmured Mrs. Kendall; then, quizzically: "Why, sweetheart, what's the matter? Don't you like Dr. Spencer? It was only last week that you were begging me to ask some one here to live with us."

Margaret frowned anxiously.

"But, mother, dear, that was poor folks," she explained, her eyes troubled. "Dr. Spencer ain't that kind, you know. You—you said he'd be a husband."

"Yes?"

"And — and husbands — mother!" broke off the little girl, her voice sharp with anguished love and terror. "He sha'n't come here to beat you and bang you 'round—he just sha'n't!"

"Beat me!" gasped Mrs. Kendall. "Margaret, what in the world are you thinking of to say such a thing as that?"

Margaret was almost crying now. The old hunted look had come back to her eyes, and her face looked suddenly pinched and old. She had come close to her mother's side and caught the soft folds of her mother's dress in cold, shaking fingers.

"But they do it—all of 'em," she warned frenziedly. "Tim Sullivan, an' Mr. Whalen, an' Patty's father—they was all husbands, every one of 'em; and there wasn't one of 'em but what beat their wives and banged 'em 'round. You don't know. You hain't seen 'em, maybe; but they do do it, mother—they do do it!"

For a moment Mrs. Kendall stared speechlessly into the young-old face before her; then she caught the little girl in her arms.

"You poor little dear!" she almost sobbed. "You poor forlorn little bunch of misguided pessimism! Come, let me tell you how really good and kind and gentle the doctor is. Beat me, indeed! Oh, Margaret, Margaret!"

CHAPTER IV

IN spite of Mrs. Kendall's earnest efforts, Margaret was not easily convinced that all husbands were not patterned after Tim Sullivan and Mike Whalen. Nor was this coming marriage the only thing that troubled Margaret. Life in the Alley was still too vividly before her eyes to allow her to understand any scheme of living that did not recognize the supremacy of the sharpest tongue and the heaviest fist; and this period of adjustment to the new order of things was not without its trials for herself as well as for her mother.

There were the callers, too—beautiful ladies in trailing gowns, who insisted upon seeing her, though why, Margaret could not understand; for they invariably cried and said, "Poor little lamb!" when they did see her, in spite of her efforts to convince them that she was perfectly happy. And there were the children — they, too, were disconcerting. They came, sometimes alone, and sometimes with their parents, but always they stared and seemed afraid of her. There were others, to be sure, who were not afraid of her. But they never "called." They "slipped in" through the back gate at the foot of the garden, and they were really very nice. They were Nat and Tom and Roxy Trotter, and they lived in a little house down by the river. They never wore shoes nor stockings, and their clothes were not at all like those of the other children. Margaret suspected that the Trotters were poor, and she took pains that her mother should see Nat and Tom and Roxy. Her mother, however, did not appear to know them, which did not seem so very strange to Margaret, after all; for of course her mother had not known that there were any people so near, otherwise she would have shared her home with them long ago. At first, it was Margaret's plan to rectify this little mistake immediately; but the more she thought of it, the more she was convinced that the first chance belonged by right to Patty's family and the Whalens in New York, inasmuch as they had been so good to her. She determined, therefore, to wait awhile before suggesting the removal of the Trotter family from their tiny, inconvenient house to the more spacious and desirable Five Oaks.

Delightful as were the Trotters, however, even they could not come up to Bobby McGinnis for real comradeship. Bobby lived with his mother and grandmother in the little red farmhouse farther up the hill. It was he who had found Margaret crying in the street on that first dreadful day long ago when she was lost in New York. For a week she had lived in his tiny attic home, then she had become frightened at his father's drunken rage one day, and had fled to the streets, never to return. All this Margaret knew, though she had but a faint recollection of it. It made a bond of sympathy between them, nevertheless, and caused them to become fast friends at once.

It was to Bobby that she went for advice when the standards of Houghtonsville and the Alley clashed; and it was to Bobby that she went for sympathy when grievous mismanagement of the knives and forks or of the folded square of cloth brought disaster to herself and tears to her mother's eyes. She earnestly desired to—as she expressed it to Bobby—"come up to the scratch and walk straight"; and it was to Bobby that she looked for aid and counsel.

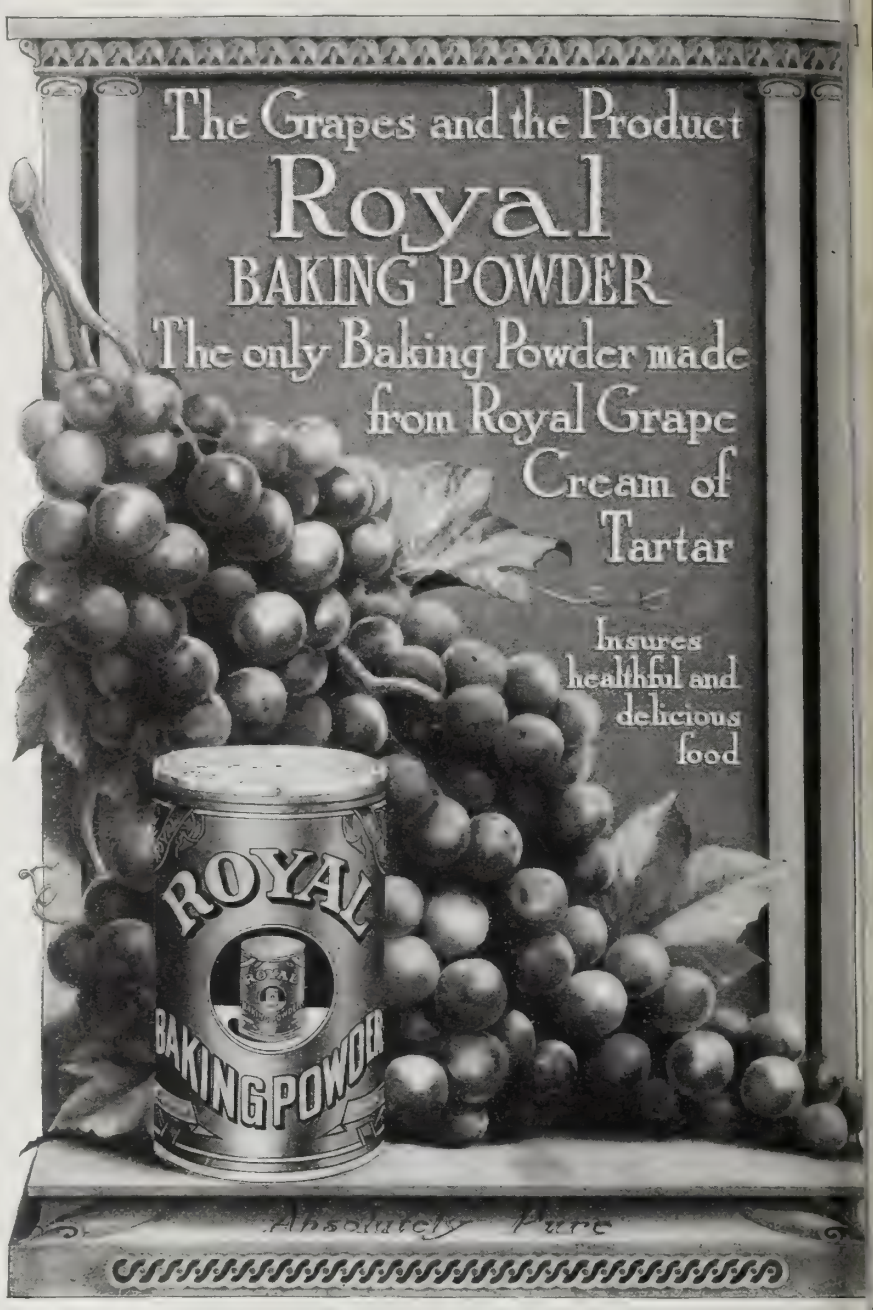
"You see, you can tell just what 'tis ails me," she argued earnestly, as the two sat in their favorite perch in the apple tree. "You don't know Patty and the Whalens, 'course, but you do know folks just like 'em; and mother—don't you see?—she knows only the kind that lives here, and she don't understand. But you know both kinds, and you can tell where 'tis that I ain't like 'em here. And I want to be like 'em, Bobby, I do, truly. They're just bang-up—I mean beautiful folks," she corrected hastily. "And mother's so good to me! She's just—"

Margaret stopped suddenly. A new thought seemed to have come to her.

"Bobby," she cried with sharp abruptness, "did you ever know any husbands that was—good?"

"'Husbands'? 'Good'? What do ye mean?"

To be continued



FLY TO PIECES

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"I have been a coffee user for years, and about two years ago got into a very serious condition of dyspepsia and indigestion. It seemed to me I would fly to pieces. I was so nervous that at the least noise I was distressed, and many times could not straighten myself up because of the pain.

"My physician told me I must not eat any heavy or strong food and ordered a diet, giving me some medicine. I followed directions carefully, but kept on using coffee and did not get any better. Last winter my husband, who was away on business, had Postum Food Coffee served to him in the family where he boarded.

"He liked it so well that when he came home he brought some with him. We began using it and I found it most excellent. While I drank it my stomach never bothered me in the least, and I got over my nervous troubles. When the Postum was all gone we returned to coffee, then my stomach began to hurt me as before and the nervous conditions came on again.

"That showed me exactly what was the cause of the whole trouble, so I quit drinking coffee altogether and kept on using Postum. The old troubles left again and I have never had any trouble since." "There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

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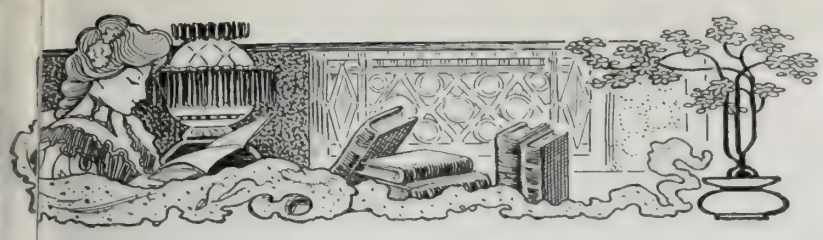

THE MIDGET CLUB

Conducted by Aunt Prudence Payson

WEN the little friends write to he Midgets' Club will they please emember that Aunt Prudence likes to ave them write very plainly on one ide f the paper only? Here is a letter fom a laddie who has a very good ecor:

I am little boy seven years old. I have six ets, hree bantam chickens, two ducks and a at named Tiger. I have a lot of toys. I go to chool next door with two little girls, Elsie and ove archer. I go to Sunday School every Sunday. have not missed one since I started last ugus. Your little friend, ERWIN THOMAS.

M next little correspondent has had grat grief in losing his dear father. knw you will all be sorry for him. an glad that he lives on a ranch and hathe has an older sister and so ian pets:

De Aunt Prudence. I would like to belong to the Midget's club I am 8 years old last Month I ha a dog, a cat and a cow, We live on a ranch I go to school, am in the second grade I have ever been very strong or well My own dear apa was buried three weeks ago to-day, I mis him so much My sister is 15 years old I hope ou will write to me Good-by, WARREN J. LEWIS.

I wonder whether Love wrote her lette on the same day that Erwin wro his. What a sweet little pet is that baby sister! I wish I cou'd hear her ng:

2515 Hanover Ave.,
Richmond, Va.

De Aunt Prudence: I am a little girl six ears old. I live in Richmond, Va. I have three ttle sisters, named, Elsie, Allene and Mary. Littl Mary is 19 months old, she can sing the tune of five or six hymns. I have no pets, but we have 17 little baby chickens. I go to school at hoe. My teacher is Miss Hattie Blankingship. I am studying the second speller and copy book the third reader, arithmetic and geography. This is the first session I have ever been to school. I go to Sunday School every Sunday. ha only missed one since last August, and then had the German measles. Your little friend, LOVE ARCHER.

Two little correspondents write from Nashua, New Hampshire. Their names are Ruth E. Seavy and William C. Brown. On the farm where they live the are three hundred chickens and twety cows. It is fun to feed chickens and I think it likely that my five-yea-old Ruth often helps to do it. Wiam is a little older and goes to school. Next summer they are going on visit to Vermont. Perhaps they will tell us about it then.

Julia M. Stewart writes from St. Johnsbury, Vermont. She lives in the sugr country and they were making nale sugar when she wrote.

Here is a bright letter from a little correspondent who describes her home so well that Aunt Prudence can see it:

South Cove, Victoria Co., C. B. Canada.

Dr Aunt Prudence:—In the last copy of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD I noticed that a new Midget's Club was starting, and I would like to add my nam to the list. My home is in Cape Breton on the shores of the beautiful Bras d'Or Waters.

O farm is situated on a point of land, and so is bounded on three sides by water, which in winter is covered with ice, and we have lots of fun skating, but in summer it is pleasanter when there is all gone, and we can go boating and bathing which we very often do.

F pets I have a large shepherd dog called "Pat" and a little gray kitten called "Thelma." My home is a mile from school. I go every day and like studying and reading very much, especially the "Pansy" books and "Around the fireplace hearth" in the "CHRISTIAN HERALD."

FLORENCE W. MAC IVER.

his is from a little twin sister:

Maquon, Ill.

Dr Aunt Prudence Payson:—I read your letters in the CHRISTIAN HERALD. I hunt the eggs. I got one hundred and four eggs last night. I have two kitties. They follow me when I go to hunt my eggs. One is blue and the other is gray. We call one Federal and the other Confederate. We have forty three lambs. We feed three on the bottle. One has no mother and the other two have. We feed the one that has no mother a bottle full. The other two we feed a bottle between them. Papa feeds them when he gets up and we feed them before we go to school then at noon then when we come home from school at four then before we go to bed. I go to school. I take Spelling, Arithmetic, Reading, Language, and Geography. I take them just as I wrote them. I like to go to school. When I get all my lessons I sew. I have read twelve books through this winter so I thought I would sew some. The one we in my letter is my twin brother. His name is Halsted. We are nine years old. Yours truly,

MURIEL A. MURRAY.

Mabel Clare Good, who lives in Alumine, Virginia, sends a charming little letter, and asks Aunt Prudence to write a story that girls would like to read. Aunt Prudence means to do it. She wonders whether girls and boys will like the same kind of story. Mabel has no pets. Probably she is herself a pet to her brothers and sisters.

Carrie M. Bickel, a little Pennsylvania girl, shall have some of the stories she wants one of these days.

Ruth Moore writes from Jones, Montana. Her mother has taken THE CHRISTIAN HERALD eight years and that is just as long as Ruth has lived.

This letter comes from a manly little Canadian:

Place Sans Bruit, P. O., Quebec.

Dear Aunt Prudence: I am a little boy eight years old living near the city of Quebec in Canada. I would like to belong to your Midget Club so will try to write a letter and hope it will be good enough to print.

My father has a farm about three miles from the city, and as my brother and I go to school in town we have a long walk of about a mile and a half and then we take the car for about two miles. Some times the snow is up to our knees, and one cold day I got my ear frozen, and I had the earache for a long time. Father often drives us to school when it is very stormy. On Saturday we have great fun playing in the snow. We had a great big snow house but it fell in, and last Saturday we built two snow men and played they were targets and snow balled them till we knocked them down.

I had a nice little dog for a pet but one day he went off down the lane and never came back again.

We have a great big Newfoundland named Rex and he went off one night but we found him next morning. What I would like to see best in the corner of the paper is my own letter.

Your little friend

LINDSAY SEMPLE

Other correspondents are, Rudyard John Long Griffiths, who is named for Rudyard Kipling, and who won a silver medal in a school oratorical contest last winter; Mabel Stinson, Willa Creighton, Florence Amment, Blanche and Louisa Wooldridge, Ruth Behrens, V. Vush, Susan L. Witmer, Emorie Edwina Mulling, Constance Clough Mullings, Harold Winstead Millings, Grace Smith, and Janette Jones. Other names will be given the next time. You are all welcome in the Midgets' Club.

The Heavenly Home

I WISH 'twere so that I could know
Just where the heavenly home may be;
But this is sure, a love all pure
Must live throughout eternity.
The One who gave and took away
Will give my dear ones back some day.

The power of faith that conquers death,
The love supreme that gave God's Son,
The promised word of our dear Lord
Have rolled away the grave's great stone.
Just on the other side I see
My own at home, awaiting me.

In each loved face, a sweet new grace
Changes the old familiar guise.
A hand divine has touched each line,
A wondrous light shines in dear eyes.
And so they praise, and serve, and wait
Till I shall pass the pearly gate.

When we shall meet, and I shall greet
Each loved one on that golden strand
With Christ the Son, who brought us home,
We'll study heaven's glory land.
There, day by day, taught by my own,
I'll learn the wonders they have known.

Phœnix, Ariz. NELL R. BLOUNT.

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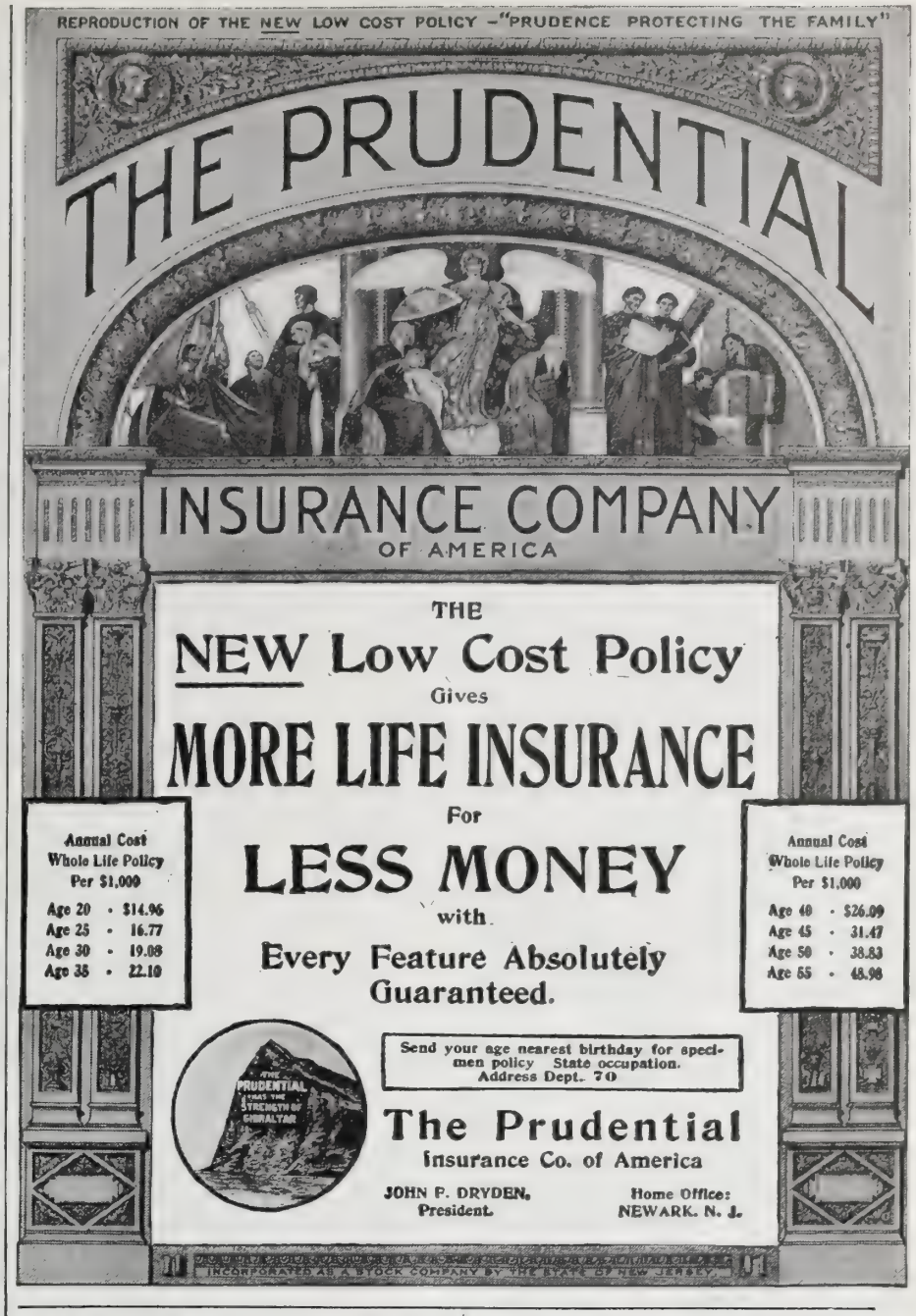

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A COURSE IN ESPERANTO

LESSON No. 11—By Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

THE following is the complete grammar of Esperanto as given by Dr. Zamenhof, the *aŭtoro*, in his book *Fundamenta Krestomatio:*

1. THE ARTICLE. There is no indefinite article; there is only a definite article *la*, alike for all sexes, cases and numbers.

2. THE SUBSTANTIVE. Substantives have the termination *o*. For the formation of the plural the termination *j* is added. There are only two cases: nominative and accusative; the latter is obtained from the nominative by the addition of the termination *n*. The possessive is expressed by *de* before the noun.

3. THE ADJECTIVE. The adjective ends in *a*. Cases and numbers as with the substantive. The comparative is made by means of the word *pli*, the superlative by *plej;* with the comparative the conjunction *ol* is used.

4. THE NUMERALS. The cardinal numerals (they are not declined) are: *unu, du, tri, kvar, kvin, ses, sep, ok, naŭ, dek, cent, mil.* The tens and hundreds are formed by the simple junction of the numerals. For the signification of ordinal numerals, the termination of the adjective is added; for the multiple, the suffix *obl;* for the fractional, *on;* for the collective, *op;* for the distributive, the word *po*. Besides that, substantival and adverbial numerals can be used.

5. THE PRONOUNS. Personal pronouns, *mi, vi, li, ŝi, ĝi,* (referring to thing or animal), *si, ni, vi, ili, oni;* the possessive pronouns are formed by the addition of the adjective termination. Declension is as with the substantives.

6. THE VERB. The verb is not changed in person or number. Forms of the verb: The present tense (the time being) takes the termination *as;* the past tense (the time been or having been), *is;* the future tense (the time about to be or going to be), *os;* the conditional mood, *us;* the imperative (ordering) mood, *u;* the infinitive (indefinite) mood, *i*. Participles (with an adjective or adverbial sense): Active present, *ant;* active past, *int;* active future, *ont;* passive present, *at;* passive past, *it;* passive future, *ot*. All forms of the passive are formed by help of a corresponding form of the verb *esti* and a passive participle of the required verb. The preposition with the passive is *de*.

7. THE ADVERB. Adverbs end in *e;* degrees of comparison as with adjectives.

8. THE PREPOSITION. All prepositions require the nominative.

9. PRONUNCIATION. Every word is read as it is written.

10. ACCENT. The accent is always on the penultimate syllable.

11. COMPOUND WORDS. Compound words are formed by the simple junction of words (the chief word stands at the end); the grammatical terminations are also regarded as independent words.

12. NEGATION. With another negative word the word *ne* is omitted.

13. DIRECTION. In order to show direction, words take the termination of the accusative.

14. USE OF PREPOSITIONS. Every preposition has a defined and constant meaning; but if we have to use some preposition and the direct sense does not show us what special preposition we are to take, then we use the preposition *je,* which has no independent meaning. Instead of the preposition *je* we can also use the accusative without a preposition.

15. FOREIGN WORDS. The so-called foreign words, that is, those which the majority of languages have taken from one source, are used in the Esperanto language without change, receiving only the orthography of the latter language; but with various words from one root it is better to use unchanged only the fundamental word, and to form the rest from this latter according to the rules of the Esperanto language.

16. ELISION. The final vowel of the substantive and the article can be omitted and replaced by an apostrophe.

Sentences Embodying the Sixteen Rules

La dek-unua. La dek-sesa de Aprilo. Kioma horo estas? *(What hour is it?* In asking questions concerning the time of day "kioma" is used.) La cent-tri-dek-naŭa tago de la jaro. Mi parolas pri miaj bonaj filoj. Mi marŝas kun mia bona patro. Mi amas miajn bonajn filojn. La paŝtistoj estas fortaj kaj utilaj. Li trovis la malakrajn tranĉilojn *(dull knives).* Mi amas ŝiajn infanojn. Iliaj hundoj kuras rapide tra la stratoj. Li lavas sin en la ban-ĉambro. Ili alvenus hodiaŭ aŭ morgaŭ. La pano estas manĝota. Je la deka horo morgaŭ vespere mi estos alvenanta Vaŝingtonon. Li legas multajn librojn kaj parolas saĝe. Multe antaŭ la horo *(much before the time).* Li staras apud la domo. La ak-ci-pi'tro estas fluganta. La ra-fa-ne'toj estas freŝaj. La knabo marŝas en la ĝardeno. La hundo estas en la kelo. Ĝi estas en mia skribtablo. Vi havas grandajn lip-harojn *(mustache).* La vango-haroj *(whiskers)* de la maljuna viro estas grizaj. Mi trovis nenion *(I found nothing).* La rivero estas larĝa je tri mejloj *(three miles wide).* De l' kreo de l' mondo *(since the creation of the world).* Danĝero. Generalo. Eleganta.

[Esperanto students are invited to send translations of the sentences to Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts, 206 Pennsylvania Avenue, S. E., Washington, D. C. Give the number of the rule in connection with each sentence.]

ANSWERED PRAYERS

Mrs. P., Canada. "I wish to publicly acknowledge that God answered a special prayer for temporal assistance, when we were in great trouble. Praise him!"

Mrs R. E. S., Missouri. "God does hear and answer prayer. My little son, through an accident, was near to death. I prayed God to spare him. Praise his holy name! He did."

M. M. J., Michigan. "With gratitude to my Heavenly Father for the restoration to life and health of a very dear one, who was near unto death's door, but restored in answer to our prayers."

Mrs. M. A. B., North Dakota. "I would like to have my name numbered with those who have received answers to prayer. I have been sick a long time, and now I am being healed in answered prayer."

Reader, Virginia. "I wish to acknowledge God's goodness to me in answering many prayers. I had business trouble and took it to God in prayer. He has answered. I can not doubt such a loving Father."

L. L. A., Maine. "God, many times for over twenty years, has answered prayer in my behalf, when all earthly help has failed, and I know, were it not for God's mercy in answering prayer, I should not be living. He never fails to keep his word."

Reader, Ohio. "I promised that if my prayers were granted, I would acknowledge it to the world. He has answered in an unexpected way. I realize more fully than before that all things work out for good to them that love and serve Him."

Readers, Iowa. "We wish to acknowledge to the world the Lord's kindness in answering prayer. He always answers prayers of faith, if they are for our highest welfare. He surely converts our struggles into joyous and peaceful victories, if we call on him for help, and follow his just ways."

T., Canada. "I have had so many prayers answered that the difficulty is in selecting special cases. All my life God has been answering my prayers. Lately, through a mistake in judgment, I thought I would be involved in some trouble; I took it all to God in earnest prayer, and he heard and answered, and all resulted most happily."

Mrs. E. M., Maryland. "When everything looked so dark, the Lord heard my cry and answered my prayer in relation to my boy who had left home. I wish to acknowledge God's goodness."

Reader, Missouri. "I was in great trouble. I promised God if he would answer my prayers, I would acknowledge it through your paper. I wish to thank God for all his goodness to me and mine."

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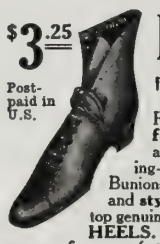

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Converts in Brazil's Prison

BESIDES the general evangelistic work among the civilians and soldiers of the far interior city of Goyaz, Brazil, a splendid work is being done among the convicts of the big State prison. I have just returned from one of my regular visits, and would like to give your readers a glimpse at the lives and surroundings of the poor wretches who inhabit this, a typical Brazilian jail many of them are doomed to waste away and die within its dark, joyless walls, without Christ and without hope.

On approaching the building — a large rectangular one of two floors, with red tiled roof and whitewashed walls—I am challenged by the sentry, but appealing to the officer of the guard, I am invariably allowed to pass the massive iron gates which bar the entrance, and once inside I am free to visit any part of the prison. The interior is divided into some five wards, to contain some twenty to thirty prisoners each—in addition to the jailers' room, the prison chapel, and a kind of courtyard about which a few privileged prisoners are allowed to roam more or less at liberty. Access to the

A Street in Goyaz, Brazil

wards, or great cells, can only be made by means of a ladder let down through a trap door in the ceiling of each.

Peering through these bars into one of the compartments, a number of convicts may be seen sitting or lying on the floor. Some are engaged in making slippers, while others pace the floor like caged beasts. Nearly all are smoking and a few are carrying on a conversation in which oaths and blasphemy are freely mixed. The whole appearance of the place is wretched, dirty and unwholesome; the cells are damp, and literally swarm with rats; and, there being neither beds nor seats provided, the unhappy prisoners sleep on the bare boards. During the nights from May to August, when the cold wind whistles in through the bars, the prisoners suffer considerably. Oh for a David Howard in South America! Happily the sunshine is allowed to stream in through the gratings of the outer windows, but somehow it fails to scatter the prevailing gloom, and the oppressive air on a hot summer day is like that of an oven.

Just now a little black convict, Brother Jeronymo, accompanied by two prison guards, came to visit me and to purchase a Portuguese copy of *Pilgrim's Progress*, for which he had been saving up. Occasionally the convicts are allowed out for about an hour to make any purchase necessary, or to carry water from the neighboring stream.

Calling through the prison bars to attract attention, immediately there is a stir in one dark corner, and two of the inmates hurry toward the iron gratings, and stretching their hands across the intervening space between the two sets of bars, warmly shake my own and bid me welcome. One is the man Jeronymo, already referred to: he has not long been converted, can read his Bible, and chatters away to me like a child. His companion is a young man of quite a different type, tall, quiet and thoughtful looking, with a white, rather haggard face, touched with melancholy.

We carry on our conversation freely and without hindrance; and though the other convicts appear to pay little attention to us, I sometimes have an impression that they are listening attentively to my words of comfort and exhortation to their two fellow prisoners, whom they despise and persecute because of their faith and prayers.

Then I visit Brother Pedro, another convert in the prison. It is now six years since I first met him, and five since his conversion through reading the Scriptures alone in his prison cell.

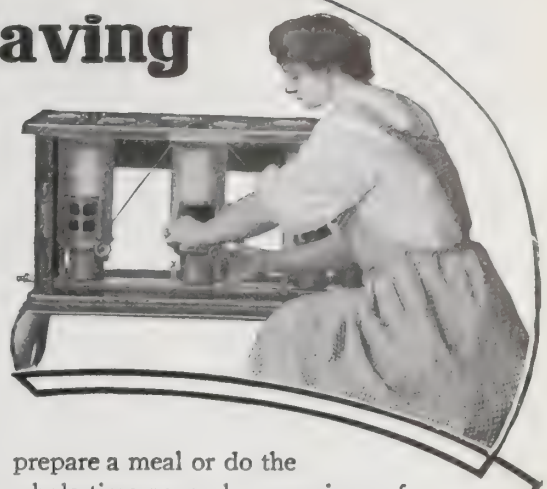
Pedro has been such an exemplary prisoner that he has won the confidence of the prison authorities, and is now allowed to live in the prison chapel, where he also carries on his occupation of slipper-making, a large portion of the profit on which he regularly gives to our Mission funds, that others of his countrymen outside the walls may hear and partake of the blessings that have meant so much for himself. He sometimes sends as much as ten shillings at one time.

The prison chapel was designed for Romish worship, but Pedro has decorated its walls with many large Gospel texts. On my entering he jumps from his stool and gives me a strong Brazilian hug, for there are no bars between us here, and his happy, smiling face betokens his satisfaction. We have a long talk together, and perhaps a little Bible study and prayer. Pedro has served only half his sentence of thirty years.

F. C. GLASS.

[The work above referred to is carried on at one of the ten stations at present occupied by the South American Evangelical Mission, of Liverpool, England. Brazil has some twenty millions of people, some hundreds of cities and thousands of small towns and villages, while the entire foreign missionary force available for direct evangelization does not reach one hundred. There is every freedom for work, and the doors are open. Two of the members of the Mission, Mr. and Mrs. W. Carl Cooper, of Sao Paulo, Brazil, will probably reach North America about June next, and will be glad of invitations and opportunities to present the needs and rich opportunities of this land, and especially the need of an Evangelical Orphanage for Brazilian children. Friends in the United States should communicate with Rev. D. M. Stearns, 167 West Chelton Avenue, Germantown, Pa., or in Canada with Rev. R. V. Bingham, Toronto.]

A Time-Saving Stove



The New Perfection Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove, thirty seconds after the touch of the match, will deliver at the stove top a strong, clean heat of great working power.

More than that, you may run it for hours continuously; bake bread and cake; prepare a meal or do the weekly ironing; and for the whole time never be conscious of undue heat because of the stove. In this respect the

NEW PERFECTION
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is unique. Its remarkable *concentration* of heat at the *one* point necessary makes summer cooking a daily pleasure. As its name indicates, this stove is perfect—safe, economical, efficient—ideal for every purpose of a cooking stove. Made in three sizes, fully warranted. If not with your dealer, write our nearest agency.

The **Rayo** LAMP gives a light more agreeable than the distressing flicker of gas or the blinding glare of electric bulbs. One's eyes never tire reading by the *Rayo*. If not with your dealer, write our nearest agency.

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At Rector's, the noted Chicago restaurant, when some of the grand-opera stars sang, with piano accompaniment, the diners listened with rapt attention and craned their necks to get a glimpse of the singers. But it was a *Victor*.

In the rotunda of Wanamaker's famous Philadelphia store the great pipe organ accompanied Melba on the *Victor*, and the people rushed from all directions to see the singer.

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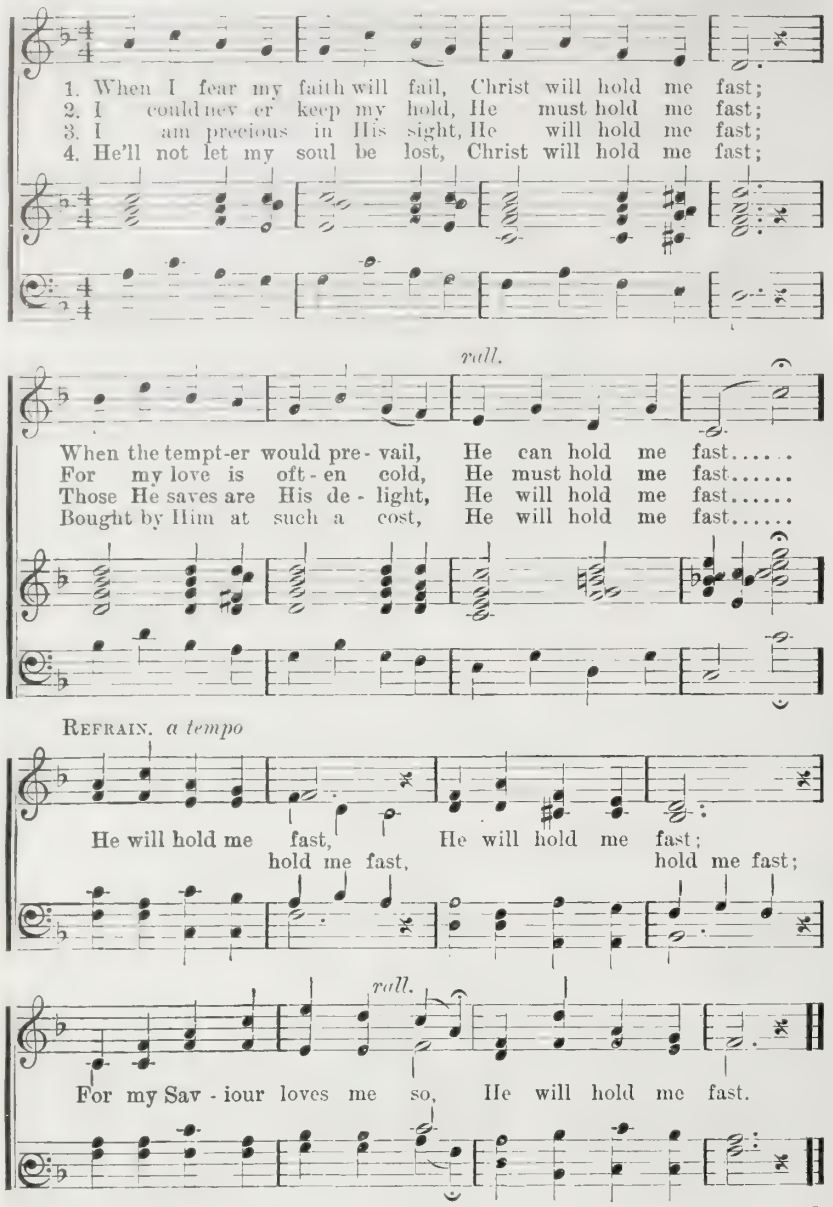
He Will Hold Me Fast

"Thy right hand shall hold me"—PSALM 139: 10

ADA R. HABERSHON ROBERT HARKNESS



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This most popular of the latest Gospel songs was written by Robert Harkness, the brilliant Australian pianist and composer, and becomes a favorite wherever used. It has been used widely by Mr. Alexander. At Northfield last summer at the Christian Workers' Conference it was hummed and whistled and sung all over the grounds. It is a great favorite with men. The following incident, told by Miss Ada R. Habershon, of London, the author of the words will show its helpfulness in daily life: A man who was addicted to drink and swearing heard "He Will Hold Me Fast" sung in a meeting one night, and decided to hand over his life to Jesus Christ. He went away with the name of the song, "He Will Hold Me Fast" burned into his mind and heart. He said that at times when he was tempted most to drink, he would begin to sing "He Will Hold Me Fast," and think of the words, and in this way he got the victory. He was a truck driver, and when tempted to swear the most in the midst of his work he whistled and sang the hardest. Ever since then he has been kept from both swearing and drinking.

Called Higher

Mrs. Margaret Craven passed beyond lately at Waukesha, Wis., at the age of ninety-three.

Mr. Robert A. Hunter, of Jasper, Ind., aged 86, passed away lately after a brief illness. He was a lifelong member of the Presbyterian Church.

Mrs. Eleanor Frankland, of Belle Plains, Me., lately passed to the beyond in her eighty-fourth year, after a life rich in the qualities that evoke admiration.

Mr. Emil C. Rieff, of Newark, N. J., passed to his reward lately after an active life that had an influence for good upon all who came in contact with him.

Mr. H. C. Lindo, of Port Antonio, Jamaica, formerly of Spanish Town, son of Mrs. C. H. Lindo, passed away lately after a life of great usefulness.

Mrs. Orpha Thompson, wife of Joseph P. Thompson, of Santa Ana, Calif., passed from this life lately at Benning, Calif. She was a member for many years of the United Presbyterian Church.

Mrs. S. E. Clark, Bluff Springs, Ill., aged seventy-nine, passed away lately, her manner of living having ever been a beautiful example of Christianity applied to daily life.

Entered into rest at Philadelphia, Pa., Mrs. Carrie Scott. She was a devout Christian and interested in all humanitarian and religious work. She was a friend of dumb animals and her life was "useful to those living creatures who could not speak for themselves." She was an honorary member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals of the State of Pennsylvania for many years. She was also a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Her place in the hearts and lives of a wide circle of friends cannot be filled.

Mrs. Jane Butcher, of Brooklyn, N. Y., passed to her reward lately, after nearly seventy years of active church work. She joined the church when twelve years of age and died in her eighty-sixth year.

Mrs. S. A. Meek passed from this life lately at the home of her daughter, Mrs. C. E. Lothrop, at Knoxville, Tenn. She requested that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Red Letter Testament be read at her funeral. She was eighty-five years of age.

Jacob Hilfrich, of Carrollton, O., was lately called to his reward in his ninetieth year. He had been a lifelong member of the Lutheran Church, ever ready with a hand and purse to help the poor and needy, and responded to all calls to feed the hungry in foreign lands.

Mr. W. H. Williams, who entered into rest lately at Birmingham, Ala., was thirty years an active member of the Presbyterian Church and for many years a leading elder of the South Highland Church of Birmingham. His influence will be felt for years by all with whom he came in contact.

Mrs. Elizabeth Murray Shaw, widow of the late Thomas G. Shaw, entered into rest recently at the home of her daughter, in Avondale, Pa. She was in her ninetieth year. She was the mother of eleven children, one son giving his life for his country at Green Plains, Va., in 1864. She was a consistent member of the Methodist Church for more than sixty years. She took great pleasure in reading THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

Enameling A Bedroom

Any woman can produce a beautiful effect by enameling the furniture and woodwork of her bedroom to harmonize with the decorations and draperies, following any color scheme whatever.

Neal's Enamels, Acme Quality, produce a smooth lustrous porcelain-like finish in all shades from rich, dark colors to delicate tints and pure white. Anyone can apply them successfully and with little trouble.

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Ask the practical painter about Acme Quality New Era Paints for the outside of your house.

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IN DETROIT—Life is Worth Living.

DR. TALKS OF FOOD

Pres. of Board of Health

"What shall I eat?" is the daily inquiry the physician is met with. I do not hesitate to say that in my judgment a large percentage of disease is caused by poorly selected and improperly prepared food. My personal experience with the fully-cooked food, known as Grape-Nuts, enables me to speak freely of its merits.

"From overwork, I suffered several years with malnutrition, palpitation of the heart, and loss of sleep. Last summer I was led to experiment personally with the new food, which I used in conjunction with good rich cow's milk. In a short time after I commenced its use, the disagreeable symptoms disappeared, my heart's action became steady and normal, the functions of the stomach were properly carried out and I again slept as soundly and as well as in my youth.

"I look upon Grape-Nuts as a perfect food, and no one can gainsay but that it has a most prominent place in a rational, scientific system of feeding. Any one who uses this food will soon be convinced of the soundness of the principle upon which it is manufactured and may thereby know the facts as to its true worth." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

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JESUS THE CONQUEROR

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

WHEN our beloved Lord had given up the ghost, the same Jews who had feared to enter the judgment hall lest they should be defiled, required that the body of Jesus as well as those of the thieves should not remain on the cross on the Sabbath day. Strange that sinners should fear defilement from him who alone cleanseth from sin! Perverted human nature calls "evil good, and good evil" (Isa. 5: 20)! Pilate gave orders that their legs should be broken, to hasten the lingering death of crucifixion. But it had been foretold of Jesus, "A bone of him shall not be broken," for he is the very Passover Lamb (Ex. 12: 46; Num. 9: 12); he is the righteous One (Is. 34: 20). Jesus was dead already, and "they brake not his legs." They pierced his side, for yet another Scripture had to be fulfilled, "They shall look on him whom they pierced."

But that body of Jesus, which was so despised and loathed by the Jews, was dear, infinitely dear to his disciples. No sooner had he breathed his last breath than a reaction took place among these timid and faithless ones. One who had been up to this time only a secret disciple, Joseph of Arimathea, the only member of the council who had not consented to Jesus' death (Luke 23: 51), hesitated no longer to declare himself, but went boldly to Pilate and begged the body of Jesus. Pilate would have saved Jesus if he had not feared for his own interests, and was nothing loath to favor his disciples now. Nicodemus, too, who had once spoken for Jesus (John 7: 50, 51), now brought a costly and lavish compound of myrrh and aloes to prevent the decomposition of that sacred body. But God was beforehand with him. Of Jesus it was written, "In him was life." He could not see the corruption. Egyptian mummies have been preserved over three thousand years, the features as perfect as the day when they were embalmed, but when they are exposed to the air, the dust returns to earth as it was, and they crumble into a shapeless mass. But Jesus is "the Life" of men. He is "that Eternal Life which was with the Father and was manifested unto us" (I. John 1: 2). He needed no spices to conserve his body from corruption, for there was life power in Jesus to quicken the dead. They laid him in a new tomb, with the spices, the chief priests only interfering to seal the stone and set a watch. Strange that his enemies, who did not believe on him, took measures to prevent his resurrection, while his disciples, to whom he declared repeatedly that he should rise again, prepared his body for a long sleep in the grave! The chief priests and Pharisees were they who noted his words, "After three days I will rise again."

Mary Magdalene and the other Mary, probably the mother of Jesus, sat without the sepulchre until the Sabbath, when they rested according to the commandment (Luke 23: 56). But one of them could not rest apart from Jesus. Mary Magdalene (if, as some suppose, she was the same as Mary of Bethany) had understood that Jesus should die, had anointed his body for the burying, and, no doubt, had more comprehension of the resurrection than had the rest of the disciples. No sooner was the Sabbath past, than, long before the day dawned, "while it was yet dark," she was at the sepulchre. She was the first to discover that the stone was rolled away, that the precaution of the chief priests had, some way, been in vain. The "watch" of Roman soldiers was on guard no longer; something, she knew not what, had happened. When God leads on his believing children to know something of the power of Christ's resurrection they find themselves out in all their experiences and in all their expectations. It is glorious indeed to know Jesus as a Saviour who died for us in the past, and who reveals to us the forgiving love of our heavenly Father, and who opens to us the door into everlasting blessedness.

"Jesus, I Live to Thee"

[This hymn has been adopted by Mercersburg Academy, Pennsylvania. It was written by Rev. Henry Harbaugh, in Mercersburg, in 1850, where he was minister of the Reformed Church.]

JESUS, I live to thee,
The loveliest and best;
My life in thee, thy life in me,
In thy blest love I rest.

Jesus, I die to thee,
Whenever death shall come;
To die in thee is life to me,
In my eternal home.

Whether to live or die,
I know not which is best;
To live in thee is bliss to me,
To die is endless rest.

Living or dying, Lord,
I ask but to be thine;
My life in thee, thy life in me,
Makes heaven forever mine.

Among the Workers

EVANGELIST LEWIS SHELLHORN of Ashland, N. J., has just closed a series of revival meetings in Wanamie M. E. Church, Wilkesbarre, Pa. Hundreds confessed Christ.

—REV. O. S. THOMPSON (Presby.), Paullina, Ia., writes: "We expect to receive seventy-five new members from the revival meetings conducted here by Evangelist Smiley, just closed. Many of our leading business men, for whom we have prayed for years, are among the converts.

—MISSIONARY FRANK H. L. PATON, son of the late Rev. John Paton, the pioneer missionary in the New Hebrides, writes us from Melbourne that the Gospel work in the islands prospers, despite many hindrances, especially those that are put in its way by white men. The writer refers to the traffic in liquor and firearms, which is still continued in the islands.

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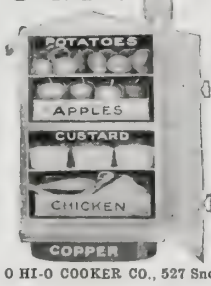

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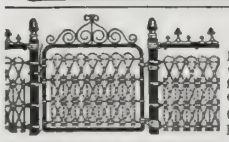

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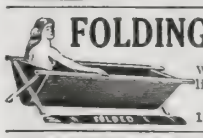

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BLISHED 52 TIMES A YEAR

New York, June 3, 1908

VOL. 31—NO. 23. PRICE 5 CENTS
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See page 454

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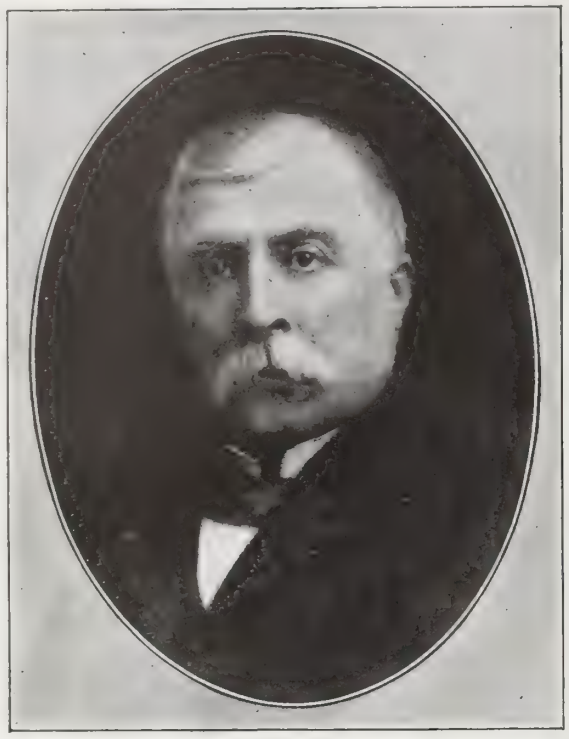

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

Quentin Roosevelt Going to School

Baroness Mela Hengelmuller and Nurse

Mlle. de Martel, French Minister's Daughter

Charlie Taft, Son of Sec'y Taft

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WASHINGTON'S RISING GENERATION

WHILE the statesmen and social leaders of Washington are attending to their legislative duties, or teas and parties, the real "younger set" is following its own diversions and making the democratic friendships for which the Capital City is unique.

The youngsters of society have no social feuds to support, no rivalries to pursue and no heart burnings because some one's invitation list so far exceeds his or her own. If so, they gurgle out their protests in the unintelligible language known only to their fond mothers.

In no city of the United States, or perhaps in Europe, are the babies of the well-to-do afforded greater outdoor privileges. It is impossible for their ultra fashionable mammas to give their afternoons — and many of their mornings—to the babies of the family, and so the youngsters are left the greater part of the day in the care of their nurses.

While the winter afternoons afford many of the babies a few hours of sunshine, it is in the springtime that juvenile Washington turns out into the parks in such numbers that from a distance it is sometimes difficult to pick out these fascinating little bright coated blossoms from the real flowers in the park. They swarm into the bright reservations and romp over the green, roll their hoops or play children's games throughout the afternoon.

The Turkish Minister's Children

Grandchildren of General Miles

Diplomatic, official and resident society send their children into the parks on bright afternoons. Dark-skinned little foreigners mingle with rosy-cheeked American tots, French nurses chatter with one another in their own tongue, while here and there one hears the brogue of a genuine Irish girl or the unmistakable accents of the old negro "mammy."

If there is one younster in Washington who should lay claim to being the most democratic juvenile in the Capital it is Quentin Roosevelt, youngest son of the President. When Quentin is ready for school he straps his books over his shoulder, mounts his wheel and rides away just like any other American boy. He is a pupil at the Force School, one of the public schools of Washington, and when he arrives there in the morning he is just "Quentin" or "Roosevelt," and there is no disposition on his part or on those of his fellow students to regard him in any other light than just as a plain American boy and one of their schoolfellows. Since he was a very small youngster Quentin has gone to school by himself. Occasionally during the past year a Secret Service man has accompanied the President's son to school and called for him later in the day.

Like his distinguished father, Charlie Taft, son of the Secretary of War, thoroughly enjoys life and goes on the principle that good friends are worth making in any walk of life. Charlie has a sunny disposition and is always ready with a smile. Young Taft and Quentin Roosevelt are great chums, and, like the son of the President, Charlie goes off to school in the morning with his books slung over his shoulder, ready to "shoot" marbles with the first fellow that comes along. Charlie has many stories to tell of his recent world trip with his distinguished father, and he has seen many unique things which escaped the eyes of his elders.

One of the most fascinating members of the "younger set" is little Miss Kathleen de Martel, the two-year old daughter of the Viscount de Martel, third secretary of the French Embassy, and the Viscountess de Martel. Kathleen is as *chic* a little French maid as ever crossed the water. She was born in Paris just two years ago. Kathleen is always to be found in the custody of a genial-faced Frenchwoman whose every outline marks the smart nurse of the Paris boulevards. The little girl is a firm friend and great chum of the Baroness Mela Hengelmuller von Hengervar, the four-year-old daughter of the Austrian Ambassador and the Baroness Hengelmuller, who seems almost too small to carry the title by which she is known.

Mela is a most resourceful and interesting little girl. When she is in the big embassy home of her parents she spends all her time at her mother's side. She answers the telephone in the private rooms of the Baroness and is quite equal to carrying any message that may come for either of her parents. When the Baroness goes for her daily drive at five o'clock in the afternoon her little daughter is almost sure to be beside her. Usually several of the pet dogs of the Ambassador's family are to be found in the wake of their young mistress.

One of the most recent additions to diplomatic circles is the family of the Turkish Minister, Mehmed Ali Bey. Five quaint children make up the minister's family, and until they moved out to 1810 Calvert Street several months ago they, too, spent their afternoons in the fashionable park section of Washington. Now they romp about the parking leading to the National Zoological Park or within sight of the legation building. The oldest of the children, Sherife, a girl of twelve, is a most remarkable child. She speaks English perfectly, having learned it in the high schools of Constantinople. Frequently, when she is at home, she acts as interpreter for her parents or members of the legation staff. Sherife is a student at the National Cathedral School for Girls. The next in age to Sherife is a boy, Issedin; then comes the second girl, Suart; another boy, Nassur, and the baby, a girl, Lelia. In spite of the fact that these children come from the heart of the Sultan's kingdom, Mme. Mehmed always displays the most American tastes

Continued on page 453

THE
American Pulpit

A Sermon by

Rev. Ferdinand C. Iglehart, D.D.

The Immortality of Influence

TEXT—Heb. 11 : 4
"He being dead yet speaketh"

BYRON, in his *Song of the Greek Poets*, calls upon the living to arise and listen to the voices of the patriotic dead, " 'Tis but the living who are dumb; the voices of the dead sound like a distant torrent's fall." The spirit of our dead brother speaks sweetly, loudly, eloquently to us, and it is fitting that we, his stricken family, his co-workers in his profession, his friends and neighbors, and the hundreds of thousands of friends who knew him and loved him through his writings from week to week, should listen to the things he has to say, to the lessons he has to teach us.

This life teaches us the value of intellectual ability and culture. The best blood ran in his veins; he was of the royal lineage of a Christian home. Under its environment and inspiration, he had the Christian ministry in view. He was providentially led into religious journalism, where he had an audience larger than a hundred average pastors of churches. By his thorough education and wide reading, he was peculiarly qualified for success in the life work into which he was called. About thirty years ago he came from England to America, to found the American branch of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of England. It took a good deal of courage for a young man to cross the ocean and become a pioneer in this new field; but he at once manifested those qualities of mind and heart that have made him so useful and successful in his public work. His life was the symbol of indomitable industry. In these days when there is a disposition to shirk work, it is refreshing to see one who was such an example of tireless energy. Work was his joy, his life.

Greatness of Heart

Dr. Fernie's spirit teaches us the value of the affections in the formation of individual character and the successful accomplishment of life's purpose. Bacon has said: "All our actions take their hues from the complexion of the heart, as landscapes their variety from the light. It is sometimes thought that those who can see an idea most clearly, and give it accurate expression, who can lay down problems for solution and solve them, are the greatest men. This is a mistake. The greatest men are the greatest-hearted men. The enlightened public opinion of the ages renders this verdict. For in the heart are justice and equity, fidelity and bravery, faith and love, sweeter, tenderer than all. Dr. Fernie was a large-hearted man. If our brother's intellect was a mountain losing its blue summit in the sky, his heart was like a deep blue sea. Sometimes he dipped his pen in bitterness as he recorded his hatred of some wrong; but usually it dripped with the sweetness of love, and for almost a generation he has charmed the thousands of readers who did not know him personally, with the magnetism of his love.

He was one of the most unselfish of men. The large number of persons whom he helped with his purse were known alone to himself and his God. Pathetic instances have been told me of those whom he has helped over the rough places on the roadway of life, and I suspect that the Master, ere this, has said to him: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Many-Sided Benevolences

He did not confine his benevolences to individuals whom he aided, but was related in a vital way to such great institutions as the Bowery Mission, of which he was a trustee, to the Children's Home at Mont-Lawn, N. Y., of which he was one of the original trustees, to the Mayesville, S. C., Industrial Institute for Colored Boys and Girls, of which he was one of the founders, and to the national and world-wide charities which were organized by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. But the pennies and dollars which he gave to the poor, which were so beautiful and valuable, were only the symbols of that richer charity which he dispensed in giving to the world bright thoughts and holy principles, for they were the seeds from which vast forests of highest thought and holiest endeavor have sprung. They are the fountains from which rivers of pure sentiment and divine love have flown, to enrich with new life and clothe with verdure the fields through which they have passed. The bread and clothing he bought were not to be forgotten, but the food he gave the mind and the bread he furnished the soul were the richest gifts man can give to man.

There is a beautiful legend which tells of three maidens who were loitering along the banks of a silvery stream. One held in her hand a bunch of blue violets; another a bunch of ripe strawberries; the third held the tips of her fingers in the silvery stream. An old woman came along leaning on a staff, asking alms. The three maidens refused her. A maiden down the stream, not so well clad, dropped a penny into her hand and she vanished. She appeared again in the form of a fairy and said: "I see you are in a dispute as to which has the most beautiful hand. Hold up your hands; I will settle the dispute." They did so and she said: "It is not the hand that is fragrant with the odor of blue violets; it is not the hand that is crimsoned with strawberries; nor is it the hand washed white in the silvery stream that is the most beautiful." Then, casting her eye down the stream to the maiden not so well clad, who had given her the penny, she said: "It is the hand that helps others that is the most beautiful." These hands of our departed brother, now so cold, were beautiful because they helped others. He never thought of working for himself but always for others—for his loved ones at home, for his companions in his profession, and for the great multitude whose lives he influenced through his far-reaching pen.

The Value of Integrity

Our brother's career teaches us the lesson of incorruptible integrity. Integrity is from "integer," which means whole. He was a whole man. He would have been the last one to claim anything approaching holiness of character; he would count himself farthest from his own ideal; yet those who were nearest to him, knew him to be morally an ideal man. Through grace divine, his character was pure as the brightness of the sunbeam, as the whiteness of the snowflake, as the clearness of the spring, as the blueness of the sky.

If there is one truth which his life emphasizes more than any other, it is the value of the Bible in the formation of individual character and in the regeneration of human society. He was a life-long student of its sacred pages. He was a life-long interpreter of its divine meaning. He was a perpetual exponent of its saving principles. Few men in America knew the text of the Scriptures better, or understood their meaning more perfectly; for he not only had the keenest intellectual perception, but also the quickest moral sense and the loftiest spiritual inspirations. He introduced and edited the "Bible and Newspaper" page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, holding the Bible up constantly as a mirror into which this busy, laughing, crying world might look and behold its own image. His expository work led him to read and re-read the text, until his spirit seemed to breathe the spirit of the Book. He prized the Book because it told of his Lord and Master, because it revealed his Saviour on the Cross; and he spent his life in retelling the good news of the Gospel through the press, because he knew how certain and mighty to save the Crucified One was.

> As a rare perfume in a vase of clay
> Pervades it with a sweetness not its own,
> So, when Thou dwellest in a mortal soul,
> All heaven's own sweetness seems around it thrown.

We have very dull ears to-night if we can not hear the spirit of our brother beseeching us to take the Bible as the foundation of our individual character and Christ as the regeneration of our lives, and if we do not hear the exhortation to preach the Gospel and bring men to Christ. Hawthorne tells the story of the man who had a great fire and burned up everything of value in the town; all the furniture and paintings and silver and gold plate and jewelry and wardrobes and plumes and crowns. Some one said to the fireman: "There is one thing that has not been put on the fire and that is the Bible." The man answered: "The Bible can not be destroyed by fire. The covers and the marginal notes will burn, but not a verse of the text can be destroyed." And so they threw on the huge leather-bound Bible, after everything in the town had been burned in the huge pile. They found the Bible in the ashes, with the covers burned off and the marginal notes consumed; but not a verse of the Book was destroyed. Dr. Fernie believed in the indestructibility of the Book and he built his house for time and his mansion f eternity on its as a foundation.

When they were carrying him to Lakewood, hopes of recovery, a few weeks ago, he called for h Bible to take with him. They told him he was t sick to study or to work upon the corrected proo which had engaged his mind and hand, and he sai "I must take it with me; it would be the last thi in the world that I could think of leaving." And h daughter told me this pathetic fact—that after h death, she found her father's Bible under his pillo He laid his head down on the Book that was a pa of his life, and upon the blessed Christ of the Bo he went to sleep and breathed his life out sweet there. It will be of deepest interest to the mult tudes to whom he ministered so long, to read th dying tribute of his devotion to the Living Wor and they will receive fresh inspiration to study an obey God's revealed truth.

The Lessons of a Modest Life

The lesson of meekness and humanity taught b this life must not be overlooked. He never sough for the centre of the stage to be noticed by men, o to play his part in any spectacular way; but wit an unassuming and almost retiring disposition, h was one of the most potential factors of his genera tion. The truest symbols of mental and moral prog ress are not the booming of cannon, the sound o trumpets, the beating of drums, or the rattle o wheels; they are the opening season, bringing flow ers and harvests of fruits; they are the silent light calling the world out of darkness and slumber int beauty and toil. In his ministry to the mind and i his comfort to the heart, for these thirty years ou departed friend has been like a lighted candle in a darkened room, the sunshine scattering the clouds away of a rainy day, the melody of a harp, the lustre of a diamond, the sound of a bird and the fragrance of a bed of roses in June.

His beautiful spirit suggests the immortality of earthly influence. If every word spoken in the open air in its vibrations goes around the earth, if every tread of softest foot on earth's carpet touches in its physical influence the furthest star, how limitless must be the divine message and godly foot-step of such a man as this! From his modest editorial chair he spoke to an audience that reached around the world, and to attempt to measure the influence that went out to the millions he led to better thought and better living, would baffle any language to describe or arithmetic to compute. Those that work in cloth work in that which the moth destroys; those that work in wood work in that which the worm grinds to powder with its teeth; those that work in brass work in that which the rust corrodes; those that work in marble work in that which time hammers to pieces with his chisel and his mallet; but those who work on immortal minds, those that work on immortal hearts, as our dear brother did, and those who work for the happiness and salvation of their fellow men, work upon that which shall never fade nor fail, that which shall brighten in the light of time and grow brighter still under the fires of the last day. And when time, in his mighty revolutions, shall have withered the forests, dried up the rivers, torn down the mountains; when this little planet shall have been flung away as a worn-out garment; when the very stars themselves shall have fallen from their places in the canopy of blue, beyond all the crash will be God and the good, and those for whom we have wrought and our loved ones and ourselves, and we shall go in to go out no more forever.

Brain-Workers and Heart-Workers

The world owes a debt of gratitude to the brain and heart workers which it can never repay. Those who wear sashes and gold lace and carry swords and have crowns on their heads, are not the only ones who are the founders of States, as the people generally believe; but it is the sincere, humble, honest individuals, persistent consecrated men and women, who find the truth and speak it, who know the Christ and love him, that are the true foundations of church and state in every land and every clime. It has been the lives and labors of men like this man that have contributed so largely to the prosperous church and happy state in our own fair land.

May God bless his sorrowing family and with tenderest touch may he wipe away every falling tear and cause his weeping children to realize that "earth

Continued on page 465

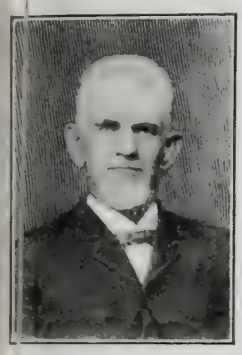
*A Memorial Address delivered at the funeral of the late Dr. B. J. Fernie.

Home of the Farmer-Preacher

Beautiful Key Largo on the Florida Coast

The Farmer-Preacher of Florida's Keys

PROBABLY the most unique character in all the isles off the east coast of Florida known as the Florida Keys is Samuel Johnson, of Key Largo. Here is a man who brings Christianit into his business, into his daily transactions in th markets of Key West and of the isolated region in which he lives. He is now seventy years old, though he carries on his Christian work with all the vigor of his earlier years. He has worked principally among the natives of the keys; but since the coming of the wonderful sea-going railroad that is to connect all the keys with Key West and Miami, his influence is extended even to railroad laborers and tourists. This "Grand Old Man of the Florida Keys" lives on a large plantation on the largest of the long narrow islands, Key Largo being some thirty miles long and two miles across in its widest part. The hamlet near which his plantation is located is called Planter — just south of the historical caves where once pirates of the Gulf of Mexico and West Indian waters hid their loty. Here he reared five sons and two daughters.



Samuel Johnson

In the years not so very far back, the natives of te Florida isles, called "Conchs," lived by wrecking. To-day, many of them live by the sponge-trade and by fishing. On the Key Largo plantations, however, pineapples, bananas and other tropical fruits and vegetables are raised. Mr. Samuel Johnson is one of the largest of these plantations. Date-palms and cocoanut trees grow in profusion on Key Largo, and grape-fruit, oranges, sapadillos and mangoes are raised on a large scale.

Mr. Samuel Johnson was one of the first pioneers to settle on Key Largo. He is of English stock, and came from the Bahamas many years ago. He cleared the jungles and waste places of the isle and planted things that would be useful to mankind. His first home, a mere cabin, is now a dignified but simple structure built of wood, facing the sea, back of which run the plantation grounds.

The little frame building near Mr. Johnson's plantation is the Methodist church, of which the "grand old man" is the chief elder, the natives regarding him with deepest respect, if not awe. On the other keys, there are also tiny chapels; but if it happens, as it often does, that there is no minister to officiate, Mr. Johnson is sent for, and fills the vacant pulpit to the entire satisfaction of all his hearers. Well, indeed, does he perform the office, exhorting with the earnestness of the old prophets, encouraging the weak, and stimulating feeble faith.

Rising before daylight every day, he holds family prayers in his home. Following the simple morning meal, when the sun is just rising, he takes his basket on his shoulder, and bursting out into one of the familiar and beloved Moody and Sankey hymns, he trudges forth to his day's work on his plantation, his aged wife walking by his side; for the two work every day in their fruit orchards and vegetable patches, the products of which he ships to Key West.

It is amusing to hear the old man shouting out a favorite paraphrase (Prov. 24:29-33) as he walks on to his plantation, as if to chide the slumbering world at this hour:

'Tis the voice of the sluggard, I heard him complain,
You awoke me too soon, I must slumber again.

Again, he sings at the top of his voice:

I passed by his garden, I saw the wild brier,
His thorns and his thistles grew higher and higher.

This old man exerts a tremendous power for good among his friends and neighbors. He makes himself felt in all the markets of the keys, because, as a fruit raiser, he practises what he calls basket-bottom honesty. The fruit in Mr. Johnson's baskets is as sound at the bottom as at the top. He calls it "a Christian basketful."

With heart-content shining in his face, he often goes with his fruit to Key West, in the schooner *The Island Home*. On board that boat, sitting jovial and genial among the sailors, Samuel Johnson starts up a hymn appropriate to whatever occasion. The tune is taken up by others and grows into a great chorus, the words of praise and devotion touching more than one rough heart. Many a fisherman will in good time acknowledge that he owed his conversion to the old hymns started by Mr. Johnson on the sail-boat.

In the village of Planter there is one store. It is the postoffice where THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is always eagerly awaited. It is at once grocery and drug-store and rally-ground of the hamlet. It is kept by John Wesley Johnson, one of Samuel Johnson's sons. The father has had a sign put up over the entrance door, reading:

GENTLEMEN WILL NOT—BUT ALL OTHERS ARE REQUIRED NOT TO—
USE PROFANE LANGUAGE ON THE PREMISES

In the fishing season, from twenty to thirty Spanish-mackerel fishing sloops run in to Planter. Here, there may be seen sailors from every part of the West Indies and our Northern States, even from the halls of the Bowery. In the evenings these sailors congregate at the little store, and it is for them that the quaint sign was put up over the post-office. Its influence has worked wonders.

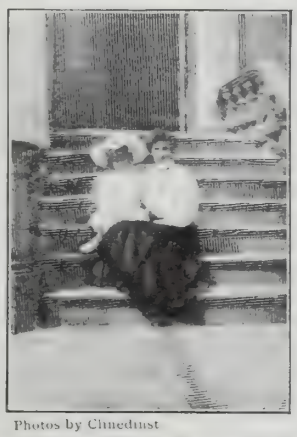
It is obvious that Mr. Johnson extends his ministries beyond the hours of Sunday service and worship. He tends the sick, visits and consoles the mourner, and brings the light of the Gospel into the family life of the little hamlet. His day always closes with family prayers around the altar of home where Samuel Johnson wrestles in prayer for the souls of men among whom he works. It may, indeed, be said that the life of this obscure Florida key is all the sweeter, cleaner and nobler because of the example and precepts of its "grand old man," Elder Johnson.

S. A. BINION.

WASHINGTON'S RISING GENERATION

Continued from page 451

dressing these attractive youngsters. The girls usually wear modish little dresses such as one would see on American children. The eldest boy wears sailor suits, while the youngest looks just like a spunky little American boy in a "Buster Brown." Another diplomatic family which always attracts attention on the streets of Washington are the children of Señor N. Veloz Goitica, first secretary and chargé d'affaires of the Venezuelan Legation, and Mme. Veloz. There are four children in the family, two smart little girls and two boys. The eldest girl, Elvira, is a fascinating little South American with hair "bobbed" in the fashion of the day and set off with large white bows. Her modish little white frocks, socks and patent leather slippers set off her childish beauty and make her look even younger than her eight years. Elvira and her sister Luisa attend the Force School, and are associate pupils of Quentin Roosevelt. The little boys, Luis and Francisco, are still in the kindergarten.



Photos by Clinedinst

Belgian Minister's Wife and Daughter Kathleen

Venezuelan Minister's Children

Richmond Pearson Hobson, Jr.

Philander C. Knox's Grandson and Namesake

Another little belle in the diplomatic set is Kathleen Moncheur, the four-year old daughter of the Belgian minister and the Baroness Moncheur. Kathleen is a typical blonde beauty, and with her golden curls tucked coquettishly under a big embroidery hat and her familiar happy smile she is not only the pet of the legation but of society generally. Kathleen has an Irish nurse who is as loyal to her young charge as a devoted attendant could possibly be. She is never happier than when romping with her in H Street, where the legation is situated, or in Farragut Square, one of the parks a half block away.

The little grandchildren of General Miles, children of Mrs. Samuel Reber, are nearly always to be found in the up-town parks. They are typical American children, full of spirit and fond of "bean bag" and other sports that interest youngsters.

Three newcomers are conspicuous in the younger circle in Richmond Pearson Hobson, second; Philander C. Knox, third, and the charming baby of Commodore M. J. Lawrence. "Young Hobson," as he is affectionately called, takes his views of life from the daintiest of wicker basket carriages. He protests with his tiny fists clasped tightly when things do not go to suit him, and gurgles delightedly at his nurse maid when they do. He is just six months old and the real ruler of the charming Hobson home at 2117 S Street. Philander C. Knox, third, is an embryonic statesman who rules the home of the Senator from Pennsylvania. The Knox baby is always the centre of a group of children, when their carriages are brought together in Dupont Circle or Farragut Square, where the children of the fashionable world congregate, and make as interesting a picture as the visitor can see in Washington.

Camel-Drivers and Fishermen

Egyptian Shepherd

Water-Carriers of the Nile

THE CHARM OF LIFE IN EGYPT

Most Fascinating of Oriental Lands, Though Almost Unchanged in the Passing Centurie

By CHARLES M. PEPPER

THERE is a freshness about life in Egypt which makes it to me the most fascinating of all the Oriental countries. I suppose this is because the life of to-day is linked so closely with the Egypt of 5,000 years ago. During a stay of several weeks it seemed to me that there was hardly a day without something that either revived the past or reminded me of all that is peculiar about Egypt, including its Mohammedan creed.

One afternoon I would pick up a paper and read about the new discoveries of the archæologists and how the digging was still confirming the Biblical record. Once I read of the discovery by Professor Sayce of a fragment of a lost Gospel. This was of the latter part of the second century and identified the high priests with the Pharisees. Again it would be an excavation which would throw new light on the books of the Old Testament. These archæological revelations make one reflect on how fully the Bible has been confirmed by the actual records of the past. It is gratifying to know, too, that many of the most important discoveries have been made by American archæologists. There is absorbing interest in visiting the ruins which abound not only up the Nile, but in the neighborhood of the pyramids. One day I took a donkey and with a guide who had been educated in the American Mission School I went out to Memphis, the ancient capital, to see the great granite statue of Rameses II., now prone. It is a huge reminder of human vanity.

But really to know something of the ancient life of Egypt it is not necessary to go away from the National Museum in Cairo, for everything is gathered there. It was astonishing to see how the children of forty and fifty centuries ago had the same toys as those of to-day. I don't imagine, either, that the children themselves were very different. They are represented as holding their fingers to their lips in token that children should be seen and not heard.

In the days of Moses the chief concern of the parents was to preserve their offspring from the evil spirits, and this is perhaps the explanation of the numerous rings, anklets, and bracelets which were then worn, all of them being used as amulets or charms.

Children in Egypt worked in those days, herding the geese and cattle and gathering herbs. It is said that they could swim from infancy, and this is quite probable, for to-day they are sometimes called the "Nile ducks" and there was a similar way of designating them many centuries ago.

In the museum there are many toys which we think are very modern, yet some of these must be at least 4,000 years old. The Egyptian children had naughty crocodiles, figures with movable arms, rag dolls, pigs, and ducks on wheels. The boys played marbles, as they do to-day in Cairo and Alexandria, and whipped their tops, as the boys of New York or Philadelphia now do. So much regard was felt for the children that their toys were buried with them.

Some things were taught those Egyptian children that children of to-day often forget. One of these was reverence for old age and for parents. One of the inscriptions which the archæologists uncovered reads thus:

> "The most beautiful thing to behold, the best thing to hear, is a child with a thankful breast, whose heart beats for his father."

The children of the wealthy classes went to school and they had to study hard. Discipline was severe and the rod was not spared. They were taught especially to be careful with their copy books, and among the discoveries have been some very interesting little volumes of papyri-hieroglyphics. Memorizing was a great feature of the education of the Egyptian schoolboy centuries ago and it is so to-day. When I was in Alexandria, I used to go frequently to the office of the American consul, and in an adjoining office I would frequently hear an Egyptian lad of ten or eleven years who was learning his lesson by rote. Several times when I looked in on him his head would be bent forward and his body swaying. The physical exercise seemed to help his memory.

Ruins of an Ancient Temple

There are some of the customs of the present day which carry us back to the centuries when the watering of the lands on which the life of Egypt depended was observed with almost as much scientific precision as to-day. One of these ceremonies is known as the *khalig*, or cutting of the dam. The festival marks the time when the Nile reaches such a height that the water can be let into the irrigation canal. In ancient times a horrible custom was enforced. It was believed by the superstitious inhabitants that the Nile would not rise sufficiently unless a young virgin were sacrificed to it. So the prettiest Arab girl was chosen and at the ceremony cutting the dam she was thrown into the water a allowed to drown in sight of the spectators. No this old canal is filled in and no life is sacrifice but a mound is set up and cut away with elabora ceremonies and a life-sized doll weighted with sto is cast into the river and sinks. There are boomi cannon and many elaborate official ceremonies this occasion of cutting the dam and it is very inte esting to watch the enormous crowd that gathe and the exchange of Oriental greetings.

Other customs which I had a chance to obser are of more recent origin. One of these is the de patch of the sacred carpet to Mecca at the time the pilgrimage. The Khedive and all the high Egy tian officials, the consular and diplomatic represe tatives of foreign governments, and some favore invited guests usually are present. The Mecca pi grimage is the yearly reminder that Egypt, thoug under the protectorate of a Christia nation, is still a Mohammedan countr But there are many natives who a not Mohammedans. The Copts, wh number about 1,000,000, are the orig nal Egyptians who date back long b fore the Arab conquest. Though thei faith has been much perverted, it sti preserves Christian ideals.

It might be that if so many Chris tian creeds were not represented i Egypt, Mohammedanism would not b so strong, for those creeds often are a war among themselves. This has bee the history for centuries. There is th Greek Church, the Armenian, th Catholic, the Coptic, Evangelical Prot estantism of various denominations and there are also Jewish synagogues The feuds of the Christian Churc when Alexandria was the seat of au thority, and the result of these divi sions and the creeping in of human am bition, have been very vividly describe by Charles Kingsley in his *Hypatia* Alexandria to-day is what it was whe Kingsley wrote of it, except that Mo hammedanism is the dominant reli gious and political power and th Christian sects, while disunited, ar not so quarrelsome among themselves a they were in the century of whic Kingsley wrote. There is a very fin Greek church and also a spacious edi fice of the Church of England. Ameri can missions are not represented by showy edifices but their influence is very marked.

A stranger is apt to be confused in Alexandria, and to think that the vast majority of the population must be Mussulman because all men wear the red fez. But, while Turks accept this headgear as the symbol of their faith, the fez also is worn by Syrians, Greeks, and Copts, and in fact by all the Orientals as well as by many of the Europeans residing or traveling in Egypt.

Cairo, Egypt.

TWENTY-NINE YEARS IN LIBERIA

Mary Sharpe, one of the most experienced American missionaries in Africa, has spent twenty-nine years in Liberia with only one week of sickness during that time. She has had three short furloughs home.

THE GOSPEL AT THE SEASHORE

THE pioneer Christian worker at Coney Island was Rev. W. D. Hughes, who began work in a tent June 24, 1898. This work was continued during the winter in a hall called Hunt's Pavilion, at the west end of Surf Avenue. The following spring, money was provided for a permanent building, and in 1900 the Brooklyn City Mission and Tract Society co-operated with Mr. Hughes and the Rev. J. E. Ensign held vesper services on the beach daily.

In the summer of 1902, the Rev. Dr. E. D. Bailey and Mr. T. C. Roberts-Horsfield held five open air services on the beach, and reported an attendance of 1,800 with three conversions. The next City Mission worker to enter the field was Mr. John Wagner, who held open air meetings during the season of 1903.

It was in 1904 that the present order of things began. In that year, the Rev. Radford Williams held Gospel services on the beach every afternoon with much success. The same year Major Fred Gardner and Mr. T. C. Roberts-Horsfield held meetings in the Dreamland Park Theatre, in connection with which they conducted services at West Fifth Street and Surf Avenue every Saturday afternoon and Sunday noon. After Mr. Williams severed his connection with the Society, the late Major Gardner and Mr. Horsfield had charge of the work, which grew to large proportions during the summer of 1905. In 1906 and 1907, Mr. Horsfield and the Rev. Robert Rein had charge of the meetings. The following statistics will show to what proportions the work had grown last year:

Meetings held, 102; attendance, 156,750; requests for prayer, 2,340; professed conversions, 653; positions found for men, 21; free beds furnished 211; free meals furnished, 385; men sent to Chester Crest Home for Intemperate Men, 4; old soldiers helped and sent to their homes, 2; runaway boys sent home, 4; girls restored to their parents, 2; positions found for women, 3; Proverbs, Psalms, John and Luke distributed, 361; tracts distributed, 70,000.

Preaching on the Beach at Coney Island

While it is difficult to get a church audience in the summer, it is an easy matter to get one at these open-air meetings. As the workers are arranging the seats, and the organ is being placed on the platform, the people gather around to see what is going on. A fifteen-minute song service attracts the attention of many more passers-by, and when the leader opens the meeting with prayer, the people are quiet and reverential. Following this, a number of short Gospel talks are given, interspersed with familiar Gospel hymns, and at the close an invitation to accept Christ as a personal Saviour is given, and at nearly if not quite every meeting is responded to by some who want to know their sins forgiven and possess this full and free salvation.

This work, so successfully carried on for the past six years under the auspices of the Brooklyn City Mission and Tract Society, is this year in charge of the Rev. E. D. Bailey, D.D., and Mr. T. C. Roberts-Horsfield. Meetings are held at the same place as in former years every clear day at 4.30 P.M.

"What did it cost?" is a question often asked regarding last year's work at Coney Island. Counting the number of people preached to, and the amount of money expended, it cost a trifle over *one cent* to give the Gospel to each individual. It is hoped to carry on a greater and more aggresive work this year. Three thousand dollars is needed for this summer's work. Contributions may be forwarded to the Society, or to H. E. Nitchie, Treasurer, Room 813, 215 Montague Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

McKINLEY'S MEMORY HONORED

ANEWER and deeper interest in the American University at Washington has been recently awakened and is manifest especially in the great cities of the East.

Prof. Franklin Hamilton

A large excursion from the General Conference in session at Baltimore visited the University. There was an out-door programme of speeches by President Roosevelt, Senator Dolliver, Bishop Cranston, and others, and music by the Marine Band. At the conclusion of the out-door exercises, President Roosevelt formally received the members of the General Conference in the College of History. The President was assisted by Mrs. Roosevelt.

The recent election of the Rev. Dr. Franklin Hamilton to the Chancellorship of the University and the completion of the "McKinley Memorial College of Government," may be regarded as two important steps toward the realization of the dreams of the founders of the institution.

For nearly a score of years there has been under consideration the idea of establishing at the national capital a national university designed to represent the highest form of Christian education, to the end that young men and women who have completed their academic studies and received their first degree may not be obliged to go abroad to pursue post-graduate courses. There are now two buildings standing as substantial evidence of the beginning of widely inclusive plans. Twenty-three buildings are contemplated.

The College of History completed ten years ago was erected at a cost of $176,000 and contains forty-two rooms. It is considered one of the handsomest buildings in Washington. Already gifts of thousands of volumes have been received toward the library, while the cabinets of the museum are being filled with rare minerals and curios. Various objects of interest have been contributed, including the desk used by Edwin M. Stanton during his term as Secretary of War, the dining table and chairs of Charles Sumner, the wardrobe and manuscript file of the historian Bancroft, an heroic bust on a pedestal of General John A. Logan, and a handsomely carved chair made from the beams of the historic City Road Chapel, London, where John Wesley preached. One of the treasures is a mammoth reflecting lens, one of the largest in the world, measuring five feet two inches in diameter, made by Dr. John Peate, to be eventually mounted and equipped for service in the prospective observatory.

The College of Government, built of marble and costing $250,000, is now finished as to the exterior, but the interior is yet incomplete. The equipment of this building will, with the College of History, furnish sufficient room and prepare the way to open the University. This building is a memorial to President McKinley, who manifested a deep interest in the early plans for the University, and was a trustee for two years prior to his death. He had expressed a willingness to serve as dean of the College of Government, and had promised to lay its corner-stone. His death threw this service into the hands of President Roosevelt, who is one of the trustees of the University.

The University will be neither narrow nor sectarian. It has been founded by those who believe reverently in God as Creator of all things and in his providence; by those who do not fear the results of scientific research in the study of nature or of man; by those who believe in the simple Gospel of the divine Master applied to all human need. Its Board of Trustees represents all denominations of the Protestant faith.

The new Chancellor, succeeding the late Bishop Hurst, the founder, and Bishop McCabe—the Rev. Dr. Franklin Hamilton, of Boston, Mass.—is the brother of Bishop John W. Hamilton, of California, and Dr. J. Benson Hamilton, of Walden University. He graduated from Boston Latin School in 1883, where he took the Old South Prize as essayist. He graduated from Harvard University in 1887. During his course at Harvard he won both the Bowdoin and Baylston Prizes. He served for a time as one of the professors of Greek and Latin in Grant University, Chattanooga, Tenn. He graduated from the Boston University School of Theology in 1892. He spent nearly three years in post-graduate study at Paris and Berlin. Dr. Hamilton speaks several modern languages. He received his doctorate in speculative philosophy at Boston University in 1899. He has filled several important pastoral charges and has written extensively on religious topics.

The McKinley Memorial, Washington University

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Dear Dr. Klopsch: I see so many names of old subscribers to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the best paper in the world. I have taken it since the fall of 1880. Besides, I have over forty books as premiums, and some eight Bibles. It gets better all the time. The Red Letter India Paper Bible is the best I ever saw.

L. S. HOAG,
La Crosse, Kan. *Rush Co. S. S. Association.*

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Entered at Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

Our Letters on the Tramp Problem

ANYONE who reads the very remarkable collection of letters received in response to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S invitation to an open discussion of the Tramp Problem must be convinced of two things: that it is a vital problem and that it penetrates to every State. Writing from actual experience with the tramp, and with a full comprehension of the terrible fact that five hundred thousand men and lads are drifting about the country as vagrants at the present time, these correspondents have entered into the details of this question with hearts touched by sympathy for the unfortunates, and at the same time heedful of what is due to society for its protection from this great army of the idle, the pauper, and the criminal.

Among the many practical suggestions contained in these letters, we note specially those that advocate placing these wanderers on the land, on State or Federal tramp farms. Several believe that the solution is to be found in setting the tramps to the work of road-making at minimum wages. This would have the double advantage of not conflicting with the marketable products of regular labor and of greatly improving our public highways at little cost. Others again hold that the able-bodied tramps should be drafted into the army. Practically all agree that the physically fit should be compelled to work or go to jail. Some of our correspondents seem to regard the question as one to be dealt with by the States; others that it is a problem for the Federal authorities. Still others believe that the root of the trouble lies in our loose immigration system which makes this country the asylum for the criminal and unfit.

It might prove an excellent thing if some State were to put into practice, even in a single county, the road-making plan outlined so clearly by several of our correspondents. It would be beginning at the point of least expenditure. We commend these letters to the careful consideration of our State legislatures and indulge the hope that they may be productive of some practical effort looking toward the solution of this much-vexed problem.

The Motto Bill Signed

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, on Monday, May 18, gave his executive approval and signature to the bill restoring the motto, "In God We Trust," to the national coinage, from which it was removed almost a year ago.

There will be no delay in restoring the motto. Even before the bill passed the Senate, the Director of the Mint, anticipating restoration, made preparations accordingly. On the new gold "eagle," the motto will occupy a space above the flying eagle, near the rim of the coin. On the ten-dollar piece, it will be to the left and in front of the eagle.

Art critics, medalists, sculptors and a few others may have some caustic comments to make on the new coin, which, from their point of view, may seem overcrowded with emblems, words and figures. There can be no objection to any readjustment in the interest of artistic improvement. But whatever else is removed or eliminated, the grand old motto must remain. May it never again be displaced.

A National "Eye-Opener"

NOW that the conference of State Governors at the White House is over, the results may be seen somewhat in the historical perspective. Of course, it must be remembered that it was a deliberative and not a law-making body. The conference enabled the Governors to get personally acquainted, exchange views, and hear the opinions of the experts whom the President had invited to meet with them. These experts were foresters of experience, mineralogists who spoke on the coming exhaustion of our coal and iron fields, men who were conversant with the present wasteful methods of farming in a large portion of our country, and men who are accustomed to wrestle with our transportation problem. Many of the facts presented may be regarded as "eye-openers" to the men who heard them and also to the country.

It is probable that an echo of the conference will be heard in many of the gubernatorial messages read at the opening of the coming session of the State legislatures. Congress can do much, but in conserving the resources of some sections which are essential to the prosperity of all, the States can do more. In preserving our forests, the State legislatures must be depended upon. People in heavily wooded sections often say that there is wood enough, not realizing that the preservation of a certain amount of timber is necessary to preserve the rivers that run through far distant States, and in turn affect the price of transportation, and, as a result, the prices the people in the wooded districts have to pay for things not grown or made at home. As one speaker aptly put it: "First conserve the forests; for no forests, no long navigable rivers; no rivers, no cheap transportation."

We Americans have been told so often of the vastness of our country and of the richness of its soil that the idea had become almost universal that the population could go on increasing indefinitely and the country still prosper under our present methods. With immigrants coming to our shores by the million, we find that the end of available unoccupied land is in sight and that we must look carefully to the future unless we wish to find that our soil is exhausted and unable to meet the demands that will be put upon it. Taken all in all, the conference may be considered as one of the most momentous gatherings in our economic history, and one whose results will be seen in legislation in our States for years to come.

Science and the Book

IN late years science has been rapidly multiplying its evidence corroborative of the Bible. Foreign journals are calling attention to two remarkable instances of this character. The first is the striking discovery by that greatest living Egyptologist, Brugsch Bey, of a hieroglyphic record of the failure of the Nile to rise for seven consecutive years, and of a consequent disastrous famine. Of itself, this discovery might have been accepted as establishing the fact that, such a failure having actually occurred, the Biblical story of the famine in the days of Joseph was all the more probable. But the records themselves show that the date of the failure was 1700 B.C., corresponding, as the ablest chronologists believe, with the time of the famine described in Genesis 41.

This totally unforeseen confirmation of Scripture by science, however, is cast into the shade by a far more important one which Professor Randel Harris, an English scholar and investigator, has pointed out. It has reference to the census recorded by Luke, the taking of which caused the journey of Joseph and Mary to Bethlehem. Sceptics and unbelievers generally have long tried to discredit this account of the tax census as a fiction, and hence to stamp the whole story of the Divine birth at Bethlehem as unauthentic and a work of the imagination. Now, after nearly 2,000 years, the evidence of this census is coming to the light. It was one of many similar censuses which were ordered at stated intervals.

Thus as the evidence of science draws closer and closer to the Bible, proof of the strict accuracy of the sacred narrative accumulates. "The impregnable rock of Holy Scripture," as Gladstone once aptly called it, is proof against all the assaults of infidelity and will so remain.

Pensions After Seventy

IS it the duty of a government to provide for the support of all its citizens of good character and repute, after they have become superannuated? This is the huge problem with which Great Britain is now struggling. Stated briefly, Premier Asquith's plan, lately submitted, contemplates an appropriation of $30,000,000 for next year, to provide pensions to about half a million people over seventy years old, single pensioners to receive $1.25 per week and married couples $1.80. This national beneficence is designed only to extend to those whose income does not exceed $2.50 weekly. The plan differs materially from the "Old Age Pension" system of Germany, in which both employers and workers are assessed for the State-aided pension fund, whereas the British scheme would be maintained by the State exclusively, although it would be included in the tax budget and come out of the general pocket in any event. France and Belgium follow the German method and thus make the pension less a charity than an insurance fund. On several occasions, the subject of old age pensions has been discussed seriously in the United States, and the late Andrew H. Green, Controller of New York City, was a strong advocate of the German system as suited to American needs. Many people in Britian oppose Mr. Asquith's plan as savoring too much of Socialism. The *Spectator* has denounced it as a scheme that would destroy the spirit of thrift and provision for old age among the workers. Its progress will be watched here with unusual interest by all students of sociological and labor problems.

A Great Woman's Advice

MISS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, the famous war nurse, who was so signally honored by the city of London recently, is now very aged—far beyond the octogenarian mark—but she is still keenly alive to the world's progress, especially in respect to the enlarging scope of women's activities. She wrote these words of advice to the juniors of her sex and they will apply to women's work in all lands and under all conditions: "I would say to all young women who are called to any particular vocation, qualify yourselves for it as a man does for his work. Do not think you can understand it otherwise. If you are called to a man's work, do not exact a woman's privilege, the privilege of inaccuracy, of weakness." Miss Nightingale's advice deserves to be remembered. Probably no woman now living is better qualified than she to point out to her sex the value of thoroughness as an essential to success in any calling in life.

Picturing the Passion

SOME of our readers have written us asking whether the production of the Passion Play in living pictures as a public show is a proper spectacle. There is, to our mind, something unspeakably irreverent in the presentation of the Passion of Christ, either in living pictures or by actors. The average Christian will admit that no human presentation could do the subject justice. When it was proposed to introduce the Passion Play, on the Oberammergau model, from Switzerland into this country, good people everywhere protested and the project was dropped. The moving pictures of the Passion Play convey the same impression and make "the tragedy of tragedies" a mere piece of mimicry, with all the petty stage effects of an ordinary play. It is a desecration of the ideal and a travesty on the reality. Somehow, it revolts the true Christian to have any one personate divinity.

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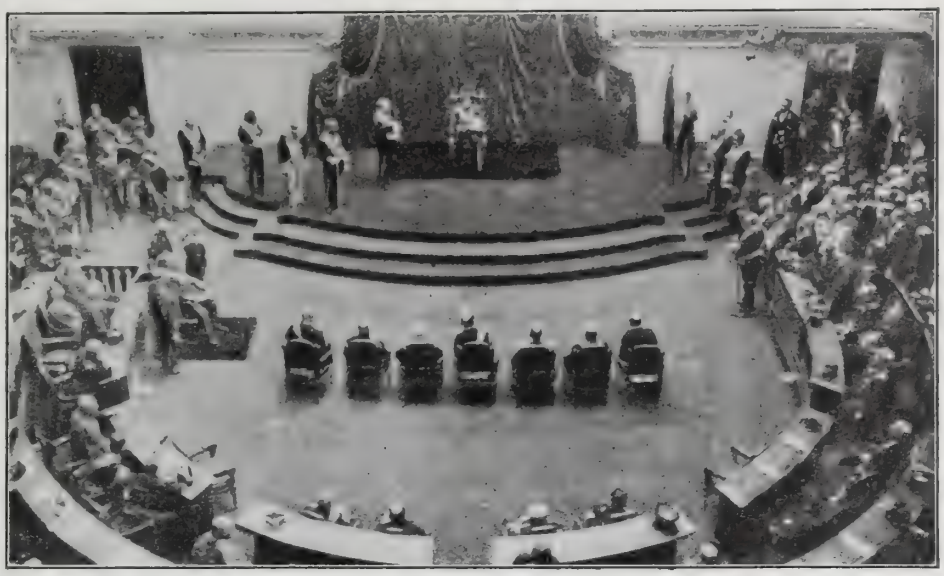
THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

A Boy King in Parliament

THE king and crown prince of Portugal were assassinated and the boy Manuel became the king. On April 29 he opened the session of the Cortes in the Chamber of Deputies, this being the first meeting of the parliament since the inauguration of the dictatorship a year ago. He read his speech in clear tones, and his bearing created a favorable impression. In closing he said: "Honorable Peers of the Realm and Deputies of the Portuguese nation: The life of parliaments by their very nature consists in the clash of discussion of different opinions; for all that can divide men, from class distinctions to the shock of political creeds, finds expression and defense therein. The task of parliament is to combine all these forces to one end—the public service. The country can but gain by this generous strife to arrive at decisions which will promote the national well-being. If all things are subordinate to securing the immediate good of the country, parliament will have achieved a fair and lasting work, and it is for this result that the country and the head of the State look confidently to this high assembly. It is the traditional belief, a belief which incited the greatness of our ancestors and the spiritual firmness revealed in more critical times, that providence watches over the destiny of the country. May faith in the future of Portugal be realized more than ever in our patriotic hearts. The king and the Portuguese people embrace each other in this sublime sentiment."



King Manuel Presiding in the Chamber of Deputies

In secular and sacred history it has often happened that a boy has become the sovereign ruler of a nation. Josiah became king of Jerusalem when he was a boy eight years of age and had thirty-one years of a prosperous reign. The faith in providence expressed in King Manuel's address to the parliament, might be looked for in a boy who has such a noble mother and has had such careful home training. There was the hint of real royalty in the blood of the mother when she struck the murderer of her husband and son in the face with a bouquet of flowers which she held in her hand. The whole world joins in the hope of the young ruler, that God may give the Portuguese nation the largest measure of happiness and prosperity.

Josiah was eight years old when he began to reign. (II. Kings 22:1.)

An Angry Woman's Bell

Winston Churchill had a disconcerting experience at Dundee when he tried to address a dinner time meeting outside a big factory. He arrived at the appointed time to make his speech, but found his pitch occupied by suffragists. Miss Molony, an Irish woman, armed with a big bell, occupied the box of a wagonette, and she declared that the president of the Board of Trade should not address an open air meeting in Dundee until he had apologized for some remarks he made about political women in a recent speech. At last Mr. Churchill said: "Let her ring her bell if she likes. If she thinks that is a reasonable argument to put before the electors, she may use it. I don't care. I bid you good afternoon." He then drove off.—(*Exchange*).

The people of America scarcely realize what rapid strides are being made by the advocates of woman's suffrage. Already the countries of New Zaland, Australia, Finland, and Norway have adopted woman's suffrage and women are allowed to vote in the States of Wyoming, Utah, Colorado, and Idaho. The sentiment in favor of this movement has grown to such proportions in England that the House of Commons recently gave the unprecedented majority of 271 to 92 in favor of woman's suffrage. The advocates of the new movement, however, have shown in many instances very bad taste and worse temper, culminating in open riots that have given great trouble to the police authorities. We presume this woman, trying to ring Winston Churchill down, might have thought that she was conservative in her opposition to him; but such methods of promoting a measure are wrong and an injury, rather than a help, to the cause which is espoused. The victory of centuries has been achieved by the nations of to-day in the liberty of speech and press which has been secured. In her ill-mannered and mean-spirited conduct, this woman showed the absence of love in her heart.

Winston Churchill and the Noisy Bell Ringer

It is better to dwell in a corner of the housetop, than with a brawling woman in a wide house. (Prov. 21: 9.)

A Stationary Citizen

Although eighty-six years old, Peter Lawson, of Mongaup Valley, N. Y., has just taken his first ride on a railroad. He enjoyed the sensation greatly. He went from Monticello to Middletown to see his daughter. Lawson saw the first train pass over the Erie Railroad in 1848, walking a long distance to witness the sight. People of ordinary enterprise can hardly understand how a man could live so long and be satisfied to have so small a world. He, no doubt, had enough to eat and to wear and a pleasant field of employment, and did not care for much beyond himself. There are so many people who have splendid opportunities of mental improvement, of benevolent activity and of religious service, who allow these opportunities to go by unimproved. They settle down into a very small sphere of life and influence. They are so dull of moral apprehension that they do not seem to see the opportunities which would so enlarge their life and usefulness. They do not lack eyes with which to see, but they lack the disposition to use them.

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Rockefeller, Jr., on Tainted Money

Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., in his address before his Bible class at the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church in New York City, took the 53d Psalm as the basis of his remarks, condemning in unmeasured terms the accumulation of wealth by fraud. Among other things, he said:

This rich man whom the Psalmist refers to, doesn't he exist at the present day? I believe he does. You all know him; you read about him in the newspapers every day. Maybe you and I have often envied him. We may have said: "How splendid it must be to have the wealth, the power which that man possesses—to be able to sway men!" Perhaps that man you envy may have been a liar in his earlier days. He may have destroyed men's characters and taken advantage of men weaker than himself in order to reach the position which you envy. Therefore you must ask yourselves the question, "Are we willing to pay the price that man paid in order to get where he is?"

"Ha!" you may reply, "but the world to-day overlooks these things. After all, even if this man's riches and power were thus obtained, it does not matter much in the struggle and fierce competition of the present day, provided he is willing to use his position and his wealth for the benefit of his fellow men. He is entitled to take advantage of any opportunity that presents itself provided he devotes what he gets to a good purpose." If that is your frame of mind, my friends, let us hold our opinion in abeyance until we can look at the other side of the picture. This man feels so strong in his ability to buy votes and to use his vast power in other ways to gain what he desires, that he fancies he can get along without any help—without even the help of God. Perhaps this man's mother prayed with him when he was a child, but that was so long ago that he has outgrown it. He has listened to big men who have persuaded him that there is no power of God, but the Psalm tells us that God will tear down that man. The grasp of God used in that manner must be a terrible thing, and that is what that man must expect. There will surely come a time when he will wish that he had been more intimate with his Maker, and had lived more in accordance with his laws.

Maybe you have passed his handsome private house and wondered whether you would ever be able to buy such a house for your wife and family. Envy him not, for God will surely pull him out of that house. We shall live to see him humbled and trodden in the dust. And now let us ask ourselves again: "Is it worth while? Can we envy such a man?"

The man to be envied, in my opinion, and the man who is happiest, is the man who puts his trust in the Lord, lives righteously, and is satisfied with much less material wealth. He is the kind of man you can trust; the man who always tells the truth, even though he loses by it materially; the kind of man to whom you feel that you can safely leave the care of your wife and children when you die. Yes, a man of such sterling character and unsullied reputation is, after all, the man to be envied. And if any of you still think that you would prefer to be like that other man and have what he has and are still willing to pay the price he paid for it, let me assure you that you are making a great mistake.

No more true or timely lesson could be taught young men, than the one Mr. Rockefeller used before his Bible class. As we grow in our material resources and as fortunes are piled into such colossal proportions, not always by fair means, we need more and more to be reminded that the only true wealth is that of mind, of heart and character.

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OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

Change of Date.—It takes at least two weeks to change the date, after your subscription is renewed.

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Change of Address.—It requires three weeks time to make the change. Give both old and new address.

Subscriptions may commence with any issue.

Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

Our Letters on the Tramp Problem

ANYONE who reads the very remarkable collection of letters received in response to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S invitation to an open discussion of the Tramp Problem must be convinced of two things: that it is a vital problem and that it penetrates to every State. Writing from actual experience with the tramp, and with a full comprehension of the terrible fact that five hundred thousand men and lads are drifting about the country as vagrants at the present time, these correspondents have entered into the details of this question with hearts touched by sympathy for the unfortunates, and at the same time heedful of what is due to society for its protection from this great army of the idle, the pauper, and the criminal.

Among the many practical suggestions contained in these letters, we note specially those that advocate placing these wanderers on the land, on State or Federal tramp farms. Several believe that the solution is to be found in setting the tramps to the work of road-making at minimum wages. This would have the double advantage of not conflicting with the marketable products of regular labor and of greatly improving our public highways at little cost. Others again hold that the able-bodied tramps should be drafted into the army. Practically all agree that the physically fit should be compelled to work or go to jail. Some of our correspondents seem to regard the question as one to be dealt with by the States; others that it is a problem for the Federal authorities. Still others believe that the root of the trouble lies in our loose immigration system which makes this country the asylum for the criminal and unfit.

It might prove an excellent thing if some State were to put into practice, even in a single county, the road-making plan outlined so clearly by several of our correspondents. It would be beginning at the point of least expenditure. We commend these letters to the careful consideration of our State legislatures and indulge the hope that they may be productive of some practical effort looking toward the solution of this much-vexed problem.

The Motto Bill Signed

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, on Monday, May 18, gave his executive approval and signature to the bill restoring the motto, "In God We Trust," to the national coinage, from which it was removed almost a year ago.

There will be no delay in restoring the motto. Even before the bill passed the Senate, the Director of the Mint, anticipating restoration, made preparations accordingly. On the new gold "eagle," the motto will occupy a space above the flying eagle, near the rim of the coin. On the ten-dollar piece, it will be to the left and in front of the eagle.

Art critics, medalists, sculptors and a few others may have some caustic comments to make on the new coin, which, from their point of view, may seem overcrowded with emblems, words and figures. There can be no objection to any readjustment in the interest of artistic improvement. But whatever else is removed or eliminated, the grand old motto must remain. May it never again be displaced.

A National "Eye-Opener"

NOW that the conference of State Governors at the White House is over, the results may be seen somewhat in the historical perspective. Of course, it must be remembered that it was a deliberative and not a law-making body. The conference enabled the Governors to get personally acquainted, exchange views, and hear the opinions of the experts whom the President had invited to meet with them. These experts were foresters of experience, mineralogists who spoke on the coming exhaustion of our coal and iron fields, men who were conversant with the present wasteful methods of farming in a large portion of our country, and men who are accustomed to wrestle with our transportation problem. Many of the facts presented may be regarded as "eye-openers" to the men who heard them and also to the country.

It is probable that an echo of the conference will be heard in many of the gubernatorial messages read at the opening of the coming session of the State legislatures. Congress can do much, but in conserving the resources of some sections which are essential to the prosperity of all, the States can do more. In preserving our forests, the State legislatures must be depended upon. People in heavily wooded sections often say that there is wood enough, not realizing that the preservation of a certain amount of timber is necessary to preserve the rivers that run through far distant States, and in turn affect the price of transportation, and, as a result, the prices the people in the wooded districts have to pay for things not grown or made at home. As one speaker aptly put it: "First conserve the forests; for no forests, no long navigable rivers; no rivers, no cheap transportation."

We Americans have been told so often of the vastness of our country and of the richness of its soil that the idea had become almost universal that the population could go on increasing indefinitely and the country still prosper under our present methods. With immigrants coming to our shores by the million, we find that the end of available unoccupied land is in sight and that we must look carefully to the future unless we wish to find that our soil is exhausted and unable to meet the demands that will be put upon it. Taken all in all, the conference may be considered as one of the most momentous gatherings in our economic history, and one whose results will be seen in legislation in our States for years to come.

Science and the Book

IN late years science has been rapidly multiplying its evidence corroborative of the Bible. Foreign journals are calling attention to two remarkable instances of this character. The first is the striking discovery by that greatest living Egyptologist, Brugsch Bey, of a hieroglyphic record of the failure of the Nile to rise for seven consecutive years, and of a consequent disastrous famine. Of itself, this discovery might have been accepted as establishing the fact that, such a failure having actually occurred, the Biblical story of the famine in the days of Joseph was all the more probable. But the records themselves show that the date of the failure was 1700 B.C., corresponding, as the ablest chronologists believe, with the time of the famine described in Genesis 41.

This totally unforeseen confirmation of Scripture by science, however, is cast into the shade by a far more important one which Professor Randel Harris, an English scholar and investigator, has pointed out. It has reference to the census recorded by Luke, the taking of which caused the journey of Joseph and Mary to Bethlehem. Sceptics and unbelievers generally have long tried to discredit this account of the tax census as a fiction, and hence to stamp the whole story of the Divine birth at Bethlehem as unauthentic and a work of the imagination. Now, after nearly 2,000 years, the evidence of this census is coming to the light. It was one of many similar censuses which were ordered at stated intervals.

Thus as the evidence of science draws closer and closer to the Bible, proof of the strict accuracy of the sacred narrative accumulates. "The impregnable rock of Holy Scripture," as Gladstone once aptly called it, is proof against all the assaults of infidelity and will so remain.

Pensions After Seventy

IS it the duty of a government to provide for the support of all its citizens of good character and repute, after they have become superannuated? This is the huge problem with which Great Britain is now struggling. Stated briefly, Premier Asquith's plan, lately submitted, contemplates an appropriation of $30,000,000 for next year, to provide pensions to about half a million people over seventy years old, single pensioners to receive $1.25 per week and married couples $1.80. This national beneficence is designed only to extend to those whose income does not exceed $2.50 weekly. The plan differs materially from the "Old Age Pension" system of Germany, in which both employers and workers are assessed for the State-aided pension fund, whereas the British scheme would be maintained by the State exclusively, although it would be includ in the tax budget and come out of the general pock in any event. France and Belgium follow the Ge man method and thus make the pension less a chari than an insurance fund. On several occasions, t subject of old age pensions has been discussed se ously in the United States, and the late Andrew Green, Controller of New York City, was a stro advocate of the German system as suited to Ame can needs. Many people in Britian oppose M Asquith's plan as savoring too much of Socialis The *Spectator* has denounced it as a scheme th would destroy the spirit of thrift and provision f old age among the workers. Its progress will b watched here with unusual interest by all studen of sociological and labor problems.

A Great Woman's Advice

MISS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, the famou war nurse, who was so signally honored by th city of London recently, is now very aged—far be yond the octogenarian mark—but she is still keenl alive to the world's progress, especially in respect t the enlarging scope of women's activities. She wrote these words of advice to the juniors of he sex and they will apply to women's work in al lands and under all conditions: "I would say to all young women who are called to any particula vocation, qualify yourselves for it as a man does for his work. Do not think you can understand it otherwise. If you are called to a man's work, do not exact a woman's privilege, the privilege of inaccuracy, of weakness." Miss Nightingale's advice deserves to be remembered. Probably no woman now living is better qualified than she to point out to her sex the value of thoroughness as an essential to success in any calling in life.

Picturing the Passion

SOME of our readers have written us asking whether the production of the Passion Play in living pictures as a public show is a proper spectacle. There is, to our mind, something unspeakably irreverent in the presentation of the Passion of Christ, either in living pictures or by actors. The average Christian will admit that no human presentation could do the subject justice. When it was proposed to introduce the Passion Play, on the Oberammergau model, from Switzerland into this country, good people everywhere protested and the project was dropped. The moving pictures of the Passion Play convey the same impression and make "the tragedy of tragedies" a mere piece of mimicry, with all the petty stage effects of an ordinary play. It is a desecration of the ideal and a travesty on the reality. Somehow, it revolts the true Christian to have any one personate divinity.

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THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

A Boy King in Parliament

THE king and crown prince of Portugal were assassinated and the boy Manuel became the king. On April 29 he opened the session of the Cortes in the Chamber of Deputies, this being he first meeting of the parliament since the inauguration of the dictatorship a year ago. He read his peech in clear tones, and his bearing created a favorable impression. In closing he said: "Honorable Peers f the Realm and Deputies of the Portuguese nation: he life of parliaments by their very nature consists the clash of discussion of different opinions; for all hat can divide men, from class istinctions to the shock of poitical creeds, finds expression nd defense therein. The task of arliament is to combine all hese forces to one end—the ublic service. The country can ut gain by this generous strife arrive at decisions which will romote the national well-being. f all things are subordinate to ecuring the immediate good of he country, parliament will have chieved a fair and lasting work, nd it is for this result that the ountry and the head of the State ook confidently to this high asembly. It is the traditional beef, a belief which incited the reatness of our ancestors and he spiritual firmness revealed in nore critical times, that provience watches over the destiny of he country. May faith in the uture of Portugal be realized nore than ever in our patriotic earts. The king and the Portuuese people embrace each other n this sublime sentiment."

In secular and sacred history t has often happened that a oy has become the sovereign ruler of a nation. osiah became king of Jerusalem when he was a boy ight years of age and had thirty-one years of a rosperous reign. The faith in providence expressed n King Manuel's address to the parliament, night be looked for in a boy who has such a noble nother and has had such careful home training. There was the hint of real royalty in the blood of he mother when she struck the murderer of her husband and son in the face with a bouquet of flowers which she held in her hand. The whole world joins n the hope of the young ruler, that God may give he Portuguese nation the largest measure of happiness and prosperity.

Josiah was eight years old when he began to reign. (II. Kings 22:1.)

An Angry Woman's Bell

Winston Churchill had a disconcerting experience at Dundee when he tried to address a dinner time meeting outside a big factory. He arrived at the appointed time to make his speech, but found his pitch occupied by suffragists. Miss Molony, an Irish woman, armed with a big bell, occupied the box of a wagonette, and she declared that the president of the Board of Trade should not address an open air meeting in Dundee until he had apologized for some remarks he made about political women in a recent speech. At last Mr. Churchill said: "Let her ring her bell if she likes. If she thinks that is a reasonable argument to put before the electors, she may use it. I don't care. I bid you good afternoon." He then drove off.—(*Exchange*).

The people of America scarcely realize what rapid strides are being made by the advocates of woman's suffrage. Already the countries of New Zealand, Australia, Finland, and Norway have adopted woman's suffrage and women are allowed to vote in the States of Wyoming, Utah, Colorado, and Idaho. The sentiment in favor of this movement has grown to such proportions in England that the House of Commons recently gave the unprecedented majority of 271 to 92 in favor of woman's suffrage. The advocates of the new movement, however, have shown in many instances very bad taste and worse temper, culminating in open riots that have given great trouble to the police authorities. We presume this woman, trying to ring Winston Churchill down, might have thought that she was conservative in her opposition to him; but such methods of promoting a measure are wrong and an injury, rather than a help, to the cause which is espoused. The victory of centuries has been achieved by the nations of to-day in the liberty of speech and press which has been secured. In her ill-mannered and mean-

Winston Churchill and the Noisy Bell Ringer

spirited conduct, this woman showed the absence of love in her heart.

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King Manuel Presiding in the Chamber of Deputies

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WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE TRAMP?

"Christian Herald" Readers Express Their Views as to the Solution of this Interesting Problem

THAT the Tramp Problem is one of universal interest is shown by the very large number of letters received in response to the invitation to our readers to express their views on this burning question. In the letters below, a wide variety of opinions are expressed. Some are startling in the novelty of their suggestions, and many show a comprehensive grasp of the question. We can give only a part of the voluminous correspondence in the present issue.

Two Classes of Tramps

There are two classes of tramps—the professional and the non-professional. The professional that seeks no employment is a nuisance and should be abated by drastic measures. To protect the non-professional or labor-seeker, let each and every man that has worked for an employer six months, not less than three, procure an employer's certificate stating said facts, take it to a justice of the peace of any township or to a burgess or mayor of any borough or city and procure a thirty-day permit or transport to place or places to which he desires to go. If any person or persons are found seeking alms from door to door without said transport certificate, then they should be arrested for professional tramping and sent to prison at hard labor. J. W. THOMAS.

Bald Eagle, Pa.

. . .

Treat Them Like the Indians

Get all the tramps corralled, and then give them homestead claims in certain sections in the United States. A large building should be constructed by the government in some agricultural section. It should have an employment bureau, and such men as were not adapted to farm life could secure work at various trades. This is something similar to the methods we have employed in dealing with the Indian problem.

H. WALTER MCMASTER.

Spokane, Wash.

. . .

Draft Them Into the Army

My experience is that tramps will not work, unless under armed force, and that it would be a great blessing to the tramp and the entire country to draft them into the army. To give the tramp five years of hard military service and labor with the promise of five years more if the first five did not cure.

Norristown, Pa. W. W. DILL.

. . .

State Homes or Colonies

I do not think making soldiers of them would be a wise or safe plan, as we could not be sure of their loyalty. A better way would be to have a home in each State, with work, board and a fair wage, until other work could be found. If again found tramping let him be arrested and sent back to his State colony or home.

MRS. G. SMITH.

Powassan, Ont., Can.

. . .

Foreign Immigration a Menace

Tramps, as a rule, are untrustworthy as helpers in any line of work. Should we be obliged to employ one, he would demand the highest wages and stay long enough to get money to go back to the saloon, and then beg a meal at another neighbor's door.

I think the foreign immigration is making trampism a menace to the nation. If the government is the ruling power, the government should be held responsible, and provide as a whole for them. Perhaps it wouldn't be quite right to round them up and use them as food for powder, but it would be justice to make them know that honest labor is honorable in all, and if they expect food, raiment and shelter, let them earn it.

MRS. FRANCES MCCREA.

Sheridan, Mont.

. . .

Farm Work and Road Work

Enough country homes to accommodate all the tramps should be established in various places. Have these homes supervised by Christian people and have the tramps do all the farm work, and during their recreation period have them become familiar with the Bible, and where help is needed to work on the roads. Those that are faithful should receive a small sum of money after they have earned more than their board and clothes. In my solution of the tramp problem I voice the sentiment of five. We are very much concerned as to what will be done with the tramp.

(MRS.) HENRY ROAT.

Danville, Pa.

. . .

Kindness the Solution

It is an unwelcome fact that the tramps are almost all of American birth. If you investigate their life history you will almost invariably find that their early environment was harsh and inhuman. Strangers to kindness or encouragement, pressed down the slopes of life with never a helping hand or kind word of encouragement to raise them to a higher life, they are not as a class void of sentiment. If we would maintain toward all our fellow beings a true, unselfish, sympathetic, uplifting, Christian spirit, endeavoring always to encourage the despondent by kind words and deeds, laying aside false pride, emulating the Master's life, always striving to eradicate evil environments, thereby elevating the standard of life, the hobo would gradually disappear. J. H. R.

Philadelphia, Pa.

. . .

Make Them Soldiers

Gather them in and put them to work in the different State industrial institutions. Use them like human beings and try to make them good, respectable men. Why shouldn't some of them be "food for powder" as well as our worthy young men? If only the worthy were sent to war, there would soon be no one left but hobos. We could spare a few thousand peddlers, too.

Foxboro, Mass. SUBSCRIBER.

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Treat Them With Kindness

Having lived in a railroad town on the Southern Pacific for twenty-two years, I have fed and met many tramps, but very few aged ones. Many boy tramps have come to my home. I have never turned them away, and have always saved old clothing for them. I suggest to you readers to always treat a boy tramp as you would wish your own boy treated, or your brother. I have noticed that even the Piute Indians are willing to share their meal with a tramp. I think tramps can be helped individually, and I know of one who became one of the best young men of our town.

Sparks City, Nev. SAGE BRUSH.

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Put Them on "Tramp Farms"

Why should not our government institute farms on which is a variety of work, and send the tramp there to raise crops of wheat, corn, grass, etc.? Then the tramp can have plenty of milk and butter and bread, with all the other good things a farm can produce. MRS. E. S. TIMBERLAKE.

Siloam Springs, Ark.

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Dissolve the Trades Unions

Dissolve all unions, orders and societies that are leagued together for their own benefit, to the exclusion of all others. Call no man a tramp who will work, and is shut out because of the above and can not secure work during a season of depression, neither call him a "scab" who stands on his merit and secures work. Close all dram-shops and dens of vice; teach industry, sobriety and frugality; and, above all, the royal law and Gospel. Bancroft says, "A spiritual unity binds together every member of the human family." This will solve the tramp problem. J. A. MOLTZ.

Venango, Pa.

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Give Them Town Employment

Each incorporated town should give employment to such as ask for it, in any work that would be most beneficial to that particular place. Do not make of it a prison, but a refuge. Do not make it too religious. D. H.

Julesburg, Colo.

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Establish Tramp Industries

No doubt a multitude of our tramps, if properly dealt with, might become respectable, independent citizens. Of course many are simply worthless, and should be forced on the rock pile with bread-and-water diet, until they were glad of a chance to earn an honest living. It seems to me those who honestly desire to work might be easily picked from the worthless by the following plan: There could be established in each county an institution with various industrial and manufacturing occupations. This establishment should have at its head the most capable and conscientious manager obtainable. The main part of the wage could be in the form of board and lodging furnished by the institution. In connection with this an employment bureau could be conducted, so that more lucrative employment could be obtained for worthy men. The wages should not be high enough to rival ordinary work or cause the institution to become crowded. This place should not in any sense be a prison or reformatory, but should at all times be a refuge for those seeking employment.

A rock pile with bread and water and prison accommodations should be furnished those who persisted in "beating" their way.

Oceanside, Calif. F. H. FISHER

. . .

Put Them at Agricultural Work

New Jersey could put about one half of her tramps loading cars with rich muck near Newark and transport it to the poor sandy soil in the southern part of the State, where the other half could use it in cultivation of truck, fruits, etc. Allow five acres to each man as his as soon as his wages are enough to pay for it.

Gladstone, N. J. J. FLOMERFELT.

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Liquor Makes the Tramp

If our Christian nation would stop the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors within her bounds, there would be a decrease of tramps.

Parkville, Mo. F. P. CHEDESTER.

. . .

A Saved Tramp's Testimony

I was a tramp, without hope, bitterly vile and lost. On the night of October 9, 1898, I went into a mission in Washington, D. C., where I found Christ. He took out of me the love for tobacco and whisky. He saved me. The tramp is not a Christian; when he becomes a Christian he will find work. Let us have Gospel missions and get the tramp saved and he will become useful. J. B. DREWETT.

Rosemary, N. C.

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Government "Tramp Farms"

As a farmer, I will give my view of the tramp question. A tramp in the country is really only another name for a beggar, and is usually a man who prefers tramping to working. I would suggest that the United States government buy farms or tracts of land in each State, one or more in each State as seems necessary, to be used as farms where tramps can be employed and paid fair wages for their work, until employment can be found for them elsewhere. All able-bodied men found tramping or begging must be sent to these farms and there employed, and when they refuse to stay there until employment could be found for them elsewhere, but return to tramping, they should be considered as criminals and sent to prison.

Leonta, N. Y. PARKER KNAPP.

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Let Government Provide Work

To labor is made a God-commanded duty of all men, hence no man who is able to work, and who has a reasonable opportunity of doing so, can ever have a moral right to live a life of idleness.

The duty of the government toward the tramp is the same as its duty toward all other unemployed citizens. It should provide them work on just and reasonable conditions. Such work should include the cultivation of the soil by suitable machinery, and under the direction of expert farmers.

WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

Allegheny, Pa.

. . .

Train the Children to Work

Why not use our unemployed men to make our country beautiful? The

Continued on page 466

THE TRANSFORMATION OF MARGARET

A New Serial Written for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

By MRS. ELEANOR H. PORTER

Author of "Into Still Waters," etc.

CHAPTER IV—*Continued*

DID you ever know any that was good? I mean that didn't beat their wives and bang 'em 'round? Did you, Bobby?" inhired Margaret.

Bobby laughed. He lifted his chin izzically, and gazed down from the fty superiority of his fourteen years. "Sure, an' ain't ye beginnin' sort o' rly ter worry about husbands?" he ased. "But mebbe you've already—r—picked him out! eh?"

Margaret did not seem to hear. She as looking straight through a little pen space in the boughs of the apple ee to the blue sky far beyond.

"Bobby," she began in a voice scarcely bove a whisper, "if that man should e bad to my mother I think I'd—kill im."

Bobby roused himself. He suddenly emembered Joe Bagley and the kitten.

"What man?" he asked.

"Dr. Spencer."

"Dr. Spencer!" gasped Bobby. "Why, Dr. Spencer wouldn't hurt a fly. He's est bully!"

Margaret stirred restlessly. She urned a grave face on her companion.

"Bobby," she reproved gently, "I lon't think I'd oughter hear them vords if I ain't 'lowed to use 'em myelf."

Bobby uptilted his nose.

"I've heard your ma say 'ain't' wa'n't proper," he observed virtuously. "I shouldn't have mentioned it, only—well, seein' as how you're gettin' so awful particular—!" For the more telling effect he left the sentence unfinished.

Again Margaret did not seem to hear. Again her eyes had sought the patch of blue showing through the green leaves.

"Dr. Spencer may be nice now, but he ain't a husband—yet," she said. "There was Tim Sullivan and Patty's father and Mike Whalen," she enumerated aloud. "And they was all—Bobby, was your father a good husband?" she demanded, with a sudden turn that brought her eyes squarely round to his.

The boy was silent.

"Bobby, was he?"

Slowly the boy's eyes fell.

"Why, of course, sometimes dad would—" he began; but Margaret interrupted him.

"I knew it—I just knew it—I just knew there wasn't any," she moaned; "but I can't make mother see it—I just can't!"

This was but the first of many talks between Margaret and Bobby upon the same subject, and always Margaret was seeking for a possible averting of the catastrophe. To convince her mother of the awfulness of the fate awaiting her, and so to persuade her to abandon the idea of marriage, was out of the question, Margaret soon found. It was then, perhaps, that the idea of speaking to the doctor himself first came to her.

"If I could only get him to promise things!" she said to Bobby. "If I could only get him to promise!"

"Promise?"

"Yes; to be good and kind, you know," nodded Margaret, "and not like a husband."

Bobby laughed; then he frowned and was silent. Suddenly his face changed.

"I say, you might make him sign a contract," he hazarded.

"Contract?"

"Sure! One of them things that makes folks toe the mark whether they wants to or not. I'll draw it up for you—that's what they call it," he explained airily; and, as Margaret bubbled over with delight and thanks, he added: "Not at all. 'Tain't nothin'. Glad ter do it, I'm sure!"

"'What does this mean?' asked Mrs. Kendall"

For a month now Bobby had swept the floor and dusted the books in the law office of Burt & Burt, to say nothing of running errands and tending door. In days gone by, the law, as represented by the policeman on the corner, was something to be avoided; but to-day, as represented by a frock coat, a tall hat, and a vocabulary bristling with big words, it was something that was most alluring—so alluring, in fact, that Bobby had determined to adopt it as his own. He himself would be a lawyer—tall hat, frock coat, big words and all. Hence his readiness to undertake this little matter of drawing up a contract for Margaret, his first client.

It was some days, nevertheless, before the work was ready for the doctor's signature. The young lawyer, unfortunately, could not give all of his time to his own affairs; there were still the trivial duties of his office to perform. He found, too, that the big words which fell so glibly from the lips of the great Burt & Burt were anything but easily managed when he tried to put them upon paper himself. Bobby was ambitious and persistent, however, and where knowledge failed, imagination stepped boldly to the front. In the end it was with no little pride that he displayed the result of his labor to his client; then, with her gleeful words of approval still ringing in his ears, he slipped it into its envelope, sealed, stamped and posted it. Thus it happened that the next day a very much amazed physician received this in his mail:

"To whom it may concern:

"Whereas, I, the undersigned, being in my sane mind do intend to commit matrimony; I, the undersigned, do hereby solemnly declare and agree, to wit, not to beat my aforesaid wife. Not to bang her round. Not to falsely, wickedly and maliciously treat her. Not once. Moreover, I, the said undersigned, do solemnly swear all this to Margaret Kendall, the daughter and lawful protector of the said wife, to wit, Mrs. Kendall. And, whereas, if I, the aforesaid undersigned, do break and violate this my solemn oath concerning the said wife, I do hereby swear that she, to wit, Margaret Kendall, may bestow upon me such punishment as seems eminently proper to her at such time as she sees fit. Whereas and whereunto, I have, this day, set my hand and seal."

Here followed a space for the signature, and a somewhat thumbed, irregular daub of red sealing wax.

CHAPTER V

IT was a particularly warm July evening, but a faint breeze from the west stirred the leaves of the crimson rambler that climbed over the front veranda at Five Oaks, and brought the first relief from the scorching heat. The great stone lions loomed out of the shadows and caught the moonlight full on their shaggy heads. To the doctor, sitting alone on the veranda steps, they seemed almost alive, and he smiled at the thought that came to him.

"So you think you, too, are guarding her," he chuckled quickly. "Pray, are you also her 'lawful protector'?"

A light step sounded on the floor behind him, and he sprang to his feet.

"She's asleep," said Mrs. Kendall, softly. "She dropped asleep almost as soon as she had touched the pillow. Dear child!"

"Yes, children are apt—Amy, dearest!" broke off the doctor, sharply; "you are crying!"

"No, no, it is nothing," assured Mrs. Kendall, as the doctor led her to a chair. "It is always this way, only to-night it was a—a little more heart-breaking than usual."

"'Always this way'! 'Heart-breaking! Why, Amy!"

Mrs. Kendall smiled, then raised her hand to brush away a tear.

"You don't understand," she murmured. "It's the bedtime prayer—Margaret's." Then, at the doctor's amazed frown, she added: "The dear child goes over her whole day, bit by bit, and asks forgiveness for countless misdemeanors, and it nearly breaks my heart, for it shows how many times I have said 'don't' to the poor little thing since morning. And as if that were not piteous enough, she must needs ask the dear Father to tell her how to handle her fork, and how to sit, walk and talk so's to please mother. Harry, what shall I do?"

"What you are doing," returned the doctor. "You are loving her, and surrounding her with everything good and beautiful."

"But I want to do right myself."

"And you are doing just right, dear."

"But the results—they are so irregular and uneven," sighed the mother,

Continued on page 463

SERVING CHRIST THROUGH LOVE

*By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts**

JESUS in this lesson puts the beginning and end of Christian living in four words: "Love me; serve me." Service is slavery if it does not begin in love, and love is a fruitless blossom if it does not grow into the service of humanity. Do you wish to join the church? The two vital questions are: Do you really love Jesus Christ? What definite service are you ready to perform in his name for his lambs or sheep?

"I go a fishing" (John 21: 3). Some have suggested that Peter had relapsed again from his apostolic duties, because while waiting with six other apostles in Galilee for the risen Christ, who had promised to meet them there, he proposed that they should "go a fishing." It reminds us of the modern Pharisee that thought a boy who had shortly before joined the church was backsliding because he was sliding down hill. Fishing, whether as amusement at proper times or as honest toil, is more Christian than idleness. In this fishing Christ himself took a hand. Blessed is every amusement or toil in which we have the companionship and help of Christ.

One Way to Serve Christ

"Do you want a boy, sir?" The merchant addressed looked up from his desk and said, "What can you do?" "I will do anything that will give me an honest living." "Well, take these boots downstairs and black them." The boy was a minister's son, whose father, now dead, had entertained many of his fellow preachers, and he had taught this boy that blacking ministers' boots was washing the disciples' feet. The boots were soon brought back, handsomely polished. The merchant said, "Well, my lad, you have done that job very well indeed." "Yes, sir," said the boy modestly, "mother always told me to do well whatever I did." "Come here to-morrow," the merchant said, "and I will give you a trial." The boy kept to his rule to "do faithfully, as unto the Lord," whatever he did, and rose to be the president of a great banking institution. To serve masters or customers faithfully is one way to serve Christ.

The fishing incident was a fitting prelude to Peter's call to Christian work, reminding him in the empty nets after a night of toil of what he had so much needed to learn, "Without me ye can do nothing." When we have learned that and are willing to be but the obedient helpers of Christ, he fills our nets. Jesus fed the apostles, apparently not from their great catch, but from bread and fish he had provided, perhaps miraculously as in earlier cases. The breakfast over, he walks away with Peter to commission him to feed the children, the young people, and the old folks with spiritual bread. He must first store his own heart with love, and, out of that inner supply, "feed the flock of God." God forbid that any teacher should be forced to answer in the negative to Jesus' question: "Have ye any meat?" Rather may we come to feed our classes from nets full to overflowing.

We come now to the wonderful dialogue of Christ and Peter. There are three questions to call up the three denials.

"Simon, esteemest thou me more than these?" "Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee." "Feed my lambs."

Love in Christian Work

"Simon, esteemest thou me?" "Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee." "Tend my young sheep."

"Simon, lovest thou me?" "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee." "Feed my sheep."

Note that Christ, with all his tenderness, uses the lance of love in quickening Peter's conviction of sin. He calls him "Simon"—his old fisher name—for he has not yet proved himself Peter, the man of rock. He cuts deep again as he says, "More than these," reminding Peter of his vain boast that though all others should forsake Christ, his love would never fail. Deeper yet went the faithful lance when by repeating the question, "Lovest thou me?" three times, Christ recalled Peter's threefold denial. Let us not deal with repentant ones with such overgentleness that their conviction of sin shall be only half developed, and their repentance, therefore, only half in earnest. Note also that love, not learning, is the first condition of successful Christian work.

Thy love shall chant its own beatitudes
After its own life's working. A child's kiss
Set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad;
A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich;
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong.
MRS. BROWNING.

"Lovest thou me?" Hopu, a young Sandwich Islander, was brought to this country to be educated. At a gathering in the home where Hopu boarded, an infidel lawyer amused himself by asking Hopu puzzling questions. He was confused at first, but at last he turned to the lawyer and said: "I am a poor heathen boy, sir, and I can not help it if you are amused at my blunders and mistakes. But there will by and by be a big meeting, much bigger than this. We shall all be there and we shall all be asked one question: 'Do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?' Now, sir, I say 'Yes.' What will you say?" The whole company was silent and the lawyer was quite upset, but pretending to keep up his banter he asked Hopu to pray, which he did with impressive earnestness. The lawyer left the house soon after, but could not get away from the questions, "Do you love Christ? What will you say?" until he had answered them as Peter did. Let us not forget that Christianity is loving the living Christ, not an impersonal creed or church, or even the Book of books, which we may honor only in subordination to a higher personal love for him.

Fishermen on the Sea of Galilee

Feeding the Lambs

"Feed my lambs." If Jesus can call children "my lambs," they can surely be Christians. It is absurd to assume that they have no right in the church fold till they are grown to such strength that they scarcely need it; to suppose they must first be tested by exposure outside the fold to winds and wolves, and welcomed inside only when they have been driven to it torn and wounded with sin. Dr. Henry Clay Trumbull writes of the child: "As soon as he is capable of learning that his voice can be heard by his loving father in another room, he is capable of learning that his voice is heard by a loving Father whom he has never seen, who is always within hearing, but never within sight; who is the loving Father of his father and mother, as well as of himself and of everybody else; who is able to do all things, and is sure to do all things well."

The Command's Wide Meaning

Feeding the lambs means more than church work for children. It means children's aid societies, orphanages, anti-cruelty societies, charity kindergartens, everything that safeguards the children. "Tend my young sheep." This is God's command to pastors, teachers and parents, to safeguard the young people. That this command of Christ needs to be reiterated is manifest especially in behalf of boys, when we recall that while in the primary departments of Sunday schools the proportion of boys to girls is as five to six, in the main school it is two to six. The "young sheep" are spending their Sundays in suburban parks, and some even in saloons. It is twice as hard to save boys as girls, but let us learn from this fact to work twice as hard for them.

The Purpose of Training

As the sheep were brought into the fold at night, so by the curfew law let all the young folks be safely folded in the home at night. Let boys remember that all their restraints and training are to make their lives happier and more useful in the end. A visiting uncle heard a conversation between his young nephew Karl and his mother. The boy complained that he was never allowed to do as he pleased. He thought it would be time enough to settle down and be steady when he was older. After the mother had left Karl went out and put a harness on the colt, and for the second time tried to break him in. When he paused to rest the uncle came up and said, "Karl, why do you try to break this colt of yours?" "I want him to be good for something." "But he likes to have his own way; why shouldn't he have it?" Karl stared in astonishment and said, "I'd like to know the good of a horse that has his own way." The uncle went on, "And as for working, why not wait till he's an old horse?" Karl replied, "Why, don't you see, if he doesn't learn when he's a colt"—Then the boy began to see the point, and paused and blushed and looked at his uncle in mute appeal for mercy. Nothing more was said, but he had learned something of a mother's duty to "colts."

The Great Commandment

"Feed my sheep." We are not to forget the older people, not even the oldest in our zeal for the young. The pastor and his helpers must be awake to the interest of all. A train was once wrecked at Slateford, Pa. The train had rushed to ruin, right in the face of signals of danger, showing that the engineer, who was crushed in the wreck, must have been asleep or dead as he sat in his cab with the responsibility of the train upon him. Whether he was at fault or not can never be known, but there is no doubt that many on whose fidelity the eternal destiny of others hangs are in a guilty sleep when they should be heeding, and bidding others heed, the danger signals of a sinful life.

As in our country the crimes of murder, theft and perjury against the individual are reckoned less than the crimes of treason and rebellion against the State, so in God's government the first and great commandment is not, as many would seem to think, "Thou shalt not kill," but rather "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God." Disobedience to the first and great commandment is treason against God, while violation of the latter commandment is only petty crime beside it, because wronging God is worse than wronging man. God's own record of the capital crime of unsaved men is, "Sin, because they believe not on me."

Like any true father God says to each of his sons and daughters, "I want your obedience, but most of all I want your heart. It is no great happiness for Christ to enter the house of our obedience and yet not enter into the heart of our love, as when he was invited in the house of that other Simon, the proud Pharisee, whose conversation showed that in his heart the Son of Man had no place to lay his head. God cries to every one of us, "My son, my daughter, give me thine heart."

A Persistent Questioner

A little girl who had learned to love the Saviour was told that a certain man was an infidel. "What is an infidel?" she inquired; and when it was explained to her she seemed very much surprised. A few days after that this man was walking down the street, and the little girl came up to him and said: "Why don't you love Jesus?" He pushed her away, but she repeated the question again and again, and he saw that there were tears in her eyes. That question began to trouble him. He could not get rid of it day or night. It kept coming up to him from the sidewalk, from the letters on his desk, from the voices of his children at play, and the pillow kept whispering it to him at night: "Why don't you love Jesus?"

At last he got up and said: "I will go and get the Bible and find some place where Christ has contradicted himself, and that will be a good reason why I should not love him." So he took the Book and opened it at the Gospel of John, and there he found out reasons for loving the Son of God instead of hating him, and before the sun was up he had given his heart to God.

At Loss for Words

Dear Dr. Klopsch: "Five Hundred Fascinating Animal Stories" came this morning, and I am at a loss for words to express my appreciation of it. I think the subscribers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD owe you a debt of gratitude for making it possible for them to possess such books as you are giving as premiums for subscriptions to your excellent paper. I am a woman sixty-two years of age. I have been a "shut-in" for twenty-two years, but with such premiums as you give time passes easily in reading them.

Delaware, O. SALLIE B. DONAVIN.

***International Sunday School Lesson for June 14.** The Risen Christ by the Sea of Galilee. John 21: 12-23. GOLDEN TEXT: "So I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world," Matt. 28: 20.

Early Marriages and Poverty

By Margaret E. Sangster

I HAVE read with interest the recent communications in THE MAIL-BAG, and the opinions expressed on the editorial page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, with reference to early marriage and poverty. Before going into the question let me speak of two or three instances known to myself or familiar to the public in general.

Years ago in Holland a young and gifted artist whose fame later became world-wide said to his young wife, "I am going across the Atlantic to see what I can do in America." They had almost no money and the man had yet to show the stuff that was in him. The young wife said, "By all means let us make the venture, but you shall not go alone. Where there's bread for one, there's bread for two." They crossed the ocean in a sailing vessel and the voyage lasted thirty days. They encountered rough weather and were in danger of shipwreck, but they reached the new land safely and set up their modest little home, the man painting his pictures there, the wife doing her own work, and the combination of genius, thrift and true love before many years wrought what might seem, to some of the opponents of early marriage almost a miracle. I have often been in that artist's studio, and many a time have I been a guest in the beautiful home where later a genuine and charming hospitality gathered visitors from Europe and America. There was little capital to begin with in this case beyond that of genius, capacity for hard work and a fund of common sense, united with a talent for good management—qualities altogether making successful the partnership of husband and wife.

. . .

Another true story occurs to my memory. The Civil War was just over. A young man who had fought on the Confederate side and had ventured everything he had in the world for that lost cause, came north with his wife with just enough money to pay the rent of a very small apartment for a single month. He had no capital except that of a clever brain, a liberal education and a determination to win his way. Walking into the office of a great daily newspaper he asked the city editor for something to do. He was given an assignment, and set out to write the story of something that had happened the night before concerning which the town was in a state of effervescence. He wrote the story and it was accepted. He was then asked if he could write paragraphs. To the uninitiated it would seem that nothing is easier than the writing of brief paragraphs with pith and point and a dash of local color. In reality, few things are quite so difficult. My friend sat down at a desk and tried his hand at paragraphing. In two days he had an appointment on the staff of the paper with a small weekly salary, sufficient, however, to keep the wolf from the door and to provide shelter and food for his little home. I have known this man as one of the editors of a leading New York newspaper, as the author of many books; I have seen him surrounded by his children, who have forged ahead worthily; and I know how constant and steady was the progress of that household from its day of small things to its day of large estate.

We are told, and it is commonly believed, that many of the great fortunes of this lavish period were founded three generations ago by young men and women who had not dreamed of accumulating two thousand dollars before they were thirty, and who had dared to marry in the bloom and enthusiasm of their early youth. I am persuaded that legislation on a subject so vitally connected with the welfare of the race could not take a prohibitive form without leading to vice and degeneracy. I very much doubt whether the common sense of the people would ever sanction or tolerate legal enactments forbidding young men and women to marry after they had reached full maturity, whether they were rich or poor. Poverty and wealth are relative terms. A few years ago two young people, children of wealthy parents, were united in marriage. He may have been twenty-six, she was twenty-two. The young husband had a salary of eight thousand dollars a year, and the wife's father continued to her the personal allowance of her girlhood, while her mother insisted on buying her clothing. At the end of a twelve-month the extravagant young married pair had spent all their money, were deeply in debt, and with tears in their eyes lamented the fact that they could not keep up a creditable appearance in society on their extremely narrow income.

. . .

Everything in this world is relative. The extravagance of the avenue mansion and that of the downtown tenement are about equal, and foolish management at one end of the scale is as disastrous as it is at the other.

Unfortunately, the tendency with us is to later and later marriage, to selfishness and luxury on the part of men and women who cling to their bachelor freedom and their spinster independence, and more and more become indifferent to love and home. I would not like to say that both in high and low there is a decided increase in the number of immoral connections loosely formed to the dishonor of women and the degeneracy of men, and yet no one can live at this time and be blind to the fact that much of the apparent celibacy of the day exists only in name. Furtive vices that eat like moths into the social fabric go hand in hand with distrust in God and contempt for the family tie. As some correspondents have pointed out, the saloon with its open doors, its brilliant lights, its air of good fellowship and its absorption of men's wages, is a foe to marriage and an explanation of crime, poverty and social degradation that can not be ignored. When the man's wages go into the till of the saloonkeeper, wife and children are apt to be hungry and naked, and the family goes swiftly down hill on a toboggan slide to misery and wretchedness. In one of William De Morgan's remarkable books, *Alice for Short*, there is given the history of a family that might almost be taken from the novel and printed as a tract. The husband starts out as a fashionable tailor with a fine shop, a large number of excellent customers and a sufficient capital of brains and money. He has a beautiful young wife whom he loves and who loves him. In their case, intemperance of both gives them the fatal downward push that culminates at last in life in a cellar, murder and suicide.

. . .

Can we with any show of reason venture the assertion that there shall be a fixed period for a thing so important as marriage in a world where circumstances and individuals are necessarily so dissimilar? The conditions, for instance, in a fishing hamlet, a mountain village, an inland town and a great metropolis are different. It costs more to live in some places than in others. Not so much danger inheres in too early marriage, in my judgment, as in the tendency to congestion in the cities. All over the land there are places where a good living might be made if people would but go to the farming districts where they are wanted, and stay away from the overpopulated districts that we call the slums.

There is no fixed period at which men and women arrive at mental or physical maturity. Some are ready for marriage at twenty-one—as ready then to undertake the serious work of life as others at thirty. The great achievements of this world have often been set to the account of men young in years, but mature in thought and purpose. A certain situation exists in provincial districts remote from the metropolis, where whole villages derive their income from a single industry, as, for instance, canning fruit, binding shoes, or stitching gloves. In a town where children have no time to play, where young people have no social life, girls no household training, boys no inducement to save anything, many indiscreet marriages take place and much consequent poverty results. The girl and the boy who have worked in the mill together marry either on their joint wages or on the wages of one. By the time that a babe is born, or when two or three children have followed each other into the world, the hearts of both husband and wife are discouraged, and the temptation comes to the man to find in drink relief from the upbraidings of his conscience and the fretfulness of his wife. In this case the destruction of the poor is their poverty. The remedy, however, is to be sought rather in better preliminary training for both than in prohibition of early marriage.

As one reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD very truly said, "We would have lacked many great leaders had marriage been forbidden to the poor." Abraham Lincoln, than whom we have had no greater example of goodness and grandeur in this country, was brought up in the atmosphere of the most austere poverty. Something must always be credited to ancestry, a good stock producing a good tree, and valor thriving amid hardships, to triumph in the end.

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Communicating by Signs

LANGUAGE is not confined to spoken words. The cowboys in the West and the Indians who roam over the plains may not be able to talk to one another, but by means of a sign language which is picturesque and forcible they manage to make their wants known as easily as if they spoke a single familiar tongue. One understands what it is to be independent of speech when one sees how easily these rough riders and these children of the tent can make themselves understood.

A LOG COLLEGE IN THE MOUNTAINS

WITHERSPOON COLlege at the mouth of Squabble Creek, on the middle fork of the Kentucky River, in the Buckhorn Settlement, is drawing to the close of the fifth year of its work. During the first year of its existence I wrote to a friend of what we were trying to do, and she replied, "What! you call it a College, and 'Witherspoon'?" It did seem presumptuous, but so we named it. It will certainly not be a college for some years yet, but we still entertain the hope we had in naming the infant, that it will grow and some time, when they are needed, have the men and equipment to give choice boys and girls, who could not get it elsewhere, the higher learning, right here among their own hills.

We have a few boys almost ready for college now, but there is not yet an apparent demand for anything more than a preparatory school with a normal department, and this we have established.

The Witherspoon College Settlement

Five years ago the little strip of bottom land and foothill, where the five substantial log buildings belonging to the school, the three stores, more than a dozen pretty little residences, and the church, which make up the heart of the settlement, now stand, was partly a waste of old field and partly cornfield. We speak comfortably of our little settlement as a town even as we do of the school as "the college," but we do not want a real town with its attendant evils, any more than we at present need a real college.

We feel sure it is providential that, for the lack of funds to enlarge the buildings, the growth of the school in numbers has been limited. We reached the limit of our capacity to accommodate boarding students almost immediately, and so our roll has stood at something over two hundred for the last three years. We did not have the dormitories or refectory at first. More than a hundred of the students come as day pupils from this district, sixty we accommodate by crowding in the dormitories, the others find places to board in the community.

We have been able to get on quite intimate terms with the students and have already a clientèle which, in the ordinary course of events, should supply us with students for many years. We have boarders, both boys and girls, still with us who started with the opening of the first dormitory four years ago, and some at least of these expect to be back next year. Their younger brothers and sisters are already in, and they speak confidently of when the little ones at home will enter.

Every year we are turning them away for lack of room, and it is a sore trial. We crowd them more than is best, but what is one to do in a case like this? A girl comes a long, cold journey on a mule over mountains and creeks and is told, "There is no place; we are already overcrowded." She says, "I don't know what to do; I want to go to school and I haven't the money to go anywhere else; I know the Blank girls who are here, and I know they will take me in their room if you will let me stay." The Blank girls are consulted and are willing—I do not believe they will do well crowded, but—we take her in. This is only one of many such instances.

We would like to double our dormitories and accommodate about two-thirds as many more students, without crowding; opening up s[uitable] reading and rec[reation] rooms and adding [at] least two more member[s] to the faculty, who would [also] be members of the ho[me] (one for girls and one [for] boys) and helpers in t[he] influence.

The cooking and sew[ing] classes for the girls [and] manual training for [the] boys, which we have [long] had in mind, still wait [on] the stirring of the hear[t] some one whose hand h[olds] a purse string.

We have, however, a n[eed] more immediate than [the] enlargement of buildi[ngs] and adding of departme[nts]. The family which has b[een] conducting the refect[ory] so satisfactorily for [the] last three years find t[hat] their own personal int[er]ests require them to giv[e] up after this year. T[hey] raised upon their farm, a[nd] themselves prepared, mu[ch] of the food, and were a[ble] to make a small profit [on] a very much smaller ca[sh] basis than we can possib[ly] do. We need money almo[st] immediately to begin pre[pa]rations for opening in July. T[he] students pay, and pay promptly f[or] the most part, the six dollars a mon[th] which is the whole charge for boa[rd] room and tuition. Many who practi[ce] rigid economy to make these paymen[ts] would have to drop out if the fees we[re] materially increased. We never let [a] bright boy or girl drop out for lack [of] money, however, and we have four[nd] the credit of those securing loans ver[y] good.

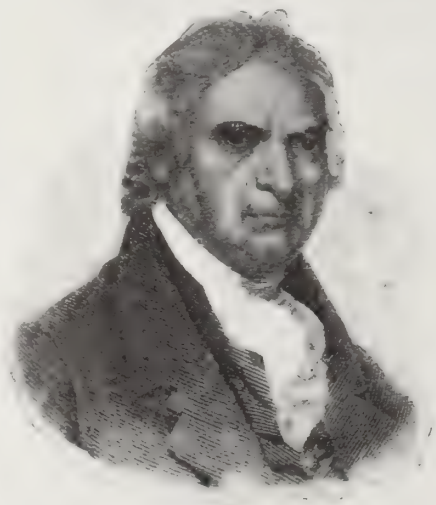
We try to stand as best we can f[or] religion, morality, education, clean li[v]ing and a happy time, and have muc[h] to be thankful for, though trials enoug[h] to keep patience from getting rust[y]. Upon the field we realize more an[d] more that "the silver and the gold a[re] in the hands of the King" and he wi[ll] give it us if we need it. L. S. M.

HONORING A PATRIOT'S MEMORY

BOTH the National Government and the State of New York have joined in making the removal of the body of General George Clinton from its resting place in Washington to Kingston, N. Y., an impressive series of patriotic ceremonies.

It was arranged to have the body brought from Washington to Jersey City. Then it was to be placed on board the United States revenue cutter *Mohawk*, which would then sail for the Battery, at the lower end of Manhattan. There several battalions of regulars from Governor's Island, detachments of sailors from the Navy Yard in Brooklyn, and other military bodies, including the Old Guard and the Veteran Corps of Artillery, would form to receive it. The parade would then move to the famous Fraunce's Tavern, in which Washington bade adieu to his generals, where exercises of commemorative character would be held. Then, escorted by the troops, the line of march would be taken for the City Hall, and the body placed in the Governor's Room. The next morning it would be conveyed to the Hudson River and placed on board a United States torpedo boat destroyer and conveyed up the river, through the Highlands where Clinton fought so gallantly, and on to Kingston.

General George Clinton was one of the finest figures that surrounded Washington when the nation was in the making. He was born in the county of Ulster, New York, on July 17, 1739, and the name George was given him in honor of a distant relative, George Clinton, the old colonial Governor who was father of Sir Henry Clinton. The younger George came naturally by his inclination for a military and public career. One of his ancestors, William Clinton, had fought gallantly as a cavalier officer in the army of Charles the First of England. When the royal cause was lost he escaped first to Scotland



General George Clinton

and later to Ireland. A son, James, married a daughter of one of Cromwell's officers, and a grandson, Charles, came to America and settled in Little Britain, N. Y. This Charles Clinton was a gentleman of education, a writer of verse, and a brave officer.

George was educated by his father and a learned clergyman of the Presbyterian Church who was a graduate of the University of Aberdeen. While busy with his books the French war broke out, and Clinton felt the martial blood of his forefathers stirring in his veins. Books were forgotten, he ran away from home and was soon serving as a volunteer on a ship sent to intercept French convoys. At nineteen he was back on shore, and joining his father and brother fought in the trenches before Frontenac.

When the golden lilies of France had given way to the red cross of St. George, and the troops came back, Clinton returned to his books and began the study of law. At twenty he was clerk of the Court of Common Pleas. In 1765 he was Surrogate, and in 1768 he became a member of the Colonial Assembly, with which he remained until the opening of the Revolution, when he was sent as a delegate to the Continental Congress. He was called back to his military command and was assigned to the defense of the Hudson Highlands. He had to defend the passage of the Hudson against Burgoyne on the north and Sir Henry Clinton at the south. In 1777 he was made Governor. His defense of the Hudson forts against Sir Henry's overpowering numbers is one of the heroic chapters of the Revolution. Before the close of the war he fought two more campaigns at the North. He had the triumph of entering New York City by the side of Washington on "evacuation day." He was Governor for eighteen years, and when Jefferson was elected President Clinton became Vice-President and he was re-elected to serve with President Madison. He was holding the Vice-Presidency when he died in Washington in April, 1812, and his body was buried in the Congressional burying ground. On his tombstone were the words: "While he lived, his virtue, wisdom, and valor were the pride, the ornament, and security of his country; and when he died, he left an illustrious example of a well-spent life, worthy of all imitation."

Among the Workers

—In a series of meetings held at Terre Haute, Ind., by Evangelist Shannon, 325 decided for Christ.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Liddell, evangelists, have just closed a series of meetings in the Presbyterian Church, Ocean City, Md. Over one hundred confessed Christ.

—Bishop C. M. Williams, of the Episcopal Church, a pioneer among missionaries to the Orient, has returned to San Francisco. It is more than thirty years since he began his labors in China and Japan. It is claimed that he was the first Protestant missionary to enter China and the second to begin work in Japan. He is now over eighty years of age.

—Missionary R. H. Bender writes from San Salvador, S.A.: "Your welcome letter with check for fifty dollars was duly received. I have used part of it in buying religious literature, as we are the only missionaries in this republic, and our literature partly supplies the lack of missionaries. We have rejoiced in the great work wrought through this branch of our work. We have three native helpers, yet each has a district so large that some of the stations cannot be visited more than once or twice a year. With a few more helpers at $10 a month and a woman helper for $60 a year, a still greater work could be done."

The Transformation of Margaret

Continued from page 459

lesp ringly. "One minute she is the cent loving little girl I held in my rms ive years ago; and the next she s—ll, she isn't Margaret at all."

"N," smiled the doctor. "She isn't Mar ret at all. She is Mag of the Alle dependent on her wits and her ists for life itself. Don't worry, swe heart. It will all come right in ime it can't help it—but it will take he me."

"Se tries so hard — the little pre- iou —and she does love me."

A urious smile curved the doctor's ips.

"Se does," he said dryly.

"Why, Harry, what—" Mrs. Kendall eyes were questioning.

The doctor hesitated. Then very slow he drew from his pocket a larg somewhat legal-looking documen

"I hardly know whether to share this with you or not," he began. "Still, it is oo good to keep to myself, and it concrns you intimately; moreover, you may be able to assist me with som advice in the matter, or at least with some passable explanation." And he held out the paper.

Mrs. Kendall turned in her chair so that the light from the open hall-door would fall upon the round, cramped handwriting.

"To whom it may concern,'" she read aloud. "'Whereas, I, the undersigned, being in my sane mind do intend to commit matrimony—' Why, Harry, what in the world is this?" she demanded.

"Go on—read," returned the doctor, with a nonchalant wave of his hand.

"I, the said undersigned, do hereby solemnly declare and agree, to wit, not to beat my aforesaid wife. Not to bang her round. Not to falsely, wickedly and maliciously treat her. Not once. Moreover, I, the said undersigned, do solemnly swear all this to Margaret Kendall, the daughter and lawful protector of the said wife, to wit, Mrs. Kendall.' Margaret!" breathed Mrs. Kendall.

"Harry, what in the world does this mean?" gasped Mrs. Kendall, half laughing, half crying, and wholly amazed.

"But that is exactly what I was going to ask you," parried the doctor.

"You don't mean that Margaret wrote—but she couldn't; besides, it isn't her writing."

"No; Margaret didn't write it. For the part I think I detect the earmarks of young McGinnis. At all events it came from him."

"Bobby?"

"Yes."

"But who—" Mrs. Kendall stopped abruptly. A dawning comprehension came into her eyes. "You mean—Harry, she was at the bottom of it! I remember now. It was only a week or two ago that she used those same words to me. She insisted that you would beat me and—and bang me around. Oh, Margaret, Margaret, my poor little girl!"

The doctor smiled. He shook his head gravely.

"Poor child! She hasn't seen much of conjugal felicity, has she?" he murmured; then, softly, "It is left for us, sweetheart, to teach her—that."

The color deepened in Mrs. Kendall's cheeks. Her eyes softened, then danced merrily.

"But you haven't signed—this, sir, yet!" she challenged laughingly, as she held out the paper.

He caught both paper and hands in a warm clasp.

"But I will," he declared. "Wait and see!"

Not twenty hours later Bobby McGinnis halted at the great gate of the driveway at Five Oaks and gave a peculiar whistle. Almost instantly Margaret flew across the lawn to meet him.

"Oh, it's jest a little matter of business," greeted Bobby, with careless ease. "I've got that 'ere document here all signed. I reckoned the doctor wouldn't lose no time makin' sure ter do his part."

"Bobby, not the contract—so soon!" exulted Margaret.

"Sure! Why not? I told him ter please sign at once an' return. An' he did, 'course. I reckoned he meant business in this little matter, an' he reckoned I did, too. There wa'n't nothin' for him ter do but sign, 'course."

Margaret drew her brows together in a thoughtful frown.

"But he might have—refused," she suggested.

Bobby gave her a scornful glance.

"Refused—an' lost the chance of marryin' at all? Not much!" he asserted with emphasis.

"Well, anyhow, I'm glad he didn't," sighed Margaret, as she clutched the precious paper close to her heart. "I should 'a' hated to have refused outright to let him marry her when mother—Bobby, mother actually seems to want to have him!"

CHAPTER VI

MARGARET had been at home four weeks when the invitation for Patty, Arabella, Clarabella, and three of the Whalens to visit her, finally left her mother's hands. There had not been a day of all those four weeks that Margaret had not talked of the coming visit. At first, to be sure, she had not called it a visit; she had referred to it as the time "when Patty and the Whalens come here to live." Gradually, however, her mother had persuaded her to let them "try it and see how they like it"; and to this compromise Margaret finally gave a somewhat reluctant consent.

Mrs. Kendall herself was distinctly uneasy over the whole affair; and on one pretext and another had put off sending for the proposed guests until Margaret's importunities left her no choice in the matter. Not but that she was grateful to the two families that had been so good to Margaret in her hour of need, but she would have preferred to show that gratitude in some way not quite so intimate as taking them into her house and home for an indefinite period. Margaret, however, was still intent on "divvying up," and Mrs. Kendall could not look into her daughter's clear blue eyes, and explain why Patty, Arabella, Clarabella and the Whalens might not be the most desirable guests in the world.

It had been Margaret's intention to invite all of the Whalen family. She had hesitated a little, it is true, over Mike Whalen, the father.

"You see he drinks, and when he ain't asleep he's cross, mostly," she explained to her mother; "but we can't leave just him behind, so we'll have to ask him, 'course. Besides, if he's going to live here, why, he might as well come right now at the first."

"No; certainly we couldn't leave Mr. Whalen behind alone," Mrs. Kendall had returned with dry lips. "So suppose we don't take any of the Whalens this time — just devote ourselves to Patty and the twins."

To this, however, Margaret refused to give her consent. What! not take any of the Whalens—the Whalens who had been so good as to give them one whole corner of their kitchen, rent free? Certainly not! She agreed, however, after considerable discussion, to take only Tom, Mary and Peter of the Whalen family, leaving the rest of the children and Mrs. Whalen to keep old Mike Whalen company.

"For, after all," as she said to her mother, "if Tom and Mary and Peter like it here, the rest will. They always like what Tom does—he makes 'em."

To be continued

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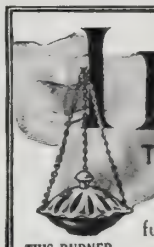

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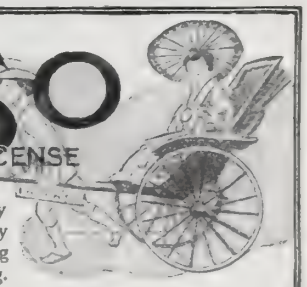

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YOUNG PEOPLES' SOCIETIES

Choosing a Life-Work*

NO incident in the life of Solomon better proved his title to the appellation of "the wise king" than when as a youthful ruler he humbled himself before the Lord "as a little child who knew not how to go out or to come in" and prayed for "an understanding heart."

Youth is a grand and solemn time. Poets have sung of it as the golden heyday of our lives, which we never recognize fully nor appreciate until it has passed away. It is the time of beginnings, of noble and uplifting impulses or the reverse. The youth stands at the crossways that lead to honor or to shame. He is drawn hither and thither by counter-currents, and his inclinations to good or evil are stirred within him as he endeavors to choose his life-work.

Unhappily, there are many who miss their vocation, and to whom life becomes a disappointment. It may be through unfortunate early environment or lack of home training; through persistent neglect of studies at school, or through evil companionships that have resulted in the early formation of bad habits; but whatever the cause, the result is a serious and frequently a lasting handicap in the race.

All must learn to work, either with the hands or the head or both together, to attain even moderate success in life. The youth who foolishly imagines that the world is to be to him a mere playground, and that work is an evil, is sincerely to be pitied. His awakening comes when he finds himself rejected through lack of training when others, who have stuck diligently to their tasks, are steadily forging ahead to places of trust and emolument. The one who, through carelessness or neglect, has made a bad beginning, drifts from place to place, a man without a vocation, and with all the brightest hopes and aspirations of life unrealized.

An ancient Oriental legend tells of an enchanted hill, at whose summit was concealed an object of inestimable value, which was to be awarded as a prize to whoever would ascend the hill without looking behind him. If he did look backward, he would be instantly turned into a stone. Many a noble youth, tempted by the priceless treasure, undertook the ascent of the hill, and their fate was indicated by the numerous stones that lay along its sides. The groves adjoining the hill were filled with birds of sweetest song, whose ravishing strains and alluring plumage fascinated the climbers until, unable to resist the temptation, they turned and were at once transformed. To every young man or woman life is such an enchanted hill, with its bewildering temptations and siren voices, to yield to which is to fall by the way, with life in its highest and best sense unlived, and the desired career unattained.

Fixed religious principles are of the utmost value to those starting out in life. Thousands of authenticated instances might be cited where men and women who have won enviable fame have ascribed their success to their early pious training, their prayers and their continued observance of the duties and privileges of religion. On one occasion, a census was taken of the leading business men of a New England city, and it was discovered that sixty-one per cent. of the whole were church members and men of known Christian character, twenty-seven per cent. were church-goers and twelve per cent. non-religious.

Finally, in choosing a vocation, let it be one which will draw out the best that is in you. Don't be afraid of hard work. Tolstoi, probably the greatest living author, is one of the most assiduous workers, and frequently rewrites his manuscripts many times before he is satisfied with his efforts. Edison, who began life humbly, says his genius is the outcome of hard work, and he often spends eighteen hours of the twenty-four in his laboratory. Not ease, but effort, not facility, but difficulty, makes men. And if you are ever disposed to doubt the outcome of your humble beginnings, remember that the most wonderful and blessed career this world has ever seen was begun in a Bethlehem stable.

* Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for Sunday, June 14. I. Kings 5 : 15.

Soul-Training*

THERE are three kinds of education—that of the hand, or industrial; of the mind, or intellectual, and of the soul, or spiritual. In the passage in Ephesians, Paul takes the third for his theme. His faith in the power of prayer was one of the most prominent features of his spiritual character. He had been praying for the Christians of Ephesus, that each of them should know "what is the hope of his calling and what the riches of the glory of his inheritance in the saints." He also pleaded that they might be led to know the exceeding greatness of God's power "to us-ward who believe according to the working of his mighty power." A prayer so comprehensive and all-embracing, if answered, would surely fill the hearts and minds of the Ephesians with spiritual enlightenment and knowledge.

When the will of God becomes clear to the heart, a great transformation follows in the life. A new perspective is attained; a new intellectual and moral development is begun. Our worldly idols—our wealth, fame, possessions and ambitions—sink into their proper place and assume their true value in contrast with the inestimably precious things that go to make up the spiritual life and character. As we get the touch of Jesus in our lives, we look no more through the lenses of worldly vision, but with eyes that are spiritually opened.

This call to the soul, this spiritual awakening, may come at a time when the world is smiling upon us, when our relations are pleasant and our coffers full to opulence; or it may come in the hour of sorrow and want, when the light seems to have almost died out and we have lost the power to enjoy the world. It may come to us through the door of some special gift or talent which He seeks us to consecrate to his service. Howsoever it comes, it is the call to a new life and the beginning of our real spiritual education. All that may have preceded it is merely preliminary. Henceforward, up to the full measure of our abilities, we feel that we are bound to serve the Master.

But the new awakening should receive a broad interpretation. Paul was tentmaker as well as apostle. We may be professionals or artisans, but whatever our calling, it is to be carried on in the Christian spirit. Every study, every trade, every pursuit in life can thus be consecrated. And while we are living Christ daily in our lives, no matter what our work may be, we may make progress in the highest spiritual education also.

To be co-laborers with God we must strive to attain to the dignity of skilled workmen, since his work calls for the highest ability. This is the thing that Bishop Warren meant when he said: "A fully developed man must have every faculty trained, every power developed; be open to every influence of beauty, sublimity, power, music and love. He must stand in the universe, fronting any point and power thereof, and be at home—a king over all. He must be such a finished product that God can look at him and say: 'Behold a man made in my image—very good.'"

* Topic of the Epworth League for Sunday, June 14. Eph. 1 : 15-23; Hos. 14 : 8-9 (Education Day).

The Undertow

WHEN I was but a little lad
With tangled locks of tow,
I went one day with boys to play,
Along with Brother Joe;
As we drew nigh the river high
With constant ebb and flow,
We chanced to meet upon the street
A man we used to know.

"Well, boys," said he, "Where are you bound?
Your gait is not so slow,
In travels round I've never found
Boys whom you don't outgrow."
"We're going to swim," we answered him,
With cheeks that were aglow;
He said in turn, "This lesson learn—
Beware of the undertow."

That phrase to us was not quite clear,
Its scope we did not know;
We scented danger, though a stranger,
In that word undertow.
And though these words of warning
Were uttered years ago,
At the dawning of life's morning,
Their force still seems to grow.

Remember, boys, when prompted
To do what's mean and low,
Though sorely tempted, none's exempted
From the undertow.
We all possess—our lives confess—
Both dove and raven show;
If you would strive the dove to thrive,
Beware of the undertow.

The undercurrents of our lives
Are very sure to show
As life's frail bark sails river dark
And stormy winds do blow;
Then be not slack to keep them back,
Let not their influence grow,
Enter with vim the social swim,
But—beware of the undertow!

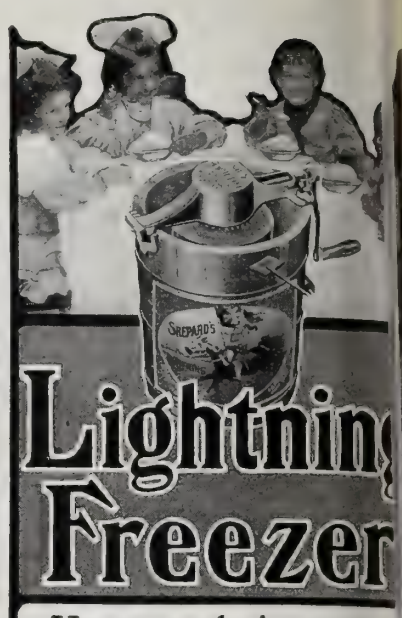
Chicago, Ill. DR. W. A. BLACKWELL.

Called Higher

Miss Ida May Settle died recently at her home in Lewistown, Pa., where she was born twenty-five years ago. Her parents were of the Presbyterian faith, and their family religious paper, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Under such influences she very early in life imbibed broad views of the Christian religion, and at the age of ten years, on May 21, 1903, united with the church of her choice, the Presbyterian, at Lewistown. At once she became deeply interested in church work, and like her Master, she delighted in going about doing good. She was in the highest sense a doer of the Word. In her daily ministrations she came in touch with many lives and by her noble, transparently beautiful life, purity of thought and speech, impressed and influenced many others, who have risen up and called her blessed. As the president of the Young Ladies' Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church, superintendent of the Junior Christian Endeavor Society and teacher in the Sunday School, she was faithful and constant, actuated by the loftiest motives, which were promoted by righteous example. Her pastor, the Rev. William Leroy Mudge, said of her, "A noble Christian life has passed from earth to heaven while it was yet in its glorious noontide of beauty and brightness." Her associates in missionary work said: "We shall miss her bright face, cheery word, and helping hand. Words fail to express our sorrow and our loss. Yet we know she has passed into that more abundant life. We lovingly cherish her memory and will try to honor it by following her example in as much as she followed her Lord and Master."

Miss Ida May Settle

Mrs. Sarah C. Scott, of Van Nest Park, New York City, who lately passed from this life, was from early age a member of the Presbyterian Church and a woman of brave heart and sterling character.



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It is the famous Wheel-dasher and Automatic Twin Scrapers of the **Lightning Freezer** which make it possible to make any frozen dessert in the shortest time with the least trouble and expense. The durable pail, held together by electric-welded wire hoops that can't fall off, and the can with a drawn steel bottom insure long life to the **Lightning Freezer.**

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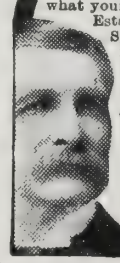

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This real mineral surface is firmly embedded into the top surface of the roofing and is, of course, practically indestructible by wind or weather, and can be exposed to the elements without fear of damage. Paint or coating is not needed for Amatite and the manufacturers do not manufacture anything in the way of paint for use upon it. An Amatite roof, once laid in position upon a house or barn, will stay there indefinitely without further care or attention of any kind. This is a vast improvement over the roofings which require a new coat of paint every two or three years; and if Amatite cost more than the other roofings it would still be worth the while for this reason alone. Amatite, however, does not, in fact, cost as much as other roofings, and farmers who are preparing to roof any of their buildings should investigate it.

The manufacturers are always ready to send a free sample on request. Address the Barrett Manufacturing Company, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Cleveland, Allegheny, Cincinnati, Kansas City, Minneapolis, New Orleans.

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the only Parrot in existence which imitates the human voice to perfection. Learns to talk and sing like a person. Young, tame, hand-raised nest bird.

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One of a thousand similar letters on file: "Have refused $100 for it and the man never saw it—only heard it talk one day from outside the house. $500 would not buy it."—A. E. Britsmann, Humbolt, Mich.

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Thought of Mont-Lawn While Dying

A Beautiful Story of the Love of Two Children for the Poor Tenement Waifs

LESS than a year ago we lost two beautiful, tender-hearted little children, Alice and Dorothy. Ever since they could understand they were intensely interested in your Children's Home at Mont-Lawn. I had told them and read to them from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of the little children who are taken there each summer. All through the winter before, they had saved their money, asking their papa for the pennies for their cup, instead of getting them candy.

It was their most eager wish that last summer they would have their three dollars by the opening of the Home. Never a day passed that they did not ask me to tell them about the "little Mont-Lawn girls." But the number of pennies grew too slowly, so the little hands gladly earned ten pennies each week, wiping dishes every day. They were then only four and a half and five and a half years old.

But before the summer had come, and before their plan was complete, the oldest little one was stricken with that terrible disease, scarlet fever, and in less than a week the beautiful little spirit that was so eager to think of and do for others, had gone from us. In the very last hours of her life, when the little hands were too weak to hold them and it was pain to be lifted from the pillow, she was faithful to her promise and would be lifted and take her medicine for the "white pennies" (nickels and dimes) that her papa promised her. She was dying then, yet she could still think of the little Mont-Lawn children.

Six weeks later, the second little one was taken from us by the same dread fever, leaving us broken hearted and our home emptied of so much that was lovely and pure.

It is our purpose now, each year, to send each June and July (the months in which they left us), the amount they were so anxious to send last spring ($3), so that each month some little child may have the benefit of the ten days at the Home. And, as soon as we feel able, we will send, in the name of our little ones, each year $21 for the season's endowment.

Watson, Mo. MRS. E. M. WARD.

Tired of Sin's Bondage

AN interesting story of a conversion is told in connection with a recent revival conducted by Evangelist Biederwolf in a certain Eastern city. In that place there was living a man who at one time had been one of the most prominent and respected physicians in the community, but who through drink had lost his practice and his money, had sunk to the level of a common saloon loafer, and was living in drunkenness and sin. One day during the Biederwolf meetings, a Christian man who knew of his life, meeting him on the street, handed him a ticket for a reserved seat in one of the evening services (the crowds being so large that such tickets were necessary). He put the ticket in his pocket, and that evening went off to a card game in a saloon. But something kept urging him to go to the revival, and at last he arose from the table, and started for the place of meeting. When he arrived, he found the street outside filled with people, vainly waiting for admission into the crowded building. The drunkard edged his way to the door, and taking his red ticket from his pocket, he pressed it flat against the plate glass, and when the ushers inside saw it they decided to make room for one more, and pulled him inside. As they did so, he thought to himself, "What if this were heaven, and I had had no ticket!" The whole thing put him in such a serious frame of mind that the appeal of the sermon went straight to his heart, and when the invitation was given he pressed forward with the others to kneel in penitence at the altar. When the evangelist knelt beside him and asked, "Will you surrender yourself completely to Christ to-night?" he replied with great earnestness, "Yes, I'm tired of sin, and I want to change my life." He found forgiveness and peace that night, and the next day he went out a sober man, to win back his old place in the community. It was hard, but he is to-day making a winning fight of it, and with a firm hold on God is living in a way that is rapidly gaining him the honor and respect of men. But he often says, "What if I had been too late that night!" RAY Y. CLIFF.

The Immortality of Influence

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 452

has no sorrow that Heaven can not cure." I could ask no higher privilege or honor for them than that they should follow the example of the one who has gone, as he followed Christ; and we could wish no sweeter solace in such an hour as this, than the consolations of the Holy Spirit our brother recommended to so many thousands of others in the seasons of sorrow:

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

To those members of the staff who worked with him so many years, let me say I know how sweet was your comradeship together and how deep your loss is now. You will continue the great work you have had together, with a new vigor and brighter hope, from your memories and associations with your brother who has stepped out of the ranks and has gone to his coronation. May the voice and teachings of this man and his unselfish life inspire all his friends, near and far, with a firmer faith in God's revealed will, an intenser love for Christ, a greater zeal in spreading his good news and a brighter hope of immortality, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

We will say to our brother, farewell! It is fitting that he should sleep so sweetly amongst the flowers, which are the most exquisite materialization of God's love for us, and the symbols of our love for our dead and also of that blessed realm into which his spirit has gone, where flowers never fade and where summer never ends. In behalf of his family, his fellow toilers and the vast multitudes who will miss his ministry of enlightenment and love, I place three flowers on his coffin—a violet which speaks of modesty, a red rose which tells of love, and a white lily, the expression of purity, as symbols of his character and life and as memorials of our love. Farewell, my brother, farewell until we meet you in the morning.

Nearer and Dearer

NEARER and dearer than ever before,
And just because sorrow has knocked at my door;
Just because teardrops are dimming my sight,
I come to thee, Jesus, and look for the light.
Nearer and dearer! The dark and the storm
Make me cling all the closer, heart bleeding and torn;
There at thy side I'll find balm for my loss,
For thou knewest sorrow, O Christ, on the cross. LOUISE BEHLEN.

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smooth and velvety—with the healthful coloring of youth is the complexion of every woman who uses **Lablache**, the modern beautifier. It prevents blemishes, caused by sun and wind, absorbs perspiration and overcomes that shiny and sallow appearance. It is the acme of purity—an everyday toilet necessity.

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$20 down holds valuable farm in district number three. Districts 1 and 2 all entered. Water now being delivered in District Number 1, where great activity prevails. Land in District Number 3 equal to best lands in Districts 1 and 2. Water assessment $30 per acre payable in ten years. Immense irrigation system now being completed. State fully protects your investment. Write to-day enclosing 4 cents in stamps for pamphlet and official map containing full particulars as to filing on these lands. Filings made without leaving home.

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WORKS ALL DAY

And Studies at Night on Grape-Nuts Food.

Some of the world's great men have worked during the day and studied evenings to fit themselves for greater things. But it requires a good constitution generally to do this.

A Ga. man was able to keep it up with ease after he had learned the sustaining power of Grape-Nuts, although he had failed in health before he changed his food supply. He says:

"Three years ago I had a severe attack of stomach trouble which left me unable to eat anything but bread and water.

"The nervous strain at my office from 6 A.M. to 6 P.M. and improper food caused my health to fail rapidly. Cereals and so-called 'Foods' were tried without benefit until I saw Grape-Nuts mentioned in the paper.

"In hopeless desperation I tried this food and at once gained strength, flesh and appetite. I am now able to work all day at the office and study at night without the nervous exhaustion that was usual before I tried Grape-Nuts.

"It leaves me strengthened, refreshed, satisfied; nerves quieted and toned-up, brain-waste restored and intellect brightened. I would have been a living skeleton, or more likely a dead one by this time, if it had not been for Grape-Nuts." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

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CONDENSED MILK

Proven the Best for
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Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It relieves painful, swollen smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain help for ingrowing nails, perspiring, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. TRY IT TO-DAY. Sold by all druggists and Shoe Stores, 25 cents. Do not accept any substitute. Sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps.

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Southern farm lands are big yielders. Rich black loam backed by a perfect climate. *Repeated crops—three and four a year—make large acreage unnecessary.* No irrigating or fertilizing. Excellent market facilities. Best prices for products. Weeks ahead of other markets. Lands on easy terms. Write for particulars to

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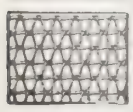

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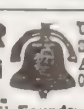

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R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Rooms 20-30 Pacific Bldg., Wash., D.C.

What Shall We Do With the Tramp?

Continued from page 458

British use many of their aged men to take care of the flower beds in the public parks. If these men could be employed in this way we could have flowers about our municipal buildings, public schools, poor-houses, asylums, prisons, and soldiers' homes. We must train the children in the way they should go. The public school children should be taught to sing the little hymn:

Idle boys and girls are found
Standing on the devil's ground;
He will find them work to do,
He will pay their wages, too.

If we stop raising tramps we shall have none. Stop the cause and effects will cease. ELLEN SCHOFIELD.
Bloomfield, N. J.

. . .

Give Work—Not Alms

Let everybody and every manufacturing plant in this country give every tramp that comes in reach of them, or in reach of their place of business, some kind of employment, instead of giving them alms, or in case they do not give the tramp some work, inform him where he would likely get work until he could find a permanent job. In other words, make him earn what he gets and the problem is solved.
Troy, S. C. C. J. BRITT.

. . .

Deport the Foreign-born Tramps

My opinion is that those who have been proven criminal, if foreign born, should be sent back where they came from. This country should never become the asylum for the criminal classes of other lands. If it does our republic will soon cease to be worthy of its great name.

Let us say a word concerning those against whom there is nothing but indolence, an indisposition to labor. This is bad enough, but not as bad as to be morally and spiritually depraved. Here is a work for the church, for the Y. M. C. A., and other numerous religious agencies. Let our most prominent evangelists bend their energies to do for this class of men what they have been doing for those in higher walks of life, and the tramp will become a useful, law-abiding citizen, I verily believe.

Let us turn and read Ex. 22: 21: "Thou shalt neither vex a stranger, nor oppress him, for ye [we] were strangers in the land of Egypt."
Grapeville, N. Y. S. U. EDWARDS.

. . .

Don't Shelter or Feed Them

Recognize no one as a tramp and you have no tramps. Turn them over to the township trustees or municipal authorities. If they are hungry, let them be fed from public charity; if away from home, let them be sent home. If they do not claim a home or place of residence, make them choose one, or be arrested as vagrants and dealt with accordingly.
INTERESTED READER.
Sunbury, O.

. . .

Use Them as Road-Makers

Bad roads all over the country require a remedy. My plan would be to combine the two and remedy both. Have good roads and banish tramps.

I would make it a crime for an able-bodied man to beg. The State should put tramps to work improving the roads, should board them and compel them to work until they find self-supporting labor. Those tramps who are not able for road work should be made to work at something else for their board until they find work for themselves. D. B. CABLE.
Hudson, S. D.

. . .

Why Not Imitate New Zealand?

New Zealand has solved the tramp and unemployed problems. She is making rapid progress toward the solution of the "millionaire problem" which is more difficult than the others. Dr. Taylor, editor of *The Medical World*, Philadelphia, has written a little book called *Politics in New Zealand*. It tells how the tramp problem was solved by the New Zealanders. The issues of *Everybody's Magazine* for November and December, 1907, also explain the matter. Why not imitate New Zealand?
W. F. MCKNIGHT.
Healdton, Okla.

. . .

How a Texas Town Treats Tramps

The following method of dealing with tramps has worked well in Georgetown, Texas: The King's Daughters have a fund given by the citizens to assist the needy. Transient individuals applying for help are referred to the Relief Committee of the King's Daughters. If in doubt as to the wisdom of rendering assistance when called upon, the King's Daughters refer the applicant to an Advisory Committee of five gentlemen composed of the judge and sheriff of the county, the mayor and marshal, and another citizen, who acts as chairman. This committee makes a careful investigation, and if the applicant is worthy, they so recommend to the King's Daughters; if an impostor or professional "dead-beat" he is put upon the streets or country roads, after proper legal process. This method has very nearly relieved our city of the professional tramp nuisance. J. E. COOPER.
Georgetown, Tex.

. . .

Put Them at Public Road Work

Employ them on our public roads to improve them. It would be a good investment. A man failing to find work in his neighborhood could easily find out through the telephone where they needed men. M. P. JONES.
Huntsville, Mo.

. . .

State Farms or Factories

I believe the best method for caring for the tramp is for each State to establish a farm or factory and require every man proved to be a vagrant to work for the government, to be paid a reasonable amount and held until he could be placed with some individual who might desire help. The State would act as an employment bureau and after a while those that desired help would secure it through the medium of the State working system.
Fort Banks, Mass. J. M. C.

. . .

Put All the Idle to Work

If people would make it a rule never to give a tramp anything until he has earned it sawing wood, or in some other way, most of them would quit that kind of a life as soon as possible. If the poor could be gotten out of the crowded cities and assisted to own a little home and garden, I think that very few of them would become tramps. Let every boy have a calf, chickens, apple tree—anything that will make him feel that there is something at home that needs him and will be a profit to him. W. J. REEKS.
Boulder, Colo.

. . .

Answers have also been received from M. J. H., Auburn, N. Y.; W. Viergever, Grand Rapids, Mich.; S. Castilla, Cleveland, O.; Mrs. Mary E. Carter, Greenfield, Ind.; Joseph Garner, Toronto, Can.; Mrs. V. G. Chamberlain, Jackson, Mich.; F. A. Wilson, Angus, Minn.; J. A. Atkinson, Lansing, W. Va.; Mrs. Mattie I. Bell, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mrs. E. M. Tibbetts, Winthrop, Mass.; Isaac H. Fellenbaum, Mt. Joy, ——; Eliott McGuffin, Callaway, Va.; Louis Wallis, Columbus, O., and many others.

Your savings, small or large, will be handled temporarily or through a series of years to your best possible advantage by the Industrial Savings and Loan Co., whose advertisement you will find on page 465 of this issue. They will refer you to patrons every where, doubtless to some in your own locality. Write them.

THE FIRST TASTE

Learned to Drink Coffee When a Baby

If parents realized the fact that coffee contains a drug—caffeine—which is especially harmful to children, they would doubtless hesitate before giving the babies coffee to drink.

"When I was a child in my mother's arms and first began to nibble things at the table mother used to give me sips of coffee. As my parents used coffee exclusively at meals I never knew there was anything to drink but coffee and water.

"And so I contracted the coffee habit early. I remember when quite young the continual use of coffee so affected my parents that they tried roasting wheat and barley, then ground it in the coffee-mill as a substitute for coffee.

"But it did not taste right and then went back to coffee again. That was long before Postum was ever heard of. I continued to use coffee until I was 27, and when I got into office work I began to have nervous spells. Especially after breakfast I was so nervous I could scarcely attend to my correspondence.

"At night, after having coffee for supper, I could hardly sleep, and on rising in the morning would feel weak and nervous.

"A friend persuaded me to try Postum. My wife and I did not like it at first, but later when boiled good and strong, it was fine. Now we would not give up Postum for the best coffee we ever tasted.

"I can now get good sleep, am free from nervousness and headaches. I recommend Postum to all coffee drinkers."

"There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest

Do You Hear Well?

The Stolz Electrophone—A New, Scientific and Practical Invention for Those Who Are Deaf or Partially Deaf—May Now be Tested in Your Own Home

Deaf or partially deaf people may now make a month's trial of the Stolz Electrophone on payment of a small deposit. This is unusually important news for the deaf, for by this plan the *final* selection of the *one completely satisfactory hearing aid is made easy and inexpensive for everyone.*

Mrs. C. Lidecka, 238 12th Ave., Maywood, Ill., wears an Electrophone less conspicuous than eyeglasses.

This new invention (U. S. Patents Nos. 858, 986 and 855,458) renders unnecessary such clumsy, unsightly and frequently harmful devices as trumpets, horns, tubes, ear drums, fans, etc. It is a tiny electric telephone that fits on the ear, and which, the instant it is applied, *magnifies* the sound waves in such manner as to cause an *astonishing increase* in the *clearness of all sounds.* It overcomes the buzzing and roaring ear noises, and also so *constantly* and *electrically exercises the vital parts of the ear that, usually, the natural* unaided *hearing itself is gradually restored.*

A Business Man's Opinion

STOLZ ELECTROPHONE CO., Chicago.—I am pleased to say that the Electrophone is very satisfactory. Being small in size and great in hearing qualities makes it PREFERABLE TO ANY. I can recommend it to all persons who have defective hearing.—M. W. HOYT, Wholesale Grocer, Michigan Avenue and River Street, Chicago.

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Stolz Electrophone Co., 956 Stewart Building, Chicago

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We also make permanent installations of a special hearing apparatus in churches. This inexpensive device—the Stolz Church Electrophone—enables every deaf member of a congregation to hear the proceedings perfectly in any part of the edifice. Write for special booklet on Church Electrophones.

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THE HOLY SPIRIT GIVEN*

By Mrs. M. Baxter

How far the hundred and twenty disciples—who continued steadfastly in prayer in the upper room, where the eleven abode, with the women, and Mary the mother of Jesus, and his brethren, and who were all "continually in the temple praising and blessing God," as well as in the upper room in prayer—how far they understood the purpose of God we know not. During the forty days since his resurrection the Lord had been appearing unto them, and speaking of the things concerning the kingdom of God" (Acts 1:3), but it would seem that his purpose for the Church was revealed to Paul (Gal. 1: 11,12; Rom. 16: 25, 26; I. Cor. 2, 7; Eph. 3: 1-11; Col. 1: 26, 27), and it was this for which the Jews at Jerusalem were so infuriated against him. They could not brook that in Christ Jesus there should be "neither Jew nor Gentile," and that the Church of Christ should be the chosen instrument of blessing, not to the world as such, but to "every one that believeth."

The hundred and twenty expectant worshipers had left all for Christ; they were the despised followers of One who had been executed with the utmost shame and indignity; the twelve, who were the leaders among them, had grievously failed in their loyalty to their Master; to a man they had forsaken him. And this low estate was the preparation for them to be filled with the indwelling God: "the promise of the Father," and also of the Son, who, when he spoke of the coming Comforter, said, "He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you" (John 14: 17). They were ashamed and broken hearts, but also very glad hearts which waited for the Holy Spirit. Something had impressed the hundred and twenty to be all together that day—not some in the upper room and some in the temple. "And suddenly there came from heaven a sound as of a rushing mighty wind," coming perpendicularly, and it filled—not them in the first place—but all the house where they were, not kneeling, but sitting. Then there appeared unto them tongues, distributing themselves (R. V., margin, comp. I. Cor. 12: 4-11) like as of fire (Shekinah glory?), and it sat upon each of them. "And they were all filled with the Holy Spirit and began to speak with other tongues" (Acts 2: 1-4).

"And when this was noised abroad," or, R. V., "this sound was heard," "the multitude came together." Jerusalem was very full of Jews, a large number of whom were colonists, whose commercial enterprises had taken them to other countries, the languages of which had naturally become their own. They were confounded; something had happened which was as wonderful as the sudden judgment with which the presumptuous Babel builders had been visited over two thousand years before. In all the ages since, differences of language had separated and hindered the intercourse of man with man. And now they hear "every man his own" language spoken fluently by illiterate men of strong Galilean accent!

The confusion of tongues at Babel interrupted intercourse which brought no glory to God, but was abominable in his sight. But now there was unity, one theme, whatever the language might be: it was "the wonderful works of God." Could, then, those thus blest, those witnesses that for them, at least, and for that occasion, the curse had been removed—could they be sinners for following Jesus of Nazareth?

There were great searchings of heart, no doubt. They were all amazed, and all perplexed, but some, as on every public occasion of great solemnity, mocked at the whole thing. It is very awful, but it is true, that Satan is never at a fault to find some who are his willing slaves to mock the God who made them.

* Acts 2: 1-21. Read Joel 2: 23-32. Golden Text, ch. 4: 6.

MISSION WORKERS IN CONVENTION

The National Federation of Gospel Missions closed its Annual Convention in New York, Sunday, May 17. A four days' session was held from May 14 to May 17, in the chapel of the Christian and Missionary Alliance, Forty-fourth Street and Eighth Avenue, President C. H. Madison presiding. Mission workers were present from thirty States. A large amount of work was done in perfecting the organization. Reports from superintendents of missions were read. There were no profound theological problems to discuss and no questions of creed, but everything harmoniously combined to energize the workers to serve the Master more faithfully than ever in the saving of men and women. About twenty new missions joined the Federation.

Rev. C. H. Madison was unanimously re-elected president. Oliver C. Elliott, superintendent of the Boston Industrial Home, T. L. Fretz of the Philadelphia Rescue Home, L. Woodruff, of Binghamton, N. Y., and Francis K. Ward, Sunshine Mission, Cedar Rapids, Ia., were elected vice-presidents. Mrs. D. H. Wright, of Poughkeepsie, was elected secretary.

On Sunday morning, May 17, the mission workers were addressed by Hon. John G. Woolley, of Chicago, whose masterful words were an inspiration to all. At the four o'clock meeting in the afternoon, the superintendents gave their experiences in short talks to a large audience. In the evening at 7.30 Mr. Woolley made the closing address in the Bedford Street Methodist Church to a large audience.

Mr. Madison then led a testimony meeting, and short addresses were given. The close of the meeting was very touching. Many came forward and said they would be glad to wait all night to hear the singing and speaking. Many seekers for salvation were at the altar during the Sunday services.

Contributions to aid the work of the Federation may be forwarded to The Christian Herald, and acknowledgment will be made in this paper. Christian workers wishing to join the Federation should address the president, Rev. C. H. Madison, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Our Tears

God uses tears to wash our eyes,
That we may see beyond the skies
The land where tears are wiped away,
So murmur not of tears to-day.

The clouds may cast a moment's gloom,
But showers make the deserts bloom;
And oft a pathway bleak and cold
Is found to lead to mines of gold.

The dewdrop from the daisy's eye
Mounts on a sunbeam to the sky;
Our tears mount up on beams of love
And turn to gems in heaven above.

Then if thy Lord apportions thee
Some tears, be patient; thou shalt see
In each a rainbow, telling thee
Of when and where no tears shall be.

Bluffton, Ind. W. C. Martin.

A BOY'S HOLIDAYS

The ardent controversy which has been waging in England and America concerning the best way to dispose of school boys in the long summer vacation has prompted the Grand Trunk Railway System to issue a special publication giving suggestions and practical hints to parents, as to what to do with the public and preparatory school boy during the months of July and August. The vacation camp is one of the solutions and the publication entitled, "What shall a Boy do with his Vacation" thoroughly covers the ground and solves the problem of the best way for a schoolboy to enjoy his holidays.

A copy may be obtained for the asking by applying to G. W. Vaux, 917 Merchants Loan and Trust Building, Chicago, Ill.

The HOUSEWIFE

There is never a dull or uninteresting line printed in THE HOUSEWIFE, and no household publication in existence is more thoroughly read or more fully appreciated; it is always Wholesome, Cheerful, Helpful, Practical and Timely

All who are interested in their homes will find the departments invaluable: **Editorial Outlook**—Sympathetic Talks in every number. **The Newest Fashions**—Always timely, stylish and never extravagant. **Fancy Work Department**—With the latest designs and ideas. **Mother's Hour**—Comforting and dependable. **Home Nook**—For young housekeepers who do not know enough, and the older ones who do not know too much. **Social Circle**—Wherein our readers exchange experiences, and is, as one reader expresses it, "as good as a visit from a friend." In fact, every subject dear to woman's heart is treated intelligently, agreeably and in season in The Housewife. The stories printed in The Housewife are extremely interesting and teem with **Good Cheer.**

On receipt of only 25c, we will send THE HOUSEWIFE all the rest of this year, together with the latest

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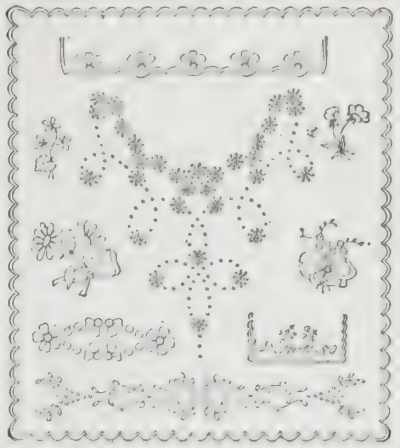

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With the Outfit we send FREE a little book showing illustrated directions for doing all the latest **Embroidery**, showing also the **popular stitches**, etc. etc.

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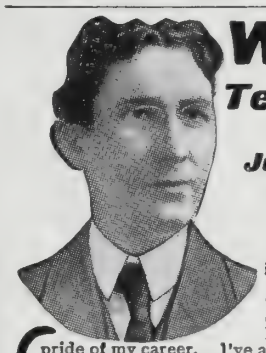

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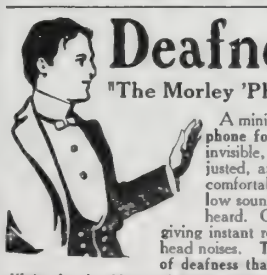

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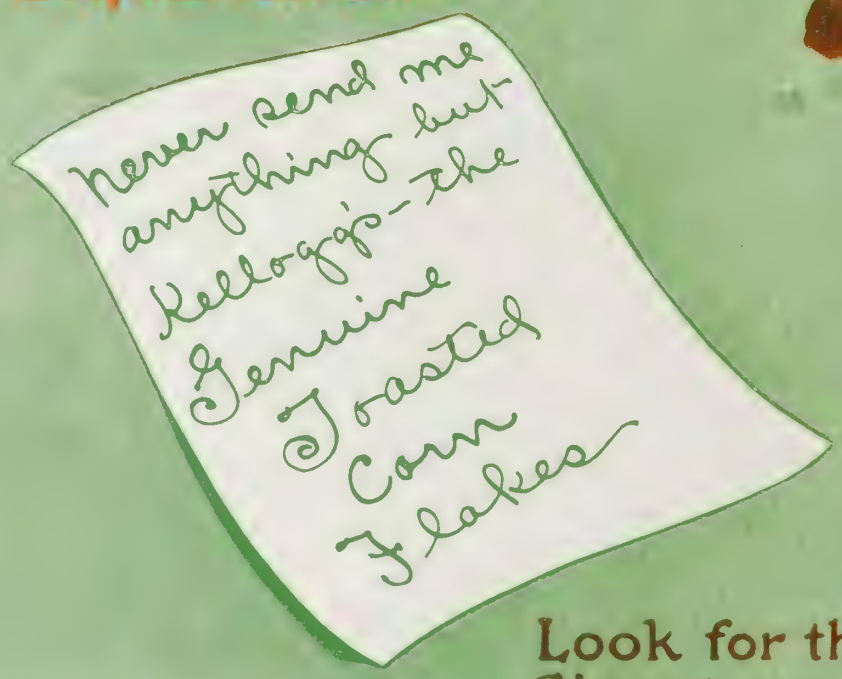
When Johnny comes
Marching home again
With a common
Imitation-

Send Johnny a
Marching back again
With a note of
Explanation-



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NEW YORK, June 10, 1908

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VOLUME 31 — NUMBER 24
OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

THE PRODIGAL'S WELCOME HOME

SEE PAGE 476

This Is a Personal Message to You

What I Am Planning to Do

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Family now numbers about **215,000** members. We would like to increase this membership to **300,000** and to do it at once, and **we earnestly request you to help us.**

To many, such an undertaking, right in the middle of Summer, would appear utterly impracticable; but we have the faith to believe that it can and will be accomplished.

One of the reasons I have for trying to raise the circulation to that figure is that in the coming fall THE CHRISTIAN HERALD completes the **thirtieth year of its existence,** and I would like to commence its fourth decade with **10,000 members for every year of its life,** and then keep on increasing every following year at the same rate.

How You Will Benefit By It

Another reason is that the larger the circulation, the better the paper which we can produce for the price. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is a splendid paper as it is, but we can make it still better, and we want to do so. We have just installed new and expensive machinery, in order that we might enhance the general appearance of the paper, and within a few weeks notable improvements in this direction will develop; and when all the plans we have in view are finally carried out, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be, in every sense of the term, the **brightest and best** family weekly in the world.

But in making these improvements we shall not change the character of the paper. It is our intention to **raise the standard** all around—paper, type, illustrations, contents, quantity and quality; yet it will be the same CHRISTIAN HERALD that has cheered, edified and comforted countless thousands, and which as heretofore will continue the ministrations that have made it a household word the world over and a blessing to millions at home and abroad.

Let Us Go Forward

Then, again, I want THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to attain a loftier place among papers of gigantic circulation. I have always contended and still contend that in a Christian community a monopoly of large circulations should not be accorded to the secular press, and I see no valid reason why a clean, beautifully illustrated, ably edited and superbly printed weekly like THE CHRISTIAN HERALD should not rank with secular publications in maintaining an exceptionally large circulation. **300,000** would place us very high in the scale and greatly contribute to a larger measure of usefulness.

We realize that in order to make this effort entirely successful we must, as heretofore on similar occasions, be willing to make such a financial sacrifice as would make a subscription proposition very attractive even to those who do not now take, or perhaps do not even know, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

A Great Financial Sacrifice

Our regular subscription rate for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is $1.50 for a year. That would make an eight months' subscription $1. Now, in order to introduce THE CHRISTIAN HERALD into tens of thousands of new homes between this and July 1st, we have determined to make a reduction of one-half on every eight months' subscription sent us, provided, of course, that the subscription sent in under this offer at **50 cents for eight months** is a **new subscription** and is not intended to take the place of any subscription now on our books. So eager are we to build up THE CHRISTIAN HERALD circulation to **300,000** that we would make even a larger sacrifice, but we simply cannot afford to do so. It goes without saying that this figure is far below the manufacturing expense and that it entails a very large financial sacrifice on our part.

A Reward For Every Subscription

While thus making it very attractive for new subscribers to join the great CHRISTIAN HERALD Family, we are not unmindful of those members who will help us to successfully accomplish what we have undertaken, and in order to suitably reward them for any effort they may put forth in this direction, we will send to you for **every** eight months' **subscription** at 50 cents, **one of the six books** mentioned in the centre panel above, and for **six subscriptions** instead of the six books a copy of our **Red Letter Testament,** also described in the above panel.

We Repeat Our Proposition

We want you to get your friends to subscribe for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. In order to enable you to present to your friends an attractive subscription proposition, we offer THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for eight months (usual price one dollar), at **50 cents,** and for every subscriber you secure for us and send in under this offer, we will give you your choice of the volumes mentioned in the centre of this page, except the Red Letter Testament, which we give for only six subscriptions.

Do Not Write Long Letters

When sending in your orders, simply write on a piece of paper:

Name of new subscriber.....

Street address of new subscriber.....

Town of new subscriber.....

County and State of new subscriber.....

Amount enclosed for this subscription.....

Name and address of sender to whom the reward is to be sent.....

Title of reward selected.....

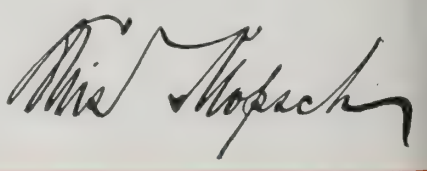
You need not write a letter. We will understand what to do if you will give the particulars mentioned above and the remittance.

Be Careful to Remember

All subscriptions sent in under this Special Offer **must commence with the July 1st number** and end with the March 1, 1909, number. Each subscriber will be entitled to our **July 4th** number, our **Labor Day** number, our magnificent **Thanksgiving** number, our **Christmas** number, our **New Year's** number and our beautiful **Washington Birthday** number, besides all the regular weekly copies. This practically includes all the special issues of the year, some of which are alone worth the price of a new subscription, and pays for the entire eight months.

Tell All Your Friends About It

Be sure to bring this offer to the attention of all your friends in Church and Sunday School. They will thank you for doing so. Explain to them the beauties, the richness, the great attractiveness of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and urge them to give it a trial; tell them that they **save half a dollar** on this eight months' trial subscription, and you will be surprised how quickly they will avail themselves of the exceptional opportunity thus offered. Do not forget, however, that this offer closes **positively July 5th** and no subscription mailed after that date can be accepted at the reduced rate. Very cordially yours,



Send in your orders as soon as you get them. Be sure to address them to:

The Christian Herald, 93-107 Bible House, New York

Seven Generous Rewards for You

Here are the books mentioned in the adjoining columns as Rewards for those who help us in our Mid-Summer Campaign to greatly Enlarge the Circulation of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

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Here are Opportunities that are really worth while for old and young. An hour spent among your friends will enable you to earn every reward mentioned in this panel

ALL BOOKS GIVEN AS REWARDS ARE SENT CHARGES PREPAID

NEW YORK, JUNE 10, 1908

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

"Home Boy" Assiniboine Chief

Campers at Lake McDonald, Montana

Guarding the Pack Train

UPBUILDING THE GREAT NORTHWEST

By GILSON WILLETS

"THE great Northwest is developing a stock of men superior to that found in any other part of this country or England or the British colonies." So spoke James J. Hill, one of the pioneers of our vast inland empire of Montana, Idaho, Washington, and Oregon. "So fertile are the arable regions of these Northwestern States," he added, "that they can support a population of at least fifty millions. The day will come when the state of Washington will be more thickly settled than Pennsylvania."

These States in many ways possess more wonderful possibilities of development than any other group of States in our country. In Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma and Portland, I saw exhibits in which were revealed the marvelous resources with which this region is endowed, showing how the desert places are being reclaimed through irrigation; saw photographs of mountains that no longer exist because the railroads dumped them into the valleys; saw maps of vast stretches of country dotted with towns where only fifteen years ago there was not a single human habitation. I spent forty days looking at the Northwest and listening to the extraordinary stories of the people who are upbuilding that mighty empire.

So fertile is the land in many of the arable parts of this region that farmers have sold a single wheat crop for as much as $35,000—from that down to $5,000—for the large farms. I saw photographs of checks that had been given to farmers for single wheat crops for $35,000 and for $24,000 and for lesser amounts. It is such things as these that the Northwesterner is most proud of. The Progressive League caused copies of the photographs of those checks to be published broadcast for the information of prospective settlers, feeling that they were substantial proof of the wonderful fertility of Mother Earth in the Northwest.

At Zillah, Wash., lives a retired clergyman—the Rev. F. Walden. He is one of the upbuilders of the Northwest in the most practical sense. He came to Zillah a little over ten years ago, bought a few acres of land for a song and planted apple trees. He was in search of health and wished to do something practical while saving his own life, so he chose the outdoor work of fostering the growth of a big apple orchard. After seven years of delightful, health-restoring life in his orchard, he thought he could sell out for a good profit. He asked $10,000 for his place. But that season not a buyer appeared. The fruit on his trees that season yielded the sum of $12,500. It is needless to add that the Rev. Mr. Walden at once withdrew his orchard from the market. He has since made from $12,000 to $20,000 a year from his trees. The surprising thing is that it now requires only two months of his time to harvest and market his apples, thus permitting him to spend the remaining ten months in Seattle, in close touch with the people among whom he is doing Christian work. What he most values in his experience in the Northwest is the fact that there he not only found health, but learned the joy of living close to the soil and getting a living from that soil.

One acre of ground in the Northwest yields a good living—as is shown by any number of individual experiences. For example, at Clarkston, Wash., I heard of a man who, with his wife and family, owns just one acre of irrigated ground. On that acre is a comfortable house, a flower garden, a poultry yard, a fruit orchard, and a garden growing twenty different varieties of vegetables. They call it their "ranch." People of Clarkston told me that that "ranchman's" children are taught to say in their nightly prayer, this: "We thank thee for this acre which thou hast given us."

Following the tracks laid by the Great Northern Railroad through Montana, Idaho, and Washington, came settlers—the sturdiest men from our own Northern States and from northern Europe—who quickly founded hamlets, villages, towns, and cities. These settlers not only tilled the soil and developed the mines; they also built mills and factories. They were, in short, both missionaries and civilizers in this wilderness which Lewis and Clark had penetrated long before, and which remained virgin wilderness still until James J. Hill, forging through the country on foot, on horseback and by dog sled, blazed the way for the railroad.

No sooner was a depot built at any spot in the wilderness than the settlers who flocked there raised a churchspire skyward and at the same time put up a schoolhouse. On millions of acres wild before, big crops were now harvested. Wherever the shriek of the locomotive whistle was heard, there was progress in its most practical aspects.

After the railroad was completed, Mr. Hill traveled back and forth, talking to the settlers, teaching them to make the most of their opportunities. He distributed among them five thousand head of blooded stock at his own expense. He built churches and schools for them. He introduced steam and electricity on the farms and induced the farmers to connect their farms by telephone. He persuaded them to get together in societies for their common welfare in culture and self-help while helping one another. He taught them how to live the life of farmers in the Northwest without the social isolation and loneliness of farm life in the East. How to live in communities, while still tilling the soil on their farms stretching for miles around.

Agents were sent to Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Finland to induce immigrants to come to the Northwest. Those immigrants from the hardy Northland proved themselves excellent settlers. They were given land, helped to build

Continued on page 472

A Northwest Frontier Home

Upbuilding the Great Northwest

Continued from page 471

homes, taught self respect. At least fifty churches and at least one hundred schools along the line of his railroad have received donations from the same source.

All the people in the various communities in the Northwest work together for the growth of the whole. Nowhere else in this land is there such admirable public spirit. It is a kind of public spirit that makes the Northwesterner entitled to be called a new kind of citizen, the most desirable kind. It is not the public spirit of the mere "land-boomer"; it is genuinely the spirit of mutual helpfulness. Everybody helps everybody else in the Northwest. This spirit is one of the greatest assets of the Northwestern States. By its exercise the people out there have become broader than those in other sections—better neighbors, better citizens, better associates — because their development is more normal, less selfish, more soulful and less strictly commercial than in communities where competition makes life a harder struggle.

In every town in the Northwest, without exception, there is a church and a schoolhouse, as I have intimated, both standing on the highest available points, and in every third or fourth town is either a Carnegie Library or a local library of some sort. Yet the brawny sons and daughters of the soil seldom go into the towns to stay there and work. They do not flock to the town to become clerks and stenographers and typewriters. They attend the nearest college, and when graduated, they go back to the farm to till the soil—which they find far more profitable as well as more healthful than the work of keeping books or of clicking a writing machine.

Meantime, what the Northwest needs is men—more men, more people, families, workers. Everywhere I went I heard the call for men—saw endless advertisements asking for men, encountered no end of signs inviting men to work. The people of the Northwest do not fear competition; they invite new men to come out there in the belief that every new comer of a good class adds to the total wealth and benefits the whole region. To get these men the railroads make specially low colonist rates, and highest wages are offered by a hundred different employment agencies, steady work being assured.

There is room and plenty of work out there for all the unemployed now in New York. Men are wanted there not only to work for others but to work for themselves; to "take up" the innumerable forty and fifty-acre farms into which the great tracts owned by the early pioneers have been cut up. Men are needed to raise vegetables and fruit and poultry and dairy produce, to feed the great mining and manufacturing communities. Most of the land still undeveloped merely awaits the hands that will run the irrigation ditch and plow the sod.

One day last fall I saw two thousand immigrants of many nationalities leave on special trains of the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific, from Chicago. But, spread over that vast territory, two thousand were only a handful; the Northwest could absorb 200,000 men now.

Settlers and Stock Moving from Indiana to the Northwest

A word about the wondrous cities. The industrial capital of the great inland empire is Spokane. This is probably the cleanest city in the Union. While I was there, the citizens had what was called "Cleaning Up Day." Men, women and children came into the streets and united in tidying up the thoroughfa... Rich and poor joined in this remarkable volunt... service of cleaning yards and streets for the gene... benefit. All day long I saw people, well-to-do p... ple, scouring their house fronts; and at night, w... all the refuse had been gathered in thousands ... piles, it was consumed in many bonfires.

Spokane was founded by a horse thief; yet to-... no city is freer from gambling and every form ... vice. Ten years ago it was only a frontier tov... to-day it is a metropolis w... the handsomest churches, ... finest hotels, the best scho... in the West. Representat... men of Spokane said to n... "We believe that the foun... tion of all progress in a c... is knowledge. So we spe... fortunes on schools. Ours ... a city neither of wealth n... of poverty. It is a city ... homes. We believe paup... ism to be a disgrace and r... at all a necessary evil in a ... large community. We ha... no paupers here. Everybo... works. Our motto is: 'Thr... is next to godliness.' "

Seattle, too, built up... three times seven hills, is ... city of which the East mig... well take lessons in gover... ment and in civic pride. "W... know that the tide of imm... gration is moving our way ... they told me, "and we a... ready. We have enough hote... here to accommodate half a hundred Y. M. C. ... conventions at once, and enough churches to accon... modate twice our present population."

Tacoma, likewise an amazing city, is a city ... homes, "the bedroom of Seattle," it has been calle... It has doubled its population in five years. Por... land, the fourth great city of the Northwest, is th... oldest and most conservative. Its people represe... the culture and refinement of the Northwest; thei... homes are the most beautiful to be found northwes... of St. Paul. They are a people of wealt... without any of the ostentation of wealt... to be seen in older States. People in Por... land never gamble; they never displa... an emblem of chance. In Seattle you wi... see men wearing Klondyke nuggets a... watch charms; but in Portland me... ignore all such symbols of mere luck... Portland people never speculate; wha... they get they get by *earning*.

And this wholesome, manly spirit i... the spirit of the majority of those wh... are to-day engaged in upbuilding the ric... and great Northwest inland empire.

Harvesting in Washington

Fruit Ranch in Wanatchee Valley, Washington

In Gallatin Valley, Montana

THE DEATH OF A RANEE

DR. ALICE CONDICT, American medical missionary in India, sends this touching story of the death of a native princess of India:

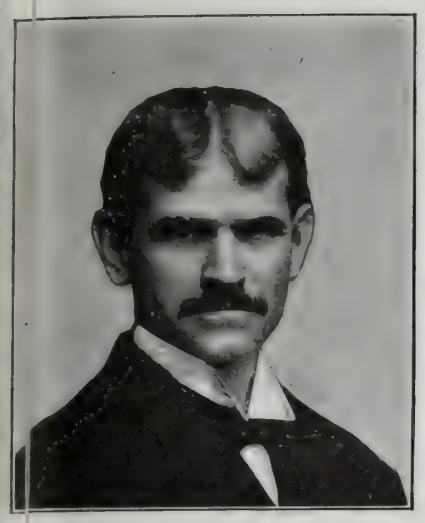
"All winter the days have been too short to accomplish all that we wanted to do with the X-ray machine which was given to my work by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers. Crowds have pressed upon us, till we realized as never before what it means to fulfil our Saviour's command, "Heal the sick," but suddenly a call came from Central India, "Come; bring static; save life of a Ranee." This meant that a princess lay dangerously ill, and when it was told the prince that a wonderful static electric machine that does wonders was in North India, he sent at once in the hope of bringing life again to the dying princess.

"We left the crowds of needy patients in Ludhiana, to come to the rescue of the princess. But the summons had reached us too late. Although we gave some relief, the life powers were at such low ebb that the beautiful princess continued steadily to sink. In the midst of a crowd of her devoted subjects, she was taken at midnight to the banks of the "sacred" Ganges River, that flowed on its dark way a mile distant. Here in the open midnight air the dying princess breathed her last. The distracted prince carried his loved one in his arms, out into that river of death, till the waters nearly covered them both. They believe that if only the dying one is covered by those waters, the soul, as it leaves the poor body, will be sure to go to heaven!

"It was the most awful realization of what Hinduism really is! The hurried midnight call to leave the luxurious surroundings, to go out into the darkness; the wailing of the friends; the weird priests in flowing disheveled hair, their spectral figures in bare feet and thin garments that waved in the chill night wind as they chanted in low, solemn measures—all made a scene never to be forgotten. Had the loved princess rallied, she must never again return to her family and home, but become one of the temple-dwellers. But death marked her for his own. She passed away in heathen darkness."

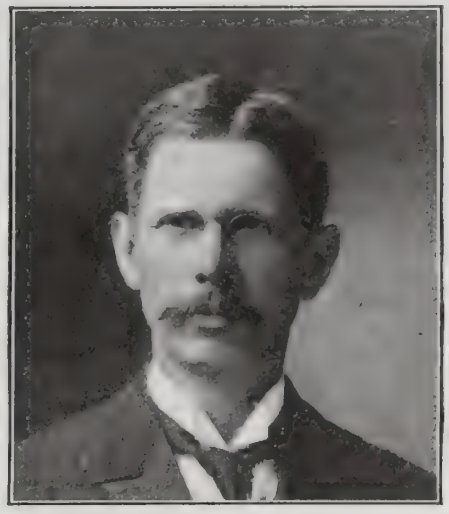
METHODISTS MEET IN BALTIMORE

THE GREAT QUADRENNIAL CONFERENCE OF 1908 DESCRIBED BY AN EYE-WITNESS

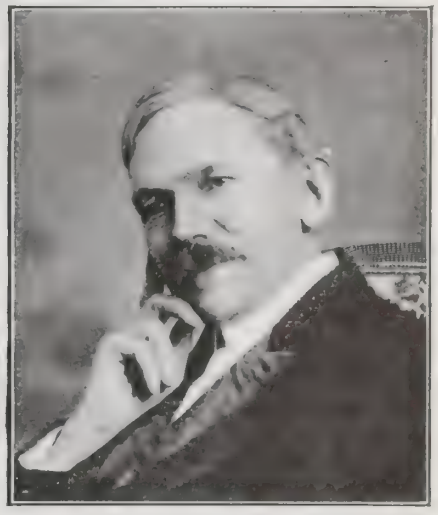


Bishop Edwin H. Hughes

Bishop Wilson S. Lewis



Bishop J. L. Nuelson



Bishop W. F. Anderson

By Rev. William Potts George, D.D.

ONE hundred years ago, in 1808, when the first delegated Conference of the Methodist Church assembled in Baltimore, there were about sixty delegates present out of a total of eihty preachers, representing thirteen States of th Union. In the present Conference at the Lyric Hll there are assembled, and voting for eight bishops, seven hundred and eighty-seven delegates fm all over the world.

n 1808 matters relating solely to the United Stes of America were discussed. The keynote of th present Conference is "The World for Christ," a the proceedings concern themselves with missinary operations in almost every quarter of the gbe. Bishops from China, Japan, India, Africa, th Philippines, and Europe reported their work, a measures looking to its larger and fuller extsion were considered by large committees.

The voting for bishops presented great psychologicl features, not merely of combinations for the dferent candidates, but of the changes of mind csequent upon the circulation of different reports ato their fitness for the post. Men who were much tked of before Conference were now scarcely cons ered, the largest figures having dwindled down. Cjections which, to an outsider, might appear tvial, weighed much in causing the collapse of sveral episcopal booms. While friends of these cndidates personally deplore the results, they can nt but recognize the spirit which insists upon the rlization of a very high ideal for the episcopal oce, and the arrest in the figures of those who were rching the goal, shows the disposition to elect pasts rather than officials.

Burning questions of the Methodist Church, which vre discussed in the large committees, included the rpeal of the famous Clause 248 of the Discipline, vhich is an *Index Expurgatorius* of worldly amusemnts. Every one admits it should never have been iserted in the Discipline, yet they fear to repeal it, lt such repeal should be misconstrued into the curch's sanction of theatrical performances, dances ad other things on which the Methodists, from the bginning, have ever frowned. This would not be te case, as a repeal of the clause would simply cange the prohibition from the form of rule to that c principle, and restore again the one prohibition c the wise John Wesley, who describes as "not for the glory of God, the singing those songs, and taking those diversions, which can not be used in the name of the Lord Jesus." Whether the Conference will have the courage of its undoubted convictions is a matter for the future. The return to a time limit in the itinerancy is another burning subject.

Fraternal delegations from all the Methodist and affiliated churches, with Presbyterians and others, have made their addresses to show how the church of Christ is coming into essential unity. Years ago they would have met upon the platform merely for discussion. A few years earlier, they would have met at the inquisition or the stake for torture and for burning. Now, the Baxterian formula, "In things essential, unity; in things doubtful, liberty; in all things, charity," is the keynote of this, as of all other large ecclesiastical gatherings.

The Conference was received and addressed by President Roosevelt at Washington, and one evening listened to a masterly sermon, called a lecture, by Hon. William Jennings Bryan, his subject being "The Prince of Peace." This lecture was one of a series of four and was noteworthy for the amount of religious instruction it contained.

Eight bishops were elected by the Conference, viz.: Rev. W. F. Anderson, of New York; Rev. W. A. Quayle, of Chicago; Rev. C. W. Smith, of Pittsburg; Rev. J. L. Nuelsen, of Berea, Ohio; Rev. Dr. Wilson S. Lewis, president of Morningside College, Sioux City, Iowa; Rev. Dr. Edwin H. Hughes, president of De Pauw University, Greencastle, Ind.; Rev. Robert McIntyre, of Los Angeles, Cal., and Rev. Frank M. Bristol, of Washington, D. C.

Bishop Anderson is skilful in administration. He has been a success in his own (New York) Conference, and is known in the church as Secretary of the Board of Education.

Bishop Nuelsen is a fine scholar, a native of Switzerland, and was elected primarily by the German delegates. He will probably administer the German Conferences in this country and Europe. His election is a great step in the direction of bishops for different races.

Bishop Quayle is a unique personality. His father and mother were natives of the Isle of Man, and he was born just after their arrival in this country. He was, at a very early age, the president of Baker University, Baldwin, Kan., where he was very popular. He became later pastor of Independence Avenue Church, Kansas City, in 1895, where he soon raised $37,000 of their debt. He went thence to Indianapolis; returned to Grand Avenue, Kansas City, and removed from there to St. James's Church, Chicago. He is poetical, a great rhetorician, is in constant demand as a lecturer, has a fine physique and constitution, is indefatigable in his labors. He is the author of many books and is intensely dramatic in his delivery.

Bishop Charles Wesley Smith, of Pittsburg, is sixty-eight years old, and was elected because he is a skilled ecclesiastical lawyer and is needed on the episcopal board. He was editor of the Pittsburg *Christian Advocate;* is lively, alert, and has more activity than many a younger man.

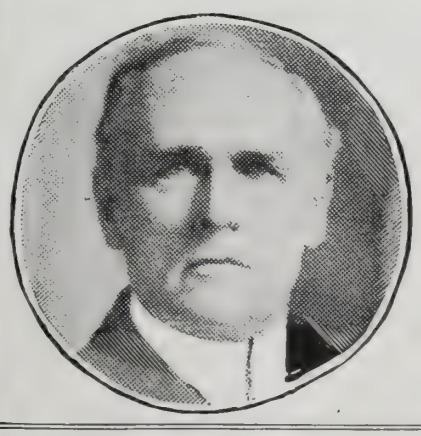
Bishop Edwin Hughes is the son of a Methodist preacher. He has been a successful pastor and has for some years been at the head of De Pauw University, Greencastle, Ind.

Bishop Lewis was president of Morningside College, Iowa, where great success is reported. His election is credited largely to the efforts of Senator Dolliver, his friend. He is a portly man with a kind, brotherly expression of face, and many rejoice at his election.

Bishop McIntyre has a world-wide reputation as a fine orator. He has no superiors and few equals as a word painter; his imagination soars into the empyrean, and he with the poet's eye sees things invisible to common men. He has risen from the ranks, won his first reputation in Illinois, increased it at Trinity Church, Denver, and later in Chicago, and it has reached its climax in Los Angeles, where crowds have always attended on his ministry.

Bishop Bristol has been for eleven years pastor of the Metropolitan Church, Washington. He was a great friend of President McKinley. He has attended six General Conferences and for twenty years has been a marked man for the episcopacy. He is greatly beloved in the Baltimore Conference and also in Chicago, where he was not only a preacher, but a great man of affairs. He was there the close friend of the poet Eugene Field, and has everywhere "won golden opinions from all sorts of people," which in his larger sphere he will increase and widen as the years go by.

Bishop Robert McIntyre



Bishop C. W. Smith

Bishop W. A. Quayle

Bishop Frank M. Bristol

THE

American Pulpit

A Sermon by

Rev. Loyal W. Madden, D.D.*

THE FRIEND OF GOD

TEXT—James 2 : 23

"Abraham believed God, and it was imputed unto him for righteousness: and he was called the Friend of God"

THE Bible is chiefly biography. History is little more than biography. It was Carlyle who said, "History is the essence of innumerable biographies"; and Emerson, "There is properly no history, only biography"; and Landor, "Of all studies, the most delightful is biography." It may be safely added that none surpasses in interest, or practical instruction, that of the Bible.

When one looks into the gray dawn of history, the first bright gleam that lights the eastern horizon is that of Abraham, the Hebrew, which by contrast dims the light of Adam, Abel, Enoch, and Noah. Nor does he light his own surroundings only, but his ray falls forward, lighting the pathway for the Christian nations of the earth to tread. We begin the mighty roll of God's great heroes with one whose name to-day is written all over the land through which he wandered, and wherever he pitched his tent. Dr. Newman says, "Abraham was a hero in every sense of the word; not only a moral hero, but a martial hero." He is the leader in the first war mentioned in the Bible, and returns from it a conquering chief.

The Call of Abraham

Amidst the scenes and practices of idolatry, Abraham was born and brought to manhood in Ur of Chaldea, in that portion of Mesopotamia which extends along the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates from Babylon to the Persian Gulf. From these early postdiluvian fertile plains, it pleased God to make choice of a family to fulfil the high office of preserving pure and undefiled the true knowledge and worship of himself. To this family should be committed pre-eminently the religious education of the world.

Abraham is chosen of God to be the "Father of the Faithful"; thus the choice of Abraham was simply the choice of God. To him first came the call which has ever since been whispered in the ears or thundered in the consciences of the multitudes, "Follow me." To him it came in these words, "Get thee out of thy country and from thy kindred and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will show unto thee." "So Abraham departed," leaving the quietness of Ur of Chaldea, starting upon a journey to an unknown country, but not led by an unknown hand. As long as the bird lingers by the nest, it does not know the luxury of flight. As long as the trembling boy holds to the bank, or toes the bottom, he will not have the ecstasy of battling with the ocean wave. As long as men cling to the material they can not appreciate the reality of the promises of God. Abram could never become Abraham, "the Father of the Faithful," the mighty exemplar of faith, if he had always lived in Ur. No, he must quit his happy home, and journey forth into an untried land, that faith may rise up to all its glorious proportions in his soul. The Lord made him a very gracious promise, that he would make of him a very great nation, and that he should be a blessing to all the families of earth, and that he would protect him from those that would curse him.

The family that goes out from Mesopotamia is Abram, Terah his father, Lot his nephew, and their wives, and now would be doubtless called an Arab tribe. Six hundred miles to the northwest journeyed the little company to Haran, where Terah died. Abram now becomes leader and chief of the tribe. This is one of the great moments of history, when a single man with a childless wife sets out together upon a strange quest; but with the promise renewed, he resumes the interrupted journey for the country which had been selected for them, and, as we have been told, "passed through the land of Canaan" to that beautiful vale between Ebal and Gerizim, where Shechem was afterwards built. And here at least was erected the first altar to Almighty God of which there is any record since the days of Noah. Here was the first instance of his formal worship since the Flood, never again to be interrupted. The idolatry of Chaldea threatened to engulf the world; the altar of Canaan is the earnest of its redemption. An altar to the only true God is established.

Abram does not attempt to secure lands, and although he might have possessed the garden spot of the fertile, productive plain, he only asked for enough for a burying ground for his family. He does not seek emulation. He might have become king of the land, for the people were awed by his presence, and received him kindly as a prince of God. He led a migratory life, seeking pasture for his numerous flocks and herds. Soon a famine comes upon the "land of promise." It is a very great calamity that has befallen Abram, who has no family or home to draw upon. Weighed with the responsibility of vast flocks and herds, the question of subsistence becomes a perplexing one.

An Asylum in Egypt

The storm does not denote the displeasure of the Divine One. Neither does sickness always denote punishment from the hand of the Father, but rather a reward for the past and a preparation for the future. Man's burdens are not beyond that which he can bear.

Egypt, the land of the pyramids, of the Sphinx, and of mighty dynasties, is notable as one of the world's granaries for the hungry, and an asylum for the oppressed. Jacob sought it for corn, Joseph found it while a slave, and the angel appeared to Joseph in a dream and told him to "arise, and take the young child and his mother, and flee into Egypt." But Abram seemed to rely upon his own judgment, seeking only temporal benefits, when he goes into the valley of the Nile, and the court of Pharaoh. Trouble does not come single-handed. Evidently awed by the magnificence and splendor of the court, his faith gives way, and he resorts to deception to save his life. He said to his wife, "When the Egyptians shall see thee, they shall say, This is his wife; and they will kill me, but they will save thee alive. Say thou art my sister, that it may be well with me for thy sake." There was a half grain of truth in the statement, but the intent was deception, and, as a result, a plague came upon Pharaoh and his house, because of Sarai and Abram. When the pagan monarch learned the cause for the great punishment, he rebuked Abram, and under an Egyptian guard escorted him to the frontier of the country, allowing him to take with him his flocks, herds, silver and gold, no small amount of which had been bestowed upon him because of his sister. How humiliating it must have been for a rich chieftain to be expelled from the kingdom because of the want of truth!

Journeying to Canaan

God does not honor him with an interview, or even speak to him through an angel or a dream, but causes him to be thrust out of the country. How often it requires a heavy blow before our consciences are awakened and our hearts humbled! The change from the luxuries and splendor of the Egyptian court to the wild country of Canaan must have been a very great one. But how much sweeter to Sarai was the simple pastoral life she led under the spreading oak, than the false and perilous one she lived in the gorgeous palace of the Egyptian monarch!

This is very marvelous! Judging as men, we might have thought that Abram would never recover from that sad mistake, that disastrous failure and sin. Surely he will reap as he has sown! He may never see his faithful wife again, but bear forever on his conscience the brand of cowardice, treachery! Or if she is given to him again, he will never extricate himself from the meshes into which he has thrown himself! Irritated and deceived, Pharaoh will surely find some method of avenging the wrong with which the foreigner has repaid his generous hospitality.

But no; contrary to all human anticipation, Jehovah appears on the behalf of his most unworthy servant. In after years, the Psalmist uses the very words which he uttered in the heart of the king, "Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm." What a marvel of tenderness! God does not cast us away for one sin. "He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities; for as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him." Notwithstanding repeated falls and shortcomings, he lovingly pursues his divine purpose with the soul in which the "root of matter" is found, until he sets it free from its clinging evils, and lifts it into the life of faith, and power, and familiar friendship with himself. "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy; when I fall, I shall rise; when I sit in darkness, then the Lord shall be a light unto me."

When they have returned to the valleys ar[ound] Bethel, which had been quite adequate for t[heir] needs when they first came to Canaan, they [were] now found to be altogether insufficient; their h[erds] have so increased that the land will not support [them], and there is always wrangling for the first us[e] of the wells and the first crop of pasturage bet[ween] the herdsmen of Lot's cattle and the herdsme[n] of Abram's cattle. These troubles were complaine[d] of by the herdsmen to their respective masters.

Abram saw at once that this state of affairs m[ust] not continue. He asks Lot to come and stand [with] him on the heights of Bethel. There the "lan[d] of promise" is spread out before them like a m[ap]. Abram said to Lot, "Let there be no strife, I pr[ay] thee, between me and thee, and between thy he[rds]men and my herdsmen; for we be brethren. Is [not] the whole land before thee? Separate thysel[f] I pray thee, from me. If thou wilt take the left ha[nd], then I will go to the right; or if thou depart to [the] right hand, then I will go to the left. And Lot lif[ted] up his eyes and beheld all the plain of Jordan, t[hat] it was well watered everywhere." With charac[ter]istic selfishness he made choice of it, of course, [and] thereafter dwelt in the cities of the plain and pitc[hed] his tent toward Sodom. It is a great question [in] these modern times to know how much we are [to] yield to our brethren for the sake of peace.

Abram's Sacrifice

Abram remained in the land of Canaan, and [the] Lord said unto him, "Lift thine eyes, and look fr[om] the place where thou art northward, and southwa[rd], and eastward, and westward, for all the land wh[ich] thou seest, to thee will I give it, and to thy s[eed] forever. And I will make thy seed as the dust [of] the earth; so if any man can number the dust [of] the earth, then shall thy seed also be number[ed]. Arise, walk through the land in the length of it, a[nd] in the breadth of it; for I will give it unto thee."

We now come to a point in Abram's life wh[ere] the light begins to brighten very perceptibly, [re]flecting the divine glory. He is eighty or nin[ety] years old. It is night time and beneath the uncloud[ed] firmament, studded thickly with the stars. Abram [is] standing looking eastward, while God is talki[ng] with him. That starry sky, always an object [of] much reverence to Eastern nations, the sky on whi[ch] he has so often gazed in wonder and awe, has n[ow] a new meaning and interest to him; for a voice [is] saying to the childless old man, "Like those sta[rs] for multitude, so shall thy seed be." Standing [on] the Judean hills alone with God and the night, [he] listened and believed, and it was counted unto hi[m] for righteousness. But the sublime scene is not y[et] ended. He was told to prepare a sacrifice—for [an] agreement was to be entered into between God a[nd] man—and to divide the bodies set apart for th[e] august ceremony into two parts, and place them [in] opposite rows, so as to leave space for the two co[n]tracting parties to pass between. Filled with my[s]terious wonder, Abram laid the bleeding fragmen[ts] in their places, and waited the next step in the fea[r]ful drama. Attracted by the smell of flesh, birds [of] prey, always omens of evil, began to darken th[e] heavens, and swoop with shadowy wings and hoars[e] cries down on the carcasses. Driving these awa[y] Abram still waited; while the sun rolled down th[e] western sky, and at last sank beneath the horizo[n].

Then suddenly the bright heavens were extin[-]guished, the stars no longer shone above him and [a] "horror of great darkness fell upon him." The sa[c]rificial fragments disappeared, and all was gloom[.] The next moment a smoky furnace blazed up in th[e] blackness, then a burning lamp, self-moving, passe[d] slowly and majestically along the lane, "between th[e] pieces," accompanied by a voice from heaven, ratify[-]ing the compact made between Jehovah and the mar[-] From this august vision Abram must have awakene[d] to a new life.

The child Ishmael was born, and grew up in th[e] patriarch's house, the acknowledged heir of th[e] camp, and yet showing symptoms of the wild natur[e] spoken of by the angel. Not a little perplexed mus[t] Abram have been with those strange manifestations [.] And he goes to God and requires some sign fro[m] him "whereby," said he, "I may know that I shal[l] inherit it"—that is, Canaan—"and that my see[d] shall be in number as the stars of heaven." The[n] followed the completing of the everlasting covenant

Continued on page 475

* Preached in the Presbyterian Church, Independence, Mo.

THE LARGEST Y. W. C. A. BUILDING

One of the Pretty Parlors in the Boarding Hall

A Class at Work in the Scientific Kitchen

CLEVELAND, Ohio, now has the largest Young Women's Christian Association building in the United States, with the possible exception of the one in Philadelphia, which is about the same size. This new building in Cleveland is eight stories high, and was built at a cost of a half million dollars. Its equipment is superb and its activities already most notable.

One feature which has been emphasized in the new building is the boarding-home for young women, who either have no other home, or whose homes are in outlying towns. Some two hundred and thirty young ladies already call the new Y. W. C. A. building "home." Five floors are given up to individual rooms, parlors, dining room, library, and chapel. The dining room is on the top floor. It has windows on three sides, the north ones overlooking Lake Erie. The scientific kitchens and a domestic chemistry room are of special interest. In the latter, a unique ventilating system with a hood at each desk serves to draw off all disagreeable odors. In the kitchens, the tables have tops of white Carrara glass and are arranged around the desk of the teacher. Along the back of each table runs a gas grill. There are gas ranges and an electric oven. The walls are of Delft blue. The cooking utensils are of aluminum and the dishes of dainty English ware. Each kitchen is equipped with a refrigerator. The refrigerators are cooled by a plant in the basement which is equipped with an ice machine. In the basement also are shower and medical baths, including electric light baths, the needle baths, spray baths, Russian and Turkish steam baths. There are also massage and rest rooms. A graduate nurse gives free attention and advice. In another part of the building is the gymnasium with its modern equipment.

The New Building of the Cleveland Y. W. C. A.

More than fifteen hundred young women have registered in the educational classes since the opening of the new building. Both afternoon and evening classes are conducted in dressmaking, costume designing, millinery, needlework, domestic science, bookkeeping, and stenography. Best of all, in every department of the new Cleveland Y. W. C. A. building there is already an atmosphere of love and care, and much attention is given to religious teaching.

The Cleveland Young Women's Christian Association has about three thousand members. Under its auspices, besides the work in its main building, are homes for the aged, a rest cottage, and a retreat for unfortunates. The holding of religious services in factories is another feature of the Association's work.

W. FRANK MCCLURE.

THE FRIEND OF GOD — Sermon by Rev. Loyal W. Madden, D.D. *Continued*

All the Lord appeared unto him and said, "Walk before me, and be thou perfect," and according to the frequent custom of the times, when covenants were made between individual men, Abram was given a new name, and God talked with him, saying, "As for me, behold, my covenant is with thee, and thou shalt be a father of many nations. Neither shall thy name be any more Abram, for father of many nations have I made thee. As for Sarai, thy wife, thou shalt not call her name Sarai, but Sarah, and I will establish my covenant between me and thee, and thy seed after thee in their generations, for an everlasting covenant, to be a God unto thee, and to thy seed after thee. This is my covenant between me and you and thy seed after thee; every man child of you shall be circumcised, and it shall be a token of the covenant betwixt me and you." And Abram took his son Ishmael and all that were born in his house and that were bought with his money, every male among the men of Abraham's house, and circumcised the flesh of their foreskin in the selfsame day, as God had said; and Abraham was ninety and nine years old when he was circumcised."

In the completing this compact according to the divine direction we see the last rite performed which completes the church. There are three distinct steps taken by every one who properly enters the church, viz.: to make a choice, to establish the act of worship, and the sealing of the covenant relation between the individual and God. We have seen how Abraham made the free choice of the faith and worship and service of the true God when he left his Chaldean home for the "land of promise"; then when he reached the plain he established the altar, and now he has sealed the covenant relation, established the complete relation, and the church of God is founded! Henceforth the Lord is to have a people upon the earth, and it is launched on its great mission of turning the world to God!

Abraham and Sarah are now well stricken in years, the noon of their pilgrimage is past and they are going down the western slope of life, and it seems that Sarah must go down to the grave childless. Abraham was sitting "in the tent door in the heat of the day" when Jehovah once more appeared in a visible form to him. This time it was, as it seemed, three ordinary wayfarers whom the patriarch hastened to welcome to the rest and refreshment of his abode. But the heavenly guests were the Lord himself and two angels, who were two ministers of his love, and at the same time of his avenging justice. The object of their visit was twofold, the one bearing reference to Sarah, the other to Abraham. If Sarah was to become the mother of the promised seed, she also must learn to believe.

The second object of their visit was made known to Abraham. It was that Sodom's wickedness had waxed great in the ear of the Lord and that the city was to be destroyed. Now it was Jehovah himself who opened to the patriarch the second purpose of their coming. Their two reasons for telling him of the impending doom of the cities were first, because Abraham was the heir to the promise, and second, because he would command his children and his household after him, and they would keep the way of Jehovah, to do justice and judgment. From the latter words we gather that the doom of Sodom was communicated to Abraham that it might serve as a warning to the children of Israel.

But now the faith of Abraham was to be subjected to the severest test ever applied to man. The promised son, Isaac, has been borne by Sarah, and now is in the flower of his youth, at the age of twenty years, when "God did tempt Abraham, and said to him, Take now thy son, thy only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah, and offer him there for a burnt offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of." Think of a father receiving such a command: "thy son, thine only son." His humble obedience shows his great faith. He makes ready for the journey. The days spent upon the journey must have been days of great anxiety, but with true courage he approaches the appointed mountain, and prepares the altar. Who could have withstood the pathetic appeal of the beloved son he is about to slay—"Behold the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb for the burnt offering?"

All that can be imagined is summed up in the single sentence: "And he took the fire in his hand, and a knife." A knife! As he grasped it, a pang keener than a glittering blade could inflict passed through his own heart. The victim is bound. Isaac, with his fair young face turned full on his father, and his eyes looking tenderly into his, even in that awful moment, waits the final stroke. The hand is drawn back, the blade quivers and gleams a moment on high, ere it descends into the throbbing bosom, when suddenly a voice breaks the awful silence: "Lay not thine hand upon the lad," and arrests the fatal stroke. The knife fell from the nervous hand, the mighty strain relaxed, and his whole being melted into love and filial reverence. Ah, did not tears rain from those tender eyes, as his trembling hand undid the cruel thongs, and one long embrace attested his joy at receiving his boy back from the very grave?

Great trials do not come single-handed and alone. Only a few years pass until the first death occurs in the immediate family of the old patriarch; it is the death of his beloved wife, Sarah. One of the most pathetic sights we ever see in this sad world, is the parting of those who have long been companions. Abraham and Sarah had lived together for more than eighty years. And during that time the noble woman whom he called from the first, "My Princess," had had no rival in the affections of her lord. Her kingdom was his heart. She was its queen.

We now come to the close of this eventful life. His character is well rounded out. He has a finished life. It has had a beautiful beginning, a remarkable development, and a serene maturity. When death begins to steal over him, Ishmael is sent for, although more than seventy years have passed since he was expelled from his father's home. There had continued a feud between him and Isaac, yet with all possible haste he makes the long journey over the plains to the tent of the old father. Isaac stands in the door and discerns far down the valley that Ishmael is coming. He hastens to tell the old patriarch that his long absent son has returned; then hurries out again to greet him on the border of the camp.

When Ishmael came into his presence, the old patriarch brightened up and called him, "My boy! My boy!" as he did eighty years ago in his childhood. And now the swarthy son of the desert and the gentle child of the plain stand beside the bed, and both gaze upon the face of their father as the light flickers toward extinction. At length the end comes. The long, long pilgrimage is over.

Whoever else may miss heaven, we know that Abraham is there. The rich man in hell saw him afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom, and Jesus Christ said, "I say unto you, that many shall come from the east and the west and sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven." May we all reach that blissful shore, take our seats by his side, lean upon his bosom, and share his crown!

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

Expiration of Subscription.—The date on the wrapper indicates when your subscription ends.

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Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIA HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matt

Entered as Second-class Matter at the Post Office Department, Otta

The March of Temperance

PROHIBITION has triumphed in North Carolina. After a most picturesque and exciting campaign the State went "dry" on May 26 by a majority of something like 30,000, according to conservative estimates made the day after election. There were some peculiar out-croppings among the results which showed clearly the effect of the tremendous fight waged by the combined liquor interests to keep down the majority. Some counties voted "wet" in the rural districts and "dry" in the cities. Raleigh Township went "wet," although last December, in a local option election, Raleigh had given Prohibition 600 majority. On the other hand Salisbury and Winton, both usually "wet" towns, went "dry." Greensboro and High Point, two large towns, gave large majorities for Prohibition, while Wilmington, the largest city in the State, went "wet."

This election ratifies the bill lately passed by the State Legislature forbidding the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors in North Carolina. The new law will become operative on January 1 next.

Coming so closely on the heels of the notable Prohibition victories in other States, the result in North Carolina must be regarded as more than simply a triumph of law and order. In the long struggle between the forces of sin and righteousness, there has been an educational movement at work which has gradually been enlightening the people as to the source of most of their heaviest burdens. It has taken years to open their eyes to the truth that an untrammeled saloon means poor schools, high taxes and full criminal calendars; but they have been opened at last, and opened pretty wide, too, if we may judge by the tone of some of the speeches in the closing days of the campaign. Here, for instance, is an indication from the oratory in Wilkes County, of what was said in other sections. An ex-Sheriff, now a County Commissioner, was the speaker and the occasion was a meeting in Union Township, a great distilling section. He said:

> There are men around me here who years ago, along with me, helped in the liquor business in this place. You, and you, and you (pointing men out in the crowd) used to work along with me here for Mr. W., who is also sitting here, for a little rations and the balance in liquor on a Saturday night. You know how everybody was poor and uneducated around us—not a schoolhouse with a whole window pane in it. There was not a painted house from here to Wilkesboro, except the house of Mr. W. He made plenty of money, but all his neighbors got poorer and poorer, and raised their boys up to be whisky men, and everybody had their minds on this business. Mr. W. has had lots of trouble, and his money has given him no pleasure. In 1903 the Watts Law was passed.
>
> At first it was hard to enforce, but somehow people soon saw they had to stop this business, so they began to turn their attention to something else. Then the Ward Law completed the job. Now we are painting our houses, fixing up our farms, beginning to take interest in our schools and brightening up. There are dozens of nice dwellings that have gone up, and this nice schoolhouse has been built and a library installed. Do you think this library would have ever been here if these distilleries hadn't closed down?

That was the kind of argument that carried the day in North Carolina. It was the oratory of simple, direct appeal for the protection of the home and the children, and of all that is held dear and sacred by men, from the degrading and brutalizing tyranny of the liquor interests. The State is to be congratulated, but the campaign should not be regarded as ended with the recent vote. Let it be kept up energetically along moral and educational lines until the whole State is so thoroughly enlightened that the inevitable attempt of the liquor interests to regain their lost prestige will meet with failure.

The next great battle-ground against intemperance will be New York. Both armies are now girding themselves and the war flags are flying.

The Return of the Prodigal

WHENEVER a prodigal son is spoken of, our minds revert instantly to the story told so graphically in the Bible of the wayward, headstrong youth who would try the pitfalls of the world for himself rather than avoid them through the advice and loving wishes of his father. But the prodigal whose transgressions and return have furnished the theme for innumerable sermons and inspiration for many famous pictures in centuries past is only a type of hundreds of young men of to-day. Restless, impatient of home ties and the guiding hands of father and mother, which seem to the unthinking youth like needless restraints, they go out into the world to taste its pleasures and dissipations only to find them rotten at the core. How often do we hear the story of one who in after years longs again for those same restraining hands that saved him so often in his boyhood and which now would seem to him like a benediction!

It often happens that, ashamed of his failure in life, the prodigal never returns, and never writes, but plods along among the outcasts until his short day is done. It is a well-known fact that young men who have had a spirit of adventure rather than any desire to sin are more often the ones whose pride keeps them from going back, though home and mother, father and the rest of the family circle are ever present in their thoughts. Those who do return to the sheltering arms of home are almost always sure of the welcome accorded to the prodigal of the Scripture narrative and to thousands of other prodigals, waifs and strays ever since the world began. On the cover of this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is a picture that tells the story without words. There is the grieved yet rejoicing mother, the elder brother who has stayed by the home nest, and the son who has come home broken and bruised by his unsuccessful conflict with worldly forces that proved too strong for him. He has dropped on his knees and feels with gratitude the touch of the mother's hand on his weary head through which are rushing in a tumult thoughts of the life which he may now begin anew and regrets for youthful sins. It is a picture of which one with any experience has seen many a counterpart in actual life.

Women and the Ballot

THERE are indications that the present year will be a memorable one for the cause of woman's suffrage, in one country at least. Premier Asquith of England, recognizing the fact that the movement has made phenomenal progress despite opposition, and feeling that the Radical Party may be defeated unless the influence of the women is enlisted in its behalf, has decided, it is said, to make votes for women a prominent issue at the next general election. On the other hand, the Unionists may also bid for the support of the women. It would not surprise many to find both parties advocating a woman suffrage measure, granting the ballot to single women or to those who possess the requisite property qualifications in their own right.

Interest in the movement is not confined to England, however. Other countries are showing a keen interest in the seven days' meeting of the International Woman's Suffrage Alliance, which will meet at Amstérdam on June 15 next, with its American president, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, of New York, presiding. Twenty-two countries send delegates to this convention, to break up what has been called "the masculine monopoly of the ballot box."

To those who have not closely followed the progress of the Woman's Suffrage movement, its present proportions may well seem astounding. There are five full-suffrage countries, if one can include the United States (because of its four enfranchised States of Wyoming, Utah, Colorado, and Idaho), the other countries being New Zealand, Australia, Finland, and Norway. Furthermore, we are told that "every square foot of England is alive on the subject," and that in Sweden forty-two societies were organized in a single year. In fact, every suffrage, except parliamentary, now flourishes not only in England and Sweden, but also in Scotland, Ireland and Wales; while the municipal vote obtains in Canada and Iceland, as well as the school suffrage.

In the municipal list the one State of Kansas is likewise enrolled, while lesser degrees of suffrage—for example, the tax-paying or school suffrage—are found in twenty-four other States in this country. In France women to-day vote for members of commercial tribunals and minor offices. The outlook from the standpoint of the suffragist must be highly gratifying, even to the most aspiring.

There is an unmistakable note of justice in the banner recently carried through the streets of Paris by the French suffragists: "Women must have votes for the taxes they pay and the laws they obey." But, laying aside all question as to her ity or suitability to serve in public office, the another feature of the suffrage movement strikes home to every man in whose blood instinctive devotion to the time-honored idea womanhood, and to every woman who prizes homage to her womanliness as a sacred birthr Experience teaches us that every important in one direction of civilization means a corresp ing loss somewhere else along the line of adv The question is: Is the gain worth the price p The not improbable sacrifice of many dearly-l feminine attributes that are often the gre charm of the sex on the altar of "equality men" touches us far more nearly. On every we hear the wife and family of the public man plaining that his every moment is so taken up it is hard to find time for home. In the case of "public woman," will it prove different?

The statement of ex-Minister Luzzati, of R that "the whole civilized world is now agita this question, which must be settled in favor of women sooner or later," sounds like a predict But to every true woman, the suffrage questio —or at least that side of it which pertains to ser in public office—must resolve itself into a pu personal one; however keen her interest, or gr her ability or desire to enter this field that hitherto been regarded as man's exclusive re will the end, in *her* case, justify the means? the gain be worth the price paid? Will Home, first kingdom, suffer in the eager effort to se her country?

One of the Pioneers

Birthdays are pleasant affairs in human ex rience, especially when they mark off twelve mon of service for God and one's fellow men. The N York *Observer*, one of the pioneers in religi journalism in America, has just celebrated the pa ing of its eighty-fifth milestone with a large a attractive anniversary number which does cre both to its editors and publishers. The *Observer* always stood firmly for the high ideals that inspi its founders, and has been a power for good, ad cating civic as well as spiritual righteousness.

We extend our congratulations to the *Obser* and wish it many more successful years of Chr tian service.

Among the Workers

—CHINA HAS NOW 166 missionary hospitals and 241 dispensarie

—A FAMINE IN USOGA, a province of Uganda, Africa, has cau 40,000 deaths recently. The government is now feeding 50, natives.

—REV. N. L. ROCKEY, M. E. MISSION, Gonda, India, writes: "Th are hundreds of deaths occurring from lack of vitality throu starvation that are reported as pneumonia, dysentery, etc."

—THE PRESBYTERIAN GENERAL ASSEMBLY has outlined plans fo world-wide evangelistic campaign, to begin soon under the lead ship of Rev. Wilbur J. Chapman. The expenses will be bor chiefly by laymen.

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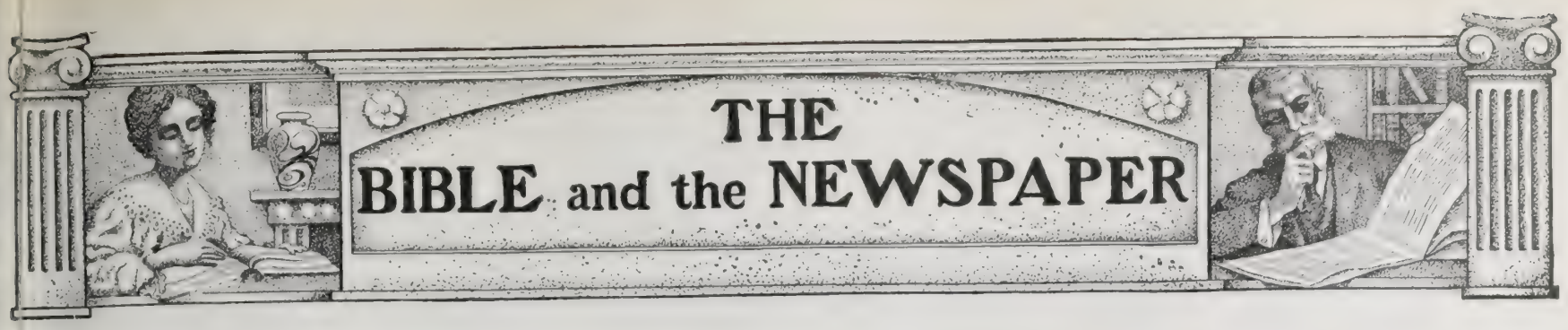


The Franco-British Exhibition

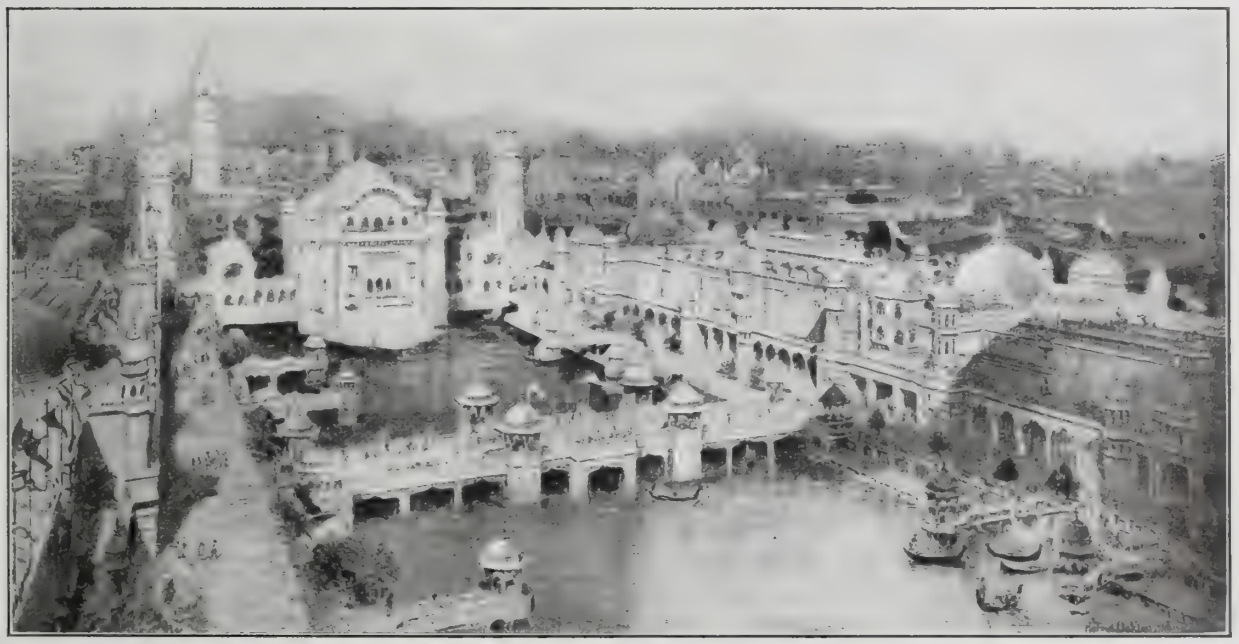
THE inauguration of the Franco-British Exhibition, which was opened by the Prince of Wales in May, was of the most impressive character. It included the singing of the National Anthem by Madame Albani and a chorus of a thousand voices, accompanied by three military bands; an Ode of Welcome written by the Duke of Argyll, with music by Sir Charles Villiers Stanford; a gathering of two thousand athletes in the Stadium, and in the evening a display of fireworks. It is the largest exposition that has ever been held in the British Isles. Situated at Shepherd's Bush, a western suburb of London, it covers 140 acres of ground and includes 125 principal buildings. One of the most interesting features is the great Stadium, in which the Olympic games will be held. It holds ten miles of seats and is capable of seating 150,000 spectators. Among other features of the Irish Village is the cottage in which President McKinley's grandfather was born. The windows and doors and furniture seen in it have come from the original dwelling in Ireland.

The buildings have been sixteen months in process of construction. The cost of the edifices and laying out of the grounds was more than $10,000,000. Sir John Eckburn, Vice-Chairman of the Organizing Committee, in his paper read before the Society of Arts, gives this description of the great exposition:

There are palaces of applied art, of women's work, of decorative work, of music, and of fine art; in the latter the French and British exhibits will occupy opposite sides of the building. There is an education hall and a hall of electricity. The machinery halls contain about 300,000 square feet of space and form three sides of a huge quadrangle, within which, together with other municipal edifices, will be situated the pavilion of the Ville de Paris, on which the municipality of Paris is expending a sum of $60,000. In a galaxy of enchanting scenes the Court of Honor will glitter like the queen jewel in a cluster of gems. Here is a spacious lake spanned by a bridge strong enough to bear the tramp of an army, yet with tracery airy and gossamer as a strand of coral. At the head of the lake a cascade leaps in musical cadence down a terraced fall. On the bridge, and at intervals jutting into the water from the sides of the lake, are stationed dainty pavilions in which visitors can sit and enjoy to the full the surrounding delights. The scene will be surpassingly brilliant by day, but at night, when 1,000 dazzling lights make dim the stars and are multiplied a myriad-fold in the broken reflection of the waters, whose surface is stirred by a procession of gaily-decorated craft, when by an ingenious arrangement of electric beams the hues of the rainbow are refracted through the cataract in a scheme of bright and ever-changing colors, the sight will be one to bewitch the beholder.

There have been many times in the history of these two nations when such an enterprise as this alone would have been an impossibility. The only exhibition they gave to the world was that of marching armies and clashing steel; such times as put Napoleon at the head of one army, and Wellington at the head of another. It is a glorious era when two of the five great powers can set such a splendid example as the one in the great enterprise just completed. It seems like a great waste to build a white city, with its hundred palaces and its artistic beauty, and then tear it all down again, but there is no waste where the people have been instructed in science, literature, art, and where two great nations can meet and join in recreations on such a great playground, and when they can have their hearts drawn together by such fraternity. This exhibition is not only the result of a great movement in the world toward international peace, but will itself be an important factor in bringing about that result, thus making it possible for each of these two governments to appropriate for itself the divine promise:

I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and make thy name great. (Gen. 12 : 2.)



General View of the Franco-British Exposition Buildings

An American Judge in China

Attention is directed by the *Outlook* to a successful experiment in judicial procedure in China. It appears that under our treaty with the Chinese government, Americans in that country might claim the right to have any dispute in which they become involved adjudicated by the American consul. The plan did not work saisfactorily, because the consuls had too much to do with their legitimate duties to give proper attention to difficult and complicated disputes. Some eighteen months ago a change was made, relieving the consuls of the duty and constituting one American court under a duly qualified judge. The court has now been in operation a year and has held sittings in Shanghai, Tientsin and two other Chinese cities. To the astonishment of the Chinese the American judge has been most active in meting out penalties to his own countrymen. One American who had defrauded a Chinaman was ordered to make restitution and was then put on trial for obtaining money by false pretenses. Gambling house keepers, swindlers, and immoral offenders have been fined a thousand dollars each and sixty of their adherents have left China. The Chinese citizens look on in wonder and wish that a similar system prevailed in their own courts.

The example of this honest judge will go far toward bringing our civilization and Christianity into favor with the Chinese. Therefore it will behoove American judges ever to bear in mind the sacred injunction:

Consider what ye do: for ye judge not for man, but for the Lord; and he is with you in the judgment. (II. Chron. 19 : 6, R. V.)

Seven Hundred Messenger Boys

Next July a message is to be taken from the Mayor of New York to the Mayor of Chicago on foot. Seven hundred boys, furnished by the Young Men's Christian Associations on the line, are to be placed in relays of a mile apart, the chain from one to another beginning at the City Hall in New York and continuing by the directest route to Chicago. There is to be no competition in the running and no prizes awarded. This novel experiment is a return to the method of early history, when the mail carriers of the world were men on foot. Now the ships carry the mail-bags over the ocean at the rate of a mile in three minutes, and the cars over the railroads at a mile a minute, and men are impatient with this tardy method of communication and use the cable and telephone, and the communication is as swift as the flash of a thought. One of the most important departments of the training of the Young Men's Christian Association is the gymnasium, where strength of body, swiftness of motion and endurance of energy are promoted.

It is a religious duty to take care of the body, because, other things being equal, a man or a woman will advance in life or accomplish its great purpose best who has the largest measure of physical force back of the mental plans and moral principles. Let us then remember that in the words of sacred Scripture,

The glory of young men is their strength. (Prov. 20 : 29.)

President Roosevelt to Methodists

The delegates to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church went from Baltimore to Washington to a great meeting at the American University, where the President spoke and in the name of the nation welcomed them. Among other things, he said:

The whole country is under a debt of gratitude to the Methodist circuit riders, the Methodist pioneer preachers, whose movement westward kept pace with the movement of the frontier, who shared all the hardships in the life of the frontiersman while at the same time ministering to that frontiersman's spiritual needs and seeing that his pressing material cares and the hard and grinding poverty of his life did not wholly extinguish the divine fire within his soul. Such was your work in the past; and your work in the present is as great: for the need and opportunity for service widen as the field of national interest widens. It is your task to do the work of the Lord on the farm and in the mine, in the counting room and the factory, in the car shops and beside the blasting furnaces, just as it was the task of your spiritual forebears to wrestle for the souls of the men and women who dwelt on the stump-dotted clearings in the wilderness.

Prosperity such as ours, necessary though it be as the material basis of national greatness, inevitably tends to undue exaltation of the merely material side of the national character; and we must largely rely on the efforts of such men and women as those I am addressing to build up the spiritual life without which the material life amounts to nothing. As generation succeeds generation the problems change in their external shape; old needs vanish and new needs arrive; but it remains as true as ever that in the last analysis national greatness, national happiness, national success, depend upon the character of the individual man and individual woman. We admire a good man, but we admire a good woman more. We believe in her more. All honor is due the man who does his full duty in peace; who as a soldier does his full duty in war; but even more honor is due the mother, for the birth pangs make all men the debtors of all women. No human being has a greater title to respect than the mother who does her full duty, who bears and rears plenty of healthy children, so that there shall be national growth and not national decadence, so that in quality and quantity our people shall increase. Courage, unselfishness, common sense, devotion to high ideals, a proper care for the things of the spirit, and yet also for the things of the body; these are the qualities that make up the right type of family life.

No truth is greater and none more necessary to enforce at this present time than that of the necessity of moral integrity and religious principle to the prosperity of the nation. Nothing can be more true than the fact that American womanhood is largely responsible for the prosperity and happiness of our commonwealth. The mothers of Britain and Germany and America, like those of all great nations, are the measure of a people's greatness and goodness,

Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain: but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised. (Prov. 31 : 30, R.V.)

THE MANIFOLD CHRIST

*By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts**

THE Shepherding Christ. "The Lord is my Shepherd," was the Golden Text, and the teacher in a class of little children was trying to teach it impressively. She said: "Each little child here must know that Jesus is his or her very own Shepherd. Can you not say the Golden Text in a way

The Shepherding Christ

The Understanding Christ

Christ the Teacher

to show that is what it means? She expected each child to say, "The Lord is *my* Shepherd," but was greatly surprised and delighted to hear one child after another say, "The Lord is my Shepherd for me." He sympathizes with Mary and Martha in the death of their brother, even to the shedding of tears. "Your sympathy has the Christ-like touch," wrote a lady to a friend who had written her a letter of condolence about the death of her husband, a man who had been particularly useful in Christian work. Could anything be more tender or more exquisitely beautiful than this response? Even a child may be such a comforter. A mother who was in the habit of asking her children before they retired for the night what they had done to make others happy, found her young twin daughters silent. She spoke tenderly of habits and dispositions founded on the Golden Rule, Do unto others as you would have them do unto you. Still these bright little faces were bowed in silence. The question was repeated. "I can not remember anything good all this day, dear mother," said one of the little girls, "only a little girl who sits with me on the bench at school lost a little brother, and I saw that while she studied her lesson she hid her face in the book and wept. I felt sorry and laid my face on the same book and wept with her. Then she looked up, and was comforted and put her arms around my neck; but I do not know why she said I had done her good."

Dr. Guthrie has said: "Thank God in life's dark hour for the assurance that "in all his people's affliction, he is himself afflicted" (Isa. 63: 9). We may get a hint of how the heart of Christ is touched by our griefs if we will some day go into a room where there are two pianos. Let some one touch a note on one while you hold your ear close to the strings of the other, and you will hear a vibration of the note struck upon the other piano. So the heart of Christ vibrates to our hearts either in joy or in pain.

The Understanding Christ

He understood the loving deed of Mary when she anointed his feet with precious ointment, and he understood Judas when he spoke harsh words concerning the "waste" of what Mary had given. And why did Jesus so well understand the hearts of men and women alike? He was one with them in toil and burden bearing. It has been said that he was not only an obedient son to his mother, but also a willing helper to his foster father in the carpenter shop, and that "he who came to bring peace into the world, and to hallow the beginning and the end of human life, had to work in fashioning both the rockers of the cradle and planks of the coffin, and the peaceful instruments of husbandry and family life." It has also been said that "His soul was the workshop of the world."

That is not a bad title which the *Christian World*, of London, gives to one of its departments of news: "Our Chronicle of Good Works. By One Who Looks Out for Them." Those who look out for good works find them. There is good enough going on in the world to make the believer's heart glad and grateful.

The Teaching Christ

He taught the disciples by washing their feet that the way to go up in honor is first to go down in humility. "Whosoever would be first among you shall be your servant." On another occasion Jesus taught a similar lesson. He had been invited by one of the chief Pharisees to take supper with him. There were several guests beside himself, all Pharisees. Jesus noted how they chose out the most honorable places at the table. He taught them a lesson that day about high position not being the pedestal of greatness, by a parable about a great supper to which the poor, the maimed, the lame and the blind were invited.

The Inspiring Christ

How sad must have been the apostles when Jesus was making his farewell address to them in the upper room before going out to Gethsemane! But the darkness of desolation which they felt in their hearts Jesus caused to be illuminated by the promise that he would send a Comforter to them, even the Holy Spirit, Jesus told them just how they should be instructed and guided and helped by the Spirit, and so inspired them with hope and courage. The Holy Spirit is the greatest of all helps to memorizing Scripture, because it brings the soul into sympathy with the subject—and sympathy is the very root of memory. Attention is commonly said to be its root, but back of real attention there must be sympathy and interest, and these the Holy Spirit gives. We get a hint of what the Holy Spirit can do to reward good men through quickened memories as we read the pleasing reviews of life that Samuel and Job and Paul uttered in the presence of peril and death.

The Praying Christ

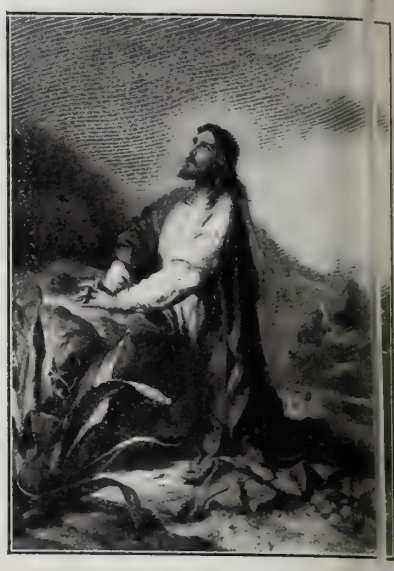
Jesus took his apostles into the Garden of Gethsemane, and told them to watch and pray. But instead they fell asleep. Did he upbraid them? No; he lovingly tried to excuse them by saying, "The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak." Three times he went away by himself, farther in under the dense shade of the old olive trees, and prayed, bearing the agony of our sins, until he sweat drops of blood. It was then an angel was sent to comfort him. And he was prepared to meet the murderous band that came under the leadership of Judas to find him and deliver him to those who sought his life. In the shadows of Gethsemane we get the full force of the Saviour's words on another occasion: "Men ought always to pray and not to faint," teaching us that it is our duty to pray.

Shall we say we have no gift in praying? Perhaps this might be so if we should attempt long prayers. Sentence prayers are not a new thing. Many such are found in the Bible. These are a few examples: "Lord, save us, we perish!" was the cry of the disciples when the waves were breaking over their small ship. "Lord, save me!" cried sinking Peter. "Lord, that our eyes may be opened," was the plea of the two blind men.

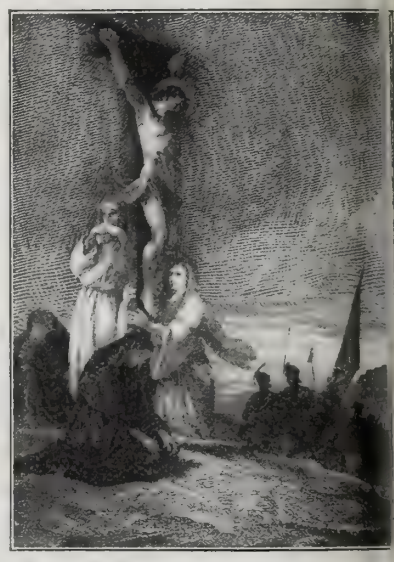
The Dying Christ

There was a great light round about when Jesus was born, though it was night; when he was dying there was great darkness, though it was noon. Psalm 22 has been appropriately named by Dr. J. A. Alexander, "The Cross and Its Victories," for almost every word spoken by Christ on the cross was a quotation from that Psalm. Dr. Alexander analyzed the Psalm as follows: "He was forsaken of God (vs. 1-5). He was called to face the contempt of men (vs. 6-8). He endured the hatred of the Jews, here likened to the bulls of Bashan (v. 12). He was assailed by the devil as a ravening and a roaring lion (v. 13). He was prostrated by bodily weakness (vs. 14, 15). The Gentiles, like dogs, compassed him, and pierced his hands and feet (v. 16). The soldiers parted his garments among them (vs. 17, 18). It was not possible that he should be holden under the power of death (vs. 19-21). Then comes the exaltation (v. 22). He thus becomes the object of Israel's hope (vs. 23, 24). But the crucified, risen and exalted Redeemer enlarges the source of his rejoicing, and tells of grace to the neglected Gentiles (vs. 25, 26). As the reward of that atoning sacrifice the Psalm looks on to millennial (vs. 27, 28). "A seed shall serve (v. 30). Then the closing wor substance mean the same as ' finished" (vs. 30, 31).

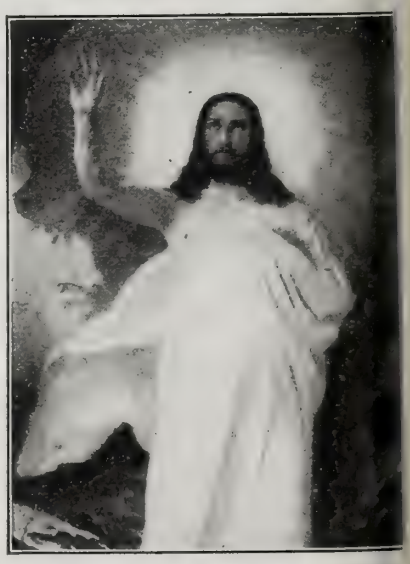
His triumph was in destroyin last enemy, death. And becau lives we shall live also. This is Dr. T. L. Cuyler calls "human



The Praying Christ



The Dying Christ



The Triumphant Christ

from the resurrection victory." H also says: "Human science neve planned it nor dreamed of it. Natu never constructed any law to accon plish it. The resurrection, be it sai is Christ's own idea. It is Christ stupendous achievement."

* **Quarterly Review for June 21, 1908.** GOLDEN TEXT. "But these things are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God: and that believing ye might have life," John 20: 31.

Questions and Answers

Mrs. K., Natchez, Miss. Where is the "secretary bird" found?

Africa. It is a bird of prey and belongs to the vulture family. It gets its name from the tuft of feathers at the back of its head that are supposed to resemble the pens that a clerk sticks behind his ear. It is protected in South Africa, as it is a destroyer of snakes and insects.

J. I., Dayton, O. What rule governs the use of "a" or "an" before a vowel or the aspirated h, as in "history" and "historical," etc?

There are differences of opinion on the subject. The English use "an" to a much larger extent in such cases than we do here. An American authority says: "'An' is properly used before the aspirated 'h' only when the accent is on the following syllable, as 'a historian' but 'an historical'." We consider, however, that euphony should govern to a large extent in such cases. It does not sound well to American ears to say "an historical," "an habitual tramp," "an European" or "an unique idea." In such cases, the use of "an" is clearly not so euphonious as "a." As there is no fixed rule, the best writers govern themselves according to the euphony of the phrases or sentences, the articles or adjectives being interchangeable.

F. L., Danbury, Conn. What is the significance of the Hindu word "Om?"

It is explained by students of Oriental mysticism that "Om" is the past, the present, the future, and the self (soul). By meditation on "Om" the soul becomes identified with Brahma. The word or letter, they add, has four parts, viz.: A, U, M, and the three together. The first (A) represents the waking state of the soul; the second (U) the state of dreams; the third (M) deep sleep, and the fourth (all three together) represents Brahma absolute and infinite.

E., Newfoundland. What do you think of a religious organization going into a place of 600 people and two churches, and drawing people away from these churches to establish their own?

As you state it, it can hardly be expected to meet with general approval. Yet, if the people of the place are not church-goers to any great extent, and if the new organization attracts them, and induces them to attend services, it would be a most desirable thing. But to simply draw people away from one denomination to another is wrong.

W. S., Hollis, L. I. Where is the Serpent Mound, supposed to have been built by the Mound Builders?

It is in Adams County, Ohio. It is four feet high, thirty feet wide and one thousand feet long. It is built in the form of a serpent with a small mound in its open jaws. It has a triple coil at the tail, otherwise it is quite straight.

E. R., Kansas City, Mo. The conditions of salvation are unchanged: "Ye must be born again." The convert must be known by his newness of life, his avoiding even the appearance of sin, his forsaking vain amusements, his seeking out godly, helpful companions, his endeavors to bring others into the light, and by that general transformation of his own character and nature which can only be produced by the Holy Spirit. Confessing Christ before men is a preliminary. It is taking a stand and making a declaration of allegiance. Regeneration must follow to make the work of grace complete. Not every one who names the name of Jesus is a follower of his. This is the reason why thoughtful Christians who look beneath the surface of things hesitate to approve sensational evangelistic methods and astounding claims of numerous "conversions." We can estimate the number of those who confess Christ, but God himself, who alone knoweth the heart, must be the judge of the genuineness of the conversion.

Referring to a recent inquiry, S. P. C., Slate Hill, Pa., writes:

The first lodge of Odd Fellows in the United States was held on the 26th day of April, 1819, by Thomas Wilday of England. The lodge was on the corner of Gay and Front Streets, Baltimore, Md.

A. J. W., Oxford, Pa. Wherein lies the cruelty of wearing ornaments on hats and bonnets which are procured from birds? What kind of birds?

It is one of the barbarities of modern fashion. Hundreds of thousands of feathered songsters are deprived of their lives to furnish these ornaments for women's head-gear. Many kinds of birds are the victims, including the egret, humming-bird, thrush, bluebird, song-sparrow, grosbeak, gulls, and a great variety of others. When the cruelty of such a fashion is rightly understood, women will use simpler millinery.

The New Hindu Temple in San Francisco

IT will come somewhat as a surprise to the people of this Christian country to learn that a Hindu temple has just been dedicated in San Francisco by the members of the local Vedanta Society.

The interior of this building, the cornerstone of which was laid in 1905, is similar to that of an ordinary house of worship, and it is only by its exterior, with its domes, towers and minarets, that the stranger is given notice that the architecture of another people and clime has been transplanted into the midst of Western progress and civilization along with the teachings of the Vedas themselves. The dedicatory services were simple, consisting of music, a prayer and sermon. Calla lilies and greens served as decorations. On the platform were two large pictures of noted expounders of the Vedanta faith, dressed in their native Hindu costume. J. DEROWE.

B. A. Z., Memphis, Tenn. What is the average growth of New York in population?

About 11,000 per month, or 130,000 to 140,000 a year.

Mrs. J. D., Annville, Pa. What are the "soft drinks" we hear so much about? Do they contain alcohol? I recently tasted one kind and it did not taste mild or soft to me.

Soft drinks, so-called, are soda water with various flavors, root beer, sarsaparilla, ginger ale, lemonade, etc., none of which contain alcohol.

P. G. M., Chicago. Is a church member who is in doubt of his own conversion a Christian?

It is possible that one having been brought up in a Christian home and having had the love of Christ instilled in his heart from childhood, might not be able to fix the date of his conversion. On the other hand no one who is really a Christian can be in doubt about it.

Regular Subscriber, Thompson, Conn. 1. Where was Secretary Taft born and who were his parents? 2. Is there any law providing for taking the vote of the United States Army or Navy at the presidential election, and how is it managed?

1. Secretary Taft was born in Cincinnati, O., September 15, 1857. His parents were Alphonso and Louise M. Torrey Taft. Hon. Alphonso Taft was attorney-general of the United States, 1876-7. The family came from Massachusetts. 2. No; soldiers, in a few instances, have acquired citizenship in the States in which they were stationed and thus were entitled to vote, but as most of them retain citizenship in their native towns and are moved frequently from one post to another, they seldom have an opportunity to vote. The laws in the States vary as to who shall have the right of suffrage, and in a number of States soldiers and sailors are not permitted to vote even though they may be natives and residents of the States in question.

J. K., Dallas, Wis., writes:

I have been reading replies from your correspondents on how to raise church funds. The fact that this question is being discussed presupposes that there is trouble in raising them. It seems to me they all fail to diagnose the case on its real conditions. 1. Has the minister done his part in educating his people up to their duty of what they owe to God, that all belong to him, and that to withhold from him what is his due is robbing God? 2. Has he told his people that without consecration we cannot walk by faith, and that to fill his church with members that are not born of the Spirit is no kindness or help to them? Teach a full salvation, then consecration, and your problem will disappear.

J. W. C., Raritan, Ill., writing on the same subject, says:

Church funds should be raised by circulating a subscription paper in the hands of a committee appointed for that purpose, and if a collector is necessary, it is better for the same committee to do the collecting. I would abolish the Sunday collection. The pastor should not be drawn into the consideration of financial matters, further than in those that concern benevolence.

A. R. H., Saltsburg, Pa. How many of the signers of the Declaration of Independence were American born?

There were fifty-six signers of the Declaration, and of these only seven were foreign born. The others were of colonial stock. The great majority were of English descent, and all of the rest, with perhaps one exception, were descended from ancestors who came from the British Isles.

T. T. B., Portage la Prairie, Man. 1. A minister preaching a temperance sermon, while speaking about some one who had been writing in favor of the liquor traffic, said: "To the devil with such people." Is it proper or right to use such language in the pulpit? 2. Is it correct to say that Jesus Christ was a Socialist? 3. Do you think it wise in the present age, in a church where every one is supplied with hymn books, for the minister to occupy the time, both before and after the sermon, in reading out the hymns?

1. Either in or out of church such talk is reprehensible. In the pulpit it is doubly so, as the preacher should show the example of temperance in his language and charity in his judgment. 2. Certainly not in the modern sense in which Socialism is understood. 3. It seems superfluous and a waste of time.

G. E. J., Logan, Ia. How can a member prepare himself to take part in our Christian Endeavor meetings?

By reading the weekly articles on the lesson which appear in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and which discuss the topic with the express view of assisting those who expect to take it up in the meetings.

Miscellaneous

Reader, Bay City, Mich. Write to Isthmian Canal Commission, Washington, D. C.

Reader, N. J. The omission of Louise Muhlbach's name from the list of modern writers is rather surprising.

F. B. C., Camden, N. J. We know nothing whatever concerning the truth of the story you mention.

J. H., Jamestown, Pa. "Lead us not into temptation" is the accepted rendering, "leave us not into temptation" being a variant of the same.

Reader, Wheeling, W. Va. Write to the New York Coin and Stamp Co., 853 Broadway, New York. We are not aware that old periodicals have any value.

Reader, Cavalier, N. D. 1. We are overcrowded with MSS. and we can not encourage more voluntary contributions of that nature at present. 2. Write to the *Scientific American*, New York City, for all information as to patents.

Enquirer. The Mont-Lawn story, *Into Still Waters*, which appeared before the present one, is published in book form under the title of *Cross Currents* by Wilde & Co., Boston, Mass.

Reader, Capital Heights, Md. We refer you to the article on the Passion Play, on the editorial page of last week's issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which states our views on the matter.

J. D. G., Gardiner, Me. See answer to E. S. H. in this issue. Any Dr. Campbell's book on the New Theology contains many passages that are wholly at variance with the accepted teachings of the Christian religion.

J. E. W., Herndon, Pa. We understand that in some places there are local laws prohibiting peddlers from selling without a license, and the same laws may apply to book agents. There is no state law on the matter as far as we know.

Miss M. E. Bradley, author of the brilliant short serial, "The Mark of Cain," which was recently published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, is the Assistant Superintendent of the Department of Medical Temperance of the National W. C. T. U.

M. G. W., Almena, Kan. 1. See answer to E. S. H. 2. Theosophy is based on the ancient Hindu doctrine, the chief feature being reincarnation. 3. The Gospel has not yet been preached in Tibet, nor in some parts of Central Asia and Central Africa.

E. S. H., Albany, Me. 1. The New Theology does not hold the accepted view of the divinity of Christ and is heterodox on other vital points also. 2. The Egyptians could have got cattle from the surrounding nations and probably did. 3. Flesh and blood we are distinctly told can not inherit eternal life. It is only the spiritual body that ascends.

A. C., Prospect, Pa. 1. The greater lengthening of the days in March is only apparent. There is no difference. 2. Our present calendar was established by Pope Gregory XIII. in 1577, and adopted by papal decree in all Catholic countries. Its arrangement is not scientific, and the fixing of the number of days in each month was purely arbitrary.

To Christen Mont-Lawn's New Cottage

WHEN THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Children's Home at Mont-Lawn was first opened, there was but the roomy "Homestead" and one or two small buildings to accommodate the little ones who for the first time were to breathe fresh air and romp upon the greensward of the spacious grounds. As the work grew, however, and more children came trooping to the Bible House to ask wistfully for a chance to spend a few days at the delightful spot whose fame had spread among the tenements, one cottage after another was added in order that these little waifs might not plead in vain. In a few short years quite a number of buildings were clustered along the broad pathway beyond the wide lawn which stretches from the roadway back toward the "Homestead." Then the beautiful chapel was built, to be followed a little later by the pavilion.

This spring, the carpenters and stone masons have again been busy, and the finest and most commodious cottage of all has been built about a hundred feet from the chapel. As all of the buildings at Mont-Lawn bear some appropriate name, a proper designation for the new cottage has been under discussion. From the large number suggested, the list of names which would be appropriate, either on account of the site or as bearing reference to the purpose for which the building was erected, has been at last reduced to sixteen.

The proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has thought that it would be an excellent idea to secure the preference of his readers as to which name on the list would be best suited for the new cottage. All who are interested in the beautiful work at Mont-Lawn for the children of the tenements are cordially invited to indicate their preference among the names given in the list below. Write the preferred name on a postal card together with your own name and address, and send it to the Children's Home Department, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York City.

The list of names suggested is as follows:

Sunbeam	Rainbow	Fidelity	Friendship
Riverside	St. Nicholas	Columbia	The Gem
Liberty	Goodwill	Washington	Woodbine
Mispah	Trinity	Maple	Apple Tree

A description of the new cottage, which will be a home in the best sense of the word for many little visitors during the sultry summer months, can not fail to be of interest to patrons and readers alike. The building is seventy-eight feet long and fifty-two feet deep, and one story high. It has two dormitories, each twenty-nine by thirty-seven feet. Each room has 1,200 square feet of space. In front of the main building are two teachers' rooms. These rooms are nine by fourteen and have openings into the dormitories, so that the teachers can oversee their charges without leaving their apartments. The dormitories are fourteen feet in height from floor to ceiling, thus giving plenty of space for the circulation of air. Each room is lighted by eight large windows and has two outside doors and two large ventilators in the ceiling. At the front are two small porches, one at each end, from which entrance may be gained direct to the dormitories or to the teachers' rooms.

The cottage is treated in a most picturesque manner and resembles somewhat the English cottages of the Middle Ages, the most interesting period in cottage architecture. It is constructed of stone up to the floor level and all of its angles are reinforced with the same material. Stone piers run up to the roof, and the porch piers are also of stone. native field stone of a grayish hue has been throughout for the mason work and the eff most pleasing. The side wall spaces are co with shingles of a gray tone, as are those o roof and gables.

The cottage stands on quite a steep slope, m it necessary to have a considerable number of at the front, arranged in two flights, with wide ings at the bottom. The lower platform and are made of concrete. There is a large gab the front supported by ornamental oak beams, below this gable is a large bay-window which much to the architectura fect, as well as to the space of the teachers' ro On this bay-window is a p in maroon on which in letters will appear the n of the cottage, when the s tion has finally been m Below the bay, on the l landing of the entrance st there will be placed a l box for the flowers, which children so dearly love. box will be supported by o mental stone corbels. Al the coping of the walls steps of the porches are concrete, as are also the trance steps of the porch the east and facing tow "the Homestead."

The New Cottage at the "Christian Herald" Children's Home at Mont-Lawn

The interior finish of cottage is simple yet m harmonious in color. The w are plastered in light b The floors are of hard p and the ceilings of wood, w beaded boarding, finished natural tone. The up sash in all of the windows diamond shaped and of gla cathedral glass, tinted a li amber color. The building fa south as do the other cottag upon a broad walk which continues from the entra driveway westward past the cottages and the cha Beyond this walk is a row of young trees and a br lawn.

. . .

The cottage was planned by M. L. and H. Emery, the architects who designed the chapel, t lodge, the pavilion and several of the cottages; c sequently the buildings form a harmonious wh as regards the general architectual scheme, a make Mont-Lawn one of the show places of t lower Hudson, and undoubtedly the finest Childre Home in America.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF TEMPERANCE

John McKee

Rev. J. H. Durkee

Levi Hoag

Charles Robbins

Capt. Henry M. Randall

REPRESENTATIVES of nearly two score Christian and temperance bodies, including the Methodist, Congregational, and Baptist Churches; the Presbyterian General Assembly, the Society of Friends, the National Young Men's Christian Association, the National Sunday School Association, the National Society of Christian Endeavor, the Anti-Saloon League, the Women's Christian Temperance Union, the Good Templars, and other well-known organizations, will be brought together in the World's Temperance Centennial Congress at Saratoga Springs, June 14-30. The event marks the one hundredth anniversary of the first temperance society in America—"The Union Temperance Society of Moreau and Northumberland." It was formed in the spring of 1808 by a Christian layman, a thoughtful physician, Dr. B. J. Clark, of Moreau, N. Y., and his pastor.

Dr. Clark had seen the evil effects of the drink habit in his boyhood home in Vermont, where his father kept a general store and sold intoxicating liquors, and later in life, as a practising physician, he had been made deeply conscious of the impelling need for organized temperance work. He first tried to arouse an interest among his friends connected with the bar and bench, hoping for an organization to secure better legislative enactments. Not succeeding in this, he, with the aid of his pastor, effected the formation of a society whose definite purpose was "wholly to abstain from ardent spirits."

That little meeting of a score of drinking men and their temperance friends was the beginning of the magnificent organizations now belting the world for temperance. The original society, it is pleasan to record, is still maintained. The site of th original meeting place will be marked by a table to commemorate the centennial.

The plan for the World's Temperance Centennia Congress originated with the Rev. J. W. Durkee of Rochester, N. Y. The idea of the observance wa so cordially received that a committee of promotion was formed of leading Christian and temperance workers of New York State, of which the Rev. J. W. Durkee was made chairman, the other members being John McKee, and Capt. H. M. Randall, of Brooklyn; Charles Robbins, Saratoga Springs; Albert L. Manierre and William T. Wardwell, New York City; Dr. J. A. Hartman, Albion; Rev. C. J. Taft and Levi Hoag, Binghamton.

JANE A. STEWART.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF MARGARET

A New Serial Written for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

By MRS. ELEANOR H. PORTER

Author of "Into Still Waters," etc.

CHAPTER VI—*Continued*

MRS. KENDALL never thought of that speech of her little daughter afterward without a shudder. She even dreamed one of this all-powerful Tom Whalen—he stood over her with clinched fists and flashing eyes, demanding that she "vvy up" to the last cent. Clearly as she understood that this was only a dream, yet the vision haunted her; and it was not without some apprehension that she went with Margaret to the station to meet her guests, on the day appointed.

A letter from Margaret had gone to Patty, and one from Mrs. Kendall to Miss Murdock, the city missionary who had been so good to Margaret. Houghtonsville was on a main line to New York, and but a few hours' ride from the city. Mrs. Kendall had given full instructions as to trains, and had sent the money for the six tickets. She had also asked Miss Murdock to place the children in care of the conductor, saying that she would meet them herself at the Houghtonsville station.

Promptly in return had come Miss Murdock's letter telling of the children's delighted acceptance of the invitation; and almost immediately had followed Patty's elaborately flourished scrawl:

"Much obliged for de invite an wes comin. Tanks.

"Clarabella, Arabella and
"Patty, at yer service."

Mrs. Kendall thought of this letter and of Tom as she stood waiting for the long train from New York to come to a standstill; then she looked down at the sweet-faced, daintily-gowned little maid at her side, and shuddered. It is one thing to carry beef-tea and wheel-chairs to our unfortunate fellow men, and quite another to invite those same fellow men to a seat at our own table and by our own fireside.

Margaret and her mother had not long to wait. Tom Whalen, in spite of the conductor's restraining hand, was on the platform before the wheels had ceased to turn. Behind him tumbled Peter, Mary and Clarabella, while Patty, carefully guiding Arabella's twisted feet, brought up the rear. There was a instant's pause; then Tom spied Margaret, and with a triumphant "come on—here she is!" to those behind, he dashed down the platform.

"My, but ain't you slick!" he cried admiringly, stopping short before Margaret, who had unconsciously shrunk back close to her mother's side. "Hi, there, Patty," he called, hailing the gleeful children behind him, "what would the Alley say if they could see her now?"

There was a moment's pause. Eagerly as the children had followed Tom's lead, they stood abashed now before the tall, beautiful woman and the pretty little girl they had once known as "Mag of the Alley." Almost instantly Margaret saw and understood; and with all the strength of her hospitable little soul she strove to put her guests at their ease. With a glad little cry she gave one after another a bear-like hug; then she stood back with a flourish and prepared for the introductions. Unconsciously her words and manner aped those of her mother in sundry other introductions that had figured in her own

"With wild shouts, gleeful laughter and scampering feet"

experience during the last four weeks; and before Mrs. Kendall knew what was happening, she found herself being ceremoniously presented to Tom, late of the Alley, New York.

"Tom, this is my dear mother that I lost long ago," said Margaret. "Mother, dear, can't you shake hands with Tom?"

Tom advanced. His face was fiery red, and the freckles shone luridly through the glow.

"Proud ter know ye, ma'am," he stammered, clutching frantically at the daintily gloved, outstretched hand.

Margaret sighed with relief. Tom did know how to behave, after all. She had feared he would not.

"And this is Mary Whalen, and Peter," she went on, as Mrs. Kendall clasped in turn two limp hands belonging to a white-faced girl and a frightened boy. "And here's Patty and the twins, Clarabella and Arabella; and now you know 'em all," finished Margaret, beaming joyously upon her mother, who was leaning with tender eyes over the little lame Arabella.

"My dear—how thin your poor little cheeks are," Mrs. Kendall was saying.

"Yes, she is kind o' peaked," volunteered Patty. "Miss Murdock says as how her food don't 'similate. Ye see she ain't over strong, anyhow, on account o' dem," pointing to the little twisted feet and legs. "Mebbe Maggie told ye, ma'am, how Arabella wa'n't finished up right, an' how her legs didn't go straight like ours," added Patty, giving her usual explanation of her sister's misfortune.

"Yes," said Mrs. Kendall, hurriedly. "She told me that the little girl was lame. Now, my dears, we—we'll go home." Mrs. Kendall hesitated and looked about her. "You—you haven't any bags or—or anything?" she asked them.

"Huh!" cried Tom, turning sharply toward the track where had stood a moment before the train that brought them. "And if it ain't gone so soon!"

"Gone—the bag!" chorused five shrill voices.

"Sure!" nodded Tom, as he thrust both hands into his trousers pockets. "Gone she is, bag and baggage!"

"Oh, I'm so sorry," murmured Mrs. Kendall.

"Pooh! 'tain't a mite o' matter," assured Patty, quickly. "Ye see, dar wa'n't nothin' in it, anyhow, only a extry ribb'n fur Arabella's hair." Then, at Mrs. Kendall's blank look of amazement, she explained: "We only took it 'cause Katy Sovensky said folks allers took 'em when they went trav'lin'. So we fished dis out o' de ash barrel an' fixed it up wid strings an' tacks. We didn't have nothin' ter put in it, 'course. All our clo's is on us."

"We didn't need nothin' else, anyhow," piped up Arabella, "for all our things is span clean. We went ter bed 'most all day yisterday so's Patty could wash 'em."

"Yes, yes, of course, certainly," agreed Mrs. Kendall, faintly, as she turned and led the way to the big four-seated carryall waiting for them. "Then we'll go home right away."

To Tom, Peter, Arabella and Clarabella it was all so wonderful that they fairly pinched themselves to make sure they were awake. The drive through the elm-bordered streets with everywhere flowers, vine-covered houses and velvety lawns—it was all quite unbelievable.

"It's more like Mont-Lawn than anythin' I ever see," murmured Arabella. "Seems 'most as though 'twas heaven." And Mrs. Kendall, who heard the words, reproached herself because for four long weeks she had stood jealous guard over this "heaven" and refused to "divvy up" its enjoyment. The next moment she shuddered and unconsciously drew Margaret close to her side. Patty had said:

"Gracious, Mag, ain't you lucky? Wish'd I was a lost an' founded!"

The house with its great stone lions was hailed with an awed "oh-h!" of delight, as were the wide lawns and brilliant flower-beds. Inside the house the children blinked in amazement at the lace-hung windows and gold-framed pictures; and Clarabella, balancing herself on her toes, looked fearfully at the woven pinks and roses at her feet and demanded: "Don't walkin' on 'em hurt 'em?"

"Seems so 'twould," she added, her eyes distrustfully bent on Margaret, who had laughed, and by way of proving the carpet's durability, was dancing up and down upon it.

The matter of choosing beds in the wide, airy chambers was a momentous one. In the boys' room, to be sure, it was a simple matter, for there were only two beds, and Tom settled the question at once by unceremoniously throwing Peter on to one of them, and pommeling him with the pillow until he howled for mercy.

The girls had two rooms opening out of each other, and in each room were two dainty white beds. Here the matter of choosing was only settled amicably at last by a rigid system of "counting out" by "Eeny, meeny, miny, mo," and even this was not accomplished without much shouting and laughter, and not a few angry words.

Margaret was distressed. For a time she was silent, then she threw herself into the discussion with all the ardor of one who would bring peace at any cost; and it was by her suggestion that the "Eeny, meeny, miny, mo" finally

Continued on page 482

The Transformation of Margaret

Continued from page 481

won the day. In her own room that night as she went to bed, she apologized to her mother.

"I'm sorry they was so rude, mother. I had forgot they was quite so noisy," she confessed anxiously. "But I'll tell 'em to-morrow to be more quiet. Maybe they didn't know that little ladies and little gentlemen don't act like that."

CHAPTER VII

FIVE OAKS awoke to a new existence on the first morning after the arrival of its guests from New York—an existence of wild shouts, gleeful laughter, scampering feet and confusion. In the kitchen and the garden old Mr. and Mrs. Barrett no longer held full sway. For some time there had been a cook, a waitress, a laundress, and an experienced gardener as well. In the barn, too, there was now a stalwart fellow who was coachman and chauffeur by turns, according to whether the old family carriage or the new six-cylinder touring car was wanted.

Tom, Peter, Mary, Patty and the twins had not been at Five Oaks twenty-four hours before they were fitted to new clothing throughout. Mrs. Kendall had not slept before she had interviewed the town clothier as to ways and means of immediately providing two boys and four girls with shoes, stockings, hats, coats, trousers, dresses and undergarments.

" 'Course 'tain't 'zactly necessary," Patty had said, upon being presented with her share of the new garments, "but it's awful nice, 'cause now we don't have ter go ter bed when ours is washed—an' they be awful nice!—just bang-up!"

No wonder Five Oaks awoke to a new existence! The wide-spreading lawns knew now what it was to be pressed by a dozen little scampering feet at once; and the great stone lions knew what it was to have two yelling boys mount their carven backs and try to dig sharp little heels into their stone sides. Within the house, the attic, sacred for years to cobwebs and musty memories, knew what it was to yield its treasured bonnets, shawls and quilted skirts to a swarm of noisy children who demanded them for charades.

Tom, Peter, Mary, Patty, Arabella and Clarabella had been at Five Oaks two weeks when one day Bobby McGinnis found Margaret crying all alone in the old summerhouse down in the garden.

"Hello! what's up?" he questioned, adding cheerily: "'Soldiers' daughters don't cry'!" It was a quotation from Margaret's own childhood's creed, and one which in the old days seldom failed to dry her tears. Even now it was not without its effect, for her head came up with a jerk.

"I—I know it," she choked, "and I ain't—I mean, I are not goin' to. There, you see," she broke off miserably, falling back into her old despondent attitude. "'Ain't' should be 'are not' always, and I never can remember."

"Pooh! Is that all?" laughed Bobby. " 'Twould take more'n a 'are not' ter make me cry."

"But that ain't all," wailed Margaret; and she did not notice that at one of her words Bobby chuckled and parted his lips only to close them again with a snap. "There's heaps more of 'em: 'bully' and 'bang-up' and 'gee' and 'drownded' and 'g' on the ends of things, and—almost everything I say, seems so."

"Well, what of it? You'll get over it. You're a-learnin' all the time; ain't ye?"

" 'Are not you,' Bobby," sighed Margaret.

"Well, 'are not you,' then," snapped Bobby.

Margaret shook her head. A look that was almost terror came to her eyes. She leaned forward and clutched the boy's arm.

"Bobby, that's just it," she whispered, looking fearfully over her shoulder to make sure that no one heard. "That's just it—I'm not a-learnin'!"

"Why not?"

"Because of them—Tom, and Patty, and the rest."

Bobby looked dazed, and Margaret plunged headlong into her explanation.

"It's them. They do 'em—all of 'em. Don't you see? They say 'ain't' and 'gee' and 'bully' all the time, and I see now how bad 'tis, and I want to stop. But I can't, Bobby. I just can't. I try to, but it just comes before I know it. I tried to stop them sayin' 'em, first," went on Margaret, feverishly, "just as I tried to make 'em act ladylike with their feet and their knives and forks; but it didn't do a mite o' good. First they laughed at me, then they got mad. You know how 'twas, Bobby. You saw 'em."

Bobby whistled.

"Yes, I know," he said soberly. "But when they go away—"

"That's just it," cut in Margaret, tragically. "I wa'n't goin' to have them go away. I was goin' to keep 'em always; and now I—Bobby, I want them to go!" She paused and let the full enormity of her confession sink into her hearer's comprehension. Then she repeated: "I want them to go!"

"Well, what of it?" retorted Bobby, with airy unconcern.

"What of it!" wept Margaret. "Why, Bobby, don't you see? I was going to divvy up, and I ought to divvy up, too. I've got trees and grass and flowers and beds with sheets on 'em, and enough to eat, and they hain't got anything—not anything. And now I don't want to divvy up, I don't want to divvy up, because I don't want them—here!"

Margaret covered her face with her hands and rocked herself to and fro. Bobby was silent. His hands were in his pocket, and his eyes were on an ant struggling with a burden almost as large as itself.

"Don't you see, Bobby, it's wicked that I am—awful wicked," resumed Margaret, after a minute. "I want to be nice and gentle like mother wants me to be. I don't want to be Mag of the Alley. I—I hate Mag of the Alley! But if Tom and Patty and the rest stays I shall be just like them, Bobby, I know I shall; and—and so I don't want 'em to stay."

Bobby stirred uneasily, changing his position.

"Well, you—you hain't asked 'em to yet, have ye?" he questioned.

"No. Mother 'spressly stip'lated that I shouldn't say anything about their stayin' always till their visit was over and they saw how they liked things."

"Shucks!" rejoined Bobby, his face clearing. "Then what ye cryin' 'bout? You ain't bound by no contract. You don't have ter divvy up."

"But I ought ter divvy up."

"Pooh! 'Course ye hadn't," scoffed Bobby. "Hain't folks got a right ter have their own things?"

Margaret frowned doubtfully.

"I don't know," she began with some hesitation. "If I've got nice things and more of 'em than Patty has, why shouldn't she have some of mine? 'Tain't fair, somehow. Somebody ain't playin' straight. I—I'm goin' to ask mother." And she turned slowly away and began to walk toward the house.

Not once, but many times during the next few days, did Margaret talk with her mother on this subject that so troubled her. The result of these conferences Bobby learned not five days later when Margaret ran down to meet him at the great driveway gate. Back on the veranda Patty and the others were playing "housekeeping," and Margaret spoke low so that they might not hear.

"I am goin' to divvy up," she announced in triumph, "but not here."

"Huh?" frowned Bobby.

To be continued

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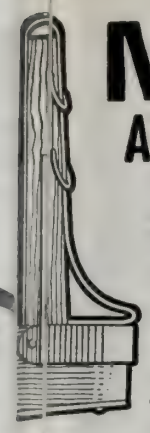

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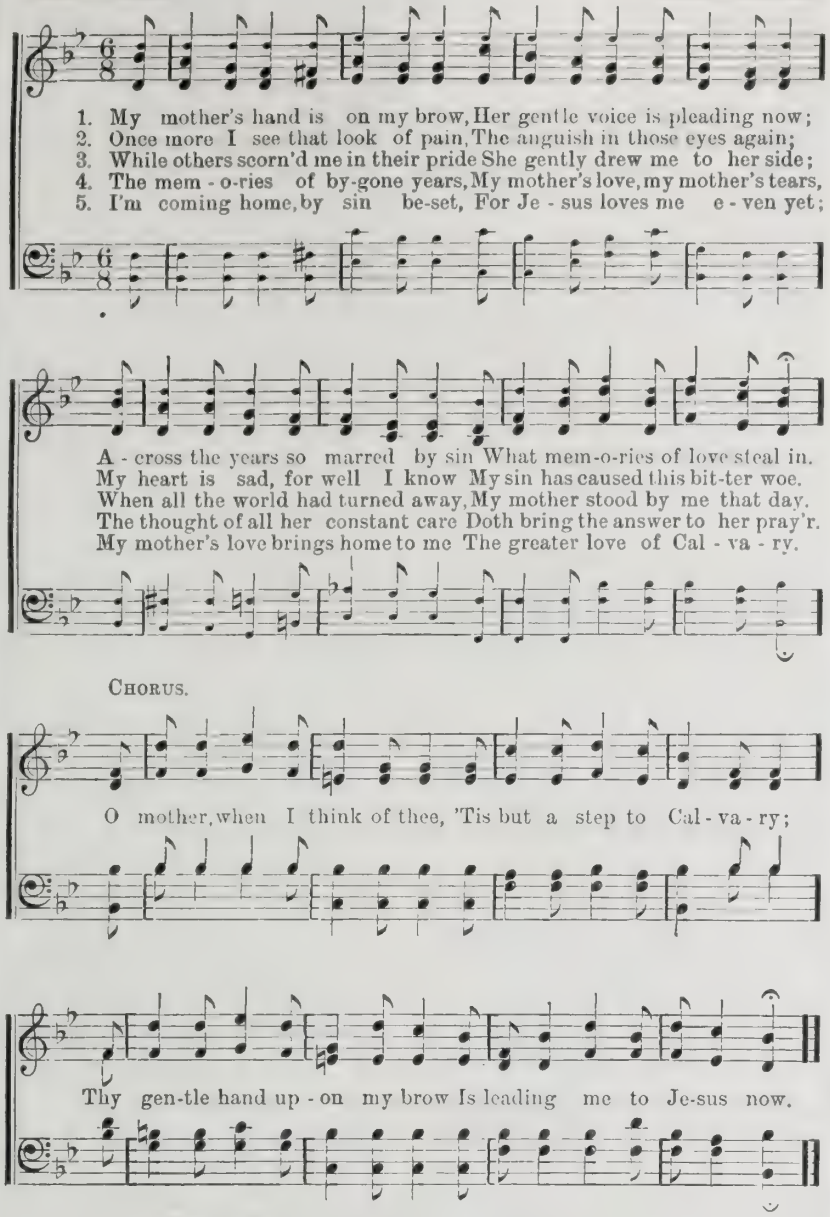

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THIS is one of the most effective and touching of Mr. Alexander's new Gospel Hymns. At the business men's meetings at the Garrick Theatre in Philadelphia, it melted the hearts of the men in a remarkable manner. It was written by Robert Harkness last year in his native town of Bendigo, Australia. During Mr. Alexander's second tour of the world, he conducted meetings in Bendigo. One day Mr. Alexander handed Mr. Harkness the words of the hymn to be set to music. The composer called his mother into the room, and playing over the melody asked what she thought of it. His mother's eyes filled with tears, as she replied that she thought the hymn would be the means of bringing back many a wandering boy. Her prediction has already come true.

Cooking in Primitive Fashion

READERS of this journal have shown more than a passing interest in the splendid Christian work of Rev. Dr. Weiss and his co-laborers among the lepers of Surinam, and many of them have contributed for the support for the Leper Colony there. A friend of the work, Mr. R. Dan Wolterbeek, of New York, who has been in communication with Dr. Weiss, writes to ask whether there are not a few CHRISTIAN HERALD readers who would aid the Colony still further by helping it to a modern stove for kitchen purposes. The Bethesda Lepers' Home in Surinam can not use the regular stoves, he writes, "on account of the peculiar large boiling pots they cook in, and which are of dimensions large enough to cook a small calf at once. For that purpose they need three round holes in the top piece of the stove, of nearly two feet diameter each. Such a stove as they need could be procured at about $73. The freight would be about $10, making a total of about $83. Until now, and I think ever since times immemorial, they have been doing this cooking in the open air on tri-pots; but now they have a place ready for a decent stove, which certainly will be a great comfort to the nurses, whose duties before these open fires in that hot climate have never been very enviable."

This request may appear to be a small thing but the comfort and well-being of the little colony may depend upon it to a great extent. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will gladly forward any contributions that may be received to help the Lepers' Home to a modern cooking apparatus to take the place of the primitive arrangement now in use.

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A LITTLE CHILD*

OUT there she could breathe, and think, and hope, as she fondly watched her baby play with the beautiful shells and frolic in the clean sands. The child wandered on up the shore a short distance, then sat down to play.

Approaching from the opposite direction, Mrs. Hays noticed a man, feeble and bent, walking wearily and slowly, followed at a considerable distance by another. As the man approached the spot where her baby played, she saw him stop a moment, then slowly seat himself by the child's side. There was something strangely familiar in his appearance, yet she could not recognize him. He seemed to enjoy being with the child, and as she knew no harm could come, she left them alone for a time.

"May I play in the sand with you, little one? What a nice shovel you have! I will fill your pail and you may empty it out. It will be lots of fun. May I?" said the man to the baby. . . . "You darling! What a beautiful little girl you are! What do they call you? Helen! Why, that was the name of the dearest girl who ever lived," he said as if half in soliloquy. "Once she loved me. I am sure of that. This memory is the only consolation left, the only thing to cheer my desolate and wasted life. Oh, how I wish now that I had listened to her advice, to her pleading! Fool that I was to exchange the most valuable, the most precious thing in the world, an honest woman's respect and love, for money and power! I wronged her, I wronged myself. I would give every dollar I am worth for just the respect of that woman. I can never win back her love, for she has given that to another—yes, to a better man."

Then turning to the child he said, "To no one but you, little one, would I admit that. But you are so innocent, so sweet, so comforting. I can safely tell you my heart, my very soul, for you can not understand or tell. And it relieves me to say these things to a human being. My master, pride, would not let me say so to any one but a baby. Never, even to myself, have I said these things without cursing my luck and thinking hate for the man now in the place I should have occupied. But in your pure, sweet presence I can neither curse nor mentally hate. You are a real nerve tonic, you little dear. You help me forget myself. Oh, if only I could forget myself entirely, forget my wicked deeds for one year, I would surely regain strength and health. Happiness and I are strangers forever." . . .

Mrs. Hays had walked on over to where the two were sitting. She had witnessed the affecting scene unobserved and had heard his last sentences. . . . "Mrs. Hays," he said, "I did not intend to thus intrude. Attracted by this beautiful child and her innocent play, I sought momentary relief from my loneliness and broken spirits and health in her enchanting society. When she told me her name was Helen, it awoke recollections and stirred the only memories I would not banish. . . I never thought I would come to the point of accepting charity from any human being, Mrs. Hays, least of all from you. But I grasp it now eagerly. I am trying hard to forget myself—but I can not. The only time I have succeeded was when playing in the sand with your precious baby. I know it is selfish to put it on that ground, but I have been steeped in the very essence of selfishness so long that it has become a part of my nature, the principal part, and I fear I never can overcome it.

"Out of my weakness, in the midst of memories rekindled while playing with her (the child), I am ashamed to say that tears came to my eyes for the first time in twenty years. And would you believe it—that little darling actually shed tears from those wonderful big eyes of hers, out of sympathy for me. I tell you it was overpowering! It was the first genuine sympathy bestowed upon me since—since—well, since very long ago. I did not know I had any heart left until she thus touched it; I wonder if her tears can revive it from its atrophy. I doubt it. But she is good medicine, anyway. What a fool I must seem, telling you these things like a big sniveling boy! But somehow I can not help it. I do not know what has come over me today. That little girl seems to have modified the intensity of my mental passions which for all these years have been burning out my mind, wrecking my body, and blasting my soul. Never do I expect to be a better man. I can not undo the past. It is too late, too late!"

"Perhaps you could make some amends, some restitution," suggested Mrs. Hays, without thought of the way it sounded or what it meant, but ever seeking to give gentle service.

"Restitution! How could I do that? I have robbed everybody, the entire American people. I do not know how much I have taken from each. The Wall Street machine largely hid their identity from me, as well as mine from them. I am the richest man in the world—yet the poorest. The humblest citizen has in abundance that which is more valuable than riches, that which I have not, that which all my wealth can not buy—contentment and happiness. . . . But I would give every dollar for penniless happiness and the strength I have lost. That desired luxury is a will-o'-the-wisp moving on as I move, ever eluding my grasp. I shall obtain it never—never—never!"

"If you have taken from the whole people, why not restore to the whole people that which you have taken? Would not that be right? You could do no more. Should you do less?"

"Ah, that is it! That is it! That is the idea I have been blindly groping for. To be sure it would be right! To be sure it is all I can do! To be sure I should do it—I will do it!"

* From *The Magnet*, by Alfred O. Crozier. Illustrated by Wallace Morgan. A timely romance of the battles of modern business giants and the fatuity of living merely to accumulate material riches. Cloth cover. Pp. 497. Price $1.50. Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York, publishers.

Chinese Preachers and Their First Flocks*

IT would be difficult to find a people who delight in the preaching of the Gospel more than do the Chinese at the present time. There is a real danger that the preaching of the Word may be considered most important instead of holding fast to the truth that Christianity is the expression of the Spirit of Christ through the believers. It is life more than formal doctrine.

The Chinese have expressed their moral truths in concrete phrases and proverbs for many hundreds of years and it is a natural thing for the Christian to make much use of a similar method of expression for Christian truth. The native evangelists glory in the message they have for their fellow men and their enthusiasm is nothing less than contagious. Th[e] construction of the Chinese language in its conciseness and in its tonal [ar]ance, makes it a strong ally in sti[r]men to give attention to the clai[ms] the new religion.

The writer has frequently, accompanied by two or more Ch[i]evangelists, entered eight or ten d[i]ent towns and villages in one d[ay] preach the Gospel to the people rarely has such a day been spent out some distinct advance to the c[au]

The lives of the preachers in C[hi]are happy because they have a [g]work to do and most of them ar[e] ing it. Some time ago a preacher to the headquarters at Kityang having spent the whole night ferry boat. He complained that fellow passengers were more ur than any he had ever met. Fu[ll] conversation on the subject reve[al]ed the fact that they had threatene[d] throw him overboard because he persisted in preaching to the p[as]t during the entire night! He coul[d] sleep on a moving boat and so tho[ug]ht to make the best use of his time opportunity. He quoted the pas[sa]ge of our duty to preach "in season out of season." His case is but [an] illustration of the tremendous eff[or]ts the thousands of evangelists are [ma]king forth this day in the land of Ch[in]a.

. . .

But now let us look in upon a typ[ical] congregation of new adherents. [An] old house in the town has been r[e]novated and a number of benches pl[ac]ed in the room. The people are stan[di]ng about in groups smoking their p[ip]es and talking as usual in loud voi[ce]s. Their language is still filthy and t[he]ir expressions show that the Chris[ti]an moderation and love have not taken possession of them. Their ha[bi]ts are still the same as those of pagans. Word is given by the evan[ge]list in charge that the time for m[ee]ting has arrived. At the signal ev[er]y one cries out, "Li-pai!" Worsh[ip]! Those who have not yet done so u[nb]raid their braids, done up in a top-k[no]t and let them fall down the back. E[ac]h takes a seat, every man talking in l[ou]d tones to his neighbor. The evange[li]st finds it necessary to tell the audie[nce] to be quiet, and in order to give th[em] something to do calls out the numbe[r] a hymn. Some ten or more may rep[ea]t the number in a loud voice without least thought of any disturbance.

After a number of hymns have b[ee]n sung the evangelist announces the l[es]son of Scripture and begins to re[ad] when a man decides that he wants turn to the page of Scripture too, b[ut] having missed the chapter and bo[ok] calls out in a loud voice to ask wh[ere] the lesson is found. Several, includi[ng] the evangelist, inform him. At t[hi]s point, just as the evangelist is about resume reading, he spies one of t[he] late-comers sitting on the rear ben[ch] smoking his pipe. He calls upon h[im] to put away his pipe, and at once qu[ite] a number from the audience turn, c[ry]ing, "No smoking," each one of th[em] being convinced that he did his sha[re] towards keeping things in order. Th[ey] listen with reasonable quietness, [ex]cepting a disturbance or two by la[te] comers who perhaps have deposited a corner a basket containing potat[oes] or live chickens or eve[n] a pig tied securely. There is very little reveren[ce] shown in their demeanor, and the m[is]sionary finds himself growing indi[g]nant within him as he observes t[he] lack of this, which seems to him a[bs]olutely necessary for the proper d[e]velopment of a true spiritual life.

*From *The Conquest of the Cross in China*, by Jacob Speicher, American Baptist Missions, Kityang, South China. A very interesting description of present day missionary work; with many illustrations from photographs. Price $1.50. Pp. 366; cloth covers. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, publishers.

An Acrostic

Christian in name and in spirit well blended[,]
Happy the homes by its visits befriended;
Round the hearth gathering, lost in its page[s]
Innocent children, gay youths and wise sage[s]
Something for each, the unlearned or refined[,]
Thoughts for the simple or culture-trained mi[nd]
In every column the bright gems are gleamin[g]
All with the beauty of reverence beaming,
Never the poison of "critical" dreaming.

Herald of tidings from over the sea,
Every week bringing to you and to me
Rich illustrations from peoples afar,
All are God's children and brethren they are
Long live our HERALD, till millennial day
Dawns on us, driving all darkness away.

Lamoine, N. D. LELIA GOLDSMITH

A Beautiful Memorial

All people are familiar with the story of Sir George Williams, the Englishman who founded the Young Men's Christian Association; whose work spread to every land, and who,

Sir George Williams Memorial

in recognition of his services to humanity, was knighted by his sovereign. England has several memorials, and now the United States, in which the Y. M. C. A. movement has reached its greatest magnitude, is to have a commemorative piece of sculpture worthy of the man whose bust it will bear. It is the work of Mr. George Frampton, a member of the Royal Academy of England. Above the bust is the coat of arms of Sir George, and on each side of the name-tablet are two supporting figures. The quotation below is taken from one of his last public utterances.

"Lovest Thou Me?"

By Mrs. M. Baxter

THERE was a constraint about the disciples after the resurrection. They knew He was the Lord, yet not one of them called him by name. But, in his wonted way, he took bread and gave them, and fish likewise, and set them at ease with him. But something remained to be done: Peter had denied Jesus, even with oaths and curses. True, the look of Jesus had recalled him, and he had gone out and wept bitterly; the message of the resurrection and the invitation to meet him in Galilee had been sent personally to Peter (Mark 16: 7); he had been breathed upon by Jesus, and had received the Holy Ghost; he had seen the hands and side of Jesus when he had said, "Peace be unto you." But a definite wrong needs to be definitely set right. Peter had said, "Though all men shall be offended because of thee, yet will I never be offended" (Matt. 26: 33). Peter had valued himself as being the most faithful and most devoted among the disciples; now Jesus said to him:

"Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these?" When Peter had acknowledged him to be the Christ, the Son of the living God, Jesus had surnamed him Peter, but he calls him now by the old name, "Simon, son of Jonas." Peter had counted on himself, now on the grace of God, and so the Lord calls him by the name he had before he knew him. "Lovest thou me?" Jesus uses the word for "love" which expresses the least intensity, "Dost thou care for me more than these?" Peter had learned at last that to compare himself with the other disciples was treacherous to the honor of his Lord. Without answering that part of our Lord's question, he says:

"Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee."

And Jesus committed unto him the charge, "Feed my lambs."

Once before, Jesus had said, "Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired to have you [all of you] that he may sift you as wheat; but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not; and when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren" (Luke 22: 31, 32). Peter was converted from the world to God, but he needed to be converted from self to God, from his self-dependence to nothingness in himself, that he might know the keeping power of Jesus. Now he does not venture so much as to say, "I am sure I love thee," but "thou knowest." He has been disappointed in himself, and can count on Jesus only. Three times had Peter denied Jesus, three times must he pass through the humbling ordeal of Jesus thus questioning him before his brethren.

A second time Jesus asked him, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" This time he did not say, "More than these." Peter replied as he had done before, using the intense word for love, "Thou knowest that I love thee with all my soul." Jesus repeated his charge, and said, "Feed my sheep." But a third time he asked him the same question, now using the intense word himself, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" Peter was grieved because he said unto him the third time, Lovest thou me? and he said unto him, "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee." Jesus saith unto him, "Feed my sheep." Peter was converted from himself, weaned from self-confidence, at last. All through this test he does not assert himself at all. "Thou knowest" is his stronghold, and thus he is deputed to strengthen his brethren. Usefulness is not a reward for superior faithfulness; Peter had no faithfulness to boast of, but he took the place of nothingness, and so could be an instrument ready to the hand of God. God never slurs over sin in his children, never treats it as though it had not been. He forgives freely. His blood cleanseth from all sin; but that he may fully restore our souls and lead us in the paths of righteousness, he must bring us to see the sin in his light, know his mind upon it, and see ourselves as he sees us.

Called Higher

Mrs. Delora C. Baker, of Allen, Mich., passed recently to the better land. She was a Christian in thought, word, and deed. For years she had been a constant reader of The Christian Herald.

Mr. M. C. Johnson, of Hitchcock, Okla., after a long illness, passed away the 18th day of March, 1908. He was seventy-eight years of age, and had long been a subscriber to The Christian Herald.

Entered into rest, Peter Hall, of Ashville, O. He was a faithful member of the Lutheran Church, and gave both time and money to further all Christian work. He had been a constant reader of The Christian Herald for about fifteen years.

Deacon Charles M. Minor, who passed away in his home in Bridgeport, Conn., February 9, 1908, in his ninety-first year, was for many years a lover of The Christian Herald. Since he became so deaf that he could not hear the sermon at church, he always saved the sermon in this paper to read Sunday morning. He was deacon of Park Street Congregational Church for twenty-six years and an earnest worker for missions, both home and foreign. He was a happy Christian, always looking on the bright side of things.

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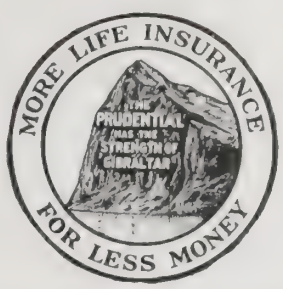

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A veritable edition de luxe amongst railroad pamphlets has just been issued by the Grand Trunk to proclaim amongst tourists the glories of the cities of Montreal and Quebec. The brochure is beautifully printed, and generally arranged in the artistic style of earlier days, when the ornamentation of a volume was regarded as an important incident to its presentation of reading matter. It is also very well written, and gives an interesting description of the two most interesting cities in Canada, with many illustrations from photographs that have not hitherto been published. Sent to any address on receipt of a two-cent stamp. Apply to G. W. Vaux, 917 Merchants Loan and Trust Building, Chicago, Ill.

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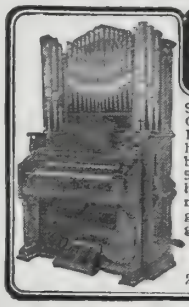

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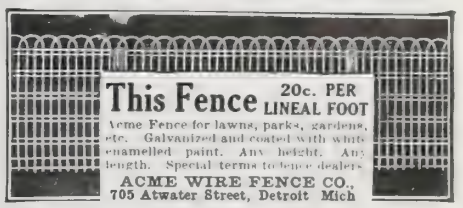

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A COURSE IN ESPERANTO

LESSON No. 12—By Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

LIST OF CORRELATIVE WORDS

(PRONOUNS, ADJECTIVES, ADVERBS, AND CONJUNCTIVE ADVERBS)

Quality	*ia* some kind of any any kind of	*ĉia* each every every kind of	*kia* what a what kind of	*nenia* no (such) no kind of	*tia* such a such kind of
Motive or Reason	*ial* for (some) reason (any) cause	*ĉial* for all reasons for every reason	*kial* why wherefore for what reason	*nenial* for no (reason cause	*tial* therefore
Time	*iam* some any ever time	*ĉiam* always for all time	*kiam* when at what time	*neniam* never	*tiam* then at that time
Place	*ie* somewhere anywhere	*ĉie* everywhere	*kie* where in what place	*nenie* nowhere	*tie* there in that place
Manner	*iel* somehow some way some manner anyhow	*ĉiel* every way all ways every manner	*kiel* how in what manner	*neniel* no manner nohow	*tiel* thus like (that) in that manner so
Possession	*ies* anyone's somebody's anybody's	*ĉies* each one's everyone's	*kies* whose	*nenies* nobody's no one's	*ties* such a one's that one's
Thing	*io* something anything	*ĉio* everything all things	*kio* what (thing)	*nenio* nothing	*tio* that (thing)
Quantity	*iom* somewhat some quantity (a little)	*ĉiom* all of it the whole	*kiom* how much how many what quantity	*neniom* none at all none no quantity	*tiom* so) much as) many
Personality	*iu* some any one	*ĉiu* each one all everyone	*kiu* who which that (rel. pronoun)	*neniu* nobody no one	*tiu* that one the former

OUR students are now brought to consider one of the cardinal points of Esperanto, called the "correlative words," forty-five in number. They are fundamental in character, for on an Esperanto page almost every line has two or more of them. They are divided into nine sections, or shall we say "families"? Read in the first column, from the top downward, the names of the families. Another part of the family name is in the second row of squares; again begin at the top and read downward. The second part of the family name begins with *i*, and has an ending peculiar to itself which is descriptive: *ia*, some quality; *ial*, some reason; *iam*, some time; *ie*, some manner; *iel*, some place; *ies*, somebody's; *io*, some thing; *iom*, some quantity; *iu*, some one. In a few minutes these names can be learned so that they will stand in the mind as pictures. To write them will help to fix them in the memory. Let the leader of the circle write them on the blackboard, and let others write on the blackboard from dictation. Now it must be said that each one of these families has five members, and also, that in a way the nine families are connected, as each has a member whose name begins with *ĉi*, meaning *all;* another with *ki*, meaning *what;* another with *nen*, meaning *none*, and another with *ti*, meaning *that*. Now begin with the *ĉi* members: *ĉia, ĉial, ĉiam*, etc., every kind, every reason, every time or all time, etc. Take the *ki* row: *kia*, what quality; *kial*, what reason; *kiam*, what time, etc. Now begin with the *nen*, and go through the nine families. At last take the *ti* members.

Exercise

Give Esperanto words for the following:

What time. Never. Nobody's. Everywhere. Everything. Always. The whole. Nobody. Something. Somewhere. When. Nowhere. Nothing. Whose. How much. Anything.

Those of our scholars who have primers should look through them for correlative words. They should also write many original sentences, using the correlatives.

How Our Readers Helped China

IN his report to the General Conference on the China famine Bishop J. W. Bashford paid high tribute to the generosity of the readers of this journal in relieving the distress in that country. He said, toward the close of his address:

"The most pitiful was the cry of the children. At Hsucheofu, the members of the Southern Presbyterian Mission sent word to the Relief Committee at Shanghai that they had milk enough to save 1,200 babies for a few days, but only enough to keep 200 until the harvest; so that rather than let them all starve after keeping them a few days, they had selected 200 and turned the rest away to die.

"When the report of this reached America, it was read by a man to his fellows at a club in New York. He said: 'Let's do something to help save the babies at that temple in Hsucheofu.' They helped; others helped, and soon after this a telegram was received in Shanghai from Mr. Klopsch announcing $50,000 more for famine relief, and $5,000 of it for the 'temple babies.' When I reached Hsucheofu they had 1,300 temple babies—saved by American money.

"I am more proud than I can ever tell you of the generosity of the American response to the appeals sent out by the Associated Press. Mr. Louis Klopsch, editor and proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, through his large experience in collecting famine funds for India, probably was the most competent man in America to take charge of the American relief funds. At the earnest invitation of President Roosevelt and others, Mr. Klopsch assumed this responsibility, and brought to the aid of the China sufferers the large resources of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and hired, at his own expense, a force of stenographers, clerks, etc., for handling the work. Moreover, more than once THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in response to urgent appeals for aid from China, advanced money—at one time $50,000—for the relief of the suffering, trusting to the subscriptions of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers to reimburse them. This paper, with its immense circulation, served as a medium for Mr. Klopsch's appeal, and he succeeded in raising something like a half million dollars for the China sufferers. Large amounts were also raised through the appeals of the denominational papers, and money for the relief of hundreds was sent through our own missionary office, and the missionary societies of other churches. Thus American generosity, inspired and directed by Mr. Klopsch and others, *saved literally tens of thousands of lives*, and led man after man in China to say: 'Had it not been for America all of us would have perished.' Thus there was rendered a great international service, contributing to cementing at a critical stage very largely the bonds of friendship between the greatest nation on the western shore of the Pacific and the greatest nation on her eastern shore. Better still—there was rendered a great service to the country, and doubtless multitudes of those who listened to the appeal of Mr. Klopsch and others will hear falling from the Saviour's lips on the Day of Judgment: 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me.'"

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YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES

True and False Success*

THERE are two kinds of success in this world—that which is the result of arnest effort and sound moral principles, and that which comes from a selsh and conscienceless application of ur talents, regardless of morals or of he rights of others. Joseph was prspered because it was apparent to al who came in contact with him that he was a youth whose ingenuous addrss, good behavior and amiable manes were the outward manifestations of a noble and upright soul within.

oseph's career is a model for emplyees through all the ages. He had had to ontend with more than the usual number of obstacles that beset a young mn; but from the home teaching he ha learned many admirable lessons. H had learned to put God and religion fit in all things. Charles Kingsley ha well said: "Let any one set his hert to do what is right in God's sit, and nothing else, and it will not blong ere his brow is stamped with al that goes to make up the heroic expssion, with noble indignation, noble se-restraint, patience, and great hoes." There was in Joseph's face tht visible integrity, truthfulness and prity which quickly won him friends.

Many great careers have had as hmble a beginning as that of Joseph. Grfield drove mules on the towpath an later became President of the Repblic. Lord Campbell, Chancellor of Egland, began life as a printer's boy. Lcoln came from the log cabin to the Wite House. The greatest prizes are whin the reach of the humblest, if ony righteousness rule the life.

Probably, next to the love of God in th heart, the three most desirable qalities for a young man beginning li are respect for superiors and elers, implicit and conscientious obedince and inflexible fidelity in word and deed.

There are many good people who mke poor employees and unconsciously hder their own advancement. They my possess the cardinal virtues—be tthful, honest and God-fearing—and yt lack thoroughness or diligence, or b too slow or too dull to suit the reqrements. Their work may be consentious, but so imperfect that it will nver yield them rich results. It is the atention to detail that tells in the end. "I have neglected nothing," said the geat painter Poussin, in explaining hs wonderful success. "If I am building a mountain," said Confucius, "and stp before the last basketful of earth is placed on the summit, I have failed." S a man may fail because of inattenton to seeming trifles, or because of sme little defect of manner which he right have remedied. A sour face, a cronically suspicious look, a harsh way of speaking, will not please either a employer or the public. There are fw more valuable aids to success in le than a bright, smiling face, a deerful tone and a frank, open, engging, self-reliant manner. "A bright, srene spirit," wrote Schiller, "is the surce of all that is noble and good."

To sum up the whole: Fear God and ust him to guide you in all things; put your whole heart into your work; b cheerful, hopeful, tactful, truthful, watchful of opportunity, and you can ot fail. Such service is sure of ultiate appreciation and honor. It was uch service that took Joseph out of t and made him ruler of Egypt.

Cardinal Wolsey, when facing death y the executioner, lamented in words hat are now historic, his shutting out f God and principle from his later life. his brought his career, with all its lots and subterfuges, to an inglorious lose. "Had I been as diligent in serving my God as I have been to please my king," he said, "he would not have forsaken me now in my gray hairs." Had he put God first in his life, how different might have been the end!

* Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for Sunday, June 21. Gen. 39 : 1 6 ; 41 : 38-44.

God's Protecting Care*

CONFIDENCE in the love, the wisdom and the protecting care of our Heavenly Father is the theme of this lesson.

Scripture and history abound with instances of God's protection to his children in peril. Joseph, saved by God to become a savior of his jealous brothers; Moses, delivered from Pharaoh to become the deliverer of Israel; David, protected from Saul to become Saul's successor; Daniel, unharmed by lions, to vindicate the power of his God; Peter, released from prison in answer to prayer; Stephen, given a vision of Jesus Christ in the moment of his enemies' triumph.

Missionary biography is full of the same convincing material. Dr. Gamewell, who led the defense of Peking, took six thousand native Christians and missionaries through lines of infuriated Boxers out of Peking to a place of safety. When asked how they could have run this fearful gauntlet unharmed, he said that on that day bands of Christians were united in prayer for them in the churches of America.

A student in Peking University, Feng-Ting-Hsin, tells of his experiences during the Boxer uprising. "Some Boxers came to Tientsin from Shantung," he said. "We held a daily prayer meeting every day from one o'clock to three, at which my father presided. One day, when the meeting was in session, some Boxers came upon us with gongs and ropes, clubs, lances, and swords.

"Then they wanted to tie my father up and to burn up all our books. They tried to make my father worship the idol; and if not, they would bind him. My father refused, and when tied up said to us: 'You need not be sorry for me; life and death are in God's hands. If God wishes me to die, I shall die willingly. If he wills not, they can do nothing to harm me. I would rather die than deny my Lord and betray myself.' Soon a man came with several scores of men with rifles. The man said: 'This is my friend; turn him loose; if not, I will strike.' They let my father off and then they hastened away."

Miss Dix, well known for her philanthropies and her visitations among the prisons, being once interrogated concerning the perils of her work, said:

"I had hired a carriage and driver to take me some distance through an uninhabited portion of Michigan. I discovered that the driver had a pair of pistols. I said to him, 'Give me the pistols; I will take care of them.' He did so reluctantly. In pursuing our journey through a dismal-looking forest, a man rushed into the road, caught the horse by the bridle, and demanded my purse. I said to him, with as much self-possession as I could command, 'Are you not ashamed to rob a woman? I have but little money, and that I want to defray my expenses in visiting prisons and poor-houses, and occasionally in giving to objects of charity.' 'Oh,' he exclaimed, 'that voice!' and immediately told me he had been in the Philadelphia penitentiary, and had heard me lecturing some of the prisoners in adjoining cells. He then desired me to pass on, and expressed deep sorrow at the outrage he had committed." It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes, or in pistols. Had the driver kept his pistols, and used them, both Miss Dix and he might have been murdered.

Let us learn, as Luther did, who, looking out of his window one summer evening, saw, on a tree at hand, a little bird making preparations for a night's rest. "Look," said he, "how that little fellow preaches faith to us all. He takes hold of his twig, tucks his head under his wing, and goes to sleep, *leaving God to think for him.*"

* Topic of the Epworth League for Sunday, June 21. Psalm 34 ; Luke 12 : 6-12.

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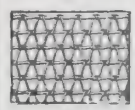

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See page 493

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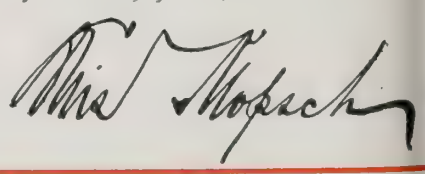

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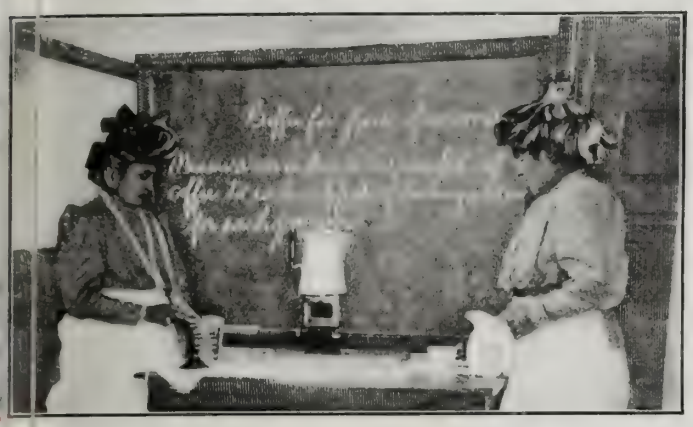

Navajo Girls at Albuquerque

Indian Girls' Gardening Class

THE "GOOD INDIAN" OF THE FUTURE

Government Spending $4,000,000 Yearly for Indian Schools and to Eliminate the Old Savagery

THE first efforts to educate the Indians of any part of the vast territory now comprised in the United States were made by the Spaniards, who conducted schools in connection with the misions in New Mexico and Arizona three full centuries ago. As the hold of Spain upon its American posessions gradually relaxed, less and less attention was given to the education of the native tribes, and they were permitted to lapse into barbarism. During the period of Mexican occupation, the Indians of the region now comprised in the American Southwest were left practically to their own devices. About 1850 the United States government began to give some attention to the matter, making contracts with various mission schools for the education of the red children.

In 1892 Congress passed an act providing that twenty per cent. of the contract schools should be abolished each year until all were done away with. This law was carried into effect during President Cleveland's second administration, under the direction of Commissioner Browning. In thirty years, the cost of maintaining our Indian schools has increased from $20,000 to $4,000,000 annually. There are now 257 schools, in which about 23,000 Indian children are being educated. Of these 19 are day schools, 93 reservation schools, and 25 non-reservation schools. There is a growing sentiment in favor of abolishing the last named and establishing a much larger number of reservation schools to take their place. The most serious objections to the non-reservation schools arise from the fact that boys and girls from widely separated tribes are brought together and given precisely the same training. The nomadic Apaches and the sedentary Pueblos, for example, with many others, are brought together in the schools at Albuquerque and Santa Fe, N. M. Yet there is nothing in common between them. Differing widely in language, customs, traditions, intelligence, capabilities and manner of life, there is no rational excuse for subjecting them to the same educational treatment. Again, it is believed that schools located on the reservations will be centers from which will radiate civilizing influences to all the tribesmen.

The newest of the non-reservation schools is the San Juan Indian School, located at Shiprock, N. M., on the great Navajo Indian reservation. The Navajos are scattered over a territory that extends 250 miles from east to west and 200 miles from north to south, including not only the Navajo reservation proper, but also a large part of the Hopi (or Moki) reservation, and thousands of square miles of the public lands in New Mexico and Arizona. It is a country of parched and arid deserts, barren and inhospitable mountains and deep canyons, with a few magnificent pine forests and wooded mountain streams. The greater part of it is little known and rarely visited by the whites. The Navajos have no towns or villages; they are herdsmen, with great flocks of sheep and goats, and every family lives by itself, often in an isolated spot many miles from a neighbor. Their homes are rude huts, called *hogans*, built of logs or the limbs of trees, banked up with clay and thickly covered on top with the same material, to make them rain-proof.

A Navajo "Hogan" or Native Hut

Owing to their habits and to the nature of the country, it has been found almost impossible to induce the Navajos to send their children to school. Some attend the government schools at Santa Fe, Albuquerque and Phœnix, but the majority have never seen even the exterior of a school.

The San Juan school is in northwestern New Mexico, near the foothills of the Lukachuka Mountains, almost in the shadow of the tremendous natural formation known as the "ship-rock." Three large buildings have been completed, at a cost of $47,000, and the contract has been let for two more. In addition, there are about fifteen smaller buildings, including barn, laundry, carpenter and blacksmith shops, coal house, gas house (with machinery for the generation of acetylene gas), warehouse, and cottages for the accommodation of the superintendent and the agency employees. All are arranged in rows, fronting wide and well kept streets, with lawns and flower gardens. At this writing, there are 115 pupils in the school; but when the additional buildings have been completed this number will be increased to 160. The three large buildings are steam heated, equipped with acetylene lights, modern sewer and water systems and many improvements.

Belonging to the school are 300 acres of fertile land. On this all the fruits and vegetables needed by the students and school employees will be raised, with a large surplus for market. Although classroom work was not begun until May, 1907, nearly every child can now carry on an ordinary conversation in English, and all are fairly started on the way to fit themselves for useful lives.

Contrary to the general opinion, attendance at the Indian schools is not compulsory. Parents generally consent to allow their children to attend school on account of a personal liking for the superintendent, a teacher or some other government employee, or else through a crafty idea that it is a good way to curry favor with the great "White Father" at Washington. Transportation to and from the schools, maintenance while there, clothing, text books and all school supplies are furnished by the government. Few of the students are ever graduated. Most of them enter for a five years' course, and a few for a three years' course, and no attempt is made to carry instruction beyond the eighth grade. The great majority leave school before their course is completed, but all learn to speak, read and write English, and to perform such mathematical calculations as are likely to prove useful. Formerly, great effort was put forth to train a considerable number of the Indian youth for careers as teachers, but the plan was not a success.

Continued on page 493

THE
American Pulpit

A SERMON BY

Rev. David James Burrell, D.D.*

The Question OF Amusements

TEXT—Eccl. 11: 9
"Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth"

THE question of legitimate pleasure is one that engages the thought of all young Christians; and rightly so, inasmuch it plays a most important part in the business of life. The difficulty is to know how far one may indulge in certain amusements of a more or less doubtful character without compromising his usefulness and loyalty to Christ.

A safe answer is given in the text by Solomon, who, by reason of his supernatural gift of wisdom and rare experience, was competent to speak in these premises. His words are regarded by some commentators as satirical, meaning, "Go on, young man, in your wild career; have your fling, but the furies will be after you!" In fact, however, he meant nothing of the sort. His words are to be taken seriously, and we shall find in them a real contribution to the solution of the question before us. He begins by saying, "Rejoice in thy youth and delight thyself in the ways of thy heart and in the sight of thine eyes." We will agree that recreation is a necessary part of life. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." It is as impossible as it would be undesirable to have an old head on young shoulders. Let the dew sparkle and the birds sing in the morning; the sun will be hot enough further on. "Life goes a-Maying," said Milton, "with nature, hope and poesy, we are young."

Youthful Enjoyments

And the enjoyment of youth is multiplied manifold when it is coupled with loyalty to Christ. To associate religion with hypochondria is so serious a misrepresentation as to approach the blameworthiness of a cardinal sin. The man who wrote,

> They wear long faces, just as if their Maker,
> The Lord of Glory, were an undertaker,

was gravely at odds with truth. The saying that Christ never laughed has no better foundation than the fact that no record is made of his having done so. For the same reason it might be affirmed that Plato and Aristotle, Seneca, Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus, Sakyamuni and Confucius never laughed, since their biographers never found any occasion for mentioning it. Let it suffice to say that Christ was a man. He went down to the marriage supper at Cana and participated in the festivities as a welcome guest. His life was pure and his conscience clean; therefore, his smile must have been serene and his laughter as innocent as that of childhood. One whose sins are unforgiven may well wear a sober visage; but he who believes in divine grace and hopes for heavenly felicity has reason to "delight himself in the ways of his heart and in the sight of his eyes."

"But let him know," says Solomon; that is, let him ponder his ways. So Paul, writing to his "son" Timothy in the pleasure-loving city of Ephesus, bids him "be sober." Why not? The fountain of sin is thoughtlessness. A hand beckons to an illicit joy; we follow impulsively and excuse ourselves by saying, "I did not think." Not think? It is our business to think. "Be sure you're right, then go ahead."

And the one thing in particular which Solomon commends to the consideration of youth is this, "That for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."

The Penalty of Indulgence

This is indeed a serious thought. There is a judgment here and now; as the saying runs, "Every day is judgment day." There is another which comes to-morrow. He who revels to-night will have a headache in the morning. Time brings its avengements. But there is a final judgment which is appointed for "the Great Day," when the books are to be opened and we shall be called to an account for the deeds done in the body. The point, therefore, on which the emphasis of our thinking is to be placed is not death, but what comes after it. We live forever. Here Solomon parts company with Epicurus, whose aphorism was "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." But death does not end all. After death comes judgment; and after judgment eternity. Wherefore, think; and let thy pleasures be such as shall harmonize with those which await thee further on.

But the advice of Solomon is not sufficiently definite. Is there no standard by which we may arrive at a clearer and more specific answer to the question, What amusements are lawful and what are not? There is. But before stating it, let us make note of certain fallacious rules of guidance.

Following the Fashion

It is a mistake, at the outset, to direct our conduct by what others do. If we follow the fashion we shall frequently find ourselves "going with the multitude to do evil." It is far better to stand, like the three youths in Babylon, bracing ourselves against our principles, and let the crowd sweep by. Our Lord said, "To what shall I liken this generation? It is like unto children sitting in the marketplace, and calling unto their fellows, and saying, We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced; we have mourned unto you, and ye have not lamented. But wisdom is justified of her children." In other words, it is hopeless to adjust our life and conduct to what others expect of us. To be singular may be unconventional; but "wisdom is justified of her children." All's well if Christ smiles upon us.

It is a mistake, also, to say, "I will seek the counsel of my pastor and follow it." If I were a priest, I could settle all questions of this nature offhand, saying, "No, you may not do this or you may not do that, under pain of the anathema." But, in so doing, I should usurp the functions of the individual conscience and dwarf it. How easy it would be to live if we could throw off the responsibility of prsonal decision in that way! But this is impossible. We live alone, fight our own battles, meet our own responsibilities, die alone and stand for ourselves before God. It is the business of a minister not to dwarf the individual conscience by absolving it from responsibility, but rather to stimulate and educate it. And the fact is that the humblest of Christians has the same data which the minister has for the making of moral choices. He has the Bible, the privilege of access to the mercy-seat, the communion of the Spirit and the great promise, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him."

Christ's Perfect Example

It is fallacious, also, to say, "I must do as Christ did." There are some excellent people who affirm that our lives are to be regulated in that way; but Christ himself never said so. He was aware of the fact that circumstances alter cases. He was too wise to require of us an imitation in detail and particular of a perfect life that was lived nineteen hundred years ago. He did not say, "I wear sandals; so must you. I live a celibate; so must you. I drive the money-changers out of the temple with a whip of small cords; so must you. I begin my sermons with 'Verily, verily, I say unto you'; so must you." But what he did say was, "Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you"; and this is our rule of conduct, plain, simple, comprehensive. Our lives, if we are true Christians, must be adjusted to it. And, fortunately, his commandments are sufficiently clear for the settlement of all doubts and perplexities in every relation of life. He does not, it is true, make specific mention of certain doubtful amusements, which are usually in the mind of young people when they raise the question in hand, but he does lay down such rules of conduct as make a plain path before us, providing we are disposed to walk in it.

First: The Moral Law. To the rich young ruler who came running and prostrated himself before him with the question, "What must I do that I may have eternal life?" he answered, "Keep the Commandments." The precepts of the Decalogue are so interwoven with the human constitution as to be of binding force forever; therefore, our Lord paid tribute to it, saying, "I am come not to destroy the law, but to fulfil it." If we are ready to follow the injunction of Christ thus far, we shall find ourselves at once, as Christians cut off from participation in all such pleasures as are smirched with sin. To indulge in profane swearing is now out of the question, since it is a violation of the Third Commandment. To engage in amusements which are of a purely secular character on the Sabbath is unlawful, because the Fourth Commandment forbids it. To read an unclean book, witness an unclean play, listen to an unclean story or participate in an unclean conversation, or to do any sensual thing or anything calculated to wear off the fine edge of personal purity, is banned for us, because it is a breach of the Seventh Commandment. To get something for nothing, by any form of gam whatsoever, on Wall Street or over the card in a drawing-room, or by betting on races or g is prohibited in the Eighth Commandment. To ticipate in scandalous gossip, to "convey a libel a frown or wink a reputation down" is outl for us because it is so nominated in the Ninth mandment. In general terms, all questions rel to such pleasures and amusements as in any contravene the letter or spirit of the Decalogu settled definitely and finally for all profe Christians by the prescript of Christ, "Keep Commandments." No man or woman can be a cere Christian and continue to indulge in things. For these are the habits that poison ruin the bodies and souls of men.

Good and Bad Influence

Second: The Rule of Influence. This is down by our Lord in the words, "It must need that offenses come; but woe unto him by whom offense cometh! It were better for him that a stone were hanged about his neck, and that he drowned in the depth of the sea, than that he sh offend one of these little ones." We are "compa about by a great cloud of witnesses." They w to see whether or no we are consistent in our fession. No man liveth unto himself. Our influe consciously or unconsciously, falls on all about By the due observance of this rule we are estop from many indulgences which do not immedia fall under the interdict of the Moral Law. A in point is that of the idol meats in Corinth. It pears that these meats, left over from the sacrif laid on pagan altars, were offered in the sham at public sale, and not infrequently the member the Corinthian church sat at tables where t were expected to partake of them. Now, there w some of these Christians who said, "We were merely idolaters, but now having been converted Christ, we perceive that an idol is nothing at therefore we can partake of this meat without ing defiled by it." But there were others, of wea conscience, who were led by this example to eat these sacrificial meats and, in so doing, comp mised their loyalty to Christ. So Paul writes, wounding their weak conscience, and giving th occasion to stumble, ye sin against Christ;" and himself he frames this declaration of independen "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat meat while the world standeth!" For the diet idol meats substitute the wine cup, and you h the argument for total abstinence in a nutshell. is a little thing to refrain from drinking it; so litt in view of the possibility that otherwise I mig place a fatal stone of stumbling in the way of weaker brother who is trying to serve God.

The Test of Conduct

It is proper, however, at this point to suggest caution; to wit, we are not called upon to adju our lives to the criticism of every censorious fau finder who takes issue with us. And if our yieldi is likely to imperil the interests of truth and rig eousness or pander to mere superstition, then are under bonds to stand firm. The First Coun at Jerusalem, recorded in the fifteenth chapter of t Acts of the Apostles, was called to determine up a question of this sort. The Jews took umbrage the fact that Gentile converts were received in the church without subjecting themselves to the r quirements of the Levitical law. It was decided that historic Council that there was no valid grou for the criticism and that a principle would be sa rificed if the Gentiles were required to submit the conditions referred to. By this we perceive th the test question for the solution of our ethic perplexities is not, "Who criticizes?" but, "Do anybody stumble?"

We may not be clamorous for our rights if an thing is to be gained by waiving them. All righ are superseded by the high privilege of helpin others or saving the soul of a man. We are to li down not because we are criticized for standing u but when we perceive that we are really in som body's way. We are to prostrate ourselves in th dust, if so another may walk over us into the kin dom of God.

Third. The Rule of Service: namely, "Seek first the kingdom of God." As Christians we are covenant with Christ and under bonds to allow n minor considerations to interfere with our complet devotion to him. For "ye are not your own; y

Continued on page 503

* Preached in the Marble Collegiate Church, New York.
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TO REACH THE CHURCHLESS MILLION

THIS month the Evangelistic Committee of New York City enters upon its fourth summer campaign. At the opening rally on April 21 over five thousand persons crowded the Metropolitan Opera House. During the intervening month, several union meetings were held by the churches in various sections, where tents are to be located, with a view to stimulating interest in the prospective work.

"The greatest strength of the Tent Campaign is that you who conduct it are going to revive in the churches and in each other a new vigor," said Ralph Connor (Dr. C. W. Gordon), author of *The Sky Pilot*, in his address at the opening rally. "I like to think of the Christian religion as a live thing, of the Christians as live wires, and of the churches as mighty storage batteries where heat and light are stored to be sent out. I think Christianity is the biggest thing in the world.

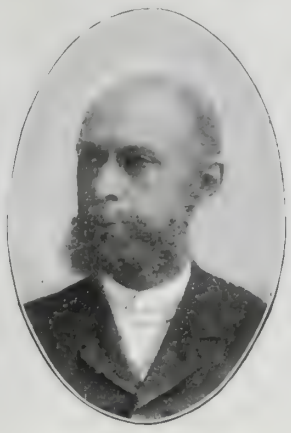
"This movement stands for the union of Christian people in Christian service," says George A. Warburton of the Railroad Young Men's Christian Association, "with the churches united for the specific purpose of carrying the Gospel to those who do not ordinarily enter churches."

According to Rev. A. F. Schauffler, president of the New York City Mission and Tract Society, five per cent. of the population of the United States is in New York.

"The work begun here goes out in streams of influence throughout the country," said Dr. Schauffler. "An army comes to us from the ends of the earth; many of them will not go to church, the church must go to them. Experience has taught us that thousands will go to the meetings in the tents or open air, especially the children whom we would win from the street and woo them to Christ."

"It is so easy to reach the people," observes Dr. Arthur J. Smith, the superintendent of the Committee. "The people love the open air. Some of the greatest meetings of the Christian church were conducted in the open air. Pentecost, when three thousand were converted, was an open-air meeting. The meetings conducted by Philip the Evangelist in Samaria were in the open air. The great sermon of St. Paul was preached on Mars' Hill in the open air. The Lord Jesus Christ himself loved to work in the open air. The Sermon on the Mount was delivered in the open air.

Omi C. Baker



Rev. A. B. Schauffler

Rev. John G. Fagg

"Here are over one million unchurched Protestants in the city, and as many more from all the corners of the earth without a hope in Christ. The church has a duty to perform toward this great multitude. It has a responsibility for the multitude. The city is full of people with burdens of sadness and sin. It is the business of the churches to find such people. The cry of loneliness and despair going up from our great cities should pierce the hearts of Christians and stir them to activity."

The Committee will erect ten tents; five for English-speaking people, three for Italians, one for Finns and Swedes, and one for Germans. Four open-air centres will be continued, as in previous years, with a multiplied number of meetings for workingmen to be held in factories and shops. Children's meetings will be made even more conspicuous a feature than in the past. The tents will open on Sunday evening next, June 21, and a grand mass meeting will mark the beginning of the outdoor services the following Monday. Well-known evangelists will be associated with preachers and laymen in the campaign. These will include Evangelists Sheldon, Smiley, Nardi, Morris, Davidson, and Greenwood, with others who have been previously engaged in the work here and more recently in Philadelphia. Among the new members of the Committee are Bishop Greer, Charles Stelzle, and Rev. Dr. Aked.

The Evangelistic Committee estimates that forty thousand dollars will be required to carry on the campaign from June 21 to September 15, when it will be practically closed for the season.

THE "GOOD INDIAN" OF THE FUTURE—*Continued*

Particular attention is given to industrial training. Each student attends the academic classes half a day, for five days a week, during the school year of ten months. The other half day is devoted to industrial training. Those who show an aptitude for any particular trade are given instruction in that direction. Tailoring, shoemaking, blacksmithing, carpentry, plumbing, mechanics, and other trades are taught. Those not desiring to learn a trade are taught farming and gardening. Girls are given practical instruction in dressmaking, housekeeping, nursing, cooking, and laundry work. At some of the schools blanket weaving, basket and pottery making, working embroidery and drawn work and manufacturing mission furniture are taught.

The matrons experience little trouble with the girls, but it has been found politic to form the boys into something like a military organization. They are organized into companies, which constitute a battalion, officered by cadet officers. These rank from corporals to captains, and are found to be efficient and trustworthy aids to discipline.

In the vacation months many of those in the non-reservation schools are permitted to go home for short visits, but the greater part of the vacation is spent in some way that keeps the students in touch with the teachers. Many of the boys are allowed to hire out for work in the sugar beet fields, in grading work for the railroads, on farms, or at any other work suited to their capacities. The older girls are permitted to seek positions as housemaids, cooks, nurse girls and in other domestic capacities.

In many non-reservation schools the outdoor summer camp has become an established vacation feature. Picnics, hunting and fishing expeditions and outdoor sports fill the hours, so that this feature of school life does much to reconcile the children of the plains to the irksome restraints of the classroom and workshop.

The social side is not neglected. The boys are encouraged to organize bands, and every school of importance has its baseball nine and football team. Non-sectarian Sunday Schools impart religious instruction. If there are no churches within reasonable distance, chapel services are conducted regularly; but if there are any churches near, students are required to attend.

It is true that the majority of the Indian youth and maidens leave the schools to don the aboriginal blanket and go back to the ways of their ancestors, and that in many communities, two weeks is the utmost limit of time given returned students to get rid of the garb of the whites and to divest themselves of every outward evidence of the influence of their teachers. That the children who have been at school are thus compelled by their elders to give up all evidences of their superior attainments, is trying to the children themselves and discouraging to their teachers; yet it is not strange that the passing generation of redskins make this demand of those who are to succeed them. That they cling to the customs and the manner of life that have always distinguished their race is no more than natural. That they strive to transmit the same customs to their children is inevitable. But, while they may compel the children to abandon the clothing of the whites and to return to the aboriginal blanket, and may even forbid them to display the skill and knowledge acquired in the schools, they can not instil in the hearts of those who have been students the prejudices, superstitions, animosities, and race hatreds that the schools are surely eliminating. Soon the children of to-day will themselves be parents, with children in the government schools. When the next generation of boys and girls go home, they will find no such prejudices as are in evidence to-day. Not until the second or third generation, perhaps, will the seed now being sown in the government Indian schools bear fruit in the development of a new type of American Indian—a really civilized Indian, who may be "good" without being dead. The present educational policy will fit the "wards of the government" to stand alone and to work out their own destinies.

JOHN L. COWAN.

The New Indian School at Albuquerque, N. M.

Military Drill at Santa Fe School

A Truly Great Book

This unsolicited testimonial comes from one who has read Dr. Peters' *The Great Hereafter:*

"*Dear Dr. Klopsch:* I did not wish to express an opinion about *The Great Hereafter* until I read it, and now I am astonished at the amount of labor it must have cost Dr. Peters to collect so many quotations, ancient and modern, and also at the low price; but if it were not for the low price, poor men like myself would never have it to read. The weight of opinion from the thinkers of ancient times who knew nothing of Revelation, goes to prove that God will not mock the hope He giveth. JONATHAN BROWN."

Kent Bridge, Ont., Canada.

A LEARNED SEÑORITA VISITS US

Veranda of Girls' School, Mexico

Senorita Juana Palacios

In the Beautiful Patio of the School

COMMISSIONED by the Mexican government, through its Department of Public Instruction, to visit universities and schools in the United States and report her impressions, Miss Juana Palacios is now in New York studying schools of all grades, from the kindergarten to the colleges. Her first report has been sent to Mexico, based on her observations at various educational institutions in Pittsburg and in Boston, where she has been for the past eight months.

Since the teaching of religion has been forbidden in government schools in Mexico, the question has been growing more and more pressing as to how far ethical training can be given without religious support; and this young woman has been sent to this country to find out how we accomplish the ethical part of education in our schools, what is the influence of our colleges and schools on moral education, and what they are doing in this direction.

"There are two theories," says Miss Palacios, "as to inculcating moral instruction. The opinion is held very largely that the right environment will result naturally in proper development, and in many schools moral instruction is given indirectly. Others, however, believe that direct teaching, as well as most beautiful and helpful surroundings, are necessary to the development of the various virtues. In many schools, moral training is emphasized only in the lower grades, while in the higher it is inculcated only indirectly.

"It is a philosophical question whether it is possible to divide ethics from religion. Personally I believe that if we do not have a religious basis for our education, it will become strictly utilitarian.

"Conditions in Mexican schools are much the same as here. That is, we have to face the same perplexing problems. Of course, we are much more limited as to financial ability and age. You know you are over one hundred years old, while we are only thirty-five. I am impressed deeply in your great cities where I see so many foreigners who are continually sweeping into this country all those dreadful conditions of dirt and ignorance that are ours by inheritance, and that we are fighting so hard."

Miss Palacios is a modest yet learned and energetic young woman, who has won many honors in her own land. She is now a teacher at the Puebla State Normal Institute for Girls, the only private institution in Mexico whose diplomas are acknowledged by the Mexico City Board of Education.

"The Puebla school is the centre of the missionary spirit in Mexican Methodism," says Miss Palacios. "Our pupils come from at least twelve of the twenty-seven States of our republic, some traveling a distance of nearly a thousand miles to reach us. We have outgrown our present quarters, and land has recently been purchased for new buildings. The aim of our school is to develop Christian character. The majority of our graduates are teaching in Mexico City, Pachuca, Puebla and the towns and villages where our mission is established. As a rule, they help in Sunday School work and church work and are the leaders of Epworth Leagues and Women's Foreign Missionary Society auxiliaries. During the visit of Secretary Root to Puebla, the mayor of the city said to the principal of the Normal Institute, who was one of the reception committee, 'I will tell Secretary Root that your school has been a blessing to the city.'" M. K. H.

THE SENTINEL ON THE WALLS*

By United States Senator Albert J. Beveridge

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United States Senator Beveridge

THE "ragged Continentals" who won our independence carried the Bible in their knapsacks. The most impressive picture of the Revolution was Washington on his knees at Valley Forge. His first act when victory came was to give thanks to the Supreme Being. Every session of the convention that framed the Constitution was opened with prayer. And so it was natural that in the very infancy of the Republic, a hundred years ago to-day, the Pennsylvania Bible Society should be founded to give to the poor of every tongue and faith that holy Book, whose words were woven into the very warp and woof of our nationality. It was natural that this organization for the spread of God's word should be formed in the "City of Brotherly Love" and of the Liberty Bell. From that day to the present the Pennsylvania Bible Society has distributed millions of Bibles and Testaments in almost every language spoken on the earth.

Jesus started the mightiest revolution of all times. It has not ended; it never will end—never can end. For it is not enough that nations formally shall adopt the faith of the Crucified One; it is not enough that the world nominally shall become Christian; it will be enough only when every human being in the sanctuary of his soul shall acknowledge and in his daily life shall practise every teaching of the Nazarene.

We say to-day, when some truth in politics is uttered and for a while defeated, that it is vain and that those who fight for it have lost the battle. This short and narrow judgment discourages more men who are fighting for the right than any other thing. We are too apt to say when we do not see the fruits of our work grow and ripen beneath our hands, that our labor is useless.

Let the revolution started by the Carpenter's Son be our reassurance and our inspiration. When Jesus went to the humblest and poorest with his absolute idealism, he made his appeal to those who would accept it most easily—fight for it most unyieldingly. The so-called better classes want conditions to remain as they are; the so-called lower classes dream of brighter days, of higher things, of a sweeter life. They do this because they have none of these things in their own lives.

Speaking to the common man, he spoke in the language of the common man. While his ideals were divine, his ideas had the human touch. This is true of the whole Bible. In all literature its language is the simplest, and of all literature the Bible, merely as a matter of human interest, is the best reading. Merely as an entertaining book of short stories it is the most thrilling and vivid—Maupassant, Poe and Doyle are tame and vapid compared with the Bible authors. Even Milton, Shakespeare and Dante do not approach the Hebrew prophets or the inspired poems of the Holy Book. The world's philosophers are turgid and prolix compared with the profound and lucid statements of the Bible's reasoners. No oratory that ever fell from human lips equals at least two of Paul's addresses; and the sermons of Jesus, in power and clearness, surpass all merely human efforts. "For he spoke as one having authority, and the common people heard him gladly."

Because of its human interests; because it touches every phase of life; because of its divine idealism; because of its call to the broken, forlorn and neglected among men; because of its promise of the certain dawn of a happier life here and of eternal joy hereafter, the Bible captures the common heart. From first to last it is the sentinel on the walls of human hope which, when questioned, "Watchman, what of the night?" makes answer, "Lo! the morn appeareth."

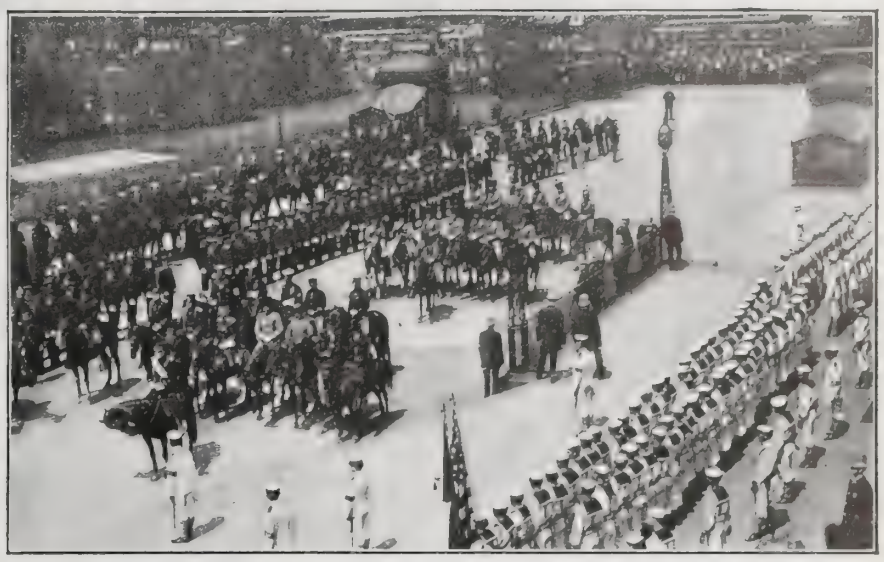
If the Bible were literature only, if its divine element were not considered, if it were merely a human document, it would still be immortal so far as anything human can be, and its permanence and power as literature would be caused by its appeal to and approval of the masses. It is the masses, and they alone, who first discover and finally determine all great and lasting literature. Shakespeare was quoted more among the common people than in the courts. The songs of Burns pealed from the lips of men clad in hodden-gray and glorified the cotter's thatched and humble home, before they were heard by the ears of the high-born or sounded in castle halls. The theme of Wagner's masterpieces were the folk-legends of the German people; and Homer did no more than to put in form the stories of struggle and heroism that had been told for generations by the Grecian mothers to their children, and were the common possession of Hellenic firesides. Lincoln's address at Gettysburg was not noticed at the moment, while Everett's finished and sounding periods were considered the triumph of that occasion. It was the man in the furrow and the street, the man at the anvil and in the mines, the family gathered about the common American fireside, who first realized the greatness of Lincoln's immortal utterance.

And so the Bible is read and quoted by the masses, and thus lives on with growing vigor.

* From an address delivered in Philadelphia at the celebration of the Centennial Anniversary of the Pennsylvania Bible Society.

REBURYING A REVOLUTIONARY HERO

The Body of Clinton being Carried into New York City Hall



Major-General Frederick D. Grant Leading the Procession

NEW YORK is often spoken of as a city that is so absorbed in business that its inhabitants are unable to stop for anything else; yet recently in its great commercial and banking section over a hundred thousand people waited patiently to do honor to the remains of General Clinton, the brave Revolutionary soldier. Flags were everywhere at half mast and the sextons of the churches stood ready to toll the bells when the boom of the guns should announce the coming of the cortege. The body was brought from Washington, taken across the river and received by the troops at the Battery.

The parade was not a large one from the point of numbers, but of great interest on account of the prominent people and historic organizations that participated.

George Clinton was a major-general in the Revolutionary army, and so an officer of the same rank, Major-General Frederick Dent Grant, was chosen to lead the procession. General Grant is the son of the famous Civil War general, and at present is in command of the Department of the East with his headquarters at Governor's Island in New York harbor. He brought over under his command two battalions of regulars.

Clattering behind the General came aids representing all branches of the military service, followed by officers of the New York State Cavalry in their hussar uniforms of sky blue and gold, and wearing fur busbies on their heads. There was an interval, and then came the infantry in white and blue, the artillery in red and blue from Forts Wadsworth and Tompkins, soldiers, marines and sailors from the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and three mounted troops of the New York police, who rode just in front of the caisson on which the casket of Clinton had been placed.

A notable guard of honor surrounded the caisson. It included members of the Society of the Cincinnati, wearing on their breasts the eagle emblem that was so proudly borne on the lapels of the generals who had fought with Washington and Lafayette. Forming an outer line was the Veteran Corps of Artillery of New York, who are all descendants of soldiers who fought in 1812. The members of the corps wear the uniform of the period of the Second War for Independence, and add greatly to the picturesqueness of any historical ceremonial in which they take part.

Gun Caisson Bearing Body of General Clinton Through the Streets of New York

Behind the caisson walked a number of the lineal descendants of General Clinton, who had given the necessary permission for the removal of the body; a delegation from the Sons of the American Revolution, Mayor McClellan, city officials, the Holland and St. Nicholas Societies, and others.

As the procession started across Battery Park, the minute guns began to boom from the forts in the harbor, sending the echoes reverberating far over toward the green hills of Staten Island and the Jersey shore. A moment later the bells of old Trinity began to toll, to be followed by the bells of all the other down-town churches. The procession made a detour to pass Fraunce's Tavern, famed in revolutionary history, then it wended its way up Wall Street, passing the spot where Washington was inaugurated first President of the United States. Clinton had stood beside him on that day. A beautiful bronze statue of Washington stands now by the Sub-Treasury steps, and it was an impressive moment when the casket of Clinton passed on beneath its shadow.

Turning into Broadway by Trinity the procession marched northward to the City Hall. The procession passed through what was the most important part of the city in Clinton's day, and it is estimated that along that comparatively short line of march there were gathered over one hundred thousand spectators.

The body was placed in the Governor's Room in New York City Hall until the afternoon, and thousands passed with uncovered heads, gazing reverently at the closed casket. At four the body was taken to the Hudson River and placed on board a torpedo boat destroyer, and with an escort of one or two light craft from the United States Navy, steamed up the river to Kingston. Every city on the banks saluted the destroyer and its burden with booming guns. When it rounded the great curve in the river at West Point, the batteries fired the Vice-Presidential salute. At Kingston the body was removed to the old graveyard by the side of the historic church, where rest the bones of other members of the Clinton family, and of many brave men, soldiers who fought gallantly for their country "in the days that tried men's souls."

LIFE AND DEATH — An Allegory by Rev. Charles M. Sheldon

THE traveler was weary with the journey and paused a little while by the path to rest. And as she sat there one approached and said,

"Thou hast only a little farther to go?"

"Only a little farther," she answered.

"Art thou not weary with the journey?" asked her new companion.

"Yea, I am. But the journey on the whole has been pleasant and I would not have missed it. I have had many friends and much joy, and great interest in doing my Lord's work."

"Where are thy friends now?"

"Some of them have gone on before me. The others have been with me until a moment ago. I can hear their pleasant voices and almost see them yet."

"But now thou art alone. Art thou not afraid for the rest of the way to go alone?"

"Nay, but I am not entirely alone. One is with me still. His name is Jesus Christ, and he has promised never to leave me desolate."

"I know that One," spoke her companion gently. "I went with him over the last of his way, and now I am come to be thy companion also. Shall we walk on together?"

"Dost thou truly know the way?" asked the traveler softly.

"Yea, I have been over it with every mortal since man began to journey over this road. Thou art not afraid?"

"Nay, what should I fear? I have loved my Lord. I have served his cause. He has given unto me eternal life. What should I fear?"

"What, indeed?" said her companion, as the traveler rose and the two proceeded until they came quite suddenly to a glorious gateway, wherein stood a glorious One holding out a welcoming hand.

"This," said her companion, "is one of the Angels of Life. He will usher thee into the presence of God." And as he spoke, he vanished.

"Tell me," asked the traveler as she took the hand of the Angel of Life, "who was that who has just departed?"

"That," said the Angel of Life smiling, "was Death."

That Death?" she said; "I took him to be my friend."

"And was he not?" said the Angel, smiling again. "Has he not brought you to me, and am I not also your friend?"

"Yea," said the traveler joyfully, as she entered into the glories of Paradise with the Angel of Life, singing, "O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!"

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

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Subscriptions may commence with any issue.

Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

Entered as Second-class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa

The Attack on Dreyfus

THAT France is still liable to a recrudescence of anti-Semitism is made painfully evident by the recent attempted assassination of Major Alfred Dreyfus. Standing beside the tomb of Zola in the Pantheon, Paris, during a solemn ceremonial and in the presence of the President and other high officials, a fanatical Jew-hater, on the staff of a monarchistic publication, committed the act which struck the republic with terror and indignation.

Gregoire, the would-be assassin, who narrowly escaped being torn to pieces by the enraged spectators, seems to have been a criminal without accomplices. He represents, however, an element which, though small, is still dangerous to the republic—the Anti-Dreyfusards, who were the moving spirits in that bitter conflict which raged in France for nearly ten years, springing out of the original plot against Dreyfus, on account of his race and religion. "I shot not to kill Dreyfus, but Dreyfusism," Gregoire explained after arrest. But there were no plaudits for a deed so vile. This mad effort to fan into new life the expiring embers of anti-Semitism meets with universal condemnation.

This is the second attempted assassination that has sprung out of the famous Dreyfus case. Maitre Labori, the able legal defender of the accused officer, was the first intended victim. He recovered from his stab wound in the back, but his assailant was never found. The collapse of the case against Zola, who was placed on trial for publishing the famous "j'accuse" letter to President Faure, in which he revealed the military intrigue against Dreyfus, and the subsequent complete exposure of the vile plot against Dreyfus, convinced the nation of the terrible injustice of the whole proceeding. Dreyfus was triumphantly vindicated and Zola also. The fame and character of Zola, no longer clouded, shone so clearly that France decided that not only as a writer but as a lover of justice, a social reformer, and a leader in national regeneration, he was entitled to a tomb among the illustrious dead. The calm judgment of the nation can not now be shaken by any insane attempt to revive the old antagonisms.

Congress and Its Work

AMERICA'S first "billion-dollar Congress" has just finished its first session, and yet, it may truthfully be said, it has not been an extravagant legislative body. Our country is growing in population at a tremendous rate, and every year there is a greater expense account for the government to meet for national housekeeping. Congress has to watch carefully or the yearly bills would amount to several billions if one-half the bills for appropriating money were allowed to pass. In the House of Representatives twenty-two thousand bills were introduced; in the Senate seven thousand. These bills were all referred to the consideration of various committees to be reported upon. Of course, the great majority were never allowed to see the light of the legislative day again.

A number of measures of more than transitory interest were passed. In view of the recent financial panic it is well to note what Congress did to prevent a recurrence of such financial depression and disaster. A law was passed whereby banks in periods of financial stringency would be permitted to issue currency to the amount of $500,000,000, depositing sufficient security. This temporary issue is to be so taxed that it will be retired as soon as the financial stringency has disappeared. A national monetary commission was also created to plan a sound governmental monetary system.

A number of laws were passed to protect the life and limbs of workers. It was provided that the government should compensate all of its employees for injuries received in the line of duty. Additional safeguards for passenger ships were provided, and an employers' liability law was passed to take the place of the one declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court of the United States. A law against child labor in the District of Columbia was passed which could be well copied by many of the States in which children now work at too early an age and at too long hours.

For national defense the militia of the States was made an integral part of the army and the pay of officers and men increased. For the navy money was appropriated to construct two battleships a year, and, what will also be of great interest to all patriotic Americans, the desecration and improper use of the flag was forbidden.

Among the laws that will aid peace and public order and better the moral tone of the community were those prohibiting the sending through the mails of anarchistic and seditious literature, intoxicants and cocaine, and all betting within the District of Columbia was forbidden. Among the last laws passed, but not among the least, was the one restoring to our coinage the motto, "In God We Trust," the successful agitation for its restoration being carried on mainly by the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

A Reckless Evangelist

EVANGELIST WILLIAM SUNDAY delivered an address to the Presbyterian ministers at Pittsburg the other day which, if correctly reported, stamps the speaker as a man who has missed his vocation. The stream of vulgar abuse which flowed from his lips might have passed for wit on the ball field, the circus, or the variety stage, but it was altogether out of place in the pulpit and especially so on the occasion in question. Certainly, the man who could apply to the average preacher such choice terms as "fudge-eating mollycoddle," "stiff," "salary quack," "grafter," and "candidate for the funny house," is not one to command or deserve the respect of any American audience of average intelligence. His proper place is as interlocutor in a minstrel show.

People may bear with Mr. Sunday's eccentricities in language, and even with his crazy, chair-smashing theatrical antics; but when he undertakes to criticize and to revile men who are a thousand-fold abler, more respected and incomparably better qualified by nature, training and experience for their work than he can ever hope to be, he simply exposes himself to ridicule. His amazing suggestion to tear down the seminaries as useless and to "stand the professors on their heads in mud puddles" was his wildest recorded flight of oratory, and shows to what extent it is possible for a man to unmask his real character when he "cuts loose," as Mr. Sunday did. It would be a charitable construction to say that his lauguage was that of a man who had temporarily lost his mental equilibrium.

We regret to say that the Christian spirit was conspicuous by its absence throughout the address. Such an incident discredits evangelism and does more harm to the work than Mr. Sunday can ever repair.

Meeting a Great Need

ONE of the results of the hard winter, during which many firms were compelled to shut down or to greatly curtail the number of their employees, is now being seen in the public schools of New York City. Thousands of men have been necessarily idle and their children have been compelled to get along with hardly enough food in a day to make one small meal. The teachers have noticed the listless air of pupils who were formerly bright and energetic, and the gathering pallor upon their faces. Within the last few weeks children have dropped in a faint upon their desks and the anxious teachers began at once to investigate the home conditions of these pupils. In almost every place they heard the same pitiful story of no work for the father or mother, the same story of gnawing hunger. It was found that hundreds of children were compelled to go to their lessons without having tasted a mouthful of food. Energetic measures were at once taken to do all possible to remedy this deplorable state of affairs and an organization was started by philanthropists to give breakfasts to those hungry pupils.

Soon THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Children's Home at Mont-Lawn will be opened to these hungry little folks of the tenements, and the waifs who possess nothing which can be called home. Never has Mont-Lawn had a greater or more needful work to do than during the coming summer months. To its care will come hundreds of ill-nourished, ill-clad children, starved in body and in soul by the hard experiences of the winter. For the first time many of them will know the comfort of clean clothing a healthful surroundings, and will be supplied thr times a day with proper food, and there will be empty plate when a timid voice asks for mo Every effort will be made by those in charge select the most needy cases that can be found amo the unfortunate families of the great city, and possible will be done to make them forget for t deliriously happy days the sufferings they have u dergone. To these little ones Mont-Lawn means chance for life itself, to grow strong in body and receive from teachers and surroundings the inspir tion, the mental stimulus for better things.

A Card of Thanks

To the Editor: The Free Labor Bureau of t Bowery Mission desires to return thanks to T CHRISTIAN HERALD readers for their generous c operation in securing work for the unemployed m of New York City.

Up to date of writing work has been procured f **1,048 men** on farms and in other positions suite to their various capabilities; and, with the sma exception of eight cases (less than one per cent. the total number), all have proved themselves ea nest and efficient workers, worthy in every way c the assistance rendered them.

Such gratifying results have hitherto been ur precedented in the annals of charitable effort, an THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has to congratulate itsel on the possession of a list of subscribers whose pra tical philanthropy has been demonstrated time an again to the world at large, both at home and abroa

The Free Labor Bureau will continue this service free of charge, either to the employer or to the em ployee, and hereby invites all who are still in nee of helpers to communicate with John C. Earl, Finan cial Secretary, 54 Bible House, New York City.

Among the Workers

—THE SIXTH CONVENTION of the World's Sunday School Associa tion will be held in Washington in June, 1910.

—THE REV. WM. CARSON, of St. James Congregational Church Newcastle-on-Tyne, is on a visit to the United States. He is on of the best platform speakers in the north of England.

—MISSIONARY E. A. FERGERSON has just closed a series of meeting in Birmingham, Ala. The crowds were large and altars packe every night; 150 seekers found Christ. The meetings were unde the auspices of the City Mission, and many churches co-operated

— A SERIES of Union meetings has been held in Trinidad, Colo. under the direction of Evangelist Smiley. On the first Sabbat the cheers of the base-ball players in the park mingled with th voices of the people in prayer and song in the big tent. The battl was against Sabbath desecration, the saloon interests and th gambling fraternities. Gambling has been curtailed, and public sentiment for law and order hopefully strengthened. Over two hundred converts have been the fruitage thus far.

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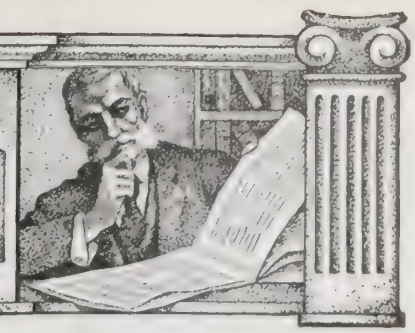
THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER



England and the Mohmands

ENGLAND, whose ships whiten every sea and whose soldiers camp in every clime, does not always have an easy time in managing her dependencies. It has been only under the severest struggles against internal dissension and outward assault that she has been enabled to maintain the integrity of her empire. She is, at the present time, in the midst of a struggle to pacify the revolt of the tribes on the Indian frontier. The Mohmand tribes are led by Multan, a famous freebooter who was formerly a Sepoy of the Fortieth Pathans and is now captaining a band of marauders. The severest fighting which has yet taken place in the Mohmand country occurred on April 24, when General Anderson fought a big engagement at Matta Waghel Khel, near Shabkadr. The Mohmands had been daily becoming more aggressive, threatening Sir James Willcocks' lines of communication and advancing at several points upon the British troops, who held a line fifteen miles long, from Michni, on the Kabul River, to Abazai, on the Swat River. He, therefore, determined to teach the enemy a lesson, and attacked them in two columns comprising all the available troops. One of these columns was commanded by General Anderson, and consisted of 300 men of the Fifth Fusiliers, 200 men of the Warwickshire Regiment, 250 of the Fifty-third Sikhs, 200 of the Fifty-seventh Rifles, 159 of the Fifty-ninth Rifles, one squadron of the Twenty-first Cavalry, and four guns of the Eightieth Battery. The enemy were encountered near Matta, and their positions were carried by the English whose casualties numbered sixty-two, while the enemy's losses in killed and wounded were estimated at six hundred. The troubles have brought out the loyalty of some of the native subjects; particularly has Subadar Tor Khan of the Khyber Rifles made a fine record. On May 2 he and two others defeated a large body of Afghans who were attacking the blockhouse of Michni Kandack, west of Lundi Kotal. He had already received the Indian Order of Merit for gallantry in a previous campaign, and this decoration, which is the Indian V. C., was presented to him by the Duke of Connaught at Lundi Kotal on January 13, 1903.

While all of the acts of Great Britain in the subjugation and rule of India can not be justified, the fact remains that in India, as in every other nation mastered by the Britons, there is prosperity and happiness under her administration. Where the English flag goes there go mental enlightenment, increased personal liberty, material progress, domestic contentment, personal integrity and religious happiness. Side by side with the English flag can be found the cross of Jesus Christ. Hence the civilized world will rejoice when England shall have secured peace on her Indian frontier.

I have counsel and strength for war: now on whom dost thou trust, that thou rebellest against me? (Isa. 36 : 5.)

The British War Against the Mohmands of Upper India

An engagement near Burjina Pass, through which the tribesmen came to the attack. They were driven from "sangars" or fortified points on the smaller hills by Maxim fire. In this engagement there was some hot fighting and numerous casualties.

Artificial Precious Stones

Professor Miethe, of the famous Charlottenburg Technical School, and a member of the Privy Council, has discovered a successful and practical method of making artificial sapphires, rubies and emeralds of any size and shape desired. He has also perfected a process of making a rare gem called Alexandrite. Professor Miethe says that he has been unusually successful with rubies, manufacturing them of various shades, including the valuable pigeon-blood color. He claims that he can produce gems at a very low cost—rubies and sapphires at about $4 per carat, and Alexandrites at $12 a carat. Professor Miethe claims that he will be able to make diamonds soon. Experts are satisfied of the purity of the Miethe gems and of the impossibility of distinguishing them from the natural gems. A Russian noblewoman has already placed an order for a yellow sapphire weighing forty carats.

There are inherent traits that beautify the life, but most of the jewels that adorn Christian character are made in the laboratory of faith, hope and love, and in the workshop of patient, earnest, practical service for others. The new discovery will have to stand the test of time. The chemistry of the years that dissolves most material things, however hard, may turn them to dust, but the jewels of character, made by right thinking and right living, will, under divine grace, grow harder and more beautiful with the years and untarnished by death, they will reflect the light and contribute to the beauty and become a part of the treasure of the heavenly world.

The first row was a sardius, a topaz, and a carbuncle: . . . and the second row, an emerald, a sapphire and a diamond. (Ex. 39 : 10, 11.)

Senator Gore's Blindness

Senator Gore, from the new State of Oklahoma, is stone blind. He lost the sight of his right eye by being struck by a stone thrown by a playmate. A couple of years later he was hit in the left eye by an arrow, while he and his companions were playing Indian. Since then he has been compelled to depend upon his wife for information as to the news of the world. Recently he was taken to a private hospital in Washington, where an operation will be performed upon his eyes by a noted specialist. It is to be hoped that the operation will be successful, although there is no certainty that this will be the case.

It is not the eye which sees after all, but the brain through the eyes. Senator Gore sees vast worlds of thought and beauty though his eyes are sightless. There are so many persons who are spiritually blind, who do not see scientific or literary or æsthetic truth, who are blind to moral obligations and who do not behold the Cross nor the Christ on the Cross. The spiritually blind fortunately have a Great Physician who never fails to cure their malady, when they submit themselves to him.

And unto many that were blind he gave sight. (Luke 7 : 21.)

Hen Steals Eggs

A correspondent in the daily press gives an account of a hen that pushed eggs with her bill from another nest into her own, and says she even lifted up some of them between her chin and neck and carried them over to her nest, so that they had to put up boards to keep her from stealing from her neighbors.

If the lower animals know what is going on among men, this hen may have learned from people about appropriating the property of others without rendering an equivalent. The fault of the hen was the excessive exercise of a healthy instinct, that of multiplying her species. So most of the vices of men and women are over-ripe virtues. An excess of self-love is selfishness, love without restraint is lust, self-esteem unhindered is egotism and foolish pride, righteous indignation overmuch is malice. The acquisitive instinct in excess is theft. The hen did not know any better than to steal the eggs; but human thieves in overalls or in dress suits know that they are breaking one of the commandments.

Thou shalt not steal. (Matt. 19 : 18.)

A Girl's Heroism

Joseph Velsor, Samuel Adelman and Abraham Stern left the branch of the Jefferson Bank, at Clinton and East Houston Streets, New York, to go to the main bank at Canal and Forsythe Streets, the other day, carrying $43,000 in four packages, the bulk of it in a black satchel carried by Adelman. Three highwaymen leaped upon them, throwing red pepper in their faces, striking them with blackjacks and stabbing them with knives. In the midst of the scuffle, Eva Javnovitzka, a young Polish girl, seized one of the robbers and prevented the theft, and very likely saved the life of one of the messengers. Through an interpreter she told the following story at the police station:

I saw the man who was arrested throw the pepper in Adelmans' face and then he and his two companions commenced to strike and slash all at once at the three men carrying the packages. I ran into the street crying "murder!" and jumped between this man (indicating the prisoner), and Adelman. Then the prisoner reached into his pocket and pulled out a big clasp knife, which he opened with his teeth, and commenced to stab at the man. I clung to his arm and tried to ward off the blows, screaming as loud as I could. All this time one of the other highwaymen was sawing at Adelman's wrist with a knife, while the third one was beating off Velsor and Stern.

The directors of the bank called the young girl into the president's office a day or two afterward, and made her a present of $500 in appreciation of her courage in saving the money and lives of the men.

There is almost no tragedy in life where woman does not come to the front as the symbol of the highest type of physical and moral heroism. The girl took her life in her hands while lazy, cowardly men looked on, until by her screams of "murder" and "help," they were led to come to her rescue and drive the robbers away. There are spiritual enemies waging moral conflicts every day, requiring the strongest courage upon the part of Christian men and women.

Be strong and of good courage, fear not, nor be afraid of them. (Deut. 31 : 6.)

Questions and Answers

E. A. M., Boiling Springs, Pa. Is there any class of people that eat sharks?

Yes; quite a large number of native islanders in the Pacific. It is also stated that sharks are eaten in a few places in the West Indies. We are unable to answer the other question sent. Send it to the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C.

C. S., Hudson, N. Y. When were clergymen first given the title of Reverend?

About the middle of the seventeenth century it was given to all clergymen, though previously in the Roman Catholic Church to clergy of great distinction only.

L. F., South English, Iowa. Was Lazarus put to death the second time he died?

It is stated in McClintock & Strong's *Biblical Encyclopedia* that the fame which Christ received from raising Lazarus from the dead, of which the presence of Lazarus was the living proof, induced the Sanhedrin to plan to remove Lazarus at the same time that Jesus was put to death (See John 12: 10). It is thought, however, that having crucified Jesus, they left Lazarus in peace. According to one tradition, he was thirty years old when he was brought back to life and he lived thirty years thereafter.

Reader, Castleton, Vt. When and under what circumstances did Henry Hudson, the discoverer of the Hudson River, meet his death?

In 1610 he was exploring Hudson's Bay. He intended to pass the winter there, but finding his crew mutinous he started to sail for England. He had not proceeded far when he was seized by the mutineers and with eight others, including his son, was placed in an open boat and set adrift. He was never heard of again.

R. J., Atlantic Highlands, N. J. What is the correct pronunciation of Martinique?

It is pronounced *Mar-ti-neek.*

What is the smallest country in Europe under monarchical rule?

Monaco on the Mediterranean, nine miles from Nice. It has been under the rule of a Genoese family since 968. Its area is eight square miles, it has a population of 12,000, and has its own postage stamps and coinage.

Southern Reader. When was the cultivation of rice introduced into this country?

It was brought from the island of Madagascar in 1695, and its cultivation soon became popular.

L. W. D., Waterbury, Vt. 1. Is it true that deer shed their horns every year? 2. Where do the thousands of angleworms come from after a heavy rain? 3. What can one do to earn a living in the country districts of Bermuda?

1. This question was once submitted by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to Ernest Thompson Seton, the famous zoologist. He replied that deer shed their horns every season, and that in his various journeys in the wilds he had seen hundreds of antlers that had been dropped. 2. The worms come up from the ground to get the moisture. As the ground becomes drier they go down in order to find damp earth. 3. Fruit raising and agriculture are the principal occupations.

Although the Motto Restoration Bill has passed both houses and received the Presidential signature, petitions in its support continue to come in from different parts of the country. One of these protests received from a subscriber is from Austin, Tex., and contains 415 signatures of residents of that city. Many of our Texas friends no doubt have written to their Senators and Representatives while the struggle was pending and have thus contributed to the successful result.

A. P., Fisher, N. Y. I told a person I did not do a certain thing which I did do. It was nothing that harmed them in any way. Did I tell a lie? I did not want to tell a lie.

It was an untruth, but an untruth without premeditation. Still, your duty in such a case is to frankly tell the person interested that you were wrong in your statement and wish to set it right.

J. M. B., Fort Worth, Tex. 1. Who was the founder of the episcopacy? 2. When and by whom was sprinkling, for immersion, established?

1. Some Episcopalians refer to the ordination by Paul as mentioned in the Acts and the Epistles (and especially to Timothy and Titus) as the foundation of the episcopacy. Other authorities say that the earliest constitution of the Christian church was derived from the Jewish synagogue. Read Coleman's *Apostolical and Primitive Church.* Prof. Hitchcock writes that the episcopal system was not of apostolic origin, but a later ecclesiastical development. The earliest church writer to refer to it was Clement of Rome (about A.D. 100), whose epistles employ the words presbyter and bishop interchangeably. 2. This question has already been discussed in THE MAIL-BAG and it is needless to repeat it.

G. E. D., East Allentown, Pa. Can a man live a life without committing sins, that is, after he is converted?

See I. Kings 8: 46; II. Cor. 5: 21; Heb. 4: 15 and 7: 26; I. John 3: 5. After conversion, and unless we backslide into wilful sin, our sins are covered by Christ's righteousness and are no longer imputed to us. See also the famous passage, Rom. 7: 15 to 25.

S. P. Sheridan, Ore. 1. Who was the first pope? 2. Is the Wandering Jew a historical or legendary story?

1. As far as known, Bishop Siricius, in the fourth century, was the first to use the title. It did not come into general use until after the fifth century. 2. The *Wandering Jew* is a legendary story, which was brought to Europe from the East after the First Crusade under Peter the Hermit. The wanderer has been variously named: Joseph Cartaphilus, who was said to have struck Christ and urged him to "move faster" on the road to Calvary; and Ahasuerus, Salathiel, etc. Several books have been written on the subject. 3. The Catholics always sprinkle in baptism.

N. R. R., Milford, Texas. Who was the author of "Saved by Grace"? In one of your March numbers, you gave the credit to Miss Fanny Crosby as being the author, and in the May 13 number you give the credit to Mr. Stebbins. Which is correct?

Both are correct. Fanny Crosby wrote the words in 1892 and they were set to music by Mr. Stebbins in 1894. It is quite common under such circumstances to refer to either as the author, the one of the verses, the other of the tune.

B. D., Deruyter, N. Y. Who are the "Forty Immortals" in France?

They are the members of the French Academy, the highest of the five academies comprising the Institute of France. To be elected to the French Academy is the highest literary honor in that country. Members hold their chairs for life.

Old Subscriber, Keuka, N. Y. When and where was the Reformed Episcopal Church started?

It was founded in the United States in 1873. In 1877 it was introduced into England. Dr. Cummins, assistant bishop of Kentucky in 1873, after making changes in the prayer book, consecrated Oridge, Cheney and several others as bishops.

E. G., Galveston, Tex. Were the Quakers ever known by any other name?

They were first called "Seekers" (of the truth), later they were known as Friends. Justice Bennet of Derby England, called them Quakers in 1650 from the fact that George Fox had told the people to quake at the word of the Lord.

Jennie M., Rahway, N. J. Are the printed stories of the public doings of the English suffragettes true? I think it an awful thing for women to electioneer like men.

According to the English press, their course has been somewhat sensational, but the leaders considered it necessary to do something to attract attention to their cause. The Manchester *Guardian* says they (1) tried to hold up King Edward on his way to open Parliament; (2) stormed the residences of cabinet ministers, to obtain a hearing; (3) collided with the police while trying to force their way into Parliament, and fifty-nine of them were arrested; (4) "charged" the residence of the Prime Minister, 300 strong, and forced their way into the cabinet room. Very dreadful, we suppose, from the British masculine point of view, but quite justifiable from the feminine. At all events, no one would condemn the ladies before hearing their side of the case. They surely deserve a hearing.

B. M., Chillicothe, O. What is the strength of the reorganized army of China?

Captain M. Kincaid Smith, a British official who lately visited China, gives its military strength at 1,500,000 on a war footing and 432,000 on a peace footing. He estimates the really available force, however, at about 75,000, and considers that figure a rather doubtful maximum.

Student, Washington, D. C. How long has opium been used in China?

Opium has been consumed by the Chinese for the last 500 years. It was certainly known to them for at least 300 years before the Western nations arrived in that country. It was declared illegal by the Chinese government in 1796 and this led to the war of 1839, when the foreign powers compelled China to permit the importation of opium.

A Band of Persian Entertainers

PERSIA is one of the few nations of Bible times which have had an uninterrupted existence to the present day. While having a wonderful ancient literature, art, music and letters have for centuries made no great advance. Above is a recent photograph of a Persian band of professional entertainers. The instruments, it will be noted, are exceedingly primitive, and are doubtless the same in form and construction as those used by the ancestors of these men generations ago. The clothing and weapons show a strange mingling of the ancient and modern.

Miscellaneous

A. G. C., Nashville, Tenn. We are unable to answer your query.

C. A. W., Oriskany Falls, N.Y. The first slaves were brought to this country in a Dutch ship to Jamestown, Va.

An Old Subscriber, Los Angeles, Calif. We are unable to answer your question. Send it to the U. S. Commissioner of Education, Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C.

E. H. G., Deerfield, N. H. Secretary Taft's home State is Ohio. His father at one time was a member of Grant's cabinet. Secretary Root is a son of the late Professor Root of Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y. A brother of the Secretary succeeded his father at Hamilton as a professor, and died but recently.

L. A. R., Colchester, Conn. Such teaching is not Scriptural nor in accordance with the Gospel and is out of place in a Christian pulpit. The duty of a pastor is to lead men to Christ and to better living; to sobriety, to kindness, to purity, and not to lead them astray into various avenues of unprofitable speculation.

EVERY now and then inquiries reach this office, from generously-inclined friends, for the proper legal designation of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD charities. While the benevolent work of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD extends over the whole world, its special charities are the Bowery Mission and our Children's Home. The corporate name of the Bowery Mission is as follows: "The Bowery Mission and Young Men's Home of New York City." The proper designation of the Children's Home is as follows: "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home at Nyack, New York." Both are duly incorporated and entitled to receive legacies.

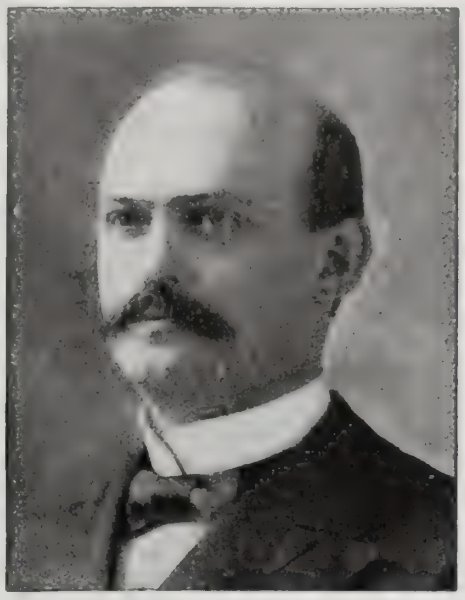
The Great Hereafter

From THEODORE ROOSEVELT,
President of the United States:

"I shall read THE GREAT HEREAFTER with deep interest. I have looked over it enough to be able to tell something of its value, and it has to me the added value of knowing the life, and the strife after right, of the man who wrote it."

I believe the saints will differ in Heaven in the glorified bodies which their souls will wear, and that the characters which they make on earth will determine their eternal bodies.

THE GREAT HEREAFTER, Page 382.



REV. MADISON C. PETERS, D D.

From GROVER CLEVELAND,
Ex-President of the United States:

"THE GREAT HEREAFTER will not only have a place in my library, but will often be found in my hands, as a source of reinforcement of faith, exceedingly opportune in these days of loose thinking and careless teaching."

'Tis not a Silent Land!
Tones of harmonic spheres,
Heard not by mortal ears,
Thither their echoes roll
Into the answering soul;
Oh! 'tis a Voiceful Land!

THE GREAT HEREAFTER, Page 130.

Glimpses of the Coming World

Did He See Heaven?

IT is not often that the daily press contains sensational articles about the life hereafter, but a few days ago the newspapers related at considerable length the story of a priest, apparently in good health, who had a vision of heaven, and who died suddenly the following day.

☆ ☆ ☆

The Other Side of Death

Such visions are not so rare as the prominence given to this occurrence would lead one to suppose. If all the exalted thoughts, the beatific insights and the death-bed glories could be gathered together, they would fill, not merely whole volumes but entire libraries.

There has been needed a book that should clarify the misty and often unhealthy notions that largely prevail in regard to the state of the righteous dead, a book not made up of the crude ideas of ignorant and superstitious people, but of the views of scholars and of the highest type of Christians.

☆ ☆ ☆

The Great Hereafter

Such a book has indeed made its appearance. It is entitled **The Great Hereafter,** and is from the pen of the Rev. Madison C. Peters, D.D., the late pastor of the Bloomingdale Church, in New York City. Whether Dr. Peters has looked into heaven with his own eyes we know not, but in this substantial and handsome volume he sees, and makes his readers see, the beauties of the Cloudless Land.

It was a stupendous undertaking to bring together in one volume the views of more than four hundred of the world's greatest thinkers upon the questions of the immortality of the soul and the Great Hereafter, but Dr. Peters possesses unusual qualifications for the task. A ripe scholar, a sympathetic pastor and preacher, and an author of other works akin to the matter of this book, he has brought to bear upon his subject rare powers of heart and mind

☆ ☆ ☆

Is Heaven a City or a Country?

Some people picture Heaven as a beautiful country, with rolling hills, winding streams, orchards of luscious fruit and meadows of living green. With others, it is a city of everlasting foundations, jasper walls and golden streets. The author of **The Great Hereafter** shows how these opposite conceptions may be harmonized.

☆ ☆ ☆

The Occupations of the Blessed

"Is there any one who can carry his present employment into Heaven?" inquires a writer in a recent periodical. "The lawyer cannot, there will be no quarrels; the doctor cannot, there will be no sick; the preacher cannot, there will be no sinners." Dr. Peters explodes some false views of the subject, and gives some hints in regard to the nature of the employment in the better country.

☆ ☆ ☆

Our Friends in the Sorrowless Land

It is a book for everybody because everybody is interested in the themes discussed. Such questions as these continually rise to our lips: Where are our dead? Shall we know our friends in heaven? What is the occupation of our loved ones in the life beyond? Do they know what is going on in this world? Can they communicate with us? Is Spiritualism a safe guide? What is the state of the soul between death and the resurrection? Are there degrees of happiness and glory in heaven? What is the nature of the resurrection body? What do the dying often see?

☆ ☆ ☆

The Testimony of Great Men

These fascinating but difficult questions the author has undertaken to answer. He has ransacked the great libraries and questioned the master spirits of humanity, until he has knit together in one compact volume the best the world has to say upon these great themes. From Socrates to Spurgeon, from pagan philosophers to Christian preachers, the long procession moves on, each distinguished witness asserting his belief in the Great Beyond.

☆ ☆ ☆

Shall We Wear Mourning?

The chapter on funeral customs is replete with interest. It is a collection of curious facts in connection with the burial of friends. Many good Christian people will be surprised to learn that the use of crape is a heathen custom, and not in harmony with the belief in the believers' victory over death. The author shows the marked changes which Christianity has made in funeral rites, but there are yet some needed reforms. The reader is exhorted to defy several silly social customs.

☆ ☆ ☆

An Immortal Book

In an age of such an enormous output by the press, when the most popular book of a year is soon buried under fresher covers, it is hardly safe to predict the immortality of any work. But it is surely not too much to say, that as long as there are human griefs to be assuaged and human longings for another life, this noble book, **The Great Hereafter,** must find a place.

It is published by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, is finely illustrated, and is bound in several attractive styles.

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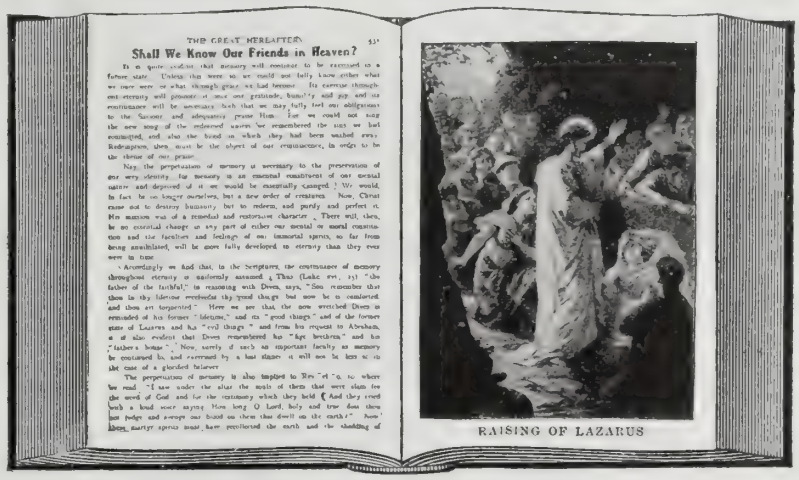

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PAUL'S TEMPERANCE TEACHINGS

Quarterly Temperance Lesson

*By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts**

LET us study not one temperance teaching of Paul, but his whole message on this subject, and let us give it not one hour only on temperance Sunday, but spread it through the week in home readings, prayer meeting talks and sermons, not forgetting the young people's meeting, the missionary society and the men's league.

1. Paul teaches not only temperance, that is, moderation, in good things (Phil. 4: 5), but total abstinence "from every form of evil" (I. Thess. 5: 22). We must therefore abstain not only from drinking but also from licensing intoxicating beverages (II. Cor. 6: 7). "Touch not the unclean thing." Paul bids us "lay aside" not only what we know to be "sin," but everything that would be even a "weight" to hinder our progress in character or influence (Heb. 12: 1).

What two evils are most closely allied to intoxicating beverages? Impurity and gambling. We do not speak of "moderation" in these evils. No more should we of the "temperate" us of poisonous and intoxicating beverages. The divine commandment, "Abstain from every form of evil," requires us to have no part in either the drink habit or the drink traffic. He who sells intoxicants can do so only by permission of the official who grants his license, and the official can act only by authority of the voters. Will any one deny that the drink system as it exists to-day is a "form of evil"? Whatever one might say about a single glass, is not the liquor traffic as a whole, which Gladstone truly characterized as more harmful than war, pestilence, or famine, a "form or evil"? We can not then escape the application to it of Neal Dow's unanswerable syllogism: "No man has a right to do anything which, if the whole world followed his example, as some are sure to do, would produce more harm than good." The churches generally treat the sale of intoxicating beverages as a "sin" by debarring liquor sellers from church membership. If you deny that drinking or voting for the sale of intoxicants is a sin, will you deny that participation in the drink system is a "weight" that will hinder your own progress in character or usefulness? We encounter Paul's law of abstinence again as he bids us "lay aside every weight" that like a long, entangled garment would hinder our progress in the race set before us.

Reasons for Total Abstinence

1. Paul's words about "weights" and "stumbling," both references to the famous Greek races, bring us to the first reason for total abstinence, namely, that it is the best plan for the body (I. Cor. 9: 24-27). "Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things." Appetite and passion must be mastered in order to gain the victory. "I keep my body under," said Paul. A Sunday School boy got the idea when he quoted the passage, "I keep my soul on top." For many centuries the Greeks celebrated national games at regular intervals, the Olympic and Isthmian games being the most important. The latter, to which Paul especially refers, were held on the Isthmus of Corinth, in honor of Neptune, and occurred every other year. The Olympic games were celebrated only once in four years, and were looked forward to as the greatest of national events, even war being suspended throughout Greece during the days occupied by the festival. The exercises on these great occasions consisted of contests in running, wrestling, boxing, throwing quoits and javelins, and leaping. In later times, foot races in heavy armor, races on horseback and in four-horse chariots were added. The Greek games were very different from the Roman gladiatorial shows, for no weapons were allowed to be used. The honors paid the victors at these games were so great that those who won at Olympia were considered among the distinguished men of their States. They received no prize in money, only crowns of olive leaves, which the judge of the contests placed on the winners' heads, and which was an honor never forgotten by their fellow citizens. Their praises were sung by the national poets, and statues of them were erected, to commemorate their names during coming ages. The contestants spent ten months in preparing for these great contests, undergoing a system of hard and tedious training, and abstaining from every kind of food or drink or pleasure which would weaken their bodies, very much as race horses and boat crews are trained now. They were allowed only the plainest food, and in quantities only sufficient to sustain strength without making superfluous flesh. The purpose was to have the body weigh as little as possible, and yet have the muscles full and hard. In order to make their limbs supple, they oiled their bodies every day. When the time came for the boxing matches and races, they laid aside every weight, wearing scarcely any clothes during the contest, in order to be free to do their very best. The foot race was from one end of the arena to the other, where stood the goal, and the judge beside it with the olive crown. After winning the wreath, the victor was received by his friends, and escorted with great pomp to his city, where they had prepared to receive him with a feast.

A Sermon in Marble Against Drink

The famous sculptured group by Legram, France, showing the victim writhing in the grasp of absinthe

Athletics have always been a powerful argument for abstinence, and the wonder is how young men ambitious for physical excellence have so generally disregarded it. In the last half century the physical argument for abstinence has been greatly reinforced by the facts of life insurance. Here is a table made by the president of a life insurance company:

"The Watcher on the Trail"

A Temperance Cartoon from the Raleigh *News and Observer*. It helped to win the North Carolina Prohibition Campaign.

EXPECTANCY OF LIFE IN YEARS

Age	*Abstainers*	*Moderate Drinkers*	*Lives Shortened*
20	44.2	15.6	28.6
30	36.5	13	23.5
40	28.8	11.6	17.2
50	21.2	10.8	10.4
60	15.3	8.9	6.4

Liquor dealers, in their desperate effort to stay the "reform wave," are publishing alleged statistics of medical societies that assume to show that total abstainers die faster than hard drinkers, while moderate drinkers live longest of all. There are several of these fakes that are going the round: The conclusive answer can always be found in the nearest insurance office. The actuary's statistics mean profit or loss, and are based not on sentimental but on business reasons. In British companies of fifty years' experience, the abstainer gets twenty to thirty per cent. more in rebates, on the average, than the moderate drinker.

2. Total abstinence is best for the mind (I. Thess. 5: 1-10). We are reminded that we are watchmen on guard and must be sober to fulfil our trust. The head is the watch tower of life and its watchman, the brain, must not be drugged. The great fault of alcohol is that it goes straight to the brain and thickens it as it does similar matter in an egg. Shakespeare exclaims, "Oh that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!"

The Effect of Alcohol

The first effect of alcohol is to flush the brain with extra alcoholized blood, and words come for a while more swiftly, and so some have thought to find inspiration for poetry and prose in wine. But the leading writers of to-day, responding to a circular letter of inquiry, declared they had learned better than to expect inspiration from such a source. A young man of fine family, with splendid gifts, was going down fast through strong drink. His friends had pleaded with him, but he had taken their warnings as an insult. One of them, who was a court stenographer, was sitting in a restaurant one evening, when the young man in question came in with a companion, took the table next to him, sitting down with his back to him, and not seeing him. He was just drunk enough to be talkative about his private affairs, and on the impulse of the moment the stenographer pulled out his notebook and took a full shorthand report of every word he said. It included a number of highly candid details of his daily life. When he was sober he would as soon have thought of putting his hand in the fire as of speaking about them to a casual acquaintance. The next morning the stenographer copied the whole thing neatly, and sent it around to his office. In less than ten minutes he came tearing in, exclaiming, "What is this, anyhow?" "It's a stenographic report of your monologue at the restaurant last evening," his friend replied, and gave him a brief explanation. "Did I really talk like that?" he asked faintly. "I assure you it is an absolutely verbatim report," was the reply. He turned pale and walked out. He never drank another drop.

It was probably the false idea of mental inspiration by drink that Paul sought to correct in the words of the Golden Text, "Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess, but be filled with the Spirit." Spinoza was called a "God-intoxicated man." The apostles were such men in a deeper sense on the Day of Pentecost, when they were thought to be full of new wine. It was not spirituous but spiritual stimulation that they had received.

Best for Manners and Morals

3. Abstinence is best for manners and morals (Rom. 13: 8-14). The writer once said to a church member, "You seem more interested in Sabbath observance than in temperance." "Oh, yes," he replied, "because the Sabbath is in the Commandments." I answered, "You put up Paul's summary of the whole second table, "Love worketh no ill to his neighbor," as a sign over the door of a saloon, and you will suddenly discover that the saloon is under the ban not of one commandment but of all. Ex-Senator Carmack, of Tennessee, says bravely and truly, "The saloon is an institution for developing the beast in man."

Abstinence is best not only for the individual but especially for the family, the city, the nation and the world. That alcohol is a deadly foe to the nation as well as the individual is strikingly shown by the startling picture herewith by a French artist, E. Legrain, entitled "Drink." It reminds us that the nation that drinks the most wine per capita, and the purest wine, right out of its own vineyards, is not thereby prevented from drinking the largest amount per capita of distilled liquors, including especially the worst of them all, absinthe, to which more then to anything else the learned patriots of France attribute the fact that there are more deaths than births. To cure this great evil France has inaugurated one of the best means of promoting temperance, the municipal poster signed by mayor and board of health, which Great Britain has copied.

* **The International Sunday School Lesson for June 28,** Eph. 5 : 6 21. GOLDEN TEXT: "Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit." Eph. 5 : 18.

IN THE BUDDING SPRINGTIME

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Heroism in Daily Life

A SPLENDID act of heroism in the presence of a great danger, as when firemen rescue women and children from a burning building, or a coast guard goes out in the face of a tempest to the relief of a ship in peril, thrills us with admiration. Apart from value to science in Arctic explorations, for example, they are worth what they cost in suffering as well as in money, because they show us how much brave men will undergo for a mere idea. But all about us, in every home, by every fireside, there are people living heroic lives, and there is scarcely a wife and mother among the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who has not more than once displayed qualities that are heroic.

Think of the fortitude needed to live as some women do on a lonely ranch remote from neighbors. Think of the home missionaries and their wives, men and women deliberately sacrificing ease and pleasure, living away from society, away from kindred, on narrow means, enduring all sorts of hardships without a murmur, for the sake of Christ and the church. Yet we need not go so far in our investigation for heroism as to the missionaries and their homes. Faint justice is done to the ordinary husband and father who toils hard from youth to age, who asks little for himself and counts no cost too much when caring for his dear ones. Young people seldom feel the gratitude they ought to their fathers and mothers for the efforts the latter make to bring them up well and give them a start in life superior to their own. Youth is at once too self centred and too inexperienced to estimate at the right worth the self-denial and the brave struggle made by parents who belong to the great majority, and never arrive within hailing distance of anything like wealth. It is from the ranks of the working people, of small farmers, small store-keepers, clerks and artisans, employees in mills and factories, from the rank and file of the commonwealth that our schools are filled and our colleges are receiving supplies. The young son and daughter have everything they need, if not everything they want, while the father and mother go without, wear old clothing, never think of outings or pleasures and are more than contented if they can make ends meet at the close of a year.

During the time that a mother is raising her family, she has so many compensating joys that she makes light of what to others might seem hard. Wakeful and anxious nights are not objects of complaint with her, and if the children are well and the house is comfortable, she is satisfied and asks nothing more.

In the biography of Mrs. Oliphant there is a touching passage written during her widowhood. She had been upstairs to tuck in her little ones, rosy and dimpled in their childish sleep, her husband had been summoned away for a little while on a business errand and she was sitting with her needlework beside the lamp. Was there room for heroism in such a life? Read a little farther and find how illness and death came, and how the mother was left desolate, her husband dying in a foreign land, and how she struggled to bring her children up, heroic to the very end of her life.

Anthony Trollope in his most interesting reminiscences tells of his father incapacitated, while his mother in middle life assumed all the family burdens, writing one story after another while she must have had a breaking heart. Once while she was writing an exciting novel, three of her family were literally dying, and the only means of procuring them comfort and aid was the mother's pen.

A woman delicately reared, knowing nothing but luxury in childhood and girlhood, married, had a large family and finally went to live in Florida. Without means to pay for it had it been available, she taught her children spelling, arithmetic and geography, Latin and French with books propped up beside her ironing board; she started a neighborhood club and a neighborhood prayer meeting that transformed the little settlement, and she never once dreamed that she was a heroine.

Yes, friends, there is heroism in daily life. Perhaps some of you are written as heroes and heroines on the page of the Recording Angel.

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HER ONLY WEALTH

She has lived her life in the mountain land, the moorland bleak and the lonely dell;
She has tended her flock with a kindly hand, the sheep and the lambkins know her well.
They go to the pasture at early morn, at eve they come to the sheltering fold;
And she who loves them is not forlorn, she fears not hunger, or storm, or cold.

THE BABY'S NAME

By CARRIE L. POST

This tender little poem, springing from the depths of a mother's heart, is sent to us by one of our readers.

WE called her by pet names, the sweetest we could say,
Imprinting them with kisses day by day
On head and cheek, on lips and dimpled chin,
Trying by all kind ways our baby's love to win.
She was mama's "Precious Baby," very near her heart,
Of her very being a mysterious part.
She was papa's "Winsome Dollie" darling one,
Waking his paternal love when her life begun.

She was auntie's "Honey-bee," dumpling good and sweet
Enough to hug and kiss, tempting her to eat;
Grandpa loved the baby pulling silver hair,
When at eventide he gave her tenderest care;
Grandma called her "Gentle Dove" and "Pretty Bird,"
And when the deepest depths of love were stirred
She called the baby "Breath of Heaven Sweet,"
And feared lest thorns might pierce her tender feet.

Our Saviour came and softly whispered a "new name"
Which none now know, save he who gave the same.
To her 'twas given, our precious baby dear,
And now to her pure soul no taint of earth comes near.
Grim death came not alone to desolate our home;
We felt the presence of the Shining One;
He gave our babe safe escort to the shore
That borders the fair world where sickness is no more.

For the Housekeeper

I WONDER whether the housekeepers who read the family page will not be pleased with two or three excellent recipes that come from an old family cook book and that have been tried and found excellent in a Kentucky home. Here they are:

SALT RISING BREAD.—Early in the morning put into a stone "crock" half a tablespoon of salt and half a tablespoon of sugar and a heaping cup of corn meal. Pour into this two cups of boiling milk or water. Beat well and when smooth add two cups of cold milk or water. Stir enough flour to make a stiff batter. Beat it till smooth and then set the "crock" in a deep pan of hot water, just a little too hot to bear your hand in. Keep the water hot and whenever the water bubbles beat it down. In about five hours the batter will be ready to make into loaves. It will look like foam when it is light enough. Work in sufficient flour to make smooth dough. Mould into loaves and brush the tops with milk or butter. Cover the pans with caps of paper or inverted pans and put them in a very warm place to rise again. The very minute that the loaves look about twice the size that they did when set for the last rising, then is the time to bake them in a rather moderately hot oven. Some people make this bread at night, but as it takes so much watching, it is best to make it in the day time.

BATTER CAKES.—One quart of sifted flour, one and a half heaping teaspoon of baking powder, one heaping tablespoon of sugar, three eggs, beaten separately, one pint of milk and a half cup of cream, a handful of cooked rice or hominy, and a half cup of corn meal sifted. If too stiff add water to make a rather thick batter. Bake on a hot griddle and serve all during the breakfast on hot plates.

QUICK SPONGE CAKE.—Three eggs beaten separately, one cup of sugar, one cup of flour, one-third of a cup of boiling water added last thing. Flavor with vanilla. Beat in till well dissolved one and a half teaspoons of baking powder.

SAVIN JACK.—One can of green peas, two cups of water, one-half cup of rice. When these are done add one-half cup of sweet milk and one tablespoon of butter, a heaping teaspoon of sugar, a dash of red pepper or pepper sauce. Serve with croutons.

Except for Colds

In a friend's letter occurs the sentence, "We are all well, except for colds." Apparently it is taken for granted that colds are in the order of nature, and that nobody can escape their baleful influence. Colds, on the contrary, are intrusions on the order of nature. It is a pity that they are not regarded as miserable interlopers who have not the slightest right to interfere with robust health. Before we were so well taught as we are now, we fancied that colds came of themselves, or were due to draughts, or getting the feet wet, or to any one of a dozen different varieties of heedlessness. Children were bundled up when they went to school, windows were scrupulously equipped with weather strips, and apertures filled with cotton, that colds might be prevented.

To-day hundreds of little girls go to school with bare heads through rain and sleet and snow, and are none the worse. Everybody who has the modern hygienic notion of the value of fresh air sleeps with windows open at night, and is much more careful to have a well-ventilated house than an over-heated one. We have learned that colds are epidemic, and that a high state of physical health is an effectual bar to the entrance of evil germs. We sometimes forget that colds arise from indigestion, and that prudence in diet and avoidance of over-eating will effectually dispute their advance. Try to get through the stormy season without a single cold.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF MARGARET

A New Serial Written for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

By MRS. ELEANOR H. PORTER

Author of "Into Still Waters," etc.

CHAPTER VII—*Continued*

"I AM goin' to divvy up, Bobby—give 'em some of my things, you know," Margaret continued.

"Then when they go back, mother's goin' with 'em and find a better place for 'em to live in."

"Oh, then they are goin' back—eh?"

Margaret flushed a little and threw a questioning look into Bobby's face. There seemed to be a laugh in Bobby's voice, though there was none on his lips.

"Yes," she nodded hurriedly. "You see, mother thinks it's best. She says that they hadn't ought to be here now—with me; that it's my form'tive period, and that everything about me ought to be just right so as to form me right. See?"

"Yes, I see," said Bobby, so crossly that Margaret opened her eyes in wonder.

"Why, Bobby, you don't care 'cause they're goin' away, do you?"

"Don't I?" he growled. "Humph! I s'pose 'twill be me next that'll be sent off."

"You? Why, you live here!"

"Well, I say 'ain't' an' 'bully,' don't I?" he retorted aggressively.

Margaret stepped back. Her face changed.

"Why—so—you—do!" she breathed, "And I never once thought of it."

Bobby said nothing. He was standing on one foot, digging the toe of the other into the graveled driveway. For a time Margaret regarded him with troubled eyes; then she sighed:

"Well, anyhow, you don't live here all the time, right in the house, same's Patty and the rest would if they stayed. I—I don't want to give you up, Bobby."

Bobby flushed red under the tan. His eyes sparkled with pleasure—but his chin went up, and his hands executed the careless flourish that a boy of fourteen is apt to use when he wishes to hide the fact that his heart is touched.

"Don't trouble yerself," he shrugged airily. "It don't make a mite o' diff'rence ter me, ye know. There's plenty I can be with." And he turned and hurried up the road with long strides, sending back over his shoulder a particularly joyous whistle—a whistle that broke and wheezed into silence, however, the minute that the woods at the turn of the road were reached.

"I don't care," he blustered, glaring at the chipmunk that eyed him from the top rail of the fence. "Bully—gee—ain't—hain't—bang-up! There!" Then, having demonstrated his right to whatever vocabulary he chose to employ, he went home to the little red farmhouse on the hill and spent an hour hunting for a certain book of his mother's in the attic. When he had found it he spent another hour poring over its contents. The book was old and yellow and dog-eared, and bore on the faded pasteboard cover the words: "A Work on English Grammar and Composition."

CHAPTER VIII

TOM, Peter, Mary, Patty and the twins stayed at Five Oaks until the first of September; then, plump, brown and happy, they returned to New York. With them went several articles of use and beauty which had hitherto belonged at Five Oaks. Mrs. Kendall, greatly relieved at Margaret's somewhat surprising willingness to let the visitors go, had finally consented to Margaret's proposition that the children be allowed to select something they specially liked to take back with them. In giving this consent, Mrs. Kendall had made only such reservation as would insure that certain valuable (and not easily duplicated) treasures of her own should remain undisturbed.

She smiled afterward at her fears. Tom selected an old bugle from the attic, and Peter a scabbard that had lost its sword. Mary chose a string of blue beads that Margaret sometimes wore, and Clarabella a pink sash that she found in a trunk. Patty, before telling her choice, asked timidly what would happen if 'twas "too big ter be tooked in yer hands." Upon being assured that it would be sent if it could not be carried, she unhesitatingly chose the biggest easy-chair the house afforded, with the announcement that it was a "Christmas present fur Mis' Whalen."

For a moment Mrs. Kendall had felt tempted to remonstrate, and to ask Patty if she realized just how a green satin-damask Turkish chair would look in Mrs. Whalen's basement kitchen; but after one glance at Patty's radiant face, she changed her mind, and merely said:

"Very well, dear. It shall be sent to Mrs. Whalen the day you go."

Arabella only, of all the six, delayed her choice until the final minute. Even on that last morning she was hesitating between a marble statuette and a harmonica. In the end she took neither, for she had spied a huge chocolate-frosted cake that the cook had just made; and it was that cake which finally went to the station carefully borne in Arabella's arms.

Mrs. Kendall herself went to New York with the children, taking Margaret with her. In the Grand Central Station she shuddered a little as she passed a certain seat. Involuntarily she reached for her daughter's hand.

"And was it here that I stayed and stayed that day long ago when you got hurt and didn't come?" asked Margaret.

"Yes, dear—right here."

"Seems 'most as if I remember," murmured the little girl, her eyes fixed on one of the great doors across th room. "I stayed and stayed, and yo never came at all. And by and by went out there to look for you, and walked and walked and walked. An I was so tired and hungry!"

"Yes, yes, dear, I know," faltere Mrs. Kendall, tightening her clasp o the small fingers. But we won't thin of all that now, dear. It is past an gone. Come, we're going to take Patt and the others home, you know; the to-morrow we are going to see if w can't find a new home for them."

"Divvy up!" cried Margaret, bright ening. "We're goin' to divvy up!"

"Yes, dear."

"Oh!" breathed Margaret esctatic ally. "I like to divvy up!" And th mother smiled content, for the last trace of gloomy brooding hac fled from her daughter's face and left it glowing with the joy of a care-free child.

Not two hours later a certain alley in the great city was thrown into wild confusion. Out of every window leaned disheveled heads, and in every doorway stood a peering, questioning throng. Down by the Whalens' basement door, the crowd was almost impassable; and every inch of space in the windows opposite was filled with gesticulating men, women and children.

"Mag of the Alley" had come back. And, as if that were not enough excitement for once, with her had come Tom, Mary, Peter, Patty and the twins, to say nothing of the beautiful lady with the golden hair, and the white wings on her hat.

"An' she's all dressed up fit ter kill—Maggie is," Katy Goldburg was calling excitedly over her shoulder. Katy and Tony Valerio had the advantage over the others, for they were down on their knees before the Whalens' window on a level with the sidewalk. The room inside was almost in darkness, to be sure, for the crowd outside had obscured what little daylight there was left, and there was only the sputtering kerosene lamp on the table for illumination. Even this, however, sufficed to show Katy and Tony wonders that unloosed their tongues and set them to giving copious reports.

"She's got a white dress on, an' a hat with posies, an' shoes an' stockings," enumerated Katy.

"An' de lady's got diamonds on her fingers," shouted Tony. "I seen 'em when she took off her mittens."

"Pooh! them's gloves," scoffed Katy. "Ye don't know what yer talkin' 'bout, Tony Valerio."

Tony did not seem to hear. His eyes were glued to the window.

"An' de Whalen kids is all dressed up, too," he shouted. "An' say, dey've bringed home stuff an' is showin' 'em. Aw! look at that sw-word!"

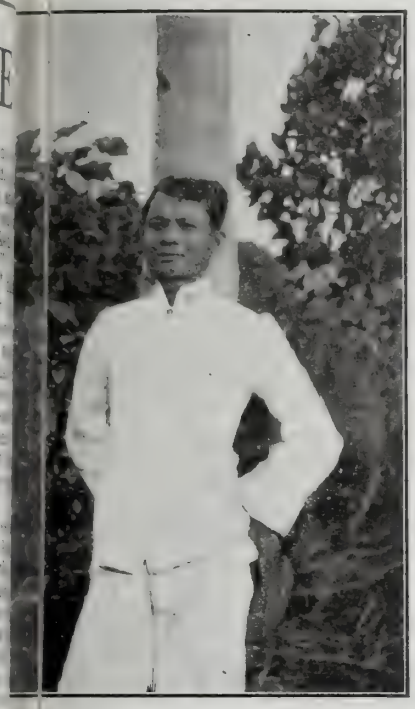
"An' thar's cake," gurgled Katy. "Tony, they's eatin' choc'late cake. Say, I am a-goin' in!"

Continued on page 504

"'Mag of the Alley' had come back!"

Persecution in the Philippines

HOW eagerly the mission boat, *El Heraldo Cristiano,* is waited for, month by month, by the many Christian who are looking forward to a visit from their missionaries! Some weeks ago we arrived in this village where there were six hundred



The Cebu Evangelist
Who begs to have his people visited

native Christians. There have been busy hours of Bible study, for the instruction of the converts is our special work here.

The converts are eagerly taking the opportunity. Early and late they study God's word in their own homes, in the hours which they can take from their daily toil.

In these happier days that have come to the Philippines, Christian parents work for their children with new ambition and sense of duty toward them. Their children have opportunities for education which did not exist in the old days of Romish rule. But while this village has its missionaries here, other places just as needy are waiting a visit.

One of our native Christians, who was desirous to go to Cebu on business, tried to get passage on one of the small native boats belonging to a Romanist neighbor, but he was refused. The boat, after a dozen hours' journey, for some unexpected reason began to leak, and before they could get it to shore it nearly went to pieces. For the people who were halting between two opinions, this incident was quite significant, as they judge by it that trouble overtakes those who oppose their Protestant neighbors.

The bright-faced young evangelist whose portrait we send you, is perhaps the most pressing of all in asking for his district to be visited. People are waiting baptism, marriage, and spiritual instruction. The native worker has himself pressed on bravely. He has been stoned, beaten, and imprisoned for the Gospel's sake, yet he continues with very much the spirit and look of a victor. Some months ago he was thrown into a village prison for having preached the Gospel. A crowd of curious people gathered outside the prison window. They wanted to see what Protestants were like! Our friend told us that the villagers looked at them as if they were wild animals. After a while the thought came to them to preach the Gospel to those people.

"My face was all marked up, where the mayor's son had struck me after I was arrested," said the evangelist, "but we had done right according to God's and man's laws, so preach we did. It was a grand opportunity, for the prison was in a good place for making ourselves heard nearly over the whole village, and most of the villagers must have heard us preach that day."

There has been very little opposition to the Gospel in that village since.

The Gospel of Christ proves itself to be a powerful weapon of defense among the Filipinos, for it draws those who would serve God into open and united testimony of their faith in him, and for the native Christians, after more or less time of suffering and persecution, it wins the respect of their fellow townspeople and villagers, as they see their good and industrious lives, and determination to obey God.

[MRS.] E. WHITE JANSEN.

[Since this letter was written, the mission boat, *El Heraldo Cristiano,* has arrived at Cebu in safety, no doubt to the great joy and satisfaction of the missionaries. Its equipment, however, is not yet fully paid for. Any contribution for that purpose will be received and acknowledged by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.]

The Question of Amusements

Sermon—Continued from page 492

ar bought with a price; not silver and gd, but the precious blood of Jesus, asf a lamb without blemish and without spot." In the interest of the servie there are many things that might begiven up. The world can indulge in scie pleasures which, if not unlawful, ar at least inexpedient for those whose tie and energy are enlisted for Christ. D we complain of this? Let us rather thk of those resources of pleasure of which the world knows nothing; sch as the joy of sins forgiven, the dight of seeking the noblest and best, th peace that passeth understanding, a l the hope of heaven. We are on the wy to a country that floweth with mk and honey. Shall we murmur for th flesh-pots of Egypt when the vineyrds of Eshcol are before us? We a: to live forever in a land "where the rers of pleasure unceasingly roll, ad the smile of the Lord is the feast o the soul."

Our work is "seeking the kingdom" ad seeking it "first." We are never "ff duty." There is no eight-hour day i the work of God. Our covenant hds us to devote our time, treasure, eergies of body and soul to him vose we are and whom we serve; so that whether we labor or rest, laugh or weep, eat or drink, or whatsoever we do, we must needs "do all to the glory of God." In fine, the touchstone of the problem of pleasure is this: We are Christians. It was the custom of the greatest of Roman Emperors to quicken his sense of responsibility by contemplating the legend, "Remember, thou art Cæsar!" No follower of Christ is in danger of doing wrong so long as he cherishes the friendship of his Lord and allows himself to be guided by him.

Submissiveness

PLACE me where I am needed most,
On highland plain or lowland coast;
In Afric's dark and deadly land,
Or midst broad India's burning sand;
Or if at home thou bidst me stay
To labor on in humble way,
Thy will be done. Just give me grace
To run to-day the appointed race.
I am thine own; thou knowest best.
Show me my work. I leave the rest
With thee. Thou art too wise and true
To bid a trusting child to do
A single thing that's void or vain,
Or cause to endure one needless pain.

Elloree, S. C. REV. JOHN A. BRUNSON.

Let your boy make a playground of his bed, if he wants to. Let him have his cat or his dog or his toys with him.

What difference does it make, anyhow? Blankets are durable; and easily cleaned—if you go about it in the right way.

The best time to wash them is on a warm, sunny, breezy day in spring.

The best way to wash them is with Ivory Soap.

Follow the directions given below and your blankets will be as clean and soft and fluffy as when you bought them.

First, shake out the dust, then soak in warm suds of Ivory Soap for thirty minutes. Work the blankets up and down in the water, squeeze them against the sides of the tub, and put them through the wringer, loosely adjusted, into another strong suds of the same temperature as the first. Stir about and soak for ten minutes, stretch soiled parts over a smooth surface, and rub with a brush, using a little of a solution of Ivory Soap cut up and dissolved in hot water. Rinse in several warm waters—or until both blanket and water are clean—then hang to dry in the open air. Hang the blankets so that they will dry straight. When perfectly dry, rub the surface with a soft flannel cloth and hang them near a stove or in a warm room for several hours. For each pair of blankets allow a half cake of Ivory Soap.

Ivory Soap - 99 44/100 Per Cent. Pure.

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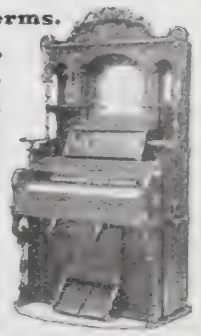

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INCENSO

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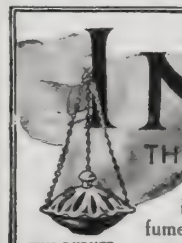

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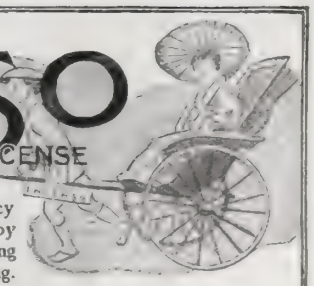
Should be burned in every home in America every day in the year. Its pungent, spicy fumes will reach the most remote corners and destroy every germ and odor, purify the air and leave a pleasing perfume in the room for several hours after burning.



Incenso destroys the odors of cooking and tobacco smoke, sick-room and toilet-room odors, and takes the place of moth balls in the closets. **Introductory Offer.**—If you have never used Incenso, we will send you this beautiful bronze burner and a generous free sample for your druggist's name. Send 10c. for packing and postage. **The INCENSO CO., 412 Fifth Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.**

The Transformation of Margaret

Continued from page 502

There was a sudden commotion about the Whalens' door. An undersized little body was worming its way through the crowd, and thrusting sharp little elbows to the right and to the left. The next minute, Margaret Kendall, standing near the Whalens' table, felt an imperative tug at her sleeve.

"Hullo! Say, Mag, give us a bite; will ye?"

"Katy! Why, it's Katy Goldburg," cried Margaret in joyous recognition. "Mother, here's Katy."

The first touch of Margaret's hand on Katy's shoulder swept like an electric shock through the waiting throng around the door. It was the signal for a general onslaught. In a moment the Whalen kitchen swarmed with boys, girls and women all shouting, all talking at once, and all struggling to reach the beautiful, blue-eyed, golden-haired little girl they had known as "Mag of the Alley."

Step by step Margaret fell back until she was quite against the wall. Her eyes grew wide and terror-filled, yet she made a brave attempt to smile and to respond politely to the noisy greetings. Across the room Mrs. Kendall struggled to reach her daughter's side, but the onrushing tide of humanity flung her back and left her helpless and alone.

It was then that Mrs. Whalen's powerful fist and strident voice came to the rescue. In three minutes the room was cleared, and Margaret was sobbing in her mother's arms.

"You, see, mother, you see how 'tis," she cried hysterically, as soon as she could speak. "There's such lots and lots of them, and they're all so poor. Did you see how ragged and bad their clothes were, and how they grabbed for the cake? We've got to divvy up, mother; we've got to divvy up!"

"Yes, dear, I know; and we will," soothed Mrs. Kendall, hurriedly. "We'll begin right away to-morrow, darling. But now we'll go back to the hotel and go to bed. My little girl is tired and needs rest."

CHAPTER IX

DR. SPENCER met Mrs. Kendall and her daughter at the Houghtonsville station on the night they returned from New York. His lips were smiling, and his eyes were joyous, as befitted a lover who is to behold for the first time in nine long days his dear one's face. The eager words of welcome died on his lips, however, at sight of the weariness and misery in the two dear faces before him.

"Why, Amy, dearest," he began anxiously; but her upraised hand silenced him.

"To-night—not now," she murmured, with a quick glance at Margaret. Then aloud to her daughter she said: "See, dear, here's Dr. Spencer, and he's brought the ponies to carry us home. What a delightful drive we will have!"

"Oh, has he?" For an instant Margaret's face glowed with animation; then the light died out as suddenly as it had come. "But, mother, I—I think I'd rather walk," she said. "You know Patty and the rest can't ride."

The doctor frowned and gave a sudden exclamation under his breath. Mrs. Kendall paled a little and turned to her daughter.

"Yes, I know," she said gently. "But you are very tired, and mother thinks it best you should ride. After all, dearie, you know it won't make Patty and the rest ride, even if you do walk. Don't you see?"

"Yes, I—I suppose so," admitted Margaret; but she sighed as she climbed into the carriage, and all the way home her eyes were troubled.

Not until after Margaret had gone to bed that night did Mrs. Kendall answer the questions that had trembled all the evening on the doctor's lips; then she told him the story of those nine days in New York, beginning with Margaret's visit to the Alley, and her overwhelming "reception" in the Whalens' basement home.

"I'm afraid the whole thing has been a mistake," she said despondently, when she had finished. "Instead of making Margaret happy, it has made her miserable."

"But I don't see," protested the doctor. "As near as I can make out you did just what she wanted; you—er—divvied up."

Mrs. Kendall sighed.

"Why, of course, to a certain extent; but even Margaret, child though she is, saw the hopelessness of the task when once we set about it. There were so many, so pitifully many. Her few weeks of luxurious living here at home have opened her eyes to the difference between her life and theirs, and I thought the child would cry herself sick over it all."

"But you helped some of them."

Again Mrs. Kendall sighed.

"Yes, oh, yes; we helped them. I think if Margaret could have had her way we should have marched through the streets to the tune of 'See, the conquering hero comes,' distributing new dresses and frosted cakes with unstinted hands; but I finally convinced her that such assistance was perhaps not the wisest way of going about what we wanted to do. At last I had to keep her away from the Alley altogether, it affected her so. I got her interested in looking up a new home for the Whalens, and so filled her mind with that."

"Oh, then the Whalens have a new home. Well, I'm sure Margaret must have liked that."

Mrs. Kendall smiled wearily.

"Margaret did," she said; and the doctor raised his eyebrows.

"But, surely, the Whalens—"

"Did not," supplied Mrs. Kendall.

"Did not!" cried the doctor.

"Well, 'twas this way," laughed Mrs. Kendall. "It was my idea to find a nice little place outside the city where perhaps Mr. Whalen could raise vegetables, and Mrs. Whalen do some work that paid better than flower-making. Perhaps Margaret's insistence upon 'grass and trees' influenced me. At any rate, I found the place, and in high feather told the Whalens of the good fortune in store for them. What was my surprise to be met with blank silence.

"'An' sure then, an' it's in the country, is it?' Mrs. Whalen asked finally.

"'Yes,' I said. 'With a yard, some flower-beds, and a big garden for vegetables.' I was just warming to my subject once more when Mr. Whalen demanded, 'Is it fur from the Alley?'

"Well, to make a long story short, they at last kindly consented to view the place; but, after one glance, they would have none of it."

"But—why?" queried the doctor.

"Various reasons. 'Twas lonesome; too far from the Alley; they didn't care to raise vegetables, anyway, and Mr. Whalen considered it quite too much work to 'kape up a place like that.' According to my private opinion, however, the man had an eye out for a saloon, and he didn't see it; consequently—the result!

"Well, we came back to town and the basement kitchen. Margaret was inconsolable when she heard the decision. The Whalen children, too, were disappointed; but Mr. Whalen and his wife were deaf to their entreaties. In the end I persuaded them to move to rooms that at least had the sun and air—though they were still in the Alley—and there I left them with a well-stocked larder and wardrobe, and with the rent paid six months in advance. I shall keep my eye on them, of course, for Margaret's sake, and I hope to do something really worth while for the children. Patty and the twins are still with them at present."

To be continued

On the Way to Church

DO you recall those Sabbath morns
with Mother at your side?
Your hand in hers, the sunny road
stretched out, serene and wide.
The gardens that you passed were
sweet with lilac and with rose,
And youth was filled to brimming with
the best the country knows.
The blossoms showered on you, glint of
silver in the birch;
Ah, those dear, sweet golden moments
down the sunny road to church.

Do you recall that Mother said the
birds were made for song;
Their minstrel chatter notes of prayer
to help the world along?
And how she told you that the sky was
woven from the wings
Of that great sacred angel host whose
praise the preacher sings?
Each rose that brushed the cheek of
you, dear Mother used to say,
Were drops of blood from Nature's
breast to consecrate each day.

Do you recall the distant slope above
whose yellow bend
The church spire pricked the crinkled
clouds in hazy tint and blend,
While, knee deep in the sweet, fresh
grass, a wild bud hid its face,
And you and Mother peeped at it there
in its hiding place?
The clover-scent, the flowing fields—
the hedge and fence and wall,
Along your road each was a friend,
and how you loved them all!

Do you recall how Mother stooped to
fix your hat on straight,
And how your little feet kept pace for
fear you both were late?
The old road led through monarchies
of sunshine and of smiles
Until, to you, the goal you sought lay
onward countless miles.
The blossoms bowed a path to you—
the silver on the birch,
Those dear, sweet golden moments
down the sunny road to church.

W. LIVINGSTON LARNED.

Missionary Grenfell's Peril

S. S. "STRATHMORE,"
OFF LABRADOR COAST, May 28, 1908.

Please accept my thanks for contributions to our work received. Here we are just in transition, the ice is leaving us and codfish vessels are swarming down to the summer industry.

We have had a long but very happy winter. The blessing of God has been manifested in very direct ways, and with great happiness and many bright hopes we leave the land and once more launch out into the deep. Personally, I had a close call in the spring. I was on a visit to a young man said to be dying, sixty miles to the south. I was crossing alone a large bay on the ice. After the wind changed, the ice broke up and let me through. Climbing out onto a piece of ice I drifted to sea, and for twenty-four hours had a good look into the face of death. There seemed no chance whatever of getting ashore again, when suddenly a boat came pulling through the ice and took me off. A man had seen me the previous day and at last they had found me. It was a source of great comfort, all those hours, to be absolutely certain that absent from the body means present with God. There was no fear, only regret that I had not accomplished more for Jesus Christ. Faithfully,

WILFRED GRENFELL.

Answered Prayers

Reader, South Carolina. "I wish to acknowledge an answer to prayer. God will always help us if we will only trust him."

Mrs. C. C., Oklahoma. "I wish to say that God has answered prayer for me and I have faith to believe that he will still continue to do so."

T. L. B., Mississippi. "Often have I called to our heavenly Father and he has never turned a deaf ear to my supplications."

A Fifty Year Test

The many attempts during the past fifty years to improve upon the standard of all infant foods—Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk—have been in vain. Eagle Brand is prepared under rigid sanitary conditions. As an infant food its equal is unattainable.

"TWO TOPERS."

A Teacher's Experience.

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"I don't care what they call me so long as I can help others to see what they lose by sticking to coffee, and can show them the way to steady nerves, clear brain and general good health by using Postum.

"While a school girl I drank coffee and had fits of trembling and went through a siege of nervous prostration, which took me three years to rally from.

"Mother coaxed me to use Postum, but I thought coffee would give me strength. So things went, and when I married I found my husband and I were both coffee topers, and I can sympathize with a drunkard who tries to leave off his cups.

"At last in sheer desperation I bought a package of Postum, followed directions after boiling it, served it with good cream, and asked my husband how he liked the coffee.

"We each drank three cups apiece, and what a satisfied feeling it left! Our conversion has lasted several years and will continue as long as we live, for it has made us new—nerves are steady, appetites good, sleep sound and refreshing."

"There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

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NEW YORK CITY, OFFERS A THREE YEARS' COURSE OF TRAINING. APPLICANTS MUST BE BETWEEN 21 AND 35 YEARS OF AGE, AND HAVE ONE YEAR IN HIGH SCHOOL OR ITS EQUIVALENT. THE SCHOOL IS REGISTERED AND CONNECTED WITH A HOSPITAL OF OVER 1,300 BEDS. THE NURSES RECEIVE $10.00 PER MONTH THE FIRST YEAR, $12.00 THE SECOND, AND $15.00 THE THIRD YEAR. CLASSES FORMED EVERY TWO MONTHS.

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E. H. STAFFORD MFG. CO., CHICAGO

Feeding the Hungry in Armenia

Miss Charlotte Ely's Relief Caravan on its Travels

The party consists of a government guard, a native Armenian pastor, and several helpers. The lady herself is not in the photograph

A LETTER from our mission treasurer, Mr. Peet, informs us that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers have sent another generous donation for the relief of earthquake and famine sufferers. In behalf of those who receive help from this fund, we desire to send most hearty thanks to you and all of the donors. The blessings called down upon them are sweet to listen to! The earthquakes last year and the continued high price of grain have brought about great distress. During the last three decades war, massacre, famine, pestilence, fire and flood, with other afflictions, have visited this country. It is hardly possible for one not an eye-witness to conceive of the misery of the people. We are therefore inexpressibly thankful for the sympathy and help extended in this time of dire need.

To insure the greatest possible good from the help sent by you and other kind friends, care has been taken in preparing the relief lists, to aid only the most destitute. These lists are constantly undergoing examination. A large proportion of those receiving aid in Bitlis City are refugees from villages, who have been driven here to avoid starvation. Some may be able when spring opens to supplement in some way what they receive from relief. It is our hope that when sowing time comes we may be able to provide seed-grain to those who have little or nothing.

This relief work—though primarily designed to alleviate physical suffering—often results in removing prejudice, and leading famishing souls to seek the Bread of Life.

CHARLOTTE E. ELY.

Bitlis, Turkey-in-Asia.

Missionary R. M. Cole writes: "Will you kindly pass along most grateful mention to your readers for their timely contribution to our orphanage relief work? We are trying to keep our factory running for weaving, shoemaking and tailoring, so that the orphan boys may learn trades and be able to earn their own bread. Our school graduates are largely engaged in teaching here or in other missionary fields of this land. One of them—Solomon by name—is a teacher and preacher in a village at the west end of Van Lake."

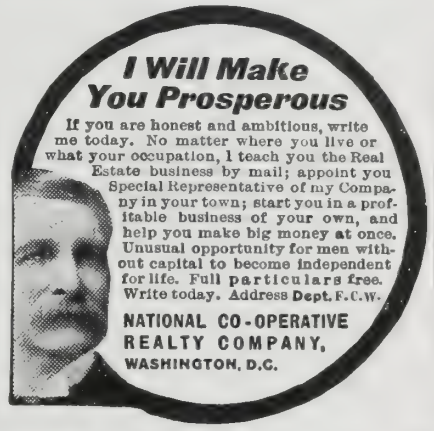
WORK FOR THE SEAMEN

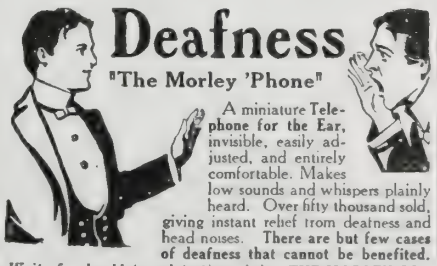
THIS year the mission yacht *Messenger* in New York harbor enters on the eleventh year of its work. Seamen have always been a needy and neglected class. They are eager to be instructed in the word of God; and the literature we offer them for their voyage at sea is accepted with expressions of gratitude. The reading matter the sailor receives from the mission yacht is the only real comfort he knows. He carries it to sea and there it is many times reread. It means much to the sailor. He often says that it is more precious to him than dollar bills. It breaks the awful monotony of a voyage at sea which sometimes drives men to insanity and to suicide. It gives him a new lease of life, and promises better things when he changes his course. His reading becomes his chart which shows the rocks of drunkenness and the breakers of a dishonest life. The knowledge he thus secures is more than a temporary blessing. When on shore it becomes his pilot and enables him to save his hard earned money and to avoid evil associates. The bread thus cast on the waters prevents many a noble wreck and saves others nearly engulfed by the storm.

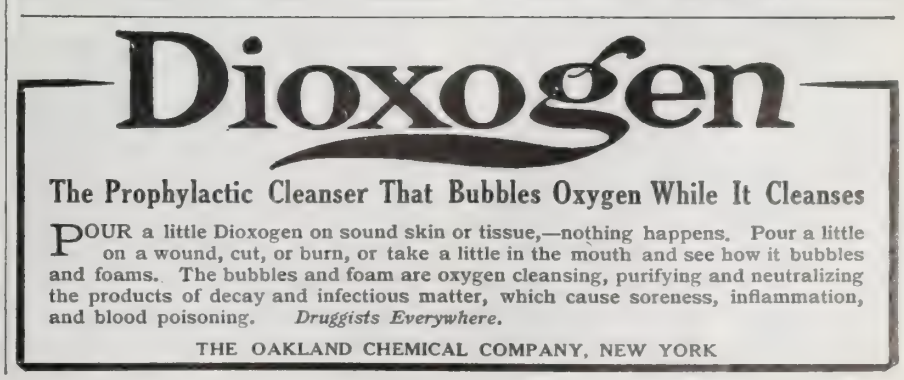
The service of sailormen is indispensable to the prosperity and comfort of civilization. Without them, the products of this country could not be sent forth to the markets of the world, and the many necessaries of life could not be brought from foreign lands. Bibles and missionaries could not be sent forth to heathen communities, and the islands of the sea would remain as an abandoned hulk on the sand. The mind is never at rest, but is ever pursuing its onward course either in the light of day or the dark sea of evil. Therefore the reading matter the seaman receives from the mission yacht not only shows him that he must answer to another Power, but often prevents mutiny on the high seas. It leads him to the foot of the cross and to the Saviour. The reading matter sent forth on the *Messenger* during the past year consisted of 193 barrels, 148 boxes, 212 dunnage sacks, four large wagon loads from public libraries, and ten tons that the mission yacht brought from New Brunswick. The approximate weight was seventy tons.

This work among seamen contains greater possibilities of good than any one on land can imagine. Literature for seamen should consist of monthly magazines and religious papers and can be sent prepaid to Captain Benn, Baltic Terminal, Brooklyn, N. Y.

This mission yacht is maintained by voluntary contributions, and if financial aid is sent to the undersigned, P. O. Box 157, Brooklyn, N. Y., the yacht and its missionary will be able to circulate one hundred tons of literature among seamen and do a vast amount of good before the close of the year. CAPTAIN GEORGE E. BENN.







Getting Ready at Mont-Lawn

UNUSUALLY frequent and plentiful rains during the spring have made Mont-Lawn more beautiful than ever before. So it seems to one visiting the home at this time. Tree, shrub, and grass seem more vividly green, and wild flowers have bloomed in the utmost profusion.

Down in a little hollow, just below the large kitchen garden, violets have fairly carpeted the ground. Their purple, long-stemmed blooms, if gathered in their freshness, would outshine any hot-house product. Mont-Lawn is particularly rich in trees, some of them almost gigantic in size. Every year adds to their stature and beauty. Every morning just as dawn comes stealing across the Tappan Zee, the air is filled with liquid music from golden-throated bird choirs who warble their thanksgiving in a chorus of ecstasy. Each visit brings a fresh surprise to friends of this charming bit of God's achitecture, where majestic hills form a background to the "Children's Paradise." There is always a new point of vantage from which the natural beauties of hill and valley, field and river may be viewed.

How small a sum it takes to make a little child happy for ten long lovely days, ten restful, happy nights! Only three dollars will do all—a small sum indeed compared with the inestimable blessings it conveys to the child. Twenty-one dollars endows a cot for the season. This endowment makes it possible for seven children to have an outing of ten days each, every hour filled with joy, plenty of good, wholesome food, and to many the hitherto unknown luxury of a soft, clean, comfortable bed. Many applications are already in for the coming season, which opens June 25. The little ones are looking forward with all the faith of children to the happy day when the noisy, dusty streets of New York will be exchanged for the wide, green fields of Mont-Lawn, where the hot, stuffy tenement will give place to the roomy cottage dormitory and open-air dining room, with its blissful second-story rainy day playroom.

As the season advances, we hope to take up in detail, from week to week, each separate detail of life at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Home, to show our readers how great a blessing cometh down both to giver and recipient in this noble work for the little ones.

Life Through Christ

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

THE past quarter we have seen Jesus as the Good Shepherd giving his life for the sheep. Our next lesson tells us of life from the dead, and of Jesus as "the Resurrection and the Life," mightier than death. We see how he allowed things to come to the worst with Lazarus that he might prove that through death he would destroy him that had the power of death, even the devil, and deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage" (Heb. 2: 14, 15). He is the Conqueror of death, physical and spiritual. Four days' death had apparently had the dominion of the body of Lazarus. What was that to him in whom was life, and who was in himself the resurrection and the life? The same voice which spake and it was done, which commanded and it stood fast (Ps. 33: 9), in the days of creation, said, "Lazarus, come forth," and the dead arose and lived.

The same power will raise from the dead "them that sleep in Jesus" (I. Thess. 4: 13), and will take away without dying those who wait for him (Heb. 9: 28, R. V.), and fashion anew their bodies of humiliation and conform them to the body of his glory (Phil. 3: 21), when he comes again. And the same power will raise the dead for the judgment at the great white throne, and make the very sea give up her dead (Rev. 20: 11-13). And it was the very same power by which he himself broke loose from the death which he accepted for our ransom. No man, no devil, even him that hath the power of death, could bind him in whom was life. And thus the risen Saviour ascended into heaven, passing through the realms of "the prince of the power of the air" (Eph. 2: 2), whom he will shortly expel from that dominion, when he can catch away to himself his waiting ones (I. Thess. 4: 17; Rev. 12: 6).

In John 13 we saw the humility of the Lord Jesus in washing his disciples' feet; a sample of the fruit which the life of God in man produces, so contrary to our natural hearts, which are infected with the wicked pride which made Satan fall (Isa. 14: 12-14; Ezek. 28: 17). And in John 14: 2, 3, we got a glimpse of our heavenly home to which our Lord says he will receive us unto himself when he comes, that where he is we may be also. Oh, how infinitely blessed it is to know that after all the changes of this mortal life, he who has guided us, cared for us, borne us through all, will make heaven home to us by his very presence there! And then we saw, in John 15: 16, something of the mission of the Holy Spirit; to the world in convicting it of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment; to the Church in his wonderful ministry of intercession in us, as our Lord intercedes in heaven for us at the right hand of God.

And then, in John 18, compared with the other Gospels, we saw how, after all the three years the disciples had been with Jesus, his chosen, constant companions, who had watched him, heard his words, shared his poverty, ministered to him, and who knew him so intimately, and so really loved him that they had left all for him—yet when it came to the point, forsook him and fled. Peter, the most profuse in his professions of fidelity, had even denied him, and Judas, who had a devil, but with whom the Master had borne with divine patience, betrayed him! No trust could be put in human nature; under the best of circumstances, it utterly broke down under a test. In his trial before Caiaphas, Herod, and Pilate, no man stood with him. He trod the winepress alone. It looked like a huge failure, but in him, the God-man, was life.

And then we saw how he was led away to be crucified. No one who judged him could find any fault in him, and yet man dared to execute the Holy One of God. And in the present day, the enmity against Jesus our Saviour is none the less. No man can find a fault in him, and yet how few there are who really follow him, and leave all for him! He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of peace was upon him. and by his stripes we are healed, and yet the majority of men live as though everyone and everything were of more account than Jesus.

A Needy Mission Field

THE undersigned has charge of a field in the United Provinces of India, with a population of about 3,500,000. We have more than 22,000 Christian converts, and multitudes are ready to be evangelized. The headquarters of this work is in Meerut City. There is much religious interest and revival influence in this territory.

Our chiefest need is a large reinforcement to our band of about 150 native preachers and teachers. Our converts are without adequate care and multitudes of inquirers can not be instructed. To secure suitable workers, we must train them ourselves. Among our converts the material for such workers is abundant. The quickest method of supplying this pressing need is to gather in bright young men with their wives from our village Christian communities, who have learned to read a little, and to put them under a course of instruction and training for about three years, and then they are ready to go out and fill these needy places. We have such a training school and it has given us numbers of valuable preachers and teachers. We greatly need forty-five or fifty scholarships at $2.50 per month, or $30 per year. In few places indeed can $90 spread over three years do so much for the extension of Christ's kingdom in the Indian Empire. May God put it into many hearts to help us.

W. M. BUCK,
Meerut, India. *Presiding Elder.*

The Public Speaking Classes

PROFESSOR HAYNES' classes in the Art of Speaking in Public have proved remarkably popular among the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. At the present moment he is conducting by mail a class of some 1,500 students, men and women of all ages.

Hundreds have written in high appreciation of this course of ten lessons in the Art of Speaking in Public. "They excel anything I have ever read on the subject and the rules are so practical that I will put them into use," writes W. F. S., North Wilkesboro, N. C. "Your system is the most concise, practical, simple and efficient I have ever tried," writes W. J. F., Selkirk, Ont., and he adds that public speaking, instead of being a task, is now a pleasure. "The rules you laid down have been a blessing to me," writes C. C. H., Fairfield, Me. "I have studied them all with profit," writes the General Secretary of an association in Little Rock, Ark.

Other students send these expressions on the Course:

What you teach about word-painting and making your own illustrations is worth its weight in gold.

The study of the audience is great; it is perfect.

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I went at it night and day. I have not had a hoarse hour since. Yet I was always getting hoarse before.

I have put my vocabulary right up to 1,500 words by your system.

A Special Summer Course is now being arranged for CHRISTIAN HERALD readers. All who wish to take advantage of this opportunity to study the Art of Public Speaking under a practical master should at once send in their names and addresses together with one dollar enrolment fee. The lessons run through ten weeks by mail and will be an incalculable aid to all who have the desire to be able to stand upon their feet and express themselves clearly and correctly before an audience. There is positively no further expense connected with the entire course. Address, "Public Speaking Course," THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, New York.

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Then to you will come his mercy,
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Looks through eyes of tender love;
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In his mansions up above.

JOHN HOLYOKE BARNES.

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YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES

The Scholar Missionary*

PAUL the Cilician enjoyed in his youth the advantages of the famous schools of Tarsus, which was then the rival of Athens and Alexandria in learning and philosophy. His writings prove him to have been a man of superior intellectual attainments. A Pharisee's son, he was doubtless carefully instructed in rabbinical lore. But only after his conversion were his talent talents fully developed and consecrated to the cause of Christ. Paul then became the typical scholar-missionary of the early Christian church, extending its borders and increasing its followers in many lands. In that wonderful second chapter of 1 Corinthians he discloses the secret of his success. With Christ in his heart and on his lips, he was invincible.

Paul's secret of power has become known since that day to multitudes of believers throughout the world. That prince of science, Lord Kelvin, when asked what had been the greatest of all his discoveries, replied: "The greatest I ever made was to discover my Saviour in Jesus Christ."

Henry Martyn was probably one of the best modern examples of the scholar-missionary, of whom Paul was the illustrious prototype. During his university career Martyn was still unconverted. His father's sudden death made the family poor. Martyn found an associate in Charles Simeon, an evangelical preacher, and a man of deep, earnest piety. Soon the young student became convicted of sin and took Christ into his heart as Saviour. Then came the great transformation in his life. He had found Paul's secret.

Martyn now worked with tremendous zeal to develop his talent and lay it on the altar of service. He won the highest university honors—the senior wranglership, the Latin prize and a degree. His friends marveled when he told them that he felt a call to service in heathen lands. On account of his youth, his first application for acceptance as a missionary was rejected. Three years later, he was appointed to India.

He reached Madras in April, 1806, where his wonderful talents soon made him a foremost figure in the missionary field. He studied and mastered Sanscrit, Hindostani and Persian, and though almost constantly engaged in public ministry, he found time to translate the New Testament into the two latter languages. He traveled much, visiting Persia, Arabia and other countries, and speaking the word of truth to many races and religions—Mollahs, Softas, Parsees and Sheiks of the desert. One day he would preach to princes, governors and professors; the next to street beggars. His notable interview with the Grand Vizier at Tabriz, whither he went to see the Shah, recalls the famous incident of Paul's appearance before Agrippa. Indeed, there were many singular parallelisms in the careers of these two scholar-missionaries.

The Pauline zeal in Henry Martyn's noble heart was prematurely stilled by death, which overtook him among strangers at Tocat; but though he died a pilgrim in a heathen land, his influence and the fervor for missions which he kindled during those six brief but brilliant years, live to this day.

India's greatest need is for more men of the Henry Martyn type to spread the glorious Gospel. The greatest of modern religious reformers in India, Keshub Chunder Sen, said: "It is Christ who rules India. None but Christ has deserved this precious diadem, and Jesus shall have it!" "We recognize that the fulness of time has come for India," writes the Rev. R. A. Hume in his recent book on *Missions from the Modern View*, "when God will, through Jesus, give that land the same spiritual vision and power he has given to the Western peoples."

* Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for Sunday, June 28. Text, I. Cor. 2 : 1-16.

An Omnipotent Protector*

AS we advance in spiritual experience, we realize that many events in our career, which can not be explained at the moment by any process of the human understanding, are yet divinely directed for our ultimate good.

We learn, too, from the lesson that the worldly perils and dangers that beset us may be made contributory to our spiritual development. It has been related of Anschar the "Apostle of the North" (who was the first to carry the Gospel to the Danes and Swedes about 826 A.D.), that when he set sail for the Northland his vessel was attacked by pirates and plundered of everything of value, including even the Scriptures he had designed for use in his work. Anschar and his companions found themselves deserted on a bleak, inhospitable shore, with no idea of their geographical position. "Let us return," pleaded Anschar's comrades. "No," he replied; "whatever may happen to me is in the hands of God. I will not return until I discover whether it is his will that the Gospel shall be published in this land." So they took courage and plodded on their way inland until to their surprise they reached Sigunta, the capital city, where they were graciously received by the king. They were permitted to preach and soon the Gospel was proclaimed all over that heathen land.

During the voyage of the *Discovery* Captain Scott, with several companions, was making a sledge journey across antarctic ice. They left provisions in a depot on the ice field in order to lighten the load and provide for the return journey. Soon afterward they lost their bearings, and were in danger of starvation. No familiar landmark was to be seen. Suddenly one of the men slipped, and began to slide down a cascade of the glacier. The others, being roped to him, followed. Three hundred feet they slid when their progress was suddenly stopped on a lower level, and they recognized familiar landmarks, which directed them to the dépot near by. If they had not fallen they might have missed it and perished.

John Hunt had labored heroically but without visible results among the heathen of Fiji for several years, when a strange thing happened which unexpectedly turned the tide of popular feeling in favor of the missionary. Native priests had threatened the lives of the missionaries, and because of their "evil work" had predicted a terrible drought; but it did not come and the people's belief in the powers of the pagan deities was rudely shaken. It was the turning point. The threat of disaster had been transformed into a blessing. The Queen of Viwa became a Christian, then King Thakombau's generalissimo, Verani, the "Napoleon of Fiji," was baptized and became an ardent preacher of the Gospel. The great royal canoe, formerly the messenger of war and bloodshed, was employed to carry the missionaries to the various islands to preach. Converts were soon numbered by thousands. Some years afterward Thakombau himself was baptized publicly. His whole land became Christian.

History is full of instances of God's protecting care of his people. Aged Alexander Peden, the Covenanter, and his band of worshipers were enveloped by a mist in answer to Peden's prayer for deliverance from the troopers who were seeking their lives. In 1686, eight hundred Waldensian fugitives were in danger of perishing from hunger when their prayers for succor were answered by a sudden thaw, which removed the snow and revealed a quantity of wheat standing ripe and uncut, which fed them all.

Thus, in all things, the believer is made to realize that God the Father is making provision for his welfare here and hereafter.

* Topic of the Epworth League for Sunday, June 28. Texts, I. Peter 1 : 3-5 ; John 10 : 28, 29.

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A handsome brochure, artistically illustrated, has been issued by the Grand Trunk passenger department, telling of the beauties of the Lake of Bays district, in the "Highlands of Ontario." A new feature of this district is the new hotel—the Wawa—at Norway Point. The hotel itself has a page illustration reflecting the summer glories of woodland and water, with a brood of seven wild geese soaring skyward beyond the tower. The concise description embodies the story of a charming resort.

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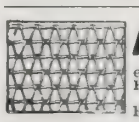

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See page 526

A SUMMER REVERIE

Questions and Answers

W. D., Germantown, Pa. What is the difference between Fabian Socialism (which I take to be true Socialism), and the brand that advocates conflict and violence?

Fabian Socialism believes in accomplishing its ends by the peaceful means of education, agitation and legislation. It has done much abroad, especially in Great Britain. Its leaders hold that the people have the power, through legitimate channels and by peaceful methods, to bring about all needed reforms, but that education and cooperation are essential to this result.

Reader, Ohio. If a woman with an infant leaves her husband, can the father be made to support the child and pay the wife alimony and also give the wife custody of the child?

A husband must support his wife and child, according to his means; but if he demands custody of the child, the law will let him have it, unless he is an unfit person. In this case, probably the child would be left with the mother. Consult a local lawyer as to proper proceeding.

S. J. S., Beaver Springs, Pa. 1. Why did Jesus ask Peter the third time "Lovest thou me?" Was it because he denied him thrice? 2. How was Rahab related to King David? 3. Is it wrong to have an orchestra play and lead the singing in the house of God?

1. The thrice-repeated question referred doubtless to the three protestations and denials, and were designed to elicit, as they did, answers full of love and faith, and without any trace of Peter's usual characteristic — presumption. 2. She became the wife of Salmon, son of Nahshon, and was the ancestress of Boaz, grandfather of Jesse, the father of David. 3. No. The finer the music, the better. We should cultivate the popular taste for the appreciation of the best music in the sanctuary. If you read the Biblical accounts of the magnificent array of instruments used by the choir in the Temple, you will realize how much importance was attached to that branch of the service.

Mrs. J. M. S., Binghamton, N. Y. I would like to ask which you consider the best *Life of Christ*?

The best we know of are by Farrar, Geikie, Edersheim, and Beecher, any one of which you can procure through regular booksellers.

Mrs. C. L., Clarion, Pa. 1. The people here say that if you sow on Ascension Day you will be struck by lightning. Where did such an idea originate? 2. Will a Christian swear under any circumstances?

1. It doubtless originated in the fact that holy days and fasts in the Roman, Anglican and Eastern churches were, and still are, rigorously observed. 2. Certainly he should not swear. See Ex. 20: 7 and Matt. 5: 34. Profanity is one of the crying sins of the day and every true Christian should strive to discourage it.

Mrs. G. N. P., Lithia Springs, Ga. Please explain the expression in the last verse of the last chapter of John, [illegible] "And there are also many other things which Jesus did, the which if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written."

It means obviously that only a partial and exceedingly meagre account of all the wonderful acts and sayings of Jesus during his earthly ministry has come down to us. John is writing hyperbolically, and in the figure of an enthusiast, who feels that his materials far exceed his ability to handle them, and that the narration might easily be multiplied tenfold.

W. P. C., Paonia, Colo. 1. Was St. Peter ever in Rome? It seems to me that the story of his having been there is a mere Popish invention, though some scholarly works have allowed the legend to creep into their pages. 2. Paul calls himself the Apostle to the Gentiles, and Peter the Apostle to the circumcision. It is thought that not more than twenty per cent. of the Jews deported when Judah was overthrown by Nebuchadnezzar ever returned; that eighty per cent. remained in Babylonia. Was it not to these that Peter was finally sent? It seems from I. Peter 5: 13 that he was in Babylon when he wrote the first epistle. 3. Has the legend that he was crucified head downward any foundation in fact?

1. Church chroniclers disagree as to the time of Peter's journey to Rome, but all concur in holding that he went there. Eusebius says Peter went to Rome from Antioch in the second year of Claudius Cæsar. Jerome confirms this and says Peter remained in Rome 25 years preaching and teaching. Irenæus says Peter and Paul were in Rome together. Their graves were pointed out in Rome as early as the latter part of the second century. 2. Some writers have taken Babylon to signify Rome which the Apostle really meant. Eusebius, Jerome and Ecumenius took the view that he meant to apply the name of Babylon to Rome in a spiritual sense, as we might call Boston the American Athens in an intellectual sense. 3. Purely traditional, and not specifically so mentioned by any good authority.

H. A. W., Society Hills, S. C. What is grace?

In theology, the word "grace" has been the hinge of three great historical controversies, and it is still a subject of varied interpretation. In the spiritual sense it is divine favor or condescension to mankind individually or collectively. In the concrete Gospel sense, it is the unmerited love and favor of God in Christ, as shown in the salvation freely provided for mankind (see Eph. 2: 9). It may also be described as the divine influence acting within the heart, regenerating, sanctifying and keeping it. Grace brings the peace and joy of assurance. It is "the life of the soul, as the soul is the life of the body."

Mr. G. A. P., of Newport, R. I., writes: "I am sending you a form of blessing used by my grandfather way down among the hills of Camden, Me., over sixty years ago, which among his numerous grandchildren has become almost a classic. It may interest the readers of the HERALD:

Heavenly Father, wilt thou behold us at this time in mercy? Grant us thy presence: comfort our hearts with the consolation of thy Holy Spirit. Grant us grace to strengthen us; pardon our sins and bless us, and grant thy favor upon the food provided. May we receive it in thy love and live to thine acceptance. These favors we ask in Jesus Christ's name. Amen.

H. B., Wenona, Md. For what purpose was Judas chosen as a disciple?

He was attracted, as the others were, by the preaching of the Baptist or by his own Messianic hopes. It can be imagined, however, that baser motives may have mingled with his faith and zeal. He must have possessed some qualifications, probably plausibility being one, and he may even have excelled the rest of the twelve in business ability. Again, he may have joined the twelve in all sincerity, and yielded to temptation only when he found the handling of the money made him covetous. It was evident that Jesus knew from the beginning what Judas would do (John, 6: 64). Volumes have been written in the futile effort to explain why Judas was chosen.

Reader, Elgin, Ill. 1. When and where was Peary the explorer born? 2. What is his full name? Is he to make any more trips to the Arctic?

1. He was born at Cresson Springs, Pa., in 1856, and entered the navy in 1881. 2. Robert Edwin Peary. 3. Yes; he has stated that he believes his present plans will carry him nearer the pole than his last journey. He then reached "farthest north"—200.63 statute miles from the pole.

K. S. B., New York City, and Mrs. C. E. H., Franklin, Pa. Many of the early writers hold that the Apostles themselves composed the Creed while in Jerusalem, shortly after the Ascension. This statement rests wholly upon tradition. Augustine even gives the names of the apostolic contributor of each phrase or passage. "He descended into hell" is attributed to Thomas.

This is a little verse (forwarded by a CHRISTIAN HERALD reader), which expresses in felicitous phrase the sentiment of the Christian optimist:

If you wish to grumble, go
Where there's no one nigh to hear;
Let the story of your woe
Fall upon no mortal ear.
But if joy hath come to you,
Shout it! Spread it far and wide;
Share with others all the true
Happinesses that betide.

D. H., Greenwich, Conn. What became of Peter the Hermit, who preached the first crusade?

The great company which Peter led to the Holy Land on the first crusade was totally defeated in battle at Nicæa in 1096. Peter then joined the army of Godfrey of Bouillon. He returned from the Holy Land and founded an Augustinian monastery.

Missionary Student, Lowville, N. Y. Can you tell me something about the Loyalty Islands?

They compose a group of three large and several small islands in the South Pacific, 160 miles east of New Caledonia, and, like the latter island, they are under French colonial administration. The three large islands are Mare, Lefu, and Uea. Bananas are grown and sandalwood is exported. In 1901 the population was 14,800.

H. S., Roca, Neb. Please give the names of a few of the largest bridges of the world, and where are they located?

The Brooklyn, Williamsburg and Blackwell's Island bridges between New York and Long Island; the Tay and Forth bridges in Scotland, the Cincinnati bridge, the Memphis, Tenn., bridges, and the great bridge recently built across the Danube at Cernavoda in Roumania.

The Coliseum Building, Chicago

The meeting place of the Republican Presidential Convention. It has a seating capacity of twelve thousand, and is a structure of imposing design.

Miscellaneous

Mrs. H. C., Belding, Mich. Send the question to the Professor of Mathematics at your State University.

Reader Fountain City, Ind. Write to the postmaster at Warsaw, who will give the information.

A. C., Prospect, Pa. We do not know the address of the paper. Your other query will be answered in a few weeks.

Subscriber, Mechanicsville, N. Y. Write to the Scott Stamp and Coin Co., 18 East Twenty-third Street, New York, for all information regarding coins.

Old Subscriber, Blissfield, Mich. Freemasons claim that their order started at the building of Solomon's Temple, but a much later date is usually assigned to it.

Mrs. F. B., Syracuse, N. Y. Judging by the name, it is a mountain district. Why not drop a note to the postmaster of that place, who will, no doubt, reply promptly?

M. W., Minnesota. Fanny Crosby, when six weeks old, became blind from application of hot poultices to her eyes during an illness, the poultices destroying the optic nerve.

Inquirer, Chemung, Ill. *Family Worship*, a book which meets your requirements, is published by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at $1.50, including expressage, or $3 with a year's subscription to the paper.

A. L. B., Weymouth, Mass. The commandment is very explicit as to the sacredness of the Sabbath. The only labor that is permissible on the Lord's Day is that which is emphatically either a work of necessity or mercy. Moreover, to compel others to work is as great a sin as though we worked ourselves.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

Housekeeping a Simple Problem

An African Village Dame

A Native African Market

A PERILOUS AFRICAN JOURNEY

Irs. Wodehouse's Trip to Interior Rhodesia's Wild Tribes Who Never Saw a White Woman Before

MRS. LOUISE M. WODEHOUSE, an American missionary, stationed at Umtali, Rhodesia, Africa, has written for THE CHRISTIAN ERALD a most interesting account of her recent ur among the strange tribes of the interior. With er husband, Rev. Robert Wodehouse, and several ative attendants, they set out from Umtali in ugust of last year and traversed a large section f country, meeting with many unusual adventures. n some of these places, Mrs. Wodehouse was surrised to find that she was regarded with extreme riosity, no white woman ever having visited those ibes before. Her letter is given elow:

. . .

On Thursday, August 29, we ft Pakata's kraal at seven A.M. fter a good night's rest. It was ery hot traveling and my Machela oys put me down every ten mintes right in the burning sun. ome of the forest trees looked ery beautiful, as if huge hanging askets were suspended from the ranches, the pretty parasites takng that form.

Next day we rose at five; were n our journey at half past six, nd breakfasted at Sitza's kraal. Ve had to travel several miles ver country where the grass fires ad blackened everything, and the runching of the burned grass nder the boys' feet sounded as if hey were walking on cinders.

Next morning we reached the abi River about nine, crossed it nd then had a delightful bath, fter which we started on again or the next kraal. We had to itch our tent in the ploughed ands. The women came round me n great curiosity, never having een a white woman before. I alked to them and found they new nothing about God. I gave tiny child a spoonful of sugar in ts little hand. About a dozen women and children each took a little pinch to taste, and exclaimed, 'Muhle! Muhle!" They had never tasted sugar before.

Our caravan now made a long line as we walked the native paths in single file. When we came to paths that branched off from the road we were traveling, the leader would make with a stick in the sand the form of a cross so that all that followed might know which road to take. When we came to Chigombe's kraal (a very large one), we heard the tom-toms some time before we reached the place and knew they were having a "beer drink." When we arrived we found they were in a heathen dance. We saw heathenism in one of its wildest forms. There was a large ring of men and women, and while the tom-tom played and the women chanted, first one and then another would run into the ring, their bodies almost naked, and feathers and other grotesque things sticking out all over their heads. Flourishing their assegais, bows and arrows, clubs, etc., they would leap and jump and stab an imaginary enemy. Some got into quite a frenzy. It was very strange to see them leap high into the air and, while off the ground, strike out their feet behind. They seem never to get tired. They must have been at it a good while before we came; after dark they were as hard at it as ever. It was quite impossible to have a service with them, they were so excited with the drink. We were kept awake till early next morning with the tom-toms and the shouts of the people. It seemed as if pandemonium were let loose. What a terrible thing heathenism is!

Missionary Receiving a Native Chief into Church Communion

Chigombe, the chief, came to see us and Mr. Wodehouse gave him a blanket; it was very funny to see him put it round his shoulders and then dance before us! He sent us a sheep for a present. We left at 6 A.M., rested at a kraal where we bought meal for the boys; then went on till we came to a very nice kraal. The chief was a quiet old man. Mr. Wodehouse gave him a blanket, and he in return sent us a goat. There is a beautiful river here running over sparkling sand. Mr. Wodehouse and I wandered down its banks and took a most enjoyable bath in its limpid waters.

Next we visited the kraal of Masuka, an influential "king." He is a nice, quiet old man, and would "like the missionary to come to his country." We saw a number of women at the threshing-floor, threshing with sticks. Toward evening, we reached a kraal where a woman has rule, and where they call her the "Ishi."

On the following night we heard a lion in the distance, at Gonela's kraal. We were told the lions had been there lately. There is a watch tower at the entrance to the kraal, where three men sleep every night with guns on account of lions, as they trouble their cattle. There were also reins stretched across hung with tins to serve as an alarm. The end of this rein is put through a hole in the hut, and if any lions are about, they pull it and make the tins rattle and are frightened away.

We had not been long in bed last night when we heard the lions roar. Mr. Wodehouse looked out of the tent and told Charles to tell the boys to make up blazing fires, as the lions were around, but he had already heard them and soon the fires were crackling and blazing. We thought it best to dress in case of an emergency. We heard the lions off and on all night. They did not seem far away, and of course sleep was impossible. About four o'clock in the morning there was a prolonged roar, as if two or three were roaring together; but it proved to be their farewell, as we did not hear them afterwards. To our great joy, the morning soon dawned. How glad we were to hear the roosters at the neighboring kraal, and to feel that the night of terror was past. How good is our God that he did not permit

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THE
American Pulpit

A SERMON BY

Robert Stuart MacArthur*

The Question OF THE Centuries

TEXT—Matt. 22: 42
"What think ye of Christ?"

THREE objects, partly natural and partly architectural, I have seen which meet the reasonable expectations aroused by the descriptions of travelers—the Alhambra, in Granada, Spain; the Japan Sea, and the glorious Taj Mahal, in Agra, India. Three works of artistic genius, each superb of its kind, have I seen which satisfy reasonable expectations—Raphael's "Transfiguration," Canova's "Penitent Magdalen," and the mysterious Sphinx. Three products of literary skill have I read, each almost perfect of its kind—Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, Milton's *Paradise Lost*, and Tennyson's *In Memoriam*. Three men have I studied, magnificent, majestic, and well nigh matchless—Moses the Lawgiver, Paul the Apostle, and Luther the Reformer.

But no one of these objects of nature or works of art, and no one of these men was ideal. The ideal man has not yet been discovered. Humboldt, who traveled far, saw much and felt more, recorded in his diary this sentence, "The finest fruit earth holds up to its Maker is a man." It is here implied that this finest fruit is the ideal man. But Humboldt did not affirm that he had ever found this man. The ideal man has not yet been discovered among those who were mere men. No one of our noblest men was a spotless sun; no one reached sinless perfection. From all our loftiest specimens of manhood I turn dissatisfied to Jesus Christ, and in him I find the ideal becomes actual, the dream real, and the hope fruition. He rises in unapproachable glory, not only above men, but also above saints and seraphs, and above angels and archangels. Gazing upon him, we can exclaim with inexpressible enthusiasm and unutterable ecstasy, *"Ecce Homo!"* and, with the same breath and with equal truth, we can also reverently exclaim, *"Ecce Deus!"*

The Great Question

The question of my text, "What think ye of Christ?" now presses upon our consideration. The setting of this text is instructively suggestive. For some time in his discussion with the Pharisees, our Lord had been acting on the defensive. Both Sadducees and Pharisees had been asking him questions. His answers put the Sadducees to silence, and their confusion greatly gratified the Pharisees. It is now their turn to experience similar confusion from the celerity and dexterity of his replies. Never was there so skilful a debater as Jesus Christ. He was masterful in his clarity of thought, simplicity of speech, and purity of motive.

In the case before us, he passes from the defensive to the offensive, and he convicts Scribes and Pharisees of entertaining false views of the Messiah. They had disputed his claims as a spiritual Messiah, and he now shows the irreconcilable contradiction between their views of him as a mere worldly Messiah, and the teaching of their own prophetic Scriptures. They were silenced and even stunned by his rapid, aggressive, and unanswerable attack. We are significantly told that "no man was able to answer him a word, neither durst any man from that day forth ask him any more questions."

It must, doubtless, be admitted that there are men in every community, who have no definite convictions regarding Jesus Christ. It seems almost incredible that in a community of culture and Christianity men and women should be found who have not reached definite conclusions regarding the person and character of Christ. I put then the question with the utmost directness, "What think ye of Christ?" This is the broadest, deepest, and loftiest question ever put to the human race. This is the question of all the ages.

A Humiliating Confession

My friend, the late Dr. Charles S. Robinson, once told me in his study, while we were discussing this text, that he asked a prominent business man what he thought of the Christ, and the man replied frankly, "I suppose I never do think of Jesus Christ." Then Dr. Robinson inquired of the man when he was born, and he gave the date, 1843. "B.C. or A.D.?" the doctor asked. The man remained silent in his confusion. Here was a man who had been dating letters for many years, and was thus commemorating the birth of Jesus Christ, and living in a world whose civilization is radiant with the glory of Christ, and yet he frankly acknowledged that he had no definite thoughts regarding this unique personage.

This was a humiliating confession for this man to make. Such a confession in this century argues some degree of social inferiority, intellectual inanity, and moral vacuity. It is astounding that men professing even average intelligence should not have reached well-defined views of the character of Jesus the Christ. His birthday gave the race a new era, and every man who dates a letter or a ledger pays tribute to his nativity. His life and teaching are shaping the literature, the art, the architecture, and the music of the world. His spirit has given us immortal paintings, and his hand has virtually carved the greatest figures in the modern galleries of sculpture throughout the world. He has inspired the sublimest oratorios of Bach, of Handel, of Haydn, of Mozart, of Beethoven, and of Mendelssohn. Jesus Christ has created a new world along all the lines of art, music, architecture, and literature for time and eternity. He is the most puissant force known among men since the creation of the race. The man who has no convictions concerning Jesus Christ is intellectually and morally an equally pitiful and reprehensible creature. He is no honor to any circle in life in which he moves.

People Who Know Not Christ

In our churches, there are no hearers unwilling to admit that Jesus Christ is at least a great historic character. They frankly admit that he was born at Bethlehem, brought up at Nazareth, and crucified at Jerusalem. They are entirely correct in the outward features of his earthly career, but they have comparatively little conception of the spiritual significance of his wonderful life and his vicarious death.

They think of the historical elements of his wonderful life as they would think of those of Buddha, Zoroaster, or Mohammed. Their conception of his earthly life has no power over the development of their own lives, except as a mere character of history. They fail to see that his was a unique life, and that it was lived on earth by him, that it might be lived in some measure over again on earth by us. They fail to see that he became the son of man, that we might become the sons of God. They do not learn that he revealed the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man that we should sweetly experience the one, and constantly illustrate the other. The historic Christ has no more power over the practical lives of some, than the traditional heroes of classic legend. Virtually for them there is no Christ of God. Practically for them there is no historic Christ. Until the historic Christ is translated into a personal Saviour and Master, controlling our acts, our words, and our thoughts by his matchless example, his unique personality, and his spiritual purity, there is for us no historic Christ worthy the name.

Tributes to Divine Perfection

There are those who think of the Christ as a dreamy, sentimental and poetic character. They are charmed by the commendable characteristics of his remarkable life. They refer to him in terms of soothing speech and of dreamy affection. There is an element of poesy in all their conceptions of the divine-human Christ. They think of him in language which the robust Chalmers called, in his lofty scorn, "nursery endearments." They are ready to adopt the language of the renowned French theologian, eminent Orientalist, and brilliant rhetorician, Renan, when he speaks of the Christ of God as the "sweet Galilean." Such epithets must be utterly unwelcome to Christ. If he be not more than man, then he is less than man. If he be not worthy of our loftiest devotion, he is certainly worthy of our severest reprehension. In a word, if he be not God, he is not a good man.

Carlyle described materialism as a "gospel of dirt;" we might fittingly describe this sweet and silly sentimentalism as a "gospel of gush." Only as we bow down at Christ's feet, and worship him as the divine-human Man, can we give him the honor which he merits and demands. Then we can employ and sanctify the loftiest poetry in chanting his praise, the noblest art in limning his person, and the profoundest logic in urging his claims upon men as the divine-human Saviour. There are many who are willing to admit and who earnestly affirm that Jesus Christ is the ideal Man of the human race. They are ready to declare that it was glorious thing that man was originally made h God, and that it was a still more condescendi thing that God was made like man. The Christ w indeed the ideal man of the human race. He was t great exemplar, the perfect model, the sublime ori inal, to be imitated by all true men and women. him, and in him only, the plant of humanity blc somed and bloomed into a perfect flower.

How Account for Jesus?

But how can we account for the perfection of h humanity, if we deny the reality of his divinity We ought, as students of literature and life, account for Jesus the Christ. We strive to accou for Socrates and Plato, for David and Isaiah, fc Paul and Luther, for Washington and Gladston for Lincoln and McKinley. Are we not under th strongest possible obligations to account for Jesu Christ? Men say that Jesus Christ was good, bu that he was not God. Out of their own mouths thes men convict themselves of inconsistency in thei locutions and illogicality in their reasonings. I Jesus Christ be not God, he is not good. He is eithe an unpardonable egotist, or a hopeless lunatic, o he is the Christ of God, and God over all, blessec forever more. He claimed to be God, and if his claim be not true, how can he be good? The stream of his life flowed through the human race on a higher level, and rose to a vastly higher point, than any other stream known to human history or divine revelation. How shall we account for the height to which that stream rose? Water can never rise higher than its source. If that source were simply human, how can we account for the superhuman height which it reached? If we admit the account given in the Gospels of his virgin birth and divine origin, all his life is easily explicable.

The Sceptic and the Doubter

But if we deny his unique origin, we can not logically account for his unique life. A life begun as was never another life, we might expect to see continue as no other life continued. A naturally skeptical man finds it easier to admit the account of Christ's remarkable birth, than to attempt to explain his remarkable life, if he deny the remarkable birth. The unicity of his birth we would naturally expect to eventuate in the unicity of his life. His life can not be explained on any principle of heredity. We readily admit the royal element in his blood, although the fortunes of his family had fallen before his birth; but no law of heredity will account for the physical attractiveness, the mental superiority, and the moral purity of Jesus the Christ. Neither will environment account for his marvelous career and character. What was there in the peasant conditions of his family life to produce the uniqueness of his manhood? Neither will education account for the Christ. He was never in school, in the technical sense of that term, although he doubtless studied in the village synagogue; and yet he rose above all the limitations, traditions, and bigotries by which he was surrounded. It is doubtful if he ever sat at the feet of the greatest rabbis of the time. It is certain that he never studied at the feet of the philosophers of Greece and Rome, nor of the dreamy Orient. He never traveled, except possibly barely across the confines of Palestine, a country about the size of the State of New Hampshire. How came he to emancipate himself from the sectarianism and sectionalism of his country and century? How came he to be the contemporary of all the ages? How came he to utter in the Sermon on the Mount truths which socially and religiously the foremost thinkers of to-day can barely understand, and dare not fully apply to the solution of the problems of the hour? No mere human thinker has ever approached the Sermon on the Mount. But in pure spirituality of thought, our Lord surpassed it in his last address to his disciples. This address bears the ineffaceable marks of his supreme divinity and absolute deity. O ye critics, I ask you as a problem of literature and life to account for Jesus the Christ. I ask no favors for him. It is you that need the favors, if you oppose the Christ. I demand for him simple justice. "What think ye of the Christ?"

Dr. Geikie, in his *Life of Christ*, calls attention to the fact that the Jews confess great admiration for the character and words of Jesus; that the Mohammedan world gives him the high title of Messiah; that the myriad-minded Shakespeare paid him lovely

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* Preached in Calvary Baptist Church, New York, by Robert Stuart MacArthur, minister of that church since May 15, 1870.

THE PAN-ANGLICAN CONGRESS

It Closes To-Day With a Mighty Thank-Offering of Men and Means for Gospel Service

By Rev. Howard Ernest Thompson

Delegate from the Diocese of New Jersey

DURING the past week, the Pan-Anglican Congress—a congress of the whole Anglican Church—has been in session in London. Its representatives come from at least two hundred and forty-eight dioceses in all parts of the world. Africa, China, Japan, the United States and Canada, England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, India and the West Indies are represented. All representatives within the limits of the British Isles are paying members of the Congress; all beyond those limits are honorary delegates. Six accredited delegates are allowed from each diocese and there are thousands in actual attendance, including many notable men of the clergy and laity, and including also many women who participate and have their own auxiliary meetings and conferences. The fact that of the large number of dioceses represented, only thirty-seven are actually in England and Wales, shows how world-wide and comprehasive is the representation.

What may be called the setting of the Congress is superb. Beginning with a celebration of the Holy Communion at Westminster Abbey on the morning of June 15, and ending with a great service in St. Paul's Cathedral on June 24, the many meetings of the Congress between these dates will be held in Westminster Church House and Albert Hall. Sermons and addresses in all parts of London and England accompany and follow the Congress. Social side issues and the cooperation of many London clubs and societies broaden the scope of its influence. Indeed, the interests of the Congress temporarily dominate the life of London and that of all England also.

The Congress engages the personal interest and leadership of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London and a host of English, American and Colonial Bishops, for whom the Lambeth Conference will follow in July.

Prominent among the numerous prelates from this country is the Right Reverend Doctor Tuttle, Bishop of Missouri and Presiding Bishop of the American Church. The contact of those ordinarily thousands of miles apart; the touch of many men of many minds and the assembling of scattered and diversified opinions; the comparison of world-wide experiences; the exhibition of the unity of the Anglican Church by the bringing together of such a representative multitude of many nationalities, so to speak, under one flag, one creed, one hope—these are the elements of the power of this great Congress.

Westminster Abbey

A bare category of themes for discussion shows that this is indeed an occasion of earnest thought, and of consideration by experts of matters that concern all sides of human life and experience. The Church and Human Society; Christian Truth and Other Intellectual Forces; the Church's Ministry; the Church's Duty to the Young; the Church's Missions in Non-Christian Lands; the Church's Missions in Christendom; the Anglican Communion, are the seven great themes capable of subdivision. Under these heads are to be considered the Sanctity of Marriage; Morality in Commercial and Social Life; Capital and Labor; Monopolies and Trusts; Christianity and Socialism; Christian Revelation; Philosophy and Morality; Religion and Science; Religion and the Press; the Critical Study of the Bible; Vocation, Recruiting, Training of the Ministry; the Ministry of Women; the Ministration of Laymen, etc., etc. Such themes require vastly more than the inspiration and emotion of the moment. They demand careful preparation of both speakers and hearers. To this end they have been considered in public discourses and writings for the past four years at least. Some one has wittily charged the Congress with being dedicated to a heathen god. In sober earnest, it is dedicated to the one true God who rules in all the affairs of men; and to revealed truth, by which all human standards of right and wrong should be measured and squared.

The hopes and plans of the church for the spread of the Gospel throughout the world will be expressed with a new force by the Pan-Anglican Congress. Plans for the development of independent churches will be set far forward. New light will be thrown upon the most vital questions, and new confidence inspired for the solution of hard life-problems. So, while not technically to be called a missionary assembly, it will be such in the highest practical way.

At the closing service in St. Paul's Cathedral to-day a great thank-offering of money will be made, amounting doubtless to a very large sum, gathered from all parts of the world, the appropriation of which will be most carefully decided by the highest authority of the church. But more significant than this will be a thank-offering of men. A Bishop of England, Suffragan to the Bishop of Winchester, has offered himself to be one of ten men of his diocese, to go wherever needed and sent; and he calls upon other dioceses to make the same offering. Whereunto, indeed, will this grow? What shall be impossible in the advancement of God's kingdom and evangelizing of the world, if there be this revival of apostolic spirit and method, to overwhelm the self-seeking and expedience-worshiping limitations of modern times? One masterful thought should be in all our minds and hearts: for the glory of God and the spread of his everlasting kingdom.

THE QUESTION OF THE CENTURIES ❋ Sermon by Robert Stuart MacArthur—*Continued*

reverence, and that men like Galileo, Kepler, Bacon, Newton, and Milton set the name of Christ above every other name. He also reminds us that Jean Paul Richter, whom his countrymen call "Der Einzige," the unique, tells us that "the life of Christ concerns him who, being the holiest among the mighty, the mightiest among the holy, lifted with his pierced hands empires off their hinges, and turned the stream of centuries out of its channel, and still governs the ages." Spinoza, the great philosopher, son of Portuguese Jews, disciple of Maimonides and Descartes, calls Christ the symbol of divine wisdom. Schelling and Hegel speak of him as the union of the divine and human. The immortal Goethe, the acknowledged prince of German poets, and one of the most superbly accomplished men of the eighteenth century, says, "I esteem the Gospels to be thoroughly genuine, for there shines forth from them the reflected splendor of a sublimity, proceeding from the person of Jesus Christ, of so divine a kind as only the divine could ever have manifested upon earth."

What thinkest thou of the Christ, O Jean Jacques Rousseau, with all the brilliancy of thy intellect, the singularity of thy character, and the enthusiasm of thy writings? Give place to the witness Rousseau; hear his testimony. Rousseau speaks: "How petty are the books of the philosophers, compared with the Gospels! Can it be that writings at once so sublime and so simple are the work of men? Can he whose life they tell be himself no more than a mere man? . . . Yes, if the death of Socrates be that of a sage, the life and death of Jesus are those of a God."

What thinkest thou of the Christ, burly, brusque, brave, and heroic Thomas Carlyle, with all thy marvelous reading, thy profound thinking, and thy contempt of cant and love of truth? Carlyle steps forward and speaks: "Jesus of Nazareth, our divinest symbol! Higher has the human thought not yet reached." Let us summon Dr. Channing, the cultured and eloquent preacher and writer, the foremost man among American Unitarians in his day. What thinkest thou, O Channing, of Jesus Christ? He makes reply: "The character of Jesus Christ is wholly inexplicable on human principles."

A true conception of Christ's ideal humanity leads us to the assertion of his real divinity. We shall not, however, at this point spend time in splitting theological hairs. We may be able to pass the examination of a church council on our knowledge of divine sovereignty and human freedom, or on any of the "isms" of ancient or modern heterodoxy, and yet we may be spiritually dead. We may recite creeds by the yard, and yet be black in heart and vile in life. A dead orthodoxy may be worse than a live heterodoxy. Creeds may be as powerless over our lives as the multiplication table. We must know Jesus Christ as the vicarious sacrifice of sin, and as our personal Lord and Saviour. The atonement is the heart of theology. The cross is the centre of the universe. It is the pivot around which all the great events of history revolve. The historian and the philosopher, as truly as the theologian, must build their studios on Calvary.

Jesus Christ is the heart of the Bible. He is the Shiloh in Genesis; the I Am in Exodus; the Star and Sceptre in Numbers; the Rock of Deuteronomy; the Captain of the Lord's Host in Joshua, and the Redeemer in Job. He is David's Lord and Shepherd; in the Song of Songs he is the Beloved; in Isaiah he is the Wonderful Counselor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, and the Prince of Peace. In Jeremith he is the Lord our Righteousness. In Daniel he is the Messiah; in Zachariah he is the Branch; in Haggai he is the Desire of all Nations; in Malachi he is the Messenger of the Covenant and the Sun of Righteousness; and in the book of Revelation he is the Alpha and Omega and also the Morning Star.

I summon thee, O execrable Judas. Behold him flinging down the thirty pieces of silver before the chief priests and elders. Hear him speak in his agony of soul: "I have sinned in that I have betrayed the innocent blood." I summon thee, O Pontius Pilate, with thy immortality of shame in the creeds of the ages. The Roman procurator washes his hands. Strange sight! He speaks: "I am innocent of the blood of this just person." He speaks again: "I find no fault in this man." I summon John, the heroic Baptist. Hear his testimony: "Behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world." O loving and divine John, the Evangelist, what thinkest thou of the Christ? "He is the Vine, the Way, the Truth, the Light, and the Word, and the Word was God." I summon thee, O matchless Paul. What is thy testimony? "He is the image of the invisible God. . . . The blessed and only Potentate, the King of kings, the Lord of lords." I summon thee, Apostle Peter, once confessor, then denier, but afterward penitent witness and heroic martyr. What is thy testimony? "He is the Christ, the Son of the living God." I summon thee, O once doubting but always brave Thomas. Hear the testimony of this witness as he falls at the Master's feet and exclaims, "My Lord and my God!"

I summon thee, O Gladstone, noblest of statesmen, uncrowned king of the world, thou who didst come in contact with the throbbing life of the world, of politics, letters, and religions. What sayest thou concerning humanity's greatest need? "I am asked what a man should chiefly look to in his progress through life, as to the power that is to sustain him under trials and enable him manfully to confront his afflictions. The older I grow, the more confirmed I am in the belief that Jesus Christ is the only hope of humanity."

I summon thyself, O thou Christ of God, thou holiest of the holy, thou who art God of very God. What sayest thou of thyself? "Before Abraham was I am." "I and my Father are one." "He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father."

O men and women in our churches, I ask you all in his own glorious name and in his own solemn words, "What think ye of Christ?" I beseech you in the name of him before whose bar all must stand, that each one of you now fall at Jesus' feet, and utter with Thomas, out of penitent and believing hearts, this confession of faith and love, "My Lord and my God!"

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Subscriptions may commence with any issue. Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter
Entered as Second-class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa

A Legislative Hero

BY a vote of 26 to 25, the New York State Senate on June 11 passed the Anti-Race-Track Gambling bills, to the consternation of the gamblers' lobby, who had confidently predicted their defeat. The fate of the bills had practically rested with one man, Senator Otto G. Foelker of Brooklyn, who went from a sickroom, against the protests of his physician and the pleadings of his wife and his friends, to do his duty. They warned him that a railroad journey, so shortly after a serious surgical operation, might cost him his life; but to all he simply replied: "I am going."

Foelker's act was heroic. He risked his life to save the morals of the State. He stood ready to become a martyr, if need be, for principle's sake. His presence alone saved from defeat and carried to victory the measures that will rid the State of race-track gambling and vindicate the constitution, which the gamblers have trampled under foot. Others have fought well in the same battle, and Governor Hughes and the friends and supporters of the reform have earned the people's gratitude. But the popular love and admiration will be given to the man who stood ready, like Arnold von Winkelried at Sempach, to welcome death, if it only opened the clear path to victory.

Otto Foelker is of humble stock, but he has in him the stuff of which statesmen and heroes are made. The highest eminence in this republic has been scaled by such as he.

In God's House

IT is always with wonder and delight that we linger in a great conservatory, to see the trees and plants and flowers from other and distant climes. There we realize what a world of beauty lies beyond the place where we dwell. The cold winds of winter may beat without; but within is genial warmth and the sweet odor of flowers of strange and wondrous beauty. These all seem to have a voice and speak of another world, where is the tree of life with its twelve manner of fruits, which grow beside the river of God. They all speak to us of the flowers of that heavenly life which "eye hath not seen."

How beautiful should the church of God be! When a stranger enters seeking rest from sin, he should breathe an atmosphere filled with the sweet odor of holiness. He should come face to face with men whose lives and communion with God ever speak of a distant, sweeter, holier world. Alone we bend the head in prayer in the house of God and see the beauty of the Rose of Sharon, and its sweet odor refreshes our weary souls. The place becomes filled with the Divine Presence. We may see visions of God and of those fair trees which grow by the sacred riverside.

To Make 20,000 Happy

IN ONE of his delightful sketches, Dickens tells of a modest little charity founded by a big-hearted man, who endowed a quiet retreat where six poor travelers should be sheltered and hospitably entertained. It was a sort of pioneer Bowery Mission on a small scale, in the heart of London. It wasn't an enterprise to set the world aflame with admiration; but it is quite possible, in a small way, to do a great deal of good. Who knows how many worthy charities it has been the means of bringing into life? A few years ago, an old and wealthy New Yorker, dying, left his large fortune as a foundation to help the deserving poor and his millions are no doubt doing an excellent work to-day. Mrs. Sage's money too has its mission in true benevolence, for she has done many practical things with it besides endowing colleges and giving a mile of rhododendron trees to the public parks.

Now we learn of a Californian who announces his purpose of devoting his entire inheritance of ten million dollars to the work of making 20,000 persons happy. His own personal needs would not even require the income of his estate. His plan is a broad Samaritan one: he will help those who are struggling to help themselves. One might naturally suppose that this would exclude the chronically idle and the worthless, but our Californian will be a benefactor even to the bad. "I am going to help bad people as well as good," he declares.

"Churches and respectable folks care for the good people, but the bad have no one but the devil and the police. I want to give help to the intemperate, the ex-convict, the girl who has to hang her head, and the man who has made a failure of himself. Lots of us can resist everything except temptation, you know."

This is good Gospel logic, though the worldly-wise and the hypercritical may call him a fool for his pains. If our Californian succeeds in throwing even a single gleam of encouragement across the track of those who have made shipwreck of life, he will have accomplished more than if he built and endowed massive structures, reared statues and filled art galleries. He will have built for himself a temple of loving-kindness in the hearts of his fellowmen.

Traps for the Boys

ONE of the most astonishing disclosures of the peculiar tactics pursued by the liquor men in their campaign against sobriety is found in the following from the Rev. John F. Hill, Secretary of the Presbyterian Permanent Temperance Committee of Pittsburg, Pa. Mr. Hill writes:

The writer has before him a printed ticket handed him by a schoolboy in a neighboring town, who informs him that "Lots of the boys get these tickets. They are passed 'round." The card reads thus:

> TO SHIPPING ROOM:
> GIVE BEARER .....GLASSES BEER.
> FROM OFFICE OF
> THE ———— BREWING CO.
> W————, PA.

Of course, there can be but one object in giving these cards to the boys: it is to awaken within them the passion for drink. What are we to think of a business which deliberately plans to debase childhood and to prepare boys to become graduates of the saloon?

This is no exaggerated picture, drawn by "temperance fanatics," as the saloon men would declare it. It is cold, hard, brutal, un-American fact. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has seen the cards described by the Rev. Mr. Hill, and all he has stated is undeniably true. Nor is Pennsylvania the only State where such an outrageous propaganda of drunkenness is carried on. In Los Angeles (Calif.), according to one of the local journals, there is a club, supported by the liquor interest of course, whose purpose it is to teach boys to drink. In Chicago, Mr. Hill asserts, there are on a single street twenty saloons, each of which has a children's annex, where toys and juvenile books are spread to attract the little folks, and where "they are treated to sweetened wine."

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A FLEETING OPPORTUNITY

LEST you forget one of the conditions imposed by our *Special Subscription Offer* printed in last week's issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD we again remind you that no subscription mailed to us after July 5th can be accepted at the *greatly reduced rate now open to new subscribers.*

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We agree to send THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for eight successive months to any NEW subscriber at *exactly half the regular subscription price, or, for 50 cents.* This is far below the cost of production, but we are willing to go to the furthest extent that we can possibly afford in our effort to enlarge our family and improve and enrich our publication.

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THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

King and President

THE last week of May was a memorable one in the social and political life of London, and one which stirred France and England alike with feelings of enthusiastic pride and brotherly love. It was the occasion of the official visit of M. Fallières, President of the French Republic. President Fallières is one of those superb men of large mental and moral proportions, who command the admiration of their own people not only, but of other nations as well. While the grand reception was given to his nation through him, yet his splendid ability and personal charm added greatly to the heartiness of his reception. A leading English journal says: "Wherefore it is by a sound instinct of statesmanship that the French Parliament chooses such men as a Loubet or a Fallières to fill the presidential chair, and no Frenchman need despair of the Republic so long as France can find a succession of such men to fill it. A dynasty, if we may so call it, of modest but substantial merit."

From the time the President set his foot on the shore at Dover, till the hour he said farewell to England, his reception in the palaces and parades and public halls and expositions was the best that England could do. As he was leaving, one of the London papers said: "While France chooses men of such real worth to preside over her affairs, she may face the future with a light heart. He represents all that is best in the national character; the shrewdness, cheerfulness, patient determination and eloquence."

The chief significance of the visit, of course, was the binding closer together of the two nations in the Franco-British Alliance. In commenting on King Edward's speech at the reception of the President, a leading paper says: "The friendship between England and France is, in a sense, the keystone of the European political situation and a lasting guarantee of European peace. It serves at once to check ambition and to dispel suspicion; it carries the civilized world some few steps further on the hard road leading to freedom from the excessive burden of armaments and the unending preparation for war. It suggests, too, when we look back upon the comparative youthfulness of the Anglo-French friendship, that no differences between nations need be permanent, and that when the seed of complete understanding has been sown it needs but a little time to blossom and bud and fill the face of the earth with fruit." At this demonstration of national fraternity, the civilized world rejoices.

Let the nations be glad and sing for joy. (Psa. 67: 4.)

President Fallieres and His Secretary at Work

King Edward and the President at St. James' Palace

Largest Clock on Earth

Mayor Wittpen of Jersey City the other day touched an electric button that set in motion a clock on the roof of a well-known soap-factory, which is the largest timepiece in the world. The dial is thirty-eight feet across, the hour hand is fifteen feet long and the minute hand twenty feet long, and with its counterpoise weighs nearly a third of a ton, while the machinery that moves it weighs 2,000 pounds. At night the hands are outlined with incandescent lights, red lights marking each numeral and the incandescent lamps each minute mark. The tip end of the minute hand travels twenty-four inches every minute.

There have been many curious clocks in the history of the world, from the first one introduced into Europe, when the famous Eastern caliph, Haroun-al-Raschid, presented a wonderful clock to Charlemagne. In the dial of it were twelve small doors forming the divisions for the hours. Each door opened at the hour marked by the index and let out small brass balls, which, falling on a bell, struck the hours. The famous clock in the Cathedral of Strasburg is the standard of time for many of the cities of the world. It was built in 1439, and when Isaac Habrecht, its maker, died, it ran down and was dead for two hundred years, because no one knew how to make it go. It was started again in 1681. A figure of Time, in a niche on one side, strikes the quarter hours from twelve to one, and four figures—Childhood, Youth, Manhood and Old Age—pass slowly before him. In a niche on the other side is an angel turning an hour-glass.

But there is no clock in the world so large as the one just started, which looks out upon the Hudson River. It will tell the children when to go to school, the laboring man when to begin his work, the housekeeper when to prepare her meals, the ships and trains the time to start. If the beholders will look with keen enough eyes, they will discover Time measuring off the little spaces to them and an angel with an hour-glass in his hand, and they will be inspired to diligence and the right use of every opportunity and a preparation for the eternal life where time shall be no more.

And the angel sware by him that liveth forever and ever, that there should be time no longer. (Rev. 10 : 6.)

Careers for Millionaires

Some of the leading publications are now discussing the question of careers for America's young millionaires. They point out that in older lands the men of great wealth have other duties imposed upon them besides hunting, dinners, and the thousand and one allurements of social pleasure and recreation. There are evidences on many sides that the rich of this country are slowly awakening to a realization of their opportunities and responsibilities in this respect. Of course, it is reasonably urged, no people need expect to develop within a few short generations a national literature, art or architecture that can be contrasted with the gradual development of many centuries in older lands. But apart from national or community development, there is the great question of individual careers open to wealthy Americans. Instead of being mere devotees of pleasure and fashion, with their highest ambitions running to elegant tournouts and yachts, they might follow the notable example of men of abundant means who have taken up various useful callings in order that their lives might not be idle or unfruitful. There are many fields of activity and achievement open to such "favorites of fortune." Let them look about them and note how others, blessed with abundant means, have consecrated both life and fortune and made them a blessing to many. Some have been patrons of art, founding great collections and endowing them for posterity. Others have been devoted to science, to philosophy, to sociology, to philanthropy, to exploration, to invention, to diplomacy, and to many different forms of activity by which the race has been benefited. In learning to live for others, they built their own fame upon enduring foundations and contributed to their country's greatness. Had they used their great wealth selfishly, their names would soon have been forgotten.

And to whomsoever much is given, of him shall much be required. (Luke 12: 48, R.V.)

A Lincoln Tablet

Five hundred members of the Grand Army of the Republic and their friends visited the Hamburg-American liner *President Lincoln*, lying at her pier in Hoboken, recently, to witness the unveiling of a bronze memorial tablet given by the National organization of the G. A. R. in memory of the great American whose name the liner bears. The tablet, engraved with the words of Lincoln's Gettysburg address, was placed at the head of the main companionway of the upper promenade deck. Captain Hebbinghaus, naval attaché to the German embassy at Washington, spoke. "This memorial," he said, "will recall to innumerable children of both nations when crossing the seas the memory of President Lincoln, the strong-hearted, great-minded, simple-mannered martyr of the highest ideals cherished by mankind." Lieutenant-Commander W. S. Sims, U. S. N., spoke of the existing friendly conditions between Germany and America and the fleet of the Hamburg-American Line, which had brought over so many men and women from the Fatherland to become good citizens of the United States. He had no doubt that when the present steamship *President Lincoln* became too old for the Atlantic service, the company would put on another larger steamship to carry the tablet to and fro, and that our children's children might yet see the tablet carried across the ocean on the airship *President Lincoln*. Lincoln was so great in mind and heart that he is considered the property of the North and South land, and of all the nations of the earth. There is One whom Lincoln loved and copied who was the ideal one and is being known, and will become the property of the whole world.

Wherefore God also hath exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name. (Phil. 2 : 9.)

Rescued Six

In a fire at 302 East One Hundred and Third Street, New York, Margaret Euler, a girl of sixteen, rescued six children from death by suffocation. They were Elizabeth, George, Anna and William, children in her own family, and Ida and Moe Hecht, who live in an apartment adjoining. The children saved range from four to ten years of age. The mother had gone out to work, leaving the smaller children in the care of Margaret, who, learning of the fire, hurried into the rooms where her helpless little brothers and sisters were asleep in bed. She dressed them one by one and rushed with them through the tenement to the front, where the fire escape is located. Seeing that her own little folks were safe, and hearing screams in the outside hall in the smoke, she ran back and rescued the little Hecht children. John Summers and Benjamin W. Louis, of Fire Patrol No. 4, carried the children, who were overcome with the smoke, down the ladder into Third Avenue. Margaret said: "I really wasn't scared, but was afraid my little brothers and sisters would choke, and so I hurried. After I had taken our children out I ran back to see if anybody was there, and found the two Hecht children." It gives zest to life and highest inspiration to human endeavor, to see such a beautiful illustration of heroism upon the part of this little girl. That child crowded the doings and destinies of a hundred ordinary lives into the few minutes' space in which she saved six precious lives. With all the selfishness of life, with its heated competitions, there are heroes and heroines everywhere, tucked away in the cellars and garrets of poverty and gracing the palaces of wealth. Spiritual conflagrations are threatening the lives of thousands of people. What necessity there is of haste in rescuing these perishing souls!

Be of good courage, and let us behave ourselves valiantly for our people. (I. Chron. 19 : 13.)

SOME STRANGE CHINESE BELIEFS

ONE soul here often seems enough for its possessor. But what would you do with three? That is the number ascribed to each man of China's millions. In life the Chinaman often imagines he has lost one or more of his souls, and he then hunts very hard for it, even digs for it in the expectation of finding it in the ground. A mother may be seen hunting for a lost soul of her child. Some other person's soul may trouble one—and the soul of one's ancestor is something a Chinaman never ignores.

The Coffin of a Wealthy Man

In China a coffin is a very proper gift from a son to a parent. When a man is thought to be dying he is washed, put in his grave-clothes, then in his coffin, and taken into the hall of his house. Often this treatment hastens his death or kills him outright. Then a priest comes, who exhorts the soul to leave the body. This soul is the one that dwells in the ancestral tablet.

Huge paper birds, raised on long poles, are supposed to carry the second soul to heaven on the twenty-first day of mourning. Fifty days of mourning are observed while the body is kept in the house in a closely sealed coffin. During all these days the family go out into the street, and, kneeling down in front of the house, wail bitterly. For the use of the soul which still remains in the body and is buried with it all the relatives send food and spirit-money offerings to be placed in front of the coffin. The soul is to eat the spirit of the food.

Flags Leading the Spirit to Heaven

Where shall the last soul—and the body—be buried? This can not be decided by any one. There are professors of *fung-swei*, or good luck, who are consulted on this and every other occasion in life. If not consulted, the soul would have no repose and might return to disturb every one. The professor finally decides the day and burial place that will most probably bring luck to the family.

Dr. Martin, in his *Cycle of Cathay*, says that as the wood of the coffin is very thick, while the nails are embedded in cement and packages of quicklime placed under and around the body, there is never any odor, though it should remain unburied two years, as not unfrequently happens. But some olfactories do not entirely agree with him! Many stories told about *fung-swei* show how all-prevailing is the belief of the necessity for its professors. The age of these stories can not be computed, for "while the Britons still wore skins the Chinese wore silks" and wrote books and were a cultivated people. None of our myths are as old as those Chinamen tell of emperors and subjects.

Feeding the Spirit Every Seventh Day

A great favorite Chinese myth that proves the value of the "good-luck" professors most conclusively, is the story of an emperor who lived about three thousand years ago. A man's father had died. The professors on being consulted said the body must be burned, the ashes put in a bag, the bag taken to the bottom of a certain lake and placed in the mouth of a stone dragon there. The first part was easily done, but no diver able to stay under water long enough could be found.

After many weary months a man named Chow undertook the task. His own father had just died, and he thought that what would benefit one man would surely help another. Therefore his own father's body was burned, the ashes duly put in a bag, which he carefully secreted under his clothes, and with both bags he descended to the bottom of the lake. He found the dragon. It opened its mouth and he put the bag with his father's ashes in it. The mouth closed. He could not stay under water any longer, so he hung the other bag on the horn of the dragon. Then he returned to the surface. His grandson became Emperor of China. The other man's son also attained greatness in a less exalted office.

Offerings for each soul must be made at proper times. The soul in heaven has perhaps the queerest offerings. When the soul arrives in heaven a constable takes it before the Judge to be tried—for the Chinese imagine that everything on earth is carefully duplicated in heaven. So, as bribery is common on earth, they think the constable in heaven can be bribed, and if only they offer him enough money he will say he cannot find the soul, and it is not tried for its sins.

All the money used for the souls in heaven is made of paper and is burned. The gods know no better. This paper money is made of many different materials. I have, for example, ingots of silver-paper money; of gold-paper money; of paper ready to be made into ingots, and of ingots made of straw carefully twisted in long strings. Fancy pasteboard boxes hold the money, one favorite box having a glass lid with six piles of silver-paper coins inside.

Taking the Tablet to the Ancestral

One girl at Shanghai had become a Christian while her mother was still a heathen. She begged her mother before she died not to burn the usual soul-money for her. When the neighbors came with their boxes of paper money the mother said to all: "My daughter was a Jesus person. I cannot use these for her."

Sorceress Speaking for a Spirit

If a man has been waited on in life, the Chinese believe that he will require servants in the other world. Hence they buy figures of servants for the purpose. These figures may be of any size, according to one's purse. The two I have are just about a foot high. One is a woman carrying a tray for tea. The other is a man who holds a pipe for tobacco—a pipe half as long as the figure.

As a man wears clothes on earth, he must have clothes in the other world. Therefore, paper garments are made. If their clothes are of a higher rank than was that of the deceased, the gods will think him of that rank and treat him accordingly. A mandarin's suit means that the dead person will be treated in heaven as a mardarin. The equipment of the soul includes also packages of paper representing cloth, that the garments may be made in the other world. Boots, shoes, stockings, summer and winter undergarments, all may be needed. So real is the feeling of the necessity of supplying these wants that a woman has been known to pull down her house to secure, from the sale of the materials that composed the same, money with which to keep her husband's soul warm.

Paper Children Who Will Serve as Slav

It is estimated, moreover, that over forty millions of dollars in real money is yearly spent on the offerings for the dead. The making of the garments, especially, offers a profitable occupation to many persons. When Chinamen become Christians the question arises of discontinuing the only means of support. So it is obvious that ancestor worship and the three souls complicate matters very much in the Celestial Empire.

V. F. PENROSE.

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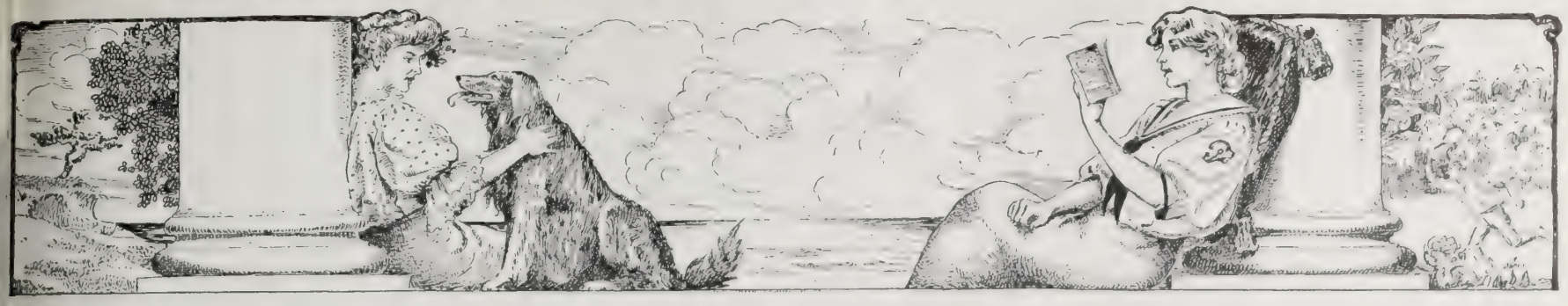
TALKS ON THE COOL VERANDA



The Superfluous Old

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

WHAT is to become of the ordinary respectable aged person, who, after a life of hard work and usefulness, is stranded on a barren shore of poverty? Not long ago, a daily newspaper stated the case of an aged unmarried woman who had been loyal to her family through her youth, but who after seventy found her only remaining relatives a widowed sister dependent on the earnings of her daughters, and a brother who was absorbed in pushing forward the education of his children. There are usually many ways in which an old lady can make herself useful in a home, provided she is neither deaf nor blind and has not a difficult disposition, but if she have no means and it is not convenient for kindred to receive her, most families hesitate to give her employment. There are many possibilities in the case of the old. They may be well to-day and ill to-morrow. Young and strong people do not like to give them orders. A sort of uncertainty hovers about them, and where there is no sweet love of child, brother or sister to encompass them like an atmosphere and shield their infirmities if they have them, their fate is precarious. The elderly lady in question found an asylum in the home of her widowed sister, but presently she had a stroke and lost her eyesight, and soon after came another stroke and then she lost her mind. The doctor said she might live in this condition for years. Her nieces felt themselves unable to carry the burden of her support, her brother decided that his first duties were to his own household. What refuge remained, until death should come to release her, to this unfortunate survivor of youth, health and strength?

It gives the average gentle reader a shock to realize that Will Carleton's famous ballad, "Over the Hills to the Poor-house," was not a mere figment of fancy. There are aged mothers and aged fathers who are regarded by their children as afflictions, and are hustled from one home to another without reference to their own wishes and comfort. Aged parents with liberal incomes are seldom considered superfluous, and it is only just to say that in the narrow quarters of the very poor, parents are generally looked after by their children with considerable kindness. It is rather in households where an apparent degree of comfort is maintained, both in town and country, that men and women in the later years of life are treated as if they were unwelcome. Grandfathers and grandmothers, aged aunts and uncles and other people whom nobody wants are established at times in those retreats for derelicts, homes with a capital H, where the indigent and worthy old folk find care and shelter until they die. In these homes, managed on one plan or another, the old people spend their time, sometimes cheerfully and amiably, sometimes with a good deal of bickering. Quarreling to them is the last remaining spice that makes monotony endurable. Upon entrance they pay the specified amount in some instances, while in others they put into the common treasury whatever little provision they have, always with the understanding that they shall receive medical attention in illness, food, warmth, and shelter, and at last a decent burial. To be sure, the residents in homes for the aged are not precisely objects of commiseration, yet no one can felicitate them on their situation. Somehow a large number of old people detached from their families and living together under an alien roof convey to the outsider an impression of folornness and loneliness.

To return to the proposition, what is to become of our superfluous old people, may a suggestion or two be pardoned? In the first place, the youngest and strongest of us is walking step by step the road that leads to old age. If it be at all practicable, something should be saved for the rainy day. Self-denial in youth and middle age may erect a barrier against want and dependence in the years of feebleness. Parents are far too ready to give up everything for children. Fathers and mothers have rights to their own lives, and should not too readily surrender these in favor of sons and daughters. An illustration in point was that of a man known to the writer, who had accumulated a large fortune by dint of sagacity and hard work. His only child married and he deeded to her and her husband everything that he possessed with an agreement that he was to receive a sufficient annuity until the end of his life. The annuity was paid only twice and the man who had possessed wealth faced penury, died in want and was buried by strangers.

The decent thing is for people of one blood to care for one another if they can. It ought to be regarded as a slur upon good breeding to have one's aged relatives partakers of charity. Still, something is to be said in behalf of young women who are straining every nerve to earn their own livelihood, and who, confronted by a dependent mother and an equally dependent aunt, decide that they can care for only one. The discussion is open to our readers. The editor of this page will be glad to hear from them, and to know what they think on a subject that may touch them closely before the end.

THE WOODLAND GATE

Beautiful things in the forest, squirrels and birds and bees,
All sorts of heavenly secrets told by the winds to the trees.
The children know some of the stories that are taught them by fairies and elves;
But the best of their love to each other is only half dreamed by themselves.

Vacation Work for Boys and Girls

A MOVEMENT in the right direction is the effort to find work in the country during the summer vacation for high school pupils who can not afford to spend two months in idleness. No sooner had the Students' Aid Society of Manhattan announced its intention of looking out for positions on farms for city lads who were willing to work, than applications came in like a flood. Not hundreds, but thousands of ambitious boys begged for summer work. Merely to answer the correspondence incidental to the effort has been a tremendous task. A happy thought for several men who own large estates has been to undertake the planting of trees on barren hill-slopes, the work to be done by city boys under the direction of students from the Agricultural Department of Cornell University. Forestry is receiving a great deal of attention at the moment. The cutting down of vast tracts of woodland for purposes of commerce is denuding the land of its trees and must bring about results in climatic changes that will seriously interfere with health and safety in certain regions. When a timber belt disappears one barrier against destructive wind and hurricanes is removed. What will be the impoverished condition of this great country in years to come, if the wanton destruction of the forests proceeds and the planting of trees is neglected, no human foresight can predict. Our government is taking measures to plant trees in many localities, and forestry opens, as never before, an inviting and lucrative field for thoroughly educated men. In order to find a government position in this department a man must preferably be a college graduate and must have taken besides a special course at one of the great universities where instruction in forestry is given. Meanwhile, there is no reason why individual property owners should not do what they can for the benefit of the community and the nation. The owner of a princely domain who wishes to set out orchards of fruit or nut-bearing trees or to plant trees for shade in July and August may confer a lasting benefit on the young people who are growing up, if he will but give the boys a chance to work for him, letting them camp out, and thus helping them forward to vigorous manhood while also serving himself. The thing might easily be made a profitable business investment for all concerned, if care were taken in the selection of the boys and if a competent superintendent were engaged to manage their labor.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—A. L. Yes, in passing one's plate for a second helping leave the knife and fork upon it.

—Amy. To remove iron rust use lemon juice and salt or starch spread upon the spots, and repeat if necessary.

—Country Boy. Quiet manners distinguish a refined person from a boor at an ordinary meal. Soup should be eaten quietly from the side of the spoon. Food should not be bolted. Tea and coffee are not poured into one's saucer. Bread is usually broken into small bits, which are buttered one by one. It is not customary to butter a slice and bite off fragments. Observe the ways of well-bred people and you will have no trouble.

GOD, THE SUPREME RULER OF ALL

*By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts**

"SAMUEL told all the words of the Lord unto the people." How did Samuel come by the words of the Lord? Samuel had had open communication with God ever since that day when as a child God had spoken to him by name, and Samuel had answered, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." The words referred to in this instance were what God had spoken in reply to what Samuel had told God in regard to the people's request that he should give them a king.

"This will be the manner of the king that shall rule over you," oppressive in that he shall levy upon your sons to serve him in his army, and upon your daughters in that they shall do servile work for him in his court as confectioners and in his kitchen as cooks and bakers. "Grasping" also shall the king be in that he shall confiscate the best of your fields and olive yards and vineyards. And also in that he shall take your servants for his own, and, alas! a part of your flocks and herds.

"And ye shall cry out in that day because of your king." Samuel knew them better than they knew themselves, having been their judge "all the days of his life." He was now about seventy years old.

"And the Lord will not hear you in that day." They were thus forewarned. "Nevertheless." What a meaning in this word! Hardness of heart, soul blindness, alienation from God, wicked pride, ingratitude to God, for God had said to Samuel, "This is not against you but against me."

Samuel would gladly have had his sons succeed him in judging Israel, but they had proven themselves unworthy, and that was made an excuse by the people in asking for a king. But it was not all, for they frankly said they wanted to be like other nations with a grand leader as they went forth to battle. It has been suggested that possibly they may have been tired of having their prosperity depend upon their good character. "Hearken unto their voice." So said the Lord to Samuel. It was equivalent to saying, "Give them what they want and let them suffer the consequences." Then Samuel dispersed the crowd by sending every man to his own city.

Since then the "divinity that doth hedge a king" has been greatly reduced, largely through such prophetic teachings as those of Samuel. In Persia long centuries ago the following description was given of a king's daily movements: The perfume of Labyzus was daily placed upon his head. He never stepped upon the ground. When he journeyed a chair of gold was carried that he might enter it upon leaving his chariot. When he walked in the gardens about his palace carpets of the most costly kind were placed before him. In all parts of the garden there were servants with chairs, waiting for him in case he should wish to rest. At night three hundred musicians sang low, sweet lullabys to him while he slept, and swung golden lamps as a charm for sleep. But kings are not now what they were then. Israel might not have desired the up-to-date sort of king that now goes about his realm very much as ordinary people do, save on state occasions. "The thousands of years between us and Persia have come in mercy and have empowered us to see in a king's heart or in a president's heart and deeds the full dignity of his office." And when a good ruler dies we mourn the absence of a soul not easy to be replaced. The ideal ruler of this Christian nation should be one—to quote the verse President Garfield kissed in his mother's Bible in taking the oath of office—"whose heart is in the hand of the Lord to turn it whithersoever he will." But the Bible has not only changed kings—it has in some lands displaced them. The story of Israel's first human king coming on the Sunday following "Independence Day," suggests a study of the divine foundations of our government, which has grown directly out of such prophetic teachings as those of Samuel.

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The People Ask Samuel to Give Them a King

This Is a Christian Nation

God is the Supreme Ruler—the Decalogue is the world's constitution. The codes of Justinian, Charlemagne, and Alfred, the "common law" of civilization, all rest on the Decalogue. The oath with which all rulers in Christian lands enter upon their duties, kissing or touching the Bible, is in fact an oath of allegiance to God and his law. The saying in the Declaration of Independence that governments "derive their just powers from the consent of the governed" should be read with the further declaration in that document of "firm reliance upon Divine Providence." The Supreme Court, in a decision against the Louisiana Lottery, said: "The legislature can not barter away the public health or the public morals. The people themselves can not do it."

Patriotism is but another name for public sentiment, directed in this case not to one measure of public interest, but to the promotion of national welfare in its broadest sense. This is like a great head of water to be turned on any specific proposal for the public good. In the story of the selection of Saul to be Israel's king, Samuel pictures the intelligent patriot, who had been from boyhood loyal to God and to his country. A little boy, the son of missionary parents in China, had been thoroughly imbued with the American spirit through the teachings of his mother. At five years of age he was brought to the United States for the first time. As they were passing down the gangplank after the ship reached port the mother said: "There's your uncle!" The small boy replied in a spirited manner, "I want to see George Washington first." To all of us George Washington is "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

In Revolutionary times a company of Americans were gathered for worship one Sabbath morning in a church on Long Island. In walked a company of British soldiers and commanded them to sing "God save the king." The worshipers replied by joining in strong, full voices in the hymn:

Come, thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing.

We quote from Washington's "Farewell Address" to show what our hero of liberty thought about the ruling of his nation by the Almighty King:

"Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. . . . Let it be simply asked, where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle."

It is a common saying that the voice of the people is the voice of God—"*Vox populi, vox Dei.*" The popular demand made by the Israelites for a king refutes that statement. It is pointed out that N was popular in Rome; that the monster Philip was no less popular in Spain, and that Louis X was called "the well beloved." All along the course history the voice of the people has cried out, "Cro him!" and the next day, "Kill him!" Plainly t voice of the people is often wrong. The best sort education for the people at such a time as this is consider some of our country's needs, and how th can be met.

A Higher Ideal

In naming our country's needs we place first, higher ideal of government. The Bible declare "The powers that be are ordained of God." Th ought not to seem a strange doctrine in what ou Supreme Court has called "a Christian nation But when the writer stood with Rev. Dr. W. Robinson in the Pennsylvania House of Representa tives, in defense of the Sabbath law, and he, wit the solemnity of a bishop addressing a company c young ministers, reminded the legislators befor him that they were civil "ministers," "ordained" o God, "called" to serve him and humanity by apply ing the law of Christ to civil affairs, it was mani festly to many of the politicians, and even to some o the Christians present, a novel view of politics. Bu when a certain senator declared the opposite doctrine, that "politics owes no allegiance to the Decalogue and the Golden Rule," the people speed ily retired him from politics t prove that the law of Christ had not been so retired. It was logical that such a senator should shrink to a prize fight reporter. That Gov ernor had caught the true spirit of the incarnation, the idea that exalted office is but opportunity for greater service, when he said, replying to a young man's profuse thanks for painstaking help in a matter of public service, "When I became Governor I was but covenanting to be the most helpful man in the State." The social settlements in which men of culture and wealth give, not their money but themselves to lift up the less favored by the grace of neighborly fellowship and service—they, too, are glimpses of Bethlehem.

Christian Citizenship

Another need of our country—a step towards realizing the higher ideal of government—is a better citizenship, which must be a Christian citizenship. That indefinite thing called "good citizenship" is not enough in these trying times. In the nation's capital, a generation or more ago, they started to build a monument to the father of his country, but when they had built only one-third of its height they found they had laid too weak a foundation and that if they added any more weight the whole would sink into the sand. And so for a generation the monument remained incomplete, a monument of somebody's incompetence. At last General Casey was set to redeem the mistake. Stone by stone he took out the inadequate foundation and replaced it piece by piece with a broader, stronger base, and then added to the shaft the remaining two-thirds, and finally brought forth the shining cap-stone with rejoicing, crying, "Grace, grace, unto it!" The structure of our national life must likewise have an adequate foundation.

Another need of our country, the outcome of Christian citizenship, is Christian statesmanship. Let me recur to that same monument of Washington, as seen from the most picturesque point of view, in the former office of the President, through an arched window right back of the desk, through which the President must look as he came from his private rooms to take up his daily duties. Each President saw there daily, as if framed in that arched window, a picture of what a President ought to be, of what the first President was, in the monument which, like him it celebrates, is simple and lofty and strong. New York reared a centennial arch in honor of Washington, and selecting from all his writings a single sentence to put upon it, adopted these words, in which Washington rebuked the substitution of expediency for right:

"LET US RAISE A STANDARD TO WHICH THE WISE
AND THE HONEST CAN REPAIR.
THE EVENT IS IN THE HAND OF GOD."

***International Sunday School Lesson for July 5, 1908.** Israel asks for a king. I. Sam. 8 : 1-22. GOLDEN TEXT: "By me kings reign, and princes decree justice." Prov. 8 : 15.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF MARGARET

A New Serial Written for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

By MRS. ELEANOR H. PORTER

Author of "Into Still Waters," etc.

"'Bobby! Why, Bobby!' said Margaret in surprise"

CHAPTER IX—*Continued*

BUT wasn't Margaret satisfied with what you did for the Whalens?" asked Dr. Spencer.

"Yes," said Mrs. Kendall, "but there were still the others. Harry, that child has the whole Alley on her heart. I'm at my wits' end to know what to do. You heard her this afternoon—she didn't want to ride home because Patty must walk in New York. She looks askance at the frosting on her cake, and questions her right to wear anything but rags. Harry, what can I do?"

The man was silent.

"I don't know, dear," he said slowly, at last. "We must think—and think hard. Hers is not a common case. There is no precedent to determine our course. Small girls of five that have been reared in luxury are not often thrust into the streets and sweatshops of a great city and there forced to spend four years of their life—thank God! That those four years should have had a tremendous influence is certain. She can't be the same girl she would have been had she spent those years at her mother's knee. One thing is sure, however, seems to me. In her present nervous condition, if there is such a thing as getting her mind off those four years of her life and everything connected with it, it should be done."

The doctor paused, and at that instant a step sounded on the graveled driveway. A moment later a boy's face flashed into the light that streamed through the open door.

"Why, Bobby, is that you?" cried Mrs. Kendall.

"Yes, ma'am, it's me, please. Did Mag—I mean, Margaret—come home, please?"

"Yes, she came to-night."

Bobby hesitated. He stood first on one foot, then on the other. At last, very slowly, he dragged his right hand from behind his back.

"I been makin' it for her," he said, presenting a small but very elaborate basket composed of peachstones. "Mebbe if she ain't—er—are not awake, you'll give it to her in the mornin'. Er—thank ye. Much obliged. Good evenin', ma'am." And he turned and fled down the walk.

For a time there was silence on the veranda. Mrs. Kendall was turning the basket over and over in her hands. Suddenly she raised her head.

"You are right, Harry," she sighed. "Her mind must be taken off those four years of her life, and off everything connected with it; everything and—everybody."

"Yes," echoed the doctor; "everything and—everybody. Er—let me see his basket, please."

Four days later Mrs. Kendall and her daughter left Houghtonsville for a month's stay in the White Mountains. From the rear window of a certain law office in town a boy of fourteen disconsolately watched the long train that was rapidly bearing them out of sight.

"An' I hain't seen her but once since I give her the basket," he was muttering; "an' then I couldn't speak to her—her mother whisked her off so quick. Plague take that basket—wish't I'd never seen it! An' I worked so hard over it, 'cause she said she liked 'em made out o' peachstones! She said she did!"

CHAPTER X

IT WAS the day before Christmas. For eight weeks Margaret had been at Elmhurst, Miss Dole's select school in the Berkshires. School—Miss Dole's school—had been something of a surprise to Margaret; and Margaret had been decidedly a surprise to the school. Margaret was not used to young misses who fared sumptuously every day, and who yet complained because a favorite ice cream or a pet kind of cake was not always forthcoming; and Miss Dole's pupils were not used to a little girl who questioned their right to be well fed and well clothed, and who supplemented this questioning with distressing stories of other little girls who had little to wear and less to eat, day after day, and week after week.

Margaret had not gone to Elmhurst without a struggle on the part of her mother. To Mrs. Kendall it seemed cruel to be separated so soon from the little daughter who had but just been restored to her hungry arms after four long years of almost hopeless waiting. On the other hand, there were Margaret's own interests to be thought of. School, certainly, was a necessity, unless there should be a governess at home; and of this last Mrs. Kendall did not approve. She particularly wished Margaret to have the companionship of happy, well-bred girls of her own age. The Houghtonsville public school was hardly the place, in Mrs. Kendall's opinion, for a little maid with Margaret's somewhat peculiar ideas as to matters and things. There was Bobby, too—Bobby, the constant reminder in word and deed of the city streets and misery that Mrs. Kendall particularly wished forgotten. Yes, there certainly was Bobby to be thought of—and to be avoided. It was because of all this, therefore, that Margaret had been sent to Elmhurst. She had gone there straight from the great hotel in the mountains, where she and her mother had been spending a few weeks; so she had not seen Houghtonsville since September. It was the Christmas vacation now, and she was going back—back to the house with the stone lions and the big playroom where had lain for so long the little woolly dog of her babyhood.

It was not of the stone lions nor the playroom that Margaret was thinking, however; it was of something much more important and more—delightful, the girls said. At all events, it was wonderfully exciting, and promised all sorts of charming possibilities in the way of music, pretty clothes and good things to eat—again according to the girls.

It was a wedding.

Margaret's idea of marriage had undergone a decided change in the last few weeks. The envious delight of the girls over the fact that she was to be so intimately connected with a wedding, together with their absorbing interest in every detail, had been far more convincing than all of Mrs. Kendall's anxious teachings: marriage might not be such a calamity, after all.

It had come as somewhat of a shock to Margaret—this envious delight of her companions. She had looked upon her mother's marriage as something to be deplored; something to be tolerated, to be sure, since for some unaccountable reason her mother seemed to want it; but, nevertheless, an evil. There was the contract, to be sure, and the doctor had signed it without a murmur; but Margaret doubted the efficacy of even that at times—it would take something more than a contract, certainly, if the doctor should prove to be anything like Mike Whalen for a husband.

The doctor would not be like Mike Whalen, however—so the girls said. They had never seen any husbands that were like him, for that matter. They knew nothing whatever about husbands that shook and beat their wives and banged them around. All this they declared unhesitatingly, and with no little indignation, in response to Margaret's somewhat doubting questions. There were the story-books, too. The girls all had them, and each book was full of fair ladies and brave knights, and of beautiful princesses who married the king—and who wanted to marry him, too, and who would have felt very bad if they could not have married him!

In the face of so overwhelming an array of evidence, Margaret almost lost her fears—marriage might be very desirable, after all. And so it was a very happy little girl that left Elmhurst on the day before Christmas and, in care of one of the teachers, journeyed toward Houghtonsville, where were waiting the playroom, the great stone lions and the wonderful wedding, to say nothing of the dear loving mother herself.

It was not quite the same Margaret that had left Houghtonsville a few months before. Even those short weeks had not been without their influence.

Margaret, in accordance with Mrs. Kendall's urgent request, had been the

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A PERILOUS AFRICAN JOURNEY

Continued from page 51

Native Church Built by Congregation

A Missionary Wedding

Cattle Kraal and Tower for Watching Lions

these hungry lions to hurt us! Mr. Wodehouse went to one of the boys who was on the outside of the circle of those sleeping round the fires, and asked him if he were not afraid. He said, "No, Umfundisi." He said, "Did you not hear the lions?" "Yes, Umfundisi." "Then why were you not afraid? If the lions had come, you would probably have been the first one to be taken." He smiled and pointed upwards: he was in God's keeping.

On September 9 we had a restful, quiet night, camped in a beautiful place under a large spreading tree by a noble river. The chief visited us, and Mr. Wodehouse gave him a blanket. I was sitting in my tent reading when some women from the kraal over the river, having heard a white woman had arrived, came to visit me. I did not go out at once, so they sent word to me that they had come to see me, and wanted me to come out and play. The women were coming to see me all day. They had never seen a white woman before. Everything about me and everything I did was a great amusement to them. I was doing some crochet work which astonished them very much. They wanted to know what it was for. It was very difficult to tell them, as they would not know anything about doyleys and tray cloths, but Mr. Greeley explained. My white hair seemed to afford them a great deal to talk about. Toward dusk, the last party of women took their departure. I sent them away with the usual farewell "Chienda heinyu," (Go your way.) They responded, "We will come and play again to-morrow."

At Mukondo's kraal we found that every drop of water has to be brought a mile in large earthen pots on the heads of the women. We had to send our boys with every kind of utensil we could find to fetch water. While they were gone, one of the native women brought me as a present a large pot of water. It was a beautiful thing for her to do, and so spontaneous; we had not asked for water. It weighed at least fifty pounds, and she had carried that on her head for a mile!

Chief Mukondo's five sons are intelligent boys. They have built five huts on the outskirts of their father's kraal, with proper doors, the planks for which they prepared themselves. They have verandas, and even orchids growing on the posts of the verandas. One that is not familiar with the people cannot tell how much this means, as the heathen huts are mere hovels, with a hole to creep in, and they never think of ornamentation of any kind. These five brothers have built their huts near together in a straight row, and have marked out little gardens in front. They are teaching the children of the kraal to read. We were much surprised to see, in the hands of a little heathen boy, *Step by Step*, and to hear him read words, when we knew there was no missionary near. A service was held and four boys came over from the mines, three of them sons of the chief. When the invitation was given for Christians to rise, two of the chief's sons rose, and when the appeal was made to the unconverted, five came forward, three of our own boys, a friend of the chief's sons and another son of the chief, so that out of his five sons four are Christians.

When we resumed our journey, we kept setting fire to the grass to frighten away the wild beasts. One night I did not sleep much. I was listening all night, and toward morning a hyena came close to our tent, filling our hearts with terror with its hideous yell. My poor little piccaninny was so frightened, he got up and sat close to the fire. From babyhood the little native children are told stories about the cruel hyena, so that its cry fills them with terror. We then went to King Zikey's kraal, where we put up our tents for the next night. It was a restful night. Mr. Wodehouse gave the king a blanket in the morning. He had been opposed to his people being taught, but he told us that if the Native Commissioner gave consent, he was willing.

Next night it blew a hurricane, and we were afraid of our tents being blown down, so we did not sleep much. The heat by day was extreme, or as one of the native men put it, "the sun is very big." We reached Gowana's kraal at 4 P.M. and decided to camp there over Sunday. There are some very large rocks there and as it was still very warm, we were delighted to find a beautifully cool place in the cleft of one of the great rocks. It was a narrow passage which went back into the rock about twenty feet. The women came round me as usual, full of curiosity, as I am the first white woman that has ever passed through their country. They are always interested to know how many children I have, and when they are told I have three grandchildren, they are delighted and clap their hands. These women all seem prouder to be a grandmother than a mother, and you seldom see an old woman without a baby on her back.

Next day a great crowd of women came to visit me and to ask me "if I played." They stayed a long time and quizzed everything in my tent and everything was commented on and laughed at. Such a chattering, of which I could not understand a word!

We were interested here in a native forge, where the natives were making their assegais. I was amused at the bellows they were using, which was a whole goat-skin, sewed up, and inflated with wind by pressing up and down, the wind being forced through a hollow piece of wood to make the fire hot.

We continued our journey, camping next on a mountain near a stream, in a grove of wild loquots, with no kraal near. The boys brought in large trunks of trees for the camp fires, each contributing one piece for the fire in front of the tents. Our cook prepared dinner, which consisted of a roast guinea fowl, sweet potatoes, pumpkin and rice. For the guinea fowl we are indebted to our hunter; the potatoes, pumpkin and rice are native grown and bought of the people in the kraals. There have been so many guinea fowls shot on the way that we have scarcely had any other kind of meat and are getting rather tired of this luxury. We came over some steep places coming over the mountain; at one time I was swung over a precipice, as the boys made a turn in the path. On leaving our camp, and as we neared the Muzezi River, we saw a number of parrots. What a screeching they make! The next few days were cold and rainy. When we started out again we reached the Sabi River without incident and camped for the night. One of our hunters brought to camp a large antelope he had shot.

Reaching Makomwe Station at last, it was a real luxury to sleep in a comfortable bed. Next morning there was the first native wedding in the new church. We were surprised to see the bride come out in what I suppose was borrowed finery—a thin white muslin dress, a veil with orange blossoms and a dark skirt underneath, hung down a finger's length below her dress. She came walking with another girl to church, who carried over the bride's head a white cotton umbrella. She arrived first at the church and sat down and waited for the bridegroom. Presently he came with a large bouquet of orange blossoms in his button-hole, and a collar very much the worse for wear, and tied with string. After the wedding, the boys carried a bench to a flat piece of ground above the mission house, where the bride and bridegroom had to seat themselves, while all the men and women stood round them, clapping their hands and dancing. They kept it up for hours without cessation. We left to continue our journey, and as we passed the wedding group, the women had just brought large trenchers of *oofoo*, which is a meal looking, when cooked, the color of chocolate. There were also cooked goat and fowls. These were set down on the ground in front of the married couple; then all joined in the wedding feast.

We did not reach our camp till after dark. We had to pass through some wild country where the lions are, and we were very glad to reach Nyande's kraal at 7 P.M., where we just took a biscuit and a cup of tea and went to bed.

Sunday was spent at Muradzika's mission station. It sounded good to hear the bell calling the people to early prayers. A large congregation attended, and after the service, numbers came forward, some for the first time seeking Jesus. One boy, who had been one of our carriers all the trip, said, with his face shining, "I heard the Word, and I came to Jesus."

We reached home about noon next day. It had been altogether a very trying journey, but God has been with us and kept us from harm in the midst of danger. We entered many open doors. The whole of Mashonaland seems prepared to receive the Gospel. Oh that the hearts of God's children may respond to the needy call, to send forth many more who shall take the Gospel of light to those who are now sitting in darkness!

A GREAT CAMPAIGN FOR SOULS

THE last twelve months have been notable in the revival work of the Rev. William Edward Biederwolf, evangelist, and his associates. His director of personal work is Howard E. Taylor, of Philadelphia, and his musical director is Homer Rodeheaver. Paul J. Gilbert, the famous tenor soloist who accompanied Torrey and Alexander on their world tour, has been associated with Dr. Biederwolf for a portion of the year.

These men, with other assistance, have conducted some wonderful union revivals during the past season. In September, 1907, the party went to Jewell, Kansas. The people were in earnest, well organized and good workers, and the result was a revival that stirred the entire region round about, and was followed by many conversions.

October was spent in Lawrence, Kan., where great meetings were held. The closing days were marked by wonderful power and spiritual results. In Smith Centre was held another notable revival. The churches had been actively preparing, and had been much in prayer. Ninety-one confessed Christ the first Sunday. The wave of religious fervor swept the surrounding counties. People drove for miles to the meetings. There were upwards of a thousand public confessions of Christ, among the number being the sheriff of the county, the judge of the Probate Court, the county clerk, the mayor, chief of police, nearly every lawyer in the city, a congressman, three bankers, several doctors and many prominent business men.

Then followed a most successful meeting at Ottawa, Kan., where upwards of seven hundred made public profession. Next, at Amsterdam, N. Y., a series of meetings was held with equally remarkable spiritual results. This was followed by meetings in the great auditorium in Reading, Pa., culminating in a mighty revival. Hundreds of men and women who had been living nominal Christian lives were born anew in the spirit of Christ, and re-dedicated themselves to his service.

March and April Dr. Biederwolf took a prominent part in the simultaneous campaign in Philadelphia. The evangelist and his associates are now in Creston, Iowa, where a series of remarkable meetings are going on. Audiences of 2,500 are gathering nightly, and a great spiritual harvest has begun. Next September, the Kansas Forward Movement for Evangelistic Work, of which undertaking Dr. Biederwolf is the originator and director, will begin, and he will probably spend the year in that State. RAY Y. CLIFF.

The Rapid Spread of Esperanto

By Edmond Privat

NO ONE, who has not studied the subject, can imagine the rapid extension of the Esperanto movement in this country. After traveling for four months through the Eastern and Middle States, and hearing a great deal from the Western, I am convinced that Esperanto is a thousand times more widespread in the United States than its own students believe. Everywhere, in cities and villages, little circles have been formed, and societies have been founded for the study of this international language.

The Christian Herald has about six thousand Esperanto students, the largest Esperanto class in the world. A number of other publications have their own Esperanto Associations. Besides the "Amerika Esperanta Asocio," started by Boston Esperantists two years ago, a number of State Associations have been formed to unite local societies. Yet all this includes only the registered Esperantists that we know of. But what a number of Esperantists who have not joined any society, of students who have not started official circles? We can only estimate by calculating the tremendous quantity of Esperanto text-books sought by the publishers in the past ten months.

This is the strongest impression of my trip through America; but I did not study only what is now existing. I tried to sow the good seed everywhere I went. I have delivered 165 lectures to about sixty thousand people altogether. Everywhere I have paid special attention to the high schools, for I have always found them every enthusiastic. They are becoming strong centres of Esperanto.

The Christian Herald is doing fine work in encouraging the young in the study of Zamenhof's language. They need it and it needs them, and I have been very glad indeed to be able to give my part of inspiration to the active propaganda so successfully conducted by The Christian Herald throughout the whole country. The Philadelphia students kept me busy in their city during the four weeks of February. Beside two very successful public courses, a special committee had arranged for me thirty-one lectures. Many groups have been started there among business men, and in the different quarters of the city special circles have been started among Italians, Poles, and Swedes, and Esperanto is going to be useful to them. While I was there, a riot occurred that ended sadly. The mayor of the city told me himself that diversity of language was at the bottom of it, for Italian workmen misunderstood remarks made to them in English by their American and Russian friends.

In Washington I had the opportunity of talking about our work with President Roosevelt and Vice-President Fairbanks. I found Major-General Duvall, of the United States Army, very favorable to Esperanto, and he requested me to lecture about it to the officers at the Army War College.

In Illinois I visited many high schools. I also lectured at the Illinois State University, and at the Northwestern University, in Evanston.

In Columbus, I spoke before the Senate of Ohio, which was discussing a bill for the introduction of Esperanto as an elective study into the high schools. I have been told since that the bill has passed. This is an excellent example given by that legislative body that ought to be followed throughout the country. After lecturing in Toledo I departed for Canada, and in Toronto I had two very busy days. I had two lectures with big audiences, one of which was the University. I spoke also in some schools, and in one of the large business colleges the president decided immediately to have classes in Esperanto. My impression of the eight months I have passed in this country is very encouraging, for the Esperanto movement is growing here with a wonderful rapidity.

Since the first article that I wrote for The Christian Herald I have received so many letters from its readers, that I have not even been able to answer them all. I beg to be excused, for it was quite impossible. But the Esperantists whom I have asked to help me in replying were competent men and I hope that everybody has been satisfied. To a few letters, all asking the same question, I am going to answer right here: How to start an Esperanto Club? Have first of all a class or a studying circle, and after a few lessons, when the pupils begin to write and talk a little, organize and name your club in the way the majority likes best. Then write to my friend, Arthur Baker, 186 Fortieth Street, Chicago, who will put you in relation with other clubs and give you further information.

The greatest event in the history of our movement in America will be the national Esperanto Convention to be held July 21, 22, 23, and 24 next at Chautauqua, New York. The great Chautauqua Institution, which is the most powerful centre of popular education in the United States, has taken a very great interest in our cause, and has invited the Esperantists of this country to meet as its guests this summer. Hundreds of Esperantists have already promised to come, some even from Mexico and Canada. It is the duty of every good friend of the cause to be there. The American Esperantists are going to have there not only pleasant meetings, banquets and excursions, but interesting lectures and useful discussions.

This is going to be an excellent opportunity for using orally the Esperanto language and taking good decisions for the establishment or improving of a national Esperantist organization.

There will be also at Chautauqua, from the 3d to the 25th of July, a complete series of elementary and advanced classes in Esperanto, with special training courses, and diplomas will be awarded at the National Conference. For all information about the conference or the classes, write to Professor Benedict Papot, 1038 Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, who is their chief organizer.

I received to-day a letter from Dr. Zamenhof, from which I extract the best lines: "I hope that the Chautauqua Conference will be fruitful, that it will have an important significance for Esperantism in America, will give a strong push forward to our movement and will prepare the ground for the future glorious Universal Congress of Esperantists in America."

Such a letter ought to induce every one to come to Chautauqua and help by his presence the invitation to the Kvina Universala Kongreso to come to this country next year.

Answered Prayers

Mrs. C. H. H., Pennsylvania. "I want to tell the world that God does answer prayers to those that love and trust him. He has answered mine."

An Ohio Reader. "I wish to say that God does hear and answer prayer. I have had three prayers answered in the last few weeks."

S. C., Maryland. "I am in great trouble, and see no way out of it, except the good Father help me. Will your readers pray for me?"

Mrs. E. S. O., Pennsylvania. "I wish to acknowledge that God has answered my prayer in behalf of my dear daughter who has been quite ill."

Mrs. W. H. P., Pennsylvania. "I want to acknowledge God's goodness to me in answering prayer. He will never forsake us if we remain faithful."

Reader, Oklahoma. "I promised God if he would answer my prayers I would tell it to the world. He has answered according to his promise. Praise be to his great and holy name."

S. E. R., Idaho. "For the benefit of doubting ones, I want to add my testimony to prayers being answered. When trouble comes there is no friend like the lowly Jesus."

Walking in the Light

By Mrs. M. Baxter

WHAT is it to walk in the light as He is in the light? Surely it is to walk, moment by moment, without a cloud of any kind between God and us, not because of our righteousness, for we have none, but because of God's grace, the blood of Jesus Christ which is cleansing us all the time from all sin; to walk every moment with God between us and sin, instead of with sin between us and God. Again, it is to live in openness and transparency: "All things when they are reproved are made manifest by the light; for everything that is made manifest is light" (Eph. 5: 13, R. V.) That which need not be hidden from God, need not be hidden from man. All parents know that when a child has some hidden thing upon his mind, it is sure to be something evil. That which is right, and true, and good comes out at once. And so with God's children—when they are in true fellowship with God, their life before man becomes very simple, very open; there is nothing to hide, no man's face to fear. "Walk as children of light" (Eph. 5: 8). Walking is not standing still, but going on from place to place, from light to light, the conscience being educated by the Holy Ghost.

"If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." Like many other passages of Scripture, these words apply to the unsaved and unsanctified, and possess a deeper meaning for those who are walking in the light. If a sinner ignores or denies his sin, instead of confessing it and seeking pardon through faith in Jesus Christ, it is very evident he is self-deceived, and "the truth is not in him." When a believer who is under the power of sin that dwelleth in him claims that, because he is a child of God, it is not sin in him, he is fearfully self-deceived.

If a believer talks of his standing, his sitting with Christ in heavenly places, etc., while all the time his spirit is full of animosity and un-Christian-like bitterness, he deceives himself, and the truth is not in him. Christ did not come to minimize, but to take away our sins; and in him is no sin" (I. John, 3: 5).

But there are those who have been conscious that they did not walk in fellowship with God; they had "fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness"; sin did have dominion over them, but they have come to him who once "forgave all that debt," for pardon, and for cleansing too. They have come to God to ask that the very thoughts of their hearts may be cleansed by the inspiration of his Spirit; they have accepted Jesus to dwell in and to keep them, and they have had the blessed joy of proving how his precious blood does cleanse. The love of drink, of dress, of praise, of novels, etc., has been so cleansed that it has become a thing of the past, because Jesus has come in to take its place, and they can say, "Now it is no more I that live, but Christ that dwelleth in me." Can, then, these words be applicable to such: "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us?" We think so. The sins which are cleansed cannot be cleansed and dwelling in us at the same time, and thus, whatever sins we have confessed, and God has cleansed, are cleansed and taken away; they no longer have dominion over us, thank God. But as he educates our conscience, he teaches us more of what he sees to be sin.

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"There are five children in my family," writes an Iowa mother, "all of whom drank coffee from infancy up to two years ago.

"My husband and I had heart trouble and were advised to quit coffee. We did so and began to use Postum. We now are doing without medicine and are entirely relieved of heart trouble.

(Caffeine causes heart trouble when continually used as in coffee drinking.)

"Our eleven-year-old boy had a weak digestion from birth, and yet always craved and was given coffee. When we changed to Postum he liked it and we gave him all he wanted. He has been restored to health by Postum and still likes it.

"Long live the discoverer of Postum!"

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

A COURSE IN ESPERANTO

LESSON No. 13—The Nation's Birthday

By Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

LA Kvara de Julio de 1776 estis la naskotago[1] de nia nacio, Usono. Tion kio naskis ĝin[2] ni nomas la Deklaracio de Sendependeco[3]. Tomaso Jefferson skribis tiun dokumenton[4] per sia propra[5] mano. Eĉ nun oni povas ĝin vidi enkadrigitan[6] en la Biblioteko[7] de la Departemento de Ŝtato[8] en Vaŝingtono. Ĝi havas multajn surstrekaĵojn[9] kaj interliniaĵojn[10], kiuj estas tre interesaj[11]. Tiam oni faris bone skribitan[12] kopion[13], kiu ricevis la subskribojn[14] de la subskribantoj de la Deklaracio de Sendependeco[15]. La multaj faksimiloj[16] faritaj de tiu ĉi dokumento difektis[17] la materialon[18], ĉar la acido[19] kaŭzis[20] truojn[21]. Dum Sinjoro McKinley estis prezidanto[22], oni kredis[23] ke estas necese por antaŭzorgo[24] sigeli[25] ĝin kaj meti[26] ĝin en ŝtalkeston[27], kiu ankaŭ estas en la Departemento de Ŝtato.

La 1an, 2an, kaj 3an de Julio de 1863, nia nacio renaskiĝis[28], leviĝante[29] el la konflikto[30] de Gettysburg kun la krio, "Unuigo eterna[31]!" La agonio[32], la gloro[33] de la okazo[34] estas korpigitaj[35] en la parolado[36] poste farita de Prezidanto Abraham Lincoln ĉe Gettysburg. La parolado estas mallonga[37], sed oni ĝin ordigis[38] inter la plej grandaj el la anglaj[39] ĉefverkoj[40]. Ĝia ĉiu vorto brilas kun elokventeco[41].

It is translated for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by Mr. Charles W. Stewart, president of the Washington Esperanto Society.

EXPLANATION OF SOME WORDS

[1]Birthday. [2]gave birth to it. [3]Declaration of Independence. [4]document. [5]own. [6]framed. [7]library. [8]Department of State. [9]erasures. [10]interlineations. [11]interesting. [12]well written. [13]copy. [14]signatures. [15]signers of the Declaration of Independence. [16]facsimilies. [17]injured. [18]fabric. [19]acid. [20]caused. [21]holes. [22]President. [23]believed. [24]preservation. [25]to seal. [26]to place. [27]safe. [28]was born again. [29]rising. [30]conflict. [31]union forever. [32]agony. [33]glory. [34]occasion. [35]embodied. [36]speech. [37]brief. [38]classed. [39]English. [40]masterpieces. [41]eloquence.

Parolado de Prezidanto Lincoln ĉe Gettysburg

Antaŭ kvar dudekoj kaj sep jaroj niaj praavoj naskigis sur tiu ĉi kontinento novan nacion, elpensitan en libereco kaj dediĉitan al la propozicio ke ĉiuj homoj estas kreitaj egaluloj. Nune ni estas okupataj pri granda interŝtata milito, provante ĉu tiu nacio aŭ ia nacio tiel elpensita kaj tiel dediĉita povas longe daŭri. Ni renkontiĝas sur grandega batalkampo de tiu milito. Ni estas kunvenintaj por dediĉi parton de tio kiel eternan ripozejon de tiuj kiuj tie ĉi oferis siajn vivojn por ke tiu ĉi nacio povu vivi. Estas tute dece kaj konvene ke ni faru ĉi-tion. Sed en pligranda senco ni ne povas dediĉi, ni ne povas Diendoni, ni ne povas sanktigi tiun ĉi teron. La bravaj homoj, vivantaj kaj mortintaj, kiu tie ĉi baraktis, ĝin eldediĉis multe superante nian povan por aldoni aŭ depreni. La mondo nemulte rimarkos nek longe rememoros kion ni tie ĉi diras; sed ĝi neniam povos forgesi tion kion ili tie ĉi faris. Prefere estas por ni, la vivantoj, esti dediĉitaj al la neplenumata laborado kiun ili estas ĝisnune tiel noble faradintaj. Estas pli bone por ni esti tie ĉi dediĉataj al la grandega tasko restanta antaŭ ni, ke de tiuj ĉi honorataj mortintoj ni ricevu pligrandan sindonecon al tiu afero pro kiu ili tie ĉi oferis la lastan plenan mezuron da sindoneco: ke ni tie ĉi alte decidu ke la mortintoj ne estu mortintaj vane ke la nacio povu, per helpo de Dio, havi novan naskiĝon de libereco, kaj ke la regado de la popolo, per la popolo kaj por la popolo ne elpereu el la mondo.

WORDS IN THE GETTYSBURG SPEECH

Praavoj, *fathers.* Naskigis, *brought forth.* Kontinento, *continent.* Novan, *new.* Elpensitan, *conceived.* Libereco, *liberty.* Dediĉitan, *dedicated.* Propozicio, *proposition.* Homoj, *men.* Kreitaj, *created.* Egaluloj, *equals.* Nune, *now.* Okupataj, *engaged.* Interŝtata, *interstate.* Milito, *war.* Provante, *testing.* Povas, *can.* Daŭri, *endure.* Ni renkontiĝas, *we are met.* Batalkampo, *battlefield.* Kunvenintaj, *met.* Dediĉi, *dedicate.* Parton, *part.* Eternan ripozejon, *final resting place.* Oferis, *gave.* Siajn, *their.* Vivojn, *lives.* Povu vivi, *might live.* Tute, *altogether.* Dece, *fitting.* Konvene, *proper.* Faru, *should do.* Ĉi-tiun, *this.* Pli granda, *larger.* Senco, *sense.* Diendoni, *consecrate.* Sanktigi, *hallow.* Teron, *ground.* Vivantaj, *living.* Mortintaj, *dead.* Baraktis, *struggled.* Eldediĉis, *consecrated.* Multe superante, *far surpassing.* Povon, *power.* Aldoni, *to add.* Depreni, *to detract.* Mondo, *world.* Nemulte, *little.* Rimarkos, *will remark.* Rememoros, *remember.* Diras, *say.* Forgesi, *forget.* Faris, *did.* Vivantoj, *the living.* Esti dediĉitaj, *to be dedicated.* Neplenumata, *unfinished.* Laborado, *work.* Ĝisnune, *thus far.* Faradintaj, *carried on.* Grandega, *great.* Tasko, *task.* Restanta, *remaining.* Honorataj, *honored.* Ricevu, *take.* Pligrandan, *increased.* Sindonecon, *devotion.* Afero, *cause.* Oferis, *gave.* Lastan, *last.* Plenan, *full.* Mezuron, *measure.* Sindoneco, *devotion.* Alte, *highly.* Decidu, *resolve.* Mortintoj, *dead.* Estu mortintaj, *have died.* Vane, *in vain.* Helpo de Dio, *help of God.* Regado, *government.* Popolo, *people.* Elpereu, *perish.*

NOTE.—This translation contains many participles, the construction of which will be explained in the next lesson.

Hon. William Jennings Bryan on Preaching

I DESIRE my minister to preach every Sunday the simple Gospel. The "old, old story" never wearies the average congregation, if it comes from a devout mind with preparation in the message. My ideal sermon is one which has an appeal to the unconverted and a spiritual uplift for the Christian. I want my minister to be abreast of the times on all new theological questions and research, but I do not want him to bring them into the pulpit. I have formed certain fixed views of Christ, his Gospel and the inspiration of the Bible from a careful reading of that Book of books and of the shorter catechism, and it will not make me a better Christian or profit my spiritual life to unsettle these views by a discussion in the pulpit of new theories of Christ and the Holy Scriptures. Finally, I want my minister to act upon the belief that Christ's Gospel is the surest cure of all social and political evils, and that his best method of promoting temperance, social morality and good citizenship, is to bring men into the church. In a word, I want my minister to emphasize in his life work the declaration of the most successful preacher, Paul: "It pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe."

The Tempest

HE shall give his angels charge
Over thee in all thy ways.
Though the thunders roam at large,
Though the lightning round me plays,
Like a child I lay my head
In sweet sleep upon my bed.

Though the terror comes so close,
It shall have no power to smite;
It shall deepen my repose,
Turn the darkness into light.
Touch of angels' hands is sweet;
Not a stone shall hurt my feet.

All thy waves and billows go
Over me to press me down
Into arms so strong, I know
They will never let me drown.
Ah, my God, how good thy will!
I will nestle and be still.

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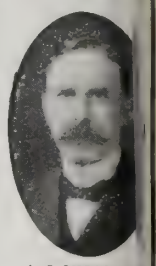

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The Transformation of Margaret

Continued from page 521

pecial charge of every teacher at Elmurst; and every teacher knew the tory of the little girl's life, as well s just what they all had now to battle gainst. Everything that was good nd beautiful was kept constantly bere her eyes, and so far as was posible everything that was the reverse f all this was kept from her sight, nd from being discussed in her presnce. She learned of wonderful counries across the sea, and of the people ho lived in them. She studied about igh mountains and great rivers, and he was shown pictures of kings and ueens and palaces. Systematically and ersistently she was led along a way hat did not know the Alley, and that id not recognize that there was in the orld any human creature who was oor, or sick, or hungry.

It is little wonder, then, that she ame to question less and less the luxry all about her; that she wore the retty dresses and dainty shoes, and te the food provided, with a resignaon that was strangely like content; nd that she talked less and less of atty, the twins and the Alley.

CHAPTER XI

CHRISTMAS was a wonderful day at Five Oaks; certainly to Margaret. First there was the y of skipping, bare-toed, across the oom to where the long black stockngs hung from the mantel. In the ray dawn of the early morning its ulging knobbiness looked delightfully ysterious; and never were presents alf so entrancing as those drawn rom its black depths by Margaret's nall, eager fingers.

Later in the morning came the sleighde behind the doctor's span of bays, nd then there was the delicious dinner llowed by the games and the frolics nd the quiet hour with mother. Still ter the house began to fill with uests, and then came the wedding, ith Mrs. Kendall all in soft gray, and oking radiantly happy on the docr's arm.

It was a simple ceremony and soon ver, and then came the long line of eaming friends and neighbors to wish he bride and groom joy and godspeed. Margaret, standing a little apart by he diningroom door, felt a sudden pull t her sleeve. She turned quickly and ooked straight into Bobby McGinnis' yes.

"Bobby, why, Bobby!" she welcomed oyously; but Bobby put his finger to is lips.

"Sh-h!" he cautioned; then, peremporily, "Come." And he led the way hrough the deserted diningroom to a ittle room off the side-hall where the loom made his presence almost indisernible. "There!" he sighed in relief. I fetched ye, didn't I?"

Margaret frowned.

"But, Bobby," she remonstrated, why—what are you doing out here, ll in the dark?"

"Seein' you."

"Seeing me! But I was in there, where 'twas light and pretty, and you ould see me lots better there."

"Yes, but I wasn't wanted there," etorted Bobby, grimly; then he added: 'Twa'n't my party, ye see, an' I va'n't invited. But I wanted ter see e—an' I did, too."

Margaret was silent.

"Mebbe ye want ter go back now erself," observed Bobby, gloomily. 'Tain't so pretty here, I'll own."

Margaret did want to go back, and he almost said so, but something ilenced the words on her lips.

"Oh, I'll stay, 'course," she murnured, shifting about uneasily on her ittle white-slippered feet.

Bobby roused himself.

"Here, take a chair," he proposed, ushing toward her a low stool; "an' 'll set here on the winder sill. Nice ight; ain't it?"

"Yes, 'tis." Margaret sat down, carefully spreading her skirts.

There was a long silence. Through the half-open door came a shaft of light and the sound of distant voices. Bobby was biting his finger nails, and Margaret was wondering just how she could get back to the drawingroom without hurting the feelings of her unbidden guest. At last the boy spoke.

"Mebbe when we're grown up we'll get married, too," he blurted out, saying the one thing he had intended not to say. He bit his tongue angrily, but the next minute he almost fell off the windowsill in his amazement—the little girl had sprung to her feet and clapped her hands.

"Bobby, could we?" she cried.

"Sure!" rejoined Bobby with easy nonchalance. "Why not?"

"And there'd be flowers and music and lots of people to see us?"

"Heaps!" promised Bobby.

"Oh-h!" sighed Margaret ecstatically. "And then we'll go traveling 'way over to London and Paris and Egypt and see the Alps."

"Huh?" The voice of the prospective young bridegroom sounded a little uncertain.

"We'll go traveling to see things, you know," reiterated Margaret. "There is such a lot of things I want to see."

"Oh, yes, we'll go traveling," assured Bobby, promptly, wondering all the while if he could remember just where his mother's geography was. He should have need of it after he got home that night.

"I think maybe now I'll go back," said Margaret, with sudden stiffness. "They might be looking for me. Goodby."

"Oh, I say, Maggie," called Bobby, eagerly, "when folks is engaged they—" But only the swish of white skirts answered him, and there was nothing for him to do but disconsolately to let himself out the side door.

"And I'm going to get married, too," said Margaret to her mother half an hour later.

"You're going to get married!"

"Yes; to Bobby, you know."

The newly-made bride sat down suddenly, and threw a quick look at her husband.

"To Bobby!" she exclaimed. "Why, when—where—Bobby wasn't here."

"No," smiled Margaret. "He said he wasn't invited, but he came. We fixed it all up a little while ago. We're going to London and Paris and Egypt and see the Alps."

CHAPTER XII

THE great diningroom at Belcourt, the old Spencer homestead, was perhaps the pleasantest room in the house. The house itself crowned the highest hill that overlooked the town; and its diningroom windows, and the veranda without, commanded a view of the river for miles, just where the valley was the greenest and the most beautiful. On the other side of the veranda which ran around three sides of the house, one might see the town with its myriad roofs and tall chimneys; but although these same tall chimneys represented the wealth that made possible the great Spencer estate, yet it was the side of the veranda overlooking the green valley that was the most popular with the family. It was said, to be sure, that old Jacob Spencer, who built the house, and who laid the foundation for the Spencer millions, had preferred the side that overlooked the town; and that he spent long hours gloating over the visible results of his thrift and enterprise. But old Jacob was dead now, and his son's sons reigned in his stead; and his son's sons, no matter how much they might value the whiz and whir and smoke of the town, preferred, when at rest, to gaze upon green hills and far-reaching meadows.

To be continued

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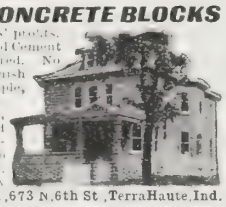

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ROSES OF JUNE

(See Cover Page)

FROM the days of the troubadours and the wandering minstrels with their lutes and harps, June and its roses have ever been popular themes for poems and songs. In the poetry of flowers more verses have probably been devoted to extolling the beauties of the rose's snow-white or pink or crimson petals than to any other flower. The rose by some has been used as the symbol of love, others have said that its thorns have taught the lesson of the sterner facts of life which always lie so near to that which is beautiful and sweet. Few people there are who have not some favorite quotation for which the rose has been the poet's inspiration. It is an interesting fact that some of the best verses to June's flower are by authors whose very names have been forgotten, though the flowers they loved and plucked in wayside hedges or by castle moats in days long gone, still blossom with the warm breath of summer, and nature lovers quote the rhythmic lines and wonder what manner of men those poets were whose lines are followed by the word *anonymous.*

The little poem given below is by one of these unknown poets and is most expressive of the charm of the rose and its season:

White with the whiteness of the snow,
Pink with the faintest rosy glow,
They blossom on their sprays;
They glad the borders with their bloom
And sweeten with their rich perfume
The mossy garden-ways.
The dew that from their brimming leaves
Drips down, the mignonette receives
And sweeter grows thereby;
The tall June lilies stand anear
In raiment white and gold, and here
The purple pansies lie.

The poet Bryant sang in *A Scene on the Banks of the Hudson:*

Loveliest of lovely things are they
On earth that soonest pass away:
The rose that lives its little hour
Is prized beyond the sculptured flower.

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TO BE trained to earn a livelihood and to take an active, independent part in the battle of life, should be the ambition of every American. The boy or girl who is "growing up" always looks forward hopefully to the time when a life vocation is to be chosen.

There are few businesses at the present time that offer so many inducements, and yet which are so easily acquired, as stenography. Everywhere there is a demand for competent stenographers of both sexes, to fill positions as clerks, secretaries, amanuenses, correspondents in banks, stores, mercantile houses, publishers' offices, and in manufactories, wholesale and retail houses, shippers and importers, counting-rooms, and trading concerns. No office is now without its shorthand staff. No man of business, in these days, thinks of disposing of his mail without the aid of a trusty stenographer.

To meet this universally growing demand, shorthand schools, charging the pupil from \$12 to \$20 per course, have been opened in different parts of the country. To many, these schools are out of reach, and to many more, their course is an unattainable luxury. In view of these facts, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has completed arrangements which will place a Complete Shorthand Course within the reach of every reader of this journal who desires to take advantage of this opportunity to equip himself or herself for a life vocation. A Correspondence Course of Standard Shorthand has been prepared by a certificated teacher, under the personal direction of one of the editorial staff of this paper who is himself a stenographer of long experience. This Course will be personally conducted by mail, each student receiving twenty-four graded lessons, the whole constituting a complete Correspondence Course, designed to equip the student for work. These lessons are simple and self-explanatory. With the exception of a charge of one dollar to cover costs of printing, engraving, postage, and stationery, the whole Course is absolutely *free.* There is no other expense whatsoever.

To those who are ambitious, and who are endeavoring to make their way under difficulties, it is the opportunity of a lifetime to have the means of making a living literally "at their finger ends." Young folks and grown folks of either sex could not spend their summer leisure to better purpose or with equal certainty of advantage.

Names and addresses of all who desire to take the Correspondence Course should be forwarded at once, with the enrolment fee of \$1, to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 100 Bible House, New York City.

Who Will Help?

AS PASTOR of the American church in Berlin, Germany, during the last fifteen years, I have had many opportunities of helping my fellow countrymen in times of distress. Knowing how readily the good readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD respond to every real case of human need, I venture to draw their attention to a case of the worthiest character, where a series of misfortunes has fallen upon a mother and daughter. They are American ladies of the highest character; in America they belong to the Baptist Church and during the five years of their residence in Berlin they have been members naturally of an American church. The daughter, who is an M.A. of one of our foremost universities (*magna cum laude*), came to Berlin to take a Ph.D. She was just on the point of attaining her object when the earthquake at San Francisco completely cut off all their income. Our benevolent fund furnished sufficient money to enable the lady to finish her work, but unfortunately the mother broke a limb and the whole round sum we had given was wiped out by the expenses attendant on this accident.

The young lady is a brilliant student and will easily attain her degree in August, provided she can obtain the \$250 necessary for the printing of her thesis and the other expenses. When she attains her degree, we will furnish the passage money to send mother and daughter home, where no doubt so able a young lady, with such a degree—the object of her life ambition—would easily obtain a position and thus be delivered from a distress that has moved my heart as it has rarely been moved.

I am sure that such a response will be made as will be doubly blessed to those who give, and to those whose high self-respect and wonderful independence have been so sorely tried by these distressing trials.

REV. J. F. DICKIE,
Pastor of the American Church in Berlin.

[Any contributions from readers of this journal who may be interested in this worthy case, may be sent to Dr. Louis Klopsch, editor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, who will personally acknowledge them and forward them to Dr. Dickie in Berlin.]

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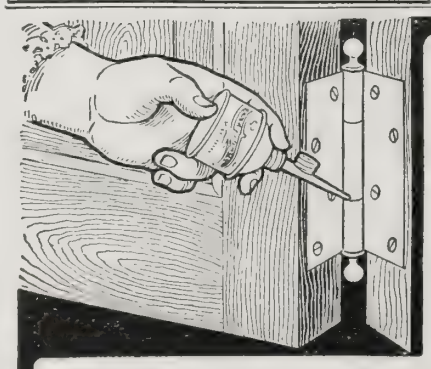

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YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES

Christian Citizenship*

THE good citizen is the unit of national character. Moral, law-abiding, self-controlled, industrious, he must look beyond the mere material idea of national progress and prosperity, and reverently recognize in all things the guiding hand of Him who created and who governs the universe.

As in the individual, so in the nation, spiritual vision is essential to continued development and the attainment of the best type of national life and character. Indications of the absence of this national spirituality are unmistakably present when rulers and magistrates become venal, when rich men act like lawless mercenaries, robbing and oppressing the poor, and when the popular goal toward which the multitude strives is wealth instead of character.

Historians have frequently declared that when the people of any country are given over to worldliness, to the neglect of religion, disaster follows. The great American panics of 1837, 1857 and 1873 were preceded by over-speculation, a mania for money-making and worldly indulgence.

Rome, with its heathen philosophies, and the notorious extravagance and profligate self-indulgence of its ruling class, forgot God. The great nation which had conquered the world, was in its decay. Its citizens were given over to utter worldliness and the State was spiritually and morally bankrupt. Leading men, while noting the terrible danger, were powerless to avert it. "What folly is it to renew life after death!" wrote Pliny, while the pagan mind fell back to gross materialism and pantheism. A few sighed for a guide to truth. "We will wait for one," said Plato, "be it a god or a god-inspired man, to teach us our religious duties and to take away the darkness from our eyes." But there was no vision and Rome went down.

Christian citizenship implies a well-ordered life, whose duties are performed with a cheerfulness inspired by the sense of divine guidance and approval. During the Terror in France, an infidel said to a Christian peasant threateningly: "I will have all your steeples pulled down, that you may no longer have any object by which you may be reminded of your old superstitions." "But," replied the aged peasant reverently, "you cannot help leaving us the stars." In individual or national peril, the "vision" or sense of God's nearness and interest in human affairs gives comfort and assurance.

More than once has a national convulsion been averted by patriotic men of spiritual vision. In London, during the great Chartist agitation, an army of workingmen prepared to march on Parliament with a petition in behalf of the poor. Troops armed and with shotted cannon lined the principal streets. Everybody apprehended a sanguinary riot. At this juncture two godly men, Kingsley and Maurice, saved the situation. They placarded all the streets overnight with bills calling upon the workers to use no violence, but to trust to the righteousness of their cause. The workers read and were convinced, and riot was averted.

There is a close relationship between the religious spirit or life of a nation, and that nation's greatness and its endurance. Not only must it have spiritual vision in its higher official walks, but it must be clear to the people that their rulers are men who act as in God's sight in all the affairs of the State and the community, legislative, civic and industrial. The real test of the genuineness is when it becomes their duty, even at the risk of loss of position and influence, to fight notorious evils, which are debauching the community.

*Topic of the Epworth League for Sunday, July 5. Text, Prov. 29 : 18 ; Psa. 46.

Holy Aspirations*

IT HAS been said, whether true or not, that man is the only living creature on earth that possesses ambition. Tradition tells that this was the sin of the angels who rebelled, and it caused their expulsion from heaven. But the ambition which fills the heart of the true child of God is not to revolt against the divine will, but to live and act in perfect accord with it. We long, pray and strive for a deeper consecration, a closer walk with God and a more perfect understanding of his will. David's song in the wilderness of Judah expresses the feelings of the believer who finds the Lord an ever-ready helper and sure dependence.

This holy zeal and longing never goes unsatisfied. In his own way—and in the best way—God fulfils all our aspirations after righteousness. "How did you learn to read?" asked a missionary in surprise of a poor crippled New Zealand native who had never been to a school. "I picked up out of the rubbish all the bits of printed paper I could find," he replied. "Sometimes I got a leaf of the Bible or of a Prayer Book and these pieces I sewed together. Then I would point to a word and ask my brother to tell me its meaning. This I did until I could read a verse and then a whole chapter." "And do you love God's word?" "It is my pillow!" was the radiant answer.

An intense longing for service dominates all other desires. "Lord, send me! Lord, use me!" are words often upon the lips. Cynical talk of over-zeal need alarm nobody. "I think it better," said an Indian convert to a white trader, "that the pot should boil over than not boil at all."

In his youth, Patrick Henry showed no promise of future greatness. He married at 18, went to farming, and next became a lawyer. When the famous dispute between the clergy and legislature of Virginia took place, Henry's zeal for the former won him the appellation of "The Orator of Nature." It was this newly awakened zeal, revealing certain unexpected qualities of heart and brain, which enabled Patrick Henry afterward by his famous speech before the Continental Congress, to give the first tremendous impulse to the Revolution. It was a consecrated appeal to the God of justice and liberty which proved to be prophetic.

William Fletcher, of Madely, the friend of John Wesley, was consumed with the desire for service. His life was one of self-sacrifice. He labored among the rough colliery employees and iron puddlers and every Sunday morning, bell in hand, went around his parish summoning the people. Met with scoffs and jeers at first, after a time he won their hearts and his church was filled to overflowing. He preached even when dying. "I have only to step from my pulpit to my bed," he smilingly explained. At his last communion service, he was carried from the church to his bed, which he never left again alive. His zeal and passion for souls are a glorious example to the world.

There is a great and abiding joy in the heart that keeps near to God. A pagan showed his idols to Augustine, saying boastfully: "Here is my god. Where is thine?" Then he pointed upward to the sun and said further: "There is another of my gods. Where are thine?" "I showed him not my God," wrote Augustine, "for he had not eyes to see him; nor could he see the joy in my heart." This inward joy is not a worldly product, but a spiritual, and is a constant source of refreshment, since it springs from the fountain of all enduring happiness.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for Sunday July 5. Text, Psalm 63.

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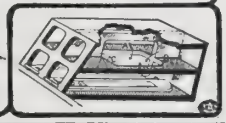

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See page 535

BETSY ROSS PRESENTING THE FIRST AMERICAN FLAG

Questions and Answers

B. H., St. Louis, Mo. What relation was Solomon's wife (mentioned in the third chapter of I. Kings) to Pharaoh, King of Egypt in Moses' time? Was there more than one King Pharaoh in Egypt?

Pharaoh was not a man's name, but a title, like Sultan, or Emperor. There were many Pharaohs or rulers during the long period of Egypt's existence as a great power in the ancient world. The name of this particular Pharaoh, whose daughter Solomon espoused, was supposed to have been Vaphres, although several commentators say he was Psusennes. This was over 400 years after the death of Moses.

B. M., Pittsfield, N. H. Can a person be saved without having a change of heart or being born again? The Bible says that "whosoever believeth on Christ shall not perish, but have everlasting life"; but it also says that those who are not born again shall "not see the kingdom of God."

The Scripture is very explicit. See John, 3: 3-7; I. Peter, 1: 23 and 2: 2. The operation of the Holy Spirit upon the inner man results in the production of a spiritual nature; and it is this spiritual creation, this new birth, or being born afresh, which is indispensable. It is the test of true conversion.

G. P., Valencia, Kan. Did David intend to convey in Psalm 37: 25 an invariable rule or only his observation?

He is speaking of the ideal character, and the text justifies the use of the words "utterly forsaken." He means "permanently" or "continuously." David himself had been compelled in his temporary destitution to beg sustenance from Nabal.

R. D., Rome, Ga. 1. I have heard that the Chinese tea which we get here has been used before; that the leaves are dried out after being used, and shipped away to the outside "barbarians." What truth is there in the statement? 2. Have the better class of Chinese to any extent stopped bandaging their daughters' feet?

1. The tea shipped here from China is good and sound and is not treated in the manner you describe. We have heard stories of tea being refaced and treated here, but they are probably groundless. 2. In some parts of China foot binding is not so prevalent among the educated class, but it is still a national custom.

W. T. H., Kalispell, Mont. I have been a subscriber and reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for over twelve years. I have never seen an article or statement in it during all that period that I could not heartily endorse, until in the May 27 issue, on page 435, under "Finns Against Socialism." In the article referred to Anarchy and Socialism are used interchangeably as synonymous terms.

The article in question simply gives the action of the Finnish Committee as they themselves report it, and the construction also is theirs. The terms certainly are not synonymous. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S definition may be gathered from its editorials.

G. W. S., Worcester, Mass. 1. Why does the [illegible] rule China instead of the [illegible]? 2. Is there any blood relation between the royal house of Portugal and that of England, that the King and Queen of Portugal should be so prominent at all great gatherings in the court of King Edward? 3. How many Johns are there connected with the name of Hopkins as applied to the institution of learning bearing the name of Johns Hopkins?

1. The Dowager Empress is "the power behind the throne." All of the edicts, etc., are issued in the name of her son the Emperor, and to him all ministers of foreign countries are sent. The Empress rules by her influence over her son. She has no legal status as ruler. 2. No near relationship, at least, but the two Kings were always strong friends. 3. One, Johns Hopkins, born 1795 in Anne Arundel County, Maryland. He died in 1873. He founded the university in Baltimore, and the hospital, both of which bear his name. The s on the first name does not mean a plural number, but is part of the name itself.

H. M. B., Springfield, Mass. 1. I heard it stated that there were States in which aliens unable to understand a word of English could vote in three months from landing. 2. How is this to be harmonized with the naturalization laws of the United States?

1. There are five States in which an alien may vote after one year's residence and having declared his intention of becoming a citizen. There are three in which an alien may vote after six months' residence. Unfortunately only in a very few States must the voters show they can speak, read or write English. 2. The question as to who may vote is regulated by the States themselves and in some States a man may be disqualified for one of several reasons even if he is naturalized. In others he may vote if he has only declared his intention of becoming a citizen.

A Reader, Dundee, N. Y. Is a girl of age at eighteen in New York State, or must she be twenty one?

A girl is legally of age at twenty-one in New York State.

W. L., Norwich, Conn. When it comes to "the wet moon" and "the dry moon," is not that founded in superstition like the belief that the moon is the cause of lunacy? Does not the quadrature of the moon show that the dip of the new moon is due wholly to its relation to the sun, and that it is as regular in its dip year in and year out as the sun is in its movements? We talk about moonshine—what are the moon's phases but sunshine?

Ignorance and superstition have always attributed to the moon great influence upon the climate of the earth, and even the power to shape the course of human conduct, and the destiny of nations. Armies have been marched in certain phases of the moon; as crops have been planted, and pigs slaughtered, and foundations of temples and churches laid. There has been no limit to the claims of the superstitious. However, science is fast doing away with these fancies. The moon's phases and changes are as regular as the rising and going down of suns and planets, and can be calculated as easily.

SAMUEL PHELPS LELAND.

C. F., Topeka, Kan. What is the total wealth of the United States?

The estimate for 1907 was $116,000,000,000.

A. R., Englewood, N. J. Is excessive eating of beef, mutton, etc., advisable any time, but especially in the hot summer?

One who wishes to preserve health should eat sparingly of animal food at all times, but especially in hot weather. Dr. Kintzing in his recent book on *Long Life and How to Attain It*, (Funk & Wagnalls, publishers), treats the subject fully.

D. W., Easton, Pa. Why did it require forty years for the children of Israel to journey from the land of bondage to the Promised Land? About how many miles did they traverse in their wanderings? Under the most favorable circumstances about how long should it have taken them and about how many miles?

Because of their disobedience, their stay in the wilderness of Sinai was prolonged until the entire generation of those who left Egypt (with the exception of Caleb and Joshua) had passed away. Ordinarily, the journey might have been made in much less time, but such was not the divine purpose. Modern travelers have traversed the wilderness in a few months; but their journeys can not be compared to those of the Israelites, whose wanderings were sometimes almost circuitous and who camped in certain places for protracted periods. When they left Egypt they were, as one commentator writes, "a horde of nomads." For their gross and sensual appetites and their rebellions against the divine will they were kept in the wilderness, in order that, with a new and obedient generation, the foundation of the new Jewish nation in Palestine could be soundly laid.

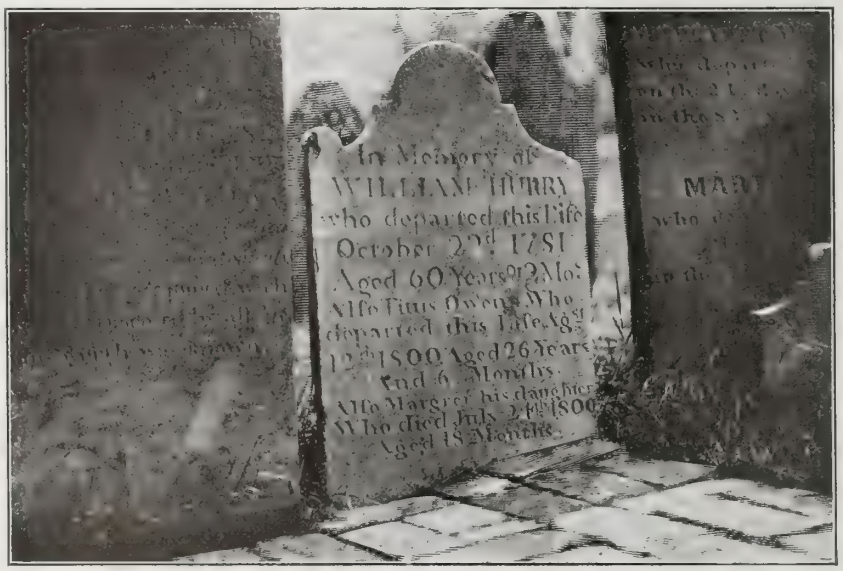
Many letters of appreciation are reaching us, commending the course of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in the victorious campaign for the restoration of the motto, "In God We Trust," on the national coinage. A letter from Austin, Tex., bearing sixty-seven signatures, says:

Your earnest efforts of the past few months to restore the inscription, "In God We Trust," to the coins of the nation, deserve the thanks of a grateful people. We, the undersigned residents of Austin, the capital city of Texas, congratulate THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and desire to express our appreciation to the distinguished members of the House and Senate at Washington who so ably and eloquently spoke in behalf of the measure, and with persistence, zeal, and ardor urged its passage. The good people of the country were aroused to action, and under your skilful leadership, success has been attained. Under divine providence, may the dear, familiar motto remain on the coin for all time, proclaiming that, as a Christian nation, "In God We Trust."

W. D. S., Chillicothe, Mo. There is no disposition in any quarter to exclude desirable immigrants. On the contrary, they are always welcome. We are aware of the lack of labor in many sections of the country. The whole question is so large that it is engaging the attention of the Federal authorities and of the States also. It is largely a question of distribution, and calls for broad, statesmanlike treatment.

Mrs. L. E. L., Benton Harbor, Mich. Were there any colored people in Bible times?

Certainly. The Syrians themselves were olive-skinned and the Ethiopians almost black. The men of Cush, Mizraim, and other countries of that latitude were dark-skinned and those of the Sinaitic peninsula and Egypt also. There was then, as now, a strong admixture of negroes in the Orient.



The Grave of the Famous Ringer of Liberty Bell Discovered

A SHORT time ago the sexton of Old Pine Street Presbyterian Church at Fourth and Pine Streets, Philadelphia, Pa., found among the crumbling tombstones that had lain neglected in the churchyard, a headstone of which the inscription had become almost obliterated by age and dirt. He cleaned the moss and lichen from the stone, and was surprised to find it bore the name of the famous bell-ringer of Revolutionary days, William Hurry, who tolled the Liberty Bell at the time of the signing of the fateful Declaration of Independence. Hurry was at that time the caretaker of Independence Hall. When he was gathered to his fathers his remains were buried in the Old Pine Street Church, but inquiry later failed to disclose the whereabouts of the grave. The news of the discovery was communicated to the Grand Army Association, and arrangements were made for the decoration of the restored grave of the bell-ringer on last Memorial Day.

Miscellaneous

W. F. L., Kokomo, Ind. We pay no attention to chain letters.

Subscriber, Accident, Md. The first Postmaster-General of the United States was Samuel Osgood, appointed in 1789.

J. H. Cammack, Whittier, Calif. Jesus is called the "Elder Brother," and in that sense and no other the expression was used.

G. W. R., Indianapolis. We have been unable to find after what Russell family the man you wrote about was named. You should send your address with every letter to the Mail-Bag.

J. P. B., North Carolina. It has been stated that the four I's are used on clock faces to indicate four o'clock instead of IV, as being less confusing. If the watch were not held straight up and down, a person in a hurry might think it indicated six o'clock.

Allen, Sailors Snug Harbor, N. Y. What is known as the trade winds are simply currents of air in the lower stratum of the atmosphere. This air may return in a higher stratum, and if loaded with vapors the counter currents of clouds will be visible to us.

H. J. P., Hampton, N. H. We believe that there is a list of the passengers who came to Nantasket Feb. 5, 1631, in the ship *Lyon*. Write to the Secretary of the New England Historic Genealogical Society, 18 Somerset Street, Boston. He can probably give you full information.

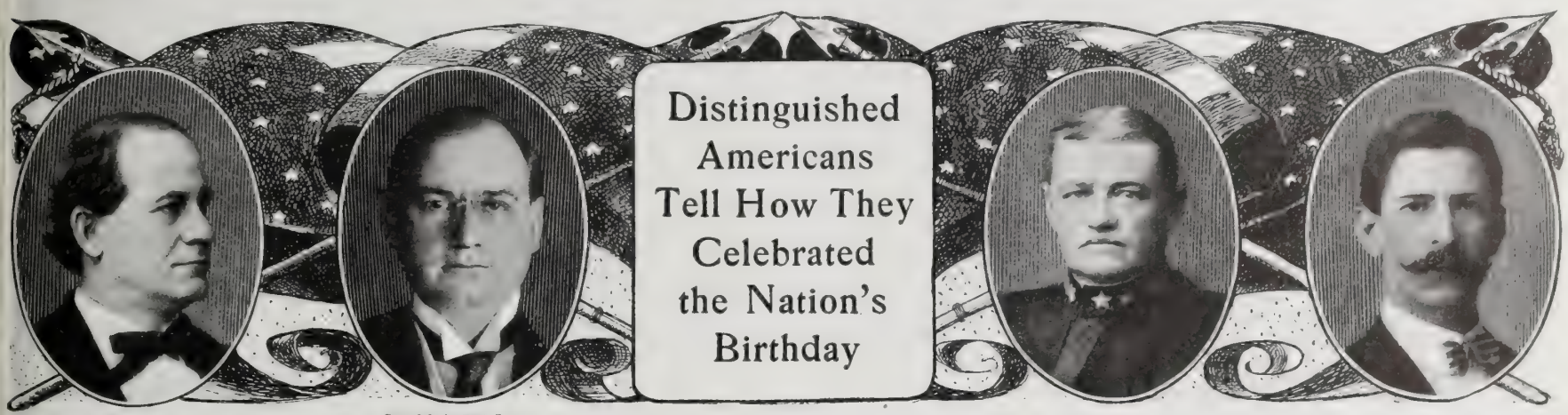
Y. E. P., Pittsfield, Me. The British India government has a fund for use in famine emergencies, and some of the provinces also have local funds for the same purpose. Taxes are usually remitted in famine times. You have probably read an exaggerated account of the burdens imposed upon the farming classes of India.

J. C. F., Mediapolis, Ia. The United States has given to the Philippines American schools, improved sanitation, better and juster administration, good laws, a native legislature and many other benefits. We are training the islanders for future self-government, the national legislature being a step in this direction. Our missionaries are giving them the Gospel to replace their ancient Roman idol-worship.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

Hon. W. J. Bryan | Governor J. W. Folk, Mo. | Rear-Admiral R. D. Evans | Gov. C. A. Swanson, Va.



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HOW THEY KEPT THE FOURTH

TWO MEMORABLE FOURTHS

By Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans

MY MEMORY distinctly grasps two celebrations that are now matters of history. They certainly for spectacular effects lead all the rest in the list of my Fourth of July experiences.

The first one occurred at Kiel and was a part of the ceremonies attendant upon the opening of the Kiel Canal. The second I witnessed at the close of the Spanish war, upon the annihilation of the Spanish fleet. Upon the first occasion I was in command of the *New York*, and as she was the first of our new vessels to be shown abroad, and the occurrence was a showy and important one, arrangements were made to electrically illuminate the ship and give as fine a display of fireworks as possible. I had an "expert" plan a display that astonished all who witnessed the spectacle at Kiel. This expert supplied me with the fireworks before I left America, and I was at a loss to know what to do with all the set pieces and supplies of bombs and rockets. After every available place below had been filled there were still quantities to stow away. I had to put them in big boxes, which were lashed on deck, covered with canvas and painted, and I certainly found these fireworks a source of anxiety. If they got wet, there would be no display at the proper time; if a careless spark should reach them, well, there surely would be no fireworks at Kiel from our ship.

When we reached Kiel we found a Fourth of July effect in the harbor. The German fleet was drawn up in two long lines, and each ship manned her rigging and cheered us as we came in, and the *New York* fired one hundred and fifty guns before we reached our buoy. The *New York* was neutral ground and the only ship where all nations could meet with a liberty not possible on other ships, because we had no alliances and were not looking for them. The French and Russian fleets met outside the harbor and came in together; but the English squadron made the best appearance. At the banquet, at which twelve hundred of the most distinguished men in Europe were guests, there was a show of fireworks on an island in the lake, which had been arranged by the German fleet. All the ships had been doing something in the way of fireworks; but it had leaked out some way that the Yankees had something up their sleeves, and all stopped their fireworks to watch us when we began.

Governor Swanson's Speech in a Mountaineer's Log Cabin

Our first was a set piece, eighty feet long, suspended between our military posts—a portrait of President Cleveland at one end and of the Emperor at the other, and between them the legend in German script: "America sends heartfelt congratulations to Germany on the opening of the North Sea Canal." Thousands of people broke into a great roar of cheers as this message blazed out. These cheers were repeated from ship to ship and echoed from thousands ashore. Then the show went on with such bursts of bombs and rockets and mines as never before had been seen on a ship, and we finally finished with another set piece, the American shield at one end, the German double eagle at the other, and "Good-night" between them. The German papers were profuse in their praise, but my feeling was one of thankfulness that it was over without accident.

Another spectacular Fourth I remember with feelings of awe. It occurred off Cuba. After the annihilation of the Spanish fleet on the 3d of July, the day following we dressed ship, fired salutes and celebrated as befitting the occasion; but along toward midnight of the Fourth, the Spanish cruiser *Reina Mercedes* came outside the harbor. The *Texas* and *Massachusetts* opened fire upon her at once, and for the first time in the history of the world a battle was fought under powerful search-lights. The search-light beams made the Spanish cruiser look like a ship in a picture and the rest of our ships withheld our fire, but looked on. We could see the shells tearing through her sides and bursting all about her, until she sank to the bottom not far from the *Merrimac*. It was truly the most spectacular Fourth of my life. Along with the report of the engagement of July 3, I submitted the following words to Admiral Sampson: "I can not express my admiration for my magnificent crew; so long as the enemy showed his flag they fought like American seamen; but when the flag came down, they were as gentle and tender as American women.'

. . .

A Fourth That Cured Him of Gambling

By Hon. William J. Bryan

IT IS after all the little things in life that make for the happiness or misery of the individual, and it is the day of small things that clings to memory, even after the accepted big events of life

Continued on page 544

The American Pulpit

A SERMON BY

Rev. Chas. M. Sheldon, D.D.*

The Rule of the Kingdom

TEXT—COL. 3: 17—"And whatsoever ye do, in word or in deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God the Father through him."

IT IS AN old question, as old as life itself, and yet it is new to every generation: "Is life worth living?" The Christian undertakes to answer this old question by saying, Yes, if one has the right definition of life. Some kinds of life are not worth living, but the life abundant, which Christ came to give men, is worth living. So the Christian says life is worth living if, first, it is a life of *testimony-bearing.* "Ye are my witnesses," said Christ; torch-bearers of the truth. It surely must be counted cowardly and weak in any human being who has received any light on the pathway of life to refuse to give it to others. Nearly ten thousand people committed suicide in the United States last year. Some of them, if not all of them, were convinced no doubt that they had good reason for taking their lives. They were despondent and despairing. They had given up every hope of joy in life. They had lost their reason, as we say, or were on the verge of doing so, and to them life was not worth living; but the Christian always says that life is worth the living as long as one has any torch of light to hold up.

Life a Discipline

The Christian says again that life is worth living if it is regarded as *discipline.* Even pain and sorrow, hardship and defeat, temptation and obstacles, all are, or may be, discipline. Everything in the world which is used by man is disciplined. The largest diamond ever found by man is the Culinan diamond. It was found by accident on the surface of a dump in South Africa. It weighs nearly two pounds. Its value is approximated at something like three million dollars. The owners have not been able to sell it, and the Boer government has voted to buy it and present it to King Edward. Before he can wear it in his crown it will have to be cut and polished and reduced to one-half or one-third its original size, and subjected to the searching test of the lapidary. Although the largest diamond in the world, it is in its present form absolutely worthless as a gem, even for a king, until it is disciplined. The clothes we wear go through a process of discipline before we can wear them. The wool is hackled and torn and twisted; the cloth is pulled and rolled. The food we eat goes through some disciplinary process. It is subjected to heat or cold or some process of rolling, crushing or grinding before it is fit for food. Building material of which our houses are made must be sawed and hewn and cut before it is of any use. Shall the human life be less subject to discipline? To one who has this philosophy of life, which is truly Christian, life is worth living. To one who shrinks from the disciplinary forces of existence life is dreary or painful.

Again, the Christian says that life is worth living if it is regarded as *service.* As long as there is a being who needs you life is worth living. Among the most useful people in the United States are the school teachers. They are generally unadvertised, unknown, poorly paid, and in many instances much criticised. Large numbers of them become weary and discouraged. Not one of them, however, need feel useless as long as one groping mind depends upon him for intellectual growth or for moral impulse. From any point of view life becomes redeemed the moment we insert into it the inspiration of helpfulness. It is difficult to conceive of any human being who has sunk so low that some one does not look to him for some kind of help, and as long as this is true of any human life it is a life worth while. It is no more than fair to say that the selfish life of humanity is not worth living. It would better be cut off, but the heroism of daily sharing with others that which they need, and which we have, is a heroism which redeems life from the commonplace.

Life Eternal

The Christian not only says life is worth living if it is witness-bearing, discipline, and service, but life is worth living, also, because it is *eternal.* The great English preacher, Robertson, used to say that even if there was no future and no God; no punishment for wrong-doing and no reward for right-doing, even then he thought it would be better to be brave than to be cowardly, better to be pure than impure, better to be truthful than false. And undoubtedly it would be; but when we believe, as Christians do, that human life is everlasting, that there *is* punishment for evil and reward for good, that there is a God who is an eternal Father, and a Saviour who is a real Redeemer, then life becomes really worth while, and all the mistakes and troubles and short-comings of this earthly life are counted to be of little moment by the side of the things which await the spirit in the world which lies beyond.

The Divine Example

And another reason why life is worth living is because Christ has lived our life. He found it worth while. His life was not a failure. He came into a world worse than ours—in some respects infinitely worse. He was hopeful and optimistic; he had the joy of his Father. Because Christ lived our life and showed us how to live, he has made it worth while.

If now we accept the Christian philosophy in the optimistic spirit of Him who was not defeated by evil, but overcame the world, we are ready to accept this rule of the Kingdom. If life is worth while how shall we live it?

The rule of the Kingdom is straight and plain. "Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus." The emphasis for this rule of conduct in the Kingdom of God is on the little word *all;* and in the face of this rule the man of the world says, first: "This can not be done." He says, "You can not mix business and religion and politics. They were not made to mix. Business is business; religion is religion; the Golden Rule will not apply to money-making, barter, commerce and the whirl of the political arena. They are two separate things."

In the second place the man of the world says, "If you try it you can not make it pay." This is the insinuation of the old god of this world. The largest steamships the world has ever known have been recently launched, and have been fixed up with luxurious bars where liquor is sold to travelers. It is a pity that those who made and planned these wonders of construction did not advertise to the world like this: The largest steamships ever made by man are going to be temperance steamships. They will never contain a drop of intoxicating drink, nor will gambling be allowed on board. If this were done these steamers would be loaded on every trip. There are enough Christian people traveling now who would prefer that kind of a vessel, but capital is so worldly yet that it hesitates to obey this rule of the Kingdom, and is fearful it will lose money if it departs from an old custom. The same insinuation is offered on every side to the young man who says that he intends to conduct his business on the rule of the Kingdom. "It will not pay," he is told. You must yield to the pressure of the world and do things that are not exactly spiritually minded, because if you do not you will fail financially.

The Rule of the Kingdom

And in the third place the man of the world says that if you live according to this rule of the Kingdom you can not have a good time. You will have to give up a great deal. You will be deprived of pleasure. As if all the pleasure of the world were the property of the devil! It is an astonishing exhibition of narrowness on the part of the men and women of the world that they have defined pleasure by two or three things. Men and women are born in this world and live long lives and die without ever looking through a microscope or telescope. They know nothing about chemistry or botany, art, music or science. Their little lives revolve around the ballroom or gambling-room or amusement hall. They have gradually narrowed down their pleasures to these two or three things, and have shut out all of God's beautiful world which they have never understood, which, in fact, they have never seen. There is no pleasure which is right for a human being to have which a Christian can not enjoy. He is to give up nothing except the wrong things of life. Yet the man of the world insists upon it that if this rule is applied the joy of life will be rubbed out.

In answer to these insinuations of the man of the world the Christian says, the rule of the Kingdom to do all things to the glory of God is the only safe rule. The dual existence which many men try to live is always dangerous. After a temperance meeting recently held in Birmingham, England, in which the business of the brewers was declared by the temperance speakers to be a source of danger to the life of Great Britain, the brewers in public meeting expressed themselves with much indignation. They said, "Are we not public benefactors? Do we not give largely to churches and hospitals? Are we not good citizens?" It is difficult to understand how a human being can so blind himself to the facts in the case, how this inconsistency can arise, how men can during the week manufacture that which poisons body, mind and spirit, and then on Sunday go to the house of God and count themselves good Christians. This inconsistency, however, is the result of the attempt to make two rules work in the life. The one is the rule of the marketplace; the other is the rule of Christ. The result is always contention and trouble, and we in this country would not now be facing the great problem of commercial selfishness and the passing of laws against combinations of capital if men engaged in large enterprises had ordered their business by the rule of the Kingdom.

Applied Christianity

In the second place the Christian says this rule of the Kingdom to do everything in the name of the Lord Jesus reveals the greatness and dignity of the Kingdom of God. God is interested in everything men do. It is not only when men put up a church or cathedral or found a missionary society that God is interested. He is interested when men build railroads or steamships. He is interested when they plan parks and lay out gardens. He is interested when they sow the field with grain and reap the harvest. He is interested when they build their houses, and when they go down into the earth for metals. In fact, all that men's hands find to do is of intense interest to God, and all he wants is that human beings should do it in the name of his Son.

Third: the Christian says in answer to the man of the world, This rule of the Kingdom *can* be obeyed. Men are obeying it in business. Outside the city of Birmingham is Bourneville, a model village maintained by George Cadbury, the famous English Quaker, the owner of the London *Daily News.* From that great newspaper all betting news and liquor advertisements have been eliminated. It is the cleanest paper in that respect among all the dailies of Great Britain. In this village of Bourneville, the people who work, thousands of them, take their turn to come into a large public hall several mornings in the week, where they have a short praise and prayer service before they go to their work. There is a spirit of good-will and kindliness and brotherhood in the institution. There is a fine cricket ground for the men; gymnasium for the women; recreation grounds for all. Back of the houses are gardens for fruit and vegetables. It is a sweet, wholesome life of labor, redeemed from the grime of a great city and the drudgery of toil without any of the beauty of life. It is a bit of the Kingdom put into the manual labor of men and it sweetens the lives of thousands of people as they waken in the morning and anticipate the day's work. As fast as railroads have introduced the Young Men's Christian Association they have put a little of the Kingdom into themselves. It is a monstrous thing to say that this rule of the Kingdom can not apply to any part of life. All the trouble we have in our commercial and political life is due to the fact that we have *not* applied this rule. We are having trouble, commercially and politically, all the time because the rule of the Kingdom is not applied. We could establish heaven on earth by the introduction of this rule everywhere. Because we do not do it we suffer as a people and we shall continue to suffer as a world until we do all things in obedience to this rule of Christ.

Obedience a Duty

Fourth: the Christian says, if this rule of the Kingdom is the only safe rule of life, and if the rule reveals the greatness of the Kingdom of God, and if the rule can be obeyed, then it *should* be obeyed. The transgression of this principle means ruin to human life in its daily activity. The great injustice of man to man, the unequal laws relating to the holding of property, in all cases where there is injustice, can be traced back to the selfishness of men

Continued on page 546

*Preached in Central Church, Topeka, Kan.

Mission House at Leh

Women of Leh, Showing Strange Headgear

An Ancient Buddhist Chapel

IN THE HIMALAYAN HIGHLANDS

Dr. Peter Tells of His Work at the Highest Mission Station

YOUR kind letter and your welcome gift came like a fresh breeze, to drive away all sorts of sorrows from my heart, which has of late been rather heavy. I am nearly alone just now, holding this, I believe, the highest mission station in the world. My colleague, who was looking after our hospital, got blood poisoning some months ago and had to go to a lower station, some four days' journey from here. My family, too, I had to send away for some time, because living at this height (11,600 feet above sea level) is not easily borne by Europeans, and now it happens unfortunately that I, as the superintendent of this Mission to the Himalayas, have to arrange for the whole work at our five stations, when half the staff is ill and unable to work. I can tell you it really did me good to get such a cheering letter, showing me that God's people are remembering our work even though they are on the other side of the earth.

We were to have a General Mission Conference this year in our Mission, a thing which is not so easily arranged for when each station is separated from the others by passes up to 18,000 feet high. Owing to the break-down of three of our small staff of workers, we had to abandon that idea.

About the death of Dr. Shawe last year in May I wrote and told you, but my letter must have been lost, because some time ago you wrote again to Dr. Shawe inclosing a check, which I returned to you. Now we have secured, with God's help, another medical man, Dr. A. Bauer from Germany, to have charge of this hospital. We hope he will join us here next spring. The loss of Dr. Shawe was a heavy one for us all, not only on account of the excellent example of a faithful servant of the Master, but especially because he was the only Englishman in our circle, and he kept our friends in England and America informed of the work that is going on here. My own English is acquired mostly in conversation with a few "globe trotters" and such like people. Some of these people are very interesting indeed, for example Dr. Sven Hedin, who has passed through here several times and whom we expect shortly if he has survived his latest expedition into Tibet.

But to tell you a little more of our work here. We have been issuing a paper, *The Ladak Herald*, for several years, which was suddenly stopped by the Kashmir government without apparent reason. Now this paper, after six months of writing to all sorts of influential people, was at last released and since March I am printing it again. The contents are general news, short sections of interest for our Tibetan readers about history, geography, astronomy, etc., and at the end a little religious discussion, instead of which we have begun just now a translation of *The Pilgrim's Progress*. It is a small paper, appearing monthly, but it finds its way into hands that would never buy a Gospel or tract; and each copy is read carefully over and over again. It does us good service as a pioneer, and to disprove all sorts of superstitions. One person, whom we never could have reached in any other way, I know read every copy of our paper.

Missionary Peter with his Dog and Snow Leopard

In one of the monasteries lived for many years a man who is supposed to be an incarnation of Buddha. He was immured in a cell for twelve years. He came out only the other day, without seeing or speaking to anybody. He is the god of the people. We could not go and preach to him; we could not bring him books or tracts, but our paper he got regularly by his monks, and once when he could not get a copy in the market, his servant offered four annas (*i. e.*, sixteen times the proper price) for a copy. How this man came out of the cell full of curiosity to see the world! I sent him word I would show him how our paper was printed and was instantly admitted before him, although all the monks hate the idea of a Christian seeing their living idol. I had a good talk with him, and was able to give the Gospels into his own hand. He promised me to read them carefully and I believe he will do it.

I had a remarkable sign how God guides us when we are doing his work. I wanted to show that man something and I came upon a box full of stores to make acetylene gas, which a traveler once had left me. I had never seen the working of an acetylene gas lantern, but had read about it. Having no lamp, I made two holes in an old tin box, filled it with the stores and put the whole into water. Plenty of gas was developed and it burned excellently. This man was most astonished that these stores would not burn, if not made wet first.

Coming home, I tried the same experiment again, but, though trying it twice, I was nearly blown up, as this lamp, made of tin, would not burn, but always exploded. Now, if it had done so in the presence of this "holy man" and his monks, they would have thought I had come to murder him, and it might have gone bad with me. This "incarnation" even went so far as to promise to see me in my house. Anybody here in Leh would gladly pay 100 rupees for such an honor. I hope God will lead me to find the right word for him when he comes.

I inclose a copy of a photograph of the castle where I had this interview.

Again thanking you for your kind interest in our work, I am,

F. E. PETER.

Leh, via Kashmir.

A REVIVAL TOUR OF THE WORLD

DURING the next two years Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman and Evangelist Charles M. Alexander plan to conduct revival meetings in England, America, and Australia, including a tour of the world. This summer Dr. Chapman's work will be chiefly in connection with the Winona Bible Conference, of which he is the founder and director, and which meets August 16 to 26 at Winona Lake, Indiana.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Alexander will go to England, returning to this country in time to take part in the Northfield Bible Conference, and later in that at Winona Lake. In October Dr. Chapman and Mr. Alexander, and their associates, go to England to conduct several missions in large cities. They have been invited to conduct a union mission in Chicago in January, 1909, and will probably accept the invitation. Following this will be a united campaign in New York in February next. The evangelists expect to leave this country in March, 1909, to conduct an extended campaign through Australia, New Zealand, and Tasmania, and to make a tour of the world.

During the recent session of the Presbyterian General Assembly in Kansas City, Dr. Chapman and Mr. Alexander held a large evangelistic meeting in Convention Hall. About 6,000 people were present, including nearly 1,000 ministers, missionaries, and elders from all parts of the United States. The choir, led by Mr. Alexander, contained about 1,000 voices. Hundreds of those present stood up to make a full surrender of their lives to God. The following day Mr. Alexander again led the singing at a great labor mass meeting when Governor Joseph Folk of Missouri, and Charles Stelzle, the minister and writer on labor problems, were among the speakers.

CALLED HIGHER

Hannah G. Cotting, of Richmond, Ill., was called recently to the better land. She was born in Vermont in 1830, and came to Illinois seven years later. She had been a member of the Methodist Church for over fifty years, and had long been a subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Her mother, who survives, is 103 years old.

THE TAFT FAMILY AT HOME

Mrs. Wm. Howard Taft

Oriental Decorations in the Library

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Miss Helen Heron Taft

By ABBY G. BAKER

A FLAXEN-HEADED, sturdy-limbed little lad scurried through the reading room of the Library of Congress on the Saturday before the Chicago Convention, and grabbed the skirts of a slight, graceful woman, whose arms were filled with books and who seemed to be hurrying to avoid recognition. Her large dark eyes smiled down at the boy as he tucked his hand confidingly under her elbow and as they pushed out the handsome bronze doors of the great granite building he said gleefully:

"There, mother! we've found the very books we want, and we'll have a jolly Saturday reading 'em, won't we?"

"Who are they?" asked one of a group of sight-seers who were taking in the beauties of the building and who were evidently strangers in Washington.

"That, madam," said the keeper of the umbrella stand with swelling importance over his familiarity with those in the seats of the mighty, "that is Mrs. William Howard Taft and her little boy—the wife and son of the Secretary of War."

"Well, I hope that she is as nice a mother as she looks to be!" ejaculated the stranger, hurrying to the doors to have another peep at the rapidly retreating figures.

Mrs. Taft is devotedly fond of her big husband and trio of interesting children, and does not believe that anything in the world should be as important to her as their well-being and happiness. When Secretary Taft, then senior United States Circuit Judge of the Sixth Circuit, decided that he must go to the Philippines to help his "little brown brothers" (as he calls the Filipinos) establish a civil government, Mrs. Taft immediately decided that she and the children should go too. Her father, Mr. John W. Heron of Cincinnati, tried to persuade her not to go, picturing to her the baneful climate and the hardships to be encountered. "And you'll only be in your husband's way," he wound up.

"But you know, really," said Mrs. Taft in speaking of it three years afterward when the family took up their residence in Washington, "we weren't in his way at all. The children were an actual help, and our family life was an object lesson the natives needed."

The eldest son, Robert Alphonso, at that time a lad of twelve, was placed in one of the public schools which Governor Taft had established all over the islands, and which have proven such wonderful agencies in bringing about reformation in the archipelago. Little Helen Heron Taft, then a wee lassie of nine, was put in a school in Manila, while Charles Phelps, the baby of the family, had kindergarten lessons at home. When Robert Taft returned to this country he found that he had not lost a single day in his studies and entered his classes exactly as he would have done if he had carried on his work in the schools of Washington or Cincinnati.

The big Secretary and his wife won all hearts in the Philippines. Their open hospitality and keen interest in all that pertained to the betterment of the islands made them the beloved of high and low alike. Their Washington home is crowded with magnificent presents which the warm-hearted Filipinos pressed upon them. The furnishings in their parlors, library and dining room are interesting in the extreme. There are exquisite teak-wood pieces, one of which is a carved cabinet that of itself would waken the envy of a connoisseur, the shelves of which are filled with rare curios. In the hall of the house are two fine Korean cabinets of mahogany which were presented to Governor Taft by th constabulary at Seoul. Upon the table in the librar is a handsome case of inlaid wood, holding an elab orately embossed volume bearing engraved senti ments of esteem from the native citizens of Manila The great dining-table is made of wood grown o the Island of Luzon, the sideboard and table ar teak, and the walls of the hall are covered with rar Chinese embroideries. The entire house is fille with most interesting souvenirs.

On the morning the Chicago Convention met a letter was placed in Secretary Taft's hands. Wher he read it he smiled, and his smile is the most contagious imaginable. "It must be some more good news from Chicago," said a discerning friend. But it was not. The letter told him that his daughter Helen, who was graduated from the Baldwin School a week or two ago, had won the Pennsylvania scholarship for the best entrance examination to Bryn Mawr College. Incidentally, this scholarship carries three hundred dollars; and while that of itself is an item—for the Tafts are not people of wealth—it was not that which made the Secretary smile. Miss Helen is the apple of her father's eye, and it delights him beyond measure that she inherits his love for books and is developing into a student. She is a fine, wholesome, unaffected girl with her father's deep expressive eyes and fair complexion, while from her mother she inherits her crown of soft brown hair.

Robert is a sophomore at Yale. He couldn't, he just *could not* stay in New Haven while the Republican Convention was in session at Chicago last week, so he "cut an ex." to make the train which brought him to the Western city in time to see the opening of the great show. He'll have that examination to make up by hard work in September. When young Robert becomes too much absorbed

Charles Phelps Taft

Copyright, 1902, Baker Art Galleries

Hon. Wm. Howard Taft

Robert Alphonso Taft

A Close Range View of the War Secretary

vith the good times of college life the big Secretary ells him about one time when he was in college way back in the seventies. He was a splendid oung fellow physically, weighing over two hunred pounds, and his chums were determined to run im for athletics. He liked it, but when his lesson eports came back to his worthy sire, who had held wo cabinet positions under Grant, he told his son n no uncertain tones that he was not in college to nake an athlete. He told it to him so convincingly hat William Taft dropped excessive athletics and ame out second in a class of one hundred and wenty at his graduation.

Mrs. Taft is a cultured, womanly woman, and hould she become mistress of the White House, he will make a worthy successor of Mrs. Roosevelt. She is a delightful hostess in her own home, and as a happy grace of manner in meeting strangers vhich goes far toward making a woman popular in ublic life. She is not a club-woman and belongs o but few organizations of any kind. Her greatest leasure and recreation is music. In her girlhood he was a brilliant pianist, and although she does ot keep up her music as she did then, she is a killed player yet. She was one of the most promsing graduates of the Cincinnati College of Music, n the days when the Cincinnati institution vied vith the Boston Conservatory. She was first presdent and one of the organizers of the Cincinnati Orchestra Association. Until she came to Washngton to live, she cared but little for society life. She has always hailed with delight the time of year vhen she could go with her family to Murray Bay or the summer, where they could live far more imply than is possible at the capital.

On the day before the nomination at Chicago a light, graceful woman flitted into the War Departnent and passed swiftly up to the rooms of the Secretary. In his inner office a long distance telehone wire made direct connections with the Conention Hall at Chicago. All day long she sat in he inner office, as much interested as the big Secretary, who, amidst all the excitement, only left he work at his desk occasionally to listen to "the atest." Early Thursday morning she came again, nd if she was weary, or a bit heart-sick over the uspense, there was nothing in her bright face to etray it to the eyes of her watchful husband. But vhen the word came over that long wire, late in the fternoon, "Taft is the standard bearer of his arty," it was the slight, graceful little woman who vas the first to congratulate her husband upon his omination.

Mr. Taft Nominated at Chicago

EVERY American takes an interest in the great political conventions which meet for the purpose f nominating candidates for president and vicepresident this year. Chicago, during the recent gathering of the Republican hosts, was the Mecca for thousands of visitors and the press of the country gave the convention the first place in their columns. The delegates met in the great Coliseum building, a picture of which was printed in the last issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

The main floor was reserved for the delegates, who numbered nearly a thousand, the place of each State being marked by a banner on the aisle. On the platform were places for the officers of the convention and at one side was a section for the national committeemen. The galleries were open to the public. The convention was opened at noon on Tuesday, the sixteenth, but long before ten,

Hon. James S. Sherman
Republican Candidate for Vice-President

lines of people were making their way toward the convention hall in order to secure points of vantage from which to see the entrance of the different delegations, politicians and prominent statesmen. The convention hall was soon filled with animated spectators and presented a magnificent spectacle. There were a great many ladies in the galleries and their bright summer dresses added much to the effectiveness of the picture. A large number of foreign diplomats had come on from Washington and were in a special section. Among them were the French ambassador, M. Jusserand, and the Right Honorable James Bryce, British ambassador, and their wives, and Wu-Ting-Fang, the Chinese Minister.

Just before twelve a big purple banner was carried into the hall by the Ohio delegation. On the banner was a large portrait of William H. Taft. Right behind the banner was a man in a gray hat who was pointed out as Charles P. Taft, brother of the Secretary of War. The band played a few bars, and then Hon. Harry New brought down his gavel on the table, and the great convention was opened for work. Prayer was offered by the chaplain, Senator Burrows was appointed temporary chairman, and made what is known as the "keynote speech." The various committees were appointed, those on credentials and on resolutions being the most important.

Wednesday was a day of great activity. While several delegations were supporting loyally their "favorite sons," there did not seem to be much doubt in the minds of the delegates that Mr. Taft would be the party's choice for standard bearer unless President Roosevelt could be induced to run again. This the President most emphatically declined to do. The committee on credentials, after an all-night session, made their report sustaining the National Committee, but ordering four delegates for Arizona, Hawaii and New Mexico for future conventions. Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, made the principal speech of the convention. It was a most scholarly and powerful address and at times carried the delegates away with enthusiasm. When he referred to President Roosevelt, floor and galleries broke out into a remarkable demonstration. The cheering lasted just forty-seven minutes. It would for a moment subside and then break out again with a deafening roar. It was the longest demonstration of its kind in the record of American conventions. Senator Lodge stated emphatically that Roosevelt did not wish for a third term and as they knew that the Senator made this statement at the President's request, it left the field open for other candidates. Much discussion was caused by the proposed anti-injunction plank, and it was inserted in the pl tform in a much modified form.

The candidates put in nomination on Thursday were William H. Taft, of Ohio, Senator Knox, of Pennsylvania, Governor Hughes, of New York, Cannon, of Illinois, Vice-President Fairbanks, of Indiana, Senator La Follette of Wisconsin, and Senator Foraker of Ohio. When the vote was called for only one ballot was necessary. Mr. Taft received the nomination, having 702 votes. Senator Knox came second, Governor Hughes third, and Speaker Cannon fourth.

The last day of the convention was made interesting by the contest for the nomination for the office of Vice-President. Vice-President Fairbanks twice refused the nomination, not caring to run again. The result was in doubt until the ballots were counted. The nomination went to New York State, Congressman Sherman, of Utica, being chosen on the first ballot.

HOW WE GOT OUR FLAG (SEE COVER PAGE)

LOVE of country seems to find its natural outward expression in reverence and love for the country's flag. The youngest child in the public school raises his hand respectfully to his forehead in "the Salute to the Flag," veterans and patriotic citizens lift their hats as it is carried by, guns crash their greeting and farewell as the colors stream in the wind from the staff of an entering or departing man-of-war, and troops in our garrisons stand at attention as it is raised to the morning breeze and lowered as the sun goes down.

The flag in its present form was not known in the early days of the American War for Independence and many different banners were carried by the troops from the different colonies, most of them being devices or adaptations of designs known for many years in the colonial forces. In the early days of the colonies they used sometimes the flag of England, sometimes the coat-of-arms of the colony was painted on the banners used by the troops. The oldest historic flag preserved in this country is that of the famous "Three County Troop" of Massachusetts Bay Colony. The standard bore on the field an arm in armor bearing aloft a naked sword. Around the edge was a silver fringe. The flag was made in London about 1652 on an order from Massachusetts, and the makers' bill for materials and work is yet in existence. This banner was carried proudly at the head of the buff-coated, steel-capped cavaliers of the troop for many years. Then it was put away in an attic, where it reposed in peace until the morning of "the Lexington Alarm," April 19, 1775. The banner was then taken down and carried into the fray. Again the banner returned to the attic, later to be rescued and placed among the treasured relics of a local museum.

In 1685, in the days of Governor Andros, the United Colonies of New England began using as their flag the red cross of St. George on a white field, the cross occupying the whole flag. In its centre was a gold crown over the cypher of the sovereign, King James. In 1707, the colonies adopted the Union flag along with great Britain.

After the outbreak of the war with the mother country various mottoes were placed beneath the colonial coats-of-arms on the standards carried by the various regiments. The rattlesnake began to be adopted as a device, the snake usually having thirteen rattles to represent the thirteen colonies. At Bunker Hill the patriots undoubtedly carried a blue flag with a pine tree on a white square next the staff. Trumbull, the Revolutionary artist, makes this flag a prominent feature of his great painting of the battle. He served in the war himself, knew many of the officers and men who were at Bunker Hill and most of the faces are actual portraits. He, without doubt, heard from these men just what kind of a flag was carried, and, as many of the veterans saw the picture, they would recognize any discrepancy if it existed.

The flag raised at Cambridge, Mass., where the American army was assembled in 1776, was the first approaching our present standard. On the square next the staff was the Union Jack, as the colonists had not then determined to throw off their allegiance to Great Britain. The main field was composed of thirteen red and white stripes to represent the thirteen colonies. This flag served for a while, but Congress felt it was inappropriate after independence had been declared and many new designs were submitted. Washington, John Ross and Robert Morris designed a banner which met the approval of Congress when shown to them in the early summer of 1777. The field was of thirteen red and white bars as before, but the square next the staff was blue and on it were thirteen stars. There has been much written as to where this design and color scheme came from. Any one who has ever seen the coat-of-arms of the Washington family can have no doubt that it furnished the idea. The coat-of-arms has a field across the top on which are three stars; the lower two-thirds is made up of red and white stripes. In fact, the present shield of the coat-of-arms of the United States is that of the Washingtons with more stars added to represent all of the States and the bars raised to thirteen in number. The making of the nation's flag was entrusted to a patriotic widow named Betsy Ross, who lived in a quaint old house in the Quaker City. Her heart was in the work, but she little thought as her nimble fingers pushed the needle through the white and crimson folds and sewed on the white stars that she was earning for herself a place in the history of her country and that her home would be preserved as a place of patriotic pilgrimage long after her own earthly pilgrimage was ended.

On the day appointed Washington and his two compatriots entered the parlor of the Betsy Ross house to inspect the new flag. Carefully she took out the colors from the cabinet, and as the three men faced her she carefully unfolded the flag to their delighted gaze; all felt that at last the right design had been chosen which would represent the whole country. In a few months the Stars and Stripes were flying at the head of every regiment, the same flag we know and love, except that more stars have joined the constellation on the unsullied field of blue.

R. S. B.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Expiration of Subscription.—The date on the wrapper indicates when your subscription ends.

Change of Address.—It requires three weeks time to make the change. Give both old and new address.

Subscriptions may commence with any issue.
Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter
Entered as Second-class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa

At Chicago

THE quadrennial custom of expending the pent-up national enthusiasm at our great political conventions is one that seems to be difficult for foreigners to understand. The recent Chicago Convention, which nominated Taft and Sherman for President and Vice-President, was a notable illustration. Twelve thousand persons cheered themselves hoarse for forty-seven minutes as an expression of admiration for a retiring President, while about to nominate his successor. Yet this new time-record for prolonged enthusiasm did not carry the convention "off its feet," nor did the leaders at any moment lose control of the great gathering, which in many respects was one of the most impressive and majestic sights ever witnessed in American politics. The enthusiasm was merely letting off superfluous steam at the safety valve, and was a very necessary prelude to the real business of the occasion.

How such an assemblage as that in Chicago or the one which is to follow shortly in Denver, strikes a foreigner, may be gathered from a remark of Prof. Bryce, the British Ambassador, and one of the most distinguished men of our time. He pronounced the Chicago Convention a magnificent spectacle impossible in any other country on the face of the globe, and an object-lesson to Europe of the free and independent manner in which Americans choose their rulers and direct the management of their national affairs.

When the Denver Convention meets, we will once again have the brilliant audience, set like the scenes of a play, the marching of the hosts of delegates with their waving guidons, the fervid oratory, the excitement, and "the thunder of the captains and the shouting" that lately made Chicago the temporary focus of the continent. And then, when the nominations are all completed, and the country has somewhat settled down, the people themselves will quietly take up the problem that is to be solved in November at the polls. While the excitement and distractions of a Presidential election are unsettling to business, our people as a whole accept them with characteristic good nature, as an inseparable feature of our political system, and a safety valve for popular feeling which it would be unwise to try to reform or abolish.

National Ideals

IS THE Declaration of Independence outgrown? So at least it would appear from many indications. It is now seldom read on the Fourth of July, as was once the all but universal custom. It is apparently much less frequently published, and one may look for it in vain through many a private library, and many a volume of American history. Frequently a patronizing reference is made in current articles and addresses to its more familiar phrases, and it is slightingly referred to in conversation, as when a school principal recently declared to the writer that one of its statements, badly misquoted by the way, "makes us smile in these days."

Now, it is a fair question whether this state of things does not arise as much from thoughtlessness as from deliberate discrediting of the ideals which the Declaration expresses. As an economic treatise, or as a lawyer's brief, the introductory paragraphs of our famous Bill of Rights may be open to criticism; but as an expression of ideal principles, set before the people to be more and more fully realized as circumstances may make it possible, these same statements become most admirable.

It is in this light that the Declaration ought to be viewed, and so constantly referred to and its ideals cherished; for it is all too easy for a nation to lose its idealism. Lincoln, who was a great lover of the Declaration of Independence, spoke of it as "setting a standard for free society which should be familiar to all, and revered by all; constantly looked to, constantly labored for, . . . and constantly spreading and deepening its influence, and augmenting the happiness and value of life to all people of all colors everywhere." If this be true, how carefully should the facts be kept before the people and the spirit expressed by Lincoln be cultivated in the rising generation!

There is that about such an expression of our national ideals which appeals with special force to those who wish to think of this as still a Christian nation. They are glad to be reminded that the men who promulgated the Declaration of Independence were, for the most part, men of deep-lying Christian principles, and to believe that when these men set their hands to this historic document it was with a purpose consistent with the loftiest Christian idealism. Americans in amply sufficient number will still be found loving to dream of a perfect democracy, with essential equality for all men under the Stars and Stripes. They feel that though there may be many practical difficulties to overcome, the dear hope of American freedom, for which so much has been suffered, is still worthy to be cherished. They wish to believe that in "the land of the free" the inherent worth of every individual will ultimately be recognized, and no man counted subject to any other, except in the sense that each is subject to the good of all.

Fourteen Golden Years

ONE of the features of the national holiday week, in which thousands of our readers are enthusiastically interested, is the annual opening of our Children's Home at Mont-Lawn on the Hudson. To mark its fourteenth anniversary, a new and spacious dormitory—the largest on the grounds—has been erected, and the numerous friends who will be present at the Fourth of July exercises will view a scene both beautiful and inspiring. There is only one Children's earthly Paradise, and that is Mont-Lawn.

Since our Children's Home was first opened, an aggregate of twenty-six thousand poor children have spent a ten days' summer vacation there. Of this great army of little ones, it is no exaggeration to say that the greater part never had a holiday outing before, while many of them had never seen a tree or a flower. The country was to them an unknown land, the joys and attractions of which, when discovered, delighted them beyond expression. Those sad little hearts, out in the fields and woods, made sweet companionship with the birds and the blossoms. Roses came back to wan cheeks, pale with the life of the tenement, and the sparkle of innocent mirth kindled the eyes. A new and beautiful world was unfolded to them—a world filled with kindness and goodness and gentle spiritual influences. Thousands of the children have grown to manhood and womanhood in those intervening years. They look back with gratitude upon the happy days they spent at Mont-Lawn.

With the co-operation of our readers, we hope to send three thousand little lads and lasses to the Home this summer. We cordially invite all who wish to have a share in this beautiful benevolence to unite with us in this effort. A full description of our Mont-Lawn Home will be found on another page.

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THREE DAYS OF GRACE

(ON ACCOUNT OF THE HOLIDAY)

IN PREVIOUS announcements we have said th our Special Subscription Offer would close July 5. However, we now wonder if we co sulted *your convenience* in the matter as much we should have done, for we forgot to take in consideration the fact that the date set falls on Sunday—and the Sunday immediately followir Independence Day.

So many people go away over the Fourth, or a particularly busy at this time in their own home that we have decided to extend our offer three days—that is, until *Wednesday, July 8*. In other words, w add three days of grace to our proposition *in orde to help you to help us*, and so as not to crowd yo for time if you have determined to win one or mor of the rewards which we promise to send for nev subscriptions. For full details see our issues o June 10 and 17. Remember that every new subscrip tion mailed to us on or before July 8 will be accepte at the greatly reduced rate at present open to nev subscribers.

Now that the time is short we would urge al friends of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to do all they ca to help us bring up our subscription list to **300,00(** and so enable us to raise the standard of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and make it in *every particula* the most attractive weekly family magazine published.

Surely the offer we ask you to present to your friends — an eight months' subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at the greatly reduced price of fifty cents—will attract new subscribers with very little persuasion or argument on your part, and the rewards which we offer you are really more liberal than we can afford.

New subscriptions will run from July 1, 1908, to March 1, 1909—which includes practically all the special issues of the year—and if you will take every opportunity in the next seven days to put in a good word for us among your friends you can very easily make yourself the possessor of a fine library of six superb books, and enjoy the consciousness that you have started an influence for good, the ultimate extent of which no man can measure.

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Where the Money Goes

THE current issue of *The Chautauquan* contains an article by George B. Waldron, on the "Economics of the Drink Traffic," in which he gives this instructive table which is equal to many pages of ordinary argument:

Foreign missions	$9,000,000	Lumber	$685,000,000
Churches	165,000,000	Printing & publishing	725,000,000
Sugar and molasses	295,000,000	Tobacco	800,000,000
Public education	310,000,000	Iron and steel	1,000,000,000
Flour	435,000,000	Meat	1,500,000,000
Cotton goods	650,000,000	**Intoxicating liquors**	**1,610,000,000**

THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

Safety for the Children

IN THIS altruistic age, when the human heart is so sensitive to every pain and danger, the question of the saving of physical life is a very important one and a healthful public sentiment is being crystallized into valuable devices and appropriate laws for the protection of life and limb. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, learning that there had been a new fire-escape invented for school children, reaching from the street to the windows of the building, wrote through its editor to the firm of J. E. Phillips & Co., at Sterling, Ill., about the matter and received the following answer:

This photograph of our fire-escape was taken expressly for you. I am so much interested in humanity that I wish everyone to see it. If we are the means of saving the lives of any one we will think our mission well paid. The fire-escape cost over $3,000 when built. It was designed by an architect in Chicago, with the help of our school board. It can empty the building of 600 scholars in thirty-seven seconds. It is made of steel and is self-supporting. Fire drill is practised often.

A new fireproof arrangement is to be installed in sixty-five school buildings of New York City. "After a thorough inspection of public school buildings, members of the Board of Education have decided to do what work is required to make sixty-five buildings at least partly fireproof. It is necessary to do this to meet requirements of the Building and Fire Departments. Acting on the recommendation of Alexander W. Ross, in charge of the Brooklyn Building Bureau of the Board of Education, the officials have approved a new system of concrete construction for stairs and hallways. This material can be placed in a short time, and the cost is not excessive. To build steel and stone stairs and fire-escapes in sixty-five schools would cost more than $2,000,000, and the department was unable to obtain such a large appropriation. The results will be as satisfactory by using concrete, and the cost will be about one-tenth. In several schools the new stairways have been built and the officials expressed surprise and gratification at the results. Floors adjoining public stairs, wooden corridors and the stairs have been replaced with reinforced concrete. This work can be done in any building in two or three days and therefore does not upset the regular work. Children could be marched into these halls and left there in safety, Mr. Ross said, even while the rooms were burning. The corridors could withstand any amount of heat and great weight. Before school opens next fall all the old buildings will have been made fireproof."

A Model Fire-Escape in an Illinois School Building

Our Christian civilization has no better illustration than in the great care which is being taken of the bodies, minds and souls of the children. In olden times, when war was the principal glory of men and nations, the question was how to make good strong machines to march and fight well. The dwarfed and maimed and feeble were killed as a mercy to the individual and favor to the State; but Christ came to teach the world better,—that its first and largest obligation was to childhood; and by the manner in which he spoke of them and by the way in which he treated them, he emphasized the duty of his followers to children. The church has her most hopeful enterprises in the moral instruction and spiritual tuition of the young. The church owes much of her present success to the improved appliances used for the escape of children from all forms of moral and spiritual danger.

Take this child away, and nurse it for me, and I will give thee hy wages. (Ex. 2 : 9.)

A Desirable Immigrant

Hyman Fenster, a Hungarian boy only thirteen years of age, captured the scholarship of the Child Labor Committee at Public School No. 110, New York City. The strange part of this record is that this boy, three months ago, came to this country unable to speak a word of the English language, and in such an incredibly short time he made such progress in the study of the language that he won this prize, for which many older English-speaking children were competing. While many undesirable people come to us from foreign shores, it is our glory as a nation that we have so many persons coming to us who give us excellent material out of which to make a splendid civilization and a prosperous church. Our common school system is a potential factor in Americanizing our foreign-born population. Our school system is a little republic in a Republic, where the rich man's children and the poor man's children may start out with equal chances in the race of life; and it so often happens in our free country, that the highest prizes of life are secured by the children of poverty and obscurity.

Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom: and with all thy getting get understanding. (Prov. 4 : 7.)

Tolstoy on Immortality

Victor Hugo, a little while before he died, gave a dinner at his home. At the table were five atheists and five believers. One of the atheists said: "To believe in God is to believe in nothing." Hugo's eyes flashed fire as he responded: "To believe in God is to believe in everything; in one's soul and in eternal life. I feel the symptoms of immortality in my own bosom. My bodily strength is abating, but I breathe the fragrance of the roses as I did when I was a boy, and my heart thrills with melody as it did when I was a young man. The snow is on my head but the flowers of summer are in my heart. The clock of my life at death will strike twelve, to begin with one in an eternal day." The eightieth birthday of Count Tolstoy will be celebrated this summer and the other day a friend wrote him a letter offering birthday congratulations. In his answer he expresses the most clear and positive faith in the reality of the life which is to come. He says: "All our life, from birth to death—is it not, with all its dreams, itself a dream? Our earthly life is one of the dreams of another and more real life. Death in youth is as when a man is awakened before he has slept full measure. Death in old age is as when a man wakes of his own accord after good sleep. I believe with all my soul in what I say. I feel—I know with certainty—that in dying I shall be happy, that I shall enter a world more real." In these days of dull materialism and agnosticism, it is a wonderfully inspiring example to hear old men of so widespread influence speak so hopefully and joyously of the other life, on whose threshold they stand. Christ hath brought life and immortality to light.

Verily I say unto you, if a man keep my saying, he shall never see death. (John 8 : 51.)

The Prodigal's Reception

A man married a young widow with a small son. Her former husband had left her $10,000 in his will. The man said: "I will take care of you and we will lay away that $10,000 for your boy." Two other sons were born to them. The stepson was educated and taught habits of business. At twenty-one years of age he asked for the money his father had left. He was told that instead of being $10,000, it had been invested for him and was now $50,000. He was asked to let the money stay in the business and to become a partner with his stepfather. The young man refused, took his $50,000, fell into bad habits and lost it all and came home in rags, a tramp. His stepfather met him at the train, took him to the barbershop and clothier and presented him to his mother at the house as a gentleman. The nicest room in the house was assigned him and he was told that was his permanent home. He was also told by his stepfather that he was to be taken into the business firm composed of the father and the two half-brothers. This was more than he could stand. He began to weep at his ingratitude and at the love which had been lavished upon him. He devoted himself to business, was devoted to his stepfather and was as loyal to his interests as his own sons. This picture, though it seems overdrawn, is one of the real life. The stepfather had a good disposition naturally, but his magnanimous treatment of the prodigal was out of his sincere affection for his wife. There were few ties of love that bound him to the bad boy, only the love of his faithful wife. He loved the boy for the sake of his mother. Our Father loves his children and receives the prodigals returning to him for their own sake and the sake of his Son who died for them, and treats them, in his affection, as though they had never sinned against him.

Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet. (Luke 15 : 22.)

Killed His Wife

William Campbell killed his wife at their home, 360 East Ninetieth Street, New York, under most distressing circumstances. Campbell, who is a bricklayer, was out of work, and the wife said to her eldest daughter, Loretta, who is a dressmaker, "Poor dad needs a little heartening," and prepared for him a sumptuous meal. So she baked a chocolate cake and made a salad and bought a big thick steak—luxuries which generally were reserved for Sunday or for a birthday of one or the other of the family. She put the best china on the table, and had it prettily arranged so that the husband, returning from his unsuccessful quest for work, might see it as soon as he came into the flat. "My, my, Carrie, what's going on?" he inquired smilingly as he entered. "Only a little surprise, William," she told him. "A sort of a holiday spread for a change." The family had come to the table. The son George, who was the main support of the family, twitted his father on his intemperate habits. The father angrily threw a plate at George, who raised a chair to strike his father, when his father, seizing a carving knife, ran upon the son, stabbing him in the arm. The mother cried to both of them as loud as she could to desist, and, seeing the father's hand raised with the knife to strike the boy, she rushed, throwing her arms around the neck of her husband to save both of them from harm, when the thrust that was supposed to be aimed at the boy pierced the neck of his wife, killing her. As the children gathered around the coffin of the mother, George said, "It was drink that did it. Father was a good man when he was sober, but whisky changed him. He killed our mother and we are broken-hearted, but we must do what we can for him. It was not he, but the demon he took in the whisky, that committed this awful crime." "Yes," agreed the other children simply. "Whisky did it." Such tragedies are becoming so numerous that they appear in the daily prints as the ordinary transactions of everyday life. On the walls of the sorrowing home, on the plate of the coffin, on the tombstone at the grave, let it be written: "Whisky did it."

At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder. (Prov. 23 : 32.)

Mont-Lawn's Fourteenth Golden Yea

Our Children's Paradise Celebrates Its Anniversary by Christening "Sunbeam Cottage," Its New Dormitor

Drill and March on the Spacious Lawn in Front of the Children's Temple

By AGNES G. ROWE

THE fourteenth season at Mont-Lawn is now joyously under way, and never in this long succession of life-giving, joy-bringing summers has this "Children's Paradise" been so beautiful, or so well equipped to receive and care for its little guests. The same dear, delightful Mont-Lawn, yet larger and better.

A new cottage has been added—the most spacious on the grounds; a wide, roomy and picturesque building of gray stone and shingles, where two large, airy and white-curtained dormitories, with seventy-six new cots, accommodate seventy-six little children every ten days, making six hundred in all, during the summer.

"One of the Least of These"

Last season the Home entertained about 2,500 children; this year, with our larger accommodations, we will be able to open our doors to over 3,000 little city waifs and give them the inestimable benefits of a ten days' outing in God's own country.

A notable innovation this season consists of 600 new outing suits for boys and girls, made of the prettiest and most durable wash-goods, one of which is given to every arrival, so that all may romp to their heart's content and every little youngster fall down as many times as he or she thinks necessary, without fear of "spoiling" the clothes that mother mended up and washed and ironed to take away. For with instinctive motherly pride every effort is generally put forth to make the children's shabby clothes as presentable as possible before they leave for the "country." Now they can take their "good clothes" home again unrumpled, and those who come to us in veritable rags and patches will have torn clothes neatly mended, or, if necessary, be fitted out anew from head to foot before they leave.

How can we tell you of the good—the all-round good—physical, spiritual and moral—that a ten days' sojourn at Mont-Lawn does for the poor children of the tenements? We who have always known the country from our childhood days, how can we hope to understand what it means to these little street waifs—many of whom have never seen the sun rise and set—to be turned loose for the first time in their poverty-stricken and often squalid lives into the green fields and under the shady orchard trees on the beautiful twenty-six acres of Mont-Lawn? The only idea that many of them have ever had of the green grass is a hot square in some one of the lesser parks of the city, with always a policeman nearby to warn them to "keep off."

Could you go with them from Tarrytown over the beautiful Hudson to Nyack, ride with them from the Ferry to the Home, and hear them shout when they catch the first sight of the meadows and the winding road; see the looks of rapture that overspread the faces of the frailer ones and hear some little tot as she sees a cluster of buttercups, or daisies, or wild carrot, asking, "O teacher, what *are* them? Oh, can't I get out and pick just *one?* Oh, lemme go and have one—*please!*"—then there would be no need of this appeal in their behalf. Could you spend a day with them, from the joyous getting up time to the quiet hour when, tired with the kind of tired that puts new life into growing boys and girls, they repeat the evening prayer before they fall asleep—then indeed we would never have to ask for a single dollar to support the Home.

Not all of the children who come to Mont-Lawn are sickly, emaciated or ragged; many there are, alas! to whom these words apply, and nearly all are tired—weary not from work at school but from the burdens of home life laid all too soon on their frail, young shoulders. Many are "little mothers" and "little fathers" and bread-winners while yet they ought to be at their lessons. But again, thank God, there are bright, sturdy little fellows and plump rosy-cheeked girls who come to us. Yet right here lies one of the very reasons why they *need* Mont-Lawn; they are full of what doctors call "healthy animal spirits." The burning, evil-smelling, crowded streets and alleys afford the only outlet for this enthusiasm, and too often the atmosphere of the streets is not only evil-smelling but evil-breeding. "As the twig is bent, the tree is inclined." Shall we leave them, then, the summer long, to these influences wafted on the sultry breezes that blow through the slums of the city? Or shall we take them for a while where every bit of bubbling-over, childish energy can find a healthful outlet, where every freshening influence of nature is at work upbuilding mind and body and soul, and where every one and everything works together for the good of the little children?

The secret of the success of Mont-Lawn is written on the Lodge where all can see it as they drive through the entrance, for above this in letters of gold is inscribed, "I LOVE GOD AND LITTLE CHILDREN." Hundreds of children in every direction and love everywhere! The little children can not *help* loving one another here, for where love reigns as it does at Mont-Lawn, the cross word and selfish thought have no place. Children forget to quarrel, for the spirit of love and consideration for others is contagious. No one can escape it, not even the casual visitor.

There are many features that combine to make a visit to "The Children's Paradise"—a Children's Paradise in every sense of the word—a memorable occasion to its friends, and we wish indeed that all those who have so generously contributed to it might come and see for themselves how and why and where the beautiful work is being carried on. A deep sense of peace and rest is couched in the shadows of the great spreading trees; the continual inspiration of the broad, shining river just beyond in the valley, the verdant green of sloping lawns, the picturesque Children's Temple beyond the Lodge, and finally the homelikeness of every cottage, and the quiet, old-fashioned dignity of the Homestead that fairly radiates hospitality—these things all enter into that brooding spirit of the place that lays hold on you from the moment you enter the grounds.

"What do they do all day long, and how do you manage to keep them out of mischief?" are some of the questions people ask us. "Do?" Why, the days are all too short; there is so much to see, so many places to investigate, so many games to play. There is for one thing the splendid swimming pool where all except the smallest children have their daily bath—boys in the morning, girls in the afternoon, or *vice versa.* Nor are the baby brothers and sisters not old enough for this luxury left out of consideration. Behind the cottages is the paddling brook—a joy forever! Not a real brook this time, but an improvised brook, where water runs in at one end and out the othe all day long And how th children do lov to get in wit their bare littl feet and splas and paddle Then there i the out-doo gymnasium a fine resor when som group of chil dren are won dering "wha to do next.' Every hou spent there means just so much benefit to little bodies that in most cases are sorely in need of just such exercise. Further on are the swings—and what child does not love to "let the old cat die?" For the little youngsters there is also the ever new sand-pile—for children love sand as instinctively as they love candy.

The call for dinner is given at 12 o'clock and you may be sure that every child on the place immediately responds. In the shortest time imaginable the line is formed and they march over to the big dining pavilion where table after table is laden with heaping plates of pure, wholesome food; vegetables, too, from our own farm. Every one has all that is wanted. An average of 125 quarts of milk a day and from two to three barrels of bread cut up for each meal may convey some idea of what catering means in the kitchen at Mont-Lawn. We give them the best the land affords for ten whole days. But just think for a moment! The memory of these ten days of plenty has got to last for 355 days to come before the Children's Home opens again next year. The joy of that week and a half must carry them through many a long, hot week to follow and dreary, cold weeks in winter before the days of the "Children's Paradise" will come around again—if indeed they are so fortunate as to go a second time. Picture the contrast, if you can, between eating from this bountiful table out in the open air, and the scanty meals these little ones will return to in some hot, crowded kitchen in a stifling tenement.

Then after dinner, perhaps a long walk with one or more of the teachers into the woods and across the fields; or it may be a real drive—think of what *that* means—"a real drive" over the beautiful hills about Nyack, or to the nearby "Hook Mountain" and "Rockland Lake"—a revelation at every bend of the road, and one long succession of exclamations and shouts of glee.

Marching in for Dinner

Better still, if the day is Saturday — the gala day at Mont-Lawn — Dr. Klopsch comes up and special games are played; the bean game, the cane game and the races. Then the children go fairly wild in their glee and almost run over Dr. Klopsch in their eagerness to get at him in view of all the joy and fun his coming means.

Then there are stories when little girls grow a bit weary of boisterous play. How eagerly they listen! And these fascinating stories come in beautifully at bedtime, too, when the lesson of unselfishness and kindness that every one embodies is absorbed by little minds in just the right mood to drink in their meaning. It all sounds small enough to us who naturally associate the beautiful Bible stories and fairy tales and time-old children's games with *all* little ones. But remember that to many of these children they are new; they are wonderful. These children have

Continued on next page

Mont-Lawn's Fourteenth Golden Year *CONTINUED*

A "Little Mother"

been starving for them all along, poor little things, though they didn't know it, for no one at home has time to bother about such things; the sterner realities of life press relentlessly on father and mother and often on little bread-winners themselves.

Nor are rainy days unprovided for. The floor above the dining pavilion is a big, splendid playroom that can be closed in with blinds when necessary, and here all the games that children love make rainy days as joyous as the sunny ones.

Finally, at the close of every day, rain or shine, there is the sunset chapel service. Marching in two long lines the children enter the beautiful Temple—and truly the most ideal house of worship for children that one could imagine. Attractive, inviting from every view on the outside, it is still more so within, with its double rows of quartered oak pews and leaded cathedral windows lining both sides. Running the entire width at the back are the great windows where in rich colors glows the beloved pictures of the Saviour with the little children eagerly crowding about him for the blessing of his smile and the sacred touch of his tender hand. Impressive at every weekday service, the Children's Temple becomes far more so on Sundays. Then visitors from the village come in crowds and Dr. Klopsch, the children's friend, conducts the services. On a recent occasion Admiral Sigsbee and Gen. O. O. Howard were melted to tears when they heard the children sing.

And is this gracious influence indelibly impressed on the children or is it short-lived? Do they go back to the city leaving behind them all the teachings of Mont-Lawn? We *know* that the influence *lasts*. They carry with them, often for years, some lingering after-glow of the love, peace and sunshine that wrapped them from head to foot like a clean, sweet, wholesome garment during their outing there. Every once in a while a young man or woman, thrifty and well dressed, comes to tell us that the spirit of Mont-Lawn first awakened wholesome ambition to play a part worth while in the world's work. During the winter months we are constantly reminded by Settlement workers and the mothers of the great East Side that the uplifting influence of the ten ever-ever memorable days is still with the children as they sing over and over again the sweet old hymns dear to the heart of every child who knows them, and which they first learned and loved at Mont-Lawn, never to be forgotten.

"The cry of the children." It is coming to us from all corners of the metropolis with its four million inhabitants. It is pitiful, and irresistibly appealing. The past winter has been a particularly hard one and much of this extra privation and hardship has fallen on the children. Many of them are half sick, most of them are tired and care-worn, all of them are anxiously hoping, praying for a chance to go into the country for a few blessed days. You who are mothers know the wants and needs of these little ones and we know you will help us if you can. To you who have never known the blessing of motherhood this is a God-given opportunity to care for one of the Master's little ones. You who are fathers and older brothers know the temptations that beset growing boys of the streets, most of whom lose their childhood with their short knickerbockers. Must we not all of us stretch forth our stronger hands to these boys and girls who are old before their time, to the "little mothers" and "little fathers" of the tenements, and give them what we can of health and life and light and the rightful joys of childhood? Can we let them go through the summer without knowing what God's beautiful country means?

Take the Children to the Country

Take the children to the country; take them into purer air,
Where the fields are starred with beauty and the world is fresh and fair.
They who never saw the sun set, they who never saw it rise—
Never saw the wondrous beauty of the rainbow in the skies.

They are old while yet in childhood, weary, careworn girls and boys,
Bearing all too soon life's burdens, young, without their childish joys;
Give them days of blessed sunshine; give them food enough to spare;
Give them all of nature's tonics, in the pure, life-giving air.

Let them see the fresh, green meadows, see the forest and the sky;
Let them feel the strong, clear breezes of the river flowing by.
Tell them how a loving Father counts them dearer far than gold;
Tell them how the gentle Shepherd calls them early to his fold.

We who guard our own dear children as the apple of our eye,
Shall we see God's other children left to suffer, pine and die?
Left to those who'll teach them evil, and their youthful feet beguile,
Till their pure and holy fancies fade amid surroundings vile?

"Feed my lambs!" The Master said it. When we meet him by and by,
What account have we to render, if we pass them idly by?
"Inasmuch!" O blessed Master, seeking still to follow thee,
We would hear thy voice proclaiming, "Lo, ye did it unto me."

Pittsfield, Me. MRS. MARY B. WINGATE.

The New Cottage at Mont-Lawn

What Your Gift Will Do

Three Dollars pays for putting perfect happiness into one child's heart for ten bright summer days; it includes transportation, care, medical examination, wear and tear of a clean fresh suit, abundant meals each day, with all the joys of the country.

Twenty-one dollars endows one snowy cot all summer long, with the patron's name at its head. Could twenty-one dollars elsewhere invested yield such dividends?

Five hundred dollars, in bequest or donation, will perpetually endow a cot in memory of some loved one, and give health and love and kindness, year after year, to an endless succession of little waifs.

Contributions will be thankfully received and acknowledged in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. All money orders, checks, etc., should be made payable to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

The Welcome Dr. Klopsch Receives When He Comes to Mont-Lawn

Ready for the Glorious Fourth at Mont-Lawn

NEVER since the Children's Home at Mont-Lawn was founded—fourteen years ago—has the place looked so beautiful. Nature has been more bountiful than usual, for her robes of green seem fuller and fresher, as one looks at the circling hills and over the stretch of forest lying between the Home and the Hudson. The air is filled with the sweetest perfume and vocal with the songs of many birds, who fearlessly alight upon lawn-railings and low swaying vines, so near that one might almost touch their little glossy heads with an outstretched hand. Flowers, vines and birds everywhere!

Grand old hills and sparkling river in the distance unite to make a scene which many a world-wide traveler has pronounced the most beautiful he has ever seen. No wonder the children are clamoring to come! It is like a wonderful story from fairy-land to those who come for the first time, but a reality, dear as life itself, to those who have once known the hospitality of Mont-Lawn.

As the Fourth of July—the day of all others—approaches, the Home and its surroundings are alive with preparations not only to welcome the children to a good old-fashioned celebration, but to see that nothing is left undone for real comfort when the day is done.

There will be the usual games and exercises on the lawn, the flag drill and march, music by band, and singing of patriotic airs by the children. Speakers will address the little ones gathered in the Temple; speeches by men who are not only interested in this great work, but who have the happy faculty of interesting and holding the attention of children.

The dining pavilion, clean and shining in its new coat of paint, presents, perhaps, the most enticing invitation to the little guests. Long white-covered tables are to be set with an abundance of sweet, wholesome food, with various "extras" inseparable from the day we celebrate. Fire-works in the evening hold a close second place in childish enjoyment. A careful selection has been made; nothing of a dangerous composition, nothing with the slightest menace to the little ones is allowed, and careful hands "set them off" as soon as dusk will warrant their brilliant colors showing against the evening shades.

The out-door gymnasiums, having been overhauled and put in the best order, are ready for the merry girls and boys, who take turns in swings and "merry-go-rounds."

Favorite nooks, familiar to some of the little guests where they have passed many a pleasant hour on former visits, are awaiting the return of old friends and the advent of new. Matrons, teachers and their assistants, William the "chef" and his helpers, and all the staff of workers, are sparing no effort to make July 4, 1908, the greatest and most enjoyable day THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Home has ever seen. And when it is all over and silence broods over all, will come the most lovely scene of all. Three hundred tired little forms will be nestling in the whitest of beds. Six hundred sleepy eyes will close as the "sand-man" makes his rounds, busy little hands and feet, now still, and soft, even breathing will tell of a restfulness never to be found in a hot tenement home, where close rooms are crowded with little ones, tossing in uneasy slumber to awaken on the morrow unrefreshed.

Is it not worth while to be the means of sending even one child to this lovely holiday home for ten beautiful days and peaceful nights?

The cost is trifling compared with the great good accomplished. Three dollars only gives a little tenement boy or girl a ten days' outing, while twenty-one dollars endows a bed for the season, giving seven children ten days each. The new dormitory gives opportunity for seventy-six additional small guests to be entertained, and also the privilege for seventy-six additional kind hearts to contribute to the good work of rescuing poor city children from the most baleful of all influences, the nurture and admonition of the city streets.

All contributions to be sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York City. "The children are calling."

Every kind hand stretched forth to help will give to the donor an added interest in the "Story of the Fourth at Mont-Lawn," which we shall give our readers next week. MARY SARGENT HOPKINS.

WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A KING

*By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts**

"SAMUEL called the people together unto the Lord to Mizpeh." It was a sightly place, on a hill which rose six hundred feet above the surrounding valley; well suited for a coronation.

"Thus saith the Lord God of Israel." Samuel voiced the message of God to the waiting people. God did not say, "This is the honored king in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him," as he afterwards spoke of Christ at his baptism and on the Mount of Transfiguration, as his beloved Son.

"Ye have this day rejected your God." Have we not a right to think that God was pained by the rejection? He has a mind like our own, only greater in degree. Are we not pained when a friend drops us? a familiar friend who turns his heel against us? Have you ever felt this pain? Now you know something about how God feels when those who should love and serve him turn aside.

"Present yourselves before the Lord by your tribes and by your thousands." Samuel was ready to make the best of the situation because it was God's wish that it should be so. Contrary to his own wishes and feelings Samuel set the people in order that their king might be selected. An inferior man in Samuel's place would have said, "I do not like to do it," "I cannot do it." "An' what's liking got to do with it, when it's the right thing to be done?" says Lisbeth in *Adam Bede*. It was the right thing for Samuel to help Israel select a king because God had said, "Let them have their way."

Saul Made King

"The tribe of Benjamin was taken," which means there was a selection by sacred lot. Then that tribe was gathered about Samuel and the lot was again cast, and the family of Matri was designated as that which should furnish the king. But when man after man was made to appear the king was not found.

"They inquired of the Lord further." God was there but invisible.

"He hath hid himself among the stuff." God was invisible to the people, but they were visible to him; he even saw the king elect in hiding. Strange we should ever try to do anything out of God's sight.

"God save the king!" So cried the people when Saul had been brought from his hiding, and placed by Samuel before the people as their chosen king. They delighted in him because he was a head and shoulders taller than any other man in Israel—a giant. How mistaken they were in taking his true measure!

"Then Samuel told the people the manner of the kingdom." He set before them the relation of their newly established king to the Eternal King, God over all, and he wrote the laws of God in a book lest the king should forget, and lest they too should forget. Perhaps Samuel copied the law of the king in Deut. 17: 14-24, for it was commanded that whenever a king should be chosen, the king himself should write a copy of the law, that he might keep it always with him to read therein all the days of his life. But Samuel did it for Saul.

"There went with him a band of men whose hearts God had touched." They accompanied King Saul to his home, acting as the king's body-guard or guard of honor. While loyal to their king they were none the less loyal to God.

"How shall this man save us?" These words were the only discord in that crowning day. They were spoken by the children of Belial, not because, as one might think at first, they were superior to the occasion, but quite the contrary. They were a vicious element in Israel, "agin' the government," as we say in modern times.

"What concord hath Christ with Belial?" In this expression made by the apostle Paul we see Belial personified as the prince of licentiousness and corruption.

"But he held his peace." The first act of the new king was a wise one. To ignore evil-minded people is one of the best ways to overcome them.

Illustration and Application

Some of the truths this lesson suggests are: 1. God is the supreme Lord, and his law the supreme law of every individual and of every land. 2. A human king is but an image of God, and as idols likely to take the place of God in men's thoughts. 3. Only as a human officer is Godlike and leads men toward God is he true to his opportunity. 4. A good man is more kingly than an ungodly ruler. 5. All the good are to be crowned by and by as "kings and priests unto God."

Samuel Places Saul Before the People as Their Chosen King

A book entitled *The Czar* tells of a Russian officer taken prisoner by the French. They got an iron and branded him on his hand with an "N." When he asked what it meant they said, "It means that you now belong, body and soul, to our Emperor, Napoleon." The soldier, seizing an axe, severed his hand from the wrist, and said, "Take what belongs to you; I am for the Czar and belong wholly to him." Whether fact or fiction, the story pictures the entire consecration, the wholesouled loyalty, that Jesus claimed for himself when he said, "If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off." If there be anything as dear as a right hand that bears Satan's mark and binds us to him instead of Christ, that we must fearlessly cut away.

The French king, Henry III, said to Palissy, the Huguenot potter, one day, that he should be compelled to give him up to his enemies unless he should change his religion. "You have often said to me, sire," was the undaunted reply, "that you pitied me; but as for me, I pity you, who have given utterance to such words as 'I shall be compelled.' These are unkingly words, and I say to you, in royal phrase, that neither the Guises nor all your people, nor yourself, are able to compel an humble manufacturer of earthenware to bend his knee before statues."

A king should come to his office in the spirit in which artists like Tissot and Dannecker have sought to image Christ. Dannecker, the German sculptor, occupied eight years upon a marble statue of Christ. When he had labored two years the work was apparently done. He called into his studio a little girl, and, directing her attention to the statue, asked her, "Who is that?" She replied, "A great man." The artist turned away rebuked. He had failed. He began anew, and after several years had passed, he again invited a child into his studio and repeated the inquiry, "Who is that?" This time he was not disappointed. After looking in silence a while, her curiosity deepened into awe and thankfulness, and, bursting into tears, she said in low and gentle tones, "Suffer little children to come unto me." He believed then and ever afterwards that he had been inspired of God to do that thing. He thought he had seen a vision of Christ in his solitary vigils. He had but transferred to the marble the image that the Lord had shown him. His rising fame attracted the attention of Napoleon and he was requested to make a statue of Venus similar to Ariadne, for the gallery of the Louvre. He refused, saying, "A man who has seen Christ would commit sacrilege if he should employ his art in the carving of a pagan goddess. My art henceforth is a consecrated thing." In that spirit should every one called to any office, instead of thinking and talking of the "honor," recall the great saying, "Office is opportunity." It is "opportunity" to represent and serve God. A king who represented God, in a measure, is presented in the story of poor woman who stood at the windo of a king's conservatory looking at cluster of grapes, which she longed have for her sick child. She we home to her spinning-wheel, earn half a dollar, and offered it to t gardener for the grapes. He wav his hand and ordered her away. S returned to her cottage, snatched t blanket from her bed and pawned and once more asked the gardener sell her the grapes, offering him dollar. He spoke furiously to her, an was turning her out, when the prin cess came in, heard the man's passio saw the woman's tears and asked wha was wrong. When the story was tol she said, "My dear woman, you hav made a mistake. My father is not merchant, but a king; his business i not to sell but to give." So saying sh plucked the cluster from the vine an dropped it into the woman's apron The story may well have been invente to picture salvation as something w do not earn, but receive as a free gif from the divine King.

Crowns for All

And now we are ready to put into this cluster of kingly stories those that remind us that God offers kingship to every man, a measure of it in this world in self-control, in social influence, in the power of knowledge, in the ballot; but a perfect kingship in the life to come. A distinguished man had an extraordinary mark of honor sent him by his prince as he lay on his deathbed. "Alas!" said he, looking coldly upon it, "this is a fine thing here in this country; but I am going to a country where it will be of no service to me." A minister once entered an almshouse, of which an aged couple were the inmates. Beside a little round table, opposite the fire, sat the husband, and, as he was very deaf, his visitor shouted in his ear, "Well, Wisby, what are you doing?" "Waiting, sir." "For what?" "For the appearing of my Lord." "And what makes you wish for his appearing?" "Because I expect great things. He has promised a crown of righteousness to all that love his appearing."

God give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of lucre does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor; men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking:
For while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their large profession and their little deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps;
Wrong rules the land and waiting Justice sleeps!

J. G. HOLLAND.

Three hundred new voters, gathered in the historic Faneuil Hall, Boston, recently, took the freeman's oath of 1634: "I do solemnly bind myself that I will give my vote and suffrage as I shall judge in mine own conscience may best conduce to the public weal, so help me God."

A certain clergyman on a Sabbath before election, with one candidate for judge a member of his church, and the children of the other candidate members of his congregation, was so recklessly courageous as to pray that righteousness might win the election. The candidate who was present left the church in anger and never returned.

A Morning Prayer

Delivered at the opening session of the Methodist Conference.

FATHER of man, lift our eyes to a world vision. Thou hast redeemed all the earth. Thy gospel fits all races. Thou hast promised that every knee shall bow. Enlarge our plans. Widen our sympathies. Build up our faith. Invigorate our efforts. Enthuse us with optimism. Bring us to our largest possibilities.

We thank thee for the indwelling Spirit. We thank thee for light on life's path. We thank thee for joy even in duty's way. We thank thee for a God-assigned task. We thank thee for an important part in the world's work. We thank thee for strength that comes with the hour's need. Refresh us with a fresh vision of thy face. Make all the day cheerful by thy presence in our hearts. Amen.

* **The International Sunday School Lesson for July 12, 1908.** Saul chosen King. I Sam. 10: 17 - 27. GOLDEN TEXT: "He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God." II. Sam. 23: 3.

ONE WOMAN'S WORK IN SYRIA

Gossip Beside the Well

Settlement Boys

In the Kindergarten

By Lillian M. Purdy

TO ENTER a Syrian town in which missionaries for fifty years have tried in vain to gain a footing, to disarm prejudice in a district of Maronites, Moslems, and Greeks, to found a settlement in the face of keenest opposition for the sake of teaching Christianity and the modern methods of living to people who are sadly in need of this enlightment—these are the achievements of Miss Caroline M. Holmes, who, only three years ago, began her unique work in Jebail.

The story of Miss Holmes's work is an interesting one. With a missionary experience of eleven years in Tripoli, Syria, as a foundation, which gave her a knowledge of the people and the language, she felt herself called to the Lord's work in Jebail, where she began her educational endeavors independent of Mission Board or other support. With no one but a Syrian cook for company, she fearlessly entered the town, rented a house, in which there were no windows, and despite the fact that she was later informed that smallpox had raged there, she went ahead, sending to Beirut for vaccine with which she inoculated herself, and ignoring the feeling that she knew existed against all Protestant foreigners.

Miss Caroline M. Holmes

As soon as her little domicile was habitable she "sat," as the Syrians say, awaiting developments, and the result was that the people, overcoming their first prejudice by a spirit of hospitality and curiosity, began to call upon her. Gradually the numbers increased until they came by hundreds! From morning till night for a whole month, guests arrived, leaving scarcely time enough for meals.

Then Miss Holmes announced that she was about to open a school. So cordial had her visitors seemed that she imagined the road black with children flocking eagerly to the fountain of learning. But alas! no children's footfalls were heard and no merry faces pleaded for admission. At last, however, there was a timid knock, and opening the door, Miss Holmes saw the smiling eyes of a little girl. She was the daughter of the Syrian agent for an American company, who had braved the hierarchy of the Maronite Church and had sent his little girl to be instructed in English, sewing and other useful branches.

In three or four weeks eight other children made a cautious appearance, and at the end of the summer, when a public examination was held, behold these little tots marching bravely, with the measured tread of veritable soldiers, into the room, singing, "Brightly Gleams Our Banner." By this time, each little girl was the proud possessor of a dress made by her own hands under the direction of Miss Holmes, and when one of their number recited the story of the motions of the earth, a Syrian man in the audience was heard to remark, "To think of a girl knowing about such things!"

When the school re-opened the following fall, they were housed in better quarters. Boys were also received and the growth was so apparent that persecutions began from the Roman Catholic hierarchy. A bull of excommunication was issued to all who sent children to the school or traded with parents of these children—and many of the Maronites withdrew—to return later on.

At this juncture, a child was lost and suspicion fell upon the Settlement. The child had been last seen playing at the front gate of the Settlement and the impression was that she had been kidnapped. Without regard to the custom of respecting the rights of foreigners by never entering their portals unbidden, the infuriated people rushed wildly into the Settlement house. Miss Holmes, comprehending the situation, took no exception to this, but wisely opened doors at their request and gave them the freedom of the house. They searched in closets and cupboards, murmuring complaints and casting menacing glances, but they finally dispersed, only half satisfied, however; and when the child was found hours afterward, four miles from home, and it was known that she had simply strayed away, the disturbance subsided.

Just after this, the Maronite Patriarch ordered the expulsion of Miss Holmes from the town. But the people demurred. No one would take the initiative step. Then the owner of the house was ordered to expel his tenant, using force if necessary. But there was a written lease and he knew that the moment he attempted such measures he faced the United States Consul. He was then compelled to refuse a re-lease on the property.

In the meantime, the largest and handsomest residence in the town became vacant through the bankruptcy of the owner. For months Miss Holmes and her Syrian assistant, Miss Fareedey el Aakle, who was imbued with quite as much of the missionary spirit as was her leader, had prayed for a house, and when the brother of the owner finally called to request Miss Holmes to translate a letter, she requested the privilege of renting the house, which they could not grant owing to some technicality of the law.

By this time the lease had expired and already three weeks had passed beyond the stipulated time of the contract. It was then that Miss Holmes and the faithful Miss Fareedey held a season of earnest prayer. They asked God definitely for a house that day. And, in response to their earnest supplications, within half an hour a knock came at the door—and there was the agent for the receiver offering the beautiful home! By sunset, the keys were in Miss Holmes' hands, and in a few days the school was settled in its new home. Inspired by the spiritual significance of this direct answer to prayer and the new impetus given to the work by the fresh surroundings, the school seemed to take on added vigor and importance, and the Mohammedans began to attend.

In the autumn of 1906 a boarding department was opened for girls and small boys, and sixteen pupils responded, the number having since increased to twenty-five, with an attendance of one hundred students in all, including the day pupils. A night school was also established for men, Miss Holmes teaching them in all the practical subjects relating to business and trade. The teaching force of the school has grown from one to three, with a resident Syrian preacher. For there are two Sunday services, a Sunday School, the beginning of a church, and bi-weekly evening meetings, after which is a season of prayer, when all take part.

Aside from the spiritual phase of the work, it has been the aim of Miss Holmes from the start to emphasize the industrial side of the Settlement work, and the remarkable examples of the sewing she has exhibited in New York give evidence of the success achieved. Both boys and girls are in sewing classes. Persian rug making, Irish laces and fine embroidery, carried on in connection with the sewing, will before long make the Settlement self-supporting.

A Little Maid of Jebail

Surely the generous spirit with which the undertaking is now being met should lend encouragement and inspiration. For, when the children themselves are anxious to make sacrifices, there is little reason for complaint. Think of their denying themselves oranges and sweets at the table to purchase wool for the first Persian rug! Such, indeed, was done by the Circle of the King's Children. And the King's Daughters erected the first loom at their own expense, while the King's Sons have started a little confectionery store in the school, with the purpose of devoting the proceeds to the establishment of a men's reading room in the market place. Are not such endeavors the fulfilment of the Lord's work?

The Executve Committee of the Settlement, composed of Rev. Henry Harris Jessup, D.D., Chairman; Rev. Prof. George E. Post, M.D., LL.D., Rev. William S. Nelson, D.D., Rev. Prof. William H. Hall, Prof. Franklin T. Moore, M.D., Secretary; Edward G. Freyer, Esq., Treasurer, finally decided that the time had come to have the work financed, and they sent Miss Holmes to America for this purpose. Thus far, in her visit of only two months, she has received a baby grand piano, a Morris chair, and numerous other gifts. And she will be grateful for other contributions, which may be sent directly to her or to Mr. E. G. Freyer, American Press, Beirut, Syria.

AMONG THE WORKERS

—The Fourteenth Arbitration Conference closed at Lake Mohonk recently. Three hundred leading men were present. The conference expresses especial pleasure in the treaty with Japan, deprecating "the unfounded talk of war with that country."

—Evangelist Biederwolf has just closed a series of meetings at Creston, Ia. Every place of business in town, including the saloons and pool halls, voluntarily closed to enable the employees to attend. The last few days of the meetings were marked by wonderful power.

—Evangelists H. Wyse, I. Jones, and Prof. Eugene A. Spear, who have been conducting successful revivals in Oregon and California during the past year, will open a campaign of Union Meetings in California in October. Their permanent address is McMinnville, Ore.

—September will mark the beginning of an attempt to evangelize the entire State of Kansas. Every town of 300 population in the State will be visited, and thirty evangelists will begin work in different parts of the State simultaneously. The work will begin September 6. The revivals in the villages will be limited to one week, while in most of the county seats three weeks will be spent. The meetings will be interdenominational. Thirty-four preachers have already been selected to take part in the work.

—A series of remarkable evangelistic efforts have been carried on in Central Kansas within the last six months under the leadership of Rev. French E. Oliver. Hundreds confessed Christ. Meetings were held at Cawker City, Glen Elder, Mankato, Russell, Burr Oak, Ellsworth and Solomon. At all of these places revivals are reported. Perhaps the most notable were those at Mankato, a small town of about 1,100 population. Here there were 791 who confessed Christ, among them some of the leading business and professional men. One business man, after his conversion, gave $10,000 for a Y.M.C.A. building, and another $10,000 was raised to maintain the organization. At Russell there were 752 confessions; at Burr Oak, 686; and at Ellsworth, 400.

TRAINING OUR YOUNG PATRIOTS

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

THE training of boys is not more difficult and not more important than the training of girls, but old-fashioned people have the idea that it ought to differ from theirs in some particulars. Great stress should be laid in the education of the sons on their preparation for good citizenship.

The boys of to-day will be the men of to-morrow. In this republic every boy born on the soil has an opportunity to rise, if not to the very top, yet somewhere near it, and it is not beyond the mark to say in addressing a school audience that the speaker sees before him possible future Presidents, Governors, members of Congress, Admirals and Commanders-in-chief. The men who carry forward our government are chosen by the popular will and are drawn from the rank and file. Every home in which boys are being reared has therefore a duty to the nation. You do not know to what eminence your boys may attain. Whether they live their lives in the glare of publicity or in the shadow of obscurity, it is equally their privilege to be virtuous and honorable, and to maintain standards of purity and uprightness. The son of a millionaire and the son of a hod-carrier will alike possess the privilege of the ballot and will go to the polls on an equal footing. In the training of boys, love of country, loyalty to the flag and devotion to the memory of those who have gone before should be fostered with the utmost vigilance.

Our annually recurring Independence Day is a mile-stone at which we should halt in thought and review the glories of our past. As compared with the old world we are still in the dew of our youth. Our history indeed reaches back across the sea to Magna Charta and the subsequent struggles for liberty in England and the Low Countries. In our literature we claim a children's right to Shakespeare and Milton. Nevertheless, we are as yet hardly out of leading strings when our age is compared with that of older lands. We are still experimenting in the matter of handling our immense immigration. We have some reason to be proud of our progress, much reason for gratitude when we think of our achievements, and some occasion for humility when we remember our mistakes. We are yet a young nation. We have a great many problems that puzzle us. The boys who are in the school-room now will be obliged to face issues of vast moment before many years have passed. In what shall we train them?

All CHRISTIAN HERALD readers will concur in the statement that the first need in education to-day for the boys of America is training in the fear of God. We have gradually and steadily eliminated from our schools references to our duty to the heavenly Father. Politics have been suffered to interfere with our acknowledgment of the Divine Being, and have at numerous points ruled devotional exercises completely out of the school day. But Christian men and women can not be ruled out of the teaching force, and so long as consistent Christian teachers are on the platform and at the desk, their example will do as much for the children and their lofty principles will influence them as truly as might a daily Bible reading.

We ought not to expect too much from our schools. Home training anticipates that of the teacher. Let the home training start the boys in reverence for God and his commandments and in obedience to law, to father and mother and the law of the community.

Next in the training of boys should come a nice sense of honor. There could not be so much graft and corruption as there is to-day, if men were filled with the conviction that there is no disgrace like that of theft, whether from an individual or the community at large. There is an old story in the Book of Samuel of an uprising of the people against the sons of the old prophet who had ruled unjustly and defrauded their fellows. The story reads very much like a reform movement of the present day, and there is splendor in the figure of the kingly Samuel who dared to challenge the nation to assert that he had ever stooped to bribery and oppression. Let us train the future citizens of America in honesty for its own sake. It may be that some fathers and mothers are working so hard either to support their children while they are young or to leave them a provision for the future, that the time is slipping by unimproved in which they might be trained for usefulness. Would it not be just as well to worry less about the amount that may be saved, and to get on with less in the matter of daily luxury, and do more for the children's minds and hearts? This country of ours is not growing worse. We have no dearth of great men; we are too close to some of our heroes to recognize their merits. But if we want to carry on our history with undimmed lustre we must not overlook the training of our boys in the twin loves, love of country and love of God. Let us sing our patriotic songs and read again the story of our struggle for independence, and thank God for our mountains and rivers, our forests and plains, our schools and our churches and the millions of our happy homes.

OUR COUNTRY'S FLAG

Fling out, fling out, with cheer and shout
To all the winds Our Country's Banner!
Be every bar and every star
Displayed in full and glorious manner!

Blow, zephyrs, blow! Keep the dear ensign flying!
Blow, zephyrs, sweetly mournful — sighing, sighing, sighing!

ABRAHAM COLES.

A Hint About Perfumes

"Your house always smells so sweet," said a girl to an elderly matron. "I wish I knew your secret."

"Soap and water, Betty!" was the terse reply.

This recipe for fragrance leaves little to be desired, although there is such a thing as stepping into a house that is absolutely clean in every nook and corner and finding it stuffy and unwholesome, notwithstanding its purity. Though cleanliness is next to godliness, fresh air and perfect ventilation bring it still nearer the divine standard. The housekeeper who tolerates dirt in any part of her establishment from cellar to attic, from kitchen to drawing-room, will not have a sweet-smelling, fragrant home. She who wishes her home to be without a flaw will open her window, let the thermometer have what vagaries it may, and thoroughly freshen the atmosphere of her house every day of her life. If she does this morning by morning her good man may smoke his pipe where he pleases, and no clinging odor of stale tobacco will lurk in carpets, draperies or clothing. Dried lavender leaves thickly sprinkled in the linen closet will impart a delightful scent to sheets, pillowslips and towels. A bottle of pure ammonia, in which a little oil of lavender has been poured, will freshen a sick chamber, and rose jars filled with sweet pot pourri will give a touch of refinement to the plainest living room. Perfumes in the toilet should be sparingly used. What one wants is not to be drenched with extract of violet or new-mown hay.

The merest suggestion, the faintest waft of an odor is sufficient to put the finishing touch of elegance to a costume.

Powdered orris in flat silk packets or folded in tissue paper or quilted into thin muslin and laid away in the drawers where handkerchiefs and underclothng are kept, will impart a delicate violet perfume to the contents of any bureau.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF MARGARET

A New Serial Written for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

By MRS. ELEANOR H. PORTER

Author of "Into Still Waters," etc.

CHAPTER XII—*Continued*

THE diningroom at Belcourt looked particularly pleasant this July evening. A gentle breeze stirred the curtains at the open windows, and the setting sun peeped through the vines outside and glistened on the old family plate. Three generations of Spencers looked down from the walls on the two men and the woman sitting at the great mahogany table. The two men and the woman, however, were not looking at the sunlight, the vines, or the swaying curtains; they were looking at each other, and their eyes were troubled and questioning.

"You say she is coming next week?" asked the younger man, glancing at the letter in the other's hand.

"Yes. Tuesday afternoon."

"But, Frank, this is so—sudden," remonstrated the young fellow, laughing a little as he uttered the trite phrase. "How does it happen that I've heard so little of this young lady who is to be so unceremoniously dropped into our midst next Tuesday?"

Frank Spencer made an impatient gesture that showed how great was his perturbation.

"Come, come, Ned, don't be foolish," he protested. "You know very well that your brother's stepdaughter has been my ward for a dozen years."

"Yes, but that is all I know," rejoined the young man quietly. "I have never seen her, and scarcely ever heard of her, and yet you expect me to take as a matter of course this strange young woman who is none of our kith nor kin, and yet is to be one of us from henceforth for evermore!"

"The boy is right," interposed the low voice of the woman across the table. "Ned doesn't know anything about her. He was a mere child himself when it all happened, and he's been away from home most of the time since. For that matter, we don't know much about her ourselves."

"We certainly don't," sighed Frank Spencer; then he raised his head and squared his shoulders. "See here, good people, this will never do in the world," he asserted with sudden authority. "I have offered the hospitality of this house to a homeless orphan girl, and she has accepted it. There is nothing for us to do but try to make her happy. After all, we needn't worry—it may turn out that she will make us happy."

"But what is she? How does she look?" catechized Ned.

His brother shook his head.

"I don't know," he replied simply.

"You don't know! But surely you have seen her!"

"Yes, oh, yes, I've seen her once or twice, but Margaret Kendall is not a girl whom to see is to know; besides, the circumstances were such that—well, I might as well tell the story from the beginning, particularly as you know so little of it yourself."

Frank paused and looked at the letter in his hand. After a minute he laid it gently down. When he spoke his voice was not quite steady.

"Our brother Harry was a physician, as you know, Ned. You were twelve years old when he married a widow by the name of Kendall, who lived in Houghtonsville, where he had been practising. As it chanced, none of us went to the wedding. You were taken suddenly ill, and neither Della nor myself would leave you, and father was in Bermuda that winter for his health. Mrs. Kendall had a daughter, Margaret, about ten years old, who was at school somewhere in the Berkshires. It was to that school that I went when the terrible news came that Harry and his new wife had lost their lives in that awful railroad accident. That was the first time that I saw Margaret.

"I found now a charming, graceful girl"

"The poor child was, of course, heartbroken and inconsolable; but her grief took a peculiar turn. The mere sight of me drove her almost into hysterics. She would have nothing whatever to do with me, nor with any of her stepfather's people. She reasoned that if her mother had not married, there would have been no wedding journey; and if there had been no wedding journey there would have been no accident, and her mother would then have been alive and well.

"Arguments, pleadings and entreaties were in vain. She would not listen to me, or even see me. She held her hands before her face and screamed if I so much as came into the room. She was nothing but a child, of course, and not even a normal one at that, for she had had a very strange life. At five she was lost in New York City, and for four years she lived on the streets and in the sweat-shops, enduring almost unbelievable poverty and hardships."

"Well, well!" exclaimed Ned under his breath.

"It was only seven or eight months before the wedding that she was found," went on Frank, "and of course the influence of the wild life she had led was still with her more or less, and made her not easily subject to control. There was nothing for me to do but to leave the poor little thing where she was, particularly as there seemed to be no other place for her. She would not come with me, and she had no people of her own to whom she could turn for love and sympathy.

"As you know, poor Harry was conscious for some hours after the accident, long enough to make his will and dictate the letter to me, leaving Margaret to my care—boy though I was. I was only twenty, you see; but really, there was no one else to whom he could leave her. That was a good many years ago. Margaret must be quite a young lady now."

"And you've not seen her since?" There was keen reproach in Ned's voice.

Frank smiled.

"Yes, I've seen her twice," he replied. "And of course I've written to her many times, and have always kept in touch with those she was with. She stayed at the Berkshire school five years; then—with some fear and trembling, I own—I went to see her. I found a grave-eyed little miss who answered my questions with studied politeness, and who agreed without comment to the proposition that I place her in a school where she might remain until she was ready for college—should she elect to go to college."

"But her vacations—did she never come here then?" questioned Ned.

"No. At first I did not ask her, of course. It was out of the question, considering how she was feeling. Some one of her teachers always looked out for her. They all pitied her, and naturally did everything they could for her, as did her mates at school. Later, when I did dare to ask her to come here, she always refused. She wrote me stiff little notes in which she informed me that she was to spend the holidays with some Blanche or Dorothy or Mabel of her acquaintance.

"She was nineteen when I saw her again. I found now a charming, graceful girl, with peculiarly haunting blue eyes, and heavy coils of bronze-gold hair that kinked and curled about her little pink ears in a most distracting fashion. Even now, though, she would not come to my home. She was going abroad with friends. The party included an irreproachable chaperon, so of course I had nothing to say; while as for money—she had all of her mother's not inconsiderable fortune, besides everything that had been her stepfather's; so of course there was no question on that score.

"In the fall she entered college, and there she has been ever since, spending her vacations as usual with friends, generally traveling. When she came of age she specially requested me to make no change in her affairs, but to regard her as my ward for the present, just as she had been. So I still call myself her guardian. This June was her graduation. I had forgotten the fact until I received a little engraved invitation a week or two ago. I thought of running down for it, but I couldn't get away very well, and—well, I didn't go, that's all. But I did write and ask her to make this house her home, and here is her reply. She thanks me, and will come next Tuesday. There! now you have it. You know all that I do." And Frank Spencer leaned back in his chair with a long sigh.

"But I don't know yet what she's like," objected Ned.

"Neither do I."

"Oh, but you've seen her."

Continued on page 545

VOLUNTEER BABY-MINDERS

THERE was an imperative ring of the telephone bell at Dr. MacArthur's fashionable church on West Fifty-seventh Street, New York. One of the numerous women workers answered the ring.

"Send a minder to the top floor of No. 230 West 'Steenth Street," was the mystifying message received over the 'phone.

The woman worker turned to one of the pleasant-faced assistants present and repeated the address.

"Go with her if you wish to know what a 'minder' is," she added to the writer, who cheerfully obeyed, for that was the reason he was there.

The minder climbed an interminable flight of steps to the highest story of a tenement house overflowing with juvenile encumbrances and waited for the door of one of the rooms to be opened in response to her knock. The sound of an infant protesting against being projected into this vale of tears without its own previously obtained consent could be plainly heard. As the door opened the muffled infantile protest became a perfect gust of expostulatory vocal vehemence.

The minder stepped smilingly into the room, placed her hand-bag and hat on the bed and picked up the baby.

"I had to leave him," said the tired-looking mother, "or I could never have got the work done in time to get to church."

"Now never mind," said the minder; "just you get yourself ready."

That in fact was what the minder had come for. She was one of a number of volunteer philanthropists belonging to Dr. MacArthur's fashionable congregation who have volunteered to go to the homes of poor people who are prevented from attending church because of the presence of a fretful baby. The minders take charge of the babies in the homes and care for them until the mother comes home from church. The idea originated with Dr. MacArthur himself.

The service of baby-minding calls for self-sacrifice of the highest order. Not only are the "minders" deprived of the pleasure of attending church, but they voluntarily imprison themselves for hours in a close apartment with a fretful child as their only solace. There must be some mysterious satisfaction in the work, however.

Deserving women who would attend church but for the impossibility of leaving the baby are sought out by the corps of church workers. The scouts who search out the women for whom "minders" are needed do their work thoroughly. No babies are minded simply to afford the mother a chance to gossip with neighbors or visit a crony on the block. Only those infants whose maternal parents are devoutly desirous of breathing the atmosphere of the religious edifice on West Fifty-seventh Street are accorded the privilege of a volunteer nurse.

Entertaining the Children in the Church Parlor While the Mothers Are at the Services

Provision is also made for childr who are not infants exactly, but a still too small to attend a church s vice for adults without being restl nuisances to every one in their vicini "Minders" are stationed in the lar ante-rooms of the church to recei and look after the children who a brought to the services by mothe who cannot well leave them at hor alone. These children are entertain fittingly by the "minder while the mothers are e joying the services. T "minder" gathers the around a table and reads them, keeping the youn sters in a state of wide-eye interest until the mothe come in to claim them.

The idea of organizing corps of "minders" came t Dr. MacArthur as the resu of a canvass of the no church-going women of th neighborhood. In so man cases were the baby an young children given as a excuse by the stay-at-home that he was moved to devot a great deal of thought t the matter. He rather hesi tatingly broached his pla for establishing a corps o "minders" at a meeting o the women of the church and was agreeably surprise to find the plan enthusiastic ally endorsed and the num ber of volunteers for the work most satisfactorily large. H considers he has solved the problem o the non-church-going woman, but tha of the non-church-going man still con fronts him. No baby keeps the man o the family from church, but certainly something does, and the puzzle is t find the cause and the remedy.

HOW THEY KEPT THE FOURTH *CONTINUED*

have become history, either personal or national. Fourth of July I always enjoyed according to a boy's idea of a fitting celebration. But there is one holiday of our nation's birthday that I set quite apart from the rest. On that day, I made a resolution never to gamble in any form, and I have faithfully kept that vow. The practical application of a lesson received upon that occasion was effective and thoroughly cured me of the speculative habit. Most boys have models of friendships, chosen as a rule from some good citizen, who has shown a decided preference for their youthful personalities; and my good friend was an intimate friend of my parents and a frequent visitor of our family.

It seems to me now, as I look backward, that I was always well behaved when he was around, for I know that he gave me a jack-knife as a reward of good conduct, and I was so fond and proud of that present, that I thought nothing in this world could tempt me to part with it; yet I did.

Everything was so glorious on that day of days, that I felt persuaded nothing ventured would be a failure. I tried my luck on a game of chance, the reward to be a bunch of fire-crackers and the forfeit to be my all-prized knife. I lost—and the pleasure of the day was over for me. I went home and told of my loss, which was received by the home circle without comment. No punishment was meted out to me, and still I knew that I had deserved it.

I was very uncomfortable, and went to bed with a heavy heart. I tossed about upon my bed with a bad conscience. I surely was entitled to chastisement, yet I was spared. That fact possessed me, and from that time on I had a perfect disgust for gambling. I vowed never to gamble again—and I never did.

Never Had a Fourth in Boyhood

By Hon. Joseph W. Folk, *Governor of Missouri*

THE development of the virtue of love of country is symbolized each natal day anniversary, and I believe that patriotism, which is the spirit of our institutions, is fostered by such observance. I only regret that my boyhood was conspicuous by a lack of these demonstrations on the Fourth. We lived near Brownsville, Tennessee, and I don't to this day know why we never celebrated on this occasion; but I do remember our Christmas festivities, which we celebrated then, as we honor the Fourth at the present time, by fire-works and fire-crackers.

. . .

A Fourth in Custer's Camp

By Brigadier-General Hughes

THE Fourth of July, 1876, was really the most forlorn one I ever spent. To every loyal American boy one day stands out pre-eminently in his list of holidays—a day that lifts itself above the dead level of common days into an everlasting eminence.

I had outgrown my boyhood, but the events of this day still abide with me. We were encamped on the banks of the Yellowstone River, after Custer's charge, and as it was thought impracticable to freight our supplies, we made shift with pack animals. From officer to man, we were in fearful need of clothes; for we had been in the field all summer and sat down and waited for orders to move. The whole scheme was that the war should end; but Custer got in a hurry for battle, and at last came news of the charge on June 25.

After we had cared for the wounded, we all began to think of our forlorn appearance, and I remembered the little comfort-bag my wife had presented me, which I thought useless at the time of my entering this particular campaign.

It was July Fourth. I was Lieutenant-Colonel at the time and had married only one week before leaving home, and so, upon this auspicious holiday, I concluded to muster the comfort-bag into service.

The only material I could find for my trousers was the shelter tent. The canvas was too tough for the small pair of scissors that fitted so snugly into the comfort-bag; but by noon I had managed to work up a perspiration over my first attempt at tailoring that can only be equaled by a Turkish bath. My, but I was persistent! I worked at those pantaloons all day long, and when night came I was really ill with a fever. I never before knew what an instrument of torture a small cambric needle could be. My face was scratched with taking long threads jerkily through my nervous fingers, my fingers bleeding and my canvas trousers polka-dotted with gore.

But if the tailoring of them was torture, I do not know how to describe the manner of wearing them. Just where they should have been large, I found them too small, and I found that I could not sit down in them comfortably unless I wore them wrong side before. I was a sight to behold and looked the part of wretchedness, whether sitting, walking or standing. When General Otis came into camp the next day, he called me "Colonel Breeches," and I was made the laughing-stock of the company. That is one of my most persistent memories of the Fourth of July.

. . .

A Fourth Passed Under Difficulties

By Claude M. Swanson, *Governor of Virginia*

FOURTH of July in my boyhood was always an agreeable holiday, but I quite vividly recall a Fourth in recent years that was not enjoyable.

I had been making a number of political speeches up in the mountains of Virginia, and there was one man of the mountains who had wonderful power to influence the voters of those districts. It is needless to say that it became my desire to conciliate this man.

Just as I was about convinced that I had won him over to my way of thinking, he made a most astounding proposal to me. He had complimented my speech, and he put the stamp of approval upon this conviction by saying: "Now, look here, Squire; your speech was so fine that I want my wife and daughter to hear it."

His home was nearly twenty miles away, and I could not refuse him without injury to my campaign prospects, so we set out upon the long ride. We reached his cabin long after dark, and I don't believe any patriotic speech was ever delivered with less vim or received with so little enthusiasm as that speech of mine, given in the flickering light of a candle with an audience of three. The wife and daughter watched me open-mouthed, and when I had finished, greeted me in silence. They had not understood a single word or point I had meant to make, but I had pleased the head of the family with my oratorical outburst, and felt that my Fourth had not been spent in vain. Annabel Lee.

The Transformation of Margaret

Continued from page 543

"Yes; and how? Do you suppose that those two or three meetings were very illuminating? No. I've been told this, however," he added. "It seems that immediately after her return to her mother's home she had the most absurd, quixotic notions about sharing all she had with every ragamuffin in New York. She even carried her distress over their condition to such an extent that her mother feared for her reason. All her teachers, therefore, were instructed to keep from her all further knowledge of poverty and trouble; and particularly to instil into her mind the fact that there was really in the world a great deal of pleasure and happiness."

Over across the table Mrs. Merideth shivered a little.

"Dear me!" she sighed. "I do hope the child is well over those notions. I shouldn't want her to mix up here with the mill people. I never did quite like those settlement women, anyway, and only think what might happen with one in one's own family!"

"I don't think I should worry," laughed Frank. "I haven't seen much of the young lady, but I think I have seen enough for that. I fancy the teachers succeeded in their mission. As near as I can judge, Miss Margaret Kendall does not resemble your dreaded 'settlement worker' in the least. However, we'll wait and see."

CHAPTER XIII

THERE was something of the precision of clockwork in matters and things at Belcourt. A large corps of well-trained servants in charge of an excellent housekeeper left Mrs. Merideth free to go, and come, and entertain as she liked. For fifteen years now she had been mistress of Belcourt, ever since her mother had died, in fact. Widowed herself at twenty-two, after a year of married life, and the only daughter in a family of four children, she had been like a second mother to her two younger brothers. Harry, the eldest brother, had early left the home roof to study medicine. Frank, barely twenty when his brother Harry lost his life, had even then pleased his father by electing the mills as his life work. And now, five years after that father's death, Ned was sharing his brother Frank's care and responsibility in keeping the great wheels turning and the great chimneys smoking down in the town below.

Della Merideth was essentially a woman who liked—and who usually obtained—the strawberries and cream of life. Always accustomed to luxury, she demanded as a matter of course rich clothing and dainty food. That there were people in the world whose clothing was coarse, and whose food was scanty, she well knew; and knowing this, she was careful that her donations to the Home Missionary Society and the Woman's Guild were prompt and liberal. Beyond this her duty did not extend, she was sure. As for any personal interest in the recipients of her alms, she had none whatever; and would, indeed, have deemed it both unnecessary and unladylike that she should have had such interest. Her eyes were always on the hills and meadows on the west side of the house, and even her way to and from Belcourt was carefully planned so that she might avoid, so far as was possible, the narrow, ill-smelling streets of the town on the other side of the hill.

Frank Spencer was a hard-headed, far-seeing man of business—inside the office of Spencer & Spencer; outside, he was a delightful gentleman—a little grave, perhaps, for his thirty-three years, but none the less a favorite, particularly with anxious mothers having marriageable, but rather light-headed, daughters on their hands. His eyes were brown, his nose was straight and long, and his mouth firm and clean-cut. His whole appearance was that of a man sure of himself—and of others. To Frank Spencer the vast interests of Spencer & Spencer as represented by the huge mills that lined the river bank were merely one big machine; and the hundreds of men, women and children that dragged their weary way in and out the great doors were but so many cogs in the wheels. That the cogs had hearts that ached, and heads that throbbed, did not occur to him. He was interested only in the smooth and silent running of the wheels themselves.

Ned was the baby of the house. In spite of his length of limb and breadth of shoulder he was still looked upon by his brother and sister as little more than a boy. School, college and a year of travel had trained his brain, toughened his muscles and browned his skin, and left him full of enthusiasm for his chosen work, which just now meant helping to push Spencer & Spencer to the top notch of power and prosperity.

For five years the two brothers and the widowed sister in the great house that crowned Prospect Hill had been by themselves save for the servants and the occasional guests—and the Spencers were a clannish family, so people said. However that might have been, there certainly was not one of the three that was not conscious of a vague fear and a well-defined regret, whenever there came the thought of this strange young woman who was so soon to enter their lives.

To be a Spencer was to be hospitable, however, and the preparations for the expected guest were prompt and generous. By Tuesday the entire house, even to its inmates, was ready with a cordial welcome for the orphan girl.

In his big touring car Frank Spencer went to the station to meet his ward. With him was Mrs. Merideth, and her eyes, fully as anxiously as his, swept the crowd of passengers alighting from the long train. Almost simultaneously they saw the tall young woman in gray, and Mrs. Merideth sighed with relief as Frank gave a quick exclamation and hurried forward.

"At least she looks like a lady," Mrs. Merideth murmured, as she followed her brother.

"You are Margaret Kendall, I am sure," Frank was saying; and Mrs. Merideth saw the glad light leap to the girl's eyes as she gave him her hand.

"And you are Mr. Spencer, my guardian—Uncle Frank. Am I still to call you 'Uncle Frank?'" Mrs. Merideth heard a clear voice say. The next moment she found herself looking into what she instantly thought were the most wonderful eyes she had ever seen.

"And I am Mrs. Merideth, my dear—'Aunt Della' I hope," she said gently, before her brother could speak.

"Thank you; and it will be 'Aunt Della,' I'm sure," smiled the girl; and again Mrs. Merideth marveled at the curious charm of the eyes that met her own. *To be continued*

Tattler's Tales

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As one who helped to spread the same,
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It may be true, or partly true—
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Will slander. He is of the clan
Of hell's elect.

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If diligently proved, survive.
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All falsehoods, or but partly true,
Or incorrect.

And yet how many pass along
With little thought these tales of wrong
That in conjecture often start!
And each may mean a broken heart
Or household wrecked.

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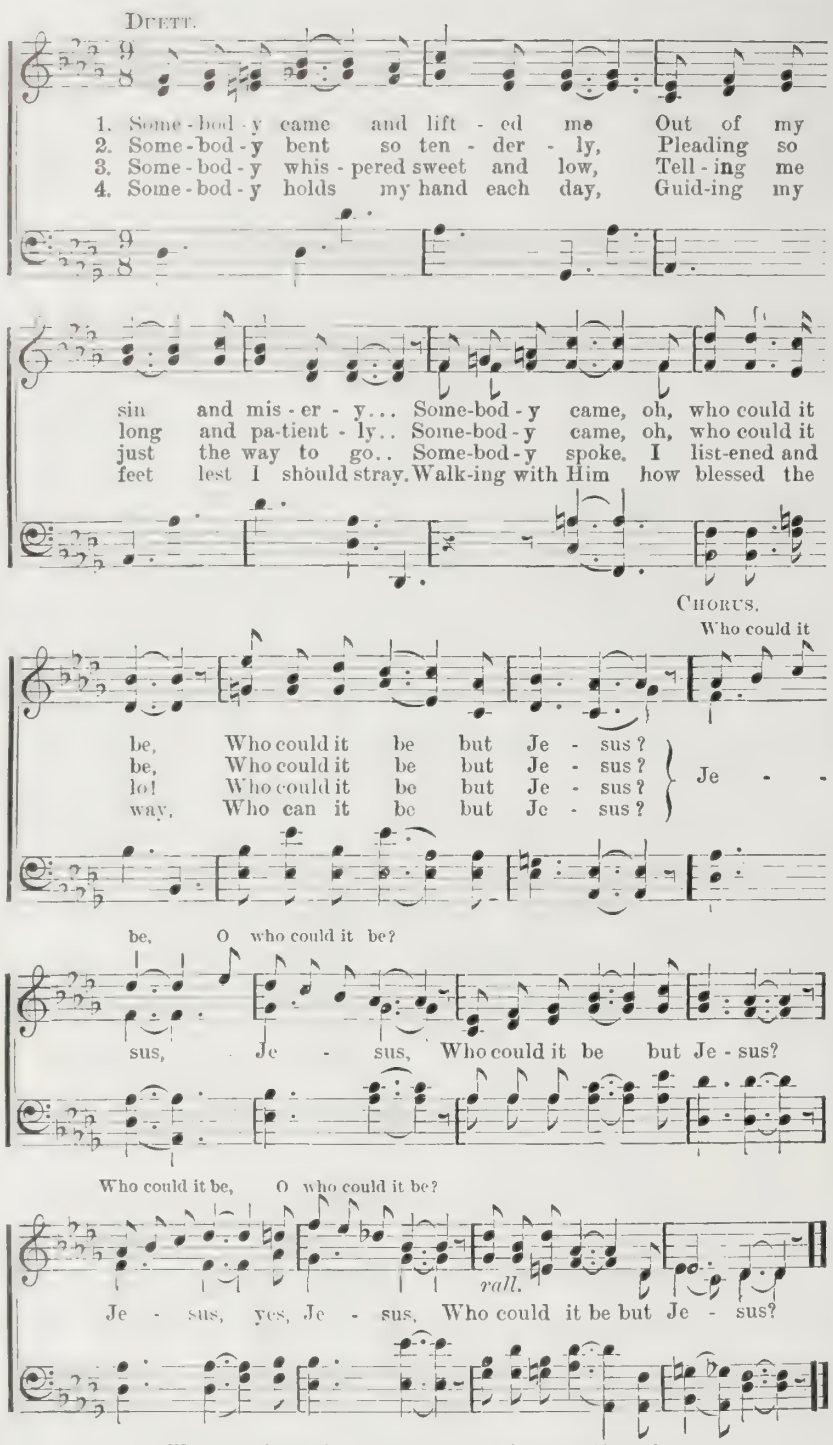

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THE RULE OF THE KINGDOM

SERMON BY REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON, D.D. *CONTINUED FROM PAGE 532*

who can not bear to have this man Christ rule over them.

In the face of this great rule of the Kingdom of God, what part are we going to take in the great play of life? I am more and more convinced the longer I live of this truth: that if there is any life which God despises, if he despises any life, it must be that life which stands outside of the great scene of conflict between right and wrong, and looks in on it and criticises. The man who is fighting within, no matter how feeble his blows or how often he stumbles, is a towering hero by the side of the man who thinks himself big, and who stands outside looking in, but doing nothing. The Kingdom of God needs you, and you, and you. It needs you now. You have no right to separate yourself from the conflict of humanity. It is a cowardly thing for one to try and shun his part because it is hard, or because there is trouble, or because there is conflict. It is what we are here for, to prove ourselves worthy of entrance into the Kingdom which lies on the other side of the flesh. Come then and choose to-day your part. Put on the full armor of God. Accept the terms of service which Christ has laid down. They are the only terms possible. We can not go into the Kingdom at all unless we go like little children, and the rule of Christ is sweet. There is no hardship connected with it which the spirit can not gladly bear, and there is a joy in applying the rule of the Kingdom to life, and an exhilaration in confronting one's spirit with the great things of the universe, which can not be compared with any joy known to men. "Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God the Father through him."

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Israel Asks a King

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

EVERYTHING which is of man has a tendency to deteriorate. Samuel was indeed a reformer, and God did blessed work through him. Idols were put away, the worship of God was purified, the Philistines overthrown, the land freed from invaders and brought to rest, and order and judgment instituted. Oh, if it could only last! It is a disheartening thing to see how the greatest work of reformation or revival leaves visibly permanent results only among the few; after a few months, or a year or two, the results are often only visible to the eye which traces the hand of God in all things. Outward things may be changed, but the evil heart of unbelief which entered man's nature in Eden, with its tendency to depart from the living God (Heb. 3: 12), is always reappearing, even after the most glorious work of God. Since sin entered into our nature, there has been in man no element of permanence; with sin, death and decay came in, and this principle of deterioration is only the working out of death, the witness of the curse which came with the fall. But eternal life cannot deteriorate. In the life of Christ in us is no element of decay: Christ changes not, and thus as we abide in him and he in us, and in no other way, we are kept steadfast.

Israel was in real trouble; the scandal of perverted judgment and the reputation of Samuel's sons for financial greed was such that the elders of Israel appointed a general council, where they unitedly represented to Samuel these great and bitter grievances. This was all right, if it had stopped here, and if they had then urged the old prophet to inquire of the Lord his will for his own land and people, it had been well. But the people had already fixed upon a remedy, and had set their hearts upon it. Thus they already began to ignore God as the immediate Ruler over them. It is this making of plans independently of God which so often brings on estrangement between him and his people. The people said to Samuel, "Behold, thou art old, and thy sons walk not in thy ways; now make us a king to judge us like all the nations."

"The thing displeased Samuel." He had taken a wrong step, it is true, in making his sons judges, but the people had erred too. How often, where a leader makes a slip, those who are dependent upon, or influenced by him, are encouraged to a much greater departure from God! Let a Christian mother be irritable, oh, how trying the children will be that day! Let her have the smallest feeling of vexation with a servant, it will seem as though the servants that day were trying as she has never known them before. Departure from God is infectious, it influences all around us. But Samuel, in his displeasure, went to God and prayed. It was an old habit of the prophet to take refuge in his God. And the answer came at once.

"The Lord said unto Samuel, Hearken unto the voice of the people in all that they say unto thee: for they have not rejected thee, but they have rejected me, that I should not reign over them."

Would God allow the rebellious people to have their way? Would this not encourage them in insubordination? God never forces himself upon us. He will save every sinner who will let him, will be a true Father to each one who will let him; he will be a true Shepherd to all who will let him—lead them into green pastures and by the still waters; he will rule every life which is yielded up to him; but he never forces his salvation or his care, his guidance or his immediate government upon unwilling hearts. And so he lets his unwilling children have their way, that they may taste the fruits of it (Isa. 3: 10).

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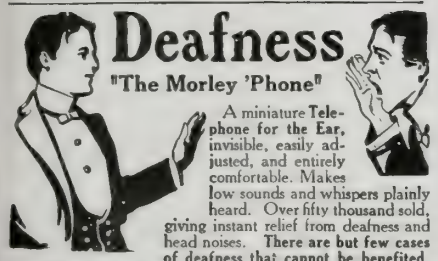

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YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES

The Joy of True Service*

IT HAS been rightly said that no Christian ever lives up to his spiritual advantages, or realizes the full measure of blessing, until he begins to do actual personal service for Christ. Jesus came into this world to do his Father's will and it was his delight. To follow his example should be our dearest task.

"Next to the consolations of divine grace," wrote Porteous, "the joy of service is the most sovereign balm to the miseries of life, both in him who is the object of it and him who exercises it." "What is the secret of your happiness?" asked a wealthy merchant of a friend whose face was an index of his generous nature. "It is simply that I try not to permit a day to pass without doing something for somebody," was the reply.

The service we render should be faithful and undivided; there should be in it no self-glorification, lest it lose its value. It should not hesitate at self-sacrifice, nor at indignity. Diderot tells of a good man named Pelletier, who asked M. Aubertot, a rich man, to contribute for a very worthy object. He followed the merchant into his warehouse and the latter turned and struck him a blow in the face. "Well—that for me!" said Pelletier, with a bright smile, "but the poor! What for the poor?" The merchant was astounded and suddenly became ashamed of his action. He burst into tears, begged Pelletier's pardon and promised to give liberally. He became Pelletier's warmest friend and patron thereafter. Indignity, borne with fortitude, won a signal triumph.

There must be no self-seeking in the service we render. God will bless abundantly the labors that are rendered without a thought of personal honor or reward. The late Dr. Barnardo of London, George Muller of Bristol, and Dr. Cullis of Boston, were shining examples of consecrated, zealous service, given with a single eye to God's glory and the good of humanity. In all three cases, the seed that was planted in their first act of service took root and grew mightily, until the whole world knew them for true followers of Christ and trusted and helped them.

Serving Christ brings joy to soul and body. "What brought you into the church and into fellowship with Christ?" a man was asked, and he quickly replied: "It was the happy life of my brother, who is a believer."

We manifest our love for Christ by the manner in which we serve him. Missionary and pastoral experience is full of incidents of this character. In an island of the Eastern seas, a crowd gathered to hear the story of redeeming love, and this was the call that brought them: "A man has come to tell us about Jesus, and the man is kind."

"Tell mother I never regretted coming out here," wrote a bright young woman missionary who lay dying of fever in Africa. "Tell sister Martha to train her children for missionary service. Tell the church to send some one to take my place."

Loving service is a shield and defense. In the Philippines, a band of robbers were in hiding to waylay the paymaster, who was known to pass along that lonely road. But on this night the surgeon, who was devoting his life to the Filipinos, rode with the paymaster, and as the two approached the leader of the robber band said: "Don't shoot, men; the doctor is along."

You may never be more than a humble, undistinguished home worker within a narrow circle of your acquaintance; but if you serve Him with zeal and heart consecration, your joy will be as genuine and your blessings as real as though you had the largest opportunities. Our Father loves all his helpers.

* Topic of the Epworth League for Sunday, July 12. John 4: 34; 5: 30; 6: 38; 8: 29; 14: 31; 15: 10.

Character and Courtesy*

"THE truly gentle doeth gentle deeds," wrote the good old poet, Geoffrey Chaucer. Courteous in speech and manner, considerate of others, obedient to authority, magnanimous to enemies, true to his word, sympathetic to the suffering, clean in conduct and conscience and faithful to his religion—these are some of the attributes which, by common consent, are conceded as distinguishing the Christian gentleman. And this applies equally to either sex. The true man or woman possesses qualities that go deeper than the mere superficial polish which the world looks for in a gentleman or a lady. In noble aims, in worthy desires, and in generous judgment of others; in being dignified yet without pride, firm yet not oppressive or overbearing; even-tempered, instead of hasty and arrogant, they clearly draw the line between true and false gentleness.

No one's condition in life need prevent the exercise of these qualities that mark true nobility of character. They are equally applicable to king and peasant, to president and citizen.

Henry IV., of France, was standing one day with some of his courtiers, at the entrance of a village, when a poor man, passing by, bowed down to the very ground; and the King, with great condescension, returned his salutation in the same manner; at which one of his attendants ventured to express his surprise, when the monarch replied to him: "Would you have your King exceeded in politeness by one of the lowest of his subjects?"

It was a maxim of a celebrated minister, "that if a child but lisped to give you pleasure, you ought to be pleased." When occasionally preaching in the villages, he used to be delighted in visiting the poor, and, when solicited, would regale himself with their brown bread and black tea; but took care, at the same time, that they should lose nothing by their attention. "When a poor person shows anxiety to administer to your comfort," he would say, "do not interrupt him. Why deprive him of the pleasure of expressing his friendship?"

"If a civil word or two will render a man happy," said a royal philosopher, "he must be wretched indeed who will not give them to him." Were superiors to keep this in view, how much happier would the world be than it now is? We may say of this disposition, "that it is like lighting another man's candle by one's own, which loses none of its light by what the other gains."

When a high official returned the salute of a negro who had bowed to him, he was reminded that he had done what was very unfashionable. "Perhaps so," said the official, "but I would not be outdone in good manners by a negro."

Whoever neglects the cultivation of those graces that mark the true lady or gentleman, misses much of the real pleasure of living. The best manners are the simplest. "God hangs the greatest weight on the smallest wires," says an ancient maxim, and the lowliest should aspire to be useful in this service of courtesy. "Good manners," wrote Whately, "are a part of good morals." William Winter, probably our ablest living American critic, calls manners "the final and perfect flower of noble character." People avoid the boor, the tattler, the loud-mouthed, coarse, selfish, vulgar person. "Manners," says Emerson, "are the happy ways of doing things, each one a stroke of genius or of love." There are few factors that contribute more largely to worldly success than the social graces, and the Christian owes it to his religion not to be outdone in the cultivation of those qualities of head, heart, voice and hand that would make him a power for good among his fellows and reflect lustre on the religion he professes.

* Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, July 12. I. Peter 3: 8-12.

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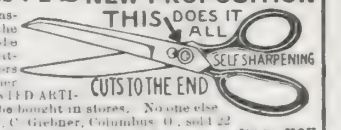

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

$1.50 A YEAR — 5c. A COPY
PUBLISHED 52 TIMES A YEAR

NEW YORK, July 8, 1908

VOLUME 31 — NUMBER 28
OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

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SEE PAGE 556

A NEW YORK RECREATION PIER DURING THE RECENT HOT WAVE

Questions and Answers

G. C., The Dalles, Ore. What position do the Turks occupy when they pray five times a day?

They kneel facing toward Mecca.

E. P., Portland, Ore. 1. Could a balloon rise so high as to lose gravitation from the earth? 2. How do the American battleships rank with the foreign?

1. No; for at the distance of a few miles from earth the atmosphere is so thin that the balloon would find no support, and its occupants would die from lack of air. The "drawing" influence of gravitation extends for unmeasured distance into space. 2. We rank second in the number of battleships, coming next to Great Britain.

G. W. G., Stuart, Va. 1. Were there any denominations in Christ's time as we have to-day? 2. Why was John the Baptist so called? 3. Was the John mentioned in Acts 12: 12-25 related to John the Baptist?

1. There were no denominations then. Jesus desired them to be brethren and to love one another. He made that a test of their fidelity. Denominations came afterward. They will all vanish when he comes again and all will be one flock with one Shepherd. 2. He was so called because of his baptizing his converts in Jordan. The method of his baptism probably had nothing to do with it. 3. No.

Jessie M. Chillicothe, Mo. Can you give an estimate of the annual expenditure for Fourth of July fireworks, and of the average yearly total of accidents in the same connection?

The outlay for fireworks on July 4 is in the neighborhood of $20,000,000, one quarter of which is spent in New York City. Last year the casualties were 300 deaths from lockjaw, while 400 lost one eye and over 100 lost both eyes. Minor casualties are not recorded. The victims were principally children.

H. F. H., Stark, Kan. If a man in boyhood is guilty of great follies and even crimes, can such a one become a true Christian? Even if he reforms, the scars of sin still mark his memory and his soul.

Yes. Christ saves even to the uttermost, and there is no limit to divine mercy. He saved the thief on the cross, and he has saved criminals whose guilt put them beyond human sympathy. He saved Paul, who stood by consenting while Stephen was stoned to death, and he will save all who come to him. His words are: "Let whosoever will, come. . . . Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."

Ida McC., Washington, Pa. 1. Who was Jephthah? 2. What is known of Jephthah's daughter?

1. Jephthah was one of the judges and military leaders of Israel. 2. Nothing is known of her fate further than is related in Scripture. Some commentators have surmised that she was not sacrificed but withdrew from the world permanently, to some private retreat. But all beyond the Bible statement is purely conjectural. Josephus, the great Jewish historian, says "such an oblation was neither conformable to the law nor acceptable to God."

S. K. S., London. I have just read a passage from Acts, 28th chapter. It was the 12th and 13th verses: "And landing at Syracuse, we tarried there three days. And from thence we fetched a compass and came to Rhegium." Will you please explain for me why it was necessary for St. Paul and the mariners to get a compass when the journey was so direct?

In the original Greek the word which has been translated "fetched a compass" is really more accurately rendered "went round," or took a roundabout, tacking course from Syracuse to Rhegium. When opposite the latter place but out to seaward, they probably had to tack southwesterly and then due north to the little port, which is opposite Messina, in the narrow strait that divides Sicily from the Italian mainland.

H. T., Forest Junction, Wis. Please explain Heb. 11: 39-40. In verse 39, what is meant by "report" and what is the "promise" referred to and why did they not receive it? In verse 40, what are the "better things" God provided? To whom does "they" refer, and what is meant by the last sentence, "that they without us should not be made perfect?"

It means that they had witness borne to them through their faith. The promise referred to is the consummation of salvation promised at Christ's coming again. The American R. V. makes the sense more apparent, in this translation: "And these all, having had witness borne to them through their faith, received not the promise, God having provided some better things concerning us, that apart from us they should not be made perfect." "They" refers to Old Testament believers. Chrysostom puts the explanation thus: "You, Hebrews, may more easily exercise patience than Old Testament believers; they had much longer to wait and are still waiting until all the elect are gathered in; *you* have not to wait for them," etc.

E. E. J., Pensacola, Fla. 1. Are we to believe that God himself shall descend from heaven as stated in 1. Thes. 4: 16? 2. Does verse 17 mean that "we" in our present state are to be taken up to meet the Lord? 3. Is man born with immortality, or does he take on immortality through faith in God?

1. Yes, the coming will be in all the majesty of his personal presence and not by deputy, "even as he ascended" (Acts, 1: 11). "With a shout" means that he himself will give the signal to the hosts of heaven. 2. After having been "changed in a moment" (I. Cor. 15: 51, 52). 3. Jesus himself refers to eternal life not as inherent in man but as the gift of God (see John, 4: 10; Matt. 25: 46; Mar. 10: 30; John, 3: 15, and 17: 2; Acts, 13: 48; Rom. 6: 23). We don't know the book referred to in your last question.

L. W. L., Wyoming, Del., in the course of a strong letter to this journal against vivisection, writes:

It was never God's plan that the health of mankind should be maintained in that way. It may be interesting to your readers to know of some of the eminent people who denounce vivisection. They are: Queen Victoria, Lord Tennyson, Sir Lawson Tait, Dr. Foreau de Courmelles, Sir Benj. Ward Richardson, M.D., Emma Eames, Mark Twain, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Alexander Wilder, M.D., Cardinal Gibbons, Julian Hawthorne, Thos. Nelson Page, Dr. J. D. Buck, F.T.S., Rev. Dr. Huntington, Dr. Parkhurst, Sir Charles Bell, M.D., Henry Bergh, Bishop Scarborough, Frances E. Willard, David H. Cochran, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, and scores of others in all walks of life.

K. S. B., New York, and Mrs. C. E. H., Franklin, Pa. Why is the Apostle's Creed so called, and where did it originate?

It was an early summary of the Christian faith on which all the churches—Greek, Roman and Protestant—agree. Tradition says it was drawn up by the apostles themselves during their stay at Jerusalem after the Ascension. Each one contributed a sentence, and the whole was left as a rule for the guidance of believers. Commentators, however, reject this explanation and hold that the Creed was composed not later than the fourth century. Many creeds were in existence at that time. Besides, no ecclesiastical writer earlier than the fifth century mentions the Apostles' Creed. It was not introduced as a part of public worship in the churches until the eleventh century.

A. E., Rumford Falls, Me. Is anything being done by the Chinese themselves toward education for women and girls?

Yes; Bishop Bashford reports that the Dowager Empress has established twelve schools for girls in the city of Peking, and several princesses connected with the royal household have also organized schools for girls in other cities. Footbinding has been forbidden in all of these schools.

I. McK., Des Moines, Ia. What are the great wheat producing countries?

The last report giving the comparative figures between the United States and other countries was issued by the Department of Agriculture in 1906. The United States came first with 735,261,000 bushels, Russia in Europe next with 450,000,000 bushels, France third and British India fourth.

Reader, Pittsfield, Mass. What will the Baltimore Exposition commemorate?

It will be held in 1914, one hundred years after the climax of the War of 1812 and the birth of the song "The Star Spangled Banner."

O. C. H., Deer Run, W. Va. How many is a legion, mentioned in Matt. 26: 53?

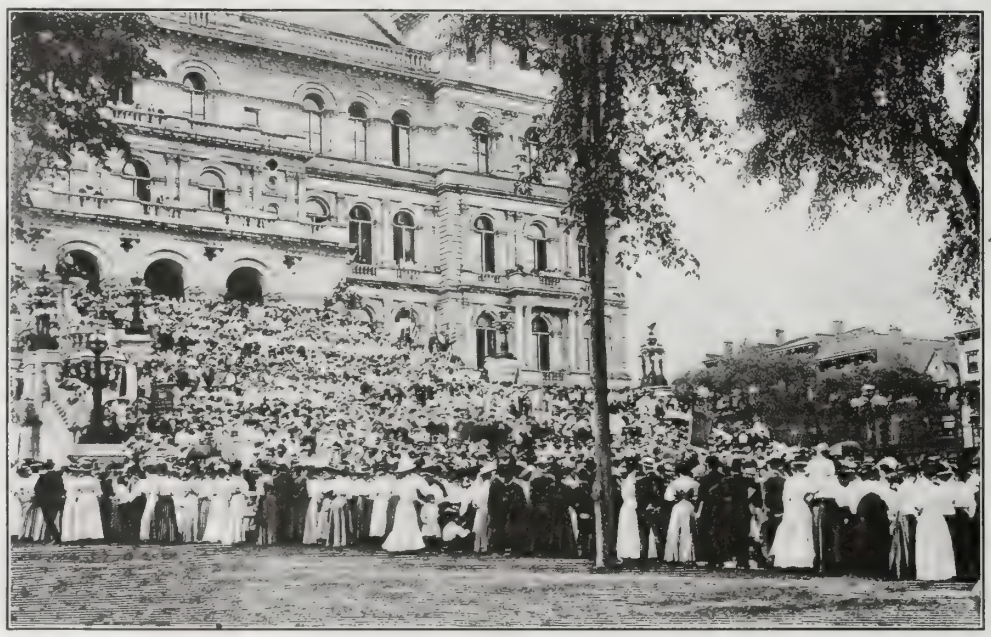
The Roman legion consisted of 3,000 footmen and 300 horsemen, so when a legion was spoken of it meant a large body. As now used loosely it does not indicate an exact number.

E. H., Batavia, N. Y. What is the meaning of the term primogeniture?

It means the first born. Certain privileges were enjoyed by the eldest son in patriarchal times. In England at the present time, by right of primogeniture the eldest son inherits practically all of the paternal estate.

A. J. W., Kirkland, Ill. 1. Does the Bible forbid the eating of meat on Friday? 2. Is it a Christian's duty to abstain from pleasures on Friday? 3. What is meant by "the third day He shall rise again"?

1 and 2. No. 3. The Jews reckoned their day from sunset to sunset. The crucifixion took place on Friday, on the evening of which, at sunset, the Jewish Sabbath begins. Through part of Friday, through all of the Jewish Sabbath (our Saturday) and through part of the next day (our Sunday) the body of Jesus lay in the grave. On Sunday morning (being the third day since Friday) the resurrection took place.



2,000 Sunday School Workers on the Steps of New York's State Capitol

On Wednesday, June 10th, the Sunday School workers of New York State, who were holding a Convention in Albany, held a mass meeting on the Capitol steps. Over 2,000 delegates took part.

Miscellaneous

Subscriber, Sacramento, Calif. The *Red Letter Bible*, weighing 3½ pounds, costs $2; the *Minion Red Letter Bible* with India paper, weighing 20 ounces, costs $3. These prices do *not* include a subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

S., Mansfield, O. We remember your inquiry, and believe it was answered at the time, although it may have miscarried. Swarthmore decided to reject the gift of Miss Jeanes, rather than give up athletics.

Several Readers. There is no time limit to entrance in Mme. Newman's Sight-Singing Classes. New classes are constantly forming. The classes are conducted by mail and lead the student by easy stages to correct vocal methods and practical sight-singing. Send your application to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

M. M. F., Table Rock, W. Va. The custom of presenting eggs to friends at Easter time originated, it is said, with the Persians, as symbolical of the creation or re-creation of spring. The practice prevailed also among the Jews, Egyptians and Hindus. Christians adopted the custom to symbolize the resurrection.

M. C., Gainesville, Va. For a professing Christian to encourage any card-playing for any purpose is decidedly detrimental to his spiritual influence. It is setting an example which may lead others into evil courses and may even make them gamblers. That a minister of the Gospel should play cards is inconceivable.

J. H. L. R., Newport, Tenn. Bishop Nuelson will be assigned to English-speaking as well as German conferences, in the assignment of the work by the Board of Bishops, and the negro bishop would have been, under the rules of the church, eligible to the presidency of a white annual conference, although if a colored bishop had been elected it is more than likely that he would have asked to be assigned to the colored conferences.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

The Empress Dowager

An Official Barge and its Rowers

Dai-Tuang

Photographed by the Abbot of Kushan Monastery

SAVING THE CHILDREN IN CHINA

By EMILY S. HARTWELL, Foochow

ONE Sunday afternoon in 1899, the writer attended a woman's C. E. Society in a station class held on A-da-cang Street near the south gate of the city of Foochow, China. One of the women had been weeping bitterly, and, on inquiry, she invited us to go to her home next door and see her children. There we found the "go-between" waiting for the final answer for the sale of four as fine children as were ever seen. No wonder the chubby baby boy and those nice girls had kept the mother weeping two days and nights. The father had died of cholera the year before. It had taken them a year to eat up the value of the house and now starvation faced them all.

The woman mourned. How could she, when she had become a Christian and had given up her idols, sell her children off to heathen? Well, she did not, for although there was not a cent of money in hand, the writer decided that the Lord must have some; and he had. About a month later, a stranger wrote to ask me to find a boy and a girl to be named for her own Norman and Rachel, to be supported by them and prayed for as their representatives in China. Later, two other sons of the same Chinese family "adopted me," and the Lord has provided.

Sing-ong, the eldest son, is most studious. He knows Mandarin and Japanese, and is studying English, and it is my hope that he and Rachel will go to Japan to fit themselves to be industrial leaders later; Sing-ong to study printing and lithographing, and Rachel art embroidery, cooking and dress-making in Tokyo. Mrs. Dang, the mother, has never regained the nervous strength lost in those days of sorrow.

From this beginning many other children have been added to our care. One young man has graduated from the Theological Seminary and is now preaching the Gospel. One girl, saved from being sold, is now teaching in the Ponasang Preparatory Girls' School; three others are studying there. Two boys are working in Foochow College press, two are in advanced classes in Foochow College. One, having studied in the Chinese course three years, was excused a few months to go to a government school to receive a degree. Although the youngest in the class, he graduated third highest and gained a testimonial of first degree with honorable mention and now has secured a family stipend and can pay to study in the English course of Foochow College. His mother died of fever contracted from starvation. The father has now given up opium and is an inquirer after the truth. This mother, as almost every mother whose child has been helped, has been studying in some woman's class, and all have become Christians.

Miss Hartwell[x] and Some of Her Bible Women

The night after Dr. Torrey, the great evangelist, visited Foochow on his way to Australia, pastor Lau, at Pagoda Anchorage, called us up to ask if we could give shelter to a poor starving girl that had been brought to the church. As she was known as the slave of a woman who was bringing her up to sell for evil purposes when older, he did not dare to harbor her without foreign permission. It was not until she caught sight of my foreign dress the next morning that she dared to be seen. Her arms were scarred where they had been tied behind her back and where lighted matches had been held to burn them. On one temple was a scar where her mistress had hurled her down on a jagged kerosene tin. She had heard her mistress say that she would kill her and throw her into the river (a thing very probable); so she had hidden for two days and nights in the foreign cemetery and finally came out the third night, driven by hunger. Twenty dollars was paid to release her. Dr. Torrey was surely allowed to come to strengthen my faith, for a child with no past but one associated with gambling and drinking was a discouraging task before an overworked missionary. But Pastor and Mrs. Lau took her into their own family. Pastor Lau found a Christian husband for her and she now has a home and a surname of her own.

Last year marked the opening of the second century of Protestant Christianity in China. It also marked the sixtieth year from the landing of the first missionaries at Foochow. It was the opening year of the second fifty years of baptized Christians in Foochow. It will become memorable as the year in which the Chinese Revival Society launched its first humanitarian work in the "Foochow Orphanage." For this the writer and others had prayed in secret for years—been persistently working on both sides of the globe. This prayer in secret began to find its open reward in both continents in 1907, first by the appointment of a Chinese committee on the Foochow Orphanage in Foochow, second by the promise of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to open its columns to the orphan needs.

A house was found and purchased in the name of one of the Orphan Committee. There Mrs. Dang's

Continued on page 554

THE
American Pulpit

A SERMON BY

Bishop William A. Quayle*

Right Ideas About God

TEXTS:

"Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God?" — LUKE. 12: 6.

"Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father." — MATTHEW 10: 29

IF JESUS had not talked this way, for my part I would not have believed this talk; but seeing Jesus did talk this way, and seeing we never knew him to mislead us, and seeing he is the Truth, I cannot help but believe that this is so. It is too wonderful to be true on the one side; and then on the other side it is altogether too necessary to be untrue, and Jesus said it; and that is its certificate of truth. And in a word, what I would have you catch with all its divine preciousness and cadence is that Jesus says in the Scripture I read you that the sparrow's life was looked after by God, and the second Scripture says that there is always one mourner at a sparrow's funeral and that mourner is God.

Now Jesus evidently had been over at the market and had been noticing the price list of sparrows; and these sayings, that are often confounded in thought as if they were one, are not one and not identical, but very gladly and very truly two sayings. Jesus said at different times two strangely and beautifully different things about sparrows. He said that sparrows sold two for a third of a cent. That is cheap enough for preachers to buy them; and that is cheap enough to have a Sunday dinner for the poorest of us. Two sparrows, the market price on the price list, two for a third of a cent. And then when the family was bigger and they needed more meat, Jesus saw that the price list read that if you bought two farthings' worth you would get an extra sparrow thrown in for a bargain, and you would get five sparrows for two-thirds of a cent. Well, now, is that all? Why, no; that is not all. Is that the start? Well, it is not quite the start. What is this sparrow talk, foolish as the bickering of sparrows on a roof? Why, it is not sparrow talk; it is God talk. And he says that these sparrows, so tiny, so tough, so undesirable for food even for the poorest that they are practically actually worthless in the markets, yet God looks after the life of every one of them, and God digs the grave for every one that dies, and God is the mourner at every worthless sparrow's grave. And then he says—didn't you hear him? And then he says—we will not forget! And then he says—Oh, it is so heartening to hear it! And then he says with a jubilancy of voice like the blowing of great music, "Are ye not of much more worth than many sparrows?" Don't you think, he says, that God will look after you folks, if he forgets no sparrow folk? Don't you think he will take care of your children when he takes care of a sparrow's children? Don't you think he will plan for your future when he plans for the sparrow's future? Jesus said, don't lose heart. You are not worthless. God notices you. He has them under his eye, he won't forget you. Take heart, O souls; clap the hands of your heart and sing. He is out watching over us.

Danger of Wrong Conceptions

Now there are two primal ideas I think absolutely necessary in any worthy life. One of these is a right idea about man and the other of these is a right idea about God. If you make a miss on either of these notions you will never get right on any notion. A great many matters, if you hazard on them and fail in the hazard, if you guess and guess amiss and figure at the sum and figure it out wrong, there will be nobody hurt and no issue changed; but if you got a wrong notion of God and if you got a wrong notion of man, every notion of the universe which lies between these two strange extremes would be defective and only defective forever. You might be able to measure the bulk of the stars; you might be able to catch the tug on the cable of gravitation; you might be able to compute for nautical almanacs the coming and going of the tides; you might be able to name a discovery for the new archipelagoes of stars; but if you did all that and did it well, namely, accurately, and do not get the right notion of the man who did the estimating and the God who did the creating of the star and gravitation and the tug of tide and ocean that hath the tides, and sun that pulls the tides with the moon that is the intermediary, all your astronomy would be worse than a broken cobweb that hangs between the sunflowers on the dusty autumn plain. Who is man? That is one matter. Who is God? That is another matter. Here is man at the poles of the universe, and yonder is God at the poles of the universe. And where is man going? Oh, well, if he is going right, he is going toward God.

Who is man? Now, then, if we were good logicians, if we had a knowledge of man, a right knowledge of man, then we could get knowledge, a right knowledge, of God. Or if we had right knowledge of God, then we could, if we were good logicians, get right knowledge of man. But we are not good logicians. Most people's logic breaks like a dismantled rainbow and we have nothing but shivering remnants of departed glory. And besides all that, we cannot get a right notion of man and we cannot get a right notion of God. We must be tutored. We must be shown. We must have some schoolmaster. We must be informed.

Nothing is more simple to the theory than to say that anybody can get a right notion of man, and truly it looks so and truly it is not so. We are with ourselves all the time. Some of us might be glad to get away from ourselves, but we are not permitted. We can get away from other folks; but we cannot get away from ourselves. A man eats with himself, he thinks with himself, he loves with himself and dreams with himself. He himself is his own companion from birth morn to death's dewless night. Yet there is not anybody with whom we are absolutely less familiar than we are with ourselves.

Do We Know Ourselves?

People know little about many things, but I will say they know less than little about themselves. If you want an accurate judgment of a man, don't ask the man; ask his wife. And if you want an honorable judgment, namely truthful, of a man, don't ask his wife, ask his neighbors. A man doesn't know himself. A man is apt to overrate himself. If a man were to put a price mark on himself, and he was going to be put in a salesroom or bazaar, don't you know enough to know that he would put about ten times as big a price mark on himself as the other folks would put on him? Don't you know that his neighbors would put a bargain price on him? And don't you know that he would put a price mark on himself that would defy all sale? That is solely to say that a man is not acquainted with himself. That is all it is to say. I do not fault it, not at all. I say this, that if a man didn't think something of himself, and if a man didn't have a bigger estimate of himself than most folks do, he could not stay with himself at all. I think it one of the sweet kindnesses of God that we do not know ourselves. We do not know the right climbing directions of our own powers. We cannot quadrate our own possibility in the universe. We usually are of lesser bulk than we dream. We are not worlds but satellites. And it is not in actual usage possible for a man to know himself; and a man that lives with himself all the time is still an unknown continent to himself. And if we don't know ourselves, how are we going to know God? And we don't know other folks. We cannot plummet souls. We cannot know how wide the deserts of the soul are. We do not know what vast despairs tyrannize over people's hearts. We do not know what shifting storms rankle in men's lives. We do not know how the hell sea angers on the rocks of people's characters. The next door neighbors of us; the next door neighbors to them, we do not know. And when a man gets to be a genius, as few men in the history of literature are, their faculty superb is that they know other people's souls. They do not know their own souls, but other people's souls. Shakespeare was no more a judge of himself than other people are judges of themselves; but he knew other people's souls so well that when we are with him we think we have gotten to a master of souls. And all the greatest men that ever drew breath and sighed and sobbed and lifted up a wonder call and charmed the earth and put new rainbows in the despairing stormy sky of life, were people that knew more about people than other folks; but they didn't know all! Now, when we don't know men, how are we going to get logical basis from which to argue up to God? And if we don't know man, having been man all our life, and if we don't know man having lived with man all our life, how are we going to know about God? And the plain simple statement is that neither man nor God have we ever gotten rightly at; and the plain simple statement is that man and God we must get rightly at or we shall get right with nothing and we shall arrive at no right destination, and we shall tie our boat up at some foreign wharf where we have no business. And this is why Jesus came here.

Why Jesus Came

Jesus came here to talk on just two matters; one of his items was man and the other of his items was God. He never talked about anything else. If he talked about the sparrows, he was looking at man, not at the sparrows. When he talked about God, and when he talked about men, then he was at his theme. And the incarnation is sufficiently explained by the impossibility of us folks that are born to live and born to die getting right notions about either God or man. And Jesus came to tell us how it was with man; and he came to show us how it was with God. And so man and God are not only the extremes of Jesus' talk, but they are the sum total themes of Jesus' discourse.

And we must have a right notion about God. If we get wrong about God our catastrophe is supreme. There is no mending it. If you get a pusillanimous God you will have a pusillanimous population. If you get a magnanimous God you will have a magnanimous population. If you get a heartless God you will have a Roman population. If you get a gleeful, æsthetic God you will have a Greek race of laughter and of song and of grace and death. And if you get a heart God, and a God of a heart, then you will get a heaven populated with music and laughter, and an earth populated with joy, and a world that is made so tender that a touch upon it is like the touch upon the hands of a little child. We must get right notions about God.

And Jesus came here to show us, not to tell us. These people that tell us may be prophets, and you may name them seers, but the people that show us, they are glorious. Telling folks won't do. We are so dull-eared, we are so incapable of larger understandings, we are so incompetent for the reasoning processes, we are so dubious or so hesitant, so bordering on despair, so fretful, we are so incompetent to climb, our sublimities are so far from us we can not catch them only temporarily in the wandering vastnesses of our moods; and what we want is somebody to show us. And Jesus came and showed us himself, and he said, "I am the Son of Man." Oh now, is this a man? This is a man. And he came and showed us himself and he said, "I am the Son of God." O Christ, what are you doing? And he said, "I am showing you man and I am showing you God; look and remember." That is it.

Now what is God doing? Allow there be a God, what is God doing? And we will never get at that, in my belief, unless we get it from Jesus. What is God doing? Why, he is doing the big things. What is God doing? Why, he is making charts for the stars to sail by. What is God doing? He is building the grand dyke around the seas to keep the hazard of the waters in, when the storm is fingering with the waves. What is God doing? Keeping the mountains in their places where he has anchored them. What is God doing? Sowing the forests so the ships shall not be without masts while the ages endure. What is God doing? Oh, you may reckon that from the days of Homer and Eschylus to the days of William Watson, anybody who tried to tell what God was doing without going to see him will have God off doing vast exploits and sailing vast seas and going through an interminable universe. And when Jesus came here he said: God is staying down close along the ground where he can watch the sparrows when they are building their houses, and he is staying down close along the ground so he can teach the witless, worthless sparrows how to fly, and he is staying close along the ground so that when the baby sparrow falls from its ill-built nest he will be there to dig a grave for it, and he is staying close along the ground so that no bird shall come to its eternal slumber without having one Body by it to shed a tear. God is out around looking for the lost and caring for the lost significant and caring for the lost insignificant. There will be some other that will be out looking at the mountains. Some look at the mountains because they are so high and they hedge the sky and they catch the glory of the skies on their tops. But who is going to be around looking for the baffled folks and looking at the common things? And Jesus says, "God is." What I say is, nobody knew that but Christ, and nobody shows that but Christ. Thank God, beloved, this

Continued on page 553

* Bishop Quayle is one of the new Bishops recently elected at the Methodist Quadrennial Conference in Baltimore, Md.

MONT LAWN'S BAND OF HELPERS

ONE of the most interesting incidents connected with the opening of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home at Mont-Lawn is the coming of the teachers. From North, South, East and West they come filled with love for the children and with cordial enthusiasm for their work among them.

The term teacher (given to the young ladies by the children) is rather misleading to those who are not entirely familiar with the methods employed at Mont-Lawn. A number of the young women are school teachers, and like the children are glad when school closes. But while the three "Rs" hold no place in the curriculum at Mont-Lawn, the little ones are surely taught lessons of fully as much importance, lessons which they carry into their homes, and which oftentimes have a distinct and practical bearing on their future lives. Gentleness to one another, love of nature, kindness to all living creatures, and practical application of the Golden Rule are lessons taking the place of books and slates.

Music forms an important part of the Mont-Lawn teaching, and is greatly enjoyed by the children. The young lady who has charge of the music brings each year new songs and hymns of cheer, and when the children gather in the Temple for the song service every child's face is radiant with interest as the first notes of the organ invite a response from childish voices. With what enthusiasm they follow the clear ringing voice of their leader! How their voices rise and swell in harmony, second only to that of the feathered choirs in the neighboring tree-tops! Who could look upon those fresh young faces and listen to those clear voices without feeling a thrill of joy and a concurrence of sentiment with the man who said he cared not who made the laws of a nation if only he could make the songs?

In this devoted group of young women one finds not only varied temperaments and personality, but each one adds her quota to the different ways and means of instructing and amusing the little guests.

One brings a trunk full of kindergarten material, paper, straw, scissors, and other implements and materials which serve admirably in keeping little fingers employed on days when the rain forbids a ramble in the woods, or the grass is too damp for outdoor games.

Arrival of the First-Comers

A party of our children at the Nyack Ferry

The teachers fully understand the fact that a child must be occupied in order to be happy.

The little girls do not have to look in vain for some one to help them dress "dolly," and patient little fingers hem and stitch under the patient showing of the young lady who is "handy with the needle." Then there are the interested audiences which gather around the teacher with the gift of story-telling. How bright eyes sparkle and childish sympathy is expressed as the plot unfolds, involving the adventures of the brave little boy or the naughty little girl who saw the error of her ways just in time. Bed-time stories are told, when restless little ones are not inclined for sleep, and "continued-in-our-next" is promised, if quiet only prevails until each drowsy eye-lid falls and the tired but happy teacher can seek her own well-earned rest.

Then there is the teacher well up in wood lore, who takes a happy band of boys and girls up the mountain side, the party returning later laden with beautiful feathery ferns and other woodland beauties, with which porches and tables are decorated.

Mont-Lawn, as a holiday home, is a revelation of beauty to visitors who see it for the first time, with its splendid location on the hillside, its natural scenery, its colony of beautiful, commodious buildings, with the crowning glory of the Children's Temple embodying as it does the brooding care of the Master who bade the children come unto him. The spirit of love and devotion, which prompted the founding of this remarkable charity, finds expression in every item which goes to make up the whole.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home is really and essentially a home entirely devoid of anything which savors of institution life. Everything which the fertile brain and kindly heart of Dr. Klopsch can devise for the comfort and happiness of the little guests is put into operation and becomes an accomplished fact, without delay, and no one element at the Home contributes so largely to the desired end—complete happiness for the children—as the band of "teachers" who watch and work with unabated zeal.

MARY SARGENT HOPKINS.

RIGHT IDEAS ABOUT GOD ❋ Sermon by Bishop William A. Quayle *CONTINUED*

is the right idea of God, that nothing is beneath him, that he has no small work, that he has no insignificants; that everything that is around is a big enough thing for God to lay his hands on, and for God to touch with his fingers, and God to caress with his tears, everything.

The right notion to get about God is not that God is exclusive, but that God is inclusive. That is the right notion about God. Why, woman, what are you hugging so? And she says, I am hugging my baby. Ay, but there are a hundred babies at the orphanage that haven't anybody to hug them. And she says, "Oh, I am busy. I am hugging my baby." And she well might. Anybody who wouldn't hug a baby such as was brought here for the preacher to baptize this morning, isn't worth keeping around. When you get so you don't want to hug babies, then nobody ought to hug you. What about the hundred babies motherless? Is God exclusive? Why, no, thank God, he is inclusive. He is around mothering all the motherless; he is around fathering all the fatherless. Who are you? I don't know who you are, but I know God knows who you are. Where do you live?

I don't know where you live, but my God knows where you live. If God came to town to-day he would not consult the city directory but come to your house and climb the stairs, or go down the back stairs, down the long dark hall, and knock on your back door. How many numbers here? Why, number, number, number, everybody's room has a number, and there are so many numbers and so many rooms. But God never asks anybody where you live. He never makes a mistake about your room, but knocks at your door in the cellar or garret or anywhere in the apartments or anywhere in the town, and says, "I just came to town and thought I would come over to see you." "How did you know where I lived?" "Oh," he said, "I never forgot." Thank God!

Now then, that is the right notion of God. What Jesus meant to say and what I think he did say in terms as unforgettable as the minstrelsy of angels on the night Jesus was born, is that there is a God in heaven and on earth, both in heaven and on the earth, to whom everybody is worthy, and with whom everybody is influential, and to whom everybody is a person of importance. O life, wouldn't you love a God like that? Who cares? God does. God *does*. Who notices? God does. This matter of noticing and caring, it is a great matter. Some people don't notice. You could pass them a hundred times and they don't notice. You could elbow up against people because you didn't notice where you are going, or sometimes because you want them to notice where you are going, and you want a smile from them, but they barely say, "Watch out where you are going, and what you are doing." Some people don't notice, and then some people when they do notice they don't care. They look at you and your face is furrowed. Why, it is plowed with the crazy plows of care, because the plows wherewith men plow the fields go straight across the field they are plowing, but the plow of care is a crazy plow; it runs its furrows zigzag. Some people when they notice you, don't care, and when they see all your life fairly plowed by the plow of care, they are so busy with themselves they don't have any more care than if they didn't notice you at all. And God notices, and God cares; and I am going to have comfort now.

There is a good deal of talk first and last about the immanency of God. That means God is here, not only there but here. And there is a good deal of talk, witless in the main I think, about the carpenter theory of the universe, namely, that God built the universe and went off and left it. But the trouble with that kind of talk is this, that the people that make it against Christianity have not had Christ show them things, have not had Christ tell them things. Do you tell me there is a carpenter of the universe, or an absentee God and a landlord that doesn't come to the house he has to rent, when he is down here watching for the sparrows? O soul, God is in town. O soul, God is in yourself. O soul, God will stay up with you. O soul, God will laugh with your joy. O soul, here is God. What a God that is!

I read this week one day how Dr. Grenfell, the man of the Labrador coast, out on a mission of mercy driven by his dogs, went out on an icefloe; then the floe drifted out to the sea, then dogs and master tipped in the surly winter waters along the Labrador coast, then climbed along on a rock of ice and floated. And the storm was so cold and so bitter, and the dogs were so fierce that the doctor had to fight for his life. He slew some of the dogs to keep them from slaying him. He wrapped himself about with their skins. He took the legs of the dead dogs and tied the bones of the legs together and made a staff of such poor material as this, and took his own garment and swung it to the top piece of the sorry staff so somebody might see him. And the winter storm was terrible; and the winter sea was surly; and the death hazard was imminent, and the dogs howled and fought like wild uncanny beasts. And somebody saw that flagstaff made from the bones of the dead dogs upon which the man swung his own garment for a flag, and somebody came and rescued him. But what I want you to know and what I want to certify to, is, If nobody else noticed us, God would. God saw the battle in the briny bitter sea. And what you say is, Why didn't God help him? Why, God did, dear heart. You mean, Why didn't God go and help him off the raft of icebergs? Oh, well, because God is in better business than helping folks off the icebergs. God's business is to help the man while on the iceberg to play the man while there, and in the storm to play the man while the storm angers and while he is fighting for life with the maddened hunger of the brutes to be so much the man that while God looks on he says to his angels, "Now play the hallelujah chorus. There is something being done that ought to wake your ecstasies. Now play, play!" And what I say this morning is that everybody harassed by care, and everybody dug into by the rowels of care and pain, and everybody baffled by the exigencies of things he cannot master, and everybody floating out on an iceberg in the winter sea to die, thinking that nobody knows and nobody cares—God cares and God knows, and he will bring him to a desired haven, thank God! Ah, brothers, brothers! Oh, sisters, sisters! God is around caring for the five-sparrows-for-two-farthing folk, all the cheap folks among us, all of us, all of us. God is noticing and God cares.

And when you remember this thing you must never forget that God came to die for his folks here; God came to die for his little folks here; God came to die for the least man and least woman of us here; then you will understand what Jesus meant when he said, "Are not ye of much more value than many sparrows?" God lives for the sparrows, but never dies for them. God both lives and dies for us, and then he lives again. Thank God! For human souls God lives and God dies, and God hath resurrections. And for these poor, forgotten folks God hath notice, and God hath care, and God hath a cross, and God hath salvation, and God hath a ladder built up into the skies, and God hath a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Oh, I wonder if there is anybody who, if he got that notion of God, would not fall in love with him? That is God. That is our God. Glory to his excellent name forever!

PRAYER: O Lord God, bless us, hearten us, restore our lost faith to us. Give us God, the great, true, tender, affable, merciful, salvation-bringing, cross-lifting God, and bring him to us, and then, O mighty God, bring us home in Christ. Amen.

RIOTING IN PERSIA'S CAPITAL

The Parliament Building at Teheran

A Persian Trooper

The Old Palace Which Was Bombarded

FOR some months past trouble between the Shah of Persia and the members of the new Persian Parliament has threatened to reach an acute stage. Close watchers of events thought it probable that at some time an actual clash, a trial of strength between the Shah and the Parliamentarians might come, but there were indeed few who three weeks ago would have predicted that before July the picturesque streets of Teheran would echo to the crackle of rifle shots and the shouts of the combatants, and see charges of cavalry sweeping through the dust of falling walls. It is a remarkable fact that the gun shots fired at Teheran would probably never have been heard if it were not for the shots fired in the late Russian-Japanese War. The Persians from the first evinced a strong interest in the success of Japan. Russia at the north they fear. As they saw what Japan had done they began to dream of a rebirth of the former military and civil power of Persia, which once caused the entire East to tremble at the sound of their chariots. Educational institutions were established and quite a number of provincial governors entered into the movement to modernize Persia. The Shah who then ruled listened to the demand for a more or less popular assembly and a Parliament was established. This, however, greatly displeased the conservative party and the old nobility, who have great influence both in the court and in the provinces. After the establishment of the Parliament there was more or less friction between the Shah and its members. Then the Shah died and a new ruler came to the throne. The new ruler did not take kindly to the authority that was assumed by the assembly, which even dared to investigate the Shah's private budget. This by many of the old-time Persians was regarded as intolerable effrontery. Several of the Parliamentarian leaders were suspected of sowing sedition, and the government took measures for their arrest. The Parliamentarian propaganda was perhaps unwise in demanding so much at this early stage of its existence. Probably, in the course of time, additional power would have come to them.

On June 23 the clash came. Early in the morning several troops of cavalry trotted into the open space about the Parliament Building and a neighboring mosque, and, filing off to right and left, drew a cordon about the buildings in which the Parliament was assembled. Then an officer entered and

The Shah of Persia

demanded that certain persons be surrendered on the order of the Shah. The assembly sullenly refused. It has, or rather did have, a corps of guards. These opened fire without warning on the Shah's troops. Several troopers pitched dead from their saddles and fell clanking on the stone roadway. For the assembly and its ambitions it was a fatal volley, for it placed them in the position of malcontents bearing arms and in actual rebellion against the legal authorities. It gave unfortunately an excuse for repressive measures that otherwise the government would probably have not dared to employ. The troops threw their carbines to their shoulders and returned the fire. Then the battle began to rage in earnest; reinforcements were soon swinging through the city gates from outlying garrisons and converged toward the district from which the continual crash of musketry told them that the fight was on and the ground being bitterly contested. About eleven, light artillery got into position, and a few moments later the shells were shrieking toward the walls of the Parliament Building, bringing down great sections of brick and stone. A neighboring mosque, filled with members of the Parliamentarian Party, and from which a galling fire had been kept up, was soon laid in ruins. The insurgents delivered their fire with great accuracy and many of the cavalrymen were killed, as they were compelled to fight for the most part in the open, while the Parliamentarians were ensconced behind cover. The cavalry engaged in the fight are usually referred to as the Shah's Cossacks on account of their uniform and equipment being nearly identical with the cavalry of Russia, but they are of pure Persian blood and have no relation with the warriors of the Don. Then the shouting troops stormed the Parliament Buildings, the shots seemed to cease and the clash and grate of cold steel told that the fight was a desperate hand-to-hand struggle with sabre and bayonet. When the fight was over the bodies of soldiers and nationalists were strewn thick about the Parliament House. A number of reformers took possession of the Imperial Palace, lately vacated by the Shah; artillery opened fire on it, dislodged the nationalists and left the structure a wreck. Eighteen leaders of the reform party were taken in chains before the Shah and at once ordered to be executed. Everywhere the Shah triumphed, and a great many of those opposed to him were imprisoned. Already workmen are tearing down the ruins of the Parliament Building, and the Shah has issued orders for a new election to occur in two months.

SAVING THE CHILDREN IN CHINA

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family live, and several protegés of others who have gone on furlough, among them a very bright boy and his betrothed. He was taken by Dr. Emily D. Smith from begging on the streets of Ingnok, but is now studying English in Foochow College, and only stays in the Orphan House during vacations. There is a fine school room in this house which is ready for the girls' industrial class as soon as we have funds for the teacher. Adjoining houses will be bought as funds come in.

Among our orphan children is another little rescued slave, Ging-muoi. Another is the adopted daughter of a Bible woman. There are girls who do not care to study but will make good seamstresses. The orphanage needs an industrial school for girls more than anything else. Unless the Christians can keep the girls good and pure, our whole attempt will fall into disrepute. Special appeal is therefore made for means to buy and support industrial plants for both girls and boys.

A poor widow came to us for help. Her husband, an earnest preacher, had just died of plague among the mountains of Ingnok. She has three children under seven. With this little circle, none old enough to care for itself, how can she do more than hold them together for the next few years? Half an hour later my sedan was headed to visit a family whose father is in prison for debt. The poor mother of four children was dying with consumption and I dared not take her into the Home to contaminate others. As soon as she heard her husband was to be arrested, she swooned and never revived. She died the day before he was put in prison. His family used to be wealthy, but now are extremely poor. These children were left by a dying mother with the request to hunt me up and ask me to educate them to be Christians. At A-da-cang is a poor woman whose oldest boy was stolen and sold to a rich man in the Philippines. She has another little boy. What shall be done with these people?

Notwithstanding the urgency of these individual cases, the needs of buildings and matrons, superintendents and teachers come first on the list. In a district where smallpox and plague are yearly scourges, proper buildings are imperative, before any large number of orphans can be received with safety. For the information of interested readers I would explain that two orphans can be supported for $50 a year, and a matron or industrial or kindergarten teacher for $50; $200 will build and $100 will furnish a workshop.

* * *

Foochow is one of the oldest ports in China. There are no restrictions in buying property either here or at Pagoda, Sharp Peak or Kuliang. One house is already bought at Foochow city, and property is secured at Pagoda Anchorage, and a fine site for a sanitarium has been purchased at Sharp Peak. Thus the work is already well started. All gifts contributed by CHRISTIAN HERALD readers will be received by the writer and accounts will be audited by Hon. Samuel L. Gracey, American Consul, who will also act as legal adviser in the future as he has from the first in all matters relating to the work. EMILY S. HARTWELL.

Foochow, China.

EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND DEAD

After a Protracted Illness, he Suddenly Passes Away at His Home in Princeton, N. J.

IN THE death of ex-President Grover Cleveland, which took place suddenly at 8:40 A. M. on June 24, in his home at Princeton, N. J., the country loses one of its most respected statesmen, a man who throughout a long public career had won the admiration and esteem of the American people, irrespective of political affiliations, for his administrative ability, sturdy honesty and absolute integrity of character.

Mr. Cleveland had been in ill-health since last fall. For several months past, he had been under treatment at Lakewood, N. J., for gastro-intestinal troubles and long standing organic affection of the heart and kidneys. His condition became critical in February last, and reports were published that his ailments were still further complicated by cancer of the stomach, but this was denied by his physicians. Early in June he seemed to improve and returned from Lakewood to his home. The gain, however, was merely temporary. On June 23, while he was planning to join his family in New Hampshire for the summer, he became suddenly worse. Mrs. Cleveland, who was with him, summoned the physicians, who took a hopeful view and saw no reason to apprehend serious results. Next morning, the ex-President was prostrated by a stroke of heart failure. The doctors were hastily recalled. Drs. R. L. Lockwood, J. M. Carnochan and Joseph D. Bryant were soon at the invalid's side and worked with him for some time. He continued to sink, however, and at 7 o'clock became unconscious. He remained in a comatose condition until 8.40 A. M., when the end came. Mrs. Cleveland was the only member of the family present at the final scene.

Stephen Grover Cleveland was born in Caldwell, Essex County, N. J., on March 18, 1837, his father being the Rev. Richard Falley Cleveland, a Presbyterian minister.

Cleveland's youth was a period of hard struggle. He was one of a family of nine children and his father died before any of them were grown up. It was a battle for educational advantages, but young Cleveland was exceedingly energetic and ambitious. At Fayetteville and Clinton, he attended an academy, though not regularly. At 14 he was clerking in a store at the munificent salary of $50 a year. At 17 he was preparing to enter Hamilton College. On the way he stopped to visit his uncle, Allan Cleveland of Buffalo, who persuaded him to remain in that city, having taken a strong liking to the lad.

This was the turning-point in his life. He studied law, was admitted to the bar and made many friends by his quiet, self-reliant manner. For some literary work in Buffalo he was paid $60 for six weeks' labor and considered himself well rewarded as his work was acknowledged in the preface when the books were published. When he began the study of law, he served as copyist in the offices of a Buffalo law firm for $600 a year, which was afterwards increased to $1,000. By study and observation and reading he strove constantly to widen his mental horizon. He thus kept himself in training for the opportunity which he felt would come some day as it had come to others. His first political appointment was that of Assistant District Attorney of Erie County, in 1863. Step by step, he plodded his way until within the next eighteen years he had become well known both in law and politics, and so popular in Buffalo that he was nominated for Mayor and triumphantly elected. His uncompromising honesty and unflinching courage in doing what he believed to be for the best interests of the people

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The Late Ex-President Grover Cleveland

Born March 18, 1837; Died June 24, 1908

won him friends and at the same time leagued against him many politicians of the venal class. It was not a surprise to those who knew the strong personality of the man, when in 1882 he was nominated for Governor of New York. As Governor he pursued the same vigorous policy. He became known as the "Veto Governor," just as years later he became the "Veto President," and his official hand and influence were firmly set against public extravagance, political cabals, corruptionists and grafters. As Governor he gave his whole time and energies to the people's interests and added to his reputation for honesty, courage and political sagacity.

In 1884 he was elected President of the United States, defeating James G. Blaine by a majority of 37 electoral votes. He was defeated for the presidency in 1888 by Benjamin Harrison, and for a time returned to law practice in New York. In 1892 he was again elected, defeating President Harrison. The events of his two terms are public history and need not be recapitulated here. His messages, his official acts and his general conduct of the duties of his high office were marked by solicitude for the public interests, high regard for the supremacy of the law and reverence for the constitution. He inaugurated important reforms, kept his sacred pledges to the people, and gave to the country an example of a President who held the good of the people as superior to the demands of political parties. His attitude on tariff reform, on the proposed free coinage of silver, on Hawaii, Venezuela and the Monroe doctrine proved that to Jacksonian courage he added a broad and comprehensive statesmanship in dealing with the great questions of the time.

Mr. Cleveland, in 1886, married Miss Frances Folsom, who speedily became one of the most popular as she was one of the most beautiful brides the White House had ever welcomed. Five children were born to them. The eldest was Ruth, a girl of unusual promise, who was born in New York City, October 3, 1891. When she went to live in the White House she was called Baby Ruth by the public. She died at the Princeton home on January 7, 1904, of diphtheria. Esther, the second child, was born in the White House on September 9, 1893, a few months after Mr. Cleveland entered on his second term. Marion, the third daughter, was born at Buzzard's Bay July 7, 1895. Richard Folsom, the first son, was born at Princeton in 1897. The fifth child and second son was born at Gray Gables, Buzzard's Bay, July 18, 1903, and was named Francis Grover, for both parents.

Mr. Cleveland left a moderate competence for his family. Contrary to the general impression, he was not a rich man. His income since he left the White House has not exceeded $15,000 a year, though for one year it was $25,000. He lived in the country rather than face the heavy expenditures involved in city residence. In his domestic and social life, his surroundings were of the happiest. His Princeton friends and neighbors far and near appreciated the honor of having "the First Citizen" dwell among them. He was greatly devoted to outdoor sports, and spent much of his leisure fishing and hunting. Undue exposure to cold and wet on some of these outings years ago is believed to have laid the foundation of his physical ailments.

Many hundreds of telegrams and letters of condolence have been received by Mrs. Cleveland, showing how widespread was the popular appreciation of the late statesman. Orders were given for official thirty days' mourning in the Army and Navy. President Roosevelt in a proclamation addressed to the nation, gave expression to this eulogy of Mr. Cleveland:

> His chief services to his country were rendered during his long, varied and honorable career in public life. As Mayor of his city, as Governor of his State, and twice as President, he showed signal power as an administrator, coupled with entire devotion to the country's good and a courage that quailed before no hostility when once he was convinced where his duty lay. Since his retirement from the Presidency he has continued well and faithfully to serve his countrymen by the simplicity, dignity and uprightness of his private life. In testimony of the respect in which his memory is held by the government and people of the United States I do hereby direct that the flags on the White House and the several department buildings be displayed at half mast for a period of thirty days, and that suitable military and naval honors, under the orders of the Secretaries of War and of the Navy, be rendered on the day of the funeral.

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The Cleveland House at Princeton, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland and their Children

1. Richard. 2. Esther. 3. Francis. 4. Marion.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

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Entered at Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

Entered as Second-class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa

The Dead Ex-President

EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S death removes from worldly scenes and activities one of the worthiest and most distinguished sons of the republic. The bereavement is none the less a national one because of the fact that for several years past Mr. Cleveland was retired from the public gaze through increasing age and illness. In his retirement he was followed by the love and admiration that were due to one who during a long life of public service had performed his duties with a simple, quiet dignity, a Spartan courage and an inflexible fidelity.

As Executive, he held constantly before him the highest interests of the whole people. When the path of duty was once made clear, no opposition could restrain him from following it to the end. He had passed through the ruck of factional politics with a clean conscience and an unsullied record, and he was well equipped to become the champion of the people against the assaults of political bosses, partisans and predatory spoilsmen. In city, State and nation, he was a bulwark against corruption and extravagance. He stood for the supremacy of law, the integrity of the Constitution, clean politics and rigid honesty in the public service.

Mr. Cleveland had reached the allotted span of human life when the call came; but long before his demise, he had the consolation of knowing that his faithful services had been rightly appreciated by the American people, who, notwithstanding his unostentatious private life, had set his name high up in the roll of those whom our nation loves to honor. In the mellowing influences of those closing years he had lived down all partisanship and old-time antagonisms. Amid the rise and fall of public reputations, that of Grover Cleveland stood secure. As the "First Citizen" of the republic, he was beloved and respected by all.

It is natural that we should look for the influences that combined to form a character at once so strong, honest, fearless and just. In Mr. Cleveland's case we have not far to seek. Early home training under Christian parentage left its beneficent impress on that rugged life. His was not a demonstrative religion, but a quiet, firm, abiding belief in the old-fashioned Gospel. On March 14 last, in the preface to a book on "The Gospels and the Acts," he wrote what was probably the last formal expression from his pen:

> I very much hope that in sending out this book you will do something to invite more attention among the masses of our people to the study of the New Testament and Bible as a whole. It seems to me that in these days there is an unhappy falling off in our appreciation of the importance of this study. I do not believe, as a people, that we can afford to allow our interest in and veneration for the Bible to abate. I look upon it as the source from which those who study it in spirit and truth will derive strength of character, a realization of the duty of citizenship and a true apprehension of the power and wisdom and mercy of God.

It would almost seem as though the writer, in that closing sentence, had revealed the secret of his own phenomenal life-work, which the Hon. W. J. Bryan has pronounced "the career of one of the strongest characters known to the political world during the last generation."

A Century of Temperance

ALTHOUGH comparatively little attention has been given to the meeting of the World's Temperance Centennial Congress in Saratoga in June, it was in many respects one of the most notable public gatherings of the year. Just a century ago, in 1808, the seedling of a great reform was planted by the organization in Saratoga County, New York, of the first permanent association for the purpose of promoting temperance. It was called "The Union Temperance Society of Moreau and Northumberland" and its members, chiefly farmers and ruralists, pledged themselves, under a penalty of twenty-five cents fine, not to drink wine or distilled spirits, nor to offer them to others. Any member who fell from grace and became intoxicated, was subjected to a fine of fifty cents! It was a courageous movement for those early days, when drinking was in fashion and conviviality the rule, and the members were denounced as fanatics.

But it was a beginning. Soon the churches aroused themselves to the importance of such an example and some four years later, in 1812, the Presbyterian General Assembly urged all the pastors of that denomination to preach against intemperance. Several States took up the new reform, and in 1813 the famous Massachusetts Society for the Suppression of Intemperance was organized to "suppress the too free use of ardent spirits and its kindred vices." They were not so radical as the Saratoga farmers, who had caught the true spirit of John Wesley, who, over half a century earlier, had formulated a set of "General Rules" warning his people against the sins of the times and especially against "drunkenness, the buying or selling of spirituous liquors, or drinking them."

When the first little Saratoga Society was formed in 1808, we had a population of only 5,500,000. To-day, with our population of nearly 90,000,000, we have a multitude of temperance organizations in practically all the States, with strong, well-supported central bodies on a national basis and an aggregate membership mounting up into the millions. In all save a few States and territories the liquor traffic is under restraint, in some States the control is absolute. A very large proportion of our whole population is now living under prohibition.

This splendid rounding of the century's temperance record should give courage to the brave men and women who are spending their lives in an earnest effort to suppress the worst evil of our times.

The Hot Wave in a Great City

NEW YORK CITY dreads the coming of summer with its intense heat, dust and general discomfort. This year, however, the greater part of June was so cool that hopes were entertained that the deadly hot "spells" might not come but for a short period. The last week of June, however, was enough to make one forget the pleasant days that had gone before. The sun beat down pitilessly into the squares and courts. A yellow glare seemed to shine in the streets and the walls and pavements radiated heat long after the sun, from which they had received it, had gone down.

The city authorities did what they could to ameliorate the condition of those in the crowded lower parts of the city. Water was turned on from the hydrants, and the children were soon splashing their feet in the cooling streams running through the gutters. The great recreation piers were great points of attraction for both mothers and their children. These piers are double decked and reach far out into the river beside the docks. On our cover page is given a picture of one of these recreation piers on one of the hot afternoons when all humanity seeks some place more comfortable than the narrow apartments in which they literally gasp for air. The artist painted the picture from the edge of the pier and gives an accurate idea of the many types of people who frequent these "health resorts."

Before the weather changed there were many prostrations and several deaths resulting directly or indirectly from the intense heat, for the effects of such a period of physical discomfort do not pass away until some time after cool breezes make a great city more "livable."

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JULY 8—A FINAL REMINDER

AS A FINAL REMINDER we call attention to the fact that all new subscriptions mailed to us *until midnight, July 8*, will be received at the *greatly reduced rates* open to NEW subscribers under our *Special Subscription Offer*—for particulars see issues of June 10 and 17 and editorial pages, June 24 and July 1.

One Day Left

If you are one of those who receive THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a day in advance of the date of issue, there is still *one day left* in which you and your friends may take advantage of this Special Offer. The chances are that in one day you could easily win every one of the more than generous rewards which we will send—one for every new subscription—in appreciation of your efforts.

It will not require any extraordinary arguments or tiresome persuasion on your part. Simply call on a few of your friends and tell them plainly and briefly the leading features that attract *you* to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD; how it keeps you up-to-date on all the general topics of the day; how it helps you in your Church work and spiritual life, and how its beautiful art features and the many interesting and useful things which you glean from its pages, are a weekly source of good cheer. *Then* tell them that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD can be theirs for *eight months—from July 1, 1908, to March 1, 1909*—at *exactly one-half the regular subscription price*, or *50 cents*—all holiday numbers for the year included.

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Probably every second person, at least, to whom you present this proposition will be eager to take advantage of our extraordinary offer, and you yourself will have materially aided us in our earnest efforts to upbuild this magazine and extend its wonderful influence for good. *300,000 subscribers* is the goal we are determined to reach. Our friends are helping us nobly, but we want *everyone* to *send us* at least *one new subscriber*—and if you send us but one, remember, you have started an influence for good for which your friend as well as we will be ever grateful.

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Precious Bible Promises, 320 pages.
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THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Alexandra's Beautiful Act

RECENTLY Miss Martha Massey, a poor girl, lay sick in the St. Luke Hospital, Pembridge Square, London. On being told that she could not recover, she wrote a letter to Queen Alexandra, stating that she should like to see her before she died. Accompanied by the Hon. Charlotte Knollys and the Hon. Sidney Greville, Queen Alexandra paid a surprise visit to the hospital to gratify the poor girl's request. The Queen took with her a bouquet of orchids, lilies of the valley and other flowers from the palace gardens, which she presented to the invalid, who was overcome with joy at the realization of her desires. It is getting to be one of the pleasant features of the times that kings and queens are paying very much more attention to the plain people of their realms than was the custom, although there have always been among rulers good men and women who have counted their positions of power as a means of stewardship. One of the most important lessons that Christ teaches is the duty that strength owes to weakness. Before Christ's time it was held that weakness owed all the obligation to strength, and hence power has ever oppressed weakness; intelligence has held its haughty head above ignorance; culture has been impatient with rudeness. But Christ reversed the teaching of the world and commanded the strong to help the weak, the intelligent to enlighten the ignorant, and the good to purify and reform the bad. For six thousand years the idea of human government was that the people were to minister to the happiness and success of the ruler, till, at the close of the Civil War in this country, it was demonstrated that men could rule themselves and that the object of human government is for the rulers to minister to the happiness and prosperity of the people; and hence the greatest kings and queens in the world to-day are those that have at heart most sincerely the interest of the humblest citizens in all the realm. Alexandra is a queen in her royal robes, adorned with her crown jewels in the great social functions of the palaces, but nowhere greater as a queen than when she visits the poor, sick, dying girl in the hospital and gives her flowers and her love. She has copied the example of the Divine Master whom she serves, who, though he is King of heaven and earth, counted it his highest glory and greatest pleasure to minister to the wants of his humble, suffering subjects.

For even the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister. (Mark 10 : 45.)

Queen Alexandra's Visit to a Dying Girl in Hospital

The Skull and Cross-Bones

The government of Russia has control of the liquor traffic and there is appalling drunkenness there. The women of St. Petersburg, some time ago, mobbed some of the drinking places of the city, so enraged were they at the wreckage of their husbands, sons, fathers and brothers. The Parliament of Russia appointed a commission to consider the damage of the liquor traffic. That commission reported in favor of removing the royal eagle from the vodka (liquor) bottles, and placing in its stead the skull and cross-bones, which stand for poison in all nations and climes; and also a printed message of warning against the excessive use of strong drink.

Their poison is like the poison of a serpent. (Ps. 58 : 4.)

Blind Tom Dead

For a whole generation, Blind Tom astounded and delighted hundreds of thousands of people all over our country by his marvelous performances on the piano. His real name was Thomas Wiggins, and his parents, Mignon and Charity Wiggins, were slaves on a plantation in Georgia. Though a poor, blind slave, he was endowed with such musical genius that he could interpret Beethoven, Chopin, Rubinstein, Wagner and the other great composers in a wonderful manner. At the height of his career he was desired for concerts and public entertainments, above almost anyone else in the country. He had a peculiar habit of applauding himself enthusiastically when he had finished one of his great pieces. Tom died in Hoboken the other day. The colored people in plantation times were full of music and though Tom could not see, he could hear and his soul was full of harmony. He reflected, in his singular genius, the spirit of absolute harmony and was God's evangel of joy and melody to his fellow men. He had tireless industry along with his singular genius, which made his professional marvels more astonishing. When we see so many dull and heavy and dreary people who have eyes, ears and all that wealth or culture could give, we look with feelings of admiration upon such a character as Blind Tom, who with so many difficulties contributed in so large a measure to the entertainment and happiness of his fellow men. It is not surprising that God, who is the author of all harmony, should have always employed music as a part of the service of his house, in the personal inspiration and spiritual progress of his Kingdom.

Praise the Lord with harp: sing unto him with the psaltery and an instrument of ten strings. (Ps. 33 : 2.)

A Fatal Error

Owing to heavy rainfalls in the mountains in northwest Hupeh, China, it frequently happens that a torrent of water rushes down the mountainsides into the Han, a tributary of the great Yang-tse. Hitherto warning of the freshets has been telegraphed from Siang-yang, 400 miles away from the mouth of the Han, and on receipt of the news men have been hurriedly sent out, equipped with gongs, to warn the boats at the mouth of the river to find a safe anchorage. On the evening of April 6, messengers were sent around with the news that a freshet, six feet high, was on its way down. The inhabitants and the boating population considered a six-foot freshet to be of little consequence, and took no precautions whatever, believing that, as in former years, its arrival need not be expected for another twenty-four hours. Unfortunately the telegram announcing the oncoming torrent was delayed for twenty-four hours and by an error in the wording the height was reduced from twenty-six to six feet. The freshet arrived at lightning speed at midnight on April 6. The night was pitch dark, the inhabitants were asleep. Suddenly thousands of boats in the Han River were torn from their moorings and hurled together in confusion on the breast of a raging torrent. The native papers state that a small steamer, 700 large junks and innumerable small craft were destroyed. The loss of life, at first estimated at 2,000, probably exceeded double that number. Eighteen hundred bodies were picked up at one bend of the Yang-tse alone. A number of women and children are among the dead. Thirteen hundred masts were recovered at the same spot.

When so much of human destiny hangs upon the words and actions of others, how important it is that there be caution and prudence, that fatal mistakes may be avoided! There is the difference between life and death for the passengers in the color of the signal-light at the switch or station. Amidst the moral dangers of life, Christian men and women must sound the alarm in no uncertain way. The message of warning must have no word left out. It must be unequivocal and true, the messenger sent with the alarm must be swift of foot or a wreck of souls will line the shores. How dreadful if, by the fault or sin of ourselves, others shall mistake the signal and make shipwreck of their faith! How sad it would be if we were to so delay the message of alarm that the mariners on life's sea would perish before it had reached them!

But if the watchman see the sword come, and blow not the trumpet, and the people be not warned; if the sword come, and take any person from among them, his blood will I require at the watchman's hand. (Ezek. 33: 6.)

Public Drinking Vessels

As a man was leading his little girl to get a drink in a railroad car, a woman halted him and said: "Do not let your child drink out of that cup. That man that just drank from it and went into the next car, has a loathsome disease and your child is liable to take it." He said: "The child is very thirsty and we will have to take some risks in life." After the child had drank, the woman went over to the mother and told her of the danger, who, filled with horror at the risk, spoke in excited words to her husband, who rose, seized the cup and threw it out the window. In another car a tall lean man in the last stages of consumption, went to the water cooler and drank out of the public cup. He was even halted by a paroxysm of coughing before he took his drink. During the day's ride, men, women and children drank from the same cup and it was a miracle if some of them did not catch the disease by contagion. The laws of health are getting more strict. They must stop these public cups at the fountains, parks, railroad stations and other popular places, as the white plague and other diseases are being scattered broadcast through this contamination. In the moral and religious world, the people with fatal diseases and the utensils of contamination are so numerous that the greatest care must be taken to save the men, women and children from the deadly blight.

The priest shall pronounce him unclean; it is the plague of leprosy. (Lev. 13 : 27.)

The Traitor Disgraced

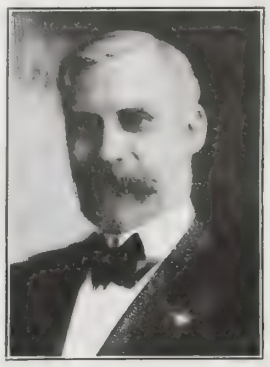
A pitiable spectacle, the degradation of the traitor Charles B. Ullmo, formerly a naval officer, occurred at St. Roch Square, Toulon, France, June 12, in the presence of an enormous crowd. Ensign Ullmo was arrested at Toulon last October, charged with being a spy. An examination of his effects showed him to be in possession of many valuable documents. Last February he was found guilty by a court-martial of attempting to sell naval secrets to a foreign Power, and sentenced to life imprisonment in a fortress and to be degraded in rank. Train excursions were run into Toulon and thousands of people from the surrounding country came in to witness the ceremony. They packed the sidewalks and covered the adjacent roofs, walls and ramparts. The pressure of the crowds was so great that it threatened to sweep away the lines of soldiers and sailors drawn up around the square. After the troops had been reinforced with two line regiments, a battery of artillery and two squadrons of cavalry, Ullmo, wearing his uniform and sword, was led into the rectangle, where the Commandant read the order, that Ullmo had betrayed his country and was not worthy to wear its uniform. Two subalterns then took off his sword and stripped him of his chevrons and buttons. One of the subalterns broke the sword across his knee and threw the broken blade at Ullmo's feet. In this plight Ullmo was compelled to march at the head of a squad of soldiers around the rectangle amid the hoots and jeers of the crowd. Tears were streaming down his face. Several thousand recruits who witnessed Ullmo's degradation were greatly impressed by the ceremony. Ullmo will be deported to Devil's Island, off the coast of French Guiana, where Major Dreyfus was confined.

In all nations and times, the traitor has been counted the most despicable character. It is bad enough to be untrue to another, to profess to be a friend and yet be an enemy; but the one who would sell his country, by universal estimation merits death. And when a man sells his country for money, he sinks to a deeper degradation. Since the days of Judas there have been those who have sold the truth for money, have betrayed their Lord for silver. There are persons in our civilized and Christian times who sell their Lord for a price cheaper than that of thirty pieces of silver. They get no return, only pieces of leather, or paper, or glass, or clay. They have parted with their Lord and have not a pennyworth, even of material things, to show for it.

What will ye give me, and I will deliver him unto you? (Matt. 26 : 15.)

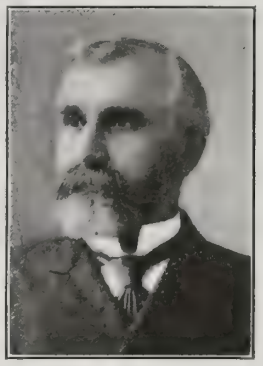
BIBLE TEACHERS IN CONFERENCE

AN ARMY of Christian workers, numbering 2,500, assembled in Louisville, Ky., from the 18th to the 20th of June as delegates to the twelfth International Sunday School Convention. These delegates represented a Sunday School constituency of fourteen millions. They came from every State in the Union, Canada, various countries of Europe, notably Great Britain, from the Far East and "the isles of the sea." Cuba, Mexico, Porto Rico, the West Indies, the American Possessions, South and Central America also had representatives. All of these delegates were Christian men and women who have long been interested in all phases of Bible study and Sunday School instruction.



Secretary Lawrence

The Armory, Louisville, Ky., where the Convention Met



W. N. Hartshorn

Canada sent a large delegation of its most distinguished men. Among them were Justice Maclaren of the Ontario Court of Appeals, who has been president of the International Sunday School Association since 1905, Principal E. I. Rexford, D.D., Hon. Noah Shakespeare, Postmaster of Victoria, William Hamilton of Toronto, and Dr. Frank Woodbury of Nova Scotia. Three bishops were on the list of speakers, Bishop Edwin Holt Hughes, LL.D., recently president of DePauw University, and Bishop William Bell of Berkeley, Cal., Bishop of the United Brethren Church. Bishop Joseph Hartzell had come all the way from Africa to tell about the Sunday School world outlook. Prof. H. M. Hamill, D.D., of Nashville, Tenn., and Frank L. Brown of Brooklyn, superintendent of the largest Methodist Sunday School in the world, both of whom have spent several months in China, Korea and Japan in Sunday School work, spoke most interestingly on Bible study progress in the Orient. From Mexico came C. Scott Williams and Rev. E. M. Sein. From Central and South America came Rev. Aquila Lucas, who gave a comprehensive review of Sunday School work in those countries. It would be impossible to give even a brief list of the prominent Americans present, for they comprised all of the eminent Sunday School leaders of the country, both clergymen and laymen, and a list of the addresses delivered would make a good-sized leaflet.

Mrs. Lillian Stevens

The Convention was one that impressed all present with a sense of its spiritual import. Its motto was "We Would See Jesus," and it seemed to inspire every speaker and every delegate with new zeal for Sunday School work through which the youth of our country, the men and women of tomorrow, receive most of their religious instruction. There was a preparatory praise service and every day a quiet half hour of prayer and religious communion at the close of the Convention work. Several main topics were presented for discussion by the committee. They included the world-wide subject of missions, temperance, the adult department and teacher training. The last was considered of vital importance by the delegates, who discussed the various plans presented with an eagerness and intensity which showed how the topic had been gone over in their own minds.

Dr. A. F. Schauffler of New York, chairman of the Lesson Committee, presented the report on the intermediate lesson system. Among those who spoke at this session were four members of the British section of the International Lesson Committee, one being the chairman, Rev. Alfred Rowland, D.D., the eminent Congregational clergyman of England.

One of the most interesting addresses was made on the Friday evening of the Convention by Dr. A. C. Dixon of Chicago. His theme was "The Bible For Men." He brought out the fact that if you would study the history of literature, you must know your Bible, for hundreds of thousands of volumes in our great libraries were written because the Bible exists. Theology, which is the science of God, the greatest science in the world, is unintelligible without the Bible. The study of great modern movements which have emancipated the human mind and given to millions civil and religious liberty, compels us to take into account the Bible as the mightiest factor in bringing about these results.

Bishop Bell spoke on "The Bible School and the Pastor." He said the pastor should endeavor to form great classes of men, that he might unite in one essential life and body his school and church membership. The pastor, he declared, is the pastor of the Bible School, and it is his most fruitful and responsive parish.

Dr. M. C. Hazard, of Boston, made a strong plea for the graded lessons in Sunday School work. He said the graded lesson would be easier to teach and thus be a benefit in small schools. The advantages of the graded lessons over the uniform lessons grew out of the fact that they are selected with reference to the capacities and requirements of each grade in the school. Psychology shows that at different ages the mind of the child requires different nutriment. Graded lessons are based upon this fact, and provide for each grade the lessons suitable for it. The lesson does not have to be adapted to the scholar; it is already adapted to his needs.

On Sunday afternoon the time was devoted to the temperance question and several important addresses were made. Hon. Justice J. J. Maclaren, of Ontario, Canada, was in the chair, and the number of people present evinced the general interest of the people in the topic, especially since so many of our States have been swept into the temperance column. Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, of Portland, Me., was the only woman speaker. She is national president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and she spoke of prohibition and total abstinence as the two oars of the temperance reform. In order that the temperance craft go steadily, successfully forward both of these propelling forces were necessary. She stated that there is far more total abstinence sentiment and practice than ever before. Rev. Alexander Alison, D.D., General Secretary of the National Temperance Society, spoke on "The Dual Problem." He said this was total abstinence for the individual and the abolition of the liquor traffic. There was no obstacle in the way of our Christian religion that is greater than the use and sale of alcoholic beverages.

Rev. P. A. Baker, D.D., of Columbus, O., National Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, spoke on the new crusade against the saloon. He assured the delegates that the present wave of reform would never recede, and that at last that un-American institution, the saloon, would be swept away. Already more than thirty-eight millions of people are living in prohibition territory.

At the close of the Convention Dr. George W. Truett conducted the service, speaking on the theme, "Arise! Let Us Go Hence." It was an inspiring godspeed to the delegates to take back to their home churches some of the divine fire that had burned in the hearts of the Sunday School workers at the Convention.

Temperance Leaders in Council

A CONGRESS of temperance workers met lately in Saratoga, N. Y., the sessions lasting from June 14 to 23. Many prominent representatives of the temperance cause from other lands were in attendance. The Sons of Temperance, the Good Templars, the Rechabites, the Women's Temperance Union, the International Reform Bureau were present; also representatives from the Permanent Committees on Temperance of the Presbyterian, Baptist, Free Methodist and Lutheran churches and the Society of Friends. Great Britain was represented by the Hon. Joseph Malins, of Birmingham, England, Mr. R. Johnson, of London, and Mr. and Mrs. Tom Honeyman, of Edinburgh; Canada by Mr. Benjamin Spence, and the American Society for the Study of Inebriety by Prof. T. D. Crothers, of Hartford, Conn. Addresses were given by Prof. Chas. Scanlon, of Pittsburg (Presbyterian), Rev. S. Parks Cadman, D.D. (Congregational), Rev. W. H. Clark (Free Methodist), Rev. Hervey Wood (Baptist), Mr. Henry Wilbur (Society of Friends),

Members of the Recent Temperance Congress, Saratoga, N. Y.

Rev. E. C. Dinwiddy (Lutheran), Rev. C. H. Mead, D.D., Rev. Dr. A. Alison (National Temperance Society), Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts, and others. Not less than thirty governors of States sent representatives. The addresses are to be published later in book form.

Among the addresses made at the Convention were several that held a peculiar historical interest. Rev. George H. Vibbert, D.D., of Springfield, Mass., and other speakers gave reviews of "The Temperance Condition of the World in 1808" and down to the present time, which contained much valuable information. Dr. Charles A. Ingraham of Cambridge, N. Y., told the story of "The Birth of the Temperance Reform at Moreau, N. Y.," a hundred years ago. Mr. Edward H. Emery and the Rev. Israel Lace both spoke of the Christian Civic League of Maine and the part it has played in the great temperance movement in that State. Other prominent topics were "Does Prohibition Prohibit?" by Mr. Hayler of Newcastle, England, "The History of Good Templary" by H. G. Greensmith of Oswego, N. Y., and "Juvenile Temperance Work in Europe." One of the attractive features of the Congress was the International Discussion of the Temperance Question, in which delegates from England, Scotland, Sweden, Germany, Hungary, France, Ireland, Belgium and the United States participated.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF MARGARET

A New Serial Written for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

By MRS. ELEANOR H. PORTER

Author of "Into Still Waters," etc.

CHAPTER XIV

THE big touring car skirted the edge of the town, avoiding as usual the narrow streets, and turning as soon as possible into a wide, elm-bordered avenue.

"We have to climb to reach Belcourt," called Frank over his shoulder, as the car began a steep ascent.

"Then you must have a view as a reward," rejoiced Margaret.

"We do," declared Mrs. Merideth, "but not here," she laughed, as the car plunged into the depths of a miniature forest.

It was a silent drive, in the main. The man in front had the car to guide. The two women in the tonneau dropped an occasional word, but for the most part their lips were motionless, and their eyes were fixed on bird or flower, or on the shifting gleams of sunlight through the trees. The very fact that there was no constraint in this silence argued well for the place the orphan girl had already found in the hearts of her two companions.

Not until the top of the hill was reached, and the car swung around the broad curve of the driveway, did the full beauty of the panorama before her burst on Margaret's eyes. She gave a low cry of delight.

"Oh, how beautiful—how wonderfully, wonderfully beautiful!" she exclaimed.

Her eyes were on the silver sheen of the river trailing along the green velvet of the valley far below—she had turned her back on the red-roofed town with its smoking chimneys.

The sun was just setting when a little later she walked across the lawn to where a rustic seat marked the abrupt descent of the hill. Far below the river turned sharply. On the left it flowed through a canyon of many-windowed walls, and under a pall of smoke. On the right it washed the shore of flowering meadows, and mirrored the sunset sky in its depths.

So absorbed was Margaret in the beauty of the scene that she did not notice the figure of a man coming up the winding path at her left. Even Ned Spencer himself did not see the girl until he was almost upon her. Then he stopped short, his lips breaking into a noiseless "Well!"

A twig snapped under his foot at his next step, and the girl turned.

"Oh, it's you," she said absorbedly. "I couldn't wait. I came right out to see it," she finished, her eyes once more on the valley below. The brothers, at first glance, looked wonderfully alike, and Margaret had unhesitatingly taken Ned to be Frank.

Ned did not speak. He, too, like his sister an hour before, had fallen under the spell of those wondrous blue eyes.

"It seems to me," said the girl, slowly, "that nothing in the world would ever trouble me if I had that to look at."

"It seems so to me, too," agreed Ned; but he was not looking at the view.

The girl turned sharply. She gave a little cry of dismay. The embarrassed red flew to her cheeks.

"Oh, you—you are not Uncle Frank at all," she stammered.

A sudden light of comprehension broke over Ned's face. And so this was Margaret! How stupid of him not to have known at once!

He laughed lightly and made a low bow.

"I have not that honor," he confessed. "But you—you must be Miss Kendall."

"And you?"

"I?" Ned smiled quizzically. "I? Oh, I am—your Uncle Ned!" he announced; and his voice and his emphasis told her that he appreciated his privilege in being twenty-five—and uncle to a niece of twenty-three.

"I was a brute," said Brandon. "I frightened you"

CHAPTER XV

BY the end of the month the family at Belcourt wondered how they ever lived before they saw the world and everything in it through the blue eyes of Margaret Kendall—the world and everything in it were so much more beautiful now!

Never were the long mornings in the garden or on the veranda so delightful to Mrs. Merideth as now with a bright, sympathetic girl to laugh, chat, or keep silent as the whim of the moment dictated; and never were the long evenings so charming to Frank as now when one might lie back in one's chair or hammock and listen to a dreamy nocturne or a rippling waltz-song, and realize that the musician was no bird of passage, but that she was one's own beloved ward and was even now at home. As for Ned—never were the golf links in so fine a shape, nor the tennis court so alluring; and never had he known before how many really delightful trips there were within a day's run for his motor-car. And yet—

"Della, do you think Margaret is happy?" asked Frank one day, as he and his sister and Ned were watching the sunset from the west veranda. Margaret had gone into the house, pleading a headache as an excuse for leaving them.

Della was silent. It was Ned who answered indignantly:

"Why, Frank, of course she's happy!"

"I'm not so—sure," hesitated Frank.

"Then Mrs. Merideth spoke:

"She's happy, yes; but she's—restless."

Frank leaned forward.

"That's it exactly," he declared with conviction. "She's restless—and what's the matter? That's what I want to know."

"Nonsense! It's just high spirits," cut in Ned, with an impatient gesture. "Margaret's perfectly happy. Doesn't she laugh and sing and motor and play tennis all day?"

"Yes," retorted his brother, "she does; but behind it all there's a curious something that I can't get at. It is as if she were—were trying to get away from something — something within herself.

Mrs. Merideth nodded her head.

"I know," she said. "I've seen it, too."

"Ah, you have!" Frank turned to his sister with a troubled frown. "Well, what is it?"

"I don't know." Mrs. Merideth paused, her eyes on the distant skyline. "I have thought—once or twice," she resumed slowly, "that she might be—in love."

"In love!" cried two voices in shocked amazement.

Had Mrs. Merideth been observant she might have seen the sudden paling of a smooth-shaven face, and the quick clinching of a strong white hand that rested on the arm of a chair near by; but she was not looking, and she went on quietly:

"Yes, but on the whole I am inclined to doubt that now."

"Oh, you are," laughed Ned a little nervously. His brother did not speak.

"Yes," repeated Mrs. Merideth; "but I haven't decided yet what it is."

"Well, I for one don't believe it's anything," declared Ned, stubbornly. "To me she seems happy, and I believe she is."

Frank shook his head.

"No," he said. "By her own confession she has been flitting from one place to another all over the world; and, though perhaps she does not realize it herself, I believe her coming here was merely another effort on her part to get away from this something—this something that, while within herself, perhaps, is none the less pursuing her, and making her quite restless and unhappy.

"But what can it be?" argued Ned. "She's not so different from other girls—only nicer. She likes good times and pretty clothes, and is always ready for any fun that's going. I'm sure it isn't anything about those socialistic notions that Della used to worry about," he added laughingly. "She's got well over those—if she ever had them, indeed. I don't believe she's looked toward the mills since she's been here—much less wanted to know anything about the people that work in them."

"No, it isn't that," agreed Frank.

"Perhaps it isn't anything," broke in Della, with sudden cheeriness. "Maybe it is a little dull here for her after all her gay friends and interesting travels. Perhaps she is a little homesick, but is trying to make us think everything is all right, and she overdoes it. Anyway, we'll ask some nice people up for a week or two. I fancy we all need livening up. We're getting morbid. Come, whom shall we have?"

Continued on page 560

A COURSE IN ESPERANTO

LESSON No. 14—By Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

Exercises on Correlative Words

WHERE there is a circle, let each member in turn translate one word, giving the Esperanto form. When a person is studying alone, go through the list without referring to the table in Lesson 12, and check off all that are known; afterwards study the unknown ones by means of the table.

Neniam, tiel, kiel, ie, ĉia, kie, nenie, kiam, ial, iam, ĉies, ĉiu, nenial, kies, kiom, ĉio, ĉiam, kio, tio, iu, io, ĉie, ĉiom, kiu, tiu, iom, tiom, ĉiel, ia, kia, kial, ĉial, iel, ies, nenio, neniu, neniom, ties, tial, nenies, nenia, tia, tiam, tie, neniel.

Mi komprenas iom da tio kion vi volas diri. *I understand somewhat of that which you wish to say.* Mi ĉiam respondas al via voko. *I always respond to your call.* Kial vi ploris? *Why did you weep?* Kian libron vi legis? *What kind of a book did you read?* Kial vi ne skribis al mi? *Why did you not write to me?* Ni helpos la infanojn ĉiel. *We will help the children in every way.* Kiun lingvon vi parolas? *Which language do you speak?* Kiam vi iros Usonon? *When will you go to the United States?* Venu al mia hejmo hodiaŭ aŭ morgaŭ. *Come to my home to-day or to-morrow.* Ĉu vi metis la ĉapelon ien? *Did you put the hat anywhere?* Io estis sub la tablo. *Something was under the table.* Morgaŭ mi vidos ion belegan. *To-morrow I will see something magnificent.* La vetero estas iom pli varma. *The weather is somewhat warmer.* Kiajn ĉarmajn personojn mi renkontis! *What charming persons I met!* Kies plumon vi uzas? *Whose pen are you using?* Estas tempo por ĉio. *There is a time for everything.* Nenio estas preta. *Nothing is ready.* Mi nenion trovis. *I found nothing.* Tiom estas malfacile memori. *So much is difficult to remember.* Kiom vi scias. *As far (much) as you know.* Kiom da ĉevaloj vi havas? *How many horses have you?*

NOTE.—*Tio,* that (thing); *tiu,* that one, and sometimes *ĉio* are followed by the separate word *ĉi,* "nearest," to express the demonstrative pronoun "this." *Ĉi* is invariable. *Tio,* that (thing); *tio ĉi,* this thing; *tion ĉi* (accusative), this thing; *tiu,* that one; *tiu ĉi,* this one; *tiuj,* those; *tiuj ĉi,* these; *ĉio ĉi,* all this. For example: *Vi devus memori tion ĉi.* You should remember this. *Tiu ĉi ringo estas por vi.* This ring is for you. *Tio ĉi estas malsaniga.* This is unwholesome. *Tiuj ĉi libroj estas grandaj.* These books are large. The adverb *tie,* there, is also followed by *ĉi* to denote *here.* Thus *tie,* there, *tie ĉi,* here; *tien* (accusative), thither; *tien ĉi,* hither.

Add *ajn* to interrogative words and get words ending in *ever: Kia ajn,* Whatever kind of. *Kiam ajn,* whenever. *Kie ajn,* wherever. *Kiel ajn,* however. *Kiu ajn,* whoever. *Kio ajn,* whatever. *Kiom ajn,* however much. *Kia ajn frukto,* Whatever kind of fruit. *Kien ajn mi iras,* Wherever I go. *Kiel ajn mi parolas,* However I speak. *Kiu ajn legas la libron,* Whoever reads the book. *Kiom ajn mi amas,* However much I love.

A Walk in the Garden

Promeno en la ĝardeno.

Kiam vi vizitos la ĝardenon? Kia estas la ĝardeno? Kiaj floroj estas en la ĝardeno? Ĉiaj; rozoj, lilioj, geranioj *(geraniums),* verbenoj *(verbenas),* heliotropo, miozotoj *(forget-me-nots),* diantoj *(pinks),* dalioj *(dahlias),* narciso *(narcissus),* violoj *(violets).* Kies ĝardeno estas? Kiel ni iros en la ĝardeno? Vi eniros per veturilo *(carriage).* Ĉu iu montros al ni la belajn florojn? *(Ĉu* is sign of a question). Jes, mia onklo estos tie. Li estas ĉiam ĝoja vidi siajn amikojn. Li havas bonvenon por ĉiuj. Ĉu la ĝardeno havas ian muron? Jes, ĉu vi deziras scii kia muro ĝi estas? Ĝi estas konstruita el griza ŝtono. La muro estas kovrita de hedero *(ivy).* Jen estas aleoj *(paths)* ĉie en la ĝardeno, randitaj de altaj plektobariloj *(hedges)* el bukso *(box)* similaj al tiuj de la ĝardeno ĉe Mount Vernon. Ĉirkaŭe ĉiu bedo havas malaltajn plektobarilojn el bukso. La bedoj estas kurbaj similaj al *(curved, similar to)* rulpaperoj *(scrolls).* Nenio kreskas *(grows)* en la ĝardeno sen zorga *(careful)* ĝardenlaborado *(gardening).*

The explanation concerning participles, which was promised for this lesson, is unavoidably crowded out, and will appear in the next lesson.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF MARGARET

CHAPTER XVI

IT had been a particularly delightful day with the Belcourt house-party. They had gone early in the morning to Silver Lake for a picnic. A sail on the lake, a delicious luncheon, and a climb up "Hilltop" had filled every hour with enjoyment until five o'clock, when they had started for home.

Two of the guests had brought their own motor-cars to Belcourt, and it was in one of these that Miss Kendall was making the homeward trip.

"And you call this a 'runabout,' Mr. Brandon?" she laughed gayly, as the huge car darted forward. "I should as soon think of having an elephant for an errand boy."

Brandon laughed.

"But just wait until you see the elephant get over the ground," he retorted. "And, after all, the car isn't so big when you compare it to Frank's and Harlow's. It only seats two, you know, but its engine is quite as powerful as either of theirs. I want you to see what it can do," he finished, as he began gradually to increase their speed.

For some time neither spoke. The road ran straight ahead in a narrowing band of white that lost itself in a thicket of green far in the distance. Yet almost immediately—it seemed to Margaret—the green was at their right and their left, and the road had unwound another white length of ribbon that flung itself across the valley below and up the opposite hill to the skyline.

Houses, trees, barns and bushes rushed by like spectres, and the soft August air swept by her cheeks like a November gale. Not until the opposite hill was reached, however, did Brandon slacken speed.

"You see," he exulted, "we can just annihilate space with this!"

"You certainly can," laughed Margaret, a little hysterically. "And you may count yourself lucky if you don't annihilate anything else."

Brandon brought the car almost to a stop.

"I was a brute. I frightened you," he cried with quick contrition.

The girl shook her head. A strange light came to her eyes.

Continued from page 559

"No; I liked it," she answered. "I liked it—too well. Do you know, I never dare to run a car by myself—very much. I learned, and I run one sometimes. But it came over me one day—the power there was under the turn of my hand. Almost involuntarily I began to let it out. I went faster and faster—and yet I did not go fast enough. Something seemed to be pushing me on, urging me to even greater and greater speed. I wanted to get away—away! Then I came to myself. I was miles from where I should have been, and in a country I knew nothing about. I had no little difficulty in getting back to where I belonged, besides having a fine or two to pay, I believe. I was frightened and ashamed, for everywhere I heard stories of terrified men, women, children and animals, and of how I had narrowly escaped having death itself to answer for as a result of my mad race through the country. And yet—even now—to-day—I felt that wild exhilaration of motion. I did not want to stop. I wanted to go on and on—" She paused suddenly, and fell back in her seat. "You see," she laughed, with a complete change of manner, "I am not to be trusted as a chauffeur."

"I see," nodded Brandon, a little soberly; then, with a whimsical smile: "Perhaps I should want the brakes shifted to my side of the car if I rode with you! But, after all, when you come right down to the solid comfort of motoring, you can take it best by jogging along like this at a good sensible rate of speed that will let you see something of the country you are passing through. Look at those clouds! We shall have a gorgeous sunset to-night."

It was almost an hour later that Brandon stopped his car where two roads crossed, and looked behind him.

"Where are those people?" he queried.

"But we started first, and we came rapidly for a time," reminded the girl.

"I know, but we've been simply creeping for the last mile or two," returned the man. "I slowed up purposely to fall in behind the rest. I'm not so sure I know the way from here—but perhaps you do."

"Not I!" she laughed. "But I thought you did."

"So did I," he grumbled. "I've been over this road enough in times past. Oh, I can get back to Belcourt all right," he added reassuringly. "It's only that I don't remember which is the best way. One road takes us through the town and is not so pleasant. I wanted to avoid that if possible."

"Never mind; let's go on," proposed the girl. "It's getting late, and we might miss them even if we waited. They may have taken another road farther back. If they thought you knew the way they wouldn't feel in duty bound to keep track of us, and they may have already reached home. I don't mind a bit which road we take."

"All right," acquiesced Brandon. "Just as you say. I think this is the one. Anyhow, we'll try it." And he turned his car to the left.

The sun had dipped behind the hills, and the quick chill of an August evening was in the air. Margaret shivered and reached for her coat. The road wound in and out through a scrubby growth of trees, then turned sharply and skirted the base of a steep hill. Beyond the next turn it dropped in a gentle descent and ran between wide open fields. A house appeared, then another and another. A man and a woman walked along the edge of the road and stopped while the automobile passed. The houses grew more frequent, and children and small dogs scurried across the road to a point of safety.

"I believe we've got the wrong road now," muttered Brandon with a frown. "Shall we go back?"

"No, no," demurred the girl. "What does it matter? It's only another way around, and perhaps no longer than the other."

The road turned and dropped again. The hill was steeper now. The air grew heavy and fanned Margaret's cheek with a warm breath as if from an oven. Unconsciously she loosened the coat at her throat.

"Why, how warm it is!" she exclaimed.

"Yes. I fancy there's no doubt now where we are," frowned Brandon. "I thought as much," he finished, as the car swung around a curve.

To be continued

WIFE WON

Husband Finally Convinced.

Some men are wise enough to try new foods and beverages and then generous enough to give others the benefit of their experience.

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"Common sense, reason, and my better judgment told me that coffee drinking was the trouble. At last my nervous system was so disarranged that my physician ordered 'no more coffee.'

"He knew he was right and he knew I knew it, too. I capitulated. Prior to this our family had tried Postum but disliked it, because, as we learned later, it was not made right.

"Determined this time to give Postum a fair trial, I prepared it according to directions on the pkg.—that is, boiled it 15 minutes after boiling commenced, obtaining a dark brown liquid with a rich snappy flavor similar to coffee. When cream and sugar were added, it was not only good, but delicious.

"Noting its beneficial effects in me the rest of the family adopted it—all except my husband, who would not admit that coffee hurt him. Several weeks elapsed during which I drank Postum two or three times a day, when to my surprise my husband said: 'I have decided to drink Postum. Your improvement is so apparent—you have such fine color—that I propose to give credit where credit is due. And now we are coffee-slaves no longer."

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A Kans. school teacher tells an interesting experience. She says:

"About two years ago I was extremely miserable from a nervousness that had been coming on for some time. Any sudden noise was actually painful to me and my nights were made miserable by horrible nightmare.

"I was losing flesh all the time and at last was obliged to give up the school I was teaching and go home.

"Mother put me to bed and sent for the doctor. I was so nervous the cotton sheets gave me a chill and they put me in woolens. The medicine I took did me no apparent good. Finally, a neighbor suggested that Grape-Nuts might be good for me to eat. I had never heard of this food, but the name sounded good so I decided to try it.

"I began to eat Grape-Nuts and soon found my reserve energy growing so that in a short time I was filling a better position and drawing a larger salary than I had ever done before.

"As I see little children playing around me and enter into their games, I wonder if I am the same teacher of whom, two years ago the children spoke as 'ugly old thing.'

"Grape-Nuts food with cream has become a regular part of my diet, and I have not been sick a day in the past two years." "There's a Reason."

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YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES

Total Abstinence*

IN THESE days of popular education and of widespread agitation for civic betterment and the uplift of the lower classes, it is not surprising that the Temperance Question should have assumed a prominence never before reached in the United States. It is now generally recognized that the liquor traffic is responsible for a very large percentage of the crimes, taxation, poverty and misery that afflict society. This being the case, it becomes the duty of all good citizens to promote temperance. Especially is it the duty of the Christian, by his own self-denial, to give an example of temperance to others.

Anachonis, the philosopher, who lived in an age when intemperance afflicted Greece, was asked by what means a man might best guard against the vice of drunkenness. "By bearing constantly in his view the loathsome, vicious behavior of the intemperate," was the reply. And surely we of this later age do not lack for object-lessons when we look around us and see thousands of promising careers wrecked by drink, courts busied in the trial of crimes inspired by drink, and jails crowded with criminals chiefly the victims of drink.

John Wesley's inflexible attitude toward the drink habit was well known. A friend of his related that on one occasion at dinner Mr. Wesley saw him take a small portion of brandy. The great divine in surprise asked the reason and was told that it was for digestion. "Ah," observed Wesley, "you take a tablespoonful now; that will soon lose its effect and then you will take two; from two you will go to a glass and then to two glasses and so on, till in the end you may become a drunkard." He pleaded with him to stop it altogether, and the friend wisely heeded the plea.

An old man died not long ago in New England who was esteemed as a good citizen. But he had early contracted a fondness for ardent spirits, and drank temperately and daily for the greater part of his life. He gave a little to his children as they grouped around him; and they thought what their father loved must be harmless. But with their growing years a fondness for the stimulus increased, and this aged man lived to mourn the death of half his sons and forty descendants, who went down to the grave drunkards.

It has been said tersely that "the cup kills more than the cannon." Drink's death-roll of victims in the United States is estimated at 100,000 a year! All the wars of all the ages could hardly equal the cumulative slaughter by this monstrous vice.

The late Dr. Talmage emphasized very strongly the duty of parents in preaching total abstinence in the home. "Let your children grow up with an utter aversion to drink," he wrote. "Make it utterly nauseous. Teach them, as faithfully as you do the truths of the Bible, that rum is a fiend. Take them to the almshouse, and show them the wreck and ruin it works. Walk with them into the homes that have been scourged by it. If a drunkard hath fallen into a ditch, take them right up where they can see his face, bruised, savage, and swollen, and say, 'Look, my son. Rum did that!' Looking out of your window at some one who, intoxicated to madness, goes through the street, brandishing his fist, blaspheming God; a howling, defying, shouting, reeling, raving, and foaming maniac, say to your son, 'Look; that man was once a child like you.' As you go by the grog-shop let them know that that is the place where men are slain and their wives made paupers and their children slaves. Hold out to your children all warnings, all rewards, all counsels, lest in after-days they break your heart."

* Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, July 19. Text: Gal. 5 : 16-24.

From Doubt to Devotion*

"DOUBT is the vestibule which all must pass before they enter into the temple of truth," wrote Colton. Doubt has its uses in the process of our spiritual development. It is half-conviction. But no good comes of continued doubting, or of brooding over one's sins.

When young Dr. Merle D'Aubigné was a student at Kiel, he was oppressed with doubts, and went to Klenken, an old experienced teacher, for help. The old man refused to answer them, saying, "Were I to rid you of these, others would come. There is a shorter way of destroying them. Let Christ be to you really the Son of God, the Saviour, and his light will dispel the darkness, and his spirit lead you into all truth."

The Rev. Job Throgmorton lived thirty-seven years without any sound assurance as to his spiritual safety. When dying, he addressed the venerable Mr. Dod in the following words: "What will you say of him who is going out of the world and can find no comfort?" "What will you say of Him," replied Mr. Dod, "who when he was going out of the world found no comfort, but cried 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?'" This prompt reply administered consolation to the troubled spirit of his friend, who departed rejoicing in the Lord.

Cowper, the poet, speaking of his religious experience, said: "The happy period which was to shake off my fetters, and afford me a clear opening of the free mercy of God in Jesus, arrived at last. I flung myself into a chair near the window, and seeing a Bible there, ventured once more to apply to it for comfort and instruction. The first verse I saw was the 25th of the third of Romans: 'Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God.' Immediately I received strength to believe, and the full beams of the Sun of Righteousness shone upon me. I saw the sufficiency of the atonement he had made and in that moment I believed and received the Gospel."

Nathanael was a sensitive man by nature, with high ideals, and a critical mind. His skepticism was that of a man whose hopes are at war with the hard facts of actual experience. Such a man, hearing of Jesus, though in doubt, was willing to investigate and even to be convinced. Thomas, on the other hand, was less of an idealist and more practical. He relied more upon the evidence of the senses than on spiritual impressions. Yet though slow and taciturn, he was honest and proved loyal when he had once cast doubt to the winds.

The doubts of an earnest man, who is ready honestly to believe when a certain point is reached, are very different from those of one who cultivates his skepticism. Fortunate for him will it be if the light breaks through.

A man had been living without Christ. Illness came—a mortal sickness. Human help brought no relief. He turned in his despair to those kind friends who were trying to lead him to Christ. The way was long, the battle hard; but the light that had been a stranger to him in health, broke in upon him when in his weakness and pain he turned at last to the Saviour for help. He found what he sought; his doubts vanished and he realized the fulness of grace and the strength to endure which comes from a present Redeemer.

The first step beyond and out of our doubts is a step of faith; but we find that instead of being in the dark, we are on firm ground. We can then sing with joyful heart:

> On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand:
> All other ground is sinking sand.

* Topic of the Epworth League for Sunday, July 19. Text: John 1 : 45-51 ; 20 : 24-29.

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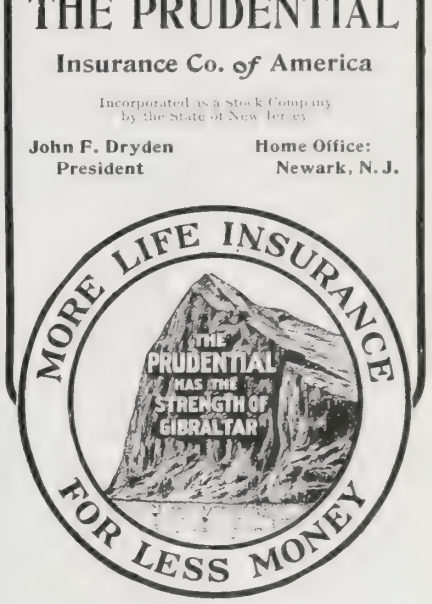

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Our Sunday School Lesson

BY DR. AND MRS. W. F. CRAFTS*

PERSONAL AND CIVIC RIGHTEOUSNESS

"AND Samuel said unto all Israel, Behold, I have hearkened unto your voice." And in so doing he had made a king over them. Saul had been selected for king at Mizpeh, and was afterward crowned at Gilgal. On the occasion of the inauguration of Saul, Samuel lays down his office as civil and military leader of Israel to become their civil and religious judge. In that connection he makes a farewell address, of which the above are the opening words. The occasion has been compared with the time when Washington laid down his rank as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and delivered his farewell address (which is read with ceremony every twenty-second of February in Congress). But that did not close Washington's public life, for he afterward became President of the United States and participated in national affairs for many years. Likewise Samuel did to the end of his days as the priest and prophet of God.

"I have walked before you from my childhood unto this day." Probably not many who had known him as a child were then living, but certainly he was a well-known figure, and revered above any other man in Israel.

"Witness against me before the Lord." What a challenge to sound forth! He had a clean life or he would not have dared to do it. Had he taken what did not belong to him? Had he defrauded or oppressed any one? Had he taken a bribe as a judge? If any one could bring a charge against him he promised restitution, but as no claim was made against him, instead, with one voice they said: "Thou hast not defrauded or oppressed us, neither hast thou taken aught of any man's hand." And yet Samuel wanted the matter sealed, and so he said: "The Lord is witness." And the people replied, "He is witness." And the honor of Samuel was unimpeachable.

"And all the people greatly feared the Lord and Samuel," because Samuel had called upon God to send a thunder storm as a sign of his power. What the people needed to realize was the power of God above the power of their king. They needed to see their man king crouch under the power of the God King. Such a storm descended as had discomfited Sisera and his host, "and all the people greatly feared the Lord and Samuel."

"Pray for thy servants unto the Lord thy God that we die not," and then they made confession that they had added to their sins in asking for a king. They saw themselves in the lime-light of God's lightning.

"God forbid that I should sin against the Lord in ceasing to pray for you." He might not still be their leader, but he would be their intercessor. To cease praying for them he considered would be a sin against God. And then he uttered two appeals, if haply he might bring them to the point of faithfully serving their God: first, he tried to stir gratitude in their hearts because of what the Lord had done for them in delivering them from their enemies, and secondly, to arouse their fear of extermination if they and their king did wickedly.

"Only fear the Lord, and serve him in truth with all your heart: for consider how great things he hath done for you."—I. Sam. 12: 24.

Long Life for the Individual

The passage of Scripture chosen for the Golden Text should become a motto for all nations of the earth. The central truth of this lesson is righteousness for individual citizens and for nations. It is only that which can secure long life in either.

Samuel's active and useful old age brings, in midsummer, lessons for life's autumn and springtime, "on bringing forth fruit in old age" (Psa. 92: 14). With which should be associated another text golden with harvest truths, for those in life's springtime especially: "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Let us then consider: first, how those who are in life's autumn may continue fruitful to the last; and, second, how those who are in life's springtime or summer may insure "the joy of harvest" in old age.

In the early centuries of human history it was as common to live into the second century as it is now to live into the second half century (Gen. 5), suggesting that but for sin, man in his human body might be as immortal on the old earth as he is to be in his resurrection body in the "new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness."

The Psalmist, in days of luxury and dissipation, when men were digging their graves with their teeth, and weaving their shrouds with the swift shuttle of passion, spoke of seventy as the usual limit of life, with fourscore as only undesirable addition of "labor and sorrow." But even to-day, when all of us start in the springtime handicapped with thistle seeds of heredity, the "inbred sin" which science as well as theology proclaims, threescore years and ten is by no means the limit of a well-ordered life or even of its fruitfulness; much less is there any reason in the modern phrase "the dead-line of fifty." Lazy men and women often go to seed long before that; but public and private life both attest by many examples that one may do his best work for the world after fifty. As we have said before, the secret of success in life's second half century is in retaining the hopefulness, enthusiasm and energy of youth, while adding the maturity and wisdom of age—the heart of fire under the locks of snow.

The Horizon of Life

For young and old alike it is important to extend the horizon of possible life. "A short life and a happy one" is a "doctrine of devils." The very sins that shorten life, also sadden and sodden it. Nor is there any healthy virtue in a good man wishing to die before he is called. It is like the "clock watcher" longing for his wages before his day's work is done. Let our motto be "A useful life and a long one." The usefulness will take care of the happiness, while prolonging as well as deepening life. What is the literal "dead-line" in modern life, the line beyond which no modern has ever lived? We read not infrequently of five generations; a hundred or more people gathering to honor the hundredth birthday, or the 102d, 103d or 104th, of a healthy and happy great-great-grandmother, seldom of a great-grandfather. But that is not the dead line. According to the census, there were in the United States in 1880, 4,016 persons one hundred or more years of age, and 3,981 in 1890-92 in London of the same age. Servian statistics for 1897 give 290 persons from 105 to 115; 123 from 115 to 125; 18 from 125 to 135, and three from 135 to 140. It is said that monks from Mount Athos have lived beyond 150.

And now let the young, most of all, remember that in order to live long we must begin early to live right. There are some wicked old men, whose hoary heads are not a crown of glory, because not found in the way of righteousness. But the rule holds good, despite the exceptions, the wicked shall not live out half their days. It is virtue that bears in one hand "length of days" and in the other "honor and riches." "Self-denial is self-love living for the future." "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." He who sows gluttony and intemperance and envy and hatred and jealousy and ambition will not usually reap a strong life or a long one.

Two Life Harvests

Let us put in contrast two life harvests, one of Talleyrand, who had built up a great outward fame, but not a noble inward character, who said at last when death confronted him: "Behold eighty-three years passed away! What cares, what agitation, what anxieties, what ill-will, what sad complications, and all without results, except great fatigue of mind and body, and a profound sentiment of discouragement with regard to the future, and disgust in regard to the past."

In contrast look at Cornaro, at eighty-three, congratulating himself that in all probability he had a series of years to live in health and spirits and to enjoy this beautiful world, which is indeed beautiful to those that know how to make it so. Even at ninety-five he wrote of himself as "sound and hearty, contented and cheerful." "At this age," he says, "I enjoy at once two lives: One terrestrial, which I possess in fact; the other celestial, which I possess in thought; and this thought is equal to actual enjoyment, when founded on things we are sure to attain, as I am sure to attain that celestial life, through the infinite mercy and goodness of God.

Long Life for the Nation

Let us broadly study the "living and dying nations"—to borrow Lord Salisbury's expressive classification of the quivering map of the world as it now spreads before us in dissolving views. What a time to teach geography and history! Surely no true teacher can

Continued on page 563

* **The International Sunday School Lesson for July 19, 1908.** Samuel Warns Saul and the People. I. Sam. 12: 1-5. Golden Text. "Only fear the Lord, and serve him in truth with all your heart: for consider how great things he hath done for you." I. Sam. 12: 24.

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Sunday School Lesson—*Continued*

ail to teach also the great lessons in ivics that throng the map to-day. Lord Salisbury did not need to specify he "dying nations." Every well informed person knew, whatever might be debatable ground, that he must include in that category Turkey, France and Spain, and perhaps others. And every intelligent reader was bound to admit that the British Empire and the United States belong to the "living nations."

These "living nations," however, have some serious symptoms, and should study the dead and dying nations in order to keep out of their graveyard. With nations once mighty dying before our eyes, we face anew as a living problem the old academic question of our college history classes, "Is it necessary that a nation should grow old and weak to die?"

As a matter of fact nations have hardly averaged as long life as the patriarchs, and there are no Methuselahs among them. We are easily deceived by old names on the maps. The "body politic," the government that bears the name to-day, may be but a young namesake of a body politic deceased that once occupied the same territory.

The Graveyard of Nations

Where are the nations of which we read in the Bible and the classics? The world empires of the Egyptians, Hittites, Assyrians, Babylonians, Scythians, Persians, Macedonians, Romans, died in turn. Of all great races of antiquity the only ones that survive are the great prophetic races, the Jews and Arabs, both long ago dead politically, surviving only as subject peoples. Russia claims a thousand years, but they are mostly years of savagery, and the nation has not yet borne the test of civilization and luxury. Japan's Mikado claims an ancestral royal line of six thousand years, but previous to 1868 the Mikados were popes, and the Tycoons, now abolished, were the civil emperors, and therefore as civil ruler the young Mikado is the first of a new series.

Must every nation, then, must our own, grow old and die? Nay, for in the very nature of the case, a nation may be immortal; like a river, its drops ever passing on to the sea, but ever renewed from its mountain springs. If we maintain the Christian morality and popular education, which Washington declared to be the high sources of national prosperity, and keep unbroken on either hand the banks of liberty and law, our nation's life may go on ceaselessly, singing like a river,

> Men may come and men may go, but I go on forever.
>
> Arise and shine in youth immortal,
> Thy light is come, thy king appears:
> Beyond the century's swinging portal,
> Breaks a new dawn, a thousand years.

But eternal life to a nation can come only through "eternal vigilance." Many who firmly believe nature goes by law act as if history went by luck. As surely as effect follows cause, Babylonian vices will in every age produce a Babylonian fall.

SAUL CHOSEN KING

By Mrs. M. Baxter

BEFORE God gave the children of Israel a king after his own heart, he gave them one after their own hearts, one who in outside things was a man to be proud of. He was the son of Kish, a man of substance or wealth, of the tribe of Benjamin. He himself was in the vigor of youth.

The general council of Israel's elders had passed the resolution that the form of government should be altered, and they should appoint a king, that they might be like the nations. Samuel had yielded up his will to God, and was perfectly ready to resign his post as judge of Israel in favor of a king; he had confidence in God, and believed that He knew best what was right to do, and he could trust the consequences with Him.

By the secret anointing of God and the public election of the people, Saul was chosen king. But another and very important ceremonial had to be observed. Samuel told the people the manner of the kingdom, from Deut. 27: 15-20—a manner of the kingdom which would forbid emulation of the nations round, and self-aggrandisement—and commanded that the king should write out for himself a copy of the law of God, that he might read, learn, and "keep all the words of this law and these statutes to do them." Then Samuel sent the people away, and Saul returned to Gibeah, but not alone: "There went with him men of valor whose hearts God had touched."

God soon gave Saul an opportunity of showing his mettle. Nahash the Ammonite came up and encamped against Jabesh-Gilead, and imposed such humiliating terms on the besieged as only the most imperious and brutal tyrant could have demanded. He would only make a covenant with the inhabitants on condition that he might put out all their right eyes, and lay it for a reproach upon all Israel! The Spirit of God came mightily upon Saul, and he sent forth his first edict as king in a most impressive manner. Taking a yoke of oxen, he cut them in pieces, and sent them into all the coasts of Israel, saying: "Whosoever cometh not forth after Saul and after Samuel, so shall it be done unto his oxen."

The result was that "a terror from the Lord (R. V. margin) fell upon the people, and they came out as one man." Sending a message of deliverance to the inhabitants of Jabesh-Gilead to allay their suspense, Saul mustered his large army, marched down upon the camp of the Ammonites, and obtained complete victory. This established Saul's military reputation, the people were now unanimous in his favor, and a sentiment of indignation arose against such as had disapproved of his election.

An Evangelistic Visitor

THE Rev. J. Tolefree Parr, one of the foremost evangelists in England, and who has been associated with Gipsy Smith and W. R. Lane in revival work in that country, is about to visit the United States. The Rev. F. B. Meyer writes of him: "Everywhere his ministry has been followed by great blessing. I know him to be a godly, earnest and devoted servant of Christ who is able to attract and sway large audiences. He has identified himself with all the great movements of our time which have made for liberty, sobriety and purity."

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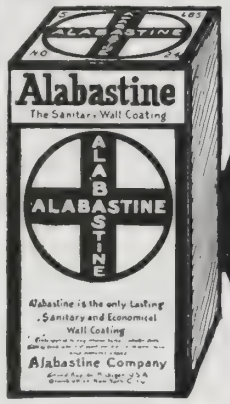

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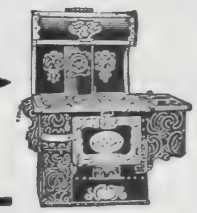

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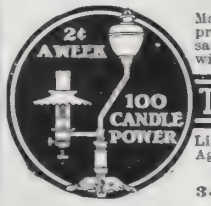

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We aim to show good taste as well as good sense in our patterns and illustrations, and they are always sensible, seasonable and never extravagant. The reputation of New York women for correct dress is world-wide, and our patterns show the **Latest and Best in New York Styles.**

The Mother's Hour

This department will continue in its helpful mission and we shall keep in mind the moral and spiritual as well as the physical needs of both mothers and children in selecting the matter for it. Many new writers have been secured and we shall retain the former ones, who are already familiar to our readers. The Mother's Hour is a dependable feature of THE HOUSEWIFE and many look for it eagerly every month.

Editorial Outlook

Our editor touches life at many points, and in the coming year he will try more than ever to make his little monthly "Sermons" timely, cheerful and to the point. With the inspiration that naturally comes from a rapidly increasing audience, you may expect some very enjoyable talks in this particular corner, and we feel very sure that he will do his utmost to retain the warm regard of our millions of readers.

The Social Circle

This feature of THE HOUSEWIFE, which is so much thought of by our readers, will continue under the capable direction of Miss Blake, and she is always glad to find room for the letters from those who have something to say and know how to say it so as to confer the greatest good to the greatest number.

The letters printed in The Social Circle are, as one subscriber expresses it, "as good as a visit from a friend."

WHAT SUBSCRIBERS SAY OF THE HOUSEWIFE:

"Every one is pleased with THE HOUSEWIFE. I like it better than some of the higher priced papers."

"I consider the Editorial Outlook worth the whole year's subscription. It was an inspiration and the whole magazine is elevating and uplifting. Whatever your subscription list numbers, it should certainly be doubled."

"You certainly publish one of the best magazines going. I take and exchange with my neighbors, so I have the reading of more than a dozen, and yours compares favorably with the best of them."

"Your editorials are the best I have ever read; they have been helpful to me and I read them often in our Mothers' Meeting."

"While I am renewing my subscription I can't but speak a word of praise for our dear, good paper. I did think once I would not take it this year, but when the time came for it to come and I had waited, it just seemed as if a friend had disappointed me. I want to thank you and dear Hilda Richmond for the Little Lessons they alone are really worth the price of the paper."

"It is an interesting paper: the editorials are uncommonly fine, calculated to do great good, and the stories are always practical and helpful."

"We have been readers, lovers and appreciators of THE HOUSEWIFE for years. In these days of yellow—deep yellow—cheap publications, words would not express our gratitude for the work of the editor of THE HOUSEWIFE."

"I have received THE HOUSEWIFE and think it is just splendid. It is full of the very best reading, and the Editorial Outlook especially struck me as the finest thing I have read lately. We have mothers right around us that ought to read that editorial."

"Please accept my praise for the 1907 numbers of your magazine. I think it is one of the most entertaining monthly papers that I have ever come across, and within the reach of everybody. It has more stories in it than many of the ten and fifteen-cent papers. You have so many lovely short stories that THE HOUSEWIFE is one of the most welcome visitors that come to our house."

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THE HOUSEWIFE PUBLISHING CO., 52 Duane St., New York

CHRISTIAN HERALD

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY LOUIS KLOPSCH

SUBSCRIPTION, $1.50 PER ANNUM
PUBLISHED 52 TIMES A YEAR

NEW YORK, JULY 15, 1908

VOL. 31—NO. 29. PRICE 5 CENTS
OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

A COOL DRAUGHT AT THE SPRING

Questions and Answers

Old Subscriber, Kingston, N.Y. How many electoral votes are necessary for a choice this year?

On the apportionment of 1900 it will be necessary to have 242. New York comes first with thirty-nine electoral votes, Pennsylvania second with thirty-four, and Illinois third with twenty-seven.

Subscriber, Lexington, Ky. Referring to I. Chronicles 21, wherein consisted the sin of David's numbering the people, that it was imputed to him as a great sin?

David's act was presumptuous, as though he doubted God's promise to multiply Israel and wanted to satisfy himself. In Moses' time, there was an approved reason for the census. The people were summoned for the express purpose of the tax for the sanctuary, and the money thus collected was consecrated. David's act was one of pride, to learn just how many warriors he had at command to levy a tax for the support of the royal establishment. This last was regarded as an unwelcome innovation and an oppressive exaction. David had forgotten the express command given to Moses (see Exodus, 30: 12-16). He repented and tried to stop it, but he was too late. The punishment that followed took off 70,000 of the best and bravest of David's men.

W. A., St. Louis, Mo. What is the best way to avoid overheating in midsummer and to treat those who are unduly susceptible to the heat?

The best safeguards are moderate diet with little meat, avoidance of alcohol, use of light clothing and care to avoid too much exposure to the sun. The *New York Medical Journal* advises that the slightest indication of heat exhaustion (headache, vertigo, and faintness) should be heeded and the sufferer removed to a cool, shaded room. For mild cases a glass of water with a few drops of aromatic spirits of ammonia will suffice; but where the indications are pronounced a physician should be called at once.

R. W., Richmond, Va. 1. Who was the first secretary of agriculture, the first secretary of war, the first postmaster-general and the first attorney-general? 2. When was the office of secretary of commerce and labor established?

1. Norman J. Colman, of Missouri, was first secretary of agriculture; first secretary of war was Gen. Henry Knox, of Massachusetts; the first postmaster-general was Samuel Osgood, of Massachusetts; the first attorney-general was Edmond Randolph, of Virginia. 2. In 1903.

F. S. W., Union City, Mich. Who was the first person to take the name of God in vain?

There is no record anywhere to show who was the pioneer in this particular sin. As we find it specially mentioned in the Decalogue, however, we may reasonably assume that it was prevalent among the Egyptians and no doubt among still earlier nations.

Mazie W. D., Dayton, O. What is the highest skyscraper in New York at the present time?

The Metropolitan building, which is slightly over 657 feet in height, but the new Equitable Life building as planned will be much higher. The structure will stand 900 feet above the curb and will have a flag-staff the peak of which will be 1,059 feet high from the sidewalk. The Eiffel Tower in Paris, 984 feet above ground, will still be the highest known building.

F. C. V., Fort Worth, Tex. Did Christ promise to forgive us if we did not first forgive our enemies?

See Matt. 5: 23-26; Matt. 18: 35; Mark, 11: 25; Luke, 6: 38; Eph. 4: 32. Also the "forgive us" in the Lord's Prayer.

M. E. K., Iowa. I am a Christian mother with a family, and a husband who is not a Christian and does not care to have prayer. Is it right that I should pray alone, without teaching my children to pray? I teach them their Sunday School lessons and the Bible.

Where parents differ radically in matters of faith, perplexing questions are bound to arise. As a Christian mother, it is your right and privilege, as well as your duty, to teach your children to pray. As the religious training of the child naturally falls to the mother, your husband can hardly object. Avoid arguments that are likely to provoke the slightest hard feelings, and try rather to let your husband see the results of your teachings in the children's lives.

Reader, Detroit, Mich. Are there not two Lamas in Tibet? What are their relative powers and positions?

Yes, the Dalai Lama or "Glorious King," and the Tashi Lama, or "Glorious Teacher." The present is the thirteenth Dalai Lama. He is the nominal ruler of Tibet and held to be a reincarnation of Buddha. The real ruler, however, is the Regent, who is chosen from the four great Tibetan monasteries. The Dalai is credited with absolute control of the present happiness and future destiny of the whole nation. It is said that he is seldom permitted to reach mature age, the Buddhist priests preferring an infant ruler with whom they can do what they please.

Reader, Yardley, Pa. Please state the difference between local option and prohibition.

Local option is the privilege granted to a county or town to prohibit the sale of alcoholic liquors within its limits. Prohibition is the forbidding by legislative enactment of the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquors for use as a beverage.

M. S. L., Dunnegan, Mo. 1. "There is none that doeth good, no, not one" (Psalm 53: 3). Does that mean there were no good people at that time? 2. How could Elijah kill four hundred prophets and why did Ahab let Elijah kill his prophets? (I. Kings 18: 40.)

1. The psalm is one that deals with man's spiritual malady or sickness. It describes the condition of the sceptic, the ungodly, the seekers after worldly pleasures. In no sense can it be construed to include God's faithful people in the general denunciation. The object is to make sinners reflect and turn again to the Lord. 2. These false prophets were knowingly leading the King and people into idolatry. They had impiously accepted the test by which their strange gods must stand or fall. They were slain by the people at the order of Elijah (see Josephus' *Antiquities* and I. Kings, 18: 40).

L. M. V., Long Beach, Calif. Whence comes the authority for saying "St. John," "St. Mark," etc?

"Saint" is a term applied by common Christian usage to persons eminent in piety and virtue, who have led sanctified lives, and especially to those who have become martyrs. In the Protestant churches, it is employed as a title of veneration; in the Catholic Church, it is a title conferred by formal canonization.

M. McL., Bennettsville, S. C. Were the disciples converted before the day of Pentecost? If so what did they receive on that day? Was it not a second blessing, separate and distinct from the blessing of regeneration?

Yes, they were converted before, and Pentecost was the occasion on which the Holy Spirit descended, as Jesus had promised. These converts, to whom this promise was specially made and faithfully kept, were the first fruits of the Spirit. The Pentecostal effusion, which was sent expressly to them, was the seal set upon their ministry. It was an enduement distinct from and in addition to the work of regeneration.

Mr. W. M. Cumming, of Wilmington, N. C., writes:

Your last issue contained a very interesting article on the Prohibition election in North Carolina. The largest city in the State did not go "wet," for Charlotte, not Wilmington, is the largest city and Charlotte voted "dry." Greensboro claims to rank second and it voted "dry." Wilmington (whether second or third) went "wet," but by a majority of only 139 and this was a Prohibition victory when you consider that there are sixty-three saloons here and eliminating the saloonkeepers and the bartenders, directly engaged in the trade, the majority was on the other side. More than to any other one man, the credit of the victory is due to Governor Glenn, who is a most ardent Prohibitionist and has been for twenty-seven years, and he has devoted most of his time for months to the cause of State Prohibition. He is an elder in the Presbyterian Church and a teacher in the Sunday School. He is foremost in every good work.

THE DEAD SEA IN MINIATURE AT CHAUTAUQUA

NEAR the water's edge of Lake Chautauqua on the grounds of the New York Chautauqua Assembly, is an interesting facsimile of the Dead Sea, the River Jordan and the cities of the Holy Land. Among the miniature hills and mountains on both sides of these bodies of water, the cities are represented by metal monuments. Lake Chautauqua itself represents the Mediterranean. Often on Sundays, in the early evening, someone who has visited the Holy Land will give an hour's talk to those who gather about him, and as he talks will point out the different cities on the miniature model. The model is perhaps 300 feet long. In the photograph the children at Chautauqua may be seen sailing the toy boats in the waters of the Dead Sea.

Miscellaneous

M. A., Castleton, Ill. The question is not in our class.

Reader, Alexis, Ill. Procure the *Thesaurus* through any bookseller.

J. E. G., Delhi, N. Y. Ingersoll did not change his belief before death.

Reader, Columbus, Ga. We do not know the name of the author of the poem.

Reader, Brooklyn, N. Y. Write to the *Star*, Montreal, Can., for date of the great fire.

Reader, Gobleville, Mich. Thanks for your helpful letter.

D. T. C., Harrisonburg, Va. Send your question to the professor of mathematics at your State University.

Any reader knowing the address of Minerva Piner will confer a favor by sending the same to Mrs. Amy V. Buckmaster, Mizpah, Minn.

Reader, Amityville, Pa. There are laws in many States against blasphemy and profanity. These can be made effective if a proper attempt is made.

Mrs. C. F., San Pedro, Calif. According to the census of 1900 there are 8,840,789 negroes in the United States. Probably one-eighth of the whole are receiving the benefits of "advanced" education.

Rella A., Richwood, O. It would be a very agreeable and instructive excursion, but should not be taken on Sunday. It is the duty of the Christian to avoid Sunday travel, except where it is absolutely necessary and unavoidable.

Mrs. F. A. S., Le Grand, Ia. 1. Hudson Taylor and Jacob Chamberlain. 2. Mary Reed is still at work in the mission field, though still a sufferer.

S. A. C., Albia, Ia. Temperance has gained steadily during the past twelve months and is still gaining. The outlook is more promising than at any time in the nation's history. It is estimated that between 30,000,000 and 40,000,000 are now living under prohibition.

Miss Sarah Pyle, founder of the People's Settlement, Wilmington, Del., writes acknowledging several gifts in behalf of her work. A California Friend sent $5; Mrs. A. E. C., Merriam, Kan., $10; Mrs. Fannie B., Lumberton, N. J., $5; Mrs. James P. A., Dover, Del., $5; Dr. J. D. R., Savannah, Ga., $5; Mr. Amos S. H., Jamaica Plain, Boston, $3; Mrs. Lars O., Cranfill Gap, Tex., 50c.; Mrs. Stella H., Morgantown, W. Va., $2; Mrs. E. S., Westboro, Mass., $1; Thomas B., Plainfield, Ind., $1; Mrs. Flori I. H., Mt. Hope, Kan., $1; Miss Isabella E. H., Devon, Pa., $2, and Mrs. Ethel D., Warden, Mass., $1.35.

NEW YORK, JULY 15, 1908

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

Dwellers on the Margin of Venezuela's Lakes

The "Heraldo Cristiano," on Lake Maracaibo

TREASURE-SEEKING IN VENEZUELA

Missionary Bach Writes of the Search for Hidden Riches, and of the Mission Boat, "Heraldo Cristiano"

IN WHATEVER country we may be, we constantly meet seekers for treasures and riches; but what are treasures and riches to one may not be so to another. It is not everybody that considers gold as the best treasure, and we praise God for that! It is not only man that seeks for treasures, but also God our heavenly Father; and a day shall come when he shall gather his "jewels" from all parts of the world. We are glad to say that it includes Venezuela also. We have had the joy to receive good news through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from many parts of the world where the Lord's servants are seeking for "treasures of darkness and hidden riches;" and it may interest some of its readers to hear some from Venezuela.

Two years ago last April we came to Maracaibo, the most fanatical city in Venezuela and possibly in the whole of South America. As we were the first Protestant missionaries to begin evangelical work here, we have had to face many difficulties during these two years. The priests have done all in their power to drive us out of the city; they have forbidden the people to sell us food, and strictly forbidden the owners of houses to rent to us. Our lives have often been in danger; we have been threatened with knives, revolvers and bombs; we have been pelted with stones; but we have not thrown them after people again. No, we are gathering them for the building of a church; so we hope some day to be able to thank them for the good material which they have given us.

A little less than a year ago, we started regular meetings, and after the first opposition they have been well attended. The people love to hear the Gospel.

As the field is so extensive and we have no colporteur, we must at times leave the station and go out to do the work of a Bible colporteur ourselves. A few months ago, the writer made a trip to the interior. A small sailing-boat took me across the Lake of Maracaibo. During the day here we feel the sun intensely hot, and on these small boats there is no place to rest during the long hours of the night. The following day, I saw what I took to be the smoke from a steamer, and I asked the captain where the steamer came from. He answered: "It is no steamer; it is mosquitoes." Soon we could hardly breathe for the mosquitoes.

We came to San Timoteo. All the houses are built on poles which stand in the water. Roofs and walls are made of palm leaves, and the floors are also made of poles covered with palm leaves. I sold many Bibles and Testaments there. It was my purpose to visit places where they never have had the chance to get the Bible.

A few weeks ago, we finished the work on a mission-boat. On the coast of the Lake of Maracaibo we have about eighty villages, which we can only reach by boat. We soon saw the need of a mission-boat, and we laid the matter before the Lord and some of our friends in America. We did not get sufficient money to buy the boat finished; but we got so much that we could buy the material for it, and the Red D Line of Steamships in New York brought it down free of charge. My fellow-worker, Mr. Christiansen, took part in the building of the boat. We put in a four-horse power engine, and it has also sails, which we use in favorable winds. We succeeded very well in the building of it. We got it tight and it sails well. The name of the mission-boat is *Heraldo Cristiano* ("Christian Herald"). It has already made two successful trips. A short time ago we had the joy of baptizing a young man who has dedicated his life to the boat mission work. Our Master went in a boat to the country of the Gadarenes, to find "hidden treasures" there; so we thank him for our mission-boat.

Gazing at the Strangers in a Street of Maracaibo

It is now seven months since we started a little monthly paper called *La Estrella de la Mañana* (The Morning-Star). We had with us when we came a small printing-press and some type, and we soon started to print tracts and last year we published a little book of about ninety pages. We bought more type, and then we began to publish the paper. We are doing the printing ourselves, and it has been a wonderful help in spreading the Gospel. We constantly receive new subscribers. We are planning to publish it twice a month and make it larger; but we will be in need of a larger printing-press, which will cost us about $500; but we believe the Lord will send us in due time what we need. Many doors have been closed for us; but the printed pages have entered them. We ask your readers to pray for us, so that we may have strength to do our work.

T. J. BACH.

Maracaibo, Venezuela, S. A.

THE
American Pulpit
A Sermon by
Rev. Byron C. Piatt*

INCREASE OUR FAITH

TEXT—Luke 17: 5, 6
"And the apostles said unto the Lord, Increase our faith"

THIS simple request of the apostles, taking up only a line on the page, is pregnant with mighty issues. The prayer of these men, though so very brief and slipped into the narrative so unobtrusively, is like a cup of water caught in a horse track; though small it reveals limitless heights because it mirrors the vast, skyey expanse of the soul. We feel very close akin to these men as they look into the face of Jesus and lay bare their hearts, because they make the request we are forced to make every day of our lives, "Lord, increase our faith." We will do these men gross injustice if we say that they had no occasion for questioning or open unbelief. The fact that they had the visible person of Christ to compel belief does not lessen their difficulty in the least. They are brothers with us in a common struggle, a struggle that is as old as the human race, the ascent up to the high level where the life of the spirit becomes a reality. That was their conflict. It is ours also. Whether Jesus is present in person or spirit matters not.

The Jews and the Messiah

Their faith was constantly being put to the severest tests. No men were ever more severely tempted to disbelieve. They were Jews by the untainted blood of two thousand years; Jews by training and instinct, and the most intense and strict Jews because of the prejudice of their class. The traditional errors of their history, the glory of their people, were stained through and through them. The material conception of the Messiah was inwoven into their history as a thing inseparable from life. And now that the Wonderful Counselor had come they were impelled by the charm of his irresistible love to follow. Of course they could not understand all that Jesus meant when he said, "Follow me." These plain peasants had all the narrowness and tenacity of prejudice common to men of like occupation to-day. Tradition received the unquestioned homage of the law.

Our sympathy for them is aroused as we follow them through those memorable years. Every day they had to meet and accept things new and strange and, to them, incredible. They felt the old foundations breaking up and sinking beneath their feet. They saw the old familiar horizons vanishing before the broader sky line of Jesus' vision. Before their eyes were being unveiled insuperable heights that they had never thought possible to life. The horrible depths of men's depravity were being laid bare with rigid fidelity. Human values that had not fluctuated by so much as a degree in centuries were undergoing radical change. The relative value of money and honor and pomp and salutation in the market place was shriveling up under the searching lime-light of the enhanced value of the spirit. Old racial customs were being put at naught. The fatal inconsistencies of the national leaders were beginning to glare. Beyond all of this strain upon their confidence Jesus was saying calmly, "Love your enemies," "The Son of Man is Lord also of the Sabbath." Had they been deceived after all? Was this in truth the Messiah?

The Great Deliverer

In such experiences as these the fearful struggle began which finally resulted in the anxious request, "Lord, increase our faith." But more startling revelations were to follow. The terms, "Other sheep," "All the world," were frequently thrust into his public discourses. What could this mean? Such teaching was stupefying to a Jew. No such ideas ever entered his head. The world had no place in his plans. Jesus' words left no doubt. The Gentile dogs were objects of his sympathy also. Every day their strained vision had to embrace unheard-of truth, miraculous and revolutionary. In the midst of all of this, with quickening, bewildering rapidity, Jesus was declaring, "My kingdom is not of this world." He was telling them with solemn earnestness that he must be betrayed and crucified after the manner of Roman criminals. They were hearing him condemn the sword as a weapon of conquest. They were witnessing him reject the crown as the sign of his kingship and rightful authority. The bias of a life-time changed in an hour! Were men ever so sorely tempted to disbelieve? The belief that the Messiah, when he came, would restore the Temple to its former glory; that he would literally restore the kingdom of David; that he would bring vengeance upon the enemies of Israel and that he would gather the dispersed together from every corner of the earth, were fixed in the Jewish mind as questions beyond dispute.

Now, here was the great Deliverer, upon whom their dearest hopes were set, in whose kingdom they were planning to have seats of authority, talking of failure and betrayal and death; talking of a kingdom not of this world, and even talking with a Samaritan woman of ill repute and eating with publicans and sinners! With bated breath they witnessed the gathering storm of hatred against this Messiah whose cause they had espoused. The heavens and earth were swept clear. Not a landmark remained to point them back to the old life.

Held between a great, strange love and incredulity, how natural the cry, "Lord, increase our faith." They had reached a perilous place in their attitude to Jesus. They must now renounce him altogether or go in with him heart and soul with a faith that should stop at no danger, not even the terrors of martyrdom. They could not turn back. "Lord," they were saying, "to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of life. Help us to believe in thee what we can not understand."

What Jesus Demands

Men, how the experiences of these Jews touch the quick of your life and mine! We, too, met Jesus in the cloddy highway of life and felt the constraining power of his love. When he called us we left all, or what we wished to believe was all, to follow him. We set out with over-confidence and the enthusiasm of a zealot. But we had no more than crossed the border line into the new life than our confidence began to weaken into doubt and our doubt in turn to give way to consternation. Like Peter and Thomas and the others, we had not counted all of the cost. Now we are at the parting of the ways where the great conflict begins. We, too, cry for faith to sustain us when sight and reason can not penetrate the mystery of the new life into which Christ has led us. We, too, are held between love and incredulity, not daring to turn back and trembling to go on. It is a crisis with us. There is no alternate course. We must forsake Jesus openly and above board or go in with him heart and soul, for life or death.

Consider the demands which Jesus makes upon us: We came, it may be, thinking that the programme of Jesus, while perfect in its adaptability to the needs of life, was too radical and revolutionary to be accepted as a practical life code. When one with a great vision declared that the question, "What would Jesus do?" should be indorsed as the standard for social and commercial conduct we recoiled and anxiously scrutinized our hearts to know whether it really meant that after all. Some of us even dared to assert that we did not believe that it was possible or necessary to do as Jesus would do or that it was intended that his teaching should be taken literally. In other words, we dodged the issue. . . . One of two things is sure. Jesus is either a myth or a fact. If Jesus is a fact his teaching is a fact. If his teaching is a fact his moral code must be accepted literally or not at all. The road stretches out before us broad and straight. Our hands are upon the plow. We will have to stay by Jesus and revolutionize our business. "Lord, increase our faith."

The Lure of the World

When Jesus passed us on the Jericho road and found us blind and ragged by the way, we leaped up and with wild joy hurried along with the crowd, confident in our strength to go with him all the way. Now, before his vision of holiness there comes over us a sickening sense of inborn pollution. Foul spectres haunt the dark abysses of our souls. The lure of the senses is so intoxicating and the swinish appeal of lust is so overpowering. The goal is so far away and so high up and the ascent is so steep and perilous. The light is so blinding and we are so weak and faint. Oh, does Jesus demand so much of us frail, bat-like things! Does he? Is it possible to us, this severe ideal of purity? Is it? "Lord, increase our faith."

When we closed with Jesus in a last serious talk with him and heard his request that we go to men who were in the slime of horrible sin we obey joyfully in the belief that all men must certainly moved by such a marvelous story; that all must quickly transformed under the spell of his compa ionship. Years have now passed. We have preache and taught and pleaded with men, but their ears a so dull of hearing, their lives are so slow and clo like that they are not moved by a recital of Jesu love and pain. They even turn away with disgu and with jests upon their lips, and the few who hav taken his name upon them are but weaklings an hirelings. They are carnal and covetous and luk warm and many times are cruelly selfish. Our fait in the rich goodness of men, in their possible gooc ness even, is strained to the point of breaking. I takes so much love and patience and loving kindnes to bear with our brothers and labor with them i peace and joy in the common cause. The churc moves on at a snail's pace. So many take offense s easily. So many turn back to go no more with thee— "Lord, increase our faith!"

The World's Standard

We have come to Christ with our table of weights and measures, saturated with a base sense of the abnormal worth of human values. We have come thus to weigh and test God to determine whether his service is worth the while. Dollars, houses, lands, jewels, clothes, equipage and all the sensual things that follow in the wake of these seem so real and tangible. All of our life before has been estimated in terms of these values. Now Jesus is telling us that this is all false and wrong and must be put away from us utterly. Like the rich young ruler, we have come running and kneeling to Jesus with lives of rigid morality wrapped about a cankered selfishness, asking what proper thing, what easy, comfortable thing, we may do to inherit eternal life. Flushed with enthusiasm, we come clanging our scale pans to actually weigh God by the jungle standard of the world.

And now we are startled and amazed by the truth that everything must serve and pay homage to the life of the spirit; that life must stand or fall by its eternal values. The spirit! What is all of this talk about the life of the spirit? Are we dead certain that there is such a thing? At the very best it is vague and indefinite and unreal and invisible. Now we are hearing that this invisible life is the real life; that all things, if need be, must be given up for its sake; that we must conquer selfishness, master our covetousness, strangle our base desires and forsake our old weights and measures all for an unseen life of the spirit! How many men of mastery have turned back at this hard saying of Jesus! We feel, deep down, that Jesus is right. There is no skulking around the issue. Every voice of the inner life bears proof of it. Oh, the fierce, mortal conflict in the souls of strong men who have to face this reality! Oh, the struggle and travail and faith it takes to make an unseen thing real and priceless, to make it a ruling passion in conduct! "Lord, increase our faith."

"Ye Must be Born Again"

But we are swept on into another crisis where we are impelled by Jesus' love and waver at his commands. Our little horizon of self-righteousness and self-love, described about our feet, is shattered into a thousand fragments. No sooner do we build a new wall outside the ruins of the old than an outcircling wave of larger love lays it low and inundates all of the region beyond. Sloth, smug self-satisfaction, pinched giving, niggardly serving are all carried away. Like Nicodemus, we come with many secret reservations to the house-roof to look upon the great Nazarene bathed in the mellow moonlight. We open the conversation with evasive compliments. But Jesus is wearied with this kind of talk. He breaks in abruptly, "You must be born again." And it means just this: To pass forever out of the dark womb of selfishness into a limitless region of ceaseless growth. There can be no limit to the sacrifice, no measure for the loving, no base ease for the body, no cushions for the feet, no hugging up to ourselves of the old sensual pleasures, no forgetting for a moment of the crying of that outlying world for the bread we have to give. We can never again lazily paddle among the flats and shallows of vanity and forgetfulness of God. But caught up and swept out upon the deep sea of an

Continued on page 569

*Preached in Central Christian Church, Marion, O.

MR. CLEVELAND LAID AT REST

THE BURIAL OF EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND IN THE PRINCETON CEMETERY

IMPRESSIVE from its very simplicity was the burial given the remains of ex-President Cleveland from his home at Princeton, N. J. A few companies of State troops were present to line the streets. The President and many statesmen came to do honor to the late President's memory and the people of Princeton gathered silently near the gates of Westland where Mr. Cleveland had spent his last years in dignified retirement, but there was none of the pomp we associate with the funeral of the historic dead.

It had been Mr. Cleveland's wish that he be buried without ostentatious display, and though his fellow townsmen and his countrymen at large would have gladly accorded his memory every ceremonial honor within their power, they followed, in so far as was possible, the desires of the former President. Mrs. Cleveland wished the services to be strictly private and only invited to the house those who had been intimately associated with her late husband either in his political or private life. The President of the United States came on a special train from Oyster Bay and arrived shortly before five in the afternoon, the hour set for the funeral. Preceding him by a few minutes there had come half a dozen members of Mr. Cleveland's two cabinets, and there were also present several members of Mr. Roosevelt's cabinet, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States and others of historic place and name. These assembled in the large library of Westland, while the body of the dead President lay in the reception room on the other side of the spacious hall. About the casket was grouped the bereaved family: Mrs. Cleveland, who could with difficulty conceal her emotion, her eldest daughter and eldest son, a sister and nephew. With them were President Roosevelt and Dr. Bryant, the family physician. Between this group and the door leading to the hall stood four clergymen of the Presbyterian Church, of which Mr. Cleveland's father had been a minister and he a member. As the bells struck five, one of the clergymen stepped forward and read the opening lines of the funeral service; prayer was offered, followed by the reading of a psalm by another of the group. A second psalm was read by a third clergyman and Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke read part of Wordsworth's poem, "The Happy Warrior."

President Roosevelt, as the head of the nation and also as a friend of Mr. Cleveland, rose and in a quiet voice, which yet carried clearly to all the rooms in which the mourning friends were assembled, paid a brief tribute to Mr. Cleveland's character and achievements. It was too brief to be ranked as a eulogy, yet it was fully as impressive as any long and carefully prepared address. Its straightforward truth and sincerity touched all hearts and there were few who were not greatly moved. A few words of prayer closed the service at the house and then all moved slowly from the open hallway to the line of twenty-six carriages that were waiting to carry them to the cemetery. The cortege wound down the curved drive to the entrance gate of Westland, and then out through historic Bayard Lane, which was often traversed by Washington when his headquarters were at Nassau Hall. Hundreds of people lined the walks, the men removing their hats and the women bowing their heads as the coffin passed. There was not a whisper from the multitude; only the rumble of the carriage wheels broke the hushed stillness. Then the bell on old Nassau Hall began to toll, sending its solemn peal far out over the Gothic towers of Princeton. It was about three quarters of a mile to the cemetery. The carriages moved slowly, the pall-bearers walking on either side of the hearse. It was nearly six o'clock when the procession moved through the cemetery gates. The four clergymen left their carriages and moved to the open grave, followed by Mayor McClellan of New York, and the other pall-bearers.

Beautiful floral pieces were placed about the grave. Just at one side was the grave of Mr. Cleveland's little daughter Ruth. The sun was just going down and suffusing the landscape with its yellow summer light as Dr. William H. Richards began to read the committal service. As the benediction was pronounced Mrs. Cleveland was overcome with emotion. As friends urged her gently toward her carriage she turned once more to look at the grave of her husband. The mourners entered their carriages and the last group of watchers dispersed.

INCREASE OUR FAITH — Sermon by Rev. Byron C. Piatt — *Continued*

eternal love and driven by the winds of a holy passion that shall never calm, the shore line receding, leveling our eyes upon the sky line beyond, taking leave forever of the old life with its evil deeds, stricken with fear at the voyage ahead but determined to sail on, we send up the cry, "Lord, increase our faith."

In the old life, shielded from the pain of deep sympathy with suffering humanity, ignorant of the world's need and blind to its awful mystery of human wrong and affliction, we came to confess our faith in a God of measureless love. Till now no adversity or sickness or grief has overtaken us. In the past we grew unconsciously to feel that our freedom from these calamities was an expression of God's love. And now pain grips us with its needle fingers and haggard misery crouches by the door. Our dearest life purpose crumbles like ashes in our hand. Thus crushed and baffled we recoil from God and with anger and rebellion ask bitterly if this be his love. We are face to face with the problem that has palsied humanity from the days of Job till now. We are trying to reconcile the goodness of God with human misery. The trouble is that we have been living under a delusion and have been expecting God to shield us from something he has never promised to shield us from. If he did not keep Jesus from the tree how can he keep us from the anguish to which life is heir?

I have spoken thus far of the trials of faith which besiege the individual life. There is a greater problem which lies outside of and includes all of these lesser ones. I lay stress now upon our proneness to question with grave doubt the power of the Church to transform the earth. We lose everything and gain nothing by refusing to look at the truth. The appalling fact of human depravity surrounds us upon every hand: the ghastly crop of suicides and butcheries; the whirl of tainted pleasures, the cruelty, the apostasy and the oncoming storm of actual revolution all gather upon the horizon with menacing blackness. One steady look in this direction drives us to hopeless despair. The church seems to be winning out in small detachments and insignificant skirmishes. But how about the general engagement? Merciful God, what if we were losing ground! What if the repulsed army of Jehovah were on the retreat! What if thousands were only attempting to save a few men out of the wreck with no hope of saving the wreck itself! What if the rich were rotting in their palaces and the poor were rotting in their tenements! What if the bitter cry of two million little children were unheeded! What if the vandal hordes in our great cities threatened our civilization with paganism! What if human ghouls sucked in the gain of the earth and left the people faint for bread! What if marriage were a farce and morality a coarse jest! What if men and women just used the church for a social convenience to keep up a semblance of respectability! What if all this were terribly true! "Lord, increase our faith." All of the faith that our hearts will hold we must have now in these fearful times.

Now the way of gathering a mighty faith and an invincible optimism is all very plain. There is a law by which the mustard seed will triumph over the mountain. This is our victory. We must ask for it, but we have got to do one thing more for a triumphant faith. We have got to stop making Jesus Christ a vapor-fingered myth and make his teaching and life a fact. We have got to stop dodging a literal application of his teaching to these open sores of the world just because his teaching is so revolutionary. Make Jesus a fact, I say; a literal, impelling fact in everyday life, in commerce, industry, and statecraft. Only as we do this will we beat back the wave of midnight that threatens to engulf the earth. Only as we shall plunge headlong and heartfull into the long purposes of God; only as we shall come by intense devotion into the secret of Jesus' control over men will we come into possession of that working, all-conquering faith which will bring the kingdom of God upon earth.

The "Glorious Fourth" at Mont-Lawn

A BEAUTIFUL CELEBRATION OF THE DAY AT OUR CHILDREN'S HOME

MONT LAWN never looked more gay or attractive than on the Fourth of July this year. Bright and early, before the little folks were awakened from their slumbers in the big airy dormitories, "Old Glory" was set flying from the great flag-pole, to greet the rising sun as he lighted up the tops of the Westchester Hills and gilded the placid waters of the Hudson.

Matron and helpers were early astir, for it was to be a day with a double celebration. When the 325 youngsters arose from their cots they were full of eagerness, for the Fourth means much to every American boy and girl, poor as well as rich. After breakfast, the morning hours were spent in harmless frolic.

Early in the forenoon the visitors began to arrive, Dr. Klopsch being among the first comers as he always is on the Fourth. Soon there came a stream of guests, by rail and boat from New York and other cities, and visiting neighbors poured in from Nyack and the surrounding villages by stages and other vehicles. All were cordially greeted by Matron Hopkins and her corps of assistants. A brass band of fourteen pieces played at frequent intervals throughout the day, from sunrise to sunset.

At noon, dinner was served to the children who are guests at Mont-Lawn, and the visitors were greatly interested in the fine order and excellent behavior of the little folks, as they assembled at the signal of the matron and marched to the great open-air dining room. The dining-hall has been considerably improved since last season, by a rearrangement of tables, permitting of the seating of nearly a hundred extra children. At the north end, against a partition, is painted in clear legible letters this motto from the gifted pen of the late Malthie Babcock:

Back of the loaf is the snowy flour,
Back of the flour the mill,
Back of the mill is the wheat and the sower,
The sun and the Father's will.

Over the main entrance to the dining pavilion is the legend "Fort Plenty," which is peculiarly appropriate in view of the architectural design of the building, which suggests a fort. At one o'clock, luncheon was served to all the invited guests and visitors.

At three o'clock P. M., the pretty ceremony of christening the new dormitory took place. One hundred little boys and girls assembled on the balconies of the dormitory and Miss Mary Merritt Klopsch, daughter of the founder of Mont-Lawn, took her place at the head of the steps. She wore a garland of flowers and in one hand she carried a small vase of water, brimmed with cut daisies. There was a hush of expectancy as the visitors gathered around, the rest of the children meanwhile grouping themselves at the foot of the steps. Then Miss Mary advanced a pace, bowed to the spectators and, pouring out the contents of the vase on the steps of the new building, said in a clear and distinct treble: "Sunbeam Cottage, I christen thee." At the same instant a string was pulled and a flag rolled back from the front of the building, revealing in golden letters the words "Sunbeam Cottage" on a central panel of the structure. Then the hundred wee tots on the balconies raised their sweet young voices in the "Sunbeam Song."

Mr. Robert S. Blair, of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD editorial staff, made a brief address to the children telling them what the mission of a sunbeam is, how fast and far it travels, and how they, too, could be sunbeams, bringing brightness, joy and happiness wherever they went.

At 3:30 P. M. came the flag drill by the children on the big lawn, and the spectators were greatly interested in the intricate and beautiful evolutions which were skilfully performed. The "Salute to the Flag" was one of the patriotic events of the day, and showed how deeply rooted is the love of country in the heart of even the poorest child.

After the flag drill came the oratory of the day. The whole audience, children and adults, including all the visitors, assembled on the lawn in a large semi-circle.

Among those who had consented to speak to the children on this occasion were Rev. Dr. David Charles Hughes, father of the distinguished Governor of New York State; Rear-Admiral Charles D. Sigsbee, U. S. N., whose previous speeches at the home gave great pleasure; Rev. Ferdinand C. Iglehart, Superintendent of the New York Anti-Saloon League; Rev. C. H. Mead, the well-known temperance orator; Rev. William Potts George, pastor of the Bedford Street M. E. Church, New York, and Rev. John G. Hallimond, Superintendent of the Bowery Mission. Mr. S. C. K. Rutnam, of Ceylon, also spoke briefly to the children.

The speakers were introduced to the audience by Mr. G. H. Sandison, Managing Editor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. All the addresses were heartily enjoyed and applauded to the echo. Rev. Dr. Hughes gave a brief but most effective talk, which was enjoyed by the grown-ups as well as by the children; Admiral Sigsbee kept the youngsters in good humor with his fund of anecdote and words of practical counsel; Dr. Iglehart made a stirring patriotic address; Dr. Mead had a budget of entertaining anecdotes and Dr. George and Superintendent Hallimond also made characteristic speeches.

Among the guests was Mrs. Eleanor H. Porter, author of the beautiful story "The Transformation of Margaret," now running in the pages of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Mrs. Porter, whose earlier story, "Into Still Waters," like the present one, dealt with the career of a child who had been brought up in the slums, was greatly interested in all she saw at Mont-Lawn.

Dr. Klopsch was called upon vociferously by the audience to speak and finally made a brief address, although he explained that he preferred that the honors of the oratory on the Fourth should always go to the visiting speakers. He spoke expressing gratification on the great success of the occasion. That the Children's Home had become the model home of its kind in the world, was in large measure due to the intelligent management and co-operation of the teachers, who look upon their work as a labor of love, to which they consecrate themselves with signal devotion. It was a matter of special gratification to him to be able to receive over three thousand little guests into the Home this year, which was six hundred more than in any previous year. While the additional number would entail larger financial responsibility, the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and the good people generally would measure up to the requirements in the same creditable manner which has distinguished their conduct in past years.

At Dr. Klopsch's suggestion, a rousing vote of thanks was passed to the Matron and teachers for their excellent management, to the orators, individually and collectively, for the pleasure they had given the audience by their speeches, and to visitors and guests, for their attendance and for interest evinced in Mont-Lawn and its work.

At the conclusion of the exercises, the visitors inspected the dormitories, the open-air gymnasium with its swings, see-saws and "giant strides," the garden; they looked with amazement on roller-skating in the "Rainy Day Play Room"; entered with zest into the sports which Dr. Klopsch organized among the larger boys and girls on the wide graveled foot-path; and joined heartily in all that was going on.

After supper, which was served in the dining pavilion, the children formed a great circle on the lawn where ice-cream and cake were served, all the guests present being included in the service. Meanwhile arrangements were made for the display of fireworks, which began at dark and lasted nearly an hour. Like all the rest of the attractions of the Fourth, this feature was thoroughly enjoyed by children and guests alike.

Then the carriages were called and the guests prepared for the homeward journey, some to catch trains, others to go to Nyack and nearby villages. It was after nine o'clock when the last of the carriages rolled away, and Mont-Lawn became strangely quiet, as its 325 little charges were disposed of for the night in the various dormitories by the teachers and attendants.

"Sunbeam Cottage," the New Dormitory

The New Dormitory

As can be seen from the photograph, the new dormitory is a spacious building and the architectural design is suggestive of cool shade and refreshing breezes. It resembles somewhat the English cottages of the Middle Ages. It is constructed of stone up to the floor level and all of its angles are reinforced with the same material. It stands on a slope. The lower platform and steps are made of concrete. There is a large gable on the front supported by ornamental oak beams, and below this gable is a spacious bay-window. All of the coping of the walls and steps of the stone porches are of concrete, as are also the entrance steps of the porch at the east and facing toward the main building.

The walls are plastered in light buff, floors are of hard pine and the ceilings of wood, with beaded boarding, finished in natural tone. The upper sash in all of the windows is diamond-shaped and of glazed cathedral glass, tinted a light amber color. The building faces south as do the other cottages. It is seventy-eight feet long, fifty-two feet deep, and one story high. It is divided into two dormitories, each twenty-nine by thirty-seven feet. Each room has 1,200 square feet of space. In front of the main building are two teachers' rooms. These rooms are nine by fourteen and have openings into the dormitories, so that the teachers can oversee their charges without leaving their apartments. The dormitories are fourteen feet in height from floor to ceiling, thus giving plenty of space for the circulation of air. Each room is lighted by eight large windows and has two outside doors and two large ventilators in the ceiling. At the front are two small porches, one at each end, from which entrance may be gained direct to the dormitories or to the teachers' rooms.

IN THE FOREIGN FIELD

MISSIONARY WODEHOUSE writes that during one of his recent Gospel tours in Rhodesia, he was surprised and delighted to find a mission station run by a Christian native, with about five hundred of a congregation, and poles ready for erecting a new church.

MISSIONARY W. N. CHAMBERS writes from Hadjin, Asia Minor, that during the terrible suffering in that section last winter, consequent on almost total crop failures, two mission ladies, Miss Vaughan and Miss Billings, devoted themselves to relief work, with the result that at one time 3,500 were being helped. Both ladies are now suffering from overstrain, but their energetic efforts doubtless saved many lives.

THIRTY-SIX MISSIONARY RECRUITS

ONE of the most interesting conferences of the early summer was held in the Presbyterian Building in New York City the first week of June, when the newly appointed and the furloughed missionaries assembled for a final discussion of all matters relating to the tremendous responsibilities the former were about to assume on the foreign field. In many ways, it was in the nature of a heart-to-heart talk between the Board of Foreign Missions and the successful candidates they were about to send out. An intimate personal acquaintance with the missionaries was gained, and the closest touch was established between them and the men who stand as their advisors and co-operators. Indeed, so valuable were the benefits derived from this gathering that it may be looked upon as a college course crowded into ten days. It gave the Board an opportunity to make final tests, give final instructions, and develop a feeling of fellowship among them all. As they go forth to the untried fields of Korea, China, Japan, the Philippines, and India, to carry the Gospel, they will look back with a feeling of strengthening inspiration to the sanctuary in which they had assembled to receive their final blessing.

It was the eleventh conference of the kind, and the sessions were made memorable by the excellent advice and encouragement given by those just fresh from the field of action. Among those who gave their personal experience were the Rev. James B. Cochran and the Rev. Samuel Cochran and their wives, from HwaiYuen,China; the Rev. and Mrs. R. W. McCointock, Hainan, China; Mr. Charles A. Glunz, from the Philippines; Dr. W. A. Briggs, of Laos; Miss Rachel E. Towles, of Syria; Miss Caroline M. Holmes, who has independently inaugurated a settlement in Jebail, Syria; Mrs. W. K. Eddy, also of Syria; Miss Donaldine Cameron, who is in charge of the Rescue Home in San Francisco; Dr. Maud Allen, of India; the Rev. and Mrs. H. J. Underwood, the first missionaries sent to Korea twenty-five years ago; Dr. J. B. Neal, who is a graduate of Yale, and has spent twenty-five years in China, and has much to do with the men of the upper classes, such as Li Hung Chang and others; Mrs. B. W. Labaree, of Persia; the Rev. J. C. R. Ewing, D.D., president of the Forman Christian College of Lahore, India; the Rev. C. A. R. Janvier, D.D., who has spent fourteen years in India; Rev. John N. Forman, who has done excellent work among the Hindus; Rev. Stealy B. Rossiter, D.D., for five years head of the American Church in the Philippines; and Mr. Louis H. Severance, of Cleveland, O., a layman of prominence who has just returned from a visit of a year and a half in the mission field. All these greatly interested the thirty-six young men and women who are to follow in their footsteps.

On the opening day the theme for consideration was administration of the enterprise. The practical phases of the subject were well brought out by Mrs. C. N. Thorpe, whose excellent advice to the new missionaries was to be natural both on their journey and in the foreign field. Other addresses were made by Dr. Halsey, Rev. C. E. Bradt, Rev. George Trull and Mr. Milliken. The second day the topic was "The Relation of the Missionary to His Mission and Associates." The third day was devoted to "The Missionary as a Teacher." The lecture was by Dr. T. H. Sailer, who explained the science of pedagogy as it relates to the missionary. Rev. Dr. Charles R. Erdman gave good advice on the use of the Bible and the books that should be used in conjunction with it. Rev. A. F. Schauffler, D.D., delivered an interesting extemporaneous speech on the salient features of both the Old and New Testaments.

Socially the Conference was most delightful for the departing missionaries. There were several receptions tendered them, one of the most enjoyable being at the beautiful home of Mrs. John Crosby Brown at Brighthurst, N. J. Upon their arrival at the station the guests were met by carriages in which they were driven to Brighthurst, where sloping lawns, shade trees and beautiful flowers added their refreshing welcome to the hospitality of the hostess. Several delightful hours were passed strolling through rose gardens, visiting the log cabin and its adjacent flower beds, and the conservatories and greenhouses. The succeeding days of the Conference were filled with interesting events. There was a reception at the Savoy under the Presbyterian Union of New York, at which Hon. Linn Bruce, ex-Lieutenant Governor of New York State, presided. The last day of the Conference was devoted to short addresses to the newly appointed missionaries and words of cheer and advice from those on furlough. The list of out-going missionaries and the countries to which they have been assigned are as follows:

To Africa: Mr. Jacob Anthony Reis, Jr., educated at the Newark Theological Seminary.

To China: Miss Mary Cole Murdoch and Miss Margaret Falconer Murdoch, educated at the Woman's College of Baltimore, and Miss Agnes Gordon Murdoch, M.D., a graduate of the Medical Department of Johns Hopkins University; the Rev. Charles Hodge Corbett, of the University of Worcester and the Union Theological Seminary; Mrs. Minnie Webster Corbett, Miss Cora Small, Miss Minnie Bell Maggi, Miss Lulu Rose Patton; Mr. Horace Edward Chandler, of Brown University, Providence; Miss Chloe Carolyn Edgerton and Miss Mary Marshall Harding.

To Japan: Miss Annie Margaret (Nisbet) Hail.

To Korea: Rev. Harry Andrew Rhodes (of Princeton) and Mrs. Edith Brown Rhodes; Rev. Welling Thomas Cook, of Lafayette and Princeton; Rev. William Campbell Kerr, a graduate of Princeton University and the Auburn Theological Seminary; Rev. Henry Willard Lampe; Dr. Ralph Garfield Mills, of the University of Illinois and the Northwestern Medical College; Miss Mary Ethel Bumgarner, Mr. John Frederick Genso; Miss Katharine McCune, of Park College, Missouri; Miss Helen Isabella Taylor, of the University of Colorado and the University of Michigan; and Miss Eleanor Irene Burns, of Cornell University.

A Group of Veteran Missionaries and Candidates for the Foreign Field

To the Philippines: The Rev. Kenneth Piercy MacDonald, a graduate of Princeton and the University of Nebraska; and Miss Theresa Marguerite Kalb.

To Laos: Dr. Edwin Charles Cort, educated at Johns Hopkins University.

To South America: The Rev. Robert Bartlett Elmore, of Princeton and the Union Theological Seminary; and Miss Ethel Helen Iles.

To Syria: Dr. Ara Elsie Harris.

And those who have been appointed but not yet assigned are: The Rev. John J. Heeren, of Iowa College; the Rev. Harold Charles Anderson, of the Iowa State University and Princeton; Miss Anna S. Doriss; Dr. Archibald Gray Fletcher, of Sioux City and Iowa Medical College, and also a graduate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Chicago; the Rev. Wesley Lynn Hemphill, of Princeton and the University of Pennsylvania; and Mr. Hugh Anderson Moran, of Wadham College and Oxford.

MODERN SCIENCE ON ALCOHOL

MAY I tell your readers what modern medical authority teaches concerning the pernicious effect of the various preparations of alcohol and other inebriating drugs on the human race? The *Twentieth Century Practice of Medicine* says under "Alcoholism and Drug Habits":

There is no form of poisoning which is so wide spread and so rapidly increasing at the present time, as the series of toxic phenomena exhibited in the persons of those addicted to the excessive use of the various preparations of alcohol, opium, morphine, chloral, chloroform, ether, cocaine, and allied inebriating substances.

There is no other kind of poisoning which so degrades brain structure and disturbs mental function, while physically degenerating bodily texture and undermining vital organs, or which is so far-reaching in its operation, transmitting as it does through two generations a great variety of brain abnormalities, mental defects and moral obliquities originally induced in the ancestral stock by the toxicating action of the poison on brain and nerve tissue.

The more generally employed among such articles, narcotics and anæsthetics, by their characteristic influence, have the property of setting up and thus practically originating a desire for a fresh dose (drink), and at the same time of so disturbing brain-function as to induce moral perversion.

Such substances are Alcohol (in the form of beer, wine, brandy and whisky), opium, morphine, cocaine, chloroform and the like, the first-named, Alcohol, being a prolific inciter to breaches of human and divine law, ranging from minor offenses to the gravest misdemeanors and crimes.

Till about a century ago, there was a general belief that drunkenness was a purely voluntary condition; that men and women could get drunk or refrain from getting drunk as they chose, and that intoxication was a pastime willingly and wilfully indulged in; nor is this erroneous belief even now wholly dead. The many who formerly held and the comparatively few who still cherish this opinion looked upon the whole matter of drunkenness as a mere immorality, vice, or crime; punishment in a jail, confinement in the "stocks," pulpit denunciation, eccelesiastical excommunication, or the administration of a good whipping being in their view the proper mode of dealing with such wanton and depraved outcasts. Medical science has, therefore, set itself to investigate thoroughly the nature and properties of intoxicant action on body and brain, and the various morbid conditions which operate to render a substantial proportion of human beings an easy prey to some form of that enslavement, by excessive indulgence in intoxicants, which is the most complete possession and tyranny endured by man.

This extract from the writings of a world-renowned specialist in the treatment of beer, wine and whisky inebriates is surely enough to arouse every man, who desires the elevation of society, to war an everlasting warfare against the soul-and-body-destroying rum business. SUBSCRIBER.

Brookston, Mass.

CALLED HIGHER

Mrs. M. H. Meacham, of Forest Hill, Tenn., has been called higher at the age of seventy-three. She had long been a subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and as long as she could see she read it daily and found comfort in its pages. She was a member of the Presbyterian church and died strong in the faith.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter
Entered as Second-class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa

Our Missionary Squadron

IN A LETTER from a missionary in Castro's country, which appears in this issue, we have a striking proof of the wonderful way in which God prospers his work, when the laborers are earnest and self-sacrificing. In Maracaibo there is a little band of missionaries who have been laboring bravely against fearful odds. But the Lord was with them and they pressed on boldly, knowing that he would make for them a smooth path in due season. Their field being largely maritime, they prayed for a mission-boat. Friends in this country, including many readers of this journal, became interested in their struggles in that distant land and sent them help. And now they have their mission-boat plying on the waters of Lake Maracaibo and in grateful acknowledgment they have christened it *Heraldo Cristiano*. The tribute was as unexpected as it was graceful, and will afford sincere pleasure to all of our friends who are personally interested in spreading the Gospel in missionary lands.

This is the fourth mission-boat in which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers have a direct, personal interest. One is navigating the rivers and lagoons of the Laos country in Siam; another — a large houseboat—is a floating church on the Yangtse, near Wuhu, in China; a third has lately arrived at Cebu, where it is to patrol in the hundred-island parish of Missionary Jansen, and now the last of the quartet of this Gospel fleet hails all unexpectedly from South America.

Long may they fly the flag of the Cross and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD pennant; may they, with their precious burthen, be preserved amid storm and danger, and may they bring in a rich freightage of souls to the Kingdom of Christ.

Evangelist Sunday

IN A RECENT issue, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD commented on an address delivered in Pittsburg by Evangelist William A. Sunday, before an audience of Presbyterian preachers, on "Why Some Ministers Fail." Since that publication we have received a number of letters on the subject, some approving and others disapproving of our well-meant criticisms, and among them a communication from Mr. Sunday himself, which appears in another column. We gladly print his letter, in accordance with the invariable policy of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to give a fair presentation of both sides of any question discussed in its columns.

Accounts of the Pittsburg meeting had already appeared broadcast in the newspapers, from which it was evident that the evangelist had followed his usual habit of free and unrestrained criticism, but in this case to a point which seemed almost beyond precedent. Some of his more vigorous sentences characterizing ministers were printed with exclamation points, as illustrative of "hot-shot" evangelism, while his comments on preachers, professors and churches were such as could not be regarded as in good taste or in harmony with the occasion. That any one could have been edified by such a diatribe as the newspapers described, is exceedingly doubtful.

But Mr. Sunday, in his letter to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, repudiates the use of the language attributed to him in the newspapers, upon which our original comment was based. As even the best newspapers may err in statement occasionally, we are willing to set them wholly and absolutely aside in the present case, accepting Mr. Sunday's frank assurance of their inaccuracy. From other quarters, however, we have better information and better light on Mr. Sunday's remarks at the Pittsburg meeting. While not literally as represented in the newspapers, still they were of a character to justify criticism, and a number of those who heard the address admit this to be the case, even while expressing the fullest confidence in Mr. Sunday and his evangelistic work. It is only just to the evangelist to say that those auditors, while admitting that Mr. Sunday used the expressions recorded in the newspapers, almost unanimously agree that their application was different from what had been represented. That he had used language which in the general judgment was objectionable, is beyond question, and a fair proportion of those who heard him so understood him. On the whole, we should be disposed to completely exonerate him from any intention to abuse the pulpit or its occupants, and to accept his explanation that his acerb criticisms had reference only to those ministers who fail, and the causes of failure. As to the reflection on the seminarians—whom he proposed to stand on their heads in mud puddles—it would seem that many of his hearers understood it to refer to professors in theological seminaries generally, while others accepted it in a more limited sense, as the speaker intended, and as applying only to those who taught what he regarded as an objectionable theology.

We may add that there has not been, in the information which has reached us, the slightest trace of hostility to Mr. Sunday or his evangelistic work. On the contrary, almost without exception, we have received assurances which convince us that there is a genuine admiration for the good work his ministry has accomplished up to the present time and an unshaken confidence in his sincerity. But the right of legitimate criticism is one which belongs to every individual. It is a right which Mr. Sunday himself frequently exercises in the largest measure, and it is one which he should be willing to concede to others. In his calling of evangelist he is a public character, and when he showers his invectives upon the heads of God's servants, successful or unsuccessful, he invites censure.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has nothing but the kindliest feelings toward Mr. Sunday and his work. On several occasions it has mentioned that work with approval, and it trusts there may be no reason why it should withhold its approval in the future. But as a conservative Christian paper, representing the largest constituency of any religious paper in the country, it would be delinquent if it did not exercise its proper prerogative in opposing the introduction of methods in the pulpit of which it can not approve. It has exercised this legitimate prerogative in the past and will do so whenever occasion demands. It is in this sense only that we have criticized Mr. Sunday, with reference to his methods, manner and language. For his ministry as a whole, apart from these, we have no word of condemnation, but only praise. We can understand, too, how an evangelist, carried away by his own cyclonic oratory, may use expressions to which in calmer moments he would never give utterance.

Ministers, as well as evangelists, may profitably give heed to the lesson of this controversy. There is ample place in the Christian ministry for all degrees of talent and for every variety of method and manner, but there is no place on any Gospel platform for slang or vulgarity. Moreover, if we are to be accepted even at the cheapest valuation as followers of Christ, we should refrain from exaggeration in speech and manner, and hold fast to that earnestness, dignity and reverence which are the hall mark of the consecrated preacher.

Vacation Hints

THE vacation idea has taken deep root in our soil. Business is so engrossing and we live and spend ourselves so generously and at so great a pace that we are very tired when we reach the time that we may take a fortnight off. How attractive that fortnight has looked ever since its date was fixed nobody knows half so well as a weary clerk, stenographer, saleswoman or other person whose duties day in and day out are monotonous.

Where shall the vacation be spent? If possible, somewhere in an atmosphere different from the ordinary one. The country girl may enjoy an outing to the city and a chance to see the tall buildings, the broad streets, the gay shops, the shipping in the harbor and the well-groomed parks, fully as much as the city girl enjoys the cool depths of the forest, the murmur of the brooks and the vesper song of the thrush. Do not let dress form too important an item in your vacation. A simple wardrobe that is suitable for going about and that affords a change for afternoon and evening, need not cost a great deal of money. Make every arrangement beforehand.

One of the greatest mistakes is to go unprepared to a place, leaving to haphazard the choice of lodgings. If you are going to a country inn alone endeavor to join a friend there, so that you may be introduced to her special group. If you are a good walker visit a place where the roads may daily tempt you to pleasant excursions. If you feel too exhausted for violent exercise, do not be ashamed to spend most of your time loafing in the sun, reading a book that you like under the trees or swinging lazily in a hammock. The vacation that you enjoy will be the vacation that will send you back to your work best equipped for a new campaign.

Evangelist Sunday's Letter

EDITOR CHRISTIAN HERALD:

You do me a gross injustice in your editorial. If winning one hundred thousand to Christ is reckless, then you are right. If turning thousands of drunkards to sobriety, fallen women to virtue, thieves to steal no more, driving saloons out of a score of cities and towns is reckless, then I am deserving of your rebuke.

The report that I said "ministers are grafters and fudge-eaters and mollycoddles, and fit for the funny house," is a lie pure and simple. I never in my life have attacked the ministry; if occasion required rebuke, I have never been abusive.

I said many a minister accepted a call to a church, intending to do good work, but found himself pastor of a worldly, godless, card-playing, dancing, Sunday golf-playing, novel-reading, wine-drinking, mollycoddle crowd, that were useless as soul-winners, and when he applied the remedy, they said, "You preach our way or go." That's the truth and every one knows it. I am fighting the sins in the Church with every ounce of my being. I love the Church with every hair in my head and every brain lobe and drop of blood, and as a faithful son will not stand by and see these things going on, and not rebuke them.

Yours truly,
W. A. SUNDAY.

At Home and Abroad

—THE JAMAICA (W.I.) BAPTISTS report 6,217 converts baptized in the last twelve months—the largest increase ever recorded.

—EVANGELIST DUNLAP lately conducted a series of very successful meetings in Columbia, Pa. Two hundred confessed Christ. A farewell service was tendered by the local committee to the evangelist.

—EVANGELISTS HART AND MAGANN of Fairbury, Ill., have just concluded a successful Union revival meeting in the Opera House, Greenville, Mich. Over twelve hundred persons confessed Christ during the past three revival meetings which these evangelists have conducted.

—THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, of which William Phillips Hall is president, and which has just observed its eighty-third anniversary, has to date published the Gospel in 174 languages and dialects, and a total in volumes, periodicals and leaflets of 760,000,000 copies. Its colportage has in thirty-seven years made a total of 16,600,000 family visits and circulated 16,600,000 volumes.

—MISSIONARY JESSE E. RAYNOR writes from Kijabe, via Mombasa, East Africa, that the latest party of missionaries of the Africa Inland Mission has arrived safely at their destination. They were welcomed by Rev. Mr. Hurlbut and the other Central station workers and also by a large delegation of native Christians. More workers are needed and means to open more stations in the interior.

—THE IMPERIAL CHINESE EDICT of March 15, 1899, granting official rank to Catholic missionaries, has been suddenly revoked by the Peking government. It had become a fruitful source of misunderstanding. Some forty-six Catholic bishops in China ranked with viceroys, establishing the anomaly of five times as many church dignitaries enjoying viceregal honors as there were Chinese officials.

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THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Fighting Fire in New York

THE first test of the high-pressure hydrants was made recently in New York City, which demonstrated clearly that the fire engines of to-day are to take their places in the scrap-iron heap with the hand engines of olden time, and that the fire pumping stations, with their tremendous pressure, and the hydrants scattered through the city, are to take their place. At the first trial there were fifteen lines of the hose measuring two hundred and fifty feet, and nine others were six hundred feet long. The pressure was three hundred pounds to the square inch and twenty-four tremendous streams were shot to the top of a twelve-story building. The flood pouring down made four inches of water in the street. Fire pumping stations will be installed in all parts of the city and immeasurable advance will be made in fighting the fires. Fire Chief Croker was asked what effect it would have on a fire in any of the skyscrapers. "It would hardly have any effect," he answered. "We could string no hose high enough to cope with a fire in a tall building; but the fire regulations which demand stand-pipes with outside Siamese connections would be our hope under those circumstances. Besides, we expect to have 500 pounds' pressure in all the high structures."

Science has not only busied itself with multiplying the conveniences of civilized living, but has set itself also to the work of saving values, material and moral. Dense populations and high buildings in large cities bring greater perils; they also suggest scientific inventions with which to avoid these perils. The added danger from fire in large cities admitted by all, is to be provided against by fire pumping-stations and by enormous streams of salt water from the ocean as well as fresh water sent through great distances upon the buildings. This important saving of property and life only suggests the merciful instrumentalities God is using for the saving of men's souls.

Who redeemeth thy life from destruction. (Psa. 103 : 4.)

Dime Novels

While the dime novel trade is flourishing in Russia, Spain and other countries of Europe, it is declining very rapidly in this country. On this subject, *The Pathfinder* has this to say:

"Free circulating libraries have given dime novels a solar-plexus blow. In the days of five-dollar membership to public libraries the small boy, not being a plutocrat, was unable to draw out books and had to content himself with five cents' worth of 'Tenderfoot Pete's Last Leap' taken surreptitiously in small doses in the first vacant lot beyond range of the parental eye. But now all this has changed. Libraries are free. The small reader saves his five cents for candy, and, instead of patronizing the corner newsstand, goes to the nearest library for his reading-matter. Naturally he comes in touch with a better class of literature, which can not fail to improve his taste. The next generation of youngsters will probably know dime novels only by name, and the 'last of the dime-novel-writers,' whoever he may be, will mark the extinction of a peculiar literary trade which at one time gave lucrative employment to nearly half the writers of the country."

The dime novel period was a very disastrous one to the mental development and moral character of our children, especially the boys. The library of well-selected books is one of the greatest blessings of our times. Mr. Carnegie, in the foundation of his libraries, is building a monument more enduring than one of marble or brass. Good books are not only invaluable as a means of education, but they are necessary as moral safeguards to the young.

When thou comest, bring with thee the books, but especially the parchments. (II. Tim. 4 : 13.)

The Bonfire of Opium Pipes in Shanghai

Testing New York City's New Salt Water Fire Hydrants

Conjugal Devotion

Josephine Marasco, a bride of only nine months, was at the point of death in one of the New York City hospitals. Her heart action was imperfect and she was perishing for want of blood. One of the surgeons remarked that he believed that if it were possible to transfuse a large quantity of healthy blood into her veins, she might possibly recover. Dominick Marasco, her husband, said: "Take the blood from my body; she can have every drop of it if it can save her." The offer was accepted. The wife was strapped to the operating table with her right arm hanging over its edge. The young husband was seated in a chair beside his wife and his left arm was bared to the elbow. An incision was made in the arm of each and a three-inch tube, placed in each opening, drew the current of blood from the healthy man into the arm of the sick woman. Slowly the color which had faded from Mrs. Marasco's face returned to her cheeks until they were actually rosy. Her pulse gained strength and her breathing became easier and stronger. As his wife gained, however, Dominick slowly lost his strength. His lips, compressed together tightly, turned slowly from a rich red to an ashen color. The color left his cheeks and the perspiration started from his face. The tube was then removed, the wounds were cared for and the life of the young wife was saved. She began to improve from that moment and is now convalescing.

While there are so many States that are lax in their divorce laws and while there are so many in high life and in low life who hold the marital relation lightly, there are many beautiful examples of conjugal fidelity like the one of the man willing to give his life's blood for the restoration of his wife.

For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife: and they twain shall be one flesh. (Matt. 19: 5.)

Julia Ward Howe's Vision

Julia Ward Howe had a vision recently and thus described it to the reporter of a daily newspaper: "I saw men and women of every clime working like bees to undo the evils of society, to discover the whole web of vice and misery, and to apply the remedies, and also to find the influences that should best counteract evil and its attending suffering. There seemed to be a new, a wondrous, ever-permeating light, the glory of which I cannot attempt to put in human words—the light of the new-born hope and sympathy blazing. The source of this light was born of human endeavor—the immortal purpose of countless thousands of men and women who were equally doing their part in the world-wide battle with evil, and whose energy was banded to tear the mask from error, crime, superstition and greed, and to discover and apply the remedy. I saw the men and women, standing side by side, shoulder to shoulder, a common, lofty and indomitable purpose lighting every face with a glory not of this earth. All were advancing with one purpose in view, one foe to trample, one everlasting good to gain. I saw them advancing like a mighty army, laden with the fruits of their research, their study, their endeavor, in this battle with the powers of darkness, and ready to tear vice from the earth, to strip away all selfishness of greed, of rapine. Then I seemed to see them stoop down to their fellows and to lift them higher and higher. Men and women, a vast host whom none could number, working unitedly, equally, with superhuman energy, all for the extirpation of the blackness of vice and for the weal of the race. And then I saw the victory. All of evil was gone from the earth. Misery was blotted out. Mankind was emancipated and ready to march forward in a new era of human understanding, all-encompassing sympathy and ever-present help."

This is the same vision Mrs. Howe had when she began the Battle Hymn of the Republic, "Mine eyes have seen the coming of the glory of the Lord." And the reason for the glorious consummation described is expressed in the last stanza of the hymn:

> In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
> With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me.

That good time the prophetess saw will come when the Christ love and the Christ life shall have transfigured the hearts of men.

Thy kingdom come, thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. (Matt. 6: 10.)

Opium Pipes Destroyed

A Chinese syndicate of anti-opium reformers, having bought the goodwill and effects of one of the largest opium-palaces in Shanghai, decided to impress the populace by holding a solemn burning of the implements. They advertised the ceremony, and amid music, speeches, and a fusillade of crackers, the opium-pipes, saturated with kerosene, were burned. The parts not easily destructible by fire were smashed with hammers. Some of the pipes were made of ivory and silver, and were valued at $500.

The poppy was known and used by the ancients. Frequent mention of its culture and nature is made in the Roman and Grecian classics. Opium was introduced into India and Europe by the Arabs in the sixteenth century. In the middle of the seventeenth century, China began the use of it as an intoxicant. The opium habit finally became so disastrous that in 1820 the Chinese government prohibited its importation. But it was smuggled into the country in such quantities as to lead to the opium war between China and England, resulting in the treaty of Tientsin in 1858. It was one of England's disgraces to have forced opium upon China. Cursed by this crime, China now has 60,000,000 habitual users of the drug. To save the subjects of the Empire from being literally rotted to death in body, mind and heart, the Chinese government in 1906 issued an imperial edict forbidding the importation of opium and its production at home, and outlining a distinct plan for the total suppression of the use of this noxious drug throughout the Chinese Empire within the space of ten years.

It is in keeping with that governmental action, and the righteous public sentiment that accompanies it, that the people brought their pipes and made a vast chimney for the fires that were to destroy them. The smoke of the[illegible] fires of freedom and reform will perfume the world. If the United States government were to have passed a law forbidding the importation, manufacture or sale of alcoholic liquors and fixing a limit of ten years for a completion of the work, the revolution would not have been so tremendous as this decree of the Chinese government to put an end to the opium habit. This action of China is only an expression of the upheaval of the moral conscience of the world which is prompting the people of all nations to resist and overthrow the things that are wrong and that make for physical and spiritual degradation of the race.

THE MESSAGE OF A HYMN

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

MANY congregations and thousands of individual Christians must have been uplifted by a beautiful hymn of which the first stanza is:

O Love that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in thee;
I give thee back the life I owe,
That in thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

This hymn was written by the Rev. George Matheson, D.D., well known in Scotland during his useful ministry of more than thirty years in the parishes of Innellan and St. Bernard's, Edinburgh. Dr. Matheson was a preacher of wonderful spirituality and great eloquence. He wrote a number of devotional books that are the joy and inspiration of Christian hearts in Europe and America. From childhood George Matheson was blind, and was obliged to struggle hard for the high honors he attained in scholarship and the eminent position which he reached in the pulpit. His biography is one of the works that will live. It is full of light and cheer. The hymn, "O Love that wilt not let me go," was written by Dr. Matheson on a day when he passed through a deep personal experience of sorrow. It was written within an hour, and only one word in it was afterward changed from the original draft. An interesting story told in the memoir has so impressed me that I copy it for the benefit of those who read this page. The letter was sent to Dr. Matheson's biographer by a missionary in India.

"It was in March, 1904, and the sunshiny scene still lives in my memory. I had left my hotel and made my way through the picturesque crowds in the streets of A—. The Sabbath was essentially a French one. By force of habit I had turned aside that day from globe-trotting pursuits, and taken my place in the church of the United Frees among some three-score of God's people, whose mother-tongue was English.

"On my right and left were missionaries of the North African Mission. They found it refreshing to assemble for worship in the midst of their labors among a fanatical Mohammedan people; they were from Africa and I from India. It seemed to me a meeting of the oceans, that we should stand for worship in the same pew, and sing out of the same hymnal. I could not, of course, turn round to see who sat behind, but worshipers in front looked like those who might be residing in this watering place for purposes of health or trade—some were certainly, like myself, of the tourist type. Immediately in front of me was the English Consul, a man well over six feet, with shoulders like Sandow's. On his left was his wife—also tall and well built.

"The church was not built for show, but for use. By this I do not mean that it was common. There was an aisle on each side, and the seats ran right across the width of the structure. A platform was placed in front, on the side of which the organ stood. The pulpit was at the rear of this platform, and suitably raised for its purpose. Thus minister and organist were in our full view.

"The organ was in keeping with the building: a plain instrument of the American type. The organist was a lady.

"What the minister preached about I really forget. Perhaps that was not the preacher's fault. He was a pastor there for his health, and displayed no special vigor. I have no objection to a written sermon, but that morning the read sermon seemed, though an able treatise, to fall flat. The order of service was what I had been used to in Wellesley Square United Free Church, Calcutta. To me it was all lifeless, formal, uneventful, messageless, comfortless. Even the words and music of the hymns had failed to stir the deep of my nature that day. I blame no one. Perhaps I was not in a receptive spirit. I cannot tell—but so it was. On went the minutes, and I was not sorry.

"The hour had at last fled. Invocations, lessons, prayers, sermon, collection, announcements were all over. What had been a most uneventful service to me was now to be punctuated by a hymn and a benediction. The minister announced George Matheson's 'O Love that wilt not let me go.' When a much loved hymn is announced in Wales, the land I know best, the people stir with joy, and cast meaning glances at each other. The worshipers stand as if to pour out their hearts, and one gets thrilled before a chord is struck. That morning it was all contrary. 'Listless' could have been written over the whole service. The announcement of even that hymn seemed to stir no one.

"While the minister was reading the first verse I noticed a man of, perhaps, fifty change seats with the lady organist.

"It was nothing to mark. 'He is the local organist,' I thought, 'and the lady is a visitor.' Suddenly the notes were touched and the little American organ seemed to have been 'born again.' Bar followed bar. We all brightened up. There was a master at the keys. We stood and sang:

O Love that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in thee;
I give thee back the life I owe,
That in thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

"Was the change in me or in my environment? I cannot tell. The lost chord seemed to have been found. If a seraph had come to wake me with song of Zion, the surprise would not have be greater. The organist seemed in the third heave Here and there he made pauses not in the book. H sang and played and carried us on irresistibly. Th we plunged into the second verse:

O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

"I could not fail to notice the deep emotion of th Consul's wife, for she stood in the next pew in fron She had ceased to sing; her trembling was manifes The music was like the sound of many waters. Th volume of it increased. The third verse was reached

O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain,
That morn shall tearless be.

"With a strange suddenness th Consul's wife fell on her knees an was convulsed with emotion. Wit her hands she covered her face while the majestic music swept on The husband knew not what to do for all eyes were turned towards his wife. With inborn calmness and strong sympathy he then bowed in prayer at his wife's side. The sight was beautiful, and there were many wet eyes near where I stood. But what of the organist? He was in rhapsody. Down his furrowed face tears made their way. His head of curls added impressiveness to the scene. Bending over the keys, he poured out his very soul. Of time and space he seemed ignorant. The emphasis was that of intense feeling, born of rare experience, controlled by musical ability—both instrumental and vocal.

"When we reached the last verse I, for one, wished blind Matheson had provided us with more. And yet we might not have been able to bear it.

O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

"The scene continued the same to the end, only with deeper feeling. Great was the relief when the last note died away, and the minister, as awed as the rest of us, pronounced the benediction. So great was the solemnity of the occasion that no one wanted to disturb the silence by rising from their knees.

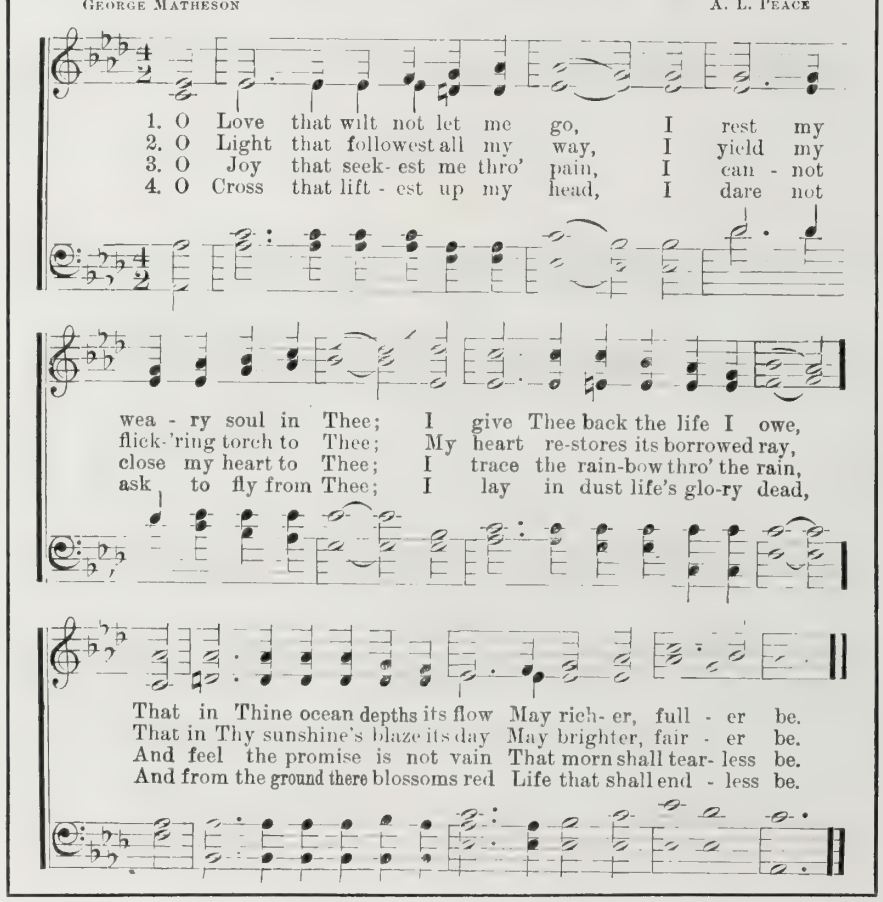
"When the congregation did rise to disperse, several went forward to thank the organist. I was one of them. In the group were several Americans, and one said to the organist, still bathed in tear-marks, 'We knew your wife.' The one answer was a quiet smile, followed by a quick retirement from the church. This man did not feast on plaudits or compliments. He was gone before we could say a tithe of what we felt.

"In the aisles and at the church door I learned that the man who had waked up everybody's soul was a distinguished singer of England and Scotland. Two years before his wife lay a-dying—and she was an American, equal to him in musical talent. She had asked him to sing to her, as she entered the valley of the shadow of death, 'O Love that wilt not let me go.' He did so, but had not ventured to sing it again until that memorable morning. Ah, that was a sufficient explanation. Sorrow had wrought the power.

"I wended my way hotel-wards, but my thoughts were on the wings of the music—'blossoming red.' Such music (that lost chord), set to such words, I can never hope to hear again until I stand within the gates of the New Jerusalem."

O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go

GEORGE MATHESON — A. L. PEACE



THE TRANSFORMATION OF MARGARET

A New Serial Written for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

By MRS. ELEANOR H. PORTER

Author of "Into Still Waters," etc.

CHAPTER XVI—*Continued*

STRAIGHT ahead the road ran between lines of squat houses with men, women and children swarming on the doorsteps or hanging on the fences. Beyond rose tier upon tier of red and brown roofs flanked on the left by the towering chimneys of the mills. Still farther beyond and a little to the right, just where the sky was reddest, rose the terraced slopes of Prospect Hill crowned by the towers and turrets of Belcourt.

"We can at least see where we want to be," laughed Brandon, grimly. "Fine old place, isn't it?"

The girl at his side did not answer. Her eyes had widened a little, and her cheeks had lost their bright color. She was not looking at the pile of brick and stone on top of Prospect Hill, but at the ragged little urchins and pallid women that fell back from the roadway before the car. The boys yelled derisively, and a baby cried. Margaret shrank back in her seat, and Brandon, turning quickly, saw the look on her face. His own jaw set into stern lines.

"We'll be out of this soon, Miss Kendall," he assured her. "You mustn't mind them. As if it wasn't bad enough to come here anyway, but that I must needs come just now when the day-shift is getting home."

"The day-shift?"

"Yes; the hands who work days, you know."

"But don't they all work—days?"

Brandon laughed.

"Hardly!"

"You mean, they work nights?"

"Yes." He threw a quizzical smile into her startled eyes. "By the way," he observed, "you'd better not ask Frank in that tone of voice if they work nights. That night-shift is a special pet of his. He says it's one great secret of the mills' prosperity—having two shifts—not that his are the only mills that run nights, of course. There are plenty more."

Margaret's lips parted, but before she could speak there came a hoarse shout and a quick cry of terror. The next instant the car under Brandon's skilful hands swerved sharply and just avoided a collision with a boy on a bicycle.

"Narrow shave, that," muttered Brandon. "He wasn't even looking where he was going."

Margaret shuddered. She turned her gaze to the right and to the left. Everywhere were wan faces and sunken eyes.

With a little cry she clutched Brandon's arm.

"Can't we go faster—faster?" she moaned. "I want to get away—away!"

For answer came the sharp "honk-honk" of the horn, and the car bounded forward. With a shout the crowd fell back, and with another "honk-honk" Brandon took the first turn to the right.

"I think we're out of the worst of it," he cried in Margaret's ear. "If we keep to the right we'll go through only the edge of the town." Even as he spoke, the way cleared more and more before them, and the houses grew farther apart.

The town was almost behind them when Margaret gave a scream of horror. Almost instantly Brandon brought the car to a stop and leaped to the ground. Close by one of the big-rimmed wheels lay a huddled little heap of soiled and ragged pink calico; but before Brandon could reach it, the heap stirred and lifted itself. From beneath a tangled thatch of brown curls looked out two big brown eyes.

"'Maggie, what did they say to ye?' demanded Mrs. Durgin"

"I reckon mebbe I felled down," said a cheery voice, that yet sounded a little dazed. "I reckon I did."

"Well, baby, I reckon you did!" breathed the man in glad relief. "And you may thank your lucky stars 'twas no worse."

"T'ank lucky stars. What are lucky stars?" demanded the small girl, interestedly.

"Eh? Oh, lucky stars—why, they're—what are lucky stars, Miss Kendall?"

Margaret did not answer. She did not seem to hear. With eyes that carried a fascinated terror in their blue depths she was looking at the dirty little feet and the ragged dress of the child before her.

"T'ank lucky stars," murmured the little girl again, putting out a cautious finger and just touching the fat rubber tire of the wheel that had almost crushed out her life.

Brandon shuddered involuntarily and drew the child away.

"What's your name, little girl?" he asked gently.

"Maggie," said the child, wonderingly.

"How old are you?"

"I'm 'most five goin' on six, an' I'll be twelve ter-morrow."

Brandon smiled.

"And where do you live?" he continued.

A thin little claw of a finger pointed to an unpainted, shabby-looking cottage across the street. At that moment a shrill voice called: "Maggie, Maggie, what ye doin'? Come here, child." And a tall, gaunt woman appeared in the doorway.

Maggie turned slowly; but scarcely had the little bare feet taken one step when the girl in the automobile stirred as if waking from sleep.

"Here—quick—little girl, take this," she cried, tearing open the little jeweled purse at her belt, and thrusting all its contents into the small grimy hands.

Maggie stared in wonder, then her whole face lighted up.

"Lucky stars!" she cried gleefully, her eyes on the shining coins. "T'ank lucky stars!" And she turned and ran with all her small might toward the house.

"Quick—come—let us go," begged Margaret, "before the mother sees—the money!" And Brandon, smiling indulgently at the generosity that was so fearful of receiving thanks, lost no time in putting a long stretch of roadway between themselves and the tall gaunt woman behind them.

CHAPTER XVII

"STARS—t'ank lucky stars," Maggie was still shouting loudly and gleefully when she reached her mother's side.

Mrs Durgin bent keen eyes on her young daughter's face.

"Maggie, what was they sayin' to ye?" she began, pulling the little girl into the house. Suddenly her jaw dropped. She stooped and clutched the child's hand. "Why, Maggie, it's money—stacks of it!" she exclaimed, prying open the small fingers.

"Stars—lucky stars," cooed Maggie. Maggie liked new words and phrases, and she always said them over and over until they were new no longer.

Mrs. Durgin shook her daughter gently, yet determinedly. Her small black eyes looked almost large, so wide were they with amazement.

"Maggie, Maggie, tell me—what did they say to ye?" she demanded again. "Why did they give ye all this money?"

Maggie was silent. Her brow was drawn into a thoughtful frown.

"But, Maggie, think—ther must 'a' been somethin'. What did ye do?"

"Ther wa'n't," insisted the child. "I jest felled down an' got up, an' they said it."

"Said what?"

"'T'ank lucky stars.'"

A sudden thought sent a quick flash of fear to Mrs. Durgin's eyes.

"Maggie, they didn't hurt ye," she cried, dropping on her knees and running swift, anxious fingers over the thin little arms and legs and body. "They didn't hurt ye?"

Maggie shook her head. At that moment a shadow darkened the doorway, and the kneeling woman glanced up hastily.

"Oh, it's you, Mis' Magoon," she said to the small, tired-looking woman in the doorway.

"Yes, it's me," sighed the woman, dragging herself across the room to a chair. "What time did Nellie leave here?"

"Why, I dunno—mebbe four o'clock. Why?"

The woman's face contracted with a sharp spasm of pain.

"She wa'n't within half a mile of the mill when I met her, yet she was pantin' an' all out o' breath then. She'll be late, 'course, an' you know what that means."

"Yes, I know," sighed Mrs. Durgin,

Continued on page 576

OUR FIRST ESPERANTO CONVENTION

Dr. Zamenhof

Prof. A. M. Grillon

Miss Shaw

Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

Prof. G. B. Viles

Mr. Edmond Privat

AN ESPERANTO CONVENTION, the first in the United States, will be held at Chautauqua, N. Y., July 20-24. The Chautauqua Institution invites all Esperantists to take part in it. The interest in Esperanto leading to this invitation began one year ago, when a course in Esperanto was given at Chautauqua by Professor Benedict Papot of Chicago. Bishop John H. Vincent, Chancellor of Chautauqua, has shown great interest in promoting the Convention. A long list of *kunlaborantoj* (fellow workers) from Canada, Mexico, Cuba, and the United States is published in connection with the call for the Convention. M. Privat of Switzerland, who for several months has been vigorously conducting an Esperanto propaganda in the United States, will be a prominent person in the Convention; indeed, he will prepare the way for it by conducting an Institute of Esperanto for two weeks previous to the opening of the Convention.

It was the hope of promoting peace between nations that led Dr. Zamenhof to construct the international language, and in the word "Esperanto" (which means "one who hopes") we have the expression of his desire. The Esperanto flag bears the green star of hope, and with it goes the motto: *Sub la verda stelo paco venkos:* Under the green star peace will conquer.

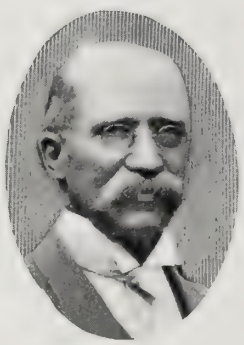
On Monday, July 20, the Esperanto flag will be raised at Chautauqua with ceremonies. Bishop Vincent will make an address of welcome. M. Privat and others will make short addresses.

The programme for the Convention has been arranged by the executive committee, consisting of Dr. Walter H. Fox, Mr. Edwin C. Reed, and Prof. Benedict Papot. The mornings will generally be devoted to the study of Esperanto; how to acquire it, how to teach it, and how to converse and speak in public, all under the direction of M. Privat. On Tuesday afternoon, July 21, the entire influence of the Chautauqua Institution will be used to fill the great auditorium, which seats ten thousand people.

Dr. D. O. S. Lowell of Boston will make the address on that occasion. There will be an address at one of the sessions by Mr. E. K. Harvey of Boston, which will be delivered in Esperanto, and illustrated by the stereopticon. Other addresses will also be made in Esperanto, also in English, and there will be discussions of live topics connected with Esperanto. And there will be considered the advisability of inviting the "Tutmonda Esperanta Kongreso" (the Whole-world Esperanto Congress) to meet in the United States next year.

Mr. E. K. Harvey

Prof. Macloskie



Dr. D. O. S. Lowell

A chorus of five hundred voices will give an Esperanto concert, at which time will be sung "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," as it appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD some weeks ago. There will be a lake excursion, and a banquet where only Esperanto will be spoken.

One of the most interesting persons at the Convention will be Cherie Stoner, *la kvinjara esperantistidineto*, which means "the little girl Esperantist five years old, daughter of an Esperantist." Her mother is Mrs. Winifred Sackvil Stoner, president of the Indiana Esperanto Ass ciation. M. Privat has given the child a diplom for being able to read, write and speak Esperant She will probably sing and recite at some of th meetings of the Convention.

Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts will represent THE CHRIS TIAN HERALD, also the Washington Esperant Society, and she hopes to meet many of the student of the Christian Herald Esperanto Course. It i now generally conceded by leaders in the new move ment that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD ha "the largest propaganda for Espe ranto in the United States, if not i the world."

It is expected that practically al the leading American Esperantist will attend. Among those who wil participate actively in the work of th Convention are the following:

Prof. G. B. Viles, Columbus, O.; Prof. Geo Macloskie, Princeton; N. J.; J.F. Twombly, Brook line, Mass.; Dr. D. O. S. Lowell, Boston, Mass. H. J. Forman, New York City; F. B. Morin, Chi cago, Ill.; S. W. Travis, Jr., Tenafly, N. J.; D. H Dodge, New York City; Arthur Baker, Chicago Prof. A. M. Grillon, Philadelphia, Pa.; Lewis B Luders, Philadelphia, Pa.; Prof. A. Schinz, Bryn Mawr, Pa.; Prof. R. L. Fleury, Denver, Colo. Dr. James Underhill, Idaho Springs, Colo.; Prof W. B. Sterrett, Wash'n, Pa.; Prof. J. L. Bergeshoff Cleveland, O.; E. K. Harvey, Boston, Mass.; Prof Ivy Kellerman, Toledo, O.; Prof. A. C. von Noe, Chicago, Ill.; Amos R. Wells, Boston, Mass.; Dr. Wm. Gray Nowell, Boston, Mass.; Rev. J. I. Cleland, Portage, Wis.; Rev. H. C. Colburn, Columbus, O.; Rev. F. B. Hardin, Frederico, Wis.; Mrs. W. S. Stoner, Evansville, Ind.; Mrs. E. M. H. Merrill, Cambridge, Mass.; W. J. Grimstead, Richmond, Ky.; W. M. Ampt, Cincinnati, O.; Prof. Alvin Bishop, Waterloo, N. Y.; Rev. W. E. Lowther, Evanston, Ill.; J. P. Ogden, Boston, Mass.; Herbert Harris, Portland, Maine; H. S. Blaine, Toledo, O.; R. B. Moore, Elizabeth, N. J.; Wm. G. Adams, Seattle Wash.; Chas. E. Randall, Seattle, Wash.; O. H. Mayer, Chicago Ill., and Rev. A. Krafft, Chicago, Ill. Canada will send A. P. Beauchemin, Montreal; C. F. Bardorf, Montreal; A. Saint-Martin, Montreal; Robt. M. Sangster, Toronto. Mexico will send Prof. Luis G. Leon, Mexico City; L. R. Manterola, Tacubaya; Dr. V. Romero, Orizaba. Cuba will be represented by Prof. Depasse, Havana.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF MARGARET Continued from page 575

sympathetically. "She — she hadn't orter gone."

Across the room Mrs. Magoon's head came up with a jerk.

"Don't ye s'pose I know that? The child's sick, an' I know it. But what diff'rence does that make? She works, don't she?"

For a moment Mrs. Durgin did not speak. Gradually her eyes drifted back to Maggie and the little pile of coins on the table.

"Mis' Magoon, see," she cried eagerly, "what the lady give Maggie. They was in one o' them 'nautymobiles,' as Maggie calls 'em, an' Maggie fell down in the road. She wa'n't hurt a mite—not even scratched, but they give her all this money."

The woman on the other side of the room sniffed disdainfully.

"Well, what of it? They'd oughter give it to her," she asserted.

"But they wa'n't ter blame, an' they didn't hurt her none—not a mite," argued the other.

"No thanks ter them, I'll warrant," snapped Mrs. Magoon. "For my part, I wouldn't tech their old money." Then, crossly, but with undeniable interest, she asked: "How much was it?"

Mrs. Durgin laughed.

"Never you mind," she retorted, as she gathered up the coins from the table; "but thar's enough so's I'm goin' ter get them cough-drops fur Nellie, anyhow. So!" And she turned her back and pretended not to hear the faint remonstrance from the woman over by the window. Later, when she had bought the medicine and placed it in Mrs. Magoon's hands, the remonstrances were repeated in a higher key, and were accompanied again with an angry snarl against the world in general and automobiles in particular.

"But why do ye hate 'em so?" demanded Mrs. Durgin, "them autymobiles? They hain't one of 'em teched ye, as I knows of."

There was no answer.

"I don't believe ye knows yerself," declared the questioner then; and at the taunt the other raised her head.

"Mebbe I don't," she flamed, "an' 'tain't them I hate, anyway—it's the folks in 'em. It's rich folks. I've allers hated 'em anywheres, but 'twa'n't never so bad as now since them things came. They look so—so comfortable—the folks a leanin' back on their cushions; an' so—so free, as if there wa'n't nothin' that could bother 'em. 'Course I knew before that there was rich folks, an' that they had fine clo's an' good things ter eat, an' shows an' parties, an' spent money; but I didn't see 'em, an' I do now. I see 'em, I tell ye, an' it makes me realize how I ain't comfortable like they are, nor Nellie ain't, neither."

"But they ain't all bad—rich folks," argued the thin black-eyed woman, earnestly. "Some of 'em is good."

The other shook her head.

"I hain't had the pleasure o' meetin' that kind," she rejoined grimly.

"Well, I have," retorted Maggie's mother with some spirit. "Look at that lady ter-night what give Maggie all that money."

There was no answer, and after a moment Mrs. Durgin went on. Her voice was lower now, and not quite clear.

"Thar was another one, too, an' she was jest like a angel out o' heaven. It was years ago—much as twelve or fourteen, when I lived in New York. She was the mother of the nicest an' prettiest little girl I ever see—the one I named my Maggie here for. An' she asked us ter her home, an' we stayed weeks, an' rode in her carriage an' ate ter her table, an' lived right with her jest as she did. An' when we came back ter New York she come with us an' took us out of the cellar an' found a beautiful place fur us, all sun an' winders, an' she paid up the rent fur us 'way ahead whole months. An' thar was all the Whalens, an' me an' the twins."

"Well?" prompted Mrs. Magoon, as the speaker paused. "What next? You ain't in New York, an' she ain't a-doin' it now, is she? Where is she?"

Mrs. Durgin turned her head away.

"I don't know," she said.

The other sniffed.

"I thought as much. It don't last—it never does."

"But it would 'a' lasted with her," cut in Mrs. Durgin, sharply. "She wa'n't the kind what gives up. She's sick or dead, or somethin'—I know she is. But thar's others what has lasted—that Mont-Lawn I was tellin' ye of, whar I learned them songs we sings, an' whar I learned 'most ev'rything good thar is in me—that's done by good folks. They pays three dollars an' it lets some poor little boy or girl go thar an' stay ten whole days jest eatin' an' sleepin' an' playin'. An' if I was in New York now my Maggie herself'd be a-goin' one o' these days—you'd see! I tell ye, rich folks ain't bad—all of 'em; an' they do things 'sides loll back in them autymobiles!"

Mrs. Magoon stared; then she shrugged her shoulders.

"Mebbe," she admitted grudgingly. "Say—er—Mis' Durgin, how much was that money Maggie got—eh?"

To be continued

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES

The Soul's Turning-Point*

IN THE theological sense, conversion simply means the "turning" of a sinner to God, from darkness unto light. In the general sense, heathens and infidels are converted when they abandon paganism and openly accept the Christian faith. In the individual sense, a person is converted when the whole life becomes changed through the influence of divine grace upon the heart. It is not merely a change in our religious professions; it must include the transformation of our thoughts, desires and inclinations. This is the result of saving faith in Christ Jesus.

"The immediate gift of God to the convert," writes Rev. George Matheson, "is a sense of insufficiency. He had not felt it yesterday. His prevalent feeling yesterday was a sense of individual power. But to-day the light has come and the self-sufficiency has died. He is unable to find his way along the same road; what makes the difference? An inward something—light. It is that which makes him feel the sense of impotence, and causes him to cry out for the leading of the Father."

Robert Aitkin, a bookseller of Philadelphia, was the first person who printed a Bible in that city. A man called on him and inquired if he had Paine's *Age of Reason* for sale. He told him he had not; but having entered into conversation with him and found that he was an infidel, he told him he had a better book which he usually sold for a dollar, but would lend it to him, if he would promise to read it; and after he had actually read it, if he did not think it worth a dollar, he could return it. The man consented; and Mr. Aitkin put a Bible into his hands. Some months later he came back, and expressed the deepest gratitude, saying it had made him what he was not before—a happy man; for he had found in it the way of salvation through Christ.

"I do not remember you," said Dr. Lyman Beecher to a man who accosted him in Ohio. "I suppose not," said the stranger; "but we once spent two hours together in a house alone in a storm." "When was it?" "Do you remember preaching, twenty years ago, in such a place, to a single person?" "Yes," said the doctor, "I do, indeed; and if you are the man, I have been wishing to see you ever since." "I am the man, sir; and that sermon saved my soul, made a minister of me, and yonder is my church. The converts of that sermon, sir, are all over Ohio."

In conversion we recognize three points: (1) *The fact.* Attested by millions whose lives have been transformed. (2) *The features.* Some conversions being almost like volcanic upheavals and others so quiet as to be almost imperceptible. (3) *The philosophy.* St. John describes it as a new birth, or as Christ planting new life in us which crowds out sin and death.

Let us not doubt the fact of a man's conversion because it happens to differ with our own in some non-essential features. Some have visions and tears and emotions and others do not. Some have hard struggles before they enter the kingdom; others find the gate wide open and simply walk in. Test conversion not by the attending features but by the fruits of the Spirit, and by the attitude of love to God.

A majority of the conversions are of the young. In one notable revival, it was ascertained that the ratios of conversions at different ages were

From 10 to 20 years old	. . .	47	per cent.
" 20 to 30 " "	. . .	28	" "
" 30 to 40 " "	. . .	9	" "
" 40 to 50 " "	. . .	9	" "
" 50 to 60 " "	. . .	7	" "
" 60 to 70 " "	. . .	2½	" "
" 70 to 80 " "	. . .	⅝	" "
		1 0	

The importance of early Christian training is here so obvious that it needs no comment. Hard indeed is it for the aged sinner to abandon his sin.

*Topic of the Epworth League for Sunday, July 26. Text: Rom. 7: 7 12; 8: 1 4.

Value of Home Missions*

MISSIONS have been a prominent feature of Christianity since its foundation. Jesus designed his Gospel for all nations, and its field was the whole world. In the highest sense, therefore, he himself was the first missionary and his special field was in his own land and among his own people.

During the last half century, home missions in the United States have multiplied greatly and the general work has acquired a momentum which promises well for the future. To Bible Societies, Tract Societies and Sunday School Associations doing work on a broadly evangelical basis, there have been added many denominational organizations which are now doing excellent work in the home field. Northfield and the various Training Schools are co-operating magnificently in the training and equipping of skilled workers. Our foreign population is not overlooked, for there are societies specially organized to care for the spiritual welfare of immigrants from other lands.

On our frontiers and in our newer States and territories, a remarkable home missionary work is in progress. Newly or sparsely settled neighborhoods are receiving spiritual attention, churches and Sunday Schools are being organized and the Gospel is being preached by faithful pastors.

In the Alleghanies and the Cumberland and Tennessee mountains the educational and religious effort that is being put forth among the "mountain whites" is one of the best features of the home mission work of our day. Lincoln University at Cumberland Gap, with its excellent organization and its far-reaching influence, is the ideal training institution for these neglected people. Another is the Society of Soul Winners, with headquarters at Wilmore, Ky., and with a score or more preaching stations in the mountains.

Among the negroes, Tuskegee is the largest practical experiment in applied Christianity, Booker Washington's aim being to make the black man a trained, intelligent, self-supporting, moral citizen and a good Christian. There are other negro settlements, like the Mayesville Institute in South Carolina, and the Steele Orphanage in Chattanooga, Tenn., which are doing excellent service along the same lines in educating and Christianizing the poor, ignorant, neglected negro children.

Our Indian wards present a rather difficult problem, but the Federal government is spending $4,000,000 a year in the earnest endeavor to solve it by supplying suitable schools for the Indian children. There are now 257 schools with 23,000 Indian pupils under government care. It will require more than a generation, however, to eradicate the old savage instincts and the desire for nomadic life and struggle which are the Indian's inheritance. Mission schools have been established by the American Missionary Association and other societies among all the Indian tribes, from the frozen North to the Mexican border. Good buildings with competent teachers and suitable equipment have taken the place of the old log-house. Among the Omahas, Winnebagoes, Foxes and Sacs, Nez Percés, Chippewas, Kickapoos, Chickasaws, Dakotas, Senecas, Sioux, and other tribes much spiritual work has been done in recent years and many native churches and Sunday Schools are now in operation. All the leading denominations are represented.

We have given only a partial glimpse of the great home mission work that lies before us as a Christian nation. This vast field, right at our doors, must not be neglected. It is the individual duty of every Christian to be represented in it and to remember that Jesus himself was the model for all home missionary workers, as in his own native land he went about preaching, teaching and "doing good."

* Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, July 26. Text: II. Chron. 17: 1–9.

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Our Sunday School Lesson

BY DR. AND MRS. W. F. CRAFTS*

"LET NO MAN TAKE THY CROWN"

"BLESSED be thou of the Lord." In these words Saul greeted Samuel, the aged prophet, now eighty years old, when he came to Gilgal to deliver a message of doom to King Saul.

"I have performed the commandment of the Lord." So spake Saul. In part he had, but not altogether. God had commanded him to destroy the Amalekites, men, women and children, sheep and cattle, but he had not done it. He had saved King Agag alive, that he might make a grand show as a conqueror, and he had also saved the choicest of the cattle and of the flocks for his own enrichment. It has been said of Saul and the host of Israel that they were executioners of God's will, not marauders seeking plunder, that they were doing a high duty, and it would degrade it in their own eyes and in the opinion of others if they had made it a gain to themselves.

"What meaneth then this bleating of the sheep?" That was circumstantial evidence not only that Saul had disobeyed God, but that he was also a

"The people spared the best of the sheep and of the oxen to sacrifice unto the Lord thy God." Did "the end justify the means?" This is a proverb of the devil. Nothing can ever justify wrong doing. And Saul blamed the people for doing what they would not have dared to do if they had not either been permitted or commanded by their king to do. Responsibility for wrong doing is something that cannot be shifted; it will in the end fall back upon the one to whom it belongs and bear him down. Again, even in stronger terms, Saul repeated his charge against the people, but Samuel was not deceived even though God was mocked.

"To obey is better than sacrifice." Samuel's stinging reproof to the wily king. And Samuel gave Saul a sum in proportion: Rebellion, witchcraft, stubbornness, idolatry.

"He hath rejected thee from being king." Five hundred and fifty years afterwards similar sentence was passed upon King Belshazzar through the prophet Daniel: "Thou art weighed in the balances and found wanting." Saul's sin was something he could not hide from God. He was too much of a coward to own up. Very much wiser was that simple laboring man who said, "Truth must be spoken at any cost. I am to blame and there is nothing for it but to say so."

"I have sinned. . . . I pray thee pardon my sin." He wanted to make Samuel his father confessor. But that was not Samuel's way nor God's way. But Saul was so determined that he took hold of Samuel's mantle, which garment he wore as insignia of his office, a prophet. So vehement was Saul and so opposed was Samuel, that the mantle tore.

"The Lord hath rent the kingdom of Israel from thee this day." Samuel used the incident to impress Saul with the rupture between himself and God.

The Sin of Disobedience

The central truth of this lesson is the sin of disobeying God. To obey or not to obey is a question each individual must decide by himself or herself.

The Bible in its laws is to be thought of, not as a code of new enactment, but as a Deuteronomy—a second utterance of spiritual laws already existing in the nature of things with penalties for their violation. But while the Bible does not enact laws it informs us of them that we may not violate them and thus incur their penalties. God does not punish us arbitrarily, but rather causes us to suffer the consequences of our own evil doing; in a way we may be said to punish ourselves. "Say ye to the righteous that it shall be well with him, for they shall eat the fruit of their doings." Isa. 3: 10. "Woe unto the wicked. It shall be ill with him; for the reward of his hands shall be given him." Isa. 3: 11.

This law of the moral seed time and harvest has an important bearing on the use of rewards and punishments as an incentive to righteousness. How often we hear the expression, "I won't be frightened into religion."

Suppose a man is sowing thistle seed in the rich soil of his prairie farm, either through ignorance or carelessness or recklessness. A friend comes to him and says: "Don't you know the seed you are sowing will fill your ground and your neighbor's with Canada thistles? Get some first-class wheat and corn and sow that for a profitable harvest." He replies, "Oh, you can not frighten me into sowing the right kind of seed, nor will I be influenced in favor of wheat by the reward of the harvest. If I sow wheat it will be only that it is right and beautiful to do so." The fact is, God has made us in such a way that we are influenced by rewards and retributions, and wisely so in the inner as well as the outer life, and the person who pretends to be above the influence of rewards and retributions is either deceiving others or himself. Those who think themselves wiser teachers than Christ, and attempt to do Christian work without applying motives of reward and punishment, become unconscious helpers of those who deny these truths, and the result is the revival of vice, such as stains many a page of history. Cicero, about fifty years before Christ, taught that sin is not to receive retribution or punishment. His leaven corrupted the whole lump. Even the best fabric of the Roman Empire went down in the mire. From the twelfth to the sixteenth centuries Rome sold indulgences, and for money took up divine retributions. Soon immorality engulfed the Papal States. Sin became too vile for record, and nothing saved the world but the Reformation.

The Harvest of Youth

Let us not forget that the law applies to the soul as well as to the soil. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," not only in eternity but also here. Manhood and womanhood are the harvest of youth's seed time, and that harvest in one's body, mind and soul depends on the sowing. A young minister was staying over night in a gentleman's house. A little girl, about four years of age, began to chat and play with the guest. The minister took the little girl upon his knee and began to talk to her in a very interesting way about Jesus. He said: "Now I am going to tell you one thing I hope you will never forget. Will you remember what I am going to say?" She looked with her bright clear eyes into his face and said: "Oh, yes, what is it?" Then putting his hands gently on her head he slowly said: "My dear, if you don't love Jesus you never can be happy." And again he asked: Will you remember that? The child said: "Yes." About thirty years after that visit the minister was called to that same village. When they were seated at the breakfast table, the hostess, whose husband and children were also at the table, all at once looked very earnestly at him, and inquired whether he had ever been there before. He could not remember. She then mentioned one or two things that brought the circumstance to his mind that he had been there in the beginning of his ministry. Presently he remembered the house in which he was a guest for one night. The lady reminded him how he spoke those impressive words of counsel to a little girl. "If you don't love Jesus you never can be happy." She said, "I was that little girl. Often your words came to my memory and remained in my mind even when I was giddy and thoughtless. Those words were the means, many years ago, of bringing me to love my Saviour."

We do not know what was done for Saul in the seedtime of his life. We can hardly think the parental instruction which he received was of a very good quality, although the family name was "Matri," which means "the reign of Jehovah." Had he learned obedience at home it is not probable that he would have given so notorious an example of disobedience to the God of the Universe.

But the goods thus gained under false pretense were not left for Saul to enjoy. Samuel slew King Agag; "hewed him in pieces before the Lord in Gilgal." I. Sam. 15: 33. We are not told as to the flocks and herds, but certainly they were never sacrificed to the Lord, but undoubtedly the commands of the Lord were carried out by Samuel, who had them slain as was done with the flocks and herds of Achan. Saul was forsaken of both God and man. Some one has said "that stolen goods are sweet." Are they?

One does not need to go to Beluchistan to learn of a stolen bicycle, but a story is told of a Pathan, living in that wild land, who stole a bicycle. He went off to the hills with his spoil. Away from the haunts of men he rested the bicycle against a stone, as he had seen the owner do, and got on. It did not move. Then he hit it with his stick. Still it did not move. He spoke to it in Pushtu. But that had no effect upon it. Then he went and found a friend who understood English, for now he was sure that, being the property of an Englishman, it needed someone to bid it move in the English tongue. "Go on," shouted his friend. Still the bicycle remained just where it was. The two men took it to a sloping road. The friend who understood English pushed while the Pathan rode the bicycle. Then the bicycle began to move merrily and swiftly down the hill. But the rider soon lost his nerve; he guided it against a rough stone and he was thrown heavily to the ground. He rose in a great rage and beat it once more with his stick. At length, thinking that the English "horse" was uncanny, he hoisted it on his back, carried it to the edge of the precipice, and threw it over.

In one way or another, stolen articles never bring much satisfaction to those who steal them; generally they bring misery; frequently they bring them to grief.

* **The International Sunday School Lesson for July 26, 1908.** Saul rejected by the Lord. I. Sam. 15: 1-28. GOLDEN TEXT: "The Lord our God will we serve and his voice will we obey." Josh. 24: 24.

A request by mail for practical and trustworthy information about the safe investment of savings will receive prompt attention and sound advice, if addressed to the Industrial Savings and Loan Co., see Page 579.

MADE RIGHT

It Won the Banker.

"At the age of seventeen I was throw on my own resources," writes the cashi of a Western Bank, "and being low finances I lived at a cheap boarding hou where they served black coffee three tim a day.

"At first my very nature rebelled, but soon became accustomed to it, and after while thought I could not get along wit out it.

"I worked hard during each school ter (I was attending college) and taught count school between times.

"At the end of three years I had finishe my course—my nerves, too, and I went bac to the farm to rest up. This did me son good, but I kept on drinking coffee, n realizing that it caused my trouble, and lat accepted a position in a bank.

"About this time I was married and m acquaintances called me 'Slim.' On th advice of a friend, my wife began to serv Postum and she made it right from the sta (boiled it 15 minutes after boiling actuall starts). I liked it and have used it exclu sively for three years. I am no longe dubbed slim, my weight has increased 6 pounds and I have nerves to stand any strai without a flinch. And I have increased m salary and my shares of bank stock. I ca work 15 hours a day, sleep soundly and ge up feeling like a healthy boy." "There's Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," i pkgs.

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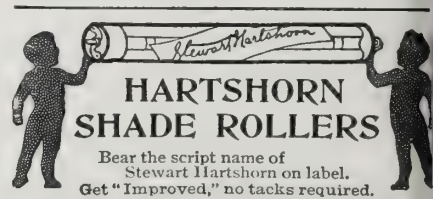

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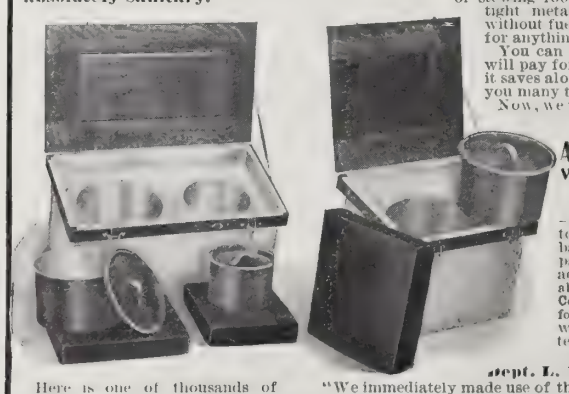

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"We immediately made use of the cooker as soon as it was delivered to us, and it certainly has proved ten times its worth at the present time. My wife would not take $100.00 for it if she could not replace same. It is doing all that you have advertised to do, in the most satisfactory manner. Meats and vegetables both retain their flavor and are cooked in better shape than could be done on a coal or gas fire. You can use my name in this matter if you so desire."

Evangelist Jaeger Dead

JOHN JAEGER, the founder and for many years the manager of the Living Waters Mission, New York City, died recently of paralysis. He was born in Germany in 1842, and came to New York, where he was converted in the old Jerry McAuley Mission in 1881.

After his conversion, for six years he attended college, as he quaintly put it, "as sexton of the DeWitt Memorial Church." He always maintained that God taught him to read, and nothing of grace that was ever ministered to him but was passed on to the fullest extent within his power. Whether in the Bowery, in the mission or in the society of wealthy people, he was always the same direct outspoken man of God, with a tender love for the lost and a consuming hatred of sin.

DIFFERENT NOW

Athlete Finds Better Training Food.

It was formerly the belief that to become strong, athletes must eat plenty of meat.

This is all out of date now, and many trainers feed athletes on the well-known food, Grape-Nuts, made of wheat and barley, and cut the meat down to a small portion, once a day.

"Three years ago," writes a Mich. man, "having become interested in athletics, I found I would have to stop eating pastry and some other kinds of food.

"I got some Grape-Nuts and was soon eating the food at every meal, for I found that when I went on the track, I felt more lively and active.

"Later, I began also to drink Postum in place of coffee and the way I gained muscle and strength on this diet was certainly great. On the day of a field meet in June I weighed 124 lbs. On the opening of the football season in Sept., I weighed 140. I attributed my fine condition and good work to the discontinuation of improper food and coffee, and the using of Grape-Nuts and Postum, my principal diet during training season being Grape-Nuts.

"Before I used Grape-Nuts I never felt right in the morning—always kind of 'out of sorts' with my stomach. But now when I rise I feel good, and after a breakfast largely of Grape-Nuts with cream, and a cup of Postum, I feel like a new man." "There's a Reason."

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SAMUEL WARNS SAUL

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

SAUL'S coronation ceremony was over, but there was yet one thing to be done; Samuel must formally retire from office. The people bore witness before God and the king that Samuel had been true and honest and upright, that he had not defrauded, that he had kept the law of God in taking no bribes to blind his eyes withal (Exod. 23: 8), and they called on God to be witness to this fact. Samuel, instead of taking advantage of this testimony for his own personal interests, used it for the interests of God. The old prophet was jealous only for God. Self-interest was unknown to him.

Samuel's argument was to the end that God's people had never cried to him in vain, and yet, in spite of all his deliverances in the past, they would not trust him now, but desired to have a king in his stead. He spoke of their desire for a king: "Now, therefore, behold the king whom ye have chosen, and whom ye have desired! and, behold, the Lord hath set a king over you." What now? How is the position altered? "If ye will fear the Lord, and serve him, and hearken unto his voice, and not rebel against the commandment of the Lord, and both ye and also the king that reigneth over you be followers of the Lord your God, well; but if ye will not hearken unto the voice of the Lord, but rebel against the commandment of the Lord, then shall the hand of the Lord be against you, as it was against your fathers" (vers. 6-15, R. V.).

King or no king, the people could only be blest as they obeyed the Lord.

The law was the dispensation of signs, of types and shadows, therefore there must be some outward witness of the Lord's displeasure. "Now, therefore," says the prophet, "stand and see this great thing which the Lord will do before your eyes. Is it not wheat harvest to-day? I will call upon the Lord, and he shall send thunder and rain; that ye may see that your wickedness is great. So Samuel called unto the Lord, and the Lord sent thunder and rain that day." So God was witness to his prophet.

The fear of God was awakened in the people; they "greatly feared the Lord and Samuel." And this led to a frank confession: the assembled people said to Samuel: "Pray for thy servants unto the Lord thy God, that we die not; for we have added unto all our sins this evil, to ask us a king."

Now Samuel was free to encourage the people. He answered them: "Fear not, ye have done all this wickedness; yet turn not aside from following the Lord, but serve the Lord with all your heart. And turn ye not aside, for then shall ye go after vain things which can not profit or deliver, for they are vain, for the Lord will not forsake his people, because it hath pleased the Lord to make you his people."

Saul's reign began, and after he had been two years on the throne, Jonathan, his son, made an attack upon the Philistines' garrison in Geba. The Philistines, hearing of it, mustered all their forces to fight against Israel, and the people, who had so set their hearts on having a king, now found themselves hemmed in by their enemies, and, instead of a general feeling of security because they had a king to lead them, they were overcome with terror, and hid themselves in caves and thickets, rocks, pits, and mountains, and those who did follow Saul, followed him trembling.

Our Shorthand Classes

APPLICATIONS for enrolment in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Shorthand Classes are coming in rapidly. Among the students are many very bright men and women and boys and girls, from all parts of the Union. Each student is assigned to a class which begins within a week after enrolment.

The Correspondence Course of Standard Shorthand is conducted by a Certificated Teacher, the system being Pitman-Graham, which is acknowledged to be the best now in use, being more widely used in business offices, banks, law offices, libraries, mercantile houses, manufactories, stores and newspaper offices than any other system. Hence its name—The Standard. Every lesson carries with it a full explanation which any student can readily understand. The 24 lessons cover 12 weeks of study, and include a Weekly Review, two examinations during the course, and abundant practice in dictation. The Course has been specially arranged for readers of this journal and their friends, and should be availed of by all who desire a most valuable adjunct to an up-to-date business education. It affords an opportunity, at a purely nominal charge, to take a course which ordinarily costs from $12 to $20. Beyond the enrolment fee of $1 to cover cost of printing and mailing there is absolutely no charge whatever! All the studies are conducted by mail, the work being done at home under full instructions from the Teacher.

There is no mystery about shorthand. It is a simple system of signs that represent the sounds in our spoken language. It is so plain that any ordinary school boy or school girl can master it without difficulty. Once learned, it is never forgotten and it is always available. The demand for competent shorthand writers in all kinds of business is increasing every year.

All who desire to join the Correspondence Course Classes are invited to send full name and address, with enrolment fee of $1, to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, New York City.

The Fireless Cooker

IN A RECENT issue, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD gave a brief description of the fireless cooker received from a Western subscriber. As this new adjunct to the kitchen is attracting much attention among housewives generally we give for their benefit the following information from an article by Linda Hull Larned in *Good Housekeeping:*

"My fireless cooker has become a valuable member of the working force of my household. In fact, it has responded to our needs so quickly and so capably that we almost feel that it is human, and now, often, we call it 'she.' The cooker saves time and worry, for while things are cooking, you do not have to watch them to prevent their burning or to see if they are done. The cooker rarely overdoes its part, even though the contents be forgotten for several hours. It saves fuel and an overheated kitchen, and it reduces the butcher's bill, because in using it one does not buy so many chops and roasts and steaks, which are all expensive. Cheaper cuts of meat may be used to advantage. Moreover, it is certainly a most helpful companion for the working woman, the one who goes out to business every day. She may cook her entire dinner while getting her breakfast; and last, but far from least, it will help to solve the great problem of who shall do the cooking, for if the housekeeper will only learn how, the greater part of the burden may rest upon the fireless cooker.

"An important detail in using the fireless cooker is the amount of water to be used in the large kettles. When the inner pail is used, the water in the kettle surrounding it should be about two inches below the top of the pail, else, when briskly boiling, it might 'boil in'; when using the steamer basin, the same precaution is necessary. The amount of water to be put on the food should be just enough to cover."

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The large percentage of cream in Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Milk (unsweetened) permits of satisfactory whipping, if milk and utensils are thoroughly chilled. Use flat or coarse wire whipper. Quickest results are obtained by whipping in bowl packed in ice.

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NEW YORK, JULY 22, 1908

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VOLUME 31 — NUMBER 30
OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

SEE PAGE 587

IN A JAPANESE SUMMER-HOUSE

OUR MAIL-BAG

Questions and Answers

Subscriber, Ottawa, Ont., Can. Can you name some cities and towns in the United States and Canada that would be ten miles or more away from where intoxicating liquors can be obtained?

Such towns and cities may be easily found in prohibition States, ten miles or more away from the State line. Of course, we refer to obtaining liquors legally. It is possible that liquors may be secured illegally anywhere.

J. H. B., Wichita, Kan. What was the difference between the resurrected body of Christ and the resurrected body of Lazarus?

Lazarus' resurrection was the revivification of his corporeal body, the complete restoration of the life which had passed out of it at dissolution and the effacement of every trace of disease and decomposition. It was different in the case of the Saviour; his body, unbroken on the cross, lay uncorrupted in the grave until the moment when he reassumed it, perfect and whole. It had not seen corruption. Our Lord took special pains to impress upon his disciples the fact that in his crucified body he was actually raised to life. He appealed to the testimony of their own senses. He remained forty days on earth after his resurrection in the same body in which he was crucified.

Mrs. Victoria C., Utica, N. Y., writes:

We received your nice Bible at Easter. It cheered the heart of my husband, who has been ill of nervous prostration. We love THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It cheers us with the sweet words of the dear Master. The good your paper does gladdens our hearts.

Mrs. W. S., Menominee, Mich. 1. Where in Jeremiah do you find the record of the prophet hiding the Ark of the Covenant? 2. What is the New Theology? 3. Can you tell me what Christian psychology is?

1. The passage to which you refer is probably Jer. 3: 16, but it is nowhere stated that Jeremiah hid the Ark. Nothing is known of its hiding-place, and all conjecture is useless. It may have been taken away or destroyed by the Babylonians. 2. It is a species of doctrine formulated by Rev. Reginald Campbell, of London, and is set forth in his book, *The New Theology*. It discards much of the Scriptures, gives new interpretations and leaves the divinity of Christ in doubt. It is regarded as heterodoxy by the regular churches. 3. We are not familiar with the cult you mention, which is one of many that have sprung up of late years.

Teacher, Vancouver, B. C. Didymus being a "twin," is Matthew supposed to be his other half?

It is not positively known who Thomas' twin brother or sister was. One tradition is that he had a twin-sister named Lysia; another that he was a twin-brother of Jesus. In the catalogue of the apostles, he is coupled with Matthew. There is nothing absolutely authentic on the subject.

Mrs. C. A. S., Red Wing, Minn. Will you kindly solve to us the meaning of the "unjust steward" in Luke 16?

This parable, more than all the others, has excited discussion and varied opinions. It divides men into two classes: the children of the world and the children of light, and points out that the former excel the latter in the shrewdness with which they prosecute their proper business—they are wiser "in their generation." Yet all their efforts and their wisdom are wasted on perishable things. At the same time, they should not excel the children of light in anything. By the help of the "mammon of unrighteousness"—the money at their control—the children of light should make friends for themselves and their righteous cause. They should put their wealth to the best and highest advantage. The unjust steward was selfishly shrewd and worldly wise; the Lord's people should be able to make their riches and influence serve a good cause at least as effectively as the world's people make theirs serve an ignoble one.

Mrs. John D., Atlantic, Pa. What do you consider the tenth?

The first law on the subject ordained that the tenth of all produce of the ground and of all animals should be devoted to the Lord. In modern usage it is usually construed to mean one-tenth of the gross income.

The rector of Christ Church, Chicago, kindly sends the following in regard to a recent query about the Reformed Episcopal Church:

The revision of the prayer book came after the consecration of the Bishops. The revision of the prayer book was not the work of Bishop Cummins alone. It was entrusted to a committee who proceeded carefully and deliberately, and whose labors extended over the two years following the organization of the church in 1873. Bishop Cummins lived to consecrate only two bishops.

F. L. C., Millwood, Calif. 1. Did Jesus teach unfaithfulness when he said to Judas, "What thou doest, do quickly"? 2. Should the engagement vow be considered sacred? Is a Christian justified in breaking such without a cause other than his own fickle heart?

1. No; he knew that the betrayal had already been arranged and that it would shortly be consummated. The presence of Judas was a restraint on the others at that last solemn gathering, and Jesus had certain things to say to them which could not apply to Judas, therefore he bade him go. 2. It is sacred and should be kept, unless substantial reasons can be given for recalling it; or unless both parties consider they have made a mistake and agree to dissolve the obligation.

N. A. I., Soo, Mich. What is the injunction process?

An injunction is "a decree in a court of equity requiring a party named therein to abstain from doing an act or to do something which in justice he should do for the benefit of another. The first," says Nelson's Encyclopædia, "are restrictive injunctions, and the latter mandatory. Injunctions are not issued to restrain the commission of crime, but will be to prevent nuisance or interference with contract rights and rights of property."

D. E. W., Boston, Mass. 1. What do you consider is gambling? 2. If a man buys a house on instalments, is it gambling? 3. If a man buys butter, eggs or other goods and puts them in storage for a rise is that gambling?

1. Any investment or outlay the result of which depends upon chance is gambling. Any game of chance. 2. No. 3. It is a speculative investment, but not gambling, as it is not governed by chance but by the laws of trade, *i. e.*, of supply and demand.

C. F. W., Leavenworth, Kan., writes:

B. M., Pittsfield, N. H., asks the question, "Can a man be saved without a change of heart or being born again?" and then quotes John 3 : 16. I want to call his attention to I. John 5 : 1 : "Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God." John 3 : 7: "Ye must be born again" (margin, "from above"). It is very plain that he that believeth according to John 3 : 16, is born again.

E. H. J., Coaldale, W. Va. How long was it from the time Christ began to teach in the temple before the doctors and wise men until he was baptized by John? Did he perform any miracles before he was baptized? What was his age when he was crucified?

The Scriptures record no miracles by Jesus before his baptism, although early writers mention many that are purely legendary or traditional, connected with his infancy and childhood. He taught the doctors in the temple at 12, was baptized at 30, began his public ministry at 30 (or 31), which continued approximately three years, closing with the crucifixion.

Mrs. M. C. K., Orlando, Fla. Please explain the passage of Scripture occurring in Christ's conversation with Nicodemus (John 3), "No man hath ascended up to heaven but that came down from heaven, even the Son of Man which is in heaven."

Commentators agree that the meaning of the passage is that "perfect knowledge of God is not attained by any man's going up from earth to heaven to receive it—no man hath ascended; but He whose proper habitation in his essential and eternal nature is heaven, hath, by taking human flesh, descended as the Son of Man to disclose the Father."

H. J. C., Blooming Prairie, Minn. 1. Why is pride so often spoken of as a laudable trait in Christian character when in God's word it is only spoken of in terms of condemnation? 2. Why are the Scripture passages contained in I. Tim. 2 : 9, 10, and I. Peter 3 : 3, 4 so generally ignored by professing Christians?

1. Pride, or inordinate self-esteem, is a sin and can not be truthfully spoken of as a laudable trait. Some speakers and writers, however, use the phrase "proper pride," meaning self-respect or dignity, which should not be confounded with pride. 2. At the time in which Paul wrote the epistle Grecian society was corrupt and the scale of public morals very low. It was therefore, especially needful that he should warn believers against the besetting sins of the day, which included immodesty and extravagance in dress. His advice holds good for the Christians of our day. The same remark apply also to Peter's epistle.

M. S. H., Lakeland, Fla., writes:

One of your correspondents asked about rice when it was brought to America. A captain from Madagascar stopped at Charleston, S. C., and was invited to dine with Governor Smith, who was governor in 1694. They spoke of agriculture in the colony, and the captain said: "Governor this climate is like Madagascar, and I have the grain they raise there very successfully. I would give you a quart or two if you would like to try it." The governor cultivated it in his garden, watering it bountifully, and raised enough to be able to give it to his friends to experiment with. From these small beginnings the vast rice culture grew.

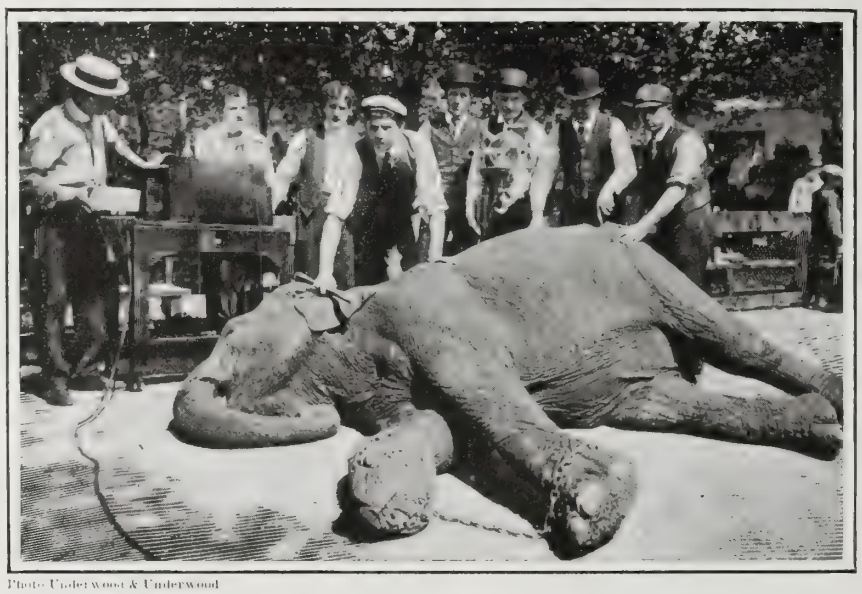


Photo Underwood & Underwood

Using X-Rays to Locate a Ring Swallowed by an Elephant

IN an effort to locate a diamond ring, valued at $450, which an elephant had swallowed, three expert X-ray operators and four elephant trainers worked a whole day, photographing by the X-ray process the interior of the elephant. It was the first time that X-ray pictures had been made of an elephant. In making the plates, the largest X-ray machine ever made was used. The side of the elephant was marked off into sections and numbered. A diagram was also made with corresponding numbers to serve to locate the exact spot in which the missing ring is lodged, after the plates are developed. At first it was necessary to allow the elephant to become accustomed to the crackling of the X-ray coil. Then, when she was induced to lie down upon the plateholder containing the sensitive X-ray plate, and the Crooke's tube was held over the first section, she became frightened at the glare in the tube. At last she lay comparatively still until several plates had been exposed. Then the elephant accidentally received a shock from one of the wires. With an ear-piercing trumpet she leaped to her feet and she was quieted only after receiving a liberal portion of hay and about three pounds of sugar. She gave no more trouble.

Miscellaneous

Reader, Peyton, Colo. We can not supply the information.

L. M., Selma, Calif. Harrison Fisher's address is 7 West 32d Street, New York.

Reader, Pittsboro, N. C. Missionary Hubert C. Withey's address is Quiongua, Angola, West Africa.

Interested Reader, Charles City, Ia. Write to the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., for all information.

A Subscriber, Mass. You can obtain *Into Still Waters* (*Cross Currents*) from Wilde & Co., Boston, Mass. at $1 per copy.

Reader, Kalamazoo, Mich. There is no essential difference in the doctrinal teachings of the Presbyterian and Reformed Churches. Some preachers, however, seem to avoid certain subjects, and thus give a wrong impression to the auditors.

Constant Reader. N. J. The question of meat eating in hot weather has been discussed in THE MAIL-BAG recently. We are told by good authorities that much meat during hot weather is not advisable.

F. H. S., Auburn, N. Y. The accusation of Jesus, the testimony of witnesses at the trial, the sentence and execution were all recorded in the Talmud. Although omitted in the modern editions, the full records may still be found in very old copies of the Talmud printed in Amsterdam. Write Prof. Fagnani, Union Theological Seminary, New York, for fuller information. This is evidence from the enemies of Christianity.

A. W. H., Parkhill, Ont., Can. The coming of Christ was the fulfilment of the promise of the ages. He came to give light to a world sunk in sin, yet for which the Father had an infinite love (see John 3: 16). The Saviour's redeeming work, by virtue of which all penitent believers are reconciled to God and freed from the penalties of sin, cannot be properly defined in a brief paragraph. We advise you to read up the whole subject of the Atonement thoroughly, first in the New Testament itself and next in a good Biblical encyclopedia, which you will find in any good library.

NEW YORK, JULY 22, 1908

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

Waiting for the Boat

The Boston Floating Hospital

Leaving the Boat

THE WHITE SHIP OF HEALING

WHAT a blessing it would be if on the hot, sweltering days of midsummer the infant hospitals of the dusty, crowded streets of our great cities could be transported far down the harbors, away from the noise and dirt and confusion of the tenements, down where the cool, life-giving breezes blow, and the fresh salt air might have a chance to revive the little, drooping, wilted bodies!

The Doctor's Rounds

There are a few boats which do make daily trips down the harbors of some of our cities in the summer months, carrying sick babies and children for a day's excursion; but as yet there is, in all the world, but one boat on whose decks the merciful work of a modern, fully-equipped hospital goes steadily on, day and night, in the hot summer season. This "great white ship of healing" is the *Boston Floating Hospital*, a palatial refuge to the anxious mothers of the tenements in Boston's historic North End. And what a refuge it is! For most mothers have a horror of the word "hospital," largely due to the fact that it means separation from their little ones, who are so often taken there by the dreaded ambulance. To the Floating Hospital the mother brings her baby in her arms and after it is admitted as a patient she can remain with her child all day, if she likes. If she is obliged to go home to care for other children the mother feels satisfied that everything is being done for her child that can possibly be done, and that her dear little sick baby can rest much better in its cool white bed, surrounded by every medical care, than in the hot, crowded tenement which she calls home.

When a mother brings her baby to the Hospital's pier at North End Park, she finds many other mothers carrying other sick little ones. Near the gangway several young doctors are examining the applicants and filling out admission cards. Her baby is passed on in turn to the head doctor, who makes some notes on the admission card and says a few words to the waiting nurse. The latter takes the baby from the mother and they hurry on board. The baby's clothes are removed and she is put into a little white cot in the permanent ward; all about are many other cots, filled with very sick babies. An interpreter tells the mother that she can stay on board all day with her baby, but she remembers her other little ones at home and says, "No, I will come again this afternoon when the boat gets in at five o'clock."

Meanwhile the doctors and nurses are rapidly caring for many other cases; soon the two hundred and fifty little beds are filled and there is no more room. Two-thirds of the babies are very ill and have been assigned to the permanent wards, to remain on board until cured; the other third must be taken ashore after they have had eight hours of invigorating sea air.

Many of the nurses are busy with the children's mothers, answering their anxious inquiries and instructing them in proper care and feeding. Not the least of the benefits of the Hospital has been the education of the mothers, who, while accompanying their children on the trips or in the intervals on shore, learn from the trained attendants many simple rules of hygiene. So many ignorant mothers have given their babies pickles, onions, green apples, tea, beer and even whisky. Not infrequently has a mother come down to the boat with a sick baby who had a pickle in his mouth!

While the boat is at the pier the visiting physician comes aboard. He is a busy city doctor with a large practice, who gives up a part of his summer vacation to help the good cause.

Every day at nine o'clock the boat leaves her pier, steams slowly out past the Navy Yard; Christ Church on her right, old Bunker Hill monument on her left. She is greeted by the whistles of many other vessels on her way down the harbor, but her captain only dips the flag in reply, lest the sharp sound of the whistle on board might disturb the precious cargo. No sight in Boston Harbor arouses more interest and enthusiasm, not even *Old Ironsides* herself, than does this beautiful "white ship of mercy," her funnels bearing the red cross, on her way to the life-giving air of the outer harbor.

Accessibility is the secret of her superiority over all other summer hospitals for infants. All during the hot days she is stationed where ozone and cooling breezes can do their energizing work, but after sundown, when anxious parents wish to see their dear ones, she returns to her pier in the heart of the tenement district, and no long expensive trip to a distant seaside hospital has to be undertaken by the mothers and fathers to whom every cent and every minute is precious.

Very modest were the beginnings of Boston's floating hospital. In 1894 five experimental day trips were made on a hired barge with only volunteer service. In 1895 thirteen day trips were made under this same system. In 1897 the barge *Clifford* was bought and equipped to care for 150 sick infants and children.

Until 1898 only day-patients were cared for, as is the case on the two large boats of the St. John's Guild of New York City, but in that year a change was made which revolutionized the work and multiplied its good results. This was the establishment of two permanent wards and the organization of night service.

So many, many times the doctors and officers had seen desperately-ill babies taken back to hot, stuffy rooms in the dismal tenements, only to lose all the benefit gained in the day's trip, that they could

Continued on page 586

Registering the New Cases

The American Pulpit

A SERMON BY

Bishop William F. Anderson*

The Doctrine of Immortality

TEXT—JOB 14: 14

"If a man die, shall he live again?"

THIS is an ancient, universal and important question. That it is ancient is immediately apparent. It comes to us from one of the greatest documents of the world of antiquity, and must have been in the minds of men even before thus formulated by Job. We can easily believe that the first man who ever stood upon the earth must have propounded it to himself as he came face to face with death.

It is also true that the substance of the inquiry has been more or less distinctly in the minds of all men from the beginning. It has now become a well established fact that no race of men has ever been found without the religious ideal. All heathen worlds have had their conception of God and a future life. When the Indian died his comrade buried him with bow and arrow by his side, that he might be equipped for new triumphs in the happy hunting ground of the fathers. Crude though these conceptions have been, yet they are very significant. St. Paul has stated the deepest truth in the life of heathenism in the passage, "That they might seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him and find him." So it is not an overstatement of fact to characterize this as a universal question.

Denials of Immortality

The due appreciation of the importance of the question is begotten in our hearts by the experiences of life. So long as the circle of our immediate loved ones remains unbroken, and while we ourselves are in possession of vigorous health, we are likely to leave the question in the realm of our remoter thought. But on that day when we stood by a loved form and tried to follow the departing spirit into the vast unseen, the question betook to itself a new and deeper significance. And as the loveliness of earth's scenes fades from our own sight away, it will become to each of us in turn, an inquiry of tremendous import. "If a man die shall he live again?" To whom shall we turn for a trustworthy answer to a question of such transcendent significance?

Listening to one class of minds we hear a categorical "No." There are those who reply very promptly, and with great show of confidence in their opinion, that there is no life beyond; that death ends all. But there is something in each of us which protests strongly against extinction, and we can not accept this conclusion without at least inquiring carefully into the grounds of it. How do these men know that death means the obliteration of all the powers of the soul? We recall the established law of logic that "it is never safe to predicate a universal negative." No man is warranted in saying there is no future life until, with clear and penetrating vision, he has ranged the whole universe of God and found nothing. Who endued these unbelievers with such insight that they are able to give an emphatic no, with reference to a fact so spiritual in its nature as the fact of a future life? The truth is, that the men who so answer pay little heed to spiritual reality of any sort whatever. For the most part they are of the earth, earthy. "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." Upon purely logical grounds, therefore, we may reject their verdict as of no consequence.

Science and the Hereafter

The reply of another class demands a more respectful hearing. I refer to the men who devote their lives to the study of science. They are not to be characterized unworthily. The world owes them a large debt of gratitude. They include all phases of opinion as to religion, from the shallow skeptic to the devout believer. What is their answer to this question? They are accustomed to proceed carefully at each step of the way towards a conclusion. Can they throw any light on this important inquiry? Strictly speaking it is a question which entirely transcends their realm. Were it not that the heart presses the issue, they might fulfil every requirement of their chosen profession, and leave the question forever untouched. They tell us of the discovery of two laws in their realm which may possibly have some bearing upon the subject. These laws are known as "the indestructibility of matter" and "the conservation of energy." No particle of matter and no ounce of force, they tell us, has been destroyed from the beginning. Both matter and force may be changed in outward form, but neither may be obliterated. Now if this be true, it would seem no violation of the law of reason to infer that spirit, which is confessedly above matter and material force and master of them both, may not be destroyed. Reasoning from analogy, it seems a sort of prophecy of the immortality of the soul; an intimation at least that death may not end all. But this form of reasoning is neither conclusive nor satisfying. The best word the scientist, unaided by revelation, has for us is a "perhaps"; "it may be so." We are still in mid air. But this is no fault of science. Our question does not belong properly to this realm.

The Searchings of Philosophy

But we now turn to the highest class of the world's teachers—its philosophers. Proceeding upon the foundation work of the scientists, they have gone far beyond into the regions of pure thought. Certainly they can bring us an answer which will satisfy our minds and bid our hearts cease from fear. They tell us of this universal longing for enduring existence; that "the hope of the future life has always been nestled in the heart of the race and found wings upon occasion." Plato and others have reasoned that there must be an outward reality answering to this universal postulate of the human mind. Else what is its significance? Is it probable that the mind of man unaided would conceive for itself a destiny greater and more enduring than that provided by its Creator? If man is not immortal "nature has imposed upon her sons and made them a lie." The form of the argument has force. It appeals to us as rational, and points to the probability of a future life. But, as with the reasoning of the scientist, the conclusion is not satisfying. It is at best only a sort of prophecy—an intimation. It lacks the authority, the certainty, which the heart demands. We have not yet proceeded beyond the twilight.

The spirit and teaching of the Old Testament do not advance much beyond this point. There are some indistinct anticipations of the doctrine of eternal life. But death still holds sway. Its pall has not been lifted. "The prevalent conception in the Old Testament time is illustrated by the figures which are used in the Old Testament to illustrate death; and very marked is the contrast between the figures in the Old Testament and the figures in the New Testament. My life, says one writer, is like water poured out upon the ground: there is no hope of gathering it again—it is gone, absolutely, hopelessly, entirely gone. My life, says another, is like a shadow: it is here this moment, it has disappeared the next. My life, says another, is like a cloud: it hangs in the heavens for an hour, then the sun rises, blots it out of existence, it disappears—other clouds may come, that cloud will not return again. Life, says one, is like a shepherd's tent: it is taken down—will it be set up again? He does not know, he does not suggest. The tent is gone. Life is like a thread in a weaver's loom: it is broken, it is cut—will some skilful hands gather the ends of these threads and knot them together again and go on with the weaving? He does not know. It is cut—the end has come. These are the figures of the Old Testament. I fail to find one that has in it the hopes which run through the figures of the New Testament." If the question were left here then might we say with the apostle, "We are of all men most miserable."

What Jesus Revealed

But we hear another voice speak. It is that of the Man of Nazareth, supreme among all earth's teachers. What has he to tell us? We are struck with his behavior at the death scene. He does not act like other men here. In its dread presence every other man in history meekly acknowledges defeat. Not so Jesus of Nazareth. He carries in himself to every death hour which he meets, a conscious and sublime superiority to its power. His perfect composure in the house of Jairus, at the gates of Nain and by the grave of Lazarus is striking, impressive. Death is present at these scenes, but Jesus is still Master. At will he touches a hidden spring of power and the dead come forth. Well may Napoleon exclaim, "I know men and I tell you that Jesus Christ is not a man."

Listen to his words at the grave of Lazarus: "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." There is no suggestion here of a mere prophecy—a vague intimation. "Perhaps," "probably," "it may be so," have no place in the utterance of that solemn hour. The form of his speech is the most positive and emphatic known to language. "He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." His words have the clear ring of authority. They beget confidence in the certainty of their fulfilment.

But did not our Lord become subject to death? Ay, for a time he did. The only way really to conquer an enemy is to meet that enemy fairly and squarely, to enter into actual conflict with it; to let it do its worst, and to determine in the light of the issue who is victor. This is what Christ did by submitting to death. And after it had exploited its full power upon him, he came forth from its horrid grasp, triumphant, alive for evermore.

The resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead may, with all confidence, be now accepted as the best established fact of ancient history. There is not time to-day to enter fully into the argument. Every honest man can easily do that for himself. Suffice it here to say that the argument is both cumulative and convincing. The power of a living Church to-day alone attests it sufficiently. We have found certain intimations of immortality, but here is the proof of it, clear, positive, trustworthy, absolute. And this conscious victor declares, "Because I live, ye shall live also." Immortality for the children of God by faith in his dear Son is no longer a debatable question. It is an assured fact, certain as God. "Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept."

What the Church Needs

The Church of God needs to develop in its life a new and stronger consciousness of this all-glorious truth. The minor strain is heard too often in song, in prayer, in testimony and in sermon. Let the fact be fully accepted and we shall have the note of victory everywhere. And then shall the joy of the Lord be our strength as in the olden time. The Christ whom we serve lives. He triumphs by the power of an endless life. So should his church.

"Jesus and the resurrection" was the burden of the preaching of the early Church. It must be so of every age, if the age is to be strong in faith. As preachers of the Gospel of the everlasting Son of God, we have little to do primarily with the speculations of science and philosophy. The hearts of men under the stress of life's burdens call for a teaching upon this important subject which shall beget strength for life's daily conflict. To be content to speculate about it, is to weary their souls and to give them a stone for the bread of life.

The note of certainty on this great doctrine is one of the strong points in the poetry of Robert Browning, and makes him pre-eminently the preacher's poet. How a sure confidence in the life eternal rings out from his rugged verse! If there be a clearer note in the age's poetry than in its preaching, the poetry will command the larger hearing, and the preachers will have no just ground for complaint. One of Browning's lovers has thus beautifully addressed him:

> Thou art so sure! Thy song is fraught
> With that which saint and seer have sought
> In vain to demonstrate. What spirit brings
> Thee surety? Others hope; thou say'st "I know
> The spirit is immortal!" And for thy confidence
> In that which was our mothers' ground of trust
> We thank thee—thou so nobly learn'd, so just
> In judgment, thought, and feeling; so intense
> In all that makes a man—we give thee praise
> And thanks, thou trusting soul, midst doubting days.

Moreover, the immortal life to the sons of God is not a speculation as to the distant future. It is a present possession, a conscious experience. There is but one life and we are now living it; and those who have gone beyond, share with us a life which to them has deepened and broadened, but which is the same life they lived by our side. We are not to become immortal by some mysterious change at death. We are immortal; the life of immortality is ours to-day. "I feel in myself the future life,"

Continued on page 585

* Bishop Anderson is one of the bishops newly elected at the recent Quadrennial M. E. Conference in Baltimore.

BRYAN CHOSEN AT DENVER

AFTER two exciting conventions the country has again settled down for a short breathing spell before the opening of the great political campaign in the fall. All were interested in the work of the delegates at Chicago and Denver, for, though it seemed a foregone conclusion as to who would be chosen at both places as standard-bearers of the respective parties, yet there is always a chance that something, even at the last moment, may change the drift of events. Hardly had the echoes of the cheers for Mr. Taft died away at Chicago before all eyes were turned towards Denver to see who would be named there. Mr. Bryan's large majority at the Democratic Convention settled on one ballot who was to be the standard-bearer of his party in the forthcoming struggle for the presidency.

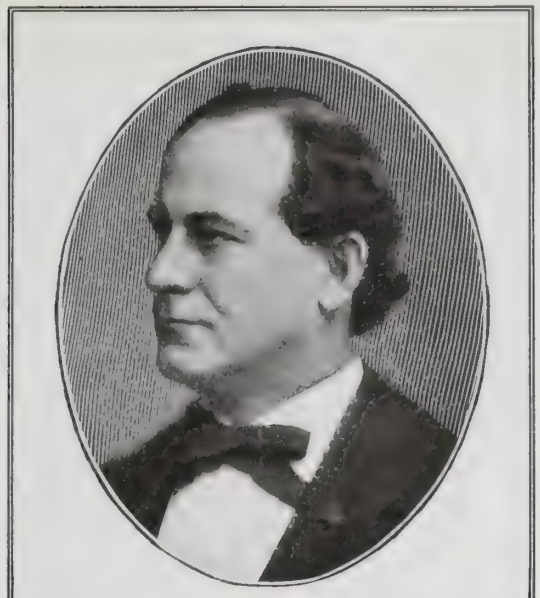
Denver threw wide its hospitable doors to the visiting delegates and gave them a hearty Western welcome. A large amount of money was pledged by citizens and the decorations and entertainment were on a most lavish scale. Outside of the convention hall was a huge pile of snow bearing a banner inscribed, "From summer's glow to winter's snow." The interior of the hall was gay with bunting, trees and palms stood in the corners, while thousands of plants softened the harsh outlines of posts and platform. Roses were everywhere, a unique decoration for a political convention auditorium.

On the first day over 9,000 people crowded in, though less than 1,000 were delegates. The time was given to the work of organization and to speeches by Judge Parker and other prominent delegates. The second day was notable for the demonstration in favor of Mr. Bryan which was started by Senator Gore of Oklahoma and which lasted over an hour.

Mr. Bryan was nominated at half past three on the morning of Friday, July 10. The convention met at seven the day before for its evening session. All felt that no matter how long they might wait, the standard bearer of the Democrats for the campaign of 1908 would be chosen before the delegates left the hall. Although from the drift of sentiment among the delegates every one was practically certain as to who would be chosen for the first place on the ticket, there was, nevertheless, a feeling of excitement that pervaded both those on the floor and those who were mere watchers in the galleries. The hall was densely packed with people, all of whom were suffering more or less from the intense heat and close atmosphere. Many of the men removed their coats and sat in their shirt sleeves, but they remained good natured. The cowboy band played incessantly, and the crowd sang popular airs and waved small American flags, thousands of which had been distributed. From the upper gallery the entire hall seemed a tossing sea of color.

The committee on platform was late in making its report and a committee of three was appointed to find out when the report might be expected. Meanwhile prominent Democrats came to the platform and made speeches to fill in the time until the real work of the evening might be commenced. When it was found that the platform would not be ready until midnight, it was moved that the convention proceed at once to the nomination of candidates and the rules were suspended to allow this.

The Secretary began the roll-call of the States. Alabama came first and the chairman of the State delegation announced that they would yield its place to Nebraska. Mr. I. J. Dunn, of Omaha, a



HON. WILLIAM J. BRYAN

Candidate for President on the Democratic Ticket.

personal friend of Mr. Bryan, advanced to the front to present the name of the Democratic leader. As he finished the nominating speech the delegates of most of the States jumped to their feet and cheered wildly. "Hail to the Chief," played the cowboy band, but they might as well have saved their strength, as they could hardly be heard in the tumult which surged up from below. The flashlight guns were turned on and the delegates, bearing the State banners, marched and counter-marched about the hall. The band played "Auld Lang Syne," and the audience began to sing it, and about half way through a large oil painting of Mr. Bryan was lowered from the roof above the speaker's desk. Time and again it seemed as if both the delegates and spectators were exhausted, but the racket would be resumed, flags moved and troops of delegates would again parade around the hall.

Live pigeons were released from the galleries and they flew hither and thither in fright at the clamor from below. The Chairman rapped for order, but the audience in reply swung the stuffed eagles through the air on their perches. The "Red, White and Blue" and "Tammany" were played by the cowboys and then the Chairman tried the expedient of turning down the lights. This had some effect and the band was ordered to stop playing. At last order was restored and the delegates again turned to the business of the evening.

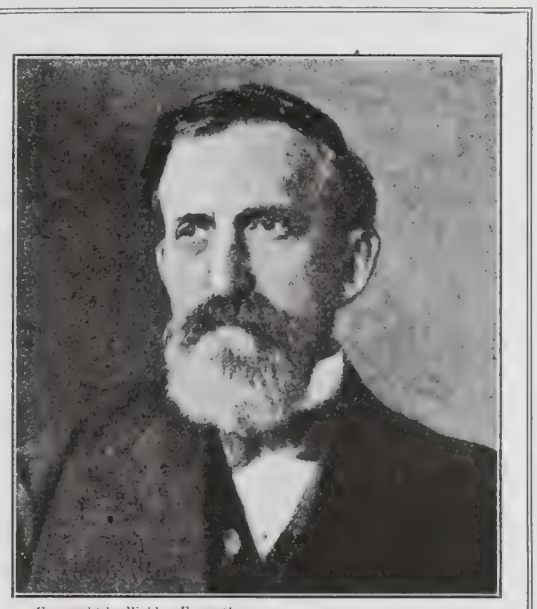
It is said that Mr. Bryan had a private wire run to his house at Lincoln and that, standing by the receiver, he was able to hear the ovation accorded him by his followers when his name was presented.

Ex-Senator Gearin of Oregon seconded the nomination on behalf of the States of the Pacific slope. Governor Glenn of North Carolina and Governor Swanson of Virginia also seconded the nomination. Connecticut gave its place to Minnesota, and Representative Hammond, in a stirring speech, presented the name of Governor Johnson of Minnesota. A great demonstration was at once started which the chairman tried at once to quell, but it lasted many minutes, though the band did not play to help them out. When quiet was restored Delaware presented the name of Judge Gray.

Mr. Bryan's friends said it would be ill luck to have him nominated on Friday, so the clock was stopped when it reached midnight. The roll was called shortly after three and when Mr. Murphy, the leader of Tammany Hall, arose and announced that New York cast its vote for Bryan, there was no doubt as to the result. Mr. Bryan received 892½ votes; Judge Gray received 59½, and Mr. Johnson 46. The total number of votes cast was 998. It was at once moved that Mr. Bryan's nomination be made unanimous. At 3.42 in the morning the delegates made their way from the hall, glad to get to bed after the exciting events of the night, and to snatch a few hours' sleep before they were called upon to consider candidates for second place on the ticket.

The last day's session was one in marked contrast to the one of the night before. There was little cheering and the delegates seemed to be very much in doubt as to who would be chosen to act as Mr. Bryan's running mate. Hardly any of the States seemed to be ready to present a candidate. Indiana began to work earnestly for John Worth Kern. Thomas Taggart of Indiana is a personal friend of Mr. Kern and worked hard for him. Three other names were presented to the convention, but when the question was put Mr. Kern was nominated by acclamation.

In a coming number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will appear an article on the home life of Mr. Bryan.



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HON. JOHN W. KERN

Candidate for Vice-President on the Democratic Ticket

THE DOCTRINE OF IMMORTALITY — Sermon by Bishop William F. Anderson *Continued*

wrote Victor Hugo. "I am like a forest once cut down. The new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds. You say that the soul is nothing but the resultant of bodily powers. Why then is my soul more luminous when my body begins to fail? Winter is on my head, but eternal spring is in my heart. There I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets, and the roses, as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is history. For half a century I have been writing my thought in prose and verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, and song—I have tried them all. But I feel I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say like so many others, 'I have finished my day's work,' but I cannot say 'I have finished my life.' My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight to open with the dawn."

Concerning the blessed in that future state, two things are clearly revealed in the New Testament. They are to be with Christ, and they are to be like Christ. "I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am there ye may be also." In Christ's immortal prayer he reveals his perfect humanness in the petition, "Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am." Here is a revelation of that natural, tender sentiment, in the heart of Jesus, which makes our homes on earth a foretaste of heaven, and it will make heaven a home-like place. And St. Paul declares that to depart is to be with Christ.

Note what our Lord's presence meant to his followers during the years of his life in the flesh. With him at hand neither hunger, nor disease, nor storm, nor devil, nor death had any terror for them, because he was Master of them all. How touching the confidence of the two sisters at Bethany! "If thou hadst been here my brother had not died." What then shall his glorified presence mean to those who are with him? To be with Christ—this means safety, security. If through the ages of eternity I am permitted to be with him, I shall fear the power of no dread foe which can come from out the nether worlds of darkness and despair.

But this is not all. We are not only to be with him. We are to be like him. "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is."

To be like him! This means blessedness of character—the fulfilling at last of all our earnest strivings after excellence, attainment fully realized, complete.

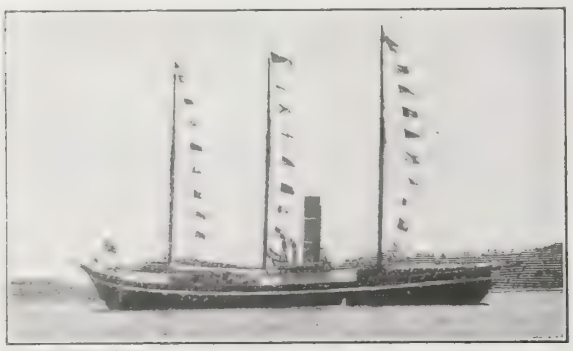
Again and again my poor powers have tried in vain to picture to the imagination the high estate of heaven's blessedness. It is useless. But with these two facts clearly revealed I care not. To be with him—this is the guarantee of safety from all harm. To be like him—this is the fruition of all hopes and aspirations. It is enough.

And now since "life and immortality have been brought to light through the Gospel," we behold no longer a dim star shining but faintly through the mists. Our sure doctrine of immortality has become the star of humanity's hope, fixed, full-orbed, and splendid, beaming high upon our pathway, lighting us on to glory and to God.

The pall of death is lifted. Man's enemy is conquered. Let it be pealed forth in song, let it be the grateful acknowledgment in prayer, let it be oft proclaimed in sermon. "There is no death." "Mortality is swallowed up of life. This corruptible must put on incorruption; this mortal must put on immortality."

PEARY SAILS FOR THE ARCTIC

AFTER months of careful preparation the *Roosevelt*, Commander Peary's ship in which he hopes to at last reach the pole, that long-sought goal of many brave men for generations, is



The *Roosevelt* Starting on its Voyage

heading up the eastern coast of America on the way to the Arctic. She had been fitted out at New York and the President of the United States, after whom the ship was named, boarded her off Oyster Bay to inspect the vessel and wish her gallant commander godspeed and a safe return.

The *Roosevelt* is well fitted for the perilous work it will have in the ice-strewn sea that lies between the open Atlantic and the point at which the explorers will disembark for the dash by sledge across the unknown wastes that girdle the top of the world about the pole. She is a screw steamer with three masts, so that sail power can be used both to save coal and also for sole means of propulsion in case anything should happen to the engines. Her bows are high, reinforced and built with the purpose of cutting through the ice. Along the water-line is a belt of steel which will defend the hull from the impact of the ice floes and also help it in cutting through frozen stretches of water. Her engines are most powerful for the size of the vessel. The vessel is to carry provisions for three years. One-half of the supply was taken on at New York, the other half will be put aboard at Sydney, Nova Scotia, the ship's first stop after leaving Oyster Bay, N. Y.

Every bit of available space is utilized for storage of articles needed during the long cruise and stay in the far North. The question of reading matter was brought up the week before the ship sailed. The public heard that the sailors wanted books and periodicals and the way they poured in filled the crew with astonishment. There was enough to start a small town library. Important acquisitions were two active kittens. At present they are quite small, but by the time the ship is settled in the ice, they will be ready to make war on the rats which otherwise would work sad havoc in the hull. Visitors came in large numbers to see the ship before she sailed from New York. Next to the sturdy hull itself, probably the most interesting objects to the general public were the two flags flying from the masts, the flags that had once before gone "farthest north" with Peary, and which may yet wave at the pole.

On July 7, in the early morning, the explorer's ship cast off her lines and started up the East River toward Oyster Bay, on Long Island Sound. Tugs gave three hearty toots as she hove in sight, and the captains of the sound steamers jerked their whistle cords and the whistles shrieked farewell and good luck.

It was an hour before noon when the ship put her nose toward shore at Oyster Bay and the anchor chains rattled into the water as she was made fast for the first stop on her long journey. Captain Bartlett was in command as Commander Peary had come down Long Island on the train to lunch with the President and escort him to the vessel. The ship had started so soon after taking in supplies at New York that the decks were still encumbered with boxes and packages which were yet to be stowed away. The crew, however, hustled about and did all possible to put things shipshape. They strung her with bunting from stem to stern until she had a most festive appearance.

At three in the afternoon the watching crew saw two launches belonging to the presidential yacht *Sylph* put off from shore. The water was rough and when they came alongside they were with difficulty held steady enough to permit the guests to come on board. The first one to come over the side was President Roosevelt himself, who came up the side ladder as if he had spent his whole life on board a man-of-war. He turned instantly to give a helping hand to Mrs. Roosevelt, Mrs. Peary and Mrs. W. Emlen Roosevelt. The first one to greet the President was little Robert Peary, son of the explorer. The little lad was dressed in a white sailor suit. He stood gravely at attention and brought his hand to his hat brim in salute. The President was greatly pleased, tossed the little sailor up into his arms and then shook hands with him.

Commander Peary showed the party all over the vessel. Glancing down into the forehold they saw four or five Eskimo dogs crouching on the lower deck and panting from the intense heat, which was enough to exhaust a New York City dog, to say nothing of one born and bred amid the Arctic snows. The crew smiled appreciatively when Mr. Roosevelt remarked that they would have cold weather enou before long. The crew themselves have suffer greatly from the "hot wave," and expressed t hope, while at the dock in New York, that th would soon be in the more congenial atmosphere "farthest north." Miss Peary, the commande daughter, started the piano player to show wh kind of music the crew would have to help pass t weary hours of the long winter that will interver

When Mr. Roosevelt was going over the side his launch, he again shook Commander Peary's ha and wished him a safe voyage. "I will reach t pole if it's humanly possible, Mr. President," sa the commander earnestly.

Commander Peary will go by rail to Sydne

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President Roosevelt and Party Inspecting Peary's Ship

Nova Scotia, with his wife, where he will again meet the vessel and take her north to the Arctic. The Roosevelt hoisted anchor soon after the departure of the President, and proceeded up the sound. She carried as passengers little Robert Peary and his sister. The love of exploration seems hereditary, for these young people are keenly interested in all that pertains to the frozen North. Members of the Peary Arctic Club who have done much to push the enterprise feel sanguine that this time the commander will plant his colors near the pole.

THE WHITE SHIP OF HEALING

Continued from page 583

stand it no longer, and although the accommodations on the old barge *Clifford* were poor and cramped, yet heroic work was done on her for eight years, until the present beautiful boat was made possible through the generosity of thousands of New Englanders, rich and poor, young and old contributing to her building fund.

And no other boat was ever so admirably planned and adapted for sick babies. She is a twin-screw steamboat, 171 feet long and 44 feet wide. A seaman would at once notice her peculiar superstructure, which is built out almost to the edge of the boat, especially on the hospital deck. Just enough space is left for a narrow passage-way for those who manage the boat on its harbor trips.

The seven permanent wards have a capacity of 150 beds. One of these is an outdoor ward, located in the stern, where patients remain in the open air day and night. The inside wards are supplied with air from which excess of moisture has been removed, and which has been cooled to the proper temperature of 70 or 72 degrees by being passed through the refrigerating plant. So, when outside conditions make it necessary, the windows in certain of the wards can be closed to shut out fog, mist or heat, and the suffering patients still be supplied with fresh, pure, constantly-changing air, at an even temperature.

Articles have been written about the Hospital's wonderful food laboratory. Not dead, sterilized milk for these babies, but milk so pure that its bacterial content is as low as 100 per cubic centimeter, the Boston Board of Health requiring a standard of not more than 500,000 baceria per cubic centimeter.

From New York, from all parts of the United States, from England, Europe, Australia, come visitors and letters inquiring about the work. It is to be ardently hoped that the ideal facilities of the Boston Floating Hospital will be widely copied, and that its noble work may be carried on in all other cities where little ones suffer with diseases in the summer heat.

PAUL PINKERTON FOSTER.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

L. Z. M., Pennsylvania. "Publicly, I want to acknowledge God's goodness in lifting a dark cloud."

N. R., Oregon. "I wish to acknowledge a recently answered prayer. He will hear us if we only trust him."

C. H. R., New York. "God always answers prayers. He has given me the desire of my heart, for which I am profoundly grateful."

L. S. N., New York. "I promised the Saviour that I would tell the world if he would heal me of a distressing sickness. I believe my prayer has been answered."

L. I., New York. "Some time ago, I earnestly besought my Father on behalf of a dear friend. He has heard my prayers in this case, and more than answered them."

M. E. S., New Jersey. "I would like to have my name numbered with those who have had their prayers answered. I look to God in all things."

Reader, South Carolina. "I wish to add my testimony to the answered prayer column. Recently God heard and answered a special prayer for me."

E. C. S., Virginia. "In the time of great distress, when there seemed no hope for me, I prayed unto the Lord, and he delivered me, as he will all who put their trust in him."

J. L. P., Colorado. "I wish to acknowledge through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD my answered prayers. I promised God if he would answer my prayers I would tell it to the world. He has answered them according to his promise."

Reader, Illinois. "I asked our Heavenly Father to answer my prayer when in trouble, and he did. I have another sorrow. May I have the prayers of our dear brothers and sisters?"

Reader, Illinois. "I wish to testify that I have had prayers answered many times. While not always immediately, yet in such a way that I know they were answers."

M. J. G., New York. "The Lord has heard and answered prayer. He will be all in all to those who put their faith in him. He has been a father of the fatherless and the widows."

Mrs. C. E. N., Delaware. "I wish to acknowledge through the columns of your valuable paper the goodness of God to me in answering my prayers. I know he has heard and answered me."

Answers to prayers have also been received from Ohio Reader; M. W., Georgia; F. A. H., Arkansas; M. S., Pennsylvania; Reader, Pennsylvania; Reader, New York; Mrs. G. W., New Jersey; C. M. L., Canada; J. H. P., New York; J. C. B., New Hampshire; Reader, New Hampshire; Subscriber, Illinois; M. P., California; Constant Reader; Reader, Kansas; Miss C. W., Massachusetts; J. N. S., New York; W. E. M., Michigan; A. F. N.; J. M.; H. B. A., Wisconsin; Reader, Ohio; E. G., Iowa; Nebraska Reader; Reader, South Dakota; Mrs. C. C. J., New York; M. A. J., Nebraska; C. G. C., New York; Subscriber, New York; J. O. B., Vermont; Faithful Believer, Montreal; Reader, Ohio; H. R., New York; C. L. G., Long Island, N. Y.; B. M., Denver, Colo.; A Believer, Lincoln, Neb.; J. T. B., New York City; Mrs. L. B., Ontario.

AT "THE LADDER OF HEAVEN"

Keepers of Buddha's Shrine

The Lord Abbot of the Temple

At the Temple Gate, Hashidate

By MRS. EVELYN CLARK MORGAN

HASHIDATE means "Ladder of Heaven." The peninsula, a narrow stretch of land which lies like a delicately shaded green ribbon between Miyazu Bay and Iwataki Lake, is beauty-crowned and legend-haunted. We visited it from Kyoto and found our fellow passengers so interesting that five hours seemed but a short railway journey. At every station picturesque groups were coming and going. Priests with shaven heads and large-sleeved coats predominated. They didn't mind fingering your clothing and asking its price or inquiring your age, your "venerable age" if your hair happened to be gray. Women came trooping in, all hatless and with shining black hair. They dropped their straw sandals and in "tabi" (stocking with a toe) mounted the seats and tucked their feet beneath them. Then the babies, the pudgy, cunning, almond-eyed babies, happy and smiling whether making pigeon-toed attempts to walk or hanging on the back of a child a trifle older. At one station we saw a troop of girls going into town to dance the "Cherry Dance." They were young, pretty and whitened and rouged to an astonishing degree. The only place the natural color of the skin could be seen was around the throat and there it was in pointed effect representing peaks of Fujiyama. Now and then along the route bottles of hot milk were served and at noon time dainty little boxes of Japanese or foreign food.

Our train was somewhat belated, so the noon boat had gone when we reached the little town of Miyaza. This gave us time to visit a temple which stood on the summit of a hill in a perfect bower of cherry bloom and commanded a wonderful view of town and bay. When we came down we stopped at a tea and rest house where, dropping our shoes, we reclined upon cushions spread on the spotless matting and sipped sugarless, milkless Japanese tea from tiny cups.

Finally our boat came, an odd little native one. The cabin was reached by ladder-like steps and a seat on its narrow benches or floor did not tempt us, so we spread our rugs on an elevation at the stern of the boat and prepared to enjoy the beauties of the Sea of Japan. In and out among its islands we sailed, thinking each one more beautiful than the last. Before we reached our destination the full moon rose over the hilltops, shedding its light upon the waters with weird and beautiful effect.

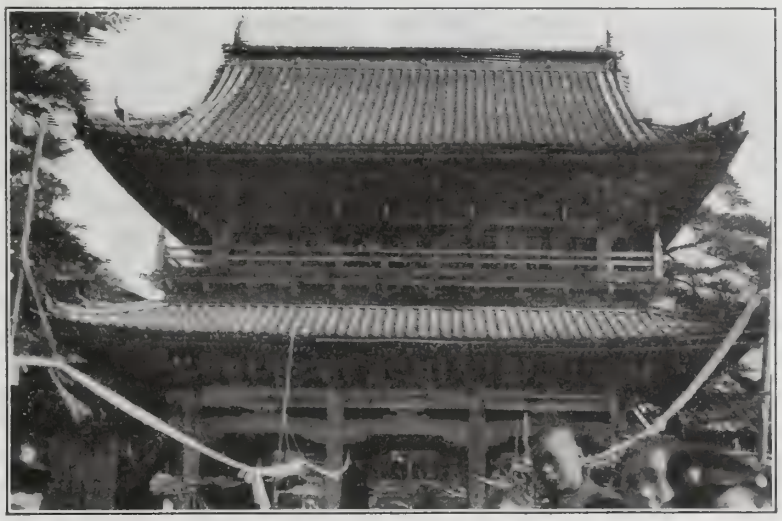
When we arrived at Hashidate a messenger met us at the wharf. He came from the Master of the Temple asking us to come directly to the temple, as arrangements had been made to entertain us there. This courtesy was extended to us through an English lady who knew the Master of the Temple and who also accompanied us.

It was indeed a new experience to me to be a temple guest. Before we reached the outer gate we were met by several priests come out to welcome us and to escort us. At the entrance to the temple we had to remove our shoes, but we had come provided with a kind of canvas slipper which we tied on our feet and had some trouble in keeping there.

The cushions upon which we took our seats had been cosily drawn to the centre of the room and *hibachi* brought to warm us, for the wind was blowing fresh from the sea. Several priests came in to join our circle, they, and every person in the room, bowing low at their entrance. At last, at the close of a service that he was holding, the Master of the Temple came. All remained seated, but bows were lower, foreheads almost touching the floor as he took his place among us. His coming was the signal for the younger priests to serve "temple food," which they did in great variety. The chopsticks now proved very helpful in keeping me fully occupied with but small results.

It was midnight before our lengthy feast was ended and the last priest had departed. Then young disciples brought our *futons*, soft, thick, silken affairs between which we were soon lost in sleep.

Temple bells, gongs and intonations seemed to follow me into slumberland, till suddenly I realized that tinkling bells and sounding gongs were not all a dream, but that the junior priests were holding their three o'clock A. M. service in the next room.



The Gateway of Am-no-Hashidate

Every one was astir early at the temple. There was a corridor outside of our room, opening to the sea, and there primitive bathing arrangements had been made. A small wooden tub rested on the stone balustrade and beneath it a larger vessel containing icy cold water. There was a long-handled dipper close at hand, a rock was the towel-rack, on which hung blue figured towels of the thinnest texture, and the green turf was the ample jar to receive waste water. When we had breakfasted we were shown through the temple and told that later the Lord Abbot of Nanzen-ji Temple, Kyoto, now visiting Hashidate, would receive us and serve "ceremonial tea."

Serving of ceremonial tea, like the arrangement of flowers, is only acquired by study and long practice. There are different colored dishes for certain seasons of the year and certain occasions, and the ways of preparing and serving it are various and require, I am told, years of study. The process, however, looked simple enough. When we entered the shrine room the Lord Abbot was sitting Buddha-wise upon a cushion. We tried to assume a similar position, but I must confess with rather indifferent success. Then one of the priests began to make the tea. He took a spoonful of tea from the caddy and dropped it in a lacquered bowl, then he poured boiling water over it and stirred it briskly with a little whisk that looked like a bunch of twigs. In this way he prepared each cup separately and another priest placed them before us. When all had been served, the Lord Abbot lifted his cup in both hands and, turning it around three times, drank from it with great gusto, emptying the bowl in three mouthfuls; then, turning it in his hands, he looked in the empty bowl as if to be sure he had consumed every drop. The tea was the greenest and bitterest I have ever tasted in my life.

Pilgrims Resting by the Wayside

After we had drained our cups, I had an interesting conversation with the Lord Abbot upon Buddhism, the foundation-stone of which, he informed me, is meditation. It meant sitting motionless for two hours in the position in which Buddha is represented, and repeating incessantly the words, "What is my mind?" for, said the Lord Abbot, "the knowledge of Buddha must come from within; a man must first know himself, and I can only instruct persons when they have shown me their minds." As I listened to him, it seemed to me that Buddhism strongly resembles Christian or mental science, control of the mind over the body being the fundamental principle in each. I tried to get his idea about the creation of the world. I asked him if he did not think that a Supreme Being or Intelligence must have made the earth and all its wondrous beauty. Beyond the statement that Buddhism acknowledged no Creator, I could not get him to go, without, as he expressed it, showing him my mind. I had a feeling that at the end of two hours' meditation in a cramped position I should not have much mind to show, so I turned the conversation upon the beauties of Hashidate. Much to my surprise the Lord Abbot asked me if I would write my impressions of Hashidate in verse. I wrote the following verses and that evening at the request of the Master of the Temple read them in an audience room of the temple before some two hundred priests, disciples and worshipers gathered there upon a festive occasion:

Am-no-Hashidate

Full rises the moon o'er a sapphire sea,
A pillar of fire her light seems to be.

To the water's edge the somber pine grows,
The shore of the islet with pink blossom glows.

I ask in my heart, can scene be more fair?
Murm'ring waves whisper: More fair and more rare.

Then lifting my gaze, a vision I see:
Beauteous temple of Hashidate.

The next morning we left, carrying with us gifts of fans, pictures, and a bowl with a temple text upon it. After reaching Kyoto I received a letter from the Master of the Temple thanking me for the verses and saying that he would have them translated into Japanese, framed and hung in the temple.

The incident seems to me quite a remarkable one. The fact of a woman, a foreigner and a Christian (none of them supposed to be very popular in Japan) being asked to take part in temple exercises, shows a spirit of toleration that I confess I had not looked for in Buddhist or Japanese.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Subscriptions may commence with any issue.
Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter
Entered as Second-class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa

Preaching Discontent

A READER in Angus, Minn., sends this letter apropos of a recent article in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

> Socialists are charged with sowing the seed of discontent. We plead guilty to that charge. The minister is supposed to sow the seed of discontent. He is anxious to have the people discontented with a life of sin. The Socialist who talks to people from the platform and the soapbox, wishes them to become very discontented with a system that makes poverty the portion of the toiler and is the source of ninety-nine per cent. of the crimes committed to-day. Discontent is the mainspring of progress.

Our correspondent errs in his supposition that the Christian preacher has a mission "to sow the seed of discontent." On the contrary, his duty is to urge men to come out of the Adullam cave into the sunlight of the Gospel and of freedom, where discontent is impossible. A discontented Christian would be an anomaly. He has a zest and a direct purpose in existence; his spiritual attitude and relationship emancipate him from discontent. He works with all his might, but never with a growl. He has the right perspective of things, and even while he strives the hardest to make the world better, there is a song in his heart—the song of hope and of perfect confidence in God, that he will make all things right in his own good time.

So, while there are undeniably many wrongs to be righted, reforms to be urged and defects in our public system to be remedied, let us look at them sanely and as men who have broader views and higher ideals than those who are mere stirrers-up of strife. This widespread sowing the seed of discontent is an ominous sign of our times. It makes the hapless and unfortunate still more miserable, and kindles in them the blind passions of hate and revenge. If we would raise men to prosperity and success; if we would make them happier and better, it must be done by leading them to nobler aims and greater effort. Your best type of Socialist is not a provoker of disturbance and a riot-breeder, but one who, seeing present evils, wisely plans to remedy them by the peaceful methods of education, frank, intelligent discussion and suitable legislation. He knows that there is always, somewhere, some common ground on which the extremes of interests may converge. He knows that all talk of human equalization is about as foolish as if Luther Burbank were to undertake to make all the flowers bear a uniform blossom and yield the same fragrance. And he scorns to work on the passions of the ignorant and thoughtless, because he knows that to sow discontent in their hearts now, would mean to reap sorrow and bitter repentance hereafter.

This Year's Harvest

BRIGHT indeed are the prospects of the American farmer, according to the statistics recently sent out by Secretary Wilson of the United States Department of Agriculture. The Secretary, as is well known, is a practical farmer himself and consequently figures which have been prepared under his supervision meet with a more general acceptance than if they were the work of some one who had had no practical experience with the problems that confront the tiller of the soil. Taken all in all the prosperity of the whole country depends in great measure on the prosperity of the farmer and the condition of the crops. A poor harvest, and the city dweller living in cramped apartments far from the green fields is one of the first to realize the fact from the way prices begin to soar on the first rumor, of a small yield from nature's store. On account of the recent financial depression the news from the Agricultural Department is doubly welcome.

The statisticians took a certain period this year and compared it with the same period last year. Every crop except one was in better condition than ever before since figures have been kept. The figures of the bounty of the soil are almost staggering even to the American people, who are used to big figures. For instance, there will be 1,250,000,000 bushels of corn, and the yield of the other cereals will be in proportion. When this great crop is harvested it means a renewal in freight business, as it must be got to market. The increase in freight business can not help fail to help many other lines of business and industry connected with it.

In fact, there are not cars enough to move all the loads at one time. It would take over a million and a half of cars and over eighty thousand engines if they were to move the corn crops in one day. The train would reach nearly fourteen thousand miles. As it is, every freight car near the agricultural districts will be moving early and late for many weeks over the network of tracks to distribute the earth's increase.

Of course, a great harvest arouses the fear among the farmers that there will be a slump in prices, but it is thought that the demand will be so large that every farmer will receive fair prices and wish that he had more to sell than at present. The banks of the country are not retiring many of their notes, as they realize what a demand there will be for currency. It is said that it will take $275,000,000 to move the harvest. There is much glamor about the business done in great cities and we regard great factories with a certain amount of awe, little thinking of the greatest business of all, until the country holds up before us the facts of its industry—facts so large as to be almost beyond comprehension.

At Denver

IT WAS certainly a mark of distinguished confidence, such as few men in public life have ever received, which the Denver Convention paid to the great Nebraskan, when it chose him for the third time as a Presidential candidate. It proves beyond a doubt, what a tremendous hold Mr. Bryan has upon the affection and esteem of a very large section of the American people, especially in the West and Northwest. Politics abounds in surprises, and the outcome might show that he is a much stronger candidate than in the Presidential contest of 1900, when he received nearly six and a half million votes.

Now that both the great parties have chosen their standard-bearers, let us hope that the campaign soon to begin will be characterized by clean and wholesome methods. Both the candidates are men of high ability, sound principles and unquestioned patriotism. They stand upon platforms that have much in common. Both recognize that the old platforms and party declarations, while not forgotten, have necessarily changed to meet the needs of national development and the new conditions that have arisen.

We leave to others, however, the discussion of platforms and policies in detail, recognizing that with men of high character at the helm, the national honor and the best material interests of the people will be safe, whichever way the battle goes. The people demand certain reforms, the need of which both parties fully recognize. The curtailment of official extravagance, the firm punishment of corruption, the establishment of sound principles of finance, the integrity of the courts, the regulation of corporate interests and equal justice to capital and labor are among the issues concerning which there should be no misunderstanding.

Between now and November the people will have ample time to make up their minds as to their duty. This they can not do while the smoke of the early skirmishing and the clamor of the nominating conventions are still filling the eyes and deafening the ears.

A Coming Danger

COUNT VON ZEPPELIN, the German scientist, probably the ablest living authority on aerial navigation, and who has spent a large part of his lifetime in experimentation, has announced his conviction that the air is navigable only for bodies of great size and that the power-driven, dirigible balloon of the future will be a machine of vast magnitude. Octave Chanute, a leading authority on aviation in America, predicts that, as the experimental stage has now been passed, the world may prepare in the very near future to see genuine aerial warships; but he differs from Von Zeppelin in believing that the aeroplane will be the practical machine, and not the gas bag. These airships, he believes, will be under perfect control, and their automatic mechanical appliances will render them practically safe. They will be utilized for sport, for reconnoissance in war, and for exploration.

If man is destined to achieve the mastery of the air, it will be a revolution indeed. Who knows whether the next generation may not see the day of transatlantic air lines, polar excursions, a pleasure tours over the world's great mounta ranges? Already we have the news of a Germ company organized to run a regular line of pa senger airships between the continental capit cities from St. Petersburg to Paris, and Vienna London. It would be a beautiful and desirable resu if science were thus to add to the sum of huma knowledge and enjoyment. But if the coming ai ship is to be chiefly a new agent of destruction, flying battleship, then let us hope that the da of its completion may be still far distant. Our o war-torn world would be better off without it. Scienc which ought to be beneficent always, laboring f the good of man, would be maleficent indeed if peopled the very air above us with winged destroyer

The Deadly "Hot Wave"

SWEEPING over a large part of the country, th "great hot wave" of July, 1908, will long be re membered for the suffering and discomfort i brought and for the number of its victims. In th Eastern and Middle States, where the mercur climbed to a record height, the mortality from sun stroke and heat was the heaviest in many years Nor was it confined to the cities, for the sea beache and the public parks yielded their quota of thos who died in giving battle to the deadly heat whic they could not escape. In New York the tempera ture was like that of an oven, and the climax wa reached only after the record had reached twenty four deaths and eighty-eight prostrations in a single day. Then there was a sudden change of wind and the superheated, gasping millions took fresh cour age and a new lease of life. The "hot spell" for the time being was over.

Perhaps the saddest feature was the suffering of the little children in the crowded tenements. During the torrid visitation our Children's Home at Mont-Lawn has been a genuine boon to the little sufferers. We trust that the day may soon come when Fresh Air Homes on the Mont-Lawn model may be established within easy range of every large city for the saving of the children.

Among the Workers

—IT IS ESTIMATED that 26,000,000 pupils are studying the International Sunday School Lesson throughout the world at the present time.

—REV. O. H. DENNEY, pastor of the Congregational Church at Candor, N.Y., which has just celebrated its centenary, has added to the membership over one thousand names during his pastorate.

—THE PRAYER CONFERENCE at Rockhurst, Mill Valley, Calif., was a memorable gathering. The power of God was present in a wonderful way. About twenty-five pastors and a dozen missionaries were in attendance.

—THE TOPEKA *Capital*, which has been testing the sentiment in Kansas concerning prohibition, announces that nine-tenths of all the letters received from the State as a whole heartily endorse the prohibition policy. They show that prohibition has greatly benefited the State, notwithstanding the loud assertions of the liquor interests that business has suffered and that the State revenues have been dangerously diminished.

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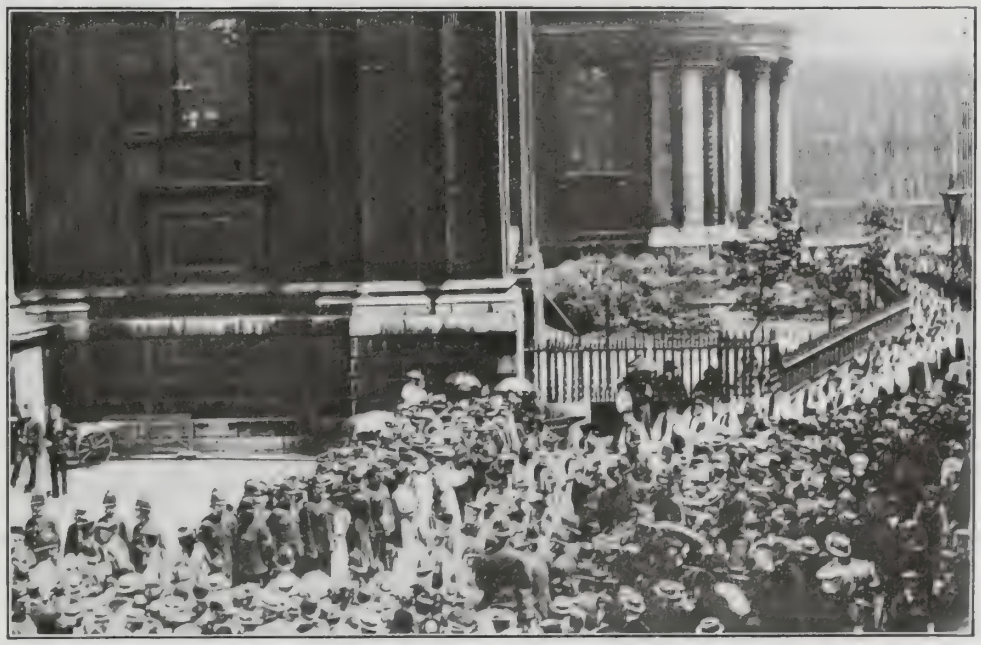
THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

The Pan-Anglican Congress

ONE of the most remarkable gatherings of the year was the Pan-Anglican Congress held in London. It was the first of its kind ever held. Five and a half years have been spent in its organization and representatives from 195 dioceses, in communion with the Anglican Church, were present. Live, up-to-date topics were selected for discussion and the ablest men, archbishops, bishops, clergymen and laymen, from all parts of the world, gave carefully prepared and exceedingly entertaining and instructive addresses. Under the theme, "Possibilities of Union," Canon Erskine Hill, of Glasgow, made an incisive speech abounding in such flashes as "The conformity of a duke is of far less importance to the Church than the conversion of a drunkard." Mr. A. J. Balfour, whose appearance drew a storm of cheering, spoke most ably on Christianity and modern thought. Religion and science was treated in a masterly manner by Mr. G. F. C. Searle, F.R.S., and Dr. F. R. Tennant, of Cambridge University. In the discussion of religion and the press, Dr. McClure surprised his hearers by saying that he had examined carefully 206 penny novels and that he failed to find moral obliquity in any one of them. The divorce question elicited the most spirited discussion. The deepest interest in the Congress, upon the part of the audiences and delegates, was manifested in the discussion of the question of capital and labor and Socialism, where the most divergent opinions were expressed, there being a general tendency to lean toward Christian Socialism. The crowning service of the Congress was the great thanksgiving at the gathering at St. Paul's Cathedral, which was crowded to suffocation with a distinguished throng. At noon the two hundred archbishops and bishops, with the Cathedral clergy and choir, entered the west door. The Archbishop of Canterbury took his stand on the highest step before the altar. He asked the audience to give thanks to their Heavenly Father for the inspiration the Congress had given them. After a most beautiful address calling upon the clergy and members for a higher consecration and more diligent service, the great offering was taken. The bishops laid their respective offerings upon the altar, which amounted to the superb sum of a million pounds. One of the distinguishing features of the Congress was the ability, character and efficiency of the archbishops and bishops and leaders in the church.

This is a true saying, If a man desire the office of a bishop, he desireth a good work. (I. Tim. 3 : 1.)



The Procession of Bishops of the Pan-Anglican Congress Entering St. Paul's Cathedral

A Penny Cable

At a dinner given by the American Society in London on the fourth day of July, John Henniker Heaton made the significant statement that the world, in the near future, would have a penny cable—that for a penny a word, people would be able to speak to any nation of the earth. Mr. Heaton, it will be remembered, has been trying for forty years to secure an arrangement for penny postage between Great Britain and America and was successful in his undertaking. In response to a toast at that dinner in London, Mr. Heaton said that the great electricians were lending their help to this cheap and universal method of communication and that he confidently predicted that the expense of using the wires and cables would be so small that the people would use them instead of writing letters.

The tendency of modern invention is to multiply the conveniences of civilized living, so that the masses of the people may have the advantage of them. It would be a great advance in this direction if the telegraph wires and Atlantic cables, which are now an expensive luxury, outside of the reach of the plain people, could be brought to their use. The cheaper the means of communication, the better people will know each other; the more they know of each other the higher will be their respect and the more intense their affection, so that the penny cable which Mr. Heaton predicts would be an instrument of a better civilization, a harbinger of good will, and would be another hand in preventing war and another arm in bringing people close to each other and closer to the cross of Christ. We hardly realize how much scientific investigation, practical invention, increased communication by travel and message have to do in ushering in the kingdom of God in the earth, in promoting the reign of Jesus Christ in the world. For six thousand years, till the time of our grandfathers, letters were sent by man or beast or breath of wind against a sail; and now there is impatience with any communication slower than the lightning that conveys the message with the swiftness of thought.

In the name of King Ahasuerus was the letter written, and sealed with the king's ring. And the letters were sent by posts into all the king's provinces. (Esther 3 : 12-13.)

Cleveland and the Bible

About the last thing that fell from the pen of the late Grover Cleveland was an estimate of the Bible. He said: "I very much hope that in sending out this book you will do something to invite more attention among the masses of our people to the study of the New Testament and Bible as a whole. It seems to me that in these days there is an unhappy falling off in our appreciation of the importance of this study. I do not believe, as a people, that we can afford to allow our interest in and veneration for the Bible to abate. I look upon it as the source from which those who study it in spirit and truth will derive strength of character, a realization of the duty of citizenship and a true apprehension of the power and wisdom and mercy of God." These sentiments are almost identical with those expressed by Gen. Grant while President, in a message to the children of America: "Hold fast to the Bible as the sheet-anchor of your liberties; write its precepts in your hearts, and practise them in your lives. To the influence of this Book are we indebted for all the progress made in true civilization, and to this we must look as our guide in the future." Theodore Roosevelt, in an address, claimed that almost all the great men of America had employed the Bible as a foundation of their character, stating that Lincoln studied the Bible so constantly that he became a man of one book and that he put instinctively into practice what he had learned from that Book. The man of small parts, who doubts God's word, appears a pigmy when compared with the great men of our time who put the chief estimate upon the Bible as the foundation of individual and national character and life.

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path. (Psa. 119 : 105.)

Returning Prosperity

It is pretty generally understood that the panic in this country is over and that there will be a return gradually to good times. There are some signs of a speedy resumption of prosperity. For instance, on the sixth day of July 50,000 men, who had been laid off from work in Pittsburg and vicinity, returned to their tasks and the manufactories, mines and coke ovens made a heavier demand for laborers than could be supplied. The promise of an abundant harvest is giving great encouragement to the railroads and to the people whose produce is to be transported, bought and sold. Periods of financial depression are often seasons of religious awakening. Whether the one we have passed through has had its spiritual compensations or not we do not know, but it is hoped that a return to material prosperity will also bring the largest spiritual success to the individual and the Church. Judge Gary, an authority on steel and iron interests, before going to Europe the other day for his vacation, said that the worst of the trouble was over in this country and that prosperous times would follow and that he believed that capital and labor would enter upon a new era of prosperity with a better understanding of each other. Amidst the frictions and irritations caused by the division of the products of human industry, it is to be hoped capital and labor will each measure their wares by the Golden Rule, as neither can be happy or prosperous without the help of the other.

Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them. (Matt. 7 : 12.)

Mistaken Safety

Mr. Fred G. Engel was giving an exhibition of the workings of a new automatic life-saving device at Springfield, Mass., when the cylinder wire which was intended to convey him safely to the earth, broke and sent him from the sixth story window to the ground, where his body lay lifeless. The device consists of a metal cylinder fastened in the room, in which is coiled a slender wire cord controlled by a spring which is supposed to let a man down slowly and then coils up again when the weight is taken off. As Engel jumped from the window the chain he had passed under his arms broke, and sent him to his death.

It was peculiarly disappointing that a device that had been intended to save life should have been turned by accident to a means of its destruction. In the salvation of the soul there are many devices offered, promising to effect a rescue, but which in reality are sources of destruction. There is nothing so untrue as the statement made so often, that it makes no difference what a man believes if he is only honest in that belief. The poor fellow was perfectly honest in his belief that he had a life saver, when in reality it was a life destroyer with which he was dealing. There are systems of theology that have so much error in them that they can not be relied upon as life savers and honesty in their belief will not prevent the thin wire from breaking, and the destruction that shall follow. Christ is the only means of escape from sin, its danger and its penalty. All other devices are fatal failures. No one who relies upon Christ the Crucified Saviour will ever fail to escape the peril and consequences of moral evil.

Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved. (Acts 4: 12.)

Rooster Mistakes His Calling

A red bantam rooster belonging to a gentleman at Riverhead, Long Island, is setting on seven eggs, trying to hatch out a flock of chickens. He drove the hen from the eggs and will not leave the nest even to eat. This rooster has mistaken his calling. He ought to have left the hen to take care of the nest. It would have been better for him to have scratched and found worms for the rest of the brood in the barnyard or to have strutted on the lawn with pride at his gorgeous plumage, or to have flown to the fence and given a crow of defiance or victory, than to have undertaken the work of raising the brood, which belonged to the hen. It is often the case that men and women get mismatched in the tasks of life. Whatever may be the opinion of people as to the respective duties of men and women, it is pretty generally understood that it is not the husband's place to brood over the eggs, that it is the woman's place to care for the nest. Into what fields of competitive labor women may enter, is a question that may be safely left to the judgment and conscience of the women themselves. But true women must admit that there can be no wider field nor higher honor for women than that of caring for home, than that of culturing the young. How like the providence of God is the sympathy and protecting care of a devoted mother! When the boy was sunstruck in the harvest field in olden time, the father knew what to do with him—ordered a man to carry him to his mother.

And when he had taken him to his mother he sat on her knees till noon. (II. Kings 4: 20.)

EVERY BOY TO BE A KING IF HE WILL

*By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts**

"HOW long wilt thou mourn for Saul?" God asks this question of Samuel. Saul was not physically but morally dead. He had forfeited the favor of God and his days as king were numbered.

"I have provided me a king." God told Samuel where to find him, among the sons of Jesse in Bethlehem.

"Fill thine horn with oil and go." The anointing oil consisted of olive oil, cassia, cinnamon, calamus, and myrrh. Samuel was to use this to anoint the successor of Saul.

"Say, I am come to sacrifice to the Lord." Samuel was accustomed to visit different sections of the country and offer sacrifices. God told Samuel to make a sacrifice on his visit to Bethlehem to guard against arousing a spirit of rebellion, which would probably have resulted if it was seen that he had come for the purpose of anointing a new king in place of Saul.

"The elders of the town trembled at his coming." They expected there would be a searching of hearts and lives, when their spiritual leader should come.

"He sanctified Jesse and his sons, and called them to the sacrifice." There was first the public sacrifice, participated in by all the Bethlehemites, then followed the sacrificial feasting by families. For the second stage of the feast Samuel went to Jesse's house to be with him and his family.

"Jesse made seven of his sons to pass before Samuel." Jesse was in the secret that one of his sons was to be anointed king, but neither he nor Samuel knew which one.

"Surely the Lord's anointed is before him." Samuel said this to himself, of Eliab, the oldest of Jesse's sons and the first to pass before him, because he was grand in appearance. As to looks Saul was still Samuel's measure for a king. God reproved Samuel for his misjudgment. Not high looks but a pure life is God's preference.

"The Lord has not chosen these." One by one the seven sons of Jesse had passed before Samuel and Samuel was restrained from anointing any one of them.

"Are these all thy sons?" David, the one God would choose, was so young it was not thought worth while to take him from the sheep he was shepherding.

"Arise, anoint him: for this is he." David was a mere boy with red cheeks and large bright eyes, and so filled with fresh young strength that it has been said of him: "In swiftness and activity, he could only be compared to a wild gazelle with feet like hart's feet, and with arms strong enough to break a bow of steel. Hear the words that Browning put into the lips of David:

Oh, our manhood's prime vigor! No spirit feels waste,
Not a muscle is stopped in its playing nor sinew unbraced,
Oh, the wild joys of living! The leaping from rock unto rock,
The strong rending of boughs from the fir tree, the cool silver shock
Of a plunge in the pool's living water!
How good is man's life, the mere living! How fit to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses forever in joy!

"Then Samuel took the horn of oil and anointed him." Geikie says: "Josephus can hardly be wrong when he describes Samuel as taking David apart and whispering into his ear the meaning of his act as he performed it."

"The spirit of the Lord came upon David from that day forward." The divine afflatus was upon the soul of David. What that influence was is best described by Milton:

O Spirit, thou
Dost prefer above all temples
The upright heart and pure;
Instruct me, for thou knowest
What is in me dark,
Illumine, what low raise and support.

Other Boy Kings in the Bible

King Joash was seven years old when he was crowned. When a babe one year old, his aunt, the wife of Jehoiada the high priest, had rescued him from the murderous designs of his grandmother, Athaliah, who had usurped the throne. For six years the child royal was kept in the seclusion of the temple, a safe place then, because not much frequented, as the queen led the Israelites to worship idols rather than the true God. When Joash became seven years of age Jehoiada made a league with the Levites and such men as could be trusted, and they crowned little Joash king in the court of the Temple with great solemnity. Queen Athaliah met a violent death that same day. Jehoiada, until the time of his death, was regent, and the young king was wisely guided by him. After the death of Jehoiada King Joash was influenced by wicked counselors, and idolatry was revived. When warned by the son of Jehoiada, King Joash ordered him to be stoned to death between the Temple and the altar. What a return for the loving watch care he had himself received in that same Temple from the parents of the man he murdered!

Josiah, another boy king, was crowned when he was eight years old, and he reigned thirty-one years. He lived a little more than two hundred years after Joash. It is recorded of Josiah that "he did what was right in the sight of the Lord, and turned not aside to the right hand or to the left." When he was only eighteen years of age he began the repair of the Temple. It was then that the book of the law was found among the rubbish which was being cleared away. Josiah caused the book to be read to him and then discovered the doom that was hanging over his idol-worshiping, Sabbath-breaking people. He called a national conference and inaugurated a crusade against idolatry which resulted in its abolishment from his kingdom. Idols were broken and idol groves were cut down.

Solomon was another young king, crowned when David, his father, was upon his death-bed, in order to prevent his brother Adonijah usurping the throne. A solemn charge was given the young king by his dying father (I. Kings 2: 1-10). Solomon showed that he had a wise head upon young shoulders when God said to him in a dream: "Ask what I shall give thee," and Solomon answered: "I am but a little child, I know not how to go out or come in. Give therefore thy servant an understanding heart to judge thy people, that I may discern between the good and the bad." And the speech pleased the Lord and he promised him wisdom and riches and long life (I. Kings 3: 5-14). Solomon has the reputation of being the wisest man that ever lived, and yet he was not without some serious faults, which in the end brought about his downfall.

Other Young Kings and Queens

A little boy named Alfred, five years old, was consecrated king of England in 844, but not until the age of twenty-two was he declared king. During the thirty years of his reign his wise rule was based on a great code of laws, which he formed and which has since been influential in all law-making. Trial by jury is credited to him. He was called Alfred the Great.

The Princess Victoria was a mere child when called from her bed to hear that her uncle, the king of Great Britain, was dead and that she must shortly be crowned queen. Her reply was: "I will be good." During her long reign of nearly seventy years, she ruled as a truly Christian queen.

Our Own Boy Kings

In our republic all boys are to be sovereign citizens and should be trained as carefully as princes. In order to rule they must first learn to obey. Obey your parents, obey your rulers, obey your God. No king who does not obey God can have a long and prosperous reign. Every loving and obedient child is to be a king or queen throughout eternity.

Abraham Lincoln was a poor boy, but he was true and noble, industrious and obedient. He became a wise and learned man and was chosen to be the President of the United States. And James A. Garfield came to be President of the United States. He once said in a speech to those who had elected h to Congress before he was chos President, that while he wished please his constituents, there was o man whom he wished above all to on good terms with, and that was t man with whom he had to eat, to slee to die. It was a unique way of sayi that he must be a self-respecting ma

One day a beautifully dressed you lady went to a mission Sunday Scho and told the superintendent that s wished to be the teacher of a class his worst boys. "There they are in t corner," said he. "They have exhaust the patience of five teachers. You ma try them if you desire." There we about a dozen of them; they we ragged and unwashed and had the hats on, and were chewing tobacco an saying all sorts of rude things. Th young lady sat down in front of the and said: "Young gentlemen, I ar very happy the superintendent has as signed me this class and I hope to b your teacher all summer. When w meet in the street I shall say, 'There ar some of my scholars,' and I shall expec you to raise your hats and bow to m (off went all the hats), and you wil point me out as your teacher, and know you will not like to see my dres covered with tobacco juice." The quid were furtively dropped. Then she asked each boy his name writing it carefully down and in turn she gave each boy her card with her address on it and said: "I want you all to come there one afternoon every week. I have so much to tell you that I can not crowd one-half what I desire to say into the short half-hour we have together on Sunday; and, boys, as water is plenty here where we have this great Lake Erie, I would like you to all come clean." Many interesting details might be given of the meetings of those boys at their teacher's home; how it made clean Christian boys out of them and how over three thousand boys, under the influence of that teacher, developed into true men of the kingly sort.

This is a very inadequate description of the work of Miss Mulligan, of Buffalo, N. Y., who says: "I could have saved ten thousand as easily as I have three thousand, could I have changed their environment."

Because of the good king stuff and good queen stuff there is in the children of our land and every land, they should be guarded against all that will hinder their development. It is stated on good authority that one child in every six in the United States is at hard labor in factories, coal mines, glass works and the like. Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House, says: "It is no figment of the imagination to say that the human system breaks down when it is put to monotonous work before it is ready to stand up to it and that general debility and many diseases may be traced to premature labor. Miss Addams tells of a tailor who died at the age of thirty-three, whose death certificate bore the record "premature senility" which was due to the fact that he had run a sewing machine since he was six years old. This state of things has been going on unchallenged until quite recently. Some States have passed child labor laws and Congress has passed a law for the District of Columbia forbidding the labor of children under the age of fourteen, excepting the pages in the Senate and House.

When we study into the ways by which princes are educated to become kings under the most gifted and wisest of teachers and according to most rigorous rules, we can not fail to be impressed with the importance of training the young for positions of large responsibility and trust.

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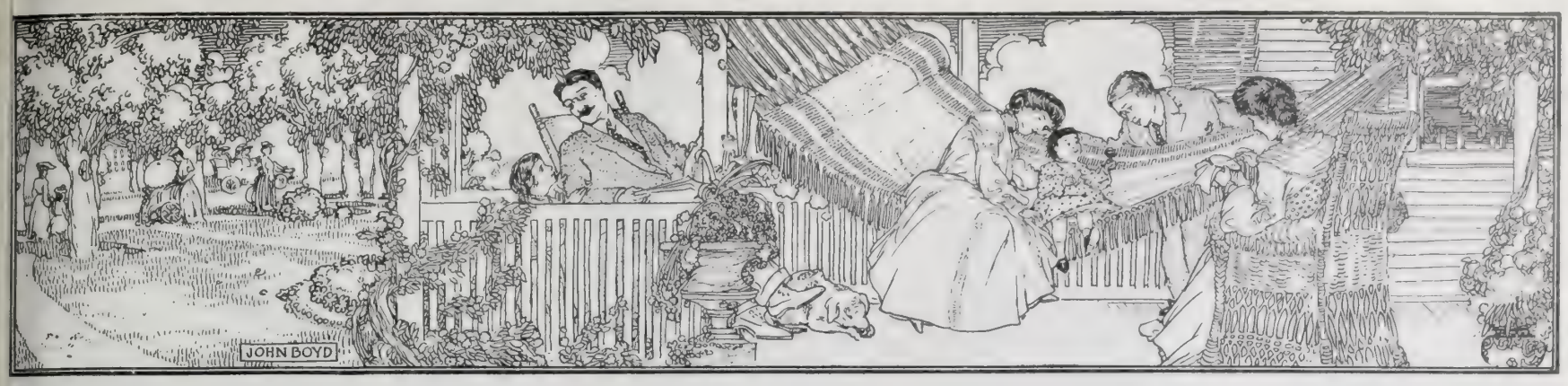
"Jesse made seven of his sons to pass before Samuel"

* **International Sunday School Lesson for August 2, 1908.** David Anointed at Bethlehem. I. Sam. 16 : 1-13. Golden Text: "Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." I. Sam. 16 : 7.

TALKS ON THE COOL VERANDA



In Sisterly Candor

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

"I DON'T know how long it is since you read *The Mill on the Floss*," said Mrs. Jamieson, as she seated herself comfortably with her knitting in the vine-shaded veranda just as the clock struck four. Other ladies were arriving and they had brought some light fancy-work, one an embroidered centre-piece in which she was putting the finishing stitches, another a fleecy shawl that she was crocheting for a Christmas gift, and still another a dainty frock for her two-year-old daughter. The ladies of Rockville Centre met during the summer at one another's houses for social purposes, reading and conversation. Sometimes they worked for the missionary box, and again they might take up a collection for the repairs of the church. To-day the meeting had no other object than recreation, and Mrs. Jamieson set the ball rolling by her remark about George Eliot's famous novel. Two or three of the friends had never had time to read the book, although they had heard of it. One woman said that she had read *Middlemarch*, and another that *Felix Holt* was her favorite, but Miranda Joyce, who had been graduated from college in June, had the whole of George Eliot at her finger's end, and being the daughter of the hostess she ran into the library for the volume Mrs. Jamieson had mentioned.

"What I was thinking of," said that lady, "was the trouble that is made in families by too much candor. Turn to the seventh chapter, Miranda, and read a little of the talk between Mrs. Glegg and Mrs. Tulliver." Miranda did so, introducing to the circle the belligerent Mrs. Glegg, who at fifty was a formidable matron who dared to be as rude as she pleased, for the double reason that she was older than Mrs. Tulliver and that she had more money. Even a worm will turn, and when Mrs. Glegg had driven a coach and four over all the proprieties, criticised everything in sight, and abused her sister for yielding to her husband in the matter of the dinner hour, Mrs. Tulliver put an end to the talk by saying firmly, "Mr. Tulliver says he always will have a good dinner for his friends while he can pay for it, and he's a right to do as he likes in his own house, sister."

The conversation, having started with the quotation from *The Mill on the Floss*, lifted itself above the mere happenings of the neighborhood into a region of impersonal thought. It touched presently upon frankness in the family.

"We all know," said the minister's wife, "how ready one's own people are to tell one the precise truth without any soft shading or gentle deprecation. 'You are looking dreadfully sallow,' Edith will say to Ethel, or 'What possessed you to buy a green frock, when green fairly kills your complexion?' Or at the table, 'This steak is tough,' 'These peas are dry,' 'The bread is not up to the mark,' 'Where do you buy your butter? There certainly is better butter in the market than this.' These are criticisms heard every day in the family, and they do not help to make life move without friction."

"Yes," plaintively added Mrs. Judson, as she creased another tuck in her baby's frock, "there is too much sisterly candor in this world, at least where 'in-laws' are concerned. Bob's sister Jane has been making me a visit and I declare that I never was more uncomfortable in my life than when her eyes were on my children, for I knew that she considered them most ill-behaved. I have to admit that Florrie and Lilly always show their worst side to their Aunt Jane. She told Bob that I was spoiling my children by my indulgence, that Willie was stubborn and disobedient, and that Florrie was clumsy and stupid. She even found fault with my management of my poor wee baby, and said that I ought to spank her when she cried with the prickly heat. Jane declares that her children get their first spanking by the time they are six months old."

"The wretch!" exclaimed a tender-hearted woman sitting next the little mother. "She had no babies of her own and the hunger of the childless was in her eyes. "I fairly hate these martinets in nursery discipline," she exclaimed.

"I don't hate Jane; she is a good woman and kind-hearted," said the baby's mother, but she is a very uncomfortable guest in a relative's house because she deems it her duty to say precisely what she thinks, on every occasion."

"There is no greater fallacy," said Mrs. Jamieson, rounding the heel of her stocking, "than that which makes it incumbent on one's conscience to utter every word in one's mind. Society would split into a hundred pieces if every one acted on that theory. True courtesy oils the wheels of life. Unless we are polite in the family circle we are sure to have a good many recriminations and some quarrels that fray affection if they do not strain it to breaking." A tinkle of iced lemonade closed the discussion.

The Bride's Attendants

The Bride and Groom

The Wedding of an Ambassador's Daughter

BOTH America and Great Britain were greatly interested in the recent wedding of Miss Jean Templeton Reid, daughter of Hon. Whitelaw Reid, American Ambassador to the Court of St. James, to the Hon. John Ward. Miss Reid has made herself very popular during her father's service as Ambassador, and the King and Queen attended the wedding at the Chapel Royal. The Hon. John Ward is a brother of the Earl of Dudley.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

H. G. M. A class of young ladies meeting in the evening might take up American history. The teacher could not select anything better for this purpose than the works of Winston Churchill. These, although novels, take up different phases in American history. Young women who have been in business through the day are a little too weary at night to attack work that is wholly in the line of drudgery. One of Mr. Churchill's books may be read aloud while the members of the class keep their hands folded or employ them in sewing, and the teacher's part will be to consult works of reference, verify dates and bring useful information incidentally to illuminate the narrative.

To Be an Agreeable Guest

THE young girl who is going away to make a visit of a few days or a few weeks at this season should bear in mind several rules that would serve to make her an agreeable guest. Last summer a lady who is an extremely careful housekeeper, and whose manners have a flavor of old-world courtesy, gave a house-party that included a number of friends of her daughter, who was a junior at college. The girls, who arrived one afternoon by train, were well dressed, well bred and well educated. Each had behind her the traditions of good birth and careful training, but there was a wide difference in the way they acquitted themselves in the role of guests. One girl, for example, was always late to meals. It happened that the man of the house especially disliked a lack of punctuality at the table, and he was correspondingly annoyed when Estelle floated in morning after morning in a bewitching toilet, when breakfast was nearly finished. Louise, to whom had been given a dainty room, furnished in green and white, was so untidy and took so little care of bureau covers, spreads and curtains that her hostess was horrified. She wondered that a daughter of hers should entertain friendship with so heedless a young woman, and she was further disturbed when she found this girl's belongings lying about promiscuously in the drawing-room, the hall and the porch, with not a thought of order or fitness.

Another girl who fancied herself a brilliant conversationalist had an unfortunate habit of seizing the word on all occasions and of monopolizing the talk so that no one else had a chance to be heard.

For more than we think we reveal ourselves unconsciously, by looks, speech and deportment, when we are away from home. Whoever would be an agreeable guest must as soon as possible find out and conform to the ordinary ways of the household into whose privacy she is admitted. If there is an opportunity to save her hostess trouble, she must not overlook it, yet there are guests whose determination to be helpful verges on the officious and intrusive. It is as well to remain in one's room in the morning until breakfast is ready, or if one goes for an early walk or finds a seat on a porch, let one stay away from the living room and other parts of the house that are not yet in order for the day.

A certain young woman who violated this rule and established herself at ease in an upper hallway in a window seat commanding a beautiful view, was intensely mortified when by accident she discovered that she had prevented several members of the family from taking their morning plunge in the bath-room in their usual comfort.

Never visit a kitchen unasked, and never venture into any part of the house in which you have no concern. Arrive at the time you are expected and take your leave on the day and at the hour when it was understood that your visit would terminate. If there are old people or children in the family where you are a visitor, be at pains to give them some portion of your attention. Try not to monopolize grandmother's chair and do not show yourself bored by the baby. If you are musical and are asked to play the piano, do not wait to be urged.

MIDSUMMER JOYS AT MONT-LAWN

REV. DR. DAVID C. HUGHES, FATHER OF THE GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK, SPEAKING TO OUR CHILDREN AND GUESTS AT MONT-LAWN

OUR "Children's Paradise," as Mont-Lawn has been picturesquely called, never looked so beautiful as this summer. Not only are the children themselves filled with admiration at the loveliness of the Home and its surroundings, but guests and visitors from many quarters who come there on Saturdays or to attend the chapel services on Sundays are unstinted in their expressions of pleasure and delight when they wander over the grounds or inspect the airy dormitories, with their serried rows of snowy cots.

Although "the Fourth" is now a thing of the past the children have not forgotten it. The enjoyment of that celebration will furnish a theme for them for weeks to come. They recall with interest the good advice the speakers gave them at the great gathering on the lawn, and especially the kind greeting and wise counsel they received from the Rev. Dr. Hughes, father of the Governor of New York State. Rear-Admiral Sigsbee they already regard as an old friend, whose anecdotes and quaint witticisms never fail to excite pleasure and merriment, while his advice to the boys and girls they hold as precious and not to be soon forgotten.

There have been several interesting visitors at Mont-Lawn lately. At a single gathering there were guests from India, Japan, and China, and their picturesque costumes excited the deepest wonder of the children. Miss Gertrude Chew, a diminutive Chinese lady, now studying in this country and expecting to graduate next year and return to her native land, has been added to the corps of resident helpers at Mont-Lawn. She is quite efficient in speaking the English language. She is, moreover, a Christian, and an interesting and graceful type of Chinese womanhood.

On Sunday, July 5, services were held in the Chapel, which were attended by the three hundred and twenty-five children and their happy and apparently unfatigued teachers and caretakers. On the platform was Rev. Dr. Tolefree Parr, the celebrated British evangelist who arrived from England the day before and hastened to make his first visit to Mont-Lawn, of which he had heard much and in which he was intensely interested. He gave a helpful and eloquent address upon the tri-color which overhung the speaker—the red, white and blue; drawing a parallel—the red representing sin, the white salvation and the blue the royal family of God. Mrs. Sarah J. Bird, of the Gospel Settlement and Bowery Mission, and Rear-Admiral Sigsbee were also present. Mr. Rutnam, of India, spoke in a very pleasing way, comparing the opportunities of the children of his land with those of America.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES

Overcoming Prejudice *

PREJUDICE and Ill-will, whom the pilgrims in Bunyan's immortal allegory met at Mount Innocence, were a pair of worthless fellows whose principal occupation seemed to be casting dirt at the white garments of those around them. The dirt, however, did not stick, but soon dropped off, leaving not even a trace of soil.

There are other kinds of prejudice besides that which finds expression in detraction and insinuation. Saul of Tarsus was bitterly prejudiced against the Christians, until that hour when the scales fell from his eyes and his spiritual vision was made clear miraculously. Ananias, the Damascus disciple, was stoutly prejudiced against Saul, whom he had known only as a relentless enemy and persecutor of the Christians.

Our prejudices are not easily set aside or overcome. They may be founded in pride of race or of birth, or wealth or social position; in intellectual superiority, or in our own business ability, which we contrast with others to their disadvantage. We fail to see how God can possibly save and love and honor certain people, or how they can render acceptable service. We are simply using the lenses of our own narrow selfishness to measure the love and wisdom of the Almighty.

Prejudice blinds us to the good qualities of others. A certain Athenian voted to condemn Aristides, though he had never seen him, and was swayed by prejudice. So with the men who, without knowing anything whatsoever of John Huss's doctrine, were so bitterly prejudiced against him that they carried wood for the fire which was to consume the martyr's body. Huss, when he saw them, exclaimed in pity "O holy simplicity!"

An old gold-hunter asserted stoutly that there were no real gold fields outside of Mexico and Peru. Being shown a Klondike nugget, he said, "This metal, sir, is extremely like gold and may even pass for gold; but it is base, I assure you. The only true gold comes from Mexico and Peru." This was the prejudice of ignorance and obstinacy.

"Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" was the expression of a prejudice that probably closed many hearts to conviction concerning Jesus' ministry. "There is nothing stronger than human prejudice," wrote Wendell Phillips.

In personal experience, we frequently encounter prejudice as a serious stumbling-block in the path of spiritual progress. This is true of both religious and social life. Two young men traveling by steamer on the Hudson were politely accosted by an older fellow-passenger. He was a stranger and was dressed in a rather dingy traveling suit. The two friends mutually agreed, without the slightest reason, that they did not like him. It was not instinct; it was prejudice. Next morning, they met him again on deck and were charmed with his conversation, which showed him to be a man who had traveled much and a careful observer. Before the journey's end the three were excellent friends.

Christ showed how prejudice may be overcome. "Come and see," he said to the doubting disciples. Do not judge by superficial acquaintance or outward appearance. Get a vision of the heart and look for the true gold beneath the surface. Cultivate generous, loving feelings, and be liberal in judging others. Above all determine with God's help that prejudice shall be sunk out of sight in your relations with others, and that you may become a spiritual evangel, a present help to all who need such service, regardless of race, position, or social surroundings.

* Epworth League Topic for Sunday, August 2. Text: Acts 9: 10-22; Phil. 3: 1-6.

Consecrated Service *

CHRISTIAN Service, the theme of the lesson, is one that is full of suggestion to the zealous and practical follower of Christ. In many different ways we may show our love for the Master and our desire to advance the interests of his kingdom on earth. By serving in worship, by the influence of our personal example, by teaching the Way of Life to others, we may justify our allegiance and show our love. In these days of many organized Christian activities, there is work for all.

There is no service more precious than that of leading the young to Christ. Early impressions are usually life-long ones. Daniel Webster once said in a speech on youthful impressions:

"My little friend wants to know what good it will do to learn the rule of three, or to commit a verse of the Bible or the Catechism. The answer is this: Some time you will need that very thing. Perhaps it may be twenty years before you can make it fit in just the right place. But it will be just in place sometime, and then if you don't have it, you will be like the hunter who had no ball in his rifle when a bear met him."

If we can lay the foundation of true religion in the hearts of the children, in the church, the Sunday School, or the home, we are doing real service.

Our influence is a part of the service demanded of us. Dr. Morrison was the first Protestant missionary to the millions of China. He traveled by way of America, and the first night he stayed in New York he was placed in an apartment where a little child had already gone to sleep. Awaking in the morning, she turned as usual to talk to her mother, but, seeing a stranger where she expected to find her parents, she raised herself with a look of alarm, and, fixing her eyes steadily on his face, she said, "Man, do you pray to God?" "Oh yes, my dear," was the reply, "every day. God is my best friend." She then laid her head back on her pillow and fell asleep, as if she felt there could be no danger with the stranger, if he prayed.

A minister once met a man to whom he wished a good morning. "I never had a bad morning," replied the man. "That is singular; I wish you may always be so fortunate." "I was never unfortunate," said he. "I hope you will always be as happy," said the divine. "I am never unhappy," said the other. "I wish," said the divine, "that you would explain yourself a little." "That I will cheerfully do," said he. "I said that I never had a bad morning, for every morning, even if I am pinched with hunger, I praise God. If it rains, or snows, or hails, whether the weather be serene or tempestuous, I am still thankful to God, and therefore I never have a joyless morning."

We can serve the cause of religion by cultivating a cheerful manner, by shining (Matt. 5: 13-16), by praise (Psalm 100), and by the cultivation of those Christian graces which are given to each according to his abilities and opportunities. We may not be eloquent, or talented above our fellows, but we can serve, simply and faithfully. Remember Tholuck's motto, which Count Zinzendorf adopted: "I have one passion—it is Christ—only Christ." Elizabeth Fry, who died at a ripe old age after a life of philanthropy, once said that her constant thought was "How may I best serve my Lord?" Livingstone penned in his diary the words: "Jesus, to thee again I dedicate myself."

Keep in touch with Christ, and by grasping every opportunity to do his will you will yield acceptable service to himself, his church and humanity.

* Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday Aug. 2 Text: Psa. 84 (Consecration meeting).

The Transformation of Margaret

By MRS. ELEANOR H. PORTER

Author of "Into Still Waters," etc.

A NEW SERIAL WRITTEN FOR "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD"

CHAPTER XVIII

MARGARET KENDALL did not sleep well the night after the picnic at Silver Lake. She was ery restless, and she tossed from ide to side finding nowhere a position nat brought ease of mind and body. he closed her eyes and tried to sleep, ut her active brain painted the dark ith a panorama of the day's happen-ngs, and whether her eyes were open r closed, she was forced to see it.

It was two o'clock when Margaret rose, thrust her feet into a pair of edslippers and her arms into the leeves of a long, loose dressing-gown. here was no moon, but the stars hone in at the open window, and Mar-aret easily found her way across the oom to the door that led to the bal-ony.

Margaret's room, like the dining-oom below, looked toward the west nd the far-reaching meadows; but rom the turn of the balcony where it arved to the left, one might see the own, and it was toward this curve iat Margaret walked now. Once there ie stopped and stood motionless, her ender hands on the balcony rail.

The night was wonderfully clear. he wide dome of the sky twinkled ith myriads of stars, and seemed to ugh at the town below with its puny ttle lights blinking up out of the dark here the streets crossed and re-rossed. Over by the river where the ills pointed big black fingers at the cy, however, the lights did not blink. hey blazed in tier upon tier and line pon line of windows, and they glowed ith a never-ending glare that sent a udder to the watching girl.

"And they're working now—now!" ie almost sobbed; then she turned ith a little cry and ran down the bal-ony toward her room where was wait-ng the cool soft bed with the lavender-ented sheets.

In spite of the restless night she had ent, Margaret arose early the next orning. The house was very quiet hen she came down stairs, and only ie subdued rustle of the parlor maid's kirts broke the silence of the great all which was also the living-room at elcourt.

"Good morning, Betty."

"Good morning, Miss," courtesied ie girl.

Miss Kendall had almost reached the uter hall door when she turned ab-uptly.

"Betty, you—you don't know a little hild named—er—'Maggie,' do you?" he asked.

"Ma'am?" Betty almost dropped the ase she was dusting.

"'Maggie'—a little girl named 'Mag-ie.' She's one of—of the mill people's hildren, I think."

Betty drew herself erect.

"No, Miss, I don't," she said crisply.

"No, of course not," murmured Miss endall, unconsciously acknowledging he reproach in Betty's voice. Then he turned and went out the wide hall oor.

Twice she walked from end to end of he long veranda, but not once did she ook toward the mills; and when she at down a little later, her chair was so laced that it did not command a view f the red and brown roofs of the own.

Miss Kendall was restless that day. he rode and drove and sang and layed, and won at golf and tennis; ut behind it all was a feverish gayety hat came sometimes perilously near to ecklessness. Frank Spencer and his ister watched her with troubled eyes, nd even Ned gave an anxious frown nce or twice. Just before dinner Brandon came upon her alone in the usic room.

"If you take me motoring with you o-night, Miss Kendall," he said whim-sically, when the music had ceased with a crashing chord, "if you take me to-night, I shall make sure that the brakes are on my side of the car!"

The girl laughed, then grew sud-denly grave.

"You would need to," she acceded: "but—I shall not take you or any one else motoring to-night."

In the early evening after dinner Margaret sought her guardian. He was at his desk in his own special den out of the library, and the door was open.

"May I come in?" she asked.

Spencer sprang to his feet.

"By all means," he cried as he placed a chair. "You don't often honor me—like this."

"But this is where you do business, when at home, isn't it?" she inquired. "And I—I have come to do business."

The man laughed.

"So it's business—just plain sordid business—to which I am indebted for this," he bemoaned playfully. "Well, and what is it? Income too small for expenses?" He chuckled a little, and he could afford to. Margaret had made no mistake in asking him still to have the handling of her property. The results had been eminently satisfactory both to his pride and her pocketbook.

"No, no, it's not that; it's the mills."

"The mills!"

"Yes. Is it quite—quite necessary to work—nights?"

For a moment the man stared wordlessly; then he fell back in his chair.

"Why, Margaret, what in the world—" he stopped from sheer inability to proceed. He had suddenly remembered the stories he had heard of the early life of this girl before him, and of her childhood's horror at the difference between the lot of the rich and the poor.

"Last night we—we went through the town," explained Margaret, a little feverishly; "and Mr. Brandon happened to mention that they worked—nights."

The man at the desk roused himself.

"Yes, I see," he said kindly. "You were surprised, of course. But don't worry, my child, or let it fret you a moment. It's nothing now. They are used to it. They have done it for years."

"But at night—all night—it doesn't seem right. Must they do it?"

"Why, of course. Other mills run nights; why shouldn't ours? They expect it, Margaret. Besides, they are paid for it. Come, come, dear girl, just look at it sensibly. Why, it's the night work that helps to swell your dividends."

Margaret winced.

"I—I think I'd prefer them smaller," she faltered. She hesitated, then spoke again. "There's another thing, too, I wanted to ask you about. There was a little girl, Maggie. She lives in one of those shabby, unpainted houses at the foot of the hill. I want to do something for her. Will you see that this reaches her mother, please?" And she held out a fat roll of closely folded bills. "Now don't—please don't!" she cried, as she saw the man's remonstrative gesture. "Please don't say you can't, and that indiscriminate giving encourages pauperism. I used to hear it so often at school whenever I wanted to give something, and I—I hated it. If you could have seen that poor little girl yesterday! —you will see that she gets it; won't you?"

"But, Margaret," began the man, helplessly, "I don't know the child—there are so many—" he stopped, and Margaret picked up the dropped thread.

"But you can find out," she urged. "You must find out. Her name's Maggie. You can inquire."

"But, don't you see—" the man's face cleared suddenly. "I'll give it to

Continued on next page

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"But about the middle of the term my health failed, and my brain refused to grapple with the subjects presented to it. Finally, my eyesight giving way, I was taken from the school, and sent to my grandmother's in the country with orders not to open a book while I was there.

"The dear old lady tried every way to console and nurse me back to health, but it looked like failure until the day she brought back from town a box, which, had its contents been pure gold, would have been of less value to me than the little golden-brown granules which it actually contained.

"I did not care about being experimented on at first, but that was before I had tasted Grape-Nuts with Grandma's rich Jersey cream.

"Oh, it was too good to stop eating. And I never have stopped, for I still have Grape-Nuts for breakfast.

"In the course of a few weeks I was back at school again, my health so entirely restored that I was almost a new girl.

I am now in my junior year at college, president of my class and expect to take an A. M. degree next year. My good health has continued, and my eyes, having been strengthened by the general build-up of my whole body, enable me to study all I wish." "There's a reason."

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The Transformation of Margaret

Continued from preceding page

Della," he broke off in quick relief. "She runs the charity part, and she'll know just what to do with it. Meanwhile, let me thank—"

"No, no," interrupted Margaret, rising to go. "It is you I have to thank for doing it for me," she finished, as she hurried from the room.

"Well!" muttered the man, as he looked at the denominations of the bills in his fingers. "I'm not so sure but we may have our hands full, after all—certainly, if she keeps on as she's begun!"

CHAPTER XIX

IT was after seven o'clock. The morning, for so early in September, was raw and cold. A tall young fellow with alert gray eyes and a square chin hurried around the corner of one of the great mills, and almost knocked a small girl who was coming toward him with head bent to the wind.

"Heigh-ho!" he cried, then stopped short. The child had fallen back and was leaning against the side of the building in a paroxysm of coughing. She was thin and pale, and looked as if she might be eleven years old. "Well, well!" he exclaimed as soon as the child caught her breath. "I reckon there's room for both of us in the world, after all." Then, kindly: "Where were you going?"

"Home, sir."

He threw a keen look into her face.

"Are you one of the mill girls?"

"Yes, sir."

"Night-shift?"

She nodded.

"But it's late — it's after seven o'clock. Why didn't you go home with the rest?"

The child hesitated. Her eyes swerved from his gaze. She looked as if she wanted to run away.

"Come, come," he urged kindly. "Answer me. I won't hurt you. I may help you. Let us go around here where the wind doesn't blow so." And he led the way to the sheltered side of the building. "Now tell us all about it. Why didn't you go home with the rest?"

"I did start to, sir, but I was so tired, an'—an' I coughed so, I stopped to rest. It was nice an' cool out here, an' I was so hot in there." She jerked her thumb toward the mill.

"Yes, yes, I know," he said hastily, and his lips set into stern lines as he thought of the hundreds of other little girls that found the raw morning "nice and cool" after the hot, moist air of the mills.

"But don't you see," he protested earnestly, "that that's the very time you mustn't stop and rest? You take cold, and that's what makes you cough. You shouldn't be—" he stopped abruptly. "What's your name?" he asked.

"Nellie Magoon."

"How old are you?"

The thin little face before him grew suddenly drawn and old, and the eyes met his with a look that was half shrewd, half terrified, and wholly defiant.

"I'm thirteen, sir."

"How old were you when you began to work here?"

"Twelve, sir." The answer was prompt and sure. The child had evidently been well trained.

"Where do you live?"

"Over on the Prospect Hill road."

"But that's a long way from here."

"Yes, sir. I does get tired."

"And you've walked it a good many times, too; haven't you?" said the man, quietly. "Let's see; how long is it that you've worked at the mills?"

"Two years, sir."

A single word came sharply from between the man's close-shut teeth, and Nellie wondered why the kind young man with the pleasant eyes should suddenly look so cross and stern. At that moment, too, she remembered something — she had seen this man many times about the mills. Why was he questioning her? Perhaps he was not going to let her work any more, and if he did not let her work, what would her mother say and do?

"Please, sir, I must go quick," she cried suddenly, starting forward. "I'm all well now, an' I ain't tired a mite. I'll be back ter-night. Jest remember I'm thirteen, an' I likes ter work in the mills—I likes ter, sir," she shouted back at him.

"Humph!" muttered the man, as he watched the frail little figure disappear down the street. "I thought as much!" Then he turned and strode into the mill. "Oh, Mr. Spencer, I'd like to speak to you, please, sir," he called, hurrying forward as he caught sight of the younger member of the firm of Spencer & Spencer.

Fifteen minutes later Ned Spencer entered his brother's office and dropped into the nearest chair.

"Well," he began wearily, "McGinnis is on the warpath again."

Frank smiled.

"So? What's up now?"

"Oh, same old thing—children working under age. By his own story the girl herself swears she's thirteen, but he says she isn't."

Frank shrugged his shoulders.

"Perhaps he knows better than the girl's parents," he observed dryly. "He'd better look her up on our registers, or he might ask to see her certificate."

Ned laughed. He made an impatient gesture.

"Good heavens, Frank," he snapped; "as if 'twas our fault that they lie so about the kids' ages! They'd put a babe in arms at the frames if they could. But McGinnis — by the way, where did you get that fellow, and how long have you had him? I can't remember when he wasn't here, and he acts as if he owned the whole concern, and had a personal interest in every bobbin in it."

"That's exactly it," laughed Frank. "He has a personal interest, and that's why I keep him, and put up with some of his meddling that's not quite so pleasant. He's as honest as the daylight, and as faithful as the sun."

"Where did you get him? He must have been here ages."

"Ages? Well, for twelve — maybe thirteen years, to be exact. He was a mere boy, fourteen or fifteen years old, when he came. He said he was from Houghtonsville, and that he had known Dr. Harry Spencer. He asked for work—any kind, and brought good references. We used him about the office for a while, then gradually worked him into the mills. He was bright and capable, and untiring in his efforts to please, so we pushed him ahead rapidly. He went to night school at once, and has taken one or two of those correspondence courses until he's acquired really a good education.

"He's practically indispensable to me now — anyhow, I found out that he was when he was laid up for a month last winter. He stands between me and the hands like a strong tower, and takes any amount of responsibility off my shoulders. You'll see for yourself when you've been here longer. The hands like him, and will do anything for him. That's why I put up with some of his notions. They're getting pretty frequent of late, however, and he's becoming a little too meddlesome. I may have to call him down a peg."

"You'd think so, I fancy, if you had heard him run on about this mill-girl half an hour ago," laughed Ned. "He said he should speak to you."

"Very good. Then I can speak to him," retorted the other, grimly.

To be continued

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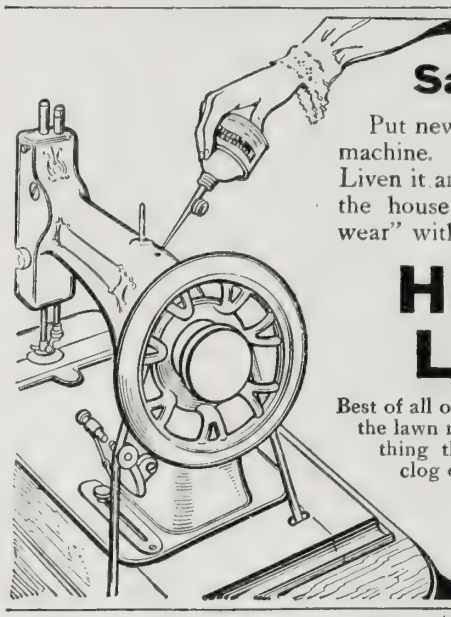

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"My wife, in her wisdom, believed coffee was responsible for these ills and urged me to drop it. I tried many times to do so, but was its slave.

"Finally Wife bought a package of Postum and persuaded me to try it, but she made it same as ordinary coffee and I was disgusted with the taste. (I make this emphatic because I fear many others have had the same experience.) She was distressed at her failure and we carefully read the directions, made it right, boiled it full 15 minutes after boiling commenced, and with good cream and sugar I liked it—it invigorated and seemed to nourish me.

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"I do not hesitate to give Postum due credit. Of course dropping coffee was the main thing, but I had dropped it before, using chocolate, cocoa and other things to no purpose.

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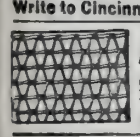

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A COURSE IN ESPERANTO

LESSON No. 15—By Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

THE following is a responsive service to be read at the Esperanto Convention to be held at Chautauqua during the week commencing July 20:

The Prayer of Thomas à Kempis

Kondukanto. Super ĉio kaj en ĉio, ho mia animo, ci ripozos en la Sinjoro eterne, ĉar li mem estas la eterna ripozejo de siaj sanktuloj.

Aŭditorio. Permesu nin, ho Dio, ripozi en Ci super ĉiaj estajoj,

K. Super ĉiu saneco kaj beleco,
A. Super ĉiu gloro kaj honoro,
K. Super ĉiu povo kaj rango,
A. Super ĉiu scienco kaj ruzeco,
K. Super ĉiuj riĉoj kaj artoj,
A. Super ĉiu ĝojo kaj feliĉo,
K. Super ĉiu famo kaj laŭdado,
A. Super ĉiu dolĉeco kaj komforto,
K. Super ĉiu espero kaj promeso,
A. Super ĉiu merito kaj deziro,
K. Super ĉiuj talentoj kaj profitoj kiujn Ci povas doni kaj transigi al ni,
A. Super ĉiu gajeco kaj ĝojo kiujn la animo de la homo povas ricevi kaj senti;
K. Fine, super anĝeloj kaj ĉefanĝeloj, kaj super ĉielaj amasoj,
A. Super ĉio videbla kaj nevidebla,
K. Kaj super ĉio kio Ci ne estas, ho nia Dio.
A. Ĉar Ci, ho Sinjoro nia Dio, estas superege bona super ĉiuj.
K. Ci sola estas plej alta,
A. Ci sola plej potenca,
K. Ci sola plej plena kaj sufiĉa,
A. Ci sola plej dolĉa kaj plena de konsolo,
K. Ci sola plej aminda kaj ama,
A. Ci sola plej nobla kaj glora super ĉio,
K. En kiu ĉiuj bonaĵoj kune perfekte estas, kaj ciam estis, kaj ĉiam estos.

Gloro al la Patro (Gloria Patri)

Gloro al la Patro, kaj al la Filo, kaj al la Spirito Sankta;
Kiel estis je la komenco, nun estas, kaj ĉiam estos, eterne. Amen.

Bible Reading

Kondukanto. Kaj ne laciĝu ni en bonfarado:

Aŭditorio. Ĉar en siatempe ni rikoltos, se ni ne svenos. Gal. 6: 9.

K. Kaj tion ĉi mi preĝas, ke via amo sufiĉegu ankoraŭ plu kaj plu en sciado kaj en ĉiu decideco.

A. Plenata de la fruktoj de justeco, kiu estas per Jesuo Kristo al la gloro kaj laŭdo de Dio. Fil. 1: 9-11.

K. Kaj krom tio ĉi, donante ĉian diligenton, aldonu al via fido, virton;
A. Kaj al virto, sciadon;
K. Kaj al sciado, sobrecon;
A. Kaj al sobreco, pacienton;
K. Kaj al pacienco, sanktecon;
A. Kaj al sankteco, fratan bonecon; kaj al frata boneco, amon. 2 Pet. 1: 5-7.

Prayer

Copyright, 1877, by J. H. Vincent.

Kondukanto. Ĉiopova Dio, al kiu ĉiuj koroj estas videblaj, ĉiuj deziroj sciataj, kaj de kiu sekretoj ne estas kašataj:

Aŭditorio. Purigu la pensadojn de niaj koroj per la enspiro de Cia Sankta Spirito, por ke ni amu Cin perfekte, kaj inde pligrandigu Cian sanktan nomon, pro Jesuo Kristo.

K. Estas tre konvene, prave, kaj nia devo, ke ĉiam en ĉiuj lokoj ni donu dankon al Ci, ho Sinjoro, Sankta Patro, ĉiopova, eterna Dio.

A. Tial kun anĝeloj kaj ĉefanĝeloj, kaj la tuta kunveno de ĉielo, ni laŭdas kaj pligrandigas Cian gloran nomon, je eterne laŭdante Cin, kaj dirante, Sankta, sankta, sankta, Sinjoro Dio de amasoj! Ĉielo kaj tero estas plenaj de Cia gloro. Gloro estu al Ci, ho Sinjoro plej alta. Amen.

Benediction

Kondukanto. La Sinjoro benu cin kaj gardu cin.

Aŭditorio. La Sinjoro igu sian vizaĝon brili sur ci, kaj estu gracia al ci.

K. La Sinjoro levigu sian vizaĝon sur ci,
A. Kaj pacon donu al ci.

THE REJECTION OF SAUL

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

SAUL'S first mistake in his position of king was in going before the Lord, and presuming to offer a burnt-offering in the place of Samuel, in order to regain for himself the confidence of the people. After this, it was Jonathan, rather than he, who won laurels by his bravery.

But Saul was put on his mettle, he would not be outdone by Jonathan, he "gathered an host, smote the Amalekites, and delivered Israel out of the hands of them that spoiled them" (Sam. 14: 48). And subsequently it happened that Samuel, who had been rejected by the people as their judge, but who still served the Lord as his prophet, came to the king with a message from God concerning the Amalekites. His charge to Saul was clear, definite, and absolute: "Utterly destroy . . . spare them not . . . slay." His war was successful, and the Amalekites were completely routed.

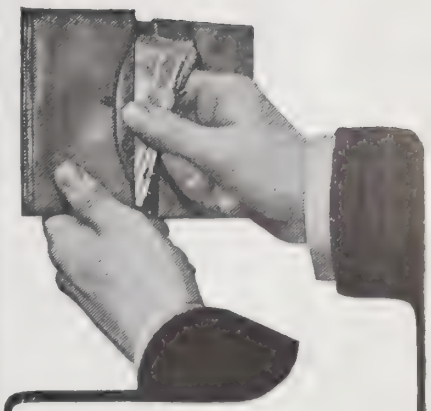
But in the very flush of victory, Saul fell into his old snare of attempting to improve upon the commands of God by following his own devices. He destroyed the people, but spared King Agag. It would look so grand to parade the captive king in his triumphal procession. Then the people, perhaps by mutual consent, spared the best of "all that was good, but everything that was vile and refuse, that they destroyed utterly." This is the character of the religion of our own day: men make use of Christ to obtain the pardon of their sins, and then take what suits them of his commands, and cast aside all which do not suit their purpose. Many who profess to know the pardon of their sins never dream of such a thing as living, not unto themselves, "but unto him which died for them and rose again" (II. Cor. 5: 15). They spare Agag. How few Christians, in entering into business, think, How can God be glorified in it?

Little was King Saul prepared for the question of the prophet, coming with the searching power of the Spirit of God. He had twisted the command of God and served himself out of the commission given him—"Wherefore then didst thou not obey the voice of the Lord, but didst fly upon the spoil, and didst evil in the sight of the Lord? And Saul said unto Samuel, I have obeyed the voice of the Lord, and have gone the way which the Lord sent me, and have brought Agag the king of Amalek, and have utterly destroyed the Amalekites."

Was the king self-deceived? Did he think that the part of the command which he had obeyed, and which exactly suited his own will and plans, could be reckoned by God as though he had obeyed to the letter? The scathing words of Samuel admitted of no such excuse:

"Hath the Lord as great delight in burnt-offerings and sacrifices as in obeying the voice of the Lord? Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams."

God is not enriched by our gifts; it is ourselves he seeks. Paul shows us that the only reasonable sacrifice we can offer to God is to present our bodies (Rom. 12: 1). The example of our Lord is that of a will laid down (Ps. 40: 8; John, 6: 38). Any amount of devotion or of service, so long as it is our own will, and according to our own plans, is not, in the sight of God, so true a service as one single point in which our wills yielded to him. Samuel continued, "Because thou hast rejected the word of the Lord, he hath also rejected thee from being king."



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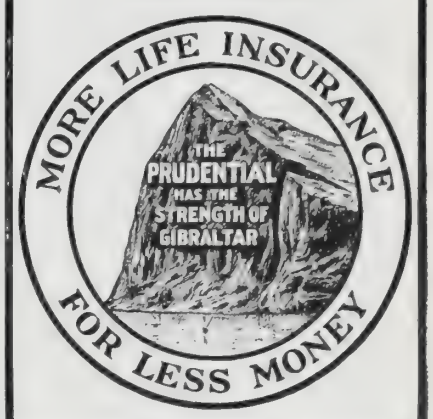

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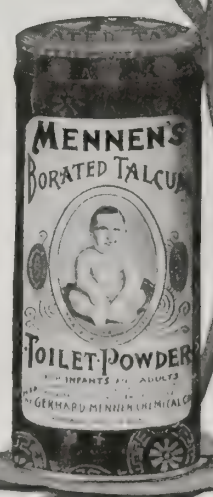

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

See page 604

NEWLY-ARRIVED IMMIGRANTS AT ELLIS ISLAND WAITING PERMISSION TO LAND

Questions and Answers

J. M. L., Jersey City, N. J. Where can I find the historical facts concerning the founding of America's first Temperance Society at Saratoga, a hundred years ago?

They are these, briefly: Dr. William Clark, a physician of Moreau, near Saratoga, was the moving spirit in the enterprise and took the first step. He saw intemperance prevalent in the community, and wrecking many lives. He enlisted the hearty co-operation of Rev. Mr. Armstrong, a Congregational preacher, and the two worked so effectively that within a month the "Union Temperance Society of Moreau and Northumberland" was organized. The exact date was April 30, 1808.

G. W. C., Miscouche, P. E. I., Can. 1. Why is there no latitude at, and for ten degrees north and south of the equator? Is there also no longitude for the same number of degrees? 2. What is the cause of the northern lights, or aurora, as they are sometimes called?

1. Latitude is the distance of a place from the equator measured on a meridian passing through the place. To the ancient peoples, the earth was larger east and west and they expressed that distance by *longitudo* (length), from which comes our word longitude, and north and south was *latitudo*, measuring breadth. Latitude is reckoned from the equator, regardless of distance. If a place be sixty miles north or south of the equator it will be one degree north or south. Reckoning does not begin at ten degrees, but at the equator. 2. Their cause is supposed to be magnetic and they are closely related to the sun.

SAMUEL PHELPS LELAND.

H. D., Ventura, Calif. Are we to understand by the 9th verse of the 3d chapter of John's first Epistle that those who sincerely profess Christ are absolutely sinless? If so, how are we to reconcile it with the 26th and 27th verses of the 10th chapter of Hebrews, also the 4th, 5th, and 6th verses of the 6th chapter of the same Epistle?

It means that in the regenerate, his higher nature, as begotten of God, does not commit sin. This principle within him is at absolute variance with sin and makes him hate all sin and desire to resist it. Luther, referring to this condition, wrote: "The child of God receives wounds daily and never throws away his arms, or makes peace with his deadly foe." His life is a continual warfare against sin, but he is kept by divine power from falling, although if he even momentarily permit his spiritual weapons to lie idle, he will feel the sharp attacks of sin. The ruling principle of his life is God's law, but the old nature may sometimes rebel. The passage from Hebrews 27 does not conflict with this. The passage in Hebrews 6 was written to urge advancement in the spiritual life and to warn them that the decline of spiritual energies would inevitably lead to a "falling away" and perhaps to ultimate apostasy. The warning was addressed not to the elect but to the lukewarm, who had shown a temporary faith, only to be followed by indifference.

S. B. L., St. Louis, Mo. What is the best method of determining the purity of honey?

A writer in the London *Lancet* of recent date says the ideal honey is a concentrated solution of sugar, *i. e.*, of dextrose and levulose in equal porportions, with traces of formic acid, dextrin and other organic substances. Owing to the presence of impurities introduced by the bees, it is difficult to set up a standard of purity for commercial purposes. Another trouble is the artificial feeding of bees, and the introduction of adulterants, including cane sugar, starch, syrup, etc. Bees often fill their cells with molasses, honey dew and fruit juices other than pure nectar. Microscopical examination would be necessary to determine the quality and to ascertain the amount of glucose and other adulterants. Analysts can readily tell, from the character of the pollen, from what flowers the bees have been feeding and whether the claims regarding the purity of the honey are reliable.

S. T. R., Norwich, Conn., J. W., Steamboat Springs, Col., and others. 1. In what five States may an alien who has declared his intention of becoming a citizen vote after a residence of one year? 2. In what three States may he vote after six months' residence? 3. In what States must the voter be able to read and write English?

1. Arkansas, Indiana, Missouri, Oregon, Wisconsin. 2. Kansas, South Dakota, and Nebraska; in the latter he must declare his intention of becoming a citizen thirty days before election. 3. Massachusetts requires that all voters must be able to read and write English, and a test is given by the registration officer. Two States, Louisiana and Mississippi, have it as a partial requirement. In the former a man must be able to read and write or else own $300 of property, or his father or grandfather must have been registered as a voter before January 1, 1867. In the latter the voter must be able to read or understand the Constitution.

R. A. G., Stanberry, Mo. What did Paul really mean in the 11th verse of the 14th of Romans? Does it teach that all of us some time will confess Christ, either here or hereafter?

It has reference to the ultimate subjugation of the world to the true God, and implies also that the entire race will confess to him at the final accounting and will acknowledge his authority over their characters and actions.

Reader, Des Moines, Ia. In the Thousand Islands, the St. Lawrence summer resort, are there as many islands as the name would indicate?

There are more. There are 1,800 of them in a stretch of about forty miles.

Reader, McCool, Miss. 1. Are we to understand that the heathen will be saved even if the Gospel is not taught to them? 2. Are not those who are in the full possession of Gospel privileges liable to suffer greater loss, if they fail to carry to the heathen the plan of salvation, than the heathen are if we fail to give it to them? 3. Will not God raise up people of their own tongue to teach them his way?

1. They are under law, not grace, and will be judged according to their opportunities and their enlightenment. It is not ours to pass condemnation. Judgment is of God. 2. We who know the Gospel and the command of Jesus to preach it to all peoples, have the greater responsibility. 3. He has his witnesses in every age and among all peoples.

A. B. H., Brookfield, Mass. Will you give some facts about the Great Chinese Wall?

The wall is about two thousand years old, and is said to have been built about 211 B.C. It is 1,728 miles in length. It starts from the sea on the Gulf of Pe-che-lee. Its northern limit is north of Peking; its southern near the city of Lan-choo. No regard was paid to the best route; regardless of obstacles it goes up mountains, down into ravines and across rivers. Its face is of cut granite, and the inside of earth and packed stone. It is twenty feet wide at the bottom, fifteen at the top and from twenty-five to thirty feet high.

Mrs. A. C. P., McLean, Tex. Was there any rain before the Flood? A minister asserted in the pulpit there was no rain until the Flood.

Read Genesis 2: 4-6. This, according to some geologists, indicates that the earth, being then in a cooling condition, had no rain; and they also affirm that there may have been none until the great precipitation at the Flood cleared the atmosphere, and established new conditions. (See chapters 8 and 9.) Of course, these are merely scientific speculations or conjectures, but they are not opposed to Scripture.

Reader, Omaha, Neb. When was the first electric light produced and who was the inventor?

In 1802, Humphry Davy produced electric light by the use of carbon points. An apparatus for regulating electric light was invented in 1845 by J. W. Star. Various improvements were made, but it was not until the last two decades that it was made practical for general use by the inventions of Edison and others.

Mrs. M. O. B., Minden Mines, Mo., writes:

The Roman Catholics may always sprinkle in baptism, but the Greek Catholics in Russia baptize by immersion. They immerse the infant three times—dip him clear under the water three times in succession. Several years ago, two of our friends made a tour around the world, and while in Russia witnessed this mode of the Greek Catholic baptism.

Mrs. M. J. M., Harvard, Mass. Matt. 12:36, "But I say unto you, that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment." What is meant by idle words?

It means unseemly or improper conversation, levity, slander, scoffing, boasting, swearing, mocking at sacred things. The Saviour had been speaking of blasphemy and of the scoffing attitude of the Pharisees, who imputed his miracles to Beelzebub. The "idle words" presumably referred more particularly to their sceptical way of accounting for the miracles, of which they had spoken slightingly.

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A NUMBER of our friends have written to us asking for a chance to send in belated New Subscriptions taken under the terms of our SPECIAL SUBSCRIPTION OFFER, fully described in recent issues. In extending this Offer until July 8, we went to the furthest extent we could really afford; yet the letters before us evidence such loyal support and good will on the part of our subscribers that we, in return, have decided to again open our SPECIAL OFFER under the following conditions:

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

Burmese Woman and Child

Burma's Rocking Pagoda, the Strangest Temple in the World

A Shan Talokeman

LIFE ON A BURMESE PLANTATION

By MISS SUSAN E. HASWELL

THE man who took our letters to post brought back to Alabama Plantation your very kind letter of March 31 and its enclosure of $50. do not think I can do better with the money than o apply it to the support of Nga Pong, the Shan-Kachim boy of whom I wrote to you. It will support im for two years. He was a strong Buddhist when ie came, but now his faith in Buddhism is gone, and ie believes in the Living God.

One night, being in real need, we began to ask ery definitely for the wherewithal to bring the amboo from the hills for our roof, for men to do he work and the money to pay them. We were also ut of bran and unhusked rice for the fowls and igs, and we asked that God would provide for hem; that he would send ice and stores for our-elves, and rains and men nd money for the plan-ation. Nga Pong looked t me very earnestly that evening after prayers nd said, "Ma-ma, I am going to watch. If we get these things, I shall believe your God is the rue God." And watch ie did. One of our peti-ions was that the Lord would hold back the rain ntil our new roof was on.

One day, Nga Pong seemed to give himself p to the evil one. Late hat afternoon I, too, gave way to irritation which had been gather-ng all day. That night ame a tremendous down-pour, accompanied by a eavy gale of wind. Two ig trees were snapped ff short and nine plan-ain trees uprooted. I ad brought a lot of ieces—remnants of oil-loth, waterproof sheet-ng—from Moulmein, and with them we kept the balance of the cotton, the eeds, and my mattresses dry, but we ourselves were oaking wet for hours, and the whole house was afloat from stem to stern. My adopted daughter had a severe congestive chill followed by high fever. Things seemed dark indeed. I told Nga Pong that ie had been wicked and I, too, had sinned in giving way to temper as I had, and that we both must con-ess our wrongdoing and ask God for Christ's sake to forgive us. We had no more rain after that till the roof was finished.

On the third morning after that came a man with a cart to beg me to visit a sick man in a village four miles away. I went and attended to that one sick man, and to a number of other suffering ones, preaching Christ wherever Burmese was understood. I had three men in the cart part of the way home and God gave me the right message for them. I reached home with five rupees in my pocket (fees for visiting the sick), and two bushels of bran for the pigs, given in exchange for medicine. I wish you could have seen Nga Pong's face as I counted out the money.

A Party of Burmese Priests at Devotions

Some days afterward, while making another trip to the sick, my cartman told me that, unknown to me, he had heard me preach to a company of old men and had been deeply impressed. We talked of the things pertaining to salvation all the way to the village. I think the Lord has chosen that man for himself. I came home with three rupees in my pocket, two bushels of unhusked rice and another bushel of bran, to be sent in later in return for medicine. More plantains were sold. Another day a man came and bought three rupees' worth of medicine. The bamboo arrived and I had the money ready to pay the balance. Men came to put on the new roof and did it well and I had the money to pay them. We were still without stores, when a letter came saying the cotton, injured and stained by sea-water as it was, had sold for nine pence per pound, and the balance of the money, after deducting expenses, was 92 rupees, which was at my disposal.

This bought rice for six months, cooking oil for the natives, onions, and 100 viss chillies. A viss is 3.60 pounds. I pay about 36 rupees for the 100 viss, and they retail here for one rupee per viss, giving me over 100 per cent. profit on what I sell, even after deducting expenses. I take the profit and use it for the carrying on of this work.

Besides all these blessings in answer to our prayers, my Burmese adopted daughter, Mah Thai Oo, who has charge of our Amherst home, writes that there is a registered letter waiting for me in her hands from England, and I know it must contain more help. Such wonderful loving kindness from the Lord kept sleep from my eyelids all night. I felt I had not the words to praise him.

After worship I said to Nga Pong again, "Has God answered our prayers, Nga Pong?" "He truly has," was the emphatic answer.

I may add to my letter that we have now plantains or bananas enough sold to supply the natives with six viss of fish condiment; also enough more to provide the whole establishment—barring myself—with fresh fish, just out of the sea, sufficient for to-day and to-morrow. This is one of the things we have been praying for.

Again thanking you for all your kindness, I am, etc., S. E. HASWELL.

Alabama Plantation, via Moulmein.

THE

American Pulpit

A Sermon by

Robert Stuart MacArthur*

The Interrogative Confession

TEXT—JOHN 6: 68: "Then Simon Peter answered him, Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life."

THE question in the previous verse was asked by our Lord in view of the defection of many disciples. They were merely formal disciples; they followed Christ partly because of the loaves and the fishes. You will observe by the preceding verses that Christ erected a very high standard of Christian living. The moment these followers discovered the test which he thus applied, they wavered in their attachment, and some of them turned away from following him farther. Our Lord was peculiarly sensitive to the treatment he received from men. He was the most perfect gentleman civilization has yet produced. He was the ideal man of the human race. His soul was poetic; his nature was esthetic; his heart was immaculate. Never was there a man, before nor since, who had so exquisite an appreciation of what is decorous between man and man, and between all men and himself; and when these disciples left off following him, his heart was deeply touched. There is great tenderness in his question, as he turned to the twelve disciples and asked, "Will ye also go away?" The pronoun ye in the Greek is emphatic; it puts the true followers in strong contrast with those who were going away. Christ was genuinely human while he was gloriously divine. There is an unspeakable pathos in his words when elsewhere he said, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." He was houseless, homeless, and often friendless. Jesus Christ on the earth was a prince in exile; he was the king of glory, absent from his palace, and from his throne. He had times of unspeakable longing for home. As he met the rebuffs, taunts, and scorn of men, homesickness often filled his soul. Voluntarily he became man, submitting to the limitations and humiliations of his earthly conditions; and there were times when he was distinctly and deeply conscious of those humiliations and limitations.

The Rising Tide of Unbelief

The question has often arisen as to whether or not our Lord really had any fear that these disciples intended to abandon his service. The true answer to that question seems to be that they were in danger of being swept away by the rising tide of unbelief, just as men are in danger to-day from the rising tide of historic criticism, and other forms of inquiry. In common with others, they saw that all their hopes of a temporal kingdom were taken away by Christ's declaration of the spirituality of the kingdom which he came to establish. The predominant idea of his question was one of tender solicitude; and his words must have had an influence in restraining the action of his disciples did they contemplate abandoning his service.

Peter became the mouthpiece of all the disciples. He was always ready to speak. An old writer quaintly says that Peter had not more of the ear of Christ than the other disciples had, but he had more of a tongue of his own. We may well ask, where else could they go, did they leave Christ? Where else can we go? Peter knew not; you know not; and I know not. Christ alone has the words of eternal life. His words were life-giving. He was, he is the fountain of life. Could they go to the scribes? Could they go to the Pharisees? They were blind leaders of the blind. Could they go back to Moses? That would be turning away from the sun in its meridian splendor to the gray dawn of the morning. John the Baptist was only a voice, telling us of Jesus the Christ. John the Baptist found his highest honor and his greatest glory in saying, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!" Where could they go? To the world? To sin? To Satan? If you turn away from Christ, to whom or to what will you go?

I have often found it of great advantage, in determining my course of conduct, to ask myself this question, "If I do not this, what then shall I do? What course shall I pursue, if I do not adopt this course?" So the question became a very practical one for these disciples; it is equally a practical one for us now. Men are still asking this question; and to it various answers are given. I wish to speak of some of the answers that occasionally are given.

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*Preached in Calvary Baptist Church, New York.

Shall we go to atheists and atheism? You must go somewhere. Shall we go to atheism? What is atheism? Look at the composition of the word. It comes from *a*, or *alpha*, privative, and *theos*, God. Many definitions of atheism have been given. Atheism meant one thing at one time, and another thing at another time. Among the early Greeks, atheism meant disbelief in the gods of the heathen mythology. Socrates was called an atheist, because he dared question the existence of these mythological deities. In the early days of Christianity, many Christians were called atheists by the heathen, because they repudiated heathen deities. What definition shall we give of atheism at this moment? I would say that atheism is any system of opinion which leads to the denial of God, as a living, personal being, and as the Creator, Ruler, and Lord of the world. In its scientific aspect, I think there are no atheists. Scientific atheism is practically dead; it is as extinct as the dodo. I do not know to-day in any literature, the literature of science or philosophy or theology, a great thinker who is a scientific atheist. The day of scientific atheism is past; I doubt much whether it will ever return. But in its practical aspect, atheists abound. Practically any man is an atheist who lives without God, who lives as if there were no God. Practical atheism is common, is dangerous, is deadly. Bacon has well said, "A little philosophy inclineth men's minds to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds to religion." Literally true also, is the observation of Plato in his *Laws*, when he says that "atheism is a disease of the soul before it becomes an error of the understanding." Men become atheistic in heart before they become even agnostic in head. According to the psalmist, it was a fool who said, "No God." The fool also said this in his heart; for the head even of a fool knew better. There are many men who live as if God were dead. If it could be authoritatively announced at twelve o'clock to-day that God was dead, no change would these men make in their modes of thought or their methods of life. They rise from their beds, and they seek their beds, and they eat their food, and they attend to their business as if there were no God. God is not in their thoughts; he is not in any of their ways. For them, to all intents and purposes, there is no God. This is a terrible picture of life. This conception takes away from us all that is above us to excite our awe and to evoke our adoration; it takes away from us all that is around us that is dearest in life, to awake our tenderness and to educe our affection. I beseech you, men and women, that you go this morning to Jesus Christ as personal Lord and Saviour. If you have not already gone to him, you are living without God, without hope, and without the highest and divinest life. To whom shall you go? To Jesus Christ. He alone has the words of eternal life.

Shall You Go to Materialism?

Shall you go to materialism? Materialism has many forms. Its lowest form is that which identifies mind with matter, and thought with motion. It is thus the twin brother of atheism. It must ever be so. He who denies the existence of God, must deny the spiritual personality of man. Atheism and materialism play into each other; practically they are one. Materialism is an old philosophical conception. We find it among the heathen of many types; we find it among the Sadducees in Christ's time. Pantheists in ancient and in modern days are, to a greater or less degree, materialists. Materialism is the gospel of the flesh; it is, as Carlyle called it, "the gospel of dirt." The moral of materialism is to produce plenty of phosphorus by good eating and good drinking; its practical suggestion is, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." The lowest form of materialism is, according to the crude theories of Cabanis and Moleschott, that the brain secretes thought as the liver secretes bile. We are thus what we eat; we are animals. If we are only animals, and die as the beasts die, naturally we shall live as the beasts live. Here again I have to say, with sorrow, that many are practically materialists. They eat, drink and live without thought of their spiritual natures, or of their relation to God. They devote all their energies to gain and to pleasure. They live for time and sense; they are under the tyranny of the present. Like Esau, they sell their spiritual and immortal birthright for a mess of pottage. They rob themselves of their highest honor. They take the crown of manhood from their brow, and hurl it in the mire, and then trample it therein. What shall you do? Go to Christ. He alone has the words of eternal life.

Shall You Go to Rationalism?

Shall you go to rationalism? I have sometimes felt that the preachers whom I heard in early years did a great injustice to truth, because they were always denouncing rationalism as opposed to religion. There is, indeed, a type of rationalism which is opposed to religion: it is a rationalism dedu from reason and opposed to revelation; it is excessive deference to reason, but not reason in highest form. True rationalism is in harmony with true religion. The irrational man is the irreligious man; the truly rational man is the genuinely religious man. Rationalism in religion has its pla religion may be above reason, but it is never contrary to reason. Religion is the highest reas You climb the ladder of rationalism, round by rou until you reach its top, and then you reach out y hand in the dark; reason is unable to carry farther, but there you can grasp the hand and h the voice of God as your Friend, Saviour and Fath Rationalism has its sphere, and within that sph it is authoritative. I repeat, reason and faith not antagonistic to each other. They are worki toward the same end.

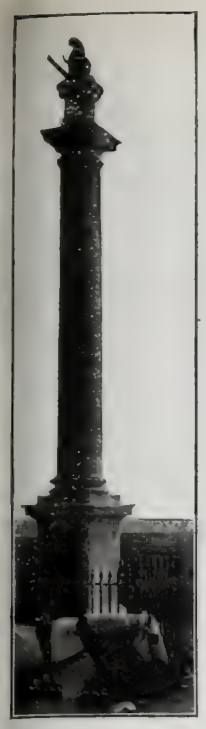
When the great tunnel of Saint Gothard was c structed, workmen bored simultaneously from eitl side of the Alps. For nearly ten years, they work in the dark; but in 1881, one of the parties of wo men began to hear, through the lessening thickn of intervening rocks, the sounds of the hammer a the voices of the workmen from the other side. they worked, listening, working; working, listenir One day they broke the intervening barrier dow men rushed from the other side, grasped hands a looked into each other's faces. They worked fr opposite sides; but they were doing the same wo Precisely so it is with reason and faith; they a working from opposite sides toward the same en It is a work of great spiritual engineering th brings these two sets of workmen, the disciples reason and the disciples of faith, together in t heart of a mountain, or in the centre of a tunn illumined by the light of Jesus Christ. Whither sha you go? To Jesus Christ, bringing all your ratio alism that is true with you; for Christ alone has t words of the noblest rationalism and of eternal lif

Shall You Go to Agnosticism?

Whither shall you go? To agnosticism, so som say. What is agnosticism? It is a theory of thing that neither affirms nor denies the existence of Go It is the doctrine of nescience, or the theory whic maintains that man cannot have any real knowledg of anything, but only impressions. With referenc to theism, it is a condition of suspended judgment it simply affirms that upon existing knowledge, th being of God is unknown. Sometimes the wor agnosticism is equivalent to the belief that the bein of God is not merely unknown, but is unknowable What agnostics probably really mean, when the say that God is unknowable, is that God is un fathomable. It is true that, in the third century o church history, the term agnosticism was used by a sect, implying that God did not know all things; but that use of the word is unknown now. Agnostics are numerous. There is an agnosticism which is condemnable; and there is an agnosticism which is commendable. But there is also a reprehensible agnosticism. Who first used the word agnostic? It is comparatively a new word. You will not find it in the older dictionaries. We have become so used to it now, that it is difficult for us to realize that it was unknown until a few years ago. Mr. Huxley, in his *Essays Upon Some Controverted Questions*, tells us that almost all his colleagues in the philosophical society, to which he belonged, were "ists" of some sort; "and I, the man without a rag of a label, . . . took thought and invented what I conceived to be the appropriate title of 'Agnostic.' It came into my head as suggestively antithetic to the title 'Gnostic' of church history." We are thus indebted to him for this word. Regarding many things, every man is an agnostic. Regarding other things, all men are most joyously gnostic. Regarding still other things, a man may be neither a gnostic nor an agnostic. We may take refuge in another word recently coined, the word merognostic.

Continued on page 601

Celebrating Quebec's Ter-Centenary



Wolfe Monument

THRONED on its great gray crags high above the St. Lawrence River, Quebec, the most picturesque city on the North American continent, is celebrating the three hundredth anniversary of its founding. Its streets are filled with gaily dressed crowds, who climb up and down the narrow streets, throng the old cathedral and the church of Our Lady of Victory, and gaze with awe upon the great walls that gird it round and the massive ramparts of the citadel—"the Gibraltar of America." The accent of Paris mingles with the patois of the French-Canadian *habitant* and with the English of the British and American visitors. All mingle amicably on the ground over which the ancestors of the three peoples have struggled in the smoke of battle, and all have but the one purpose, to do honor to the ancient war-scarred city and the heroic figures which for a time seem to stand out again from the twilight of the historic past. The entire Dominion of Canada contributed to the success of the celebration. Earl Grey, the Governor-General, was particularly active in securing contributions to save to the Canadian people the historic field on the Heights of Abraham, the dedication of which is a perpetual memorial to the bravery of both the British and French soldiers was an important part of the extensive programme.

The Prince of Wales comes as the guest of Canada. Thousands of soldiers are present to take part, and the streets are brilliant with gold lace and scarlet coats. Battleships came from France, Great Britain, the United States, Germany and many other countries to take part in the celebration. The programme is of great interest. All of the interesting events are announced some time in advance by mounted heralds, who ride about the city to deliver their proclamations. They are accompanied by men-of-the-watch dressed and accoutred as in Champlain's time. Their picturesque costumes find a fitting background in the old, mediæval-looking buildings and gates. These heralds-at-arms also announce the arrival of the Prince of Wales and other important guests. The Prince of Wales left England for Quebec on the battleship *Indomitable*, accompanied by four other battleships and two cruisers.

Although the city itself dates from 1608, soldiers and adventurous sailors and explorers from distant France were busy making history about the grim rock and the high shoulder of Cape Diamond many years before. These earlier events were also down on the pageant programme for commemoration. It was in 1535 that Cartier, with three small ships, sailed up the St. Lawrence and turned into the St. Charles, to the right of the present city. The exact spot of his landing is pointed out. Cartier had a vessel with high forecastle and low in the waist, and with large square sails, painted with religious and heraldic emblems, the arms of France shown in brilliant colors. From its ports peeped the falcons and other light cannon of the early day, and from the masts floated the white flag sprinkled with the lilies of Bourbon. Cartier's landing is repeated in the pageant. The captain and crew dressed and armed after the fashion of the early sixteenth century, disembark and meet a swarm of Indians—real Indians in war paint and feathers. To them this Cartier of the twentieth century makes the same speech addressed to their ancestors by the explorer Cartier. The quaint ship, the glinting morions and corslets of the Frenchmen, the dignified figure of their leader, the circle of dark warriors, make a picture long to be remembered by all those fortunate enough to see it. It is an interesting fact that Cartier records the loss of one of his vessels and that a number of years ago it was found embedded in the banks of the St. Charles. Over four thousand men, women and children take part in the various scenes of the great pageant. Most of these scenes take place on the historic sites where the original events occurred.

The Prince and Princess of Wales

Looking Along the Walls Toward the Chateau Frontenac and Citadel

Photographs copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood

Champlain's castle has been rebuilt in the lower town, copied from the drawing made by Champlain himself of the original "*habitation.*" One of the great events of the celebration is the landing of Samuel de Champlain and the founding of the city. Then various events will be re-enacted that took place when New France was fighting for its existence against the Iroquois. Many readers will remember Mrs. Catherwood's famous story *The Romance of Dollard.*

Though Quebec is far from the battlefield, the whole event will be copied as nearly as possible and Dollard and the sixteen will hold a fort against the rush of overpowering numbers.

The concluding pageant of the years 1759 and 1760 show Generals Wolfe and Murray drawn up in battle array on the Plains of Abraham. Then all of the characters of the pageant are grouped in an effective tableau, there is a general salute by the massed troops, answered from the river below by a general salute of all the warships.

THE INTERROGATIVE CONFESSION ∽ Sermon by Robert Stuart MacArthur — *Continued*

Regarding certain things, a man may emphatically say, I know; he can say with Job, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." He can say with the blind man, whose sight was restored by Christ, "I know that, whereas I was blind, now I see." He can say with Paul, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." He can say with the beloved John, "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." In regard to all these things, one may be a gnostic. Regarding many other things, one has to be agnostic. No man knows anything fully. I can apprehend God; I cannot comprehend God. Tennyson was right when he said:

> Flower in the crannied wall,
> I pluck you out of the crannies,
> I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
> Little flower—but if I could understand
> What you are, root and all, and all in all,
> I should know what God and man is.

I can not understand this rose all in all. How then can I understand you? How can I understand God? How can I comprehend God? But I can know, and I do know, that God is my Father, that God is my Saviour, and that I am his redeemed child, born for eternity and on my way to his bosom; and all the skeptics in the universe cannot take that knowledge out of my soul.

I said a moment ago that there was recently coined a new word. It is a very suggestive word. Dr. Joseph Cook, when lecturing in Tremont Temple, Boston, used these words: "It is not true that we know everything, nor is it true that we know nothing. It is true that we know in part. Between gnosticism and agnosticism stands the sound philosophy of knowing in part." He went from Boston to Princeton, New Jersey; and talking with Dr. McCosh, said, "I want a word. It is in no dictionary. I want a word to express the idea of knowledge between gnosticism and agnosticism, of knowing in part." Dr. McCosh thought a moment, and then, in his quaint Scotch brogue, he said, "Wait a bit, till I get my Greek Testament." And away he ran, and got his Greek Testament. He asked, "What did the Apostle Paul say about knowing in part?" He turned to First Corinthians, the thirteenth chapter and the twelfth verse, where the apostle says, "Now I know in part;" and he took the Greek word for *i part*, and the Greek word for *know*, and putting them together, he gave us the word "merognostic," descriptive of one who knows in part. Every thoughtful man must be a merognostic. Some things he knows, and he would die for them; some things he does not know, and never can know. Some things he knows in part, and this partial knowledge is peculiarly dear.

Shall you go to Churchism? Those who are accustomed to hear me, know that I never make light of the church of God; on the contrary, I honor the church as the bride of Christ. But there is a dangerous churchism. There is in some creeds an undue exaltation of the church. The church is made practically God. There is often a churchianity which is antagonistic to a true Christianity. The Roman Church is the most gigantic trust beneath God's heavens; it claims a monopoly of salvation. It makes the church the fountain of saving grace, and it makes the priests the channels through which grace flows. What is the distinctive element contradistinguishing true Protestantism from Romanism? I might mention the mass; in important respects, the mass is the soul of the Roman Church. In Romanism, and in some branches of Anglicanism, the church claims a monopoly of salvation, and divine grace can flow only through the priest, the sacraments, and other appointed channels. In true Protestantism, every penitent can cry out to God directly, as did the publican, saying, "God be merciful to me a sinner," irrespective of any church, and irrespective of all priests. Every soul having so cried out to God, may have the answer, "Thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee; go in peace." I repudiate such churchmen as would give any church and any priests a monopoly on salvation. Away with such churchism! To claim such a monopoly of salvation is to be guilty of sacrilege. Come immediately to Christ. He alone has the words of eternal life.

Men and women, whither shall you go? You must go somewhere. The soul needs help and hope and life. Mysteries surround us; dangers are near. Whence came we? Whither go we? What are we? We want a man to sympathize with us, the Man Christ Jesus. We want a God to succor us, the God-Man, Christ Jesus. We want one near enough to love us, and to command our reverence and adoration. Oliver Wendell Holmes said truthfully:

> Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
> Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
> Our rainbow arch, thy mercy's sign;
> All, save the clouds of sin, are thine.

Go now to Jesus Christ, that you may receive life eternal from him, its only and its divine source, to whom be glory now and evermore!

CUTTING THEIR IDOLS TO PIECES

FILIPINOS FORSAKING THEIR OLD RELIGION AND ENTERING INTO GOSPEL LIGHT

SOMETHING of the beauty of these islands you can imagine from this Cebu coast view. Here in the Protestant cemetery, overlooking just such scenery as this, rest the remains of the first martyr of Southern Cebu. It is in this village that we are now working, and in many ways it is a place of interest. Some four hundred of its inhabitants have given proof that they are willing to die sooner than turn from their new-found Saviour. Drinking, gambling, cock-fighting and in some instances the smoking of their strong tobacco has become with these native Christians a part of their past life.

Many are the reasons why such numbers of these Filipinos have relinquished their former religion, even before native evangelists and missionaries visited them. In this village, it was the fearful immorality of their priests which drove three hundred to leave the Church of Rome. Nearly all those who have followed in the steps of these three hundred men and women have done so through having the Gospel told them by the native Christians. Others of the converts have hesitated longer. They have had to see with their own eyes that their images were powerless before they dared to forsake them.

The discovery that idols "can be cut to pieces like cocoanuts," as many astonished men and women said, when they saw the heaped-up and broken heads of saints and virgins which the converts had thrown out in the street near their homes—had a great lesson in it for the superstitious souls who had put their trust in their images, burning daily lights before their special saints at the altar in their houses, and in times of sickness and death burning these lights before their images often both day and night.

"It is true what you told me. My image is no use. The new one I got is worm-eaten already," is a frequent remark between friends, where but a few years ago such words would have meant imprisonment, if not death. These villagers, speaking of themselves, say that "the only authority we have been taught to trust in for our rights is the bolo."

Some days ago, one of the poor farmers came to his village to pay his head and land tax. For this he proffered $4, which he had supposed was sufficient. The native treasurer received the money, and then told the man that he still owed another dollar. A short time later, the farmer returned to the treasurer's office and paid down the dollar due, which he had to borrow, having, with the $4 paid already, given all the money he had. The poor man was then roughly asked for the other $4, when he reminded the treasurer that he had already

Filipinos at Their Midday Meal

paid him. The only answer he got was an accusation that he had robbed the treasury box. The Filipino knew what it meant—imprisonment on false accusation; and, as there were none present who would dare to witness for him against the official, he went out and borrowed the other $4 and paid it. Injustices of this sort are often suffered by the villagers. The feeling of the people outside of the cities in which there is more American influence, is that "there is no redress for injustice." While this spirit of hopelessness remains, farms will lie well nigh untilled, and those who are without hope through the word of God for the life to come se to drown the miseries of the hour in drink a gambling. Here in this fertile southern Cebu t staple village food is boiled corn. On this, wi little else to nourish them, men and women do th daily work, they and their children rarely havi more than the small fish or shell fish caught a gathered round the beaches, and many a villag eats more meals without these accessories than wi them.

The village of Oslob has had a native evangelist-a Bible woman—for nearly a year. The 600 conver are many of them to-day the leading people in tl village of 7,000 inhabitants. Their lands are we tilled, and their children get all the schooling the can obtain for them. They have organized eva gelistic work and Sunday School. A committee ha been formed to weave and make up clothing fo orphan boys in their congregation, and to prepa them for going to the mission school in the island c Negros. Among the Protestants of Oslob to-day th public voice is too strong against wrong doing t permit open injustice. Where men and women stan for the teachings and principles of the Gospel, liv ing their faith and preaching in homes, and in ope air services where they have the public ear, injus tice has to work in secret.

The gifts of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers t supply a mission boat for these people means fo very many of them peace in this life, and hope fo the life to come! How much the Gospel is appre ciated by these Cebuans is fully proved. Night afte night, men and women from around and within thi village of Santander, where we are now working gather in our home to study the Bible. To many o those who live in other villages this means nightly a walk of eight miles over rough paths, and up and down rugged hill-sides. But none ever fail to attend. On Sunday they gather in to the morning service, and to Sunday School, in their recently built church, the dedication of which was sealed with the blood of one of their number. They return to their homes and villages, and again walk back, through the hot hours of the afternoon, to help in the open-air service. The crowd of hearers presses around us, as if forgetful of all else, as they listen to the Gospel message.

In this, and other villages too, before this year is past the word of God will have been heard and understood by multitudes to whom it will be brought by the messengers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD mission boat.

MRS. E. W. JANSEN.

Santander, P. I.

The Beautiful Coast Scenery of Cebu

Bishop Bashford on Chinese Pastors

THE Chinese pastor has an important part in the scheme of evangelization. The missionary often has charge of a district of a million or more people. Hence he can spend only a small part of his time at any particular station. The native pastor lives at the station, preaches daily either at the principal station or somewhere on the circuit, sells books and portions of the Bible, receives visits from those who wish to inquire about the doctrine, and goes to the places of business and the homes of the people in order that he may become acquainted with them. His aim is first to win their respect, then their confidence, and last, to lead them to Christ. In a word, the Chinese pastor is the shepherd of his flock, the divine instrument in winning others to the Christian life.

The station at which the pastor lives is usually the centre of a circuit over which he travels, just as the missionary travels over a large section of country. I know one circuit which embraces thirty-six villages, and some of these villages number from one to three thousand people. The pastor goes from village to village, usually on foot, and he preaches and catechises, instructs inquirers in the way of life, and heartens the little band of Christians to remain loyal to the Master. When difficulties and disagreements arise, he is summoned to arbitrate them. In cases which require discipline, he learns all the facts, so far as possible, and reports them to the missionary. Many of the Chinese yet look upon all foreigners with suspicion, but they understand the native pastor, just as we understand an American neighbor. The Chinese pastor, therefore, removes misunderstandings and makes plain to the people the motives which bring the missionary from his far-off home to live and labor and die among a strange people.

In the absence of the missionary, the native pastor also has oversight of the day school for boys, and his wife may have charge of a day school for girls. Often the pastor is the teacher of the day school. Owing to the immense population of China and the smallness of the missionary force, it is plain that, unless the missionary is furnished with helpers, the evangelization of the empire is impossible. Counting the entire missionary force—ministers, physicians, teachers, missionaries of the Woman's Boards, and wives of missionaries—there is only *one missionary in China to each 132,000 of the population.* Omitting the wives of the missionaries, there is approximately only one missionary to every 250,000 of the population. Omitting those engaged in medical work and teaching, there is left for the direct preaching of the Gospel substantially *one worker for every 750,000* or 1,000,000 of the population. These facts reveal at a glance the necessity of supplementing the labors of the missionary pastor by the labors of the Chinese preachers.

One missionary remarked at a small gathering of business men recently that, during the last five years, he had trained personally nineteen men who had entered the Christian ministry, aside from others who had become teachers; and that one of these nineteen men received into the church last year one hundred and nineteen members. It is only by the training and use of the native preachers that the Western churches can hope to evangelize the Chinese Empire in the not distant future. To appreciate this fact is to appreciate the place of power which the Chinese preachers hold and the imperative need for the church speedily to increase their numbers.

JAMES W. BASHFORD.

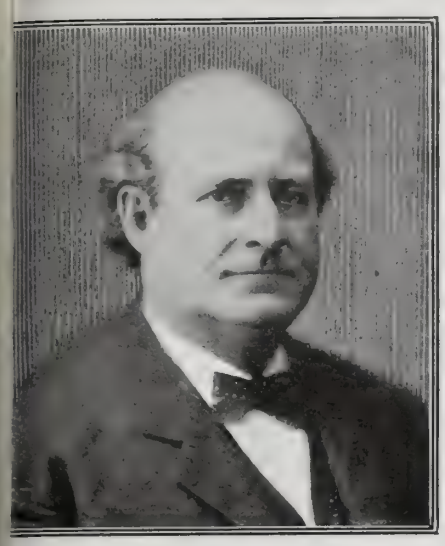
Among the Workers

—THE NATIONAL REFORM ASSOCIATION, an undenominational, nonpartisan organization, will dedicate its new Auditorium on the Winona Assembly Grounds on August 9. A Christian Citizenship Conference will be held in the new building August 13-15.

—MISS ETHEL J. WHEELER, daughter of a wealthy New Yorker, has accepted a call to missionary work in China under the Protestant Episcopal Board. Her father, Everett P. Wheeler, is one of the leading lawyers in the State, and up to the present time the daughter has occupied an enviable position in society, with all the advantages that wealth and culture could command.

—THE INTERDENOMINATIONAL BIBLE CONFERENCE, of which Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman is Director, will be held at Winona Lake, Ind., August 16 to 25. Among the distinguished speakers announced are Rev. W. I. Watkinson, D. D., of London; Rev. W. J. Dawson, D.D., of London; Rev. C. L. Goodell, D.D., of New York; Rev. C. F. Aked, D.D., of New York; Gipsy Smith, the celebrated evangelist; Bishop J. C. Hartzell of Africa, and Commander Eva Booth of the Salvation Army.

MR. BRYAN'S SIMPLE HOME LIFE



Hon. Wm. Jennings Bryan

The Bryan Home near Lincoln, Neb.

Mrs. Bryan

MRS. ROOSEVELT was giving a reception to the distinguished men who were in Washington in attendance upon the Convention Governors one afternoon last spring. It had been tended that the affair should be a garden party the spacious lawn at the south of the White ouse; but an all-day rain had made that an im-ssibility and guests were being received in the ue Parlor. Besides the delegates to the conven-on, everybody of social importance at the capital as there. After speaking to their gracious hosts, e guests passed into the Red Room or drifted into e long corridor, or into the State Dining Room, here from a handsomely appointed tea-table re-eshments were served.

There were so many notable people present that e company soon fell into little groups around the fferent men whose success in statecraft, science, literature had made them famous. Presently the ed Room became congested. Seemingly everybody as crowding in there, while the polite ushers ere inviting the throng to pass on into the ning-room, which was al-ost empty.

"Who in the world is it whom everybody in here stopping to speak?" ked a little lady, as she inly craned her neck to e over the shoulders of ose around her.

"It is William Jennings ryan," said her compan-n, who had made his way rough the packed room id had managed to re-rn to her. "He certainly the lion of the afternoon. verybody is waiting to eak to him."

The peculiarity of the rcumstances may have ade it a little trying for r. Bryan; but if so, his ank, cordial manner did ot desert him and his enial smile could not but disarm criticism. The ngestion of the room grew worse and some of his iends finally steered him into the larger apart-ent, the State Dining Room, where with less owding the ovation continued. While every one anted to meet him, some of those who did so had isty ideas of what they should say. One man ook hands with him effusively, remarking heart-y as he was about to pass on, "I like you, Mr. ryan; I always have, but I may not wholly agree ith your principles."

Mr. Bryan grasped the speaker's slipping hand mly and brought him to a stand-still as he an-vered, "And yet, what would there be in me to e without my principles? They are exactly what ake me all that I am."

"Do you know," said one of the guests as he was aving the White House a few moments later, "that ryan meant that from the bottom of his soul? He lieves in his principles with a depth of intensity hich can not but make even his enemies respect m."

"And do you know that Mrs. Bryan is just as m a believer in them, too?" said a woman of the rty quickly. "I do not know of another man in blic life whose wife has made such a study of the estions that engross him, and who has such in-llible faith in her husband and his policies."

The last speaker was quite right. Mrs. Bryan as made a remarkable study of the public ques-ons which absorb Mr. Bryan, and her faith in him is simply limitless. That faith began more than twenty-five years ago, when she, Miss Mary E. Baird of Perry, Ill., was a student at the Presbyterian Seminary at Jacksonville, and he was finishing his collegiate course at the Illinois College in the same town. She had faith in him then, and a few years later, faith sufficiently strong to marry him despite the fact that neither of them had much money, and that he was almost a briefless barrister. She knew that it meant years of struggle to establish a practice which would bring them a comfortable home. Her faith strengthened with the years, and after a while, in order to help him prepare for the position in life which by this time she had become convinced he was destined to fill, she, in addition to her household cares and the duties of motherhood, studied law and was admitted to the bar. But not to practise; no, she never made a public speech on any subject in her life.

"I only did it in order to know how to help Will," she said quietly at the time; and she did not seem to think it was in the least remarkable.

W. J. Bryan, Jr.

Ruth Bryan Leavitt and her Children

Miss Grace Bryan

Soon after the young people were married, they left Illinois and went to Lincoln, Neb., where they took an unassuming little house in a side street. They were the happiest married folk in all the city, for in the little cottage their three babies were born, and the joys of parenthood made them forget the inconveniences of poverty. Mr. Bryan opened a law office and it was not long until he was actively identified with the Democratic party of the State. In 1890 he was nominated for Congress in a district that was hopelessly Republican—older Democrats refused the nomination. He made the race. Mrs. Bryan stood back of him, encouraging him every foot of the way, and she was not at all surprised when he won.

When they went to Washington, Mrs. Bryan did not attempt to shine as a social light. She never has had much weakness for that kind of shining. She took up the social duties their official position imposed, took them up with grace and tact, but gave no time to pink teas or euchre parties. Instead, she mastered stenography and the typewriter —"to help Will" again. She matriculated in certain literary branches from one of the Washington Universities, and she also managed to study the economic and political problems which Mr. Bryan had begun encountering in Congress, and which he was defending or attacking in his public speeches. Again and again they threshed them out together, until she was almost as conversant with their leading principles as Mr. Bryan himself.

But Mrs. Bryan is a natural student. She loves books and she is always studying something. A reporter on a New York daily paper went out to Nebraska to see Mr. Bryan last year. He was invited out to Fairview to breakfast at an hour which to him was "unconscionably early." There was an empty chair at the table.

"Where is Mrs. Bryan?" asked the New Yorker.

"Oh," replied her husband, "three times a week she goes to the university for an early class in German. You see," he continued with a smile, "I can't read German, and she thought it might be a good thing to have some one in the family who could get at first-hand the sentiments of the German press." Nor did it seem that her husband thought this was the least unusual in Mrs. Bryan.

Home does not depend upon the house we happen to occupy. Home is where our loved ones are about us, and Mrs. Bryan long ago learned to make the home environment for her family, no matter whether it chanced to be in the Lincoln cottage, the boarding-house at Washington, the innumerable hotels in which they have stopped in all parts of their own and other countries, or at the loved Fairview—"The Farm," as Mr. Bryan always calls it, and which has become so familiar to all American newspaper readers. Mr. Bryan is the "homiest" kind of a man. He can not be happy unless his family is with him and it has become proverbial that Mrs. Bryan or some of the children, or all of them, will be with him if he is going on a journey. In his first presidential campaign, Mrs. Bryan went with him every mile of he thousands he traveled in his speech-making tours. When he went around the world last year he took Mrs. Bryan and the two younger children, and was inconsolable because Mrs. Leavitt's babies were too small to permit her to go also. Anywhere is home for the Bryans if they are together, but no other place is quite so dear as Fairview.

When Fairview was building, Mrs. Bryan made her family comfortable in a small building which afforded but few facilities. It didn't appear to be a bit of trouble for her to do it, and at the same time to continue to entertain the men of national political repute who are constantly visiting them. Fairview stands on a knoll in the midst of the wide, rolling Nebraska praries, about three miles from Lincoln. It is a white-turreted, wide-porched, handsome house, such as any well-to-do farmer might, and such as many of the farmers of the West do, own. It is roomy and comfortable and its refined, unostentatious furnishings reflect the good taste of its cultured mistress. From any point at the house windows, or on the encircling porches, there is a magnificent view of the limitless Nebraska prairies, at this season of the year covered with an ocean of green, waving, rustling corn which shades into a thousand hues with every passing breeze.

The library at Fairview—it is another index of the household that the library is the living room of the family—is Mr. and Mrs. Bryan's workshop. Its walls are lined with book-cases filled with volumes which would be considered pretty "heavy"

Continued on page 606

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Subscriptions may commence with any issue.

Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

Entered as Second-class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa

The Call of the Woods

IN THE broad sunlit country this golden season, known as "vacation time" in the city, is one of joyous activity and work. The swish of the scythe, the rattle of the reaper and the harvester, and all the pleasant sounds of country life in summer time fill up the pauses in labor's psalm of contentment and gratitude and life reaches its seasonal meridian at the time when the city is least attractive and least endurable to its dwellers.

The vacation problem, therefore, is at this season of the year chiefly a city problem. And it is a problem for only the favored few who can spend a month or six weeks in the country. As for the wealthy—they can climb the Alps in summer, or fish or sail in the fiords of Norway, and take their own time for returning. For those, therefore, who are blessed with neither poverty nor riches, there is always a special charm to vacation time. To those who have learned to know and love nature the summer days that take them back near to nature's heart in shadowy wood and along cool streams and rivers and make them forget, even for a brief season, the toil and financial fret of the artificial life of cities, are days and nights of unalloyed delight.

Every city dweller, if possible, should enjoy this annual luxury of a brief visit back to nature. It is worth making sacrifices to compass this end. Life will be the saner and sweeter for it and perhaps even the brevity of the glimpse will add to the charm and partly compensate, at least, for lack of longer enjoyment.

Evangelizing the East

IT WOULD be difficult to conceive of a stronger argument in support of the native missionary substitute plan than that advanced in the article from the pen of Bishop Bashford which appears in another part of this issue. We commend it cordially to the attention of all who have become interested in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S work in foreign mission fields.

Bishop Bashford's picture of the native pastor, absorbed in his multifarious duties and possessing advantages for reaching the people which no foreigner could ever hope to command, is not peculiar to China. In a large measure, it applies to India, Siam, Burma, Korea, Japan, the Philippines, Africa, South America and every mission field under the sun. In all of these, native Christian preachers, teachers, evangelists and Bible women, supported by CHRISTIAN HERALD readers, are at work to-day doing effective service in the extension of Christ's kingdom. We would rejoice to see their number multiplied a hundredfold, for, as Bishop Bashford points out, it is only by the use of native-trained preachers that the Western Church can hope to evangelize the East in the not distant future.

On Equal Ground

AN UNGALLANT legislator has recently presented, before the legislative assembly of his State, a bill setting forth the perils to which unsophisticated men are liable through the wiles of designing women. His crusade seems to be directed against those pomps and vanities, frivolities and furbelows which ages ago aroused the wrath of the prophet Isaiah when he formulated his censure of the women of his time. The prophet declaimed against the veils, the wimples and the crisping pins, even as our legislative friend cries out against devices of dress that are patent to everybody, ribbons and bows and ruffles, corsets, rich gowns, artificial teeth and false hair. He goes so far as to recommend the enactment of a statute by which marriage may be annulled in case a man be decoyed and deceived into entering matrimony by any of these time-honored feminine adjuncts. Such a statute, were it passed, would be inoperative, and it appears probable that the man who has introduced it by suggestion must either be a disappointed suitor, or a legislator anxious to vary the monotony of a session by a discussion that may provoke laughter.

The plain truth of the whole matter is that when it comes to courtship men and women stand on equal ground. Women are no more likely to deceive men by a false presentation of themselves than are men to deceive women. Most people are compelled to wait for entire acquaintance with one another until the marriage ceremony has made them one. Yet a good foundation of mutual esteem, fixed principle, and true love will be stanch enough for the building of a home in which the two may live their blended lives. The little surprises incidental to the intimacy of marriage only end by making each dearer to the other.

Our American women are distinguished for their good taste in dress, yet one of the reasons offered by the legislator in question as an apology for his bill, is that he has been a guest at certain popular resorts where he was impressed with the extravagance of feminine dress. Had he no women-kind of his own to tell him that one of the pleasures of going on a visit is, for a woman, the wearing of her best gowns? This is not a vindication either of vanity or extravagance, both of which are to be condemned in men and women. It is really a protest against the folly of accusing Eve's daughters for wiles that are not wilful, but simply womanly.

Prohibition's Progress

IN A QUIET and orderly manner, and without any of the frenzied enthusiasm that marked the great gatherings at Chicago and Denver, the National Convention of the Prohibitionists met in Columbus, O., and nominated its candidates for President and Vice-President. Eugene W. Chafin of Wisconsin, the chosen leader, is well known as an exceptionally able temperance advocate, speaker and organizer, who has been nominated by his party for Congress, for Governor, and for Attorney-General at times when the movement was young, and the task of leadership little more than to keep the fragmentary vote together, in the hope of greater strength at some future day. As his running mate, he has an Ohioan, Aaron S. Watkins of Ada.

It has been the custom among politicians to look upon the Prohibition movement as fanatical and hopeless, and the nomination of Prohibition candidates in a national campaign as being done for principle's sake or for effect alone; but this is a short-sighted view of the case. All the great social and political reforms the world has ever known have begun slowly and gathered volume and momentum only after many years of seemingly futile and unrewarded effort. It has been so with the temperance movement. Step by step it has grown from insignificance to the proportions of a great, overshadowing social question, touching the very life and well-being of the nation. With a more widely-diffused knowledge of the drink question, the American people now begin to understand why that issue should stand out apart from all others, separate and distinctive, and not complicated with local and personal political interests, as was the case in the recent Tennessee election, where prohibition received a temporary set-back because of such complications.

With 36,000,000 people now living in localities where the whole liquor traffic has been placed under legislative restraint, local or State, the Prohibitionists have reason for nothing but encouragement.

Religion in Summer Time

THE extreme heat of summer has a tendency to exhaust the physical energies of men and women, and often to wilt religious sensibilities. In many parts of the secular world, the summer is the time for unusual exertion. The farmer has to stretch every nerve in his labor at that season of the year. The men who lay the brick and hammer the wood and pound the iron, find then the demand for their heaviest work.

There has been a tendency upon the part of ministers and many church members to take a long vacation in the summer time. Though not a saloon or gambling place or evil resort closes a door, many churches are closed. The spiritual fields are emptied of the harvest hands. The devil, however, never takes a vacation.

This temporary abandonment of the field is the worst policy for the cause of righteousness. The members of the various churches, as they go to the mountain or sea-shore or other place of retreat, feel little obligation to attend church, or to prosecute their religious duties with any method or vig There are many true men and women who car Christ with them to the country and do not lose a of their spiritual zeal; but there are also many w are careless, who spend the Sunday in pleasu keeping their hearts far away from God.

It is a good sign of the times that the church are arranging excellent supplies during the summ time, either by union services or by services at t individual churches, where those who remain in t cities can be properly fed and where the kingdom God can be built up, instead of being allowed to go waste. In most of the great cities of the countr special evangelical services have been instituted tents, out-of-door meetings, large halls and oth places, where neither money nor talent is spared bringing men to a knowledge of Christ's trut Those who formerly used to smile cynically at t closed doors and silent pulpits of the cities, now b gin to realize how potential these new evangelic methods are in fighting the forces of sin.

It will be well if Christians on their vacation sha ask themselves continually: "Can I take my Saviou with me each day and will he approve that whic I am about to do?" This will act as a safeguar against many a temptation, and when the season over they will be able to look back upon it withou the sharp thrusts of conscience which are reminder of a time when God was well-nigh forgotten.

This Year's Immigration

IT IS expected by the authorities at Ellis Island New York Harbor, that the number of immi grants to this country will fall short of the grea number who sought their fortunes in America las year. The total number of immigrants last yea was 1,285,349. This includes the figures from al places of entry, but the great majority came i by way of New York. This number was quite a increase over the year before, the figures for 190 standing at 1,100,735. Ten years back, in 1898, th figures were but 229,299.

The main reason for the falling off in numbers is the fact that the large industries have been curtailing their output and additional hands have not been required. There has also been quite a return tide, small, to be sure, compared with the stream of humanity bound hither, returning to the Old World. This return tide has been perhaps more noticeable among the Italians, but the latter seem natural travelers and many of those who have gone home may be back again when the demand for laborers is greater.

The decline in this year's immigration is a matter of figures to the casual visitor at Ellis Island, for it seems to him as if the place was crowded on days when the trans-Atlantic liners come in and the inspectors and officials apparently have their hands full. On the cover of this issue is a picture of a party of immigrants waiting for the boat to take them from the Island to the mainland. The officials are exercising more care in the examination of would-be citizens and more undesirables are returned than formerly.

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THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

An Apostle to the Filipinos

WHEN the United States Government took possession of the Philippines, the fetters were taken from the Bible and religious liberty was guaranteed. One of the most conspicuous figures in the establishment of Protestant Christianity in the Philippines is Nicholas Zamora. His father was banished to an island in the Mediterranean for being found with a Bible in his possession. Nicholas was educated at the Catholic College in Manila. When his father returned from banishment, the American flag floated over Manila, and one of the first things he did was to teach his son the Bible. At a meeting held by Rev. Arthur W. Prautch, the father was asked to make a speech, but making a rather unsuccessful attempt, he said to his son: "Nicholas, you try." The son sprang quickly to his feet, opened the Bible and read and expounded with enthusiasm a portion of the Scripture. He was ordained deacon in the Methodist Episcopal Church by Bishop Thoburn. The aged father sat in the audience when his son was ordained, and when the service was over, the old man rushed forward, threw his arms around Bishop Thoburn and hugged him and wept on his neck and tremblingly quoted in the Spanish language the words of Simeon: "Lord, now let thy servant depart in peace." Under the leadership of young Zamora, the first Protestant church in the Philippines was built, since which time he has been kept busy building churches and gathering in converts. Many of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have watched with pleasure and gratitude his wonderful work and have contributed to its success. In a recent letter from Mr. Zamora to Dr. Klopsch, the writer says:

I am sending you a photograph of my church, the Methodist Episcopal of South Pablo Tondo, which was only finished this year, costing $11,500 with the ground. The cost of the land was contributed by the members, but the price of the church is a donation from America, contributed by some 700 persons. This is the third year of my assignment in the circuit of Tondo, and thanks to God and all who have assisted me, I am doing all I can for the Gospel of our one Saviour Jesus. During the year 1907 I have received as members fully 200; members on probation, 121; adult baptism, 131; infant baptism, 100; sermons preached in my circuit and in various other towns, 273; and much more other work. I pray that you will publish my immense gratitude to all my sincere brothers in Christ who have given me their aid. I pray that God will bless them and reward them not only in this life but also in the other.

The taking of the Philippines was an historic event, not contemplated by the American Government. Their sudden acquirement threw a tremendous responsibility upon the United States. There is hope for the country in the riches of its material resources, in the increased education of the people, in the enlarged ideas of liberty that are filling the minds of the natives; but the largest, the richest gift which we can possibly bestow upon them is an open Bible and an earnest evangelism like that of Zamora. Having a knowledge of Christ, a conformity to his character and an obedience to his will, all else of individual and national value will be added to the people of the Philippines.

Seek ye the kingdom of God; and all these things shall be added unto you. (Luke 12: 31.)

Pastor Zamora's New Church in the Philippines

A Famous Hymn Writer Gone

Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp, daughter of the late Dr. Walter Palmer and Phebe Palmer of New York, died lately in Poland Springs, Me., where she had gone to spend the summer. She was one of the most widely known and highly esteemed women in the country, was equally eminent as a musician, philanthropist and writer of sacred hymns. Her husband, the late Joseph Fairchild Knapp, was the organizer of the American Lithograph Company and also the founder of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. His ample wealth was generously dispensed for the welfare and happiness of his family and his fellow men. Mr. and Mrs. Knapp entertained distinguished guests after a royal manner in their mansion at the corner of Bedford Avenue and Ross Street, Brooklyn. Beside prominent people in New York and Brooklyn, great men in various callings, of Europe and other countries, were the guests enjoying their splendid hospitality, Presidents Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Harrison and most of the Methodist bishops being among the number. After the death of her husband, twenty years ago, she went to the Hotel Savoy to live, fitting up a suite of rooms in a costly manner and installing in them an organ costing $30,000. She was one of the most famous hymn writers in the country, and during her travels in Europe she was invited to Sheffield, the centre of music in England, and was given such a reception as was never before accorded a musician in that city. Among the most popular of her hymns are: "The Dawn of Hope," "Open the Gates of the Temple," "I Shall Be Satisfied," "O Lamb of God," "Never Further Than Thy Cross," "Everlasting Love," "Cling to the Cross," "Nothing But Love." But the best of all her hymns and the one most widely sung around the globe is, "Blessed Assurance, Jesus is Mine." She and her husband were members for many years of the South Second Street Methodist Church in Williamsburg. Together they were the principal founders of the St. John's Methodist Episcopal Church in Bedford Avenue. They also built the Sunday School and for many years Mr. Knapp was its superintendent. After her husband's death she gave South Second Street Methodist Church a chapel in his memory. As a widow, Mrs. Knapp devoted almost all her time to charitable work and spent very much of the $50,000 of her annual income in works of benevolence and piety. It is so often the case that those who have wealth and culture, meeting the social responsibilities of life, are chilled in their spiritual sensibilities and turned away from the simple duties of the church. Mrs. Knapp, while meeting her social and intellectual obligations, made it the chief work of her life to manifest the spirit of Christ and help to usher in his kingdom. There was the absence of pride and arrogance of wealth, rather the disposition to transmute it into love for the happiness of others and the honor of her Master.

The Late Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp

Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised. (Prov. 31: 30.)

Exhaustion of Coal Fields

Edward W. Parker, of the United States Geological Survey, estimates the country's annual production of coal as far forward as the year 2055. By that time, according to records to date, the United States will be using 2,300,000,000 tons a year. The average annual production during the decade from 1916 to 1925 will be about 600,000,000 tons. The total production in 1907 was 480,450,042 tons. The geologist prophesies that future generations "will have so far developed methods of subduing and utilizing other forces of nature that the need of coal for the production of heat, light and power will to a great extent have been eliminated." Until these other natural forces are subdued, however, it appears that there will be enough coal to supply the nation. Mr. Parker doubts "if the production of anthracite will ever greatly exceed the production of 1907, which was about 76,000,000 long tons." "When the period of decline does set in," he says, "the decrease in production will be gradual, and some anthracite will be used well into the next century." The story is told that a little over a century ago, a Pennsylvanian was fishing on the banks of the Schuylkill River. He caught a mess of fish and built a fire with which to cook them. He put some black-looking stones by the side of the sticks of wood which made his fire, as a guard. The next morning he found the wood burned to ashes and the dark stones glowing with fire. He took samples of these stones down to Philadelphia, where they were examined scientifically and a company was formed and the first anthracite coal mining of America began. We can rely upon the genius of the Anglo-Saxon to discover some substitute for hard coal, when it shall have been exhausted.

Thou hast walked up and down in the midst of the stones of fire. (Ezek. 28: 14.)

Fourth of July Slaughter

Despite the warnings of the police and fire departments of the various cities of the country, the fearful slaughter of the Fourth of July was repeated. Children were killed with pistols and cannon crackers and explosives of one kind or another. Boys, girls, men and women were shot to death in their homes and in the streets by stray bullets of careless and drunken persons celebrating, and when the harvest of lockjaw victims shall have been gathered, in the few weeks to come, the slaughter will be up to the average of other years—running into the hundreds of thousands. It is said that within five years, more people have been killed by the reckless celebration of our Fourth of July than fell in the battles of the American Revolution. This wanton butchery is a scandal and shame and should be stopped. The press must continue to lift its voice and the police authorities of the country must insist upon a rigid enforcement of law, and, if necessary, our laws must be changed so as to give better protection. These days of machinery and swift travel make accidents that are unavoidable, which are numerous enough without adding to the list the large numbers slain by the consummate folly of a heathenish celebration. There is a demand for a more rational and safe celebration of our Fourth day of July, and society must remember that every life that is sacrificed causelessly is nothing short of murder, for which there must be a serious accounting.

Thou shalt not kill. (Exod. 20: 13.)

Worthy Promotion

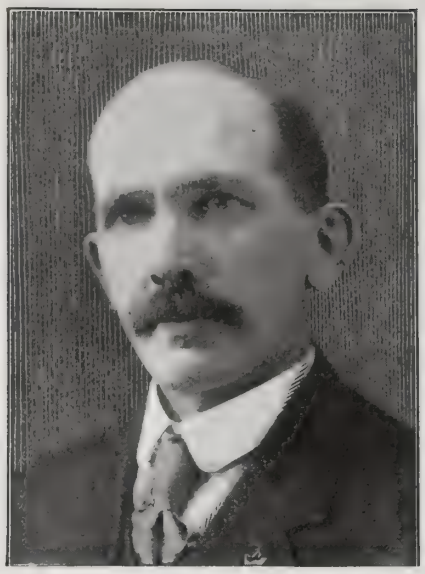
A leading magazine for July, in an article on the bishops recently elected by the Methodist Episcopal Church, among other things says: "It is interesting as proving that Methodism is true to her tradition in remaining the church of the common people, that not a single one of these eight bishops was the child of wealth or ease. Two were poor immigrant boys; three others were the sons of immigrants. Of the eight, one was the son of a weaver; three others had poor Methodist preachers for fathers; three were the sons of humble farmers, and one was the child of a merchant, and he, while yet a mere lad, was compelled to get out and dig for himself. The homes of these boys, however, were rich in the highest thought, the noblest ambition, and the finest character. These very sons of poverty and toil are now the favorites of wealth and culture as well as the proud possession of the plain people and the poor." Robert McIntyre, when not yet in his majority, laid bricks on walls in the city of Chicago after the fire and, in an incredibly short time, he was pastor of one of its most important pulpits, and as a preacher and lecturer he had a national reputation. Frank Bristol, when a boy, it is said, did work with his hands by the hour for pay in Evanston, Ill., to help educate himself, and in a few short years he became pastor of a great church of that city, and preached in the first pulpits of Chicago. These two men were among the eight bishops elected at Baltimore. These men came of good stock, but the necessity for toil and the love of it were very strong factors in their promotion. Hard work measures most of the distances that indicate life's inequalities.

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might. (Eccles. 9: 10.)

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

Rev. J. Tolefree Parr

Gen. Luke E. Wright



Thomas Lewis

SECRETARY TAFT having resigned from the secretaryship of the War Department to leave him free to conduct his campaign for the presidency as the Republican candidate, the President cast about for a man of broad experience to take Mr. Taft's place in the Cabinet. He chose General Luke E. Wright, whose name is familiar on account of his work in the Philippines.

Gen. Wright's home is at Memphis, Tenn. He was born in Tennessee in 1847, the son of Hon. Archibald Wright, Chief Justice of that State. The son was admitted to the bar and after successful private practice became attorney-general and held the office for eight years. He had three sons in the war with Spain. He became a member of the Philippine Commission in 1900 and was its president in 1903-4. The latter year he became civil governor of the islands. In 1906 he became United States Ambassador to Japan and resigned the next year.

THOMAS LEWIS is the head of the coal miners in succession to John Mitchell. Mr. Lewis is as yet little known to the general public, but he has a great field for good in wisely directing the great organization of which he has bee made head. So man people are affecte by the coal minin industry that sinc the great strike sev eral years ago the have watched ever movement of th miners' leaders More pacific mean of adjustment wil probably be used i any future con troversy that may arise.

REV. J. TOLEFREE PARR is at present in the United States having come from his English home for an extended visit. Mr. Parr has won fame as a most successful evangelist and his preaching has attracted large numbers of hearers in hundreds of British towns where he has held services. He spent eight years in missionary work in the London slums. He works under the National Free Church Federation of England. While here he will preach in many of our large cities.

MR. BRYAN'S SIMPLE HOME LIFE *CONTINUED*

by most people, but which have been largely "the Great Commoner's" and Mrs. Bryan's text-books. They begin the day here after breakfast with tremendous mail. A secretary carries off the big end of that, after Mr. Bryan has been dictating for an hour or two. Then he and Mrs. Bryan settle down to the real work of the day: preparing copy for the paper, reading proof, writing editorials and passing on the general make-up. Mr. Bryan is editor-in-chief and has an associate editor, but the real co-editor is the little brown-haired woman who sits with him in his library when the matter for its columns is being written, and whose faith in the mission of the paper is fully as illimitable as that of its chief editor.

There is another side to Mr. and Mrs. Bryan, too. They are serious minded, they have so broad a vision of life and its possibilities that they could not be otherwise; but they are just as genial and social in their natures as it is possible for two people to be. Both of them are earnest, active Christians, members of the Presbyterian Church, with which they have been connected ever since their marriage. It is well known that Mr. Bryan is most simple in his tastes, and he neither smokes nor drinks liquor. A story is told of his recent visit to the East. A great banquet was given for him at Tokyo at which the health of Admiral Togo was proposed: Mr. Bryan drank it in water. One of the guests reminded him that the health of the Admiral was always drank in champagne. Mr. Bryan replied, "Your great Admiral won all his victories on the water. When he wins one in champagne, I will drink his health in champagne." A reply which won the approbation of the keen-witted Japanese.

Mrs. Bryan is a very attractive woman of medium height, with a well-poised figure and a face of much charm and sweetness. Her hair is a soft brown and waves back from an intellectual forehead. She is an ideal hostess, and is fonder of sports and athletics than is her robust husband. She swims, rides, handles the reins with ease and is good for a long walk at short notice. She is a member of two of the women's clubs of Lincoln and is identified with every branch of work in her own church. Her philanthropy is proverbial and she is the idol of her humble neighbors.

. . .

Mr. and Mrs. Bryan's only son, William Jennings Bryan, Jr., is nineteen years old and is a student at the University of Nebraska. Their eldest daughter is married to the artist, William Homer Leavitt, who is now studying in Paris. They have two children who, with their mother, are making their home at Fairview. The youngest daughter, Miss Grace Bryan, is a slender, brown-eyed girl of seventeen, who inherits her mother's sweetness of disposition as well as her love of books. She was a pupil last year at the Roanoke Seminary at Roanoke, Va.

ABBY G. BAKER.

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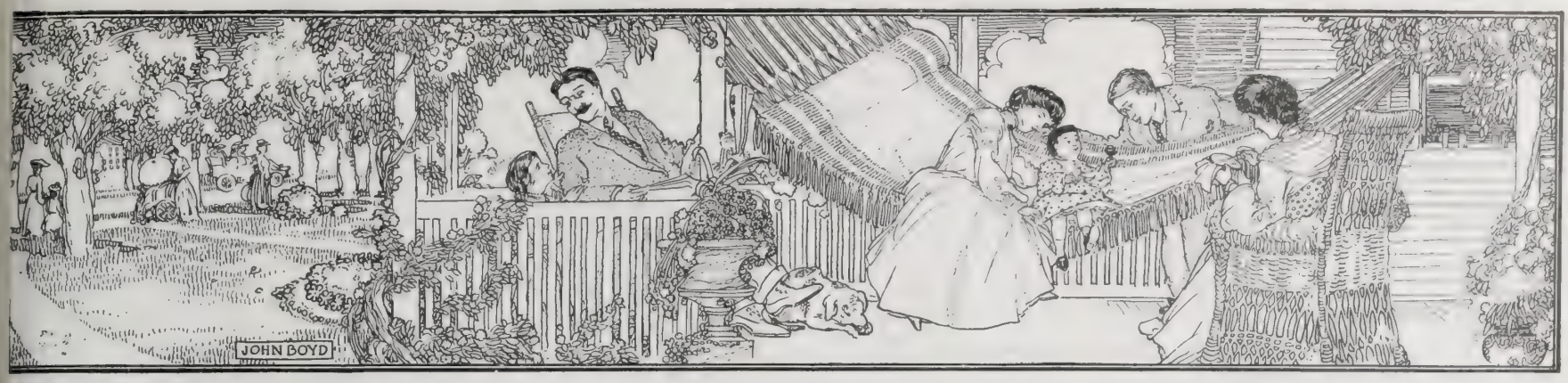
TALKS ON THE COOL VERANDA



By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Cleanliness and Public Health

THE human race was hardly out of Eden when in the person of the first murderer it challenged the Almighty and cried out, "Am I my brother's keeper?" "Where is thy brother Abel?" called the voice of Jehovah, and Cain was quick to answer with his defiant protest. Ever since that ancient day men have gone on in the business of killing their brothers, sometimes by one method, and sometimes by another, and ever since they have been just as ready to deny their responsibility as was Cain. True, a great many of those at whose door lies the blame of the untimely death of their fellow beings are sinners through ignorance or heedlessness, and not by intention. All homicide is not done with the dagger or the club. Suppose, for example, that there is an epidemic of cholera, yellow fever, diphtheria or typhoid in any locality. Doctors and nurses rush to the front, and with the heroism peculiar to their profession imperil their lives in the effort to save the victims of the malady.

Health officials bestir themselves and adopt stringent measures for the public safety. In a large majority of instances, the sources of the disease are traceable primarily to dirt. The infection has occasionally been brought from a distance, oftener it is discovered in neglected cellars, foul back yards and ill-smelling gutters. The water supply has become impure; milk, the food of babies, of little children and of invalids, has been brought to the city from dairies where cleanliness is unknown, and the city purchasers have helped along the work of destruction by ignoring their own share of responsibility in washing of cans and bottles that are returned to the farm. Unfortunately, in our country, we seldom lock the stable door until the horse has been stolen.

A holocaust of men, women and children must be offered in burnt sacrifice before we see that schoolhouses, churches and other public buildings are properly protected from the danger of fire. Babes must die in hot weather, and tuberculosis seize upon hard-working women and children before we are in real earnest on the subject of the daily milk supply, and in the matter of cleanliness and fresh air.

Yet we are all bound in one bundle. Children are mysteriously taken ill in homes of luxury and wealth, and their parents bow with broken hearts to the will of God. Our Master said, "It is not the will of your Father in Heaven that one of these little ones should perish," and never was this word of his more profoundly true than when children who ought to live to maturity, are snatched away in infancy. Could the bereaved parents follow the footsteps of the nurse-maid who bathes and dresses their darling they might find that she had been drawn by cords of affection to a home of misery and squalor where she had kindred of her own in dire distress and illness. She fancied that she took precautions or she disdained them in her lack of knowledge. Equally the children of her employer sickened and died.

. . .

Not only perfect cleanliness, but the most thorough fumigation and, to some extent, purification by fire, are essential to the public health when contagious diseases are abroad. If your child has scarlet fever, you are not to be aggrieved if the Board of Health compels you to put a conspicuous placard of warning in your window or on your door. You are not to evade in any manner the detention of other children in the house from school, nor are you to break your rigid quarantine until the physician gives you leave. Civilization enjoins upon us all the duty of looking out for one another, and if we are personally selfish we may indirectly or directly bring wretchedness and anguish to other homes.

The public health in congested parts of large cities is materially improved by clean streets. When the dust rises and we are forced to breathe it, we are at the mercy of germs that are simply floating poisons. The responsibility for clean streets is not entirely to be borne by the individual. Every householder should look after his own garbage pail, but townships and cities should have their own efficient machinery and their capable force of scavengers and street cleaners who will remove debris and do away with encumbering dirt.

A House Boat on a Pennsylvania Canal

ONE of the pleasantest ways of spending a summer is to take one's family and live in a house boat. There are colonies of house boats like the one in the picture, sometimes on canals, sometimes at points on the sea-coast. The furnishings are very simple, the outfit is not costly and the expenses fall within the limits of a moderate income. For another summer the suggestion may be profitable to some of our readers.

Merry Maids and Picture Hats

THE other day an elderly lady was shopping at the notion counter in a great department store in New York. It was rather late in the afternoon and the pretty girl who was selling safety pins and corset laces looked weary, for the day was warm and she had been standing on her feet for hours. The customer felt sorry for her, and was glad that the hour for closing would soon arrive. Presently she saw the girl's wan face brighten, a pink flush rise to her cheeks and a smile hover around the mouth that had been drooping and dejected. What had happened? Presently she saw that a cash-girl coming out of space had suddenly appeared behind the counter, bearing in her hand what was evidently the young saleswoman's new hat. The customer gasped with astonishment. "My dear," she said to the girl, "are you going to wear it?"

"Yes, indeed," was the reply. And the lady paid for her purchases and went thoughtfully on her homeward way. In the slang of the day, that hat was great. In sober reality, it was nearly as large as a sun umbrella, and was so loaded with flowers and so bristled with puffs of ribbon that its wearer would certainly resemble a walking garden when she had it on. As to its cost, at least the wages of a week, if not more, must have gone into the preposterous bit of headgear.

But the girl who proudly carried it home was not a whit more foolish, vain and absurd than are nine-tenths of the lovely girls of 1908 who have adopted the fashion of wearing inconveniently big and astonishingly trimmed hats on the street and in public places. Fortunately, it is not the custom to wear hats indoors. If it were, the young men of the period would leave off calling on the young women, and Strephon would hesitate long before proposing to Phyllis. He could never expect to have money enough to pay her milliner's bill. Seriously, it would seem that maids and matrons alike have lost their heads this summer in the choice of their hats. In places of amusement it has become the rule for women to remove their headgear, but in churches they still reserve the privilege of keeping on their hats, to the great detriment of the devout and the dissipation of a spirit befitting a hallowed spot. No one can bow her head in prayer on the seat in front if she is wearing what is styled a Merry Widow hat. Certainly a half dozen of them must effectually hide the face of the pastor.

We are moved to plead for the return of the sunbonnet. It is worn this summer by children and by young girls in country places, it is modest, dainty, easily taken off and put on, and, on the whole, is as becoming in its quaint demureness to a face in its early bloom as a hat that resembles a yacht under full sail can possibly be.

"The Battle Is On, God Calleth You"

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

David

A YOUTH not above twenty years of age, of slight but strong form, arrayed in a shepherd's costume, his only weapon a shepherd's sling, and his armament five smooth stones stored away in his shepherd's bag, the "scrip." His stout heart was reinforced by the God of hosts, who had delivered him from the bear and the lion, and would therefore deliver him from "this Philistine."

Young David, coming into the camp of Israel to do an errand for his father, heard the challenge of the giant and accepted it, much to the discomfiture of his three soldier brothers, who looked upon him as only a shepherd boy.

David came out to meet Goliath with the swiftness and lightness of a gazelle. He took one of the small smooth stones from his scrip, placed it in his sling, and threw it. It struck the forehead of Goliath and felled him. David took Goliath's sword and cut off his head.

Goliath

A man of fierce type, one of the Anakim, probably nine feet, eight inches tall, arrayed in an armor of brass, with a coat made of flexible scales of brass, weighing one hundred and forty-seven pounds. His head was protected by a helmet of brass; his legs had on them greaves of brass fastened by leather thongs. Brass here, brass there, brass everywhere. His armament was a spear, "the flame" of which (the blade) weighed about nineteen pounds. And beside this, he had a short javelin to hurl at his foe, and a shield which a man bore ahead of him. He had no reinforcements, but relied wholly on his own great strength. He had been chosen as the champion of the host arrayed against Israel, and for forty days, in thunder tones, had challenged any one in Israel to come out and engage in a duel with him. Goliath spurned David, the stripling, as his assailant, but he was face to face with David, and had to defend himself. Goliath "lost his head" in two ways.

Goliath Slain by David

The Flight of the Enemy

David might have worn the king's armor in this encounter. Indeed, the king had insisted that it should be put upon David when he was told that he was going out to fight against Goliath. But David would none of it; the king's armor was no sooner on than it was off, and David was saying: "I can not go with these. I have not proved them."

And after the victory, what? The enemy fled in confusion, the hosts of the tribes of Israel pursued them, and then came back to take possession of their tents and provisions. Young David brought the head of Goliath and his armor and put it in his own tent, as his part of the spoil. And he was called in before the king with the head of Goliath in his hand. The streets of Jerusalem rang with the praises of the youthful David, as the women sang and danced and played upon instruments of music. But David did not in any sense "lose his head." "David behaved himself wisely in all his ways, and the Lord was with him!"

The place where this wonderful duel occurred is fourteen or fifteen miles southwest of Jerusalem, and nine or ten miles from Bethlehem. The modern Wady-es-Sunt is probably the Elah mentioned in this story. But why is this story given in the Bible? Is it profitable for doctrine, for reproof, or for correction? The following incident is one answer: A street preacher had just announced his subject as "David and Goliath," when a prize-fighter came along. He said to himself, "That's something in my line. I guess I'll stop and hear it." He listened attentively to the reading of the Scriptural account, but was rather "disgusted with so much blowing," as he told some one afterwards, but was "glad the little one won." The prize-fighter was so much interested in the sermon which followed that he determined to change the manner of his life and become a preacher himself. And now he is known all over Australia, if not the whole world, as "Bendigo the evangelist." The writer is in the habit of marking with a cross all texts which are known to have been instrumental in saving a soul. Naturally, the appearance of a cross at the story of David and Goliath would cause surprise and inquiry, and this story is often told to verify it.

Other Giants

Goliath is not the only giant that ever lived in the world. Indeed, he belonged to a race of giants, the Anakim, the sight of whom so frightened the spies who were sent by Moses to view the Promised Land that they brought back an evil report, which caused the Israelites to rebel against going forward. The world seems never to have been without giants.

In 1906 a giant was brought to the United States from Russia for exhibition. His height was nine feet, three inches, about three inches less than Goliath. His weight was said to be four hundred and fifty pounds. Six feet and ten inches is a pretty good height for a man. There was a Congregational minister by the name of Stevens in Minnesota of that height. When he stood in the pulpit his hips were above the pulpit.

But there are other giants which are invisible. These are the deadliest of all foes. They are called: The Giant Ill-temper, the Giant Untruthfulness, the Giant Selfishness, the Giant Intemperance, the Giant Evil-speaking.

"There is no use for me to throw stones at the Giant Ill-temper," said Annie Kimball, "but the quickest way to get rid of him is just to go and do something kind for somebody; he can not stand such an atmosphere as that. We hear about the air being made pure by a thunder storm. That is God's way of cleaning the air. Loving word and loving deed are just as efficacious in chasing ill-temper out of the heart. Why, the other day I felt a spell of ill-temper coming over me, and I said to myself, 'I will go at once and take a basket of fruit and flowers to poor old Mother Blank, who has been bed-ridden so many years.' I made all possible haste, fearing the Giant Ill-temper would get the better of me. If you could have seen me a little later arranging the flowers by the sick woman's bedside, and placing the fruit in a tempting pile, and if you could have heard the words of endearment by which I was called, you would have thought me one of the most amiable persons on earth. I am happy to tell you it was not for many days afterward that the Giant Ill-temper dared to make another attack."

An old Greek philosopher has taught us how to fight the Giant Evil-speaking. Some one spoke evil of Plato, and he was asked, "What are you going to do about it?" He replied, "Live in such a way that no one will believe it." This is a wise rule for an outside attack, but what is to be done when it is on the inside, and we ourselves are the guilty ones?

If you are tempted to reveal
A tale some one to you has told
About another, make it pass,
Before you speak, three Gates of Gold.

Three narrow gates—first, "Is it true?"
Then, "Is it needful?" In your mind
Give truthful answer. And the next
Is last and narrowest, "Is it kind?"

And if, to reach your lips at last,
It passes through these gateways three,
Then you may tell the tale, nor fear,
What the result of speech may be.

Here is an account of how a boy bravely fought the Giant Untruthfulness: "Lost your situation? How did it happen, my boy?" "Well, mother, you'll say it was all my own carelessness, I suppose. I was dusting the shelves in the store, and in trying to hurry up matters I sent a lot of fruit jars smashing to the floor. Mr. Barton scolded, and said he would not stand my blundering ways any longer, so I packed up and left." His mother looked troubled. "Don't mind, mother, I can get another situation soon, you know. But what shall I say if they ask me why I left the last one?" "Tell the truth, James, of course; you would not think of telling anything else?" "No, I only thought I'd keep it to myself if I could. I am afraid it might stand in my way." "It never stands in one's way to do right, James, even though it may seem to sometimes.' He found it harder than he had expected to get a situation. He walked and inquired until he felt almost discouraged, till one day something seemed to be waiting for him. A young looking man in a clean, bright store, newly started, was in want of an assistant. James felt that a boy who had a record for carelessness might not be wanted there, and he felt sorely tempted to conceal the truth. It was a long distance from the place from which he had been dismissed, and the chances were slight of a new employer ever hearing about his discharge. But he thought better of it, and frankly told exactly the circumstances which had led to his seeking the situation. The storekeeper replied: "I have heard that those who know their faults, and are honest enough to own them, are likely to mend them." Just at that moment, James's former employer appeared, and of course James thought it was all up with him. "Oh, ho!" said he, looking at the boy, "Are you hiring this young chap, Fred?" "I haven't yet, sir." "Well, I guess you might try him; if you can only," he added, laughingly, "keep him from spilling all the wet goods and smashing all the dry ones. You will find him reliable in everything else. If you find you don't like him, I'll be willing to give him another trial myself." "If you think so well of him," said the young man, "I think I shall keep him myself." "Oh, mother," said James, "you are right, as you always are. It was telling the truth that got it for me."

The Giant Intemperance is the oldest and strongest of the giants that we have to fight. He was living as far back as the time of Noah, just after the flood. Just now he is being pretty badly wounded, but we can hardly say that any of his wounds are mortal. At least he dies hard. The pledge prayer is the very best weapon to use in fighting him.

A Little Giant

Who has not heard the expression, "A little giant?" And yet giants are never small. A little giant is somebody or something that has great power in comparison with its size. There have lived some men small in stature but great in mind, and they have been called "little giants."

But there is a little thing, only about two inches long, that has a tremendous power for evil; power to ruin the health of young men and boys; power to destroy their minds; power to keep them from getting on in the world. Surely it must be a little giant. It is the cigarette! We are plainly told in the Bible what kind of an equipment we must have to fight giants of evil. We must put on the whole armor of God, including the girdle of truth, the breastplate of righteousness, the shield of faith, the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit.

* **International Sunday School Lesson for August 9, 1908.** David and Goliath, I. Sam. 17: 38-49. GOLDEN TEXT: "In the Lord put I my trust." Ps. 11: 1.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES

he Sin of Selfishness*

I MANY respects, Peter was the rongest character in the little band of Christ's personal following. But thre was a point of weakness in him wich Jesus detected and corrected. He ws selfish; he had never learned the leson of living for others. He desired hiors for himself alone, and when dnger threatened, his own personal sety was his first consideration. The Mster showed him the better way. He taght him that love should not be sf-centred, but should go out to oth-e; that zeal must be directed toward ufulness and not to building up one's on fortunes; that His true follower nst be prepared to make complete srifice of all he most cherished, in oler that he might reach the highest sndard of Christian discipleship.

We can never find true happiness util we begin to eliminate the poison oselfishness from our lives. It is told oa man who had long practised many asterities, without finding any comfrt or change of heart, that he was oce complaining of his state to a certn bishop. "Alas!" said he, "self-will ad self-righteousness follow me evrywhere. Only tell me when you tnk I shall learn to leave self. Will i be by study, or prayer, or good vrks?" "I think," replied the bishop, "nat the place where you will lose self vll be that where you will find your Sviour."

A lady was induced to promise that se would read a religious book. Her felings followed those of the writer nerally, until she came to the chapt styled the "self-dedication chapt." She hesitated. Her heart rose in cposition. She could not surrender to God. There was a small portion c her earthly treasures, used as ornaents, which she was unwilling to surnder for that "glittering crown of gory" which Christ promises to all hose that love and serve him. She fused to finish the dedication chapter. ne day, while complaining to a sisr that she could find no peace, her ster replied, "Perhaps there is someing you are unwilling to part with—me little thing that you will not give for the sake of an interest in Christ. emember, he requires entire consecra-on—all." She soon left her sister—tired to her closet—resolved to part ith all things for an interest in her edeemer. Peace gradually dawned oon her mind, and her whole life was nobled and made sweeter by her unelfish devotion.

As a barrier to spiritual growth, elfishness is a fault which mars many a otherwise noble and beautiful naure. It withers loyalty, shrivels friendhip and chokes religion; it minimizes very great and worthy enterprise. nselfishness was Christ's method of onquering the world; he gave himelf freely for others. Our missionries, martyrs and reformers, in following his example, have disclosed to s the possibilities of the human heart a spiritual attainment.

Even in our limited sphere, we can trive unselfishly to become a means of lessing to others. "How can you do ?" said a friend to a missionary bout to take ship for the mission field n West China. "I couldn't do this for nybody but Jesus," was the answer. So we, in our homes, in business, and n our social and church relations, may ind opportunities to do service, to ear others' burdens, to speak love and ncouragement, to judge generously, nd to make of ourselves living and hining examples of devotion to Christ nd of practical service for the inringing of his kingdom.

Our lives, rightly understood, are ot our own. We are bought with a rice, and as Christ lived and died for s, so we, in our turn, ought to live for thers. It is related of Henry Martyn, he famous missionary, that early in is career he began to feel that he must not live to himself. He sacrificed home, friendship, worldly comfort, health, earthly love, and last of all, life itself, that he might tell the heathen of the true God, and of Jesus, who died to save sinners; for, as he said, "he could not endure life if Jesus were not glorified." He literally left all that he might follow Jesus. His spirit was one of the happiest the world has ever known.

* Epworth League Topic for Sunday, August 9. Text: John 21 : 15–22; II. Cor. 5 : 11–19.

The Body as a Temple*

ALL through the Christian religion, like a silver thread, we trace the thought that the body is a temple which it is our duty to keep pure and clean and undefiled, as a fit dwelling for the Holy Spirit. In this view, it becomes a duty to avoid every excess that will defile or weaken the body. Intemperance, gluttony, anger, licentiousness and evil appetite in all its forms, are to be sedulously guarded against. A sound mind in a sound body and a good conscience should be the distinguishing marks of Christ's followers.

In both the Old and New Testaments we find many injunctions laid down for the regulation and preservation of health. From these it is evident that sins against the body are regarded as not merely offenses against the individual but against the general welfare. In normal surroundings, health is a duty we owe to society. In the case of the Christian, it is even more essential that the divinely ordained laws affecting our physical well-being should be faithfully observed. It is indispensable that we be pure in all things if we would have our bodies to become a fit temple for the Holy Ghost. Unclean lives, evil habits, and the indulgence of the sins of the flesh erect a barrier to spiritual progress, which cannot be overcome by any human effort. In order to "glorify God in our body and our spirit, which are God's," our everyday life must be clean, wholesome and regulated in obedience to law.

Samuel Smiles, in his famous book, *Self Help*, tells how large a part of the success of many very distinguished men was due to their cultivation of good physical habits and observance of the laws of health. By athletic exercise and temperate outdoor living they developed great strength of body and, sympathetically, remarkable activity and energy of brain. Intellectual acquirement, hard to others, was to them pastime. Had they given way to excesses or evil appetite, their careers would have been ingloriously shortened, like thousands of others who have yielded to the lure of indulgence.

Clean, healthy living gave these men the opportunity for the development of the best there was in them, intellectually. So it is an indispensable aid to spiritual development also. "A mower with a good scythe will do more work in one day than he that hath a bad one can do in two," wrote good old Dr. Richard Baxter. "Every workman knoweth the benefit of having his tools in order. They that have tried health and sickness, know what a help it is in every work of God to have a healthy body and cheerful spirits and an alacrity and promptitude to obey the mind."

If we would live so that our earthly careers are to be noble, helpful, and useful, an example and inspiration to others, and triumphant at the close, we must live close to God. Modern hygiene tells us that the simplest life is the healthiest. Wealth can not confer health, although its temptations may take it away. Temperate in all things, restraining evil thoughts and desires, loving and considerate toward others, joyous-hearted and confident in God's protecting care, we can go forward, striving day by day with divine help to give ourselves to him as a living sacrifice, "for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are."

*Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, August 9. Text: I. Cor. 6 : 19, 20.

Welcome to Sunbeam Cottage

WELCOME, dear children, welcome! Come and be happy and free,
To the cool and beautiful woodlands, where the children love to be.
Play by the rippling brooks there, gather the flowerets fair,
And listen to the little birds that are singing everywhere.
They are so free and happy, cared for by God on high,
Bright little gems of beauty, that flit across the sky.

Come for a merry frolic over the grassy mound,
Shouting, laughing and running, oh what a joyful sound,
Happy with Mother Nature, whom children all adore,
Breathing the air and sunshine, as never they did before.
Sad little hearts made blithesome, sorrows all chased away,
Bright as the little sunbeams, dancing the livelong day.

Come from the noisy cities, the crowded streets and din,
To the Children's Home so lovely, brightened with love within;
Here you will find surprises, for beauty and pleasures sweet,
Flowers and playthings and music, and loving friends you'll meet.
And, oh, dear children, listen, so happy you all will be,
For Jesus is here and saying, "Let the little ones come to me."

—AGNES M. MCASLAN.

"Happy Jack"

JOHN OLARENSHAW, better known as "Happy Jack," of Cincinnati, is dead. There was hardly a better known character in Cincinnati during the past twenty-five years than Olarenshaw. He was founder and head of Plum Street Rescue Mission. He was born about seventy-two years ago in England and came to this country in 1856. After a few weeks in Philadelphia he came to Cincinnati. He was converted many years ago at a street meeting, and engaged enthusiastically ever since in the conversion of others by street speaking. He had preached for many years among the prisoners of the workhouse, the county jail, the Newport jail and other penal institutions. He was never known to be downcast, but was bubbling over with optimism. He was the father of ten children, three of whom survive him.

"Happy Jack"

Called Higher

R. P. Silton, of Giber, Mo., was called to his eternal home on March 25. He was greatly interested in all Christian work, and had been a constant reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD since 1888.

Mrs. J. F. Cantwell entered into rest at Worthington, Ind., at the age of seventy-eight years. She was a Presbyterian by faith and had been a constant reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the past fifteen years.

Entered into rest Mrs. Hannah Mary Monroe, wife of Dr. Thomas E. Monroe, pastor emeritus of the First Congregational Church of Akron, Ohio. She was of Quaker parentage. She was a worthy co-worker with her husband in his church work.

Mrs. Mary J. Poynter Nichols, of Owen County, Mont., has entered into rest. She was born in Hendricks County, Ind., in 1839. She was the daughter of a Methodist clergyman and through life a faithful Christian. Her husband and six children survive her.

Mrs. Margaret Brachm, wife of the late Samuel W. Brachm, passed to her eternal rest from her home in Concord, N. C., April 11, 1908. She was for sixty years a faithful member of Central M. E. Church, Concord, N. C. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD was a great comfort to her.

Mrs. I. A. Hall of Gilbert, Iowa, was called higher a few weeks ago, in her seventy-first year. At the age of nineteen she gave her heart to Christ. She had been a subscriber and reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for many years, and as she was somewhat of an invalid, it was always gladly welcomed.

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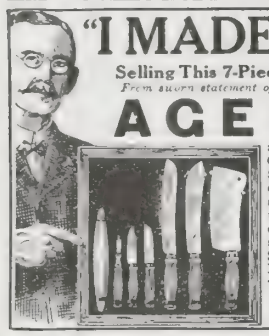

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The Transformation of Margaret

By MRS. ELEANOR H. PORTER

Author of "Into Still Waters," etc.

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Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

Little Margaret Kendall, when five years old, was lost in New York and several years elapsed before she was restored to her grief-stricken mother, at Houghtonsville. The child had lived among the children of the streets and had acquired their ways. At her mother's home she is surrounded with every luxury, but she wishes that the poor children might share her good fortune. "Bobby" McGinnis, who knew Margaret in New York, now lives near in the same town and becomes a great friend of the little girl. Her widowed mother becomes engaged to Doctor Spencer, who was instrumental in finding Margaret in New York. The little girl is filled with horror, as all the husbands she had heard of beat their wives. She sends to the doctor a contract in which it is stipulated that he will not beat her mother; this the amused doctor signs at once. Margaret insists on a visit from the children of the "Alley," with whom she lived in the slums. At first she wants them to stay always, but consents to have it made a visit. The child, when she sees them, realizes the difference between her old life and the new and is more contented to try and live as her mother wishes. She strives to please, but finds difficulty in curbing her speech and changing her manners. Her mother and herself go back to the city with the Alley children and try to arrange for their welfare. Mrs. Kendall then sends the little girl to a fashionable school in order to give Margaret the companionship of girls of her own age who will make her forget her past experiences, for Margaret was becoming a nervous wreck brooding over the poor people in the "Alley." The doctor and his bride start on their wedding journey; the train is wrecked and both are killed. Several years elapse, Mrs. Merideth and her two brothers, Ned and Frank Spencer, sister and brothers of the doctor who married Mrs. Kendall, are living at their home, Belcourt. Margaret, who has been away at school and traveling, comes to live with them. They find her a beautiful young girl with charming ways. Margaret, riding in an automobile with a Mr. Brandon, sees for the first time the dirty mill village near Belcourt. The mills belong to the Spencers and she learns much of the way in which the firm runs its business. They nearly run over a little girl named Maggie and Miss Kendall's interest is aroused. A young man named McGinnis holds an important position in the mill and is interested in bettering the conditions of the working people.

CHAPTER XX

EARLY in the second week of September the houseful of guests at Belcourt went away, leaving the family once more alone.

"It seems good, doesn't it?—just by ourselves," said Margaret that first morning at breakfast. As she spoke three pair of eyes flashed a message of exultant thankfulness to each other, and three heads nodded an "I told you so!" when Margaret's gaze was turned away. Later Mrs. Merideth put the sentiment into words, as she followed her brothers to the door.

"You see, I was right," she declared. "Margaret only needed livening up. She's all right now, and will be contented here with us."

"Sure!" agreed Ned, as he stepped out upon the veranda. Frank paused a moment.

"Has she ever been to you again, Della, with money, or—or anything?" he asked in a low voice.

"No, never," replied Mrs. Merideth. "She asked once if I'd found the child Maggie, to give the money to, and I evaded a direct reply. I told her I had put the money into the hands of the Guild, and that they were in constant touch with all cases of need. I got her interested in talking of something else, and she did not say anything more about it."

"Good! It's the best way. You know her history, and how morbid she got when she was a child. It won't do to run any chances of that happening again; and I fear 'twouldn't take much to bring it back. She was not a little excited when she brought the money in to me that night. We must watch out sharp," he finished as he passed through the door, and hurried down the steps after his brother.

Back in the dining-room Margaret had wandered listlessly to the window. It had been some weeks since she had seen a long day before her with no plans to check off the time into hours and half-hours of expected happenings. She told herself that it was a relief and that she liked it—but her fingers tapped idly upon the window, and her eyes gazed absent-mindedly at a cloud sailing across a deep blue sky.

After a time she turned to the door near by and stepped out upon the veranda. She could hear voices from around the corner, and aimlessly she wandered toward them. But before she had reached the turn the voices had ceased; and a minute later she saw Frank and Ned step into the waiting automobile and whirl rapidly down the driveway.

Mrs. Merideth had disappeared into the house, and Margaret found herself alone. Slowly she walked toward the railing and looked at the town far below. The roofs showed red and brown and gray in the sunlight, and were packed close together save at the outer edges, where they thinned into a straggling fringe of cottages and dilapidated shanties.

Margaret shivered with repulsion. How dreadful it must be to live like that—no air, no sun, no view of the sky and of the cool green valley! And there were so many of them—those poor creatures down there, with their wasted forms and sunken eyes! She shuddered again as she thought of how they had thronged the road on the day of the picnic at Silver Lake—and then she turned and walked with resolute steps to the farther side of the veranda where only the valley and the hills met her eyes.

It had been like this with Margaret every day since that memorable ride home with Mr. Brandon. Always her steps, her eyes, and her thoughts had turned toward the town; and always, with uncompromising determination, they had turned about again by sheer force of will until they looked toward the valley with its impersonal green and silver. Until now there had been gay companions and absorbing pastimes to make this turning easy and effectual; now there was only the long unbroken day of idleness in prospect, and the turning was neither so easy nor so effectual. The huddled roofs and dilapidated shanties of the town looked up at her even from the green of the valley, and the wasted forms and hollow eyes of the mill-workers blurred the sheen of the river.

"I'll go down there," she cried aloud with sudden impulsiveness. "I'll go back through the way we came up; then perhaps I'll be cured." And she hurried away to order the runabout to be brought to the door for her use.

To Margaret it was all very clear. She needed but a sane, daylight ride through those streets down there to drive away forever the morbid fancies that had haunted her so long. She told herself that it was the hour, the atmosphere, the half-light, that had painted the picture of horror for her. Under the clear light of the sun those swarming multitudes would be merely men, women and children, not haunting ghosts of misery. There was the child, Maggie, too. Perhaps she might be found, and it would be delightful, indeed, to see for herself the comforting results of the spending of that roll of money she had put into her guardian's hands some time before.

Of all this Margaret thought, and it was, therefore, with not unpleasant anticipations that she stepped into the runabout a little later, and waved a good-by to Mrs. Merideth, with a cheery "I'm off for a little spin, Aunt Della. I'll be back before luncheon."

Margaret was very sure that she knew the way, and some distance below the house she made the turn that led to what was known as the Town Road. The air was fresh and sweet, and the sun flickered through the trees in dancing little flecks of light that set the girl's pulses to throbbing in sympathy, and caused her to send the car bounding forward as if it, too, had red blood in its veins. Far down the hill the woods thinned rapidly, and a house

Continued on next page

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Ever read the above letter? A new on appears from time to time. They a genuine, true, and full of human interes

The Transformation of Margaret

Continued from preceding page

w appeared. Margaret went more
l now. Somewhere was the home
it Maggie, and she did not want
ni it.
[o es and more houses appeared,
t trees were left behind. There
ow only the glaring sunlight
wig up in all their barrenness the
bl little cottages with their door-
ds trewn with tin cans and bits of
e and swarming with half-clothed,
n babies.
n somewhere came running a
y aced, bare-footed urchin, then
th and another, until the road
ne lined with them.
H thar, look at de buz-wagon wid
ain it!" shrieked a gleeful voice,
i tantly the cry was taken up and
e from across the street with
ll atcalls and derisive laughter.
Ma aret was frightened. She tooted
h n furiously, and tried to forge
a but the children, reading aright
t eror in her eyes, swarmed about
u til she was forced to bring the
a ost to a stop lest she run over
s all squirming bodies.
Wi shrieks of delight the children
ar ly saw their advantage, and lost
in in making the most of it. They
e upon the low step and clung to
s les and front of the car like
bl . Two larger boys climbed to
b k and hung there with swing-
fe t, their jeering lips close to Miss
Ke dl's shrinking ears. A third
s l more venturesome, had almost
ch the vacant seat at Miss Ken-
's side, when above the din of hoots
l ughter sounded an angry voice
a sharp command.

CHAPTER XXI

H ad been young McGinnis' inten-
t n to look up the home and the
p rents of the little mill-girl,
Ki Magoon, at once, and see if
s ing could not be done to keep,
at time, at least, that frail bit of
la ity out of the mills. Some days
la apsed, however, since he had
pa with the child, and not until
he ad he found the time to carry
hi plans. He was hurrying with
sw ng brow along the lower end of
Se ct Hill Road when suddenly his
e re assailed by the unmistakable
no e that somewhere a mob of
bo boys had found an object upon
wh to vent their wildest mischief.
Ne ext moment a turn of the road
re ad the almost motionless runa-
wa ith its living freight of shriek-
ur chins, and its one white-faced,
fr d girl.
"M a low-breathed "Margaret!"
Mc Ginis sprang forward.
It as all done so quickly that even
gi l herself could not have told
wh happened. Almost unconsciously
sh pped over into the vacant seat
ga ve her place to the fearless,
ra -jawed man who seemingly had
ri from the ground. An appar-
ly mpossible number of long arms
sh ut to the right and to the left,
th e squirming urchins dropped to
gr round, sprawling on all fours,
ho owling with surprise and cha-
ri . Then came a warning cry and
ho p "honk-honk-honk" from the
ru . The next moment the car bounded
fo ard on a roadway that opened
ou nd straight before it.
Fo until he had left the town quite
in him did McGinnis bring the car
to alt in the shade of a great tree
th roadside. Then he turned an
in is face to the girl at his side.
"Y u're not hurt, I hope, Miss Ken-
," he began. "I didn't like to stop
to to ask. I hope you didn't mind
un thrust so unceremoniously out of
ha rplace and run away with," he
sa d, a faint twinkle coming into
gr ay eyes.
Ma rgaret flushed. Before she spoke
pu ut both hands to her head and
ad htened her hat.
"O , I—I'm not hurt," she said faintly, "but I was frightened. You—you were very good to run away with me," she added, the red deepening in her cheeks. "I'm sure I don't know what I should have done if you hadn't."

The man's face darkened.

"The little rascals!" he cried. "They deserve a sound thrashing—every one of them."

"But I'd done nothing — I'd not spoken to them," she protested. "I don't see why they should have molested me."

"Pure mischief, to begin with, probably," returned the man; "then they saw that you were frightened, and that set them wild with delight. All is—I'm glad I was there," he concluded with grim finality.

Margaret turned quickly.

"And so am I," she said, "and yet I don't even know whom to thank, though you evidently know me. You seemed to come from the ground, and you handled the car as if it were your own."

With a sudden exclamation the man stepped to the ground; then he turned and faced her, hat in hand.

"And I'm acting now as if it were my own, too," he said almost bitterly. "I beg your pardon, Miss Kendall. I have run it many times for Mr. Spencer; that explains my familiarity with it."

"And you are—" she paused expectantly.

The man hesitated. It was almost on his tongue's end to say, "One of the mill-hands"; then something in the bright face, the pleasant smile, the half-outstretched hand, sent a strange light to his eyes.

"I am—Miss Kendall, I have half a mind to tell who I am."

She threw a quick look into his face and drew back a little; but she said graciously:

"Of course you will tell me who you are."

There was a moment's silence, then slowly he asked:

"Do you remember—Bobby McGinnis?"

"Bobby? Bobby McGinnis?" The blue eyes half closed and seemed to be looking far into the past. Suddenly they opened wide and flashed a glad recognition into his face. "And are you Bobby McGinnis?"

"Yes."

"Why, of course I remember Bobby McGinnis," she cried, with outstretched hand. "It was you that found me when I was a wee bit of a girl in New York, though that I don't remember. But we used to play together there in Houghtonsville, and it was you that got me the contract—" she stopped abruptly and turned her face away. The man saw her lips and chin tremble. "I can't speak of it—even now," she said brokenly, after a moment. Then, gently: "Tell me of yourself. How came you here?"

"I came here at once—from Houghtonsville." McGinnis' voice, too, was not quite steady. She nodded, and he went on without explaining the "at once"—he had thought that she would understand. "I went to work in the mills, and — I have been here ever since. That is all," he said simply.

"But how happened it that you came—here?"

A dull red flushed the man's cheeks. His eyes swerved from her level gaze, then came back suddenly with the old boyish twinkle in their depths.

"I came," he began slowly, "well, to look after your affairs."

"My affairs!"

"Yes. I was fifteen. I deemed somehow that I was the one remaining friend who had your best interests at heart. I couldn't look after you, naturally—in a girl's school—so I did the next best thing. I looked after your inheritance."

To be continued

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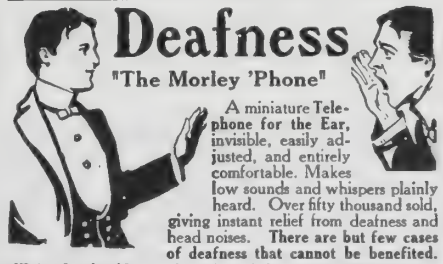

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★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Will he realize the dream of centuries? Will he reach the goal and return safely again to "t home-land"? Will the Stars and Stripes in a few months wave triumphantly from the Pole itse and the honor coveted by the Nations belong to this our own dear Country?

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". . . This was the crucial moment. For a minute or two, whi seemed an age, the pressure [of the huge berg] was terrific. Th *Roosevelt's* ribs and interior bracing cracked like the discharge of musketr the deck amidships bulged up several inches, while the main rigging hu slack and the masts shook as in a violent gale. Then with a mighty trem the ship shook herself free and jumped upward till her propeller showe above water. The big floe snappe against the edge of the 'ice-foot,' lea ing the *Roosevelt* stranded but *safe*.

VIEW OF THE *ROOSEVELT* IN HER WINTER QUARTERS

From the *Sun* of July 8, 1908

President Roosevelt had a chance to see what a real Pole hunter in undress uniform looks like when he boarded Commander Peary's ship, the *Roosevelt*, this afternoon. When Captain Bartlett, the sailing master, started to apologize, the President cut him short: **"I don't give a rap what she looks like. It's what she does that counts."** To one stalwart fellow the President made a longer speech, saying: **"You've got plenty of pluck, and you have a brave commander. Follow him to the end."**

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SEE PAGE 619

LEADERS IN NORTHFIELD'S SUMMER CONFERENCE THIS YEAR

1. Dr. R. A. Torrey; 2. Evangelist Len. G. Broughton; 3. "Round Top" Hill; 4. Prof. James McConaughy; 5 and 6. Street Views in Northfield; 7. Rev. W. L. Watkinson, London; 8. "Camp Northfield"; 9. Rev. J. S. Holden, St. Paul's, London.

Questions and Answers

A reader in New Orleans kindly sends the following additional information in regard to the marriage of first cousins:

In your magazine for March 11, 1908, in giving the States where marriages between first cousins is prohibited, you omitted to give this State (Louisiana), which enacted such a law in 1902.

W. N., Belleville, N. Y. 1. What is regarded as the best proof of immortality? 2. What age was Saul when he was made king?

1. The belief in immortality has been characteristic of the race since the beginning. We find it among the ancient Hindus, Jews, Chinese, Egyptians, Persians and other cultivated nations, as well as among the uncivilized peoples. It is an inborn, inherited belief, but until Christ came to bring "life and immortality to light," it was not clearly understood. There have been many writers on the proofs of immortality; one of the ablest being Professor Chase, who dealt with the natural proofs. Butler has also dealt with it in his famous *Analogy*, and Duncan, in his *Evidence of Reason for Immortality*. Stanhope, Channing, Chalmers, Newman and other able writers should be consulted. You will find their works in any good theological library or possibly in some of the larger public libraries. 2. It is supposed that Saul was about thirty years old when he began to reign, although there is no positive statement on the matter.

S. J. G., Skowhegan, Me. 1. What was the population of the United States last year? 2. The population of the States of New York and Pennsylvania and the cities of New York and London? 3. How many miles of railroad in the United States?

1. The last census was taken in 1900. The population of the continental United States, including Alaska, was 76,149,386. An estimate has been made that the population of the continental United States may be 95,500,000 this year. 2. New York in 1900 had 7,268,894; Pennsylvania, 6,302,115. New York City had 3,437,202. In 1901, last British census, the population of London was 6,580,616. 3. According to *Poor's Manual of Railroads* there were in 1907 218,433.46 miles of railroad in the United States, not including second tracks and sidings.

Reader, Warren, Mass. What has been done in regard to the fine of $29,240,000, which was levied on the Standard Oil Company of Indiana by Judge Landis?

The matter was appealed by the attorneys of the oil company and the facts in contention were heard by three judges of the United States Court of Appeals. Judge Grosscup recently delivered the ruling with Judges Baker and Seaman concurring. Under their decision the case must be tried again. The principal finding of the judges was on the score of excessive punishment, also that the real defendant company was not before the court, the stock of the Indiana company being largely owned, it is said, by the Standard Oil Company, of New Jersey. President Roosevelt is reported to be greatly dissatisfied with the reversal of the decision and it is understood that steps will be at once taken for a speedy re-trial.

D. B. S., Waterbury, Conn. Was Captain Dreyfus of the French Army imprisoned on Devil's Island five or ten years? When he was brought back to Paris, was he tried, convicted and pardoned, or acquitted? What are the essential facts?

Captain Dreyfus was sent to Devil's Island in December, 1894. A strong party, convinced of his innocence—the evidence against him was clearly manufactured — worked for a new trial. Zola took up his cause. At last, in September, 1898, the Court of Cassation quashed the sentence and ordered a new trial. Dreyfus was brought back and retried. The "trial was marked by the most contemptible evasions" by those opposing Dreyfus, but nevertheless Dreyfus was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. He was pardoned in a few days and in 1906 the court annulled the Rennes decision and declared the crime had never existed of which Dreyfus was twice convicted. The persecuted captain was made a major and received other honors.

H. R. C., McGraw, Ky. Do the members of the Red Cross Society wear their badges except on ceremonial occasions?

The recognition button is worn any time desired. Gentlemen often wear it in the lapel of their business suits. We are unable to answer the second question sent.

A reader, Poplar Ridge, N. Y., a member of the Society of Friends, kindly sends the following:

The question was asked in the MAIL-BAG if Quakers ever had any other name. "Friends" is the proper name; "Quaker" was given in derision, and I think it much to be regretted that our members should use it, as some do. It never appears on our church books.

M. M. D., Wauconda, Ill. 1. Who was the first settler of Chicago? 2. Give something of the extent of the city.

1. As far back as 1680 Hennepin mentions the building of a new fort called Checaw-gon, on the River Illinois. In 1779 Baptiste Point de Saible, an educated negro, settled on the north bank of the Chicago River. He sold his cabin to Le Moi, a French trader. In 1803 the United States built Fort Dearborn, and one year later John Kenzie, called the "father of Chicago," came from Niles, Mich., and bought Le Moi's property. 2. Chicago has a lake front of twenty-four miles and extends from six to eight miles inland, covering an area of one hundred ninety-one square miles.

H. M. R., Nanton, Alberta, Can. When and in what church was the Deaconess work first started? What are their duties?

There were deaconesses in the early church whose business was to visit the sick and minister to the needy. The office was abolished in the Western Church in the fifth century and in the Greek Church about the twelfth century. In 1836 Pastor Fliedner, of the United Evangelical Church at Kaiserswerth, Germany, revived the order. In 1854 a few deaconesses for the Anglican Church were appointed, subject to the parish clergy. The Division Deaconesses' Institution in London was established in 1861. The largest number in this country, for a time at least, was attached to the Episcopal Diocese of Long Island. There are also deaconesses in the Methodist Church. Their duties are those of pastor's helpers, calling on the sick, relieving the necessities of the poor, etc.

R. T., Rogersville, Mo. How did Cain get his wife?

According to an old Jewish tradition, Adam's family consisted of thirty-three sons and twenty-three daughters. The Scriptural narrative, although it does not enter into details, seems to imply the existence of a considerable population in Cain's time, for he fears lest he should be murdered for the crime he himself committed (See Gen. 4: 14). The family of Adam may have largely increased before the birth of Seth, and the circumstance that none of the other children are noticed by name is explained by some commentators on the ground that their lives furnished nothing worthy of notice. These neighbors must, of course, have been blood relatives of Cain, whose wife must evidently have been one of his own kin. Epiphanius says her name was *Save;* Malalas calls her *Azura* but these names are simply legendary.

C. D. L., Wilkes Barre, Pa. Can you tell us what temperature is found at ten, or twelve, or fifteen miles up into the atmosphere?

It is impossible to tell. Balloonists have reached the height of four miles but could go no farther, as the rarified atmosphere caused the blood to rush from the nose and the cold was intense. Some scientific automatic measuring apparatus might be sent up, but results could be secured in no other way. You may have noticed that all recent experiments with flying machines and balloons, have been made at quite low altitudes and few attempts are now made to reach extreme heights.

Mrs. C. H., Toledo, O. Where in the Bible does it denounce self-murder as a sin?

It is a symptom of some form of insanity, and Paul evidently so regarded it when he rebuked the jailer in Acts 16: 28. See also Job 14: 14, which some commentators have interpreted as referring to the temptation to self-destruction.

New Brunswick Reader. What are the Godwin Sands so often mentioned in sailors' stories?

The Godwin's are long sand-bars east of the coast of Kent, England, where formerly was low coast land belonging to Godwin, Earl of Kent, the father of Harold II. Later the land was given to a monastery at Canterbury, but the Abbot neglected to repair the sea wall and the entire tract was submerged about the year A.D. 1100. The Godwins have proved the graveyard of many ships.

S. M. B., Bath, Pa. What is the distance of the sun from the moon, at the time of the eclipse? also, how far from the earth is the moon at the same time?

At the time of the eclipse, June 28, the moon was 244,300 miles from the earth's surface. It must be remembered that the moon's orbit is elliptical; and at that time she was in the farthest point in her path from us. The distance from the moon to the sun at that time was about 92,757,000 miles. The moon being so far away the focus of her shadow was 8,090 miles from the earth. At that point the eclipse was total.

SAMUEL PHELPS LELAND.

H. W., Montpelier, Ky. 1. What was the name of George Washington's father? 2. How many children did Lady Washington have and who was Nellie Custis? 3. What is the amount of the National debt?

1. Augustine Washington of Bridges Creek, Va. 2. A son and a daughter; the latter was Nellie Custis. 3. On November 1, 1907, the principal of the United States public debt was $2,492,231,518.54.

THE DEVIL'S EXCHANGE

A YOUNG man stood by a gilded sign
That swung o'er a haunt of sin;
And the music bright and the dazzling light
Enticed him to enter in.
He pushed his way to the crowded bar,
And drank with the drinking throng;
He laughed with the rest at the vulgar jest
And joined in the ribald song.

And when he passed through the outer door
With a hot and tainted breath,
He had set his feet in the darksome path
That leads to the shades of death.
He had tasted there in the devil's lair
His first deep, sinful draught;
And a wretched life of pain and strife
Was the price of the cup he quaffed.

So day by day we barter away
Our priceless treasures rare;
And we lightly part in the devil's mart
With gems that a king might wear.

For his worthless dross we place in pawn
The pledge of an honored name,
And we pay the toll of a blood-bought soul
As the price of a deed of shame.

O Lord, we pray for the vision clear
Of a soul that is pure within;
For a heart that clings to the priceless things,
And shrinks from the blight of sin;
For the steady step that seeks the path
That the Saviour hourly trod;
For the purpose true to know and do
The will and the work of God.

And when in the day of days we stand
In the place where the nations meet,
May it be our joy to hear the King
Speak thus from the judgment-seat:
"Thou hast kept unsoiled from the dust of earth
Full many a heavenly gem;
Lo, here they are—each one a star,
To gleam in thy diadem." F. C. WELLMAN.

Miscellaneous

M. K., Mich. No such expression in the Bible.

H. A. I., Virginia. Send your question to Thomas Cook & Sons, tourist agents, New York City.

Fred. L. Copac, Mich. The *Inferno* has a high literary and poetic value, but is hardly regarded as of any value to theology.

Reader, Johnstown, N. Y. The Romans in the time of Christ were still believers in the old pagan gods, and their worship was idolatry.

M. G. B., Long Island City, N. Y. There is nothing in the Constitution to prevent him from becoming President if he can get the votes.

Reader, Berryville, Ark. Tobit and Esdras are among the apocryphal books which were rejected as unauthentic, doubtful, or spurious when the canon of Scripture was made up.

C. H. T., Boston, Mass., apropos of a recent paragraph in THE MAIL-BAG concerning socialism, writes: "Fabians appeal to all classes, while international socialism appeals only to the working class."

Mr. S. C. K. Rutnam, of the Ceylon Mission School, writes us that he greatly needs a typewriter in his work. Any one having a machine to spare can aid the work materially. Mr. Rutnam will arrange for its transportation.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 5, 1908

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

Educated Alaskan Girls

Most Northerly School in the United States, at Cape Prince of Wales, Alaska

"Happy Jack" and Wife

Alaska's Awakening

By GILSON WILLETS

"IF WE can't get the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition ready in time by working all day, we'll work all night." So said members of the committee having in charge the preparations for the great "Alaska Fair" to be held in Seattle next year.

"We want this exposition of ours to show the people of the United States the wonderful progress that has been made in Alaska in the last ten years," the committeemen told me, "and we want people to know that Seattle is itself a great city besides being the base for the development of Alaska. The fact that we are to hold an Alaska exposition here in 1909 has stimulated widespread interest in the marvelous development of our vast territory to the north. We can't get tens of thousands of people to go to Alaska to see that remarkable country for themselves; but we think we can induce tens of thousands to come to Seattle and see an exposition that will show the work of the people who have civilized Alaska — the work of the missionary, the miner, the railroad builder and the thousands of pioneers from every State in the Union who have helped to bring Alaska to a point that justifies them in petitioning Congress for better representation at Washington and for at least as much of self-government as is allowed a territory within the United States."

The object of this paper is to give facts relating to the amazing progress made in our Northland within the decade since the discoveries made in that El Dorado called the Klondyke. To-day Alaska has a population of 100,000. Its commerce has grown by leaps and bounds. It increased twenty-four per cent. last year. It is prophesied that before 1925 Alaska will have a population of one million.

The visitor to Alaska to-day confronts no hardships. He finds twelve cities wherein are good hotels and all modern improvements. Those twelve cities, including Juneau, Nome, Fairbanks, Douglas, Chena, Skagway, and Treadwell, have their homes, schools, churches, libraries — the same as any typical Western city within the continental United States. Most of these places are connected by telegraph.

Every one of the cities has its electric lights, its waterworks and telephones, and its up-to-date department stores. In Nome you'll find over five hundred miles of telephones connecting the surrounding mining camps. Nome alone spent last year the sum of $25,000 for the maintenance of public schools.

In Juneau there is a well-conducted hospital for sick and disabled miners. There also are churches of a dozen different denominations. The town supports three newspapers. In its department stores a miner can outfit at a cost only slightly in advance of what he would pay for the same things in Seattle. Juneau's streets, like the streets of all the big towns, are well paved; and there is a regular fire department there.

Excursionists on the Seward Peninsula Railroad, Alaska

It was, of course, the discovery of gold that led to the first knowledge of what Alaska really is. Before that the popular impression was that Alaska was a land of perpetual ice and impossible cold. But in the ten years in which Nome alone has produced more than $30,000,000 in gold, people have learned that Alaska is a habitable country in all parts in summer, and in nearly all parts even in winter.

After the missionary, the first pioneer, came the second pioneer, the miner. And close upon the miner's heels came the third pioneer, the railroad builder. To-day there are far more miles of railroad in Alaska than in all our island possessions together. The White Pass and Yukon Road, the most scenic mountain road in the world, has done more in a few years to build up Alaska than was accomplished by dog and reindeer sled transportation in a century.

Various companies are building railroads from the coast to twenty different points in the interior. These new roads reveal to the traveler the most beautiful scenery and a most surprising display of vegetation, including a hundred varieties of flowers. The coming of the railroad has even opened up certain districts to farming, and this is causing the advent of that fourth pioneer, the farmer and ranchman.

A decade ago one lone steamer from Seattle was all Alaska had in the way of sea connection with the United States. To-day four or five steamers a week ply between Seattle and Alaskan ports. They bring up tourists and new settlers by the thousand; they bring up domestic manufactures, machinery and supplies by millions of dollars' worth; they bring down the precious ores from inexhaustible mines to the busy smelters of Puget Sound. Transportation companies declare that for years there has never once been a time, in the carrying season, when they could handle all the freight offered for Alaska.

The future of Alaska lies not only in gold, but also in its fisheries. Even to-day Alaska is the principal source of the salmon supply for the whole world. The annual output of the salmon canneries is valued at more than $10,000,000; and it is predicted that in the next ten years this will grow to $30,000,000. These canneries employ more than 16,000 persons — one-half whites, the remainder natives, Japanese and Chinamen.

One great obstacle to progress in Alaska, a very strange one politically considered, is the form of

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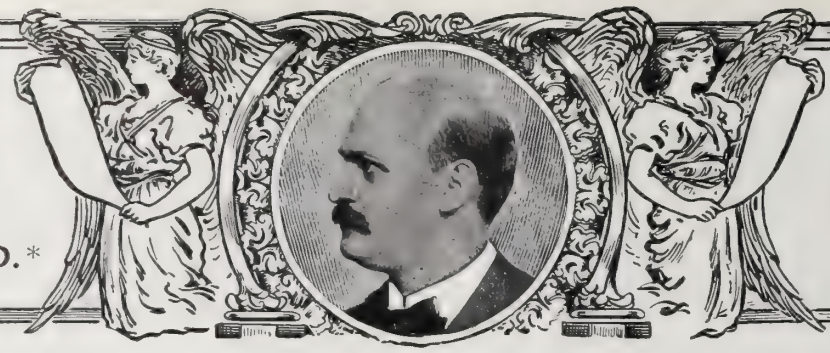
A Mail Runner in Alaska Ready to Take the "Long White Road"

THE
American Pulpit

A SERMON BY

Rev. Madison C. Peters, D.D. *



The Battle of Life

TEXT—I. Tim. 1 : 18
"That thou mightest war a good warfare."

IT HAS become a common thing to speak of the battle of life, and this is a tribute to the correctness of that Scripture view of our life which we are now called to consider. It shows that the representation of the text is founded on human experience. Not that "the battle of life" is strictly a Biblical phrase, for Scripture speaks of our life rather as a warfare than as a battle. But the thought is the same—only in the modern phrase the idea is apparently intensified, and the warfare is represented as so continuous and sustained that the whole of our life is spoken of as if it were an unbroken and uninterrupted battle.

The Christian life is not mere romance, but a warfare against all forms of sin. Better the tumult of perpetual conflict than the silent quiescence of universal death. We would rather see a man struggling with the tide of his corruptions than allowing himself quietly to drift down the stream. Any dead fish can swim with the tide. We have more hope of a man who has some difficulty in sinning than for one who sins without any compunction.

The necessity for the struggle lies first of all in the absolutely and immutably holy nature of God—"Be ye holy, for I am holy." Now, this struggle is not equally intense and painful to all. The chief virtue of some persons seems to be in their freedom from vices. To abstain from appears to be their ideal. They are too busy with the avoidance of fault and error to take time to do positive good. No one deserves credit for goodness unless he has strength to be bad. Virtue is an activity, and the person who has no other record than the negative one of avoidance will make a poor showing in the great day of accounts. The vice that is simply omitted, leaving a mere vacancy in the soul's existence, at the best counts only zero. But the virtue that crowds a vice out, and puts itself into the soul as a vital force, counts at least one. There are some whose difficulties seem comparatively light and on whom prosperity waits at every turn, while there are others whose battle is always in defeat and whose emergence from one trial is only the preparation for their gliding into another. What then is the true standard of a man's moral worth? He is to be judged not merely by the evils he refrains from doing, but by the amount of temptation he overcomes. He is not to be judged by his victories alone, but also by his defeats. Many a man passes through life without a spot on his character, who, notwithstanding, never struggled so bravely as he who fell and was disgraced. The latter may have called to his aid more principle, overcome more evil before he yielded, than the former, either from circumstances or his physical constitution, was ever called to do.

Victory is nothing. It depends upon the nature of the conflict and the odds overcome. Greater generalship, cooler bravery and loftier effort may be shown in one defeat than in a hundred victories.

Darkness and Sunshine

Of course, we are all clever at shifting responsibility, and are readily persuaded that we are to be pitied rather than blamed. We are the architects of circumstance, not the victims of it. We may defy it, we may subdue it, we may "breast the blows of circumstance and grapple with our evil star," and yet there is much truth in those well-known lines of Burns:

> Who made the heart, 'tis he alone
> Decidedly can try us;
> He knows each chord, each different tone,
> Each spring, each various bias.
>
> And at the balance we are mute,
> We never can adjust it:
> What's done we partly may compute;
> We know not what's resisted.

But life is not all battle with any of us. The darkest life has its moments of sunshine. Were it not so life itself would be an impossibility. No human spirit could stand a steady strain, no human heart could bear a perpetual pressure. There is, after all, much that is happy and joyous in our life, much that furnishes some reward for the past and some incentive for the future, so that while it is perfectly true that the element of warfare runs through every stage of our mortal existence, there are moments of victory, gleams of triumphant enjoyment which keep hope alive in the soul.

*Minister of the Cosmopolitan Church, New York.

Let us look at the manner in which this spiritual warfare is to be carried on. We must put ourselves in alliance with Christ. It is at the Cross that the burden of guilt falls off from the conscience, and we become lightened for the conflict—it is there that we are armed and equipped for the battle—there that we receive the shield of faith, the breastplate of righteousness, the helmet of salvation, the sword of the Spirit and the subtle and omnipotent weapon of prayer.

It must be maintained in a spirit of prayer—for it is this that preserves our reliance on God, and makes us strong in the strength which is in Christ Jesus.

But one can not fight and pray at the same time. No, if by prayer you mean only words of supplication we can not; but if prayer is a mental attitude of devotion with a subconscious reference to God in all things, we can. "They cried unto God in the battle, and he was entreated of them." There was not much time for many words of prayer. But a cry could go up or a thought go up, and as they went up, downward came the strong buckler which God puts between his servants and all evil. That is the sort of prayer that you men in the pressure of business, we students in our studies, you mothers in your homes and you young women in society can send up to heaven, and your souls will be kept in fighting trim and filled with the peace of God.

Our Favorite Sins

We must do it not only prayerfully, but honestly. That is to say, we must direct our attention to the resistance of all evil and to the positive cultivation of all good. There must be no secret and favorite sin. This would be fatal to the whole process. The strength of a fortress is just its strength at its weakest part, and if that be not guarded all other protection will go for nothing. Our danger lies precisely with our favorite sin; that is our most favorable point of attack, and it is there that our forces must be chiefly concentrated. Our bodily constitution may be strong in every respect but one, but if we neglect that one weakness it will kill us in the long run. I once saw a ship swinging with the tide, seeming as if it would follow it, and yet it could not, for far down beneath the water it was anchored. So many a soul sways toward heaven, but can not ascend thither because it is anchored to the world by some secret sin.

In the late Civil War one of the Federal ships had what seemed to be but a small superficial leakage, but it was not thought necessary to countermand the order that she should take part in a coming conflict. At the crisis of the engagement it was found that the sea water had got into the gunpowder magazine and rendered nearly the whole of it useless. On that powder hung victory or defeat. The little leak was neglected and an inferior force won.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, in his wonderful "One-Hoss Shay," sets forth the danger of having anywhere a weak spot:

> "Now, in building of chaises, I tell you what,
> There is always somewhere a weak spot —
> In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
> In panel or cross-bar, or floor or sill,
> In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace—lurking still,
> Find it somewhere you must and you will.
> Above or below, or within or without.
> And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
> A chaise breaks down, but doesn't wear out."

And the poet further declares that a chaise will not endure any more in an emergency than its weakest spot is able to stand:

> "Fur," said the Deacon, "it's mighty plain
> That the weakest place must stand the strain."

Find Out Your Weak Spot

And that is as true of a man as it is of a chaise. Would you win life's battle? Find out your weakest point, and always be sure to have that point well defended.

You must renounce all that stands between you and the full reception of truth. It matters not how dear, or old, or profitable this obstruction may be. Here the hottest conflict is often waged; this is often the turning-point of eternity; a victory here is a thorough one; it gives impulse and impetus to one's whole subsequent career; the greatest surrender begins here, others are less difficult.

You must be honest in business. A simple woman went into one of our stores to purchase the familiar legend, "God Bless Our Home," and th her mind, following the thread of the family lov shot away over the path whither her husband h gone in the morning to his task down town, ar turning to the clerk, she said, "I wonder if yc could let me have one with the words, "God Ble Our Office." The young man looked at her for moment, and, with a ring of sarcasm in his voic said, "Madam, isn't that rather a large order? And that seems to be the thought in the mind of th average man in business. It seems absolutely im possible for him to conceive that anybody shoul want to put in any office the prayer, "God Bless Ou Office."

The guilt of dishonesty or disobedience is no lessened because your name is not on the churc book. God expects every man to do his duty. Churc membership does not increase your duties, but help you to perform them. When there is a suspense o conscience there ought to be a suspension of action Give God and conscience the benefit of the doubt.

After a great revival, during which a merchan was converted, a woman in his store asked him "Is this real English lace?" "It was, madam, pre vious to the revival, but it isn't now; it is simply imitation." Beethoven, when he had completed one of his grand musical compositions, was accustomed to test it on an old harpsichord, lest a more perfect instrument might flatter it or hide its defects. The old harpsichord on which to test our religious life, our new song, is in our every-day business life. If the righteous shall hold on his way and can stand the test of business his religion is genuine and will make "life, death and the vast forever one grand sweet song."

I remember as a little fellow how I used to laugh at my old grandmother hunting high and low for her spectacles, when she had only shoved them over her forehead. But it is not a thing to be laughed at to see Christians hunting for what they call their opportunities to honor God, while overlooking such opportunities as they carry with them wherever they go—in the marts of commerce, in the sphere of the home, in the social circle and the patriotic discharge of their duty as citizens.

The Stress of the Battle

You must be upright and down square in all the relations of life. You are to color the circumstances of the world, not they you. You must move along the direct, unbending line of duty, through or over, or against all oppositions. Great battles are thus fought in individual persons; great, severe and exhausting conflicts in shops and closets, where the ear of the world hears no din, where the eye of the world sees no smoke, and where the shout of nations celebrates no illustrious victory.

There are heroes of the workshop, of the counter, of the office, on whose courage is put as severe a strain as though they stood upon the battlefield, amid the glitter of cold steel and the rattle of musketry. When a man has to fight with poverty, with losses, with bad debts, with bad habits, with disappointments, with temptations, and still keeps his head to the wind, battles on bravely, refuses to knock under, vows still to trust in God and do the right, though he has no epaulettes on his shoulders, nor medals on his breast, he is as truly a man and a hero as though he had stormed a citadel. Ah, what terrific battles, never dreamed of perhaps by friends and acquaintances, have been fought by men and women in this city, fought in these streets, up those stairs, behind those window blinds. God only knows how stern has been the conflict through which some of you have passed, with weak nerves and aching sides, short breath and broken hearts; but with good courage, plus God, you won!

I may say that those who overcome, who win the battle of life, are not all nominally church members. It is quite possible to be a churchman higher than the highest steeple, and yet not have the affections which cluster around the throne of glory and find their nutriment in the bosom of God. There may be zeal for a sect, there may be none for Christ. It is quite possible to be a bishop and not be a Christian.

The three great enemies with whom the individual Christian has to grapple, are the world, the flesh and the devil; and with each of these foes he has to wage war.

Now what is the difference between sin in a Christian and sin in a worldling? Sin lives in a Christian, the worldling lives in sin. The difference between

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ALASKA'S AWAKENING

Continued from page 615

Mining on a Creek in Alaska

General View of Nome and the Sea-Coast

overnment. Under the protest of Alaska's thou-ands of white settlers, the old primitive govern-ient provided years ago for the natives is still the nly form of government. Congress has given Alaska delegate, to be sure; but the Alaskans regard the elegate's position as one of ornament rather than f usefulness.

That Alaska deserves a better form of govern-ient has been admitted by Secretary Taft himself, ho said, "They are our kind of people and should ave our kind of government." That they are "our ind of people" is shown in the record of one camp lone at Nome, where, out of a total of 500 men, 380 ere born in the United States; and eighty of these re college men and forty are members of Greek letter ocieties. These are typical of those who have thus ar been denied proper representation at Washington.

In all the towns are to be found men of the class ou find in any Western town—judges, lawyers, erchants, mine owners, mining engineers, fur trad-rs and professional men of all branches of science. hese men are just as earnest and as patriotic as itizens found anywhere else. Yet they complain at their rights in respect to self-government are ot heeded at Washington.

To President Roosevelt, however, Alaska owes uch. For Mr. Roosevelt has always been an active riend of our new Northland, compelling the various epartments of the government to work hard to equip Alaska with all government services and to connect it with the great outside world by cables.

All Alaskans take great pride in their public schools, which have been administered with gratifying results, especially in respect to the education of the natives. The Presbyterians, the Catholics, the Moravians, the Methodists, the Baptists, the Episcopalians, the Friends, the Swedish Evangelicals, the Russian Church, and independent missionaries like William Duncan have all conducted schools the good influence of which is very apparent among the natives.

The earning capacity of the Alaska native and his desire to live like the whites are everywhere in evidence. They are quick witted, intelligent, imitative. They are laying aside their savage life, emerging from heathenism and becoming an industrious people, as is shown in the fact that many of them are already in possession of neat little fortunes through ownership of sawmills and lumber plants and fish canneries. These converts, these civilized natives, these property holders, are themselves now asking Congress to decide whether they are to be regarded as citizens or not.

The worst enemy of the native is the whisky peddler. The Alaskans favor a law, therefore, not only for the white man's sake, but also for the good of the native, prohibiting the sale of liquor within a radius of five miles from any railroad or other enterprise employing 100 men or more.

Both the missionaries and the government, in their work of educating the natives in Alaska, are preparing the natives to take up the industries and life of the whites. At all mission stations the native women are taught cooking, housekeeping and dressmaking, while the men are given lessons in carpentering, blacksmithing and shoemaking.

He is a strange mixture of affability and filthiness, this Alaskan native. He will share his last morsel of food with a stranger regardless of color. But unless closely watched, the native convert will leave the mission station only to return to his original condition of life in his filthy hut. One missionary gave a Malumute Indian convert a bath tub and explained its uses. A few days later he asked the convert if he had used the tub. The convert replied "Yes." Yet the missionary noticed that the Indian was no cleaner. Upon further inquiry it was learned that the Indian had taken a bath in the tub, but had failed to take off his waterproof suit.

That was some years ago. To-day many of the converts wear the dress of the whites and everywhere the sure progress of civilization is marked by the sight of the better dwellings occupied by the Esquimaux, the comfortable wooden homes that have supplanted the old huts of skin.

Examples of the amazing progress in Alaska on all the lines cited in this article will be shown next year in Seattle at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE — Sermon by Rev. Madison C. Peters, D.D. *Continued*

in in the Christian's heart and sin in the world-ng's heart is just the distinction between poison in he body of a man and poison in the body of a rattle-nake. Poison in a man's body is felt to be an irri-ating, destructive, disorganizing element, which ives him no rest till he has gotten wholly rid of it; ut poison in a rattlesnake is a part of its nature, which helps it to defend itself from its foes and to btain its prey. So in a worldly man sin is a favor-te and a dear lodger; in a Christian man sin is a ated intruder. In the worldling sin overcomes the nan, in a Christian the man overcomes the sin, and hat through the strength of Jesus Christ, who iveth him the victory.

This conflict will involve your abandoning all ompanions who have no sympathy with the great nd instant things of eternity. We may be mixed p in public, social, municipal, political or domestic ircles which we may not and dare not renounce. This lot is given us, not elected by us; so we must ake our part and fulfil it. But when we have our hoice, be it of companion, of husband or wife, we nust make Christian character a vital point, and he absence of it a bar to all nearer and more inti-nate relationship.

Solemn are the sacrifices required of you, and you nust not hesitate to make them. The duty of a sol-lier is to obey. All the world's pleasures and profits re as dust in the balance when weighed against lear duty. You may have to renounce some profita-le trade or traffic which is plainly incompatible with Christian principle. Saul of Tarsus renounced he most brilliant prospects in the world to become Paul the Apostle; the Ephesians burned their books of magic on receiving Christianity. At this turning point there will be a conflict, and in the case of every true Christian, victory.

Is extra time required for some of your avoca-tions, avocations just and useful in themselves? Do not subtract it from the Sabbath or from the hours which belong to your church, and should be devoted to religious duties. When times become hard with you do not begin retrenchment at the Lord's end of your income. Lessen your other expenses, deny your taste its lawful gratifications, not your Christian sympathy the efflux of its tide in expressive philanthropy.

You are called on to enter into conflict with inner selfishness in all its retreats and ramifications. An evil spirit within you will weave a thousand plausible excuses ostensibly in your favor; it will gild the world's doings and pleasures in dazzling splendor—invent new names for old sins. Conflict, resistance, prayer, are the means of expelling this world spirit; an inheritance, incorruptible and undefiled and that fadeth not away, is the reward of victory.

Now, how does the Christian conquer the world? Not by withdrawing from society, as if religion were a harsh and a gloomy thing and shut us out from the ordinary business and enjoyments of life. This is the warfare of superstition and not of Christianity. Christians are soldiers. The chief purpose of the soldier is to hit somebody, not to dress himself in bullet-proof, so that the fire of the enemy will not hurt him. We are to conquer the world, not by a personal and mechanical separation from it, by seeking a footing on a distant shore, or looking for a home in a desert land, but on the contrary, by remaining in the world at the post where God has placed us, and there in God's strength beating back the world, so that the world can not overcome us.

No religion can live that does not insist on doing something. St. Simon could stand on a pillar and look up into the sky for seventeen years, so it is said, but I can not. Neither can any live man. It is useless. If it is necessary for a man to take that position to be saved, what will become of the man who waits on him? St. Simon had to be fed and clothed. Some farmer and weaver must be lost in order that St. Simon might be saved. Somebody must be sinfully secular in order that such silly saints may succeed in holiness. Suppose Simon on his lonesome pillar had heard a child cry? He could not come down nor look down. What kind of a man in a family was he? What good as a citizen in the State? What good anyway? He was not worth saving. The religion that does not insist on action can not live. What becomes of an impulse that is not hitched to something?

Christ did not shut himself up with monks, away from the temptations of the great world. He taught no long-faced, gloomy theology. He taught the gospel of gladness and good cheer. Superstition says: "Put off the evidence that you are Christ's, put down your shield, sheath your sword, run and seek shelter in order that you may not be destroyed by the world." Christianity says: "You are a sentinel; the great Captain of the Faith has placed you there; there you must stand, taking the whole armor of God, and, having done all, stand!" You are to contend with and overcome the smiles of the world, resolved not to be put down by them. You are to be patient in suffering, thankful in prosperity, Christian in all things; so shall your least and loftiest struggles be crowned at last with success.

We should prefer, no doubt, to pass to heaven on flowery beds of ease or in a finely hung chariot; but, blessed be God, he does not allow us to do so. He opens the grassy seat, on which we sit down in indolent repose, to receive the dead dust of the near and dear, or he enters the place which we have called our home and of which we had declared in our folly, "Here we will always be happy," and makes the flowers that are brightest to fade, the sounds that were music to become discord and a voice pierce the inmost depths of our heart, saying to us: "Arise, this is not your rest. There remaineth a rest for the people of God."

We have a battle to fight. To restrain appetites, to purify our affections, to sanctify our natures, to direct the eye of our ambition to a life beyond, to invigorate the intellect, to transform and elevate our hearts, this is the battle. We are here as soldiers; to serve Christ is our mission, to overcome the world is our duty. There may be failures in certain parts of the warfare. It may not be victory at every point and every hour of the battle, but its close will assuredly be so. Rest is certain, but not here; the victory comes only on the sable wings of death; but come it shall, and then, from the scene of all conflict, we shall pass to the realm of the crowned and sceptred warriors of the Lord.

SEASON OF SONG AT OCEAN GROVE

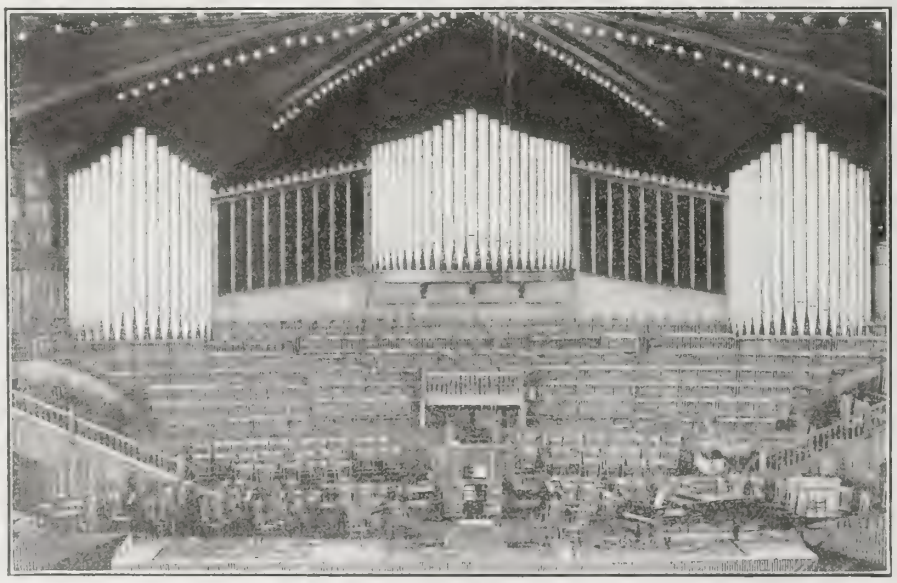
Tali Esen Morgan's Young People's Choir at the Ocean Grove Auditorium

THE history of Ocean Grove is like a beautiful story. It is comparatively but a few years since this "Garden of God" was planted upon the Jersey coast, and it would seem now that, with the development of this summer seaside religious resort, it will soon be the Eden of to-day. One turns from the turmoil and grime of our great cities to find in this peaceful spot a place of rest, recreation, and recuperation, where, in a religious sense, one can sing the long-metre doxology with real enthusiasm and feeling. The religious and clean moral life of Ocean Grove will continue to attract the people. Some one may say, "Oh, it is too crowded; too immense, with its vast congregations, to give the real enjoyment of the seaside." But the distinctive characteristics of Ocean Grove will always find thousands of worshipers. The perception must be hopelessly dull that does not regard with wonder and admiration the marvelous reality and spirituality of Ocean Grove—the freedom, the simplicity, the lack of show and vulgar ostentation.

The founders of Ocean Grove, who have nearly all entered the Eternal City, wrote upon this monument of their Christian work: "Holiness to the Lord." A tender stillness broods over every spot they occupied, and the story of redeeming love floats in the breeze. While some sacred voices are no longer heard, others have taken up the strain, and "Gloria in Excelsis Deo" is ringing in the air. The season opened with a recital on the magnificent new Hope-Jones Unit organ. The formal presentation to the public was made on July 30 by Mark Andrews, one of the foremost organists of this country. The organ was built at Elmira, N. Y., and has already aroused the interest of the entire musical world on account of its immense power and newness of construction. It is totally unlike any other organ ever built, and its beauty of tone must be heard before anyone can form the least conception of its grandeur. It is the largest organ in the world. Mr. Andrews brought out all the characteristics of the organ, and immensely pleased the vast audience that were present. The programme included selections from Bach, Hollis, Massenet, Grieg, St. Saens, and others.

The foundation stop of this grand organ is the disphone, which thus far has been unknown in America. The earliest examples were introduced into the organs of Worcester Cathedral, England, and Edinburgh Town Hall, Scotland, twelve years ago. The organ has four banks of keys. There is great refinement of tone in the hands of a skilful artist, and, while most powerful, the tone can be so modified as to sound like the trill of a bird. The shutters are moved by electric action, and, if desired, the artist can bring the shutters under the control of the fingers, as well as the feet. The action being electro-pneumatic, the temperature of the various divisions of the organ is established by a patented device, so that no change of weather, however sudden and severe, will throw the organ out of tune, and it will sound as well on Christmas day as at midsummer.

Handel's *Messiah* was ably given July 11. Daily recitals on the great organ are given by different organists. Only July 16, Gottfried H. Federlein, F.A.G.O., played exquisitely the Largo by Handel, "The Holy City," and a Berceuse. The admission fee to these recitals is a nominal one of ten cents. On the evening of July 16, Mme. Ellen Beach Yaw appeared in concert. She is a wonderful soprano, and, it is said, has a higher range of voice than any other vocalist. She charmed everyone by her sweet, simple manner and remarkable range of voice. She is an American and will sing in some of the largest opera houses on the Continent this summer. Signor G. Aldo Randegger, the Italian pianist, astonished everyone by his marvelous execution. Mr. Will C. McFarland, organist of St. Thomas Episcopal Church, New York, is the official organist of the Ocean Grove Auditorium, and rendered a beautiful selection. Three hundred voices sang "The Bridal Chorus," led by Prof. Tali Esen Morgan.



The Mammoth New Organ at Ocean Grove, Largest in the World

College Day in the Young People's Temple on Saturday, July 18, was a memorable one. It occupied only one service, but in the order it was similar to the Students' Conventions at Northfield and Silver Bay. The Temple was beautifully decorated with banners from all the colleges represented. Rev. Dr. Charles H. Mead presided, and made a few remarks as to the remarkable advance in numbers of Christian students in the colleges made during the last century. He introduced Rev. Dr. Baldwin, missionary to China, who is eighty-eight years of age, and who graduated from Princeton sixty-seven years ago. He, with Dr. Maclay, made a dictionary of the Foo Chow dialects. Dr. Mead then introduced Rev. Dr. I. E. Docking, president of Cookman Institute, Jacksonville, Fla., who told of the wonderful progress the colored students have made in education. Short addresses were given by the graduates of the different colleges.

On July 22 the celebrated contralto, Madame Schumann-Heink, sang in concert, delighting the thousands who attended. In the days that followed, there were sermons, lectures, concerts, instrumen and vocal. The famous United States Marine Ba appeared in the Auditorium by special permiss and delighted all with its fine performance. P fessor Tali Esen Morgan has made the music Ocean Grove national.

Rev. Bishop Luther B. Wilson will be in comma of this great army of worshipers during Augu being chairman of the Educational and Devotio Committee of the Ocean Grove Association. The will be a National Convention of Organists fr Monday, August 3, to the 13th. Edwin Lema the noted English organist, will visit Ocean Gro for the purpose of seeing this great organ, a will give the last organ recital Friday evenir August 14. A Grand Testimonial Concert, given Tali Esen Morgan, will take pla on August 15, and will comprise t Temple Choir of Brooklyn, the Ne York Festival Choir, and the Oce Grove Festival Choir and Orchestr That wonderful singer, Mme. L lian Nordica, and other emine artists, will sing in the Auditoriu on August 18.

Beach meetings will be held the foot of Ocean Pathway, Sunda evening, in charge of Rev. A. Ballard, D.D. The Young People Meetings have been very well co ducted by Rev. D. Mead, of Newar during July, the attendance bein very large. In August, Rev. W. Morgan will take charge. Elm Co tage, "The Preachers' Rest," unde the care of the Ladies' Aid Societ of Ocean Grove, Mrs. Alfred Cool man president, has been refurnishe and renovated, through the kin ness and generosity of Mrs. A. E DeHaven of New York. Mrs. Ar drew J. Myers is secretary an treasurer, and Mrs. Amelia Rive is matron. The religious atmospher of the Home is delightful.

Rev. Joseph Smith will hold meet ings for holiness ten days be fore the Camp Meeting, and Mis Lizzie Smith during the meetings. Rev. Dr. A. E Ballard and Rev. Dr. John Alday are in charge o the holiness meetings in the Tabernacle during th entire season.

One of the most interesting features of the worl at Ocean Grove is the Children's Fairy Festiva Chorus, under the training of Professor Morgan. It will take place August 25, one thousand children participating.

The Camp Meeting opens August 28, with a Consecration Meeting and Sacrament in the Auditorium August 29, Rev. Mr. Knapp and Rev. Mr. Applegate will preach. Sunday, August 30, Rev. Dr. Goodell, of Calvary Church, New York, preaches at 10:30 o'clock A. M., and at 7:30 o'clock P. M., Commander Maud Ballington Booth will speak in the Auditorium.

Sunday, September 6, will witness the Camp Meeting with a Love Feast at 9 o'clock A. M., in the Auditorium, sermon at 10:30 A. M. by Rev. Bishop Luther B. Wilson. On Monday, September 7, the closing exercises of the Camp Meeting will take place at 10:30 o'clock A. M. in the Auditorium. It being Labor Day, the last concert of the season will be given by the Royal Welsh Ladies' Choir of Cardiff, Wales.

MARY BARTON COOKMAN.

MIDSUMMER JOYS AT NORTHFIELD

A GENERAL VIEW OF PICTURESQUE NORTHFIELD, FROM THE SEMINARY CAMPUS

NORTHFIELD is a sort of a kaleidoscope in the summer time. The end of June finds East Northfield overrun with college men until there are more delegates at the Student Conference than there are inhabitants of the town. This year saw the biggest crowd since the founding of the Conference by D. L. Moody at Mount Hermon twenty-three years ago. The official registration showed that 983 men attended from 139 institutions, which is probably the largest gathering of college men for religious purposes in the world. When the delegates at the Student Conference have left, the campus of the seminary is covered with girls. Another week sees the place in possession of the Women's Home and Foreign Missionary Societies of America, who share it with the Sunday School workers for their Summer School of Methods. When they, in turn, have departed, the General Conference invites Christian workers of all lands and sects to complete the cosmopolitan Northfield programme in August.

Mr. D. L. Moody was a firm believer in the development of a sound body for an upright soul, and so all the conferences leave the afternoons free for recreation. During the college gathering a baseball series was held, in which twenty-six colleges entered. Harvard won after a very close series by defeating both Yale and Princeton. The tennis tournament was so big that the first rounds were limited to fifteen minutes each. Harris, of Dartmouth, won, with Stevens, of Yale, a runner-up. The celebration of the nation's birthday included the usual track meet, which was held on what was the day before a common field. The hillside nearby was covered with nearly 2,000 spectators, who saw Dartmouth win. In the evening, pandemonium reigned in the Auditorium, which was decorated with flags of every nation and every college, when the different colleges marched in, many with costumes, and gave their songs and cheers. The patriotic address was delivered by Dr. Charles E. Jefferson, of New York.

The young women proved that they were nearly as good athletes as the young men. They had a regular athletic committee, led by Miss Maria Dowd, of Orange, N. J., which planned for some recreation every afternoon. The baseball games between the Twedeldees and the Twedeldums showed great knowledge of the game and the tennis series gave Northfield as good matches as had been seen in the other tournament. Miss Louise Twitchell, daughter of Dr. Joseph Twitchell, of Hartford, was the winner and she succeeded in giving Mr. Paul D. Moody, tennis champion of Northfield, a very close match.

But far more important than the sports were the meetings and the Bible classes. A unique feature of the College Conference was the morning Bible classes, when nearly a thousand men would be scattered over the campus in little groups led by upper classmen to study God's Word and prepare themselves to teach other men next year. One evening was given up to a discussion of the Bible study work in the colleges, at which Mr. Clayton S. Cooper, Bible Study Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., stated that last year 50,000 college students studied the Bible in weekly voluntary classes and that he hoped for a fifty per cent. increase next year. He announced that for the first time in the history of the Y. M. C. A. a special Conference was to be held for the consideration of Bible study problems alone. This Conference will be held at Columbus, O., in October and will be attended by delegates from nearly every American college. Specially encouraging reports came from West Point and Annapolis, where the work is just now being started. Robert E. Speer was the speaker that got the strongest hold on both the young men and young women. He spoke at the morning and evening services of the two Sundays during the Conference. Dr. John Douglas Adam, formerly of Brooklyn, now of Orange, N. J., spoke frequently at the Young Women's session and proved so helpful to the delegates that Mr. W. R. Moody asked him to address the August Conference. Dr. John McDowell, of Newark, gave a number of talks and was also interested in the tennis tournament, as he was champion at Princeton and Mount Hermon. The speaker who influenced the young women more than all others was Miss Margaret Slattery, of the Fitchburg Normal School, who conducted a course in Methods of Teaching Sunday Schools and illustrated her suggestions on a class of children whom she taught every other afternoon, for the youngsters at Northfield seem as anxious to go to meetings as the older people. The sunset services on Round Top were devoted to problems of the ministry, mission field, Y. M. C. A. and city missions. The foreign field seemed to call the strongest. Twenty-five men determined to become missionaries during the Conference.

Evangelist Moody's Last Prayer Service

This historic photograph is greatly prized as showing the last Outdoor Service at which Mr. Moody preached in Northfield

SAUL TRIES TO KILL DAVID

By Mrs. M. BAXTER

IT WAS a bitter thing for King Saul that more honor was paid to David than to him. Nothing makes a man so angry as jealousy. "The saying displeased him" and in his indignation he said, "They have ascribed unto David ten thousands, and to me they have ascribed but thousands; and what can he have more but the kingdom?"

Poor miserable Saul! In God's eyes, the kingdom was already rightly David's, since He had, through Samuel, anointed him king over Israel. Saul, since the Lord was departed from him, had no more the power to see anything in the light of God. He saw things good or bad as they related to him, and not as they related to God. Every self-centred man is open to jealousy, and through jealousy to the keenest form of mental anguish. "Saul eyed David from that day and forward;" not with an eye of love, but with bitter, insatiable hatred. It is not without intent that we find it thus expressed: "And it came to pass on the morrow, that the evil spirit from God came upon Saul, and he prophesied [or raved—R. V.] in the midst of the house." Jealousy, like every other possession of the devil, is a species of insanity. A man possessed with the spirit of jealousy is, so far, a madman, just as the man filled with the spirit of impurity is possessed with an unclean spirit, or one possessed with the spirit of homicide is also a possessed man.

David sought, through music, to appease the enraged king; but Saul had lost his balance: one burning desire possessed him, to put an end to the life of his rival; but God, whom David knew as his Shield, shielded him from the danger of death at this time. Saul might degrade David, as he did, by removing him from his court, and making him a captain over a thousand men; but there was a power in the presence of David, which the people recognized. How often we see this in common life! An ungodly man may speak against one who lives in God's presence; he may try to trip him up, to get him into trouble; but there is, within him, all the time, a secret awe and fear of the one who lives nearer God than he does.

Saul's course from this time forward was one continued contest against God. He lifted his puny hand against God in all his attempts to get rid of David. Like every unconverted man, he had some measure of duplicity in his spirit, and he one day said to David, "Behold my elder daughter Merab; her will I give thee to wife; only be thou valiant for me, and fight the Lord's battles." But in his heart his intent was to compass his murderous designs against David. He did not keep his promise; he gave his daughter to another. But an affection sprang up between his second daughter, Michal, and David; and Saul, who was ready to take any mean advantage, was pleased and said, "I will give him her, that she may be a snare to him, and that the hand of the Philistines may be against him."

But Saul's hopes that David might be slain were grievously disappointed when the victorious captain came and rendered in his account before the king. Saul could not now refuse David, so he gave him Michal his daughter. All this jealous plotting to put David down only ended in his greater exaltation.

At last, the king sought to influence Jonathan against David. He saw that if David came to the throne, Jonathan could not succeed him. But Saul had mistaken his man. Jonathan "delighted much in David," and the two young men were united in the closest bond of fellowship and friendship.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

Entered as Second-class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa

Wealth and Happiness

THE July number of the *Century Magazine* contains a remarkable article on the life of an eminent philanthropist. Mr. Andrew Carnegie, many times a millionaire and noted for his wise philanthropy, was born in Scotland in 1835. He came of good Scottish stock, the stock that produced Thomas Carlyle, Robert Burns, J. M. Barrie and many another whose work has been a blessing to mankind. When his people came to this country they were very poor, the introduction of machinery having superseded the use of hand-looms. Mr. Carnegie's father had been a prosperous weaver, but when hand-looms went out, he could not support his family in Scotland. The steps by which the boy climbed to fortune were those of industry, application and responsibility. He was a lad to be depended upon. He carried his wages home to his mother. Father and mother together toiled for the good of the family. The testimony of Mr. Carnegie, surely an expert, is worth reading and considering in days when our boys fancy that the attainment of wealth is the one thing needful in American life. At a dinner given in his honor by the surviving members of the United States Military Telegraph Corps of the Civil War, Mr. Carnegie made the following characteristic speech:

"Comrades, I was born in poverty, and would not exchange its sacred memories with the richest millionaire's son who ever breathed. What does he know about mother or father? These are mere names to him. Give me the life of the boy whose mother is nurse, seamstress, washerwoman, cook, teacher, angel, and saint, all in one, and whose father is guide, exemplar, and friend. No servants to come between. These are the boys who are born to the best fortune. Some men think that poverty is a dreadful burden, and that wealth leads to happiness. What do they know about it? They know only one side; they imagine the other. I have lived both, and I know there is very little in wealth that can add to human happiness beyond the small comforts of life. Millionaires who laugh are very rare. My experience is that wealth is apt to take the smiles away."

The Test of Amusements

O. J. T., Hobart, N. Y. I am a young man trying to live a Christian life. All my companions play cards, dance, and go to about all the shows that come to town. I feel I cannot do these things and remain true to the church and my Master; yet in not doing as the others do, I am shut out from about all the social life there is. Shall I then keep out of these worldly things and go alone, or shall I do as the rest are doing, to the detriment of my spiritual life?

OUR young friend who writes the foregoing letter has unwittingly struck upon one of the vital problems which the church has long been vainly endeavoring to solve. Some denominations are needlessly rigid in their attitude towards amusements, while others incline to a tolerance so free that its wisdom may well be doubted. Some churches have gone into the amusement business very largely, as we believe, to their serious spiritual detriment.

With this particular correspondent we can cordially sympathize. He represents many others who, like himself, in a social and religious sense, seem to be in a tight place. He has not yet quite realized that the church can not vie with the world in popular amusements. We would remind him that as long ago as the days of the apostle Paul, other good people found themselves in a similar dilemma. When the irrepressible personal question came up, Paul's advice was that we should so regulate our own conduct that none of us should put a stumbling-block in the way of a brother, which might cause him to fall by following our doubtful example. We must not judge one another rashly as to faults in conduct. If our own hearts condemn any line of conduct, then, says the apostle James, "to him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin." We are in all things to strive only to do and to follow after that which is acceptable to God and approved of good men.

There are pleasures and recreations that are admittedly harmful, and there are others which are not only unobjectionable but beneficial. It is not necessary that a Christian should become a recluse. One can always choose his pastimes and his company. In the ultimate, the question is largely one for the individual conscience. Concerning dancing and games of chance, there need be no hesitation. Cards are gamblers' tools, and should be avoided if only for the sake of the influence we may have on others who might be led to gambling by our example, though we ourselves might never gamble. Then there is the theatre. Were the stage what it should be, and what it could be—a place of wholesome entertainment, where vice and virtue each received its proper setting, and where great moral lessons could be inculcated, the valid objections which now exist might not apply. But it is undeniable that the modern theatre is in the main a place of vicious allurement. "Problem plays" and vaudeville shows are not meat for a spiritual nature to feed upon with profit. But outside of all these there is a wide range of rational amusements none of which need be placed in the category of forbidden pleasures. Young people naturally require amusement, and to put a ban on all healthful and natural enjoyment indiscriminately, would be the grossest of blunders. If the desire for recreation be not gratified legitimately, it is liable to gratify itself in a manner that may not be quite so commendable.

There is nothing in the Christian philosophy which forbids proper recreation, but he or she "that liveth in pleasure" (is given over to it) "is dead while she lives" (I. Tim. 5:6). The devil likes to keep people busy at his own line of work, and if he can get a good man or woman into his net, he puts them on the treadmill of pleasure and dissipation, and their usefulness in the kingdom of Christ becomes a memory of the past. Let our young friends draw the line conscientiously against those amusements that are evil or have even the appearance of evil and which might do harm. The best test of all, if in doubt regarding any particular amusement, is to ask your own heart whether it is one of which Christ himself would have approved. If the still small voice of conscience condemns it—let it alone.

Our Northern Neighbors

PEOPLE in the United States are taking almost as much interest in Canada's great celebration at Quebec as if the imaginary boundary between the two countries did not exist. This is only natural, as Americans had an active part in many of the stirring events that are being re-enacted in the glittering historical pageants enacted on the Plains of Abraham. Many American officers and men served under Wolfe on the day that gave Canada to the British crown, and the fact is remembered with pride by their descendants. At the present day Americans cross the border by tens of thousands every summer to find health and recreation in Canada's bracing air and picturesque scenery. In fact, no one can boast of being a traveler unless he has made the St. Lawrence trip, seen the beautiful city of Montreal and stood beneath the frowning ramparts of Quebec.

The Canadians have done all possible during the Quebec celebration to show us their cordial good will. The heralds in their proclamations made special reference to the United States, and their future king paid a special visit to our battleship *New Hampshire*. These courtesies go much farther toward cementing international friendship than we usually realize.

Canada has been making wonderful strides in wealth and power and none have rejoiced more at her prosperity than her southern neighbors. When the Prince of Wales was received at Quebec the greetings of America to the Prince and to Canada were presented by Vice-President Fairbanks. In the course of his speech he said: "The people of the United States rejoice with you in the progress you have made in the manifold ways which make for the strength and honor of a great people. We are not indifferent to your welfare, nor are you indifferent to ours. The blood of a common ancestry is in our veins, we have much in common. . . . We have no rivalries except in the way of peace, we neither covet the other's territory, we covet only each other's neighborly esteem." This represents the feelings of all true Americans and to it they all say heartily, Amen!

Pole-hunting in Peary's Own Words

NOW that we learn from latest dispatches that Peary's gallant ship the *Roosevelt* is already in Greenland waters speeding on her way beyond the call of civilization, and the interest of the people in Peary and the success of his expedition is manifesting itself on every hand, it may not be amiss to speak of the modest bearing of the man himself. In his famous book, **Nearest the Pole** which may rightly be termed **the book of the hour** so great is the present demand for it—and which by the way, was fully described and offered to readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at less than half price in our last issue—the Commander records in a simple, dignified and unassuming style, which we can not but think characteristic of the author, a story of adventure that makes the average "thrilling" novel sound decidedly tame and flat. By the very plainness and direct force of his style, he pictures with graphic reality the immeasurable hardships and unforeseen and deadly perils which he and his little band of explorers had to face month after month in that land that lies between God's country and interstellar space. The sublime courage, the unselfishness and the quiet heroism of these men and the dauntless persistence of their leader who fearlessly risked his life again and again for the sake of his ideal, must command the deep and lasting respect of all who read his great book.

While it is doubtful if the actual finding of the Pole will be of practical benefit to mankind, still, should success attend Peary's ninth expedition, and the honor coveted by nations belong to our own dear country, "there is not an American at home or abroad who would not feel a little better and a little prouder of being an American; and just that added increment of pride and patriotism to millions, would of itself be worth ten times the cost of attaining the Pole." Moreover, the wonderful photographs which the Commander was able to take on his last trip—ninety of which are exquisitely reproduced by half-tone engravings in *Nearest the Pole*—and the new maps of the Polar regions drawn after his observations, are alone of immense value and interest.

Whether the Commander's cherished dream that some day "the Stars and Stripes will float at both ends of the earth's axis and the whole world turn on them," be realized or not, it is safe to predict that in the not distant future the American flag will proudly wave from a staff planted at one, at least, of the extremities of this whirling globe. "To-night," writes Peary, "the Stars and Stripes stand nearest to the mystery of the North, pointing and beckoning." Yes, there is an unmistakable fascination in this quest of the *Roosevelt* and her brave crew, and to all of our readers who are interested in the outcome we heartily recommend *Nearest the Pole*, Peary's own account of his last expedition.

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THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Revolution in Tabriz

MOST of the dispatches we have been receiving lately from Persia seem to be concerning the troubles that are happening now in the city of Tabriz, which are rather an aftermath of what has already happened in Tehran, the capital of Persia. As soon as the parliamentarians of this great western city of the Persian Empire heard of the Shah's sudden and sanguinary *coup d'état* in Tehran, they foresaw that a similar action would be taken in their own city; so they immediately began to prepare themselves for the contest. The Shah was well aware of the strength of the revolutionists in Tabriz, of which he had been all his life, up to his accession, the Governor-General. So, in order to cope successfully with the armed opposition that he expected there, he put the whole matter in charge of a certain Rahin Khan. This Rahin Khan, now at the head of the imperial soldiery, has been attacking those parts of the city of Tabriz which are principally inhabited by the so-called revolutionists. He was shown no quarter and has received none, and the result is havoc and destruction everywhere, and, above all, loot and rapine with all its Oriental accompaniments of torture and murder. During the late parliamentary movements in Persia, the city of Tabriz has always been one of the principal centres of political activity; in fact, a very hot-bed of revolutionary organizations. The cause for this might be found in two facts. The two principal races which constitute the Persian nation are the original Persians, who occupy mostly the central and eastern portions of the empire, and the Turks (or Torks as they are called in Persia), who occupy the northwestern section of the empire, of which Tabriz is the capital. The Persians are somewhat of a peaceful disposition, while the Turks are more active and violent in character. Now, as the Russian cities of Baku and Tiflis have during the last few years been great centres of revolutionary activity against Russian autocracy, thousands of Turkish Russians, imbued with these new ideas of constitutionalism and socialism, have crossed the River Arax to Tabriz, not only as refugees from Russian persecution, but also for commercial and patriotic purposes. It is through the preaching and teachings of these Russian Turks that the enthusiastic spirit of revolution has been aroused. The Christian element of the city of Tabriz, such as the few foreigners, the Armenians, the Syrians and others, seem so far to have been left unmolested, as far as loot and rapine are concerned, thanks to the intervention and protection of the American and other consuls.

The latest dispatches from Persia indicate that the imperial forces were badly defeated in a battle in the streets of Tabriz and compelled to withdraw to the suburbs for reinforcement, and that the revolutionists have put to the sword large numbers of the royalists in the city, in the same violent manner in which the imperial soldiers murdered the revolutionists as they entered the same.

In the effort of absolute despotism to yield by compulsion larger liberties to the people and of enthusiastic subjects in the first use of their freedom, such conflicts as those in Persia may be looked for. Persia, a nation so old that it possesses prehistoric cities like Koh-I-Kouadja, just discovered, finds itself grappling with the live political issues of the present day. A good providence will lead the nation, after its contests, out into larger freedom and greater happiness.

They smote the city with the edge of the sword. (Judges 1 : 25.)

Bible in the Public Schools

Of all the important things done at the National Educational Convention held in Cleveland, the action upon the use of the Bible in the public schools was the most significant. The use of the Bible in the public schools was earnestly and unhesitatingly commended. This was a wise action. There seems little or no reason for the opposition to the Scriptures in the public schools, and yet the propriety of that use is discussed in many States and cities. The tremendous pressure upon the Board of Education in New York City, to cut out of the programmes and exercises and even singing books all reference to Christ, was as surprising as it was ill-timed and wrong. There seems to be nothing more proper than the use of the Bible in the common schools, as it is the foundation of the best literature, law, government, morals and religion that the world can know.

So they read in the book in the law of God distinctly, and gave the sense, and caused them to understand the reading. (Neh. 8 : 8.)

A Cup of Coffee Brings $3,000

Mrs. B. Lilley, a wealthy woman of New York, was taken suddenly ill at the station of the Old Colony Railroad in Boston several years ago. Mrs. Bartlett of Plymouth, Mass., noticing her condition, slipped into a restaurant nearby and purchased a cup of coffee and brought it to the sick woman. The coffee revived her and she was able to continue her journey. She did not forget the woman who had done her the favor, but having secured her name, the following Christmas sent her a box of gifts. The climax in her gratitude was reached the other day when she sent Mrs. Bartlett $3,000 in good paying stocks in a large manufactory and gave her the option of disposing of the shares at their cash value or keeping them for the eight per cent. dividends they will pay. The benefactor had no idea that her benevolence would be rewarded. It grew out of the impulse of an unselfish heart, and yet, if we search we will find underneath all benevolences the great fact that what we give out to others comes back to us in some form or another, usually with compound interest.

Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. (Luke 6: 38.)

The City of Tabriz, Persia, Scene of the Present Revolutionary Troubles

Cleveland's Simple Tomb

Grover Cleveland, in his will bequeathing a large estate to his wife and children, provided that a simple and inexpensive monument should mark his resting-place. The provision was a wise one. It is a rebuke to the silly extravagance which often wastes on costly tombs the money the survivors need for a support. Mr. Cleveland's action is a protest against the vulgar display and earthly vanity that often creep into the city of the dead. There is no proper place among the living for much of the empty vanity and ambitious display to be seen, but amongst the dead they are the sublimest mockeries.

Death is the great leveler of all. The stubble is of the same height after the reaper has passed over the field. The graves in the cemetery are not far from the same size. The pulses are still, the fires of passion are out. There is no place there for pride, envy, ambition, jealousy or malice; these belong to the living. Beautiful cemeteries with tombs and monuments of reasonable value are called for by the best sentiment and civilization, but the gaudy display of extravagance by the "get-rich-quick" class, and the heated competitions of the shallow-hearted in constructing the highest monuments in the cities of the dead, are to be condemned. The coffin and the form it contains at the bottom of the shaft are only dust, and the marble that marks them will in time also turn to dust.

For dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return. (Gen. 3 : 19.)

Shower of White Moths

The white moths that descended upon New York City suddenly, some time ago, looked like the flakes of snow in a storm. They are the elm-span or measure-worm moth. Each of the millions of little white-winged, butterfly creatures represents the chrysalis of a caterpillar. Each female moth will in due time hatch groups of from 150 to 250 eggs, each of which will represent a caterpillar. These caterpillars will have an existence of from five to six weeks and during that time will eat daily ten times their own weight. The caterpillars which the moths will produce will turn again into moths in their cycle of life. It is not likely that the moths will return again for a period of twenty years, but next year the caterpillars will appear in myriad numbers to produce widespread devastation amongst the trees and plants, unless there shall be found some method for their extermination. The first and only other time New York has suffered from this plague of the measure-worm moth was in 1862. The English sparrow was then imported to destroy them and the caterpillars, but the sparrows themselves became such a pest in their war upon song birds and other devastations, that society looked very coldly upon them and has by law, in many places, encouraged their destruction. It is for the sparrow, however, to redeem himself and kill the caterpillars that shall appear next year. They did splendid service in devouring as many of the moths as they could, the other day. A storage warehouse that had recently been painted red and had attracted the moths by its glowing color, was covered with these white creatures and the sparrows stayed around all day picking off the moths and devouring them. In 1862 the damage by the moths was so great that citizens banded themselves together to devise some efficient method of putting an end to the cause. After forty-six years of disappointment, it is to be hoped that the sparrows will give a good account of themselves next year and save our beautiful trees and plants from injury.

He gave also their increase unto the caterpillar. (Ps. 78 : 46.)

Ruins of Koh-I-Kouadja, Persia's "Lost City"

A DISTINGUISHED BISHOP DEAD

AFTER an illness extending over many weeks the Right Rev. Henry Codman Potter, D.D., Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of New York, passed away on July 21, at his summer home *Fernleigh*, Cooperstown, N. Y. By his death the Protestant Episcopal Church loses one who has had great influence in directing its affairs, an influence extending far beyond the territorial limits of his own diocese. He was a broad churchman with much toleration for the religious and social views of other clergymen, both in and out of his denomination. A brief record of his life shows the many activities in which he had active interest. He was almost as well known abroad as in America.

Bishop Potter was born in the old town of Schenectady, N. Y., on May 25, 1834. His father, Rev. Alonzo Potter, was then serving as vice-president of Union College. His grandfather on his mother's side was President Eliphalet Nott, president of Union College. The family had long been prominent in the Protestant Episcopal Church and the Rev. Alonzo Potter became bishop of Pennsylvania in 1845 and his brother, Rev. Horatio Potter, became bishop of New York in 1861, an office to which the subject of this sketch was to succeed.

Bishop Potter spent his early boyhood in Schenectady, which was a far different place from the busy manufacturing centre it has become in the present day. It was then a sleepy little town with many reminders of its earlier Dutch days, and with the old wooden bridge across the Mohawk making the most striking feature of the landscape. Young Potter went early to the Episcopal Academy in Philadelphia. As a boy he had the idea that he might become a clergyman and he used to hold services back of his father's home to an audience composed of one hired man. Nevertheless he omitted no details of a well-ordered service. He prepared regularly written sermons and sang the hymns himself. For a while, however, the idea of a ministerial career seems to have been put to one side, for he entered a mercantile house and served some time as a clerk.

His health was not good and interfered with his course of study, when he determined to abandon commercial pursuits and study theology. He studied under his father and also Professor Hare, D.D. He made rapid progress, far more than the bishop, his father, realized. When the son stated he would like to go to some theological seminary, the father refused, saying he was not prepared to enter. Thereupon the son asked his father to put him through a rigid examination. The incredulous bishop did so and was greatly surprised at the result. He at once withdrew all objections and the future bishop of New York matriculated at the Theological Seminary of Virginia, graduating in 1857. His father ordained him as deacon in St. Luke's Church in Philadelphia, and he was assigned as curate to the Episcopal Church at Greensboro, in Pennsylvania. While there he married his first wife, Miss Eliza B. Jacob.

The Late Bishop Potter

St. John's Church in Troy, N. Y., was the first of which he had complete charge as rector. He remained there seven years and is still remembered with kindly feelings by some of the older parishioners. While here a call came to him to accept the presidency of Kenyon College in Ohio, but he felt that his true vocation was the ministry and declined to accept.

In 1866 Mr. Potter went to Boston to take up the duties of assistant rector of Trinity Church, the largest, most wealthy, and most influential Episcopal Church in that city. Shortly after he was elected secretary of the House of Bishops. The honor was entirely unsought and came at the suggestion of Bishop John Williams of the diocese of Connecticut. After two years of most active work in the Boston parish he came to New York City as rector of Grace Church on Broadway. Here he made an earnest effort to broaden the work of the church and have it reach the great mass of the unchurched whose shadows seldom fell across the thresholds of any house of worship. If the people would not come to the church he would take the church to the people. He established home mission societies chapels were started here and the the crowded districts of the Fresh-air funds were created and children and invalids were given ings in the country. These outings still kept up and have been minu copied not only in other Episc churches, but among other denom tions as well. He believed strongl looking out for the physical as wel spiritual welfare of the poor, and lieved that if proper places of meet and amusement were provided t would abandon those of questiona influence and be led to better ways living. The church house was the c tre of this philanthropic activity clubs for the men and classes for women were started. A large co of helpers took care of children in day nurseries and visited the sick a needy. The men and women of wea and culture in his church became active unpaid helpers.

In 1887 Dr. Potter became Bish of New York, having already serv as coadjutor to his uncle in that offi Under Bishop Potter the diocese gain greatly in resources and influen Probably his most enduring mor ment will be the Cathedral of St. Jo the Divine now building in upper N York, which will probably take fif years to complete. In it are chap where the natives of several forei countries may hold services in the own tongue. It was the Bishop's d sire that everything in the Cathedr should be free, no rented pews and continual passing the plate, so, as t Cathedral has been built, the endo ment has grown with it to carry o the founder's ideal. Bishop Potter w be succeeded in office by Coadjuto Bishop Greer, who had assisted hi for several years in the more acti duties of the episcopal office.

AMONG THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES

Lessons From the Sea*

IN A RECENT magazine article, the writer tells with realistic power the tragic story of those victims of the sea—the ships that never come back.

The celebrated poet Tasso and his friend Manso, with Manso's brother-in-law, were one day in a summer-house which commanded a full prospect of the sea, agitated at the time by a furious storm. Manso said he was astonished at the rashness and folly of men who would expose themselves to the rage of so merciless an element, where such numbers had suffered shipwreck. "Yet," said Tasso, "we every night go without fear to bed, where so many die every hour. Death will find us in all parts."

In describing the providences of God, the Psalmist has shown us how they reach out and bless all who trust in him, by land or sea. The mariner on the stormy deep is as surely under divine protection as the people on land, and his cry for help does not pass unheeded. If there is anything calculated to strike terror to the godless and to drive them to pray for mercy, it is a storm at sea.

It is related that when the steamship *London* was foundering in the Atlantic in 1866, Captain Martin, seeing all means used to keep her afloat proving unavailable, said to his passengers and crew: "Boys, you may say your prayers!" Many brought their Bibles and read them eagerly. Others knelt in fervent supplication. Rev. Mr. Draper, a minister who was among the passengers, prayed with them and for them incessantly, that they might be converted even in the face of what seemed certain death. It was a solemn moment when Captain Martin, in broken tones, announced that the vessel was doomed—there was no hope. Minister Draper, as if suddenly inspired, stood up in the sorrowing circle and cried aloud: "The captain of this ship says there's no hope. But the Captain of our salvation says there is hope for all that will flee to him."

There is now a well-established Christian work among sailors in many ports throughout the globe. The influence of such a work is far-reaching. A dissolute mate got a tract from his captain, who had received two of them in church. The mate's tract was entitled, "Whither Bound?" He read it and the question reached his heart. He solemnly promised the Lord that, if he could be restored to his family, he would steer a different course. Still the question rang in his ears, day and night. He began to read his Bible and to pray; after a time he found the blessing of inward peace and was restored to his family.

Rev. John Favel, a pious English preacher, and a few associates were pioneer workers among seamen over 200 years ago and founded the first Bible Society for their benefit. Long after Flavel's time, in 1814, Zebulon Rogers, a Methodist shoemaker, held prayer-meetings for sailors in London and gospel meetings on a brig in the harbor. The first floating Bethel, the *Zephyr*, was in use on the Thames in 1818. In the United States the first seamen's mission was founded in Boston in 1812. The Marine Bible Society of New York was organized in 1817, the New York Port Society in 1818 (which built the first mariners' church in America). The American Seamen's Friend Society was organized in 1828. There are now over 70 Bethels, nearly 40 Marine Bible Societies and many floating churches and chapels for seamen, besides a number of denominational and independent organizations working among the same class on missionary lines.

*Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, August 16. Text: Psalm 107 : 23-32.

Religion as a Foundation*

WHEN Nehemiah, imbued with the spirit of the reformer, began his work in Jerusalem, he had a twofold purpose in view. Not only must the walls of the ancient capital be rebuilt, but the whole nation must be strengthened, purified and regenerated by the laying of new moral foundations, through the study of God's Word. A great religious revival was needed. Moral rehabilitation was of more importance even than the restoration of the walls. Unless the people had the love of God in their hearts and were obedient to his laws, there could be no real national progress.

Another illustration of a great national revival is that recorded in II. Chronicles 17: 7-9, where we see the spectacle of the whole population of Judah being taught the Word by a corps of Levites, specially trained for the purpose. These spiritual leaders of that early day were probably the first who ever conducted a Bible Study movement on a considerable scale. We are told, in the same chapter, that their labors produced wonderful results and won the respect of surrounding nations.

In the far-reaching work of social redemption, each of us can find some opportunity for service. It may be that we live in a neighborhood where bad influences have been at work, which a few earnest Christian men or women may be instrumental in completely changing. Some years ago, a certain neighborhood was notorious for its lawlessness and the general low grade of its morals, but gradually there came a change in the community and it grew better. It finally became as noted for its high moral tone as it had formerly been notorious for the contrary. There was an investigation, and it was found that a minister, physician, and schoo teacher had begun to work about th same time. All three were devote Christians, and gradually with God' blessing, by positive work and influ ence, the town was redeemed.

In all efforts at social regeneration the most potential weapon is the Gos pel. "There is yet another sword t be delivered to me," said a pious Eng lish king at his coronation, "the sacre Bible, the sword of the Spirit, withou which we are nothing and can do noth ing." And throughout his reign hi special care was to spread the Bibl among his people.

Nine years ago a concerted effort was made by the leading forces of infidelity to discredit the Gospel of Jesus Christ throughout this land. Agnostics freethinkers, atheists, sceptics and infidels joined common cause against the Bible. For the purpose of setting this remarkable charge at rest THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in the name of Christian America, sent a uniform letter to the President, cabinet, supreme court, both houses of Congress, naval and army commanders, governors of all the States and leading thinkers, authors, and professional men throughout the nation. That letter put to each the great heart-searching question: "What think ye of Christ?" It also asked how they valued Christianity as an influence in national and world-wide civilization. The response was immediate and overwhelming! From President McKinley down to the last of the long list of distinguished Americans, the answer came clearly and unequivocally, which completely refuted the infidel slander, and forever settled the controversy, showing ours to be a Christian nation.

Let us see to it that we do our part, each of us individually, to make it a Christian nation in the truest sense of the word, by our influence and example, and by the spiritual and social regenerative work we may be able to do.

* Epworth League Topic for Sunday, August 16. Text: Neh. 8: 7, 8, and II. Chron. 17 : 7-9.

NATIONAL PROHIBITION CANDIDATES

THIRD of the great political parties, the Prohibitionists, at their National Convention held in Columbus, O., July 15-16, have placed in the field as their candidates for President and Vice-President, Eugene Wilder Chafin of Illinois and Aaron Sherman Watkins of Ohio. As our readers have an interest in these candidates, we give a brief biographical sketch of each below, the facts being

Hon. Eugene Wilder Chafin

taken from a more extended article in the *Ohio State Journal:*

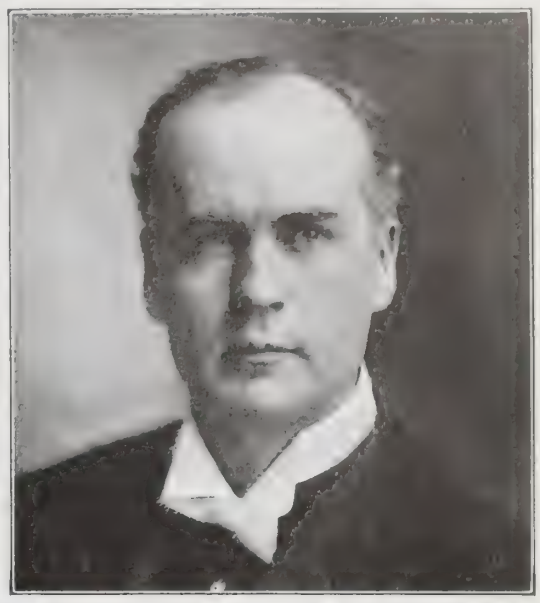
Mr. Chafin comes from the farm, and is a lawyer with a record of success behind him. For seven years he has been a resident of Chicago and was the candidate of his party for governor of Illinois. Before going to Chicago, he lived at Waukesha, Wis., and he was no less popular in his party in that State, for there he also was honored with the gubernatorial nomination. That he met defeat did not discourage him a whit in his belief in the final triumph of the Prohibitionists. He was born on a farm near East Troy, Wis., November 1, 1852, grew to young manhood there and, by money he earned and saved through work on a neighbor's farm, paid his way through the University of Wisconsin. Then he went to Waukesha, where he practised twenty-five years and rose to prominence in his profession. He has been quite active as a lawyer in Chicago also. Last winter, when the United Societies of Chicago, comprising the saloonkeepers and liquor interests, got up petitions signed by 175,000 people, urging the election commissioners to submit to a vote the question whether the State law on Sunday closing should be repealed, which question in reality was whether it should be enforced, the Prohibition party immediately attacked the proposal, saying that the enforcement of a law was not a question to be submitted to vote. It won its contention, with Mr. Chafin as its leading attorney.

Mr. Chafin was nominated for attorney-general and Congress both in Wisconsin and Illinois. In both States he was active in the temperance movement. Although a Prohibitionist only since 1881, when he left the Republican party, he always has been a total abstainer. For years he has been a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Mr. Chafin is a writer quite well known. He is considered an authority on Lincoln. Twelve years ago he published a book entitled *Lives of the Presidents.* He is married and has a daughter fifteen years of age. The family lives at 326 Eastwood Avenue, Chicago.

Aaron Sherman Watkins, the vice-presidential candidate, is of Quaker ancestry and, like his running mate, is a product of the farm. He was born in Logan County, Ohio, November 29, 1863. He was educated in the common schools and at the Ohio Northern University at Ada, and Taylor University, Upland, Ind. He is now vice-president of the Ohio Northern University and professor of literature and philosophy, which positions he has held for three years. Prior to going to Ohio Northern University, he was pastor of Methodist Churches for twelve years. He studied law with his brother, Judge Watkins, at Huntington, Ind., and passed the bar examination in that State. Four years ago he was a candidate for Congress in the Ninth Ohio District and polled 1,100 votes, the largest ever counted for a Prohibition candidate in that district. In 1905 he was the Prohibition party's candidate for governor, against Herrick, the Republican candidate, and Pattison, the Democratic nominee. He again was nominated for that office at the State convention of the Prohibition party in Columbus recently.

They stand upon a platform which demands the "submission by Congress to the several States of an amendment to the federal constitution, prohibiting



Hon. Aaron Sherman Watkins

the manufacture, sale, importation, exportation or transportation of alcoholic liquors for beverage purposes, and the immediate prohibition of the liquor traffic for beverage purposes in the District of Columbia, in the territories and all places over which the national government has jurisdiction, the repeal of the internal revenue tax on alcoholic liquors and the prohibition of the interstate traffic therein."

A FOREIGN MISSION WORK AT HOME

A MARKED change of attitude on the part of the Italian communities has characterized the opening of the Gospel tents by the Evangelistic Committee of New York City in certain sections this season.

Of the three centres of Italian work, doubtless the most antagonistic has been in Harlem's "Little Italy." Here, at One Hundred and Sixth Street near First Avenue, right in the heart of the priest-ridden community, a tent has been erected for the past three or four summers.

Repeated disturbances of more or less violent nature attended the opening of the tent in previous years. Buckets of water, volleys of stones and brick-bats, vehement curses and whispered warnings, formerly greeted the workers. Even the Black Hand has threatened. This year, however, no such demonstrations have been made. Last year, when several companies of boys and girls were sent into the country through the kind offices of the Committee, co-operating with the local missions, the favor was regarded with suspicion by the parents. This year, the mothers are eagerly asking that their children should go. The spirit of distrust heretofore generally manifested seems to have given way to confidence and respect.

A Gospel Service for Italian Children on the East Side, New York

Three times the previous number of children gather in the tent nightly for religious instruction. Good behavior and earnest attention distinguish the meetings. On several occasions when the stereopticon has been used, adults and children have crowded into the tent together. The experiment of combining the audiences has been successfully tried by explaining the pictures, first in Italian to the adults, and then in English to the children.

The Italians are peculiarly susceptible to personal sympathy and attention. Even the roughest element is amenable to gentle persuasion. On a recent occasion, Mrs. John H. Evans, a prominent church woman of Pittsburg, Pa., returning by way of New York City from the biennial Convention of Women's Clubs in Boston, became interested in the work of the Evangelistic Committee, especially among the Italians. After one or two visits to the tent, she sent three huge baskets of flowers for distribution among the boys and girls. Great was the excitement! Some of the leaders of "the gang" were requested to keep order and assist in giving out the flowers; they rose to the responsibility quietly but effectively.

This policy is generally followed with satisfactory results, the older boys and girls being invited to co-operate in caring for the younger children.

AMONG THE WORKERS

—OBERLIN COLLEGE has just celebrated its seventy-fifth anniversary, and has just dedicated a handsome new chapel to the memory of Charles G. Finney, who was once Oberlin's president.

—REPORTS on the past season's work, received from the twenty-five branches of the Y. M. C. A. on the Pennsylvania Railroad, show a paid membership of something over 10,000, the largest branch being at Philadelphia, with 1,926 members. The total attendance for the season was 682,723. The attendance at all educational meetings was 15,543; the total attendance for the religious meetings held at the Pennsylvania Railroad branches was 72,288.

—EVANGELIST W. R. NEWALL, who during the past two years has been the means of bringing many to Christ, is conducting meetings in East St. Louis, Ill. No revival work has ever before been attempted there. The tent has a seating capacity of over 5,000. All the meetings are largely attended. One hundred preparatory cottage prayer-meetings were held before the evangelist arrived. All the churches are co-operating and the work is being richly blessed.

—THE REV. STEPHEN MERRITT, the veteran preacher, whose long career of soul-winning and benevolence is known to many readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and throughout the country generally, has been appointed chaplain of our Children's Home at Mont-Lawn. He conducted his first official service on Sunday, July 19, and was accorded a hearty welcome by the children and a good-sized audience of adults in the beautiful Children's Temple, which was crowded to the doors.

—REV. HIRAM BINGHAM, for over thirty years a missionary to the Gilbert Islands, in the South Pacific, has returned to this country. He was the first man to reduce the language of these islands to writing, and he translated the New Testament and many hymns into the language. He is seventy-seven years old and in poor health.

ENVY IN THE HEART OF A KING

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

THE man with the javelin was King Saul. The man with the harp was young David. The man with the javelin was disappointed and revengeful because he had been rejected of the Lord as king. The man with the harp was filled with hope because he had been anointed to be king. The man with the javelin had bitterness in his soul, which at times eclipsed his reason. The man with the harp had the peace of God in his heart, which caused him to sing, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." The man with the javelin had an angry and wicked look. The man with the harp had the beauty of godliness upon his face. The man with the javelin needed solace. The man with the harp had tenderness and loving sympathy to express. Of the man with the javelin, Browning says:

He stood as erect as that tent prop, both arms stretched out wide
On the great cross-support in the centre, that goes to each side;
He relaxed not a muscle, but hung there as, caught in his pangs
And waiting his change, the king serpent all heavily hangs,
Far away from his kind, in the pine till deliverance come
With the spring-time—so agonized Saul, drear and stark, blind and dumb.

Then the man with the harp says:

See the king—I would help him, but cannot; the wishes fall through.
Could I wrestle to raise him from sorrow, grow poor to enrich,
To fill up his life, starve my own out, I would—knowing which,
I know that my service is perfect. Oh, speak through me now!
Would I suffer for him that I love? So wouldst thou—so wilt thou!
So shall crown thee the topmost, ineffablest, uttermost crown—
And thy love fill infinitude wholly, nor leave up nor down
One spot for the creature to stand in! It is by no breath,
Turn of eye, wave of hand, that salvation joins issue with death.

Of the man with the javelin, the women sang praises: "Saul hath slain his thousands." Of the man with the sword and the harp, the women sang, "David hath slain his ten thousands." The women played upon instruments as they sang in antiphony, back and forth, and danced in the streets. Women had so danced and sung before when the Israelites had crossed the Red Sea through the dry path and the host of Egypt had been drowned in its depths. Moses had then led the Israelites in a song of praise, and Miriam led the women forth in dance and song. When Jephthah returned from slaying the enemies of Israel, his daughter came out to meet him with timbrels and with dances, but, sad to relate, she was sacrificed by her father, to fulfil a vow that he had made unto the Lord that, if he would deliver the Ammonites into his hands, whatsoever should come forth out of the doors of his house to meet him when he should return in peace, he would offer it up for a burnt offering (Judges 11:30-40). In some parts of the world women today go out to meet returning victorious warriors, playing upon instruments and dancing.

Comparisons have ever been odious. It was thus that Saul's soul was set on fire with the spirit of envy. He could not bear to have it said that David was greater in war than himself. "An evil spirit from God came upon him." God permitted the evil spirit to visit Saul, but did not send him. Saul opened his heart to the evil spirit, instead of saying to Satan, "Depart from me," as Christ afterwards did.

David Attacked by Saul

The man with the harp was summoned to the palace of the king that he might heal malady with melody. The man with the javelin, the king, was not soothed but irritated. A murderous impulse seized him. Once and again he threw his javelin at David, muttering, "I will smite David even to the wall with it." But David eluded the stroke. The Lord proved to him "a sun and shield," and he came out unharmed. Hear his words in a quotation from Browning's *Saul:*

I know not too well how I found my way home in the night.
There were witnesses, cohorts about me, to left and to right,
Angels, powers, the unuttered, unseen, the alive, the aware!
I repressed, I got through them as hardly, as strugglingly there,
As a runner beset by the populace famished for news—
Life or death. The whole earth was wakened, hell loosed with her crews;
And the stars of night beat with emotion, and tingled and shot
Out in fire the strong pain of pent knowledge, but I fainted not,
For the Hand still impelled me at once and supported, suppressed
All the tumult, and quenched it with quiet, and holy behest,
Till the rapture was shut in itself, and the earth sank to rest.

But the man with the harp never again played before the man with the javelin. He was promoted with military duty in the hope that he might meet death.

Twin Truths to Learn from This Lesson

(1) The danger of harboring envy in our own hearts, and (2) how to carry ourselves when we find we are the objects of envy and jealousy. Envy is almost as old as the human race. Cain, the first born of Adam, was jealous of his brother. It has been said: "The whole world, though otherwise empty of men, could not contain two brothers when one was envied." And so it was that Cain killed his brother. And ever since then envy has been rife even among brothers. Saul was not the only envious king. Caligula, the Roman emperor, killed his brother because he was more beautiful, and was so envious of the most distinguished of his subjects that he deprived them of their badges of honor.

Saul was not the first, nor the last, military man to be infected with the microbe of envy. It is related that a French officer, General Cherin, when urging his men to bear the fatigue of the march patiently, was accosted by one of the soldiers, saying, "It is all very well for you to talk of patience—you who are mounted on a fine horse; but for us poor wretches it is a different matter." The general dismounted, and said to the muttering soldier: "Here, take my place awhile." Hardly had the latter mounted, when a shot struck him, and he fell badly wounded. When the wounded man was being carried off, the general said to the bearers: "You see, my men, that the most elevated place is not the least dangerous." If David had slain his ten thousands, while Saul had slain his thousands, David had been in the most dangerous place, and it was a good reason why Saul had no right to be jealous of him. If instead of envying him Saul had acknowledged and rejoiced in David's greater successes, he would have been held in everlasting honor by all Bible students.

Envy is to be asphyxiated in an atmosphere of prayer. Envy can not thrive in the heart of one who is willing to acknowledge good in others. Rejoice in the successes of those with whom you are associated. Earnestly desire the good opinion of others. Become interested in helping on the altruistic and humanitarian work being done in the world—anything to keep self under.

An aged minister, whose popularity was declining, was walking to church one Sabbath morning in company with a young and popular minister. "Brother, you will have a crowded church today," said the elder minister. The younger replied, "They are greatly to blame who leave you and come to me." "Not so, dear brother; for a minister can receive no such honor and success in his ministry except it be given him from heaven. I rejoice that Christ is preached, and that his kingdom and interests are gaining ground, though my estimation in people's hearts should decrease; for I am content to be anything so that Christ may be all in all."

But what course shall one pursue when he finds himself the object of envy? How can we extricate ourselves from the toils of such a monstrous feeling?

General Gordon, one of the noblest men that ever lived, told how to keep out of such a condition. He said: "If you want to be loved, trusted and respected? Then ignore the likes and dislikes of men in regard to your actions, leave their love for God's, taking him only. You will find that as you do so, men will like you. But try to please men, and ignore God, and you will fail utterly." Shakespeare has said, "Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny." Mutius, a citizen of Rome was so envious that when Publius saw him looking very sad he said, "Either some great evil has happened to Mutius or some great good to another." It was for the benefit of such people that Paul, in his sublime picture of triumphant charity, noted as one of her virtues, "Charity rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth." Dionysius, Plutarch tells us, was so envious that he punished Philoxemius because he was a better singer, and Plato because he was a wiser philosopher. Of the same stripe was the Athenian who voted to banish Aristides, because he was "tired of hearing him called 'the Just.'" Cambyses killed his brother because he could bend a stronger bow for battle.

Other Cases of Envy

But modern cases of envy are quite as mean. There are people to-day who allow themselves first to envy and then to hate others because they can sing better, or dress better, or make more money, or win more approbation or higher office, or run a bigger automobile. Even children let envy get into their hearts because classmates have finer clothes, or take higher honors, or win greater feats or greater popularity.

As on a railway the backing of a train on the next track makes our own train seem to go forward, so some seem to think they are advancing themselves by lowering the reputation of rivals. These envious people are not even standing still but are pushing themselves back while attempting to push others backward. Let us rather let in the love for all mankind that drives out envy as light drives out darkness.

When David was forced by the incident of the javelin to acknowledge to himself that Saul had a deep-seated envy against him, he did not try to break it down by being as mean as Saul himself; but he just went on doing his duty faithfully and did it so well that all Israel and Judah loved him. Of course it is harder to be good and do right when under suspicion, but a brave soul can do it, and be all the stronger for the adverse circumstances.

King Saul Threw His Javelin at David

* **The International Sunday School Lesson for August 16, 1908.** [illegible] I. Sam. 18: 5-16. Golden Text: "The Lord is a God is a sun and shield." Ps. 84: 11.

Answered Prayers

Mrs. C. L. S., Chicago. "I wish to say that God does hear and answer prayer. He has answered mine. Trust and believe!"

S. M. S., New York. "I want to publicly thank God for restoration to health in answer to prayer."

Mrs. H. W., Pennsylvania. "I wish to publicly acknowledge that God answered a special prayer when we were in trouble."

J. T., California. "I wish to add my testimony for answered prayers. God has granted my requests many times."

E. D., Pennsylvania. "I promised the Lord that if my prayers were answered I would acknowledge it to the world."

M. A., Tennessee. "God has answered many prayers of mine, and I feel I can go to him with all my trouble, as a child to a father."

Reader, Illinois. "God has answered my prayers many times. Recently I underwent a serious operation with but little suffering, for he heard me and was with me."

C. B. S., Indiana. "I write from a promise I made to the dear Lord. I promised him if he would heal me of a long standing affliction, that I would tell it to the world through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD."

Reader, Ohio. "I wish to acknowledge gratefully an answer to prayer, recently, in the restoration of my sister's health, who has been ill for nearly one year. I have always been deeply interested in the 'Answered Prayer' column, and have had prayers answered without number."

A COURSE IN ESPERANTO

LESSON No. 16—By Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

La Dek-naua Psalmo

A ĉieloj anoncas la gloron de Dio;
Kaj la ĉieletendaĵo lian manfaritaĵon.

Tago al tago ekparolas parolon,
Kaj nokto al nokto elmontras sciadon.

Nek trovas sin parolo, nek lingvo;
Ilia voĉo ne estas aŭskultebla.

Ilia linio estas elirinta tra la tuta tero,
Kaj iliaj vortoj al la limo de la mondo.
En ili li metis tendon por la suno,

Kiu estas ĝuste kiel novedzo elvenanta el la ĉambro,
Kaj ĝojas ĝuste kiel forta viro kiu estas kuronta sian kuron.

Lia eliro estas de la limo de la ĉieloj,
Kaj lia rondo al la limoj de la sama:
Kaj nenio estas kuŝata de la varmego de li.

La leĝo de la Sinjoro estas perfekta, resaniganta la animon:
La atesto de la Sinjoro estas certa, saĝiganta la nesaĝulon.

La regularo de la Sinjoro estas prava, ĝojiganta la koron:
La ordono de la Sinjoro estas purega, vidiganta la okulojn.

La timo de la Sinjoro estas pura, restadante por ĉiam.
La juĝoj de la Sinjoro estas veraj, kaj tute justaj.

Pli multe ili devus esti deziratai ol oro, jes, ol multe da pura oro:
Ankaŭ pli malacidaj ol mielo kaj la elgutaĵo de la mieltavolo.

Plie per ili via servisto estas avertata:
Per la tenado de ili estas granda rekompenco.

Kiu povas elscii siajn erarojn?
Purigu min de kuŝataj kulpoj.

Detenu vian servanton el tromemfidaj pekoj;
Ne permesu ke tiaj regu min;
Tiam mi estos honesta,
Kaj mi estos pura rilate al granda transpaŝo.

La paroloj de mia buŝo, kaj la medito de mia koro,
Estu akceptebla antaŭ vi,
Ho Sinjoro, mia ŝtonego, kaj mia Elaĉetinto.

Translated by Rev. R. P. Anderson, for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, by request.

Vocabulary for the Above Psalm

Ĉieloj, *heavens.* Anoncas, *declare.* Gloron, *glory.* Ĉieletendaĵo, *heaven-extension or firmament.* Manfaritaĵon, *handiwork.* Tago al tago, *day unto day.* Ekparolas, *uttereth.* Parolon, *speech.* Nokto al nokto, *night unto night.* Elmontras, *shows* or *showeth.* Sciadon, *knowledge.* Aŭskultebla, *literally, able to be heard.* Linio, *line.* Elirinta, *gone out.* Tuta tero, *whole earth.* Iliaj vortoj, *their words.* Limo, *end or boundary.* Metis, *set, or made.* Tendon, *tabernacle.* Ĝuste, *just.* Novedzo, *bridegroom.* Elvenanta, *coming out.* Ĝojas, *rejoices.* Kuronta sian kuron, *about to run his course.* Eliro, *going forth.* Rondo, *circle.* Nenio, *nothing.* Kuŝata, *hidden.* Varmego, *heat.* Leĝo, *law.* Perfekta, *perfect.* Resaniganta, *restoring.* Animon, *soul.* Atesto, *testimony.* Saĝiganta, *making wise.* Nesaĝulon, *simple.* Regularo, *precepts.* Prava, *right.* Ĝojiganta, *rejoicing.* Koron, *heart.* Ordono, *commandment.* Purega, *pure.* Vidiganta, *enlightening.* Timo, *fear.* Restadante, *enduring.* Juĝoj, *judgments.* Vera, *true.* (veraj, plural). Justaj, *righteous.* Deziratai, *desired.* Oro, *gold.* Malacidaj, *sweet.* Mielo, *honey.* Elgutaĵo, *dropping.* Mieltavolo, *honeycomb.* Plie, *moreover.* Servisto, *servant.* Avertata, *warned.* Tenado, *keeping.* Rekompenco, *reward.* Povas, *can.* Elscii, *understand.* Erarojn, *errors.* Purigu, *cleanse.* Kulpoj, *faults.* Detenu, *keep back.* Tromemfidaj, *presumptuous.* Pekoj, *sins.* Permesu, *permit.* Regu, *rule.* Honesta, *upright.* Rilate al, *concerning.* Transpaŝo, *transgression.* Paroloj, *words.* Buŝo, *mouth.* Medito, *meditation.* Akceptebla, *acceptable.* Antaŭ, *before.* Ho, *oh.* Ŝtonego, *Rock.* Elaĉetinto, *Redeemer.*

Suggestions for study.—Go through the Psalm, pronouncing each word very distinctly, before trying to translate it. Read over the vocabulary to get the meaning of the words. Translate as much of the Psalm as possible without referring to the Bible. Write out the translation and then compare it with the Bible. Study the language by naming the part of speech of each word, whether it is noun, pronoun, verb, etc. In a circle, the leader should request each member to read a line in turn, telling the meaning. As a memory exercise, it would be well to write out a list of words—as long as possible—that can be recalled.

A New Esperanto Magazine

Simultaneously with the Esperanto Convention at Chautauqua appears the first number of *The Esperanto Student*, a monthly magazine devoted to the interests of Esperanto, aud especially to those of students of the language. On the first page is a communication from Dr. Zamenhof, the founder and father of Esperanto, in which he wishes the best success to the new magazine in its efforts to popularize the new language in this country. Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts, who is conducting THE CHRISTIAN HERALD course in Esperanto, contributes an article on "How to Teach Esperanto." Another article is a translation from Dumas, the celebrated French writer, done by Andrew Kangas, president of the New York Esperanto Society. There are several other articles, all in Esperanto. Judging by its initial number, *The Esperanto Student* gives promise of great usefulness to students of the new language, which has already made such progress in Europe that it is being taught in the schools of several European countries. The subscription price of the magazine is fifty cents a year. John H. Brown, 22 Meadow Road, Rutherford, N. J., publisher.

A FIRE TEST AT OUR CHILDREN'S HOME

"ES—we did have a big fire up on the hill at Mont-Lawn. It certainly was what the idow Bedott would call a "conflageration." ow did it happen? Well, it did not happen all.

"What! You don't mean it was set afire at the ildren's Home—of incendiary origin? Who uld be so heartless?" some one asks excitedly. Now, my dear friend, do not jump so at conclu-ons. The fire surely was set—deliberately ade; but this was done in order to demonstrate at a protection against fire was to be found in e Ajax fire engine.

When it was noised abroad that there was to a demonstration of how a fire could be kindled d then quickly put out, if only the materials uld be furnished and a match applied, there re busy times among the boys at Mont-Lawn. a shorter time than it takes to tell it, a big e was erected on the hillside, well back of the ttages. From every direction came boys laden th old boxes, barrels, dead branches and sticks, add to the bonfire pile. When matches were plied, the boys and girls danced with excite-ent and joy.

My! what a fire that was! We all stood around tching the man with the engine, wondering if it would be possible for just one man to put out such a fire, whose flames were roaring, and leaping higher every moment. It grew so hot that the onlookers were forced back. The photographers were just getting their cameras in position, when the young man quietly raised a small hose, directed a still smaller stream of something (I am not chemist enough to tell you what) and in less time than it takes to tell it, that fire was *out!*—yes, OUT! and the children's fun spoiled. They did not realize what it all meant; but the older folks did, and were thankful to know that that little engine, scarcely bigger than a "push-cart," would afford such protection against that most destructive element, that most awful menace to the helpless—fire.

"That fire was put out so mighty quick," said the photographer, "I hadn't time to take a picture."

CALLED HIGHER

Mrs. M. A. Skiff entered into rest at her home in Atlanta, Ga. A woman of beautiful Christian character, her influence lives after her. She was interested in all good works and was a subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for many years.

Physicians, surgeons and trained nurses realize the value of Ivory Soap in the sick room.

It is pure and it induces purity. For cleansing articles in the sick room or for bathing the person it has no equal. It is white, pleasing and odorless; a perfect germicide and a powerful disinfectant; infinitely better than nine-tenths of the drugs, the very odor of which suggest ill health and not, as they should, the clean pure air of the outdoor world.

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The Songs We Love the Most

Written for The Christian Herald

I KNOW that there are poets who have won a nation's fame.
And the centuries of readers hang upon a certain name;
There are grim old rhyming legends, handed down from long ago,
And the epic of a battle that the deepest thinkers know:
But, for all their magic power, in my simple way I dote
On the Old Home sort of rhyming that our Hoosier poet wrote.

Suns of glory on a Milton or a Shakespeare they may shine,
Yet they lack the whole-souled beauty of "An Old Sweet-heart of Mine,"
And I turn the well-worn scrap book just to have another view
Of the heart-aches and the sweetness of his "When My Dreams Come True."
I'm reminded of the pastures and God's purest, dearest note,
In the pathos and the music of the things that Riley wrote.

The book-shelves hold a legion of the tomes poetic turned,
And their authors win the laurels of an aptitude well earned;
But I guess I'm just old-fashioned when I take my point of view,
And I can't expect to force my field and flower love on you.
It's the homely, sunny logic, keyed to sound a tender note,
That brings back the trust in Jesus, in the rhymes that Riley wrote.

—W. LIVINGSTON LARNED.

A poor lamp with a good chimney will give more satisfaction than a good lamp with a poor chimney. A chimney that doesn't fit, causes smoke, smell, and cuts down the light.

I make a chimney to fit each different style and size of burner ever made. MACBETH chimneys never break from heat, and my name is on every one.

My Lamp-Chimney Book insures getting the right chimney for any burner, and gives suggestions about lamps, chimneys, wicks, oils, and tells how to keep lamps in order. I gladly mail it, free, to any one who writes for it.

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NEW YORK CITY. OFFERS A THREE YEARS' COURSE OF TRAINING. APPLICANTS MUST BE BETWEEN 21 AND 35 YEARS OF AGE, AND HAVE ONE YEAR IN HIGH SCHOOL OR ITS EQUIVALENT. THE SCHOOL IS REGISTERED AND CONNECTED WITH A HOSPITAL OF OVER 1,300 BEDS. THE NURSES RECEIVE $10.00 PER MONTH THE FIRST YEAR, $12.00 THE SECOND, AND $15.00 THE THIRD YEAR. CLASSES FORMED EVERY TWO MONTHS.

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The Transformation of Margaret

By MRS. ELEANOR H. PORTER

Author of "Into Still Waters," etc.

A NEW SERIAL WRITTEN FOR "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD"

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

Little Margaret Kendall, when five years old, was lost in New York and several years elapsed before she was restored to her grief-stricken mother at Houghtonsville. The child had lived among the children of the streets and had acquired their ways. At her mother's home she is surrounded with every luxury, but she wishes that the poor children might share her good fortune. "Bobby" McGinnis, who knew Margaret in New York, now lives near in the same town and becomes a great friend of the little girl. Her widowed mother becomes engaged to Doctor Spencer, who was instrumental in finding Margaret in New York. The little girl is filled with horror, as all the husbands she had heard of beat their wives. She sends to the doctor a contract in which it is stipulated that he will not beat her mother; this the amused doctor signs at once. Margaret insists on a visit from the children of the "Alley," with whom she lived in the slums. At first she wants them to stay always, but consents to have it made a visit. The child, when she sees them, realizes the difference between her old life and the new and is more contented to try and live as her mother wishes. She strives to please, but finds difficulty in curbing her speech and changing her manners. Her mother and herself go back to the city with the Alley children and try to arrange for their welfare. Mrs. Kendall then sends the little girl to a fashionable school in order to give Margaret the companionship of girls of her own age who will make her forget her past experiences, for Margaret was becoming a nervous wreck brooding over the poor people in the "Alley." The doctor and his bride start on their wedding journey; the train is wrecked and both are killed. Several years elapse, Mrs. Merideth and her two brothers, Ned and Frank Spencer, sister and brothers of the doctor who married Mrs. Kendall, are living at their home, Belcourt. Margaret, who has been away at school and traveling, comes to live with them. They find her a beautiful young girl with charming ways. Margaret, riding in an automobile with a Mr. Brandon, sees for the first time the dirty mill village near Belcourt. The mills belong to the Spencers and she learns much of the way in which the firm runs its business. They nearly run over a little girl named Maggie and Miss Kendall's interest is aroused. A young man named McGinnis holds an important position in the mill and is interested in bettering the conditions of the working people. Margaret meets him by chance and finds he is the one she used to know, and that as a boy he "had come to look after her property."

CHAPTER XXI—*Continued*

"DEAR old Bobby!" murmured Margaret. And McGinnis knew, in spite of a conscious throb of joy, that it was the fifteen-year-old lad that Margaret Kendall saw before her, not the man grown standing at her side.

"I suppose I thought," he resumed after a moment, "that if I were not here some one might pick up the mills and run off with them."

"And now?" asked Margaret. She was back in the present, and her eyes were merry.

"And now? Well, I come nearer realizing my limitations," said McGinnis laughing. "At any rate, I learned long ago that your interests were in excellent hands, and that my presence could do very little good, even if they had not been in such fine shape. But I am keeping you," he broke off suddenly, backing away from the car. "Are you—can you—you do not need me any longer to run the machine? You'll not go back through the town, of course."

"No, I shall not go back through the town," shuddered the girl. "And I can drive very well by myself now, I am sure," she declared. And he did not know that for a moment she had been tempted to give quite the opposite answer. "I shall go on to the next turn, and then around home by the other way. But I shall see you soon again—you will come to see me," she finished, as she held out her hand.

McGinnis shook his head.

"Miss Kendall, in the kindness of her heart, forgets," he reminded her quickly. "Bobby McGinnis is not on Belcourt's calling list."

"But Bobby McGinnis is my friend," retorted Miss Kendall with a bright smile, "and Belcourt always welcomes my friends."

Still standing under the shadow of the great tree, McGinnis watched the runabout until a turn of the road hid it from sight.

"I thought 'twould be easier after I'd met her once face to face, and spoken to her," he was murmuring softly, "but it's going to be harder, I'm afraid — harder than when I just caught a glimpse of her once in a while, and knew that she was here."

CHAPTER XXII

MARGARET'S morning drive through the town did not have quite the effect she had hoped it would. By daylight the place looked even worse than by the softening twilight. But she was haunted now, not so much by the wan faces of the workers as by the jeering countenances of a mob of mischievous boys. To be sure, the unexpected meeting with Bobby McGinnis had in a measure blurred the vision, but it was still there, and at night she awoke sometimes with those horrid shouts in her ears. Of one thing it had cured her, however; she no longer wished to see for herself the shabby cottages and the people in them. She gave money, promptly and liberally—so liberally, in fact, that Mrs. Merideth quite caught her breath at the size of the bills that the young woman stuffed into her hands.

"But, my dear, so much!" she remonstrated.

"No, no—take it, do!" Margaret had pleaded. "Give it to that society to do as they like with it. And when it's gone there'll be more."

Mrs. Merideth had taken the money then without more ado. The one thing she wished particularly to avoid in the matter was controversy—for controversy meant interest.

There had been one other result of that morning drive—a result which to Frank was perhaps quite as startling as had been the roll of bills to his sister.

"I met your Mr. Robert McGinnis when I was out this morning," Margaret had said that night at dinner. "What sort of man is he?"

Before Frank could reply, Ned had answered for him.

"He's a little tin idol on wheels, Margaret, that can do no wrong. That's what he is."

"Ned!" remonstrated Mrs. Merideth in a horror that was not all playful. Then to Margaret: "He is a very faithful fellow and an efficient workman, my dear, who is a great help to Frank. But how and where did you see him?"

Margaret laughed.

"I'll tell you," she promised in response to Mrs. Merideth's question; "but I haven't heard yet from the head of the house."

"I can add little to what has been said," declared Frank with a smile. "He is the king-pin, the keystone—anything you please. But why?"

"Nothing, only I know him. He is an old friend."

"You know him!—a friend!" The three voices were one in shocked amazement.

"Yes, long ago in Houghtonsville," smiled Margaret. "He knew me still longer ago than that; but that part I remember only as it has been told to me. He was the little boy who found me crying in the streets of New York, and took me home to his mother."

There was a stunned silence around the table. It was the first time the Spencers had ever heard Margaret speak voluntarily of her childhood, and it frightened them. It seemed to bring into the perfumed air of the diningroom the visible presence of poverty and misery. They feared, too, for Margaret; this was the one thing that must be guarded against—the possible return to the morbid fancies of her youth. And this man—

"Why, how strange!" murmured Mrs. Merideth, breaking the pause. "But then, after all, he'll not annoy you, I fancy."

Continued on next page

WONDERED WHY
Found the Answer Was "Coffee."

Many pale, sickly persons wonder for y[ears] why they have to suffer so, and eventu[ally] discover that the drug—caffeine—in coff[ee] the main cause of the trouble.

"I was always very fond of coffee [and] drank it every day. I never had much f[aith] and often wondered why I was always [so] pale, thin and weak.

"About five years ago my health comple[tely] broke down and I was confined to my [bed]. My stomach was in such condition tha[t] could hardly take sufficient nourishmen[t] sustain life.

"During this time I was drinking cof[fee] didn't think I could do without it.

"After awhile I came to the conclus[ion] that coffee was hurting me, and decided give it up and try Postum. I didn't like [the] taste of it at first, but when it was m[ade] right—boiled until dark and rich—I s[oon] became very fond of it.

"In one week I began to feel better. could eat more and sleep better. My [head]aches were less frequent, and within months I looked and felt like a new be[ing] headache spells entirely gone.

"My health continued to improve [and] to-day I am well and strong, weigh 148 I attribute my present health to the life-giv[ing] qualities of Postum."

"There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Cre[ek] Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," [in] pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A n[ew] one appears from time to time. They genuine, true, and full of human intere

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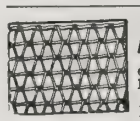
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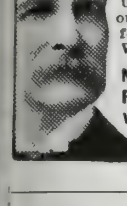

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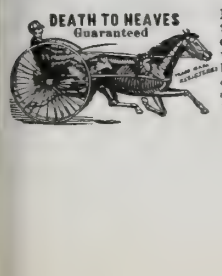

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The Transformation of Margaret

Continued from preceding page

"Of course not," cut in Ned. "McGinnis is no fool, and he knows his place."

"Most assuredly," declared Frank, with a sudden tightening of his lips. "You'll not see him again, I fancy. If he annoys you, let me know."

"Oh, but 'twon't be an annoyance," smiled Margaret. "I asked him to come and see me."

"You—asked—him—to come!" To the Spencers it was as if she had taken one of the big black wheels from the mills and suggested its desirability as an ornament for the drawing-room. "You asked him to come!"

Was there a slight lifting of the delicately moulded chin opposite?—the least possible dilation of the sensitive nostrils? Perhaps. Yet Margaret's voice, when she answered, was clear and sweet.

"Yes. I told him that Belcourt would always welcome my friends, I was sure. And—wasn't I right?"

"Of course — certainly," three almost inaudible voices had murmured. And that had been the end of it, except that the two brothers and the sister had talked it over in low distressed voices after the Margaret had gone up stairs to bed.

Two weeks had passed now, however, since that memorable night, and the veranda of Belcourt had not yet echoed to the sound of young McGinnis's feet. The Spencers breathed a little more freely in consequence. It might be possible, after all, thought they, that *McGinnis* had some sense—and the emphasis was eloquent.

CHAPTER XXIII

MISS KENDALL was sitting alone before the great fireplace in the hall at Belcourt when Betty, the parlor maid, found her. Betty's nose, always inclined to an upward tilt, was even more disdainful than usual this morning. In fact, Betty's whole self from cap to dainty shoes radiated strong disapproval.

"There's a young person—a very impertinent young person—at the side door, Miss, who insists upon seeing you," she said severely.

"Me? Seeing me? Who is it, Betty?"

"I don't know, Miss. She looks like a mill-girl." Even Betty's voice seemed to shrink from the "mill" as if it feared contamination.

"A mill-girl? Then it must be Mrs. Merideth or Mr. Spencer that she wants to see."

"She said you, Miss. She said she wanted to see—" Betty stopped, looking a little frightened.

"Yes, go on, Betty."

"That—that she wanted to see Miss Maggie Kendall," blurted out the horrified Betty. "'Mag of the Alley.'"

Miss Kendall sprang to her feet.

"Bring the girl here, Betty," she directed quickly. "I will see her at once."

Just what and whom she expected to see, Margaret could not have told. For the first surprised instant it seemed that some dimly remembered Patty or Clarabella or Arabella from the past must be waiting out there at the door; the next moment she knew that this was impossible, for time, even in the Alley, could not have stood still, and Patty and the twins must be women grown now.

Out at the side door the "impertinent young person" received Betty's order to "come in" with an airy toss of her head, and a jeering "There, what'd I tell ye?" but once in the subdued luxury of soft rugs and silken hangings, and face to face with a beauteous vision in a trailing pale blue gown, she became only a very much frightened little girl about eleven years old.

At a sign from Miss Kendall Betty withdrew and left the two alone.

"What is your name, little girl?" asked Miss Kendall, gently.

The child swallowed and choked.

"Nellie Magoon, ma'am, if you please, thank you," she stammered.

"Where do you live?"

"Down on the Prospect Hill road."

"Who sent you to me?"

"Mis' Durgin."

Miss Kendall frowned and paused a moment. As yet there had not been a name that she recognized, nor could she find in the child's face the slightest resemblance to any one she had ever seen before.

"But I don't understand," she protested. "Who is this Mrs. Durgin? What did she tell you to say to me?"

"She said, 'Tell her Patty is in trouble an' wants ter see Mag of the Alley,'" murmured the child, as if reciting a lesson.

"Patty? Patty? Not Patty Murphy!" cried Miss Kendall, starting forward and grasping the child's arm.

Nellie drew back, half frightened.

"Yes, ma'am, no ma'am, I don't know, ma'am," she stammered.

"But how came she to send for me? Who told her I was here?"

"The boss."

"The—boss?"

"Yes. Mr. McGinnis, ye know. He said as how you was here."

"Bobby!" cried Miss Kendall, releasing the child's arm and falling back a step. "Why, of course it's Patty—it must be Patty! I'll go to her at once. Wait here while I dress." And she hurried across the hall and up the broad stairway.

Back by the door Nellie watched the disappearing blue draperies with wistful eyes that bore also a trace of resentment. "Go and dress," indeed! As if there could be anything more altogether to be desired than that beautiful trailing blue gown! She was even more dissatisfied ten minutes later when Miss Kendall came back in the trim brown suit and walking hat—it would have been so much more delightful to usher into Mrs. Durgin's presence that sumptuous robe of blue! She forgot her disappointment, however, a little later, in the excitement of rolling along at Miss Kendall's side in the Belcourt carriage, with the imposing looking coachman in the Spencer livery towering above her on the seat in front.

It had been Miss Kendall's first thought to order the runabout, but a sudden remembrance of her morning's experience a few weeks before caused her to think that the stalwart John and the horses might be better; so John, somewhat to his consternation, it must be confessed, had been summoned to take his orders from Nellie as to roads and turns. He now sat, stern and dignified, in the driver's seat, showing by the very lines of his stiffly-held body his entire disapproval of the whole affair.

Nor were John and Betty the only ones at Belcourt who were conscious of keen disapproval that morning. The mistress herself from an upper window watched with dismayed eyes the departure of the carriage.

"I've found Patty, the little girl who was so good to me in New York," Margaret had explained breathlessly, flying into the room three minutes before. "She's in trouble and has sent for me. I'm taking John and the horses, so I'll be all right. Don't worry!" And with that she was gone, leaving behind her a woman too dazed to reply by so much as a word.

Belcourt was not out of sight before Margaret turned to the child at her side.

"You said she was in trouble—my friend Patty. What is it?" she questioned.

"It's little Maggie. She's sick."

To be continued

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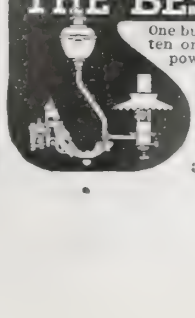

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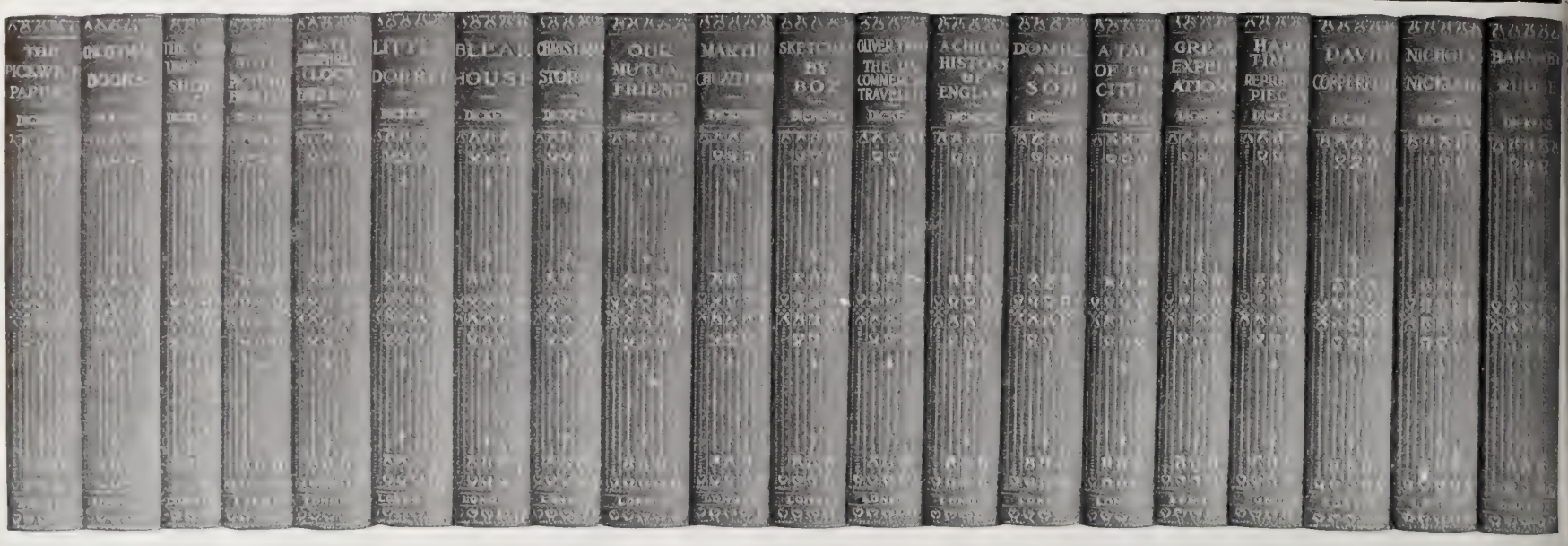

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1. THE FOUNDER, DE CHAMPLAIN

(SEE PAGE 635)

2. THE PRINCE OF WALES

Patriotic Quebec Decorating Champlain's Statue During the Great Celebration

Questions and Answers

B. R. K., Ohio. How is a message sent by wireless telegraphy?

A transmitter is made to set up etheric vibrations, which are propagated through the atmosphere and affect the coherer, part of the receiving instrument. The discharges of the transmitter are controlled by a form of the ordinary telegraph key. The receiving instrument is a form of the ordinary Morse recorder and sounder to record the dots and dashes. Marconi uses in place of the coherer a simpler instrument, the "receptor." By his system it is not necessary to have the instruments "attuned." It is impossible to give a full account in a limited space. See Collins's *Wireless Telegraphy, Its Theory, History and Practice.*

J. B. G., Wilton, Me. Please explain John 20: 23: "Whosesoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whosesoever sins ye retain, they are retained."

The power conferred by Christ on his disciples is to be construed in a ministerial or declarative sense, as the authorized interpreters of his Word. In a personal and authoritative sense, this power was never exercised by any of the apostles, and clearly was not understood by them as possessed by them or conveyed to them personally, or except as his representatives, or the interpreters of his divine will and mercy.

J. B., Wellston, Okla. When does the date change on the international date line? Does it change at 12 o'clock in daytime or 12 o'clock at night?

East of the date line the day is dated one day earlier than west of it. Ships crossing the line at once change the date records on their logs without regard to the time of day. They take up or lose a day at the imaginary line, depending on their course, and the hour has nothing to do with it.

Old Subscriber, Bennettsville, S. C. Is it right for a Christian man or woman to attend a ball game, knowing that bets are being made on the game?

Your presence and example may help to discourage betting. There is no finer or manlier sport than baseball.

Reader, Harding, S. D. Are the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at liberty to read in public the sermon printed in its pages? Sometimes the minister is absent at this place, and then people request me to read them a sermon. I did so once, but I wondered if I did right.

Certainly, they have that privilege and it is one which is exercised in many of the remote rural districts throughout the Union to-day. We know of sections where THE CHRISTIAN HERALD sermon forms the principal feature of the Sunday service, being read by some good Christian brother or sister in the family circle, or to groups of neighbors in some farm-house or meeting house, in the absence of a regular preacher. All are welcome to make this use of the sermon, and we trust it may be accompanied by blessing. It would, however, be unprofessional and wrong for a regular preacher to preach the sermon as his own. When it is read by a lay brother or sister, the sermon is being put to the very best purpose.

S. P., Lake City, Minn. If a foreigner becomes a citizen of the United States, does his citizenship lapse if he lives abroad for a long time, [illegible] says good?

This question was submitted to Mr. G. H. Crawford, the well-known New York lawyer, who says in part:

This question cannot be answered by a mere "yes" or "no," as you will perceive by the following statement: The question whether a naturalized citizen of the United States has lost his rights as such citizen by reason of long residence abroad depends upon his intention. Such a citizen might go abroad and might be compelled by sickness of himself or family, or by imperative business engagements, to remain out of this country for a long time, and yet if his intention all the time was to return to the United States, he would not lose his citizenship by such foreign residence. If, on the other hand, after having become naturalized he should leave this country with no intention of returning, especially if he did not pay taxes here or retain any interest in business or property in this country; then, upon the question going before proper authority, the decision would probably be that he had lost his rights as an American citizen. There have been decisions to this effect. . . . It has been established by treaty with several nations—Bavaria, Denmark, Norway and Sweden, Prussia, and several German States—that if a naturalized citizen returns to his native country and continues to reside there for more than two years, the presumption is that he has abandoned his citizenship in this country.

E. S. B., Utica, N. Y. A minister says "we will be judged by our possibilities, and not by what we have done." How am I to take that statement, for I know I have not lived up to my possibilities?

It is a statement on which it is well not to dogmatize. Works alone will save no man, yet they will be considered in the Judgment. It is our duty to do at all times the best we can, and whether we fail or succeed is less important than that we should have sincerely tried. Probably no man ever lived up to his fullest possibilities, so the statement you quote would practically rule out the entire human race, if pushed to the extreme limit.

A reader in Cheney, Neb., whose young son is interested in our Children's Home, sends in this delightful letter from the little fellow, which will interest our juvenile readers and perhaps their elders as well:

Enclosed find $3 to give one child a ten days' outing at Mont-Lawn. Hope it may be as pleasant an outing as I have just been enjoying. I am nine years old, and on the 9th of June grandma took me to the Sand Hills in Lincoln, Neb., to visit my two little cousins, Wendell and Perry Richmond. What a gloriously good time we had, riding old Tom over the hills and through the valleys. It is a beautiful country, and my three weeks' visit was soon a thing of the past, but I shall not soon forget it. THURSTON TEMPLE.

Having enjoyed a good time himself, this golden-hearted little fellow thought the best thing he could do was to "pass it along" to some poor tenement boy or girl. Hence his gift to the Home, where some city waif is now having an outing through his generosity.

Mrs. C. C. M., McRae, Fla. How old was Samuel when the Lord called him? (I. Sam. 3: 4.)

According to Josephus (*Antiquities* v, 10, 4) he was about twelve years old.

J. T. D., Appleton, Wis. What are the latest findings of reliable and competent scholars as to the quality of the wine that Jesus made at the wedding at Cana, whether it was fermented or not?

All opinions regarding the character of the wine miraculously produced at Cana are mere speculation; but we can be assured that whatever came from the hand of Deity was not only harmless, but wholesome, and therefore not of character to "steal away men's brains" or produce intoxication.

Missionary B. C. Patterson, Suchien-ku, China writes:

A paragraph has just appeared in a Shangha Chinese, secular paper, written by some of th gentry of Suchien. It was headed: "Sincer Thanks for Famine Relief." Then followed grateful acknowledgment of the work of th missionaries at Suchien, "who distributed th aid sent from the West. But for it we could nc have lived through the fourth moon of last yea On the anniversary of this fourth moon we wis to acknowledge afresh our indebtedness.

"Signed, Lu, Tu, etc."

It is pleasing to all who were personally inte ested in our Chinese relief work to learn of th deep gratitude of these people, upon whom th generosity of Christian America has made a last ing impression.

A. C. B., May's Landing, N. J. What is mean by "But I suffer not a woman to teach, no to usurp authority over the man, but to be i silence" (I. Timothy 2: 12)?

In this Epistle, Paul had in mind the condition of affairs in Corinth, whence he probably wrote He was discussing the conduct of women in th public services and, adopting the opinions prev alent in his day, decided that i was unbecoming for a woman t teach publicly, or in any way t usurp authority over the other se before the world. He may have had some particular case in mind in making this observation in the Epistle.

A. S. H. How did Fast Day and Thanksgiving Day originate in this country?

Fast in this country was of Puritan origin. It was first observed in Massachusetts and had legal observance there until within a few years. It is still observed in some States; usually the day is Good Friday. The first Thanksgiving Day in America was held in Plymouth Colony in 1621, in the autumn. Its observance for a while was confined to the New England Colonies and States, but for many years it has been observed as a national festival, the President appointing by proclamation the last Thursday in November.

R. V. G., Pensacola, Fla. How many governments are there and how are they governed?

A recent list gives twenty-three republics and fifty-six empires, kingdoms and principalities. This does not include some semi-independent tribes in Africa which are large enough to be considered nations in themselves.

An Ohio reader sends us the programme of a Sunday "picnic," which is a strange jumble of piety and Sabbath desecration. It opens with a mass at ten; dinner served at noon, religious and other addresses at 1.30; then games and contests, races by single and married women, prizes for the most popular lady, most beautiful woman, etc., etc. The district would be inviting territory for some energetic evangelist.

Hong Kong Harbor, Scene of the Great Typhoon in Which 1,000 Perished

A CABLE dispatch from Hong Kong states that on Monday, July 27, a great typhoon swept the China coast, doing much damage to shipping. It is estimated that 1,000 persons, principally natives, lost their lives in the awful storm. A Chinese steamer, the *Ying King*, foundered, carrying 300 coolies to the bottom. Several other large steamers are believed to have sunk in the storm. A torpedo boat and a river steamer sank at their wharves. Hundreds of flower boats, junks, cargo boats, sampans and other native craft were destroyed. Several buildings in Hong Kong collapsed, and large trees along the shore front were torn up by the roots.

THE BOOK OF THE HOUR

ALL of our readers who were interested in our editorial last week on "Pole-Hunting in Peary's Own Words," and desire further information regarding his great book *NEAREST THE POLE*, we refer to the full description of the volume and our SPECIAL OFFER which appeared in our issue of July 29.

Briefly the meat of the advertisement is just this: *"Nearest the Pole"* is not only *the book of the hour*, but one of the most thrilling and absorbingly interesting books ever written; the size of the volume—which measures when open 15¾ x 10½ inches, and weighs four pounds—the de luxe paper on which it is printed, the rich, gold stamped binding and the ninety half-tone, sepia engravings—forty-five of which are full pages—all combine to make the book particularly costly in point of manufacture, and the *publisher's price is $4.80.* Knowing that this is more than many of our readers would care to pay, and in view of the enthusiastic interest in Commander Peary and his present expedition that is creating steadily increasing demand for his famous book, we have made Special Arrangements with the publishers whereby we can offer *"Nearest the Pole" to readers of* THE CHRISTIAN HERALD *for less than half price, or for $2.00.* We can not, however, prepay express charges. For details, see issue of July 29.

Miscellaneous

J. L., Rochester, N. Y. It was only profane swearing that was in question. On general grounds we approve the views of your letter.

F. M. B., Abingdon, Va. Nothing is revealed beyond what is expressed in Scripture. See I. Cor. 15th chapter, and I. Thess. 4th and 5th chapters.

Reader. We would suggest that you address the superintendent of the Training School for Nurses of the following hospitals: Bellevue, 426 East Twenty-sixth Street, New York; St. Luke's, Amsterdam Avenue and One Hundred and Thirteenth Street, New York; Presbyterian, Seventieth Street and Madison Avenue, New York, and Johns Hopkins, Baltimore, Md.

A. C., N. Y. A lie, or a deception tantamount to a lie, no matter how desirable or how excellent the purpose it serves, is never justifiable. This is the view held by the ablest religious writers, who assert that where faith abounds, lies and deceptions are wholly unnecessary. Perfect trust in God will overcome any difficulty. We would advise you to read a little book entitled *A Lie Never Justifiable*, by Henry Clay Trumbull, published by Wattles & Co., Philadelphia.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 12, 1908

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

Chief "Sees-with-his-Eye," President of Fair Association

Indian Encampment on Fair Grounds, Showing the Large "Council Tepees"

Scout Curly, Sole Survivor of Custer Massacre

FAIR DAY ON THE LITTLE BIG HORN

NO INSTITUTION is more distinctly American than the Country Fair. Accordingly, the fact that the Crow Indians have adopted the Country Fair may be accepted as strong evidence that the civilization of that once fierce and warlike tribe is advancing. When the aborigines take kindly to ragtime music and pink lemonade, and compete for prizes in exhibitions of mammoth pumpkins, cucumbers and cabbage heads, it is evident that they are following in the path of the white farmers of the Union, in whose estimation Fair Day is the great event of the year. There is little danger that the warrior who has known the joy of seeing his petted rooster win first prize, or of witnessing the decoration of his Holstein heifer with the blue ribbon of excellence, will ever again permit his bronzed features to be disfigured with war paint. The Crows are evidently getting ready for citizenship.

The Third Annual Fair of the Crow Nation was held September 14-18 of last year. Socially, financially and industrially it was an unqualified success. It is anticipated, however, that it will be far eclipsed by this year's event. The precise date of this year's fair has not yet been decided upon, but it will be some time in September. From the viewpoint of sightseers and lovers of the spectacular, the Crow Indian Fair far distances the greatest Wild West exhibition; but its deeper interest and significance lies in the fact that it is evidence that the aborigines have deliberately and forever surrendered the old ways, and that henceforth their ambitions lie along lines of peaceful rivalry with their white fellow citizens.

The annual fairs held at the Crow Agency in Eastern Montana are always attended by large numbers of Blackfeet, Cheyennes, Sioux, Nez Percés, and other tribes of the Northwest. It is, probably, the most representative gathering of the tribes of the Northwest to be seen anywhere. More than 3,000 Indians assemble every year. Each tribe is assigned to a particular station in the general encampment, and there all members of that tribe pitch their tepees. At night the ceremonial dances of each tribe represented are given in large tepees erected for that purpose. The camping ground is approached by a road that leads across the Little Big Horn River. The crossing is effected by means of a footbridge, or a ford for horsemen and vehicles. Here twenty-five cents admission to the camp grounds is collected from all comers.

Every morning at 10 o'clock, the day's entertainment is begun by a parade, from the encampment to the fair grounds. The leader is the herald of old Chief Plenty Coos, head chief of the Crow Nation. The head chief comes second, carrying a large American flag, and followed by a crowd of sub-chiefs and minor dignitaries. Then comes a really excellent brass band, and the rank and file of warriors. Chief Plenty Coos is rendered conspicuous by the absence of barbaric trappings, wearing none of the customary decorations excepting a white eagle's feather in his hair. However, the sub-chiefs and warriors are not so modest. Resplendent war bonnets, belts, blankets and savage regalia cover horses and riders, giving to the scene a savage pomp that thrills the hearts of the many old plainsmen who witness it. It recalls to their minds similar pageants that they witnessed in years not so long past that their recollection has grown dim, when the assemblage of so many warriors invariably portended strenuous work for the Western army posts, and short shrift for unprotected immigrants caught on the plains.

A Picturesque Section of the Indians' Annual Parade

Considered merely as a pageant, the parade at the Crow Indian Fair is worth traveling many miles to see. Considered in the light of its historic interest and significance, it is matched by no other annual display in America. Here are the descendants of the first Americans. Many of the warriors in the procession fought Crook, Miles and Custer on more than one hotly contested field. Some participated in the Battle of the Little Big Horn, and no doubt their thoughts revert to that famous field, only three miles away, where they had hoped forever to block the white man's encroachments. These grim old warriors have reached—and passed—the parting of the ways; and their presence in the parade is evidence that they are philosophic enough to bow to the inevitable. Here and there, borne high in the air and flaunting in the breeze, is a string of scalps. In proximity so close that the gruesome relics are often wrapped in its folds, is the American flag. Incongruous, of course; but yet significant. The scalps are old and offensive—nothing but repulsive relics of the past. The flag is bright and new and resplendent—symbolic of the future. And, although the old chiefs and warriors are nearly all gorgeous in war paint and gaily decked out with feathers, blankets and other finery, it is noteworthy that their sons, who bring up the rear, are clean-faced, clear-eyed, and all clothed in the neatly fitting uniforms of the government schools.

The parade passes through each tribal division of the general encampment, and then through the Agency village, where it is reviewed by Indian Agent Reynolds, to whose assistance and encouragement the success of the annual fair must largely be attributed. Then the warriors adjourn for dinner. Immediately after dinner, every one hastens across the Little Big Horn to the fair grounds. The grand prize is given for the neatest and most perfectly appointed tepee. The competing tepees are all equipped and decorated in a manner that proves that the Philistines who think the Indians devoid of artistic perceptions are grossly mistaken. Every conceivable article of native craftsmanship adorns the walls, or is appropriately arranged around the sides.

Close to the tepees in the prize competition is the Exhibition Hall, differing little in its arrangement

Continued on page 634

The American Pulpit

A SERMON BY

Rev. Frederick F. Shannon*

The Goal of the Soul

TEXT — I. JOHN 3 : 2 — "Beloved, now are we children of God, and it is not yet made manifest what we shall be. We know that, if he shall be manifested, we shall be like him; for we shall see him even as he is." R.V.

SAINT JOHN, the author of our text, has been called "the Apostle of the Absolute." In view of the man's character, as set forth in his writings, the title seems to be an eminently fitting one. For whether it be in Gospel, Epistle, or Apocalypse, John, who will be known through time and eternity as the apostle of love, will also be known as the apostle of mighty affirmations, as the man in whose being there is a fine blending of cosmic majesty and spiritual calm, of stormful wrath and peaceful noon, even as the lightning slumbers in a drop of dew. If in John's Gospel we have a summary of Christian theology, in his First Epistle a summary of Christian ethics, in his Apocalypse a summary of Christian politics, we have in each and all of them the martial ring of deathless positives. Nebulous negations did not drop from the tip of John's golden pen. Even his negatives quiver with life, as we shall find in the study of our text.

And so it comes to pass that the subject of John's thinking and writing is life—life in God, or God's life in the soul. His Gospel is a study of the divine life manifested in the person of Christ; his First Epistle is a study of the divine life manifested in the individual Christian; his Apocalypse is a study of the divine life manifested in the universal church. This man of majestic positives, of profound affirmations, is keenly alive to the throbbing pulsations of life—eternal life in the Eternal Son of God. John tells us why he wrote his Gospel—that he might show men the way to eternal life through faith in the incarnate God: "These are written, that ye may believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye may have life in his name." John tells us also why he wrote his First Epistle—to confirm and assure those who believe in Christ that now, in this present world, they have eternal life: "These things have I written unto you, that ye may know that ye have eternal life, even unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God."

Just one word more before taking up our text. No true student of this passage will dare to touch it without a feeling that, however much he may be aided by reflection and research and illumination of the Holy Spirit, his treatment of it will be both inadequate and unsatisfying. This feeling arises from the incomparable greatness of the passage in itself, and the train of thought naturally growing out of it. As I read it, these three ideas are set forth: the Known Present, the Unknown Future, and the Satisfying Vision.

I. The Known Present. "Beloved, now are we the children of God." Now if Paul had written this passage, I think it would read this way: "Brethren, now are we the *sons* of God." For Paul almost invariably considers man's relation to God from the legal standpoint, and so he emphasizes the idea of adoption, which gives a new dignity and relationship to human life. While Paul uses *uios* (son), which may indicate only adoption and heirship, John uses *teknon* (child), which denotes a relation based on community of nature. With a single exception, Professor Marvin R. Vincent says, John never uses *uios* to describe the relations of Christians to God, since he regards their position not as a result of adoption, but of a new life.

Children of God

In view of John's statement that we are children of God, then our first inference, based upon actual fact and experience, is that we are immature, inexperienced, and as yet ungrown. You see John's teaching is this — that even full-grown manhood here is related to the heavenly world as a little child is related to this world. We are only children, the biggest-brained and the largest-souled among us. Moses, Paul, John, Shakespeare, Angelo, Wesley, Gladstone, and all that vast line of immortal thoroughbreds, in the light of the issues involved in the ultimate goal of the soul, are as little children gathering shells, as Sir Isaac Newton put it, along the shore of a sea whose breaking billows lash the outmost confines of infinity. This does not imply that the work of these men, who wrought with tremendous sincerity and holy audacity, is not of permanent worth and of essential value to humanity and the universe. It simply suggests that while in this sphere of being they were engaged in a work whose completion involves such an immense expenditure of eternal energies that they were related to that work as the babe at a mother's breast is related to the problems of empire, of government, of science, of philosophy. We are children, says this man who seemed to see deeper and with clearer eye into things eternal than any mere man in the history of the planet. And, being children, we can not get on without the brooding care of the paternal, yea, the maternal; for childhood, says the dictionary, is that period during which constant maternal care continues to be needed.

Why, in talking with a dear friend, a justly proud and happy grandfather, the other morning, I said: "It was worth a trip across the city to see that beautiful boy." Smiling so broadly that I could almost see the smile through the telephone receiver, he said: "We think he's a fine boy. He left me last night in the storm. But I have his picture here on the desk before my eyes." What would you think of a little child, scarcely old enough to toddle from chair to chair, setting out in the night and the storm from his grandparents' home toward the far-off woods of Maine? Would you not think that that fond grandfather, even though the child's picture lies upon his editorial desk, would be greatly worried about the little fellow's journey? And yet he told me without a quaver in his voice that the child left him in the night and the storm. Shall I tell you why there was no trembling anxiety in that grandfather's voice as he spoke? This is why: he saw the little boy wrapped up snug and warm, folded close to his mother's bosom, and thus he set out upon his journey. My brethren, our apostle says we are children, and your greatest dictionary says childhood is that period during which constant maternal care continues to be needed. Is not our inference just—that in this life that period is veined through and through with the overbrooding care of the paternal and maternal God?

The "New Theology" Excoriated

Our second inference is that John has given us our soul pedigree, our spiritual ancestry. "Now are we the children of God!" When John wrote those words, he foreordained the doom of all mud and dirt philosophy, before it crept from the slime of Darwin's brain, or whined in the mental wilderness of Campbell's nonsense. "In the past thirty-three years," Joseph Parker declared in the City Temple pulpit, whose present occupant was publicly rebuked therein last Thanksgiving Day, "I have seen enough dead theories, exploded nightmares, and discarded hypotheses to fill a good-sized cemetery. They have gone the way of all the earth—dust to dust. They flamboyantly entered the world like an amateur military band, with much noise and swagger, and coughed their way out of it like a squad of consumptive tramps. Whenever a preacher is parading a new and sparkling theory in religion, I know the first nail in his coffin has been driven and clinched. The one thing that is forever new and fresh is the old Christian Evangel, which is in fact from everlasting to everlasting."

And so, John says, we are children of God; not children of fate, nor children of accident, nor children of a primeval orang-outang. Learn a lesson from a four-year-old child. On a recent Saturday forenoon our boy decided that I must give him a trip to the Brooklyn Museum. With wondering delight we went from department to department. I tried to interest him in the pictures. But his artistic sense was soon satisfied. Boylike he said: "Papa, I want to see the animals, and the soldiers, and the guns." So I showed him the coats of mail, the Japanese and Chinese collections, the giant mastodon, the large and small reptiles, the wild boars, the massive whale, the eagles and their mountain home—in fact, I tried to show him everything to be seen. Finally, as we were approaching the glass case containing that magnificent specimen of the orang-outang, I said: "Now, Frederick, I want to introduce you to your grandfather." It was indeed pathetic to see the expression on his little face, the shifting playground of repulsive frown and childish incredulity, as he gazed at the savage ape holding the huge club in his ferocious grasp. He found his tongue at last and said: "Why, papa, I can't believe that he is my grandfather. He don't look one bit like my grandpa." "But, my child," I said, "in order to be thoroughly scientific, but not necessarily Biblical, you have to believe that that gallant ar fascinating gentleman is your grandfather, or, any rate, is your ancestor." Again he answere "Papa, I just can't believe it." Nor as yet has h father learned to believe it. Perhaps I might, if undertook to color my theological imagination, Da Vinci colored his artistic imagination befo painting the head of the Medusa. As a preparatio for his ghastly task, the painter captured a broo of venomous, swelling toads. After taking them t his house and tormenting them into a rage, h watched them until his imagination was soaked i the hideous sight. Then Da Vinci, with his imagina tion dipped in the poison of those venomous toad put the Medusa on canvas. Let him who will soa his theological imagination in apehood until he ca trace his unbroken lineage back to the anthropoid but Christians ought to find it more edifying to ac cept Saint John's ancestral doctrine: "Beloved now are we the children of God!" Here is tha "missing link" which, if scientists had looked in th right place, would have been found long ago!

What the Future Holds

II. The Unknown Future. "And it is not ye made manifest what we shall be." This what, says Bengel, suggests something unspeakable, containe in the likeness of God. And I hold it to be a sure mark of greatness that John does not attempt t analyze and express what this "what" of my text really is. He says, not unmindful for a single moment of the life, death, resurrection and ascension of Christ, that "there has never been set forth before men's eyes, in this earthly life of ours, an example or an instance of what the sons of God are to be in another state of being." Is it not the acme of wisdom to leave unexpressed the inexpressible, as John does? To undertake to describe "what" we shall be in another life would be like the buried root of the wild orchid descanting upon the brilliant rose, or white, or yellow, or lilac flower of the tame orchid, glowing with perfect beauty and queenly majesty in the Prospect Park hot-house; like the chrysalis, before leaving its caterpillar state, telling what it would resemble when it became that winged splendor named the butterfly; like the white, spotted, scrawled eggs lying in their hanging nest and talking to each other of the day when they would be a flock of winging, singing, golden orioles. Let us rejoice that the "Lord Jesus Christ shall fashion anew the body of our humiliation, that it may be conformed to the body of his glory;" but let us remember, also, that that conformity is so far beyond the radiant dreams of humanity as it now is, so utterly grand and absolutely great that John says it was never manifested on any occasion what we shall be!

And just here, says Dr. Alexander Maclaren, are two things to be grateful for. In the first place, we should be thankful that we do not know, "for the ignorance is the sign of the greatness." John says we are children, and being children, ignorance is the natural process in the course of our development. You are a banker. Suppose that you bend over the cradle of your baby boy and say: "My child, you will be the king of financiers. You will make Wall Street tremble by your tread. When a panic strikes our country you will be able to take up the bonds and help to relieve the stringency." If a man had so far lost his head as to talk such nonsense to a baby, why, nature would protect the child in answering the father with a prattle and a smile. You ought to thank God that your child can't understand such talk. For if he could understand it, babyhood would be robbed of its innocence, boyhood would be deprived of its joys, growing into manhood would be cheated of its dreams and aspirations. Would you turn the sweet, laughing face of a little child into the wrinkled, withered, wizened face of an old man? No! It would be unnatural. First an infant, then a boy, then a man! According to my text, we are in our spiritual childhood in this life. It is wonderful, it is glorious, it is perfectly adapted to us; but we are children, nevertheless, and we ought to be thankful for the unrevealed glories which will come to us in another world.

In the second place, this very blending of knowledge and ignorance is God's secret of growing a soul. Our Father knows us altogether, and it is one of the marks of his love toward us that he guards us against the peril of over-familiarity with divine things. We know by experience how over-familiarity

Continued on page 633

* Preached in Grace M. E. Church, Brooklyn.

OUR MISSION BOAT NOW IN SERVICE

Going Shopping

The Mission Boat at Anchor in Cebu Harbor

A Carabao Cart

THE day after mailing you my last letter I received a telegram notifying me of the arrival of our new mission boat *El Heraldo Cristiano*, which was purchased with the gifts of your readers and others specially for the Philippine work. The trim little vessel came on the steamship *Dacre Castle*, and I immediately set out to receive it, taking three days to cover the distance.

On my arrival, I found that the launch had already been lowered into the water and had been given into the care of my fellow missionaries here, Dr. Graham and Mr. Dunlop. It had arrived in perfect condition, thanks to the great care taken by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD management to insure its safe transport. There was not a single leakage. After a thorough cleaning and a new coat of paint, she looks a beauty, and is much admired by everybody. The freight charge, however, is appalling. We are praying that the kind readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, who have helped us to get the boat, will continue to contribute so that the whole cost may be met. Last Friday, we took the mission boat out on a trial trip. An American friend who has a small gasoline launch of his own accompanied us to show us how she ought to be run. Our destination was Dumaguete, on the neighboring island of Negros, where we wanted to carry five native young men, who are students there. The gasoline engine was easily started, but after a while acted poorly and finally stopped, when we were about twenty miles out. We put our heads together and studied her, inside and out; but for nearly twelve hours we were only rewarded with a few spasmodic "chug-chugs." Then she again started going, but in such a half-hearted way that we concluded we had better go back to Cebu for expert advice. Another American friend, who has charge of the electric light plant here, kindly offered to go with us for this second trial trip. After a little attention to batteries and plugs *El Heraldo Cristiano* sailed off grandly, and for the eighty miles going and eighty coming back the engine did not miss a stroke. She goes about seven and one-half knots (between eight and nine miles) an hour, and seems quite moderate in consumption of gasoline. Mrs. Jansen and I have already taken up our quarters on her for summer mission work, and wish you all could know how much comfort she is giving us, while at the same time trebling our capacity for service. We thank you and all your good readers most heartily, only words seem inadequate for the occasion. However, you and they have done it for love of the Master, and he will not forget.

Even the boards in which the boat was crated came in wonderfully handy. We needed an extension to our little church here, and part of the new walls, at least, are composed of the boards that incased the boat. Kindly assure Captain Benn of our appreciation of all his efforts, and his kind practical directions contained in a late letter. I would like much to write each and every one who helped in this enterprise; but time will not allow me, so I ask them to take the will for the deed.

Some kind friend put a box full of CHRISTIAN HERALDS on the mission boat, and you can never know how many solitary hearts will be cheered with them. Reading matter is at a premium in these islands, especially good reading matter. We would be most grateful for a regular supply. Now finally, dear friends, don't forget to pray that God will use your boat and his servants to the glory of himself and to the eternal salvation of thousands in these islands.

FREDERICK AND ELIZABETH JANSEN.
Cebu, P. I.

. . .

[As the freight and duty charges are yet unpaid, and money is needed for the running expenses of the mission boat, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be glad to receive contributions for that purpose. Every gift for the mission boat will be acknowledged in these columns.]

Setting Out on a Tour Across the Island Parish

THE GOAL OF THE SOUL Sermon by Rev. Frederick F. Shannon *Continued*

tends to dull the wonder of the wonderful. Last summer I watched two persons in the cab of a monster freight engine. One was an engineer, the other was a boy. Of course every natural, healthy boy wants to be an engineer, and it would be impossible for him to picture a heaven as beautiful as that gigantic pile of steel and copper and iron on wheels. With wonder-teeming eyes the boy beheld the fire-box, the air-brake, the steam gauge, the rope that rings the bell, and above all the throttle, which held for him the mystery of a thousand worlds! As he looked out upon the net-work of tracks he seemed to say to himself: "If I could just pull that throttle open, I wonder which one of those tracks this old iron-horse would take!" But there wasn't a single gleam of wonder in the eye of the engineer. He was perfectly familiar with both engine and track, and he was glad to have a rest-day. If I wanted to have a vast deal of soul fun, I would go to a certain spot I know away off in the mountains, whose inhabitants never saw a village, much less a great city. From that primitive country I would bring my two boy friends, Reuben and Jasper, to New York. It would be worth the cost to see their expression when we reached Fifth Avenue. Jasper would say, in his homely vernacular: "Mister, ain't you brung us to Heaven?" Of course I wouldn't be cruel enough to tell him that Fifth Avenue was so much unlike heaven that it might have a slight resemblance to the other place. Fancy the wonder in their eyes as they saw the Singer Building and exclaimed: "That loft surely is higher than the moon." Crossing the bridge and seeing the crowd of worn-outs who congregate there every summer morning, perhaps my little friends would say: "Guess these poor fellers ain't got no mothers." Oh, the dazzling wonder of this great world of New York to my little friends who are unfamiliar with it! Oh, the tragedy of the man whose over-familiarity with life and divine things has deadened his soul eyes to their mystery and glory!

Let us not lose the wonder, my friends. Now we are children, ignorant and immature; but we are going to be God's completed, eternal, immortal grown-ups one of these days, though it doth not yet appear just what we shall be!

III. The Satisfying Vision. "We know that, when he shall be manifested, we shall be like him; for we shall see him even as he is." While our text does not go into details about the life to come, believe me when I say that it here emphasizes the all-important character of that life. "We shall be like him"—here is the ultimate goal of the soul. To be like him—this, my friends, is the one thing that will satisfy the soul and justify the creation of the universe. To be like him—that will be glory enough for kings and queens, heroes and martyrs, saints and sages, men and angels! To be like him—that will excel the beauty of silver and gold, earth and sea, suns and stars! To be like him—that will turn every tear into laughter, every sob into song, every loss into gain! To be like him—that will transform sorrow into joy, defeat into triumph, death into life!

And so, my brethren, I am not thinking this morning of the wrecks scattered along the highway of these human years. I am not thinking of the spiritual defeats, the cups of sorrow, the broken purposes, the slain hopes, the killed aspirations that lie entombed in the invisible morgue of the soul. I am not thinking of the faltering steps that clamber up the last milestone of the long life-hill. I am not thinking of unquiet hearts that remember in the night, when a steady rain of tears beats upon the darkened roof of the soul and runs off into the unscattered, unlighted glooms of life. I am not thinking of that deadly, benumbing ache which tugs at the heart until we sometimes wonder if there is a physician who can replace the crimson stitches of pain by the white stitches of peace. I am not thinking of the tired backs, the unappeased longings, the whirling mysteries that send their monotonous dirges through the warp and woof of our being. I am not thinking of the misunderstandings that separate, of the unkindnesses that stab more keenly than cold steel, of the hatreds that chill and then kill "the genial currents of the soul." I am not thinking of the wasted bodies of the godly father, the saintly mother, the knightly son, the lovely daughter, the radiant friend, which we have put away in God's acre. No, dear hearts, standing in the golden glory of this promise that we shall be like him, I am thinking of that stainless universe, of that perfected humanity, of that sunless, nightless, tearless City of the Soul, whose king "is the image of the invisible God, the first-born of all creation; for in him were all things created, in the heavens and upon the earth, things visible and things invisible, whether thrones or dominions or principalities or powers; all things have been created through him and unto him; and he is before all things, and in him all things hold together." And so I ask you to think with me of the Eternal Son, who is that Infinite Beyond, on the other side of which there is no beyond, the glorified Christ who shall at last present a glorified humanity unto the Father, "that God may be all in all!"

GODMOTHER OF THE W. C. T. U.

Mrs. Sophia E. Sanford
Who christened the W. C. T. U.

By KATE UPSON CLARK

THE Civil War was, in a way, the greatest calamity which ever befell us as a nation. In another way it was the mother of innumerable blessings. One of these was the awakening of our noble women to the consciousness that they had duties to perform for their country as well as for their homes. They had organized auxiliaries to the great Sanitary and Christian Commissions, and other vast societies for helping the soldiers; and in every little town in every State groups of loyal women were gathered together, scraping lint, packing "comfort-bags," and compounding dainties.

Most of these little circles had to organize, and thus the bright, active, educated women of America learned, more keenly than they had ever learned before, the joys of working in concert, methodically and for great ends.

The war ceased, but the women saw that there were still evils to be cured. In the little town of Fredonia, N. Y., Dr. Dio Lewis on Sunday, December 14, 1873, told of the wonderful work which had been accomplished in checking intemperance in his own town of Clarksville. The women there had banded themselves together and had gone to the saloons, singing and praying, and begging the liquor dealers to forsake their wicked business, and the men who frequented their places to keep away.

Among the women in Dr. Lewis's audience was Sophia E. Sanford, the wife of Henry R. Sanford, one of the leading men of Fredonia. Like everyone else who had heard Dr. Lewis's impassioned address, she was profoundly stirred. A meeting was called for the following morning and three hundred citizens were present. The men pledged thousands of dollars for the expenses of a temperance campaign. The women withdrew to a lower room, and arranged the details of a march which should be similar to that of the women of Clarksville. At half past twelve that day, the procession of fine-looking women, headed by Mrs. Barker, the wife of a highly respected judge, and Mrs. Williams, the wife of the Baptist minister, started forth on their errand of reform. More than a hundred women followed. Among these and walking were Mrs. Jane Clemens, the mother of Mark Twain, and Mrs. Sanford.

In one of Mrs. Sanford's recent letters, she wrote: "With the consent of the proprietors, we entered the saloons, sang Christian hymns, prayed, and pleadingly besought the men not to drink and the saloonkeepers not to sell."

They were everywhere courteously treated. For several weeks, they continued their daily visitations. The result, much to their joy, was that Fredonia became a no-license town.

Naturally, the good women who had perfected this work decided to form a permanent organization. Mrs. Esther McNeil, still a resident of Fredonia, was chosen president, and Mrs. Sanford secretary. The latter was appointed a committee of one to draft a constitution and by-laws. No suggestion had been made regarding a name for the club, but "there, in my own home," wrote Mrs. Sanford, "I decided to call the society the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, little dreaming of the marvelous development which was to grow from that beginning."

The life of this noble temperance worker was that of the typical American woman. She was born October 17, 1835, in the quaint hamlet of Dresden, Gates County, N. Y., where her father, Rensselaer Travis, was a respected citizen. He removed his home, during her later girlhood, to Penn Yan, where she received a thorough education. She became, for a few years, a teacher, and among her pupils were many who afterward became distinguished, like Thomas Hendrick, now Bishop of Cebu, in the Philippines; and his brother, Peter A. Hendrick, one of the justices of the New York Supreme Court, w walked in her funeral procession.

In 1861, she was married to a husband whose tellectual tastes were the same as her own, and w is now the senior institute director of the New Y State Education Department. She was the moth of six children, four of whom are still living.

As her children grew up, Mrs. Sanford was a to indulge her intellectual tastes to the full. Alwa deeply interested in history, she founded a sm history club, in which she and her choicest frier took great delight. She was intensely patriotic, a was a member of the Seneca Falls Chapter of t Daughters of the American Revolution. She w devoted to music and knew and loved the best. S considered flowers as living friends, and in the as in all the beauties of nature, she reveled wi pure and uplifting joy.

But it was in her home, her church, her religi that her deepest life lay. She was active in t cause of missions, and to the end, the temperan cause enlisted her ardent sympathies. Her mode soul keenly rejoiced, even while she deprecated t fame which her fortunate choice had brought h that she had devised the appropriate and expressi title borne by our greatest temperance organizatio

Lovely and unselfish in disposition, she bore t long months of her last painful illne with exemplary fortitude, and her la words were of thought for the comfo of others. Then she slept, and it w the sleep that knows no awaking. C the morning of July 1, they who spol to her received no answer, and th saw upon her face the seal of the ang who comes to each soul but once.

It is given to but few to achieve lil Mrs. Sanford a specific work which to endure; but every town and villag in our land contains earnest and lovin women, true to their religion and the homes, and using every spare momer in efforts to make better the world ou side. They are the characteristic Ame ican women, and the foreigners wh come to "study" us and our institu tions, and who go home with elaborat and highly colored accounts of ou "smart set," our politicians and ou commerce, know nothing of the rea motive-power behind our progress. Ou "smart set" do our playing for us; ou politicians are the men we hire to kee our government machinery going; ou commerce typifies our physical organ ism; but back of it all lies the hear of our country—these noble and de voted Christian men and women who in every com munity, large and small, are laboring to make th world better. Of these, and crowned as well wit an abiding fame, is Sophia Elizabeth Sanford. Sh rests from her labors, but her works do follov her, and in the hearts of her Christian country women her name will be ever wreathed about wit love and honor.

Mrs. Sanford's Home in Fredonia, Where the W. C. T. U. Was Founded

FAIR DAY ON THE LITTLE BIG HORN

Continued from page 631

and contents from similar structures in New England or the Middle States. Here are turnips, beets, potatoes, cabbages, cucumbers, squash, and every fruit, vegetable and cereal that grows in the Northwest. Near at hand is a section in which the dusky squaws display their skill in drawn work, bead work, lace, embroidery, needlework and other feminine accomplishments. Just outside is the poultry division, with ducks, chickens, geese, turkeys, and pigeons; and near by are sleek steers and lithe-limbed broncos of the live stock department. Just a characteristic exhibition of the products of farm, garden, orchard and ranch, in no way superior to similar displays at country fairs the whole country over, but noteworthy because every article shown represents some division of Indian industry. One can stand in the doors of the Exhibition Hall, and see the frowning bluffs of the Little Big Horn. With the aid of a glass of ordinary power, he can distinguish the shaft of the Custer Monument. The Indians are proverbially reticent, and random questions addressed to the warriors rarely elicit much information; but any white plainsman in the throng will point out many a grizzled brave who participated in the famous fight of thirty-two years ago, when the Seventh Cavalry and its dashing leader went down before the overwhelming numbers of their red foes.

Next to old Chief Plenty Coos, the most interesting character regularly in attendance at the Crow Indian Fair is Curly, General Custer's favorite Indian scout—the only member of Custer's command who survived the disastrous battle of the Little Big Horn. Simply because he lived to tell the tale, many refuse to believe that Curly was ever in the fight at all. However, his story of the battle was circumstantial and was corroborated by every fact that afterwards came to light; and the Crows, Sioux, Cheyennes and other tribesmen who participated in Crazy Horse's victory seem to give full credit to Curly's claim.

Chief Two-Leggings Crossing the Little Big Horn

At night come the tribal dances. Learned professors of the Bureau of Ethnology and impecunious scribblers for the Sunday supplements have tried so often and failed so lamentably in the attempt to describe the Indian dances that it is useless to add another failure to the list. A hundred feet or less from the tent where the tom-tom keeps time to the rhythmic dance of the warriors is a phonograph that blares forth ragtime and the latest Bowery hits. Coon songs and the latest music hall airs blend strangely with savage cadences that were old centuries before the Pilgrims set foot on the rock of Plymouth. The past and present meet and mingle strangely here, where the Red Race signifies the surrender of everything it used to hold as rendering life tolerable. Yet what the thoughts are that are veiled behind those stoical countenances, no white man can say.

JOHN L. COWAN.

CALLED HIGHER

Mrs. Naomi A. Gould, of Fenwick, Mich., has been called to her eternal home, after a faithful Christian life.

The Methodist Episcopal Church of Nelson, Pa., has lost a firm friend, death having claimed Freeman D. Pierce. He passed to his reward at the age of sixty-seven years. He faithfully served his country during the war of the rebellion in Company L, Second Pennsylvania Cavalry. He faithfully served the church of his choice as class leader. Those who know him best testify that he ever lived as a devoted Christian.

QUEBEC'S PAGEANT OF CENTURIES

Champlain and His Wife

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Cavalcade of King Francis I. at Fontainebleau

Captain and Mate of the "Don de Dieu"

MANY leaves in the history of Canada and of North America were turned back at the recent tercentennial at Quebec, and the great characters who once paced the mediæval streets seemed to be called once more to life. Mingling with the twentieth century tourists who were there in thousands, were Indians in war-paint and feathers walking as haughtily as their ancestors must have done in the days when they were lords of the north "before the white man came." Here and there would appear a herald at arms in embroidered tabard, and a man of the watch carrying helmet and breastplate as easily as if he had worn them all his life. Highlanders in kilts, red-coated soldiers and courtiers of the reign of Francis I. gave pleasing touches of color to the passing throng.

On "Champlain Day," at three in the afternoon, the *Don de Dieu*, Champlain's ship, sailed up to the port canting in the stiff breeze. The crew was composed of Quebec yachtsmen dressed in the sailor costume of 1608. As soon as shore was reached Sheriff Langelier, as Champlain, led his men ashore and they entered the "Habitation," a replica of the first building in Quebec.

The historical procession which followed was composed of three thousand Indians, courtiers and men and women representing such famous characters as Francis I. and court, King Henry IV., and court ladies, Cartier, Champlain, Count Frontenac, Montcalm and Wolfe, with soldiers and sailors.

Probably nothing finer of its kind has been seen here or abroad than the pageant given on the Plains. The people of Quebec had been preparing for months and the result was beyond their fondest hopes. Fully four thousand people dressed as historic personages took part and so accurately were the various parts taken that one had difficulty at times to realize that it was the twentieth century and that they were not really seeing the great historic events themselves. For instance, the Sheriff of Quebec took the part of Champlain, and he made up so well that he was a perfect copy of the explorer's portrait. Other characters were copied with the same fidelity.

The tableau representing the court of Henry IV. of France at Fontainebleau made a brilliant scene, courtiers, nobles, halbardiers, and ladies in waiting taking their parts in the beautiful picture. Other scenes represented were Cartier's meeting with the Indians, Dollard and his famous sixteen who saved Canada from the Iroquois, and Count Frontenac receiving the envoy of Phipps, who besieged the city in 1690 with a fleet from New England. The Count replied to the messenger that he would send his answer from the mouth of his cannon. One of the most effective scenes was Wolfe and his troops and Montcalm with his white-coated grenadiers of France. These two had been greatly cheered during the procession through the streets of the city, the English cheering loudly as Wolfe rode by and the French shouting themselves hoarse for the Marquis de Montcalm. The young Count de Montcalm, a descendant of the general, was present the entire week as a guest of the city, as was also a member of the Wolfe family. The chief of Clan Frazer was also present, wearing the full Highland costume. It was the Frazer Highlanders who played such an important part in taking the city.

The review of the massed troops on the historic Plains of Abraham by the Prince of Wales was a stirring spectacle. Lined up on the plains, not far from Wolfe's Cove, were twenty thousand troops, many more than fought on this same ground for the mastery of Canada. There were regiments of redcoats, grenadiers and plaided Highlanders—their war pipes shrieking shrilly—hussars, and a noteworthy detachment of the famous mounted police from the Northwest. Fully thirty thousand spectators crowded to the edge of the reviewing ground and the roads leading to it were so packed with people as to be almost impassable. The Prince was dressed in the scarlet uniform of a field marshal, his white helmet topped with red and white feathers; across his breast was the blue ribbon of the Order of the Garter. The Prince and Earl Roberts galloped along the lines. The colors were dipped, the bugles blared, and then the lines shifted into column and marched past. The French soldiers came first as representing the founders of the country, and next came five hundred marines and sailors from the battleship *New Hampshire*. Their alignment was perfect and they marched with a swing that brought a storm of applause from the spectators. Vice-President Fairbanks and his military staff occupied seats in the reviewing stands and joined in the cheers. The American sailors looked very natty in their white duck hats and yellow leggins. After the march past there was a brief ceremony in the reviewing stand. The Prince presented to Earl Grey the title deeds to the Plains of Abraham, which, hitherto private property, then passed into the ownership of the nation. At a banquet later the Prince gave a check of $100,000 to keep the battlefield in proper condition. After the review the Prince placed wreaths on the Wolfe monument and then on the shaft of St. Foye erected by the French, with its simple yet forceful inscription "*Aux Braves*," thus paying equal tribute to the two races of Canada.

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Earl Grey Proposing "Three Cheers for Vice-President Fairbanks"

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The Court of Henry IV.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Subscriptions may commence with any issue.

Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

Entered as Second-class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa

The Peace Congress

THEY are but a little flock—the Peace Lovers. When they met in London, a few days ago, for the Seventeenth Universal Peace Congress, they seemed a very insignificant assemblage, although they represented sixteen different nations and governments. Their speeches, advising the workers of the world to refuse to take up arms wherever a quarrel could be settled by international arbitration, had a strange sound in these days of martial clangor, when the world's rulers are supplementing their armed hosts with death-dealing fleets that cover the seas.

Yet, although the old world may seem to be more like a noisy armed camp than ever, the Peace Lover finds comfort in the fact that there is an undertone which tells of hope. He knows that the time will yet come when "the science of destruction shall bend before the arts of peace," and when the enlightened peoples will no longer hold each other as enemies, but as friends and brothers. In the great changes that are now taking place, the thoughtful may discern the influence of a divine hand directing the destinies of the nations. Within the space of a single lifetime, we have seen France a monarchy and now a republic; Spain a kingdom, a republic, and again a kingdom; Brazil an empire and now a republic; Russia a despotism and now a constitutional government, while the ancient despotisms of Persia and Turkey are even now in the throes of political and constitutional rebirth. We have seen the hostile Central American States banded together for peace. Over thirty leading nations have gathered at the council table, pledged to adjust their quarrels peaceably, rather than with sword and cannon.

It is true, universal peace and brotherhood may still be a dream of the far future; but the real Peace Lover knows by the signs that the old world is moving toward it, though slowly. His hope is strong, because he can see that the olive tree is spreading, roots and branches. And he knows that within the brief span of one human life, great things have happened and more substantial progress has been made toward the ultimate goal than in the ten preceding centuries.

The Militant Suffragettes

WENDELL PHILLIPS used to tell us that, in spite of the old proverb, "Talk is cheap," it is the first essential to reform; that the minds of people must be accustomed to the word pictures of the "agitator" before the real objects could be safely plumped upon them. This is apparently the idea of the fighting suffragettes in England. They are "agitating" violently and the whole world is looking on and listening.

The Rev. Canon Hicks, who is warmly in sympathy with the suffrage movement, thinks that the worst is now over and that their success is in sight. He considers that the experience of New Zealand and other countries, in which woman suffrage has been given a fair trial, justifies the rest of the world in granting it also. But it is a notable fact that one's personal opinion seems to color the facts in such cases. Those who do not believe in woman suffrage profess to find results directly contrary to those reported by the good Canon. Thus, concerning the recent fraudulent registration of 2,000 women in Colorado, Ellis Meredith, the well-known and highly respected writer, declares that, after a thorough investigation, she finds only three. This is a terrible shrinkage. Both stories seem incredible—and one knows not what to believe.

Even the warmest friends of the woman suffrage movement shudder to read of the storming of Mr. Asquith's windows by two London suffragists, who alighted from a taxicab, armed with bags of missiles. Two panes were broken (which argues a surer aim than some attribute to the sex), and the offenders were sentenced to two months at hard labor. At the great "demonstration" in Parliament Square, following the refusal of the Prime Minister to grant an interview, twenty-nine of the ladies, persisting in haranguing the crowds after they had been forbidden to do so, were locked up and sentenced to terms of imprisonment varying from one to three months. They can pay fines instead, if they choose, but "most of them," says the *Christian World*, "elect to go to prison."

One English publication is printing a series of witty "interviews," probably spurious, but very funny, in which a violent opponent of the suffragettes voices the ancient cry about the neglected home and the ruined children. He says, "Women must stay at home. England is being desolated by these roaming and ranging maidens, wives and mothers, who are basking in the glare of publicity instead of sweeping, dusting, sewing, cooking and 'tending baby' at home, as they should."

It is hard for even those who sympathize with their opinions to understand the aggressive and law-defying attitude of the English suffragettes; but they are mainly good women, highly educated and well brought up, and should not be condemned without a hearing.

The Epidemic of Summer Crime

DOCTORS and criminologists are again taking up the study of the connection of great heat waves and crimes of violence. This summer, the list of brutal tragedies has already become a long one and the most crimes appear to have been committed when the temperature rose highest. The same phenomenon has been noticed by scientific men for a number of years and they believe there is a connection between the two. Although this is probably true to a certain extent, one reason why there is more crime is undoubtedly the fact that there is far greater opportunity for the commission of crime in summer than in winter. People leave their doors and windows open to get fresh air, this being often done in neighborhoods remote from police protection.

People lured by the charm of unfrequented bypaths in the country take rambles in localities where hold-ups or murder for the sake of robbery may be accomplished without great fear, on the part of the desperadoes, of subsequent detection. The majority of people who are waylaid have been taking walks in the evening without adequate protection or escort. The papers West and East show that the conditions are practically the same at this time of the year. It is unfortunate that criminals are most active when people need recreation more than at any other time. It does not mean, however, that the American people are growing more lawless. The reason given recently by the chief of police of one of our greatest cities is that the country is being flooded with criminals from Europe, who, finding that their careers in their own countries have been cut short by the activity of the police, have come to America for the purpose of carrving on their nefarious practices. The desperadoes who shot several people in the quiet streets of a suburban part of Boston are said to be men with foreign criminal records. America has always welcomed the deserving; but, for self-protection, she must watch carefully her gates and see that only those who are worthy are admitted. They must know that freedom does not mean license.

Our Sunday School

THOSE who imagine that the Sunday School is losing its hold upon the youth of the country need only turn to the reports read before the recent National Convention at Louisville, to find encouragement, and to learn the true condition of affairs. A net gain of 1,000,000 scholars in three years; new schools starting up at the rate of fourteen per day; over 9,000 teachers' meetings regularly maintained (an increase of over twelve per cent. since last report), and a grand total of 15,000,000 pupils enrolled in all the grades—these are statistics that ought to inspire superintendents, teachers and parents everywhere to increased zeal and still more earnest effort.

The Sunday School is the moral backbone of the nation. In these days, when attempts are made in many places to exclude the Bible and all religious teaching from the public schools, the preservation of the Sunday School is of the highest importance. It is a vital factor in the training of our children for Christian manhood and womanhood. By precept and example in the Christian home, and by the excellent modern system of teaching which now prevails in Sunday Schools generally, the foundation of character are laid, and proper direction is given to the child's whole nature. There is no time favorable to the right kind of spiritual development as childhood, and no place so fitting for making a start for the road that leads to true happiness as the Sunday School. It should be a fold for the tender lambs, a feeder for the greater church, a nursery ground for the gardens of heaven.

Be loyal to the Sunday School. Support it, stand by it, give it the benefit of your presence and influence. And count it as one of your absolute duties if you have children, to have them there; for it is the hope of the nation and of all Christendom.

The Reading Habit

CURIOUSLY, the inquiry, What have you been reading? disconcerts a great many people. They possibly may be by the way of reading a good many books, but if suddenly asked about the matter, they will probably have a little difficulty in remembering the particular books they have lately read and will say rather vaguely, "Not much 'of anything." They are much in the condition of folk who are suddenly asked in company to repeat a text of Scripture. Very likely they know hundreds of texts, but on the instant memory proves treacherous and they cannot think of one. Thus it is when one tries to recall the name of the last book read and to give a little sketch of its author and drift.

There are hundreds of people whose reading is confined to the newspaper, the cook-book and the Bible. Yet as this is supposed to be a reading age and new books are constantly advertised, while the old standards do not lose their charm, we ought to be able to give a good report on this subject if cross examined. The book that everybody is reading we should as a rule know something about. The history of our own country we can not afford to ignore. We should at least have some friendly acquaintance with biography, science and books of travel.

Among the Workers

—TENT EVANGEL, the Gospel Tabernacle at Fifty-seventh Street and Broadway, New York, is doing good service this summer under the management of G.W. MacPherson. It seats 2,000 and the meetings are generally crowded.

—THE EVANGELISTIC COMMITTEE of New York City is finding stereopticon pictures very helpful in holding the attention of children and in impressing Scripture lessons on the minds of adults as well, in tent-work and in the open air. The Committee would be glad to receive gifts of lantern slides of religious subjects, hymns, etc., which may be sent to them at headquarters, 541 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

—THE FOURTEENTH ANNUAL BIBLE CONFERENCE takes place at Winona Lake, Ind., August 16 to 25. The Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman is director. Among the prominent speakers are "Gipsy" Smith, the famous English Evangelist; Dr. W. L. Watkins, of London, England; the Rev. Dr. Aked; Bishop Hartzell; Dr. C. L. Goodell, New York; Dr. W. J. Dawson, London, and others. The music will be in charge of Charles M. Alexander, Prof. E. O. Excell, Charles F. Allen, and Mr. Harkness, of Australia.

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THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

President Castro

The Dutch Cruiser "Gelderland"

La Guayra, Threatened with Bombardment

An International Quarrel

PRESIDENT CASTRO, who takes himself seriously as the strenuous president and protector of the liberties of his people, keeps his and other nations that have to do with him in constant hot water by his unwise and rash acts. He has just driven M. de Reus, the Minister of The Netherlands to Venezuela, from the capital. The reason for the summary action Castro gave was the public statement of M. de Reus that Castro had ruined Venezuela. The Dutch cruiser *Gelderland*, which brought the expelled minister from Caracas, was ordered back at once to Puerto Cabello to protect the Dutch interests in Venezuela. In herself, she is not a very formidable fighting vessel, as she has only 3,950 tons displacement and her largest guns are two six-inch pieces of forty calibre; but the deep anger of the nation back of her and the concurrent wish of the world that Castro might be rebuked—the wish being shared by our own government—make the presence of that cruiser significant. But this ship will be reinforced by armed and cruising ships if their presence shall prove necessary. On paper, Venezuela's naval strength looks quite formidable, but its total tonnage does not approximate that of the single cruiser *Gelderland*. Most of the Netherlands ships are usually in East Indian waters, but a number of the larger and more heavily armed craft are in home waters at present and available for service in this emergency. The action of Castro so deeply enraged the Dutch people that when the Venezuelan minister was driven from The Hague, the people mobbed him and governmental protection was necessary to save his life. Despite the warlike fever in both nations, it is likely that the pen of diplomacy and not the bullet of war will settle this dispute. It may be possible that the Netherlands will have to make some show of force to bring Castro to his senses—a course that other nations have taken in the past.

At this time, when national and international peace congresses are being held, when good will amongst individuals and peoples is sought and cultivated, the progress of the world will be better served by settling petty questions of policy by prudence and principle, rather than by prejudice and passion.

The wrath of a king is as messengers of death: but a wise man will pacify it. (Prov. (16: 14.)

World's Peace Congress

On July 27 the International Peace Congress opened its 17th annual session in Caxton Hall, London, under the presidency of the Rt. Rev. Dr. John William Diggle, bishop of Carlisle, with a discussion on Christianity and peace. The King and Queen received the deputation of twenty-four delegates at Buckingham Palace. In the course of his reply to their address, King Edward said: "There is nothing from which I would derive more sincere gratification than the knowledge that my efforts in the cause of international peace and good will had not been without fruit." After the reception at the Palace, Rev. B. F. Trueblood, General Secretary of the American Peace Society, spoke appreciatively of the King's sympathy. He contrasted the favorable auspices under which the Congress met, with conditions prevailing at the Congress in London in 1890. He could not have believed then that there would now be 500 peace societies at work. He looked forward to the time when wars would cease and national difficulties be settled by arbitration. The Japanese delegates are very hopeful regarding the permanent peace of the Far East. The subjects of the Prince of Peace throughout the world are very happy at the unmistakable signs of the triumph of peace and good will among men.

And the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace. (Isa. 9 : 6.)

Negro Girl Wins a Prize

At a convention of the National Educational Association, held in Cleveland, O., recently, there was an international spelling championship contest in the Hippodrome. The Cleveland team of fifteen won the city championship, easily defeating teams of Pittsburg, New Orleans and Erie, Pa. Out of the five hundred words submitted, Cleveland pupils missed only forty. The feature of the contest was the winning of the medal by a little negro girl, Marie Bolden, the 14-year-old daughter of a Cleveland mail carrier. The girl had not missed a single word. President Haserot called the child to the front of the stage and, amid the cheers of the audience, gave her the gold badge signifying that she is the champion speller of the best team in the United States. What a great country this is in which we live, where the child of a race under the ban of prejudice, handicapped by comparative poverty, through the advantage of our public school system and the careful training of a home, is enabled to take such a prize indicating intellectual and educational superiority.

When wisdom entereth into thine heart, and knowledge is pleasant unto thy soul. (Prov. 2: 10.)

West Point Expels Hazers

Eight West Point cadets, two of them first classmen, were found guilty of hazing by a board of officers appointed by Col. Hugh L. Scott, Superintendent of the United States Military Academy, and their dismissal has been recommended to the Secretary of War. The type of hazing, which has been named "fall in," was practised upon the 125 plebes. This regulation was enforced so secretly that not a single cadet knew anything was wrong until the news leaked out that an investigation was on foot. The hazing had been going on a month or more before the authorities awoke to the fact. When a plebe violated the warning drum regulation and failed to "fall in" promptly, he had to be punished by these hazers. The upper classmen would say: "Go out into G Company Street and pick up a hundred nice fat ants, put them in your cap, and in half an hour come back, count them, and if any are absent report accordingly. If all are present or accounted for put them in your locker until further orders." If the poor plebe corralled his ants, if he had the right number he put them in his locker; if he lacked any he was compelled to get fifty additional ones and sometimes would have to run about an eighth of a mile back and forth until ordered to halt. Still another form of hazing was ordered at meal times, and the plebe who could go through with that one was a wonder. This form of torture, which took place in the Cadet Mess Hall, required the plebe, when he sat down at table, to place the tips of his toes against the bottom of the table, and eat in that almost impossible position until, at a signal from one of his tormentors, he was permitted to resume a natural attitude. At other times such athletic "stunts" as chinning and standing on one foot for ten or fifteen minutes at a time were resorted to. One of the first classmen was more cruel than the rest. He compelled the plebes to care for his room and when their services did not please him he would strike them in anger. Whatever may have been the impression of hazing in the past or amongst old graduates of the Military Academy, the hazing of to-day is foolish and, under the federal legislation, disloyal. Very many worse things than these have been done. It is feared that health and some lives have been sacrificed to the custom. The United States government has, for a number of years, determined that hazing should cease at West Point, and while it is a pity that young men of ability and character, who would make good officers in the army, should suffer this disgrace, the government is perfectly right in its determination to stop hazing, and the authorities at West Point deserve the congratulation of the whole country in their determination to enforce the acts of Congress upon the subject.

This our son is stubborn and rebellious, he will not obey our voice. (Deut. 21 : 20.)

Miss Ethel Wheeler Becomes a Missionary

Miss Ethel J. Wheeler, daughter of Everett P. Wheeler, a child of wealth and culture, has just left her home in New York for the life of a missionary in China. She will apply her own private income to her mission work and will pay all of her own expenses during the five years she expects to devote consecutively to the foreign field. After learning the Chinese language she will take up her duties among the women of high caste, and devote her efforts to religious and educational work. While there are so many that are trying to stir up class hatred by pointing to the extravagance and selfishness of the rich it is well to mark the humility, unselfishness, and devotion to Christ illustrated in the consecration of this young lady of wealth to the foreign missionary cause.

Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? . . . Here am I, send me. (Isa. 6 : 8.)

The Deadly House Fly

Dr. E. P. Felt, the State Entomologist for New York, has just issued the following warning to the public:

Dwellings with hundreds of house flies are hardly sanitary, while buildings devoted to traffic in comestibles and swarming with flies, are not only unsanitary but a menace to public health. Recent studies have shown a close parallel in large cities between the abundance of flies and the frightful mortality among infants during the heated term. The deadly typhoid fever will soon demand its heavy annual tribute in both life and strength. The common, apparently harmless house fly is known as a carrier of intestinal germs so deadly to both infants and adults, yet its baneful potentialities are ignored for the most part.

Nothing but criminal indifference or inexcusable ignorance is responsible for the swarms of flies so prevalent in many public places. A general insistence on the part of purchasers that all foods and drinks be kept free from danger of infection of this insect, would soon render unprofitable the stores and other places of traffic where the house fly is allowed to swarm unchecked.

Scientists have contended that the house fly was a great blessing to humanity, that as a scavenger it removed decayed substances that would cause disease and death. It is likely that there is enough truth in this theory of Dr. Felt to justify great caution upon the part of the people in their homes and places of employment and compel the systematic extermination of the house fly, which has been counted heretofore simply an annoyance with a benevolent intention, but has proven to be a most deadly murderer. Disease has a way of creeping into the system in a most clandestine manner and by the minutest process, on the wings of a breath, or by the little insect so small that the naked eye can not discover it. But medical science has made such advancement that it searches for and seeks these infinitesimal enemies and destroys them.

Thou shalt not be afraid for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday. [illegible]

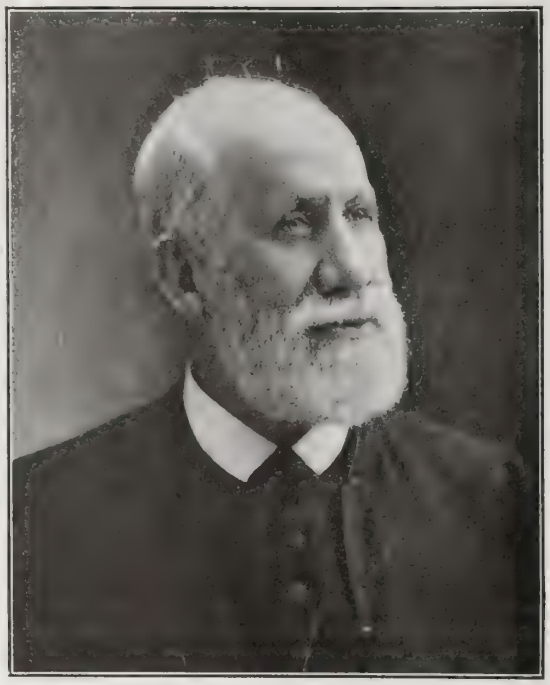
THE TRIALS OF A LITTLE MOTHER

NOT by any stretch of the imagination could Lena have been called pretty. She was undersized, even for her age (nine years), her hair was straight and lanky, her eyes peered out from a brow already showing lines of care, while her whole attitude seemed to be one of despairing resignation.

This was not to be wondered at when one realized that wherever she went two little sisters were continually dragging at her skirts, often pulling in opposite directions, as their anything but sweet wills led them. They were spoiled children, these two little girls of three and four years, and as trouble-makers for their sister they were phenomenally successful. They were as pretty as pictures, with bright black eyes, curly hair, and dimpled faces, but such tempers never before were seen at the Children's Home. Finally, after every effort of teacher and care-taker had been expended in vain, when even the persuasions of the matron were vain, Lena begged to be sent home. "I have no peace; they kick me and pull my hair, and tear my dress." "But if you go home will they be any better?" was asked. "No—but they make it so bad here, crying. I was here last summer alone and I had such a good time I thought I would bring them, but, teacher, I had better take them home, for they sure are bad." At this a howl went up from two little throats and two faces were buried in the folds of Lena's dress, and two little feet beat a tattoo against poor Lena's shins. Comfort of every imaginable description was offered, but of no avail. Dolls, picture-books, cakes, had no charms, and finally the poor little mother's prayer was granted, and she departed from beautiful Mont-Lawn, sad of face, but patient as ever, while the rascally little sisters were in high glee at the prospect of a ride behind the "pitty horses."

A few days afterward the following letter was received by the matron. It was written in pencil, and muddy with erasures and re-writing:

DEAR TEACHER (every one is teacher at Mont-Lawn): I rite these few lines to let you no that I am well and hope to her same from you. Dere teacher, I like to come to Nyack again, and when I come I will not bring my little sisters. I am Lena. I hope I could stay to Nyack all summy to the country. I am home for my sisters because they were bad, and was crying, and know I like. I want to come back, because it is better than N. York air is not could for me, the country air is much beater. I am the girl that has ten children and I would like to come to the country, for that is nicer, and I will come alone if you will let me come. Please tell me in the letter if you will let me come or not, please tell me, I no you wont say no to me, because it was not me that was crying, it was my two little sisters crying, please



The Children's Chaplain

OUR beautiful Fresh Air Home at Mont-Lawn has the only "Children's Temple" in the world. It has now a regular Chaplain, the Rev. Stephen Merritt, whose appointment was announced in last week's issue. Mr. Merritt is already well-known to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. His long career in the Christian ministry and his many works of benevolence have won him the love and respect of multitudes all over the land. His ministry to the children at Mont-Lawn is most helpful and inspiring, his addresses being full of the brightest anecdotes and the sunniest philosophy, while the lessons in Christian conduct which they inculcate will never be forgotten.

Let me no if you have receive my pictures I send to you. Good By, Good By, 100,kiss for your and 100 kiss for Mr. Dr. Klopsch to what I wich is to come back with you again, please ans. me quick. LENA ——

The next mail carried assurance to the writer of the above that she could come back and finish her time at the Home. Could any one resist such an appeal? Surely not when the plain, pale face of such a little mother as Lena pleads.

A Letter from Tony's Brother

Another letter received recently by one of the teachers at Mont-Lawn is in an entirely different strain. It was from a boy, whose ten days' outing was enjoyed to the utmost:

I hope the vacant place in the dormitory is big enough so that it will make you cry, it will make me cry in a few minutes. I saw Carmen on street the other day, he saw my straw hat you gave me, and he said have got the hat from Nyack yet. I said, sure, this hat makes me remember good times I had at Mont-Lawn. Tony is thinking of the vacant place t will be in your dormitory to-night since he has left, he hopes you will get sick from it, he is very lonesome — Tony and I are always think about that vacant place, it is a very sad thing to think of. Please write t quickly as you do not know what a tempting power we have to cry loud any minute. Tell all the teachers it is a pleasure to mention them anybody. Tony has a sore hand from everybody pulling it when he shaking hands with them good bye, and he has a sore lip from kissing mother. As I have no more to say I will close myletter with best regar hoping the "vacant place" is not growing larger. —— ——

This was written by a little Italian lad of twelv who mourned the fact that next year he would b too old to come to the Home.

Day after day and week after week the childre come and go, the visit is all too fleeting, but only ou Father knows how far-reaching and lasting are th influences at work during the all-too-brief stay a this beautiful holiday Home. M. S. H.

IN GOD'S GARDEN*

By THEODOSIA GARRISON

SOMEWHERE I read that little children are
The flowers of the Lord. And so to-day
I looked upon those little waifs of yours,
Frail, city buds for any foot to mar,
That you have gathered from the crowded way
To bloom a little while like happier flowers.
I hold you as that gardener of the Lord
Who from the tended gardens beautiful
Turns to those buds neglected and athirst,
And makes them his to nourish and to ward
Until they stand new-born and wonderful
Beneath the kindly care that sought them first.

And when the Master of the Garden sees,
I think he will be happiest of these.

* Written after a day at the Children's Home at Mont-Lawn and sent to Dr. Klopsch by the author.

PROMINENT PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

DON DOMINGO DE OBALDIA was on July 12 elected President of Panama. The preliminary contest before the votes were cast was quite exciting and there seemed a probability that Panama might follow the example of some other Southern republics and have a revolution before the parties would come to a peaceful settlement. The people of Panama, however, seemed to have come to the conclusion that the prosperity of the country would suffer if any other than peaceful councils prevailed, so the marines sent to the Zone by the United States government fortunately had little to do. It is expected that all parties will acquiesce in the decision of the voters. Señor Obaldia is a man of culture and has represented his country as minister at Washington, where he made a most favorable impression both on officials and those who came in contact with him in a social way. It is expected that his country will be prosperous under his administration. Madame de Obaldia is a lady of fine social accomplishments and is at present in the United States.

Don Domingo de Obaldia

Aeronaut Henri Farman

HENRI FARMAN, who has become famous as an aeroplane navigator, has recently come to this country, the guest of the Aero Club of America, which is trying to solve the problem of the practical navigation of the air. His first ascensions with his odd-looking aeroplane were made at Brighton Beach, Long Island. Farman looks French. His father, however, was Scotch, but the aeronaut has lived forty years in France.

The flying machine used has no gas bag or balloon, and depends on its planes to support it in the air. He has studied the flight of birds, and believes that the flying machine of the future will dispense with the balloon altogether. The aeroplane is driven by a powerful motor. The machine weighs a ton and a half and usually skims along about fifteen feet from the ground. Last January he received the Deutsch-Archdeacon prize for making a circular flight in Paris of nearly three-quarters of a mile. In July he remained in the air twenty minutes and nineteen seconds, going eleven miles in that time.

THE KEY TO THE BASTILE

IN A RECENT issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD I note a message about the key to the Bastile which hangs in the reception room at Mount Vernon. It recalls a pleasing incident which occurred some years ago, when I was standing in that room beside a young man, whose artistic abilities gave promise for his future, if the liquor habit did not prove his master. We were speaking of the Bastile and its terrible history. I told him that I had a fac-simile key to the gate of the Bastile, purchased at the Paris exposition in 1889. Just then a gentleman, evidently French, came up and first showed evident amazement at seeing the key, then stormingly indignant that it should be in the United States. The conversation following led up to the opportunity to speak of the Bastile of intemperance and the key to liberty. The young man, with note-book in hand, had made a very happy sketch of the Frenchman as he had appeared; adding his own name, he tore the leaf out and offered it to me as a souvenir of the day, which I now possess.

. . .

As I received it with thanks, I took from my note-book a pledge card, at the top the words which I have carried many years: "I the Lord God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee: Fear not, I will help thee." His face flushed as he turned to me.

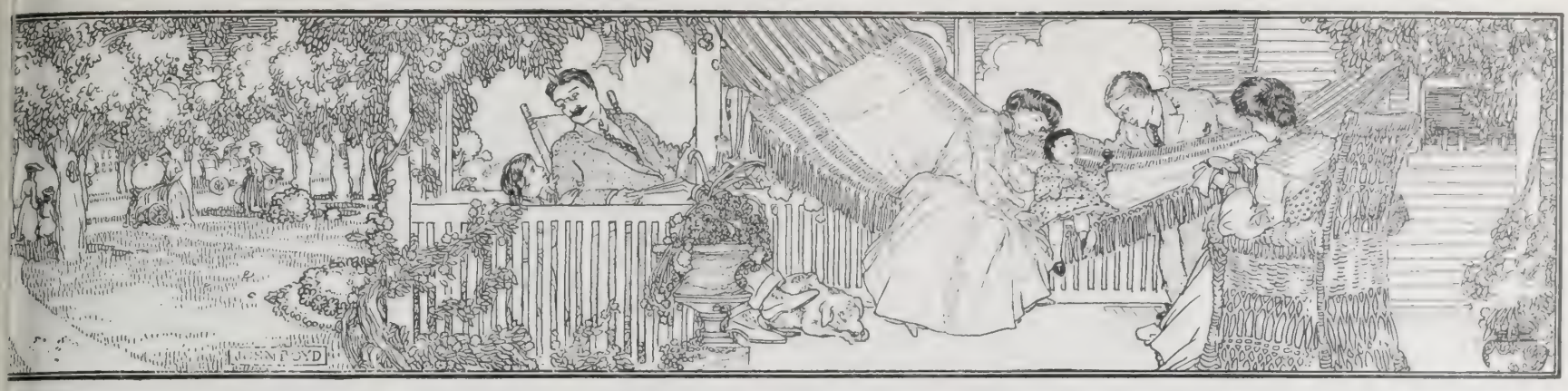
"You are a brave woman to offer that to a stranger." Then, his eye dropping to my white ribbon, "Oh, that explains it."

I had met him seemingly by accident, but it was a blessed opportunity which made the next hour a memorable one. "I will think of it," he said, "it's like a message from my dead mother."

Not long afterwards the card came back to me signed, and I afterwards had proof that the young artist was made free in Christ Jesus.

Providence, R.I. MRS. J. K. BARNEY.

TALKS ON THE COOL VERANDA



By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

By Way of Caution

DURING the summer and early autumn a great many conferences and conventions summon people from their homes. These outings are ecidedly agreeable, and in some sort satisfy those ho never feel quite sure that they are right in pending money merely for recreation. Thousands f us are very much like the famous Mrs. Gilpin of hom the poet said:

> That though on pleasure she was bent,
> She had a frugal mind.

We like to combine instruction, mental stimulus nd spiritual profit with a portion, at least, of our nnual holiday making. This is wholly ght, as those who return from a hautauqua season or a delightful eriod of refreshment at Northfield r Silver Bay or Winona Lake can stify. But by way of caution, bits f advice are in order. One is, never o attempt to carry out in one's own erson attendance upon an entire rogramme. This is just as valuable ounsel for young people as for older nes. To attend every session, to sten to every speaker, to take notes f every lecture, to do everything hat is impressed upon one by elo- uent orators on the platform is not nly impossible, but savors of unwis- lom and dissipation. The first step o take after arrival at a conference nd settling upon one's quarters is o decide upon what would be better mitted and what carefully selected or the next week or fortnight. Hav- ng decided upon a course it is well o stick to it, and not to yield too asily to the persuasions of friends r the over-enthusiasm of the ma- jority.

Time devoted to outdoor exercise, greeable social intercourse and rea- sonable amusement at a summer or utumn conference is put to a use as laudable as time consecrated to busi- ness and serious occupation.

Another bit of advice is, be on the lookout to meet and make new friends. We should never forego the oppor- tunity of making additions to the list of those who may be pleasant com- panions for a season, or who may later develop into dear friends. Some of us look back with constant thank- fulness to God for this increase in our wealth of friendship, to summer days at Asheville, Northfield, or Chautauqua, at Ocean Grove or Martha's Vineyard. What good times we have had in meeting people like-minded with ourselves, and how our hearts have burned, kindling into new gladness and flaming into new desire, as we have clasped the hands and looked into the faces of those who have hitherto been known to us only by name! Every summer conference should be hailed as an opportunity for making additions to our list of friends. A third and frequently overlooked hint concerns the thoughtlessness of individuals about the comfort and convenience of the public in general. Every per- son in the secret of those who have the department of management as their province, has heard mourn- ful tales of injury done to rooms and furniture, to plumbing and sanitary arrangements, by the heed- lessness of those who do not respect property rights and who take no care of the quarters temporarily at their disposal. In the matter of ordering food in a boarding house or hotel many people are wasteful through want of thought, ordering what they do not need, and entailing upon those who provide for them a needless amount of trouble and embarrassment. The waiters at summer conferences and conventions are largely drawn from the ranks of self-supporting young people whose aim is to add something to the fund that will help them on in their education dur- ing the rest of the year. Those who treat these or any other persons who serve them with rudeness or inconsideration are culpable. The endeavor should be so to arrange one's schedule that the minimum of personal service may be required, and that every one concerned can have a fair share in the good times.

If there happen to be in the company any one who is lonely, homesick or shy, it is worth while for those who have plenty of friends and are familiar with the usages of the place to set these timid ones at ease. This is one simple way of offering the cup of cold water which has received the promise of the Master's blessing.

WOMEN WORKERS OF NEPAL, INDIA

IN the mountain regions of Nepal the women still weave cotton cloth at the primitive hand-loom that has been used for generations. It is interesting to learn, in view of this fact, that the people of the region are beginning to import cotton cloth from Europe and America, finding it cheaper than that made at home. Changes are coming, even to the changeless East.

A Bachelor's Dilemma

A FEW weeks ago one of the daily papers in New York published a letter from a youthful bachelor who was much embarrassed by the attentions he received from several married women living in the boarding house with himself. The husbands of these ladies were, it seemed, traveling men, and while they were on the road the wives felt at liberty to ask this detached young man to act as their escort at various functions, claiming from him the attentions that might have been paid by a brother or cousin. The man did not intimate that there was any impropriety in the conduct of the ladies, but it placed him in a dilemma. He had not the least desire to be monopolized by married women, to pay them attentions of any sort or to be at expense in going about with them. This last item might be alarming to a young fellow working on a small salary, for car fares have a way of counting up, and there are only one hundred cents in a dollar. Added to this, the bachelor had uses for his evenings, and if he had spare time there were pretty girls who were much nicer friends for him and much more congenial than married ladies who were distinctly annoying and obtrusive. To do them justice, they may not have meant to persecute the man in question, but his only relief seemed to lie in changing his boarding house.

We can hardly help the comment that as a rule a wife whose husband is absent should not be seen in public places or attend functions with any man who is not her kinsman. The conduct of the wife who accepts the escort of a man not her husband may be irreproachable, but she, nevertheless, may be unkindly criticised or become the object of gossip. Another count in the indictment is that unmarried girls have a right to the company and attention of unmarried men, while a third inference is that the life of a boarding house is unwholesome and is inimical to married happiness. In a home, let it be ever so simple, there is always plenty to do. There are rooms to set in order, meals to prepare, and the details and routine of daily living give a wife healthy occupation for body and mind whether her husband is at home or abroad. In a boarding house most women find themselves with a good deal of leisure, and the old distich is verified that "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do."

On the part of the embarrassed bachelor, a little firmness is needed; but the best thing he can do is to fall in love with the right girl, propose to her, persuade her to become his wife and go to housekeeping; not try to set up a home in a boarding house.

Supply and Demand

One reason why capable women who would greatly relieve over-burdened housekeepers could they find places of service are so often disappointed in their search, is that few people want their paid helpers admitted into the privacy of the home. Rather than engage a gentlewoman who would bring ability to bear on the situation, most matrons prefer to take the raw material of untrained peasantry from abroad simply because it can be kept upon a lower plane. As yet supply and demand in this particular line have not been comfortably brought together.

THE BIBLE'S WARNING ARROWS*

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

AMONG the most beautiful things in history are such friendships as those of Ruth and Naomi, Jonathan and David, Elijah and Elisha, Paul and Luke, Damon and Pythias. None of these is more entrancing than the friendship of Jonathan, the king's son, for the shepherd David, who was to take his crown.

Jonathan's love for David was born of admiration and gratitude for his courageous deliverance of Israel. The king's son became the ardent friend of the lowly shepherd lad immediately after his victory over Goliath. The sling that laid the Philistine low was at that moment knitting the soul of Jonathan to that of David. While it was David's harp that wrought a benignant spell on the envy-crazed Saul, David's sling worked a more permanent spell upon Jonathan. Admiration is often the portal of love, and in Jonathan's case love deepened as he saw more of David's dauntless courage in other battles for his country's defense. No jealousy stirred his heart when the women sang of his shepherd friend as above his father. "Saul hath slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands." A prince of smaller soul and larger selfishness would have heard in the song only the omen of a lost crown, but Jonathan was great-souled enough to rejoice in splendid achievement for his country, regardless of any loss it might bring to him. Other qualities of modest obedience to the king, and wisdom in all his ways (I. Sam. 18: 5) confirmed Jonathan's esteem and affection. Gratitude for national deliverance deepened his affection into a passion. Jonathan "loved David as his own soul," and so made with him a covenant of endless friendship. They became "blood brothers." They had each other's blood in their veins, not by heredity, but by infusion. Three days before the story of the lesson, in accordance with the custom of the country, they made a blood covenant, a part of the ceremony of which was the opening of a vein in the arm of each, by which, pressing the open veins together, their life blood crossed. Even then Jonathan knew that God had selected David instead of himself to succeed his father. But they made in blood a covenant of unfailing friendship, which Jonathan kept at the risk of his life, and which David faithfully kept with Jonathan's children's children. Like morning in contrast to midnight is the difference between the envy of Saul and the friendship of Jonathan, though the latter had as much reason for envy, if there were ever any reason for it, as his father.

This covenant of love was sealed by gifts. "And Jonathan stripped him of the robe that was upon him and gave it to David, and his garments even to his sword and to his bow and to his girdle" (I. Sam. 18: 4). To wear the royal apparel was the highest reward that could be given to "the man whom the king delighteth to honor" (Esther 6: 7-11). Mordecai had this honor because he had saved the king's life, David because he had saved not the king alone but the whole country.

How Jonathan Was Like Christ

Here it is fitting to note that Jonathan, if not a "type of Christ," was at least in several points in his life an illustration of Christ, the Son of the King of kings, who loves even the lowliest with a love stronger than death. He, too, is our "blood brother," who infuses his blood, his very life, into us, for it is not imitation of Christ but impartation of Christ that we need. And what gifts the King's son bestows on us! His robe of righteousness, his girdle of strength, his bow of victory. Jonathan's covenant brought sympathy in adversity. As when Saul conspired against David, Jonathan "went to David in the wood and strengthened his hand in God" (I. Sam. 23: 16). So when Satan plots against us the King's Son comes to us with the words of promise, "But I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not."

Love's Supreme Test

But the friendship of Jonathan reached its climax in giving to David faithful warnings of danger. It had been prearranged between these two friends that if Saul could not be dissuaded from his purpose to kill David, he should be warned, while he hid behind the stone Ezel, by arrows shot near his hiding place, beyond the lad who ran for them as the sign of alarm —or, if the danger was past, they were to fall short. The arrows went beyond, meaning, "Make speed, haste, tarry not." David, thus warned by his friend, the king's son, escaped.

Here is the supreme point of the analogy between Jonathan and Christ. In nothing does Christ more deeply prove his love for us than in the arrows of warning that abound in the Bible, and especially in the Gospel of Matthew, on whose margin arrows are thicker than anywhere else in the writer's Bible, in which arrows are put beside every warning of judgment as reminders that every prophecy of hell, however sharp its words, is an arrow of warning, shot as lovingly by our Friend, the King's Son, as the arrows Jonathan shot to save David from threatening peril. The sharpest arrows in the Bible are from the tenderest heart that ever throbbed on earth, in the 23d and 25th chapters of Matthew, in which are the seven-times uttered "Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites," and "These shall go into everlasting punishment."

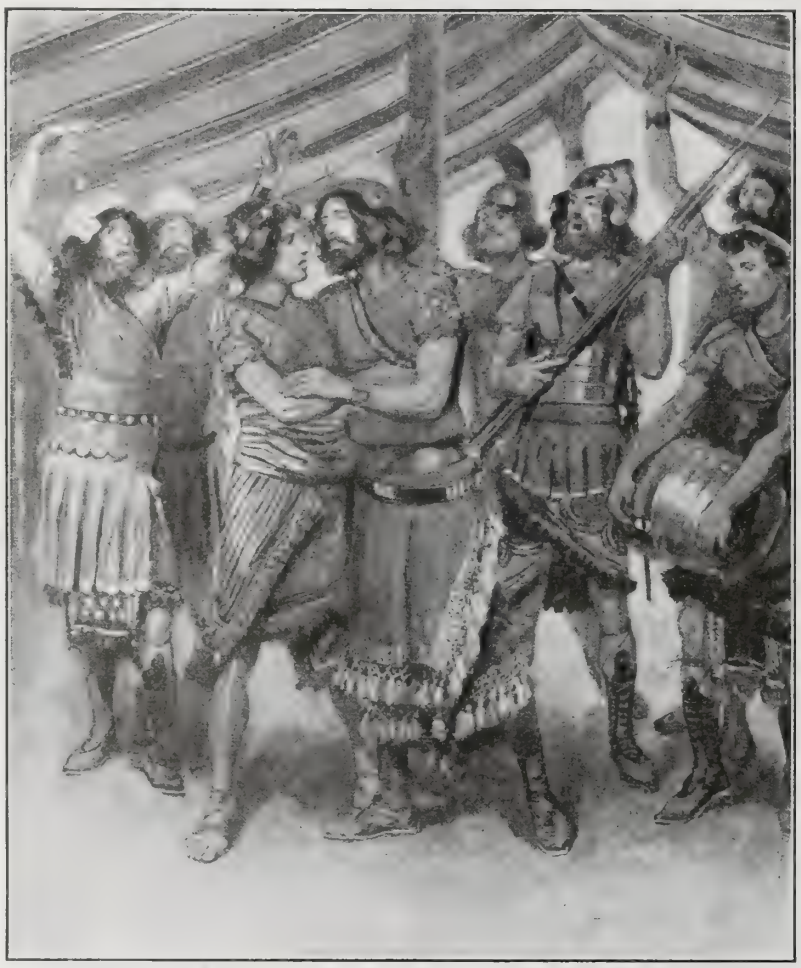
The greatest kindness a Sunday School teacher can show, especially to a class of youth facing many alluring temptations and feeling that "hell is abolished" because there has been some controversy whether future punishment should be "age-long" or "everlasting," is in pointing out the arrows of God's warnings in nature, Scripture and history. When the writer conducted a written examination of those over twelve years of age in twelve Sunday Schools of representative churches, we found very few who could write even one text warning men against future punishment. Twice as many could recall passages about heaven.

Not only in the Old and New Testaments, whose warning arrows we shall point out in the next lesson, but also in the oldest testament of nature and the newest testament of experience, we find God's arrows of warning.

How shallow is the saying, "I will not be frightened into being a Christian." Suppose David had said to Jonathan, "I will not be frightened into fleeing for safety?" "The wise man foreseeth the evil and hideth himself, but the foolish pass on and are punished." It is weak to act upon groundless and imaginary fears, but it is always the mark of wisdom to shun real dangers when duty does not call us to face them. Fear is the mind's sentinel, and only the foolhardy disregard his warnings.

Another error, which would prove nothing if true, is "that the Bible dooms the greater part of mankind to hell." This certainly can not be proved. If only those who wilfully and persistently reject "the light that lighteth every man" are condemned, then the two-thirds of the race that die in childhood and many more are in the heavenly host that "no man can number."

Another error to be brushed aside is that "a man is damned because of a wrong but honest intellectual belief even when his character and conduct are right and good." Rather, the B teaches, "by thy deeds shalt thou justified, and by thy deeds shalt t be condemned." There is also the eq sin of not doing: "Ye knew your d and ye did it not." So far as belie a subject of blame it is not unconsci unbelief but wilful disbelief that Bible condemns. The wicked he often prevents the willing brain. T wish is father to the thought. T young man who finds his mothe Bible interferes with his wicked hab persuades himself to disbelieve it. is only self-made disbelief that ground of judgment, or that which some way is due to a man's neglect other fault.



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David and Jonathan

The Awful Gift of Free Choice

Another warning arrow is the fa of free will. Whatever shadowy arg ment for second probation there m be in case of those who seem to ha had no chance to choose God here, t matter certainly does not conce those to whose free will the waitin Christ at the heart's door is even no saying: "If any man will open th door I will come in."

With such a multitude of warnin arrows shot across our path fro God's oldest testament of natur science, and from the newest testamer of present experience, "how shall w escape if we neglect so great salva tion?" There is nothing in nature o Scripture to warrant any one in be lieving that penalty will not follow si save as repentance brings Christ to th rescue.

Rev. E. T. Bromfield, D.D.

THE Rev. Edward Thomas Bromfield D.D., who died on Monday, July 27 at his home in Flatbush, N. Y., was born in Coventry, England, August 31 1833. He was the son of Rev. Edward Bromfield, pastor of the Congregational Church, Elstead, Surrey, England. He received his education at New College, London, and after entering the ministry was for several years pastor of the Finsbury Park Congregational Church in the English capital. In 1867 he left England for Toronto, Canada, and removed to New York in 1871. He soon received a call as pastor to the Presbyterian Church at Noroton, Conn.; but Dr. Bromfield felt that his real life work was to be literary. About this time he was a frequent contributor to religious and secular publications, and was also active in the lecture field. While in London, before his ministerial duties began, he had done service on the parliamentary reporting staff of one of the London dailies, besides doing general literary work on various periodicals. He was brought into personal relations with Gladstone and other statesmen, and in after years much of the valuable material of those early experiences found a place in his lectures. In addition to his preaching and lecturing work in the United States, Dr. Bromfield was at one time literary editor of the *North American Review*. He was also the author of a *Biographical Sketch and Synopses of the Plays of Shakespeare*, which was published both here and in Great Britain. For a period of ten years, Dr. Bromfield was one of the Secretaries of the Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath School Work, with headquarters in Philadelphia.

He was twice married, his first wife and the mother of his large family being Georgianna Musgrave of London, who died in Glenbrook, Conn., in 1881. In 1890 he married Antoinette Erhardt of New York. His second wife died in 1901. Rev. Dr. Bromfield is survived by three sisters, viz., Mrs. John Woods of California, Mrs. John Plowman of Nebraska and Mrs. Charles Tod of London, England. He also leaves six sons and five daughters, one of his sons being Mr. P. B. Bromfield, manager of the Advertising Department of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

* The International Sunday School Lesson for August 23, 1908. I Sam. 20. Golden Text: "A friend loveth at all times, and a brother is born for adversity." Prov. 17 : 17.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES

Getting Right With God*

I THIS lesson, the theme is the piritual and physical transformatin which follows conversion. This clnge, while more rapid in some cases tn in others, is the universal test of th reality of religion in the heart. Bh in nature and in his spiritual rela on, the subject undergoes a change wich can not be misinterpreted. He fels it in himself, and others, too, recoize the change, which is the testimny of the new life awakened in the sl. As a coin which, through much hdling, has become so worn that the inge and inscriptions are almost ilgible, is sent to the mint to be reced and is returned bright and cln, with the inscription fully restred, so the divine image, without wich no soul can pass current in hven, is restored in man by the regerative power of the Holy Spirit.

Vhatever rights man's relationship toGod, rights his relationship to God's la. The demands of God's law can nt be other than the demands of his hy nature. The law is not something exernal to God and having dominion or him. All the demands of this holy nture as it comes into contact with si are met in the death of Christ. His dth makes the sinner's pardon possile. Faith in Christ makes it actual.

'wo or three years before the death ofJohn Newton, when his sight was sdim that he was unable to read, he sd: "I am not what I ought to be! A! how imperfect and deficient! I a not what I wish to be! I abhor that wich is evil, and I would cleave to wat is good! I am not what I hope to bd Soon, soon I shall put off mortality, al with mortality all sin and imperfion! Yet, though I am not what I ot to be, nor what I wish to be, nor wat I hope to be, I can truly say I m not what I once was, a slave to si and Satan; and I can heartily join wh the apostle, and acknowledge, 'By th grace of God, I am what I am!' "

'In the creation of man," wrote Bunya, "God began at the outside; but in th work of regeneration, he first begs within, at the heart." He makes th creature a new creature, as the gdsmith melts down the vessel of dishor and makes it a vessel of honor. 'his transformation extends to the wole life, and influences all our acths and feelings. Origen in his fmous reply to Celsus, an early foe of Cristianity, said: "Jesus came to call siners—but to repentance. He assmbled the wicked—but to convert thm into new men,or rather to change thm into angels. We come to him cetous, he makes us liberal; lascivios, he makes us chaste; violent, he mkes us meek; impious, he makes us regious."

n the Bowery Mission, New York, th oldest rescue mission in this hemisphere, there is a motto in use which reds: "The place where God makes croked men straight." The testimony ofthousands of converts during the la fifteen years confirms the truth of th motto. These lives have indeed bn transformed by the power of dine grace. Even the very faces of th men once steeped in sin and degradion have undergone a transformatin. Their testimonies as to the power ofthe Gospel to help poor fallen humnity to "get right with God" is so amazing as to be miraculous. Free frm the guilt and doom of sin, these sed and regenerated converts are ket by faith and are always seeking tosave others. No half-way salvation wuld meet their needs. They must "gt right" all through.

When we put on the new man," wtes Amos R. Wells, "let us throw aay the old man of sin altogether." N foolish halfway following of Christ. W can not please him by living a dble life—part of us his and part th world's. Whosoever is not wholly fo him is against him.

Topic of the Epworth League for Sunday, Aust 23. Text: Rom. 16:1-14; Gal. 2:19-21.

Vacation Religion*

WHEN Jesus, noting the pressure of the multitudes upon his disciples, saw that the latter did not spare themselves, but had labored to the point of weariness, he decided to give them a brief season of rest. The crowds were constantly coming and going and the apostles, we are told by Mark, "had no leisure so much as to eat." It had been a time of bitter persecution, and the Baptist's tragical death had cast a shadow of gloom over the little band; but the Kingdom was steadily growing. The Twelve had finished the reports of the results of their ministry, and Jesus, perceiving their physical weariness, had compassion on them also. He, too, must have been tired and footsore with his recent labors among the masses of people who had come from many of the cities and villages to hear the new Teacher, who proclaimed a gospel so wonderful, yet so simple and satisfying. It was wise to pause that the workers might have rest and recuperation, so the little band of personal followers, led by the Master, took boat across Lake Tiberias to a quiet neighborhood, supposed to be near Bethsaida. But even there the multitudes followed them. Whether the Master were on the seashore or the mountain, the eager seekers after the light found him and sat down to drink in his teachings.

Summer vacation is everywhere an established institution. Our people—all of them who can—leave the city for the mountains, the woods or the watering places. Some go only for a few days, others for weeks and months. With many, the vacation is a time of dissipation. Religion is left at home, church and prayer meeting are for the time forgotten and the Lord's Day is a day of gossip and concert and promenades and big dinners. If the Bible is taken along at all, it usually lies neglected in the trunk. The air seems surcharged with worldliness. Sports and pastimes that would not be thought of in the city, are indulged in. Promiscuous acquaintances are made on every hand. Sensational novels are the literature of the place. Health and comfort are recklessly sacrificed to late hours at the dance or cards. In very many cases, the vacation which was designed to build up the body results in its deterioration.

There is another class of summer sojourners, however, who make vacation time a season of real benefit and recuperation. To this class belong all who are true nature-lovers, who can spend a few weeks in the country with appreciation and contentment, and who, like the disciples of old, take their religion with them wherever they go. Such folks, with light hearts, can enjoy their holiday to the full without letting down the bars of morality or forgetting their spiritual allegiance. Their vacation religion is as sound, as sweet and as uplifting as when they are at home. They exert an influence upon all they meet; they are, like the apostles on the shores of Tiberias, teaching the truths of the Gospel, if not by preaching, at least by the beautiful example of their daily life and conversation.

We should mark a very clear line of distinction between vacation recreation and vacation dissipation. If we are satisfied to drift with the worldly current, we will soon find ourselves wholly beyond the safe, accustomed channels and in dangerous and unknown waters. Those who choose good companionships, good books, pure pleasures, and moderate excitements, and who take their religion with them, will never experience the regrets and the disappointments that are the inevitable lot of those who make surrender of principle and conduct by doing "as other people do," and who, in attempting to please the world, displease their Heavenly Father.

*Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, August 23. Text: Mark 6:30-44.

Beautiful Friendship

By MRS. M. BAXTER

JONATHAN, Saul's son, found in David a heart which answered to his own. Both these young men were men of God, both of them had developed a bravery and undaunted courage which had its mainspring in their trust in the living God. Both had been honored by the men of their time, and both were deservedly in favor with the people.

There was something specially lovely in Jonathan's love for David, since David was to supersede him as heir to the throne. "Jonathan and David made a covenant, because he loved him as his own soul." On Jonathan's part, it was a covenant of renouncement; he "stripped himself of the robe that was upon him (the princely robe which belonged to the king's son), and gave it to David, and his garments, even to his sword, and to his bow, and to his girdle." He saw, in the man who had slain Goliath, the Lord's anointed; and no other, not even his own father, should be Jonathan's king. He is a wonderful type of a truly consecrated soul, who gives his position, name, reputation, money, all which is gain to him, and counts it loss for Christ.

It was difficult for Jonathan to believe the real truth about his father, but David had again and again had proof of Saul's murderous intentions towards him. It is a terrible thing when our eyes are opened to the delinquencies of those whom we love and look up to! Many an agonizing struggle has taken place before we have been able to believe that a father, a brother, a sister, a friend, a child, was guilty of something which was imputed to them. We learn, as we gain experience of God, and experience of life, to be no more surprised at any discovery of sin in man, and no more surprised at any depth of grace in God. David was the dearest friend Jonathan had on earth, and his life was in danger from the father whom Jonathan loved and respected.

It is at moments such as these that we take refuge in God. Jonathan was open to conviction, and he offered to do anything David should desire. David proposed to Jonathan a test by which Saul's mind towards him might be discovered. It was his duty to attend at court on the morrow, which was the feast of the new moon. He knew well that Saul was watching for an opportunity to slay him; therefore he proposed to Jonathan that he should excuse him, and give him leave to attend a family sacrifice or feast at Bethlehem. If Saul should be well satisfied, then all should be well, but if he should manifest decided signs of anger, then Jonathan should know thereby that wrath was determined upon him.

Jonathan had the mind of God even against himself; there was no rebellion in his heart against the thought that David should reign. God's choice was Jonathan's choice, although it brought him down from a prince to be a servant. There was wonderful grace in the spirit of this man, more like that of the new dispensation which he so blessedly foreshadowed; his love for David made him, in point of fact, deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow, prince though he was.

They then appointed a sign by which David, hidden away by the stone Ezel, one of the landmarks of the country, should know whether or not Saul was favorable to him. If Jonathan should say to the lad who carried his arrows, "Behold, the arrows are on this side of thee," David should know that all was well, and his apprehension had been groundless; but if he should say to the lad, "Behold, the arrows are beyond thee," then David should know that the Lord had sent him away. And once again Jonathan confirms their mutual covenant, saying: "And as touching the matter which thou and I have spoken of, behold, the Lord be between thee and me forever."

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The Transformation of Margaret

By MRS. ELEANOR H. PORTER

Author of "Into Still Waters," etc.

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Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

Little Margaret Kendall, when five years old, was lost in New York and several years elapsed before she was restored to her grief-stricken mother at Houghtonsville. The child had lived among the children of the streets and had acquired their ways. At her mother's home she is surrounded with every luxury, but she wishes that the poor children might share her good fortune. "Bobby" McGinnis, who knew Margaret in New York, now lives near in the same town and becomes a great friend of the little girl. Her widowed mother becomes engaged to Doctor Spencer, who was instrumental in finding Margaret in New York. The little girl is filled with horror, as all the husbands she had heard of beat their wives. She sends to the doctor a contract in which it is stipulated that he will not beat her mother; this the amused doctor signs at once. Margaret insists on a visit from the children of the "Alley," with whom she lived in the slums. At first she wants them to stay always, but consents to have it made a visit. The child, when she sees them, realizes the difference between her old life and the new and is more contented to try and live as her mother wishes. She strives to please, but finds difficulty in curbing her speech and changing her manners. Her mother and herself go back to the city with the Alley children and try to arrange for their welfare. Mrs. Kendall then sends the little girl to a fashionable school in order to give Margaret the companionship of girls of her own age who will make her forget her past experiences, for Margaret was becoming a nervous wreck brooding over the poor people in the "Alley." The doctor and his bride start on their wedding journey; the train is wrecked and both are killed. Several years elapse, Mrs. Merideth and her two brothers, Ned and Frank Spencer, sister and brothers of the doctor who married Mrs. Kendall, are living at their home, Belcourt. Margaret, who has been away at school and traveling, comes to live with them. They find her a beautiful young girl with charming ways. Margaret, riding in an automobile with a Mr. Brandon, sees for the first time the dirty mill village near Belcourt. The mills belong to the Spencers and she learns much of the way in which the firm runs its business. They nearly run over a little girl named Maggie and Miss Kendall's interest is aroused. A young man named McGinnis holds an important position in the mill and is interested in bettering the conditions of the working people. Margaret meets him by chance and finds he is the one she used to know, and that as a boy he "had come to look after her property." She tells the Spencers that he is an old friend, somewhat to their annoyance. A little girl comes to say that Maggie, daughter of Patty who lived in the Alley, is ill.

CHAPTER XXIII—*Continued*

"LITTLE Maggie ill? Not the Maggie, the little brown-eyed girl in the pink calico dress who fell down almost in front of our auto!" said Margaret.

Nellie turned abruptly, her thin little face alight.

"My! Was that you? Did you give her the money? Say, now, ain't that queer?"

"Then it is Maggie, and she's Patty's little girl," cried Margaret. "And to think I was so near and didn't know! But tell me about her. What is the matter?"

CHAPTER XXIV

DOWN in the shabby little cottage on the hill road Mrs. Durgin walked the floor, vibrating between the window and the low bed in the corner. By the stove sat Mrs. Magoon mending a pair of trousers—and talking. To those who knew Mrs. Magoon, it was never necessary to add that last—if Mrs. Magoon was there, so also was the talking.

"It don't do no good ter watch the pot—'twon't b'ile no quicker," she was saying now, her eyes on the woman who was anxiously scanning the road from the window.

"Yes, I know," murmured Mrs. Durgin, resolutely turning her back on the window, and going over to the bed. Sixty seconds later, however, she was again in her old position at the window, craning her neck to look far up the road.

"How's Maggie doin' now?" asked Mrs. Magoon.

"She's asleep."

"Well, she better be awake," retorted Mrs. Magoon, "so's ter keep her ma out o' mischief. Come, come, Mis' Durgin, why don't ye settle down an' do somethin'? Jest call it she ain't a-comin', then 'twill be all the more happyfyin' surprise if she does."

"But she is a-comin'."

"How do ye know she is?"

"'Cause she's Maggie Kendall, an' she was Mag of the Alley; an' Mag of the Alley don't go back on her friends."

"But she's rich now."

"I know she is, an' you don't think rich folks is any good; but I do, an' thar's the diff'rence. Mr. McGinnis has seen her, an' he says she's jest as nice as ever."

"Mebbe she is nice ter folks o' her sort, but even Mr. McGinnis don't know that you've sent fur her ter come 'way off down here."

"I know it, but—Mis' Magoon, she's come!" broke off Mrs. Durgin; and something in her face and voice made the woman over by the stove drop her work and run to the window.

Drawn up before the broken-hinged, half-open gate, were the Spencers' famous span of thoroughbreds, prancing, arching their handsome necks, and apparently giving the mighty personage on the driver's seat all that he wanted to do to hold them. Behind, in the luxurious carriage, sat a ragged little girl and what to Patty Durgin was a wonderful vision in golden brown.

Mrs. Durgin was thoroughly frightened. She, she had summoned this glorious creature to come to her because, indeed, her little girl, Maggie, was sick! And where, in the vision before her, was there a trace of Mag of the Alley? Just what she had expected to see, Mrs. Durgin did not know—but certainly not this; and she fairly shook in her shoes as the visible evidence of her audacity, in the shape of the vision in golden brown, walked up the little path from the gate.

It was Mrs. Magoon who had to go to the door.

The young woman on the doorstep started eagerly forward, but fell back with a murmured, "Oh, you can't be—Patty."

Over by the window the tall, black-eyed woman stirred then, as if by sheer force of will.

"No, no, it's me that's Patty," she began hurriedly. "An' I hadn't oughter sent fur ye,' but—" her words were silenced by a pair of brown-clad arms that were flung about her neck.

"Patty—it is Patty!" cried an eager voice, and Mrs. Durgin found herself looking into the well-remembered blue eyes of the old-time Mag of the Alley.

Later, when Mrs. Magoon had taken herself and her amazed ejaculations, together with her round-eyed daughter, home—which was, after all merely the other side of the shabby little house—Patty and Margaret sat down to talk. In the bed in the corner little Maggie still slept, and they lowered their voices that they might not awake her.

"Now tell me everything," commanded Margaret. "I want to know everything that's happened."

Patty shook her head.

"Thar ain't much, an' what thar is ain't interestin'," she said. "We jest lived, an' we're livin' now. Nothin' much happens."

"But you married."

Patty flushed. Her eyes fell.

"Yes."

"And your husband—he's living?"

"Yes."

Margaret hesitated. This was plainly an upleasant subject, yet if she were to give any help that was help—

Patty saw the hesitation and divined its cause.

"You—you better leave Sam out," she said miserably. "He has ter be left out o' most things. Sam—drinks."

"Oh, but we aren't going to leave Sam out," retorted Margaret, brightly; and at the cheery tone Patty raised her head.

"He didn't used ter be left out, once—when I married him eight years ago," she declared. "We worked in the mills—both of us, an' done well."

"Here?"

Patty turned her head away. All the animation fled from her face and left it gray and pinched.

"No. We hain't been here but two years. We jest kind of drifted here from the last place. We don't never stay long—in one place."

"And the twins—where are they?"

A spasm of pain tightened Patty's lips.

"I don't know," she said.

"You—don't—know!"

"No. They lived with us at first, an' worked in the mill. Arabella couldn't do much; you know she was—lame. After Sam got—worse, he didn't like ter have 'em 'round 'an' 'course they found it out. One night he—struck Arabella, an' 'course that settled things. Clarabella couldn't let her stay thar another minute, an' I wouldn't, neither. Just think—an' her lame, an' we always treatin' her so gentle! I give 'em what little money I had, an' they left 'fore mornin'. I couldn't go. My little Maggie wa'n't but three days old."

"But you heard from them — you knew where they went?"

"Yes, once or twice. They started fur New York, an' got thar all right. We was down in Jersey then, an' 'twa'n't fur. They found the Whalens an' went back ter them. After that I didn't hear. You know the twins wa'n't much fur writin', an'—well, we left whar we was, anyhow. I've wrote twice, but thar hain't nothin' come of it. . . . But I hadn't oughter run on so," she broke off suddenly. "You was so good ter come. Mis' Magoon said you—you wouldn't want to."

"Want to? Of course I wanted to!"

"I know; but it had been so long, an' we hadn't never heard from you since you got the Whalens their new—that is—" she stopped, a painful red dyeing her cheeks.

"Yes, I know," said Margaret gently. "You thought we had forgotten you, and no wonder. But you know now? Bobby—told you that—" Her voice broke, and she did not finish her sentence.

Patty nodded, her eyes averted. She could not speak.

Continued on next page

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"My breakfast is simply Grape-Nuts wi cream and a cup of Postum, with sometim an egg and a piece of toast, but general only Grape-Nuts and Postum. And I c work until noon and not feel as tired as o hour's work would have made me a ye ago." "There's a Reason."

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The Transformation of Margaret

Continued from preceding page

Those years—afterward, were never very clear to me," went on Margaret, unsteadily. "It was all so terrible—so lonely. I know I begged to go back—to the Alley; and I talked of Patty and the others constantly. But they kept everything from me. They never spoke of those years in New York, and they surrounded me with all sorts of beautiful and interesting things, and did everything in the world to make me happy. In time they succeeded—in a way. But I don't think I ever quite forgot. There was always something—somewhere—behind things; yet after a while it seemed like a dream, or like a life that some one else had lived."

Margaret had almost forgotten Patty's presence. Her eyes were on the broken-hinged gate out the window, and her voice was so low as to be almost inaudible. It was a cry from life Maggie that roused her, and together with Patty she sprang toward the bed.

"My—lucky—stars!" murmured the child, a little later, in dim recollection as she gazed into the visitor's face.

"You precious baby! And it shall be 'lucky stars'—you'll see!" cried Margaret.

CHAPTER XXV

IT was, indeed, "lucky stars," as little Margaret soon found out. Others found it out, too; but to some of these it was not "lucky" stars. At the dinner table on that first night after the visit to Patty's house, Margaret threw the family into no little consternation by abruptly asking: "How do you go to work to get men and things to put houses into livable shape? . . . I don't suppose I did put it very business-like," she added laughingly, in response to Frank Spencer's amazed ejaculation.

"But what—perhaps I don't quite understand," he murmured.

"No, of course you don't," replied Margaret; "and no wonder. I'll explain. You see I've found another of my friends. It's the little girl, Patty, with whom I lived three years in New York. She's down in one of the mill cottages, and it leaks and is in bad shape generally. I want to fix it up."

There was a dazed silence; then Frank Spencer recovered his wits and his voice.

"By all means," he rejoined hastily. "It shall be attended to at once. Just give me your directions and I will send the men around there right away."

"Thank you; then I'll meet them there and tell them just what I want done."

Frank Spencer moistened his lips, which had grown unaccountably dry.

"But, my dear Margaret," he remonstrated, "surely it isn't necessary that you yourself should be subjected to such annoyance. I can attend to all that is necessary."

"Oh, but I don't mind a bit," returned Margaret, brightly. "I want to do it. It's for Patty, you know." And Frank Spencer could only fall back in his chair with an uneasy glance at his sister.

Before the week was out there seemed to be a good many things that were "for Patty, you know." There was the skilled physician summoned to prescribe for Maggie; and there was the strong, capable woman hired to care for her, and to give the worn-out mother a much needed rest. There were the large baskets of fruit and vegetables, and the boxes of beautiful flowers. In fact, there seemed to be almost nothing throughout the whole week that was not "for Patty, you know."

Even Margaret's time—that, too, was given to Patty. The golf links and the tennis court were deserted. Neither Ned nor the beautiful October weather could tempt Margaret to a single game. The music room, too, was silent, and the piano was closed.

Down in the little house on the Prospect Hill road, however, a radiant young woman was superintending the work that was fast putting the cottage into a shape that was very much "livable." Meanwhile this same radiant young woman was getting acquainted with her namesake.

"Lucky Stars," as the child insisted upon calling her, and Maggie were firm friends. Good food and proper care were fast bringing the little girl back to health; and there was nothing she so loved to do as to "play" with the beautiful young lady who had never yet failed to bring toy or game or flower for her delight.

"And how old are you now?" Margaret would laughingly ask each day, just to hear the prompt response:

"I'm 'most five goin' on six, an' I'll be twelve ter-morrer."

Margaret always chuckled over this retort and never tired of hearing it, until one day Patty sharply interfered.

"Don't—please don't! I can't bear it when you don't half know what it means."

"When I don't know what it means! Why, Patty!" exclaimed Margaret.

"Yes. It's Sam. He learned it to her."

"Well?" Margaret's eyes were still puzzled.

"He likes it. He wants her ter be twelve, ye know," explained Patty with an effort. Then, as she saw her meaning was still not clear, she added miserably: "She can work then—in the mills."

"In the mills—at twelve years old!"

To be continued

Thy Will Be Done

I

WHENEVER in the twilight fair,
In youth's bright days, now flown afar,
I marked the first sweet evening star,
I used to breathe some darling prayer.

II

And, gazing at the mystic sign,
I fancied in my foolish brain
That some occult but certain chain
Would link me with that wish of mine.

III

But now I mark the star so white
And crush the wish I dare not say.
Instead, "Sweet Christ," I humbly pray,
"Send me whatever may be right.

IV

"I long for that which works me ill.
I can not see thy ends so far."
And through my tears, the evening star
Seems smiling, "Thou shalt have thy will."

—*Kate Upson Clark.*

Answered Prayers

Mrs. B. M. P., New Jersey. "I wish to acknowledge the power of prayer in the restoration to health of two members of my family. The Lord has answered many prayers for me."

Reader, Indiana. "I was in great trouble. I promised God if he would answer my prayer, I would acknowledge it through your paper. I wish to thank God for all his goodness to me and mine."

Mrs. L. L., Pennsylvania. "I promised God if he would answer my prayer I would acknowledge it to the world. I prayed five long years and had almost given up in despair, but that very day my prayer was answered."

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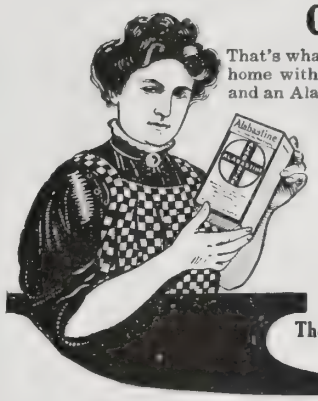

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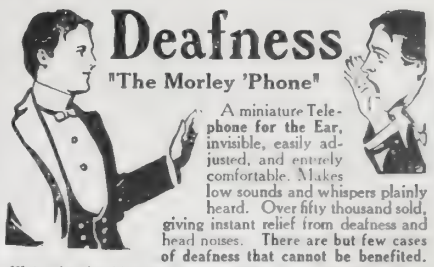

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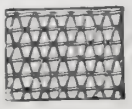

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SUBSCRIPTION, $1.50 PER ANNUM
PUBLISHED 52 TIMES A YEAR

NEW YORK, AUGUST 19, 1908

VOL. 31—NO. 34. PRICE 5 CENTS
OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

LISTENING TO NATURE'S VOICE

"COME FORTH INTO THE LIGHT OF THINGS; LET NATURE BE YOUR TEACHER"—*WORDSWORTH*

Questions and Answers

J. S. H., York, Pa. Why, when spoken of in the papers, is Cleveland mentioned as "The First Citizen"?

It is a term of honor and affection that is applied to one who has been long in public life and who has rendered distinguished public service.

Subscriber, Deer Park, Wis. Who was represented by the elder brother in the parable of the Prodigal Son?

Trench and other commentators hold that the parable deals with classes or characters, and that the elder son represents "a form of legal righteousness not altogether false but low, who had been kept by the law from gross offenses." The occasion of the parable was the murmurings of the Pharisees against Christ for receiving the wicked, and it was designed to show the Saviour's peculiar love for sinners. In interpreting any of the parables, the circumstances must always be taken into account. The joy over the returned prodigal is not the portion of those whose whole lives have been spent in the service of their Father in heaven: yet instead of grudging the prodigal his welcome, they, by contrasting their own happy condition with his recent state, should rather be satisfied with the quiet confidence and appreciation of their life-long fidelity, and with the enjoyment of the Father's deep and abiding love and trust. The elder brother was clearly a type of those who are not sufficiently generous in heart to find real joy in the return of the wanderer. He was a cold-hearted Christian.

M. A. S., New York City. Why did Jesus seemingly rebuke the rich young man, when he called him "Good Master"? Why did he say "there is none good but One, that is, God," when he himself is God and absolutely good?

Some notable commentators, including Tischendorf, Lachmann, Alford, DeWette, Meyer, Olshausen, etc., hold that the correct reading of this passage is: "Why askest thou me concerning what is good? One is the Good One." The weight of authority, however, supports the received text, as we have it in the Gospels. Jesus apparently intended to distinguish between the world's formal appellation of goodness, as in the phrase, "Good Master," and to point out that supreme goodness belonged to God alone, and therefore to himself. This would seem to be the favored interpretation to-day, although it is a text which has given rise to much discussion.

C. H., Springboro, O. 1. How many Marys are spoken of in the New Testament? 2. What does the word "Paradise" mean in Luke 23: 43?

1. There are several, including Mary the mother of Jesus, Mary Magdalene, Mary the sister of Lazarus, Mary the wife of Cleopas, and Mary the mother of John. 2. It means the abode to which the spirits of the redeemed are admitted on being liberated from the body. This was the meaning as expressed in the Talmudical writings and used by our Lord in its current acceptation. (See also Rev. 2: 7.)

H. J. B., Omaha. In the American Revised Version the foot-note to John 9: 38 reads: "The Greek word denotes an act of reverence, whether paid to a creature or to the Creator." Am I to infer from this that the revisors regard Christ as a creature?

Not necessarily. The explanation is merely meant to show that the same word or phrase is applied in either case. In the present instance, it was an act of worship suddenly born of faith. It was adoration paid to a Divine Being.

M. W. G., Wisconsin. 1. Where are the Ozark Mountains? 2. Has the Government decided that Niagara Falls shall be left in their natural condition? 3. Are the countries of South America all republics? 4. Are they as free in government as the United States?

1. The Ozarks run northeast and southwest through Arkansas, Missouri, Kansas and Oklahoma. They range from 1,500 to 2,500 feet in height. They are rich in minerals and are heavily timbered. 2. Two companies on the American side of the falls and three on the Canadian are using the water power, and it is evident that any further commercialization of the falls will endanger the cataract. Efforts are being made to secure uniform legislative action by Ontario and New York to save the falls, but they have not yet been successful. 3. Yes, all South American countries are republics, Brazil being the last one to change to that form. 4. No. In Peru and several others the Roman Church is strongly entrenched, is the state church, and influences political action. In Peru the exercise of any other religion is forbidden. In other ways there is quite a difference from the government of the United States.

Reader, Newark, N. J. According to what form was George Washington baptized?

George Washington's parents were Episcopalians and he was baptized according to the form prescribed by that church. You can get a large life of Washington in the Newark library.

A. M. C., Wolfboro Falls, N. Y. 1. Please explain Ephesians 6: 12, and I. Corinthians 9: 27. 2. In II. Corinthians 12: 2, did Paul refer to himself? What is the third heaven?

1. They describe two phases of Christian warfare: one general, the other particular. The passage in Ephesians explains that they are more than human foes that we have to contend with. They are foes that rule the civilized as well as the uncivilized world; yet they are not rightful rulers but usurpers, who will ultimately be driven out. In the passage in I. Corinthians, Paul is speaking of the individual spiritual conflict and especially of the temptations of the flesh and how they may be overcome. The Revised Version gives the preferred rendering "rejected" instead of "castaway," Paul's intimation being that, after having called others to the contest and prepared them, he being also a contestant, might fail to win the special prize or reward of those who turn many to righteousness. This construction is borne out by the context (vs. 18-23). 2. He meant himself, as is clear from the corrected reading in R. V. ("I know a man"). The "third heaven" means the third ecstasy or degree of rapture. It is written: "The first heaven is that of the clouds; the second, that of the sky; the third is above both, where God's glory continually shines."

L. M. L., Dillon, Mont. How many missionary journeys did Paul make and where were they taken?

After conversion he sojourned in Damascus and Arabia and began to proclaim Jesus. Next he went to Antioch and Tarsus and labored. His first real missionary journey (A.D. 45-49) was with Barnabas from Salamis to Cyprus, Perga, Pamphylia, Antioch, Iconium, Lystra, Derbe. Second journey (A.D. 50-54), with Barnabas and Silas, was through Syria and Cilicia, and on to Derbe and Lystra, Phrygia, Galatia, Macedonia, Thessalonica, Athens, Corinth. Third journey (A.D. 54-58): Antioch, Phrygia, Galatia, Ephesus, Macedonia, Corinth, Troas, Assos, Miletus, Cæsarea, Jerusalem. His last journey was to Rome (A.D. 60).

R. C., Lowell, Ind. What did Lazarus do after he was resurrected?

The presumption is that he was taken to his home. Tradition says he lived for nearly thirty years afterward and preached the Gospel of Jesus in various parts of the world. Of course, this cannot be asserted positively.

B. S., Kutch, Col. 1. What additions to the United States territory have been made by war, purchase, annexation? 2. What has been the progress of science and invention during the last quarter of a century?

1. War and purchase have often been combined. Louisiana was purchased from France in 1803. This included the territory of the present State and several others. Florida, part of Alabama and Mississippi were ceded by Spain in 1819. The territory of the present States of Washington, Oregon and Idaho were claimed by right of discovery in 1792, and exploration in 1811. Texas was annexed in 1845, after it had thrown off Mexican authority. The territory of Nevada, Utah, part of Colorado, Wyoming, Arizona, New Mexico and part of California, were taken into the United States by both war and purchase. The lower part of Arizona and New Mexico were acquired through the Gadsden Purchase in 1853. Porto Rico came from conquest; the Philippines were taken in war but the United States generously allowed Spain a good sum for them. Hawaii and some other islands in the Pacific came in by treaty. 2. It would take many pages to answer this question. A few are wireless telegraphy, development of electric light to practical purposes, the Roentgen or "X" ray, etc.

Mrs. W. V., Bliss, N. Y. Who was Saul's uncle?

Abner, son of Ner and brother of Kish (Saul's father), was the uncle of Saul. He was the commander-in-chief of Saul's armies.

A. G. P., Decatur, Ill. Please give a short outline of the origin and history of the Philistines and the size of the territory occupied by them.

The Philistines appear to have been the descendants of Shemitic tribesmen who migrated from Caphtor (probably Crete or the Egyptian Coptos), long before the Israelitish exodus. Some writers identify them with the Hyksos or ancient Shepherd Kings. The Bible says nothing as to the origin. Their country lay along the Mediterranean seacoast, stretching from Egypt to Phœnicia.

A. H., Otego, Kan. Is the Christian free to choose his own company and direct his own conduct?

He is a free agent, certainly, but if he be a true Christian he will order his whole life according to the teaching of Jesus, and will seek the companionship of good people. He will find a better use for his time than spending it among the thoughtless and the ungodly, and for the sake of influencing others, if nothing else, he will avoid even the appearance of evil.

J. M. L., Bucyrus, O. Are we to understand Rom. 2: 12-14 as applying to the Gentiles only, or to the heathen generally?

It has a wide application. "These having no the law are a law unto themselves." Even among the heathen God has raised up his witnesses for righteousness and against iniquity, who have within their own breasts a voice which commends or condemns.

W. G. S., Beech Creek, Ky. 1. Was there a place in the wall of the city called the "needle's eye" (Matt. 19: 24)? 2. Which is supposed to be the first day of the week? 3. Which was the day of the resurrection?

1. The "needle's eye" is the small gate or wicket at the side of the big gate at the entrance to the city wall. When the big gate closes for the day, all entrance must be gained through the small gate, and to a loaded camel, or indeed to any body of considerable size, passage is impossible. 2. The Jewish Sabbath was on Saturday, and the first day of the week corresponded with our Sunday. It was very early Sunday morning (the first day of the week) that Jesus arose from the tomb.

L. A. W., Naugatuck, Conn. Who is the author of the Gospel of John, and of the Revelation?

The authenticity of the four Gospels rests upon stronger evidence than any of the other ancient writings. They were all composed during the latter half of the first century. Irenæus, Origen and Tertullian accepted them as the work of the apostles and the disciples of the apostles. From the beginning, the Gospel of John was received in the church as the apostle's own production, although there are evidences of interpolations by another hand toward the close. It was probably written at Ephesus or Patmos. There has been much dispute concerning Revelation, but the evidence favors the claim that it was written by the apostle at Patmos, or immediately after his return from that island.

MIRZA JEVAD, A FAMOUS PERSIAN AGITATOR, PREACHING REVOLT IN URUMIAH

MIRZA JEVAD of Tabriz is shown in this photograph preaching to an eager crowd of revolutionists in the market-place of Urumiah. Eloquent and patriotic, he has been the cause of great trouble to the Government and has done much to arouse the people against official oppression. This photograph was taken when he was telling, in fiery language, the story of the French revolution.

Miscellaneous

P. D. E., Middlesex, Vt. We don't know it, consequently cannot advise.

E. S., Susquehanna, Pa. Address her care of Bowery Mission. You can procure Wesley's sermons through Revell & Co., publishers, New York.

O. P., Jennett, Mich. The commandment respecting the Lord's Day has not been abrogated. Taking band lessons on Sunday may be up-to-date, but it certainly is not religion.

J. W. H., Mt. Crawford, Va. Paul mentions different degrees of glory, and we may justifiably infer different degrees of happiness in heaven as well as different degrees of misery among the rejected.

C.H.G., New Haven, Conn. "John Bull," a name used in a sportive manner to designate the English people, was first employed by Dean Swift. It was employed to express good humoredly the insular peculiarities and prejudices of the English nation.

W. R., Lake Odessa, Mich. There is no further information beyond what is contained in the Bible narrative. Tradition places the Garden of Eden in various places, including Ceylon, Armenia, and Arabia. The latter locality seems to conform most closely to the description in Genesis 2: 10-14.

W. E. S., New York City, writes: "There is a tradition that 'Jeremiah concealed the Tabernacle and the Ark in one of the caves on Mount Nebo, or Sinai, there to remain unknown till the day of restoration.' This you will find in II. Macc. 2: 1-18. There is another tradition that the prophet, with one of the lineal descendants of David, brought the Ark of the Covenant to Ireland and hermetically sealed it up in the hill Tara."

NEW YORK, AUGUST 19, 1908

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

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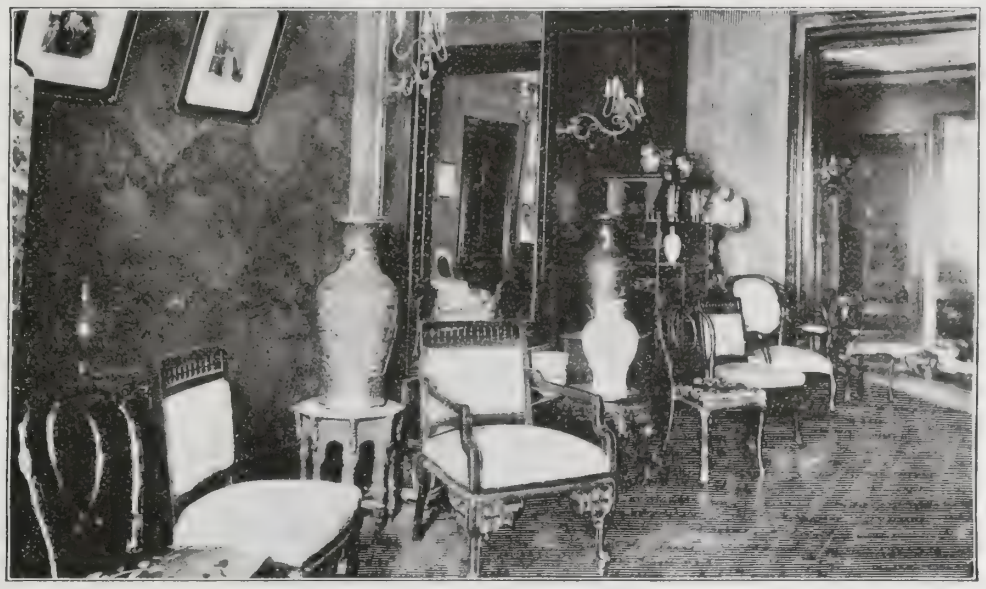
Miss Takahira

Drawing Room of the Japanese Embassy



Baroness Takahira

TWO GRAND DAMES FROM THE ORIENT

By ABBY G. BAKER

THE hot July sun blazed down upon the white asphalt paving of the Washington streets until their hard opaque surface fairly quivered the heat. Scarcely a leaf moved in the overhanging trees and their motionless branches made marvelous tracery upon the stone steps leading into the Chinese legation, as the afternoon sun slanted across them. The obsequious Buttons said that Madame Wu was at home and with Mr. Minister Wu would be down presently. He bowed repeatedly as he showed the visitor into the drawing room.

That cool, shadowy apartment was a delightful contrast to the glaring heat without. The atmosphere of the surroundings was so Oriental that one could easily have fancied himself in a house in the Flowery Kingdom. Bamboo chairs and rockers predominated, and on each side of the mantel tall dragon-decorated vases almost reached the height of the projecting shelf. On a lacquered cabinet were a dozen different kinds of vases, long slender necked affairs that would hold but a single blossom, bulging *pot-pourri* jars with ornamental tops, as well as chrysanthemum polychrome bowls. In this and in the drawing room beyond are teakwood stands upholding large bowl-shaped vases of the old blue and white Chinese porcelain. The north drawing room is furnished entirely in elaborately wrought teakwood, and in the bay window upon a slightly raised dais are "the seats of ceremony," four handsomely carved teakwood chairs of varying sizes. Here Mr. Minister Wu receives his official visitors, the caller of most distinction occupying the largest chair. The legation property is a stately stone structure standing upon the northeast corner of Nineteenth and U Streets, and was erected by the Chinese government about five years ago.

Minister Wu always wears the picturesque native costume and that afternoon he carried an immense feather fan, with which he emphasized and punctuated his remarks. Madame Wu, who came in a moment later, is short and plump, with a bright healthful color which belies the years that make her a grandmother. Minister Wu has lately become a vegetarian, and he thinks that it will lengthen his life to two hundred years; but it has already robbed him of the ruddy skin and surplus flesh he had when he was in America a few years ago. Nothing, however, could rob him of his genial, cordial courtesy.

Madame Wu and Her Daughter-in-Law at Tea

The Tea Service is Two Hundred Years Old and Very Valuable

"You wanted Madame Wu to tell you how the reforms of China are affecting the women of our country, did you not?" asked his Excellency, seating himself and commencing to wave his feather fan vigorously. "You will not mind if I interpret for her? She has been absent from this country so long, you know, she has forgotten some of the English expressions, though she understands very well.

"There has always been some misapprehension in this country about the women of China. You have thought, because they did not figure publicly, they were uneducated and without influence. The truth is, the higher-class women of my country have always been more or less educated and have always wielded great influence. What woman of history has been more influential than our Empress Dowager? And she is by no means the only Chinese woman who has had part in the affairs of state. Many Chinese women," and here the Minister gave an energetic wave of the fan as though he would sweep all cobwebs from our mental skies concerning his countrywomen, "have become famous in literature, and every good Chinese housewife manages her household and often her husband's finances also. While they were not educated in the Western sense of the word, the women of the better class could not be called uneducated."

"Schools?" he repeated in answer to a query. "Aside from the schools established by the missionaries, until within recent years girls were educated by tutors at home and there were no schools such as were maintained for the boys. That is one of the greatest reforms of the country. The government has established a large boarding school for girls at Pekin, and many others have been opened throughout the kingdom."

Here Madame Wu interposed to remind him that the Empress Dowager herself had given a large amount to establish the girls' school at Pekin, and that our former minister's wife, Mrs. Conger, had done much toward interesting the Empress in education for women and girls. Mrs. Conger was a great favorite with the Empress Dowager and frequently talked with her on this subject. When General and Mrs. Miles were in Pekin, the Empress entertained Mrs. Miles and asked her many questions about the condition and education of the American women, and as Mrs. Miles left her the Dowager Empress clasped her hands and said, "Oh, what wouldn't I have given to have been born in a land where women have so many opportunities! I hope the time is coming when my countrywomen may

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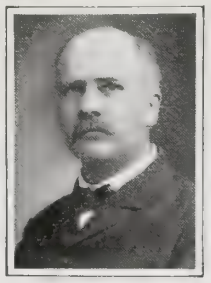
The American Pulpit

A SERMON BY

Rev. Chas. M. Sheldon, D.D.*



THE NEW LIFE

TEXT:

"There is no new thing under the sun." — Eccles. 1 : 9.
"The old things are passed away; behold, they are become new."—II. Cor. 5 : 17.

ONE of the first things noted about Christ's teaching was that it differed from the current teaching of his time. Mark says the people were amazed and said, "What is this teaching?" and we are told after his sermon on the mount, the people were "astonished at his teaching, for he taught them as one having authority."

Christianity is not only an attractive force, drawing men up to a distinct personality, but it is a new force inspiring men with new ideas, and putting into life a constant element of newness. It is, on account of this fact, a religion which will always be refreshing because it has in it the element of variety. Lack of this element of newness in life leads to two very grave results. First, those who find no new thing in life begin to despair. They grow weary of existence. They raise the question, is life worth living? and answer it by saying, no. More than ten thousand people in the United States commit suicide every year. These people by the very act declare their weariness of existence. It is because they are tired of the thing called life and have no more use for it. The second grave result is the restless and unsatisfying search after something new on the part of those who are looking for excitement or change in the superficial instead of the permanent source of interest. Those who are not weary of life on account of poverty or the grind of toil or hard outward conditions, those who are blessed, or cursed, with plenty of money, very often find life as tasteless and insipid as the former people, and they search after new things like the Athenians, who spent their time in nothing else except to hear or see some new thing. This leads to the senseless fads of society in its ceaseless round of searching after something with which to amuse itself. It is said by one historical writer that the real reason for Napoleon's desertion of Josephine, and the beginning of the breaking up of the French Empire, was Josephine's extravagant habits, which did not permit her to enjoy a dress or a cloak more than one or two days at a time. The same ceaseless search after new things marks the changes in the fashions. But these things are superficial. They never satisfy the real longing for the freshness of life and never will.

A Moral Universe

I. The entrance of Christ into the world brings a new definition of life, and it assumes various forms; so we say first, all things become new to the Christian because he has revealed to him, through the teaching of Christ, the real God.

A vast deal depends upon the definition a man has of God. In many respects, in most, perhaps, a man is what his God is to him. In any case he never rises above his conception of his God, the only exception being where he gets a new definition. Then his God changes. But Christ revealed the nature of God to man as follows: First, he is in charge of the universe. This gives me confidence and courage. The world is not run by politicians and it is not dependent for its ultimate redemption on newspaper editors or political conventions. Second, the God of the Christian is not only in charge of the universe; he owns it. This also gives me a splendid vision of life by inspiring me with the thought of my accountability to God first instead of to men. In the third place, the Christian's God is a jealous God. He will not perm't his laws to be broken with impunity. If I wake up in the morning with the definition of God as a righteous God, one who is making laws for the good of the universe, I feel my accountability and responsibility. I find myself in a moral universe, which adds to my interest in life. In the fourth place, the God of the Christian is one who will ultimately triumph. This also adds to my interest in life, and it takes away my possible discouragement, for the future is assured. And in the fifth place, the Christian's God is one who loves every child personally, and will help every one of his children in every kind of trouble. That also dignifies life and helps to make it worth while. So all these definitions of the true God, which virtually spring from the teaching of Christ, add to the real interest of life.

II. Life becomes new in Christ because he revealed to men the value of the individual.

I am of great value to the universe. As a Christian I find that I have not valued myself highly enough. I am very much needed in the universe. Christ said, "How much more then is a man worth than a sheep." He taught that God noted the dropping of a sparrow to the ground, and commenting upon it said, "How much more, then, are you, men, worth than these sparrows." To wake up every morning and realize the fact of one's individual worth in the sight of God inspires a feeling of self-respect and puts newness into the life's work. Mrs. Whitlock expresses this in two beautiful stanzas when she says:

O Christ, I have so little,
And that so little good,
I would bring thee gifts that are rich and great,
But I fail in the thing I would.

Then God says:

My son, I know thy longing,
And the grandeur of thy wish,
But the thing thou hast is the thing I need,
Bring me thy loaves and fish.

The old doctrine of the survival of the fittest was the doctrine of despair. Under that philosophy some of the best, bravest, and noblest souls of mankind would never have seen the light. If he had been born in the old iron days of Greece, the father of Henry Ward Beecher would have been thrown out upon the side of Mount Taygetus and left there to be devoured by the wolves, because he was so weak that his nurse thought he would not live, and only the Christian law of care for the weak and helpless preserved an exceedingly valuable life to the world. The future development of any soul is an unknown quantity, but Christ inspires men with the thought that anything is possible in a human being when once God is given full possession in it. It is this future possibility which compels the Christian to regard himself as of tremendous and unknown value, and every other person as well. One of the reasons for Governor Hughes' action in demanding that New York put an end to race track gambling was the large number of letters he received from fathers and mothers, pleading for their sons who had been ruined by this gambling habit. It was because the governor of the State realized the awful value of the human beings whose moral character was being destroyed that he took such vigorous action in the matter. The early church was kept alive and grew tremendously because it had a vision of the value of life.

III. The new life in Christ is a reality because it puts value upon others' lives.

A new world has been opened up by altruism. The pagan world revolved around itself. It had no vision of missions. Weariness from the world-routine is inseparable from the self-centred life. The best way to escape from despair and weariness is to help some one else. Jesus told his disciples to go and make disciples. A large secret in the happiness of any one is always found at the point where the soul begins to cease making introspection and forgets itself in care of others. Those who have been overwhelmed with grief and trouble in every age of the world have tried this recipe, and, without exception, have found themselves back in the way of happiness again.

The Brotherhood of Man

IV. Life is made new in Christ by a wider horizon.

The entire world is taken into one's own individual world. There is an enlargement of the thought of existence which of necessity adds to the interest in daily life. Suppose a man had been blind and deaf and dumb for fifty years; then by a miracle suppose he recovers all these faculties fully. Some one gives him a microscope. He looks through it and sees a world he has never seen before. Some one gives him a telescope. He looks through it and sees an entirely new universe. Some one gives him a phonograph. He hears something entirely new. He listens to a pipe organ. He sees a steam engine at work. He is given a trip on an ocean steamer. He sees a modern printing press. An entire universe is opened up to him, and he enlarges his interest in life, which was once centred about the one sense of touch or smell or taste. There is a vast difference between his interest in life now and that of fifty years ago. In the same manner Christ brings into life the element of world interest by revealing to men along different lines great world interests. A man begins to feel that he is a native and citizen of the world. All men become his brothers. His own country is not bounded by his own president or king or parliament, but he has a vital and living interest in every other people and government in the world. It is at this point that we hav constant quarrel with the daily press. It gives information to the Christian reading public c cerning the great and wonderful progress of kingdom of God in other countries. The aver congregation in the most intelligent parish re very little about the work of its own missiona societies. It gets practically no information wh ever from the daily paper, which is the one source information on other subjects with which the av age man is familiar. It is no wonder we have little interest in the work of the kingdom of G when we know so little about it. A national conve tion which nominates a president is a great affa and the average man reads pages of newspaper counts of it. He is interested because he kno something already about the men and measures a the movement of the party. But the kingdom God in its conquest is greater than any national co vention or politics, but the average man is not i terested, in the first place, because he is absolute ignorant concerning this movement. How ma men in our churches know the following facts abo Protestant missions? There are at present 33,5 mission stations around the world; 15,178 whi men and women at work in them; 92,442 nati preachers and teachers; 1,598,644 church membe in foreign countries; 137,714 were added to the churches last year; 1,272,283 pupils are in schoo of learning, and to keep this work going every yea $21,418,816 are contributed. These facts added t the fact of one's own church membership give one sense of world power, and it is necessary to kno the facts in order to get this world vision. Havin this vision adds to the interest in life because i makes one feel his touch with the universe and wit the kingdom of God, which is not bounded by an political party, by any nation, or by any form o government. This keeps one from getting narro and helps to magnify directly his own Christian life

Life Made New

V. Life is made new for the Christian by th vision of the possibility of a change in huma affairs.

All progress is dependent upon this factor. W do not regard the Bible as we once did. We view i and study it in an entirely different manner. Th coming of Christ into the world has meant the emancipation of thought. We are not bounded by traditions. We are not bound to believe the things our fathers believed. Our definition of the church is vastly different from what it used to be. The functions of the minister and of the church as an organization are in many particulars essentially different from what they were fifty years ago. Neither does the Christian say that there is no change possible in evil conditions. We look at a strongly entrenched evil and say it is not possible to change it, but the spirit of Christ says it can be changed. Because North Topeka has had two floods within the last five years, must it necessarily always have floods? We say, No. We say that, by the exercise of proper engineering skill and the outlay of money these floods can be averted. Shall we say of any evil in the community, like the saloon or the gambling hall or places of impurity or improper theatrical attractions or the worldly newspaper, that it has come to stay? We say, No. It is subject to change. In other words, the spirit of hopefulness concerning the future gives added zest and newness to life. In my own life I do not need to say that because I have suffered in the past I shall continue to suffer in the future. Because I have been a sinner all these years it does not mean that I must be one in the years that are left to me. Life would be a very dreary thing if there were no possibility of change in it, if we had nothing to look forward to or anticipate in the way of betterment. This vision of better things in the future came into the world with Christ.

VI. The newness of life is possible because Christianity gives to men the constant thought of the superhuman.

This is what really gave Paul and the early disciples courage. They lived in a constant atmosphere of other-worldliness. God was as real to them, Christ was as real to them, as Cæsar, and more powerful. The future was as real to them as the present. They were not afraid of death, because they carried with them an unquestioning belief in the indestructible character of their spirits. Their daily life was filled with the superhuman, and so it

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*Preached in Central Church, Topeka, Kan., June 21, 1908.

TWO GRAND DAMES FROM THE ORIENT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 647

ıave similar opportunities at their command. The schools for girls," Minister Wu continued nterpreting, "so far have largely been opened in he treaty ports, such as Pekin, Shanghai, and Can-on, but undoubtedly they will extend ultimately ver the entire country. Some are government insti-utions, but as yet the majority of them are mission chools, and too much praise can not be given the American and English missionaries for the faithful nd painstaking work they have done in these chools. Many of the daughters of wealthy families ıave been educated in them. No, Madame Wu was ıot. Her father had a large family—seven daugh-ers and eight sons—and he educated his daughters ıt home under tutors. My son's wife, who with her aby is here at the legation, was educated at Saint Stephen's School for Girls, a Church of England chool in Hong Kong. In the mission schools for irls, and in the government schools also, the teach-rs are almost entirely women, although in some of he latter men are employed to teach Confucianism. Reverence for Confucius is inculcated in all the gov-rnment schools."

When asked how the mothers of China regarded the novement to educate their daughters, Mrs. Wu said vith much positiveness that they hailed the move-nent with delight. They were as anxious now to educate their daughters as their sons. This educa-ional movement would have the effect of leading the vomen of their country to take their place with the vomen of Europe and America. "You know," said Minister Wu, "the Manchurians have always been nore liberal toward the women than the Chinese proper. They have never countenanced the small eet of the Chinese women, and they have encour-ıged the social mingling of the sexes. Now, our own vomen are adopting the same methods. A number of years ago the Empress Dowager prohibited foot-binding, and in many ways the women are leading ess secluded lives. Socially, it is becoming more ınd more popular to adopt Western customs. We ıre beginning to have our dinner parties, receptions, ınd so on, where the women appear with the men, ınd in all the large cities now it is a common sight o see women of the higher classes go out into the streets to return calls, or go to the shops unattended. For hundreds of years such a thing was undreamed of by women of station.

"Our women cling to many superstitions and be-iefs that the men do not retain. For this reason it s harder for a Chinese woman to accept Christian-ty. And yet many, very many of them have done so. A faithful teacher usually means a faithful proselyte and you know there are many missionaries n China. And Christianity is an excellent thing; excellent," he added.

Madame Wu, whose father was a Congregational minister, has long been a firm believer in Chris-tianity. She is a delightful little woman, broad-minded and public-spirited, and she is widely known in her own land for her advanced ideas and her gen-erous philanthropy. She had her own small feet un-bound several years ago, immediately after the edict to unbind the feet had been promulgated.

. . .

The Japanese ambassadorial property is down on N Street near Thirteenth, Washington, but the last two ambassadors from that country, Barons Aoki and Takahira, have occupied the Sherman marble mansion on K Street facing Franklin Park, as the ambassadorial residence. It was there that the representative of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD went after leaving the Chinese legation.

Baron and Baroness Takahira were preparing to leave the city upon the following day, and all the furnishings were covered with the conventional cool-looking white linen.

The Baroness came smilingly into the drawing room. "It is so warm you must cool yourself," said the little lady as she sat down beside her guest and pressed into her hand an exquisite Japanese fan, which was decorated with Oriental figures and which wafted a peculiarly sweet Oriental perfume with each vibration. "My Inglis is so bad my husband will talk with us," she said as she bowed toward the Baron, who had followed her into the room.

"You know that we have a profound regard for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in Japan," the Ambassador began, "for what it has done for our country in famine times, and you know also that the Emperor decorated your good Dr. Klopsch for his philanthropy. We shall be very glad to tell its readers about the educational movement among the women of our country. It was in 1874, if I remember rightly, that the government sent its first delegation of our young women abroad to study. There were five and they came to the United States. Two returned shortly afterward on account of health, but two entered Vassar College and one the Noble School, and all were graduated with class honors. When they returned to Japan, one of them became the wife of Admiral Uri, who served with distinction in our late war with China, and who was a graduate of your Naval Academy at Annapolis. Another married General Oyama, present Chief Marshal of Japan, while the third, Miss Tsuda, went

Mr. Chou Chou Wu, Son of the Chinese Minister

back and started a school for girls in Tokyo, which has become one of the largest and most influential in the empire."

Here Baroness Takahira said something to the Ambassador in Japanese. "That is true," he returned in English. "The Baroness reminds me of the great influence these ladies have exerted in our country. Madame Oyama and Madame Uri hold high social positions and have done much toward creating a sentiment in favor of the education of women.

"Many other Japanese women came to America and Europe to study. The great majority came independently at their own expense—daughters of wealthy families, I mean, and no official record was kept of them; but we know there have been many. We know of many who have gone to China, India, Assam, and other Oriental countries as teachers. Just before I came to America this time, I met the wife of a high official in Japan who told me she was educated in the United States and that almost immediately upon her return she was offered a very large salary to become a teacher for the women in the home of a wealthy Chinese, several years prior to her marriage.

"Elementary education is compulsory in Japan from the sixth to the fourteenth year with both sexes. We have over thirty-two thousand elementary schools with over five million pupils, and two Imperial Universities, at Tokyo and Kyoto, with nearly six thousand students. Besides these there are higher normal schools, grade normal schools, high schools, and technical and other special schools in all our cities. There is also the Peers' School for the children, sons and daughters, of noble families, the doors of which are now open, with certain limitations, to children of the humbler classes. The year after the Japanese-Chinese war a few students from China entered the Japanese schools; now there are thousands of Chinese students in our schools, and a large number from India and Siam."

Baroness Takahira smiled a little at the emphasis the ambassador laid upon the excellence of their schools. She was asked what effect this higher education was having upon the women of Japan—if the girl who received the higher education and could be self-supporting, cared as much to marry as her sister who was not so well educated? She discussed this with a good deal of animation with her husband in Japanese. Then, speaking for both, the Baron said:

"You know that the Japanese live most simple lives, and it is a proverb of our country that a Japanese woman is always contented. Higher education has not as yet changed this greatly; but it has changed some of the conditions. For instance: formerly we followed the Oriental custom of early marriages; now a girl is still in school at the age her mother was married. Many women are teaching, and some are in other public places earning their own support. And, and——" he hesitated and Baroness Takahira almost laughed outright at his hesitation. "Well, yes," he added rather reluctantly, "I suppose it has made some difference, and the Japanese girl, like her American cousin, is a little more independent about marriage when she finds she can support herself. But it is not the policy of our government to educate them for that. There is no higher lot for woman than wife and motherhood, is there?"

The Baron paid a high tribute to the mission schools. "There is no doubt," he said cordially, "that the mission schools have done a great deal for my country. There have been, and there are, magnificent men and women who have done mission work there. Such names as Verbeck, Brown, Hepburn, Williams, Murray, and others will always be honored in my country, and many of my own countrymen who have had a large part in making New Japan are, or were, Christian men. But we do not accept the tenets of Christianity as a whole. Many of us are free thinkers. We are striving to find the best in all religions—we are striving to find the best."

Baroness Takahira, who had been absent a moment, here returned to the drawing room with a photograph of herself.

"This was taken in Japan just before we left, but as it ess in native costume, you may not it desire," she said a little slowly with her quaint accent. She was assured that the native costume would make it of more interest to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and as her sixteen-year-old daughter came in just then from a drive, her photograph was added. She is a pretty little Japanese maid, and this is her first visit to the United States. She goes with her parents for the remainder of the summer to Buena Vista Springs, but will enter one of our women's colleges this winter. The Ambassador and Baroness Takahira also have three sons, but they are schoolboys, and as the Baron believes it is better for them to be educated in their own country, they have remained in Japan. The Baroness herself was educated at the Higher Normal School of Tokyo and has taken a leading part in all the reform movements which affected her sex. She is a gracious, lovely woman in face, figure and character.

THE NEW LIFE ∽ Sermon by Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, D.D. ∽ *Continued*

should be and is with the Christian of to-day. He may awake to his day's work and face hard, disagreeable tasks, and do the same things he did yesterday, but he is supported at every moment by the consciousness of divine presence and divine companionship. The apostles and early disciples were happy and enthusiastic people not because they had no trouble. They had more trouble than we have. They were persecuted and imprisoned, and burned at the stake and torn by wild beasts, and driven out of their homes. The zest of life for them, therefore, did not exist in the fact that they were free from trouble. Their lives were full of trouble. But they looked forward to the day's life with interest and eagerness because the divine and the superhuman were in their thoughts, and they were not afraid or downcast because of the hatred of men. They knew that eternal forces were all around them. This knowledge kept them from despair and doubt. They were able to sing the song:

Oh, I hear Hope singing,
Singing softly in an undertone,
Singing as if God had taught her,
"It is better farther on."

The newness of life therefore is a practical possibility. Christianity does not come to men with a tried set of rules and lay them down and then apply the lash and drive men to their duty, but it brings into every life those factors which really make the day's work interesting. The universe has a reason. The purpose of one's life becomes clearer. The relation of one soul to another is defined and God is made to appear what he really is, a Father of his children, working out with them a full redemption. The earthly life becomes a school of discipline for the life which is to go on forever, and life becomes worth living, not only in the present, but in the world to come. Paul again states the reason for existence as follows: "What shall we say then? Shall we continue in sin that grace may abound? God forbid. We who died to sin, how shall we any longer live therein? Or are ye ignorant that all who were baptized into Christ Jesus were baptized into his death? We were buried therefore with him through baptism into death: that, like as Christ was raised from the dead through the glory of the Father, so we also might walk in 'newness' of life."

THE FIRE-SWEPT NORTHWEST

BRITISH COLUMBIA has just been the scene of one of the most devastating forest fires in the history of Canada. Towns and villages were licked out of existence in a few minutes by great tongues of flame, while numbers of fleeing fugitives lost their lives penned within the fiery circle; thousands of homeless people, driven from one place of refuge after another, at last sought safety in streams and in open rocky spaces on the mountain sides. The towns destroyed are Fernie, Hosmer, Sparwood, parts of Michel and one or two others. The devastated district reaches from Cranbrook in British Columbia to within a short distance of Frank in Alberta. It is a distance of fifty miles or more. Coal Creek was threatened, but the flames veered a little from the direct path and the town was saved.

The conflagration started as a small bush fire in some "wood slashings" of a lumber company across the river from the town of Fernie. A high wind was blowing; it moved rapidly to the river bank, jumped to the opposite shore and went rapidly eastward through the town. The wooden buildings seemed hardly touched with fire before the flames were shooting upward and outward from roofs and windows. It was like a tornado of flame, one building seventy feet long was picked up as if it had no weight, carried across several open spaces and dropped into the middle of the main street, scattering burning shingles and brands as it made its wild journey.

When it was seen that the entire town was threatened with destruction women and children were placed in box cars made up into special trains which were moved onward to towns supposedly out of reach of the fire. The crowds gathered at the railway stations to take the trains for Hosmer. The trains were moved as rapidly as possible by the engineers who could see the way ahead with difficulty through the dense clouds of smoke. Every now and then a sheet of flame would be encountered that completely crossed the tracks. The trainmen would open the throttles, and at top speed the cars dashed through as if they realized that on them depended the safety of hundreds of precious lives. Often coaches caught fire, but the flames were soon put out. In places the ties of the track were burning. Many of the men, however, remained and fought heroically for their homes; it was a hopeless fight, however, but they kept doggedly at it. Many of the people were caught in the path of the fire and burned to death, as at times the flames were moving faster than the people could run. Probably at least two hundred lost their lives. Fifteen minutes after the first house caught on the town side of the river bank, the entire place was a seething mass of flames; the roar of the fire, the crash of falling buildings and walls, mingled with the shriek of panic-stricken refugees, made up a scene that will never be forgotten by the survivors. A dense cloud of black smoke hung like a pall over the doomed district and gave notice to distant settlers and towns of their impending fate.

"The Old Town," the district of Fernie where most of the miners live, was burned first and the business section followed. The mills of the Elko River Lumber Company, covering thirty acres, were food for the flames but for a short time, and then the fire went rapidly through the better residential district, leaving not a building or tree standing.

The bridges over the river were burned while a number of people were endeavoring to escape across the timbers. Some, finding their escape cut off in this direction, waded out into the river as far as they dared in the swift current and waited for the fire to burn itself out. Even in the water the intense heat, generated by miles of burning timber, almost seemed to burn their faces. A great many are suffering from burns who did not actually come into contact with the flames. The air itself "seemed to be red hot." In fact, many of the houses caught without the flames from other buildings coming in contact with them. All the while the town was pelted with burning brands from the mountain sides. Branches, two to three inches thick and several feet long, were hurled through the air great distances by the storm. Two or three buildings are alone standing to show where once was a prosperous community of t thousand people.

The wave of flame varied from one to three m wide. It moved eastward rapidly, climbing mo tains, sweeping down into valleys and gorges, a jumping across rivers and streams. Hosmer sha the fate of Fernie, though the people were bet able to make their escape as they had been notif of the fire's coming. Michel is a town twenty mi beyond Fernie, and the people began early to p pare for the inevitable and leave with what f personal belongin they could carry w them. A train of b cars was made up a these were sent on safety.

Canada responded once to the call for he from British Columb Physicians and nurs were sent in on speci trains, as were ten and large quantities supplies. After the fi had passed at lea three thousand peop gathered in Fern without shelter or foo Tents were erected ar many of the people sa that they would remai and help build a ne city. A large numbe however, left over th Canadian Pacific Railway for Cranbrook, wher they were sheltered and fed in relief stations an in private homes. Sir Wilfred Laurier and th Cabinet have been furthering relief measures.

Town of Michel, B. C.

Town of Coal Creek

Victoria Avenue, Fernie, British Columbia

Answered Prayers

Mrs. E. M. C., Minnesota. "I want to acknowledge God's wonderf love to me in answered prayer. With the Psalmist I can say, 'I cried mightily unto the Lord, and he heard my prayer.'"

A Reader, Connecticut. "For several years in my life, at dif ferent times, I suffered in darkness of mind from distrust in th promises of God. Yet I continued t pray, knowing that help could onl come from God. The Lord heard an help came."

Mrs. J. C. H., Iowa. "I wish to ac knowledge an answered prayer. The lif of my dear mother has been spared."

C. R. B., Canada. "I know God wil answer prayer, as several times I hav asked him and he has answered."

L. J. E., Calera, Ala. "With a heart full of gratitude to God I acknowledge his gracious mercy in answering special prayer for healing."

Reader, Lewisburg. "I wish to acknowledge an answer to prayer. I have been wonderfully helped by the Answered Prayer column."

L. B. S., East Orange, N. J. "Fearing that I was threatened with an incurable disease, I took it to Jesus and he has given me relief of mind as well as body."

A Reader, Portersville, Pa. "Lately I have had two prayers answered."

C. S., New York. "The Lord hears and answers prayers if we turn to him in good faith."

A. D., New York State. "I have great faith in God. I know he hears and answers prayer."

J. E. L., Los Angeles, Cal. "During recent severe suffering I prayed for relief, and immediately the pain ceased."

H. F. C., New Jersey. "I am in my eighty-eighth year. The direct answers to prayer that I have received and can recall would make quite a booklet. Just now prayer for a loved one has been answered in every detail."

D. C. T., Pennsylvania. "I never pass by the 'Answered Prayer' column without reading it, for it is a real comfort to hear from those who believe in answered prayer and also to join their ranks and claim answers to prayers in the past which I promised I would make known."

CANADA'S EVANGELISTIC CAMPAIGN

By M. A. MARTIN

THE Canadian Presbyterian Assembly, held recently in Winnipeg, inaugurated plans for the furthering of evangelism throughout the church in Canada. Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman was asked to speak on the subject of "World-wide Evangelism."

He was accompanied by the Rev. Dr. Parley E. Zartmann, assistant secretary and treasurer of the Presbyterian General Assembly's Committee on Evangelistic Work. Upon their arrival they were entertained at luncheon, meeting a large number of business men and many ministers and elders.

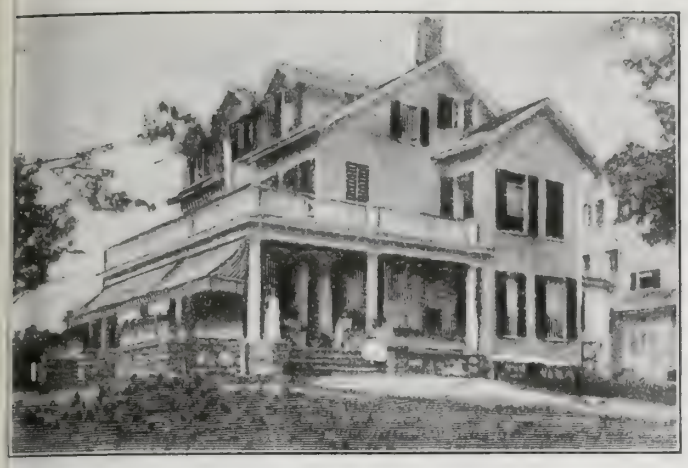
An informal address, full of inspiration, sympathy, and power, was given by Dr. Chapman. The warmth infused by Dr. Chapman prepared the Assembly for the strong and sane and enthusiastic presentation of evangelism which was given later in the afternoon.

The Assembly appointed a committee to confer with Dr. Chapman and report upon the whole subject of evangelism. Of this committee, Dr. Gordon was chosen convener.

The report presented to the General Assembly by the committee recommends the appointing of a Special General Assembly's Committee on Evangelism, organized to cover the whole Dominion, with three sections: the maritime, central and western section, and a convener over each section, with corresponding committees in synods and presbyteries. The General Committee is to consist of a number of picked men, together with district and synodical conveners. The assembly has nominated Dr. Gordon as general convener and his acceptance is hoped for. He has consented in the meantime, however, to act, and has associated with himself some of the strongest men in the Canadian church.

The plan is to conduct throughout this year three simultaneous campaigns, one in the maritime district, possibly at Halifax; one in the central, in Toronto or Hamilton, and one at the coast, in Vancouver. Conferences will be held with the ministers and everything possible will be done to educate them in this kind of work. "Dr. Chapman," says Dr. Gordon, "achieved great things for us in the space of a few hours. Evangelistic campaigns will mean a great deal for Canada."

HIS FORTUNE GIVEN TO CHARITY



The Schrader Clubhouse for Social Workers

WHEN the great Fayerweather bequests came out a few years ago, from a man of whose fabulous wealth few had ever heard, people looked at each other and said, "It must be that every other man one meets is a millionaire."

Surely there are many great, unsuspected fortunes in our country, and behind them, thank God! are many loving and generous hearts. The latest of these unknown rich, who has come into public view through his munificent gifts, is Mr. George H. F. Schrader, who has donated a clubhouse for social workers and a home for convalescent mothers at Hartsdale, N. Y. Both of these institutions are under the care of the Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor, which insures their wise management. They are solidly and conveniently built, and furnished artistically. The fact that both of them are for classes which have hitherto received little consideration at the hands of our philanthropists, shows that Mr. Schrader has given not only of his money but of his original thought. He early made himself useful as an inventor of clever mechanical devices. He has now invented two new charities. Already this noble steward of the Lord has dispensed more than half a million dollars for the good of the public, and the end is not yet.

"But," you ask, "how could he make such a fortune as is implied in this great gift, and yet remain so totally unknown to fame?"

That is what all the newspaper men are asking themselves as they metaphorically tear their hair over their ignorance—but none of them had ever heard of Mr. Schrader until the prominent and beautiful testimony to his existence flashed upon them and upon the rest of the world in the Clubhouse for Social Workers and the Caroline Rest Home, so called in memory of the donor's mother.

Inquiry developed that his wealth had been amassed by his father and himself in the business of manufacturing diving apparatus, hose couplings, and pipes and brass fittings for rubber goods. Their establishment is on Rose Street in the dark and dingy quarter beneath the Brooklyn Bridge. The elder Schrader has died and the firm name has become "A. Schrader's Son, Inc.

Mr. G. H. F. Schrader is a bachelor and lives in a quiet farmhouse at Hartsdale. Its furnishings are unpretentious but thoroughly artistic, for its owner has traveled extensively, is fond of art and music, and knows many of our foremost connoisseurs. He is also a writer and has published at least one work, a poetic satire in German.

A reporter of the *New York Tribune* recently gained access to Mr. Schrader's home and gives an almost thrilling description of the causes which led him to become interested in philanthropy. He had already invented several devices, notably the air valve used in all bicycle and automobile tires, when he read an advertisement calling for funds for the Seaside Hospital. Upon inquiring into the matter, he sent the institution a check for $10,000. Then he invented especially for this hospital a window which gives unlimited ventilation by disappearing in a groove at the top of the casing. This great help to the sickroom he allows to be used freely in Bellevue and other hospitals.

Every brick was set and article bought for the two chief charities of Mr. Schrader, under his own personal supervision, which is as keen and watchful as that of Dr. Klopsch for Mont-Lawn. The most generous comfort and the most perfect taste are visible in the Clubhouse and in the Caroline Rest, where mothers may go for recuperation after childbirth, and where the scientific management of infants is taught. One mother of thirteen children, when a patient there, confessed that she had never known how to care properly for her little ones, though she supposed that she was letter perfect in the art.

. . .

As there are more than 2,000 social workers in New York City alone, and as employees of the large charity organizations, and of the Board of Health, and the nurses in the city hospitals are also beneficiaries of the Clubhouse for Social Workers, it will be seen that its good effects are likely to be far-reaching. The world is deeply indebted to Mr. Schrader not only for what he has done, but for the manly and unostentatious methods which he has pursued in doing it. KATE UPSON CLARK.

The Caroline Rest Home for Mothers

STREET PREACHING BY MEGAPHONE

"YOU'RE saving us a lot of trouble over here," said a policeman as he welcomed a group of workers from the Evangelistic Committee of New York City who came one hot August day to conduct an afternoon meeting in that section of the city formerly known as Hell's Kitchen, but now called by the less objectionable yet more characteristic name, "San Juan Hill."

In the four blocks bounded by Sixtieth and Sixty-fourth Streets and Tenth and Eleventh Avenues live about 16,000 people, black and white, mostly black. The atmosphere of the place is discord. Race riots prevail, fierce and bloody. Each street has its "gang" which will not allow boys from other streets to enter or even to cross its special territory. Into this district have come preachers and singers, speaking in no uncertain tone as to the wages of sin and the need of salvation. Street meetings are held every night, all the evening long, during the summer. An earnest young colored evangelist, Benjamin Glasco, and the Rev. C. L. Butler, pastor of the St. James Presbyterian Church (colored), preach and exhort and plead with sinners, both black and white.

Occasional afternoon meetings have been held from four to six o'clock. Even at that hour of day, a great crowd gathers. Waiters, coal-heavers out of work, bartenders, thieves, pickpockets, loafers, colored women, the poor and shabby and vicious and criminal, huddle in a solid mass of pitiful humanity, pressing close to the speaker, who hurls his words so loudly through a megaphone that the hundreds of men and women leaning from the open windows cannot fail to hear the Gospel texts and the ringing words of denunciation of sin and the hope of salvation.

"The real dens and dives are gone," says Mr. Butler, "as a direct result of the evangelistic work done in this place. Two have been turned into chapels, where meetings are held regularly on Sundays and on week-day evenings. Sunday School, too, is held, and some of the women (converts of the tents located here in past summers) go up and down the streets on Sunday morning, collecting the children who would not dare to venture off their own streets alone."

Following the work of last year, a union Bible class was organized with Mr. Glasco as leader, Miss Beatrice Baisden as instructress, and Mr. Hebson as president. All of the officers are tent converts, as well as Mrs. Cain, who opens her home to the class for their meetings.

"It is a great demonstration of faith in the pure Gospel," says the Rev. Dr. Arthur J. Smith, superintendent of the Evangelistic Committee, "when simple men like our Italian and colored young preachers can carry the message to those of their own race with such remarkable results."

PROHIBITION'S HOPEFUL OUTLOOK

By HON. EUGENE W. CHAFIN, Presidential Candidate

WHEN the first National Convention was held by the Prohibition Party to nominate a candidate for the presidency in 1872, there was but one State in the Union (Maine) which had accepted the doctrine of absolute prohibition. We have since gone through nine presidential campaigns. During that time, we have been one of the means of educating the people of the United States to believe that the liquor traffic ought to be destroyed. Now we come into the tenth great national campaign with eight great States under prohibition, more than 1,000 counties, and 10,000 towns, cities and villages under prohibition. During the last four years, no question has received so much attention in American politics as this one of "What is to be done with the saloon?"

We firmly believe that a majority of the Republicans, a majority of the Democrats, and a majority of the voters in all of the other political parties believe in the principles we advocate. We claim that no other political party at any period in our history has made such marvelous progress by having the voters accept their doctrines, as the Prohibition Party people have in these few years.

We present the only platform upon which a majority of the voters of this nation are agreed. If every man who believes in our platform should vote our party ticket this year, I firmly believe we would carry the electoral college by a plurality of votes in every State in the Union. No other political party in the past seventy-five years can say that.

If the above statements are an accurate estimate of our strength, why should anybody be discouraged who belongs to the ranks of the Prohibition Party? Whether we win or not simply depends upon the question of whether these voters place in the ballot box their convictions, or their former political prejudice. We are going to win this battle. The voters will see that this liquor traffic be destroyed. The numbers of such voters are increasing and will continue to increase until the last grog-shop in America is wiped out.

Yours for victory, EUGENE W. CHAFIN.

THE ESPERANTO CONVENTION

THE Esperanto Convention met in Chautauqua, N. Y., July 19 to 25. The Sunday service was conducted in Esperanto, Rev.-Mr. Dutton presiding. In opening the Congress, on Monday, President Vincent of Chautauqua made an address, saying he believed the success of Esperanto was assured. About 200 Esperantists were present, including delegates from the different States and many Canadians.

"The Esperanto Association of North America" was founded by the Convention, uniting all the different branches of the Esperanto movement on this continent. A vote of thanks was given to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for its good work for Esperanto. The Convention decided to invite the Fifth Universal Esperanto Convention to Chautauqua in August, 1909, and Mr. Privat will go to Dresden to try to get the approaching Fourth Universal Esperanto Convention to accept the invitation for its successor. Mr. Privat reports that a great many teachers have taken up Esperanto in the hope of going out next season and teaching it in the different States.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — **GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor**

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

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Letters should be addressed, **THE CHRISTIAN HERALD**, Bible House, New York.

Entered at Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter
Entered as Second-class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa

Another Attack on the Bible

CHICAGO UNIVERSITY is becoming famous for its intermittent outbursts of "advanced" theology. Like certain volcanic cones, it is quiescent for protracted periods; but there is no foretelling when a new eruption may take place. The latest occurred a few days ago, when a magazine edited by the professors of the University School printed a collection of articles declaring in favor of "a sane expression of religious convictions," and attacking and deriding the time-honored and most sacred beliefs of orthodox Christians. The miracles associated with the Saviour's temptation are pronounced "fanciful." "Jungle preaching" (preaching the simple Gospel to the heathen) should be abandoned and biological and electrical laboratory work substituted as being more effective. The plain old Gospel of salvation through Jesus Christ must give way, these Chicago professors assure us, before the gospel of science, "which is to become the dominant spirit of the intellectual life of the Occident." One of the professors puts the whole case of the Chicago theologians in a nutshell by pooh-poohing Christianity in the following language, which shows how far afield these advocates of a scientific gospel have wandered in their investigations:

> However valuable and significant may be elements of primitive Christianity, these are by no means unparalleled in other religions. Instead of regarding Christianity as a unique revelation we find it simply one among the religions of human history. It can no longer be said to possess absolute truth in any historical form.

This Chicago fulmination, which is an odd jumble of "new theology" and "higher criticism," is the logical climax of a course which this particular group has been following for a long time past. Those who tread that dark path are heading for the spiritual wilderness. The history of Christianity shows that all attempts to poison "the sources of eternal truth" and to take away the hope of the world and give nothing in return, have resulted in failure. What Gladstone aptly termed "the impregnable rock of sacred Scripture" stands invulnerable still. To efface the wonders of God's love and Christ's ministry and sacrifice by scientific demonstration; to extinguish or even dim the light which the Saviour of men gave to the world, are tasks as far beyond the power of vain human intellectuality as heaven is above the earth. Hence the Chicago scientists' attack will not move the great body of believers one hair's breadth. Unless one loves and trusts God, one cannot understand his Word or profit by it. Its truths are still hidden from the wise ones of the world and revealed to the simple.

Higher criticism is an elastic term, which includes very much, from the boldest atheism to the sincerest faith. It is a school which insists on the completest historical, scientific and philosophical investigation in the interpretation of the Scriptures and the Christian religion. The most radical of the school are called "destructive critics," who deny the supernatural in the historical record of the Scriptures and in the person and life of Christ, and who lead their followers into the dreariest agnosticism. But higher criticism also includes many devout students of the Scripture and loyal followers of Christ, whose faith is greatly strengthened by the technical study of the Scriptures and by the concurrence of reason with faith in their interpretation. Fortunately, the actual truth of the Bible or Christianity is not dependent upon the interpretation of any school of theologians. Human estimates of Scriptural meaning may change from age to age, but the real truth cannot change. A good Providence will bring out of such theological agitation a stronger faith in the Book and an intenser love for the Saviour.

Count Zeppelin's Misfortune

WHEN Icarus, the son of Dædalus, according to the old myth, came to grief while attempting to fly to Sicily with a pair of artificial wings which were scorched by the sun, the people of those early days no doubt were divided in opinion whether his fate was not a judgment for rashly attempting the conquest of the air. Had he lived in the twentieth century, he would probably have used a balloon or aeroplane, and might have succeeded. Count Zeppelin, foremost of European aviators, after some remarkable performances in Switzerland with his monster balloon, has lost his airship through the stroke of a lightning bolt, while it was undergoing repairs in the open country near Stuttgart. It was a fortunate thing for the Count and his party that they were on solid ground when the airship caught fire and was swept away in the storm, otherwise they might have shared the fate of the unlucky Icarus. The Count's balloon, we are told, was as long as an ocean liner, and the car could carry twenty-five passengers, and had comfortable sleeping quarters. On a recent trip, he ascended with fifteen passengers, two of them being royalties. It can thus be seen that the accident at Stuttgart missed by a narrow margin being the most sensational tragedy in the whole history of aerial navigation.

There will be no lack of money to build a new Zeppelin dirigible. His exploits have awakened Germany's admiration and a fund is now being raised, the government having contributed $125,000.

Breaking Up Hazing

HAZING, which is a custom probably as old as college and cadet life, would seem to be well-nigh ineradicable. Just now, the case of the group of young hazers who have been threatened with dismissal from West Point is the subject of serious consideration by the President and Secretary of War; but whether expulsion will be enforced has not yet been finally determined. In any event, there should be sufficient authority either at Washington or West Point to effectually put a stop to the senseless and frequently brutal horseplay which still flourishes at the Military Academy in the face of official admonitions and prohibitive orders. Perhaps a way quite as effective as dismissal, though less drastic, might be found in lowering the rating of offenders, so that convicted hazers would find their pastime a serious detriment to advancement.

Some of the disclosures in the West Point cases indicate a state of affairs which the whole country would be glad to see promptly corrected. The offenders were convicted and their dismissal recommended by a Board of officers and the Superintendent; but they were afterward reinstated. It is an anomaly that, in an institution of the first class, there should be such an utter lack of discipline. The plea that hazing is harmless and teaches the soldier's first duty—obedience—is unworthy of consideration. If the public has formed any opinion on the matter, it is more likely to class it as uniformed rowdyism.

The Turkish Parliament

ON JULY 24, Abdul Hamid, the Sultan of Turkey, surprised the world and his own subjects as well, by granting to his people a constitution and a parliament, to be assembled as soon as deputies can be elected. This action is a step toward the removal of the last absolute despotism upon the soil of Europe; Russia, the only other absolute power that has dared to oppose the spirit of the age, having also granted to its people a parliament.

This sudden move of the Sultan was a desperate step, intended to save his throne from overthrow. The Young Turk political party—which is really a rebellion—is in possession of nearly the whole of the empire. The army and civil authorities have surrendered to the leaders of the Young Turks in most of the large towns, especially in European Turkey. The immediate cause of the Emperor's action was the receipt of a telegram, addressed to him by the Albanians of Uskub, informing him that they had taken an oath in favor of the re-establishment of the constitution. This telegram was a thunderbolt, as the Sultan thought that they were the most loyal of his subjects.

The constitution granted is practically the same as that of 1876, the chief provisions of which are the indivisibility of the empire; the supremacy of the Sultan; individual liberty; freedom of all creeds, of the press and of education; equal legal taxation; a senate and two chambers; general election by ballot every fourth year; judges for life. The first Turkish parliament was opened March 19, 1878, with thirty senators and ninety deputies, but a month afterward Russia declared war on Turkey and the Turkish constitution and parliament were things of the past. The present Sultan has paid no attention whatever to any of the constitutional limitations of his absolute authority, and his present action is o to save his throne and perhaps his head. The rec attempted assassination shows his imminent da ger, if bad faith is suspected.

It has been with great impatience that Euro with its free forms of government, has tolerated long this moral and political blot on the map of t continent. The Young Turks have already w congratulations for their patriotism and real loyal to their country's highest interests. It may be p sible that the Sultan has acted in time to save hi self; for though he wept as he proclaimed the co stitution and the parliament, if he should sincere undertake to carry out their provisions he may ha a happier reign than heretofore.

The Contrast of Ten Years

IN 1898 the war with Spain was fought and Cub set free to make a place for herself among th family of nations. The United States had won he battles and stood ready in peace to help her in ever way that would tend to the country's moral an material uplift. There were many, it is true, wh predicted at the time that "Cuba Free," as thei motto read, would mean freedom to have a revolu tion at frequent intervals, as is so often the case i other West Indian States. One revolution did occu but order was restored by the timely interference o our government and the malcontents learned tha the proper place to settle their local differences wa at the ballot box and not on the battlefield.

Cuba has just had its election and the lesson tha violence is unwise and unprofitable has evidently been taken to heart. Everything went off in the most orderly manner, auguring well for the conduct of elections in the future. There were a few American troops on the island, and this may have had its effect. In future elections, however, it is probable that the very fact that the powerful neighbor, who has helped them often, frowns on the revolutionary spirit, will be a strong enough deterrent. Cuba is growing in prosperity and learning self-control. In a few months she will doubtless be managing all of her affairs again with a better regard for the interests of all parties, a marked and hopeful contrast to the condition of affairs in the harassed and devastated island of ten years ago.

At Home and Abroad

—REV. S. BENJAMIN of the Methodist Episcopal Mission, Burhanpur, India, writes: "Good rains have fallen all over our district here, and if they continue, after four or five months the great peril of famine in India will be over."

—THE KANSAS FORWARD MOVEMENT for Evangelistic Work has issued a "Call to Prayer" for God's blessing upon the revival movement which is to begin there in September. The movement has behind it the united forces of all the churches.

—SUPERINTENDENT ARTHUR J. SMITH, of the Evangelistic Committee of New York City, writes: "There are over 2,000,000 in our city without a hope in Christ. Will you help us to reach them?" $8,000 are still needed to carry on the summer tent campaign.

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THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Mobs in France

THE industrial difficulties of France have resulted in strikes in different places. They have been incited by the National Confederation of Labor. The demonstrations have been so violent and revolutionary that the government has been compelled to employ a very strong hand in their suppression. The union of the Syndicates of the Seine intended to hold a meeting at the Labor Exchange in order to deliberate about a strike, but were forbidden by the Prefect. The meeting took place all the same owing to the ingenuity of M. Pataud, Secretary of the Syndicate of Electricity. Although access to the great glass hall was forbidden, the members shut themselves up in the thirty rooms of the courtyard surrounding the hall and at a given signal, at nine in the evening, all the windows were thrown up and at each window appeared a multitude of heads. The courtyard was lighted with Chinese lanterns and the scene was weird and exciting. The president of the organization sat at a window in the third story. The most violent outbreak was that at Ville-Neuve, Saint Georges, where the Labor Confederation had collected some 5,000 disturbers of the peace. The government forces were called out and after having given orders to the mob to disperse, as many as a dozen times, used their guns, and in the struggle a number were killed. In the Rue Montmartre the red flag was hoisted at half mast with crepe, for the martyrs of Ville-Neuve, and nearby a pasteboard effigy, hideously decorated with red paint representing the decapitated head of Prime Minister Clemenceau, was impaled on a sanguinary pole. The leaders of the Labor Confederation undertook to tie up Paris with a strike which crippled industry somewhat, but on the whole it proved to be a failure. The workingmen of Paris themselves are becoming suspicious of the unwisdom and lawlessness of those who are pretending to be their champions. This Confederation of Labor in France is manifestly an anarchistic institution. In almost all nations anarchy has taken advantage of the prejudices or grievances of labor to whet its appetite for blood and promote its diabolical designs. Where the government is an absolute despotism there is more of an excuse for their revolutionary tactics, if there could be any excuse for their opposition to all good. But in republics, where the people rule, as they do in France, there is no provocation for anything illegal or revolutionary. These anarchists are the worst enemies labor can have anywhere, and the wisest and ablest men in the ranks of labor recognize this fact. In most governments, certainly in free governments, the only proper method of solution of the difficulties between capital and labor is in candid agitation, wise legislation and impartial enforcement of law. It is a good sign of the times when France declines to follow the leadership or even tolerate the revolutionary tactics of such organizations as the National Confederation of Labor.

Whose mouth is full of cursing and bitterness: their feet are swift to shed blood (Rom. 3 : 14-15.)

The Great Labor Strikes in France

Strikers evading the law against public meetings: at the windows of the Paris Labor Exchange

Charmed by a Serpent

Anthony Decka, riveted to the spot when he uncovered a rattlesnake by lifting a stone near Williamsport, Pa., was saved from being bitten in the face by the serpent by a fellow workman who, at a distance of twenty feet, threw a stone which killed the snake and crushed one of Decka's fingers. The man seemed charmed by the serpent and could not move, although his face, as he leaned over, was not two feet from the reptile as it coiled for a spring.

There are pleasures as deadly as a rattlesnake which are exceedingly charming in their nature. Young people are fascinated by them and held powerless under their magic spell. What a fortunate thing it is that there are friends and companions near us ready to destroy these evils and rescue their fellow men from danger and death!

The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat. (Gen. 3 : 13.)

The Fatal Sleeping Sickness

A few months ago the English government instituted a special commission, called the London National Sleeping Sickness Bureau. The fatality of the sleeping sickness was so great in the British possessions as to make this action necessary. The committee was appointed by the Secretary of State for the Colonies. In 1891, this malady was introduced into Uganda, since which time 200,000, out of a population of 300,000 in the affected districts, succumbed. The malady runs a course of from four to eight months, ending in continuous drowsiness and a last long sleep. Technical medical investigation has discovered the cause of the disease—the blood-sucking, deadly flying insects—tsetse-flies. The virus is sucked from the afflicted patient and is injected into the healthy person as it makes its stab. Science will no doubt discover some method of killing the pest and destroying the parasite.

All the ills that flesh is heir to are symbols of the disease of the soul. A real cure has been provided for this in the blood that was shed on Calvary.

Is there no balm in Gilead? is there no physician there? why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered? (Jer. 8 : 22.)

Biggest Farm on Earth

Don Luis Terrazas, in the State of Chihuahua, Mexico, is said to be the owner of the largest farm in the world. It is 150 miles north and south, by 200 miles east and west, and includes 8,000,000 acres of land. On its mountains and through its valleys there roam 1,000,000 head of cattle, 700,000 sheep and 100,000 horses. The horsemen, herdsmen, shepherds and hunters number an army of 2,000 men. This ranch is the only one in the world which maintains its own slaughtering and packing plant. Each year 150,000 head of cattle and 100,000 sheep are slaughtered, dressed and packed. There are five mammoth reservoirs on the farm, costing $500,000, and 300 wells scattered over the estate, which cost another $500,000. The proprietor is a scientific farmer and raises every kind of grain in his fields. His farmhouse is said to be the most magnificent one in the world, costing $2,000,000 and capable of entertaining 500 guests. The gardens are beautifully laid out and the stables are more magnificent than those of any earthly emperor. On the homestead alone are employed 100 male servants. Don Luis was at one time Governor of Chihuahua, but he tired of political life and longed for larger liberty and a greater variety of employment. He has a beautiful wife and twelve children; seven sons and five daughters. The sons are actively engaged with him in superintending the ranch, while the women, who are said to be the most beautiful in Mexico, remain contentedly at the homestead. The children were educated in the United States and have traveled extensively throughout the world. He is richer than any three men in Mexico and is benevolent in spirit and generous in his contributions to worthy enterprises. Farming is the basis of all other industries. The farm is the physical support of the race. Farmers and herdsmen of olden times often had vast estates and munificent incomes.

Lift up now thine eyes, and look from the place where thou art northward, and southward, and eastward, and westward: for all the land which thou seest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed for ever. (Gen. 13 : 14-15.)

Thought It a Sheath Gown

A young lady of nineteen years of age, accompanied by her mother, having returned home to New York in the evening from Arverne, appeared upon the streets of Harlem about six o'clock in the evening attired in a green and white tight fitting skirt with a circular overskirt embellished with a band of bright green satin—altogether a rich and striking costume. As they came down the steps of the Third Avenue "L" station, a street urchin, noticing the singular costume of the young lady, cried out: "Pipe the sheath." Others took up the cry and fell in behind the blushing and embarrassed wearer of the garment as she hurried along the street. The crowd became so large and pressed upon her so closely that, in sheer desperation, she was compelled to enter a store for protection. Her father and the police headquarters were telephoned and the father and two policemen reached the store at about the same time. A mob was howling about the building, prying through the windows and doors to catch a glimpse of the young lady. The mob had grown so large that the two policemen were powerless to remove it, and reserves were called out, who with fists and clubs drove back the dense throng. It took an hour and a half to clear the streets so that the young lady with her mother and father could return to their home. The garment the young lady wore was not a sheath gown.

The idle remark of a street urchin made all the trouble. What a great fire a small spark often kindles! But the loud dressing of the young lady prompted the remark of the boy, and a little better taste in her wardrobe would have saved her the mortifying notoriety which she had. So much has been said about the sheath skirt of Paris that very many in that great throng had a curiosity to know what one really looked like. It is likely, however, that too large a number followed the young lady because of the hint of immodesty which the garment is supposed to represent. Paris has many beautiful things which America could adopt to great advantage, but there are excesses and immodesties in wearing apparel among women which it would be a folly and shame for Americans to imitate. It is not probable that the sheath gown will ever become popular or even tolerated by the best people of our country.

In like manner also, that women adorn themselves in modest apparel. (I. Tim. 2 : 9.)

THE RISE OF THE SCHOOL CITY

By LUCY CLEVELAND

OVER the Temple of Apollo at Delphi the Greeks carved in letters of gold the motto that has become immortal, "Know Thyself." To these words the Roman added, centuries later, "Conquer thyself." The plan of the School City originated by Mr. Wilson L. Gill is to teach the youth of the land the principles of practical self-government, of studying out where the deficiencies lie in personal and municipal government, and of knitting themselves into active working civic centres, thus preparing themselves to be worthy citizens in the land to which they owe allegiance. It is a fine idea, and is today demonstrated as a working reality, the School City organization being a feature in schools from Denver to Omaha, from Omaha to Philadelphia, in Mexico, Cuba, Scotland, South Africa, the Argentine Republic, and Japan.

Mr. Wilson L. Gill

The School City is a method of moral and civic education during the years when training has its most lasting effect. "Personal self-control and personal influence in the control of others for the common good of all is the keynote," says Mr. Ray, the principal of the John Crevor School, Chicago.

It means, in a very real way, the uplift of the individual; for the individual learns the mighty force of law. "Children are always asking, 'Is it right?' " whispered the principal of a high school to a visitor; and in this she touched upon a truth that is a vital element in the successful working of this system of student self-government towards the forces that make for right.

The School City being an organization of the pupils of a school into the city form of government, the pupils are citizens. The three divisions of popular government — legislative, executive and judicial— are established. The pupils elect from their own number a mayor, judge, city clerk, six policemen, city council, one director of public safety, and one of public works. Each room in the school bears the same resemblance to the entire school as that of a ward to a city, electing ordinarily two members to the School City Council, and being apportioned its quota of police officers, etc. Elections are held at least four times a year, candidates for any office being girls as well as boys. Responsibility for the good order and discipline of the whole school rests upon the pupils themselves as citizens of the School City. The principal of the school gives advice and supervises this pupil self-government.

The history of the inception of the School City is a very interesting one. Mr. Wilson L. Gill, LL.B., a graduate of Yale, and one of the organizers of the National Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, suggested some years ago to the teacher of a particularly unruly school in upper New York City, where a policeman was detailed to keep order in the yard, the experiment of making the children assume the responsibility of maintaining order. Mr. Gill suggested that the pupils be organized into a self-governing body with a legislature, executive and judge of their own election. It was done. The boys and girls were enthusiastic over the new plan. Quickly, excellent order was established in the classes, and a proud sense of individual responsibility for correct guidance of himself, of herself, was established in the little school community.

Mr. Gill saw at once the enormous moral as well as civic value of his plan, and gave up important business affairs upon which he was engaged to introduce this system everywhere. He spent two years in Cuba, engaged by the United States Government to introduce his system in all the public schools of the island. In recognition of the value of the Gill School City system, and of its usefulness, the Franklin Institute, one of the most famous scientific societies in the world, awarded to the originator the Elliott Cresson gold medal and diploma. At a School City banquet given by the Franklin Institute, a letter was read from President Roosevelt, which endorsed the city system. Says President Roosevelt, "Nothing could offer higher promise for the future of our country than your successful plan."

Let us take a peep into the practical working operations of the School City. Entirely unexpected the writer presented herself at the Thirteenth Avenue Public School, Newark, N. J., one of the largest in the country. She was received by its principal, Professor Martin L. Cox, with great courtesy, and instantly given every opportunity to test the value of the School City method. Here were one thousand two hundred and five children; and here was dignity of deportment, ambition, happy discipline—in a word, law and order; and this maintained by the children themselves. Upon a second visit, when the school was decorated in honor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the writer heard the newly elected "mayor"—Nelson Rogers, a boy of thirteen—make his speech of acceptance of office from the platform and in the presence of the hushed and crowded rooms and of the distinguished guests present. It was a very good speech.

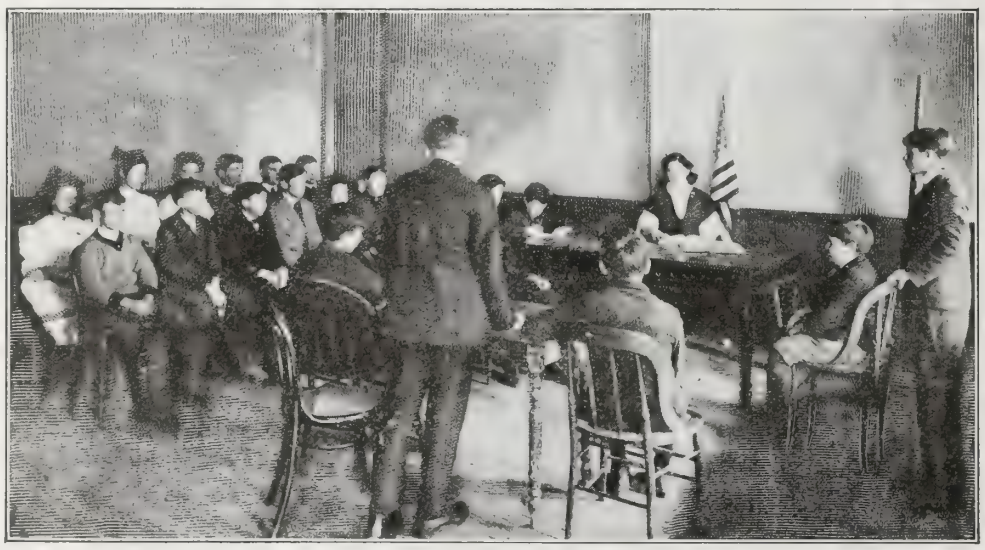
The writer also witnessed the casting of ballots for the election of aldermen. Mr. Gill had told the writer that between laughter and tears she would scarcely be able to control her facial muscles—laughter at the delicious earnestness of the miniature legislators, and tears of joy at the splendid work being done by the little people themselves. Another practical working of the School City is the council. The members of the School City Council of a well-known school gather for their twenty-minute fortnightly session in a large room on the upper floor. About sixty children, from eight to twelve years of age, compose the assembly. About one-half the number when the writer was present were girls. The clerk called the roll. "Leon Aravinsk has been absent from council three times, and loses his seat," declared the clerk. A "councilman" arose to speak. "I think the children ought not to make a noise in the streets going home, and disturb the library," said the councilman. "Who knows anything about this?" asked the clerk. A half-dozen councilmen, half of whom were girls, sprang to their feet to reply. A resolution was promptly passed requesting the school to be more quiet on the street.

When one of the mayors of New York first visited a School City in New York City, says the New York *Sun*, he insisted upon meeting all the School City officials, and then inquired as to the process of law in the "city." He was hugely delighted when he was told that a regular trial had been held the week before; that a police captain accused of dereliction of duty had been the prisoner, and that he had been convicted and dismissed from the service. Thereupon the mayor of New York asked that the "court" be brought before him, and his amusement was prodigious when he saw that the presiding judge was a girl.

One of the illustrations gives a "trial" being held in "court." A truant is being tried by jury in

School Mayor Being Inducted into Office

School City of the great Thirteenth Avenue Public School, Newark, N. J. It will be observed that every feature of civil procedure is followed in this School City Court. Here is the presiding judge—a girl unanimously elected by boys and girls. The clerk of the court bears the famous name of Edward Everett; here is the witness to the truant's guilt; the jury, the lawyers, etc. The proceedings go on with the gravity of our city courts. This is reality. Yonder truant will not run away again. The earnestness of the little people is remarkable. Another picture shows the newly elected mayor of the School City of the Thirteenth Avenue Public School, Newark, N. J. He is taking the oath of office before the principal. Old Glory waves over his head! The School City inculcates the taking of honors modestly, the bearing of defeat with courtesy.



A Trial in the School City Court

The question of woman suffrage had lately been agitated in the School City. The resolution was passed after much serious headshaking and owl-like deliberation. "The girls may have a chance to vote in our school State, so that they will know how to do it better if ever they are let to when they grow up!"

Hats Off in This Church

AMONG the regular announcements printed each week in the calendar of the Temple Baptist Church, Los Angeles, Calif., Rev. Robert J. Burdette, pastor, is the following:

"Out of Christian consideration for others, the women will please remove their hats before the beginning of the sermon."

There is general conformity with a request so courteous and so Christian. In a large audience of several thousand there will, of course, be occasional transgressors. When the number of transgressors is exasperatingly large, the startled ears of the offenders are in danger of being greeted with a pronunciamento from the pastor, usually the gentlest of men, which usually is in this spoken form:

"If the lady with the becoming hat will kindly notice how hard the man behind her is dodging, trying to see the preacher, she will undoubtedly be obliging enough to take down her millinery, postpone her halo, and conform to the customs of this church." The effect is generally satisfactory to the audience, and the wearer's self-respect is preserved in a trying episode.

TALKS ON THE COOL VERANDA

Going Shopping

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

THE charge is frequently made that while men are the earners of money women are the spenders. This is only partially true. Among the well-to-do classes, where the income is not straitened and women pass a good deal of their lives in idleness, shopping is a sort of diversion. Women buy articles of dress and ornament simply that they may fill up time that is hanging heavy on their hands, and also to gratify a taste for the beautiful. Millions of women never have any superfluous cash. When they purchase a new gown or a bonnet or plan for a daughter's trousseau or the outfit of a son who is going to college, they have to count carefully if they would avoid the distress of debt. It is, notwithstanding the constant expression of a different opinion, the exceptional woman who is comfortable when she knows she is plunging her husband into debt, and living beyond her means. There are, of course, extravagant women just as there are extravagant men, but the sex as a whole is thrifty.

A minister's wife who came from a country home to visit a friend in the city was asked whether she did not want to go the rounds of the big department stores. Her hostess thought that, to the resident of a rural community in the mountains, the sight of acres of space, brilliant with silks and glittering with jewels, the spoils of all the lands under a single roof, would be as interesting as a great exposition.

"No," said the little lady of the manse, "I haven't any money to spare, and my only interest in shops is to get little things that I want. I am not anxious to look at things for sale when I am not a buyer, and I would not like to occupy the time of tired clerks to no purpose. The parks and picture galleries and museums, the wonderful tall buildings and the crowds in the streets are enough to satisfy every possible wish that I can have for amusement. Shopping with me has always been just about the most serious business in life."

There are women, no doubt, who without the intention of spending money until an indefinite future, still enjoy inspecting furniture, china, linen, curios, furs and lace. Few women can look at lace without a yearning of the heart to own at least a little bit of it, and as for linen, Eve's daughters know its value and prize it, if they are housekeepers, above gems and gold. A woman of eighty was made supremely happy on her last birthday by the gift of some beautiful rose-point lace. She had longed for it for years, but had never felt justified in purchasing it for herself.

Not long ago, one friend, showing another over her well-appointed home, said: "Now I am going to give you a glimpse into my one weakness. I want you to see my linen closet."

The friend looked at the shelves, each with its white burden of sheets, pillow-slips and towels, daintily arranged in sets, fragrant with lavender, everything included in abundance to satisfy the most fastidious desire, and sighing she exclaimed: "It is pretty hard to see this and not break the tenth commandment."

Before going on a shopping expedition a woman should make a list of "must-haves" and "may-haves." Her list should be classified so that no time shall be wasted in going from one floor to another. The department stores in the large towns are so finely arranged for convenience that no one need waste precious hours if her memoranda are definitely set forth. To pay in cash or on delivery of the goods is wiser than to purchase on credit, unless one has a generous bank account or is very certain of her power to withstand temptation. A charge account is a temporary convenience, but many women discover that payment a month hence gives them a loop-hole for recklessness that they regret when the bill comes in.

HAPPY WEE KINDERGARTEN MAIDS

The songs of the little kindergarten maiden are often increased by a morning feast of ice cream. Incidentally, she learns at the same time pretty lessons in serving and table decoration.

The Child Eternal

I heard their prayers and kissed their sleepy eyes,
  And tucked them in all warm from feet to head,
To wake again with morning's glad sunrise—
  Then came where he lay dead.
On cold, still mouth I laid my lips. Asleep
  He lay, to wake the other side God's door,
    But this one mine no more.

Those other children long to men have grown—
  Strange, hurried men, who give me passing thought,
Then go their ways. No longer now my own,
  Without me they have wrought.
So when night comes, and seeking mother's knee,
I fold him close—the child that's left to me,
  Tired childish feet turn home at eventide,
    My little lad who died.

Concerning Domestic Pets

A NEW ENGLAND correspondent has written very earnestly to the editor of this page begging that attention may be called to the neglect of domestic pets in summer. Much cruelty is shown by thoughtless owners of cats who leave their homes during hot weather, without making an adequate provision for the shelter and food of these home-loving creatures. The poor cats prowl about in search of food and drink, grow thin and mangy, become a target for heedless boys and arouse the enmity of those whom they disturb by their cries, while their should-be protectors are at a distance. Of all creatures who are petted and cared for, the cat is the most dependent and responds most quickly to kind treatment. A superb specimen of the feline race, admired by all who see him, was, when brought into his home by a little boy, a poor skeleton of a tramp cat that nobody would have looked at a second time—nobody, that is, except a loving child.

When leaving home for weeks or months, if you can not find any one to care for your cat, do not leave it to the haphazard of neglect, but mercifully put it to sleep with chloroform. Other pets in summer, birds, dogs or rabbits, must be provided with the food they like, and daily supplied with pure water to drink. Birdcages should not be left in the full glare of the sun. Children should never be permitted to neglect pets for which they are responsible. An important part of juvenile education is carried forward where young people possess pets and take daily and proper care of them.

A Word to the Children

A large number of letters have lately been received from the children, and if they will have just a little patience, an announcement will soon be made as to the winners of prizes for the best letters and of names that shall go upon an honor roll. The children who have little gardens may write to Aunt Payson and tell her what they are cultivating. The children who have chickens may write about them, and those who have pets of any sort, particularly odd pets, are invited to send their description. Aunt Payson will be glad to hear about any act of heroism performed by a child. Of course children have not always the chance to be heroic in great things, but please understand that we may be as heroic in the little things of daily life, in bearing small disappointments and in making small sacrifices, as in saving people from drowning or doing anything that challenges public attention.

You can write about your brothers and sisters, your school contests, the teacher you like and the teacher who you fancy is cross. You may tell about your games and contests and your collections. If you are a child of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD family you are one of Aunt Payson's nieces or nephews. She can not give you very much space in the paper, but your small corner shall be entirely your own, and no grown persons shall be permitted to crowd in.

GODLIKE LOVE FOR ENEMIES*

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

THE spear and the cruse—we will take them as symbols of self-control. They belonged to King Saul. The spear or javelin was both his weapon and sceptre. When he lay down to sleep at night, the spear was thrust in the ground at his head, like a standard. The cruse was a richly ornamented water bottle, which was also placed at his head that he might refresh himself in the night if he should awake. In all of this it does not appear how the spear and the cruse may be taken as emblems of self-control. But if an enemy had come upon Saul in the night as he lay sleeping, and had only taken the spear and the cruse away when he might easily have killed the king, that would be a remarkable case of self-control and something more.

That is what was done by the innocent man whom Saul hunted like a wild beast. David found both Saul and his guard sleeping in a cave, and took away the spear and the cruse, that on the morrow, at safe distance, he might show them to the king as evidence that his life had been in his power, and he had refused to kill him.

David, with his young soldier cousin, Abishai, bravely penetrated the sleeping army of Saul at night until he stood at the side of the sleeping king. "Slay him," whispered Abishai. "Not so," said David, "he is the Lord's anointed." It would seem that he might have been justified in at least permitting Abishai to slay Saul, for Saul, with his three thousand men, had been in deadly pursuit of David in caves and valleys and mountains, and Saul was even then refreshing himself that he might with renewed vigor pursue David again and take his life. Now it is clear how the spear and the cruse may be taken as the emblems of self-control.

How surprised Saul must have been when he awoke and found his spear and cruse gone! The mystery was soon solved when David appeared on an adjacent hill-top, holding aloft the spear and cruse as proof that he bore no malice to his bitter foe. Saul saw that his life had been in David's hand, and that David had spared him. He felt humiliated. And David tried to make a truce with Saul: "As thy life," said David, "was much set by this day in mine eyes, so let my life be much set by in the eyes of my lord, and let him deliver me out of all tribulation." Saul's better feelings were touched, and he exclaimed: "Blessed be thou, my son David: thou shalt do great things, and also shalt still prevail." And it is recorded that "David went on his way, and Saul returned to his place." Was the fire of envy extinguished in the heart of Saul, or was it only smothered? David knew too well that it would kindle again, because once before he had spared Saul's life when he found him sleeping, and had only cut off a piece of his cloak instead of his head. A picture of this scene, as painted by a Dutch artist, appears on this page. When it was shown to Saul he had said: "I will no more do thee harm, because my soul was precious in thine eyes this day." David feared to trust him, and therefore he went to dwell among the Philistines, considering the worst enemies of Israel less likely to harm him than the king.

How Can We Love Our Enemies?

What practical truth is there in this lesson? Plainly it is that we should love our enemies. Did David love Saul? Yes, but not as he loved Jonathan; not as friend loves friend, because there is something noble or congenial to engender love. That is the love of esteem that looks up. David did not so love Saul. Nor with the love of sympathy that is felt for congenial spirits. David loved Saul with the love of pity. He thought less of the wrong Saul was doing to him than of Saul's wronging himself. It was the love of compassion for one who wrecks an immortal life by sin. When David had played upon the harp before Saul, he sang of all the beautiful things in nature and in life, seeking to win him to a nobler life.

And David teaches us how to love our enemies and wish to do them good rather than harm. But in this case it did not save his enemy.

"Blessed Are the Merciful"

In England when the war between Royalists and Puritans was in progress (1642-49), some ladies were listening to an attack going on not far away. At last distant shouts echoed up, and finally shots came faintly on the breeze, then followed the noise of horsehoofs, and a dozen fleeing Puritan "Roundheads" dashed by at full gallop. The steed of one stumbled and fell, casting the rider's head heavily upon the road. The others rode on at full speed. Two young sons were called, and the wounded man was helped into the house and made comfortable upon a bed. It was a royalist's home. Not long after the oldest son of the family came in. He was clad in the picturesque dress of the Cavalier. He was determined to kill the wounded Puritan, but his mother pleaded that he should spare his life. "A monstrous thing you ask of me," he said, "and no one should dare to ask it." "No one but your mother, my son," pleaded a gentle-faced lady behind him, "and she requests as a favor what she might demand as a right. Never shall the man whom accident has made my guest be attacked in my house. Let him go free." The Puritan soldier, hearing the conversation, painfully rose, and confronted the young man. "I ask no quarter," he said, "meet me in open fight, and I will give a good account of myself. Thank you, madam, for your succor, but I need no longer trespass upon your hospitality." The Cavalier looked at the Puritan. He was hardly able to stand and his eyes were heavy and dim. "I fight not with invalids and weaklings," said the Cavalier, gruffly; "take thy freedom, and begone."

Many years passed away. A woman was crouching at the feet of the great Cromwell, pleading for the life of her son, who, now a political prisoner, had been condemned to die. The woman looked up into the face of the dictator, and thought she traced under that steel casque the face she had leaned over and laved with rose water in bygone days. She said: "Sire, a wounded soldier fell at my gate. I took him in and attended to his bruised flesh. I protected his life and liberty. That wounded soldier I now see exalted, with power to save or destroy. For his sake, I implore pardon for my son." The stern dictator turned to the kneeling woman. He could not but recall the night when, a fugitive and at the mercy of his foes, she had saved his life. His stern look gave way, and seizing a pen he signed an order to stay the execution of the condemned Cavalier. "For the sake of the wounded soldier," he said briefly, "he is pardoned." Cromwell did not stop there. The royalist was not only reprieved from death, but after a while was given his freedom, while the safety of his mother's house was fully secured by an order written and signed by the Protector himself.

Shall we ask the sordid question: Does it pay to love your enemies? We were all enemies when God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. From whom then do we learn to love our enemies? From God. Let us try to be and do and love like him. David had learned the lesson from him, for he is the same God yesterday, to-day and forever.

There is no soul but can learn this lesson. The success of missionary work in every part of the world has shown this. The natives of Fiji not many years ago were about the most evil people on earth. Then they made cannibal feasts on their enemies. But how different now! The Fijians number about one hundred thousand. Ninety thousand of them are adherents of the Methodist Church, and for the most part the remainder are Roman Catholics. And Fiji Christians are sending missionaries to other islands. But we do not need to go so far a[way] to find what love will do for the s[ame] age.

An Indian Story

In the early days of our own la[nd], there was a lonely little farm belo[n]ging to a Quaker family on the bank [of] the Delaware River. Neither bolt [or] bar had ever been placed upon th[eir] dwelling. There was only a lat[ch]-string in the door, and that they [left] out by day and night. They said, "[God] is our defense. Without him we [are] quite defenseless in this solitary pla[ce]. With him we are in perfect safet[y]." Often they were warned of the r[av]ages committed by brands of prowl[ing] Indians. One day a messenger ca[me] to bid them be on guard, for there w[as] special danger.

About midnight Nathan Edwa[rds] said to his wife: "Rhoda, does thee [re]member we took in the latch-stri[ng] this evening?" "Yes, Nathan, t[hey] did," answered she, "but what [of] that?" "We have always trusted t[he] Lord," he said, "and he has nev[er] failed us. I'm thinking it looks li[ke] fear to pull it in, so I am minded [to] get up and hang it out again." [To] this she readily assented, and the latc[h]-string was hung out as usu[al]. Half an hour afterward Nathan and Rhoda hea[rd] steps outside, and knew th[at] the Indians had really com[e]. Alas, that they were wholly [at] their mercy! The door w[as] noiselessly opened, and the[re] was a muttered conversation [in] the native tongue, just on t[he] threshold. The husband ar[d] wife clasped hands silently an[d] committed themselves to the[ir] Almighty Keeper. Then, ver[y] softly, the door was closed, an[d] quietly the Indians stole awa[y]. At sunrise the farmer and h[is] wife could see no trace on thei[r] premises of their midnight vis[i]tors, though the smoke of burn[ed] ing dwellings in the distanc[e] told them the sad tale of pil[-] lage and murder around them. How came that savage band t[o] spare the Quaker home? No[t] until years afterwards did it[s] occupants learn the reason. Then an Indian who had bee[n] of the party told the effect th[at] hung-out latchstring had o[n] the chief, bent though he wa[s] on revenge and plunder. "See,' he said, "these people are no[t] afraid of us, for their latch-string is out, and they can no[t] be our enemies. They are protected by the Great Spirit, and we will let them alone." Orders were also given that at no other time should they be molested.

David Saves Saul's Life and Takes the Cruse and Spear

Called Higher

Mrs. Mary E. Howell, widow of Mitchell Howell, formerly of Centre Moriches, L. I., died at her home at Dias Creek, N. J., aged nearly seventy years.

Passed away at her home in Boonton, N. J., April 29, 1908, Mrs. Sarah C. Lyon, in her eighty-third year. For seventeen years she was a member of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD family.

Roland R. Rathbun, of Bridgewater, Conn., passed away April 27. He was a member of the Society of Friends for many years and a true Christian, the last word on his dying lips being "Jesus." He was a kind father and loving husband.

Deacon Benjamin N. Webb entered into rest December 4, 1907, at his home in South Weary, N. H., at the age of 82 years. He was a member of the Congregational Church from early manhood and was a true and constant Christian, having a kind disposition and was everybody's friend.

Miss Mary A. Wilbour, of Newport, R. I., entered into rest at the age of nearly ninety-one years. She was a woman of fine education, and was a teacher for many years. She was an earnest Christian, and always keenly alive to spiritual and political conditions of the whole world. She was greatly interested in her much loved CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Frederick Ditzel departed this life at his home near Columbiana, O., May 3, 1908, in the eightieth year of his age. He was a native of Germany, coming to this country when 25 years of age. He was a member of the Bible Christian Church, in which he was an esteemed and active worker. For many years he was an interested reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

* **The International Sunday School Lesson for August 30, 1908.** David Spares Saul's Life. I. Sam. 26: 17-25. GOLDEN TEXT: "Love your enemies, . . . do good to them that hate you." Luke 6: 27.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES

Christian Cross-Bearing*

THE disciples had no excuse for not knowing that a death of torture was before their Lord. In many ways, he hinted at it from the first. Here he expressly describes it. The time has come for his friends to be prepared for the anguish which was imminent. Yet he reminds them of the old truth, a proverb always, but especially since the wanderings in the desert which preceded the entrance into the Promised Land, that light should ever follow darkness.

This is the law of life. Christ illustrated it in the highest and most wonderful way. But all around us in smaller instances, and all through history, this same inscrutable law holds good.

Goethe wrote:

> Who ne'er his bread in sorrow ate,
> Who ne'er the doleful midnight hours
> Weeping upon his bed hath sate,
> He knows you not, ye heavenly powers.

Suffering must precede the making of every great work. St. Gaudens labored for years upon his models. Time and again he would make for a great statue an experimental sketch which would not suit him. He would break it up, and weary, discouraged, would set himself to dream and execute a new design. Of some of the great artists of the elder day, it is said that they groveled upon the floor and wept in despair when they were trying to work out some beautiful art-dream, which came but in flashes and, as a whole, seemed to elude them. The bliss of perfection is achieved only after the agony of struggle. Only through suffering, says the poet, can we enter Paradise. This light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh out for us an exceeding weight of glory.

There are hundreds of similes to illustrate this grand truth. It is said that when the great Cecil was walking through the Botanical Gardens of Oxford, his attention was arrested by a fine pomegranate tree, cut almost through the stem near the root. On asking the gardener the reason of this, "Sir," said he, "this tree used to shoot so strong that it bore nothing but leaves. When it was cut in this manner, then it began to bear fruit." Character comes through trial, as gold from the fire.

This is the old but ever-new truth of which Christ now reminds his disciples. They cannot believe him. He, so powerful, can surely prevent such a calamity as a death of agony. He reiterates that it must be, and sternly reproves Peter with the rebuke, "You are arguing now from the earthly point of view. God's way is not man's."

He designed, no doubt, not only to impress upon them that to follow him meant self-denial and battle, but to note that he himself, almighty though he was, stood ready to set the great example. He spoke to the multitude in even more forceful terms. The love borne to God should dwarf all the natural affections until by contrast they seemed even like hatred. "Count well the cost," he repeats in varied phrases, "for my service is not easy. No one may hope to escape the cross, who aspires to wear my crown.

But the fleeting nature of this anguish is everywhere emphasized by Jesus. "It is but for a little while," and the end—how joyous it will be!

The simile of the salt which loses its savor is mentioned in three of the Gospels. The dishes of the Orient are usually more highly seasoned than ours and spices and condiments play a more conspicuous part there than we can fully appreciate. The Christians were to be the salt in every community. As the salt must be thoroughly worked into the stew or other compound, so they, permeated with love and faith, must enter into the life of the people about them, until the spirit of Christ should animate every heart.

*Topic of the Epworth League for Sunday, August 30. Text: Matt. 16: 21-28; Luke 14: 25-35.

Hamlin and Turkey*

IT IS especially appropriate that this week the great body of the Christian Endeavor Societies should discuss Turkey and its most famous missionary, Cyrus Hamlin. The reports of a new life for that besotted and barbarian empire sound more and more encouraging. Turkey is to have a constitution, with all which that implies, and several other far-reaching national improvements. It is, perhaps, not too much to say that if Cyrus Hamlin had not spent the best years of his life—nearly forty of them—in labors for the evangelization of Turkey, this vast reformation might never have dawned, or at least it might have been postponed to a far later day.

During the terrible crimes and massacres of 1895-6, the advice of Dr. Hamlin was eagerly sought by those who were endeavoring to alleviate the distresses of the wretched victims of Turkish cruelty. He helped greatly in the wise distribution of the funds raised by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and rendered invaluable aid to our government by his judicious counsels.

If he had done nothing beyond the founding and organizing of Robert College, he would have accomplished far more than most men—even men of mark. At first, the superior education of the gentle and humble Armenians, who formed the bulk of the student-body, seemed to enrage the Turks. The Armenians were able to secure more lucrative positions than the young Turks, and this naturally inflamed their jealousy and anger. Thus probably arose much of the feeling which caused the awful atrocities of 1895.

It seemed a little candle which, through the consecrated wisdom of Dr. Hamlin, was lighted when Bebek Seminary, which was the predecessor of Robert College, was opened amid those millions of hostile Turks; but it has thrown its beams far and will throw them farther yet, and, like the fagots of Ridley and Latimer, they will "never be put out again." As Paul says of himself in the wonderful verses for the day, Dr. Hamlin had a stewardship intrusted to him, and brought himself under bondage to all, that he might gain the more.

Among the most heroic figures in the history of modern missions since the days of colossal William Carey, towers high that of this noble New Englander. The details of his life in Turkey indicate an almost unbroken succession of disappointments, dangers and trials. His wonderful mechanical skill, like that of John Geddie, the ingenious and consecrated missionary to the New Hebrides, was no unimportant assistance in the prosecution of his work. By his enemies it was used against him, but through his extraordinary facility in carpentry and metallurgy he undoubtedly raised funds, imparted instruction and created respect where a man less gifted in those departments would have failed outright. A distinguished missionary not long ago told a large congregation in this country that no matter how ardent might be the piety of any candidate for a foreign mission, he should not be sent unless he possessed also a considerable medical education, a fair knowledge of tools, and a general ability to use his hands in cooking, sewing and all household arts. The very similes used in the passages for this week's reading seem to foreshadow such advice as this.

Thus, in several secular and characteristic ways, this wise and patient missionary of the Lord, whose life held so much that was hard and bitter, yet whose fame is imperishable, teaches an impressive lesson for us all of cross-bearing and crown-winning.

*Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, August 30. Text: I. Cor. 9: 13-23.

Your savings, small or large, will be handled temporarily or through a series of years to your best possible advantage by the Industrial Savings and Loan Co., whose advertisement you will find on page 658 of this issue. They will refer you to patrons everywhere, doubtless to some in your own locality. Write them.

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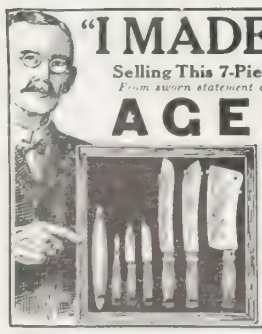

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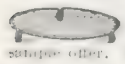

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The Transformation of Margaret

By MRS. ELEANOR H. PORTER

Author of "Into Still Waters," etc.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

Little Margaret Kendall, when five years old, was lost in New York and several years elapsed before she was restored to her grief-stricken mother at Houghtonsville. The child had lived among the children of the streets and had acquired their ways. At her mother's home she is surrounded with every luxury, but she wishes that the poor children might share her good fortune. "Bobby" McGinnis, who knew Margaret in New York, now lives near in the same town and becomes a great friend of the little girl. Her widowed mother becomes engaged to Doctor Spencer, who was instrumental in finding Margaret in New York. The little girl is filled with horror, as all the husbands she had heard of beat their wives. She sends to the doctor a contract in which it is stipulated that he will not beat her mother; this the amused doctor signs at once. Margaret insists on a visit from the children of the "Alley," with whom she lived in the slums. At first she wants them to stay always, but consents to have it made a visit. The child, when she sees them, realizes the difference between her old life and the new and is more contented to try and live as her mother wishes. She strives to please, but finds difficulty in curbing her speech and changing her manners. Her mother and herself go back to the city with the Alley children and try to arrange for their welfare. Mrs. Kendall then sends the little girl to a fashionable school in order to give Margaret the companionship of girls of her own age who will make her forget her past experiences, for Margaret was becoming a nervous wreck brooding over the poor people in the "Alley." The doctor and his bride start on their wedding journey; the train is wrecked and both are killed. Several years elapse. Mrs. Merideth and her two brothers, Ned and Frank Spencer, sister and brothers of the doctor who married Mrs. Kendall, are living at their home, Belcourt. Margaret, who has been away at school and traveling, comes to live with them. They find her a beautiful young girl with charming ways. Margaret, riding in an automobile with a Mr. Brandon, sees for the first time the dirty mill village near Belcourt. The mills belong to the Spencers and she learns much of the way in which the firm runs its business. They nearly run over a little girl named Maggie and Miss Kendall's interest is aroused. A young man named McGinnis holds an important position in the mill and is interested in bettering the conditions of the working people. Margaret meets him by chance and finds he is the one she used to know, and that as a boy he "had come to look after her property." She tells the Spencers that he is an old friend, somewhat to their annoyance. A little girl comes to say that Maggie, daughter of Patty who lived in the Alley, is ill. Margaret supplies them with comforts and calls frequently to see how they are getting on. The child says she is "going on twelve," though much younger.

CHAPTER XXV—*Continued*

"TWELVE is the age, ye know, when they can git their papers to let them work in the mills—that is, if it's summer, vacation time," said Maggie's mother. "An' they looks out that 'tis summer, most generally, when they does git 'em! After that it don't count. They jest works, lots of 'em, summer or winter, school or no school."

"The age! Do you mean that they let mere children, twelve years old, work in those mills?"

For a moment Patty stared silently. Then she shook her head.

"I reckon mebbe ye don't know much about it," she said wearily. "They don't wait till they's twelve. They jest says they's twelve. Nellie Magoon's eleven, an' Bess is ten, an' Susie McDermont ain't but nine—but they's all twelve on the mill books. Sam's jest a-learnin' Maggie ter say she's twelve even now, an' the minute she's big enough ter work she will be twelve. It makes me jest sick; an' that's why I can't bear ter hear her say it."

Margaret shuddered. Her face lost a little of its radiant glow, and her hand trembled as she raised it to her head.

"You are right—I did not know," she said faintly. "There must me something that can be done. There must be. I will see."

And she did see. That night she once more followed her guardian into the little den off the library.

"It's business again," she began, smiling faintly; "and it's the mills. May I speak to you a moment?"

"Of course you may," cried the man, trying to make his voice so cordial that there should be visible in his manner no trace of his real dismay at her request. "What is it?"

Margaret did not answer at once. Her head drooped forward a little. She had seated herself near the desk, and her left hand and arm rested along the edge of its smooth flat top. The man's gaze drifted from her face to the arm, the slender wrist and the tapering fingers so clearly outlined in all their fairness against the dark mahogany, and so plainly all unfitted for strife or struggle. With a sudden movement he leaned forward and covered the slim fingers with his own warm-clasping hand.

"Margaret, dear child, don't!" he begged. "It breaks my heart to see you like this. You are carrying the whole world on those two frail shoulders of yours."

"No, no, it's not the whole world at all," protested the girl. "It's only a wee small part of it—and such a defenseless little part, too. It's the children down at the mills."

Unconsciously the man straightened himself. His clasp on the outstretched hand loosened until Margaret, as if in answer to the stern determination of his face, drew her hand away and raised her head until her eyes met his unfalteringly.

"It is useless, of course, to pretend not to understand," he began stiffly. "I suppose that that altogether too officious young McGinnis has been asking your help for some of his pet schemes."

"On the contrary, Mr. McGinnis has not spoken to me of the mill workers," corrected Margaret, quietly, but with a curious little thrill that resolved itself into a silent exultation that there was then at least one at the mills on whose aid she might count. "I have not seen him, indeed, since that first morning I met him," she finished coldly. Though Margaret would not own it to herself, the fact that she had not seen the young man, Robert McGinnis, had surprised and disappointed her not a little. Margaret Kendall was not used to having her presence and her gracious invitations ignored.

"Oh, then you haven't seen him," murmured her guardian; and there was a curious intonation of relief in his voice. "Who, then, has been talking to you?"

"No one — in the way you mean. Patty inadvertently mentioned it today, and I questioned her. I was shocked and distressed. Those little children — just think of it — twelve years old, and working in the mills!"

The man made a troubled gesture.

"But, my dear Margaret, I did not put them there. Their parents did it."

"But you could refuse to take them."

"Why should I?" he shrugged. "They would merely go into some other man's mill."

"But you don't know the worst of it," moaned the girl. "They've lied to you. They aren't even twelve, some of them. They're babies of nine and ten!"

She paused expectantly, but he did not speak. He only turned his head so that she could not see his eyes.

"You did not know it, of course," she went on feverishly. "But you do now. And surely now, now you can do something."

Still he was silent. Then he turned sharply.

"Margaret, I beg of you to believe me when I say that you do not understand the matter at all. Those people are poor. They need the money. You would deprive some of the families of two-thirds of their means of support if you took away what the children earn. Help them, pity them, be as charitable as you like. That is well and good; but, Margaret, don't, for heaven's sake, let your heart run away with your head when it comes to the business part of it!"

"Business!—with babies nine years old!"

Continued on next page

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By changing her food a Kan. girl was relieved of an eczema which was a great annoyance to her. She writes:

"For five months I was suffering with an eruption on my face and hands which our doctor called eczema and which caused me a great deal of inconvenience. The suffering was almost unbearable.

"The medicine I took only gave me temporary relief. One day I happened to read somewhere that eczema was caused by indigestion. Then I read that many persons had been relieved of indigestion by eating Grape-Nuts.

"I decided to try it. I liked the taste of the food and was particularly pleased to notice that my digestion was improving and that the eruption was disappearing as if by magic. I had at last found, in this great food, something that reached my trouble.

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Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

The Transformation of Margaret

Continued from preceding page

The man sprang to his feet and lked twice the length of the room; en he turned about and faced the rnful eyes of the girl by the desk. "Margaret, don't look at me as if u thought I was a fiend incarnate. regret this sort of thing as much as u do. Indeed I do. But my hands e tied. I am simply a part of a eatmachine—a gigantic system—and must run my mills as other men do. rely you must see that. Just think over, and give me credit at least for owing a little more of the business an you do, when I and my father be- re me have been here as many years a you have days. Come, please don't l us talk of this thing any more to- ght. You are tired and overwrought, d I don't think you realize yourself at you are asking."

"Very well, I will go," sighed Mar- ret, rising wearily to her feet. "But can't forget it. There must be some y out of it—somehow—sometime."

CHAPTER XXVI

THERE came a day when there seemed to be nothing left to do for Patty. Maggie was well, and play again in the tiny yard. The rd itself was no longer strewn th tin cans and bits of paper, nor d the gate hang half-hinged in slov- ly decrepitude. The house rejoiced new paper, paint and window glass, d the roof showed a spotted surface at would defy the heaviest shower. ithin, before a cheery fire, Patty wed industriously on garments which iss Kendall nowise needed, but for ich Miss Kendall would pay much oney.

Patty did not work in the mills now. argaret had refused to let her go ck, saying that she wanted lots of wing done, and Patty could do that stead. Patty's own wardrobe, as ell as that of the child Maggie, was pplied for a year ahead; and the ntry and the storeroom of the little use fairly groaned with good things eat. Even Sam, true to Margaret's omise, was not "left out," as was own by his appearance. Sam, stirred the girl's cheery encouragement and ctful confidence, held up his head sometimes now with a trace of his old manliness, and had even been known to keep sober for twelve whole hours at a time.

There did, indeed, seem nothing left to do for Patty, and Margaret found herself with the old idleness on her hands.

At Belcourt Mrs. Merideth and her brothers were doing everything in their power to make Margaret happy. They were frightened and dismayed at the girl's "infatuation for that mill woman," as they termed Margaret's interest in Patty; and they had ever before them the haunting vision of the girl's childhood morbidness, which they so feared to see return.

To the Spencers, happiness for Margaret meant pleasure, excitement, and —as Ned expressed it — "something doing." At the first hint, then, of leisure on the part of Margaret, these three vied with each other to fill that leisure to the brim.

Two or three guests were invited—just enough to break the monotony of the familiar faces, though not enough to spoil the intimacy and render outside interests easy. It was December, and too late for picnics; but it was yet early in the month, and driving and automobiling were still possible, and even enjoyable. The goal now was not a lake or a mountain, to be sure; but it might be a not too distant city, with a concert or a luncheon to give zest to the trip.

Ned, in particular, was indefatigable in his efforts to please; and Margaret could scarcely move that she did not find him at her elbow with some suggestion for her gratification ranging all the way from a dinner-party to a footstool.

Margaret was not quite at ease about Ned. There was an exclusiveness in his devotions and a tenderness in his ministrations that made her a little restless in his presence, particularly if she found herself alone with him. Ned was her good friend—her comrade. She was very sure that she did not wish him to be anything else; and if he should try to be—there would be an end to the comradeship, at all events, if not to the friendship.

To be continued

DAVID SPARES SAUL'S LIFE

By MRS. M. BAXTER

)AVID'S life was full of trial, but it was full of glory, too, and without ie trial there would not have been the ory. He was now at the head of a and of men who were not to be de- ised, and his faith was exercised ily for supplies, and daily he could ng his song of deliverance: "Thou reparest a table before me in the pres- nce of mine enemies" (Ps. 23: 5).

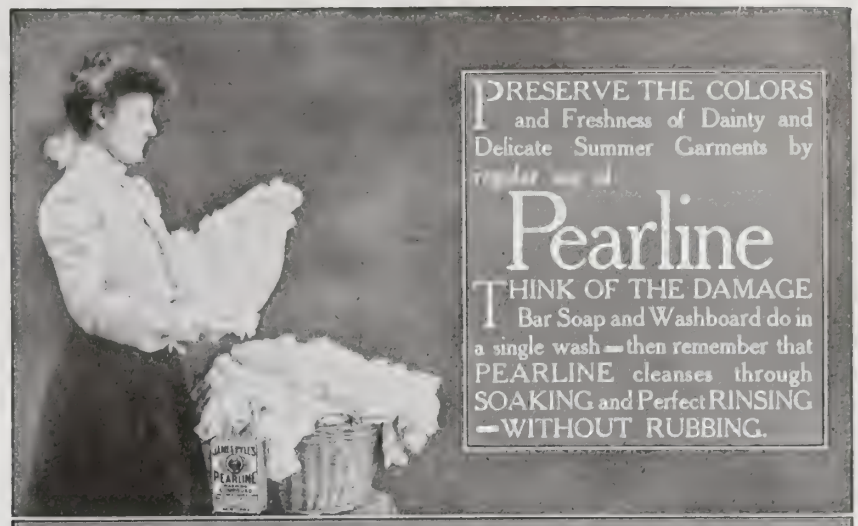
Saul heeded not what was right or ist, whether David deserved to die or ot; his very existence was an offense Saul, because God was on his side; is only reason for seeking David's life as his jealousy; he wanted him to be ain. Saul speaks as though David ere the aggressor, and himself the ggrieved party. "Blessed be ye of the ord," he says; "for ye have compas- ion on me." Compassion! When they ere abetting Saul in the slaughter of n innocent man!

Saul arranged with the men of Ziph hat they should search out David's iding-place. David got wind of Saul's ursuit of him and his men, and they ame to such close quarters that Saul nd his men were on one side of a ountain, and David and his on the ther. It was a critical moment, but od remembered David, and an unex- ected end was put to Saul's pursuit, or at that moment Saul heard that he Philistines had invaded the land.

No sooner was he returned from ollowing the Philistines than it was told him, "Behold, David is in the wilderness of Engedi." Saul thought he would now make sure of him, and he took three thousand men with him, to conquer one-fifth their number, who were with David and with David's God. The king entered the mouth of a cave alone and unguarded, little knowing how near he was to the man whose life he sought; for David and his men were "in the sides of the cave." David's followers were urgent upon him to take the opportunity, which seemed to them to be God-given, to rid himself once for all of the king who sought his life. But David withheld his men from laying hands on Saul, and with wonderful dexterity "cut off the skirt of Saul's robe" while he lay unconscious in sleep.

And the king left the cave, the darkness hiding from him the disarrangement of his apparel. No sooner was he in the daylight than David followed him, holding the skirt of his robe, and saluting him with the words, "My lord the king, wherefore hearest thou men's words, saying, Behold, David seekest thy hurt? Behold, this day thine eyes have seen how that the Lord had delivered thee to-day into mine hand in the cave, and some bade me kill thee; but mine eye spared thee."

Saul said to David, "Thou art more righteous than I, for thou hast rewarded me good, whereas I have rewarded thee evil." And he marveled that David could thus spare his enemy.



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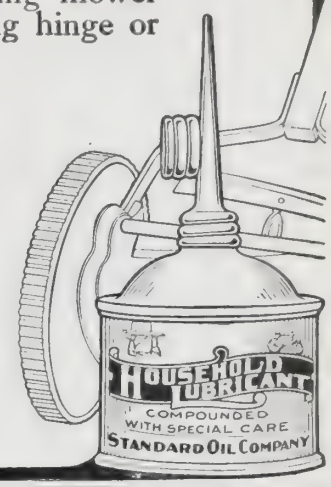

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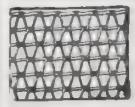

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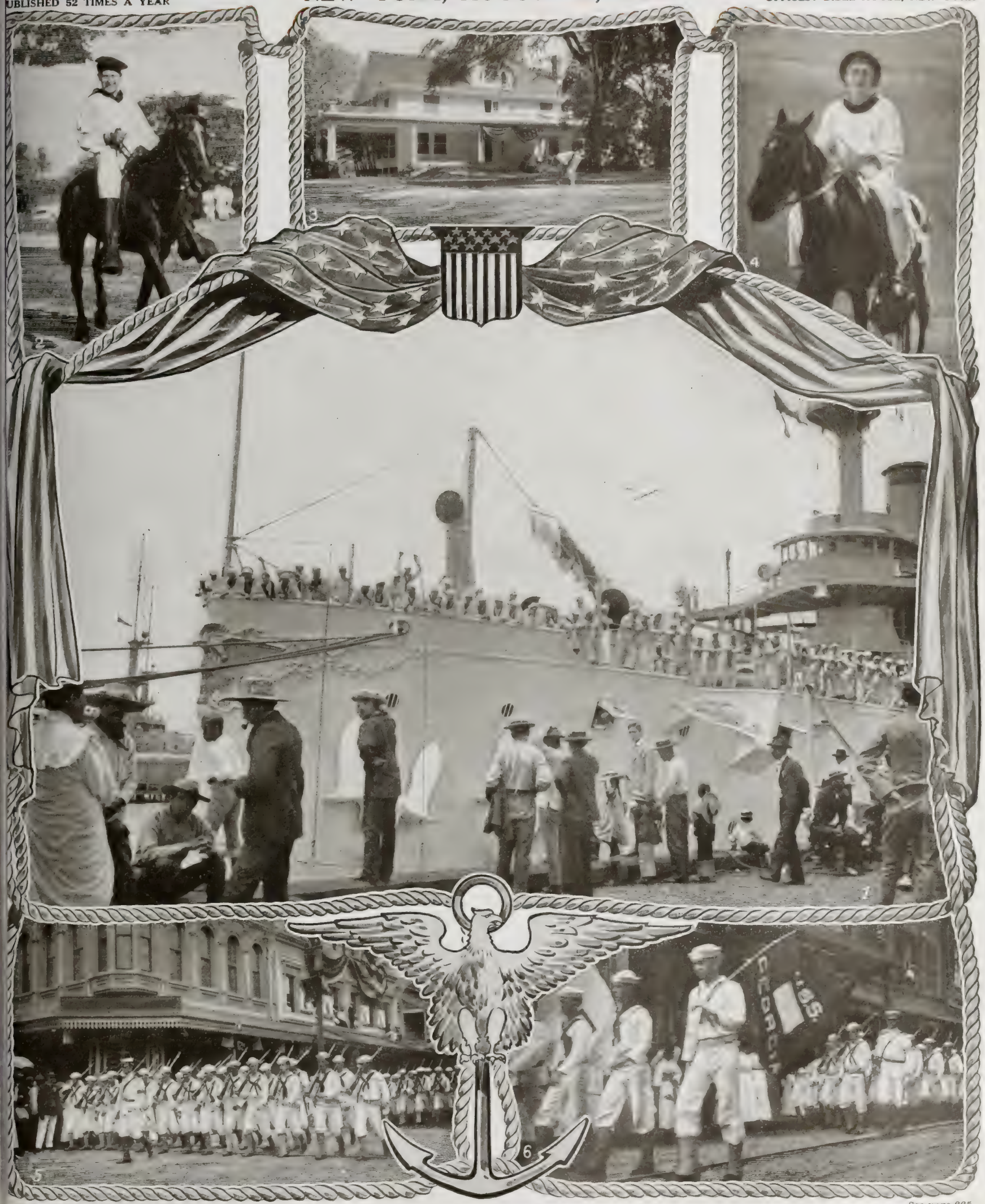
VOLUME 31 — NUMBER 35
OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK



Photographs by Mrs. E. C. Morgan

See page 865

OUR "WHITE FLEET'S" VISIT TO HONOLULU

1. Battleship "Kansas" in Honolulu Harbor. 2. A Bluejacket at Oahu. 3. Governor's House Decorated for the Fleet. 4. A "Jacky" who Came to Grief. 5. Our Jack Tars Marching, 2,400 Strong. 6. Men from the "Georgia."

Bowery Mission Contributions Received During the First Six Months of 190

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[illegible]	5 00
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[illegible]	1 00
[illegible]	5 00
[illegible]	1 00
[illegible]	1 00
Despland, Mrs L	5 00
Dickens, Alice H	1 00
[illegible]	1 00
[illegible]	5 00
Dodd, Mrs Laura	2 50
Eyers, Mrs H	1 00
Freeman, J W & family	1 00
Fletcher, J B	1 25
[illegible]	2 00
[illegible]	2 00
[illegible]	1 00
Hamor, Mrs A B	1 00
[illegible]	2 48
[illegible]	5 00
Hull, N B	50
Lowe, John T	1 00
[illegible]	3 00
[illegible]	5 00
[illegible]	5 00
Munroe, Mrs Flo	50
[illegible]	1 00
[illegible]	2 00
[illegible]	2 00
Peeler, Mrs R B	10 00
Pettigrew, Mrs C	1 00
[illegible]	1 00
[illegible]	1 50
Calvert, J P	1 00
Caps, Geo L	1 05
[illegible]	1 00
Carrington, E C	2 00
[illegible]	1 00
[illegible]	2 50
[illegible]	2 00
[illegible]	1 00
[illegible]	1 00
[illegible]	5 00
[illegible]	2 00
Cicchelback, F B	2 00
[illegible]	1 00
Claver, Ettie	1 00
[illegible]	2 50
Crouch, Mrs N	2 25
[illegible]	1 00
[illegible]	10 00
[illegible]	2 00
Donald, M	1 00
[illegible]	2 00
Eberhardt, E G	2 00
Farmum, Ella	1 00
[illegible]	2 00
Fisher, H L	2 00
Follett, F A	1 00
[illegible]	5 00
[illegible]	1 00
[illegible]	1 00
[illegible]	1 00
Grimes, Jennie F	5 00
Habbe, Mrs E C	1 00
[illegible]	5 00
[illegible]	1 00
Houldson, Rosenia I	1 00
[illegible]	1 00
[illegible]	1 00
[illegible]	1 00
[illegible]	1 00
Kercher, L C	5 00
[illegible]	1 00
King, L C	1 00
[illegible]	1 00
[illegible]	1 00
[illegible]	1 00
[illegible]	2 00
[illegible]	3 00
[illegible]	1 00
[illegible]	2 00
[illegible]	1 00

Georgia

[illegible]	2 00
Carter, L H	2 00
Hardwick, Kate M	5 00
Harrell, J S	1 00
Harris, Carl	1 00
Henderson, W P	1 00
Kramer, E G	10 00
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[illegible]	2 00
McIver, L B	3 00
[illegible]	1 00
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[illegible]	1 00
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Wrightesville	10 62

Indiana

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Batt, Samuel	1 00
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[illegible]	1 00
[illegible]	1 00
[illegible]	2 00
[illegible]	2 00
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[illegible]	1 00
Roberts, Mrs M B	1 00
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[illegible]	2 25
Weston, Miss F W	2 00
West, B F	2 00
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W R, DeFuniak Springs	1 00
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[illegible]	1 00
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Williamson, Chas	1 00
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Wince, Mrs J L	1 00
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Gragg, Mrs B	1 00
Haudett, W T	1 00
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Rohrer, M J	2 00
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—, Louisville	50
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Gilbert Mrs G F	50
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Hannek J P	5 00
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[illegible] N D	10 00
[illegible] P H	1 00
[illegible] Mrs A H	5 00
[illegible] Geo W	1 00
[illegible] C M	2 00
[illegible] Mrs A M	5 00
[illegible] M	25
[illegible] August	2 00
Lane, Barbara	2 00
[illegible] H H	1 00
[illegible] Mrs H F	1 00
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[illegible] Geo J	5 00
[illegible] R C	5 00
[illegible] Mrs C F	5 00
[illegible] Mrs R G	6 71
[illegible] D W	2 00

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Reagan, Mrs A	1 00
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Bartles, J P	1 00
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Beams, Miss L	1 00
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Black, Mrs N P	2 00
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Bodine, Mrs J P	1 00
Bogert, Mrs B C	1 00
Bolan And	1 00
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Brane, Miss Ia	2 00
Bray Wm H	50
Brewster, S E	1 00
Brewster, W B	25 00
Brinton, Walter	2 00
Brossmann, M	1 00
Brown, A	5 00
Brown, C C	1 10
Brown, Mrs H S	1 00
Brush, Mrs	3 00
Burd, Mrs W	25
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Burnham, Mrs	2 00
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Caldwell, J P	2 00
Call, E T	1 00
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Carrell, A D	1 00
Cerf, Mrs L A	2 00
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Chamberlain, W I	1 00
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Clarke, Mrs E J	1 00
Clark, Jr, James	2 00
Clarke, L B	1 00
Clayton, Annie	1 00
Clayton, Libbie	1 00
Cobb, Mrs J & Mrs M Durnall	48

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Coriell, R	50
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Couche, Mrs	1 50
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Craig, Jane L	2 00
Cram, F W	1 00
Crane, C M & Friend	1 50
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Crowell, R Bruce	1 00
Cunningham, D H	1 00
Curry, W W	1 00
Curtis, Alfred	1 00
Curtis, Alfred	2 00
Dateswan, Mrs	2 00
Davenport, H	1 00
Davenport, Mrs K	1 00
Dayton, E M	2 00
Dean, J A	3 00
De Baum, M L	1 00
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Demaud, A S D	5 00
Demarest, D J	5 00
Demarest, S E	1 00
Denton, Mrs Ann	1 00
Devries, Peter	1 00
Dewey, Mrs J H	1 00
Dickinson, Mrs J H	2 00
Du Bois, Mrs	2 00
Duncan, Miss J R	2 00
Dunham, J M	1 00
Durbridge, Wm	5 00
Dunseith, L M	1 00
Dyer, Mrs H	3 00
Eayres, Mrs I	25
Eddy, H	2 00
Edison, Mrs. Thos. A	10 00
Edwards, C A	2 00
Eldridge, Mrs W W	1 00
Elsing, Henry C, MD	3 00
Emerson, Mrs K E	1 00
Emmons, E C	1 00
Emmons, L G	1 00
Emmons, P D	1 00
Emury, E A	10 00
Enarson, G	1 00
Endlick, J	1 00
Eyinge, Mrs M	3 00
Farrow, Levi	2 00
Ferguson, W	1 00
Fisher, Frank F	2 00
Floy, G S	1 00
Foster, Mrs Geo H	1 00
Fowler, Mrs C C	1 00
French, Mamma. Lawrence & Elmer	4 00
Fuicke, Mrs B	1 00
Gallagher, L J	5 00
Gardner, Mrs T W	1 00
Garrean, P	2 00
Garretson, J J	50
Garretson, Mrs G & Earl John E	1 00
Garrigues, Frank	5 00
Geiger, M	1 00
Ghimme, C	1 00
Giffin, Geo B	3 00
Grafke, A	2 00
Green, Mrs W I	1 00
Griffiths, S M	50
Gross, Mary J	2 00
Grover, Mrs W N	1 00
Hale, H S	2 00
Halliday, E F	1 00
Hatton, Miss M E	50
Halsey, M D	5 00
Hansen, Mrs Emma	1 75
Hansen, Mrs M	5 00
Hart, Mr & Mrs A D	2 00
Hastings, Mr	5 00
Hawkins, Irving	2 00
Hayes, J H	1 00
Hayes, Mrs H J	2 00
Heckers, C E	3 00
Hedges, M L & W L	2 00
Hegeman, W J	5 00
Heiss, Anna V	1 00
Hendrickson Jr., Chas	5 00
Hensen, Emil	1 00
Herbert, John Gordon, In memory of	5 00
Herrick, C K	2 00
Heulio, Thomas	1 00
Heuser, W G	1 00
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Hildreth, Mary E	1 00
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Hoagland, E H	40 00
Hoff, Estelle	25
Holcombe, Julia	2 00
Holt, James	2 00
Hopkins, E L	7 00
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Hughes, Mr S E	2 00
Hulme, Peter	1 00
Hulskamper, Mrs J A	2 00
Husk, Mrs Jas H	2 00
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Isaac, Mrs Ezra	1 00
Jackson, Miss M	1 00
Jeffson, John	1 00
Jett, W A L	3 00
Johnson, C F	1 00
Johnson, Mrs P E	3 00
Jones, Lena	1 00
Jupp, Miss E S	1 00
Kaven, G H	2 00
Kelley, R H	5 00
Kemp, J A	1 00
Kemp, G B	1 00
Kenney, Mrs C	3 00
Kenny, S A	2 50
Kent, H B	5 00
Kenzie, Wm M	5 00
La Ban, M N	5 00
Lawrence, M E	1 00
Leonard, Mrs L	2 00

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Lund, John L	5 00
Lungen, Wm	1 00
Lutz, Adam	2 00
Lynde, J D	5 00
Lyor, W R	2 00
McGill, Mrs A C	1 00
McGivins, A L	5 00
McKinsley, Dr F P	1 00
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McLaughtin, Miss E B	1 00
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Mabie, Elmer	5 00
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Martin, E W	1 00
Martin, Paul	5 00
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Meinhead, L	1 00
Mellor, R	2 00
Melville, S F	1 00
Merrile, Mrs E C	1 00
Merritt, E	1 00
Messenger, Mrs T	5 00
Miller, L B	25 00
Moore, Geo R	2 00
Moore, John C	1 00
Moorman, Mabel T	5 00
Mowell, R G	5 00
Muller, P	3 00
Murphy, Nina L	5 00
Myers, Geo W	1 00
Neer, H C	5 00
Nevins, Mrs J W	1 00
Newman, Mrs	1 00
Orcutt, G S	5 00
Osenford, Mrs G A N	5 00
Pabodie, S D	2 00
Parker, E C	5 00
Patterson, Wm G	2 00
Patzig, M	1 00
Pearson, Mrs R H	2 00
Pease, Mrs G	1 00
Pease, S H	2 00
Penrod, A M	2 00
Peppard, M H	75
Philhower, Mrs R J	2 00
Phelps, C E	25 00
Pierson, C T	2 00
Pierson, H Elsie	5 00
Pierson, Jos B	10 00
Pierson, Mrs L F	1 00
Pond, L F	1 00
Poor, Mrs T H	5 00
Post, J F	10 00
Price, M	1 00
Prosser, Mrs R	3 00
Pullen, C M H	2 00
Quinlan, A S	1 00

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Woods, Agnes P	2 00
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Watson, Mrs C J	50
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Weimar, Geo	1 00
Wells, Mrs	1 00
Wheeler, M D	2 00
Wheeler, Mrs S F	25
Whig Lane S S	3 00
Whitlock, L I	2 00
Wilde, Mrs	5 00
Williams, Geo A	1 00
Williams, Mary	50
Willard, Alex	5 00
Wilson, H L	1 00
Winterub, Mrs O B	1 00
Wittel, Jacob	1 00
Witzel, Mrs A C	1 00
Mrs Steers, Class of Lishas Kill S S	5 25
Stevens, Emily C	1 00
Stockton, C W	2 00
Stoll, Emily	1 50
Stoey, E H	1 00
Swackhamer, S S	1 00
Swain, Mariel	2 00
Swain, Wyker, E N	2 00
Tucker, M D	1 00
Thorp, Mrs J J	1 00
Taylor, Eliz W	1 00
Ten Eyck, Mrs E M	3 00
Young, Aug	1 00
Swain, N Y	2 00
Swen, W Theo	1 00
Talmadge, A W	10 00
Taylor, Mrs B W	5 00
Taylor, Mrs E H	5 00
Thorpe, John	5 00
Tobiasson, Mrs	2 00
Tompkins, Mrs W W	10 00
Townsend, N A	10 00
Van Horn, Susan	1 00
Vance, Joseph G	1 00
Van Ingen, Mr & Mrs Gilbert	5 10
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J E T, Dunellen	1 00
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M C, Bartley	1 00
M E G, Pemberton	1 00
M E J & H R J, Rutherford	10 00
M M F, Paterson	1 00
"N," Bound Brook	10 00
R F, Orange	1 00
R H, E Orange	2 00
W M J, Newark	1 00
——, Asbury Park	5 00
——, Beverly	1 00
——, Bloomfield	1 00
——, Bloomfield	2 00
——, Boonton	1 00
——, Bridgeton	5 00
——, Camden	1 00
——, Carpenterville	1 04
——, Dover	5 00
——, E Orange	2 00
——, E Orange	3 00
——, E Orange	1 00
——, E Orange	5 00
——, Elizabeth	1 00
——, Elizabeth	1 00
——, Elizabeth	1 00
——, Elizabeth	10 00
——, Elizabeth	1 00
——, Elizabeth	1 00
——, Elmer	5 00
——, Farmingdale	3 00
——, Flemington	5 00
——, Folsom	25
——, Hackettstown	3 00
——, Hackettstown	4 00
——, Haddonfield	1 00
——, Haddonfield	1 00
——, Jersey City	1 00
"Jersey City,"	5 00
——, Leonia	1 00
——, Montclair	1 00
——, Montclair	1 00
——, Montclair	2 00
——, Montclair	2 00
——, Montclair	2 50
——, Montclair	10 00
——, Montclair	10 00
——, Mt Holly	1 00
——, Moorestown	1 00
——, Morristown	25
——, Morristown	1 00
——, Morristown	5 00
——, Morristown	16 00
——, Newark	2 00
——, Newark	5 00
——, N Brunswick	10 00
——, Orange	1 00
——, Paterson	1 00
——, Paterson	1 00
——, Paterson	3 00
——, Perth Amboy	1 00
——, Perth Amboy	1 00
——, Perth Amboy	5 00
——, Plainfield	1 00
——, Plainfield	1 00
——, Plainfield	2 00
——, Port Morris	1 00
——, Princeton	1 00
——, Ridgewood	5 00
——, Rutherford	5 00
——, Salem	1 00
——, South Orange	1 00
——, South Orange	1 00
——, South Orange	1 00
——, Summit	5 00
——, Toms River	10 00
——, Westfield	10 00
——,	50
Cash, Montclair	2 00
Friend, Montclair	1 00
A Friend, Little Falls	2 00
A Friend	1 00
A Friend, Belmar	1 00
Friend, Summit	3 00
Friend, Summit	1 00
Friend, Summit	1 00
Friend, Paterson	1 00

NEW JERSEY—Cont'd

Friend, Louis W	5 00
A Friend, Roselle Park	1 00
A Friend, Paterson	1 00
A Friend, Mil'gton	3 00
A Friend, Budd Lake	50
A Friend, Vineland	1 00
A Friend, Elizabeth	5 00
A Plainfield Friend, Plainfield	1 00
A Friend, Montclair	1 00
A reader of C H, Frenchtown	5 00
Lovers of Christ, Hackensack	5 00
Gal 5 Christian Herald	
A Sinner, Paterson	1 00
One who is interested, Atlantic City	1 00
Primary Dept, 1st Baptist Ch	5 00
Benev Com of 1st Cong Ch of E Orange	15 00
Soc of Inquiry, N B Theo Sem	5 00
Jr C E Soc of 1st Pres Ch	2 00
Jr C E Soc 1st Bapt Ch	3 00
Three Ladies in Bucft Rest Home	5 00
"C E Soc," Paterson	1 00
I H N, Newark	5 00
Bohneuberger, Mrs. G & S S Class	5 00

South Carolina

Aring, A P	30
DuBose, Mrs D StP	1 00
Elleson, A A	1 00
Glover, Walter C	1 00
Gray, Miss Susie	1 00
Hart, Mrs Jos S	1 00
Hayes, Mrs L E	50
Henderlile, R E	2 00
Holcombe, M M	1 00
Kelley, Carrie	1 00
Porcher, Mrs & Miss & Mrs Hamminger	2 00
Restor, G A	25
Smith, J H	20 00
Stenhouse, W M	2 00
Walker, M S	50
Welborn, Mrs E C	50
——, Branchville	5 00
——, Rock Hill	2 00
A Friend, Eastover	1 00
A Friend, Greenville	1 00
Refd Pres Ch S S	5 00

Tennessee

Allen, Mr & Mrs LS	1 00
Brown, Mrs C V	2 00
Eastman, Chas H	5 00
Etter, Rilla M	1 00
Faigaux, V A	50
Galbraith, A E	2 00
Goffin, W C	5 00
Gwyn, E L	2 00
Jarnagin, J W	25 00
Joyner, Mrs M E	2 00
Lane, Mrs J E	1 00
Latta, S G	5 00
Levering, Samuel	3 00
McCahon, J	1 00
Moules, Miss M F	1 00
Revell, D A	1 00
Sautpaw, Mrs G W	1 00
Ward, Harry C	2 00
Wever, D & Sister	3 00
——,	20
——, Denmark	2 00
——, Huntingdon	3 75
——, Knoxville	1 00
Friend, Chattanooga	1 00
A Reader of C H, Oak Grove	1 00

Virginia

Adkisson, Mr W S	1 00
Beadley, M J	4 00
Bell, Florence L	25
Blackstone, T W	1 00
Bradshaw, J B	1 00
Brightbill, L O	91
Brown, Mrs H W	10 00
Bruce, Eliza J	1 00
Bushong, Mrs	3 00
Camden, H B	1 00
Campbell, G S	5 00
Camper, Mr & Mrs J F	5 00
Camper, J F	3 00
Carrington, S C	1 00
Cashell, Mrs H A	1 00
Clark, Bessie E	50
Cleveland, J P	2 00
Clevenger, C E	3 00
Cloud, M & V	1 01
Colburn, J S	1 50
Crane, Mary E	1 00
Crockett, Geo S	2 00
Cross C C	2 00
Crowger, M L	1 00
Dailey, Mrs A S	1 00
Delaplane, Mrs C C	1 00
Delaplane, Channing	1 00
Delaplane, Miss M S	1 00
Dillon, Mrs M G	1 00
Dunnington, F P	10 00
Eldridge, J W	1 00
Feagan, Anne	1 00
Foote, William	1 00
Fretwell, W F	1 00
Frost, S G	1 00
Funkhouser, C A	1 00
Goode, Mrs S D	2 00
Graves, R E	1 00
Gruver, Mrs B F	2 00
Hall, B T	1 00
Hall, R D	1 00
Hall, Mrs S C	1 00
Harrison, L A	50
Harrison, Wm B	1 00
Harrison, Mrs W B	1 00
Hill, C A	25
James, Mrs W G	1 00
Junken, C A	1 00
Kaylor, Miss Ada	1 00
Keister, Miss Lola	1 00
Kellam, Lee B	1 50

VIRGINIA—Cont'

Kerr, A S	
Lankford, R P	
Leminger, Mrs M	
Letcher, Jno D	1
Little, J S	
Lodge, Ollie	
Maloy, Mrs S J	
Mason, C G	
Mason, R J	
Mathill, E K	
Merritt, Dellah H	
Miller, Mary E	
Monroe, Kate E	
Morse, Miss M B	
Murray, Miss E S	
Owens, O J	
Ritter, Rev H B	
Rogers, M S	
Rogers, W H	
Scaggs, Mrs E J	
Scott, Mrs A W	
Scott, Pocahontas B	
Scriminger, J H	
Stevenson, M H	
Stringfellow, Mrs R S	
Stull, C E	
Taylor, Paul M	
Turner, Mrs S H	
Walton, Mrs I C	

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

Emin Bey, the Reformer

The Dolma-Bagtche Palace, Where the Turkish Parliament Will Meet

Izzet Pacha, the Sultan's Adviser

THE POLITICAL UPHEAVAL IN TURKEY

Sheik-ul-Islam

TURKEY, that country which the rest of the world had regarded as a State which had deliberately placed itself at one side of the line of march of progressive events and whose leaders and rulers seemed to have a chronic fear of change, has taken all by surprise by changing from an absolute monarchy to a constitutional monarchy. In fact, this surprise has been in great part shared by the Sultan himself, who had been kept in the dark as to the real significance of events in his empire, and to whom the extent of certain insurrections had been minimized by his ministers, who were actuated by the desire to hold their lucrative places at court and did not dare to tell the real facts. The Young Turkey party has worked up this revolt and its leaders are now in power. As a matter of fact, it may be said that Turkey has been a constitutional country for over thirty years, only very few people knew about it, and the government had no desire to spread the information. The constitution, however, had been carefully tucked away among the dusty state archives and was never thought of as a practical guide for carrying on the business of the country until recently. It was well framed and it has been accepted without much alteration by the reformers. The constitution of 1876 provided for a parliament of two chambers and for a month this legislative body was actually in existence. Then the war with Russia broke across the northern border and the parliament ceased to exist, its members were away in the army for the most part and when the war was over the Sultan was supreme.

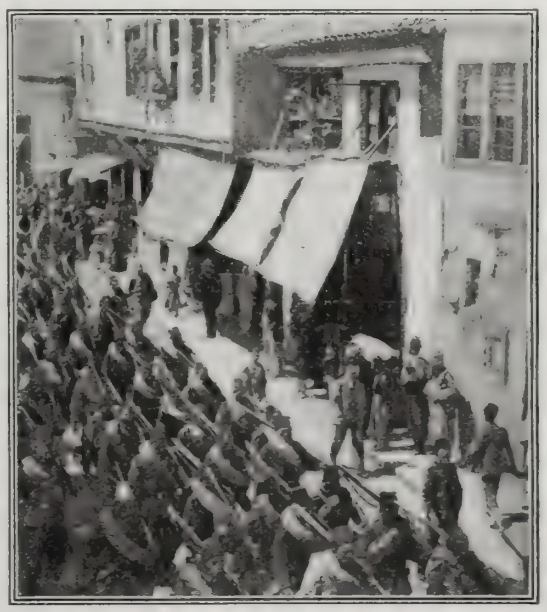
A change, however, in the political atmosphere began to be noticed. Hundreds of young men of Turkey have been educated in recent years in schools in France, Germany, and other European countries, and they came home to compare the decaying condition of their native land with the prosperity and enlightenment of the countries in which they had been educated. These men formed with other discontented Turks at home the "Young Turkey Party of Union and Progress." Many of the younger officers in the army became affiliated with it. Turkish officers who had been educated abroad were objects of suspicion to their watchful government and were sent to posts where they would see little active service.

The army heretofore has been the devoted, unreasoning servant of Abdul Hamid. It marched without a murmur and under conditions of great hardship to execute his least commands. Patience was perhaps its most notable characteristic next to its religious and intolerant fanaticism when called upon to attack those of an opposing faith. "Hitherto," says one writer, "whatever else might fail him, the army has never failed." But for a long while they were not paid and there was small prospect that they would be unless some outburst should occur. Revolts were reported here and there this summer and at last the troops in Macedonia were in open mutiny.

The headquarters of the "Young Turks" is at Monastir. Part of the Third Army Corps is stationed there, and the officers threatened to shoot all of the generals in Macedonia, after they shot Osman Hidyet, and then march the army from Monastir to constantinople, a distance of four hundred miles, unless the constitution was re-established. The Revolutionary Committee assumed the duties of a regular government at Monastir, a place of about 40,000 inhabitants. It was not necessary for them to carry out their threat to march on the capital of the Sultan. A telegram came to the palace in Constantinople from some of the formerly faithful Albanians demanding the constitution. This was the last straw. The Sultan took the oath on the Koran before the Sheik-ul-Islam to restore the constitution.

Most of the Sultan's former ministers were placed under arrest. Izzet Pacha, the ruler's closest adviser, who is said to have kept him in the dark as regards the progress of the revolt against his authority, became a fugitive. It was reported that he escaped to America. The Sultan has given a palace for a parliament building and the money for the construction of a new one later on. Said Pacha, the new Grand Vizier, has held the office six times and has the respect of the nation. Emin Bey, the reformer, lost favor with the Sultan, whose adviser he had been, because he urged important reforms.

Several leaders of the Young Turkey party have been given prominent positions in the government and ambassadors in sympathy with the new state of affairs will probably be appointed to represent Turkey at the capitals of foreign nations. The Turkish minister to the United States, a son of Izzet Pacha, has been recalled, and the Turkish Consul-General at New York has been given temporary charge of the legation in Washington. Syrians and Armenians are now hopeful of a change for the better in their condition, a change that most of them had despaired of, but which now seems near in the new day which is breaking in the East.



Troops Marching to Monastir

The Famous "Sublime Porte," or Gateway

The American Pulpit

A SERMON BY

Bishop Edwin H. Hughes*

THE INNER REVELATION

TEXT:

"It pleased God . . . . to reveal His Son in me, that I might preach Him."—Galatians 1: 15-16.

THERE is always fascination in those portions of Scripture which represent God as being moved by feeling. The passage here indicates that the Infinite is touched by an impulse akin to our human delight. "It pleased God." Though the verb so translated may not have the full meaning of rejoicing, it does connect that idea with the statement of God's decision, while other references tell us plainly that the Almighty may feel the thrill of pleasure. A man must stand near the gate into the divine kingdom when he really believes that the Lord is not indifferent, that he is affected by sorrow or joy over our choices, that the deeds of men are registered in the emotions of God. One cannot fail to note in the Bible the frequency of the assurance that something has "pleased" God. And from this language we get the lesson that we are not dealing with frigidity, or with a blank, or with a vast insensibility. Our conduct finds an instant response in the Infinite Spirit. In a deep sense, he himself is the record of our lives. His own heart is the book of judgment. The impressions of pleasure or displeasure that we have written upon the sensitive tablets of that heart tell infallibly the story of our lives. All that will be needed at last for our condemnation or for our justification will be the unsealing of the Lord's heart and the open array of effects made there by us. The deeds done in the human body make an indelible copy in the Divine Spirit.

Pleasing God

Nor does it require deep thinking, after once we have gotten this view, to see how practical and persuasive it is. Often we repeat the phrase "please God," but we are apt to construe the feeling of divine pleasure as exceptional and inhuman. We do not get the conviction that the word "please" must keep much of its usual meaning, and that, if we are to modify its definition at all when we apply it to God, we are only to free it from its superficial sense and fill it with the idea of the purest and most exalted joy. For the capacity of pleasure, like the capacity of pain, increases as we pass to the higher ranges of being. The polyp has life; but its life is low in form, and it can neither suffer nor enjoy much. The oyster has life; but its life is not complex and delicate, and it has room for the merest portion of pleasure or of pain. But, as we move up, we find the power of feeling enlarging. A fine-grained man both suffers more and enjoys more than his dull and heavy neighbor. It is therefore more painful to thrust a knife into his feelings; and, also, more worth while, so far as one act is concerned, to bring him real gladness. If, then, the capacity of feeling increases as we ascend the grades of life, what must be its possibility in God himself? We have not time, and probably not the ability, to follow this thought into some of its deepest meanings and mysteries; it is enough now to point out its practical bearing. God can be "pleased." Being highest in being, he can be most pleased. It would be well, both for the sake of our restraint and for the sake of our inspiration, to remember that God's feelings answer to our conduct. His pleasure is deepest when we allow him to do for us the deepest thing. No marvel is it, then, that Paul wrote: "It pleased God . . . to reveal his Son in me." Nothing that had ever come into the varied experience of the Tarsus Pharisee had pleased God so much as the right to make this great revelation to his great child.

So much may be said as to the inspiration of this revelation: it was nothing less than the good pleasure of God—the real joy of the Father in doing the best thing for his mistaken child. We will think for a few moments of the subject of the revelation. This was nothing other than "His Son." The revelation did not consist in a creed about Jesus Christ; it was not made up of a statement of his divine offices and of his relation to God and to men; it was rather a revelation of Christ himself: "It pleased God to reveal his Son in me." The safest doctrine about Christ grows out of the closest relation to Christ. The revelation about his nature is best given in the presence of his grace and helpfulness. So it is not said that "it pleased God to reveal the truth about his Son in me"; for Christ within is his own witness. The best way to get a faith or creed about a man is to live with him, to catch the power of his spirit, to feel resolution quicken under the sway of his courage, to see evil impulses fly at the coming of his closer influence. And the best creed or faith that we can ever get about Christ will be in the deepening and purifying of the spiritual life that comes from his presence within, until he is not simply the hope of glory hereafter, but the hope of glory in character now.

This revelation of his son is the supreme revelation of God himself. It is the uppermost revealing of him who is revealed somewhat in all his world. The truth is that all life is so made as to show God to the understanding soul. All laws which men discover and state are merely the revealing of God's ways of doing things; for a law apart from one who gives it is as unthinkable as a thought without one who thinks. Every color that is written on the clouds, the blue of the clearest day, the purple and gold of the finest sunset; every flash of light from the stars of heaven, with the moon floating upon the upper ocean; every flower that charms with its crimson or pink or scarlet or white; all these are the revelations of the beauty of the Lord our God. The mountains with their incomprehensible weights pushed up into the very skies; the seas lying in their hollows and thrust by the movement of the divine hand against all shores; the planets hung in midspace by the word of the Almighty and held ever in their sure courses around the sun—all these are the revealings of the power of the Lord our God.

But the heart of God—the love of the Father for his children—is never revealed until we see it in Jesus the Son. In reality the earth is a huge school; all men are pupils, quick or dull; and all the lessons centre in the one word—God. But in that school there is a highest department where men learn the deepest and truest lesson about Him—the school where Christ becomes the subject of revelation. No man ever really knows the Father until it has "pleased God to reveal his Son." There is a phrase in the close of one of Paul's chapters that is full of meaning—"the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." From the love of God which is in the world men seem to be easily separated. Life with its manifold calls separates them from it; things present with their problems and things to come with their mysteries separate them from it; and death, with its resistless call to every human being to close his eyes to the revelation of God's love in the world, seems to separate from it. But when God reveals his Son in the human heart life is seen as a gift of the Father; principalities become the creations and conveniences of his day; things present are alleviated by the divine grace, and things to come are illuminated by the divine promise; death itself becomes only the door into the nearer presence of God. No wonder is it, then, that he who wrote this verse about the pleasure of God in revealing his Son should also have written his ecstatic trust in these words: "For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

The Revelation of the Son

Now, having noted the source and the subject of the revelation, we pass on to speak of its spirituality. "It pleased God to reveal his Son in me," the apostle writes. It was an inner revelation. Being an inner revelation, it was a spiritual revelation; for only the spiritual can be revealed to the spiritual that is within. We are all inclined to get lost, even in the religious life, in a sort of materialism. We should like to see letters written on the sky. We should be glad if we should behold the earth bathed in the light whose brightness was never before seen on sea or land. We should be impressed and led to deeper faith, as we think, if we could have audible voices sounding into our ears and penetrating with conviction to our souls. We crave that type of religious experience which makes a physical show. We envy those who tell that they have had sensuous evidence of the revelation of Christ and his forgiving grace. Like a certain other generation in the time of our Lord's earthly life, we are always seeking for a sign; and it is probably true that Christ gives us nothing outward save only his death and resurrection as reported to us by the trusty witnesses of long ago. If God has given lower evidence to any soul, we will not quarrel with that soul; we will be glad with him. But we must insist that, if this revelation is to be true, it must be inward. Letters on the sky will not do unless they are writt also on the heart. Bright lights will not illumin unless they shed their radiance on the spirit. Au ble voices will not instruct unless they are heard the secret chambers of the soul. The true religic experience is that which, whatever may be its companiments, comes back at last to the inwa evidence and says confidently: "It pleased God reveal his Son in me."

Christ Revealed in the Heart

It must often occur to us that many who were giv the outward revelation of Christ failed to have Chr revealed in them. How many saw him as he spoke a yet did not get his real message? How many saw h when he brought from the invisible storehouse t loaves and fishes and yet did not get the real co ception of his power? How many saw him as was hanging on the cross and yet did not get t real lesson of his love? The Calvary hill w thronged with men who saw outwardly the infini sacrifice and who took it simply as a tragic part their great holiday. Christ was revealed to the but he was not revealed in them. This shows th the revelation must be inward if it is to be effe tive. There must be a Bethlehem with a divine bir in the soul. There must be a cross lifted up in t heart and giving the inner vision of the love whi was unto death. There must be a morning of resu rection in the calendar of the innermost life. brief poem by Edwin Markham is not so well know as his "Man With the Hoe," but it is by far mo true and radical:

> O friend, we never choose the better part,
> Until we set the cross up in the heart.
> I know I can not live until I die—
> Till I am nailed upon it wild and high,
> And sleep in the tomb for a full three days dead,
> With angels at the foot and at the head.
> But then in a great brightness I shall rise
> To walk with stiller feet below the skies.

This is the very perfection of Christ's revealing it is even his spirit moving in upon the spirit o man and fashioning it anew after the image of th Lord who created it and gave it life.

It is surely suggestive that in this finest wor concerning his coming into the Christian life, Pau omits all mention of outward features. These h tells elsewhere. But now, when he would relate onl the essential things, he says nothing of the mer external accompaniments of his conversion. Chris had been revealed to him in a marked way; it i easily the most dramatic experience of the Nev Testament. The light that shone above him wa beyond the brightness of the sun. There was a audible voice coming out of the clouds. The mar struck prone and blind upon the Damascus way cer tainly had Christ revealed *to* him. But the revela tion was deeper than that: Christ was also re vealed *in* him. The real heart of the vision of Pau comes to every man who yields to Christ. It is not likely to have the same spectacular features; but it must have the same innermost reality. It is good and comforting to find that when Paul would convince the Galatians of the validity of his Christian faith and life, he did not appeal to the outward revelation, gorgeous and overpowering as that was. He appealed rather to the inner fact: that the Son was revealed in him until at last he could say: "I live, yet not I; but Christ liveth in me."

How natural all this is, and how much in accord with the way one human spirit would aid another human spirit! The purpose of one who stands to instruct in religious things is not to give any outward revealing of the truth of his own life, but merely to make it real and vital in the hearts of his hearers. He can only be glad if men shall lose all consciousness of his gesture, all consciousness of his tones, all consciousness of his appearance, if so be that the truth of what he says shall find its way within and be revealed to the very soul. We help men most by bringing our strong spirits to the aid of their weak spirits and by so building them within that they go out to be strong and brave and true. It is just so that Christ must aid us. His power must come into our spiritual weakness; his courage must drive out our despondency; his purity must overcome our sin. All this is inner work. Jesus is to be revealed "in" us. Until he comes within, vain is the revelation. The scales must fall from the soul's eyes. Does not this suggest the very trouble with

Continued on page 665

* Bishop Hughes, who contributed this sermon specially for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers, is one of the new bishops elected at the recent Methodist Quadrennial Conference in Baltimore.

THE WHITE FLEET AT HAWAII

By EVELYN CLARK MORGAN

The Officers Had a Good Time

The U. S. Battleship "Missouri" at Honolulu

HER brow ever fanned by soft breezes and her face turned towards the sea, Honolulu, the beautiful, smiled upon the White Fleet as it ade into her waters. Their stay here was a red-ter week for the city, which was made gay with lnting and other decorations. Hospitality reigned spreme and Uncle Sam's boys were given the free-m of the town. Both officers and men seemed to lartily enjoy the amusements provided for them. he Blue Jackets won golden opinions and that a ner set of sailors would be hard to find was the ex-ression heard on all sides, as they marched 2,400 rong through the streets of the Hawaiian capital. It was noticed that their time as spent in seeing the best and ost instructive that the islands er. The greatest sight of all is evolcano at Hilo on Hawaii. Just w it is in an unusual state of tivity, flames bursting forth and olten lava pouring down its des. Hundreds visited it, but any were content to climb to the Punch Bowl" (on the crater of extinct volcano) and to Pali Oahu's historic peak) for views rock and sea. At the Bishop useum, men in white and blue, ith badges of mourning on their eeves, lingered before the glass ses, and at the Aquarium hung ntranced over the great tanks at hold the brilliant and curious shes that belong to Hawaiian aters.

The bathing and surf riding on plank or in a canoe were pas-mes quite after Jacky's own eart. Many of them tried orseback riding — they always o when in port—and some came to grief. One such, hose picture I took, had cut his trousers across the nee and a wound showed beneath. "This animal s no good," he said, and then, dropping uncon-ciously into nautical parlance, "you can't steer her t all. I expect she'll land me on the rocks before get her back to the stable. Seems to me she must e blind. She ran me into a street car, and now just ee how I look to go back to the ship," and he tugged t the reins as if he were hoisting sail and in a vay that was likely to prove perilous to somebody.

"Aloha" is a word which in the language of the islands means everything good and kindly. It means welcome, a whole heartful of love and good wishes; it also means "that good old word good-by," and our sailor boys had it all from beginning to end of their stay.

Nor was Jack the only one who was welcomed to Honolulu. The moment I stepped upon Oahu's shores I felt at home. So must many others have felt, for it is a central point where peoples of the world have congregated. Oahu's foreign population far exceeds her native. Among her 60,000 inhabitants, over 14,000 are Japanese and 11,000 are Chinese. The island is a paradise for foreigners, and threatens to become Oriental in character. Coming, as I did, from China and Japan, it looked very odd to see Orientals adopting American or Hawaiian ways, wearing hats (although the sun is far less scorching than in their own land), driving about in carriages or galloping by on horseback; and it is all so different from their life in their homeland that they do not look half so picturesque in the new setting.

Before the overthrow of the government (that is what they say here) a Chinaman could not become a resident of the islands unless he married a native woman. This he was generally willing to do, and the women were nothing loath to take a Chinese husband, for the Chinese are kind to wife and children. The children of such marriages are filling responsible positions and the younger ones are carrying off the prizes in government schools. The Chinese make admirable citizens and agriculturists, but are not ambitious; while the Japanese, on the contrary, push forward and are ready to compete with the white population. They are not only competitive, but restless also, and always looking for advancement. They are getting the best places and property interests in Honolulu, and the natives are dying out. Americans come, but do not stay.

Types of Various Nationalities in the Hawaiian Holiday Crowds

There were Portuguese, Chinese, Japanese, Half-Castes and Americans on the Street Corners in Honolulu on Parade Day.

Hawaiians are natural musicians. Their music shows to best advantage in their own melodies, which are full of pathos and feeling. Their voices, like those of our negroes, have a *timbre* that reaches the heart. They sing as they dance or play what we term "band music," and their voices blend with native instruments. The band players are said to be short lived.

Just now, the important question that presents itself is the straightening of the channel and the developing of Pearl Harbor. With this and the completion of the Panama Canal, America will eventually have a rich possession in Hawaii.

I had an introduction to Governor Frear, and in speaking of the luxuriant semi-tropical growth that makes one feel upon reaching Honlulu that it is indeed an enchanted isle with the freshness of perennial spring clothing its shores, I was surprised when the Governor said: "But this is not natural. Thirty years ago it was a barren waste; all this is the result of irrigation." We were sitting upon the broad *lanai* of the Governor's house and he was advising me to visit the volcano, the extensive pineapple fields and the sugar mills.

Afterwards he asked me if I should like to see his house, which is a new one, but recently finished. I had already seen the house where the Governor and his wife formerly lived, but which had proved too small for the social functions they were called upon to give. As we entered the door which opened into the large hall or living-room, the Governor said: "We are always at home, during the season, on Mondays, and even this large room is often well filled. The woodwork is the native *koa*, which polishes like mahogany. We speak of it here as the Hawaiian mahogany. Here is a fire-place, not large, but the only one in Honolulu."

There were handsome settles built in this reception hall which, with the dining-room, occupied the entire front of the mansion. There was the greatest simplicity in the furnishings of these rooms and of the library at the back (the only other room I saw). The Governor is a man of quiet and dignified manner. He drew my attention to some chairs which he told me had belonged to Mrs. Frear's grandmother, Mrs. Smith, one of the early missionaries to the Hawaiian Islands.

THE INNER REVELATION

Sermon by Bishop Edwin H. Hughes — *Continued*

some of us now? We want Christ to be revealed to us; but we are not quite willing to have him revealed in us. We ask for the message that does not require surrender. But Christ is never revealed within unless he becomes the king within. When he inhabits the heart at all he always sits upon its throne and rules with firm love. So we say to the preacher: Reveal Christ to us; tell us about his goodness and his power; tell us even how we are to do right; give us his assurance of the love of God. But when the preacher says: "Open your heart; let Christ be revealed in you; surrender now to the call of love and holiness and sacrifice that he has already spoken to your heart"— then we begin to shrink from the revelation. The difference between the nominal Christian and the vital Christian lies just here: Christ has been revealed *to* the one; he has been revealed *in* the other. This hour Christ is revealed to us all; will we let him be revealed in us, so that our deepest life may answer to his command and our deepest longing be met in his love?

This is the real blessing. It was even the blessing pronounced upon Peter when he made his memorable confession of the Master at Cæsarea Philippi. The Lord had asked at length, after the apostle had been giving hear-say evidence: "Who say ye that I am?" Peter had replied: "We say that thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Immediately Christ pronounced a blessing upon his apostle. He did not say that he should be blessed; he rather said that he was already blessed. And why? Because he had gotten the deep revelation of spirit! "Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona; for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee." That was to say: "The revelation that has come to you is a spiritual revelation. You have not gotten it by simply looking upon my flesh and blood. You have gotten it because my spirit has laid hold upon your spirit. The witness has gotten within you." It is no venture to say that the best blessing of the Master is still pronounced upon those who get the inner revelation of his sonship and who respond to it in confession and surrender.

One word should be said about the purpose of the revelation. We have spoken of its inspiration in the good pleasure of God; of its subject in the person of "his Son"; of its spirituality in its being revealed within. It remains for us to ask: Why did God give this revelation? Was it that Paul might hide it in his heart and keep it there as a precious treasure? Was it alone that the apostle might grow into its assurance and rest himself in his trust? All that, probably; but much more! Paul gives the purpose of the revelation: "It pleased God to reveal his Son in me that I might preach him." Is that not always the purpose of this revelation? Would God reveal in us One who gave himself for us in order that we might keep him to ourselves? The word "preach" here is not used in any professional or special sense; it simply means the telling of the good news of God as shown in Christ. The message is revealed within that it may be told without. The flower gets its beauty and fragrance that it may display and shed them. The brook gets its water from spring and rivulet that it may empty it and still receive evermore. So God gives to his children the revelation of his Son in order that they may preach him. Let us not thwart the very purpose of God in showing to our hearts the grace of his Son. The water of life is ours to give; the bread of life is ours to distribute; and we never come to the Lord's purpose in his inward revelation until, whether we be ministers or laymen, we say each for himself: "It pleased God to reveal his Son in me, that I might preach him."

IN THE LAND OF BIG HATS

Photo by Wheeler Sammons

Korean Gentleman in Mourning

TO THE Occidental who has been initiated into the vagaries of the Korean wardrobe, a crowded Korean street, with its shimmering mass of dignified figures clad in silken robes of many colors and high horse-hair hats, is a place of unusual interest. The majority of the women seem to have grabbed their husband's green coats and hastily flung them over their heads, so as to hide the face almost completely. No, closer inspection shows that the space between the shoulders is only wide enough to cover the top of the head, and one is told that this coat, with the useless sleeves dangling from the sides of the head, is national among the Korean women of the middle class in many of the principal cities of the empire. There is a woman with a white coat flung over her head. She is from the country, and therefore does not wear the green of the city women. The women wear bungly skirts over wide, baggy trousers tied in at the ankles. Those women with no semi-coat thrown over their shoulders and displaying a hiatus between the skirt top and the short jacket are no doubt slave women of the lower class, for no others will appear in the street with their faces unveiled. This man in the shimmering robe of pale blue silk, and his companion in one of gray, is no doubt a gentleman of the *yangban*, or higher class. Their dignified walk, high and delicate hands, all proclaim the Korean gentleman of class—the dude of the Far East. This bare-legged fellow wearing a huge straw hat two feet in diameter and slashed with four black hawk feathers, is a farmer from the interior, as his garb proclaims; and this solemn gentleman clothed from head to foot in an olive-colored lawn cloth and wearing a large hat, somewhat on the order of the farmer's but made from a better quality of straw, and without the black hawk feathers, is a mourner. He also constantly carries a peculiar cloth fan in front of his face, or the lower part of it, this peculiar dress signifying that either his mother or father has died within a short time. He is considered a prisoner or victim of God, and, being such, cannot see the deity or show his face, which accounts for the huge hat and peculiar fan. The majority of the people on the street seem to be wearing white, which is the "business serge" of the Hermit Kingdom, and the man wearing the long white coat, tied close under the armpits, is correct in every detail of dress, according to Korean ideals. The two little children, whose clothes glimmer with a dozen or so brilliant colors, are out in their "Sunday best." The child to the right is a girl and the one to the left a boy—you can tell by their caps. The Korean women wear small red caps like worn by the little girl. The women most entirely hidden beneath straw hats no doubt come from P Yang, the old capital of Korea, for style of hat is peculiar to the wo of that city. It is very useful du inclement weather. Some of Ping Yang men wear these hats ing the rainy season on account of protection given. Truly, "dress ma the man" in the Hermit Kingdom, one may take the Korean's dress as accurate and ever-ready index to home city, station in life and ha craft—all comes out in the dress.

WHEELER SAMMONS,
American Consul-General, Seoul, Ko

Photo by Wheeler Sammons

Curious Basket-Hats of the Women of Ping Yang, Korea

A WOMAN ON THE "BIG HAT" MANIA

She Suggests the Adoption of a Church Hat of Modest Appearance and Reasonable Dimensions

DEAR EDITOR: May I, through the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, venture a few remarks and suggestions on the "eternal hat question"? No part of a woman's dress touches her heart more closely than her hat, so, possessing all a woman's natural weakness in this direction, I can speak feelingly on the matter. However, possessing also a normal sense of humor, certain features of the present styles in millinery lead me to attempt a brief comment on even so difficult a subject. For, whereas every question is admitted to have two sides, this particular problem has at least four, while it not infrequently makes all the difference in the world which side your viewpoint is from.

For example: One of the season's exaggerations, measuring some twenty-two inches in diameter by sixty or more in circumference, and tilted at an angle of at least thirty-five degrees, may appear charming enough as a frame for a pretty face providing you sit opposite it—better still if the wearer is in the seat or the pew behind. But let it be your misfortune to sit behind the hat, and the fairest face in all Christendom will not suffice to soothe your irritated feelings, when, after a vain struggle to see above, below, to the right and around the left brim, you are forced to give up in despair and endeavor to see your pastor, or the speaker or artist, as the case may be, through the eyes of your soul—a spiritual but most unsatisfactory expedient.

Scan the assembled women at church or at a public gathering; watch the towering heads of the procession as they file in. That sweet-faced, demure-looking little woman over there with a hat that might have been designed by the architect of the Singer building to judge by its proportions, calmly displays more cool nerve, as she walks up the aisle and takes her seat in front, than three men combined would dare to. Fashions, like caviar, may be an acquired taste, but again, like olives, it seldom takes more than a few attempts to "get used to them," a little persuasion from our friends, and we fairly delight in our conversion.

Being among the first to parade into church with a "merry widow," I feel that I am not without blame; but I do say that any woman who can deliberately be guilty of a like offense a second or third time, is surely oblivious to the Golden Rule. When the pastor speaks (whom she has come quite as much to see as to hear, though she may not be honest enough to admit it), let her sit in one of the rear pews and, while her view may be cut off from the object of her attention, her eyes will at least be opened to one of the follies of her sex.

Seriously speaking, ought there not to be a church hat? A suitable hat for church, concerts and like occasions, just as men have the "opera hat" for evening affairs? A hat not to exceed nine inches across the brim and to be trimmed flat. A hat adopted by unanimous agreement by a few thousand of our people—by the women readers of this paper, let us say—women who have the courage of their convictions—and the good example set would, I believe, be followed by thousands of others the country over. Or, as an alternative, let us institute the practice of taking off our hats before the sermon. Surely the minister should be given a fair chance and allowed to be the centre of all eyes for his allotted time at least. Under existing conditions this is clearly impossible. The Los Angeles clergyman who requests the women of his congregation every week to "please remove their hats before the beginning of the sermon, out of Christian consideration for others," deserves credit. He is a brave man. Others may take courage from his example and make similar requests.

Then, too, from a logical standpoint, what business have we as a body of Christian women in a highly civilized generation to parade into a Christian church trailing with us such unmistakable evidences of a barbarous custom? "Barbarous"? Why to be sure! In every uncivilized or partly civilized country the world over, and in all ages of history, woman has decorated her hair with—well, with almost anything and everything that she could appropriate for this particular vanity. We of to-day first order a straw or felt or silk contrivance and stick our ornaments on that—the great advantage being that the larger surface affords broader opportunity for display, and we are thus able to carry a greater quantity and variety of decorations. The tribeswoman sticks feathers in her hair; so, practically speaking, do we. She twines colored beads and glass ornaments in her tresses; we prefer jeweled hatpins. She makes similar use of bits of brass and metal; we resort to buckles and fancy buttons. She wears the skins and heads and tails and breasts of birds; these, too, with us are quite "the rage." She belongs to an unenlightened country where "women are made for men"; we belong—but no! the thought is too humiliating.

I know of nothing less flattering to our self-respect than to look over collection of kodak pictures or photographs taken ten or fifteen years a —far enough back at least so that t styles were radically different fro those prevailing to-day. You will sure to find some absurdity in t millinery line that will fairly take t breath away—"to think that you ev could have been guilty"—and evoke sigh for "John," or "George," or "poo father" who paid the bill. The lamen able part of it is that at the time yo thought it a "perfect darling" or "dream."

But to return to the question. Shoul there not be a church hat? Is ther no survival of the fittest that we ca adopt and, putting all others asid cleave only unto this? Why not g back to the pretty flower toques of few years ago, that were close-fitting trimmed flat and almost invariabl becoming? Then let the first woma who dares to thrust a spray of leave or a big rose high above the rest of th foliage be forthwith requested to tak leave of absence until such time as sh is ready to conform to prescribed reg ulations.

For my own part, I confess I lov hats. I hate to "kindly remove them." I love the sense of security and peac of mind that comes from knowing tha unruly short locks are safely confine by a veil. Still, my sympathies ar with the clergy and the congregatio as a whole. I will cheerfully sacrific personal pride in the good of the caus if other women will join me.

ROSE WHIPPLE.

Manhattan, June 3.

. . . .

[We think Miss Whipple's suggestion as to a church hat for women has at least the merit of novelty and the recommendation of practicality. We would be glad to know how other readers feel about it.]

HIS ANNUAL VISIT TO MONT-LAWN

FEEL sure that the many readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and the host of noble contributors toward the support of the Children's Home at ont-Lawn will be glad to hear, from a friend of is great work, the impressions of a single day. I have watched the development of Mont-Lawn ith great interest and rejoice with all who are so rtunate as to visit the Children's Paradise. The sual visit to Mont-Lawn is made from Nyack; but chose this summer to come by the Vest Shore Railroad to Valley Cot-ge, and to walk over the summit f the Palisades, about a mile, to nd everything in readiness for the sual Saturday dinner and play at ne Home.

The signal of one bell from the Matron, Mrs. Hopkins, brought the hildren to their places in line in he path from the Homestead to ort Plenty. Two bells were given s a signal for the boys who were n front of the line to step aside wo paces. Three bells signaled the irls to proceed to the great dining all, between the lines of boys. hen, the girls followed by the boys n double file, all the little folks narched to the tables, where a ountiful dinner was served.

After the children had their din-er, I lunched with the Matron and er assistants, the teachers who ave charge of the children in their ottage dormitories. I am sure the hildren committed to their care an only learn good. The worship-ul song of blessing before the meal vas indeed impressive, both at the hildren's dinner and the teachers'.

Before the children had left the big ining hall, a New York City boy, Alexander Swartz, who is one of those njoying the benefits of a ten days' uting at Mont-Lawn, asked the privilege of an-ouncing a match ball game between the Tibbals Cottage ball nine, of which he was captain, and he nine from Sunshine Cottage. Mr. Arthur W. ittle, a publisher of New York City, who was resent as a visitor, was chosen to umpire the game; so, after the Chapel service and the bean game and races, the two nines proceeded to the ball field, where the national game was played amid much enthusiasm, and the Sunbeam Cottage nine stood highest when the game was discontinued.

I must say that the chapel services are indeed a happy combination of patriotism and religion. The Misses Grandfield, who direct the musical instruction of the children, have rearranged the music and Bible verses used in former years. That chapel service of August 8 will be long remembered by all who were present. In my own talk to the children, I could only express one word, and that was *congratulation.* The worshipful atmosphere of the chapel and the decorations of flags combine to make the service grandly impressive to children and visitors also.

Those who have so graciously supported this work all these years, I am sure will be glad to hear of the new as well as the old exercises and enjoyments at Mont-Lawn. I noticed some little boys sliding down the new toboggan slides of polished oak, taking great delight in an imaginary winter sport on a summer day. The brook under the old apple tree is a great success. An artificial stream thirty inches wide by six inches deep in a pebble and concrete channel, affords no end of delight to the children, who love to wade in the shallow water. New and spacious awnings on the eastern opening of the dining hall of Fort Plenty keep out the morning sunshine at breakfast time, while the children are eating in this open, breezy dining hall. The entertainment possible on a rainy day in the great hall above is "just great," as the children say, when they get on the roller skates, or gather for marches and drills when it is too wet to play on the lawn. It is a heart tonic to watch the children play in the great pile of snow-white sand which constitutes "the beach" at Mont-Lawn. Order prevails everywhere; yet there is variety sufficient to please all the children.

I heard one of the teachers remark, incidentally, that in a recent ramble through the woods with fifty-four children, watched by two teachers, each child gathered from a pint to a quart of huckleberries, besides the nature study of that hour's walk. Sometimes a morning walk of five miles is taken away from the Home. The teachers endeavor to carry out the best ideals of this noble Fresh Air work. I enclose a small check of $3 to give some child an outing of ten days, and I shall urge our Sunday School at the North Baptist Church in New York City to place your institution on its list for regular contributions.

(REV.) EZRA T. SANFORD.

The Wee Tots Love to Paddle in the Little Running Stream

LONG PAST THE CENTURY MARK

IN THESE days of advanced hygiene, and with scientific methods of combating disease increasing on every hand, it is interesting to know something of the lives of men and women who have long passed the "allotted span." We give below a brief sketch of several notable cases of this class:

Mrs. Esther Davis, who is known as the oldest woman in New York, is of Jewish descent, and was born in Russia in 1794. She has been a resident of this country for about twenty-five years. At one time she was very wealthy; but reverses came and reduced her to poverty. She has been a member of the Daughters of Jacob Home for Aged People at 302 East Broadway, New York, for several years. She has outlived her four children and her only grandchild, so that she is now alone in the world. Her mind is still clear and active.

In the same Home resides another centenarian, Mrs. Rose Arenwald, 107 years old. A few years ago, a third centenarian lady kept them company, but she died at the age of 109. All three of these remarkable women were of Russian birth, and their extraordinary longevity gives force to the proverb that there is iron in the Russian air.

Other Centenarians

Among other authenticated cases of women who have passed the century mark are Mrs. Anna Miskus, of Chicago, who died on August 1 of this year at the age of 107 years. When a girl, at her home in Poland, she took a vow never to worry, and to this she attributed her long life. She had forty grandchildren at the time of her death. She was a prominent settlement worker in Chicago. Last January there died at Hillsboro, Ore., Mrs. C. B. Reynolds, a Tennessee lady, whom the Bible records showed to be 120 years of age. She was a member of the Methodist Church for more than a century, and was probably the oldest woman in America. Her mother lived to the age of 110. Mrs. Annie Campbell, of Glasgow, Scotland, is nearing her 111th year, and is said to be the oldest woman in Scotland. She has traveled in a railway train only once, and has never worn spectacles or tasted medicine. Mrs. Catherine Downie, of Patrick, Scotland, is in her 106th year; and Mrs. Donald White, of Sandbank, Scotland, is 104. Mr. James Grieve, shepherd at Mark, on the Ardgoil estate, Scotland, is 107 years of age.

A Lifetime of Christian Work

On September 26, Mrs. A. M. Felt will be eighty-nine years old. She comes of good old Moravian stock and is the oldest native of her sex in Lititz, Pa., where she was educated, graduating from Linden Hall Seminary, a famous old Moravian school for girls. She taught here for more than twelve years, and many of the older alumnæ still remember her by her maiden name and speak affectionately of their old teacher, "Miss Addie Grider." She was married in 1851 to the Rev. John Frederick Felt, a Moravian clergyman, and spent twelve years in Wisconsin, doing pioneer missionary work with him.

In 1863, her husband, having become very deaf, was obliged to retire from his work, and they returned to Lititz, where he died eighteen years later. During this time and ever since Mrs. Felt has made herself useful in almost every capacity in which a woman is allowed to work in the church, and always without pay. She has been a deaconess, a Sunday School teacher, the treasurer of the Woman's Missionary Society, collector of the Mite Society, and teacher of a Saturday Afternoon Sewing School. In this she taught not only sewing and the related branches of knitting and crocheting, but also gave lessons in German, in manners, in religion, and all matters of general information.

Then she devoted herself to the business of making rugs, in which she is still greatly interested. Her fame as a rug maker has spread far and wide, for the products of her skill are veritable works of art in many different designs and very beautiful.

Mrs. Felt retains in all its fervor her interest in her beloved church. Especially is she just now absorbed in a plan to build a home for its aged women.

Mrs. Felt expects to be the first inmate of this home. Unfortunately, no endowment is forthcoming for it, though the good sisters are working heroically to raise money. Mrs. Felt has made many rugs for this worthy object.

Mrs. A. M. Felt, Aged 89 **Mr. Harvey Brewer, Aged 98** **Mrs. Esther Davis, Aged 114**

Ninety-Eight and Never Was Sick

Another interesting Christian who is still hale and useful in the sunset of life is Mr. Harvey Brewer, of Greenwich, N. Y., who has recently celebrated his 98th birthday by visiting his son and other friends at Cambridge, N. Y. Mr. Brewer is still straight and broad-shouldered, has never been sick in bed in his life, and has never worn glasses. He lives with his two daughters, Mrs. Ball and Miss Brewer. For many years he drove a team from Greenwich to Bennington, drawing tow for making wadding. Probably those long days in the open air have been no small element in promoting his health and longevity. Mr. Brewer has been for many years a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and walks a mile to the postoffice to get it every week when it becomes due.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

Entered as Second-class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa

Our White Fleet and Japan

AUSTRALIA and New Zealand have given our "White Fleet" a rousing welcome and farewell, and the battleships are now on their way to Japan. There a reception awaits our officers and men which promises to be a marvel of lavish Eastern hospitality. Half a million dollars will be expended in receptions, entertainments and souvenirs. All the indications point to a season of good-fellowship and social intercourse, which cannot fail to cement still more strongly the bonds of friendship that now exist between Japan and ourselves.

It is reasonable to expect that the Mikado's navy will make a brave showing, to impress the visitors with the strength and efficiency of the sea forces of the island empire. There will be ample opportunity, no doubt, for comparison of warships and naval methods; but we believe that all will be done in such a friendly, courteous and agreeable way that there can be no straining of relations on that account. Ex-Premier Okuma, formerly a powerful politician, but now a private Japanese citizen, has been endeavoring lately to create feeling between the two nations, but he has not succeeded. Once a popular idol, Okuma seems in his old age to have become splenetic, and, like some of our own jingoes, something of a trouble-breeder. So long as we have unscrupulous jingoes of our own, who seem to desire nothing so much as to embroil this country in a quarrel with a friendly power, we cannot afford to criticise harshly the jingoes of Japan. But we believe the experience of our naval force in the Far East will be agreeable on the whole, and that they will come back full of pleasant recollections and with a high opinion of Japanese hospitality.

The Opening of Tibet

TILL now Tibet has been literally a "Sealed Land," its doors closed to all outside influences, and its millions of population have remained in heathen darkness, while practically every country around it has been receiving the Gospel. But a new day has dawned for Tibet. It is henceforth to be a dependency of China, divided into provinces, under a Chinese viceroy. Colleges are to be established; a Board of Agriculture will direct the farming and mining industries; the men of the country are to be trained for national defense; and postal and telegraph offices are to be opened up everywhere.

This news, which is conveyed in an official announcement, means the breaking up of the ancient lamasery system which has made the country a land of monks and heathen superstition and cruelty and ignorance. Soon we may expect to hear that the Gospel, after knocking at the gates for over a century, is to have free course in Tibet, and that the missionaries are to be admitted as freely as they are now welcomed in other parts of the great Chinese empire. It should become an inviting field for missionary enterprise in the near future.

Concerning Charity

A LONG-TIME reader of this paper, who has had a share in many of its benevolences, writes us:

> Speaking of charity, it has often puzzled me to decide whether it is wise to extend our favors to those who seem to be undeserving. I do not refer to impostors—those whom I may call professional beggars or who make charity a trade; but to the man or woman who, through some inherent moral fault, is unable to benefit permanently by the assistance rendered. Is not charity given in such cases wasted, by being diverted to unworthy objects when there are so many who are really worthy?

We think not. True, Christlike charity looks to the immediate need rather than to the circumstances that may have produced such a condition. We should forbear and pity. We need not knowingly bestow our gifts on unworthy objects; but even if we should do so, granting them all the benefit of the doubt, it does not detract from the merit of the deed. Besides, real charity is spontaneous and, seeing actual need, it will not stop to scrutinize too closely. Let your judgment be kind and liberal, for we need to be charitable as much in our opinions as in our purses. And it is better, far better, to err by giving even to the unworthy, than to hold back and commit the more grievous error of leaving one unhelped whom we may possibly have misjudged and wrongfully condemned as undeserving.

Charity, when it proceeds from a sense of duty toward God, the source of all our blessings, and from love of humanity, is the sweetest of all the Christian graces. Indeed, it has been well said that without charity there can be no Christianity in the heart. It is a flower that blossoms best in secret. The charitable soul realizes, with a rare and precious pleasure, that it is richer by what it gives, and that what is given belongs to it forever.

Don't be discouraged if you find that occasionally your charity has been misplaced. God sends his rain alike on the just and the unjust. Some day you may see the effect of your gifts where least expected.

The Reaction Against Noise

THE present summer has been marked by a reaction in many towns against the prevalence of noise. In the suburbs there has been a strenuous effort to suppress the barking of dogs, the crowing of cocks and the mewing of cats. As domestic animals are under the protection of man, and therefore cannot be reasoned with or frightened by fines and penalties, their owners have been notified that they are responsible for the misdemeanors of their pets. The barking of dogs after nine o'clock at night has been voted by certain suburban councils an unbearable annoyance, with the result that in some rural boroughs there are just now fewer dogs than formerly. It remains to be seen whether there will not be in the near future a greater number of confident thieves than dared exercise their trade when watchdogs were vigilant. Undoubtedly, invalids and nervous people are sufferers from the various noises that surround civilized life in city and country. The resident of an apartment house who dislikes music is exasperated at the sound of a neighbor's piano. As for phonographs, megaphones, gongs, siren whistles and the other multiform inventions that invade silence, their name is legion. They cannot be considered adjuncts to comfort; but the question arises whether in the endeavor to suppress them, there may not be trampling on the rights of the individual. It really appears as if there is still room for patience and forbearance, for courtesy and conciliation in this matter of noise, as in most others. No one likes to hear a baby crying in the night, or wailing in a street car, yet the race has always been obliged to put up with the crying of infancy.

Curbing Speed Madness

AUTOMOBILES, which play such an important part in the amusements and daily business of thousands of Americans, have become in many places a menace to life and limb through the carelessness of their drivers. A comparatively few reckless owners have by their acts caused a large portion of people to look on all automobilists as a class who care little for the rights of those who walk or use horses. This is an extreme view, as there is no one who is so hotly opposed to the "scorcher" who wants his machine "to eat up the miles," as the average automobile owner who wishes to ride at an ordinary pace and take a sensible outing with family or friends. A large number of accidents have been caused by reckless drivers trying to shoot their machines by people who were driving their automobiles at an ordinary rate of speed. Carriage riding is unsafe in many parts of the country and horseback riding is out of the question. No one can stay on horseback and hold his mount from balking when a machine suddenly swoops by at more than railroad speed.

A speed mania seems to affect some people when they enter an automobile. A young American was killed the other day by his machine striking a tree. People who saw him pass a few moments before said that he was running his machine at about seventy miles an hour. A short time ago Mr. Sears, Boston's richest taxpayer, met an untimely end near Providence, R. I. His car was said to be going sixty miles an hour. It would seem as if such fatal endings to mad rides would dampen the enthusiasm of other reckless automobilists.

A determined effort is being made by men v enjoy this means of recreation, to stop this n racing. Long Island is one of the favorite spots motorists and tourists with cars. The record Nassau County alone since May 1 is sixty people jured and several killed. The supervisors of county have taken the matter up and it is propo that jail sentences be given for the most flagr violations of the speed limit instead of the usual fi They are backed in this plan by the officers of s eral clubs who desire to stop this road racing, dea alike to drivers and pedestrians.

Probably after a few severe examples have b made of "scorchers" there will be fewer "de rides" reported in the columns of our daily press

A Poet's Warning to Drinkers

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE is a poet whose ly till now has been attuned to strains of worl pleasure and epicurean philosophy. In his lat poem, "Omar Repentant," he strikes a new key a the theme of his song is the remorse of the drunka His strong realistic verses, of which we quote t following, give a new and vivid argument for te perance:

> This glorious garment of your youth shall rot
> Little by little; you will know it not—
> For the moth hides that feeds upon the silk—
> And so the garment of your youth shall rot.
>
> Hearken to one who hath the wine-press trod:
> Nights shall you cry to your forgotten God,
> And wring your hands, and weep hysteric tears,
> Till the dawn smites you like a scarlet rod.

These lines sound like a warning voice from t pit. They are in the strongest possible contrast the impulsive, passionate, unrestrained spirit of t fatalistic, and sometimes ribald, quatrains of t Persian poet and his imitators. Mr. Le Gallienne new version has given the worshipers of t *Rubaiyat* a shock, yet not an unwholesome one. W hope it may do good.

Among the Workers

—THE CHRISTIAN WINNERS' BAND of Binghamton, N. Y., a now holding a summer camp at the Montrose Bible Conferenc Rev. Dr. Torrey and a company of Bible teachers are in charg

—THE GLEN ALPINE SPRINGS SCHOOL, of Brindleton, N. C., nee two lady teachers, volunteers for its work of the coming year, o for the intermediate and one for the primary grade. This school situated among the mountains of western North Carolina, is indu trial in character, and furnishes instruction to white boys an girls who cannot secure an education in any other way. T teachers should be between thirty and fifty, adaptable and willin to "rough it" a little. Rev. R. D. Schoonmaker, 1060 Central Ave Plainfield, N. J., will answer all inquiries concerning the work.

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THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

The Hall of Christ

THE Rev. Dr. William J. Hart, in a communication to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, has this to say of the Hall of Christ at Chautauqua:

"On the first Tuesday of August, 1900, the corerstone of the Hall of Christ, a building designed or a unique purpose, was laid on the grounds of he Chautauqua Assembly. Since that ate work has been done as rapidly as unds permitted. Ten thousand dollars ere still needed to complete the Hall hen the present season opened. This mount was asked for on "Old First ight," August 4, and was quickly and nthusiastically given. The dedicaon service will, therefore, occur this eason."

Bishop Vincent gives the following easons for the erection of this buildng:

"It is the mission of the Hall of hrist to study the life and career of esus as a babe, boy, man, teacher, rophet, reformer, and as the King of ien; the critical study of every word nd line concerning him in both the ld and New Testament, and especially he study of Christ as the greatest of ll teachers.

"The studies of this Hall will bring efore us the theories of great teachrs and theologians concerning this emarkable character. It will give special attention to the training of ittle children and youth concerning him who was re-eminently the children's friend; putting into heir memories his words of wisdom and comfort.

"We hope to place here a library of the lives of Christ and to make a collection of engravings and photography of everything that art has produced in ommendation of him. It is moreover to be a place f reverent worship, making two emphases: 1, thoroughness, conscientiousness and reverence in the tudy of the life of Christ; and, 2, an honest attempt o reproduce his life of holy service, who 'went about doing good,' and whose spirit and ministry of help re now needed in all parts of the world, in neighborhood and social reform and in international Christian co-operation looking to the uplift of humanity."

There is another Hall of Christ—n Africa. It is a church of the American Presbyterian Congo Mission, Ibanchi, Kassai District, Congo Free State, Africa, under the care of Rev. J. McC. Sieg, which stands for the message of Christ's salvation to dying men, and especially to those who have never heard of him. The piles of brick and stone and wood are only valuable for the ideas, the sentiments which they contain. There is no thought that can engage the mind of man, or sentiment that can thrill the human heart, like Christ, learning about him and the way to him and telling him and bringing him to others. So that there is nothing more beautiful or sublime or divine on the planet, than a Hall of Christ to learn about the Saviour and the Hall of Christ to convey him to others.

Jesus Christ himself being the chief cornerstone. (Eph. 2 : 20.)

Hall of Christ, Chautauqua Institute

A Baby's Strong Grip

Mrs. Graf was on the fire-escape of her flat in New York recently, hanging out clothes, and did not notice the baby climb after her. She looked around in time to see the child fall through the well hole of the escape. She fainted when she saw the child fall. At the fourth floor the falling child struck the rail of the fire-escape and in that manner was thrown outside of it. By one of those chances that come about once in a million times, the child, as it passed the third floor fire-escape, brushed the rail so closely that her fingers caught the iron bar and held on. It seems that the father was an athlete of some repute and commenced to teach his three children, when they were mere babies, athletic exercises. Helen, the baby who fell, was only twenty months old, but her father had taught her to take hold of a broomstick while he carried her about the room, and other things that developed the muscles of her arms and hands, so that when she struck the bar she was able to cling to it and hold her weight by it.

The young are susceptible, at the very earliest age, to educational influences upon the body, mind and soul. How important it is that due care be given to the physical training, the educational instruction and the moral tuition of the children! The early training saves many a child from a fatal fall.

Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it. (Prov. 22 : 6.)

Dorando Faints in the Race

The great Marathon race from Windsor Castle to the Stadium, a distance of twenty-six miles, took place July 24. The little Italian Dorando was the first to appear at the Stadium, finishing the race in two hours, 54 minutes and 46 seconds, or nine miles an hour. J. J. Hayes, an American who arrived in two hours, 55 minutes and 18 seconds, was declared the winner, as Dorando had to be helped to rise when he fell at the end through exhaustion. Though the Queen gave the Italian a prize, the trophy went to Hayes. In the temporal and spiritual race of life the one who holds out to the end wins. Alas! some fall down as they are about to reach the Stadium.

He that endureth to the end shall be saved. (Matt. 10 : 22.)

China's Gratitude to America

The United States government remitted a part of the Boxer indemnity, exciting the surprise of foreign nations, the gratitude of China and the pride of the American people. The Chinese government has just issued an edict recognizing the generous action of our government and appointing Tang-Shao-yi to convey the national gratitude for the favor extended. Tang-Shao-yi is one of the best scholars and most distinguished statesmen of China. He is credited with having given the first inspiration to the anti-opium policy and with having drafted the Anti-Opium Bill. It is the determination of the Chinese government to send a hundred young men each year for four years to be educated in America, and after that fifty students each year will be sent, until the indemnity fund shall have been exhausted.

If there was good principle and policy as well in the action of our government, how beautiful also has been the action of China! What delightful international relationships are promoted and what a superb opportunity America has to touch the better thought and life of China through the young men who are so soon to lead in the councils! It looks as though honesty, in this instance, has proven itself to be the best policy, but the action of the United States government was honesty from principle and has in it every reward. Too long has China been an easy prey to the robber nations of the earth, and our country has done more than any other to teach the lesson of honesty in dealing with weaker peoples.

That we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty. (I. Tim. 2 : 2.)

Count Zeppelin's Airship

Count Ferdinand Zeppelin on July 1 outdistanced all world records for steering balloons. He remained in the air for twelve hours, passing over the greater part of northern Switzerland, visiting Zurich, Winterthur and Lucerne, making an average speed of thirty-four miles an hour. A crew of fourteen, under the leadership of the Count, navigated the airship. It was about one o'clock when the balloon came into view at Lucerne and the thousands of astonished tourists from all parts of the world, including hundreds of Americans, greeted her with loud cheering as she sailed quickly over the waters of the lake. With the greatest precision Count Zeppelin guided his airship and carried out a long series of evolutions, which included various figures, circles, sharp turns, descents and ascents, and then made a tour of the whole lake and returned to the place from which he started, where the people were waiting with a salute of guns and the cheers of the multitude to welcome him. The greatest altitude reached in the voyage was 2,500 feet and the distance covered was 220 miles. The next experiment promised to be more brilliant, but when the journey was about half over, the airship encountered a terrific thunder storm in which the balloon was burned. The Count cried like a child at the catastrophe. The German government sent him $125,000 which had been voted for experimentation and the people of Germany personally subscribed more than $250,000, and the Count intends to build a better ship. Most of the governments of the world, including the United States, have made appropriations for balloon experimentation, for observation purposes during a military campaign. Whatever new part the balloon of the future may play in the wars of the world, it may possibly become a safe as well as swift method of transportation. The greyhound of the sea and the mile-a-minute express train on the railroad would have seemed as great impossibilities to the people of the "stage coach" time as the navigation of the heavens by airships would appear to us to-day.

Yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind. (Psa. 18 : 10.)

OUR MAIL-BAG

Questions and Answers

Mary F., Syracuse, N. Y. What was the inspiration which caused Ruskin to write his *Sesame and Lilies?*

It was said to be his beautiful affection for little Rose La Touche, a sweet, blue-eyed Irish wee maid of ten, whose growth and intellectual development Ruskin watched with more than paternal solicitude. She died at twenty-one, Ruskin being then a man of fifty.

E. H., Versailles, Ind. 1. Why did Christ tell his disciples to buy swords (Luke 22:36), and then heal the man whom Peter smote (Luke 22:51)? 2. What is the meaning of "baptized for the dead" (I. Cor. 15:29)?

1. Jesus wished them to be forewarned of the world's hostility to the Gospel. He spoke in figurative language, as he frequently did, and they, misunderstanding him, interpreted his words literally, supposing he alluded to present defense. Seeing that they misinterpreted his language about the swords, he closed the conversation with the words: "It is enough." His healing of the servant's ear simply emphasized the fact that he had not intended to counsel physical violence. 2. Bengel translated this "over the dead" or "immediately upon the dead," meaning those who will be gathered to the dead immediately after baptism. Many in the ancient church put off baptism till near death. The passage probably referred to some symbolical rite of baptism or dedication of themselves to follow the dead even to death.

C. M. K., Cordele, Ga. See Matt. 16:28; Mark 9:1, and Luke 9:27. Please advise as to the meaning of this Scripture.

This passage is frequently misunderstood. Mark has it: "till they see the Kingdom of God come with power" (which is the more explicit), and Luke: "till they see the Kingdom." Jesus is believed to have had reference to the realization of the firm establishment and victorious progress of the new Kingdom of Christ during the lifetime of some then present. He did not refer to his second coming, but to the founding and triumphant extension of that work, the acceptance of which by the world was to be the grand pledge of his return.

M. E. Buffalo, N. Y. Is the word "Reverend" found in the Bible as a title for a man?

No; it is merely a title of courtesy and has come into common usage as applied to the clergy. It does not seem to have been used in the early days of the Christian Church.

W. R. C., Lynchburg, Va. Why do not the people who contribute to your "Answered Prayers" column give their names and addresses for publication?

They do in almost every case, but we print only initials. The public acknowledgment is not wholly confined to what is printed in these pages. In conversation with friends and acquaintances, in their church relationship, and in other ways, these earnest people let the fact become known that God has heard and answered prayer.

G. H. A., Loveland, Colo. What is meant by "So shall the Son of man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth"(Matt. 12:40)?

It was the second public announcement of his coming resurrection. Jonah's case was analogous as having been followed by a glorious mission to the Gentiles. The "heart of the earth" simply meant the grave, and the three days and three nights was expressing in the ordinary Jewish way of speaking, which reckoned any part of a day, counted with a period of several days, as a full day.

M. M., Atlanta, Ga. We are greatly pleased with the courageous stand THE CHRISTIAN HERALD takes when it deals with the higher critics, and in defense of the Bible and the "old-time religion." Your definition of higher criticism was a most enlightening one. In what particular instances has it collapsed in the past?

In practically every important instance. Rev. W. H. Bates, in *The Bible Student*, ably reviews the case. The critics first contended that writing was unknown in the time of Moses, and did not come into use until about B.C. 520 in Greece. This contention has been exploded by the indisputable evidence that as long ago as B.C. 2061, Egypt and Babylonia were highly civilized and had schools, libraries and a notable literary class. This culture was shared by Syria and Palestine and Mesopotamia. Egypt at the time of the exodus was a land of culture, and so was Canaan, where the Israelites went. The next higher critical theory to collapse was what is called the "composite structure of the Pentateuch," which Professor Green of Princeton punctured irredeemably in 1898, and Professor Sayce even a year earlier. The two exploded contentions alone covered the most important ground of the higher critics.

B. F. B., Allentown, Pa. Do we read of any idol worship before the deluge? When did idol worship begin?

The Bible contains no statement as to the existence of antediluvian idolatry, but it is a fair presumption that it was practised before the Flood. There is trace of heathen divinities in the names of antediluvians. The Egyptian Set is supposed to be Seth, the patriarch. Enoch is recognized in Annacus or Nannacus. These of course are conjectures, but they go to establish the great antiquity of idol worship.

P. P., Esmond, N. D. Do the cruelties in the Congo still continue?

They are more concealed than formerly, but comparatively recent photographs show that the lives of the natives are not regarded when their sacrifice will enable the traders to secure more rubber.

Reader, Watkins, N. Y. 1. Will you tell something about Islam as a religion? 2. How did the idea of the stork bringing an addition to the family originate?

1. The faith of the Mohammedans is called Islam (surrender of the will to God). Five duties are exacted of the faithful Mohammedan: a belief that there is but one God and that Mohammed is his prophet, fasting, prayer, the giving of alms and a pilgrimage to Mecca. Their Sabbath comes on Friday. 2. It is an old German myth. In some of the cities of Germany, storks are protected and build their nests on chimney tops.

S. W. M., Lewisburg, Pa. Who are the Governors of Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands?

Regis H. Post is Governor of Porto Rico; James F. Smith, of the Philippines.

W. N., Kentucky. How long did our Lord's mother live, and where, after the ascension?

We may presume from John 19:27 that, after the crucifixion of Christ, she lived in the house of John, the beloved apostle, near the Mount of Olives. How long she lived cannot be stated positively.

D. M. S., Guymon, Okla. 1. How are church chimes played, and can they be played in any key? 2. Explain "first cousin once removed." 3. What are Bulls and Bears in finance? 4. Are there any "greenbacks" in circulation, and if so, are they "legal tender"?

1. Chimes are made up of any number of bells from three up, tuned in harmony. Chimes that strike the hour are rung by clockwork. The old way, and one which is yet practised on great days at Christ Church in Boston, is to have a bell-ringer for every bell. A leader holds the score and indicates to each player when he shall pull his rope. In Trinity Church, New York, and other modern churches, one man plays the chimes from a sort of piano, levers taking the place of keys. Six changes may be rung on three bells, twenty-four on four, one hundred and twenty on five, and seven hundred and twenty on six, etc. 2. A "first cousin once removed" is the child of one's first cousin. 3. "Bull" is the name popularly given to a broker who tries to advance the prices of stock. "Bears" are brokers who are trying to bring prices lower. 4. Yes; the ordinary bank note, on account of its color, is known as a greenback. By the act of 1876 they were fixed at the amount current of $346,681,016. We never heard of the character mentioned in last question sent in.

G. W. B., Olpe, Kans. 1. What kind of death did St. John die, and whereabouts in the Bible will I find it? 2. Do you think that the Catholics will ever rule America in church affairs?

1. John, according to tradition, was the only apostle who died a natural death. He died in Ephesus about the year 89 A.D., although the date cannot be stated positively. 2. No. We do not share the apprehension felt in some quarters regarding Catholic domination.

M. M. D., Jerseyville, Ill. Give a few facts about Roger Williams. 2. Was he the first Baptist?

1. Roger Williams was born in London about 1607. He probably took his degree at Cambridge University in 1626. He became a Puritan and sailed with his wife to the colony at Massachusetts Bay in 1630. He was invited to become minister of the Boston church, but refused, as he had not yet separated from the Episcopal Church, or Church of England. He became minister of the church in Salem. He declared that the civil power had no right to punish the violation of the first four c mandments. He was later banished and v four companions settled on the site of Provide R. I., in 1636, where he founded the Colon Rhode Island and established freedom of co ence. 2. No, there was already a Baptist den nation in England during the reign of H VIII. Their doctrines were transplanted America about the year 1631.

J. W. B., Pinetown, N. C. 1. Where was land of Uz, where Job lived? 2. When where was this meeting of the sons of and the devil, and who were these son God?

Uz was a district of Northern Arabia. 2. "S of God" clearly refers to the angels or mes gers who presented themselves to give accou their service. "Satan" means "adversary" "accuser," and in the present case he appear the accuser of Job. Having fallen himself, having been the successful agent in Adam's te tation, he is confident that Job's piety, like t of most of the fallen race, will not stand the of temptation and trial. The name "Job" is riously interpreted: in Arabic, to signify "to turn" or "to repent," and in Hebrew, "one grea tried," or one to whom "enmity has been show Job is believed by the ablest scholars to be oldest book in the Bible.

Jessie R., Binghamton, N. Y. think of forming an Audu Club, to assist in the movem for the preservation of the s birds. Is the movement confi to this country or has it exten abroad?

A bill has been introduced in British Parliament to prohibit importation of the plumage of cert song-birds. At the plume auct in London, recently, there were ca logued 19,742 skins of birds of pa dise alone, and 1,411 white her (egrets), besides many thousands other ornamental plumaged bir One firm catalogued 20,000 kingfishe

J. R., Bellville, Wis. What did Je mean in John 20:17, where said: "Touch me not"?

It was not a time for the old famil greeting or handclaspings. He h not come to renew the former hum associations with his followers. great change had taken place. T crown of his life-work is not yet co plete. He must show himself in l resurrected body to his disciples b fore he ascends to the Father. Ma evidently comprehended the signi cance of the chance and went a told the disciples.

OFF FOR THE WEDDING TOUR

THE judicious have long counseled greater privacy for the newly married during their wedding journey. Probably this may be secured by the automobile honeymoon; but certain other reforms in the line of refinement and good taste seem not to have been thereby attained, if one may judge from the picture here presented. At the back of the vehicle, a mischievous guest seems to be affixing old shoes or white ribbons. In front, another "friend" is daintily reaching for rice. All such customs, no matter how elegantly observed, are to be deprecated, and especially the rice throwing; but even the balloon honeymoon may be unable to banish them. The most joyous of human festivals has also a sacredness and delicate beauty with which these coarse attempts at humor are utterly inharmonious.

Miscellaneous

L. E. B., Orlando, Okla. See Answ to A. L. M., Columbus, Ia.

E. S. T. Write to Miss Ellen Ston 157 Chestnut Street, Chelsea, Mass for the information you desire.

South Dakotan. Morally, the insu ance agent ought to pay. Legall his liability would depend upon t verdict of a jury.

D. M. S., Guymon, Okla. If a Chri tian desires a thing earnestly, and it is a thing proper to be desired, h will keep on praying. There is no si in importunate prayer.

A. L. M., Columbus, Ia. 1. As b tween an open and avowed sinner an a hypocrite, there is more hope of th former. 2. Socialists are for th peaceful readjustment of the social state throug education, agitation and the ballot. Anarchist and Nihilists are enemies of the law and autho ity, and believe the readjustment of society ca only be accomplished through violence.

Subscriber, Garden City, Kan. Write to th Episcopal Church Board, 289 Fourth Avenue, fo names of missionaries now in China. The firs Protestant missionary to China was Robert Mor rison, sent by the London Society.

S. C., Long Beach, Calif. It is the duty of al believers to pray for and look for the speedy coming of Christ, but of the day and hour w are clearly told "no man knoweth." (Matt. 24:36. All opinions or conjectures, therefore, are specu lative. The spiritual attitude is the only thing of real importance.

Rev. W. S. Sage, North River, O. You ask where you "can get a work on astronomy, simple and inexpensive, which will give the genera reader an idea of the magnitude and grandeur o the heavens." Dr. Samuel Phelps Leland has written a charming book entitled *World Making* which should be most generally read. It is in the simple language of every-day life, and con tains in one continuous story the magnificent science and philosophy of the skies. It may be obtained of the author at Seebreeze, Florida, for seventy-five cents, postpaid.

ON THE PERUVIAN PAMPAS

Colporteurs Selling Bibles in the Market-Place

An Iquique Colporteur

The Valley and the Desert, Peru

By A. R. STARK, Callao, Peru

THE traveler along the Pacific Slope finds great stretches of the coast of Chile and Peru which are vast deserts, where no rain has fallen in ie memory of man. After crossing, on mule back, agues of parched ground the eye is refreshed by ie beautiful valleys of green sugar-cane or cereals, own entirely by means of irrigation from the ver and streams which rise up in the eternal snows the high Andes. Where the land has been flooded the river the Peruvian farmer goes forth to sow the face of the muddy earth; the seeds take root, nd by and by a rich harvest is reaped.

During the last few years, a great deal of plowg and sowing has been in progress in Iquique and ntofagasta by Christian Bible men. Iquique is ie principal nitrate port in the world. Antofaasta is another important nitrate port and the open oor to Bolivia on the elevations of the Andes.

Where is Iquique? was the question asked of hool boys not very long ago by a leading London aper. There it lies on the coast of Chile half buried t the foot of the sand hills on a rocky ledge, jutting ut into the sea. From one year's end to the other o rain falls on its parched soil and there is no river ear. Yet here is a flourishing seaport with some 0,000 inhabitants. Its bay is a forest of masts of hips from all parts of the world, but were it not or nitrate there would be no Iquique. To supply s inhabitants with pure, fresh water a line of pipes, orty miles long, has been laid across the nitrate ampa. For many years the Methodist Episcopal ociety has carried on a flourishing college for naive boys and girls and has a very successful mision among the Spanish speaking peoples. Dr. Iover, the late Mr. Harrington and others have abored here with signal blessing from God. The work has not been confined to Iquique itself, but has spread across the deserts from *oficina* to *oficina* this is the name given to the factories for the elabrating of nitrate).

Through the generosity of the manager of the itrate railways, our colporteur carries his Gospel eed-bag across this unpromising desert region from ear to year without cost to the Bible Society. This s a handsome gift to Protestant missions. If you want to accompany him across the so-called nitrate ields, put on your dust cloak and protect your eyes with a pair of goggles against the sand storms that low there.

The nitrate is found back of a low range of mountains rising abruptly from the sea coast. To reach his district we take the train at Iquique and slowly climb the range which rises behind the town over rocks and sand, turning curves and twisting through cuttings until we arrive at the summit of this coast range about 2,000 feet high. As we look back we catch a glimpse of the blue Pacific, while far below us lies Iquique like a German toy-shop painted in a variety of colors. Before us lie vast stretches of desert, the famous nitrate pampa, dotted with factories and small railways. Away towards the east looms a beautiful picture of ranges of mountains, rising into the heavens. It is the Andes of Bolivia with here and there a beautiful snow peak rising far above the fleecy clouds. Droves of mules and donkeys raising clouds of dust are seen, and the wild cry of the *arriero* (driver) is heard as he urges his animals forward with voice and blow across this dreary desert. *"Hacho mula!" "Vaya mula!" "Caramba mula!"* are a few of the numerous exclamations and epithets of these pampa drivers. The desert itself is strewn with the bones of animals that have succumbed for the want of food and water.

There are about ninety *oficinas* or factories scattered across the Tarapaca desert, for the extraction of nitrate of soda from the *caliche*. The raw material, called *caliche*, is found under a layer of sand, blasted or dug out of the earth. It is then transported to the factories, where it is boiled down and crystallized. Around the central residence of the administrator is grouped the factory with its plant of steam boilers and elevated boiling-tanks for dissolving the *caliche* and extracting the nitrate from the sand and dirt. Thence the nitrate is transported to the ports at the coast and shipped to all parts of the world, for nitrate is a universal fertilizer for the earth. Over 25,000 people are employed on the Tarapaca nitrate fields.

Stretching away from the machinery and central residences are the workmen's houses, stores, saloons for drinking and gambling, and probably a small school. It would be difficult to find worse houses anywhere in the world than some of these workmen's houses of the pampa. Fortunately, the climate, at an elevation of 2,000 to 4,000 feet, is very healthy. As nothing whatever grows in the neighborhood, all supplies are imported. Flour and tinned goods come from San Francisco. Fruits and vegetables are brought by steamers from Peru, Ecuador and Southern Chile. Cattle are driven across the elevations from the Argentine. Coal is brought from Australia.

On these dreary nitrate fields there is ample room for the colporteur's ministry. In the evening a good congregation can be gathered, and the good news of God's love and salvation can be poured into the ears of the listeners, and the people lifted from the dreary monotony of the pampa life to Him who has the words of eternal life. How well the colporteur in this region handles his books will be seen from his monthly reports. Last year he sold 787 Bibles, 903 Testaments and 3,400 portions of the Gospel and Psalters.

This work is carried on among all classes, Chilians, Italians, Turks, Chinamen, etc. Here, it may be, is a blatant infidel ridiculing the Christian faith by oaths and curses, and striking terror into the heart of the colporteur. There, it may be, a group of mechanics away on a debauch, who are more pleased with the taste of liquor than a taste for pure literature. Here, a house of evil-doers wedded to their sin. Anon, it may be a Christian family, which has migrated from Iquique to the pampa in search of work. Such welcome the kindly visit of the man with the Book.

For nearly two years Ramon Villafuerte, a Bible colporteur, who speaks Spanish and Quechua, has been at work over this extensive region, assisted this year by others whom he himself has influenced. They visit the market place, the wharves, the *plaza*, and have permission to sell on the railway platform. One morning on that station platform I saw them clear out their whole stock of books among the passengers who were going far into the interior. One indignant passenger, as he saw people purchasing Bibles, exclaimed: *"Qué plaga de Biblias en Antofagasta!"* We rejoiced indeed that there should be a plague of Bibles in this needy district.

Some time ago, you kindly inserted a plea for Sunday School lesson picture rolls, and there were several kind responses. The picture rolls were of the greatest service in the hands of the colporteurs. I could use to splendid advantage a fresh supply. I am sure many a soul has been arrested by the message of salvation through those rolls, and blessing has been the result.

I leave soon for an extended journey of some 4,000 miles by land and sea in the interest of God's work in South America. May I ask for the prayers of your readers on my own behalf and for the family I leave behind? A. R. STARK.

Bible Society, Callao, Peru.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

L. M. H. "Many times has God answered my prayer."

Reader, California. "I wish to tell others of God's goodness to me."

A. L. C., Illinois. "I wish to add my name to your answered prayer list."

S. E. R., Pennsylvania. "I desire to acknowledge also an answered prayer. I was sick and in trouble and the Lord heard me."

Reader, Mississippi. "I want to say that God does answer prayer. He never forgets his children."

A. R. J., Virginia. "I gratefully acknowledge the kindness of God in restoring a dear friend to me in answer to prayer."

Reader, Michigan. "God answered my prayers for a safe journey home with my invalid husband, who seemed very near to death's door. He is now at home and gaining."

Mrs. S. R., Illinois. "I was in great trouble and took it to the Lord in prayer, and my prayer was answered."

Mrs. D. L., Pennsylvania. "I want to add my testimony to answered prayer. I believe in asking for blessings."

M. A. R., California. "I want to testify that God has answered prayer in my partial recovery from a severe illness."

Reader, Pennsylvania. "I wish to publicly acknowledge that God answered a special prayer for temporal assistance."

J. S., Oregon. "I can truthfully say that my faith is still in the Lord. I believe I have learned to trust him for everything."

Mrs. E. B., Ohio. "I long to tell the world how gloriously God answers prayer. He has answered mine in restoring to us our son."

J. M., Nebraska. "The Lord has heard my cry and helped me and healed me."

Mrs. D. M. M., Maryland. "I wish to acknowledge God's goodness in answering prayer."

Mrs. W. C. B., Pennsylvania. "God is merciful and does answer the prayers of those that trust in him."

E. P., Oklahoma. "I want to add a word to the answered prayer column. I know our Saviour hears and answers prayers."

A Reader, Vermont. "I am very much interested in reading the answered prayer column and wish to acknowledge some answers which I have received."

Mrs. R., Virginia. "Last winter when everything we possessed was in danger we called earnestly on the Lord for help, and he heard us and smoothed the way."

G., West Virginia. "I have received many blessings in direct answer to prayer."

Constant Reader. "I sincerely believe all prayers asked in faith and that are for our good are granted us."

Mrs. A. G. H., Iowa. "God has many times answered my prayers and these last months has especially helped me both mentally and bodily."

H. R. E., Kansas. "I believe in answer to prayer. I have evidence which the most skeptical cannot deny."

Mrs. M., Virginia. "I was in great trouble and prayed as earnestly to my Lord as I knew how, and promised him if he would answer me I would acknowledge it publicly. He did answer."

A Reader, Philadelphia. "I want to acknowledge God's goodness to me in answering prayer."

"YOUNG MAN, KEEP YOUR RECORD"

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

THIS is the proper time to review the life of Saul and Jonathan, and Israel's first experiment in king making, under such themes as the following: 1. God is our rightful king. 2. A godly young man who makes a good start, may be switched off by some little sin and make a bad end. 3. Envy and jealousy lead to meanness and murder. 4. So good a man as Jonathan, if he does not break altogether with bad companions, even in his own household, will come to grief. 5. When God is lost out of the life, the end must be defeat and hopeless death. 6. God's punishments in the past show the fallacy of the argument that he can not punish in the future world.

1. God our rightful king. When Garibaldi had delivered Italy from its oppressors and was standing with his soldiers in the throne room of Francis of Naples, his followers gathered about him and said, "You shall be our king. Viva Garibaldi!" They tried to push and drag him to the throne, but he said, firmly, "Never will I be king. Washington refused a kingdom. He has been my example thus far, and shall be to the end. It is a very foolish thing to undertake to be a king. I will not even be longer general, now that liberty is secured; but, like Washington, I will resign my commission and take no pay." And he borrowed $20 of a friend to pay his way back to his cottage home.

A Disappointing Life

2. A good start, but a bad end—why? Christian young men may well take warning when one who started out with so many good qualities as Saul did, who was modest, brave, spiritual (I. Sam. 9: 1, 2, 5; 10: 7-10, 22; 11: 6), develops so many deadly faults (18: 7-11; 19: 10; 20: 30-33; 22: 9-19), and finally comes to a hopeless death (Matt. 7: 22, 23). It was by little sins, step by step, he fell away (I. Sam. 13: 8-14; cf. 14: 18-20), and chiefly by one act of disobedience, prompted by covetousness (I. Sam. 15: 19-23). He lost heaven by trying to take too many fat cattle in his train. Many a young man is trying to carry too much baggage in his march to heaven, and will have to give up some of his beastly ways and selfish indulgences, or fall out by the way, as did Saul. To change the figure, Saul was like a goodly ship that starts out with all sails set and high hopes of success, which is wrecked at last because the compass is diverted or the chart is neglected.

3. Envy and Jealousy. Once when a candidate for office in ancient Sparta lost an election as one of the three hundred citizens who were to govern, he rejoiced that three hundred better men than he could be found in the city. What a contrast to the jealousy and envy which we see in Saul, as in many others, that never can be at heartease when they see others honored as much or more than themselve...

Recently a Philadelphia daily paper received a letter from a man who has long and vainly hunted clouds under the trees in the parks, supposing that when the rain is "squeezed out" they fall to the ground in a gelatinous state. He desired to know from the omniscient editor of the query column where and how he could get a basketful of old clouds. We can tell him how to find clouds every day, even in the most sunny days. Let him allow envy and jealousy to dwell in his heart, and every man's success and every woman's joy will put a cloud of sticky misery in his soul.

4. Should Jonathan have left Saul? Jonathan's courageous defense of David before his envious father, and his love for David, who was to displace him, were noble qualities.

To young Americans personifying their country as "Brother Jonathan," the term may well recall that prince of Israel who rose above the narrow watchword, "My family, right or wrong," and stood for justice, even to his rival, at the peril of his life. It is such Greathearts that make a country great, rather than high buildings and broad acres. Epictetus said to the Athenians at a time of degeneracy, "You Athenians will confer the greatest benefit on your city, not by raising the roofs of your dwellings, but by exalting the souls of your fellow citizens; for it is better that great souls should live in small habitations than that abject slaves should burrow in great houses."

Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,
  Thick walls or moated gate;
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned;
  Not bays and broad armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
  Not starred and spangled courts.
No! Men—high-minded men;
  Men who their duties know, [tain;
And know their rights, and knowing, dare main-
  Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant, while they rend the chain—
  These constitute a state;
And sovereign law that, with collected will,
  On crowns and globes elate
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.

5. Two kinds of death. During the Civil War, a company of Federal soldiers defending Rodman's Point were overpowered by the Confederates and took possession of a scow in which to cross the Tar River. When loaded it stuck fast in the mud. Exposure was certain death. Several soldiers were about to spring out from the sheltering sides to push it off, when a large negro said, "You keep still, and save your life. I can't fight. I can push off the boat. If they kill me, it is nothing. You are soldiers, and they need you to fight." He leaped overboard, pushing the boat into the stream, and sprang back pierced by seven bullets, a sacrifice to patriotism.

The Defeat and Death of King Saul

A Significant Death

Saul's death was of another type. God had left him, and eternal death had already begun before he turned to the witch as hell's advance agent to help him in his last battle, where in utter defeat he significantly fell on his own sword. The men of Jabesh-Gilead remembered only his good deed to them (I. Sam. 11: 1-11) and rescued his body from his foes. David forgot all Saul's personal attacks and sang of his noble qualities in earlier days.

Let us not forget that death is a terror even to good people, where immortality has not been brought to light by the story and words of Christ. In a Chinese city, a native Christian summoned the missionary at night to see a dying man. He found the sick man surrounded by weeping friends. "Why do you weep?" "We pity him, for he is going out into the dark, and he's so frightened to go." The sick man himself said dying was like going into the night outside. The missionary told him of the light of the world. Between spasms of pain he heard a few words and said, "It's very good, it's joyful to hear, but it's too late. Why didn't you come before?" In another case the Word was not too late. It was a Chinese boy. He said to the missionary who had been sent for, "They whisper to each other that I am dying—going out into the dark, and I am so frightened." The missionary told him day by day of the Good Shepherd and his lambs. Just before he died the boy said to his friends: "I'm not frightened now. The Lord Jesus has come to fetch me. He's going to carry me up into the light—he who blessed little children. That's why I'm not afraid."

O Land! O Land!
For all the broken-hearted
The mildest herald by our fate allotted,
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
Into the land of the great departed,
Into the Silent Land!

This is a fitting place to add to the warning arrows found in the oldest testament and the newest, of na re
and experience, given in the last s-
son, some of the warning arrows at
God lovingly shoots in the Bible ac ss
our sinful path.

What many sentimentally say d
could not do in the future, he has e
in the past in the flood and fire y
which sin was punished in the day of
Noah and Abraham and Moses. W n
Lot told his friends of the hell e
that was awaiting Sodom, his wi d
sons-in-law laughed at the idea. e
was to them "as one that jested." -
haps they said, "Your talk of fir s
all figurative, and besides God is o
good to punish; and at any rate we e
not going to be frightened out f
Sodom." And so they laughed d
perished, as so many of their suc -
sors have and will.

The historical books from Joshua o
Esther shoot again and again th e
two arrows, "They did evil," "T y
had distress," that men might le n
that by the deep laws of the unive e
penalty here and hereafter follo s
transgression.

Never Do Anything You Would Not Be Willing to Die Doing

John B. Gough died with the s
tence at the top of this page on
lips—a warning that fitly closes
story of Saul's wrecked life. But
Gough doubtless meant that you
men should "keep their record clea
from the start, rather than be
wrong and, after years of dissipati
give to God only half or less of the l
that should be wholly devoted to t
glory of God and the good of m
Even repentance does not cut off t
consequences of sin.

Jonathan's early death carries
such regret of self-destruction.
died young but in what he regard
as the path of duty, defending
country against its foes. His fathe
sin in relying on the so-called witch
Endor, as the supposed agent of t
devil, hastened the death of his sc
Jonathan died with a "clean record
and we all expect to meet him as o
of the heroes of heaven. "His love
me was wonderful, passing the lo
of women," said David in his funer
song. Let young men seek to be
"clean," as free from selfishness a
envy, as eager to help others who a
worthy to rise even at their own cos
and the world will be brighter f
their lives, even where such malice
Saul's would otherwise make it a mi
night, and death shall not end the
usefulness but only begin for them
new career of immortal life in heave
and immortal influence for good o
earth.

Called Higher

The wife of the late Rev. B. E. Mayo, of Vi
cennes, Ind., a subscriber to the HERALD, wa
called to her heavenly home May 30, in he
eighty-sixth year. She was a lovely Christia
character.

Mrs. James Goodsell, of New Haven, Conn
recently entered into life eternal at the age o
ninety-one. She was one of the oldest member
of the Grand Avenue Congregational Church an
a subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for man
years.

Mrs. Gertrude Joslin entered into rest at he
home in Jerusalem, N.Y., in her ninety-third year
She was a member of the Reformed Church an
a sincere Christian. Her Bible and THE CHRISTIA
HERALD were great comforts to her in her declinin
years.

Miss B. D. Bryant, of Haverhill, Mass., wa
called higher January 21, 1908. She was interested
in all Christian work and a subscriber to THE
CHRISTIAN HERALD. She was a member of the
Baptist Church and was noted for her Christian
influence.

Mrs. Mary Allen, of Howard, O., has gone
home. Though for many years an invalid, she
was never heard to utter a complaining word,
her room being always one of the sunniest corners
in the home. She was for many years a subscriber
to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mrs. C. J. Miller, who was born in Germany
June 6, 1855, died at her home in Park-
ersburg, at the age of fifty-two years. When
fourteen years old she came to this country and
settled with other relatives at Rochester, N. Y.
In 1874 she joined the German Baptist Church at
Rochester. In 1874 she married Rev. John Miller.
This union was blessed with six daughters and
five sons. She was a faithful wife and a loving
mother. She came to Parkersburg with her hus-
band, the pastor of the German Baptist church.
She was a friend of the Bowery Mission and a
reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

GIPSY SMITH'S LATEST AMERICAN VISIT

EVANGELIST GIPSY SMITH is about to begin a twelve months' spiritual campaign in the United States. He left Liverpool on July 18, intending to remain in Ohio for about five weeks, preaching in different places. After that he expects to begin a evangelistic campaign in Baltimore in September, and to continue it for ten months, closing with a series of meetings in Toronto.

Mr. Smith is well known in both the United States and Canada, as he has visited both countries a number of times. He is one of the three leading evangelists of the National Free Church Council of Great Britain. Tens of thousands of people have professed conversion to Christ in the meetings conducted by him.

The photograph on this page shows Mr. and Mrs. Gipsy Smith on board the *Campania*, at Liverpool, just as Mr. and Mrs. Smith were leaving for their ten months' evangelistic campaign in America. Gipsy Smith, the famous British evangelist, is in the centre of the illustration. Mrs. Gipsy Smith is on his right, and his sister, Mrs. Gipsy Evens, on his left. Beside Mrs. Evens is Mr. G. Evens, Gipsy Smith's brother-in-law. On the left of the illustration is Mr. William Noble, an energetic young Wesleyan local preacher, who lives in Liverpool. For seventeen years Mr. and Mrs. G. Evens have made their home in Liverpool, while conducting missions throughout the British Isles. They are now the principal helpers of Rev. Joseph Jackson, Superintendent of the great Wesleyan Central Mission Hall in Liverpool.

Evangelist Gipsy Smith and Party on the "Campania"

Mrs. Gipsy Evens possesses much of the pathos, power, and tenderness of her famous brother, and for many years she has been engaged in evangelistic work. Mr. Evens is not a gipsy, but a Devonshire Englishman, although his dark hair and features lead many to suppose that he is related to the Romany people.

Work at Northfield

TWO Conferences and two summer schools are in session this month at Northfield, each of which attracts a large number of people. The Student Conference, just closing its session, has been the largest ever held. The Young Women's Conference has delegates from Wellesley, Farmington, Dobbs Ferry, Dana Hall and many churches in the larger cities. A special course is given in Sunday School methods, with a class of children to illustrate upon. At the twenty-sixth session of the General Conference for Christian Workers Charles Mr. Alexander, evangelist, leads the singing. Among the speakers announced are Dr. Hugh Black, Dr. Len G. Broughton, Dr. R. A. Torrey, Dr. A. T. Pierson, Rev. C. A. R. Janvier, Rev. J. D. Adams and Rev. C. C. Creegan, of this country, and Dr. W. L. Watkinson and Rev. J. Stuart Holden, of London, and Rev. J. A. Hutton and Rev. W. B. Macleod, of Scotland. Dr. G. Campbell Morgan, of London, will speak during the Post Conference.

OUR GOVERNMENT'S AIRSHIP TESTS

REALIZING the growing importance of aeronautics, the United States government has decided to give every assistance to the development of the science of aerial navigation. The Aeronautical Board of the Army has lately been taking an active interest in experiments with the dirigible balloon constructed by Captain Baldwin, and which, if certain requirements are satisfactorily fulfilled, will probably be accepted by the Department.

The Baldwin balloon looks not unlike the famous Zeppelin balloon which has done such remarkably successful work in Switzerland; yet its construction differs in many important details. It has a four-cylinder 25-horse power motor. More than eighteen miles an hour were made in a recent trial with the propeller making 400 revolutions a minute. The propeller is believed to be capable of making 550 revolutions and should develop a speed of twenty-two miles an hour. Captain Baldwin will receive $6,750 for his airship if twenty miles an hour is made in the official speed trial. Fifteen per cent. over and above the contract price will be paid by the government for each additional mile over twenty an hour made by Captain Baldwin, up to 24 miles.

Photo by Pictorial News

The Baldwin Balloon Beginning a Trial Flight

Disaster marked the first official flight of the dirigible at Fort Myer. Observers saw the airship rise and fall, dipping its nose so deeply that it almost stood on end. A wire leading to a cylinder had broken, and had to be repaired in mid-air. Then another wire became misplaced. When a mile and a quarter from the starting point, the propeller dropped and the airship settled slowly toward the ground, on a farm. The cause of this unfortunate climax was a broken connection of the secondary wire leading to the timer. After repairing the airship, Mr. Baldwin sailed her back to the starting point, and succeeded in making a mile and a quarter in five minutes, or at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. The official Aeronautical Board consists of Major Squier, Captain Wallace, Lieutenant Lahm and Lieutenant Creecy, of the Marine Corps.

MISCELLANEOUS GOOD CAUSES HELPED BY CHRISTIAN HERALD READERS

American Tract Society

Mrs H A Camp.... 5 00

American Bible Soc.

Mrs H A Camp... 5 00
Stonega Ch, Bristol, Tenn 1 50
—, Portland, Oreg 50 00

Armenia

F W Paine..... 10

Rev. R. M. Cole

Nora B Lockwood. 5 00

Lucius B. Compton

—, Portland, Oreg 35 00

People's Settlement, Wilmington, Del.

Rev P L Miller & Wife 1 00

Blind Babies' Home

P N Kraybill..... 2 00
Au Sable Chasm S Sch 3 00

For Miss Billings

A Grafke 2 00
Chatharina Breheisen 5 00
Blanche K Baer... 1 00

Daisy Fields' Home for Crippled Children

Au Sable Chasm S Sch 4 00

Foreign Missions

Chas C Bernard... 2 50
Joseph Bignall ...10 00
—, —, — 120 00
—, Bainbridge, Pa 1 00

For Amelia J. Pykett

Mrs E C Osborn.. 5 00

For Miss Anderson

Young People's Chr Union, St Clairsville, Ohio 30 00

For Rev. A. P. Camphor

Mrs H A Camp... 5 00

China Presby. Mission

H Farnsworth..... 1 00

For Dr. H. N. Kinnear

Miss E A Howe... 2 00

Rev.Z.Beal's House-Boat

—, —, — 100 00

Bella Cooke

I H N, Newark, N J 5 00

South America

Unnamed, Monroe, La 2 50

For West Indies

Unnamed, Monroe, La 2 50

Any Good Cause

Agnes A Bonney.. 50
Mrs E J Thygesen. 1 00
Mrs W A Austin.. 5 00
C E Skinner..... 1 00
Mrs Hattie Butler. 50
A Friend, W Tisbury, Mass 2 00
Mrs G W Dodge... 1 00
Mrs B L, Plainfield, N J 1 00
J A Clippinger ... 75

Dr. Grenfell, Labrador

Miss M J Hervey.. 1 00

Home Missions

A Friend, Oak Hill, Ohio 15 00
Chas C Bernard... 2 50
Joseph Bignall ...10 00

Okayama Orphanage

Miss L R Bell ... 5 00
Primary Dept 2nd Congl Ch S Sch, Waterbury, Conn.20 00
Geo Feaver.....20 00
C F Schmidt.....20 00

Invalid Children's Home

P N Kraybill 2 00
Au Sable Chasm S Sch 3 90

Lepers in India

Mr Bailey

Mary E Hurd..... 1 00

Leper Colony

Sarah M Hummings 1 00

Christian Mission to Jews

George Holmes ... 9 00
Willsham, Charlestown, Mass 1 00

Mayesville Institute

Mrs J A Stewart.. 1 00
David W Cowdrey. 3 00

Missionary Substitute

—, Newton, N J.60 00
P C McKillop & Family 75 00
Meah Bithiah Bible Club, Portland, Oreg 25 00
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Mr H B Zimmerman 15 00
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Mrs E C, Boone, Iowa 1 00

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P N Kraybill..... 1 00

Prison Gate Mission

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Prohibition in Oklahoma

N L VanVoorst... 1 00

Christian Mission to Jews

George Holmes ... 9 00
Willsham, Charlestown, Mass 1 00

Relief Work Among Poor

Mrs Farrand 2 00

Dr. Mary Stone

Miss B G Campbell 2 00

Soc. of Soul-Winners

—, Portland, Oreg.15 00

Salvation Army

—, Tamaqua, Pa. 50
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David W Cowdrey. 3 00

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—, North Woburn, Mass 25 00

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Clyde Salisbury .. 2 00
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Helen de Clercq ..10 00
Sylvan S Sch, Sylvan, Wis 3 50
I H N, —, Can.. 5 00
Lula Payne 1 00
Mrs N P Watson..10 00
D K Hyott 5 00
A Friend, Vinegrove, Pa..... 5 25
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Rev P L Miller.... 1 50
Mrs Chas Metzgar. 1 00
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Union Chapel S Sch, Knoxville, Tenn. 5 00
Mrs S E S, Muncy, Pa 2 00
Alexander Forbes.. 5 00
—, Chesaning, Mich 5 00
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J S Korista.....10 00
David Rodger 3 00
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H R Binkey..... 3 00
L E S, Indianapolis, Ind 1 00
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G W Barricklow . 50
Chas C Bernard.. 5 00
—, New Brighton, S I, N Y 25
W R Stevens..... 6 90
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—, Osceola, Okla. 5 00
Margaret Singleton. 7 00
Miss M E Peebles. 2 00
Anonymous, Newark Valley, N Y 1 00
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S E Kearn..... 3 00
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Susie Chappell ... 1 00
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C Dorcas 50
Mrs Belle Dorcas.. 50
Addie Yule 50
Paul Craig 50
Pauline Craig 50
Ray E Dorney 1 00
W C T U, Leadville, Colo 10 00
Mrs Mary J Smith. 1 12
A Friend, Jersey City, N J..... 5 00
Two Friends, Calais, Me 5 00
—, Lyons, N Y.. 7 00
—, New Brighton, N Y 25
F L, Gravesend, N Y 33 00
B H Ralph..... 2 00
Mrs S L Hendrick. 1 00
Friendship Ch Jr C E Soc, Centralia, Mo 2 15
—, Blenheim, Va. 1 00
Rosie Ramenstein. 2 00
James Baynes 1 50
A B C, New Haven, Conn 2 00
R Kirkham.....10 04
—, New Haven, Conn 5 00
—, New Brighton N Y..... 25
W R Stevens..... 6 90
Mrs Theo Ivens... 2 00
Mrs M A Madison. 3 00
C D Connell ... 1 00
—, Plainville Conn 3 00
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W H Wheeler..... 5 00
T W Paine 10
N Manchester,In Ldge 1 50

For Rev. J. J. Lucas

Presby Ladies' Bible Class, Danville, Ill 5 00

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Sarah A Hommes.. 2 00
A D Ransom ... 1 00
Mrs Rosa C Benham 5 00
C W Belknap 2 00
A Friend, Valley, Okla 2 00
Mrs William Cisna 1 00
A Friend, Lilly Chapel, Ohio ... 1 00
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O R Foster 2 00
Mrs Neil McClellan 3 00
Mrs F M Lents... 1 00
Lydia E Sollock... 50
Mrs J Herrington. 1 00
Mr & Mrs O O James 10 00
Mrs S L Hendrick.. 2 00
—, —, — 109 08
Mrs Maria T Jones 2 00
C D Connell ... 1 00
Mrs A M Durham. 10
David W Cowdrey 3 00

AN UNCOMMON LIFE

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

NEARLY six years have passed since Alice Freeman Palmer, known and loved by thousands of American women, passed away from earth. Her death at forty-seven seemed at first an irreparable loss to her friends and the public. Few women have more deeply impressed themselves upon the life of the times than she, and few have had so great a genius for seeing the opportunity and filling the occasion. At twenty-six Alice Freeman became President of Wellesley, where she had previously taught. The stamp of her rich personality was impressed on the institution, and her influence there is vitally felt to this day. In December, 1887, two days before Christmas, she was married to Professor Palmer of Harvard University, to whom she had been for some months engaged. Her husband in writing her memoir has paid a deserved tribute to her as woman, educator, comrade, friend and perfect wife. The charming book issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Company with the title *Alice Freeman Palmer*, has reached its fifth edition, and it is not too much to say of it that no biography recently published has so direct a message and so exquisite a meaning as this to the American home. I wish it might be read by all our girls whether they are college students, young women in business, or daughters at home.

Alice Freeman was born at Colesville, N. Y., in 1855. Her childhood was spent in a quiet country home. Her husband says, "The influences which chiefly shaped her childhood were her country life, her narrow means, and her father's change of occupation."

All through her life she regarded it as a great privilege to have been country-bred, and she pitied children brought up amid the turmoil of cities. When busy and weary she would always return to the country to be made over, and nothing rested her like tarrying for a while in the solitude of the woods where the little folk, birds, rabbits and squirrels, were her fearless intimates. On both sides her ancestry was of the best. They are thus described: "Few of her ancestors figured in the newspapers, or had any considerable share of wealth or learning. They were of that sturdy stock which has been the glory of America—men and women who in quiet homes pride themselves on duty and intelligence, who think about each day's work and carefully accomplish it; people on whom neighbors can rely, and who are willing to be overlooked in the public interest." When Alice was seven years old an idea that had long possessed her father's mind grew into an importunate desire. He wished to study medicine and practise it, and Alice's mother undertook the care and support of her family of four children during the two years of his absence at the Albany Medical School. These years taught the child a lesson which she never forgot, the lesson that for the sake of an ideal sacrifice and self-denial may be joyfully borne. A year or two before her death she said to me: "I was the daughter of a country doctor, and I owe much of the success of my life, much of its gladness and wideness, to the long drives I used to take when, a little girl, I sat by my father as he made his long rounds to visit his patients."

. . .

I pass over the intervening years of girlhood and training, simply remarking that Alice Freeman was a graduate of Ann Arbor University, which she entered in 1872. President Angell of that university was impressed with the quick intelligence, earnest nature and bright helpfulness of the young girl, who at seventeen, having had only the advantages of a village academy, was not thoroughly prepared for work in the university. Her diligence and enthusiasm soon enabled her to catch and keep the pace of her classmates. It is of her career as a distinguished teacher, organizer and college president that I especially wish to write, a career brilliant and impressive beyond most, and almost unique of its kind. She individualized her students, knowing their weak points, strengthening them where they needed assistance and giving each something of her radiant self. A young girl coming from home for her freshman year at college, shy, awkward and homesick, received a warm greeting from the president at once, and felt herself taken under her brooding sisterly wing. If it happened, as it does in every large institution, that a student came who did not fit in, who was lawless and required taming, or unpopular and in need of friendship, Miss Freeman's gentle tact, inflexible will and marvelous art in inducing others to work with her, brought that girl into touch with the rest.

. . .

A suggestive anecdote is given illustrating her attitude as to possible slights. So many girls and women suffer from over-sensitiveness or morbid vanity that there is a hint in the incident that may benefit many a diffident or easily irritated reader. "There came to Wellesley for a period of special study a woman who had already spent several years in teaching. She was nervous, vain, and touchy, easily finding in whatever was said or looked some covert disparagement of herself. As she was complaining one day of some recent rudeness, Miss Freeman said: 'Why not be superior to these things and let them go unregarded? You will soon find you have nothing to regard.' 'Miss Freeman,' retorted Miss S., 'I wonder how you would like to be insulted.' Miss Freeman drew herself up with splendid dignity: 'Miss S., there is no one living who could insult me.' And she was right. Nobody would have

The Late Alice Freeman Palmer

dared to do so. But had they attempted it, they would have found her altogether beyond their reach."

In common with the great teachers who went before her, Mary Lyon, Emma Willard and others who were pioneers, Alice Freeman possessed a rare insight into girlish character. She seemed by intuition to know a girl's good points, and she held each up to the best level of which she was capable. She would say to a girl: "Of course you couldn't do anything in this matter that is untrue or unladylike. That would be quite out of keeping with you.' And the wavering girl was promptly strengthened in her determination to do the right thing at any cost." She used the same method in stimulating students to do their very best intellectually. If a girl received an alluring invitation to go somewhere a little before the end of a term, thus involving a break in her term work, Miss Freeman did not refuse her consent, nor show reluctance to give permission for the little outing. She would put before the girl, half casually, the reasons why it would be better in the end for her to place her college work first and her pleasure second, and the student would go away feeling persuaded that she had withdrawn her request of her own accord.

. . .

Miss Freeman's marriage to Professor Palmer withdrew her from the ranks only in part. She ceased to be connected with Wellesley, but her interest in the large educational work in the country continued. She entered at this time on a new period of personal service, and in writing and public speaking she reached audiences larger than those she had met in the college chapel. As a public speaker she was vivid, magnetic and eloquent. Her voice possessed rich cadences and penetrated with ease to the remotest corner of a large auditorium. A winning dignity was her unconscious charm. The platform lost one of its principal ornaments when Mrs. Palmer was called hence. Perhaps I can best give a glimpse of her home side by quoting in part a letter sent to a friend who was bringing to her a house party of girls. "We shall expect you on Saturday afternoon. Dear me! I wish the house were not so little. Two rooms are hardly large enough for seven Wellesley girls. But my heart is large enough, and I want them all for Sunday. That will give me time at least for seven good talks. And what a glorious set of girls it is, as you name them over, every one of them! This week the cook has been on a vacation, though she will be here when you arrive. But you should have tasted the nice things I have cooked. G. says my bread is the very best he has ever eaten, and my currant jelly and preserves are beautiful to behold. How you will enjoy the fragrant haying and the cardinal flowers in the Run!"

As hostess and housekeeper Mrs. Palmer was the peer of her most shining contemporaries. Her versatility is again shown in the following exquisite poem:

THE TEMPEST

He shall give his angels charge
  Over thee in all thy ways.
Though the thunders roam at large,
  Though the lightning round me plays,
Like a child I lay my head
In sweet sleep upon my bed.

Though the terror come so close,
  It shall have no power to smite;
It shall deepen my repose,
  Turn the darkness into light.
Touch of angels' hands is sweet;
Not a stone shall hurt my feet.

All thy waves and billows go
  Over me to press me down,
Into arms so strong, I know
  They will never let me drown.
Ah, my God, how good thy will!
I will nestle and be still.

The last books that interested Mrs. Palmer were read to her by her husband. They were *Jesus' Way* by President Hyde of Bowdoin College, and Quiller-Couch's *Oxford Book of Poetry*. She was then ill and after several consultations eminent surgeons declared that her only chance for recovery lay in a critical operation. They did not conceal from husband and wife the fact that it might be fatal. With the utmost courage and confidence Mrs. Palmer quickly made every preparation that was needful. She gave her husband directions with regard to the notification of those for whom she had promised to speak in the ensuing winter. She sent messages to personal friends and relatives, and talked with him about what might be his lonely future. She lived long enough after the operation to talk with him again with the old sweetness, although painfully weak, but it was God's way to take her to himself. She made a brave fight and would have lived if she could, but Professor Palmer tersely says that it was in keeping with her character that she made at last a brief business of dying. Such women as she do not die. She lives in her work, in the character and influence of her Wellesley students, repeated indefinitely in lives and homes and work around the globe, and she lives, too, in this remarkable biography, which must take its place on the shelves with permanent literature.

Always Better than Advertised

The *Bible Dictionary* came duly to hand and am more than pleased. I have several of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD premiums and have always found them better than expected. I am especially proud of this one and will certainly show it to my friends.

North Kingsville, O. VERNE L. BURR.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES

Our Charge*

'HE character of Timothy is made most winning in Paul's epistles to im. He was the child and the grand-ild of godly women, and from a babe e had known the sacred writings. He as modest—so modest that he had to e urged to greater self-confidence. He as young. One might almost imagine at the famous picture of Christ in ie temple would look also something ke Timothy. "My child," Paul re-eatedly calls him. Like Samuel, he is lovely and beloved, eloquent and oble child of the Spirit. The great harge given to him should especially ppeal to the young everywhere.

Timothy has grown to manhood, but e is still "a child of God," pure, high-inded, devoted. The love borne him y the older and greater apostle is as oyal and unselfish as that of David for onathan.

"I long to see thee . . . that I may e filled with joy." "Come shortly unto ie." "Come before winter." "My be-oved child . . . how increasing is ıy remembrance of thee!" Was ever ove more beautifully and sincerely ex-ressed?

Out of such warm and fatherly af-ection, it is natural that the most pontaneous and eloquent yearnings ıould arise. This is the reason why, ı all Paul's epistles, there occurs no ıore passionate word than in these wo to Timothy. There is scarcely a entence which is not freighted with depth of emotion and tenderness ıch as men feel only in their pro-oundest moments.

We thrill as we read them, and as aul agonized for the purity and wis-om and success of this gifted young isciple, so we are inspired to agonize or equal blessings for ourselves and ur loved ones.

"Be diligent." "Give thyself wholly." Take heed." "Continue."

These exhortations are fraught with ery anguish. Paul knew full well the slippery paths of youth." He ealized the temptations which lay in ait for this beautiful and highly en-owed youth. "Be thou an ensample . . in word, in manner of life, in ove, in faith, in purity," and "fight the ood fight," "guard that which is com-ıitted unto thee," "be instant in sea-on, out of season."

Thus came the war-summons to imothy, and not less strenuously it ounds in the ears of the youth of to-ay. He fights the same fiends that imothy fought, and his strength must ome from the same source. Human ature is the same to-day as in Paul's ime, but God, thanks be to his name, s the same also, and an ever-present ielp.

Our charge is to this hard duty of labor and striving," the setting of a rave, clean example, the necessity to rogress in the Christian life, that "it nay be manifest to all."

Otherwise, we shall not be ready when the Son of Man calleth. Watch—e at the post of duty—for ye know ıot on what day your Lord cometh.

It is said that at the battle of Pres-onpans, the chief of the clan Mc-Gregor fell, covered with wounds. His nen wavered. Their leader was help-ess, and they were about to retreat, when the old man raised himself upon ıis elbow, while the blood gushed from ıis wounds, and said, "I am not dead, ny children. I am looking to see you lo your duty."

Instantly they formed anew and re-urned to the charge.

We, too, are under the eye of our eader. He is following our efforts, with even more of love and desire for our success than Paul felt for Tim-othy, but it is his will, mysterious though it seems, that we should work out our own salvation.

Thus comes this strong message to every one who would wish to be found ready at his Lord's appearing.

*Topic of the Epworth League for Sunday, September 6. Text: I. Tim. 4: 6-16. Matt. 24: 45-51.

Living With God*

OCCASIONALLY one meets a saintly man or woman, whose face and bearing proclaim an inner life which is not of this world. Such an one is calm under adversity, steadfast to duty, not easily provoked, thinketh no evil. You see him always in his place and at the right time in the church, in the prayer-meeting, at his shop or office; and ever upon his face is the unmistakable seal of what some one has called "other-worldliness."

Looking upon him you have said, "Oh, if I could but so control myself! If I could but bear the slights and blows of life without the irritation that comes to me! If I could but wear upon my face that beautiful peace!"

And yet over and over again in the Scriptures, both the old and the new, occurs the promise that we may find God anywhere at any time—that we are in his presence constantly—and that if we will but let him abide in us, perfect peace will be given unto us.

This great truth belongs to the old, first preaching. Even in the time of Paul, already he seems to be sure that there are at least seven men, "of good report, full of the Spirit," who could be appointed to "serve tables." Yet some of the newer sects are advancing this thought as though it were but just discovered. Shame upon us Christians, that we have not better shown forth our Lord! His Spirit abiding in us, should set its gentle mark upon our faces, and should ennoble every act—and yet there are many who affirm that another revelation was necessary before this peace and joy could be given us.

As a seed in the soil, so upon our conversion is the Spirit within us. As the tree bursts from the seed, so the Spirit groweth in the soul. "If it is not growing," says Kingsley, "it is dying; if it is not getting better, it is getting worse. As the tree dies unless it grows, so our souls must die unless they grow. Consider that!"

Spurgeon compares this spiritual growth to flying. The soul can at first take but short flights, but as its wings strengthen, it "rises above the world, and leaves behind its cares and its wants, with the wings of faith and love."

This, Spurgeon calls "a miracle," yet it is one which every Christian should experience. It is promised to him. He should insist upon it, in prayer which will not let God go, until he gives the blessing.

It was observed that an infidel mill-owner, who ran his mill on Sundays as well as week-days, stopped it for a while during every Sunday morning, and again Sunday noon. Some one asked why he did this. "Oh," he replied, "it is because I know Deacon B. will pass at a certain time on his way to church, and again on his way back. I don't mind the rest of you, who don't half live what you profess, but I do mind him, and it makes me feel bad here"—putting his hand upon his heart—"to run my mill while he is passing."

It is a part of the religion of the theosophists and certain other Oriental sects, that the spirit within him forms a visible aura around each individual. The experience of the mill-owner and the good deacon indicates that the spirit of every Christian is far more discernible to others than we sometimes think. "The mind of the spirit is life and peace," says the great apostle, and "life and peace" will show in the countenance and cannot be hid.

It is notable that Paul dwells, in his great enumeration of spiritual gifts (I. Cor. 8-12), upon the fact that men, even Christians, are diversely endowed. Some—not all—can work miracles. Some—not all—have "gifts of healing." But all have the same spirit, and may dwell daily in "the secret place of the Most High."

*Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, September 6. Text: Ps. 91 (Consecration meeting.)

Saul and Jonathan Slain

By Mrs. M. Baxter

SAUL'S career became more and more sad. After the Lord departed from him, the rejected king made the most desperate attempt to recover his popularity and his influence over his people, but in his disobedience he had brought upon him the curse of the broken law. There was a blight upon Saul's whole life; it was an endless strife against God, and all things seemed to be against him. He sought of the witch of Endor light upon the future; but it brought no hope to the miserable man.

Saul was leading a life independent of God. Could not Saul have been restored? Surely yes. "If the wicked will turn from all his sins that he hath committed, and keep all my statutes, and do that which is lawful and right, he shall surely live." But Saul did not turn; his was one career of self-seeking, self-love, self-pity, self-help, and, finally, self-destruction.

While we are on earth, in our short life of preparation for heaven, God bears with much that opposes him for the sake of the discipline it is to his children; but when once it has done its work, it is removed, and the scene of trial changes—other lessons have to be learned. In future, David's trials were to come more from within than from without.

The trials of God's children narrow more and more, and intensify more and more; the conflict with the world is a very outside one, and, with really devoted souls, a very short one. Then comes the conflict with the flesh, the "I" and the "me," the likes and dislikes, the tastes, choices, and reasonings, until the will, reason, and the affections are all, one after another, brought into obedience to Christ. Then another conflict begins, and the battle-ground is the "heavenly places" where the evil one brings up his hosts of principalities and powers.

The Philistines fought against Israel, and now Israel fled, "and fell down slain in Mount Gilboa." The chief prize which the Philistines sought was the family of Saul. The beloved, the brave, the faithful Jonathan was their first victim; then Abinadab and Melchi-shua, two other sons of Saul, were slain; last of all, Saul himself was wounded. Oh, the despair which must have seized this man—once, in a certain measure, acquainted with God, once having known what it was to have the Spirit of God, and now, in his most critical moment, to have to face a lost eternity alone! He called to his armor-bearer to complete the work of death, and slay him, but his armor-bearer was afraid. "Therefore Saul took a sword and fell upon it."

Later, a man made his appearance before David, with every sign of the deepest mourning, to announce the death of Saul. David was anxious to hear tidings of the battle, but the news was sad—many of the people had fled, many were fallen, and Jonathan and King Saul among the number. David "took hold on his clothes, and rent them," and showed every sign of grief.

Meanwhile, the Philistines, with barbarous animosity, had decapitated Saul, and fastened his body and his sons' bodies to the wall of Bethshan, which literally signifies "the house of rest." There is no rest while self lives, and the death place of self is the place of rest in the Lord. The men of Jabesh Gilead came with valiant men and rescued their bones, and buried them.

A Happy Anniversary

IT IS ALWAYS refreshing to find a couple who for sixty years has shared life's shifting scenes, daily realizing true happiness in a "love stronger than death." Such a couple is William E. Gillette and his good wife of Colchester, Conn. They have long been subscribers to The Christian Herald. A large number of friends brought greetings and gifts, including gold pieces and checks, to the golden wedding. Five States were represented. Mr. Gillette is eighty-five and his wife seventy-nine years old.

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A Church of the Rich*

"LET us hear what the pastor himself has to say," suggested Hocking.

"I've very little to say," replied Gaunt, "and I'm not sure that I can say it without giving offense. What has impressed me most to-night is that you all seem to accept defeat as if it were irreparable. I have listened in vain for the note of courage. I may as well let you know at once that I am not of that spirit. I am going on. It's not a time for economy, but generosity. Wise generals don't reduce their forces in the face of the enemy. No doubt we have lost some of our best members. We all know why. They have migrated to the suburbs. But there are more people living at the very doors of the church than there were seven years ago when I commenced my ministry. I propose to get those people."

"We don't want them," interrupted an old deacon named Small. "They are not our kind of folk. They wouldn't mix."

"They are people, at all events," said Gaunt, with a grave smile. "It may be a misfortune that the church is situated among them, but since it is, the church ought to exist for them more than for anybody else."

"That's very well in sentiment, no doubt," retorted the old deacon. "But it won't work. This has always been a church of the rich, and if it changes its character there are many of us that won't wish to stay in it."

Gaunt had it on his tongue to say, "Then let the rich support it," but he was restrained by the recollection of his own attitude of mind in previous years. How often had he been pleased to hear the church described as a church of the rich! He had boasted of it, not in a vain or sordid way it is true; but he had boasted. It had seemed to him a matter of legitimate pride that his influence had been exerted over rich men. Of course he had done nothing to discourage the poor from attending his ministrations, but he had not wanted them, or sought them, or, indeed, thought much about them. To influence the rich, to attract the men of means, to direct their generosities—was not that, after all, the best way to serve the poor? So he had argued a hundred times. Because he had so argued his tongue was now tied. And yet for a vivid moment he now saw a vision of the poor—the struggling multitude with their pathetic pretence of competence, the daily workers crowded in narrow rooms, the heroic silent throng of uncomplaining lives around him, and he felt the pathos of their lot.

But they "wouldn't mix." Well, was the sentiment, however offensive it sounded, so far from the truth?

heady eloquence never a word. Others here that Hildegarde had seen night after night, gambling, drinking, quarreling—and now . . . !

These rude fellow-creatures, little admirable as they might show themselves in happier hours, wore something very like dignity to-night. How still they were! It did not escape Hildegarde that all these many pairs of eyes were either lowered or fixed on space, as if each one forebore to read in his fellow's face confirmation of his own grim knowledge. Each avoiding the other's eyes, they stood there listening to those sounds the puny piano was ineffectual to drown—the crash of impact and the yet more horrible crunching, vicious and prolonged, as though man's arch-enemy of the deep, after battering vainly for admission, would gnaw his admission to this strange concert on the ice-beleaguered bar. While the nerves of the people still vibrated under the bombardment, some one started "Nearer, My God, to Thee." Strangest of all on that strange evening was the revelation that in this particular company hardly one but seemed to know the hymn, and few that were not singing it with abandon to the thunderous bass of the ice. Whatever your own thoughts might be, you read in more than one of these faces that of a certainty God was "nearer" this night than he had often been before. At the beginning of the last verse, the loudest crash of all, as if a hundred tons of iron had been hurled at the *Los Angeles*. The people, led by one unfaltering voice, kept on singing. Only Hildegarde's flying fingers stumbled as the ship shrank and cowered under the blow.

* From *A Prophet in Babylon*, by W. J. Dawson. A story of social service written in delightful style, having a young minister as the hero, and showing the struggles through his pastorate in a city where rich and poor alike are drawn upon for congregations. Cloth covers; pp. 366. Fleming H. Revell Co., publishers.

Hymn to Save a Panic†

IF BEHIND the ice were wind as well as current, the ship wouldn't live an hour. Steadily the girl played on. Wasn't the onslaught of the ice heavier that last time? Was the wind rising then? Yes, surely, surely, the wind had risen. Well, one must play the louder. But her tranced eyes turned now right, now left. Some faces clearer than others in the haze. Gedge, with his pasty visage bleached to chalk, and of his cheap but

† From *Come and Find Me*, by Elizabeth Robins, author of *The Convert* and *The Magnetic North*, with illustrations by E. L. Blumenschein. A novel of life in Alaska of to-day; an earnest religious vein running through the story. Cloth covers; pp. 531; price $1.50. The Century Co., New York, publishers.

Books Received

Course in Isaac Pitman's Shorthand, a new edition. Pp. 241. Price $1.50. Isaac Pitman & Co., New York and Toronto, publishers.

The Cross, by Harriet Ware, is a beautiful sacred song with piano accompaniment, to words by Edwin Markham. Price 60 cents. C. Schirmer, publisher, New York.

Quatrains of Christ, by George Creel. A little volume of spiritual verses, dealing with the Saviour's life and ministry. The Independent Press, Kansas City, Mo., publishers.

Heroes and Heroism in Common Life, by N. McGee Waters. An inspiring book for young men. Pp. 331. Price $1.35. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York.

The Cruise of the Make-Believes, by Tom Gallon. A capital story of romance in Arcadia and what came of it. Pp. 322. Illustrated by Charles Grunwald. Cloth covers. Price $1.50. Little, Brown & Co., Boston, publishers.

Jonathan Twigg, a story by Lyman Edwyn Davis; full of action and realistic character. Pp. 388. Cloth covers. Price $1. Winona Publishing Company, Chicago, publishers.

Susan Clegg and a Man in the House, by Anne Warner. A story of typical rural life, told in Miss Warner's delightful style and full of quaint humor and incident. Pp. 279; cloth covers; illustrated. Price $1.50. Little, Brown & Co., Boston, publishers.

Immediate Care of the Injured, by Albert S. Morrow, A.B., M.D., fully illustrated. A comprehensive manual for prompt treatment in urgent cases. Pp. 340; price $2.50. W. B. Sauders Co., Philadelphia and London, publishers.

The Spell of the Yukon, and other verses, by Robert W. Service. This poem of the land of snow and ice breathes the life, color and peculiar atmosphere of the great white, dreary wastes, made familiar through *The Call of the Wild*. Mr. Service has been called the Canadian Kipling. Pp. 99. Cloth covers. Edward Stern & Co., Philadelphia, publishers.

Confederate Operations in Canada and New York, by John W. Headley. Illustrated with portraits. A valuable addition to the history of the war. Full of important incidents and containing many anecdotes hitherto unpublished. Pp. 480. Cloth binding. Price $2. Neale Publishing Company, New York and Washington, publishers.

More About Teddy B and Teddy G, the Roosevelt Bears, is the title of another book of fun for young folks, from the versatile pen of Seymour Eaton. Every one has some knowledge of the first book that set people laughing from Boston to San Francisco. This volume is as good as the first. These bears seem to be able to do more interesting things within a few pages than some of the main characters in our popular stories. R. K. Culver, whose illustrations peep out from every page, has caught the spirit of Mr. Eaton's verses and makes the two bears seem like living creatures to the younger generation. Pp. 186. Price $1.50. Edward Stern & Co., inc., publishers, Philadelphia.

Gospel Progress in China

IN A LETTER from Rev. William P. Chalfant, Presbyterian missionary at Ichowfu, Shantung, China, to Mr. J. C. Havemeyer, New York, the writer says:

"I have made several tours through the country and met with much encouragement. I have just returned from a circuit of nearly 200 miles (by barrow), in the course of which I examined thirty-three candidates for baptism and baptized seven, and last Sunday we had our quarterly communion here in the city and examined thirteen candidates, receiving seven to communion.

"By far the most encouraging part of our Shantung field just now is that about the large city of Tsiningchow, four days' journey west of here. There they have received 200 persons to communion since last October, an increase of almost fifty per cent. Our average rate of increase all over the field is ten per cent. Even that is far above the rate prevailing at home.

"At the city of Chuchow I found that a whole family of our Christians had gone to the Roman Catholics because our evangelists refused to take up a certain lawsuit for them. The Catholics are, I am sorry to say, not at all careful about this matter and are constantly interfering in the civil courts. It is our invariable rule to keep out of such matters unless it is clearly shown that it is a case of persecution.

"After several years of freedom from such cases we are at this moment involved in just such a matter. One of our Christians is operating a coal mine southwest of the city and has been making some money. A mischief maker at the mines evolved a scheme to make him suffer loss. He brought a Buddhist priest and insisted that the Christian should contribute one hundred Mexican dollars toward the rebuilding of a temple. The Christian explained that he could not give money for that purpose and the men went away and hatched up a conspiracy to accuse him of encroaching upon the mine of a neighboring operator. He was taken before the local magistrate and beaten 600 blows with the bamboo besides being fined nearly 1,000 Mexican dollars. The Christians are very much stirred up, for several of them are in business, and if it be found by their enemies that they can be imposed upon with impunity in this way, there will be no end of such troubles. We are trying to have the official make some just settlement of the matter. The trouble is that he is expecting a large bribe (so it is said) from the other side and at the same time gets the heavy fine imposed upon the Christian. This is a specimen of the peculiar trials to which our people are exposed. Of course, we point out to them that they are Chinese subjects and must abide by the decisions of their own magistrates; but they know perfectly well that the officials will listen to representations from us, because they are afraid we may appeal to the foreign consul to preserve our treaty rights. Knowing this, the Christians think that if we do not do something to help them, we are indifferent to their interests, and all our talk about love and mutual helpfulness is empty words. It is very hard to know just how far to go and what to say. They cannot understand our scruples on the score of international law, or our legal status as citizens of an alien power.

"We are having the pleasure of entertaining in our home my old friend and colleague, the Rev. Charles Killie, now stationed at Pao-Ting-Fu, the capital of Chih-li Province. He and his wife left here nine years ago. He notices many changes and we have much to talk over. It is rarely that we have a guest at our isolated station. Mr. Killie has made a five days' journey by mule-litter to visit us and we keenly enjoy the occasion. He is going to give us to-night a lantern exhibition from slides taken by him during the siege at Peking. He and his wife were in the beleaguered British legation."

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A COURSE IN ESPERANTO

LESSON No. 17—By Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

Word-Building

N THE USE of English one who "coins words," unless he be an acknowledged authority, is considered a charlatan, but this is not so in Esperanto. On the contrary, the more words one can make the better, if made from roots according to fixed rules. Indeed, the possibility of word-building is named among the advantages of Esperanto as making it possible to acquire a large vocabulary without memorizing. In the standard book on Esperanto, the *Krestomatio*, edited by Dr. Zamenhof, the author of Esperanto, a list of fifty-two words is given developed by him from the root *san*. It is proposed in this lesson to show how word-building is done, and in the next lesson to give Dr. Zamenhof's list, which could certainly not be understood without some preliminary work.

There are about forty suffixes and twelve prefixes that are used in word-building, which will now be given as briefly as possible, part in this lesson, and part in the next two.

Suffixes

AD shows an action continued: kanto, *singing;* kantado, *singing. ART* may be used in a similar way: kantarto, *the art of singing.*

AJ, something made from: ovo, *egg;* ovajo, *omelet;* amiko, *friend;* amikajo, *a friendly act.*

EC denotes an abstract quality: riĉa, *rich;* riĉeco, *wealth.*

AN, IST, ESTR, UL. These four suffixes relate to individuals. *AN* refers to a member of something, or a citizen: urbo, *city;* urbano, *a citizen;* Kristo, *Christ;* Kristano, *a Christian. IST* signifies a person following a profession or trade: pentri, *to paint;* pentristo, *a painter. ESTR* signifies a chief, leader, ruler, principal: urbo, *city;* urbestro, *mayor;* ŝipo, *ship;* ŝipestro, *captain. UL* denotes one remarkable for a given quality: bela, *beautiful;* belulino, *a beautiful woman;* juna, *young;* junulo, *a youth;* tiam, *then;* tiamulo, *a man of that time, a contemporary;* kun, *with;* kunulo, *a companion.*

AR and *ER*: aro, *a collection;* ero, *one of many objects;* vorto, *word,* votaro, *dictionary;* hajlo, *hail;* hajlero, *a hailstone;* ŝafo, *a sheep;* ŝafaro, *a flock of sheep;* sukero, *sugar;* sukerero, *a lump of sugar.*

CJ and *NJ* are affectionate diminutives to apply, the first to the name of a man, and the second to the name of a woman: Johano, *John;* Johanĉjo, *Johnnie;* patro, *father;* paĉjo, *papa;* Mario, *Mary;* Marinjo, *Molly;* patrino, *mother;* panjo, *mamma.*

EBL, EM, IND. Ebl denotes possibility: fidi, *to rely upon;* fidebla, *reliable. EM* signifies tendency, inclination: dormi, *to sleep;* dormema, *drowsy. IND, deserving;* laŭdi, *to praise;* laŭdinda, *praiseworthy.*

EDZ denotes a married person, used rather as a root than a suffix: edzo, *husband;* edzino, *wife;* edzeco, *matrimony.*

EG, ET. EG denotes increase; *ET,* decrease: monto, *mountain;* montego, *a large mountain;* monteto, *a hill.*

EJ, ING, UJ. "These three suffixes are related, because they denote either a place or thing from which the idea of the root is produced, or in which it is contained" (Cox): preĝi, *to pray;* preĝejo, *church;* vinbero, *grape;* vinberejo, *vineyard;* kandelo, *candle;* kandelingo, *candlestick;* inko, *ink;* inkujo, *inkstand;* Italo, *an Italian;* Italujo, *Italy;* ĉerizo, *cherry;* ĉerizujo, *cherrytree;* kaŝtano, *chestnut;* kaŝtanujo, *chestnut tree;* papero, *paper;* paperujo, *a portfolio.*

ID, young of, or a descendant: hundo, *dog;* hundido, *puppy;* Izraelo, *Israel;* Izraelido, *an Israelite.*

IG, IĜ, the two most important of all suffixes, because they are applicable to verbs, adjectives, nouns and prepositions. They also determine whether a verb is transitive or intransitive: igi, *to make, to cause;* iĝi, *to become;* sanigi, *to make healthy;* saniĝi, *to become healthy;* bona, *good;* bonigi, *to make good;* boniĝi, *to become good;* skribisto, *a writer;* skribistigi, *to make a writer;* skribistiĝi, *to become a writer;* igi, *to make;* forigi, *to make away with;* foriĝi, *to withdraw.*

Exercise

Root san, *health:* saneco, sanulo, sanejo, sanigi, saniĝi. Root libr, *book:* librejo, libristo, libreto, libraro, librego. Root lign, *wood:* lignisto, lignaro, lignaĵisto, lignaĵo. Root flug, *fly:* flugi, flugigi, forflugi. Root flor, *flower:* floro, floreto, floristo, ekflori, florejo. Root juĝ, *to judge:* juĝo, juĝisto, juĝistaro, juĝejo. Root orf, *orphan:* orfo, orfino, orfeco, orfejo, orfeĝi. Root sonor, *ring* (sound): sonorilo (bell), sonorileto, sonorigu, sonorigi. Root skulpt, *to sculpture:* skulptado, skulptisto, skulptaĵo. Root vid, *to see:* vidado, vidaĵo, vidiĝi, videbla, vindinda. Root trankvil, *calm:* trankvileco, trankviligi, trankviliĝi. Root saĝ, *wise:* saĝeco, saĝulo, saĝinda, saĝiĝi. Root port, *to carry:* portado, portaĵo, portanto, portisto.

Word-building to be continued in the next lesson.

PNEUMONIA'S DEADLY SWEEP

N FEBRUARY, 1908, a leading Life Insurance Company paid more death claims from pneumonia than from any other disease, except consumption. Through the kindness of Congressman Berry, I received from the Department of Commerce and Labor the mortality statistics for 1906, and I find that there were 61,077 deaths from pneumonia in the registration area, which contains about 41,000,000 people, but I do not know how many deaths there were in the 40,000,000 outside the registration area; however, it is very apparent that special efforts are wanted to try and discover a more successful method of treating pneumonia, and perhaps John Pierpont Morgan would help this object, as Henry Phipps recently gave $750,000 to Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, to establish a professorship of psychiatry, and a hospital building, and Dr. A. Meyer, President of New York Psychiatrical Society, has been appointed to the professorship of psychiatry, which *Webster's Dictionary* states is "The application of the healing art to mental diseases;" but we certainly want to know better how to apply the healing art to pneumonia, for the medical profession appears to be helpless to combat certain forms or stages of the disease.

In Los Angeles, Cal., in May, 1908, in a population of 275,000, including many invalids, there were thirteen deaths from pneumonia and broncho-pneumonia of people over one year old, and four of these were from the Atlantic States, and nine were foreign born. In the terrible climate of New York, in 1907, there were 11,806 deaths from pneumonia and broncho-pneumonia alone. GEO. BRERETON.

New Haven, Conn.

Ira D. Sankey Dead

Mr. Ira D. Sankey, the well-known composer and evangelist, and for many years the associate of the late evangelist D. L. Moody in Gospel work here and abroad, passed away at his home in Brooklyn on August 13. He had been an invalid and blind for about five years. A detailed account of Mr. Sankey's wonderful career as singer, hymn writer and evangelist will appear in next week's CHRISTIAN HERALD.

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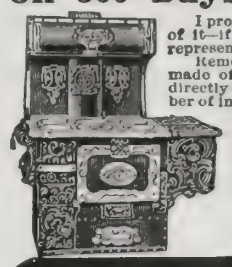

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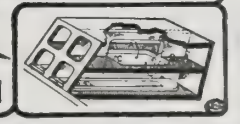

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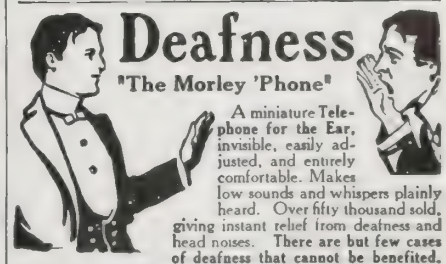

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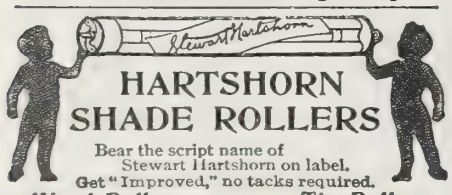

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Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

The Transformation of Margaret

By MRS. ELEANOR H. PORTER

Author of "Into Still Waters," etc.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

Little Margaret Kendall, when five years old, was lost in New York and several years elapsed before she was restored to her grief-stricken mother at Houghtonsville. The child had lived among the children of the streets and had acquired their ways. At her mother's home she is surrounded with every luxury, but she wishes that the poor children might share her good fortune. "Bobby" McGinnis, who knew Margaret in New York, now lives near in the same town and becomes a great friend of the little girl. Her widowed mother becomes engaged to Doctor Spencer, who was instrumental in finding Margaret in New York. The little girl is filled with horror, as all the husbands she had heard of beat their wives. She sends to the doctor a contract in which it is stipulated that he will not beat her mother; this the amused doctor signs at once. Margaret insists on a visit from the children of the "Alley," with whom she lived in the slums. At first she wants them to stay always, but consents to have it made a visit. The child, when she sees them, realizes the difference between her old life and the new and is more contented to try and live as her mother wishes. She strives to please, but finds difficulty in curbing her speech and changing her manners. Her mother and herself go back to the city with the Alley children and try to arrange for their welfare. Mrs. Kendall then sends the little girl to a fashionable school in order to give Margaret the companionship of girls of her own age who will make her forget her past experiences, for Margaret was becoming a nervous wreck brooding over the poor people in the "Alley." The doctor and his bride start on their wedding journey; the train is wrecked and both are killed. Several years elapse. Mrs. Merideth and her two brothers, Ned and Frank Spencer, sister and brothers of the doctor who married Mrs. Kendall, are living at their home, Belcourt. Margaret, who has been away at school and traveling, comes to live with them. They find her a beautiful young girl with charming ways. Margaret, riding in an automobile with a Mr. Brandon, sees for the first time the dirty mill village near Belcourt. The mills belong to the Spencers and she learns much of the way in which the firm runs its business. They nearly run over a little girl named Maggie and Miss Kendall's interest is aroused. A young man named McGinnis holds an important position in the mill and is interested in bettering the conditions of the working people. Margaret meets him by chance and finds he is the one she used to know, and that as a boy he "had come to look after her property." She tells the Spencers that he is an old friend, somewhat to their annoyance. A little girl comes to say that Maggie, daughter of Patty who lived in the Alley, is ill. Margaret supplies them with comforts and calls frequently to see how they are getting on. The child says she is "going on twelve," though much younger. At twelve they can enter the mills. Margaret urges Mr. Spencer to rectify such a condition, but in vain. She fears Ned Spencer wishes to become more than a mere friend.

CHAPTER XXVI—*Continued*

BY WAY of defense against these possibilities Margaret now adopted a playful air and fell to calling Ned the name by which he had introduced himself on that first day when she had seen him at the head of the hillside path—"Uncle Ned." She did not do this many times, however, for one day he turned upon her a white face, working with emotion.

"I am not your uncle," he burst out; and Margaret scarcely knew whether to laugh or to cry, he threw so much tragedy into the simple words.

"No?" she managed to return lightly. "Oh, but you said you were, you know; and when a man says—"

"But I say otherwise now," he cut in, leaning toward her until his breath stirred the hair at her temples. "Margaret," he murmured tremulously, "it's not 'uncle'—but there's something else—a name that—"

"Oh, but I couldn't learn another," interrupted Margaret with nervous precipitation, as she rose hurriedly to her feet, "so soon as this, you know! Why, you've just cast me off as a niece, and it takes time for me to realize the full force of that blow," she finished gaily, as she hurried away.

In her own room she drew a deep breath of relief; but all day, and for many days she was haunted by the hurt look in Ned's eyes as she had turned away. It reminded her of the expression she had seen once in the pictured eyes of a dog that had been painted by a great artist. She remembered, too, the title of the picture: "Wounded in the house of his friends," and it distressed her not a little. And yet—Ned was her comrade and her very good friend; and that was what he must be.

It was not only this, however, that caused Margaret restless days and troubled nights; there were those children down in the mills—those little children, nine, ten, twelve years old. It was too cold now to stay long on the veranda, but there was many a day, and there were some nights, when Margaret looked out of the east windows of Belcourt and gazed with fascinated yet shrinking eyes at the mills.

She was growing morbid—she owned that to herself. She knew nothing at all of the mills, and she had never seen a child at work in them; yet she pictured great wheels relentlessly crushing out young lives, and she recoiled from the touch of the shimmering folds of her trailing silks—they seemed alive with shrunken little forms and wasted fingers. Day after day she turned over in her mind the most visionary projects for stopping those wheels, or for removing those children beyond their reach. Even though her eyes might be on the merry throng of a gay city street, her thoughts were still back in the mill town with the children; and even though her body might be flying from home at the rate of thirty miles an hour in Frank's big six-cylinder "Speeder," her real self was back at Belcourt with the mills always in sight.

Once again she appealed to her guardian, but five minutes' talk showed her the uselessness of anything she could say—it was true, she did not know anything about it.

It was that very fact, perhaps, which first sent her thoughts in a new direction. If, as was true, she did not know anything about it, how better could she remedy the situation than by finding out something about it? And almost instantly came the memory of her guardian's words: "I suppose that that altogether too officious young McGinnis has been asking your help for some of his schemes."

Bobby knew! Bobby had schemes. Bobby was the one to help her. By all means she would send for Bobby.

That night, in a cramped little room in one of the mill boarding houses, a square-jawed, gray-eyed young man received a note that sent the blood in a tide of red to his face, and made his hands shake until the paper in his long, sinewy fingers fluttered like an aspen leaf in a breeze. Yet the note was very simple. It read:

"Will you come, please, to see me to-morrow night? I want to ask you some questions about the children at the mills."

And it was signed, "Margaret Kendall."

CHAPTER XXVII

WITH a relief which she did not attempt to hide from herself, Margaret saw the male members of the family at Belcourt leave early the next morning on a trip from which they could not return until the next day; and with a reluctance which she could not hide from either herself or Mrs. Merideth, she said that afternoon:

"Mr. McGinnis is coming to see me this evening, Aunt Della. I sent for him. You know I am interested in the children at the mills, and I wanted to ask him some questions."

Mrs. Merideth was dumb with dismay. For some days Margaret's apparent inactivity had lulled her into a feeling of security. And now, with her brothers away, the blow which they had so dreaded for weeks had fallen—McGinnis was coming. Summoning all her strength, Mrs Merideth managed to murmur a faint remonstrance that Margaret should

Continued on next page

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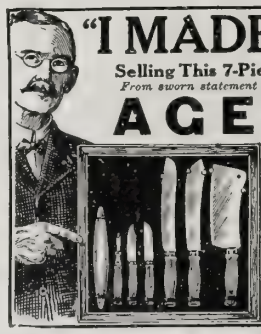

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The Transformation of Margaret

Continued from preceding page

trouble herself over a matter that could not be helped; then, with an earnest request that Margaret should not commit herself to any foolish promises, she fled to her own room, fearful lest, in her perturbation, she should say something which she would afterward regret.

When Miss Kendall came down stairs at eight o'clock that night, she found waiting for her in the drawing-room into which McGinnis had been shown by her express orders—a young man whose dress, attitude and expression radiated impersonality and business, in spite of his sumptuous surroundings.

In directing that the young man should be shown into the drawing-room instead of into the more informal library or living-room, Margaret had cruelly intended to convey to him the impression that he was a highly-prized friend, and as such was entitled to all honor; but she had scarcely looked into the cold gray eyes, or touched the half-reluctantly extended fingers before she knew that all such efforts had been without avail. The young man had not come to pay a visit; he was an employee who had obeyed the command of one in authority.

McGinnis stood just inside the door, hat in hand. His face was white, and his jaw stern-set. His manner was quiet, and his voice when he spoke was steady. There was nothing about him to tell the girl—who was vainly trying to thaw the stiff frigidity of his reserve—that he had spent all day and half the night in lashing himself into just this manner that so displeased her.

"You sent for me?" he asked quietly.

"Yes," smiled the girl. "And doesn't your conscience prick you, sir, because I had to send for you, when you should have come long ago of your own accord to see me?" she demanded playfully, motioning him to a seat. Then, before he could reply, she went on hurriedly. "I wanted to see you very much. By something that Mr. Spencer said the other evening I suspected that you were interested in the children who work in the mills—particularly interested. And—you are?"

"Yes; much interested."

"And you know them—lots of them? You know their parents, and how they live?"

"Yes, I know them well—too well." He added the last softly—almost involuntarily.

The girl heard, and threw a quick look of sympathy into his eyes.

"Good! You are just the one I want, then," she cried. "And you will help me; won't you?"

McGinnis hesitated. An eager light had leaped to his eyes. For a moment he dared not speak lest his voice break through the lines of stern control he had set for it.

"I shall be glad to give you any help I can," he said at last, steadily; "but Mr. Spencer, of course, knows—" he paused, leaving his sentence unfinished.

"But that is exactly it," interposed Margaret, earnestly. "Mr. Spencer does not know—at least, he does not know personally about the mill people, I mean. He told me long ago that you stood between him and them, and had for a long time. It is you who must tell me."

"Very well, I will do my best. Just what—do you want to know?"

"Everything. And I want not only to be told, but to see for myself. I want you to take me through the mills, and afterward to some of the houses where the children live."

"Miss Kendall!" The distressed consternation in the man's voice was unmistakable.

"Is it so bad as that?" questioned the girl. "You don't want me to see all these things? All the more reason why I should, then! If conditions are bad, help is needed; but before help can be effectual, or even given at all, the conditions must be understood. That is what I mean to do—understand the conditions. How many children are there employed in the mills, please?"

McGinnis hesitated.

"Well, there are some—hundreds," he acknowledged. "Of course many of them are twelve and fourteen and fifteen, and that is bad enough, but there are others—younger. You see the age limit in this State is lower than some. Many parents bring their children here to live, so that they may put them into the mills."

Margaret shuddered.

"Then it is true, as Patty said. There are children there nine and ten years old!"

"Yes, younger than that, I fear. Only last week I turned away a man who brought a puny little thing with a request for work. He swore she was twelve. I'd hate to tell you how old—or rather, how young, she really looked. I sent him home with a few remarks which I hope he will remember. She was only one, however, out of many. I am not the only man at the mills. You must realize that."

"Yes, I realize it, and I understand why you can't always do what you wish. But just suppose you tell me now some of the things you would like to do—if you could." And she smiled encouragement straight into his eyes until in spite of his stern resolve he forgot himself and his surroundings, and began to talk.

Robert McGinnis was no silver-tongued orator, but he knew his subject, and his heart was in it. For long months he had been battling alone against the evils that had little by little filled his soul with horror. Accustomed heretofore only to rebuffs and angry denunciations of his "officious meddling," he now suddenly found a tenderly sympathetic ear eagerly awaiting his story.

No wonder McGinnis talked, and talked well. He seemed to be speaking to the Maggie of long ago—the little girl who stood ready and anxious to "divvy up" with all the world. Then suddenly his eyes fell on the rich folds of the girl's dress, and on the velvety pile of the rug beneath her feet.

"I have said too much," he broke off sharply, springing to his feet. "I forgot myself."

"On the contrary, you have not said half enough," declared the girl, rising too; "and I mean to go over to the mills at once, if you'll be so good as to take me. I'll let you know when. And come to see me again, please—without being sent for," she suggested merrily, adding with a pretty touch of earnestness: "We are a committee of two; and to do good work the committee must meet!"

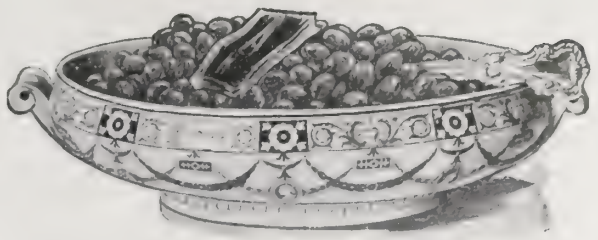
McGinnis never knew exactly how he got home that night. The earth was beneath him, but he did not seem to touch it. The sky was above him—he was nearer that. But, in spite of this nearness, the stars seemed dim—he was thinking of glorious blue eyes.

McGinnis told himself that it was because of his mill people—this elation that possessed him. He was grateful that they had found a friend. He did not ask himself later whether it was also because of his mill people that he sat up until far into the morning, with his eyes dreamily fixed on the note in his hand signed, "Margaret Kendall."

To be continued

Another of the Old Guard

Mrs. L. Turner, of Chicago, Ill., is another of the veteran subscribers to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, having had it as a daily visitor to her home for over twenty years. Mrs. Turner has been interested in all forms of Christian work for many years and greatly enjoys the reports of the world's upward progress as reported in the columns of this journal.



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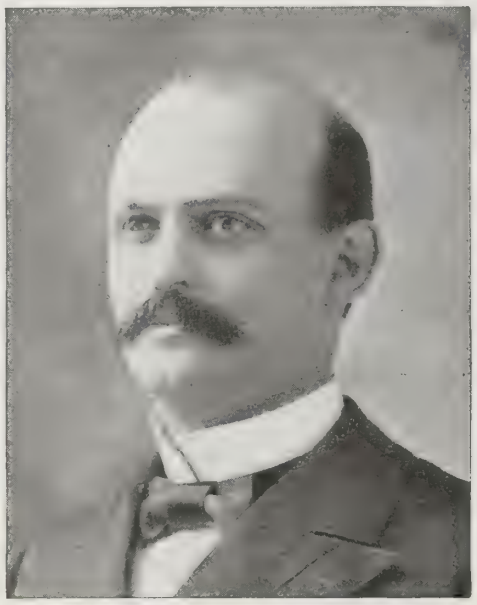

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From Theodore Roosevelt, President of the U.S.:

"I shall read THE GREAT HEREAFTER with deep interest. I have looked over it enough to be able to tell something of its value, and it has to me the added value of knowing the life and the strife after right of the man who wrote it."

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

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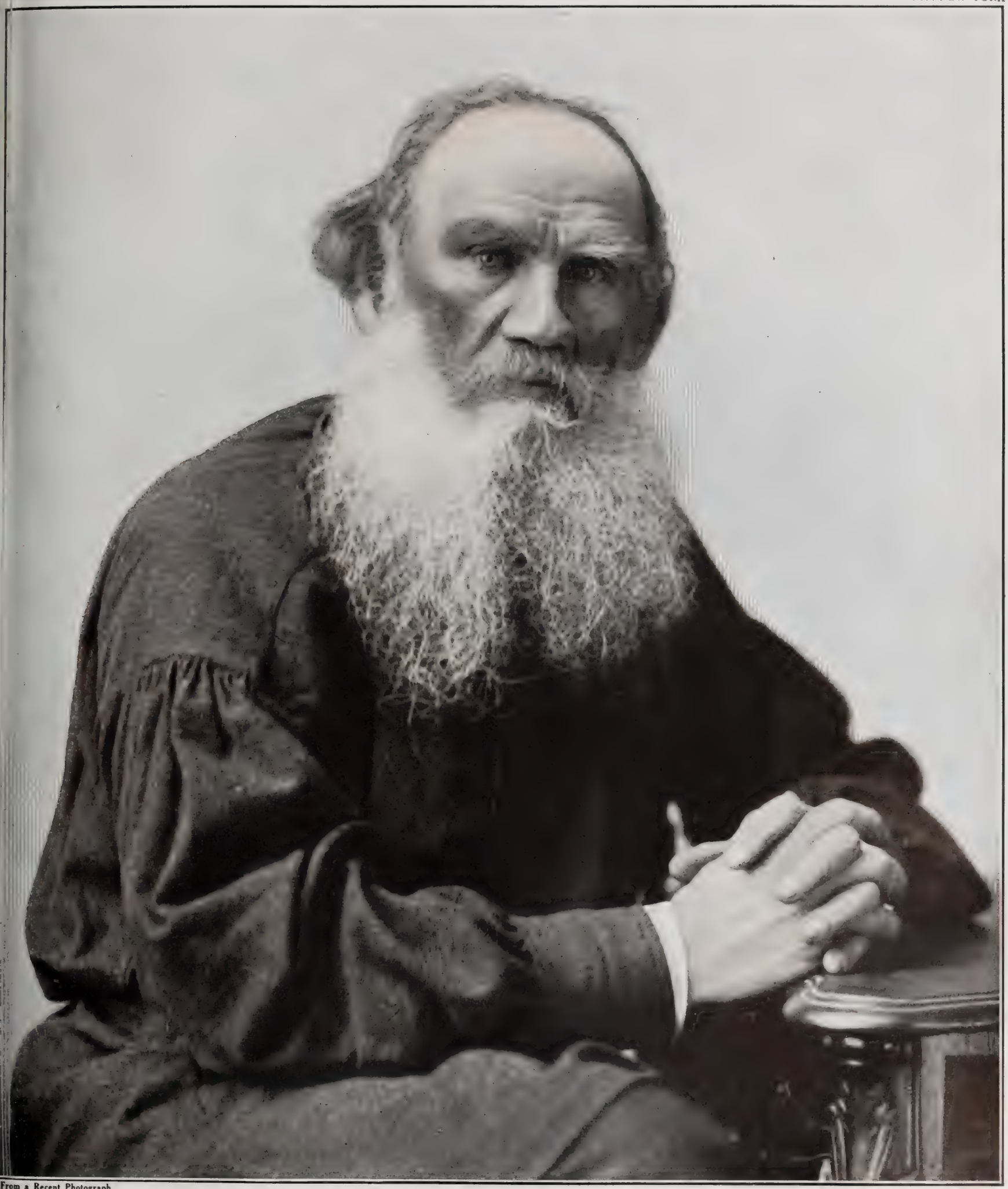
SUBSCRIPTION, $1.50 PER ANNUM
PUBLISHED 52 TIMES A YEAR

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 2, 1908

VOL. 31—NO. 36. PRICE 5 CENTS
OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK



From a Recent Photograph

SEE PAGE 687

Count Leo Tolstoi, Russia's Grand Old Man who Celebrates his Eightieth Birthday, September 9

Questions and Answers

H. O., Overton, Neb. 1. What did Jesus mean in John 6 : 53? 2. What did Paul mean in II. Cor. 12 : 2, 3, 4? 3. Where did the idea originate that angels had wings?

1. If you compare verse 51, you will see that he did not refer to the gross idea which the bare terms of verse 53 might suggest, but he meant they must appropriate the spiritual sacrifice. He was to give his flesh for the (spiritual) life of the world, and unless men voluntarily appropriated to themselves this death in its sacrificial virtue, so that it might become the life and nourishment of their inner man, they would have no spiritual life at all. 2. This passage has already been explained in a recent issue. See THE MAIL-BAG. 3. See Exod. 25 : 20 ; 37 : 9 ; I. Kings 6 : 27 ; 8 : 6; Isa. 6 : 2; Ezek. 1 : 8 : 10 : 16 ; Rev. 14 : 6 and similar passages. These gave the general impression, though there is no definite statement in the Scripture as to angels having wings.

Dr. G. W. Drake of Atlantic City, N. J., writes: "In a recent issue, the author of the article 'Mr. Bryant's Home Life,' in telling of Miss Grace Bryan, says: 'She was a pupil last year at Roanoke Seminary, at Roanoke, Va.' Miss Grace was a pupil last year at Hollins Institute, Va., and the preceding year. She was entered by her father during his travels in Europe."

Mrs. G. H. J., Rose, Okla. 1. Where do we find the fullest story of the seven devils cast from Mary Magdalene? 2. Explain "buried with Christ in baptism." 3. Does excessive sleep cause dulness?

1. Read Luke 8 : 2. The "seven devils" are "many sins," the number seven being typical of completeness. Among the legends preserved in connection with New Testament history is one which relates to the Magdalen. It is to the effect that her life was possessed by the "seven devils" of uncleanness; that she had fallen to the lowest depths of shame. On hearing of the Deliverer she came to him, repented and was forgiven and received among his followers. After his resurrection she lived a life of penitence and good works for thirty years. Another tradition says she died in Ephesus and was buried there. 2. Baptism is the burial of the old carnal life. The spirit of the ordinance is kept by affusion, as in colder countries, where immersion is not practised. 3. It is generally so considered, although there are people who require more sleep than others. This especially applies to the young.

Subscriber, Baltimore, Md. Does the Bible forbid second cousins to marry?

No; the Bible does not, and we know of no prohibition on the subject. In the old English Bibles there used to be printed on the fly-leaf a list of relationships to which, on account of consanguinity, marriage was forbidden; but this was simply an Anglican church ordinance, and not from the Scriptures. We believe that first cousins were among the number. The children of brothers and sisters are first cousins ; the children of first cousins are second cousins.

J. A. J., Round Mountain, Calif. If a child has been baptized in the Methodist Episcopal Church in infancy, when grown would it be necessary, in order to join the church, to join first on the six months' probation, or can it be taken in without any preliminaries?

Up to the last Methodist General Conference, a term of six months' probation was necessary to full membership. Baptized children who had been put in a class and properly instructed by the pastor were eligible to church membership on the recommendation of the pastor and the Leaders' and Stewards' Meeting, without any formal joining of the church on probation and serving out the term. The last General Conference virtually abolished the six months' probation, if the pastor and members of the Quarterly Conference should see fit to receive persons into full fellowship at once.

C. M. Mills, Collinsville, Conn. In the State of Connecticut, is a girl legally of age at eighteen, or must she be twenty-one?

According to *The American Cyclopedia of Law*, a woman in Connecticut is not of age until she is twenty-one. If the matter involved is important, consult a Connecticut attorney. G. H. C.

M. P. R., Ash Brook, N. J. The natural consequence to the great publicity and sensation on the death of Mr. Marsh of Brooklyn, was the panic of "mad dog" and hydrophobia. I have known great suffering to be caused by this nervous fear and am anxious to do all in my power to quiet it. A man on our place was almost driven insane by nervous fright after being bitten by a well dog.

The writer encloses an article from a Philadelphia paper giving the views of several leading physicians, substantially to the effect that they have never seen a case of true hydrophobia, but they have encountered cases in which patients were suffering from so-called hydrophobia which was produced by fear or easily explainable from other causes. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in New York lately reported that its twenty-six employees were bitten about four times a month, and that in fourteen years they had been bitten some 15,000 times, yet not a single case of hydrophobia resulted.

Frank R., Vera, Tex. How do you reconcile Psalm 37 : 25 and Luke 16 : 20?

The better rendering of the Psalm is "utterly forsaken," and "begging bread continuously." David had, in his own destitution, begged bread from Nabal, but it was merely an incident. The very purpose of the Psalm is to counteract the temptation to fretfulness and doubt in the presence of temporary trouble, which comes to all of us at times.

G. G. W. S., North Tonawanda, N. Y. Would you advise a minister to play baseball with members of his congregation, or is it better for a minister to leave such sports alone?

There are some things which, though innocent enough in themselves, detract from the dignity and impair the influence of the ministerial calling. We think the present case is of this character.

Rev. Mr. Wilkinson Preaching to the "Bulls and Bears" in Wall Street

THE Rev. William Wilkinson, who has become known as the "Wall Street Evangelist," is one of the picturesque personalities of the open-air Gospel campaign in New York. His work is under the authority of the Evangelization Committee of Greater New York. He can be found there, the centre of an interested crowd, during even the hottest days, standing bareheaded and telling the old Gospel story of salvation to men from all walks of social, commercial, educational and religious life; bankers, brokers, railway men, bookkeepers, clerks, workingmen, lawyers and women.

C. A. W., San Diego, Calif. What is the duty of a church which knows for a certainty that a member will lie and deceive?

See Matt. 18 : 15 17, Gal. 6 : 1, and similar passages. Do not give way to the tendency toward undue severity. If God is willing to forgive even the worst of sinners, if repentant, we cannot justify a severe, unforgiving attitude toward a brother taken in a fault.

M. McK., New York. 1. In II. Chron. 3: 9 we read that the weight of the nails was fifty shekels of gold. Then we read in another chapter that the sound of the hammer was not heard in the building of the temple. Please explain. 2. When and where was stained glass first brought into use?

1. The contradiction is only an apparent one. A subterranean quarry existed under Jerusalem (it has been rediscovered and explored in late years), where all the stone for the temple was hewn and dressed underground, and conveyed to the main building and placed in position, thus justifying the statement in I. Kings 6 : 7, since those in the city could hear no sound of the work, but viewed the temple as it grew noiselessly into grace and beauty. In these passages, the temple or main building is undoubtedly distinguished from the wings attached to it and the doors, etc. 2. Stained glass windows are said to have been first used in the eighth century. It is practically certain, however, that the ancient Assyrians, Egyptians and Romans knew the art of producing colored glass. Pliny, in his *Natural History*, refers to the superimposition of one color upon another on glass and to the work of the glass engraver.

S. H. C., Saranac, Mich. 1. Is it true that England still holds landed estate within the boundaries of the United States, which has never been ceded to this Government? 2. Can I deed landed property to a missionary in Syria for her work in that country?

1. We know of no land in the United States which is owned by England or Great Britain. Probably Great Britain controls her ambassador's house in Washington, and she may even control property for her consuls in other cities. In such cases, however, the legal title is probably vested in some private individual or corporation. A letter to the Secretary of State at Washington will bring the information. 2. Yes, but the deed should be drawn by an attorney of the State where the land is situated. G. H. C.

V. M., Renton, Wash. Give some facts about the *Bellerophon*, the British man-of-war which carried Napoleon to his island prison in 1815.

She was a British cruiser, commanded by Captain Maitland, who took up his station at Rochefort before Napoleon's arrival. Maitland was visited by Savary and Las Casas, who negotiated in Napoleon's behalf and got a safe conduct for him to America, but Maitland said his orders were to prevent the Emperor's escape, and to take him to England, if possible. On July 13 he addressed a letter to the English Prince Regent, saying he wished to seek the hospitality of the English nation. On the 15th he went aboard the *Bellerophon*. On July 31 he was notified that he would not be landed in Britain but taken to St. Helena. He was transferred to the *Northumberland*, which sailed for the island on August 8.

A. M., Duluth, Minn. Are the taking of rent, interest and profit forbidden in the Bible? Did the Church oppose usury or interest for one thousand years or more?

Under the Mosaic law, the Israelites were forbidden to take usury from their brethren for the loan of money, food or anything else. Interest, however, was allowed to be taken from strangers. Grasping avarice and usury which would take advantage of the borrower's necessities are condemned (See Psalm 15 : 5 ; Jer. 15: 10; Prov. 28 : 8 ; Lev. 25: 36, 37; Ezekiel 18: 8, 13, 17). Our Saviour denounced all extortion (See Luke 6: 30, 35). It is quite true that the ancient Christian Church condemned usury. No usurer (money-lender) could be ordained. The practice was the subject of special condemnation in one of the canons of the Council of Nice, and this was confirmed and reiterated by the Councils of Eliberis, Arles, Carthage and others. On the other hand, the acceptance of a reasonable rate of interest for t use of money employed in merchandise is where forbidden (See Matt. 25 : 27 ; Luke 19 : 2

R. J. H., Rolla, Mo. 1. What is the best Co mentary? 2. Are congregations in gene decreasing? 3. Are open-air services det mental or beneficial? 4. Are people usua urged at these services to take a stand Christ?

1. There are several excellent Commentari the best being Jameson, Fausset & Brown's, a Professor Weiss. 2. We believe not. Owing the changes in local centres of population in lar cities, some congregations decrease, but othe iu other localities are benefited. The only re edy for weak churches and small attendance to preach the Gospel, which always has t power to draw men. 3. They are of the greate service in reaching the non-church-goers. Y will find them frequently described in the pag of this journal. 4. Yes, if the services are of revival character.

M. G., Chicago, Ill. Will THE MAIL-BAG kind tell me what the "seven deadly sins" are?

Tney are defined by the church of Rome pride, anger, envy, sloth, lust, covetousness, a gluttony.

Mrs. M.S.B., Bowling Green, O. 1. What authori have the Catholics for claiming that th churches have portions of the true Cross? How can we know if our Bible is right a theirs wrong?

1. The various claims to the possession of po tions of the "true Cross" have given rise to muc controversy. None of these claims rests on sati factory authority, and many of them are su pected of being pious tricks to deceive t credulous. 2. We would advise you to procure copy of the *Handbook of the Bible*, published Whittaker, New York, which will give you a the information concerning the authenticity our Bible.

Reader, Harrison, O. How do we reconcile Exo 33 : 11 and I. John 4 : 12?

"Face to face" is interpreted as meanin "presence to presence," in whatsoever form, auc ibly, freely, directly, and not in dream or visio but "as a man speaketh." This is fully co firmed in v. 20. It may have been a voice in th cloud. An especial revelation of God's glory wa doubtless given to Moses, but it is useless t speculate on its actual character.

Miscellaneous

H. D. B., Stryker, O. We have already receive the same statement from another reader.

Mrs. G. L., Fredericksburg, Pa. Voting shoul always be a matter of conscience. Certainly one should not vote against his own innat convictions.

Subscriber, Stevens Point, Wis. We do no know the game, but on general principles w should think it well for a pastor to avoid car games altogether.

O. T. B., Stillwater, N. Y. He was a sceptic and a freethinker, but he believed in a Supreme Being. As far as known, his views underwen no change before his death.

F. H. M., Red House, W. Va. There are stil some parts of the world where the Gospel has no been preached, notably Tibet, and certain othe parts of Asia, parts of Central Africa, etc.

Several Readers. 1. The opportunity to joi the Shorthand Classes at the nominal dollar fe is still open. 2. Correspondence Course Classe now forming will begin studies in September 3. The system is Pitman-Graham.

W. M. P., Martinsville, Va. We think you were right in all you did, except that it would have been wiser not to have left your church. Reforms come from within oftener than from without, and the church needs all of its conscientious members. The outcome of the Southern temperance elections proves that your attitude was the right one.

G. D. T., Elroy, Wis. 1. Write to the Agricultural Department, Washington, D. C., about the Egyptian corn. The same kinds of grain are probably raised there to-day that were produced in Joseph's time. 2. The lesson implies that Lazarus, being bound in grave-clothes, found walking difficult. Jesus directed them to "loose him." His stumbling was not an indication of feebleness. When Christ gives blessing, he gives it to the full, to meet our requirements.

Reader, Calhoun, S. C. Capital punishment is a relic of barbarism. As the race advances in intelligence, the tendency to abolish the present method of taking life officially will increase. There is a growing recognition of the fact that criminals are largely the result of heredity and environment, and that society is, to a certain extent, responsible for these conditions. Write to Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, or to Harper & Brothers, New York, for the latest books on the subject.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 2, 1908

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

Singing to the Prisoners in the New York Tombs

A Gospel Song on the Top of "David's Tower," Jerusalem

Fanny Crosby and Mr. Sankey Composing Sacred Songs

SANKEY, PRINCE OF GOSPEL SINGERS

HIS LONG CAREER WITH MOODY, HIS GOSPEL TRIUMPHS, RETIREMENT, BLINDNESS AND DEATH

THERE was something more than usually tragic in the passing from earth of the two greatest Gospel evangelists of the last half century, Moody and Sankey. Moody was stricken down at the post of duty and called home in the very summit of his powers. Sankey, with a brave heart, took up the burden of the work, and when even his stout frame gave way, he relinquished his task of singing and preaching the Gospel with reluctance. Feeble and blind, he was at last obliged to retire from the field of active service a few years ago. But although the voice which had thrilled multitudes was no longer heard in public, the sightless singer, while life remained, could not wholly forego his beloved art. God's praise had been his chief pleasure in living and it was now his solace in dying. With all the little strength that was left in him, he would sing in clear, though quavering, strains one of his own best known hymns with which his once glorious voice had often swayed vast audiences:

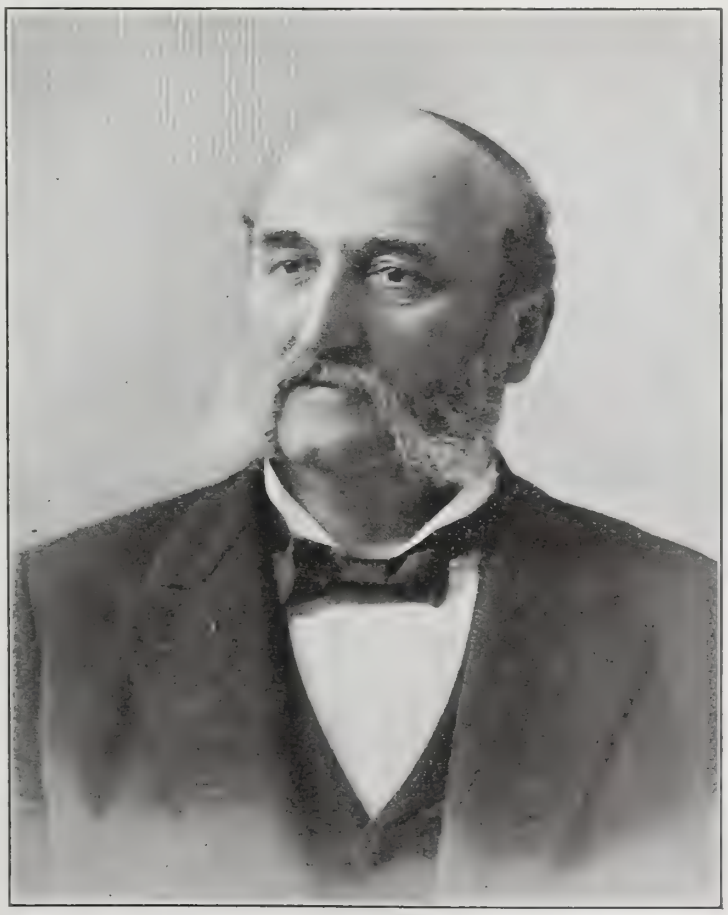
> We shall know as we are known,
> Never more to walk alone:
> the dawning of the morning of that bright and happy day,
> We shall know each other better, when the mists have rolled away.

This, his favorite air during his long years of blindness and waiting, was the last song upon his lips. He sang it shortly before he passed over triumphantly to the other side, where all is clear vision and the mists are forever rolled away.

* * *

Ira David Sankey was born in the year 1840 in the little town of Edinburg, Lawrence County, Pa. He was of Scotch-Irish ancestry. His father was a banker, editor, revenue collector and an active Methodist. Young Ira had excellent school training, and, while still a mere lad, became deeply interested in religious work. His conversion took place when he was seventeen. In 1861 he responded to the call for volunteers, and enlisted in the Twelfth Pennsylvania Regiment. While in the army he kept up his religious work by organizing bivouac camp meetings and in other ways. When his time of service expired, he went into business as a collector for his father, but his interest in religious matters was so keen that he gave up much of his time to conventions and similar gatherings. Gifted with a fine voice, which had been enriched by cultivation, his services as a Gospel singer were in great demand in both Pennsylvania and Ohio.

Mr. Sankey's first meeting with Mr. Moody took place at Indianapolis in 1870, where the young singer was a delegate to the Y. M. C. A. Convention. The singing, under some other leader, had been dull and uninspiring, and Sankey was asked to take charge of it. He did so, and the audience was so stirred up and brightened that Mr. Moody asked to be introduced to the singer. This was done and soon the two were in earnest conversation. "Well," said Moody after a pause, and holding Sankey's hand in his own, "you'll have to give up business." Sankey was amazed, but the great evangelist persisted. "You are the man I've been looking for the last eight years. I want you to come and help me in my work in Chicago."



The Late Ira David Sankey
Born 1840; Died 1908

Shortly afterward, the two were working together in the Western city, and this was the beginning of a spiritual life-partnership which brought innumerable souls into the Kingdom.

It was Moody's sagacious brain and keen eye that first foresaw the brilliant possibilities the future held for the young singer. Moody himself was not musical; he "couldn't raise a tune," no matter how simple the air. But he said:

> I feel sure the great majority of people do like singing. It helps to build up an audience even if you do preach a dry sermon. If you have singing that reaches the heart, it will fill the church every time. There is more said in the Bible about praise than prayer, and music and song have not only accompanied all Scripture revivals, but are essential in deepening spiritual life. We owe some of our best hymns to seasons when, in the family and church, in the factory and street, the great truths of the Gospel are heard in song. Singing does at least as much as preaching to impress the Word of God upon people's minds. Ever since God first called me, the importance of praise expressed in song has grown upon me.

Certainly the great evangelist's faith in the saving power of sacred song was abundantly justified by subsequent events. While Moody lived and was able to labor in the Gospel field, they were inseparable. Not only was Sankey a veritable prince of song and his own best accompanist, but he proved a prolific composer, his original work being of a character that instantly commended itself to religious audiences. "Give me but the germ of a song," he would say, "and it will grow of itself." He would constantly jot down new musical phrases of uplifting song as they occurred to him. He kept a scrap-book of his own compositions and others that he had found

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THE
American Pulpit

A SERMON BY

Rev. David J. Burrell, D.D.*

The Presence of God

TEXT—Psalm 31: 19, 20:
"Oh how great is thy goodness, which thou hast laid up for them that fear thee! Thou shalt hide them in the secret of thy presence."

THE secret here referred to is the same mentioned by Paul a thousand years later in his letter to the Colossians, when he says, "Your life is hid with Christ in God." The old-time pagan religions had many mysteries, some of which, like those of Isis and Eleusis, have puzzled scholars to this day. Our religion has only one and this "an open secret," to wit, the Secret of the Presence of God.

We are hearing much about "The Practice of the Presence of God." The phrase is not new. It appears to have originated with one Nicholas of Lorraine, who, about two hundred years ago, wrote a little book entitled *The Practice of the Presence.* It was an epoch-making book, and this is the more remarkable since its author was no philosopher, nor even a moderately learned man, but a mere pastry-cook in one of the mansions of his time. He was, however, a mystic, who dreamed dreams and saw visions to some effect. He knew what it was, even as he stood among the rattling pans and kettles of that kitchen in Lorraine, to live as if his life were hid with Christ in God.

But words are nothing. What is this Secret of the Presence? As for God, in these days everybody believes in some sort of a God, but whether or no that *belief* is true to what some consider its root-meaning, *by-lifian, i. e.,* something to live by, that is another matter.

Calling Upon God

There are some people who believe in an impersonal power which they call God.

They define it, and "it" is the proper pronoun to use in this connection, as Law, Life, a "Something not ourselves that makes for Righteousness," or the All-pervading Force of the universe. But to the average man there is no practical advantage in being held in the resistless grip of a machine that has no eyes to see, no heart to pity and no hands to help; and there would be a grim touch of humor in the suggestion that anybody should "practise the presence" of it.

There are others who talk about an "unknowable" God.

Personal he may be, though as agnostics they are unable to say so. In any case he is afar off. The Greeks sought him vainly, set up a Pantheon of idols along the way and ended their quest by erecting an altar "To an Unknown God." But this again is practically nothing to us; no more than is the atmosphere of Mars. There may be such a thing, but we are not definitely sure, and in any event we cannot breathe it.

There are others still who believe in an intermittent God, that is, one who manifests himself in spasmodic acts of providence.

If they are in trouble, they cry to him and he interposes; as he did in behalf of Joshua and his army, in the Valley of Ajalon. It is safe to say that, after their great deliverance on that occasion, the victors raised the anthem, "Our Fathers' God, to Thee, To Thee We Sing," and perhaps inscribed upon their coins the legend, "In God We Trust," and possibly when piping times of peace returned, the legend was forgotten and the song died out. The Greek dramatists were wont to say, "See that no god is called into your tragedy unless there be necessity for it." The average man is inclined to reason in the same way: "Ordinarily I can manage my own affairs; it is only when my foot-hold fails that I need to pray, 'Lord, save, I perish.' But as for constantly practising the Presence, I see no need of it."

An Abiding and Conscious Presence

But he who has learned this Secret never lets it go. The Presence is to him an Abiding Presence.

The holding of two interviews with God *per diem* is but the smallest part of it. To offer a prayer as one sets out along the day's untraversed paths and another at night-fall as he commits himself to the Unknown Land of Darkness is a confession of never having learned it. Two prayers a day! And what of the interim? If God be present at all he is present not now and then, in answer to an importunate cry for help, nor merely at stated seasons of worship in the closet and sanctuary, but night and day, summer and winter, year in and year out. As Jesus said, "Lo, I am with you alway."

*Preached in the Marble College Church, New York.

And this Presence is also a Conscious Presence.

The man who hides in the Great Secret is aware of environment as really as if he were sheltered beneath the curtains of the King's tent. Can one then be always mindful of God? Surely. He may be absorbed in a thousand vexing cares, and still have, deep down in his sub-consciousness, the feeling, "God is with me." Is not the man who goes forth in the morning to his customary toil, mindful all day long of the gude wife who stood in the doorway to give him godspeed and who will be there again at evening to greet him? Her life is so interwoven with his being that the sense of her constantly nerves his heart and strengthens his arm. He need not be continually murmuring her name or renewing his espousal vows; it suffices that she is always with him; the day's work is pleasure because of her.

The Soul's Communion with God

And this Presence is also a Delectable Presence.

One who is on bad terms with God is naturally afraid to be with him: yet he knows that he cannot escape him. There is nothing truer than this: "Whither shall I go from thy spirit, or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in sheol, behold, thou art there; if I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me, even the night shall be light about me, yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day, the darkness and the light are both alike to thee." But he who has discovered the Secret of God's Presence is not afraid of it. He hides in it, rather, and delights in it.

The experience referred to in the phrase, "Practising the Presence," begins at conversion.

For there is only one thing that can interrupt the happy communion of a soul with God, namely, sin. God hates sin with an utter hatred, he loathes and abhors it, and the sinner, knowing this, flees like recreant Jonah from the presence of the Lord. It is recorded of Adam that, in the time of his innocency in the garden of Eden, he walked and talked with God, but no sooner had he sinned than he "hid himself from the presence of the Lord among the trees of the garden; and the Lord called unto him, saying, Adam, where art thou? and he answered I was afraid and I hid myself." So sin cuts off our communion with God.

In conversion we are restored to that communion by the removal of our sins. We are cleansed at the "fountain filled with blood drawn from Emmanuel's veins." Our sins are remitted, blotted out, sunk in the depths of an unfathomable sea, and cast behind the back of God, so that he remembers them no more against us.

Influencing the Whole Life

This is conversion. Wherefore, the Gospel is called "the Gospel of Reconciliation." It removes the only obstacle to our fellowship with God: and it puts us in the way of Practising His Presence. The God who was justly offended by our sins is now made nigh in the person of Christ and is become Immanuel, that is, God with us. He who grasps the full significance of that fact will find that his whole life is tempered by it.

The sense of the abiding Presence leads inevitably to an avoidance of sin.

It makes us coy and tender to offend. For how can one indulge in deliberate sin when he knows that God is just beside him? And indeed God is always there, closer than seeing or touching, nearest and kindest of friends, ever walking with us.

I have an acquaintance who, years ago, contracted the opium habit, and it wrought such physical ravages that at length its discontinuance became a matter of life or death. He employed three nurses to serve in relays of eight hours each, and be with him constantly night and day. They were never to leave him for a moment, under any circumstances, lest he should break through his resolution and disannul what was now the desperate purpose of his life. And he thus succeeded in freeing himself from the awful spell. That is precisely what the perpetual sense of God's presence would do for every one of us. For, indeed, we never sin except when we shake him off. We cannot touch the unclean thing unless we willfully rid ourselves of God's sensible presence.

In that secret we are, furthermore, equipped fo the discharge of duty.

The man who, bearing the name of Christ, stanc idle in the market-place, would straightway addres himself to the business in hand, were he to see hi Lord beside him, sickle in hand, pointing to the ye low harvest field.

A few miles out of Rome on the Appian Wa stands a little church called *"Domine, Quo Vadis,* that is, "Lord, whither goest thou?" The story run that in a time of persecution Peter, overcome b fear, fled from the obligations of his parish in Rom As he was hastening along the Appian Way, he me his Lord at this place, with his face turned towar the city. "Lord, whither goest thou?" cried Pete He answered, "I go to Rome to be crucified agai for thee!" Need it be said that Peter retraced hi steps?

Oh, the shame of indolence, in the light of the fac of our busy Lord, who said, "My Father worketl hitherto and I work!" To keep company with hin is to address ourselves with scrupulous care to ever task. The cook in the kitchen at Lorraine filled, i is true, but a humble sphere of usefulness; yet though it were but to turn the spit or kindle the fire he did it as Practising the Presence of God.

> A servant with that clause
> Makes drudgery divine;
> Who sweeps the room as to God's laws,
> Makes that and th' action fine.

And the sense of the abiding Presence stimulates us, also, to the building of character.

For Christ, who is God manifest and present with us, is our Exemplar. We cannot look at him without striving to be like him. We cannot see the manner of his walk and conversation without being moved to "covet the best things."

Growing in Christlikeness

It is a common saying that those who live much together grow to resemble one another. A man and wife, like Darby and Joan, as the years pass, borrow each other's smiles and attitudes. The soldiers in the army of Henry of Navarre, moved by admiration for their great captain, placed white plumes in their hats and wore their swords as he wore his. A like result must follow in the case of Christians who abide in the fellowship of their Lord. Their ambition is to measure up to him, that they may attain unto the fulness of a stature of a man.

> My dear Redeemer and my Lord,
> I read my duty in thy word;
> But in thy life the Law appears
> Drawn out in living characters.
> Such was thy truth and such thy zeal,
> Such deference to thy Father's will,
> Such love and meekness so divine,
> I would transcribe and make them mine.

And again the practice of the Presence leads to patience in suffering.

He with whom we walk is a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. "If we suffer with him, we shall also be glorified together." Think you Simon of Cyrene complained of bearing the Master's cross while that Master, wearied by the same burden, walked beside him? Was it strange that Paul gloried in his tribulations when he was able to say, "I fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ in my flesh?"

Once more, the practice of the Presence gives us fortitude in death.

Blessed is he who can say, "In the valley of the shadow I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me." In Wesley's last sickness he kept repeating, "We two are so joined, he can't go to heaven and leave me behind;" and at the very last he murmured, "Ay, this is the best of all; Immanuel! God with us!"

Oh blessed Secret of His Presence! Would that we all might get into it! And the way to get into it is to clasp hands with Jesus and never let go.

But can two walk together except they be agreed? Put self into the background, therefore, my friend, and let Christ have his way with you. Agree with him as to the terms of pardon, as to the rules of right living, as to the doctrines of the Christian faith; for otherwise you cannot Practice His Presence. These are the only terms on which a man can walk with God.

If we could spend but a single day in the Secret of His Presence, in uninterrupted communion with

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Sankey, Greatest of Gospel Singers

Continued from page 683

Mr. Sankey's Home in Brooklyn

Mr. Sankey, His Daughter-in-Law and Grandchildren

The Country Home on Long Island

pecially serviceable in his religious work, and this as the foundation of his famous collection of Gospel hymns. Many different hymnals were issued nder the Moody and Sankey auspices, all of them ractically Mr. Sankey's compilation or done under is supervision. Millions of copies of the Moody nd Sankey revival hymns have been sold since they rst appeared. These hymns have had an unrivaled opularity, and still have a powerful hold on the earts and affections of the Christian people of very land and all denominations. Their simple elodies and their inspiring choruses were just hat was needed for the Gospel field, and the power f sacred song to move men's souls found in them most effective demonstration. Among the hymns ritten by Mr. Sankey, which have had the greatest opularity, are: "The Ninety and Nine," "The ross of Jesus," "Jesus of Nazareth," "Onward and pward," "There'll Be No Dark Valley," "Call hem Now," "A Little While," "Room for Thee," A Shelter in the Time of Storm," "Tell It Out," When the Mists Have Rolled Away," "How the ays Are Going By."

Of these Gospel hymns a critic recently wrote:

"The solace they have brought in sorrow, the inspiration in moments of despondency, the strength in the hour of weakness, proves that they are, after all, not to be judged by the strict canons of musical and literary art. In their own field, they are a law unto themselves. Many a man who can coolly dissect poetry and music of far higher technical excellence and can lay his finger unerringly upon the flaws, would hesitate to subject these hymns to critical analysis, for behind the words may lie a world of tender memory and profound emotion. The familiar cadence may recall the quiet Sundays of childhood and the menacing or pleading voice of the preacher, the aspirations of youth and its lofty resolves, and the solemn farewells of death. These images may come thronging back, more vivid than any invoked by the organ-notes of Milton.

One of his compositions was the memorial hymn Sankey wrote on the occasion of the death of Moody—"Out of the Shadow-Land," the first verse of which is as follows:

Out of the shadow-land, into the sunshine,
Cloudless, eternal, that fades not away,
Softly and tenderly Jesus hath called him,
Home, where the ransomed are gath'ring to-day.

Moody and Sankey together, in this country and abroad, faced some of the largest religious audiences of modern times. Their monster meetings during the famous English tour of 1873-75, and their tremendous gatherings in New York, Brooklyn and other American cities are still well remembered. Many who attended those meetings will be found to declare that in their experience they have never heard a preacher who drove home the Gospel truth with such force as D. L. Moody, nor have they ever heard a singer who reached the heart and conscience as Sankey did. Both were unique in their united field.

Mr. Sankey made several tours abroad. Writing from Jerusalem in 1898 to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD he told of his journeyings "over the road that Jesus traveled on his way to Calvary to die for the sins of the world." On the highest point of the citadel which was formerly the Tower of David, the evangelist sang verses from the Psalms. He visited Egypt, Athens, Rome, and many other points of interest during his Eastern tours and his fine baritone voice was heard wherever he went, singing the songs of salvation.

On returning from one of his tours, Mr. Sankey, at the request of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, conducted a song service in the old Tombs Prison in New York. He began the memorable service singing, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," "The Ninety and Nine," and other hymns dear to the hearts of all men. He stood on the bridge between the second row of tiers. He could not see his audience, but as his sympathetic voice pealed out the lines he could hear half-subdued sighs along the rows of cells, and knew that many a sullen head was bowed upon a troubled breast. Even the hard-set faces of the keepers, steeled to all emotions, softened a little. Later, when the evangelist walked along the tiers, speaking a word of comfort through the bars to the occupant of each cell, he found many of the prisoners sitting on the edge of their beds, their heads bowed in their hands, and tears in their eyes.

One of Mr. Sankey's favorite projects was the establishment of a College of Sacred Song for the training of singing evangelists. Although this idea was never realized in the form in which he originated it, he did more, perhaps, than any other man in half a century to popularize Gospel song, not only by the many volumes of Gospel hymns he issued, but by the large number of compositions—his own work and that of others associated with him—which have appeared under his direction in the pages of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD during the past fifteen years. Up to the time of his retirement, he was the musical editor of this journal, giving counsel and advice in the selection of the music that appeared in these pages during that time. These tunes, many of which found their first presentation in this journal, have been sung everywhere—in churches, meetings, tent services and home gatherings.

It was early in 1893 that Mr. Sankey first began to experience trouble with his eyesight. For several months he remained in enforced retirement, under treatment by expert physicians and oculists, who hoped to be able to save the sight of one eye at least, the other being already past saving. But the curtain of darkness which was gradually falling over the life of the great Gospel singer could not be lifted. His fine constitution and robust frame, which during his long association with Mr. Moody had enabled him to respond to every physical call, had broken down after the death of his Gospel partner. His physicians told him he should cease singing, as the optic nerves were dangerously affected; in fact, they gave him the alternative of silence or blindness. An operation was performed upon one eye, but the disease, which is known as glaucoma, had already made such rapid progress that the effort to save his sight was unavailing. This disease was due to an increase of the tension within the eyeball, and was undoubtedly caused by physical exhaustion from long-continued overwork. Within six months after the first development of the insidious disease, the Gospel singer was hopelessly blind.

Mr. Sankey's widow and two sons, Allan and Edward, survive him. In 1893 he presented a handsome new building to the Young Men's Christian Association at Newcastle, the town in which he spent his boyhood. The association, like many others in small communities, was poor and despaired of ever possessing a building such as associations in larger cities had found so helpful. The singer came to the rescue, bought the site, erected the building, fitted it with a well selected library and handed the whole over to the association as a memorial to his parents.

Dwight L. Moody

Ira D. Sankey

Photographed while they were in the height of their Gospel activities

The India Famine

MR. BENJAMIN AITKEN writes from Bombay, India, to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD: "Nothing is known of the famine in India except that lakhs of rupees are being spent on it. But I saw an official statement that government had added the large district of Ranchee to the famine area; and I wrote at once to an old German missionary there (Mr. F. Hahn), to ask whether he were in need. He replied by telegraph: 'Help urgently needed; letter follows.' So putting the two things together it looks as if your $50 gift received through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD had come providentially."

Group of Converts From Three Churches—Photographed on a Convert's Farm

Native Converts Who Accompanied the Missionary on His Gospel Trip

WINNING SOULS IN SAN SALVADOR

I RECENTLY made a short trip, visiting four of our stations in the interior of San Salvador. My first stop was at the city of Cojutepeque, where we have had only a few believers. It has seemed almost impossible to make any headway, as this city is one of the most fanatical in Salvador. It has been impossible to rent a place, because the priest has threatened the people with excommunication, so the few faithful hold their meetings in a ranch belonging to one of their members, just a little out of town. It was a great pleasure to find that the few had increased to over twenty-five men and women.

One of the believers who lived in the city gave me entertainment. Of course, we were seen coming into the house. Soon after I left our host was warned and told that his house would be taken away by foreclosure. (He is the owner.) The poor man was greatly troubled until he secured a loan, paid the mortgage and saved the house. We praise God that in spite of all the persecutions, there are scarcely any who turn back to the old sinful life.

We marvel when we see so many new faces at the different stations at every visit we make. At the other stations we found all our members, with a single exception, faithful. In Santa Maria Ostuma our believers have commenced to collect funds, and hope to put up their own chapel. The Sunday I was there, $350 was subscribed, and more promised This was mostly from the working class. As soon as the rainy season is over they expect to begin building.

From Ostuma we went to San Pedro, and found a little company growing in grace and in numbers. A year ago the priest there had organized a mob to either drive me out of town or kill me, which they also attempted by stoning the house where we held our meetings; but, through the American minister, the attention of the government was called to the case, and the result was that the priest was removed, and the local authorities were ordered to give me protection. Since then we have perfect peace. One of the young women converts from San Pedro, who went to visit her relatives, won them by her testimony, and now her aunt and uncle worship the true God, and have delivered up their wooden images to the flames.

From San Pedro, in company with fifteen believers on horseback and others afoot, we went to a large farm and spent two days, holding two services a day. The word of the Lord is as a flame of fire, and many souls are coming into the light. Scarcely a week passes in which we do not hear of new places which colporteurs have visited, and where there ar a few who desire the missionary to come and in struct them in the way of life.

A woman in one of our new stations told us ho she had bought a Testament, but the reading of did not interest her, and she laid it aside. Later on of our colporteurs passed through, selling other rel gious books, and her attention was called to on book, and she bought it, and was deeply interested The colporteur held several meetings which she at tended. These reawakened her interest in her Ne Testament, and she is now a believer. This is an other evidence of the good work done through th distribution of religious literature. Unfortunately we are limited in our supply for lack of funds While we are the only foreign missionaries in thi republic of over a million souls, we believe tha through the distribution of religious literatur many may be reached whom we cannot visit per sonally; so this is a great auxiliary to our work Would that your CHRISTIAN HERALD readers migh be led to help us launch a good stock of religiou literature in this republic!

It is with pleasure that I acknowledge the remit tance of $20, which you apportioned to me as my share from a gift of a charitably-disposed gentleman

San Salvador, C. A. ROBERT H. BENDER.

CHRISTIAN WORKERS AT NORTHFIELD

THE twenty-sixth session of the Northfield Conference for Christian Workers has attracted delegates from all over the world. The big Auditorium, which D. L. Moody built, was packed on Sunday when Dr. W. L. Watkinson, of London, addressed one of the greatest audiences Northfield has ever seen. The first of the meetings comes at 8 A.M., and they continue almost hourly until well into the evening.

Two unique meetings are the outdoor services at Camp Northfield and on Round Top, the first early in the morning. This service is held beside the Camp Council rock, where D. L. Moody used to address the campers in the days when he was here. The sunset service at Round Top is held beside his grave, and as the people sit on the hillside they can see the sun setting behind the hills of Vermont and New Hampshire.

August 17 marked the close of the twenty-sixth session of the Conference for Christian Workers. Delegates were present from all over the country, and nearly every city in New England was represented. Speakers also came from England and Scotland, while many of the missionaries came from the farthest fields of missionary activity. The session was almost unprecedented in point of numbers.

One day was devoted to missions, at which Rev. Joseph Clark, of the Congo, Dr. H. G. Underwood, of Korea, Rev. J. D. Taylor, of Africa, Dr. C. C. Creegan, secretary of the Congregational Board, and Rev. Charles E. Hurlburt, of Africa, told of the work in their respective fields. Dr. Underwood said that if the church did not increase its missionary activity, there would be no more Christians in the world two hundred years hence than now. In the evening, a big missionary rally was held, at which representatives of nearly every mission board and every mission field gave two-minute addresses. A number of natives from the various fields added interest to the occasion.

A Group of Students at Northfield

The closing meetings continued from sunrise until late in the evening. The principal speaker was Dr. W. L. Watkinson, of London, head of the Methodist Church in England, in which he has been a minister for over half a century. Special meetings were held for children, and outdoor services were addressed by leaders in various forms of Christian activity. The song service was led by Charles M. Alexander, with a choir of one hundred children and many soloists. Among the speakers whom he introduced have been Harry Munroe, Pacific Garden Mission in Chicago; M. E. Trotter, Rescue Mission in Grand Rapids, Mich., and W. S. Jacoby, formerly a policeman in Philadelphia.

Many delegates remain to attend the Post Conference. Extended courses will be given, lasting until the middle of September, after which Bible lectures will be given in the Northfield Schools, where over eight hundred pupils will meet. The speakers for the Post Conference are Dr. G. Campbell Morgan, of London; Rev. J. Stuart Holden, also from London, and the most prominent speaker this summer; and W. Gelesnoff, of New York, well known for his studies in the Old Testament.

Native Substitutes in Africa

Dear Christian Herald: Speaking both for our mission and for myself, we are very grateful to you for securing Miss Josselyn and Mr. and Mrs. Dows as patrons of this needy work. I have selected for them three worthy native teachers (men), two for Mr. and Mrs. Dows and one for Miss Josselyn. The names of the two former are Kachunga and Mukeudi, and the latter's name is Banza, a man whose ears were once cut off by cannibals, but who is now a trustworthy teacher and a good Christian. I shall be pleased to put these kind patrons into communication with their protégés at once, and I trust their mutual interest will be permanent. The patrons and protégés can thus correspond with each other.

Kachunga and Mukeudi are of our Lueleo station; Banza is from Ileanji, forty miles north of Lueleo.

Praying that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD may exert its influence for these people of the Congo, and thanking you for your kind assistance, I remain yours in the Master's service,

Lueleo, Congo. J. McC. SIEG.

Tolstoi in Peasant Dress

The Home at Yasnaya Polyiana

Countess Tolstoi

TOLSTOI'S EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY

The Octogenarian Anniversary of the "Grand Old Man" of Russia, Which Many Countries Celebrate

IT IS a noteworthy event when the greatest living figure in the world's literary landscape attains his eightieth birthday, as Count Leo Nikolaevitch Tolstoi does on this September 9. Born in 1828, when the seething unrest of Western Europe was penetrating even into the remote obscurity of Russia, it is not strange that some of its fierceness and bewilderment should have passed into the soul of this characteristic child of the nineteenth century.

In his veins flowed the blood of two of the greatest of Russia's proud families. His mother was a princess of the Gortchakoff line, and his father's ancestors had been ambassadors and honored counselors of Russia's sovereigns for generations.

It was the misfortune of this gifted child to lose, at the age of two years, his beautiful and virtuous mother. From that time onward, he was cared for first by one relative and then another, until he went to the university. There he became so disgusted with the teaching given him and with what seemed to him the general unprofitableness of a student's life, that he insisted on giving up his course, and retiring to his country place, Yasnaya Polyiana. This has been his home ever since—a spot famous as the scene for more than sixty years of those mental and moral struggles, and those socialistic experiments, portrayed in Tolstoi's books with unprecedented frankness, which have resulted in a character the like of which the world has never before seen.

Upon learning his intention to remain upon his estate, reduce it to order and elevate the seven hundred souls who dwell upon it, one of his aunts remonstrated with him. He was planning simply to waste himself. He should take up his residence in the city, like other young nobles. Diplomacy and society offered a proper field for the exercise of his talents. The misery of the peasants was inevitable. It seemed to be hopeless. Nothing could be done about it.

"I have never heard," concluded this excellent woman, "that a young man, well born and with a future, should inter himself in a village under the pretext of doing good. You have always wished to figure as an oddity; your oddity is only another name for your excessive self-love."

But no entreaties—no hidden sarcasms—no summons to a destiny which the world might call higher, could shake the resolution of this devoted youth. He had seen the woes of his peasants. His great heart had melted before them, and he had determined to dedicate his life to their alleviation.

For several years he was able to live up to his resolve. It was only natural that he should meet with discouragements. During those hard, long months of retirement of which the world knows little, he probed to its depths the bitter lot of the Russian peasantry. Impatient and ambitious, he had to learn the truth that civilization is a slow leaven. His serfs did not understand him. They distrusted and opposed him. They could not and would not learn what he longed to teach them, and he was willing, when his soldier-brother, Nikolai, came to Yasnaya Polyiana in 1851, to return to the Caucasus with him and to enlist in the military service of his country.

For four years he fought in the army, first, of the Caucasus, then of the Crimea. The influence of this period upon his life and character cannot be overestimated. His horror of war, and his extreme views regarding non-resistance, were conceived then; and it was then also that the material was gathered for *War and Peace*, on the whole, Tolstoi's greatest work.

In 1862 occurred the event which probably saved this great reformer and mystic from entirely wrecking his life through the fanatical views to which he was naturally prone. He married then Sophie Andreevna, the daughter of Dr. Behrs of Moscow, a woman of brilliant, scholarly attainments, high moral qualities, and, best of all, strong common sense—the quality in which Tolstoi himself is most deficient. From this time forward, he had a balance-wheel. Fifteen children were born to him, only seven of whom still survive.

The Aged Count and Countess and their Children

In the flux and flow of Tolstoi's opinions and convictions during the whole early part of his manhood, his religions and his beliefs changed a dozen times. At sixteen, he says, he ceased to pray. During the horrors of the Crimean War, he ceased to believe in the existence of a good God. Only a fiend of infinite malignity could, he surmised, permit such frightful atrocities as then occurred. Thus, for a time, he was swayed hither and thither by doubts.

But as little ones gathered around his board, the clouds began to clear away. The great, simple facts of common life, and the glimpse of the imposing continuity of the generations, which comes with fatherhood, tended to sanify his mind.

"At this time," he says, "my religion was to provide for my wife and family."

For fifteen years he lived on quietly at Yasnaya Polyiana, working among his peasants and writing occasionally. It was during this period that his two masterpieces, *War and Peace* and *Anna Karenina*, were produced.

Little by little, the yearning of his heart over the sins and sorrows of men overpowered his purely literary impulses. His mind was great, but his heart was greater. His work among his peasants and in the slums of Moscow, from which his village is but 100 miles distant, and where he has lived much during the winters; his army and diplomatic experience, during and just after the Crimean War; and now his family life, had armed him with weapons for philanthropic work such as few men have ever possessed. Behind all was a heart full of burning love for his kind; and book after book, pamphlet after pamphlet, dropped from his pen into the bubbling cauldron of Russian politics. Who can tell what Russia would now have been without him? Never was such democracy, not even in our own great seers and poets—never was such a literal and unlimited interpretation of the mission and the fraternity of Christianity.

Much of it is absurd and inconsistent. His singular doctrines regarding marriage do not agree together, and have led to the publication of certain books from his hand, which have been deplored by the judicious for the harm which they must inevitably do to the thoughtless and uninstructed. His criticisms of art and literature are sometimes almost laughable, in spite of their sincerity and their brilliant expression. But the loving, self-sacrificing spirit of the man overrides all the wrong-headedness and extremism, and beautifies everything he does. His wonderful intellect may not be perfectly balanced, and his judgment may be often defective; but, like him who "awoke one night from a deep dream of peace," the angel will write him down among the foremost of those who have loved their fellow-men; and only the bigoted and narrow-minded will refuse on this anniversary to congratulate him, and even more the world, that he has lived to reach a venerable and honored old age in his storm-tossed land. No one knows why he has been spared from death or banishment. We can only be thankful that it is so. KATE UPSON CLARK.

Helped to Organize the Epworth League

REV. B. F. DIMMICK, one of the best known clergymen in the Cincinnati and Ohio Conferences of the Methodist Church, is dead in Delaware, O. He was fifty-eight years old, and for fifteen years was in Cincinnati, and also served in Cleveland, Dayton, and Columbus. It was in his church in Cleveland that the Epworth League was organized.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

Change of Date.—It takes at least two weeks to change the date, after your subscription is renewed.

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Subscriptions may commence with any issue.

Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

Entered as Second-class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa

The Dead Gospel Singer

THERE have been few men in the Gospel service, in a generation at least, whose passing away will awaken more tender and hallowed memories than that of Ira David Sankey. For nearly thirty years the prince of Gospel singers stood by the side of Dwight Lyman Moody, the greatest evangelist of his time. Attracted to each other by their mutual earnestness in evangelistic work, it was a partnership that lasted through life. Moody's searching appeals, supplemented by Sankey's noble and effective creations of sacred song, rendered with a power and pathos that were unsurpassed, swayed great multitudes not only in America, but across the sea.

Sankey's fine voice once heard in such hymns as "The Ninety and Nine," "No Dark Valley," and others of his own composing, could never be forgotten. His compositions were natural and spontaneous, and he had the rare gift of knowing the melodic themes that would reach the heart. Thousands upon thousands have been swept into the Kingdom by his singing, for, as Moody declared, "he felt every word he sang, and he sang and believed every word he felt."

When, after the death of his long-time associate, the burden of years and the shadow of approaching blindness fell upon the singer, the splendid voice was heard in public no more. But in the quiet of his own home there were times when the blind singer still reveled in those sweet and heart-moving strains that had swayed multitudes. He was no theologian, but he had a very clear spiritual illumination, and a call to a mission which to many was the summons to a new and better life. He "sang the Gospel" as no other singer has ever done, and if his songs were simple and lowly, for that very reason they went more quickly and surely to their mark. His songs will endure, and will continue to bring back the wanderers to the Shepherd's fold, while more pretentious compositions are forgotten.

All honor to the memory of Ira David Sankey, the sweet singer, whose work on earth was so well and nobly accomplished.

A Burning Question

A CORRESPONDENT of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD writes from Cardinal, Va., a cordial approval of the recent advice in these columns upon "The Test of Amusements." She says:

> Your answer is wise and timely: but what shall our young people do that will satisfy the craving for social life and the need of change, and yet do nothing which can dishonor Christ, influence others in wrong directions or hinder growth? They want life, life, life! It seems to me that the church is far too satisfied with restrictive directions: and while the world furnishes attractions galore, the church does not attract the young men of to-day because it offers little that is positive. I believe that young people can learn to find truest recreation and pleasure in forms of activity that are not only healthful but positively upbuilding to personal character.

No one appreciates more fully than THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the necessity of providing lively and absorbing amusements for our young people, especially for our young men. In the summer, they are amply provided for. Tennis, golf and baseball are all clean and manly sports. Pagan and Christian can enjoy them together and thus good influences may be brought strongly to bear, by those who are looking out for chances to do good. It is undeniably an advantage when the world's people and Christ's people can meet on a common ground of innocent mirth and merry-making. It is when the separation occurs that the hard strain comes.

On this account, many excellent people may esteem our attitude on card-playing unduly severe. They would allow it, so long as no money or other stake is made upon the game. But the associations and tendencies still remain; it is still true that cards are the tools of the gambler. All Christians admit those facts to be objectionable and dangerous to morality. In the same way dancing, and especially the so-called "round" dances, with the usual accompaniment of late hours, indigestible suppers, and, too often, doubtful company, can hardly be commended to the patronage of Christian people.

But each must work out his own salvation in this as in other personal matters. Let your recreations be as clean as your business. Apply to them the simple test of conscientious approval or disapproval. If they are clean and honorable, and such as will leave no moral stain, there is no reason why you should not enjoy them to your heart's content.

Secretary Cortelyou's Advice

THERE are many fraudulent financial schemes thrust before the public nowadays which, at the outset, would seem almost to defy detection. Mr. Cortelyou, Secretary of the Treasury, has rendered a public service in pointing out what he styles the "common characteristics" of those swindles. One of the earmarks of fraud, he says, is the promise of excessive profits or dividends; another is the actual payment of excessive dividends at the start. These two features invariably accompany all such schemes. He cites several recent gigantic swindles in which people were asked to send in their money to form a great speculative fund or trust, which would "swing the market" and make the big capitalists yield up some of their wealth. Of course, nothing of the kind happened; but the credulous contributors or investors were mercilessly fleeced by the tens of thousands. The lesson of Secretary Cortelyou's timely warning is to distrust any scheme that promises to open up an easy road to wealth. At this time, when the press is flooded with swindles of every degree, it is well to remember the Secretary's warning.

The Standard of Evangelism

APROPOS of the controversy concerning the methods of evangelists, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has received, among a large number of letters, the following from an Iowa pastor, which we strongly commend to the careful consideration of evangelists and to our readers generally. Speaking of a certain type of evangelist, the writer says:

> His methods are not above criticism. He invites penitents forward for prayers, and they all at that time receive the O. K. of the evangelist, and whether they are accepted of the Lord or not, they will do to count, to add to the reputation of the evangelist. To me this is positively abominable! When any one announces a desire to be saved, it becomes a question to be settled by that soul and the Almighty, without any outside interference from any one. Some will find peace immediately by believing, and others will not. The sequel is to be worked out by the seeker and his God, if it be one moment or one year.
>
> I am satisfied that this immature method results in loading up the churches with hosts of unsaved people, who are a positive detriment rather than a blessing. At one town where I am now preaching an evangelist held a meeting some years ago. He reported 150 converts. To-day there is but one standing faithful. I imagine about the same percentage will hold good in all his work. It may be said that the one soul is worth all the effort. This may be true in a sense, but it betrays false reasoning. If one soul is as good as another, what is to save such a system if it be shown that ten are lost through self-deception to every one saved? Tested by moral mathematics, the system ends in inglorious failure.

This plain speech on a live question from a faithful minister of over forty years' standing, is not to be lightly set aside. It is precisely what thousands of other ministers and the great majority of good church members feel and what they would say, in equally plain talk, if they had the courage. Happily, most evangelists are governed by sensible methods, and, while using forcible and direct language, they do not descend to the cheap sensational methods our correspondent so accurately describes. Many evangelists write to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and we know that their work, as a whole, is careful, thorough and reverent throughout; it is deep and lasting and not to be classed with the superficial and sensational work which sometimes passes for evangelism.

A Play of the Pit

SOME years ago, when it was proposed to present the Passion Play in New York, public indignation rose to such a pitch over the threatened sacrilege that it was quickly abandoned. Now we have a singular reversal of the situation. The metropolitan theatres have put his Satanic majesty on the boards in a play in which he is the principal character—we need not say the hero—and not a single remonstrance has been raised against it up to the present moment. It was probably to be expected that the ruling influence so long behind the scenes in many theatres should come to the front at last, as the master-spirit in a play which affords ample scope f the delineation of the traditional diabolic natu There may be amusement for a certain kind of th atre-going folks in a drama which has for its the the wrecking of two souls, and the spinning of a w of lies, deception and immorality; but it is sure the amusement of the pit itself.

Disregarding the shallow claim that the piece is sort of "morality play," the disgusted critics ha stamped the thing as a dismal failure. Following closely on the heels of the outrageous "Salome," th vicious drama, with its sinister title, has furnish the strongest argument against the theatre that h been heard in many a day.

The Exercise of Faith

A READER of this journal, H. A. B., of Sanbor N. Y., sends this inquiry, which is one that fr quently suggests itself to other minds:

> Faith is a most important topic and also a most perplexing or We find in the Bible many statements that seem conflicting. faith voluntary or involuntary? If faith is controlled by the wi then the culpability of the sceptic is obvious. If it is involuntar how can the guilt of the sceptic be proved? Does not faith d pend altogether upon our judgment as to the truth of the subje at issue?

We trust that the following exposition of the sul ject by Pastor Sheldon, one of our regular staff co tributors (and the author of many books treating faith and the Christian life), may prove enlighte ing and helpful to our inquirer and others:

"The exercise of faith, as taught by the Bible an learned from human experience, is a very simpl and, to my mind, a very voluntary thing. The farme who has faith in God prays, 'Give us this day ou daily bread,' and then goes out and prepares hi ground for the seed. He sows it, reaps it, threshes i and hauls it to the mill. It is ground and goe through several processes before it is a loaf of brea on his table. God furnishes the seed, which ma cannot make; he furnishes sun, rain, heat, cold, an all the power of growth. The farmer exercises hi faith in God when he prays for daily bread, an shows his faith by his works.

"It is the same with the act of faith in salvation We believe in the power of God to forgive sins an do what we cannot do, and if our faith is good fo anything, we at once do the things ourselves whic make for character and Christlikeness. All these act are voluntary on our part, like the farmer's acts i sowing the seed and tending the harvest. Faith i simply man trusting God to do what God can do while man does what God does not need to do fo him. Salvation will not come to a man who sit down and does nothing for his own soul, any mor than a loaf of bread will miraculously get on the farmer's table if he prays for daily bread, and does not work to get it. Faith and works are inseparable in nature, in science, in business, and in religion.

Topeka, Kan. CHARLES M. SHELDON.

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THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Honored Syrian Missionaries

IT WOULD be difficult to find a more intelligent or comely group of faces than those presented in the picture upon this page. The faces represent the workers in the Syria Mission to-day. These characters express so much of personal worth, of historic missionary value, of heroic devotion to the salvation of the world, that they will delight and inspire the great family of readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, whose hearts are in such deep sympathy with the woes and the wants and the salvation of the world. This picture group was sent in a letter to the editor of this paper from Beirut, by Rev. F. E. Hoskins of the Syria Mission. From the report of the Mission for 1907 we take these facts:

"In 1857 there were, all told, only 75 native church members. In 1907 there were 34 organized churches with 2,819 members, of whom 151 were admitted during the year. None of the presbyteries existed twenty years ago, but now they are the real centre of evangelical church life. Fifty years ago there were nine stations, with 16 preaching places, within the bounds of the Syria Mission. In 1897 there were 94 preaching places. The 30 schools of 1857, with 1,030 pupils, have grown in 1907 into 105 schools with 5,115 pupils, and these take no account of the college with its 850 students, that grew out of the Mission work. Two hundred and forty native and foreign workers, gathering up the experiences and teachings of two-thirds of a century, are praying and working still in faith of the coming Kingdom. These represent the gifts of the Presbyterian Church in the United States. No imposing churches have been built, no jeweled shrines reared at supposed holy places, but into thousands of darkened hearts the light has shined and peace and good will increased among all the conditions of men."

These venerable missionaries, with a half century of service such as is rarely seen, have had a large share in bringing about the success of the work and in hastening the coming of the Kingdom of our Lord. These consecrated toilers have not only blessed the field in which they wrought, but their glorious services are a divine inspiration to the members of the church in our home land. What these splendid workers have done is being accomplished in every land and every clime, and the results of the last fifty years, in all the fields, have been almost miraculous; and the story of past success is only the prophecy of larger generosity at home and continuous self-sacrificing services in the foreign field.

Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest. (John 4: 35.)

MEMBERS OF THE SYRIA MISSION

Upper Row—Rev. James B. Brown, Mr. Stuart D. Jessup, Mr. E. G. Freyer, Rev. W. S. Nelson, D.D., Rev. Wm. Jessup, Rev. G. C. Doolittle, Rev. Paul Erdman, Rev. James H. Nicoll.

Lower Row—Rev. F. E. Hoskins, D.D., 1883; Rev. George A. Ford, D.D., 1881; Rev. O. T. Hardin, 1871; Rev. Samuel Jessup, D.D., 1863; Rev H. H. Jessup, D.D., 1856; Rev. F. W. Morch, 1873; Ira Harris, M.D., 1883.

Caterpillars by the Quart

The caterpillars have made such havoc with the elm and maple trees of Newark, N. J., that the Shade Tree Commission has arranged to pay ten cents a quart for all these insects that the children will catch. The school children of the city have organized a brigade for an onslaught on this enemy of vegetation. The employees of the Commission are stationed at designated points at various parts, to receive the consignments of worms that are brought in. They measure the various consignments and issue receipts, in return for which the City Clerk's office gives the required amount of cash. It is expected that at least a dozen car loads of these pests will be destroyed by this process.

Everything that lives has an enemy ready to destroy it. Every plant and animal and life and soul has such an enemy to pester and, if possible, to kill it, and the great fight of life with the farmer, the physician, the moralist and the pastor, is to defeat and destroy this foe. The Bible was written and the atonement was provided upon the hypothesis that the soul has fatal diseases to resist and mortal enemies to overcome.

And your spoil shall be gathered like the gathering of the caterpillar. (Isa. 33: 4.)

The Great Pigeon Race

One of the most exciting contests of the year was the great pigeon race from France to England, in the annual Pigeon Derby which took place recently. Seven thousand five hundred and thirteen birds flew back home—a distance of 450 miles. The birds were taken from Manchester to Southampton and again from St. Malo to Nantes, by special train. There were 687 baskets and they occupied fourteen railway vans. On the arrival of these baskets at the station at Nantes, they were placed in the open space by the side of the railway and the lids were opened by the railway officials. Immediately, the thousands of pigeons arose and started on their swift journey home. The winning bird belonged to Mr. T. Dobson, of Milnthorpe, and made the journey at the rate of almost fifty miles an hour.

How strangely have some animals been endowed with the home instinct! Horses have been taken over new roads for fifty or a hundred miles, and making an escape from the stable, have turned their heads toward home. Dogs have been blindfolded and carried in cars long distances, and when released have made their way back home. What a picture it was to see more than 7,000 pigeons start from France and fly straight back home to England! This instinct of the carrier pigeon is a hint of that higher and healthier love in man for home, which is the symbol of everything that is true and beautiful and good in the individual life and public character. It is this home tie that binds society with the smallest unit and the largest aggregations. It is the measure of a nation's thrift and happiness. A true home is the symbol of heaven; and Christ, when he referred to heaven, described it as mansions in his Father's house. To the Christian, death is often described as the release of the soul from the fetters and imprisonments of earth, and its flight like a dove to its home.

Oh that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away, and be at rest. (Psa. 55: 6.)

The Deadly Automobile

The automobile continues its fearful harvest of death. In itself it is a dangerous thing. Accidents are certain to occur though the machine be driven with the utmost prudence. But under the reckless driving in our thickly settled communities the accidents are almost of hourly occurrence, and of fatal consequences. Much of the slaughter is criminal. Incompetent men take their own lives and those of their families in their hands in the mistakes they make, and drinking and dissipation pile up the record of suicide and murder. The ruddy faced merchant, the jolly millionaire, the profligate sons and daughters of luxury are among the victims. It would be bad enough if the occupants of the motor cars were the only victims. They are not. Innocent little children and old people, men and women about their daily tasks, are hurled into eternity by these reckless speeders. There must be a better protection against this wholesale massacre.

There is but a step between me and death. (I. Sam. 20: 3.)

The President's Advice to Boys

In a letter President Roosevelt gives this excellent advice to the boys of the country:

"To the boys I wish to say a special word. I emphatically believe in manliness, in courage, in physical address, but I believe quite as much in good comradeship and in a spirit of fair play. I hope that whenever you enter a contest you will do all that is in you to win, and yet that you will remember that it is far better to fail than to win by any unfairness, by any underhand trickery.

"Keep in mind that it is only by persistent effort in the face of discouragement that any of us ever do anything that is really worth while doing. The fellow who gives up when he is once beaten is made of mighty poor stuff, and if he thus gives up as soon as he is beaten in a sport he does not stand much chance of success in the serious conflicts of after life. The true spirit which wins victories in after life is the spirit which fights hard to succeed, but which takes defeat with good nature and with the resolute determination to try again. It is a good beginning for this serious work of after life if on the play-grounds you learn how to co-operate with your fellows, and to do your best to win, while at the same time treating your opponents with fairness and courtesy."

In these days of fierce competition and contests in the mental and moral realm it will be well for the boys and young men to heed this exhortation to honesty, fair dealing, and persistent effort.

Let us play the men for our people. (II. Sam. 10: 12.)

Funeral Service for Birds

Two thousand birds were killed by a terrific rainstorm in the groves near West Sixtieth and Ada Streets in Chicago one day in August. The children of the neighborhood had a burial service. The 2,000 feathered bodies were laid to rest in a wide grave, while the children stood with bowed heads sobbing as they strewed simple flowers over them. The girls led in the formal exercises.

It was a solemn and beautiful sight, and brought tears to the eyes of grown people who witnessed it. Children with such tender sensibilities toward the birds will make kind friends, true lovers and good citizens. A part of the burial service indicated deep sorrow for the destruction of the songsters, but faith in the superintendency of God, as expressed in this little prayer that was used:

We are very sorry, O God, that all the poor birds had to die,
For we would like to have them stay around in the trees,
But we need rain, and you know what is best.

A world of human sentiment and healthful theology was crowded into that little prayer.

Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. (Matt. 10: 29.)

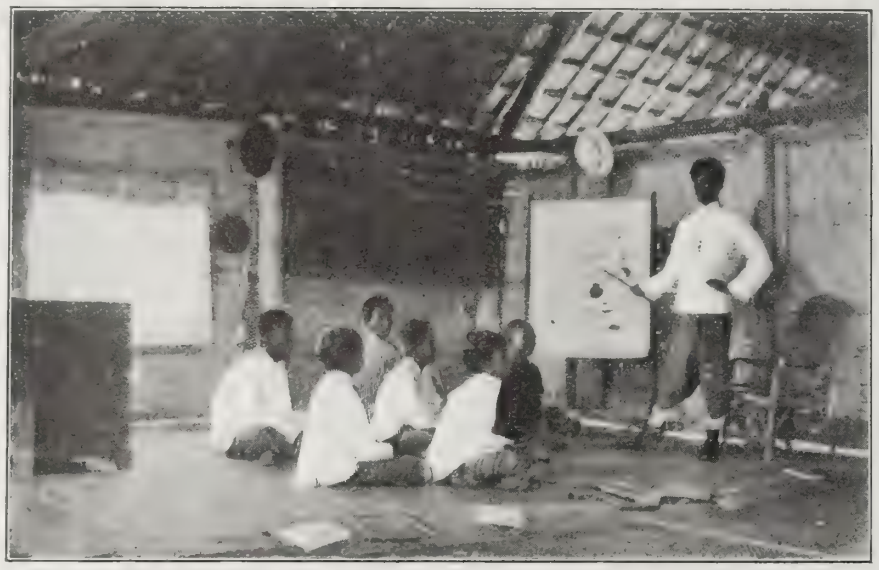
STARTING A SCHOOL SYSTEM IN SIAM

THE territory for which Nan station in Siam is responsible is one of magnificent distances. The journey from Nan to the northern boundary takes eight days, to the western three days, to the southern about five days, and to the eastern no one knows; no one has ever gotten there yet. The roads are single foot-paths, often just wide enough for a man to carry his baskets hung on a stick across his shoulder. Carts are practically unknown and outside of the city horses are scarcer than elephants. Made roads are undreamed of. There are only the bare foot-paths of countless ages, often curving around where a tree had fallen and rotted away in some former generation, or following up the rocky bed of some crooked mountain stream.

The people are widely scattered over the province, often long distances from their neighbors, but in little hamlets which are grouped around the rice plain from which they get their living. These groups contain from one or two hundred inhabitants up to ten or more thousand, according to the size and fertility of the plain. Many of these groups of villages are almost inaccessible from outside a large part of the year, but it is easy for the people to come together.

The hot season begins about the middle of March and in June turns into the rainy season, with its swollen rivers. This lasts until November. During these seasons it is difficult, and much of the time impossible, to do touring work in the distant parts of the province.

There are no government schools in this province except one or two little ones in the city. A few of the boys of the country learn to read and write a little Laos by entering the Buddhist priesthood for a number of years. Of course, even that resort is cut off from the Christian boys and there is no help at all for the girls. The prospect for the church is truly pitiable if its future laity is to grow up in even denser ignorance than their heathen neighbors. The only way to avoid the catastrophe is for the church to establish schools in the Christian neighborhoods.



Photograph by Mrs. A. P. Barrett

A Native School at Nan, Siam

But who are to teach these schools? Many of these groups of villages, both heathen and Christian, are asking us to establish schools for their children, for they want them educated, and they have no faith in the help from the government. But how are we to supply this demand for teachers? These teachers will first have to be taught. That is what we plan to do. We wish to select the more promising boys from the Christian families and bring them here to Nan and train them physically, mentally, and especially spiritually, and then send them out into these groups as teachers of the children and to preach and live the Christian religion and to conduct the regular Sabbath services. The missionary who has charge of that particular district will keep close watch upon these teachers and will visit them as often as possible to encourage them in the work and to baptize any that may be ready. At least once a year it is hoped to gather all these teachers together for a few weeks' conference and Bible stu and for re-energizing. As these sch grow, the more promising mate will be selected and brought to head school in the city and trained take up the same work of teaching. this way the system will be self-pro gating and the schools of the coun will be Christian and in the control the church. At the same time it be a wedge for opening up the wh land to the influence of the Gospel its most vital and receptive spot—t children, and through the children t home. And not only so, but it will a be a means of helping maintain t work of native evangelists, for t heathen neighbors will avail the selves of the opportunity of sendi their children to school and many them will be able to pay for it, th helping to support the evangelist wh he teaches the Christian children a preaches the Gospel.

A small beginning has already be made in the head school in Nan. Abo twelve or fifteen boys are being structed and trained for this spec work of teaching and Christian leade ship. There is also a number of oth children, among whom are the sons the highest Siamese officials and n tive princes, who are constantly contact with and under instruction Christianity. Some of these pay a sm tuition fee, which aids in the suppo of the school. Most of the boys fro the country are poor and have to fed and clothed, but they help wh they can by working in the missiona and Christian homes, by gardenin teaching in the school, etc. Howeve it still lacks quite a little of sel support. The fifty dollars ($50) kindly sent us by THE CHRISTIA HERALD recently, was most grateful received and will be used in the fu therance of this good work.

A. P. BARRETT.

JAVANESE CONVERTS BUILD A CHURCH

FIFTEEN miles from Batavia is the village of Pondok Gedé. Here the brown Malay lives his quiet life, among his rice fields and banana and cocoanut groves. Were you to visit him at holiday time, you would find an unusual amount of excitement. Last Christmas some two hundred men, women and children who had not found in Mohammedanism the joy and peace their hearts craved, and who had become Jesus' disciples, met to dedicate their new bamboo church. As the time of service drew near the "runner" might be seen going in and out among the rice fields to the various patches of woodland each of which shelters its own little group of basket-houses. Soon little companies began to find their way to the church. As the people arrive, *tabeks* (greetings) are said, and work begins.

First of all the Christmas tree has to be made. Who ever heard of making a Christmas tree? But wait. They bring a great soft stump which, deprived of its leaves, you may not at first recognize as a banana tree trunk. This stump is securely fixed into the centre of the earthen floor of the little bamboo church. Then comes a man with an armful of bamboo sticks, large and small. These stiff, handmade branches are pushed straight through the

Members of the First Malay M. E. Church, Java

banana stalk at right angles, and with the help of few fir-like vines, transform the stump into th semblance of a stately pine. Now the eyes begin sparkle and dance as the missionary opens h Santa's pack from which pour the love-tokens fro far across the sea. This was the first service in th new chapel, largely the work of their own hand

Service over, the people find their way back t their homes, each happy with some token of lov

There is in this village a very great need. To thes simple country folks such a thing as a clock or time piece of any kind is almost unknown. Many a Sab bath morning, the spiritual food which the pasto has labored hard to prepare for his flock is los because of tardiness of the people in coming t church. What we need is a bell whose voice will no only call to worship those who are followers o Christ but will also serve as a constant reminder t the hundreds of natives in the surrounding village that the religion of our Lord has come among the to stay. It may be that amid the many good deed of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers some may fin it in their hearts to help us to get a bell to summo our people to worship the true God here in this far away heathen land.

MRS. J. R. DENYES.

Batavia, Java.

AMONG THE WORKERS AT HOME AND ABROAD

—MRS. ELIZABETH JANSEN, missionary at Cebu, P. I., writes: "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD mission boat continues to render excellent service and brings great relief to the missionaries and native evangelists."

—MISSIONARY E. H. RICHARDS writes from Inhambane, Africa, that there are now in the group of mission stations under his care 400 native children friendless and unprovided for, whom the faithful workers are training for lives of usefulness.

—MRS. E. W. WHITTEMORE recently held twenty-seven Gospel meetings in St. Paul, Minneapolis, Winona, Chicago, Mitchell, Orleans, Burlington, Peoria, and Hannibal. This was all done in seventeen days. She is now completing her summer campaign in California.

—THE CHURCH FEDERATION of Los Angeles, Calif., serves as a clearing house for churches of all denominations. Members of any church moving to that city can send name, address, and denomination, and they will be put in communication with a pastor of their own denomination.

—EVANGELIST E. O. GUERRANT writes from Wilmore, Ky.: "God is blessing the Soul Winners' work among the Highlanders. We opened a new College (The Highland College) in the Cumberlands last month. The Governor of Kentucky made an address. We will open our new Orphans' Home this month for the mountain children."

—PURITY FARM, Cherokee, Okla., is not a reform school. Students work at farm work and cement blocks ninety hours a month to make expenses and then attend Stella Academy. Several buildings for boys and girls are planned at a cost of about $20,000. The school is a Quaker school, and Rev. C. A. Mitchell, the superintendent, is a Methodist minister.

—LUCY PAGE GASTON, Superintendent of the National Anti-Cigarette League, Chicago, writes: "Just as fast as our funds permit, we shall urge anti-cigarette laws in the State Legistatures. Already Indiana, Tennessee, Wisconsin, Oklahoma, Nebraska, Washington, and Arkansas have placed a ban upon this, the greatest menace to the boy."

—THE COMMITTEE in charge of the meetings at Lemon Hill, Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, this week, hold a series of conference and platform meetings. Tuesday afternoon and night will be Sunday School Day; Wednesday, Young People's Day; Thursday, work among men and boys; Friday, Visitors' Day; Saturday, festival of sacred song; Sabbath, September 6, Harvest Home.

—A MOVEMENT is on foot in Victoria, Australia, looking to th union of the Anglican and Presbyterian churches in that country The *British Weekly*, referring to it, says: "We may be quite sur no essential principle will be sacrificed by the Presbyterians o Victoria, and only those who know the circumstances of th colony can fully understand the pressure which is compellin Christian people towards union."

—REV. HERBERT C. WITHEY of the Methodist Episcopal Missio in Angola, Africa, who after twenty years of service in Africa, b ginning as a boy twelve years of age, has been on furlough in thi country for the past two years, sails from New York this month returning to his field of labor in Africa. Mr. Withey has com pleted for the British and Foreign Bible Society the translatio of the New Testament into Kimbundu.

—PRINCIPAL ARCHIBALD, of Taylor University, writes: "Th Vice-Presidential nominee of the Prohibition party, Rev. A. S Watkins, received his Ph.D. at Taylor University. The newly elected president of the university, Rev. Monroe Vayhinger, is o the Prohibition State ticket for State Superintendent of Publi Instruction. Mrs. Vayhinger, his wife, is State Superintenden of the W. C. T. U. It looks as if our school might continue t maintain her reputation for Prohibition."

The Old Hymns

'HERE'S lots o' music in 'em, the
hymns of long ago;
'n' when some gray-haired brother
sings the ones I used to know,
sorter want to take a hand—I think
o' days gone by,
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
and cast a wistful eye."
here's lots o' music in 'em—those
dear sweet hymns of old,
Vith visions bright of lands of light
and shining streets of gold;
nd I hear 'em ringing—singing,
where memory dreaming stands,
From Greenland's icy mountains to
India's coral strands."
hey seem to sing forever of holier,
sweeter days,
Vhen the lilies of the love of God
bloomed white in all the ways;
nd I want to hear their music from
the old-time meetin' rise,
ill "I can read my title clear to man-
sions in the skies."
Ve hardly needed singin' books in
them old days; we knew
he words, the tunes of every one the
dear old hymn-book through!
Ve had no blaring trumpets then, no
organs built for show,
Ve only sang to praise the Lord,
"from whom all blessings flow."
n' so I love the dear old hymns, and
when my time shall come—
efore the light has left me and my
singing lips are dumb—
f I can only hear 'em then, I'll pass,
without a sigh,
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
where my possessions lie!"

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Making Young Patriots

ONSIDERABLE interest has been
awakened by the recent publication
n these pages of an article describing
he School City project of Prof. Wil-
on L. Gill, who is the originator of
he School City or Youths' Republic.
Several years ago, we described in
nese columns his remarkable work in
uba, as supervisor of moral and
ivic training among the boys and girls
f that island. Dr. Enrique José
arona, Secretary of Public Instruc-
ion in General Wood's Cabinet (who
ave Mr. Gill the sobriquet of "Apostle
o the Cubans"), in his official report
alled the School City "the solution of
he greatest of all pedagogical prob-
ems, that of moral education through
he schools." Dr. Lincoln de Zayas,
resent Secretary of Public Instruc-
ion, wrote: "Mr. Gill's system will
onvert every school into a miniature
epublic and every pupil into a peace-
ul, law-abiding, righteous citizen."

The School City or Youths' Republic
oes not end with the teaching of good
recepts. Day by day, hour by hour, it
lls the child's life so full of happy
houghts and joyful actions that there
s no room left for the ordinary bicker-
ngs, injustice and other ugly things
hat blight childhood and dwarf the
pirit of adult years. The children
re taught to co-operate for the happi-
ess and welfare of the whole child and
dult community. They become, in
act, little citizens, filled with the civic
pirit of good will, and are led into
hose practices which are necessary
or the defense and development of the
reat and glorious institutions of our
ountry.

The School City does not consume
ime, but rather saves time. The pu-
ils cease to look upon their teachers as
nasters and drivers, and regard them
s friends and leaders.

The plan of the School City is won-
erfully elastic, and admits of every
hase of government, from those of the
illage and township to those of the
State and national government and an
ndless variety of forms and combina-
ions. However, after years of expe-
ience in numerous schools, Mr. Gill's
preference is to organize the pupils of
ach separate room into a municipality,
he little citizens electing their mayor,
president of city council, judge, sheriff,
reasurer, clerks and such other offi-
ers as may seem desirable in that par-
icular school room. Commissioners of
health, games, public works, police, etc., may be provided for by the city council and appointed by the mayor. All who are not elected or appointed to office are members of the city council. The School Cities in one building may be joined in a School State, and the children of all the classes elect the governor and other State officers. In a very large school, there may be two or more School States.

The School City movement has spread to other lands and action has been taken to unite all who are taking part in it into a Children's International State. Mr. Gill will welcome intelligent co-operation by educators and others who are interested and will answer all inquiries made with that purpose in view. His address is No. 5 East Twelfth Street, New York City.

"MY BOY"

Written for The Christian Herald by W. Livingston Larned
Drawing by Richard Culter

I.

I KNOW that the lad has been erring,
I know he is wayward and all;
But still with his faults I am bearing,
He's mine—and I'll hearken his call.
You say: "Jim should go with the others
Who darken their steps and our joy."
But Jim has his sisters and brothers,
And Jim is still mine—he's my boy.

II.

Way out on the paths that sin carries
Jim wanders—he knows what it means
To suffer. Just wait till he marries,
Jim's still in his youth and his teens.
I've been like the black sheep, and flurried
My father, he's known the annoy
Of "sowing wild oats," but he worried
If any one slighted his "boy."

III.

It's when life is meanest and narrow,
I want them to come to their "dad,"
You might say the sympathies harrow,
When boys slip the reins and are bad;
But, bless you, the sunshine we scatter
As clouds all our pleasures alloy,
Means more than inquiring "the matter,"
Throw open your arms to the "boy."

IV.

Yes, Jim has been up to his fooling,
His friends turn aside with a sneer;
I'm one that won't turn—it's my ruling;
He's mine—and God bless him, you hear!
Let Jim feel there's one in the struggle,
His champion—his to employ;
Dad's son, when in arms he would snuggle
And now, more than ever, "dad's boy."

The Presence of God

Continued from page 684

him, what a day that would be! To rise in the morning and feel his handclasp; to be sensible of His Presence with us in the office or the workshop, or at our household cares; to come to the day's close without a break of that hand-clasp, and then to sleep beneath the shadow of his wings: what a day that would be!

And if a lifetime were spent thus in the Secret of His Presence, what a life that would be! The biography of Enoch is written in this brief monograph, "He walked with God; and he was not, for God took him." Up the steep paths of toil and suffering he climbed in that sweet fellowship, until he crossed the summit of the hills. His friends wept, saying, "Enoch is dead." But Enoch was not dead. He had simply gone on and passed more fully into the Great Secret.

Forever with the Lord!
Amen, so let it be:
Life from the dead is in that word:
'Tis immortality.

So shall we dwell with the Lord forever. We shall be in that conscious, abiding and delectable Presence, of which it is written, "In His Presence is fulness of joy; at his right hand are pleasures forevermore." This is the blessedness of heaven; to practise, forever and forever, the Presence of God.

The Unseen Guest

Written after a visit to our Children's Home at Mont-Lawn

ONE Guest was there that summer day,
Whose face and form we could not see,
He listened when we tried to pray,
And smiled with calm benignity,
To hear the songs the children sang,
Until the woodland echoes rang.

Yes, he was there! He sat beside
Those boys and maidens, and he knew
All who for his dear sake had tried
To make them happy, good and true;
His silent lips spake not a word,
And yet, how all our hearts were stirred!

For deep within the soul he spake
His message of approving love,
To all who for his own dear sake,
Sought to make earth like heaven above.
And those who heard his voice were
blest—
The voice that hushed the raging sea
Said, "Ye have done it unto me."

And every day in every room,
And out beneath the open sky
Will Jesus come. And when the gloom
Of night shuts out all sight,
By every bedside will he wait
With hands of blessing open wide;
Nor shall one life be desolate,
But each be fully satisfied!

—G. A. WARBURTON.

A Stranger from the Arctic

THE mission yacht *Messenger* continues her work among the fleet of vessels that congregate in New York harbor. She gives to the incoming ships a supply of good literature. The workers on the mission yacht are alert to help the sailors with such necessaries as may prove a temporal or spiritual blessing. Owing to the lack of employment this summer there are thousands destitute along the water front. Many ships are out of commission and laid up without crews. Hence many seamen come to the mission yacht seeking for food. None are turned hungry away, although no funds are provided for this great need. A few days ago a dusky sailor was found trying to get some nourishment from a bone that some dog had been eating on the dock. The man proved to be an Esquimaux, who had been brought here on a whaling ship and cast ashore to shift for himself. He had gone on the ship while she was in the Arctic sea and they forced him to remain and work in place of a sailor who was lost. He speaks no English. It is a difficult thing to decide what shall be done with the lone Esquimaux, so far from his kinsmen. The mission boat workers think he might be taught the Gospel, and eventually sent back on some ship bound to the far North to carry the tidings of the cross to the wandering tribes of the Arctic Sea.

The good results of circulating literature among seamen is self-evident from the fact that many sailormen now ask for religious papers, and speak of the change in their lives through the knowledge they gained from the printed page. Any reader interested in this work may address Captain G. E. Benn, P. O. Box 157, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A Heathen and His Idols

MR. F. S. ARNOT, the famous missionary-explorer, who lately returned from his fifth journey through the heart of the Dark Continent, tells of a notable conversion in the Zambezi country. A powerful chief called his people together to witness the destruction of his idols. As he flung them one by one into the river, the people who lined the banks expected to see him drop dead. As the fetishes sank beneath the waters he cried out, "If you are gods, why don't you float?" It was an interesting fact that this scene took place at one of the fords of the Zambezi many years ago crossed by Livingstone in his exploration for the source of the river.

THE CROWN OF TRUE SUCCESS*

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

"DAVID inquired of the Lord," as Moses and Joshua and Samuel had done, and it seemed to be a more direct approach to God than through prayer. Possibly David may have inquired of God through Abiathar, the high priest.

"Unto Hebron." That was God's reply when David inquired where he should go. Just returning from an exile of a year and a half, he had no abiding place, and it was important where the new king should choose his home. Hebron was a strategic point because: 1. Many of the six hundred men who had joined themselves to David had their homes in that region. 2. The Philistines would be his nearest neighbors, and David's friendly relations with them would make him safe from attack by them. 3. Hebron was a place of great interest to the Israelites because it was there Abraham first pitched his tent when he entered the Promised Land, and his sepulchre was there, and is there to-day. "And there they anointed David king over the house of Judah." He had been anointed privately by Samuel probably about ten years before. This was the public anointing and inauguration, not as king over the whole nation, but only over the tribe of Judah.

"And David sent messages unto the men of Jabesh-Gilead," either to placate them, or to reassure them, for the message was one of commendation because they had gone into the Philistines' country, and taken down the bodies of King Saul and his sons from the walls of the city where they had been hung in derision, and burned their flesh and buried their bones. David went afterwards and brought the bones of Saul and his sons and buried them in the ancestral sepulchre in the country of Benjamin (II. Sam. 21: 12-15).

David Anointed King of Israel

"Then came all the tribes of Israel to David unto Hebron . . . and they anointed David king over Israel." This was the second public anointing, and occurred seven and one half years after David had been inaugurated king of Judah. His capital was then removed from Hebron to Jerusalem. The time was ripe for David to be crowned king over all Israel, because the only remaining son of Saul, Ishbosheth, had just died. He had vainly tried, backed by Abner, the captain of Saul's host, to establish himself as the successor of his father, and had actually ruled over the northern part of the kingdom for two years. But Abner was dead as well as Ishbosheth, and the people came in loyalty to David, saying: "Behold, we are thy bone and flesh." They represented 339,600 warriors, and they recalled the days when David had gone before them into battle, as a good reason for serving him now. As king over Judah David reigned seven and one-half years; as king over all Israel and Judah he reigned thirty-three years.

It has been said that when David was first anointed to be king, by Samuel in Bethlehem, he was chosen not so much for his excellence of character as for the possibilities of excellence to be developed by the grace of God through his obedience. And so David's crown of success was to be won. He was an obedient son, a faithful shepherd, a courageous warrior, because he relied upon God's strength. His life was a schooling for true kingship. So life is schooling us.

In addressing a company of young students President Roosevelt said: "I do not want to see Christianity professed only by weaklings. I want to see it a moving spirit among men of strength. I do not expect you to lose one particle of your strength or courage by being decent. I desire to see in this country the decent men strong, and the strong men decent, and until we get this combination in pretty good shape we are not going to be by any means as successful as we should be. If you are to be effective as good Christians, you have got to possess strength and courage, or your example will count for little with the young, who admire strength and courage. . . . As well as cleanliness of speech, I want to see every man able to hold his own with the strong, and also ashamed to oppress the weak. I want to see the young fellow able to do a man's work in the world, and of a type which will not permit imposition to be practised upon him. I want to see him too strong of spirit to submit to wrong, and, on the other hand, ashamed to do wrong to others. I want to see each man able to hold his own in the rough work of actual life outside, and also when he is at home, a good man, unselfish in dealing with wife, or mother, or children."

Men Who Overcome Obstacles

"Our business," said Robert Louis Stevenson, "is not to succeed, but to continue to fail in good spirits." The distinguished Professor Henry Drummond, when a student, failed twice to pass his undergraduate examination in science, but he was afterwards elected to fill the chair of natural science in Glasgow University.

Alexander H. Wyant, the famous American landscape painter, was still a young man when he joined in the spirit of enterprise a government exploring expedition in the West. The hardships of the life he led while thus employed shattered his health, and he returned to New York with his right hand completely paralyzed. His artistic genius, however, survived through months of suffering, and his courage was quite unbroken. After a while he learned to paint with his left hand, and produced pictures of scenes in the Adirondacks and Catskills, which are to this day among the loveliest creations of American genius.

It has been said, "The fact that the finely veined marble of Pentelicus was close at hand was a happy circumstance for the Athenian sculptor, but does not explain the Parthenon. The faultless moulding and grouping of the figures that crowded its frieze came from a mind sensitive to the highest beauty, and a hand sure and firm in its lightest touch. Given the same quarries, neither Spartan nor Roman could have produced the same result. Attic genius gets world-wide recognition, not because it was fortunate in the material upon which it worked, but because it used what came to its hand with such transcendent insight into the possibilities of beauty in the unshaped stone."

Hebron, the Capital of King David

The success of David must ever be an inspiration to all young persons. That is why God has put such close details concerning his life into his Book. Likewise any life that is a noble success must be an inspiration to other lives.

On the centenary of the birth of Stephenson, the famous engineer, there was a very large demonstration at Newcastle. The town was paraded by a vast procession. In the procession there was a band of laborers who carried a little banner of very ordinary appearance, but bearing the words: "He was one of us."

Was David, the young shepherd king, as successful in winning the heavenly crown as in winning the earthly crown? God said of him: "I have found David, the son of Jesse, a man after mine own heart, which shall fulfil all my will." When Christ was upon earth, he was repeatedly called "Thou son of David." And when the aged apostle John was permitted to look into Heaven he saw the Son of God with the key of David upon his shoulder (read Isa. 22: 22, and Rev. 3: 7). He saw also him who was the Root of David (Rev. 5: 5), and he heard the testimony of the Son of God: "I am the root and the offspring of David." Glorious was the descent of David, for Abraham was his ancestor; still more glorious was the ascent of David in Christ; and somewhere between the earthly crown at Hebron and the golden crowns cast down before the throne of heaven is the immortal crown of David which will never fade away.

The apostle Paul spoke of such a crown when he said: "There is laid for me a crown of righteousn which the Lord, the righteous juc shall give me at that day"; and alsc says, "and not to me only, but u all also that love his appearing."

A French officer who was a priso upon his parole chanced to get hold a Bible. He read it, and was so pressed with its contents that he convinced of the folly of skepti principles, and of the truth of Chi tianity, and he resolved to become Protestant. When his gay associa rallied him for taking so serious turn, he said in his vindication: have done no more than my old scho fellow Bernadotte, who has become Lutheran." "Yes, but he became s said his associates, "to obtain crown." "My motive," said the Chr tian officer, "is the same; we only diff as to the place. The object of Bern dotte is to obtain a crown in Swede mine is to obtain a crown in heaver

Some one on being asked, "What the kingdom of God answered with c hand on his heart a the other uplifted heaven. "It is son thing here, and son thing yonder." It also something b tween the Christi heart and heave namely, the doing God's will on earth it is done in heave the real, though n perfect, dominance Christ's law, the pu ting of service abo salary, the Christia ization of society in i business, its politi and its pleasures.

The years of tri through which Dav waited for his promis crown are a beautif illustration of th Christian looking fo ward through a life trial to the crown life promised to a who are faithful un death. Anointed, bu not yet crowned! not that the positic of every Christian this world? And shall we not, as pa tiently as David, meet the afflictior that come to us?

Let us look through the Bible wit the theme of the heavenly crown i mind. A crown of righteousness lai up for men (II. Tim. 4: 8). Our crow of rejoicing (I. Thess. 2: 19). A crown of life which the Lord ha promised to them that love him (Jame 1: 2). An unfading crown (I. Pete 5: 4). The crown must be striven fo (II. Tim. 2: 5). The crown Jesus wil wear in Heaven (Heb. 2: 9).

Called Higher

Rev. Dexter S. Foules, of Niobe, N. Y., wa called higher Sunday, January 19, 1908, age sixty-eight years. He was a veteran of the Civ War. He had been a reader of THE CHRISTIA HERALD for seven years. When not able to preac he was active in Christian work, having taugh in the Sunday School for more than forty-fiv years.

Mrs. Elizabeth J. Davidson, of Mahomet, Ill. passed to her reward April 16, at the home of he daughter, Mrs. Ducker, in Peoria, Ill. She wa eighty-four years of age and had been a membe of the Methodist Church for seventy-five years She took great pleasure in providing for tw famine orphans of India. She was a constan reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mrs. Sarah C. Scott, for many years a reader o THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, was called higher fron her home in Van Nest Park, New York City. Mrs Scott was the daughter of James and Sara Macdougal. She was born in Renfrewshire Scotland, May 21, 1861. Coming to this country with her parents when a child, she united at a early age with the Presbyterian church, of whicl she was for many years a faithful member. He funeral service was conducted by the Rev. Mait land Bartlett, pastor of the West Farms Presby terian Church, who took for his text the words "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." Mrs. Scott was a woman of brave heart and sterling character.

* **The International Sunday School Lesson for September 13, 1908.** II. Sam. 2 : 1-7; 5 : 1-5. GOLDEN TEXT: "David went on, and grew great, and the Lord God of Hosts was with him." II. Sam. 5 : 10.

TALKS ON THE COOL VERANDA

Children's Reading

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

A TASTE for reading, if inborn, is a great gift. A child who loves to read is never at a loss for diversion, and seldom comes to a puzzled mother with the question, "What shall I do next?" As every mother knows, there are self-reliant children who can play and amuse themselves all day without reference to their elders, while there are others who have to be helped along every step of the way, whose dolls and toys and blocks are not enough for them unless some one else takes a hand and invents new turns of the game. The child who has learned to read, and to whom a story appeals, never knows a moment of ennui, and is usually contented and happy. With this child, the necessity is to provide good reading, and guard against bad. When one speaks of bad reading in reference to an immature mind, some distinctions may be made. For instance, one may very safely turn a child loose as one would turn a colt into pasture, in a library well stocked with standard English authors, both poets and novelists. Some of these may have been written in a coarse age when things were spoken and written about that would now be thought offensive and that are not mentioned in polite society. But the evil in these books floats from the mind of an innocent child without leaving an impression or a stain. Never yet was a child injured by the reading of Shakespeare. Occasionally one meets a parent who pleads in the interest of children for an expurgated Bible. King James's version from Genesis to Revelation has been read and studied by thousands of children, and it never did one child the least harm, while to tens of thousands it has done infinite good.

Far more danger to children lurks either in literature expressly made in their interest, in which the chief characters are little prigs or impossible saints and martyrs, or in sensational tales full of hairbreadth adventure that glorify vice and crime. Somebody in the family or in a group of families should be responsible for the kind of books that are put into the hands of book-devouring children. As much censorship should be exercised over food for the mind as over food for the body. The one item is as important as the other.

To cultivate in children a love of reading there should be reading aloud in the home circle. Long before the printed page with its wonderful symbols means anything to a small thing still in the kindergarten, the ear may be caught by sounds as certainly as the eye is arrested by pictures. If father, mother or elder sister will only take time to read stories to children, and if children are allowed to sit in the circle when a magazine or newspaper is read for the entertainment of the older heads, imperceptibly a habit of listening to and caring for what books say will be formed. A home without books is not fully furnished for the education of children. Their shapes, their bindings, the care taken of them as possessions and the fact that they are prized by the people a child looks up to, help to sow in the new soil the germs of culture. Read to the children, if you want them to love books; tell them fairy stories, if you would foster their imagination; teach them never to injure a book any more than they would hurt the feelings of a friend. Let the rule be with a new book always to bring it to the mother, and ask permission before they enter upon its reading. Teach children to be conscientious in the matter of borrowing and lending books.

By Way of Remembrance

A costly monument over the graves of our dead, a monolith in marble or granite, a mausoleum costing thousands of dollars, gratifies family pride and partly satisfies the craving of the bereaved to show honor to those who are gone. Few sights are sadder than that of a neglected grave, the long grass growing over it, with no sign given as to the personality of the sleeper under the sod. A modest stone with name and dates and perhaps a text of Scripture, a few flowers planted on the mound, the turf kept smooth and green, are enough to show that the dead are still dear and are not forgotten. By way of remembrance, those who can afford it would better do something for the living—furnish a room in a hospital, endow a bed, help a foreign missionary in his work, aid in a dispensary or a surgical ward, or found a scholarship in a college.

Unpaid Labor at Home

A LETTER that was opened one morning in the mail disclosed a state of things that is extremely common, as well as unjust, yet that arouses very little comment. A woman of thirty-five, in good health and with a good share of energy and brains, has spent her first youth in assisting her father and mother at home. She is a thorough housekeeper, understands the management of poultry, and has successfully raised flowers and vegetables. In the intervals of her busy domestic life, she has, by dint of study and perseverence, acquired a complete practical knowledge of the art of book-keeping. The early home has been sold and she is free to live her own life, take her small share of the estate left by her father and secure an independent foothold in a city, East or South. Never having had the opportunity to see anything outside the limits of her own State, and having spent most of her time within twenty miles of her home, she longs for a change. There would seem no objection to her doing as she pleases, but here a difficulty intervenes. A brother, living a few miles away, offers her a home and asks her to become a member of his family. He has an invalid wife who will be very glad of the sister's efficient and capable help. His circumstances will not permit him to pay her wages, but she will have board and lodging, a pleasant place of her own in the household, and, as he urges without a shade of hesitation, her own little income will be enough to furnish her clothes. What shall she do? The people who know her are quite divided in sentiment. Her aunts and cousins are united in the opinion that she ought to go to brother James. Poor Frances really needs some one, and could not tolerate the idea of a stranger.

James has had so much expense in medicine and doctor's bills that, of course, he cannot afford to hire anyone, and it really seems providential that he has an able-bodied sister at liberty. An old friend who has known all parties concerned from childhood, and who belongs to the old-fashioned conventional type, affirms that it is much more respectable and dignified and more worthy a lady to live with one's relations than to go out in the world to earn one's living.

On the other hand, there are sensible acquaintances who, looking forward to the future, see the sister year by year growing older in the midst of drudgery which is not her own, and which for her has small returns in pleasure. She will be making heavy drains on her vitality, will pass the point in which she can easily find employment, will lose the facility of youth, and drift into the dreariness of a monotonous age without the chance to lay up any money, without the break of a single vacation.

The question is whether an unmarried woman has the right to look out for herself. James would never think of sending for a married sister and requesting her to leave her husband and home in his behalf. If his unmarried sister came to him, should she not do so as anyone else would on a business footing?

THE LOAN SHOP

AMONG the most pitiful glimpses of poverty and disappointment are those we get at the door of a pawn shop. Here, for instance, is tragedy hardly veiled in the person of a tottering old man led away by his little grandchild from the shop at which he has secured a trifling loan on an article left him from better days. It may have been a bit of jewelry or perhaps only a threadbare garment, and he may never be able to redeem it, but this day he and the child will have supper and lodging.

A Great Mission Founder Gone

REV. F. FRANSON, an earnest man of prayer, a tireless worker, and a devoted Christian, passed away lately at Idaho Springs, Col. He was born in Pershyttan (the Hut of Peter), near the city of Nora in the province of Westmanland, Sweden, June 17, 1852. He was converted more than thirty-six years ago. Since that time, he has faithfully served the Master, preaching the Gospel for thirty-three years, and preaching not only two or three times a week, but almost daily. He has preached the Gospel in nearly every part of the globe. He could preach in Swedish, Norwegian, German, French and English. He was also familiar with Latin and Greek.

Brother Franson came out of a warm Christian home. He received a good training, and an excellent education in the State college in Sweden. Especially was he interested in languages, for which he had a natural

Rev. Fredrik Franson

aptitude. His conversion in his twentieth year was like that of the apostle Paul—between God and himself. He was only seventeen years old when he came to this country with his parents and settled in Nebraska.

In the beginning of 1870, there was a great spiritual awakening in Sweden. People began to study their Bibles and a great revival swept over the land. This was felt not only in Sweden, but through newspapers and literature it spread to the Swedes in America. Brother Franson began to study the Bible, guided by the Holy Spirit. He was an ardent student of the prophecies, and the Lord's second coming was his great subject.

He met D. L. Moody in Chicago, and doubtless the evangelist made a great impression upon him. He was received as a member in Moody's Chicago Avenue Church, and remained a member of that church during his lifetime. His career has been followed with great interest, and by the prayers, both of the members of that church and of the students of the Moody Bible Institute. Mr. Franson was twenty-three years of age when he began his public ministry as a preacher of the Gospel. He traveled around the States for six years as an evangelist, winning many souls to God. During a part of this time, he paid especial attention to the work among the Mormons in Utah, and published a book against the Mormon follies. He was also the author of several books in the Swedish, German, and English languages. Most of these books have been translated into Norwegian. During his travels he also wrote a number of articles for Swedish newspapers in America, Sweden, and Germany.

In 1882, he went to Sweden and preached there with good results for two years. From Sweden he went to Norway and Denmark. In Denmark in 1885 he was arrested and held in jail for thirty-eight days on account of preaching the Gospel. In Germany also he preached with good results. From Germany he traveled to Switzerland, Greece, Palestine, and Egypt, preaching there in the German and French languages.

Returning to America, he began in 1890 to work more definitely and earnestly for the salvation of the heathen. In almost every city of the Union where a Swedish or Norwegian Free Church was established, he gave lectures to prepare young men and women for the foreign mission field. In 1891, he founded the Scandinavian Alliance Mission, his great life-work. The Mission sent in the same year thirty-five missionaries to China. The Alliance Mission has now branches in Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and Finland, and has to-day 116 missionaries in China, Mongolia (where the Alliance Mission was the first to enter and establish mission stations), Japan, India, Africa, and South America. The Alliance Mission is undenominational and has its headquarters in Chicago, Ill. Its organization is similar to the China Inland Mission. The total income and expenses in 1907 were $36,000, all of which came from free contributions from Scandinavian churches in this country.

After founding the Alliance Mission, Brother Franson devoted his time exclusively to its work. He made two tours of the globe, visiting every station of the Alliance Mission. Recently he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity. He came home from a five-year round-the-world tour a little over a month ago, and had planned—after a period of rest in Colorado—to visit the Scandinavian churches in America. But while physically strong, he had overworked himself. On Saturday evening, August 1, he was apparently in his usual health, and intended to preach on the following Sunday; but suddenly he was taken ill on Sunday morning with hemorrhage of the brain, and before anything could be done he had passed away.

Rev. Mr. Franson was a gifted and spiritual man. He was a worker like Paul the Apostle, and died like a Christian soldier at his post. He was not a great orator, but a good Christian enthusiast. "He believed, therefore he spoke." He believed not only in God; he believed in man, too. His was that love which "seeketh not her own, thinketh no evil, and was not easily provoked." He was one of those that "believe all things, hope all things, and endure all things." He consecrated everything he possessed to the Master and his mission. Like Paul, he was not married. He was a man who "prayed without ceasing," a man of God, as few men are to-day. He was beloved by all true Christians with whom he came in contact.

His funeral took place on August 6 in Idaho Springs, Col. The remains were transferred to Esteina, Neb., where his parents also rest, awaiting the eternal glory on the resurrection morn. His work will be an inspiration to generations to come, to fully devote their lives to the Master's service.

REV. E. A. SWENSON.

North Easton, Mass.

The Gospel in the New Hebrides

REV. F. H. L. PATON, of the New Hebrides Mission, writes: "The last mail brings encouraging news in regard to the spiritual progress of the work, especially in Tanna, the island from which Turner and Nisbit were driven in 1848, and from which my father also was driven after four years of hardship and peril. For about fifty years the Tannese obdurately resisted all efforts to lead them to Christ. But about ten or twelve years ago the wild Tannese began to give way, and now about 4,000 of them are worshipers of Jesus Christ."

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A discussion followed the address. In the audience were many students and clergymen, some of whom spoke well; but none of them touched the vital point of the whole matter until a minister well known in New York arose—young, gifted, and a pupil for years of the great professor.

He had listened for nearly an hour to the eloquence of his former teacher; then for half an hour to the remarks of the half-dozen other speakers. His voice was thrilling with emotion as he began, in words like these: "I have heard with burning interest the views of my brethren, and especially those of my honored instructor, to whose faithful teaching I am indebted for far more than I can ever repay. But he will forgive me, and you will all forgive me when I say that I have been hurt and shocked that the beautiful religion of our Lord has been placed, as it were, practically on a level with the great religions which preceded it. It seems to me that it mounted on the shoulders of those faiths to a height which no other has attained. They counseled also, it is true, personal purity—a noble self-abnegation—perpetual worship, and a certain duty toward others. But none of them so exalted, as does our faith, the binding duty of altruism—that we are to take no thought for ourselves—that as Christ hung on the cross for us, so we are to sacrifice ourselves constantly for others — and thus unconsciously and unselfishly we are to work out our own salvation."

The immediate response of long-continued applause as the young man sat down, after some minutes more of argument upon the same line, showed how keenly he had probed the subject and how his hearers appreciated the noble point that he had made.

One feels sorry that James and John, good and faithful men, should have come down to us with the stain upon them of undue personal ambition. It might have been charitably said that it was merely their great love which prompted them to ask to sit one on the right hand and one on the left hand of Christ when he should come into his Kingdom. But the reproof of Jesus, "Whosoever would become great among you shall be your minister," makes it plain that he saw in the hearts of these good men the sin of glaring selfishness.

Yet the cry in the heart,

> What can I do to be forever known
> And make all time to come my very own?

has undoubtedly inspired many great and helpful works. It may not be an entirely ignoble motive; but it is infinitely inferior to that of devoted service. How much did D. L. Moody care for fame? Or Phillips Brooks, or Wesley, or Whitfield, or Luther, or Knox? Or Florence Nightingale? Or how much does Jane Addams care for fame?

When fame arrives, it should be used like the other great gifts of beauty, wealth, high birth, and superior intellect, in the way of service to others. All watch the famous man. His example, his word, count for more than that of others, and he can do proportionately more for the world.

But the sweetest and truest reward ever offered to man is the Master's "Well done." The highest manhood desires this with the whole heart, and the sordid rewards of earth look mean and contemptible beside it.

*Topic of the Epworth League for Sunday, September 13. Texts: Mark 10:35-45; Phil. 2:1-8.

Church Attendance*

THERE are not many ways in which we can explicitly declare to the outside world our belief in Christ. We can talk often with our brethren of the hope that is in us; but as we go about our daily tasks, it is the example which becomes almost our only means of showing forth our faith. In these latter days, the principles of ethics are so largely taught and disseminated that abstract notions of honesty, purity and charity control many who are not church members. Indeed, it is the boast of innumerable skeptics that they are more moral than most Christians. But when we take our way regularly to the house of God, we bear a testimony that "the man in the street" cannot fail to understand.

A highly educated woman once remarked, with the air of having solved a problem, "I have given up going regularly to church. I found that I was doing it in a perfunctory way, as a sort of a set habit. It seems to me that a religious duty should be done only from a fresh, spontaneous impulse. Henceforth I am going to church only when I have the fresh, spontaneous impulse."

What nonsense! Does a man go to his office only when he has "a fresh, spontaneous impulse"? Should we contribute to charitable objects only when we have the fresh, spontaneous impulse?

In these days, the call to church attendance comes with a force never before exceeded. We hear all manner of foolish talk about staying away from church, and worshiping instead in the groves which were "God's first temples," and of the uplift of "a day in the open," or one spent "at home with the great masters of thought," who are too apt to dwindle in reality to the reporters for the Sunday papers. These are all very well for occasional use; but the church, until something better appears, must be maintained as God's great agency for his work in the world. You may give your money for it—you may pray in secret for it—but unless you add to these your presence in his house every Sunday, they are comparatively ineffective.

You count one—and numbers uphold before the world the dignity of the church. You encourage the preacher, whose heart needs earthly as well as heavenly support. You affect other brethren by your example—and who can measure the subtle, deep influence of example! You are sure to receive spiritual food from sermon or service, or both. And, best of all, your conscience rewards you with its approval.

When a man was decrying his minister, saying, "He's too dull, I can't stand him. I'm staying at home Sundays until they get a new man," his neighbor rejoined, "It is true that he is not a lively talker, but I do not go to church to be edified. I find it is the best place on earth to worship God."

"But," one says, "the church ought to hold us—ought to attract us. If the minister and the members were what they ought to be, the church *would* hold us."

When some one spoke thus to Mr. Beecher, he responded, "Would you take away the lighthouses, because careless mariners, though wrong observations, run their ships high and dry upon the shore? Would you put out the lamp in your house because mindless moths and millers burn their wings in it?"

The church is our lamp and our lighthouse. Its Sunday services and its prayer-meetings will help us just as the reader and the mariner in the night are guided by lamp and lighthouse.

Let us then draw near the house of God, and forsake not the assembling of ourselves together—and, with the Psalmist, may we love the place where glory dwelleth, and in the congregations bless the Lord.

*Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, September 13. Texts: Ps. 26:1-2; Heb. 10:21-25.

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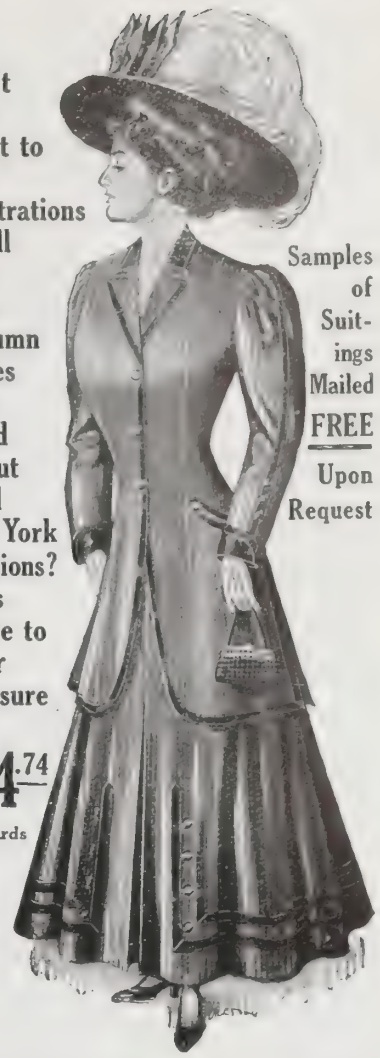

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Author of "Into Still Waters," etc.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

Little Margaret Kendall, when five years old, was lost in New York and several years elapsed before she was restored to her grief-stricken mother at Houghtonsville. The child had lived among the children of the streets and had acquired their ways. At her mother's home she is surrounded with every luxury, but she wishes that the poor children might share her good fortune. "Bobby" McGinnis, who knew Margaret in New York, now lives near in the same town and becomes a great friend of the little girl. Her widowed mother becomes engaged to Doctor Spencer, who was instrumental in finding Margaret in New York. The little girl is filled with horror, as all the husbands she had heard of beat their wives. She sends to the doctor a contract in which it is stipulated that he will not beat her mother; this the amused doctor signs at once. Margaret insists on a visit from the children of the "Alley," with whom she lived in the slums. At first she wants them to stay always, but consents to have it made a visit. The child, when she sees them, realizes the difference between her old life and the new and is more contented to try and live as her mother wishes. She strives to please, but finds difficulty in curbing her speech and changing her manners. Her mother and herself go back to the city with the Alley children and try to arrange for their welfare. Mrs. Kendall then sends the little girl to a fashionable school in order to give Margaret the companionship of girls of her own age who will make her forget her past experiences, for Margaret was becoming a nervous wreck brooding over the poor people in the "Alley." The doctor and his bride start on their wedding journey; the train is wrecked and both are killed. Several years elapse. Mrs. Merideth and her two brothers, Ned and Frank Spencer, sister and brothers of the doctor who married Mrs. Kendall, are living at their home, Belcourt. Margaret, who has been away at school and traveling, comes to live with them. They find her a beautiful young girl with charming ways. Margaret, riding in an automobile with a Mr. Brandon, sees for the first time the dirty mill village near Belcourt. The mills belong to the Spencers and she learns much of the way in which the firm runs its business. They nearly run over a little girl named Maggie and Miss Kendall's interest is aroused. A young man named McGinnis holds an important position in the mill and is interested in bettering the conditions of the working people. Margaret meets him by chance and finds he is the one she used to know, and that as a boy he "had come to look after her property." She tells the Spencers that he is an old friend, somewhat to their annoyance. A little girl comes to say that Maggie, daughter of Patty who lived in the Alley, is ill. Margaret supplies them with comforts and calls frequently to see how they are getting on. The child says she is "going on twelve," though much younger. At twelve they can enter the mills. Margaret urges Mr. Spencer to rectify such a condition, but in vain. She fears Ned Spencer wishes to become more than a mere friend.

CHAPTER XXVIII

FRANK SPENCER found the mental atmosphere of Belcourt in confusion when he returned from his two days' trip. Margaret had repeated to Mrs. Merideth the substance of what McGinnis had told her, drawing a vivid picture of the little children wearing out their lives in plain sight of the windows of Belcourt. Mrs. Merideth had been shocked and dismayed, though she hardly knew which she deplored the more—that such conditions existed, or that Margaret should know of them. At Margaret's avowed determination to go over the mills, and into the operatives' houses, she lifted her hands in horrified protest, and begged her to report the matter to the Woman's Guild, and leave the whole thing in charge of the proper committees.

"But don't you see that they can't reach the seat of the trouble?" Margaret had objected. "Why, even that money which I intended for little Maggie went into a general fund, and never reached its specified destination." And Mrs. Merideth could only sigh and murmur:

"But, my dear, it's so unnecessary and so dreadful for you to mix yourself up personally with such people!"

When her brother came home, Mrs. Merideth went to him. Frank was a man; surely Frank could do something! But Frank merely grew white and stern, and went off into his own den, shutting himself up away from everybody. The next morning, after a fifteen-minute talk with Margaret, he sought his sister. His face was drawn into deep lines, and his eyes looked as if he had not slept.

"Say no more to Margaret," he entreated. "It is useless. She is her own mistress, of course, in spite of her insistence that I am still her guardian; and she must be allowed to do as she likes in this matter. Make her home here happy, and do not trouble her. We must not make her quite—hate us!" His voice broke over the last two words, and he was gone before Mrs. Merideth could make any reply.

It was just a day later that young McGinnis at the mills was summoned to the telephone.

"If you are not too busy," called a voice that sent a swift throbbing to the young man's pulse, "the other half of the committee would like to begin work. May she come down to the mills this afternoon at three o'clock?"

"By all means!" called back McGinnis. "Come." He tried to say more, but while he was searching for just the right words, the voice murmured "Thank you," and then the click of the receiver against the hook at the other end of the line.

The clock had not struck three that afternoon when Margaret was ushered into the inner office of Spencer & Spencer. Only Frank was there, for which Margaret was thankful.

Frank was expecting her, and only a peculiar tightening of his lips betrayed his disquietude as he turned to his desk and pressed the button that would summon McGinnis to the office.

"Miss Kendall would like to go over one of the mills," he said quietly, as the young man entered, in response to his ring. "Perhaps you will be her escort."

Margaret gave her guardian a grateful look as she left the office. She thought she knew just how much the calm acceptance of the situation had cost him, and she appreciated his unflinching determination to give her actions the sanction of his apparent consent. It was for this she gave him the grateful glance—but he did not see it. His head was turned away.

"And what shall I show you?" asked McGinnis, as the office door closed behind them.

"Everything you can," returned Margaret; "everything! But particularly the children."

From the first deafening click-clack of the rattling machines she drew back in consternation.

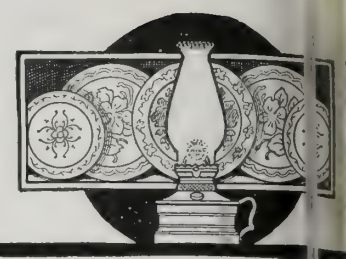
"They don't work there—the children!" she cried.

For answer he pointed to a little girl not far away. She was standing on a stool, that she might reach her work. Her face was thin and drawn looking, with deep shadows under her eyes, and little hollows where the roses should have been in her cheeks. Her hair was braided and wound tightly about her small head, though at the temples and behind her ears it kinked into rebellious curls that showed what it would like to do if it had a chance. Her ragged little skirts were tied round and round with a stout cord, so that the hungry jaws of the machine might not snap at any flying fold or tatter. She did not look up as Margaret paused beside her. She dared not. Her eyes were glued to the whizzing, whirring, clattering thing before her, watching for broken threads or loose ends, the neglect of which might bring down upon her head a snarling reprimand from "de boss" of her department.

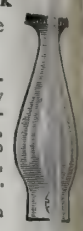
Margaret learned many things during the next two hours. Conversation was not easy in the clattering din, but some few things her guide explained, and a word or two spoke volumes sometimes.

Continued on next page

The Industrial Savings and Loan Co., regularly examined by the New York Banking Department, and having a well-earned reputation for prompt, fair and liberal dealing with clients, asks your attention to certain advantages they offer to small investors. See their advertisement on Page 698 and write them.



MACBETH lamp-chimneys cost few cents apiece more than the brittle, ill-fitting ones, but much less per month or year. The ordinary lamp-chimney must be bought continually, because they break from heat, in use. MACBETH lamp-chimneys never break from heat, and my name MACBETH is on them.



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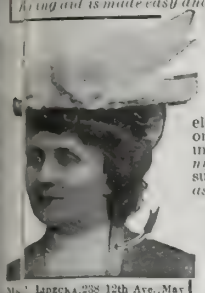

Mrs. Lipecka, 238 12th Ave., Maywood, Ill., wears an Electrophone less conspicuous than eyeglasses.

This new invention (U. S. Patent No. 763,575) renders unnecessary such clumsy, unsightly and frequently harmful devices as trumpets, horns, tubes, ear drums, fans, etc. It is a tiny electric telephone that fits on the ear, and which, the instant it is applied, *magnifies* the sound waves in such manner as to cause an *astonishing increase* in the *clearness of all sounds.* It overcomes the buzzing and roaring ear noises, and also so *constantly* and *electrically exercises the vital parts of the ear that usually the natural,* **unaided** *hearing itself is gradually restored.*

What Three Business Men Say

"The Electrophone is very satisfactory. Being small in size and great in hearing qualities *makes it preferable to any* I have tried, and, I believe, I have tried all of them. M. W. HOYT, Wholesale Grocer, Michigan Ave. and River St., Chicago.

"I so deaf I could not hear with my speaking tube and was advised to try the Electrophone. After fifteen years of deafness, discomfort and worry, I *now hear perfectly* at church and at concerts. W. R. UTLEY, Sales Manager, S. A. Maxwell & Co., Chicago.

"I have now used your Electrophone over a year, and know that it is a first-class, scientific hearing device. Without it people have to shout directly in my ear to make me hear. With it, I can hear distinctly when spoken to in an ordinary tone. Best of all, *it has stopped my head noises,* which were a terrible aggravation. LOUIS W. MAY, Cashier, 1100 Washington Street, Chicago.

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TRIED TO FORCE IT

Thought System Would Soon Tolerate Coffee.

A Boston lady tried to convince herself that she could get used to coffee, and finally found it was the stronger. She writes:

"When a child, being delicate and nervous, was not allowed coffee. But since reaching womanhood I began its use, and as the habit grew on me, I frequently endeavored to break myself of it, because of its evident bad effects.

"With me the most noticeable effect of drinking coffee was palpitation of the heart. This was at times truly alarming, and my face would flush uncomfortably and maintain a vivid hue for some time.

"I argued that my system would soon accustom itself to coffee, and continued to use it, although I had a suspicion that it was affecting my eye-sight, also. The kidneys clearly showed effects of coffee, as I found by having it off for a few days, when the trouble abated.

"Finally a friend called my attention to Postum. At first I did not like it, but when made—boiled 15 minutes until dark and rich—I soon found Postum was just what I wanted. No flushing of the face, no palpitation, no discomfort or inconvenience after drinking it.

"Of course all this was not felt in a week or two weeks, but within that time I can truthfully say a marked difference had taken place and a great deal of my nervousness had vanished.

"At present time my health is excellent, due to a continued use of Postum, with a general observance of proper hygiene. Of nothing am I more convinced than that if I had continued drinking coffee, I should be to-day little less than a nervous wreck, and possibly blind.

"There's a reason."

Name given by the Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

The Transformation of Margaret

Continued from preceding page

She saw what it meant to be a "doffer," a "reeler," a "silk-twister." She saw what it might mean if the tiny hand that thrust the empty bobbin over the buzzing spindle-point should slip or lose its skill. She saw a little maid of twelve who earned two whole dollars a week; and she saw a smaller girl of ten who, McGinnis said, was with her sister the only support of an invalid mother at home. She saw more, much more, until her mind refused to grasp details and the whole scene became one blurred vision of horror.

Later, after a brief rest—she insisted upon staying—she saw the "day-shift" swarm out into the cold winter night, and the "night-shift" come shivering in to take their places; and she grew faint and sick when she saw among them the scores of puny little forms with their tired-looking faces and dragging feet.

"And they're only beginning!" she moaned, as McGinnis hurried her away. "And they've got to work all night—all night!"

CHAPTER XXIX

MARGARET did not sleep well in her lavender-scented sheets that night. Always she heard the roar and the click-clack of the mills, and everywhere she saw the weary little workers with their closely-bound skirts and their strained, anxious faces.

She came down to breakfast with dark circles under her eyes, and she ate almost nothing, to the great, though silent, distress of the family.

The Spencers were alone now. There would be no more guests for a week, then would come a merry half-dozen for the Christmas holidays. New Year's was the signal for a general breaking up. The family seldom stayed at Belcourt long after that, though the house was not quite closed, being always in readiness for the brothers when either one or both came down for a week's business.

It was always more or less of a debatable question—just where the family should go. There was the town house in New York, frequently opened for a month or two of gayety; and there were the allurements of some Southern resort, or of a trip abroad, to be considered. Sometimes it was merely a succession of visits that occupied the first few weeks after New Year's, particularly for Mrs. Merideth and Ned; and sometimes it was only a quiet rest under some sunny sky entirely away from Society with a capital S. The time was drawing near now for the annual change, and the family were discussing the various possibilities when Margaret came into the breakfast room. They appealed to her at once, and asked her opinion and her advice—but without avail. There seemed to be not one plan that interested her to the point of possessing either merits or demerits.

"I am going down to Patty's," she said a little hurriedly to Mrs. Merideth, when breakfast was over. "I got some names and addresses of the mill children yesterday from Mr. McGinnis; and I shall ask Patty to go with me to see them. I want to talk with the parents."

"But, my dear, you don't know what you are doing," protested Mrs. Merideth. "They are so rough—those people. Miss Alby, our visiting home missionary, told me only last week how dreadful they were—so rude and intemperate and—and ill-odored. She has been among them. She knows."

"Yes; but don't you see?—those are the very people that need help then," returned Margaret, wearily. "They don't know what they are doing to their little children, and I must tell them. I must tell them. I shall have Patty with me. Don't worry." And Mrs. Merideth could only sigh and sigh again, and hurry away up stairs to devise an altogether more delightful plan for the winter months than any that had yet been proposed—a plan so overwhelmingly delightful that Margaret could not help being interested. Of one thing, however, Mrs. Merideth was certain—if there was a place distant enough to silence the roar of the mills in Margaret's ears, that place should be chosen, if it were Egypt itself.

Patty Durgin hesitated visibly when Margaret told her what she wanted to do, until Margaret exclaimed in surprise, and with a little reproach in her voice:

"Why, Patty, don't you want to help me?"

"Yes, yes, you don't understand," protested Patty. "It ain't that. I want ter do it all. If you have money for 'em, let me give it to 'em."

Margaret was silent. Her eyes were still hurt, still rebellious.

"I—I don't want you ter see 'em," stammered Patty, then. "I don't want you ter feel so—so bad."

Margaret's face cleared.

"Oh, but I'm feeling bad now," she asserted cheerily, "and after I see them I'll feel better. I want to talk to them; don't you see? They don't realize what they are doing to their children to let them work so, and I am going to tell them."

Patty sighed.

"You don't understand," she began, then stopped, her eyes on the determined young face opposite. "All right, I'll go," she finished, but she shivered a little as she spoke.

And they did go, not only on that day, but on the next and the next. Margaret almost forgot the mills, so filled was her vision now with the drunken men, untidy women, wretched babies, and cheerless homes.

Sometimes her presence and her questions were resented, and always they were looked upon with distrust. Her money, if she gave that, was welcome, usually; but her remonstrances and her warnings fell on deaf, if not angry, ears. And then Margaret perceived why Patty had said she did not understand—there was no such thing as making a successful appeal to the parents. She might have spared herself the effort.

Sometimes she did not understand the words of the dark-browed men and the slovenly women—there were many nationalities among the operatives—but always she understood their black looks and their almost threatening gestures. Occasionally, to be sure, she found a sick woman or a discouraged man who welcomed her warmly, and who listened to her and agreed with what she had to say; but with them there was always the excuse of poverty—though their Sue and Bess and Teddy might not earn but twenty, thirty, forty cents a day, yet that twenty, thirty and forty cents would buy meat and bread, and meant all the difference between a full and an empty stomach, perhaps, for every member of the family.

Margaret did what she could. She spent her time and her money without stint, and went from house to house untiringly. She summoned young McGinnis to her aid, and arranged for a monster Christmas tree to be placed in the largest hall in town; and she herself ordered the books, toys, candies and games for it, besides the candles and tinsel stars to make it a vision of delight to the weary little eyes all unaccustomed to such glory. And yet to Margaret it seemed that nothing that she did counted in the least against the much there was to be done. It was as if a child with a teaspoon and a bowl of sand were set to filling up a big chasm; her spoonful of sand had not even struck bottom in that pit of horror!

To be continued

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STUDY the faces of those round about you; study your own face in the mirror, and if it fail in any respect to represent your ideal of human beauty, ask yourself the reason why. When you have discovered the cause of its defects, you will find the remedy lies entirely within yourself.

Many years ago I was in the home of a young lady prominent in the society in which she moved. She was as destitute of physical charm as any woman you would be likely to meet. I looked from her to her portrait on the wall, the work of an inspired artist, and was struck by the contrast. The painter had been moved to a true understanding of the duty involved in his task, and had put on his canvas the image of the soul to which his gaze had penetrated. The picture was noble and beautiful in its reflection of the inner life, and one felt at a glance how faithfully it portrayed the spiritual reach possible to the woman whose real life it presented.

In youth she had often said, while standing before her glass: "How can anybody love me,—I am so hopelessly homely?" But she was as wise and brave as she was plain. Thinking on the matter devoutly, she resolved that if she could give no pleasure to her friends by her looks, she would give them pleasure by her attainments and her conduct. She has held to her resolution, and I have noted through the passage of the years, the gradual approach of the character and expression of her countenance to the beauty of the ideal portrait.

She will realize all its truth if her life be spared, for the cells, those busy minions of the will, are steadily softening the rugged features and imbuing them with a spiritual grace; the eyes are glowing with a deeper, tenderer light, and the whole figure is growing eloquent with an outspoken, far-reaching kindliness and good-will.

Her friends remark the subtile alteration, and declare with a vague wonder, "Why, she is becoming more than beautiful; in her best moods and moments she is ennobled, glorified." And they speak the truth, for she is the glad exponent of an immutable law of nature, which works incessantly to mould matter into unison with spirit.

"Our ideals are our possibilities." If our motive is fine, our bearing and aspect will not fail to declare the fact. If our disposition is open and generous and kindly, the countenance and the manner will be correspondingly benign and magnetic. Whatever gentle or noble qualities rule in the character, we shall read their evidence unmistakably in the outward expression. Put this to the test, and you will be surprised at the transfiguration your body will undergo.

The Duty of Being Beautiful, by Sara A. Hubbard. All who read this author's little book called *The Religion of Cheerfulness*, will welcome this bright little volume. Sixty-three pages; price 50 cents. A. C. McClurg & Co., publishers, Chicago.

Books Received

The Practice of Prayer, by G. Campbell Morgan, D.D., a series of talks on the possibility of prayer, the platform of prayer, the preparation for prayer, and the plane of prayer. Pp. 128. Price 75 cents. Published by the Fleming H. Revell Company, New York and Chicago.

Nina's Career, by Christina Gowans White. A charming story of home life and character, full of incident and fascinating throughout, with six illustrations in color. Pp. 314. Cloth covers. Price $1.50. The Macmillan Company, New York and London, publishers.

A Believer's Thoughts, by Edith Hickman Divall. Sweetly musical poems on religious topics, for which Dr. Campbell Morgan, who writes the introduction, declares himself profoundly thankful, not only to the author, but to God in inspiring her. Pp. 207. Price $1. Published by the Fleming H. Revell Company, New York and Chicago.

Studies in Practical Theology, by Allan Pollok, D.D., LL.D., Presbyterian College, Halifax, N. S. An inquiry into the origin and practice of the Presbyterian Church. Pp. 332. Price $1.25. Published by William Blackwood & Sons, London and Edinburgh.

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SHALL WE LOWER THE BARS?

JENNIE WILSON HOWELL.

Shall we lower the bars and let them in?
The whirling dance, with its oft-timed sin;
Could we ask our Lord to join us there?
Do you think he in the dance would share?

The card, with its fascinating charm,
Luring its victims on to harm;
Leading so oft to the gambling den—
That trap of death to unwary men?

Would it speed the coming of our King,
Into the Church the world to bring?
For the Church he suffered, bled and died;
And he by the world was crucified.

The Church is his temple, so he said;
Should she drop the bars the world to wed?
"Unequally yoked" they would surely be,
For the Church and the world can not agree.

'Tis Satan's device to bring them in,
To lure the weak into ways of sin;
And with glowing tints he paints his lair—
Beware, O Christian! Beware! Beware!

The "road" for the Church of Christ is strait,
But ever leadeth to heaven's gate,
And pleasures the sweetest there abound;
No joys like these in the world are found.
Shall we lower the bars?

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DAVID'S DOUBLE KINGDOM

By Mrs. M. Baxter

AFTER the death of Ishbosheth, Saul's son, whom Abner, Saul's ommander-in-chief, had anointed king, othing more stood in the way of avid to the throne of all Israel. It as now fifteen years since Samuel ad anointed him at Bethlehem in his ather's house. For all these years Saul ersisted in his claim to regal power, nd to human eyes David's life was ontinually in danger; and for seven nd a half years, since the death of aul, David had reigned only over udah, all the other tribes continuing adhere to the house of Saul. But ow the trial of David's faith in this atter was at an end. "Then came all he tribes of Israel to David unto Hebron, and spake, saying:

"Behold, we are thy bone and thy esh."

Strange that they had not found it ut before! But it is just so with esus, the Son of David. How many ears some of us know him as a Savur before we crown him as our King?

David was thirty when he began to eign in Hebron, which would make im twenty-two when he was first nointed by Samuel, and thirty-seven hen he was made king over all Israel. Iore than two-thirds of his life had een passed in waiting for the fulfilent of God's promises, while the displine through which he went was eduting him for his future work and life. Ie was God's chosen king before he as man's; he reigned to carry out od's thoughts, not his own. The city f Jerusalem, then called Jebus, was n the hands of the Jebusites. In oshua's time the children of Israel ad fought against Jerusalem, taken , smitten it with the edge of the word, and set the city on fire; but hey did not do all which God comanded. Why could David do what thers could not do? He believed in his ivine commission, and counted the ill of God, which he was carrying ut, stronger than the will and purposes of the strongest foes.

The success of David incensed the Philistines. David had made grievous nistakes in his relations with the Philstines, and had led Achish, king of Gath, to believe that he was the enemy of Israel and the friend of the Philstines, and for the honor of God he must now show his colors, and prove on which side he was. He did not take his cue from the Philistines, and review his troops, but he went to inquire of the Lord. "And the Lord said, Go up; for I will doubtless deliver the Philistines into thine hand." This was enough; he had God's word for it, and could lead his mighty men forward, certain to conquer. He "came to Baalperazim, and . . . smote them there." The Philistines had left their images behind them, having probably brought them into the field under a superstitious idea that they would help in conquering Israel, and David and his men burned them. Whatever leads to sin must be destroyed. If we loathe sin, we shall loathe all that has ever led to it, all which brings up the memory, all which suggests or provokes to sin.

After their defeat, the Philistines did not succumb, but "came up yet again, and spread themselves in the valley of Rephaim. David did as the Lord had commanded him, and smote them from Geba to Gaza. Now they were driven to the narrow strip by the seacoast, which they still held.

In this history, there is a beautiful and most evident typical teaching. Jesus is our David, anointed of God, and recognized by him as king over our hearts and lives long before we know and own him as such. While Saul, the type of self, still reigns, David lives, but is hardly tolerated. While we are busy with thoughts and plans about our work, and we pray earnestly and vigorously that God will help us, it is the reign of Saul, and not of David; self is supreme, and God comes in only as a helper. While we are eager in our determination to drive out certain sins, and we fight and struggle, pray and wrestle against them, we are in the list against the foe, it is the reign of Saul, and not of David. When we pray with all our might, and urge our requests with a zeal which would give an unbeliever the idea that it was a hard thing to prevail with God, and that an answered prayer was a rarity, it is the reign of Saul, and not of David. When we are touchy as to the way in which man looks upon our work, and we seek for sympathy and help, comfort and compassion from man, it is the reign of Saul, and not of David.

Answered Prayers

LORD, teach our hearts to pray,
E'en tho' our lips be dumb,
Oh bend our wills thy way
Till gracious answers come.
Thou dost delight to give
Thy children what is best.
Then teach us how to live,
And trust thee for the rest.

O Lord, thyself draw near,
Indite each humble prayer,
Banish each earth-born fear,
And charm away our care.
To thee the ravens cry
For answers in their need,
And wilt thou not reply
When we in meekness plead?

Thy promises are grand,
Thy time, thy way is best;
What we have committed to thy hand
Will surely bear the test.
"Is anything too hard"
For thine almighty power?
Then help us leave with thee
The burden of the hour.

Pittsfield, Me. Mrs. Mary B. Wingate.

Reader, New York. "For restoration to health of a dear wife and daughter in answer to prayer."

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Mrs. S. E., Illinois. "I want to thank God for restoration to health in answer to prayer. Never doubt him; he will hear you."

Reader, Pennsylvania. "I know that there is a God and that he answers prayers, for I was in great trouble and he saved me."

Reader, West Virginia. "I desire to publicly acknowledge God's goodness to me in answering my prayers. He has answered me many times."

M. L., Iowa. "I wish to testify publicly to answered prayers. One prayer was answered after twenty years' asking, and many other prayers have been answered."

Reader, Kentucky. "No part is enjoyed so much as the Answered Prayer list. It is such an inspiration to know that God hears and answers prayer. I want to acknowledge his goodness in answering a prayer for a son who was out of employment. The position came. And another in bringing two lives together that were estranged."

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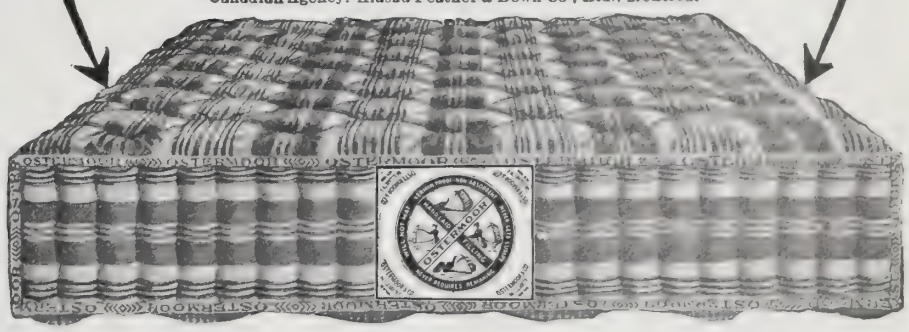

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PUBLISHED 52 TIMES A YEAR

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 9, 1908

VOLUME 31 — NUMBER 37
OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

See page 707

NEW YORK'S GREAT OPEN-AIR GOSPEL CAMPAIGN

1. Preaching by Megaphone at San Juan Hill 2. Noon-Meeting for Workmen 3. Young Employees Hear the Gospel 4. Tent Preaching on the West Side 5. In the Big Tent at West 146th Street

Questions and Answers

I. A., East Haddam, Conn. Will we be justified in spending the Sabbath in going on excursions or in worldly amusements — traveling on business to save time, etc.?

No. The moral law is as binding to-day as when it was delivered. Desecration of the Lord's Day is a sin that will have to be accounted for. It is a growing evil which every right-minded person should oppose.

W. J., Richmond, Va. 1. What does "born of water" mean in St. John 3: 5? 2. Do you think a child arriving at the years of accountability (say twelve or fifteen), a professing Christian, but never baptized, and dying, would be saved?

1. It was announcing that a cleansing or purifying of the Spirit in any one is indispensable to entrance into the Kingdom of God. The symbol of water had already been used as an initiatory ordinance by John the Baptist, and in the Christian Church it was soon to become the visible door of entrance. 2. There is no limit to God's love and forgiveness.

M. W. S., De Land, Fla. I notice in THE MAIL-BAG, among the questions answered, that the writer seems to have some trouble to locate the Prodigal Son. May not Israel of the ten tribes fitly represent the Prodigal Son, as he seems to be a historical personage? Samaria, the capital of Israel, was in the country of Ephraim; he was one generation younger than Judah, the Jew. God the Father divided to Israel the larger part of the landed estate. To Judah was given the homestead, the Temple at Jerusalem. Not many days after—soon after—the younger son went into Assyria, where he wasted his substance in joining a citizen, a Gentile, herding swine and feeding on "husks." The mighty famine foretold by the prophet was on him. (Amos 8: 11.) In our Lord's time he began to be in want, but came to himself under the Gospel. Israel was then willing to be a servant and was made a son. (Rom. 8: 16.) In the Gospel they began to be merry in a feast of fat things. The end of the feast has not yet been reached. The Jew, the elder son, has long been entreated to come in. Will he not come soon?

W. D. P., Summit, N. J. In what year did John C. Colt kill Wheeler, and then commit suicide the night before the day set for his execution?

September, 1841. It was not Wheeler but Samuel Adams who was killed by Colt. Wheeler gave the information that led to Colt's arrest.

W. L., Raeford, N. C. Please explain John 14: 12. What "greater works" could the disciples do?

Not greater in the sense of being more glorious or transcendent than the miracles wrought by Jesus, but in the sense of being broader and more far-reaching. Jesus began the work which they were to be spiritually endowed to carry forward. Their special work was to be the spreading of the Gospel abroad after his ascension, and the glorious ingathering of souls which Jesus foresaw was to take place under their direction. He would not conduct this wider campaign personally, because he must go to the Father, but he would endue them with all power to accomplish this wonderful work which he had laid out for them. See Luke 5: 10; John 1: 51. Thus far they had been in training under his care; thenceforth they would be equipped as master workmen for the upbuilding of the Kingdom.

D. W., Easton, Pa. Astronomers tell us that it takes a certain number of seconds for light to travel from a certain planet to the earth, and that by knowing the time, they are able to compute the distance from the earth to that planet. Now how do they get at the time of the starting of the light from the said planet? We can say, a balloon will travel from New York to Boston in two hours; but we must have the correct time of the starting, and this can be given only by one present at the time of starting.

It is hardly correct to say that astronomers determine the distance to the planets, or other objects in the heavens, by the time it requires light to traverse the space. They rather use these statements as an illustration of the distance. The distance itself is determined in other ways. These measurements are mathematical. The distance of objects in our solar system can generally be determined by a parallax. It is impossible in the space of this column to explain the various methods employed. Once the distance is ascertained, and knowing the speed of light, it is easy to determine the time of its passage. A statement of the time brings to the mind a conception of the distance, but the time has little to do with primarily determining it. To do this every means is employed—eclipses, conjunctions of planets or stars, angles of all degrees, celestial photography and other means—to confirm the results. When it is said, for instance, that light comes from the moon to us in about a second and a quarter of time, and from the sun in about eight minutes, and from Alpha Centauri, our nearest star, in about four and one-half years, the mind is greatly aided in grasping the conception (if it cannot grasp the fact), of the distances implied. In this sense it is used by writers on astronomy.

PROF. SAMUEL PHELPS LELAND.
Seabreeze, Fla.

Mrs. W. J. S., Tryon, N. C. How many dollars were the thirty pieces of silver for which Judas betrayed Christ worth?

According to the best commentators, the pieces were doubtless shekels. The Jewish shekel of the sanctuary (*stater* or *siclus*) was of about the value of fifty-five cents of our money. In those days, however, the purchasing power must have been much greater. Thirty shekels was the price of a slave.

M., Steamboat Springs, Colo., apropos of the question of W. N., Belleville, N. Y., as to the best proof of immortality, writes: "The best proof, in my opinion, of the immortality of the soul, is from the ancients, presumbly the last conversation of Socrates before he drank the hemlock cup. He is quoted as saying: 'To everything there is a special vice of infirmity attached, by which, and which alone, that thing can be destroyed. Thus, blindness destroys the eyesight; mildew destroys corn, and rot destroys timber. The peculiar infirmities attached to the soul are injustice, intemperance, cowardice, ignorance, wickedness. Can these bring about the dissolution of the soul? No. Certainly not; for they cannot destroy the soul immediately, as a disease destroys the body; though they may be, mediately, the cause of a man's being put to death by other people; which is quite a different thing. But if wickedness does not destroy the soul, nothing else can; therefore, the soul is immortal.'"

L. M., Alice, Texas. Is it right to accept money for any service rendered on the Lord's Day? For instance, money from a day-boarder? Is it right to charge on the Sabbath?

Certainly it is right. All works of necessity and mercy are right on that day, and food is a necessity, and has to be paid for. You should not make the Lord's Day a day of business accountings, however, and obligations incurred on that day should be settled on a week day. There should be no buying and selling on the Sabbath.

H. D. S., Pittsburg, Pa. Why is the dying thief repenting on the cross mentioned only by one (Luke) of the four Gospels?

The incident (as told in Luke's Gospel) was one that was well known to the early Christian Church. One account gave the names of the two malefactors as Dismas (the repentant) and Gestas, and the former is to-day honored as a saint in the Syrian, Greek and Latin churches. Luke's account of the crucifixion is more exact than any of the other Gospels. He is a close observer and enters more into detail.

G. U. Y., Cambridge, Mass. Should the offering in church be taken in silence, or be accompanied by singing little solos, or the whole choir? Our ministers say when the offering is about to be taken, "Let us continue to worship God in the act of making an offering," and the organ peals forth and singing keeps up until the offering is brought back and presented.

It may be an innovation in your church, but it is not uncommon to have music played softly during the taking of the offering. We have seen missionary meetings where under the inspiration of suitable music (missionary hymns, etc.) large sums were raised. It does not seem to us to be out of place on such occasions. For the regular offering, music might be omitted; but its use could not be regarded in any sense as an impropriety.

A. L. R., Cochranton, Pa. How many sons had Jesse? In I. Sam. 17: 12 it says he had eight, and in I. Chron. 2: 13-15, it names seven sons.

He had eight sons. See I. Sam. 16: 10, 11, and chap. 17: 12. See also Josephus, *Antiquities*, book 6, chap. 8, which gives the names of all but the eldest, who was first put forward by Jesse before the prophet. The names of the six between the oldest and youngest are given as Eliab, Abinadab, Shammah, Nathanael, Rael, Asam.

A. D., Oakland, Ore. 1. In the Bible we are told not to eat swine's flesh. Why do so many Christian people eat pork? 2. I have read in several papers that it was bad luck to wear opals during your birth month. Is there anything in it?

1. Pork is forbidden as food under the Mosaic law, and there are many besides the Jews who hold that swine's flesh is unfit for human food. 2. The ill-luck of the opal is an old superstition. The Greeks called it the *keranios*, and believed it produced thunder. In the middle ages it was said that the opal grew pale and dim on the approach of poison, and was thus a forerunner of death. Empress Josephine attributed her misfortunes to the possession of a cluster of opals. Of course, these are all mere superstitions, born of ignorance.

H. J. B., Luxor, Pa. 1. Paul in the passage in I. Thessalonians, chap. 5, is describing the resurrection of the dead saints, whose bodies remain in the grave until the Second Coming of Christ, at which time the bodies glorified and no longer corruptible (see I. Cor. 15: 35-49), will be reunited with the spirit. 2. The parable of the laborers in the vineyard should be read in connection with the chapter immediately preceding. In the part of that chapter, it is made very clear those who made great sacrifice and render service will be suitably recompensed. The vyard parable, on the other hand, is a rebuk those who, forgetting that all rewards herea will be of pure grace and not of merit, w murmur because the late comers are as welc and as well rewarded as many who have wor in the heat of the day.

Reader, Mt. Carroll, Ill. 1. Was Bishop Tayl work a failure? 2. When and where did die? 3. Was he a Methodist?

1. No, it was a great and successful work. labored in California, Australia, India, the Co Angola and Liberia. He founded many mis stations in Africa which are now conducte Bishop Hartzell. 2. In California several y ago. 3. Yes.

J. T. G., Bedford Station, N. Y. Was Laza resurrected or resuscitated? Paul says I. Cor. 15: 20: "Now is Christ risen from dead and become the first-fruits of them t slept."

The apostle speaks of the death of the Christ as a sleep, using the word figuratively. Laza had been dead four days.

A. J. H., Wilkinsburg, Pa. What is meant by word "man" in Isa. 32: 2?

Eminent scholars make the passage read: " Man" (Christ), the Hebrew *ish* meaning eminent as a man. It was as the Son of man suffered, and as the Son of man he is to reign.

THE RUINS OF THE FAMOUS ZEPPELIN AIRSHIP

As already described in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Count Zeppelin's flight in his airship number four came to a disastrous end, the balloon being struck by lightning and burned. Every one had heard that the balloon was as long as an Atlantic liner, but not until the skeleton lay on the ground, a forlorn wreck, was it possible to realize how tremendous were the proportions of the machine. The photograph shows the appearance of the giant airship after the fire. A public fund is being raised to enable Count Zeppelin to continue his experiments.

Miscellaneous

No attention will be paid to unsigned letters

Mrs. D. H., Chilcot, N. D. Inquire of Evangelist Biederwolf, care Ray Y. Cliff, 602 Lakes Building, Chicago, Ill.

Old Subscriber, Topsham, Vt. Superfluous h can be removed by depilatories (sold at dr stores) or by electricity.

Mrs. Alice Laury and J. H. Mount. We not receiving any contributions for the cau mentioned in your letters.

AN EXTENDED OPPORTUNITY

A FEW weeks ago we offered ou readers Peary's magnificent boo "NEAREST THE POLE," at le than half the publisher's price. Sin then we have been called upon to fi dozens upon dozens of orders, but, fo the benefit of those who may hav wished to take advantage of this op portunity and, for one reason or an other, were unable to do so at the tim we again print the substance of ou offer. For details refer to our issue of July 29 and August 5.

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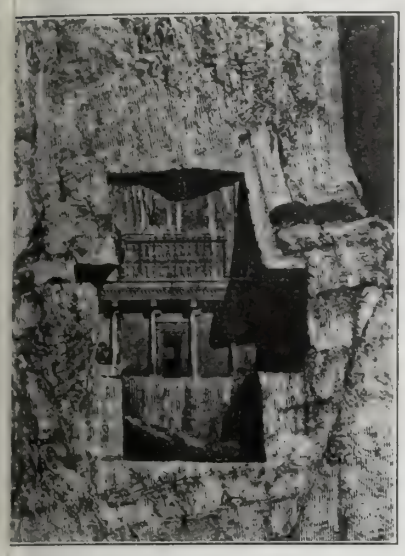
NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 9, 1908

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME.

Traditional Tomb of Xerxes the King



Esther Denounces Haman to King Ahasuerus

South Porch of the Reception Hall

IN "SHUSHAN THE PALACE"

Pillar in the Palace

By PROF. EDGAR J. BANKS

IN ALL literature there are few tales more beautiful or touching than the simple story of Esther, the Jewish maid who became the queen of Ahasuerus in Shushan the Palace. It has often been said that the story sounds like a fairy tale; that its scene is laid in a land far too distant from the scene of Bible history to give it the appearance of truth; that its descriptions of the feast stamp it as Oriental imagination, and that of all the Persian kings none bore the name Ahasuerus. The modern explorer may now say that in all Hebrew literature there is no picture with purer Oriental coloring; that there is nothing in the story which may not well be true; that the recent excavations at Susa have revealed the royal magnificence which the story describes, and that the name Ahasuerus is but a corruption of the name of the great Persian king Xerxes. At Susa or Shush, or as the Hebrew author said, in Shushan the Palace, Xerxes lived, surrounded with marvelous wealth and magnificence, and from the ancient inscriptions we know that in the third year of his reign he gave a feast to all his princes. In this very palace in which he gave the feast to Queen Esther, most interesting excavations have been made. In the level plains of the Persian province Susiana, which, like lower Babylonia, have now been turned to swamps by the overflowing river, the explorer seldom finds a village or even a mud hut, yet in ancient times on the shore of the Kerkha there stood the city of Shush, with the palace in which the Persian kings made their winter home. Of the three mounds into which the royal buildings have turned, the loftiest is the citadel in which the French have discovered the famous stone of the Hammurabi code. A second mound, somewhat lower, yet far more extensive, conceals the royal residence; the third contains the banquet hall, a building which the Persians called the Apadana, and which is the scene of the story of the book of Esther. Not far from the mounds and surrounded by swamps, stands a tomb in which the fanatical Moslems of the country believe that the Biblical Daniel is buried; indeed, in the book of Daniel, we read that it was at Shushan in the palace, by the river, that Daniel saw the vision of the succeeding dynasties. Whether this tomb is authentic, or merely the creation of the imaginative Moslem pilgrims, none can say.

In the year 1852, Mr. Loftus, then a member of an English commission appointed to determine the boundary line between Turkey and Persia, visited the ruins of Susa. Digging a few trenches into the mounds, he revealed the bases of columns upon which were engraved long inscriptions in three languages written in the wedge-shape character. One of the languages was ancient Persian. Its translation, a part of which is as follows, tells the history of the building and fixes it at once as Shushan the Palace of the book of Esther.

Thus says Artaxerxes, the great king, the king of kings, the king of all the countries that are upon the earth, the son of Darius, the son of Artaxerxes, the son of Xerxes, the son of Darius, the son of Hystaspes. My ancestor Darius built this Apadana in former times. In the reign of my grandfather it was consumed by fire; I have restored it.

Thus is identified the palace in which the royal banquet was given to Queen Esther. It was built by Darius, 521-485 B.C., burned during the reign of Artaxerxes, 464-425 B.C., and restored by Artaxerxes, 406-359. This discovery in the swamps of distant Persia is of scarcely less interest to the Bible student than the uncovering of the palaces at Nineveh. Loftus sought permission to continue his excavations there, but the fanatical natives, jealous of the tomb of Daniel, which they regarded as too sacred to be polluted by the presence of a Christian, made it impossible.

It remained for a Frenchman, M. Marcel Dieulafoy, and his wife to uncover the banquet hall. In 1884 Dieulafoy went to Persia, requested the Persian government to permit the excavation of Susa, and was refused; again he asked, and only by persuading the Shah that the excavations would reveal the glory of his royal ancestors, was the permission finally granted. The excavations were begun on March 1, 1885, and though within two weeks Dieulafoy was recalled by the Persian government, he continued with his work. Armed bands of fanatics then marched to drive him away before he should violate the tomb of Daniel, but he quieted them and finally he was left in peace. The marvelous structure which the book of Esther calls Shushan the Palace, and which the Persians called the Apadana, had not transformed itself, like the Babylonian palaces, into mounds of disintegrated mud bricks. Its walls of a white marble-like limestone were still standing, and little but the roof had entirely fallen. It was therefore not difficult to determine the plan of the vast structure, or to picture it as it was in the days of Xerxes when its beautiful enamel and soft hangings and rich carpetings beautified it. Imagine a huge square hall whose flat roof of great cedar beams was supported by thirty-six stone columns arranged in rows of six, with the three sides of the building walled up and the fourth left open, and you have a picture of the main part of the palace. The two sides of the large hall were flanked with porticoes supported by columns, and at the rear was the smaller apartment extending the entire width of the hall. At the two rear corners were pylons surmounted with battlements.

Such was the general form of the banquet hall of King Ahasuerus. The material of which it was built was a native white stone resembling marble, but dark when polished. The floors were paved with brick, the stucco walls

From the famous painting by J. James Tissot

The Chronicles Read to King Ahasuerus

Continued on page 707

THE

American Pulpit

A SERMON BY

Rev. Cyrus T. Brady, LL.D.*

The Reproach of the Troubled

TEXT—MARK 4: 38:
"Master, carest thou not that we perish?"

JESUS had been preaching all day long. There never was such a preacher as he. No other man ever compressed in a few sentences such immortal meaning. Even in the brief summaries of his discourses which are preserved, there is so much force and power and majesty, so much tenderness and peace, so much light and life and love, together with so much brilliance in illustration and example, that we can well imagine what they must have been in full. And those who have had any practice in public speaking can realize what they must have cost him. He spoke with the mental and spiritual insight of God, but with the physical and material strength of man, and although he was never violent, he must often have been tired out, exhausted. Night, with its promise of repose, was as welcome to him as to any weary man.

REV. CYRUS T. BRADY, LL.D.

He withdraws himself from the multitude which had drained his vitality through the long day of teaching, and when even comes, enters into one of the small fishing boats with which the lake abounds, intending to pass over to the other side to the country of the Gadarenes, where perhaps he hopes to be able further to spread his Gospel. His disciples dismiss the crowd and follow him into the little boat, in no proper sense a ship as we understand it, for it was probably so small that it could scarcely contain them all. Some other chosen companions and friends embark in other ships to follow the Master to the other side.

Jesus, being very tired, lies down in the stern of the ship. He rests his head against an improvised pillow, probably made of the outer garments of some of the men, and goes sound asleep. It adds a touch of human tenderness to the picture of the Divine Son of God whenever we read of him as fulfilling the ordinary destinies of men. As a tired man sleeps for rest, so slept the Lord in the ship.

The Tempest Rages

The passage, which should have been a short one under favorable circumstances, was not made without an adventure. One of those sudden tempests, squalls of wind and rain, to which the lake—"that deep hollow in the earth's surface"—was liable, and which still prevail on occasion over those same waters, sprang up. It is astonishing how rough a small body of water can become in a sudden gale. Still waters run deep; the mighty ocean does not immediately respond to the pressure of the wind, and it does not immediately become stilled when the wind dies away. But in shallow waters spread over large areas there is a prompt response to every atmospheric disturbance.

The fishermen watched with increasing apprehension the quick and growing blackness of the sky. I think it likely that the other boats went back to the harbor in fear of the storm, but the ship which carried Jesus held its course. The experienced among the disciples scanned eagerly the distant shore and sought to reassure their brethren with the hope that they would make a landing on the other side before the tempest broke upon them. The whirlwind was swifter than their hopes, for in a moment the little boat was wildly tossing in a rough and tumbling sea. Heavy laden perhaps, she did not ride as lightly as was her wont, and the buffeting waves broke over her bows, the drenching spray was blown aft and they were in dire peril for their lives in the sudden and heavy seas, while Jesus calmly slept on.

The sleep of a working man or woman should be sacred. Rest is one of the most necessary as well as one of the most precious gifts of God. One of the most gracious promises is that "there remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God that shall be forever." The supreme desire of many a tired soul is just to rest. "In the sweet fields of Eden, there is rest for the weary." Sleep is a great mystery which no one has explained, although wise philosophers have reasoned about it and speculated upon it almost as much as they have speculated upon the greater and longer sleep we call death. But this we know, in sleep we rest. Perhaps in death, too, we rest. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord: even so, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors."

The disciples were all working men. No idler, no dilettante, no trifler in the world's battle could be a chosen companion of the Christ. For Jesus, too, was a working man. We think of to-day as the most strenuous period in the world's history because we live in it. But life was just as earnest and just as real then as now, and men craved and needed then the "sleep that knits up the raveled sleave of care" just as they do to-day. The Master was asleep and resting tranquilly in the storm. Jesus was tired out. Not one of those men would have disturbed him for a slight cause.

Safe with Jesus

And again, although they lived in the most tender and intimate relationship with Christ; although, so far as we can discern, he lived with them in the utmost frankness and freedom of perfect love, they were never familiar with him. It is inconceivable that they ever could have been. Even Judas betrayed him with a kiss of respect. There was always a difference between him and them, a great gulf, bridged by love, his love more than theirs, but which nevertheless intervened. There was awe in the hearts of those who stood before him. I have no more doubt that even Caiaphas feared him than I have that Pilate hesitated and trembled before him. Much more these disciples. On no account would they have awakened him unless they had the gravest reason for so doing. "The king sleeps" was the word that was wont to hush the palace into silence. But peril, danger, were at hand; the king must be awakened.

Again we are met with the failure of the disciples to comprehend Jesus. We are surprised at their blindness when we consider him from our present point of view, with our present illumination, but we need scarcely be, if we put ourselves in the places of those men. They could not realize who and what this Christ really was; it was simply impossible for them to do so. Had they realized it fully, I dare to believe there would have been no crucifixion. The power of such a realization would have been as irresistible then as it was when Peter braved the crucifiers after the resurrection, or when Paul won a world after his enlightenment. And perhaps their eyes were holden that the great sacrifice might be accomplished.

Therefore these terrified men in that small boat in danger of being swamped, while they were fully persuaded of the divinity of Christ in some strange and different way from the divinity of any other child of God, could not completely understand. They had not learned that with Jesus they were safe no matter what threatened or what happened.

"Fear not," said the great Roman to the trembling boatman in the midst of the storm; "you shall be safe, for you carry Cæsar and his fortunes." And a greater than Cæsar was here.

The Master's Rebuke

Not all the storms that ever blew on all the waters of the world could have sunk that ship that carried Jesus and his brethren. No deluge that may come from the broken fountains of the greatest deep will sink that great ship, the church, which to-day carries Jesus and his brethren. But those men did not know that.

The breaking waves dashed high over the bow of that little vessel, the water came flooding aft, and Jesus slept on. The Master lay asleep in the hinder part of the ship and gave no heed. Who broke his slumber and awakened him? Mark has the fullest account. Was it Peter who laid a timorous hand upon his shoulder and shook him and poured into his ear the cry, which was also a reproach, "Master, carest thou not that we perish?"

"And Jesus arose, and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still. And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm. And he said unto them, Why are ye so fearful? How is it that ye hav no faith? And they feared exceedingly, and saic ne to another, What manner of man is this, that en the wind and the sea obey him?"

I think no human touch can improve upon th x- quisite simplicity, the noble dignity of that acc it. I see the standing figure of the Saviou I mark the huddling, terrified disciples, their cl es drenched, shivering with terror, maintaining a n- easy footing on the bark, unsteady, tempest-to d. I hear that voice calming the troubled waters th the sweet words, "Peace, be still." And as qu ly as the storm had risen, it dies away. The id grew weary, the waves sank to rest as if exhau ed by their own beating; the clouds broke above ir heads; the stars shone; the little boat was at t, the hearts of the men in it at rest, save for at counter-reproof in the Master's words.

To the believer in a Divine Providence, to one no acknowledges the immanence of Almighty ld, trouble is a test of belief, sorrow the touchstor of faith. As by struggle we advance, so through s- aster we believe. The untried faith is like the a- tempted virtue. It is a possibility rather tha a reality. When things go well, it is easy enoug o believe. The care-free naturally trust as they ir urally hope. It is not difficult to believe wher o strain is thereby involved. When things go wr g belief is harder.

When we are in trouble, when we suffer, w n our endeavors fail, our undertakings are fruit s, our hopes vain; when we lie wrestling with angu ; when pain wrings the brow and grips the he ; when some one we love very much is in trouble; w n some great disaster has caught us on the edge f its whirlpool and dragged us down; when a chu , or parish, or municipality, or nation mourns s e leader or prophet; when some terrible calamity e that which tore the riveted steel of the great bri e over the St. Lawrence at which I looked in awe d admiration a few weeks since; when some wo - wide cataclysm of nature overwhelms a great y by the sea, making widows and fatherless, Rac s bereft, old men childless, striking down the yo g and strong, the good and true; when some terr e devastation bursts from the hidden fires that b e beneath us and turns a smiling island into a de t and a charnel house; when something that seem s us unmerited, uncalled for, needless, useless, cr , arbitrary, happens in the world, when the rain f s upon the just and the unjust alike, faith trembl s and we lift voices to heaven and say, "Master, M - ter, carest thou not that we perish?"

Our Moments of Weakness

Then cynic and skeptic look on us and mock us : I cry aloud, saying, "For he is a God. Either h s talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey peradventure he sleepeth and must be awakened.

Perfect faith is as rare as perfect love. There s been vouchsafed to humanity but one complete - ample of either quality, and the world rose in s wrath and crucified the Demonstrator of the po - bility.

We are all vacillating creatures. Fortune in "shift and change of mood" finds us ever ready respond to her variant appeals. We laugh, we c we are weak, we are strong, we stubbornly res , and then — we lightly yield. Truly, as Shak - peare says, men are "to one thing constant neve The greatest have their moments of weakness. M study, with some original research, in our o American history has convinced me that no mar entirely a hero save by the reticence of his bi - rapher. Nor do I mean by this to belittle achie - ment or endeavor. Men are great in spite of th weaknesses, not because of them.

In distress the first thing that wavers is faith. may be that the trouble which brings us low is result of our own imprudence. "We have done t which we ought not to have done, or left undone t which we ought to have done"—in the solemn l guage of the general confession which we recite blithely every morning, and the consequences are natural, perhaps the inevitable results of our s of omission or commission. In homely phra Providence is said to watch over children and fo

Continued on next page

* Rector of Trinity Church, Toledo, Ohio.

A Day in the Steerage of an Ocean Liner

UCH has been written of the distressing conditions of travel in the third class passenger service. While the western trip is usually most uncomfortably crowded, still one may have a very pleasant passage east.

On the first night of a recent trip the writer found an exceedingly loquacious individual occupying the lower berth. He was anxious that all should know him and was insisting upon the aid of the supposed cheering cup of good fellowship. Another lower berth proved to contain the man necessary for the occasion and the prompt eviction of the bibulous passenger followed. Among other roommates was a youth from a prominent university on vacation. He had athletic ambitions and had entered some of the various competitions abroad.

A little girl of twelve proved to be the belle of the steerage and of the cabin as well. The latter showed its appreciation in a liberal money contribution to reward her singing and reciting. The daily routine is broken by dancing, games, vocalism and not a little eating by those fortunate enough to be good sailors.

The emigrant, while carrying the usual bundle or valise containing his goods and chattels, frequently possesses a considerable amount in cash. Many who have sold home and household do not hesitate to take the cheaper method of travel. Perhaps nothing speaks so eloquently of the resources and youth of our country as this constant inpouring of humanity, distributing itself and making room always for more. Each succeeding year adds to the traveling accommodations, and increases the conveniences of the foreign traveler. We are brought nearer to England by a day, or we are offered new steamers at a lower rate than a hotel. One of the newest liners recently carried in the steerage a number of young members of the Y. M. C. A. who availed themselves of the low rates, and who were traveling to study the condition of the foreign laborer.

A big liner to-day runs on almost railroad schedule. On a disabled vessel being sighted, another and smaller steamer is signaled by the big liner to go to its assistance, while the ocean leviathan resumes its race against time. J. B. G.

A Steerage Frolic on an Atlantic Steamship

. . .

Last year the total immigration to the United States from other countries was 1,285,349, being nearly 200,000 in excess of the year preceding. It is probable that the present year will show a slight falling off from last year's figures. This is due largely to the "hard times" from which we are just emerging and which have lasted since October, 1907.

For several years past our heaviest immigration has been from Austria-Hungary, which sent us 265,000 in 1906 and 338,000 in 1907; Italy, 273,000 in 1906, and 285,000 in 1907, and Russia, 215,000 in 1906, and 258,000 in 1907. It seems likely that the same order of contributory importance will be preserved this year, the three countries mentioned sending sixty per cent. of our total immigration to all American ports.

Bills have been introduced into both houses of Congress providing for an immigrant educational test, a certificate of character, the limitation of the number of immigrants from any one country to fifty thousand within any period of twelve months, the inspection of aliens at the ports of departure, an increase of head-tax to $20, the exclusion of aliens of poor physique and those who do not possess thirty dollars, and other requirements aimed to discourage undesirable immigration.

THE REPROACH OF THE TROUBLED ∽ Sermon by Rev. Cyrus T. Brady, LL.D.—*Continued*

perhaps the consequences of our failures to be or not to be, are warded off. God is long-suffering. He gives us all many chances. We trifle with life and destiny, and perhaps with a certain degree of impunity for a certain period, but by and by there comes a time when the trifler must assume his responsibilities; when "he who has danced, must pay the fiddler." Then our belief, our faith, our hope all take ready for flight.

Man is a creature of interrogations. I blame no one for the word "Why?" There is a mother who has gone through the pain and anguish of childbirth. There lies by her side upon the pillow a tiny little figure. It has eyes which do not see, lips which make no sound, hands that cannot grasp, a heart that does not beat. Everything but life is there. Useless all the weary suffering, the long pain, the keen anguish. Why was it? What purpose was served by the tragedy of a thousand homes?

There is a young man or woman just budding into life, so carefully trained, so wisely guided, so usefully prepared, and stopped in mid-career, with all the possibilities of the future unopened and unavailing. Why this awful waste of life and love and toil?

Here is a great man or woman, a centre of effort and endeavor in some chosen field of work, to whom their fellows look for counsel, aid, inspiration, help, example, a thousand things. A touch and they are gone and no one can take their place.

> This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
> The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
> And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
> The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
> And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
> His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
> And then he falls, as I do.

"Thou fool," is writ before every man, "this night shall thy soul be required of thee." And when his hour strikes, he reads that doom sentence and wonders, "Why?" The widows of the St. Lawrence gaze over the twisted wreckage of that bridge, wonder sadly and question bitterly. The homeless men and women who sat upon the hills about San Francisco and looked down into the seething holocaust in which the labor of years and the hopes of lives went up in flame and smoke, wondered why. The survivors of the sometime smiling, happy people of Martinique did the same thing as they gazed on the smoke hill and the ash-swept valleys. The whole world questioned when the telegraph flashed the news that the President of the United States had been shot. From thousands of lips in these, and every other catastrophe, day by day the cry goes up, "Master, carest thou not that we perish?"

The faith which demands entire enlightenment is not faith at all. It is education. The virtue which survives no temptation is not virtue at all. It is weakness. There can be no answer to the great interrogation. There is no answer to a thousand questions which man puts, which perhaps it was intended that he should put. What we know, we master. It would be a sorry day for mankind if he mastered his God. If he could solve the mystery divine, he might make his own god, as some of us do, out of stick or stone and turn to it in his last hour with the frightful results that I have seen.

The endeavor of life is to believe; the highest function of life is to trust; the end of life is to hope. The question in the text is not an absolute negation. There is no denial of God in it. Men who throw that great interrogation into the face of God do not curse him and die as a rule, although I know some who have done so under such circumstances, but they have faith enough to appeal to the very power they believe to be indifferent. Not to Baal and Ashtaroth, not to any false god of wind or wave, or other land, did the disciples turn, but to the Jesus who was with them, asleep in the stern of the ship.

God is very loving and pitiful. Yes, even though in our sorrow we cannot realize it. He knows how we are tortured and wrung; he knows "the grief that whispers the o'erfraught heart and bids it break" sometimes into lamentations and reproaches. Perhaps to us he seems to sleep as the human Jesus did. The living Christ above us never sleeps. He seems to be silent when things go awry. But he tolerates the question and sooner or later he answers it. It may be that he does not answer it here. There are certainly things we shall never know, problems insoluble, the problem of trouble, of pain, of wickedness. There are many answers to these, none adequate and satisfactory. Some things we must see "through a glass darkly," but same day we shall see them "face to face," our eyes shall be opened and we shall understand.

Meanwhile, the admonition is that we must have faith. Though he slay us, we must trust him. His is the larger view; his is the deeper thought; his is the grander plan, and not the least part of its grandeur is that it comprehends the infinitely little being we call man.

"Oh," said a woman in trouble, "if I could only be sure that God cares!"

"Madam," was the answer, "that God does care is the very essence of the religion of Christ."

Confidence and trust and hope—these are easy when our ways lie through pleasant paths, but confidence and trust and hope are mere empty words unless they can be bestowed and felt and entertained when, though God is in his heaven, all seems wrong with the world. For this is the gracious promise of the past, no less vital when it was uttered than it is to-day: "Thou shalt keep them in the secret of thy presence from the strife of tongues."

> When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
> And billows wild contend with angry roar,
> 'Tis said far down beneath the wild commotion,
> That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.
>
> Far, far beneath, the noise of tempests dieth,
> And silver waves glide ever peacefully,
> And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
> Disturbs the Sabbath of that deeper sea.
>
> So to the soul that knows thy love, O Purest!
> There is a temple sacred evermore,
> And all the babble of life's angry voices
> Dies in hushed stillness at its peaceful door.
>
> Far, far away the noise of passion dieth,
> And loving thoughts rise ever peacefully;
> And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
> Disturbs that deeper rest, O Lord, in thee.

A SUNDAY IN WITTENBERG

By MORTON H. PEMBERTON

Luther a Professor in Wittenberg

IT was evening time, and the sun was going down; the chimes of the church bells and the almost noiseless tread of the few passers-by were all that disturbed the solemn stillness of the hour. I felt that I was walking upon holy ground, as I walked in the same rooms and upon the same streets where the feet of Luther and his beloved friend Melanchthon had touched. Who would not feel a thrill of reverence and calm delight in the presence of so many things which told of Luther and the terrible times in which he lived?

Martin Luther

Although Wittenberg is an old, old town, the spirit of progress is still with her, and many nice buildings register 1898 and later. But the old town and the old streets, its historical buildings and churches, remain as in the days gone by, and no hand will tear them away as long as the name of Martin Luther is engraved upon the memory of human hearts. Instead of the little town of 3,000 inhabitants as in Luther's day, Wittenberg is now a thriving city of about 17,000. The little winding river Elbe weaves its way around one side of the town, and the smooth but slightly undulating land gives it an ideal setting. Shady groves and beautiful walks are on every side; but a visitor does not care to linger long among trees and waters and nature's charms in Wittenberg, for during almost every moment of the walk, the place seems to be whispering the name of Luther.

As it was not yet time for services at the churches, we went first to the old Augustine Monastery, where Luther lived from 1508, when he was called as a professor in the University at Wittenberg. Luther's rooms are now used as a museum, and are filled with interesting relics of the great reformer. In his study-room the old writing-table where Luther worked stands defiant of time, though its splinters and rough edges are beginning to tell the story of its early day. The large iron stove that warmed Luther's blood can yet hold the flames of many fires; the same window-panes, with a broken one here and there, still let in the sunlight; the same planks remain in the floor of his study. On a shelf near by is Luther's old drinking goblet, and I thought how often that old cup must have quenched the thirst and refreshed the parched lips of Luther, when he returned from hours of lecturing and preaching; for it must be remembered that Luther preached more than once a week, and that his sermon was more than twenty minutes long.

Besides Luther's lectures in the University, he often preached once or twice a day in the church for days in succession. The original pulpit from the town church, where Luther preached, and the old sand clock, have been brought to the museum, and are exhibited together. There are also, in his study, the double chairs, where Luther is said to have spent so many moments with his beloved wife, Catherine Von Bora. Mrs. Luther lived in a day when women stayed at home. In a glass case is some needlework, done by the hands of Mrs. Luther. In the museum at Leipsic is a very fine picture of Luther, his wife and his five children. It is a nice little family group, Luther sitting at the table, in these plain rooms, with a musical instrument in his hands; his wife sitting on the other side of the table, and the children standing near by, with their eyes upon the father and mother. In other rooms are a number of modern paintings of historical events in Reformation times, such as "Charles V. at the Grave of Luther," "The Diet of Worms," "The Translation of the Bible," "Luther's Betrothal" and "Luther Fixing his Theses on the Door of the Church." Luther's library, together with a large number of famous editions of books of the Reformation period, makes a very interesting collection. In a glass case are preserved Luther's early translations of the Bible in his own handwriting. We saw Luther's engagement ring; for, according to German custom, the man wears a ring as well as the woman. But I think that every man has to buy his own ring.

Just a few doors from Luther's house is the old home of Philip Melanchthon. When I saw the old bed I couldn't help thinking of the time when Luther knelt down by its side, and begged his faithful Melanchthon not to die, because he could not spare him. Luther did not know that the weak body of his gentle friend, Melanchthon, was going to rally and last longer than his own vigorous and powerful frame. Out in the back yard, under a large tree, is an old rock table, bearing the name Melanchthon, which was inscribed by himself under date 1551. Here, upon this crumbling rock desk, under the shade of this tree, Luther and Melanchthon worked at the translation of the Bible.

A few feet from Melanchthon's house stands the old Wittenberg University, now used as barracks for soldiers. This university, by reason of its famous professors, was in Luther's day one of the first in Germany. In 1817 it was incorporated with the University of Halle, which is now regarded as one of the first in Germany and perhaps the best for students of theology.

As the church bells were now ringing, we went to the church where Luther nailed his theses. Here stands a great, massive building of stone, with two high, round towers, more like a cathedral than a church. The outside bears the marks of time, but the inside is of most costly and elaborate finish. In 1892, the interior was restored, and that time the Emperor of Germany and many representatives of royalty were present at its

Luther Captured by his Friends

Luther's Monument in Wittenberg

celebration. There are nine colossal statues of reform by famous sculptors—Luther and Melanchthon occu ing the chief places—also twenty-two medallions f friends and protectors of the Reformation. The a has a figure of Christ in the centre. It was a pr view to stand in this beautiful church, with the sun sl ing through the richly-stained windows, and behold wonderful transformation that has taken place in historical building. The wooden doors, to which Lut nailed his ninety-five theses, were burned in 1760, dur the war with Austria, but in 1858 Emperor Freder William IV. replaced them by double iron doors, be ing the original text of the theses. One could eas imagine the defiant Luther standing before the doorw and nailing to its panels those immortal words, wh were to be read not only by those who passed by, b by the whole Christian world. A short distance fr the church is the spot where Luther burned the Pop bull. It is at the edge of the town, under a great mass oak tree, which still lives to tell the story of the bra deed done under its branches near 400 years ago.

An iron fence surrounds the old tree, and upon trunk, in metal, is the German inscription: "*Dr. Mar Luther verbrannte an dieser Staate am 10 December, 15 die Papstliche Bannbulle.*" In this day of religio liberty and human freedom, it would be no extraor nary deed to burn a Pope's bull of excommunicatio and to nail propositions denying his infallibili to church doors; but when we think of Luther day, when such acts meant social disgrac physical torture, and even death, we cannot b too grateful to the heroic Luther who struc the first successful blow for religious freedo It had been but a short time since the bra John Huss had been burned at the stake f similar declarations, and friends were urgi Luther to forego his vigorous and defiant o position; but Luther listened to nothing sa the divine voice of truth within him.

How often did Luther, during the hardshi and dangers of his frequent journeys, look ba with longing to the towers and walls of th much-loved town of his student days! It wa from Wittenberg that he went to the famou Diet of Worms, where every effort was made t have him recant. Put under the ban he wa hastening back to Wittenberg when his cart wa suddenly surrounded by a party of armed me with visors lowered. The knights quickly bor him off to the castle of the Wartburg. On th way Luther found that they were friends, wh had captured him to prevent his falling into a ambush of his foes. Secreted by the friendl Elector of Saxony in the Wartburg, th "Knight of St. George," as they calle Luther, translated the Bible into the Germa tongue.

. . .

Well may the people of Wittenberg pre serve the earthly relics of the sainted reformer and cherish his memory in their hearts; for th world never had a better, braver, nobler friend than Martin Luther—the greatest German o them all.

Finns and Swedes Gathering for a Gospel Tent Service in Uptown New York

NEW YORK'S GREAT TENT CAMPAIGN

DURING the present season, the New York Evangelistic Committee has established eleven tent centres, eleven open-air centres, and etings in thirteen shops and factories. "It is a ivilege to take the Gospel message to those who c not receive it in any other way," said Superintident Arthur J. Smith. "The responsibility for ching these non-church-goers rests with us. I metimes think Jesus is waiting to see how much fth we have. Men are brought to Christ as indviduals; let us get pastors and laymen in personal tch with our converts."

In accordance with this idea, a new plan has been llowed this summer, by which pastors of churches ve been brought in closer touch with the people, nducting the meetings during the first weeks and pplementing the labors of the evangelists throughct the season. Each section of the city where a t is located has organized a district committee nposed of local pastors and laymen from the ighboring churches. All the home and city misn boards have been represented on the executive nmittee. The Christian Endeavor Societies, Epwrth Leagues, and other Young People's organizatns have been actively associated with the work.

During the past few weeks, rallies of various ds have been the conspicuous feature. At noon veral open-air meetings have been held at differet points in one section of the city, and after tenty minutes or so all the companies assembled uld march to one central spot and unite in a great ss meeting. In the evenings, the Young People's cieties would follow the same plan, holding sevel street meetings and then marching to the tent r a general rally.

No department of the work has been more imrtant than the shop meetings, held for men or men at piano factories, tool shops, paint shops, ar factories, printing establishments and pattern ctories.

The crowds who have welcomed the Rev. William Wilkinson each summer have followed him from the old Custom House now demolished, to the new Custom House in Bowling Green, although services are still held by Dr. Wilkinson and Dr. Lyman-Wheaton daily on Wall Street. The Rev. J. C. Ludgate came from Chicago to resume his work of last year at Abingdon Square. Here he found many converts of past seasons who testify that their lives have been changed since they surrendered to Christ under the stars in the open street in the noisy city square.

Efforts to reach the great foreign element of this metropolis have been made through out-door meetings at Fort George, where Hebrews, Italians, French, and Germans congregate on Saturdays and Sundays by the thousand. On one Sunday afternoon special preachers speaking in the various languages addressed those of their own tongue. Street meetings have been held for Italians, Spanish-speaking people, and for colored people. Besides two open-air meetings for Italians tents have been set up at three places, one in connection with the Presbyterian Italian Mission, another co-operating with the Methodist Episcopal Italian Church in Little Italy, and a third in the Bronx, where the Rev. Robert Walker, for thirty years a missionary under the Baptist Board in Italy, has been "preaching double," as he calls it; that is, speaking first in Italian and then in English.

A tent for German-speaking people and one for Swedes and Finns have been crowded nightly. The most pleasing of these services have been those held for children. Five or six hundred boys and girls fairly overflowed the Swedish tent every night, until the committee substituted a larger tent. Work among children generally is the most encouraging everywhere. Italians, Germans, Swedes, Irish, Americans, and many little Hebrews press with determination into the tents, eager to learn the Bible lessons and Gospel hymns. As an auxiliary to the tent work, various Circles of King's Daughters have been formed for the women and older girls. Four "Neighborhood Circles" have been organized. These circles assist materially in following up the tent work by personal visitation during the winter.

The Rev. F. E. Smiley of Colorado has earned for himself this summer a new title, "The Bishop of the Docks." In addition to his work in the tent, where he preaches to audiences such as are seldom seen elsewhere, he goes to the docks and steamers on Sunday afternoons and talks to dock-hands, sailors, officers—any who come his way. The Rev. H. D. Sheldon, who has been stationed at another of the "hard places," says: "The Gospel is what these people want. In our efforts to take it to them, God is signally blessing us."

The season's campaign will close with a series of rallies continuing from September 11 to 13, including the usual Wall Street noon rally in Trinity Church, a children's rally, to be held probably in Calvary Methodist Episcopal Church, an open-air evening rally in Union Square and one on Sunday afternoon at Fort George, and the so-called Converts' Rally in Carnegie Hall.

Mr. R. E. Mitchell, a singer and director of recognized ability and wide reputation, has acted as director of music for the summer campaign. In addition to organizing and training the large chorus that sang at the opening rally in the Metropolitan Opera House and the seven district rallies, Mr. Mitchell has had personal charge of the music in one of the tents. Associated with him have been such well known musicians and singers as E. A. Wayne, cornetist and leader; Lewis M. Armstrong, soloist and instructor; Benjamin Franklin Butts, soloist; W. Philip Hanson, and Miss Grace D. Hildebrand, widely known as "the Gospel Nightingale." At the closing rally on the 14th of September in Carnegie Hall, all the choirs from the various districts will combine and form a chorus of 500 voices.

IN "SHUSHAN THE PALACE"

Continued from page 703

ere painted red, and the beams of the roof were dars brought from the mountains of Lebanon. Each the slender stone columns supporting them was rmounted with bulls facing in opposite directions.

The modern Persians, who are noted for their autiful tiling and carpets, have inherited the art their manufacture from their ancestors. Near te summit of the outer wall of the pylons on a ckground of pale blue is a beautiful procession of ns in relief; on the outer walls of the main hall ia still more beautiful relief, representing the body ard of the Persian kings. Here upon the warors we see the long sleeved white and yellow nics, the green twisted turbans, the laced boots, e ear rings and bracelets, which formed the dress Esther's day. Here, too, are the bows and lances ich were the weapons of the soldiers. The colorg of the tiling is as bright as on the day when ueen Esther feasted there with the king.

Though few of the decorations of the palace have rvived, the imagination may easily picture the udy magnificence of the furnishings, the drapies, the rugs, the gold and silver vessels of diverse apes and the rich costumes in which the revelers ere clad. At the rear of the hall beneath the crimn canopy was the golden throne of Ahasuerus. Before it were the carpets upon which the king's feet alone might tread, and among the cup-bearers who stood behind the king to keep his golden bowl filled with wine was the Biblical Nehemiah.

So renowned were the drinking banquets of the Persian kings that the early Greek writers have described them. Of the Persian royal assemblies, Herodotus says that the nobles are "accustomed to debate upon the most important matters when they are drunk, and whatever they approve in their debate is proposed to them on the next day when they are sober, and if they still approve the matter when they are sober, they finally decide upon it. If they first consult upon any matter when they are sober, they discuss it again when they are drunk."

Another Greek writer says: "Generally the king breakfasts and sups alone, but sometimes his wife and some of his sons sup with him, and the ladies of the harem sing and play the harp during the meal."

Thus the book of Esther, the modern excavator and the ancient writers agree in painting the picture of life of long ago in Shushan the Palace. Of all the Biblical books, none describes more faithfully the customs of the ancient Orient, none bears a plainer stamp of truth. Again during the past few years the French have been excavating among the ruins of Shushan the Palace, and it is hoped that still more light may be thrown upon the days of Queen Esther in the distant land of Persia.

Found Health at Mont-Lawn

Dear Dr. Klopsch: I want to thank you for sending thirty-six of our children to Nyack. They had such a good time and looked so well. They had all been ill during the winter and needed the change very much. Last week I went up myself to visit the Home, was most hospitably received and was shown all over. I think it is one of the most beautifully arranged places I have seen and so much is done for the children's comfort and happiness!

EVELYN VREDENBURGH,
Nurse, Northern Dispensary, N. Y.

RESCUE MISSION WORKERS

A Convention of Gospel and Rescue Mission Workers will be held in Philadelphia, October 28 to November 1, under the auspices of the National Federation of Gospel Missions in Broad Street Baptist Church, southwest corner Broad and Brown Streets. T. L. Fretz, of the Philadelphia Rescue Home, Philadelphia, Pa., has charge of the arrangements.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Edito

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.
Entered at Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matte
Entered as Second-class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottaw

A Moral Education Congress

THIS month will witness the assembling in London of the first International Moral Education Congress. Twelve countries are to be represented, including our own, and among the speakers an nounced are many of the leading educators of Europe and America. The general theme will be the importance of moral instruction, a subject now almost wholly neglected in our educational systems.

This new movement is full of promise for the students of the next generation, who will reap the benefit of what may be accomplished. It will probably result in imparting a new and powerful stimulus to educational reforms of the most vital character. It may become the foundation of an international moral propaganda for the training of the young in honor, patriotism, friendship, courtesy, temperance, kindness, and purity—essential qualities that make for good citizenship, and which are not now taught in our schools as they should be. Speakers of ability will discuss the importance of Bible study and the general relation of religion to moral education. Many religions will be represented, but the Congress, we are informed, will restrict itself to a general survey of educational problems from a moral point of view, "leaving untouched the questions of home education and religious and philosophical education." What the attitude of the Congress will be toward the Bible, as the best of all moral standards, cannot be gathered from the programme, the working out of which will be watched with interest.

The Lesson of Springfield

THE recent riots at Springfield, Ill., have shown to what a pitch the passions of men, once let loose, may be excited, and how citizens, ordinarily conservative and orderly, may be momentarily swept away in a tumult of lawlessness and disorder. But race riots and lynchings are not monopolized by any section of our country. Such scenes, unfortunately, can be duplicated in almost any city, North or South, under similar conditions. We are quick to point the finger of accusation at a city or State where they happen, and to cry out against their lawlessness. When they do happen, it is undeniable that they make an ugly stain on our boasted civilization. We are made painfully conscious of the fact that beneath the veneer on the surface there still lurks, in all of us, a good deal of the old savage. Without the restraining influence of Christianity, which presses home upon us the sense of the obligations due to society, we would be but poor citizens.

The Sincerity of Tolstoi

IT IS undeniable that, as was the case with Wagner, the dramatic instinct is strong in Tolstoi; but it does not seem possible that one can read his voluminous works in their entirety without receiving an impression of their utter sincerity. His judgment may properly be impugned, but the verdict of the vast majority of the thoughtful observers of the world, who for thirty years have been watching him closely, is that he is an honest man. His benevolences have been vast, and there is no doubt that, but for his wife, he would have sacrificed all of his fortune to his peasants. He is the faithful and beloved adviser of hundreds of them. He is a patriot, and his hold upon the affections of his countrymen is so strong that not even the most arrogant despotism that the modern world has ever seen has dared to lay hands on him.

No, the salvation of Tolstoi has been his greatness. Even his most trifling compositions are touched with it. His spoken words are charged with it. The whole conduct of his estate is on a great and noble scale. The spirit of the man, his insight, his outlook, is great. He rises above his contemporaries as the Eiffel tower overtops Paris. Especially have his vast philanthropies, not so much of money as of his time and thought and love, endeared him to the world and commanded its homage. The new Russia, for which millions are praying, will, when it comes—and it will come—owe much of its light and its freedom to the aged man just now celebrating his eightieth birthday. But, taking into account his environment, the strange Slav ideals among which he was reared and educated, and the barbarous customs which have surrounded him, the estimate of the Christian world must place him among the great figures of the ages.

A Gospel to Rich and Poor

IN THE death of the Rev. Donald Sage Mackay, the metropolitan pulpit loses one of its strongest, ablest and soundest preachers. Dr. Mackay was a firm believer in the power of the Gospel to transform human character and make life worth living. He dealt sturdy blows at corruption in high places, and was unsparing in his denunciation of every species of dishonest method in business. In social, as in spiritual work, he had wonderful prescience. Men of wealth who controlled large enterprises, he held, should recognize that they are only stewards, and this stewardship, he declared, "fully recognized and practised, is what alone will save the country from the destructive forces of anarchy and communism." Rich and poor, he believed, should meet together on the plane of common brotherhood, and he gave this a striking exemplification when he invited the converts of the Bowery Mission to come and fill his platform and tell his rich parishioners how, even outside of the church, divine grace had sought them out and redeemed them. The whole Christian Church in America is a loser by the early death of this able, broad-minded preacher, who gave promise of greatness with maturer years.

The Joy of Mont-Lawn

AFTER a visit to our Children's Home at Mont-Lawn, Mr. R. W. Watchorn, United States Commissioner of Immigration at Ellis Island, wrote to the editor of this paper:

"I have often had occasion to suppress the proverbial 'lump in the throat' on account of the happenings incident to my peculiar office; but they are caused by the mingled incidents of joy and sorrow. Mont-Lawn raises only the throat lump of joy. It was a great day—a foretaste of heaven, a vestibule to Paradise. May your shadow never diminish."

Joy and Sorrow—how closely they are linked together! In life, the sorrows far outnumber the joys. This is especially true of these children of the tenements, whose little lives have in them more of shadow than sunshine. The joys of Mont-Lawn are to them far beyond their imaginings, and are all the sweeter by contrast with their everyday surroundings and experience.

It has been a great summer for Mont-Lawn. Many guests have written us expressing delight over their visit to the Children's Paradise, where joy makes all forget for a time the cares and troubles of the great big world outside its gates.

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DO NOT OVERLOOK THI

IN OUR next week's issue we shall publish details of a most interesting proposition, w involves on the one hand your sending t twenty-five names of the character fully descr below, and on the other hand our sending to y very remunerative and exceptionally attrac REWARD. ☛ LOOK FOR IT IN THIS COLUMN.

* * * *

This offer will be open only to our SUBSCR ERS and their immediate FAMILIES, and e list sent in must close with this declaration:

"I AM A SUBSCRIBER"

— or —

"MY ..... IS A SUBSCRIBE "
Here state relationship.

and be signed by the name and address of the sen

* * * *

The names which may be sent in under offer must be those of ADULT PROTESTA CHURCH OR SUNDAY SCHOOL ATTE ANTS, ☛ no two living in the same house.

These names must be written on only ONE SI OF THE SHEET. You may use more than sheet in a single list, but you must not write on b sides of any sheet.

* * * *

Every name must have a PREFIX (such as M Mrs., Miss, Dr., Prof., Rev.), CHRISTIAN NA (as Mary, John, etc.), POST OFFICE ADDRE COUNTY, and STATE. In case of Free Deliv Office in city or country, either the STRE ADDRESS or the number of the RURAL FR DELIVERY route should be supplied.

Thus an address correctly supplied would r something like this:

Dr. James Potter, Chicago, Cook Co., Ill., 572 Adams Street.

— or —

Miss Ruth Jackson, Westminster, Worcester Co., Mass., R.F.D. N

* * * *

In order to induce prompt response, the great accuracy and the most legible chirography, th will be distributed among those sending in li several hundred SPECIAL REWARDS to be a nounced next week, which, of course, will be ADDITION to the generous rewards indicat above, and which we shall forward to each a EVERY sender of a list.

* * * *

We make this preliminary announcement enable everybody to be prepared for immedi action as soon as the next issue reaches their han The offer will close within a very few days af the announcement and in sparsely settled distri the time allotted might prove insufficient were not for this timely warning, which is equal to o week's additional notice.

* * * *

We cannot too strongly urge upon our readers t advisability of securing BEFORE the offer appea the material for a prompt response, so that not minute need be lost in sending in your list. DO TO-DAY AND DO IT AT ONCE. In this ca indeed there is no time like the present.

* * * *

We want these names for mailing our superb ILLUSTRATED HOLIDAY CIRCULAR, whi will be off the press shortly. Your friends w thank you for getting their names on our mailin list and we will appreciate your kind co-operatio All communications should be sent to

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THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

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Admiral Sir Henry Rawson (centre) with his Aides — Lord Northcote, Governor General, and Lady Northcote — Lord Northcote and Governors of Various Australian States

DISTINGUISHED AUSTRALIANS WHO GAVE OFFICIAL WELCOME TO OUR WHITE FLEET

American Fleet in Australia

OF ALL the ovations given the American fleet none has been more royal than the one in Australia. At Sydney, N. S. W., the ships vre received in a magnificent manner. Public functns of every conceivable kind were participated in l officers of state, of army and navy, by the nolity and the common people. Receptions, dinners, ncerts, gymnastic exercises, reviews, and other entrtainments followed in quick succession, each trying to outdo the other. The climax was reached at te Centennial Park, where the biggest review of ival and military forces in the history of Australia as witnessed by three hundred thousand people. ith the Governor General of the Commonwealth ere the State Governor, Rear Admiral Sperry, the itish Admiral, representative Australian statesen and a brilliant assemblage of women. Upward d 12,000 troops participated, including 2,500 Amerians, 600 Royal naval marines, 6,000 Commonealth army and navy militia and 3,000 cadets. The mericans were accorded a tremendous ovation and eir appearance was the subject of general admiraon. The government declining to furnish free ansportation to the military students of the public hools, a large number of them marched afoot ghty miles to take part in the parade.

Just before the departure of the fleet the school ildren of Sydney bade a beautiful farewell. Eight ousand of them, in colored garb, paraded the reets, and when the domain was reached spread it into a marching figure representing the Amerin and Australian flags, in living colors, with the gend "Hail Columbia" surmounting the whole. he drill and evolutions were perfectly done, and e thousands lining the streets and filling the grand and broke into a frenzy of applause.

As the little ones wheeled into the flag formation ey burst out singing "Advance, Australia," folwed by "The Star Spangled Banner." During the tter song, as though in reply to the query, "Does at Star Spangled Banner still wave," eight thouand flags fluttered on the breeze from the marchg mass amid a roar of applause that completely rowned the song of the children. It was the most pressive sight that has greeted the American offiers and men in all the spectacles prepared for them nce they left Hampton Roads. Amidst the songs f children and the cheers of men and women the eet sailed away for Melbourne, where Lord Northte, Governor-General of Australia, Admiral Sir lenry Rawson and his aides, and governors of varir States and the multitude will accord to our Amerans the princely welcome which is in store for them.

When the fleet started on its long journey one fear fter another was expressed. They were all in vain. he trip has been good for the ships; it has improved nd seasoned the men; it has excited a just national ride; but, best of all, it has been the instrument of ood fellowship and international co-operation in the dvancement of the race.

Thou that dwellest at the entry of the sea, which art the erchant of the people unto many isles, hast said, I am perfect in eauty. All the ships of the sea with the mariners were in thee. Ezek. 27 : 3, 9, R.V.)

Average Length of Life

Cassell's Saturday Journal has an article containng some significant facts about the average of huan life. Among other things, it says:

"The man who lives till he is more than a century ld and the child who dies in infancy are alike included in the law of averages. They balance each ther's chances, as it were.

"Of 100,000 people living at the age of 10, only 95,614 will live to the age of 21, only 82,284 will be living at 40, only 49 will be living at 96, and only nine at 97. At 30, the average man may take it that he has under 35 years to live; at 40, under 28 years; at 50, under 21 years; at 60, under 14 years.

"In each and all of these cases, how he lives will determine whether he will have a longer life or a shorter life, but the average will infallibly work out within a space of ninety years."

These facts ought to prompt the most serious meditation. It is not well to go about the duties of practical life with an hour-glass in the hand looking at death and the grave, when the duties of life are to be performed with a joyous and hopeful spirit, but the fact that so many years are mathematically measured out to the average person ought to remind us of the brevity of life, the certainty of death and the reality of the issues of the great future, and to inspire us to greater diligence in the discharge of present duties.

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. (Psa. 90: 12.)

Refused a Tip

Because Honos Muller, a waiter at a pavilion in East Eighty-fourth Street, overlooking the East River, refused to take a tip, Walking Delegate M. J. Murphy, of the Waiters' Union, threatens to call a strike of all the other waiters there, unless Muller is immediately discharged. It seems that the waiter had refused a tip of one dollar from a man who was paying for a ten-dollar dinner. Murphy entered the restaurant and said: "I am walking delegate of the Waiters' Union. I want to see Honos Muller at once." Muller was called. "What do you mean by not taking the tip?" queried Murphy. Muller explained that he did not need the money and was paid by the Pavilion Company for his services and that he was opposed to the system of tips. Murphy replied: "Don't you know you will break up the waiters' business and take bread from the mouths of children? If you are not discharged at once, I shall call a strike of every waiter in this place." It is a great question whether the whole practice of tipping is not a mistake and fault. Men in all callings ought to be paid a fair amount for their service and they should not be left to practise upon the sympathies or forage upon the purses of the public. It is said that porters in cars, waiters in hotels and restaurants, barbers in the shops and men in various callings of life are paid a mere pittance with the understanding that they are to get the rest of their wages out of the tips of the public. But the idea of calling a strike on all of the waiters in a restaurant because one did not need or believe in the system of tips is the limit of insolence and folly. Men who have means ought to be generous with those who are not so well off, but the impositions of mendicancy, however respectable, are as demoralizing to the one receiving as to those giving. It is only a question of a fair equivalent for services rendered.

For as much money as it is worth he shall give it me. (Gen. 23: 9.)

Governor Hughes to Young Men

The cornerstone of a splendid Young Men's Christian Association building was laid at Plattsburg, N. Y., August 13. Loyal L. Smith of New York gave $125,000 toward the structure, and the citizens generally contributed $30,000 more. Governor Hughes made the principal address. Among other things he said:

This ceremony celebrates an important step in the furtherance of an enterprise which cannot fail to be of the greatest benefit to the people of this favored city.

Your young men will have as buttresses those early ideas which they have received from father and from mother. However careless a man may be in his own case with regard to the doing of this or that, when he comes to tell his boy, every man wants his boy to see things as they are.

Here the young man will have a place in which the teaching of his parents will continue. Here he will be taught that the boy who is honest, the boy whose word is as good as any man's bond, the boy who will not lie, who loves truth as his own life, who will carry into any activities an honest intent to do his best, will ever be conscious, whether he has won or lost, of having played a man's role in this world. I have no confidence in conventions which deal only with formal rules of conduct, for he must see the whole game; then he will know what is worth while, willing to take his chance, willing to do his work, so that his proudest boast will be to have men say: "He's all right!"

It is a fortunate thing for the young of our land that men of the moral fibre of the Governor of New York are upon the stage to act and give words of advice. A statesman of incorruptible integrity has an unspeakable influence upon the young people of the period, and those having the laying of the cornerstone in charge made no mistake in asking Governor Hughes to make the address in which he emphasized the value of parental training and the necessity of its perpetuation in the institutions of our time.

And thou, Solomon my son, know thou the God of thy father, and serve him with a perfect heart and with a willing mind. (I. Chron. 28 : 9.)

Civilization in Natal

The present Governor of Natal is Sir Matthew Nathan, a Jew by race but a Christian by profession. He has of late spent a month going through Zululand, and has visited mission stations, making addresses in them encouraging the people to habits of industry, and urging them to follow the instructions of the missionaries. At one of these stations he said:

"I have often heard it discussed among white men whether it is well that the black man should be taught the white man's religion; whether he can ever be made to follow its practice and understand its beauties. After meeting the Christian natives in many parts of Africa, I have no doubt myself that, however disappointing at times may be the effect of Christian teaching, it must in the end do good. It is good that pretended witchcraft, with all the crimes that come with it, should be done away with. It is good that the principle, which is followed by the whole white world, of one man having only one wife should be followed by the black. It is good that by using his hands to work, his head to think, and his heart to feel, the native should put away the life of sloth and sensuality which are obstacles to his rising to that higher life which should be the aim of every man; that life in which happiness is derived, not from what a man gets or attains for himself, but from giving happiness to others. You of the Mission have examples in your midst, in the revered chiefs and in your teachers, of this higher life, and these examples should lead you to be good men and women, and to that happiness and contentment which come from leading healthy, laborious, and noble Christian lives. . . . The road to civilization is long, and the way you have traveled on it is as yet but short; but every step on that road is a gain, and if you hold firmly by each gain, and remember and act up to what you have been taught by your teachers, this country will in time become civilized."

The Governor of Natal has indicated the true secret of the best civilization of any nation, which is the practical employment of the principles of the religion of Jesus Christ. Africa, in natural resources, is rich beyond all computation. What an unspeakable contribution to the world will be made when Africa shall have been civilized and Christianized!

The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as a rose. (Isa. 35 : 1.)

Maharana of Wadhwan

Bahadur of Politana

A Native Ruling Prince

Maharajah of Kholapur

Sir Jasvatsinhji of Limbdi

THE GROWING UNREST IN INDIA

*By C. SYLVESTER, M.R.A.S.**

WHO are the foes of Hindustan? Not the alien race which has given peace to the land; not the tribes beyond her frontiers, nor any fleet that sails the seas; but her enemies are those of her own household. Spurious patriots fan the natural aspirations of a dependent people, and sow a harvest of calumny and lies that they themselves may reap reward.

India presents a medley of castes and races in various stages of civilization. Less than seven per cent. of the entire population is able to read and write. The people generally may be stamped as absolutely loyal. They regard the British Raj as the only possible government for India, and the only abiding guarantee of continuous peace and justice. Far from desiring the doubtful boon of a "representative government," and the general application of the elective principle in Indian politics, fully 99 per cent. of the population have no interest whatever in such a movement; whilst the vast bulk of the people would not even understand the meaning of the term.

By a process of elimination, we realize that even the genuine reformers of India, together with the more seriously disaffected, form but a small minority. These reformers may be broadly divided under two heads: (1) those who seek in politics alone a panacea for everything; (2) those who strive primarily to bring about social and economic reforms to ameliorate the condition of the masses in such wise as legislation alone could never effect. The latter are the true friends of India, to whom patriotism is not an idle word. Their work is in the main unostentatious, few seeking either fame or public recognition.

The purely political reformers, on the other hand, are unfortunate in having attracted the least desirable element in any community — disappointed place-seekers, shady pleaders, unscrupulous journalists, vindictive jail-birds and impetuous youths. These juvenile allies form the fighting front of the extremist party. By means of an unbridled press, the Indian youth is openly incited to follow the paths of anarchy and bloodshed. The result of such systematic teaching was seen recently, when two English ladies were killed at Muzaffarpore by misguided youths. The wirepullers remain ever in the background, and though disseminating the pernicious teachings of Western anarchism, yet lack the courage that is oft displayed by the European anarchist.

In the West, even anarchism has never stooped so low as to seek its instruments solely in the ranks of schoolboys. Organized resistance to the forces of law and order is preached and applauded, and the minds of irresponsible striplings have become inflamed in this campaign of undisguised sedition and lawlessness. Bengali youth has gloried in the notoriety it has attracted, and vainly believes that humanity is staggered at this demonstration of Bengali "heroism." During the time of the Calcutta riots in November last, the following effusion, written in all seriousness, appeared in an Anglo-vernacular journal: "Twenty lathi-armed students beat a solitary policeman! Oh, what a people! Rajput, Sikh and Pathan stand aghast at Bengali valor!" This reads like irony, but the reflection will serve as a keynote to the Bengali character.

The so-called unrest of India originated in Bengal, and took more definite form after the inspiriting victories of Japan over her powerful antagonist; whilst the reform of the Indian universities and the partition of Bengal, during the vice-royalty of Lord Curzon, lent plausible excuse for more truculent agitation. Emissaries were sent from Bengal to different parts of India, trying to fan the sparks of revolution; but beyond the wordy support of certain Maratha malcontents and creating an ebullition amongst a few students in Southern India, the efforts of these peripatetic anarchists have met with no appreciable success.

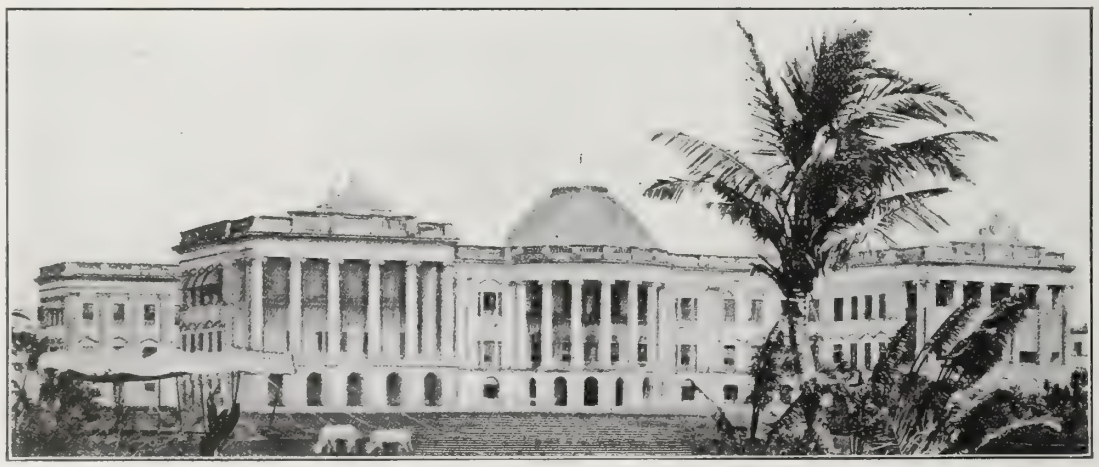
The recent outrages are condemned and deplored by the leading native journals, and by every Indian of repute. In an issue of the *Jam-e-Jamshed*, one of the best and sanest vernacular papers in India, an earnest patriotic appeal is made, and leaders of political movements are called upon to strengthen the hands of government in eradicating the forces of crime. Any measures taken by the Indian government to put down the anarchist conspiracy and bridle a seditious press will have the support of educated Indians generally. Even in Poona—that quondam hotbed of disaffection—the leading members of the bar have dissociated themselves from the anarchist propaganda of the Bengali "patriots."

It cannot be too clearly understood in America (to which country a few of these discountenanced agitators have been drawn) that virtually every statement of theirs issuing from press or platform is either deliberately false or wildly imaginative. In America, as in India, natives of standing and respectability give these agitators a wide berth. It will not be beside the truth to observe that at the present moment any self-styled "patriot" touring this country, and publicly animadverting against the British rule in India, is more or less of an impostor trying by false representations and an air of martyrdom, to raise funds for his own ends. Quite recently, some of the New York papers printed, with scare headlines, an absurd canard to the effect that a few Indian youths in New York were being shadowed a intimidated by detectives from Scotland Yard! fairness to American intelligence one can only s mise that the press gave currency to this abs rumor in a spirit of amusement rather than beli Cuttings from the papers containing these stor have been mailed broadcast to every likely subscrit to a martyr's cause. It is a well-conceived plan f securing sympathy and — money. Indian phila thropists and reformers, who may perchance re these remarks, will be well-advised to make th ough and independent investigations before rem ing a single pice to any of their compatriots America. This is written advisedly by a lover India, and one who has the true welfare of India heart.

If a referendum were taken in India, it is doub ful whether ten thousand adults out of a populati of 300,000,000 would vote for the abolition of Bri ish rule. There is no other alternative which t ordinary citizen would entertain for a momer With all its faults and blunders, India has enjoy under British rule an almost unbroken period peace, progress and good government. Never befo had the whole of Ind recognized the sovereigni of a single ruler. Its fo mer history is one lon record of rapine, bloodshe and internecine war.

Few people realize tha at the present day one third of the country sti remains under the autho ity of hereditary nativ princes. The total popula tion of these feudator States almost equals tha of the United States; an yet one hears nothing o these political aspiration from any of the nativ principalities. The India nobility are loyal to th core, and carry their sub jects with them in implici allegiance to the Britis Raj. Government of ma jority—the dream of th extremist reformers — i an exotic, which even i Europe is of comparatively modern growth. But such a form of government i contrary to the spirit of Indian life and traditions and on the grounds of expediency and self-interest would encounter vigorous opposition from all sections of the community. Mussulmans, as a body, would be opposed to it, for an elective government would place them at the mercy of the better educated Hindus. The Jains and Parsis, who are the most enlightened communities in India, would likewise oppose it, for they would be altogether outvoted. As the native gives clear evidence of statesmanlike qualifications (and mere education is surely not the chief of these) he is allowed to share more fully in the responsibilities of government. This is one of the most serious problems confronting the British Raj. It will be seen, therefore, that all the clamor which emanates from Bengal is in no sense an index to Indian needs and aspirations. At the best it represents but a shadowy chimera; at the worst it assumes the slogan of patriotism whilst inciting to acts of crime. The causes which make the Bengali youth, in particular, such fertile soil for the growth of anarchy and lawlessness, can only be lightly touched on here. They are (1) a naturally excitable temperament, (2) habitual indiscipline,

Continued on next page



Government House, Calcutta

* This article, contributed by a well-known British writer who has spent many years in India, is enlightening, from a British point of view, concerning the present troubles.

THE GROWING UNREST IN INDIA

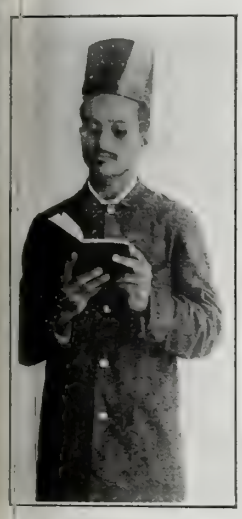
Continued from page 710

() lack of interest in manly sports and wholesome amusements, (4) laxity of paternal control, (5) atheistic tendencies filtered by a purely secular education with its smattering of advanced Western thought, (6) the circulation of seditious and pornographic books, (7) flagrant and inconceivable immorality, which has no equal in any university city in the world.

The average boy matriculates at the age of sixteen, and has completed his university course at an age when in Europe and America most men are only commencing their college career. The education they receive is far from ideal; but at the passing of a university examination is the stepping-stone to a government appointment, and incidentally increases his value in the marriage market, as a Calcutta BA., or even the ridiculed "failed F.A." can command a larger *dot* than the man who lacks these embellishments, it is obvious that a university education is the ambition of every native youth. That the British Raj cannot possibly find appointments in the civil service for all who deem themselves qualified is a fertile source of discontent.

Reared amidst such an environment, is it any surprise that the product is what it is? The time-honored relationship of child and parent, *chela* and *guru*, are rapidly becoming a memory of the past. In so far as the legislature can check this downward trend it is its duty to do so fearlessly. A few reforms suggest themselves: Efforts should be made to secure a higher stamp of teacher by offering better remuneration than at present. Headmasters should be encouraged to repress gross disorders, and their hands should be strengthened in every way. Inspectors, both English and native, should receive careful training in their work before being deputed to tasks requiring special knowledge and experience. The number of educational inspectors should be increased, that their work may be thorough and effective. Discipline should be enforced at all costs, and schoolboys forbidden to take part in political demonstrations.

A PARSEE



Chandni Chauk—The Principal Street in Delhi

Whilst the Department of Public Instruction and the university authorities are scrupulously careful in their selection and approval of text-books and library books, and so insure the healthy character of every page, government should co-operate more fully by stamping out the production and circulation of pernicious and salacious publications. Degenerate native publishers and journalists must be taught the difference betwixt license and liberty, vice and morality. Let the administration of India develop on constitutional lines, allowing, by all means, perfect freedom of discussion both on the platform and in the press. Legislation should insure that a mere puppet may not be put forward as "editor" or "proprietor" when punishment is to be meted out, whilst the real offenders remain secure in the background. Furthermore, the privilege of the postoffice should be denied all convicted conspirators, as well as all writers, printers and distributors of seditious and demoralizing literature. To be blacklisted by the postoffice, if the order were properly enforced and evasion rendered a misdemeanor, would have a more salutary effect and would be a greater deterrent than a mere term of imprisonment. Measures like these would have the hearty support of every Indian publicist of standing.

I have seen it stated by Indian agitators in this country, and reproduced in the American press, that in the matter of civil appointments in India Englishmen have all the plums, and the native must be content with the minor offices, ranging from $120 to $1,500 a year. What are the facts? Nearly all the civil judges and magistrates in courts of original jurisdiction are natives of India. The salary of a High Court Judge, whether English or native, is $16,000 a year. In America the Chief Justice receives only $13,500. In other departments of State the native of India is equally well provided for. At the last census, only 864 Englishmen held active civil appointments under the government of India, as against 3,752 natives. Since 1879, the number of natives in the public service has been increasing steadily, whilst the British element has been decreasing. Many desirable posts are reserved exclusively for natives. In the civil courts throughout India, with the exception of the Courts of Appeal, native judges alone are found, and hold jurisdiction in all cases affecting Europeans as well as natives. And well they perform their duties. Their standard of morality is very high, and "graft" amongst the judiciary is unknown.

Space will not permit me to discuss the vast social and economic questions, which concern the individual more acutely than the dreams of political visionaries. The stagnation of Indian women (not one in 300 of whom can read or write); the lot of the females generally; the dawning emancipation of the virgin widows; the greed and persecutions of the "*Bunnia*" and the "*Marwari*" — the money-lenders from whose yoke few *rayots* are free; the scarcity of skilled and unskilled labor—strange as this fact may seem in a country of teeming millions; the apathy of the cultivators in the matter of education (only 25.3 per cent. of the boys of a school-going age attend school at all, whilst the percentage of the girls is only 3.4 per cent.); the deterioration of many native arts and handicrafts, and the conservatism of the native and his consequent indifference to modern industrial improvements — these are vital problems whose very enumeration is pregnant with interest and concern.

A CHIEF OF KAKAL

FIGHTING SIN ON THE ISTHMUS

FROM personal knowledge of most of the sections on the Isthmus, as also of other countries, I am not sure that the Isthmus is morally worse than other places. Neither do I believe it is better. I know of no better field for Christian work for those who have a heart to do it.

On the Zone there are from 40,000 to 50,000 men employed by the Commission. Including Colon and Panama, there are possibly something over 100,000 on the Isthmus. A large number are Roman Catholics and are ministered to by their priests. There are twelve Protestant ministers, and all are doing their best to lead their fellow men to a better life.

We should recognize Christian workers wherever found, and not ignore them. It has been stated that at Culebra "the Christian mission is the only life-saving station." I may say that there are in that very place two substantial church buildings. In the largest, services are regularly and frequently conducted by various ministers. The other is in the centre of the largest colored population, and every service is well attended, and frequent additions are made to the church. The minister is colored and generally respected.

At Gorgona, there are two Protestant churches and one Catholic. The two Protestant pastors regularly minister to their people. Open-air services are occasionally held there, as in other places.

The impression has been given that very little, if anything, is being done for the moral and spiritual welfare of the community. If girls are shipped from the States to Colon for immoral purposes; if some are stolen and others ensnared by false advertisements for stenographers, school teachers, etc.; surely if such wicked work was carried on to any extent, the public would know it, and the authorities also. If the Commission knew of its existence, immediate action would be taken to end the horrid traffic. I know there are bad practices on the Zone—bad enough; but similar conduct can be duplicated elsewhere.

Besides the ministers referred to, a number of men and women are actively engaged in Christian work, ministering to white and colored, believing the Gospel is for all. At nearly every section on the Zone, the Gospel is preached. The Wesleyan Methodists have two ministers, with local preachers in many sections. The Episcopalians have four ministers and several stations. The Baptists have four ministers, and several stations. The Seventh-day Adventists work in Colon. The Salvation Army has two men from the States, with many helpers. The Y. M. C. A. have several centres with nine splendid secretaries.

Gambling and drunkenness exist on the Zone; but if men keep at this business and it is known, the Commission soon makes them conspicuous by their absence. We aim and hope to see drink entirely cut out on the Zone.

What distresses us as much as anything is the unconcern about the best of things, even by those who were regular attendants at church services in the homeland. The god of pleasure is eagerly sought after. Sunday baseball has multitudes of attendants. Arrangements should be made for the employees to have Saturday afternoon for relaxation and innocent games.

We are not pessimists. We are hopeful as to the future. Our trust is in the living God. We believe the Word is what it purports to be—mighty through God—and that it has not lost its native power. It does pull down; it does build up. So we continue at our posts. We ask Christians, especially of the United States, to labor fervently with us in prayer.

J. H. SOBEY,
Missionary.

Panama.

Among the Workers

—STEPS ARE now being taken to incorporate the Williamsburg and Brownsville (New York) Missions to the Jews, founded several years ago by Rev. Leopold Cohn. These missions have been remarkably successful, and the property to be turned over by the founder to the new corporation is valued at $75,000, all of which he will dedicate wholly to the work of the united missions.

—AT THE meetings of the Seamen's Christian Association, New York, during the past twelve months there was an aggregate attendance of 98,560 sailors; ships visited, 1,890; services held at mission, 313; temperance pledges, 474; reading matter, including tracts, 31,212. The Society is now in its twenty-first year. It is wholly unsectarian. Its headquarters are at 399 West Street, New York.

—DR. YUNG, former Chinese Minister of Education, and a noted progressive, in an interview published in the New York *Herald*, pays this tribute to the missionaries in China: "I know many serious charges have been made at times against some Americans, notably the missionaries, but no one familiar with the work the American missionaries have done in China will do other than praise them. They have done more to educate and uplift the people than any other class. In all my travels in China, along the coast and inland, I have never failed to see improvement and higher standards where the American missionary has been at work. Mr. Taft, I believe, holds the same view as I do as to the work of the missionary."

DAVID, THE ANOINTED KING*

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

HOW nature and all its kingdoms teach obedience to law! Everything follows the law of its being steadily, except the human race. Man continually tries to break law, but he cannot really break it, though it often breaks him. In violating God's laws, he collides with the universe to his own overthrow. How Saul was finally brought down from his high estate by harboring the hidden, and perhaps at first the little sin of covetousness is illustrated by the following incident from natural history: Some shepherds once saw an eagle soar out from a rock. It flew majestically up into the sky, but, by and by, it became unsteady in its motions, and began to waver in its flight. At length one wing dropped, then the other. The poor bird struggled vainly for a moment, and then fell swiftly to the ground. The shepherds sought the fallen bird, and found that a little serpent had fastened itself upon it while it rested on the crag. The eagle did not know that the serpent was there. But the reptile wound its lithe body around the wings of the eagle, and gradually tightened its grip while the proud monarch was sweeping through the air, and the eagle came reeling down in the dust. It is a picture

The First Anointing of David

of Saul's fall. The serpent of covetousness took hold of Saul when he beheld the fatlings and the lambs, and all that was good among the spoils which he had taken from the Amalekites, but was commanded of God to destroy. And when he took the king of the Amalekites prisoner, the serpent of covetousness got a tighter grip upon him, and presently he had fallen so low that lying seemed to him the only way to get out of it. Down still further he came, when Samuel delivered the message from God: "The Lord hath rejected thee from being king over Israel." A man who could not himself obey was not the man to teach others obedience.

Saul begged hard that the doom might be averted; he resisted even to the tearing of Samuel's garments; but with no avail. In a way Saul was king unto the day of his death when he took his own life upon Mount Gilboa. But he was king only in form, like the eagle brought to the ground.

The eyes of a lady fell one day upon a magnificent ring, and she coveted it. The price of the ring was one thousand dollars. Her husband consented to the purchase, but he took an interesting way to educate his wife concerning the great price of the ring. He instructed his banker to send her the price of the ring in small pieces—pennies, dimes, quarters. In came the money, bagful after bagful. When the money was piled up before her, it alarmed her, as she realized how much a thousand dollars really meant, and she saw that to purchase the ring would be extravagance, and gave up buying it. That was one way to cure covetousness. Perhaps it appealed to her as no other way could have done, but a higher appeal could have been made in showing her the light and comfort and hope which that amount of money would bring to people in darkness and distress. Covetousness unchecked takes no account of these things, nor of any of the things of God, and brings the soul into living apart from God. It is thus we separate ourselves from God.

What a contrast there must have been in the appearance of Saul as on the day of his coronation he stood higher than any man in Israel, and so regal in form that all the people shouted: "God save the king!" and on those other days when his form was crouched under the curse resting upon him.

There were three anointings for David. First in his father's house in Bethlehem. No one was more surprised than the father himself, and his brothers, by their looks, showed their disdain; but Samuel, the prophet of God, had no doubt about it, for God had said: "Arise, anoint him; this is he."

David's second anointing was at Hebron when the tribe of Judah proclaimed him king. This anointing was as plainly by the direction of God as the first had been, for God had told him to go "unto Hebron."

The third anointing of David also took place at Hebron when all Israel came to crown him king. Why did they come? Because moved by an impulse from God, which led them to declare: "We are thy bone and thy flesh." David was "a man after God's own heart," but we can not say therefore that he was a man without faults. Some one has said: "The current in David's life was right, but there were eddies of wrong; while in Saul's life the current was wrong, and the eddies were right." It should comfort us greatly to know that God recognizes the good that is in us, although we are not perfect. Individuals have not always this charity for each other.

Here is a saying:

There's so much good in the worst of us,
And so much bad in the best of us,
That it best becomes the best of us
To praise the best in the worst of us,
And ill becomes the worst of us
To mock at the faults in the best of us.
Then let the best and worst of us
Extol the good in the both of us.

So far as we have studied the life of David in this quarter's lessons, we have seen only the good traits of his character: humility as a shepherd boy; bravery and trustfulness in God in time of danger; loving kindness toward a friend, and praise for a dead enemy, until it has been said of David: "Suppose we had for the first time opened the book at the chapter II. Samuel 1, containing David's lament, what would have been our impression? Reading the lament, without knowing the history which preceded it, we should undoubtedly have said, 'David has lost in Saul the tenderest of his friends and the wisest of his counselors; his heart has been impoverished; the light which he viewed from heaven has suddenly been put out.'"

But we shall have no fault to find with David for this, when we remember that the one greater than David has said: "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." It has been said of David: "A rare ambition was in him of all that was gentle, tender, and mild, with the most exalted enthusiasm, the most noble aspirations, the most generous sentiments, the most manly deportment, the most heroic daring, and the most invincible prowess joined to invariable consideration of others, openheartedness, humbleness, and entire absence of all pretension."

We can hardly think of David apart from his harp, and the songs which he wrote are the psalms which for ages have been in the hearts and on the lips of Christians. It has been said that in these psalms "all enemies, all distresses, all persecutions, all sins are seen in the light of God. It is to him that the cry goes up; it is to him that the heart is laid bare; it is to him that the thanksgiving is uttered. This it is that makes them so true, so precious, so universal." And so the sweet psalmist of the Israelitish race is the sweet psalmist of the whole world.

*International Sunday School Lesson for September 20, 1908. The Quarterly Review. Golden Text: "And David perceived that the Lord had established him king over Israel, II. Sam. 5 : 12.

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CHICAGO

THE FIRST "WHITE RIBBONER"

The Late Mother Stewart, Pioneer Organizer of the W. C. T. U.

THE founders of the Woman's Christian Temperance movement are rapidly passing away. On August 6, in Hicksville, O., one of the most famous and devoted of them, Mrs. Elizabeth M. Stewart, breathed her last, at the advanced age of 92.

"Mother Stewart," as she was generally called, was known in her prime as a "Wendell Phillips in petticoats." Her home at that time was in Springfield, O., and near the leading churches of the place. A saloon was opposite one of these, and its door was in plain sight from Mother Stewart's house.

For some time she watched one Sunday a continuous line of men going into this saloon for their morning dram. The State law forbade distilled liquors to be sold by the glass for drinking on the premises, and a city ordinance was supposed to close the doors of all saloons on Sunday.

She grew more and more indignant the longer she gazed. At last, a man carrying a sweet little baby, entered with the rest, and then she could stand the strain no longer. She knew that she might get the saloonkeeper arrested if she could prove his offense, and she determined to attempt it.

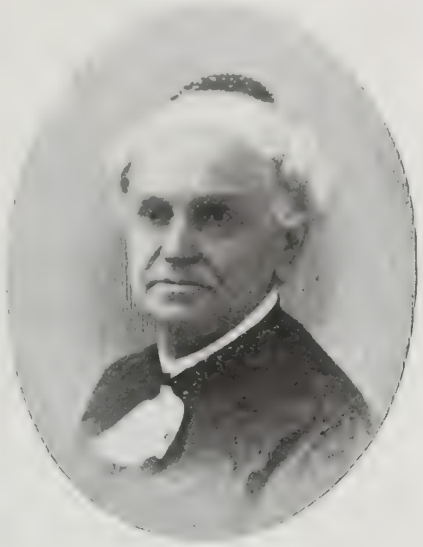
Disguising herself by removing her glasses, rearranging her hair and donning an enormous waterproof cloak, she entered the saloon and asked for something to drink.

"What will you have?" inquired the bartender.

"Some—some—sherry wine," she stammered.

He poured it out for her. She paid him, and, taking the glass in her trembling hand, walked out.

Before she had left her home, she had asked her friends there to pray that she might be sustained. When



The Late "Mother Stewart"

she returned, she assured them that their prayers had been answered. Although her hand had trembled, her heart had been fearless. She described her feeling as that of treading on air.

The following Tuesday evening she spoke in the church opposite the saloon on the subject, "How I Bought My First Glass of Liquor." The audience packed the room, and went wild with enthusiasm. Many were inspired to follow Mother Stewart in her attacks upon the saloon, which from this time became frequent, and which were now first called "Temperance Crusades." These were undoubtedly productive of great good.

Mrs. Stewart established the first Woman's Christian Temperance Union in Ohio at Osborn, in 1873. In 1876, she visited England, and organized the first Woman's Christian Temperance Union in that country.

The facts that the minister of the church could look across while he was preaching and see the men entering the opposite saloon, in defiance of both the State and city laws; and that every man in his congregation knew that such law-breaking was going on, and yet none of them lifted hand or voice to protest, shows how much courage was required for this good woman to burst the bonds of precedent and strike such a blow for the Master. Even those who did not sympathize with the great "White Ribbon" movement which she inaugurated, realized that she was worthy to be ranked among the heroines of our time.

Mrs. Stewart's somewhat remarkable oratorical powers were used not only for the temperance cause. After the Civil War, she lectured throughout the Southern States on behalf of the war sufferers. During the last five years of her life, she resided in Hicksville, but her great work was done in the neighboring city of Springfield, which is incalculably better for her noble and loving efforts.

GERMANY'S DEAD AMBASSADOR

BARON SPECK VON STERNBERG, German Ambassador to the United States, died suddenly in Heidelberg on August 24. He had gone to that city to consult a specialist about a disease of the ear which had troubled him for some time and had lately assumed a virulent form. Complications appeared, resulting on August 21 in a well-defined case of inflammation of the lungs. In his weakened condition, the Baron was unable to withstand the new attack. The Baroness was with her husband at the end.

Baron von Sternberg was born in 1852. He was educated in Germany, pursuing special studies in international law, political economy, and military and naval science. In 1885, he was military attaché to the German legation in Washington. In 1890, he became secretary of the legation in Pekin, and later served as chargé d'affaires at Belgrade. In 1898 he was

The Late Baron Speck von Sternberg

first secretary to the legation in Washington, where his courtliness and diplomatic tact won him many friends, President Roosevelt among the number. During the negotiations with Venezuela the Baron was entrusted with a special message from the President to Emperor William, a mission which he accomplished in a way that won the Emperor's warmest approbation. Shortly afterward, he was appointed Ambassador.

The Baroness von Sternberg was before her marriage Miss Lillian May Langham, of Kentucky. She was the recipient of telegrams of condolence from many quarters, including one from Emperor William, which pays a distinguished tribute to the deceased. The Emperor writes: "I lose in him a valuable friend and a distinguished diplomatist, who has rendered important service to me and the Fatherland, and whom it will be most difficult for me to replace."

CALLED HIGHER

Entered into rest, Mrs. C. E. Mallette of Warren, N. Y., at the age of seventy-eight years.

Mr. W. H. Williams, a leading elder in the Southside Highland Presbyterian Church, of Birmingham, Ala., passed from earth February 27.

Mrs. Orpha Thompson, wife of Joseph P. Thompson, passed away recently at Canning, Ohio. She was a faithful member of the Presbyterian Church. Her home was in Santa Ana, Calif.

R. P. Sitton, of Gibbs, Mo., was called to his eternal home on March 25. He was greatly interested in all Christian work and had been a constant reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD since 1888.

A noble life on earth came to a close when Mrs. Eleanor Frankland passed away at her home, Belle Plaine, Minn. She was a woman with wide Christian sympathy, and a lover of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, having been a subscriber for a great many years.

Mrs. Susannah M. Warden of Dallas, Pa., has been called home. She was a subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from the first year.

Mrs. Mary A. Norton, of Fairmount, Ind., has been called to her eternal home, at the age of seventy-eight years. She was an earnest Christian and a lover of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mrs. William H. Hawley of West Otis, Mass., has passed to her reward. She was a subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for many years and prized it next to her Bible, having saved them all from the time she began taking the paper.

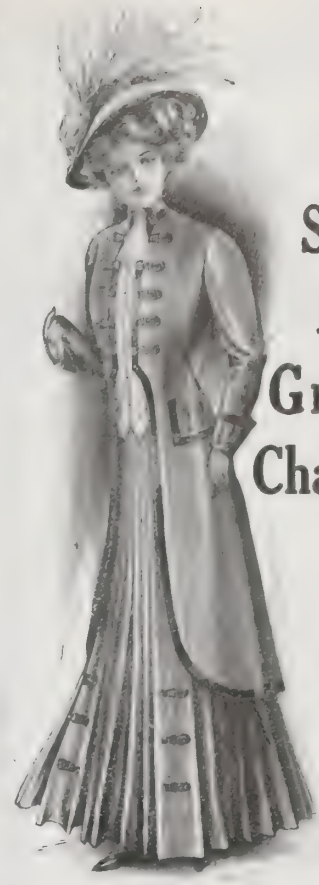
Mrs. Catharine W. Purchase, of Irvington, N. J., who passed from this earthly life in her eighty-fourth year, was the widow of the late Thomas E. Purchase, who died twelve years ago. She was a consistent Christian, having been converted and a member of the Baptist Church since her eighteenth year. An earnest reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for thirty-one years, she often expressed the comfort she received from its pages.

Entered into rest Miss Nannie C. Quick of Quicksburg, Va., in the sixty-eighth year of her age. She was a subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for many years, and it had been her custom to call together the members of her household every Sunday, and read to them the sermon published in this journal.

Miss Katie Henley, after a long life of Christian helpfulness, has been called higher from her home in East Orange, N. J. She was eighty-eight years of age and retained all of her faculties to the end. Her belief was of the old type of simple trust and faith. The Bible was a daily treasure to her and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a welcome weekly visitor. She was greatly interested in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home, and showed it in a practical way, providing for several children each season. The influence of such a life will be long felt, even though its earthly career has closed for the more joyful one beyond.

Be sure to read the Third Column on the Editorial Page (708) of this issue.

"Where can I invest my money so that it will be *safe* and where I can *have it when wanted*, and yet so it will bring me *large profits* when invested?" This question will be answered to your satisfaction if you will write the Industrial Savings & Loan Co., whose advertisement appears on page 716.



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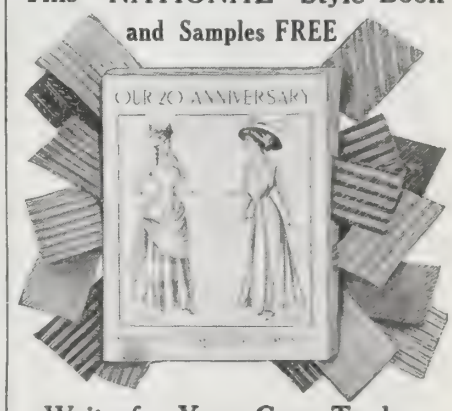

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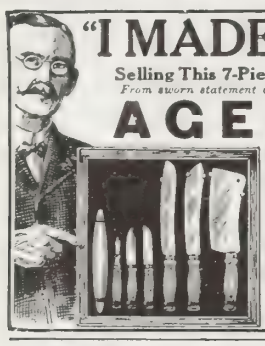

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AGENTS

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Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

The Transformation of Margaret

By MRS. ELEANOR H. PORTER

Author of "Into Still Waters," etc.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

Little Margaret Kendall, when five years old, was lost in New York and several years elapsed before she was restored to her grief-stricken mother at Houghtonsville. The child had lived among the children of the streets and had acquired their ways. At her mother's home she is surrounded with every luxury, but she wishes that the poor children might share her good fortune. "Bobby" McGinnis, who knew Margaret in New York, now lives near in the same town and becomes a great friend of the little girl. Her widowed mother becomes engaged to Doctor Spencer, who was instrumental in finding Margaret in New York. The little girl is filled with horror, as all the husbands she had heard of beat their wives. She sends to the doctor a contract in which it is stipulated that he will not beat her mother; this the amused doctor signs at once. Margaret insists on a visit from the children of the "Alley," with whom she lived in the slums. At first she wants them to stay always, but consents to have it made a visit. The child, when she sees them, realizes the difference between her old life and the new and is more contented to try and live as her mother wishes. She strives to please, but finds difficulty in curbing her speech and changing her manners. Her mother and herself go back to the city with the Alley children and try to arrange for their welfare. Mrs. Kendall then sends the little girl to a fashionable school in order to give Margaret the companionship of girls of her own age who will make her forget her past experiences, for Margaret was becoming a nervous wreck brooding over the poor people in the "Alley." The doctor and his bride start on their wedding journey; the train is wrecked and both are killed. Several years elapse. Mrs. Merideth and her two brothers, Ned and Frank Spencer, sister and brothers of the doctor who married Mrs. Kendall, are living at their home, Belcourt. Margaret, who has been away at school and traveling, comes to live with them. They find her a beautiful young girl with charming ways. Margaret, riding in an automobile with a Mr. Brandon, sees for the first time the dirty mill village near Belcourt. The mills belong to the Spencers and she learns much of the way in which the firm runs its business. They nearly run over a little girl named Maggie and Miss Kendall's interest is aroused. A young man named McGinnis holds an important position in the mill and is interested in bettering the conditions of the working people. Margaret meets him by chance and finds he is the one she used to know, and that as a boy he "had come to look after her property." She tells the Spencers that he is an old friend, somewhat to their annoyance. A little girl comes to say that Maggie, daughter of Patty who lived in the Alley, is ill. Margaret supplies them with comforts and calls frequently to see how they are getting on. The child says she is "going on twelve," though much younger. At twelve they can enter the mills. Margaret urges Mr. Spencer to rectify such a condition, but in vain. She fears Ned Spencer wishes to become more than a mere friend.

CHAPTER XXX

THE house-party at Belcourt was not an entire success that Christmas. Even the guests felt a subtle something in the air that was not conducive to ease; while Mrs. Merideth and her brothers were plainly fighting a losing contest against a restlessness that sent a haunting fear to their eyes.

Margaret, though scrupulously careful to show every attention to the guests that courtesy demanded, was strangely quiet, and not at all like the merry, high-spirited girl that most of them knew. Brandon, who was again at the house, sought her out one day, and said low in her ear:

"If it were June and not December, and if we were out in the auto instead of here by the fire, I'm wondering, would I need to—watch out for those brakes?"

The girl winced.

"No, no," she cried; "never! I think I should simply crawl for fear that under the wheels somewhere would be a child, a dog, a chicken, or even a helpless worm—something that moved and that I might hurt. There is already so much—suffering!"

Brandon laughed uneasily and drew back, a puzzled frown on his face. He had not meant that she should take his jest so seriously.

It was on the day after New Year's, when all the guests had gone, that Margaret once more said to her guardian that she wished to speak to him, and on business. Frank Spencer was used to this sort of thing now, and he was resigned to the inevitable; but his eyes were troubled, and his lips were close-shut as he motioned the girl to precede him into the den.

"I thought I ought to tell you," she began, plunging into her subject with an abruptness that betrayed her nervousness, "I thought I ought to tell you at once that I—I cannot go with you when you all go away next week."

"You can not go with us!"

"No. I must stay here."

"Here! Why, Margaret, child, that is impossible!—here in this great house with only the servants?"

"No, no, you don't understand; not here at Belcourt. I shall be down in the town—with Patty."

"Margaret!" The man was too dismayed to say more.

"I know, it seems strange to you, of course," rejoined the girl, hastily, "but you will see—you will understand when I explain. I have thought of it in all its bearings, and it is the only way. I could not go with you and sing and laugh and dance, and all the while remember that my people back here were suffering."

"Your people! Dear child, they are not your people nor my people; they are their own people. They come and go as they like. If not in my mills, they work in some other man's mills. You are not responsible for their welfare. Besides, you have already done more for their comfort and happiness than any human being could expect of you!"

"I know, but you do not understand. It is in a peculiar way that they are my people—not because they are here, but because they are poor and unhappy." Margaret hesitated, and then went on, her eyes turned away from her guardian's face. "I don't know that I can make you understand—as I do. There are people, lots of them, who are generous and kind to the poor. But they are on one side of the line, and the poor are on the other. They merely pass things over the line—they never go themselves. And that is all right. They could not cross the line if they wanted to, perhaps. They would not know how. All their lives they have been surrounded with tender care and luxury; they do not know what it means to be hungry and cold and homeless. They do not know what it means to fight the world alone with only empty hands."

Margaret paused, her eyes still averted; then suddenly she turned and faced the man sitting in silent dismay at the desk.

"Don't you see?" she cried. "I have crossed the line. I crossed it long ago when I was a little girl. I do know what it means to be hungry and cold and homeless. I do know what it means to fight the world with only two small empty hands. In doing for these people I am doing for my own. They are my people."

For a moment there was silence in the little room. To the man at the desk the bottom seemed suddenly to have dropped out of his world. For some time it had been growing on him—the knowledge of how much the presence of this fair-haired, winsome girl meant to him. It came to him now with the staggering force of a blow in the face—and she was going away. To Frank Spencer the days suddenly stretched on ahead in empty uselessness—there seemed to be nothing left worth while.

"But, my dear Margaret," he said at last, unsteadily, "we tried—we all tried to make you forget those terrible days. You were so keenly sensitive—they weighed too heavily on your heart. You—you were morbid, my dear."

"I know," she said. "I understand better now. Every one tried to interest me, to amuse me, to make me forget. I was kept from everything unpleasant, and everybody that suffered. It comes to me very vividly now, how

Continued on next page

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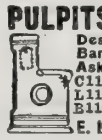

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The Transformation of Margaret

Continued from preceding page

careful every one was that I should know only happiness."

"We wanted you to forget."

"But I never did forget—quite. Even when years and years had passed, and I could go everywhere and see all the beautiful things and places I had read about, and when I was with my friends, there was always something, somewhere, behind things. Those four years in New York were vague and elusive, as time passed. They seemed like a dream, or like a life that some one else had lived. But I know now; they were not a dream, nor they were not a life that some one else lived. They were my life. I lived them myself. Don't you see—and?" Margaret's eyes were luminous with feeling. Her lips trembled; but her face shone with a strange expression of happiness.

"But what—do you mean—to do?" stammered the man.

Margaret flushed and leaned forward eagerly.

"I am going to do all that I can, and I hope it will be a great deal. I am going down there—to live."

"To live—not to live, child!"

"Yes. Oh, I know now," she went on hurriedly. "I have been among them. Some are wicked and some are thoughtless, but all of them need teaching. I am going to live there among them, to show them the better way."

The man at the desk left his chair abruptly. He walked over to the window and looked out. The moon shone clear and bright in the sky. Down in the valley the countless gleaming windows and the tall black chimneys showed where the mill-workers still toiled—those mill-workers whom the man had almost come to hate; it was because of them that Margaret was going. He turned slowly and walked back to the girl.

"Margaret," he began in a voice that shook a little, "I had not thought to speak of this—at least not now. Perhaps it would be better if I never spoke of it; but I am almost forced to say it now. I can't let you go like this and not—know. I must make one effort to keep you. . . . If you know that there was some one here who loved you—who loved you with the whole strength of his being—and if you knew that to him your going meant everything that was loneliness and grief, would you—could you—stay?"

Margaret started. She would not look into the eyes that were so earnestly seeking hers. It was of Ned, of course, that he was speaking. Of that she was sure. In some way he had discovered Ned's feeling for her, had perhaps even been asked to plead his case with her.

"Did you ever think," began Spencer again, softly, "did you ever think that if you did stay, you might find even here some one to whom you could show—the better way? That even here you might do all these things you long to do, and with some one close by your side to help you?"

Margaret thought of Ned, of his impulsiveness, his light-heartedness, his utter want of sympathy with everything she had been doing the last few weeks; and involuntarily she shuddered. Spencer saw the sensitive quiver and drew back, touched to the quick. Margaret struggled to her feet.

"No, no," she cried, still refusing to meet his eyes. "I—I can not stay. I am sorry, believe me, to give you pain; but I—I can not stay!" And she hurried from the room.

The man dropped back in his chair, his face white.

"She does not love me, and no wonder!" he moaned bitterly; and he went over word by word what had been said, though even then he did not find syllable or gesture that told him the truth—that she supposed him merely to be playing John Alden to his brother's Miles Standish.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE household at Belcourt did not break up so early as usual that year. A few days were consumed in horrified remonstrances and tearful pleadings on the part of Mrs. Merideth and Ned when Margaret's plans became known. Then several more days were needed for necessary arrangements when the stoical calm of despair brought something like peace to the family.

"It is not so dreadful at all," Margaret had assured them. "I have taken a large house not far from the mills, and I am having it papered and painted and put into very comfortable shape. Patty and her family will live with me, and we are going to open classes in simple little things that will help toward better living."

"But that is regular settlement work," sighed Mrs. Merideth.

"Is it?" smiled Margaret, a little wearily. "Well, perhaps it is. Anyway, I hope that just the presence of one clean beautiful home among them will do some good. I mean to try it at all events."

"But are you going to do nothing but that all the time—just teach those dreadful creatures, and — and live there?"

"Oh, yes," declared Margaret with a bright smile. "I've planned a trip to New York."

"To New York?" Mrs. Merideth sat up suddenly, her face alight. "Oh, that will be fine—lovely! Why didn't you tell us? Poor dear, you'll need a rest all right, I'm thinking, and we'll keep you just as long as we can, too." With lightning rapidity Mrs. Merideth had changed their plans—in her mind. They would go to New York, not Egypt. Egypt had seemed desirable, but if Margaret was going to New York, that altered the case.

"Oh, but I thought you weren't going to New York," laughed Margaret. "Besides—I'm going with Patty."

"With Patty!" If it had not been tragical it would have been comical—Mrs. Merideth's shocked recoil at the girl's words.

"Yes. After we get everything nicely to running—we shall have teachers to help us, you know—Patty and I are going to New York to see if we can't find her sisters, Arabella and Clarabella."

"What absurd names!" Mrs. Merideth spoke sharply. In reality she had no interest whether they were or were not absurd; but they chanced at the moment to be a convenient scapegoat for her anger and discomfiture.

"Patty doesn't think them absurd," laughed Margaret. "She would tell you that she named them herself out of a 'piece of a book' she found in the ash barrel long ago when they were children. You should hear Patty say it really to appreciate it. She used to preface it by some such remark as: 'Names ain't like measles an' relations, ye know. Ye don't have ter have 'em if ye don't want 'em'! Ye can change 'em. I did. They was Sue an' Sally before!'"

"Ugh!" shuddered Mrs. Merideth. "Margaret, how can you—laugh!"

"Why, it's funny, I think," laughed Margaret again, as she turned away.

To be continued

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Sometimes they cost us six or seven times what other beans would cost.

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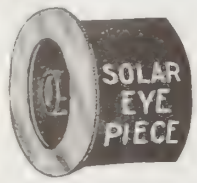

Pat. April 24, 1906

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THIS IS A LONG, powerful Telescope for terrestrial and celestial use. Every student, male or female, needs this Telescope to study the sun in eclipses, also the mysterious recurrent sun spots. Remove the Solar Eye-Piece lens and you have a good practical Telescope for land observations, etc.

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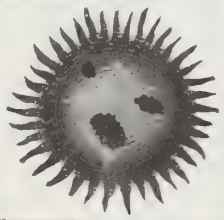

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ILLUSTRATION ABOUT ONE-THIRD ACTUAL LENGTH

A COURSE IN ESPERANTO

LESSON No. 18—By Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

Word-building (Continued)

THE termination *IL* denotes a tool or instrument: kombi, *to comb;* kombilo, *a comb;* kudri, *to sew;* kudrilo, *a needle. IN* denotes the feminine gender: nevo, *nephew,* nevino, *niece;* avo, *grandfather;* avino, *grandmother. OBL, ON, OP,* used only for numerals: du, *two;* duobla, *double;* kvarobla, *fourfold. ON* added to a cardinal indicates a fraction: du, *two;* duono, *half;* triono, *one-third;* kvarono, *one-fourth. OP* shows that the number must be taken in a collective sense: duope, *two together;* triope, *three together;* okope, *eight together,* etc.

PREFIXES.—*BO, DUON, GE, PRA.* These all indicate relationship. *BO,* relationship by marriage, represented in English by *"in-law."* Bofilo, *son-in-law;* bofilino, *daughter-in-law;* bofrato, *brother-in-law;* bopatrino, *mother-in-law. DUON,* relationship by marriage also: duonfrato, *half brother;* duonfilino, *stepdaughter.* It is also applied in such words as duonpago, *half-pay;* duonjara, *half-yearly. GE* combines both sexes: gepatroj, *parents;* gefratoj, *brothers and sisters. PRA* refers to the past: prapatroj, *forefathers;* praavino, *great-grandmother;* praonklo, *great-uncle.*

DE, DIS, FOR. These three prefixes change in position: *DE*—from, off; deflui, *to flow away. DIS*—breaking up, and going in different directions: disflui, *to spread and flow away,* like a flood. *FOR*—away, as a whole: forflui, *to flow away.* Porti, *to carry;* deporti, *to carry away from;* disporti, *to carry in different directions;* forporti, *to carry away.*

EK denotes an action just begun, short in duration, momentary: plori, *to weep;* ekplori, *to burst out crying;* lerni, *to learn;* eklerni, *to begin to learn.*

MAL, NE, SEN. Opposite or negative meaning. *MAL* indicates exact opposite: sano, *health;* malsano, *illness. NE*—not: plena, *full;* neplena, *not full (empty* would be *malplena);* ofta, *frequent;* neofta, *infrequent. SEN* is represented in English by *less:* danka, *thoughtful;* sendanka, *thoughtless;* utila, *useful;* senutila, *useless.*

RE means back or again, as in English: kanti, *to sing;* rekanti, *to sing again;* nasko, *birth;* renasko, *regeneration*—"born again."

A list of fifty-two words made from the root *SAN, health,* by Dr. L. L. Zamenhof, author of Esperanto (translated by Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts):

Sano, *health;* sana, *healthy;* sane, *healthfully;* sani, *to enjoy good health;* sanu, *enjoy good health;* saniga, *health-giving;* saneco, *state of good health;* sanilo, *health remedy;* sanigi, *to cause to be in good health;* saniĝi, *to become in good health;* sanejo, *a sanitarium;* sanisto, *one who restores health, a physician;* sanulo, *a healthy person;* malsano, *sickness;* malsana, *unhealthy;* malsane, *in an unhealthy manner;* malsani, *to have poor health;* malsanulo, *a sick patient;* malsaniga, *producing sickness;* malsaniĝi, *to become sick;* malsaneta, *slightly sick;* malsanema, *having a tendency to sickness;* malsanulejo, *a hospital;* malsanulisto, *a professional nurse;* malsanero, *a symptom of disease;* malsaneraro, *a group of symptoms;* sanigebla, *possible to be made healthy;* sanigisto, *one who gives health;* sanigilo, *a restorative;* resanigi, *to cure;* resaniĝanto, *a convalescent;* sanigilejo, *a place where medicines or medical instruments are kept;* sanigejo, *a health resort;* malsanemulo, *a sickly person;* sanilaro, *a collection of medical instruments;* malsanaro, *a group of diseases;* malsanulido, *child of a sick person;* nesana, *not healthy;* malsanado, *continued sickness;* sanilajo, *a health producing means;* malsaneco, *a state of ill health;* malsanemeco, *a tendency toward invalidism;* saniginda, *worthy of being made well;* sanilujo, *medicine case;* sanigilujo, *a case for surgical instruments;* remalsano, *a relapse;* remalsaniĝo, *a sinking into a relapse;* malsanulino, *an invalid woman;* sanigista, *health giving;* sanigilista, *causing good health;* sanilista, *healthful;* malsanulista, *unhealthful.*

Translate Into Esperanto

This is a healthy city. The sick woman has a relapse. The air of the high mountain is health-giving. A healthy person should be happy. Her husband has a tendency to sickness. My grandparents are healthy people. The professional nurse enjoys good health. The hospital has many patients. The medicines will restore health. My friend is in the sanitarium. In the hospital there is a large collection of medical instruments. The young girl has a tendency toward invalidism. She is the child of a sick woman.

Tribute to Dr. Billy Clark

(Founder of the first Temperance Society in the world in 1808.)

HE SAW the monster raise its head,
And none were found to slay;
He saw it mark the men of might,
And gather in its prey.
Would no one grapple with the foe?
Would no one break its power?
Must the children of woe still suffer so?
The crisis came that hour!

He raised a standard then and there,
And flung it to the breeze.
It was worth a life of toil and care,
With little of wealth or ease.
With seldom a word of hope and cheer,
With sneer on every side—
What could they do, that feeble few,
To stay the fearful tide?

They made their prayer to the God of right,
That lion-hearted band,
Then looked away to the Source of Light,
And followed his guiding hand.
Their beacon-fire shone bright and clear,
And soon an answering ray
Flashed from afar like the morning star
That ushers in the day.

A century has passed since then;
His grave is now a shrine.
From far and near the hosts appear—
They're forming into line.
Their watchword as they face the foe,
Whose deadliest blows are hurled—
"King Alcohol shall be dethroned
And driven from the world!"

MRS. MARY B. WINGATE.

Pittsfield, Me.

Books Received

A Manual of Personal Hygiene. Proper living upon a physiological basis, by American authors, edited by Walter L. Pyle, A.M., M.D.; illustrated. Pp. 451, price $1.50. W. B. Saunders Co., Philadelphia and London, publishers.

The Congo and Coasts of Africa. A new book of travel and investigation in the Dark Continent, by Richard Harding Davis, F.R.G.S. Mr. Davis went to Africa to investigate the Congo abuses, and the results of his investigation are here told in interesting form, together with many new facts concerning the Congo. Pp. 220. Copiously illustrated from photographs taken by the author. Cloth covers. Price $1.50. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, publishers.

Theodore Roosevelt, the Boy and the Man, by James Morgan. This biography does not profess to be an analysis of individual character, nor is it a campaign book. It is simply a straightforward and up-to-date account of the life of one of the most interesting personalities of our time, and shows Mr. Roosevelt as student, politician, soldier, governor, vice-president, President, sportsman, and the centre of a charming home circle. Pp. 324. Illustrated. Cloth covers. Macmillan Company, New York and London, publishers.

The Story of Sir Launcelot and His Companions, by Howard Pyle. "With this begins the third of those books," writes the author-artist, "which I have set myself to write concerning the history of King Arthur of Britain and those puissant knights who were of his court and of his Round Table." No one has made a closer study of the old Arthurian legends than Mr. Pyle: no one has absorbed more of their chivalric spirit. He writes of the Knights of the Round Table so quaintly and with such a wealth of incident, that the reader feels, as he turns page after page, as if the real present had faded into mist, and the past, with all its glitter of helmet and lance, had come back again. The illustrations by the author are full-paged and are drawn with accuracy as to customs and setting. The pictures alone are worth the price of the book. Cloth. Pp. 340. Price $2.50. Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers, New York City.

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Young children require proportionately more of this element because the brain and nervous system of the child grows so rapidly.

A Va. mother found the value of Grape-Nuts in not only building up her own strength, but in nourishing her baby at the same time. She writes:

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"He said I might try a change of diet and see what that would do, and recommended Grape-Nuts food. I bought a pkg. and used it regularly. A marked change came over both baby and I.

"My baby is now four months old, is in fine condition, I am nursing her and do all my work and never felt better in my life."

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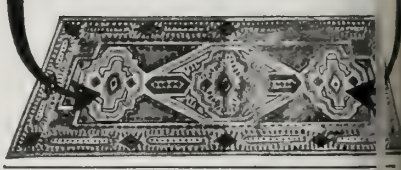

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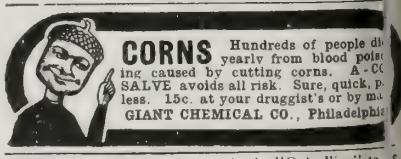

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A FAMOUS PASTOR DEAD

TAKEN suddenly ill on board an express train, while en route from New York City for Blue Hills, Me., where he had a summer home, the Rev. Donald Sage Mackay, for ten years pastor of the Collegiate (Dutch Reformed) Church of St. Nicholas, Fifth Avenue, New York, passed away just as the train was pulling into the depot at Portland on the morning of August 27. For some time past he had been in poor health, and it was against the advice of his friends that he undertook the journey to join his family in the country. He was accompanied by Mrs. Mackay and his assistant pastor, Dr. A. Hagerman. After entering the Pullman car, he grew rapidly worse and the end came at 6 A.M. The immediate cause of his death was pneumonia.

Dr. Mackay was born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1863, his father and grandfather having been well known preachers of the Free Church of Scotland. He was educated at Glasgow University and at New College, Edinburgh, and at twenty-six was called to a Presbyterian Church at Fraserburgh, Scotland, but declined it and came to the United States. His first American pastorate was the Congregational Church at St. Albans, Vt. During his residence in St. Albans he married Miss Helen L. Smith, daughter of J. Gregory Smith, president of the Central Vermont Railroad Company, and de time Governor of Vermont. In 1894 he was called to Newark, N. J., as pastor of the North Reformed Church. There his able preaching began to attract attention outside of his own city. In 1898 he was called to New York to become pastor of St. Nicholas Church. In 1896 he was elected president of the Centennial Session of the Reformed Church General Synod, which met in his church. As pastor of St. Nicholas his fame steadily grew, and during recent years the church has been unable to accommodate those who came to hear him preach. President Roosevelt, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Sage and Miss Helen Gould were among his hearers whenever they attended church in New York. He was not only a brilliant preacher, broad and liberal-minded in all of his pulpit utterances, yet squarely orthodox on the essentials of the Christian religion, but he was a tireless worker and a most faithful shepherd of his flock. Probably no metropolitan pastor in recent years has preached to greater audiences. It used to be remarked that he "preached to men and not to their money." He was fearless in his excoriation of sin in business and in society, and had a tender heart for the poor and the unfortunate. On one occasion, several years ago, he invited the Bowery Mission's band of workers to conduct a service in his church and probably for the first time in the church's history the rich and fashionable parishioners met and listened to the converts from the East Side, who, though poor in worldly possessions, were rich in grace and in the blessings of the new life. The recital of their experiences gave a new sensation to the wealthy congregation. Dr. Mackay in many other ways sought to bring both classes of society into closer touch and to awaken that love of humanity and that sympathy for those in distress that are inseparable from true Christianity.

The Late Dr. Donald Sage Mackay

HOW DEATH CLAIMED A FAMILY

I HAVE been very much impressed with the article in a recent issue by the Rev. Emory J. Haynes on "Purified by Affliction," and as the following incident has come under my personal notice, I will give you the facts:

Twenty-four years ago, I was in charge of a Sunday School about four miles from Windsor, N. S., and the subject of this notice lived there. The deacon and his wife were the parents of thirteen children. Eleven of them married and one went away to the States and was not heard from. The deacon paid for nine funeral outfits at one undertaker's establishment in Windsor. These children died at all ages, and at one time three died of diphtheria. One fine young woman—a great help in my work—died of brain fever. Hardly had she passed away when a son, pastor of the Baptist Church at Lompoc, Cal., started for home with his young wife and baby to see his parents, when at Chicago he was taken off the cars and died in a few hours.

A very short time afterward another son, who was finishing his theological studies at Newton Theological Seminary, caught a severe cold. He came home, was seized with consumption and died in a few weeks, and was followed in a short time afterward by the only remaining daughter (married). Thus all the children of this family died except one son. Last of all the deacon passed away, and was followed by his wife in less than a year.

How did these afflictions affect the deacon and his wife while they lived? Did they stay away from Sunday School and from preaching or prayer meetings? Not so; but they would still say that "God had been very good to them." They never complained, but looked forward hopefully to meeting all their children in heaven.

C. HENRY DIMOCK.

Windsor, Nova Scotia.

A Boer General's Bible

GENERAL BEYERS, the speaker of the Legislative Assembly of the Transvaal, at a recent meeting produced a well-worn and much-knocked-about copy of the Scriptures which, he said, he had carried with him through the war. In the night time, wrapped in his coat, it had formed his pillow. On one occasion it had saved his life. He was carrying it in his breast pocket during a certain engagement, and two bullets struck its brass edging and glanced off. These shots, otherwise, in all probability, would have entered his heart. The Bible was his mother's gift, and he looked upon it as almost a priceless possession.

Be sure to read the Third Column on the Editorial Page (708) of this issue.

JAP-A-LAC

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A HIGH GRADE VARNISH AND STAIN COMBINED

JAP-A-LAC

is made for the purpose of ECONOMY IN THE HOUSEHOLD. It is a varnish and stain combined; is put up in eighteen different colors and can be used for refinishing everything about the home from cellar to garret.

Any housewife can use it with good results. It produces a hard, lustrous finish, which dries quickly. You can refinish floors, interior woodwork, scuffed and scratched furniture instead of employing some one else to do it, or buying new, thus saving money.

It's a pleasure to use JAP-A-LAC, and the satisfaction of knowing you have accomplished such splendid results at so low a cost will seem like a growing bank account to you.

USEFUL HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS

A COAT of natural Jap-a-lac applied over old or new linoleum or oil cloth will double its life, by preserving the original coat of varnish which would otherwise soon be washed or worn off.

WEATHER BEATEN front doors are revived and beautified when coated with Jap-a-lac, and "newness follows the brush." It is best to use the color nearest that of the old finish.

WINDOW and DOOR screens should be coated with Jap-a-lac each fall before storing, it prevents rust; use the Brilliant Black on the wire, and the Mahogany, Oak, Cherry or Walnut on the frames. It gives them new life and they will be ready for immediate use next season.

PORCH FURNITURE should be protected and beautified each fall with Jap-a-lac. It is best to use the color of the old finish but if you wish to change the color, use Red or Green Jap-a-lac.

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WATER PIPES, furnace fronts, radiators, hot water tanks and iron fences are preserved and beautified with the use of Jap-a-lac. Use the Gold, Aluminum, Dead Black or Brilliant Black.

PICTURE FRAMES, candelabra, gas fixtures, lamps, etc., given a coat of Gold, Aluminum or Dead Black Jap-a-lac, are renewed almost beyond belief;—the Dead Black produces that beautiful wrought-iron effect.

OLD AUTOMOBILES, carriages, wagons, agricultural implements, etc., Jap-a-laced with either Brilliant Black, Red, Green or Empire Blue, look 100% better, and are given new life. The cost is nominal, and the work can be done by an inexperienced person.

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If you need a stove or range, don't buy until you get our **factory** prices.

I promise you that I will save you $5, $6 or $10 on our smallest stoves, and as high as $18, $20 and even $30 on our largest. And I promise you that you cannot get **anywhere at any** price, a better stove or range than the Kalamazoo.

Just let me quote you prices. Take our catalogue and **compare** the Kalamazoo **quality** and **prices,** with the best line of stoves and ranges you can find sold at retail. **That** will tell the story. You can see for yourself. You want to save money and you want to get high quality. Why not investigate our plan, then? Why not let me show you the difference between manufacturers' prices and retail prices on stoves or ranges?

We sell to you, direct from the factory, at actual factory prices.

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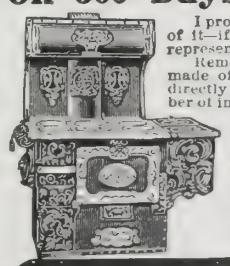

I promise, in black and white, to refund your money—every cent of it—if you do not find your purchase in every way exactly as represented.

Remember, every Kalamazoo is of the highest possible grade, made of the best materials and in the best manner. You deal directly with the manufacturer—a company that has a larger number of individual customers than any other stove company in existence. We have sold thousands of stoves and ranges to readers of this journal, and no doubt can refer you to near neighbors who have saved money by buying a Kalamazoo. Many customers write that they have saved enough on a single Kalamazoo to pay for a whole season's fuel. You can save enough to buy a new suit, a new dress, an article of furniture, or perhaps to pay your taxes. Is it not to your interest to get our prices?

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describing more than 300 sizes and styles of Coal and Wood Ranges, Coal and Wood Heaters, Hotel Ranges, Base Burners, Laundry Stoves, Etc.

All Kalamazoo cook stoves and ranges have patent thermometers which make baking and roasting easy.

I know that if you get our prices—and see our quality you will not even think of buying any other make. Let me show you how much you can save.

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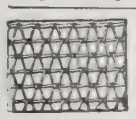

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YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES

Church Workers*

NOT long ago in one of our journals appeared a protest from a correspondent against too much giving. She said that people were giving away who could not afford it. They were therefore wasteful and unthrifty. In many cases, they were simply indulging a passion for giving which might better be curbed.

Most people will agree that this advice is needed by few. Christ and his apostles did not seem to think that it was needed by even so many. Give, give, give, is the burden of their preaching. In the evening give, and in the morning withhold not thy hand. Give and it shall be given unto you. He that soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully. God loveth a cheerful giver—not one who gives grudgingly or of necessity.

If we have money, we are to give that; if we have eloquence and power of exhortation or teaching, we are to give those. We are not simply to believe and to keep ourselves pure, important as belief and personal goodness may be. We are to prove our faith by constant and arduous works and gifts; and especially are we to give to our church, of our money, our time, our strength.

If we cannot ourselves teach in the Sunday School, we may be able to instruct our children at home, or help other teachers who are preparing their lessons. If we feel that we cannot preside worthily or exhort to edification in our meetings, we can at least prepare ourselves thoroughly and be always present promptly, and we can stimulate and encourage in their efforts the members of our families and our friends. We can visit the sick and afflicted. We can give of our substance to good causes. We can speak a good word in season to him that is weary, or give a cup of cold water to the thirsty. We can *do* something.

There is a story of a little schoolboy in a Connecticut town who, having become a Christian, longed to do some active good among his school fellows. Accordingly, without consulting any one else, but having prayed over it earnestly, he appointed a prayer-meeting to be held at the schoolhouse at the noon intermission. The schoolmaster and the pupils were alike astonished, but the boy was so sincere and conducted the exercises with such propriety that he was permitted to continue his efforts. Soon parents and other friends began to come in, and the local ministers offered to assist the brave young evangelist. The school term closed, but meetings were appointed elsewhere, so that the series was unbroken. It was a small village, but sixty souls in it were converted to Christ that season.

Oh for more of such single-hearted and burning zeal for the Master!

A poor laboring man gave five dollars regularly every year to a certain mission. He was asked: "How can you afford to give so much?" He replied: "I must do something for Christ. I cannot preach nor pray in public—but I have hands and can work, and a certain amount of my work I give to this mission, as my work for Christ."

This man illustrated further a cardinal doctrine of all work for the Master. It should be thought over—should be steadily and persistently practised, and should be the result not only of impulse, but of deliberate principle and resolve.

Parents are undoubtedly too often neglectful of the duty of teaching their little ones the beauty and the delight of work done for Christ and his church, with the element of self quite eliminated; and yet when once the young have learned the joy of such labor, it becomes the animating principle of their lives.

*Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, September 29. Text: II. Tim. 2: 1; Prov. 22: 6.

Christ and the Human Mind*

LOUIS XIV, who, in spite of his egregious faults, was one of the wisest and shrewdest of men, was in the habit of saying, "No man would sin, if he could be fully informed of all the facts in any case."

Well may the great apostle affirm that the Gentiles were "alienated from the life of God because of the ignorance that is in them." If all men could fully know the vital facts of Christianity, it seems incredible that they should not choose "the better way."

It is because of his confidence in the transcendent power of knowledge that Mr. Carnegie has been moved to give libraries to the world. Many philanthropists have been discouraged because they could not interest him in their schemes, often excellent.

"They are far more necessary to the world than libraries are," they would say.

"There is nothing which so afflicts the world as its ignorance," the sturdy Scotchman would reply. "I am persuaded that knowledge will right most of our wrongs."

Which is only the Pauline doctrine differently expressed. He, too, saw that a darkened understanding was at the root of sin. If ye heard Christ and were "taught in him," if ye had "learned" him, then ye could not sin. These are appeals to the intellect.

In the same way, Peter, adjuring the church first to faith and virtue, as the paramount essentials, implores it next to seek knowledge. The moral quality of a man must come first in our estimate of him. The next thing is, "How much does the man know? Has he been educated?" His worth to the world is going to depend largely upon that. When a man has a noble Christian character, and can add to it a richly stored and cultivated mind, he can do infinitely more for the Master than an ignorant man, however good, can possibly do.

Thus the great Galileo came to a generation which knew him not. As one far greater than he was buffeted and rejected by an ignorant mob, so the distinguished astronomer was unappreciated and abused. It has been said that "it takes a poet to appreciate a poet."

So a certain amount of learning is required in others before a learned man is truly valued. Pearls may be cast before swine. Unknown thousands of great men have been silent concerning great truths, or they have been slaughtered for proclaiming them, because the minds of men were not yet ready to receive the light.

But the one who has most beautifully expressed the need for intellectual light, and the joys and benefits which go with it, is, as might have been expected, the wisest man that ever lived, Solomon himself. Though he may not have written all the proverbs that bear his name, yet they were undoubtedly written and collected under his influence, and bear the stamp of his approval.

Thus, as the reward of integrity, and "that he may preserve the way of his saints," "wisdom shall enter into thine heart, and knowledge shall be pleasant unto thy soul: discretion shall watch over thee, understanding shall keep thee" (Prov. 2: 7-11).

The high office of the well disciplined mind could hardly be more fittingly described. "Instruction," he says to the young man, "is thy life."

This is the same simile which John employs in his wonderful first chapter: "The Word" is "life." Christ, the light of the world, is also, as John again calls him in Rev. 19: 13, the word of God—the written or spoken appeal to the minds of men, as well as the Spirit, subtly seeking the heart.

*Topic of the Epworth League for Sunday, September 29. Text: John 1: 1-17; Eph. 1: 17-24.

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Are You Too Thin?

For only 15 minutes a day's practice in your own room upon special exercises that I will give, you can be round, plump, wholesome, rested and attractive. Nature intended you to be—why should you not?

A pupil who was thin writes me:

Miss Cocroft at Her Desk

"I just can't tell you how happy I am! I wore low neck and short sleeves the other night and I was so proud of my neck and arms! My busts are rounded out and I have gained 28 lbs., it has come just where I wanted it and I carry myself like another woman. My old dresses look stylish on me now. You remember I have not been constipated since my second lesson and I had taken something for years. I guess my stomach must be stronger too, for I sleep like a baby and my nerves are so rested. I feel as if I had missed so much enjoyment in life, for I never did have such good times before. I feel so well all the time.

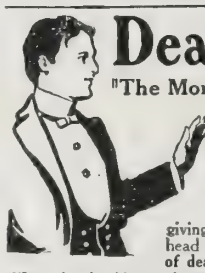
I have built up thousands of women—why not you? You will be so much better satisfied with yourself and more attractive to your friends.

I will cheerfully tell you about my work, and if I cannot help your particular case I will tell you so. My information and advice are entirely free.

SUSANNA COCROFT
Dept. D 57 Washington St., Chicago

Note: Miss Cocroft's name stands for progress in the scientific care of the health and figure of women.

Deafness
"The Morley 'Phone"



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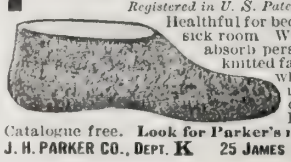

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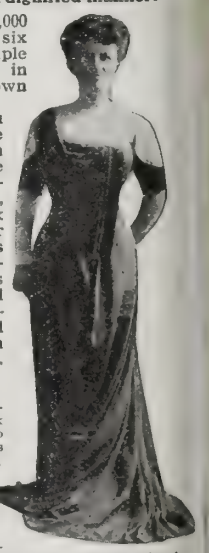
Would you like to reduce it by natural means and in a scientific, dignified manner?



I have reduced 15,000 women in the past six years by a few simple directions followed in the privacy of their own rooms.

I can reduce you and at the same time strengthen stomach and heart and relieve you of such chronic ailments as rheumatism, constipation, weak nerves, torpid liver and such difficulties as depend upon good circulation, strong nerves strong muscles, good blood, correct breathing. You can be as good a figure as any woman of your acquaintance.

One pupil writes:

"Miss Cocroft, I have reduced 78 pounds and I look 15 years younger. I feel so well I want to shout! I was rheumatic and constipated, my heart was weak and my head dull, my liver all clogged up and oh dear, I am ashamed when I think how I used to look."

Send 10 cents for instructive booklet with card for your dressing table, showing correct lines of a woman's figure in poise.

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DAVID'S CAREER REVIEWED

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

OUR lessons for the past quarter take us back to the national rejection of God as their king, when they who had been called to be a people separated unto God asked for a king that they might not be separate, but "like the nations," and that their king might judge them, and go out before them, and fight their battles (I. Sam. 8: 19, 20). Again and again God had fought for them, and wrought great deliverances for them when they had cried to Him. But his deliverances were always preceded by their repentance, and this was the point at issue. They wanted a deliverance which did not necessitate their consciences being aroused, and their pride humbled. The nations around them fought their own battles; God was not in all their thoughts; they took to themselves the credit of their victories. At the cost of losing God as their protector, as well as their guide, the miserable people took this fatal step. Are we following their example? Do we fight our own battles, and take glory to ourselves? The people had their way. God gave them their own desire, and Saul was chosen king, and became what God had warned them he would be—an exactor and an oppressor.

Then came the sad story of Saul's rejection. The people had suffered much under the king whom they had chosen—the man after their own heart. God was preparing the man "after his own heart," whom he educated, partly in Saul's court, but much more through Saul's persecution, to be a life of continued recognition of, and dependence upon, God. In the school of adversity and of subjection, and of wrongs from man, David learned how to rule aright, and his high ideal was the result of his training.

There is something wonderfully pathetic, as well as wonderfully dignified, in the acknowledgment of David's claim to the throne of Jonathan, who was looked upon as the crown prince of Israel. There was no rivalry, but intense affection, between the two young men; it was the finger of God. He had created this oneness by his own spirit. The two friends had much in common for time and for eternity; they both lived for God, and not for themselves, and the good of God's people was far more to both of them than any personal consideration. Jonathan might otherwise have said, "As the king's son, the right of succession is mine." But the people were God's people, chosen of him, and the throne was as *his* throne, for he had been the ruler of his people; and both David and Jonathan saw God in all things. Thus Jonathan, in spirit, did obeisance to David as the Lord's anointed, despite his own position as crown prince.

David twice had the opportunity to prove whether indeed he fully trusted God to bring him to the throne. Twice Saul was in his power—once in the cave at Engedi, and again in the wilderness of Ziph; it was as though God would test him in this way whether indeed he would take advantage of Saul, and slay him, and so end his weary wanderings; or whether he would trust God to deal with Saul, and make his way to the throne. And in spite of the persuasions of men, David continued trustful towards God, and thoroughly loyal towards Saul, whose subject he was, until the Lord should himself remove him.

Are we aware that Christ, whose kingdom we continually pray may come, is educating, in these days before he comes, a people who shall reign with him? Do we see that the tests which come to us in our daily life and work, are our preparation for future reign? And do we consider that we are heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ, if so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified together (Rom. 8: 17)? We all have tests, more or less difficult, in which we may have strong temptations to act with worldly wisdom. But we are in the world for the very purpose of walking, *not* according to the course of this world. We are not of the world. We live not unto ourselves, "but unto him which died for us and rose again," and most surely we shall not reign with Christ if we make things easy for ourselves, and do not in all things first seek the glory of God. We need never be guided by policy.

Saul was dead. Jonathan was dead, and two other of his sons, but Ish-bosheth remained—a weak man, a mere tool of Abner.

The Peace of God

"Peace I leave with you: my peace I give unto you." JOHN 14: 27.

THE Peace of God! O blessed peace
That fills the heart and calms our fears;
That bids our soul's wild tumult cease
And gives us sunlight through our tears.

The Peace of God! O peace divine
That bids our restless souls be still,
Till through the clouds the light doth shine
And we behold His perfect will.

The Peace of God! O restful peace
Through all life's changing scenes below;
In this we'll rest till life shall cease
And heaven's eternal peace we know.

The Peace of God! The promised peace
So rich, so deep, on us bestow;
Then shall our faith and love increase,
And earth become a heaven below.

Author of Peace! To thee we raise
Our prayer for courage to endure
The ills we meet, till all our days
Find rest in thee, thy peace secure.

Brooklyn, N. Y. J. E. JEWETT.

A Canadian's Appreciation

I CANNOT express my appreciation of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in words. Its fearless advocacy of the truth and its unflinching denunciation of vice in all its forms can not fail to command the love and admiration of all who read it. The cause of God and righteousness has no more redoubtable champion, outside the Bible, in all the world. May it continue to circulate and prosper as never before.

A. A. THOMPSON.

Montreal, Canada.

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The Boy trademark which appears on every roll of REX Flintkote Roofing, is a guarantee with something back of it. Look for it when buying—take no roll that does not show it. If it isn't there the roofing is not REX, no matter what it may *look* like.

In REX Flintkote you get a roofing that will give you more kinds of protection than any other, a roofing that will last and a roofing that can be laid easily and cheaply. Furthermore, you get a roofing that is guaranteed by a house of known standing, a house that for 71 years has stood for honest goods and honest dealing—for quality and at a fair price.

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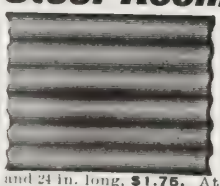

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10,000 doors and windows, which we will close out at a saving of 20 per cent. At 60 cents we can furnish you an ordinary door, good enough for general purposes. We have a complete list of these doors and windows, which we will mail on application. We can furnish everything needed in millwork both regular and special. Let us make you an estimate.

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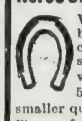
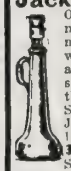


We offer 2,000 kegs of brand new, first-class celebrated "Eagle" horse shoes at **$3.75** per keg when ordered in lots of 5 kegs at one time; in smaller quantities, price, **$4.00.** We can furnish sizes from No. 0 to No. 7, either mixed or one kind to a keg.

Jack Screws 95c



Our Jacks are brand new, best quality manufactured. Made with cast iron stand and wrought iron screw having deep cut thread. 10 Ton Jack Screw, **95c;** 12 Ton Jack Screw, **$1.21;** 16 Ton Jack Screw, **$1.42;** 20 Ton Jack Screw, **$1.90.** 24 Ton Jack screw, **$2.52;** House Raising Jacks, **$1.55;** Maple Rollers, **20c;** Single Tackle Blocks, **23c;** Double Tackl Blocks, **39c.**

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The greatest Roofing value on earth. No higher gr... manufactured. Unexcelled as to quality, wear and econo... Easy to put on. Requires no previous experience. Can be ... on over shingles without removing them. Does not requi... coating after it is on the roof. Weather- proof and fire-proof. ... tains no coal, tar, residuum or injurious compositions. This roofing is bought direct from manufacturers and is usually sold at double our prices. It is guaranteed to give lasting service. Rubberized-Galvo Roofing is slate color, tough, leather-like material, made of a combination of wool felt and highest grade of natural, pure asphalt. Makes buildings warmer in winter and cooler in summer. Not affected by acids or gases. Has rubbery surface and on this account we call it Rubberized-Galvo Roofing. It toughens and hardens with age. We furnish with each order, sufficient cement to make the laps and large head nails to put it on with. It is appropriate for any kind of building. **1 ply per sq., $1.25. 2 ply per sq., $1.40. 3 ply per sq., $1.75.** These prices are per sq., of 108 sq. ft., and are F. O. B. Cars, Chicago. Also have in stock 1000 sqs., of p... asphalt rock surfaced roofing, bought by us at manufacturers' sale. Put up two to five lengths to roll and each roll contains 108 sq. ft. Price per 108 sq. ft., including nails and caps, **$1.50.** Red, roz... sized, Building Paper per roll 500 sq. ft., **45c.** Slaters Roofing Felt, per roll of 500 sq. ft., **75c.**

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Steel shovels, strongly made 35c. Steel single bit axes, 45c. Double bit axes, 40c; Large size steel hammers, 25c. Manure forks, 45c. Hay forks, 30c. Axe handles, 5c. Hack saws, with frame, 15c; Hand saws, 25c. Compass saws, 12c. Files, 5c.

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3-ton Steel Wagon Scale with 8 x 14 ft., platform, $22 75; other wagon scales up to $55; 400 lb., capacity portable Platform Scales, guaranteed, $8; Brand new Counter platform Scales, weighs from 1-2 oz., to 24 lbs., $2.25. New family scales, weighs 1 oz., to 24 lbs., 90c. Send us your order.

ENAMELED KITCHEN SINKS, $1.00

New blue enameled, 16 x 24 with nickel plated strainer, enameled inside and outside, price, **$1.00.** Cast iron, flat rim, white porcelain, enameled kitchen sinks, size 18 x 30, with nickel plated strainer, **$1.75.**

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No. 14 Painted Wire shorts	$1.
Nos. 9, 10, 11 and 12 Galvanized wire shorts	1.
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Brand new 2 point Barbed wire, Barbs 3 inches apart, made of 14 wire, put up 80 rods to the reel; price per reel	1.
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No. 14	3.
BB Phone wire No. 12, per 100 lbs.	2.
Telephone equipment	Fence wire all kin

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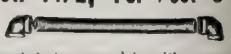

Overhauled pipe, complete with screwed e... and threaded couplings:

1 inch, per foot	3
1 1/2 inch	5 1/2c
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NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 16, 1908

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SEE PAGE 729

President Roosevelt's Reception to the Victors of the Olympic Games

Chief athletes in group are: 1. John Hayes (Marathon Winner). 2. Matthew Halpin. 3. J. Foreshan (3d in Marathon). 4. Ronald Spitzer (Yale). 5. John Garrels, Chicago (hurdles). 6. John Taylor.

Questions and Answers

A. C. F., Panora, Ia. Please explain I. Sam. 18:10.

Evil enters where the soul is estranged from God. Saul's jealousy of David rankled within him and brought on a frenzy of his old mental malady, a species of melancholia or religious mania. He "raved" (the latest commentators hold that this word best expresses the sense of the original, instead of "prophesied"). He abandoned himself wholly to his insane anger, which David's skill as a player "with his hand, day by day" on the harp, failed to soothe. Then came the attempt on David's life. The words "evil spirit from God" are liable to be misinterpreted. They form a very ancient phrase, descriptive of religious mania, and merely denote the condition of Saul's mind.

F. E. H., Selma, Ala. Is it true, as has been asserted, that there are twenty liquor licenses at Ocean Grove?

No, it is not. Director Morgan has made a public statement in refutation of the charge. The Ocean Grove *Times* also denies it, and shows by the official records at Washington, that only two government licenses are held at the Grove, these being by local druggists for dispensing liquor for medical purposes only.

R. L., Iola, Kan. 1. When did Oliver Cromwell invade Ireland? 2. When did he die?

1. Cromwell landed at Dublin in August 1649 with 10,000 troops. 2. Cromwell died in 1658.

P. B., Shawmont, Philadelphia, Pa. 1. When was coal first discovered or used in Palestine? 2. At what date did King Aretas reign at Damascus?

1. Anthracite coal has been found in Palestine in modern times, but whether it was used by the ancients is not known. It is stated in McClintock and Strong's Theological Encyclopedia that the coal mentioned in the Bible was undoubtedly charcoal. 2. Aretas was the name of several Arabian kings. The one to whom you probably refer was Aretas, the father-in-law of Herod Antipas. Aretas took possession of Damascus a little after A.D. 37.

S. C. C., Auburn, N. Y. 1. When were coats-of-arms first introduced into America? 2. What is the significance of a coat-of-arms?

1. Coats-of-arms and family crests were brought over by some of the first settlers. There were men in the first settlement at Jamestown in 1607, and in the settlement at Plymouth in 1620, who were entitled to coats-of-arms. Other families of gentle blood, who came later, brought their family coats with them. 2. A coat-of-arms is used as the badge or insignia of a certain family. They came into use when gentlemen in battle were in complete armor and there was no way to distinguish them. They adopted various devices which were painted or embroidered on surcoats worn over their breastplates, hence the name coat-of-arms. Kings often granted them for special service, and in Europe the coats are registered and their use regulated by law. The coats were engraved on the family silver, coaches, etc., and various additions made to the original coats to show subordinate branches of a family.

A. A., San Antonio, Tex. 1. When and how was the Liberty Bell cracked? 2. Does it belong to the United States?

The Liberty Bell was cracked while being tolled after the death of Chief Justice John Marshall in 1835. 2. It is now in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, and belongs to the city.

W. P. L., Pittsfield, Mass. 1. How long did Saul reign? 2. How long did it take to build the Chinese wall?

1. Saul was king of Israel from about 1093 B.C., to about 1053 B.C. 2. The Chinese wall was built about 211 B.C., but the length of time it was under construction is not exactly known.

E. A. S., Hershey, Neb. 1. Please explain the verse in Job 3:17. 2. Also Revelation 22:2. What is meant by the fruit that was yielded monthly?

1. The wicked means those in whom sin has become a habit or fixed condition and who are at enmity with the righteous. The original meaning was those who are ever restless and full of desires (see Isa. 57:20, 21). The weary means those whose strength has become exhausted either by continued bodily affliction or by the vexations caused by the ungodly (see Rev. 14:13). 2. It means that there was such abundance, and the conditions were so favorable, that instead of yielding fruit according to our earthly seasons, there was endless variety, and each month had its appropriate fruit.

Old Subscriber, Greenville, S. C. Do you think that we will know our friends and loved ones when we meet them in heaven?

See I. Cor. 13:12; Eph. 3:14, 15; Gal. 6:10; Matt. 17:3; II. Sam. 12:23, and other passages bearing on the subject. Heavenly recognition is a belief that has been held in all ages of the world. The Scripture in many places teach that identity will be preserved, and Christ himself in the story of Dives and Lazarus makes it the especial point of the parable. Also, Matt. 25:34 to 46. What would it avail to sit down in heaven with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, if we did not know them? All the redeemed will know each other. Only the ties of love and grace, however, will endure there, for flesh and blood cannot inherit heaven.

J. B., Dubuque, Ia. What is the programme of the Reform party in Turkey?

The Young-Turk party originated in 1893. The students in the Military School of Medicine in Constantinople, appointed the first committee. In Macedonia alone there are more than twenty thousand adherents. The programme includes individual liberty to all Ottomans; a free press; liberty to form commercial, industrial, or agricultural associations; equality before the law; eligibility to public office; no arbitrary confiscation of goods by the Government; ministers are to be responsible for their subordinates or representatives; the Sultan's powers are to be limited to the functions of a constitutional monarch, with the right to appoint and dismiss ministers, declare war and make peace, the power of pardon, and to coin money.

D. D. D., Geneva, Fla. Please explain why Saul in I. Sam. 16 seems to have been acquainted with David, and in chap. 17 asks who he is and whose son?

It does not appear from the Scripture account that Saul knew David at that time, but it is not improbable, in view of the language of Samuel in I. Sam. 15:28, that the prophet may have had intimation of the approaching change in rulership. When he saw the sons of Jesse, however, he evidently knew nothing as to the one to be chosen, for he was guided in his selection wholly by the divine instructions. See chap. 16, verses 7 to 13. David's talents as a player and singer had already become well known, and this would readily account for his being chosen to play for the melancholic king, as related in ch. 16:17-23.

Miss M. S. W., Schenectady, N. Y., apropos of an article which appeared some time ago in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD regarding St. George's M. E. Church, Philadelphia, writes that she had seen "among some papers of an old member of that church, perhaps affiliated with it in 1832—some autographs of its old pastors, and the enclosed from our beloved President, Abraham Lincoln, facsimile, I think. I found it among old civil war papers:

"'GENTLEMEN: In response to your address, allow me to attest the accuracy of its historical statements; indorse the sentiments it expresses; and thank you, in the Nation's name, for the sure promise it gives. Nobly sustained as the Government has been by all the churches, I would write nothing which might, in the least, appear invidious against any. Yet, without this, it may fairly be said that the Methodist Episcopal Church, not less devoted than the best, is, by its greater numbers, the most important of all. It is no fault in others that the Methodist Church sends more soldiers to the field, more nurses to the hospitals, and more prayers to heaven than any. God bless the Methodist Church—bless all the churches—and blessed be God, who, in this our great trial, giveth us the churches.

"'*May 18, 1864.* A. LINCOLN.'"

The letter has a historical value, and is of special interest as showing the reverent attitude of the President toward all Christian churches.

H. A., Omaha, Neb. What is the ball flower?

It is not a flower, but a decoration in architecture much used in buildings of the middle ages, and yet used by some decorators. It represents a ball surrounded by the petals of a sculptured flower.

Old Subscriber, Greenfield, Mass. What are the four largest libraries in this country—that is, which have the largest number of volumes?

The Library of Congress at Washington, the library system of New York, the Boston Public Library, and the library of Harvard University.

Miscellaneous

R. P., Bedford, Mass. We are unable to answer your question.

L., Pennsylvania. Have forwarded your letter to the proper person.

Reader, Santa Fe. Drinking men or improper characters are out of place in a church choir.

S. J. W., Elizabeth, Pa. You will find the answer to your inquiry in our February 12 issue, page 123, second column.

Reader, West 23d St., Los Angeles, Calif. If you send your name and full address you will receive an answer by mail.

Reader, New Paltz, N. Y. Write to Secretary, State Board of Charities, Albany, N. Y.

Stenographer, Glenn Springs, S. C. "Messrs." is superfluous in addressing John Jones & Co.

Shortliff College, Upper Alton, Ill. You can get the book through Ammon & Mackel, 81 Chamber Street, New York.

Reader. You can secure the *Book of Prayer for All Occasions* from M. E. Munson, No. 77 Bible House, New York, for $1.

Life Subscriber, Paterson, N. J. No hospital in New York City will train a young woman as nurse under twenty-two years of age.

E. M. K., Belding, Mich. Write to the *Sun*, New York, for copies of that paper with the various platforms. There are six sets of candidates in the field.

M. C. E., Buchanan, Ia. The unpardonable sin, which is believed by some commentators to be imputing the work of the Holy Ghost to the evil one, is referred to in Matt. 12:31, Mark 3:29.

W. W. G., Rose Hill, Miss. English-speaking Methodists in the world to-day are estimated at 18,650,000. For the other information desired, write to Census Bureau, Washington, D. C.

Mrs. F. W. B., Raymond, Minn. See Heb. 12:1; I. Cor. 15:44; Heb. 1:14, and other passages. There are many things, the explanation of which must be patiently waited for, and which may not be made clear us to in this life.

Evangelists and Workers in New York's Great Tent Campaign

This photograph, taken specially for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, shows (1) Superintendent Arthur J. Smith, (2) Evangelists Francis E. Smiley, (3) H. P. Lyman-Wheaton, (4) Robert Walker (Italian work), (5) Gordiano (Spanish work, (6) Ockerstrom, (7) J. C. Grimes, (8) J. C. Ludgate, (9) H. D. Sheldon, (10) LeRoy Butler, (11) Agide Pirazzini, (12) E. D. MacDougall. In the rear are a number of singers and helpers.

Description of the Three

Photogravures Given to Our Subscribers

See Special Offer, 3d Column, Page 728

"RETURNING to the Fold," by Davis, is a delightful pastoral scene, showing the familiar flock of sheep with the shepherd and faithful dogs, yet so wonderfully is the subject handled in this instance that it is lifted far out of the ordinary and is indeed one of those pictures that the more we see the more we love.

"Wild Roses," by Morgan, is an altogether charming presentation of nature and child life; three sturdy children tripping home through a meadow, while the smallest tot, whose chubby legs have grown weary with the journey, is joyfully content to be lifted up on big sister's shoulders. It is hard to describe this picture, yet there is something about it that never fails to hold both heart and eye of even the sternest critic.

"Eva," by Edward Cabane, makes an instantaneous appeal. It shows a truly adorable child of seven or eight years, seated in a chair, with dark wistful eyes gazing out from under a mass of curly hair—a picture that is, in short, one of those rare works of art that "satisfies."

* * * *

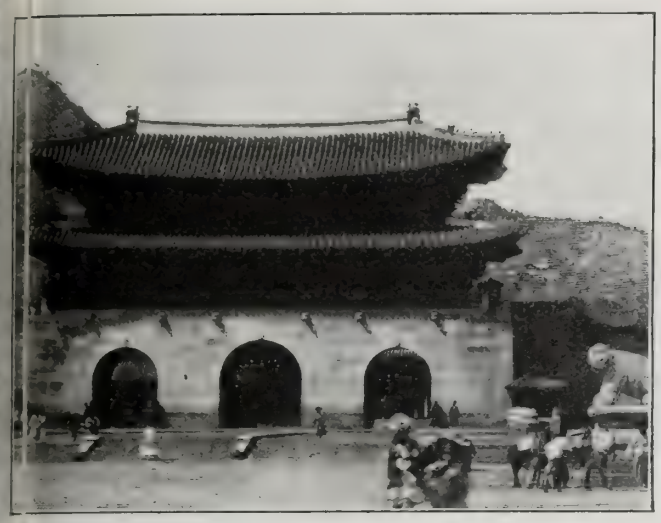
These photogravures, all mounted and ready for framing, measure 10x15 inches, and could not be purchased at any art store for less than $1.50 for the set. The exquisite tone-values—that are only made possible by the costly photogravure process—the rare beauty of the subjects which we have chosen, the soft richness and velvet texture of these reproductions, make every one of the pictures worthy to be framed and hung in any parlor or library.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 16, 1908

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

The Royal Palace Gate at Seoul



The Little Crown Prince of Korea

A Famous Korean Buddhist Monastery

TRAINING THE FUTURE KING OF KOREA

The Bridegroom Goes to the Wedding

AS THE clouds clear away from the scene of the recent terrible conflict in the Orient, more interest than ever centres about that apple of discord, the strange little kingdom of Korea. There seems to be something singularly helpless and humble about this small empire. Japan has, as it were, put Korea into her pocket, and the silent, white-robed natives seem unable even to complain of the high-handed despotism under which they are now living.

Indeed, according to the Japanese side of the story, there is little to complain of. The old Emperor of Korea is, it is true, kept a close prisoner, though nominally free; but he is said to be a master of diplomatic and political intrigue, and the Japanese may have found it absolutely necessary to restrict his operations. He lives in a cottage in one of the palace yards, deferentially attended by Japanese guards, and presents, says a correspondent of the New York *Herald*, "a pathetic picture of fallen greatness."

His worst trial is that he has been deprived of his property. He is an avaricious old man, and supposed himself to be worth nearly a million of dollars in cash, and much more than that in land. This is now kindly held in trust for him and his family by their loving friends, the Japanese.

Nominally, his son by the wife known as Queen Min (murdered some months ago) is the Emperor of Korea. He lives with his poor little child-wife in a palace a few miles away from his father, and he, too, is unable to move or speak, except under keen and watchful Japanese eyes. Marquis Ito and his aids manage the government, and the so-called Emperor is a mere figurehead.

Many think that he is virtually an idiot. His countenance has not a particle of expression, and he submits without any demur to everything which Japan demands of him; but the Koreans say that he is not so foolish as he looks, and that when "the hour of redemption" strikes, if it ever does, he will not be found wanting.

The main interest of the empire is concentrated not upon this young man, but upon the little Crown Prince, now eleven years old, who is being taught in Tokyo, so that when he comes to the throne, he can administer the government in true Japanese style.

This manly and lovable child is the son of Lady Om, who lives not far from the old Emperor in Seoul. She is suspected of having hidden away a comfortable fortune, though it is said that she paid vast sums, and told State secrets, in order that her boy should be proclaimed Crown Prince and heir apparent.

Prince Ito himself personally directs the child's education and loves him like a son. In this significant fact lies the prospect of a bright future for the hermit kingdom; for in personal friendships like this lurk noble possibilities of national peace and union.

Another highly interesting Korean character is His Excellency Song Piung-chun, the Minister of Home Affairs, an intelligent and fine looking young man, who is trying to help his country in every way. Among other things, he is endeavoring to make the women give up the heavy cloaklike hoods with which they conceal their faces in the street. He is also resuscitating the ancient arts of the people. One of these is a sort of inlaid shell work, said to be very beautiful. No attempt will be made to alter the regular national costume, which is that of China previous to the Manchurian conquest. It will probably eventually disappear before the march of progress, for, though it is stately and dignified, it is not adapted to active work. And active work is coming to Korea. Commerce is beginning to whiten her harbors and rattle through her peaceful streets. Above all, she is stretching forth her hands, as perhaps no nation ever has done before, for education and for religion. Schools and churches are multiplying there, but the missionaries report that they are utterly unable to provide buildings or teachers as fast as they are wanted.

The First Christian Missionary to Quelpart

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Placing the Crown of Good Luck on a Korean Bride

A correspondent of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD sends inspiring news from Seoul. She says, in part:

"The Woman's Academy here was founded about twenty years ago, as a school for little girls. In those early days there was much suspicion and ignorance to overcome. It was even said that the potent medicines of the foreigners were made from the eyes of children; but gradually prejudices were conquered until our academy became quite popular.

"At first, all the expenses of the pupils had to be paid by the school; but, little by little, they were shifted off upon the parents. At first, we began to require the girls to bring their own clothing and bedding. In another year or two, they were asked to pay a little toward their board. Next, they were made to furnish their own books; and so on, until now the academy is almost self-supporting, and it is none the less popular because of this. Hand in hand with the teaching of the mind in

Continued on page 726

THE

American Pulpit

A Sermon by

Rev. Loyal W. Madden, D.D.*

The Lord's Crown Jewels

TEXT—MAL. 3: 17: "And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels."

MALACHI, the prophet, stands midway between Moses and our Saviour. He takes both a retrospective and a prospective view. As he looks back, he sees the Israelites released from bondage, crossing the Red Sea, their lives preserved through the forty years of desert wandering, then crossing the Jordan, taking possession of the "promised land," dividing it among the tribes, again and again falling into the worship of false gods, and suffering punishment for their unfaithfulness. Seeing finally how they rob God in tithes and offerings, he urges them to renounce their shameful wickedness and repent and return to the paths they have forsaken.

As he looks into the future, he sees the world being prepared for Christ, the dense darkness of its wickedness, the dispersion of the Jews, a universal language spoken, then his birth, preservation, youth and young manhood, his preparation for his work, his prosecution of it among men, his treading the winepress alone down through the judgment hall, and up the steeps of Calvary to his tragic death upon the cross.

He peers on down the centuries, and beholds the church as its progress ebbs and flows in the different centuries, even to the high tide in the nineteenth and twentieth, and thence to the final judgment. It is that to which our text refers, when the prophet says in the name of the Lord: "They shall be mine in that day when I make up my jewels."

Earth's Rarest Possessions

Jewels are the rarest treasures that we possess, the costliest of earth's possessions; rubies and diamonds are the most valuable of jewels. Diamonds of any considerable size are worn only by those in high estate. The Kohinoor diamond that was worn by Queen Victoria, weighed 106 carats, and was valued at $600,000; the Great Yellow diamond shown in the Tiffany Pavilion, both in Chicago and Buffalo, weighed 125 carats, and must have been of more value than the Kohinoor. The Orloff diamond, owned by the Emperor of Russia, was valued at $1,000,000, while the Jubilee diamond found in South Africa in 1893, and exhibited at Paris in 1900, weighed 239 carats and was estimated at $2,000,000,while early in 1905 a diamond was found in Pretoria that weighed 3,030 carats and was valued at from three to four millions of dollars.

But God did not mean such rubies and diamonds when speaking of "his jewels." He meant his peculiar treasures, his saints, and the writer used the term that expressed the greatest value to the human mind, which was "jewel." The term jewels not only expressed great value, but great beauty as well. Think of a necklace set with five hundred diamonds, so great in value that it must be owned by a syndicate.

You have seen the crowds that gathered before some great plate glass front window looking at the display of diamonds, and the jeweler as he looked over them from within, so well acquainted with them that he knew each one by name, and the price of each one. This is only a picture of our heavenly Father as he looks on this world, his treasure house. He knows the name of each of his jewels and its price, that was paid on Calvary.

God's Jewels

The botanist puts all the flowers with a certain kind of root, stem, branch, leaf, flower and fruit into one class, and gives it a name; the mineralogist places the stones of like cleavage, hardness and specific gravity into a class and gives it a name; the zoologist places all the animals of like habits and appearances into a class and gives them a proper class name, and says that he has simplified nature; and so we call him a scientist.

Let us then classify God's jewels for our study. For the first group, let us think of the prattling babes that have been called from earth to heaven. If there is a mother present this morning who has been compelled to lay down that little darling—cold in death—that was dearer to her than life itself, and then see the little casket lowered amidst flowers into the open grave, and then go back to that now lonely home—ah, dear mother, let me assure you to-day that your little one is safe in the bosom of the heavenly Father, for it is one of his jewels; it is safe in his heavenly home.

The next group we would see is the new-born babe in Christ. You have seen the one who in the last moment has accepted the Saviour, and the tear is glistening in the eye, and the smile of satisfaction playing upon the countenance. How the heavenly Father must rejoice over him as do the angels! We and they rejoice together over one sinner that repents.

There is another large group we would mention, the prodigals that have gone out from the Father's house, feeding on the husks of the world. We see one of these as he arises and says, "How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare!" Then as he starts upon his return how the Father's heart rejoices, for he loves him, and goes out to meet him. He is one of his jewels to be welcomed and treasured in the Father's home.

Then there is another group that I fear is many times not mentioned as it should be, the group composed of those that some one has said rock the cradle of the government. I refer to the Christian mothers of our land, who gave and are giving their very lives in furnishing our Christian young women to be wives and queens in the home, and the fitting helpmates of our statesmen who stand at the helm and guide the ship of state aright. Dear mother, do not feel that your work is not one of priceless worth; that there is not a crowning reward for it. God will not forget your labor of love and its blessed fruits. You are counted among his most precious jewels.

There is one other group upon which we must look for a moment. This group is made up of aged saints, whose forms are bent, whose walk is lame, who are ripening for the grave as the shock of corn for the harvest. It was our privilege one morning to be seated early in the church and see the large audience gather for worship. Soon we noticed a very elderly lady borne on the arm of a daughter coming down the aisle to seemingly an accustomed place; then a little later, an old gentleman limping down to his usual seat in the house of God. These spoke forcibly to me of the burdens they had borne in the heat of the day. Now as their sun is rapidly sinking beneath the western horizon, how great a privilege it seemed for them to worship God in this place so full of memories sacred to their hearts. These aged Christians are also among his rare treasures. Young man, young woman, never do you grow too large but that it shall be a coveted privilege to bear your sainted father or mother down to the accustomed place in the house of God.

The Preciousness of Christ

Earthly jewels are very valuable, and we give them names. We give our children names because they are precious to us; we even give the more valuable animals names, but not to the less valuable. We give diamonds names because of their extraordinary worth, as the Kohinoor, valued at $600,000, the Great Yellow, valued at even more, or the Great White diamond, valued at a quarter of a million dollars, or the Jubilee diamond, worth $2,000,000, or the Pretorian at $4,000,000. A small ring may cost a large sum of money because it is set with a diamond. Diamonds have even cost men their lives. Sanci, a Frenchman, sent his trusty servant to carry a diamond of value to King Henry III., and as he passed through a dangerous place he was attacked by robbers, who demanded the treasure; but the servant would not give it up, but rather gave up his life. Sanci, when told that his servant had been killed by robbers, said he was sure that he had not given up the precious diamond, and upon opening the body found the diamond, which had been swallowed. It had cost the faithful man his life at the hands of the robbers. But for you and me to be counted among God's jewels, it cost the life of his only son, Jesus, our Saviour.

It did not only cost him his life upon the cross, but how much more than that! Think of Gethsemane with its sweat of blood. Think of his betrayal with a kiss by one who has been with him for three years and should have been a bosom friend. Then rudely arrested and brought into the judgment hall to be tried, and there denied by his friends upon whom he must rely later to tell the story of his life upon which the world is to depend for redemption; then, after judgment is pronounced by a cowardly judge, see him as he bears his own cross and through the weakness of his body falls under it, so that Simon the Cyrenian must come to his assistance. Then when he is nailed to the cross, and it is raised up to its place, he sees his murderers, and lifts his face to heaven and says, "Father, for them; they know not what they do." Now come long hours of agony on the cross, and finally, slo with head bowed, and in a hushed tone, he said, is finished," and gave up the ghost. All thi cost: not only the death on the cross, but the ag and the bloody sweat of Gethsemane, the bitter g of betrayal by a pretended friend, a cowardly demnation, and the most cruel and shameful suf ing of the Son of the living God, that you and I be called God's crown jewels.

Diamonds are not always brilliant when found. Sometimes a diamond is cut down to sixth of its former size. You may have seen diamond-cutter at work. It sometimes require whole year to cut and polish a single diamond. G jewels are often in the rough when first found, it takes a long time and many laborious proce to burnish and polish one and make it ready t in Christ's royal diadem. There are different me by which the lustre is brought out of his most cious treasure.

The Ladder of Fame

A young man is very ambitious to become eminent scholar, and all his strength, time and ergy are given to study and other efforts to cl the ladder of fame, but not any of these for vice for the Lord, which he requires of each of and the ambitious young man may be brought t bed of affliction to find in the end how precious blessed were its sanctified uses, for the curing of faults and the perfecting of his character.

Some men give their entire time to the accumu tion of wealth, and do not give any time or me to the building up of God's kingdom. Such men often brought back to the beginning the third t before they will say, "I will give a due portion of increase unto the Lord's service, and will wors him as Lord of all."

A mother may lavish all her affection upo child, and therefore may be called to give it up. would not take any love from the child, but God mands that we love him and serve him supre and have no other gods before him.

There are disappointments that have their ishing influence upon us, and that bring the v best out of our lives. For example, Job's loss wealth and family brought out that sublime decla tion: "Though he slay me, yet will I trust hi and all the world is made richer thereby.

A woman who had been on a bed of affliction a great many years, one day dropped off int sleep and dreamed that she had been carried av to a place where they were polishing preci stones. As she stood before one of the burnish who was using a little bluestone very roughly, asked, "Why do you use the bluestone so roughl The man stopped for a moment and said, "The k was down the other day, and ordered this little st gotten ready for his crown." When the wom awakened from her dream she said, "I understa now why I have had all this suffering, and wh am used so roughly, as it seems. I am being m ready for the king's royal diadem." So with many us when we are called upon to bear severe suffer or other trials. We are being burnished and polis in order that we may shine in the King's crown, that great day when he makes up his jewels.

The Two Ways

We have spoken thus far to Christian people. G bids me say to those of you who are not Christia that there are two ways before you, the broad w which leads to destruction, and the narrow w which leads to life everlasting. This morning you are standing at the place where the ways div will you not step into the narrow way, and walk it although there may be trials and afflictions, b dens and sorrows in that way? At the end there rejoicing forevermore.

The Lord of hosts means by his jewels those w have sought him and found peace in forgiveness sin. They accepted the price paid on Calvary, a are being made ready by the trials and afflictions this life to shine in his royal diadem, in that gr day when we shall come up from the East and t West, the North and the South, and sit down arou the throne with that immortal throng, whose g ments have been made white with the blood of t Lamb, and therefore are before the throne of G to serve him forever in the beauty of holiness.

*Pastor of Liberty Street Presbyterian Church, Independence, Mo.

NEW YORK'S NEW FARM SCHOOL

METHODS of dealing with boys whose love of study has never been properly developed, and who "play truant" at every opportunity, ar being rapidly changed from the unscientific and hash ways that have been in vogue so long, and wch often defeat the purpose for which they are enloyed. In most cases the boys are not really bad, bu home training has been lacking and an excess of nimal spirits leads them on until, from playing trant, they turn to something worse. The School Brd of the City of New York realizing this has pvided for a Parental Sool for habitual trants. This parental scool, while accomplhing what many of th reform schools have dde, will endeavor to tae the place of the prents who have faed in rearing their bds. All of this will be done in a way to leve little after sting tothose who are commted to its care, and th stigma attached to hing been "sent up" wl in great measure bwanting.

Flushing, Long Isla, has been chosen as th site of the new scool. It will be about a mile from the village o the road to Jamaica, in beautiful rolling cntry that is a delight to the eye with its wide gen fields and groves of fine trees for which the vinity of Flushing is famous. One hundred and seen acres have been purchased and quite a little vage of cottages and school buildings are under cstruction. The land and buildings will cost the Cy of Greater New York, in which Flushing is situated, the sum of $705,498. Fifteen structures wl be erected, most of them arranged about the sies of a large common with a distance between eh building, thus avoiding the ordinary institutinal effect of several buildings huddled about an olinary court. The buildings are both serviceable ad artistic. The cottage and school halls are in anodified Mission style and remind the beholder of many of the buildings seen in the lower part of the State of California. There are wide porches and peaked roofs. The buildings will be an addition and not a disfigurement to the countryside, as is so often the case with schools of this character.

The boys will live in eleven of the cottages; there are residence cottages for the principal of the school and his assistants, a power house, and an administration building. In the last will be many of the schoolrooms. Thirty boys will be assigned to a cottage under the charge of a master and a matron.

Buildings of the New York Farm School for Truants

The boys will be constantly under the oversight of the master; they will eat in their respective cottages, the meals being brought through subways from the central kitchen situated in the power house. Not being burdened with the culinary department, the matrons and their assistants will be free to look after the rooms and the clothing of the boys whom the city has committed to their care.

Farming and gardening will be made important features of the courses of work and study that have been prepared. The farm buildings are about fifteen hundred feet from the school village, and it is expected that the boys will raise on the nearby fields all of the vegetables necessary to supply the Parental School as well as the other truant schools in the boroughs of Manhattan and Brooklyn. In addition to the courses in agriculture and horticulture, there will be courses in manual training, the boys being carefully grounded in the principles of the trades, carpentry, metal working, etc.

Character building is the main aim of the institution's instructors in charge. Self-control, obedience, and industry—true manliness—are to be taught in the schoolrooms and workrooms, and in the hours spent in the cultivation of the soil. The complete change from the cramped, unhealthful, and often vicious home surroundings to the orderly life of the Parental School cannot but exercise a most beneficial influence on the bodies and minds of the truant boys and do much toward setting them on the road to good citizenship.

To get the full benefit of the training and get the boy who has been committed to the school weaned at all from his former habits at least nine months must be spent at the institution. The present truant schools in New York and Brooklyn are greatly overcrowded and the tendency has been to parole them too soon on account of lack of accommodations. The result has been that thirty per cent. have been returned to the schools for breaking their paroles. Many now sent to the city truant schools will be put in the farm school to relieve this congestion and enable the school authorities to keep truants under restraint for longer periods than formerly. The new teachers are being selected with great care.

Last year there were 587,380 children of school age in Greater New York and only 940 of these were committed to institutions on the complaint of school officials, a very small proportion of the whole and one that speaks volumes for the desire of the pupils to receive the advantages of the American public school, and also for the devotion to their task of the teachers who have them in charge.

THE LARGEST VACATION BIBLE SCHOOL

PHILADELPHIA Christian workers are taking justifiable pride in the fact that their city has this year jmped to the front in Daily Vacation Ible School Work. Eighteen schools i as many different sections of the cy have had a daily average attendace of over 1,200 children and a total crolment of over 3,570. This is six pre schools than were conducted last yar in Philadelphia, and three more tan have been going on in New York cty the present season. And it is a markable record for the second year the enterprise.

The work has been most systematally and intelligently planned by ree committees, working harmonisly together. These committees were e Church Federation Committee, ev. Dr. Floyd W. Tomkins, chairan; the Presbyterian Children's ommittee, Rev. Dr. C. A. R. Janvier, airman; and the Women's Committe, Mrs. Edwin C. Grice, chairman. A ublic meeting at Holy Trinity Parish ome inaugurated the movement, hich was entered into with vigor and thusiasm by consecrated workers om a dozen different churches and l the leading denominations, effecvely aided by Rev. Dr. Robert G. oville of New York City, national dector, who made frequent trips to hiladelphia in the interest of the ork.

Speaking of its progress, Dr. Boille said: "We have been greatly lessed in the work accomplished in hiladelphia Daily Vacation Bible chools this year. Philadelphia has istanced New York City, which forerly had the lead in numbers. No oubt the plan of Vacation Bible Schools is a popular one and has come to stay.

Miss Elizabeth Helm has served as supervisor of the industrial work. Crozer Seminary sent two students with expenses paid to act as teachers; Bryn Mawr sent one kindergarten teacher, and trained Sunday School teachers have been enrolled on the list of helpers, who have been paid a salary of $1.50 and $2 a day for five days a week. A total of about $5,000 has been expended.

The Famous Trinity Church Vacation Bible School, Philadelphia

The term has lasted six weeks and at its close brilliant commencement exercises were held in each of the schools. The climax was the general commencement in Chambers-Wylie Memorial Presbyterian Church, when 800 little graduates were brought in special cars adorned with flags and str amers to take part in the closing exercises and service of song, praise and prayer. A remarkable exhibition was made of the industrial work, which included everything from paper folding and kindergarten chains and pasting to hammocks and "merry widow" hats, and was suggestive of a kindergarten and manual training exhibition. Hundreds of children in Chicago, Boston, Albany, and Providence have also had the great advantage of the Daily Vacation Bible Schools the past season, seven schools being conducted in Boston, five in Chicago, one in Providence, and one in Albany. Over one hundred earnest college men and women have carried the Gospel ministry to the boys and girls of the neediest and most crowded communities and have opened the doors of scores of church buildings to a blessed form of foreign missionary work at home. J. A. S.

A Touching Memorial Service

A memorial service in honor of the late Rev. Donald Sage Mackay was held in the Gospel Settlement, 211 Clinton Street, New York City, on August 30. Superintendent Hallimond of the Bowery Mission, who had been on terms of intimacy with Dr. Mackay, spoke feelingly of his great interest in the Bowery Mission. No minister in New York loved it as he did. The evening on which he invited Mr. Hallimond to bring some of the saved men of the Mission to his church, he tried to insist upon the Bowery Mission pastor putting on his gown before entering the pulpit, but he had to yield to his refusal. Dr. Mackay showed in every way that his church people honored the Bowery Mission flock as welcome guests. About five years ago he chose one of our Bowery Mission saved men as mission superintendent and he has since done excellent work on the West Side. The men of the Bowery Mission deeply appreciated the interest Dr. Mackay took in the work of the Mission.

A Most Pleasant Premium

Dear Dr. Klopsch: It gives us pleasure to say that the premium, "Animal Stories," is a most pleasing work. It is truly surprising how you can afford to give such a book for so small a consideration. We are glad to be numbered with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD family. S. H. TIDBALL & FAMILY.

Indianola, Ia.

ONE LITTLE CHINESE ORPHAN

By BISHOP JAMES W. BASHFORD

I.

IT WAS some thirty years ago. The little girl had no name. She was a Chinese girl. She was not an orphan in the American sense of the term; but she was an orphan in the far deeper sense that her grandfather had ordered her mother to take her out and drown her a few days after her birth, because she was only a girl. The Chinese reverence age, and the grandfather has the power of life and death over his children and his grandchildren. But this Chinese mother loved her child the same as American mothers love their children, and the Chinese mother took the little girl in her arms with a sad heart and went out to drown her in obedience to the command of her husband's father.

II.

On her way to the pool of water, the mother caught a glimpse of a missionary riding in her chair. The missionary was Miss Gertrude Howe, one of the most honored and loved missionaries in all Central China. She was going forth to her work that morning with a heart full of gratitude for the heavenly Father's kindness to her and for the privilege of working together with the Master for the redemption of the Chinese. Suddenly she was startled by the Chinese mother rushing up to her, the babe in her arms and tears streaming down her face, begging her to adopt the baby. The question of adopting babies in China had been before the workers upon the field and had been referred by them to the home authorities for decision. The home authorities felt that the missionaries were sent to China to evangelize the Chinese and to train the Chinese children, and that they could not do the work for which they were sent if they personally adopted children and had to give their time to the care of half a dozen or a dozen adopted Chinese orphans. Hence the committee at home had forbidden the missionaries in China to adopt orphans. Miss Howe was obliged, therefore, to refuse to take the baby. Her heart ached within her as the mother pleaded the baby's cause and stated that otherwise the little one must be drowned before she returned home. Miss Howe, however, remained loyal to those who sent her to the field and firmly declined to take the baby. The mother turned away broken-hearted.

III.

Throughout the day Miss Howe's heart often smote her as she thought of the little baby drowned in the pool whose life she might have saved. The little one's fingers clasped its mother's finger, oh so tight, and when the mother started to drop the baby into the water, her heart failed her, and at dark she was still wandering along the streets far away from the home to which she did not dare to return. Miss Howe was returning home, weary and heavy-hearted. The mother again caught sight of Miss Howe's chair. She ran toward the chair, and as she came within a few feet of it, she literally tossed the baby into the chair and disappeared in the crowd upon the street. Miss Howe picked up the crying infant and carried it to her home. She certainly could not drown the baby herself. She promptly wrote the women at home, telling them what had happened. They wrote Miss Howe to keep the baby. She named her Ida Kahn, fed her, clothed her, educated her as far as possible in China, and then sent her to America, where she graduated and then completed a medical course at the University of Michigan. Doctor Kahn returned to China as a worker of the Woman's Board some five years ago, and Miss Howe's responsibility for her upbringing and education was at an end. But God's purpose in this strange case was not at an end; and it now began to manifest itself.

Bishop J. W. Bashford
M. E. Missionary Bishop of China

IV.

The city of Nanchang has perhaps a million inhabitants. It is the capital of the Kiangsi Province. It is the gateway to the Yangtze River, with its flood of traffic, for the Kiangsi valleys lying back of Nanchang with their fifteen or twenty million people. The city was the only one in Central China able to resist the Taiping rebels. Thus it maintained its existence and its prosperity, when Nanking, Wuhu, and the other leading cities of the Yangtze valley were destroyed. This made it the commercial metropolis of the province and filled its people with pride and devotion to th[e] ancient gods who had delivered [them] from their enemies. Missionaries [could] find no entrance to the hearts o[f the] people and missionary work g[ot a] strong foothold in that city.

V.

When Miss Kahn returned [to] America with her medical trai[ning] and went with Miss Howe to liv[e at] Nanchang, her providential oppo[r]tunity came. She began to treat [the] wives of the gentry and of the [of]cials; her fame went abroad a[mong] the leaders of the city, and they [un]erously offered to buy the land [and] erect a hospital and allow her to t[each] the Christian religion, if she w[ould] only remain among them and [visit] their mothers and wives and da[ugh]ters. The land has been bought, [but] an anti-foreign riot, arising ov[er a] dispute between the Chinese offi[cials] and the Roman Catholics in 1906, [has] delayed the erection of the hosp[ital]. But this very riot demonstrated [the] power of the Gospel and of Chris[tian] friendship in a providential man[ner]. Miss Howe and her daughter by a[dop]tion, Doctor Ida Kahn, were sa[fely] carried by the Chinese out of the [city] when the riot began, and our M[eth]odist missionaries in charge of [our] school for girls and of our hosp[ital] and other work in Nanchang w[ere] placed on board a boat furnished [by] the chief official and were car[ried] without harm up the Poyang Lake [to] Kiukiang.

But more providential than the s[av]ing of the lives of the missionaries [is] the fact that this little waif, who [was] taken into Miss Howe's home and [her] heart about 1875, has helped to o[pen] up to the Gospel a city of a mill[ion] people and a valley of fifteen to twe[nty] million inhabitants. What may [we] expect from the two thousand orph[ans] whom the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD propose to help Dr. Klop[p] support in China?

Bread upon the waters cast
Shall be gathered home at last.

TRAINING THE FUTURE KING OF KOREA

Continued from page 72

our school, goes the teaching of the heart. The Bible is studied as thoroughly as the arithmetic, and all our girls are Christians.

"Our musical department is very successful. The Koreans are fond of singing and will readily deny themselves to pay an extra charge for musical instruction.

"Each of our pupils has had seven years in the primary schools. We educate them for teachers, but they make good homekeepers as well.

"Five girls graduated last year. Of these Hannah is perhaps the most promising—a devoted Christian and a fine student. She was married soon after commencement, but she and her husband will still teach in Mokpo, a town in Southern Korea. Sinai, Pongumie, Wongumie, and Mattie were the other graduates. Sinai is as merry as any American girl, but a true and loving Christian. Pongumie carried the audience quite away with her eloquence when s[he] delivered her graduating ess[ay]. Wongumie knows the entire N[ew] Testament almost by heart.

"We shall have to turn many aw[ay] this year for lack of room. W[e] sadly need more buildings and m[ore] teachers."

Thus is light coming to this lon[g] darkened kingdom. Japan hol[ds] down Korea with an iron hand, b[ut] she allows it to have schools a[nd] churches. The whole Christi[an] world should unite to see that schoo[ls] and churches, of the best, and in f[ull] measure, are provided, and th[en] Korea is won for Christ.

Many readers of this journal ha[ve] evinced a warm interest in t[he] spread of the Gospel in the "Herm[it] Kingdom" and have contributed t[o]ward its propagation. They no[w] have the inward satisfaction of se[e]ing that their gifts and their praye[rs] have not been in vain.

A Group of Native Christians in Korea

OUR ORPHANS AT OORFA

MISS CORINNA SHATTUCK, the well-known missionary at Oorfa, Armenia, writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD as follows:

"I cannot refrain from an expression of deepest gratitude for all the help you and your CHRISTIAN HERALD staff have been to me, from the beginning of our distress in 1895 to the present date, by the general relief sent for all classes of sufferers; by the special support of nearly forty orphans for a period of several years, and since 1900 in acting as my deposit treasury for nearly $5,000 carefully used for special difficulties to the present date.

"You should know that, in looking over your list of CHRISTIAN HERALD boys, I find many of our very best. They are widely scattered. One is in South America, in a fine position as an educator; one graduates in June from our Theological Seminary in Marath. One this year completes his medical course at Beirut College; another is there preparing for dispenser (brother of the doctor). One has been a successful dentist for several years; one is an instructor in Mardin American School Industrial Department, being our first to take full a certificate from the Cabinet and Carpentry Department in our Oorfa Industrial Institute. Two are running engines for flour mills, having been trained by us here. One is peculiarly useful to us in our machine shop and is likely t[o] make a good engineer. One is a team[s]ter for us at the farm and has th[e] care of our seven horses. I might g[o] on to tell of others equally useful an[d] good.

"Our work has so widened that I am perplexed as I try to hold on til[l] relief shall come. Our industries fo[r] women and girls give employment t[o] 2,000, including four towns within tw[o] days from Oorfa."

REMINISCENCES OF IRA D. SANKEY

By KATE UPSON CLARK

THE recent death of Mr. Sankey has revealed more fully perhaps than ever before the vital part which he and Mr. Moody have played in the great civilizing movements of the last fifty years. As the stirring scenes have been recalled of the gigantic meetings which they conducted; and as during the years, the records have come in of the deep and lasting effects of those meetings; it must have been realized by even the most determined doubters concerning what has been termed "emotional evangelism," that here, at least, was emotional evangelism which "made good."

And ever and again in this record has been proven the immemorial power of the "gospel song." The hyper-refined and fastidious critic may decline to hale the simple melodies of the dead singer as "music;" but, nevertheless, they belong in the category of those powerful elemental strains which find the human heart—the harps of the pines, the murmur of the brooks, the shrill piping of the winds. Many of Mr. Sankey's hymns sprang spontaneously to meet the needs of the hour, as he saw the crowds of seeking ones gathering at the feet of Mr. Moody, like lost and bewildered sheep huddling about their shepherd. No one will ever know how fully these touching verses, with their usually more touching melodies, met those pressing needs.

"Records!" said Mr. Moody when some one asked him for the records of the numbers of those who had been converted under his preaching; "why, they are kept only in heaven!"

One is struck in reading Mr. Sankey's interesting book, *My Life and the Story of the Gospel Hymns*, with the remarkable way in which Providence prepared him for the great work he was to do. He was born of religious parents in what was then "the Middle West"—the part of the country in which "the great average" was fairly struck—and it was for the innumerable "average man" that Sankey's chief work was to be done. He had a war experience which thrilled and stirred him in depths which might otherwise never have been opened in his nature; and his first religious experiences were in the Methodist Church, in which the fervors of song are perhaps most generally and deeply cherished.

The story of his first meeting with Mr. Moody has already been told in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It illustrates vividly the wonderful acumen of Moody. Mr. Sankey relates another instance of this:

"At a great meeting in Chicago, Mr. Moody noticed

Moody and Sankey Planting Trees in Scotland

a usher, with a wand in his hand, who was making himself quite conspicuous.

'Who is he?" inquired the great preacher. "I don't like his looks."

It was Guiteau, the man who afterward shot President Garfield.

The "sanctified common sense" of Mr. Moody was in no respect more keenly manifested than in his discernment of the part which hymns and deeply emotional melodies must play in his evangelistic scheme. Humbly he over and over asserted, "My work would be next to nothing, but for the hymns which clinch and drive deep home the truths which I try to speak."

Some of his most powerful discourses bore upon the return of wandering ones, and for accompanying those, certain compositions of Mr. Sankey's, especially, "Come Home, O Prodigal Child," and "The Ninety and Nine," were particularly adapted. The first of these was the first solo that he ever sang in a Moody meeting.

The history of the famous "Ninety and Nine" is most extraordinary. Mr. Sankey had found the poem by chance in a corner of a Scotch newspaper,

Sankey at the Beginning of His Public Career

which he was reading on a train. He detected at once its great possibilities—but how was he to get a tune for it?

That very week, Mr. Moody preached upon "The Prodigal Son." At the conclusion of his discourse, the aged Dr. Horatius Bonar made a few remarks, thrilling the immense audience with his fervid eloquence. Then Mr. Moody said, "Mr. Sankey, have you an appropriate solo with which to close the service?"

"I had nothing suitable in mind," writes Mr. Sankey, "but at that moment a voice seemed to say to me, 'Sing the hymn you found on the train!' I thought it impossible, but I placed the little slip on the organ in front of me, lifted my heart in prayer, and began to sing. Note by note, the tune was given, and it has not been changed from that day to this."

Another of the favorite "prodigal" hymns was, "Come Home, O Prodigal, Come Home." When this was rendered one night at Sunderland, England, a deep hush prevailed throughout the singing, until, just at the conclusion, a cry echoed through the building, "O father, will you forgive me?" and a young man rushed from the back part of the room down the middle aisle to the pew where his father was sitting.

"This incident," says Mr. Sankey, "made a profound impression upon the whole congregation, and hundreds of penitents retired to an adjoining room for prayer and consultation."

It seems hardly possible that within the lifetime of a man no older than Mr. Sankey, such a tremendous change has taken place as he records, concerning the use of instruments in accompanying church singing.

When in 1857 he took charge of the music in the Methodist Church in Newcastle, Pa., many of the members thought that the use in the choir of any sort of a musical instrument was "wicked and worldly." One or two old men left the church on account of the introduction of the organ some years later.

He encountered the same spirit in Scotland in 1873. No "human hymns," as they were called, were sung then in many of the Scotch churches. The Psalms of David were the only poetry permitted, while some of the good people alluded disrespectfully to the small cabinet organ which Mr. Sankey took everywhere with him, as "a kist o' whistles."

It was during this wonderful trip that an English clergyman of Sunderland first used the expression, "singing the Gospel," in describing Mr. Sankey's soul-moving hymns.

Nothing could have been more discouraging than the circumstances under which Moody and Sankey started on this great expedition. They arrived in England only to find that, by a singular combination of circumstances, the two clergymen at whose invitation they had come had just died. The evangelists did not know what to do. An old letter from a Y. M. C. A. secretary was finally found, in which he had invited them to come to York. Thither, therefore, they turned their steps, but they found the gentleman much altered. He did not see any way now of carrying on a series of meetings.

At last, an Independent chapel was secured in that town, a meeting was appointed there, and from that time forward God blessed abundantly the efforts of the two Gospel workers. It was during this great campaign that the conversion occurred of the inspired Gospel preacher, Gypsy Smith, an event most thrillingly described in Mr. Sankey's *Life*.

Shortly after their return to America, the evangelists held a series of meetings at Princeton University, during which Milton Merle Smith, now a beloved pastor of a great New York church, first announced his conversion and his determination to become a minister. Thus spread the leaven of these two wonderful men.

One of the amusing incidents told by Mr. Sankey involved a sort of an obituary of himself, such as seldom comes to a living man. He fell into conversation with a stranger on a train near Chicago. They fell to discussing the meetings of Moody and Sankey, which were just then the talk of the town. The man said that he had never seen either of them, but he did wish he could have heard Sankey sing "The Ninety and Nine" before he died.

Mr. Sankey remarked that he had often heard Moody preach and Sankey sing, but that he had not read of the death of the latter.

"Oh, but I saw it in the papers," said the man.

"It must be true, if you saw it in the papers," admitted Mr. Sankey.

"What kind of folks are they, anyway?" inquired the man.

"Oh, just common folks like you and me," replied the great singer.

When, a little later, the man rose to leave the train, Mr. Sankey said to him, "I think it is hardly fair that we should part without telling you that I am one of the men we have been talking about."

"Why, who are you?" he asked.

"I am what is left of Sankey."

The man gave the singer a quizzical look and said, "You can't play that on me, old fellow. Sankey is dead." And he left, as strong as ever in his conviction.

The brother of the author of "Just as I Am,"

The Evangelist at Karnak on the Nile

although he was an eloquent divine, often remarked that this one hymn of his sister's had done more for religion than all his preaching.

Who can compute the good that has been done by many of these modern hymns also! Some of them are commonplace; but many are made of the stuff that lives. They touch the nobler part of us; they are identified with vital moments in our lives and in those of others; and a line here and there in even a halting stanza, is often so full of lofty passion and aspiration, or illumined with such visions of glory, that it redeems the rest, however commonplace; and it is generally a few fine lines which give their chief value to the most famous poems.

Mr. Sankey testified that Dwight L. Moody was the greatest and noblest man that he had ever known; and the world more and more, as the years pass, will accord to Mr. Sankey no small measure of that same greatness and nobility.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Edito

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Subscriptions may commence with any issue.
Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.
Entered at Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matte
Entered as Second-class Matter at the Post Office Department, Otta

Sunday School Conversions

IT IS an old and somewhat trite saying that "figures cannot lie." One need not be an expert arithmetician, however, to know that figures can be made to prove almost anything, whether the result will stand the test of calm, sober reason or not.

We make this observation apropos of a communication that has reached us from a very worthy clergyman in New York State, who has been making certain calculations based on the statistics of recent Sunday School National Conventions. He sets forth his conclusions as follows:

In a grand total of 14,000,000 American Protestant Sunday School children of all ages and representing every denomination, there have been, approximately, only 1,000,000 conversions in three years, or an average of 333,500 yearly. Assuming the average period of Sunday School attendance to be eight years (from the ages of six to fourteen), the total conversions during the whole period would thus be about 2,668,000, leaving 11,000,000 children who pass out of the Sunday School unconverted. As it is generally conceded that about 55 per cent. of all conversions occur before the age of twenty, and assuming that a fair proportion of the children become converted during the four years after leaving Sunday School, there would still remain considerably over half of our Sunday School scholars untouched by the Gospel invitation. This great host of over 7,000,000 souls, he therefore concludes, "go down to death unsaved."

. . .

True or false, it is an appalling calculation. But *is* it true? Can these figures be relied on? Are Sunday School statistics, being largely voluntary and, to a great extent, based upon the personal impressions of superintendents, to be accepted as an absolute record of spiritual conditions in such cases? Are there not thousands—aye, possibly millions of young people who may be living the Christian life, yet who, through sensitiveness or for some other reason, have never made a public confession of Christ?

We should be seriously disposed to doubt the infallibility of such figures on this subject, even though the compiler bases his calculations on the statistics of national Sunday School conventions. He writes further: "Thousands and thousands of Sunday Schools run a whole year without a conversion. Over 2,000 Sunday Schools in one denomination had this record not long ago." This sweeping general statement invites criticism by its lack of detail, no matter with whom it originated. We should require more minute proof before accepting it as evidence. Closer investigation would probably disclose many real conversions, even where none were reported.

. . .

Divine grace has many ways of reaching the human heart. Our work is only the seed-sowing; the harvest is God's. The heart of a child is a sublime mystery to all but its Maker. Many a child of Christian parents, reared in a godly home, cannot point to the date of its conversion. These young hearts grow up with Christ from infancy. Besides, there are many natures so shy and sensitive that in spiritual things they cannot be judged by our ordinary human standards. The Gospel seed planted in childhood may germinate and blossom into fruitage years after we have lost sight of the child. Many have been won over at last by the memory of a mother's unforgotten prayers of earlier years. May not these undemonstrative young scholars have a like experience? Who shall say no? God can take care of his own work; and he may be trusted to see to it that the labor of his faithful servants is not in vain.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD desires to make a practical test of these astonishing figures. If true (as we sincerely hope and believe they are not), the whole Christian world should know the fact and prepare to face the emergency. If the fault lies with our present system; if the average teacher is untrained and inefficient, and incapable of feeling the zeal and inspiration for soul-winning which are at the root of all successful Sunday School effort; if the work has declined to a mere mechanical or perfunctory performance, then, indeed, it is time to sound the alarm. But first let us know the truth of the matter from those who are best qualified to speak on this subject. For the purpose of this test we invite the co-operation of Sunday School superintendents everywhere throughout the land. We ask superintendents of Sunday Schools of all denominations to write us briefly, stating the spiritual condition of their schools during the past twelve months, and giving the number of those whom they know to have become Christians during that time, either by public profession or in any way that can be interpreted as indicating a change in the heart and the life. One thousand reports from such sources would be a fair index of the whole.

We pin our faith on the Sunday Schools of America. They are the spiritual nurseries of our republic—the replenishers of the church. We believe our schools are going forward and not retrograding, and that God is using them as a mighty agency for the upbuilding of his kingdom.

. . .

Let us hear from the superintendents and get at the truth about this amazing assertion that more than seven millions of Sunday School children "are going down to death unsaved." By giving out the facts, a valuable service will be rendered the whole Christian world. Address THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, New York.

Governor Fort's Battle

NEW JERSEY is to be congratulated on having in the Governor's chair a man who possesses the courage to brave public opposition, when he knows he is working in a righteous cause and for the State's best interests. When Governor John Franklin Fort, after full investigation into the condition of affairs at Atlantic City, decided that it needed a thorough moral clean-up, and that the Sunday closing law should be enforced, he found, to his surprise, all of the local officials, many of the business men and a crowd of greedy politicians jointly determined to thwart him. The grand jury failed to act, and the whole situation was one of sullen defiance of State authority. It was not unlike the attitude of the New York gamblers when Governor Hughes began his famous war on the race track betting evil. Fort showed himself of the same metal as Hughes. He issued a proclamation in which he unsparingly condemned Atlantic City for its open vice, its evil resorts, its tolerance of gambling and its excise law violations. He declared that the conditions amounted to a treasonable combination of officials and certain citizens to subvert the State laws, to which all other localities rendered obedience, and threatened to close the illegal saloons by military force. The threat proved effective. All the saloons were closed on the following Sunday. Of course, this is by no means the end of the battle. It will be transferred to the legislature and an attempt will be made by the politicians and their immoral allies to pass liberal Sabbath laws, permitting the saloons the freedom they desire—freedom to desecrate the Lord's Day, to debauch manhood, and to cater to the worst elements of the population. The good people of New Jersey can forestall this programme, and probably will, by organizing such a strong movement as will establish a bulwark to protect the beautiful resorts along the Atlantic coast from an inundation of Sunday saloons, drunkenness and their host of vicious accessories.

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Last Week's Promise Fulfil d

LAST week we outlined in this column a pr n-inary announcement of unusual and m al interest to our readers and ourselves, an ve now give the further details then promised.

We have in preparation the most artistic *Ho y Circular* ever issued by us. This circular is be i-fully and profusely illustrated, and, of co e, *every one of our subscribers* gets a copy as soc as it is issued. But in addition we are printi a *million extra copies* of this circular with whic to reach and influence people who ought to be b-scribers but are not now on our list.

* * *

Our subscribers know THE CHRISTIAN HE D. They love it and are interested in the extensio of its work and influence. To them we appeal—n-fident of success—for the names necessary to c y out this extensive and expensive propaganda.

Every member of the great CHRISTIAN HE D Family knows the names of twenty-five a t Church or Sunday School attendants, who w d welcome a very beautiful circular, full of interes g information, superbly illustrated in colors, and t to them by mail, absolutely free of all expense. t *is for these names* that we now appeal. You n supply them, you will supply them, and on you e rely for the successful outcome of this effort.

* * *

While we are fully satisfied that the though f compensation in connection with this labor of e would never occur to any of our readers, it s occur to us that some practical recognition of t r help and co-operation would be eminently right d proper. Therefore, we will send to every membe f THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Family, who sends u a list of names in accordance with the instruction t the foot of this column, together with ten cent n coin or stamps, a set of three superb intaglio ph o-gravures, which we guarantee to be securely pac d and delivered uncreased and in perfect condit n. **For full descriptions see foot of page 722.**

* * * *

There is no further expense of any kind attac d to this offer, as the pictures are sent all charges p-paid. We especially direct your attention to e date limit. Unless these names are posted on r before the 21st day of this month of Septembe - please remember Monday, September 21, 1908—e cannot accept the same.

We reserve the right to return the names and e ten cents in case we get the required number f names before your list comes to hand. Theref ACT TO-DAY and thus escape the danger of d appointment.

CONDITIONS OF OUR OFFER

This offer will be open only to our SUBSCRIBERS and t immediate FAMILIES, and every list sent in must close w this declaration:

"I AM A SUBSCRIBER"

— or —

"MY.....IS A SUBSCRIBER"
Here state relationship

and be signed by the name and address of the sender.

* * *

The names which may be sent in under this offer must those of ADULT PROTESTANT CHURCH OR SUNDAY SCH ATTENDANTS, no two living in the same house.

These names must be written on only ONE SIDE OF T SHEET. You may use more than one sheet in a single l but you must not write on both sides of any sheet.

Every name must have a PREFIX (such as Mr., Mrs., Mi Dr., Prof., Rev.), CHRISTIAN NAME (as Mary, John, et POST OFFICE ADDRESS, COUNTY, and STATE. In case Free Delivery Office in city or country, either the STRE ADDRESS or the number of the RURAL FREE DELIVE route should be supplied.

Thus an address correctly supplied would read somethi like this:

Dr. James Potter, Chicago, Cook Co., Ill., 572 Adams Street.

— or —

Miss Ruth Jackson, Westminster, Worcester Co., Mass., R.F.D. N

To get the beautiful pictures mentioned above you must close ten cents in stamps or coin with the list, and mail us on or before September 21.

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BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY

THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Honors to the Marathon Winners

ONE of the most spectacular receptions since that tendered to Admiral Dewey was given in New York City Saturday, August 29, to the American athletes who won in the Olympic games in London the track and field championships of the world for the United States. There were 15,000 persons who marched in the parade, including Federal, State and city troops, and a large number of athletic organizations. The sixty-three athletes who were honored rode in automobiles. In front of them was a float, almost entirely covered with American flags, containing the trophy won in the games by John J. Hayes, the Marathon hero. The day was beautiful and the streets along the line of march were packed with men, women and children, and echoed with burst after burst of applause. Hayes, the Marathon winner, rode in the first car; with him were James E. Sullivan, President of the American Athletic Union, P. J. Conway, President of the Irish-American Athletic Club, Murphy, the trainer, and others of prominence in athletics, who were easily identified by the crowd. There was also great enthusiasm for J. B. Taylor, the negro member of the team, and for Frank Mont Pleasant and Lawanina, the Indians. A stand was built in front of the City Hall for the victors and those receiving them. Acting Mayor McGowan made an appropriate speech. Then the sixty-three athletes were called forward and the acting mayor pinned a gold medal upon the breast of each man, while the crowd cheered. The applause at the mention of the name of Hayes, the Marathon victor, was so long and loud that the aldermen lifted him up in their arms so that the people could see him, and set him on a table, while 1,200 school children sang as a chorus the National Hymn. On the Monday following, the heroes went to Oyster Bay, where the President of the United States gave them a royal reception.

The people have a right to be proud of these men who have won in this world contest. The people of the world knew that Americans were swift; but it was not thought that they had that endurance which characterizes some other races. Some of the old nations used to think too much of the development of the body, and some in modern times have made too little of it. Development of the physical life of a people is absolutely necessary to national success. Other things being equal, the mind and the heart will only be able to do as much as there is physical force to propel them. Valuable as bodily development is, it is only the beginning of that higher development of mind and soul so necessary to success in the related competitions of men. The contest along the paths of physical development and physical support are important; but the real race of life is along the tracks of the mental and the spiritual. The trophies won in the Olympic games are in keeping with the prizes our people are making in the mental, moral and spiritual contests of the world.

Know ye not that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize? So run that ye may obtain. (I. Cor. 9 : 24.)

The Marathon Trophy

Hunting for His Son

Thomas Fletcher, a flour merchant of Cleveland, O., recently got on the track of his son, whom he turned adrift ten years ago for quarrying against his wish.

Fletcher identified his son in a snapshot of the Queen and others riding in a car of the scenic railway at the Franco-British exhibition. In reply to advertisements asking those in the car with her Majesty to communicate with him nineteen persons wrote to Mr. Fletcher, none being the one looked for.

As there were at least twenty-five persons in the car there are still hopes that the son will be found. The father was deeply grieved at having to return to this country without having found his lost boy. How like the heart of the Infinite is the love of a parent for the child!

And they shall mourn for him, as one mourneth for his only son. (Zech. 12 : 10.)

Destroyed Mother's Eye

On a hot day in August a woman at Eastport, Long Island, went down to the shore to give her children an outing and have a brief rest for herself. The children were playing in the sand while she held the babe in her arms. The babe aimlessly thrust its finger into its mother's eye, injuring it severely. She was taken to a hospital, where it was discovered that the sight of the eye had been destroyed and there was great danger that the sight of the other might also be involved.

The injury to the mother's eye, severe as it was, was not so great as the hurt which many a mother's heart receives from careless and rebellious children. The child was not to blame. It did not know what damage it was doing. Half of the sorrow of the world comes from the misconduct of others; much of the time through sheer carelessness and rashness of human conduct that is full of fault and sin and ingratitude to the hearts of loved ones. A son or daughter cannot be too careful of the feelings and instructions of faithful parents.

Then shall ye bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. (Gen. 42 : 38.)

Foreign Missions and Civilization

William H. Taft was asked the other day at Hot Springs, Va., to talk into a phonograph, which he did. There was general curiosity to know what he had said, which was gratified when the talking machine made the following reproduction:

"I have known a good many people who were opposed to foreign missions. I have known a good many regular attendants at church — consistent members—that religiously, if you choose to use that term, refused to contribute to foreign missions. I confess that there was a time when I was enjoying a snug provincialism that I hope has left me now when I rather sympathized with that view. Until I went to the Orient, until there was thrust upon me the responsibilities with reference to the extension of civilization in those far distant lands, I did not realize the immense importance of foreign missions. The truth is, we have got to wake up in this country. We are not all there is in the world. There are lots besides us, and there are lots of people besides us that are entitled to our effort and our money and our sacrifice to help them on in the world. No man can study the movement of modern civilization from an impartial standpoint and not realize that Christianity and the spread of Christianity are the only basis for hope of modern civilization in the growth of popular self-government. The spirit of Christianity is pure democracy. It is the equality of man before God—the equality of man before the law, which is, as I understand it, the most God-like manifestation that man has been able to make."

This is the opinion held by the late Colonel Denby, who was for twelve years our United States Minister to China, who severely criticised those who found fault with the practical workings of the missionaries in the Far East and said that they were the hope, and would be the salvation, of the people of the Orient.

Ask of me, and I will give thee the nations for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession. (Ps. 2 : 8.)

Parade in New York in Honor of the Olympian Victors

Meteorite in President's Yard

All the members of President Roosevelt's family, together with the servants and some of the Secret Service men, were searching the other day at Oyster Bay to find a meteorite which came flashing from the sky the night before. It startled the men on guard with its glow, and embedded itself deep in the ground behind the President's barn, it was thought, not one hundred yards away from his residence. The meteorite was of large size, for its light illuminated the ground for 200 feet on all sides of Sagamore Hill, making every tree and bush as visible as by broad daylight.

If such a thing had happened in olden times, the people would have said that it was an event of good or ill omen; that it meant some event of good or evil to the President or the nation. The belief was very general amongst many that the stars were divine and that the luminaries in the heavens controlled the destinies of men. We of to-day know that the event had no individual or national significance whatever; that it was only the casting off of a splinter from the mechanism of nature under the control of the Great Architect and Master Builder.

And it cast down some of the host and of the stars to the ground. (Dan. 8 : 10.)

The Leper and His Wife

John Early, a veteran soldier of the Civil War, came from his home in North Carolina on an errand to Washington. While there, it was discovered that he was afflicted with a well-defined case of leprosy. The health and police authorities immediately took charge of him and isolated him, putting a strict guard about his tent until such time as North Carolina could send and take care of him. The first knowledge his wife had that he was a leper came through a telegraphic item in the newspaper from Washington. She took her little baby and hurried to the capital. She crept close to the camp the night she arrived and got a glimpse of her husband, who was bending over his Bible, trying to read in the dim rays of a little lamp. The guards stood aside and when Early saw his wife he exclaimed: "Lottie!" He stood with outstretched arms. She responded with arms outstretched, calling his name in tenderness. Almost the first words uttered by Early were: "I am a leper." Both wept in silence. After Early had regained his composure, there was a long talk about his condition, home affairs, and the terrible ordeals to be undergone by both in the future. The love of his wife prompted her to approach nearer the tent than the "dead line," and Early himself cried out, "Don't come! Don't come! I am unclean, unclean!" The wife begged the authorities for the privilege of nursing him and being consigned with him to his life of dreary solitude. There is one comfort in this terrible sorrow, one bright star in this dark night, and that is the faith that the afflicted man has in his Saviour, and a clean, pure heart and life made so by the blood of Christ. The fatal leprosy of sin was cured by the Divine Master. The devoted wife is sustained by the same spiritual consolation.

And, behold, there came a leper and worshiped him, saying, Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean. (Matt. 8 : 2.)

IMPORTANT

Do not fail to read carefully the last column of page 728. Do it now before you forget it.

ALCOHOL'S HARVEST OF WOES*

Quarterly Temperance Lesson

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

THE place in which we stand in this lesson is Jerusalem. The persons addressed by Isaiah are wicked King Ahaz and the "sinful nation" of Judah. Isaiah himself was the greatest of the major prophets, a scholar and a statesman, whose fearless words to wicked kings were like those of Elijah and Paul and John Knox. The time at which he spoke was one of luxury, which, as usual, proved more conducive to vice and intemperance than previous periods of poverty. God's judgments were about to burst in an Assyrian invasion on the northern kingdom, of which event Isaiah says in another passage (ch. 28), "Woe unto the crown of pride of the drunkards of Ephraim, whose glorious beauty shall be a fading flower." Isaiah declares that Judah, unless repentant, will for like sins follow Israel into captivity. These are but two of many illustrations of the truth that nations usually die of moral degeneration. Isaiah plainly declares that the chief cause of the approaching captivity of both Jewish kingdoms in Babylon is the captivity in which they are already voluntarily involved through drink. Nehemiah (13: 18) names Sabbath-breaking as another cause of the nation's fall.

The events of this lesson present the captives of drink as already gathering the first fruits of their harvest of woes.

"My well beloved had a vineyard in a very fruitful hill." The lesson really begins with the chapter. In a beautiful allegory, Isaiah compares God's people to a vineyard which he had planted and cultivated with unstinted love. "He gathered out the stones and planted it with the choicest vine and built a tower in the midst." All this recalls how God had driven out the Canaanites to give Israel a pure environment, and had pruned his vine by forty years of mercies and judgments to be fruitful for the world's good, and had divinely protected them against their foes. He had sent prophets to keep the vineyard. God exclaims, "What more could I have done for my vineyard that I have not done in it?" And what more could God have done for the United States that he has not done? He held back this continent till the hour had come when he could plant a spiritual church dissevered from corrupting alliance with the state. He planted here a brave religious people whom he had sifted by persecution. But our prosperity also has led many to sin. When God looked that we should bring forth grapes, we, too, brought forth "wild grapes." The reference is to the deadly nightshade, which produces berries that look like grapes, but are poisonous. So grapes rotted for wine are poisons offered as "health." Hear the words of John Wesley on these alcoholic poisons: "Liquors are a certain slow poison. Liquid fire lays the foundation of numberless diseases. Have we not reason to believe that little less than half the corn produced in the kingdom in every year is consumed, not by so harmless a way as throwing it into the sea, but by converting it into deadly poison—poison that naturally destroys not only the strength of life, but also the morals of our countrymen? Oh, tell it not in Constantinople, that the English raise the royal revenue by selling the flesh and blood of their countrymen. It is amazing that the preparing or selling this poison should be permitted in any civilized State. All who sell drams and spirituous liquors to any that will buy are poisoners general. They murder his majesty's subjects by wholesale, neither does their eye pity or spare. They drive them to hell like sheep. And what is their gain? Is it not the blood of these men?"

In the Rapids

"Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning that they may follow strong drink!" It should be said that intoxicants are not really "strong drink." If they were, trainers of athletes would not bar them out. Mr. Reginald Rankin, who has won fame by accomplishing the ascent of Aconcagua, the highest peak of the Andes Mountains, speaking of the effects of alcohol upon the mountain climber, says: "Though alcohol is a bad thing to climb on, it is an excellent thing to toboggan down on when you have reached the summit of your ambition and never want to see it again."

Isaiah pictures here the man so fond of drink that his first waking thought is a craving for his "eye opener," as his last thought in the day is for his "nightcap," with a "continued" thought all day for his next chance to drink. Such a man is in the rapids just above the Niagara of habitual drunkenness, and his friends often see it, but seldom does the victim himself know his danger. I heard of a man who suddenly discovered at seven o'clock in the evening that he was longing for nine o'clock, when he was wont to take his usual bedtime glass to promote sleep. It was to him the discovery of a chain. He quit at once, and before a day had passed discovered in his hard struggle how nearly too late he had been. Challenge your friend, who thinks drink has no hold upon him, to give it up for a week, and in many cases he will find how strongly he is already bound. If he is not bound, let him keep himself free.

The Boy and the Moth Millers

The Boy and the Moth Millers

The boy watched the moth millers flutter around the lamp. Many of them would fly against the hot chimney and fall to the table, scorched and burned. Some of them would fly directly into the chimney and these would drop into the flame and be consumed, or lie half burned next t[he] blaze. Occasionally, a moth woul[d] to the table, overcome with heat [but] with enough life to keep its [wings] moving, and ofttimes the dying [moth] would crawl towards the same [flame] that had caused its suffering. [How] strange!" thought the boy. "Can [these] moths see these scorched and win[ged] millers? Why will they rush int[o the] flame and be destroyed?

"Here is a live miller unscorche[d] has for the moment lit among the [dead] ones. There it goes. Ah! it falls [with] wings scorched and burned, dea[d]. I should think that if moth millers [were] able to discern the light, they w[ould] have enough sense to discover the [dan]ger where so many are l[ying] dead."

The boy, even while [won]dering why moth millers [do] such foolish things, answ[ered] a whistle that came to [him] through the open window [put] on his cap and hastened [out]. He was soon on the st[reet] with other boys. He vis[ited] a poolroom with them [and] looked on. He hung ar[ound] a saloon. He looked thr[ough] the open doorway as he h[eard] a drunken brawl. A fight [and] arrest followed. Men [with] bloody faces were led a[way]. He saw the once wealthy [man] Jones reeling home after l[os]ing spent his last cent [for] whisky. He listened to [the] filthy stories and lying t[ales].

Ah, my boy, the wicked [are] scorched and habit-bound [as] you see have flown into [the] flame, or are beating [out] their lives against its dest[roy]ing heat. Are you no w[iser] than moth millers?

It is "for lack of kn[ow]ledge" partly that men [be]come captives of habit. I[t is] our duty, to whom the wa[rn]ings of experience or [of] science have come, to see t[hat] no one in all the world, so [far] as we can reach, is left w[ith]out such warning as is gi[ven] in the testimonies of Am[eri]can and German and ot[her] doctors against beer.

Great Men Conquered by Alcoho

"The honorable men are famishe[d]" It is amazing that young men sho[uld] be such egotists as to say that t[hey] have nothing to fear from a foe t[hat] has laid low such great men as H[ume] and Addison and Sir George Trev[el]yan and Charles Lamb and Hart[ley] Coleridge and "Bonnie Prince Charl[ie]"—all of these cited by Farrar for E[ng]land—and such great Americans [as] Webster and Poe and Yates and ma[ny] more. Gen. Nelson A. Miles long a[go] wrote to young men to avoid both [to]bacco and intoxicants if they wo[uld] give themselves the best chance [of] success.

Let us put against the sad cases [we] have named a President of the Unit[ed] States whose courageous abstine[nce] is an inspiration. When Lincoln w[as] a boy, almost everybody drank. Amo[ng] those who were working for tempe[r]ance in that early day was "Old Un[cle] John," as he was called, who gather[ed] the people together for meetings [in] the rough log school houses of sparse[ly] settled communities. One long-to-[be] remembered night he made his pl[ea] ending with an invitation to come f[or]ward and sign the pledge. There w[as] only one who moved. A tall boy g[ot] to his feet and came up the aisle. Ev[en] in that rough audience he made an u[n]gainly appearance in his sadly ou[t]grown clothes, coarse and too short [in] trousers and sleeves. But a hush f[ell] on the rough men as that boy, with d[e]termination in his face, stooped [to] write the name "Abraham Lincoln" [to] the pledge. Lincoln always attribut[ed] much of his success in life to his te[m]perance principles.

THE "WORLD BOOK OF TEMPERANCE"

BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD calls the earnest attention of Sunday School workers and temperance people of all lands to this new book, which may have great influence in safeguarding children everywhere against intoxicating drinks and drugs, and in answering through the Sunday Schools, in millions of homes, the sophistries of the liquor dealers' unprecedented "campaign of education." This book will contain forty temperance lessons—Biblical, historical, scientific—profusely illustrated with pictures, charts, stories and accurate statistics. It will be more than a lesson book—**a comprehensive compend of the whole temperance question,** with Bible commentary in brief; chronological notes of temperance history; temperance sayings of men of all lands; testimony of German, British, American and other scientists on alcohol, etc.

Teachers of public schools as well as Sunday Schools; preachers also, and all temperance workers will need this up-to-date arsenal.

All money received for this book is to be devoted to its production and free circulation. The size of the book (not less than 100 pages) will depend on the number ordered in advance, for which only the cost of paper, presswork, binding and postage will be charged. An edition of 100,000, ordered in advance, will insure 400 pages. After publication the book will be sold at 75 cents, cloth; 35 cents, paper; but those who send cash orders in advance will get the book at the rate of 10 cents each, paper; 25 cents, cloth, for orders of not less than $1 worth. Send orders at once to **International Reform Bureau, 206 Pennsylvania Avenue, S. E., Washington, D. C.**

* **The International Sunday School Lesson for September 27, 1908.** Isa. [illegible]. Read also Isa. 10: 1-4; 28: 1-6. Golden Text: "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging." Prov. 20: 1.

GOLDEN DAYS AT MONT-LAWN

SATURDAY and Sunday are always pleasant days at the Children's Home at Mont-Lawn, even when the skies are o'ercast and the rain comes pouring down. There are occasions, however, when so much that is pleasant and interesting is crowded into one day that they may well be termed days to be marked with a white stone. August 23 might be designated as a day worthy to be marked with a whole row of the smoothest, whitest pebbles. Mr. Robert Watchorn, Commissioner of Immigration of the port of New York, was present and gave a most spirited and inspiring address, couched in such simple language that even the smallest child present knew what he meant, and at the same time he was listened to with the greatest interest by the grown-up portion of the audience, which packed aisles, ambulatory and every available vacant space. The pews are never encroached upon, for in the Children's Temple the little ones are never crowded to make room for visitors.

Our Staff of Teachers at Mont-Lawn

1. Miss Louise Herring
2. Miss Minnie Jones.
3. Miss Georgine Bjrregaard
4. Miss Ethel Homan
5. Miss Elizabeth Blaire
6. Miss Edith Collins.
7. Miss Elizabeth Price
8. Miss Alice Thorpe
9. Miss Lydia Grandfield
10. Miss Ema Bening
11. Miss Gertrude Rogers
12. Miss Margaret Grandfield
13. Miss Irene Kramer
14. Miss May Price

Mr. Watchorn was profoundly impressed with the beautiful singing of the children in their opening song, especially the chorus "Then Hurrah for the Flag—Our Country's Flag." At the word "hurrah" three hundred flags, which had been concealed until this moment, suddenly came into view, waved by small hands in time with the music, the whole chorus being sung with a vim until the last word, when the flags disappeared as suddenly as they had come into view, only to appear again with the next signal word.

Dr. Klopsch, in introducing the Commissioner, said that he and the visitor were both born in Europe—Dr. Klopsch in Germany and Mr. Watchorn in England—and he introduced Mr. Watchorn as "my fellow immigrant." The latter made many interesting statements regarding immigration.

"We have thirty-five interpreters for the adults of different races and nationalities," he said jocosely, "but the babies all cry in one language."

In giving an illustration of the enormous figures which immigration to this country has reached, the speaker said that if every one coming over in a year were given a word at the beginning of the Bible, and each one following were given a word, at the end there would be several thousand who would be without, as the supply of words would be exhausted.

Like Dr. Klopsch, Mr. Watchorn is a great lover of children; likes to be with them and talk to them, while they, in turn, are delighted to listen.

Mr. W. B. Howland, of the *Outlook*, followed in a happy vein, fairly capturing the children by his pleasant voice and easy manner. It was hard to determine which seemed the happier, the man in speaking or the children in listening.

Mr. John Beattie, who for thirty-three years has conducted the famous Bible class in the Union Methodist Episcopal Church in New York, then followed in a most interesting talk, in which he told, in a manner that brought tears to his listeners' eyes, how he was brought to God by the death of a little child whom he greatly loved, and who only stayed such a little while in his home.

The children seemed in unusual good voice, while they sang the "Glory Song," which was indeed a pleasure to hear. "Blossom Bells" was beautifully rendered, the girls singing one part and the boys another in a way which seemed wonderful to the listeners, when they were told that a large proportion of the children had been at Mont-Lawn less than a week, some scarcely forty-eight hours. Saturday and Sunday, August 29 and 30, were delightful days at the Home. Rev. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts were visitors and expressed themselves as delighted with the work carried on with such enthusiasm at Mont-Lawn. In the Temple on Sunday morning, Dr. Crafts gave a little talk especially to the teachers, telling the story of Moses, and designating his finding as the work of the first "Children's Aid Society." His address was listened to with attention by the children, who were especially pleased with a little talk on "Flags" given by Mrs. Crafts.

Dr. Madison C. Peters made a stirring address on the importance of boys being clean, both without and within, and of being thoroughly in earnest in all that they undertook.

A large number of visitors came to the Children's Paradise on this occasion, many coming by rail and carriages from neighboring towns.

And so the weeks go gliding by on golden wings. Another season is waning, but the happiness which has been crowded into the hearts of these little ones in their brief sojourn in this lovely home can never be overestimated.

M. S. H.

The Toboggan-Slides in the Open Air Gymnasium

A SOLDIER'S PRAYER ANSWERED

I WAS a soldier of the Civil War of 1861-65, belonging to the —th New York Volunteers and the Ninth (General Burnside's) Army Corps. Our regiment took part in the bloody battle of Spottsylvania, Va., on the 12th to 14th of May, 1864.

The squad to which I was assigned was ordered to form a skirmish line on the extreme left. Before us was a "run" or small creek, hip-deep. On our side stood a few pines, scattered along the creek. On the other side, about fifty feet wide, was a clear space, and beyond that a dense thicket of underbrush, in which a line of Confederate skirmishers were concealed. On my right, perhaps 100 to 150 feet off, was a small knoll occupied by the guns of several batteries, but these were deserted, as the enemy kept a constant fire upon them, during which most of the artillerymen were killed, wounded or driven away. Around this knoll lay several dozen dead and wounded—some horribly mangled by shells.

The season was wet and cold, the red clay just at its best for potters or brickmakers. Often at night, lying on picket, the water would squash under our blankets. We had several attacks by the enemy's skirmish line, which we repelled, crossing and recrossing that "run," and feeling decidedly damp and uncomfortable.

My first experience of a battle impressed me with what death is. I besought the Lord in silent prayer, while on that line, to spare my life, and save me from such a horrible death.

My eye caught sight of a little book, open, wedged in the crotch of a pine sapling. I walked up to see what it was. It was a New Testament with Psalms appended, such as the U. S. Christian Commission gave to our soldiers. This one had seemed too burdensome to some one of the boys, and he threw it away. It was wet, and was open at Psalm 118, and the 17th verse caught my eye and seemed to be plainer than the rest. It read thus: "I shall not die but live, and declare the works of the Lord."

Imagine my surprise. I had not known such a verse to be in the Bible. I felt as if my eyes had deceived me. I read it again and also the next verse (the 18th), but only to confirm the 17th. There was the direct and prompt answer to my supplication. The Lord heard my silent prayer.

Throughout that terrible campaign, although at Fort Stedman, Va., two Confederate officers emptied the contents of their revolvers at me, and I not over twenty-five to thirty feet from them, not one bullet struck me. I was neither sick in hospital, nor wounded, nor taken prisoner, but was always on duty. The Lord kept his promise to me, praised be his holy name!

The second incident was still more wonderful than the first: On the 26th of August, 1865, our regiment was discharged from service and ordered home to Rochester, N. Y., from Washington, D. C. Transportation was furnished in box and cattle cars, provided with rough board seats. The weather was sultry and a number of us preferred to stay on top. Night came on and the cars swayed to and fro a great deal, which made the ride on top rather dangerous. Lest I might get to dozing, I slipped my arm through the walking board that extended along the ridges, so as not to fall. About 1:30 A.M. a comrade of my company, James (or Elmer) Gray (now of Governeur, N. Y.), felt as if he would suffocate from the foul air in the car, and hurried out on top to catch fresh air. But the Lord had work for him, for as soon as he came on top he saw a man's head and shoulders over the roof, and his legs just at the brake-wheel. I heard a far-away cry: "Say, here, wake up! wake up!" and as the cry came nearer, I felt my legs pulled and I awoke. My left arm clawed the air, my head hung over the side.

I shuddered as I realized what a timely rescue I had. Comrade Gray was led by the protecting hand of the Lord to come up for fresh air, just to that end of the car and just at the right moment to save me from a horrible death. Again I felt that it was the kind hand of the Lord alone. Praise to his holy name! A. WENTZ.

Portland, Oregon.

WANTED—A NOON SPELL

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

AFTER a long morning's work in the fields, the noon spell, when dinner and a rest refresh the toilers, is a welcome incident in the day's progress. Weary muscles relax, the men laugh and talk, they thoroughly enjoy the cessation for a little while from labor. If the day's work be not out of doors under the sky, but instead be limited to the cramped space behind the counter, or the stifling atmosphere of the factory, the noon spell comes with the same benediction and brings the same relief. Men, better than women, understand how to stop when their work is done, securing such ease as they may from a brief interval of repose. In the household few women get the benefit of a real noon spell. If there is a mid-day meal, which they have prepared, when it has been served and eaten there follows the task of clearing it away. To wash the dishes and set them in the closet three times a day is no small undertaking even for a little family. The work of doing this when the family is large is fatiguing enough, yet it is only one little thing in the round of toil that occupies the average woman from daylight until dark. Occasionally one meets a matron who is willing to let her dishes wait a while when the dinner is over, while she, sitting by a window with a book or resting in a hammock, lets sun and air and relaxation do for her what the noon spell does for the men. She is an exception, the rule being with most women to forge ahead as rapidly as possible, until they arrive at the end of the day. They would live longer, be more cheerful and be better comrades on the road if they comprehended the value of short rests in the between-times, and if they made a matter of conscience of an early afternoon rest every day. In a certain family, this privilege of the mother has always been respected, and the children have been trained never to disturb her when she is taking her mid-day recess. Her method is to establish herself in an easy chair with a book or magazine in her hand. Light reading is her choice at this time. As she is fond of a story, she manages to have one somewhere near, so that she need not waste time in looking it up, but very often she finds it better merely to sit with her eyes closed, drifting into a little nap, or, if wakeful, thinking of nothing that taxes her mind. The plan is recommended to women who wish to keep in middle life the sweet freshness and vitality of youth.

The want of a noon spell has a deeper significance and a broader meaning than we give it when we limit it to the actual twenty-four hours of the passing day. In the course of our lives we reach a long level stretch that is far more trying to soul and body than the dewy morning and the quiet evening of childhood and old age. Little as we are by the way of considering it, middle life is beset by peculiar temptations and weighted with peculiar burdens. It is in middle life that parents begin to feel the strain of bringing up the children. They realize suddenly and surprisingly that the babies and the little ones are fast growing into the independence and responsibility of young people, and that correspondingly it costs a good deal in effort and money to clothe them, educate them, and prepare them for the serious engagements of maturity. The middle-aged man walks with a less firm step than that of ten years ago, his shoulders are a little bent, and there are deeper lines on his face. He is bearing the burden and heat of the day. The middle-aged woman, hitherto cheery and buoyant, is tormented by a demon of unrest. She learns for the first time in her experience what it is to be oppressed by monotony. Ennui and languor weave chains around her. In her physical existence she lacks the spring and rebound of an earlier time. She is in want of a noon spell. If it be possible for man or woman at this juncture to secure ever so brief a complete holiday, the good of it will be felt for years to come. Yet, as we all know, many desirable things in this life are neither attainable nor practicable for the majority. We cannot drop our tasks. Others may fold their hands in temporary idleness, but ours must go on performing the daily duties. What are we to do? May we not remember that there is a hard way of going at our work, and that there is an easy way? Is there not a restful attitude of mind that lightens toil and drives away discouragement? Why not cultivate a habit of looking at the bright side, of being glad that it is for our own loved ones that we are working, of being grateful for the shelter of our roof? Why not go a step farther and with Brother Lawrence form the habit of practising the presence of Christ in our commonest tasks? Is it not possible so to carry into every hour of every day, into every word and act, the thought that Christ is with us, that strength shall be ours to carry the burden lightly?

If we cannot obtain an actual noon spell in our middle age, if we may not hope to cross the Atlantic and spend a few weeks in Europe, if we may not see a cessation from the daily grind, it is a good way to accept it all as in the plan and according to the will of our heavenly Father.

There are briers besetting every path
That call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot
And an earnest need for prayer:
But a lowly heart that leans on God
Is happy anywhere.

Some of the consolations that belong to middle life form a sufficient offset to its peculiar temptations. For one thing, it is an advance out of the primary school into a much higher class. We used to frown over the puzzles of the schoolroom, the mathematics and the geography, but we are beyond that now, and life's higher mathematics, life's fairer geography are now a part of our inheritance. We are past the effervescent period of youth, its ferments and its discontents, and the ships we sent out then, ships of hope, of faith, of love, are surely wending their way across the deep sea, and before long will be coming into port freighted with rich cargoes. There are many better things in this world than money, many more satisfactory things t gratified ambition, and for most of us it is a deli to have lived long enough to know the best w we see it and to choose the best when it is wit our reach.

Wanted—a noon spell, of course; but we may it without buying a ticket on the railway or pay for a passage to Europe; we may find it within own doors and in the tranquillity of our own hom

BRINGING THE WEDDING PRESENTS TO AN ORIENTAL BRIDE'S HOME

Every one has taken pride
In the lovely village bride.
Far and near the people pray
For her happiness this day.
All the friends have gifts to bring
In a heartfelt offering,
And the village folk delight
In the home, so new and bright.

Both Sides of the Shield

The question of amusements seems a perplexi one to many conscientious people. Some of us h an idea that all pastimes are wasted times. Oth concede that recreation has its place, but we do approve of certain forms of worldly enjoyment t are popular and agreeable to those less rigid th we are. Old people shake their heads at the div sions of the young. The latter protest that t cannot be fettered by the prejudices of the old. T is a live, up-to-date CHRISTIAN HERALD topic thought, and it should awa full and frank discussi Send me your ideas on t subject of legitimate amu ments for law-abiding a liberty-loving Christian p ple. I want to hear from y and I shall be glad to prese candid views of the the on the Family Page.

Write only on one side the paper. Fathers, mothe cousins, sweethearts, frien of every age, write to m and write soon. Among u we shall surely arrive some helpful conclusions, a as we shall be good-temper and reasonable, we may ma an advance.

Those who can send go suggestions as to game evening entertainments a sensible social enjoyment w be specially welcome, as, future, some definite spa will be accorded to this topi

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Concerning Yes and No

When your grandmoth was a little girl she w taught to say "Yes, ma'am and "No, sir," when addres ing her father and mother o older people of dignity Courtly elderly people i some sections of our countr still use the formula "Ye madam," and "Yes, sir," an freely use both madam an sir in polite conversation These forms are used in tal with equals and superiors but not with those of presumably inferior condition A friend who dislikes to hear her children say "Ye ma'am," has compromised by teaching them to say "Yes 'm," "No 'm," which are distinctly slovenly an impure, so far as colloquial English is concerned "Yes, Mrs. Granger," "No, Dr. Reynolds," hav come into vogue, but they are a little cumbersom and it is the hope of some arbiters of good manner that we may yet see a popular return to the state liness and good breeding of "Yes, madam," an "No, sir."

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—POLLY. If a man wishes to correspond with a girl, etiquett requires him to ask for the privilege. Circumstances may modif action in this matter. If, as you say, a man showed very plainl that he wished further acquaintance, you might have helped hi along in some tactful way. A girl need not hesitate to let a ma know that he interests her. Read *Mr. Crewe's Career*, by Winston Churchill (The Macmillan Company), and you will see how dain tily and delicately Victoria showed her preference for Austen.

—D. W. R. I am not sure about the book you mention, but an inquiry addressed to the nearest library would give you the infor mation. I advise you to add to your home library, either one by on or as a set, the works of John Fiske (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston). Greene's *History of the English People* (Harper & Brothers, New York) would be a good investment. Send to the different publishing houses and ask them to mail you their cata logue. You can then make intelligent selection. A home library should be carefully chosen, and be of permanent value to the household.

"He Leadeth Me"

"HE leadeth me" not only where
The lanes are decked with flowers fair—
Not only when the skies are blue
And all my friends are leal and true.

But when the thorns and briars meet
To hedge my path and bruise my feet—
When all my skies are clouded o'er
And friends I loved are friends no more.

'Tis then by faith I'll closer cling—
By faith a little louder sing—
"He leadeth me"—he knoweth best
The ways which lead to peace and rest.

Wheaton, Ill. HULDAH E. LOVELESS.

A Prince as a Stoker

DURING the record voyage of the British cruiser *Indomitable*, the Prince of Wales took his turn in the stokehole. The photograph shows the Prince as he appeared during his spell of work, wearing, as stoker's kit, a white suit, white headgear, and white gloves. The marvelous run of the *Indomitable*, which succeeded in crossing the Atlantic in time for the Quebec celebration, at an average speed of 25.13 knots per hour, has established a new naval record and makes her the fastest ocean-going ship in the world.

"George Guelph, Stoker"

Against Murderous Millinery

I READ with interest your recent article on Women's Hats, and think your correspondent's suggestion as to a Church Hat an excellent idea. Another aspect of present fashions in millinery, however, seems to me of far more moment than any feature mentioned by her. Surely the price paid for our feather trimmings should appal every woman who pauses to look at the awful figures that are counted up every year in this branch of trade. Nor do I refer to actual money bartered in exchange for wings and breasts and heads and tails, but to the brutal sacrifices of bird life — the heartless, cruel, inhuman slaughter of feathered songsters and birds of plumage to gratify the vanity of women and swell the purses of the dealers.

Apropos of the recent government agitation on the waste of the country's natural resources, it would be well to reflect for a moment on this needless sacrifice of one of its natural beauties; the denizens of field and forest, woodland and shore. Is it not appalling to read that whole species of our most beautiful birds are being almost, if not quite, exterminated for the sake of "murderous millinery"? And while the great part of this wealth in plumage comes to us from abroad, we are told that a vast number of birds were shipped not long ago from one State alone in these United States.

Wings no longer suffice, but women must have the whole carcasses of ospreys, birds of paradise, tanagers, hummingbirds, Indian parrots, bobolinks, and a host of others; thousands and thousands of them are bereft of life, year after year, and the figures of a recent invoice for a London consignment are fairly sickening. At an important missionary meeting, both the lady who presided and the missionary describing the cruelties of Indian life, wore aigrettes. Aigrettes—how beautiful! how pitiful! Yet they are among the luxuries most in demand this year. Every costly spray means the sacrifice of a little mother's life, for these can only be taken from the female bird at the breeding season, when the mother, anxious to protect her young, hovers near the nest. After she is killed, what becomes of the little ones? Their tired, hungry cries grow fainter and fainter until at last they are silenced forever by starvation.

When will the women be shamed out of this unutterably cruel, heartless vanity! Think that but for our feathered neighbors, vegetation would be immeasurably impoverished by destroying insects! Think of summer without the songs in the tree-tops or the love calls of the birds! The question has been agitated for years, and much has been written and many an able plea made by eloquent speakers on the subject, and yet—can anything be really accomplished until the women unite in lifting their voices in one mighty chorus of determination against this awful destruction of life and song?

Can any mother be deaf to the appeal of the mother songsters and the motherless young when the parent's life is taken? Can any tender-hearted girl or right-minded woman be blind to existing conditions? We do not kill the birds with our own hands; we do not command the slayer to go out into the forest and field on his ghastly mission, and the deed is already done, to be sure, before we even see the tempting plume or breast in the shop window. But does not every bit of plumage that has cost an innocent life sanction the taking of another? And truly, as long as women will pay the price, man will do the killing and simply say, "The woman; she tempted me."

A FRIEND OF THE SONG BIRDS.

Our Shorthand Classes

DURING the summer months, over 500 readers of this journal have taken advantage of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Correspondence Course of Shorthand to acquire a thorough training in the Pitman-Graham system of phonography. The same opportunity will now be extended to all who wish to be enrolled as students for the Correspondence Course during the fall and winter months.

Every State is represented in these classes. Under the very simple system of graded lessons employed, the students are making excellent progress, and their exercises show a uniform proficiency that is very gratifying to both pupils and teacher. Many students, after fairly entering on the Course, have written us expressing their surprise at its simplicity, and at the nominal fee ($1), while the charge for tuition at shorthand schools is from $12 to $20 and upwards.

The Correspondence Course of Shorthand consists of twenty-four lessons by mail, conducted by a Certificated Teacher. They can be taken weekly or semi-weekly as desired. Each lesson is full and self-explanatory. The system is the Standard Pitman-Graham—the most widely used in the business world. There are weekly reviews and two examinations. The method of instruction is so simple that any intelligent boy or girl, man or woman, can follow it throughout without difficulty. Shorthand is to-day a most valuable part of a business education, and the demand for competent stenographers is increasing every year. This Course, which is arranged specially for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers and their friends, is designed to equip the student for taking a position where mastery of shorthand will be a prime recommendation.

Now is the time to enter for the fall and winter classes. All who desire to qualify for a life vocation, should avail themselves of this liberal offer by sending full name and address with the enrolment fee of one dollar to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, New York City. The enrolment fee covers cost of printing, mail and examinations, and there are no extras whatsoever.

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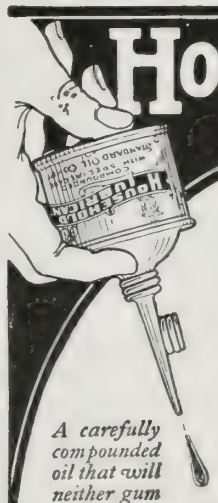

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The Transformation of Margaret

By MRS. ELEANOR H. PORTER

Author of "Into Still Waters," etc.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

Little Margaret Kendall, when five years old, was lost in New York and several years elapsed before she was restored to her grief-stricken mother at Houghtonsville. The child had lived among the children of the streets and had acquired their ways. At her mother's home she is surrounded with every luxury, but she wishes that the poor children might share her good fortune. "Bobby" McGinnis, who knew Margaret in New York, now lives near in the same town and becomes a great friend of the little girl. Her widowed mother becomes engaged to Doctor Spencer, who was instrumental in finding Margaret in New York. The little girl is filled with horror, as all the husbands she had heard of beat their wives. She sends to the doctor a contract in which it is stipulated that he will not beat her mother; this the amused doctor signs at once. Margaret insists on a visit from the children of the "Alley," with whom she lived in the slums. At first she wants them to stay always, but consents to have it made a visit. The child, when she sees them, realizes the difference between her old life and the new and is more contented to try and live as her mother wishes. She strives to please, but finds difficulty in curbing her speech and changing her manners. Her mother and herself go back to the city with the Alley children and try to arrange for their welfare. Mrs. Kendall then sends the little girl to a fashionable school in order to give Margaret the companionship of girls of her own age who will make her forget her past experiences, for Margaret was becoming a nervous wreck brooding over the poor people in the "Alley." The doctor and his bride start on their wedding journey; the train is wrecked and both are killed. Several years elapse. Mrs. Merideth and her two brothers, Ned and Frank Spencer, sister and brothers of the doctor who married Mrs. Kendall, are living at their home, Belcourt. Margaret, who has been away at school and traveling, comes to live with them. They find her a beautiful young girl with charming ways. Margaret, riding in an automobile with a Mr. Brandon, sees for the first time the dirty mill village near Belcourt. The mills belong to the Spencers and she learns much of the way in which the firm runs its business. They nearly run over a little girl named Maggie and Miss Kendall's interest is aroused. A young man named McGinnis holds an important position in the mill and is interested in bettering the conditions of the working people. Margaret meets him by chance and finds he is the one she used to know, and that as a boy he "had come to look after her property." She tells the Spencers that he is an old friend, somewhat to their annoyance. A little girl comes to say that Maggie, daughter of Patty who lived in the Alley, is ill. Margaret supplies them with comforts and calls frequently to see how they are getting on. The child says she is "going on twelve," though much younger. At twelve they can enter the mills. Margaret urges Mr. Spencer to rectify such a condition, but in vain. She fears Ned Spencer wishes to become more than a mere friend. Margaret investigates the mills and sees many children at work. She informs Frank that she is going to live among them, and he asks if she will stay, saying her presence means everything to one at Belcourt. She thinks he refers to his brother Ned, and says, "No."

CHAPTER XXXI—*Continued*

EVEN the most urgent entreaties on the part of Margaret failed to start the Spencers on their trip, and not until she herself finally threatened to make the first move and go down to the town, did they consent to go.

"But that absurd house of yours isn't ready yet," protested Mrs. Merideth.

"I know, but I shall stay with Patty until it is," returned Margaret. "I would rather wait until you go, as you seem so worried about the 'break,' as you insist upon calling it; but if you won't, why, I must, that is all. I must be there to superintend matters."

"Then I suppose I shall have to go," moaned Mrs. Merideth, "for I simply will not have you leave us here and go down there to live; and I shall tell everybody, everybody," she added firmly, "that it is merely for the winter, and that we allowed you to do it only on that one condition."

Margaret smiled, but she made no comment—it was enough to fight present battles without trying to win future ones.

On the day the rest of the family left Belcourt, Margaret moved to Patty's little house on the Hill road. Her tiny room under the eaves looked woefully small and inconvenient to eyes that were accustomed to luxurious Belcourt; and the supper—which to Patty was sumptuous in the extravagance she had allowed herself in her visitor's honor—did not tempt her appetite in the least. She told herself, however, that all this was well and good; and she ate the supper and laid herself down upon the hard bed with an exaltation that rendered her oblivious to taste and feeling.

In due time the Mill House, as Margaret called her new home, was ready for occupancy, and the family moved in. Naming the place had given Margaret no little food for thought.

"I want something simple and plain," she had said to Patty; "something that the people will like and feel an interest in. But I don't want any 'Refuges' or 'Havens' or 'Rests' or 'Homes' about it. It is a home, but not the kind that begins with a capital letter. It's just one of the mill houses."

"Well, why don't you call it the 'Mill House,' then, an' done with it?" demanded Patty.

"Patty, you're a genius! I will!" cried Margaret. And the "Mill House" it was from that day.

Margaret's task was not an easy one. Both she and her house were looked upon with suspicion; and she had some trouble in finding the two or three teachers of just the right sort to help her. Even when she had found these teachers, and opened her classes in sewing, cooking and the care of children, only a few enrolled themselves as pupils.

"Never mind," said Margaret, "we shall grow. You'll see!"

The mill people, however, were not the only ones that learned something during the next few months. Margaret herself learned much. She learned that while there were men who purposely idled their time away and drank up their children's hard-earned wages, there were others who tramped the streets in vain in search of work.

"I hain't got nothin' ter do yit, Miss," one such said to Margaret, in answer to her sympathetic inquiries. "But thar ain't a boss but what said if I'd got kids I might send 'em along. They was short o' kids. I been tryin' ter keep Rosy an' Katy ter school. I was cal'latin' ter make somethin' of 'em more'n their dad an' their mammy is; but I reckon as how I'll have ter set 'em ter work."

"Oh, but you mustn't," remonstrated Margaret. "That would spoil everything. Don't you see that you mustn't? They must go to school—get an education."

The man gazed at her with dull eyes.

"They got ter eat—first," he said.

"Yes, yes, I know," interposed Margaret, eagerly. "I understand all that, and I'll help about that part. I'll give you money until you get something to do."

A sudden flash came into the man's eyes. His shoulders straightened.

"Thank ye, Miss. We ben't charity folks." And he turned away.

A week later Margaret learned that Rosy and Katy were out of school. When she looked them up she found them at work in the mills.

This matter of the school question was a great puzzle to Margaret. Very early in her efforts she had sought out the public school teachers, and asked their help and advice. She was appalled at the number of children who appeared scarcely to understand that there was such a thing as school. This state of affairs she could not seem to remedy, however, in spite of her earnest efforts. The parents, in most cases, were indifferent, and the children more so. Some of the children in the mills, indeed, were there solely—according to the parents' version—because they could not "get on" in school. Conscious that there must be a school law, Margaret went vigorously to work to find and enforce it. Then, and not until then, did she realize the gravity of even this one phase of the problem she had undertaken to solve.

There were other phases, too. It was not always poverty, Margaret found, that was responsible for setting the children to work. Sometimes it was ambition. There were men who could not even speak the language of their adopted country intelligibly, yet who had ever before them the one end and aim—money. To this one end and aim was sacrificed all the life and strength of whatever was theirs. The minute such a man's boys and girls were big enough and tall enough to be "sworn in" he got the papers and set them to work; and never after that, as long as they could move one dragging little foot after the other, did they cease to pour into the hungry treasury of his hand the pitiful dimes and pennies that represented all they knew of childhood.

CHAPTER XXXII

THE winter passed and the spring came. The Mill House, even to the most skeptical observer, showed signs of being a success. Even already a visible influence had radiated from its shining windows and orderly yard; and the neighboring houses, with their obvious attempt at "slicking up," reminded one of a small boy who has been told to wash his face, for company was coming. The classes boasted a larger attendance, and the stomachs and the babies of many a family in the town were feeling the beneficial results of the lessons.

To Margaret, however, the whole thing seemed hopelessly small; there was so much to do, so little done! She was still the little girl with the teaspoon and the bowl of sand; and the chasm yawned as wide as ever. To tell the truth, Margaret was tired, discouraged, and homesick. For months her strength, time, nerves and sympathies had been taxed to the utmost; and now that there had come a breathing space, when the intricate machinery of her scheme could run for a moment without her hand at the throttle, she was left weak and nerveless. She was, in fact, perilously near a breakdown.

Added to all this she was lonely. More than she would own to herself she missed her friends, her home life at Belcourt, and the tender care and sympathetic interest that had been lavished upon her for so many years. Here she was the head, the strong tower of defense, the one to whom everybody came with troubles, perplexities and griefs. There was no human being to whom she could turn for comfort. They all looked to her. Even Bobby McGinnis, when she saw him at all—which was seldom—treated her with a frigid deference that was inexpressibly annoying to her.

From the Spencers she heard irregularly. Earlier in the winter the letters had been more frequent; nervously anxious epistles of some length from Mrs. Merideth; stilted notes, half protesting, half pleading, from Ned; and short but wonderfully sympathetic communications from Frank. Later Frank had fallen very ill with a fever of some sort, and Mrs. Merideth and Ned had written only hurried little bulletins from the sick room. Then had come the good news that Frank was out of danger, though still far too weak to undertake the long journey home. Their letters showed unmistakably their impatience at the delay, and questioned her as to her health and welfare, but could set no date for their return. Frank, in particular, was disturbed, they said. He had not planned to leave either herself or the mills so long, it being his intention when he went away merely to take a short trip with his sister and brother, and then hurry back to America alone. As for Frank himself—he had not written since his illness.

Margaret was thinking of all this, and was feeling specially forlorn as she sat alone in the little sitting-room at the Mill House one evening in early April. She held a book before her, but she was not reading; and she looked up at once when Patty entered the room.

"I'm sorry ter trouble ye," began

Continued on next page

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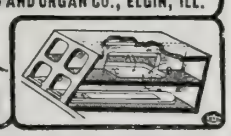

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The Transformation of Margaret

Continued from preceding page

Patty, hesitatingly, "but Bobby McGinnis is here an' wanted me ter ask ye—"

Margaret raised an imperious hand. "That's all right, Patty," she said so sharply that Patty opened wide her eyes; "but suppose you just ask Bobby McGinnis to come here to me and ask his question direct. I will see him now." And Patty, wondering vaguely what had come to her gentle-eyed, gentle-voiced mistress—as she insisted upon calling Margaret—fled precipitately.

Two minutes later Bobby McGinnis himself stood tall and straight just inside the door.

"You sent for me?" he asked.

Margaret sprang to her feet. All the pent loneliness of the past weeks and months burst forth in a stinging whip of retort.

"Yes, I sent for you." She paused, but the man did not speak, and in a moment she went on hurriedly, feverishly. "I always send for you—if I see you at all, and yet you know how hard I'm trying to help these people, and that you are the only one here that can help me."

She paused again, and again the man was silent.

"Don't you know what I'm trying to do?" she asked.

"Yes." The lips shut firmly over the single word.

"Didn't I ask you to help me? Didn't I appoint us a committee of two to do the work?" Her voice shook, and her chin trembled like that of a grieved child.

"Yes." Again that strained, almost harsh monosyllable.

Margaret made an impatient gesture.

"Bobby McGinnis, why don't you help me?" she demanded tearfully. "Why do you stand aloof and send to me? Why don't you come to me frankly and freely, and tell me the best way to deal with these people?"

There was no answer. The man had half turned his face so that only his profile showed clean-cut and square-chinned against the close shut door.

"Don't you know that I am alone here—that I have no friends but you and Patty?" she went on tremulously. "Do you think it kind of you to let me struggle along alone like this? Sometimes it seems almost as if you were afraid—"

"I am afraid," cut in a voice shaken with emotion.

"Bobby!" breathed Margaret in surprised dismay, falling back before the fire in the eyes that suddenly turned and flashed straight into hers. "Why, Bobby!"

If the man heard, he did not heed. The bonds of his self-control had snapped, and the torrent of words came with a force that told how great had been the pressure. He had stepped forward as she fell back, and his eyes still blazed into hers.

"I am afraid—I'm afraid of myself," he cried. "I don't dare to trust myself within sight of your dear eyes, or within touch of your dear hands—though all the while I'm hungry for both. Perhaps I do let you send for me, instead of coming of my own free will; but I'm never without the thought of you, and the hope of catching somewhere a glimpse of even your dress. Perhaps I do stand aloof; but many's the night I've walked the street outside, watching the light at your window, and many's the night I've not gone home until dawn lest some harm come to the woman I loved so—what am I saying?" he broke off hoarsely, dropping his face into his hands, and sinking into the chair behind him.

Over by the table Margaret stood silent, motionless, her eyes on the bowed figure of the man before her. Gradually her confused senses were coming into something like order. Slowly her dazed thoughts were taking shape.

It was her own fault. She had brought this thing upon herself. She should have seen—have understood. And now she had caused all this sorrow to this dear friend of her childhood—the little boy who had befriended her when she was alone and hungry and lost. . . . But, after all, why shouldn't he love her? And why shouldn't she—love him? He was good and true and noble, and for years he had loved her—she remembered now their childish compact, and she bitterly reproached herself that she had not thought of it before; it might have saved her this. . . . Still, did she want to save herself this? Was it not, after all, the very best thing that could have happened? Where and how could she do more good in the world than right here with this strong loving heart to help her? She loved him, too—she was sure she did, though she had never realized it before. Doubtless that was half the cause of her present restlessness and unhappiness—she had loved him all the time and did not know it! Surely there was no one in the world who could so wisely help her in her beloved work as Bobby. Of course she loved him!

Very softly Margaret crossed the room and touched the man's shoulder.

"Bobby, I did not understand—I did not know," she said gently. "You won't have to stay away—any more."

"Won't have to—stay—away!" The man was on his feet, incredulous wonder in his eyes.

"No. We—we will do it together—this work."

"But you don't mean—you can't mean—" McGinnis paused, his breath suspended.

"But I do," she answered, the quick red flying to her face. Then, half laughing, half crying, she faltered: "And—and I shouldn't think you'd make—me ask—you!"

"Margaret!" choked the man, as he fell on his knees and caught the girl's two hands to his lips.

CHAPTER XXXIII

NED SPENCER returned alone to Belcourt about the middle of April. In spite of their able corps of managers, the Spencers did not often leave the mills for so long a time without the occasional presence of one or the other of the firm, though Ned frequently declared that the mills were like a clock that winds itself, so admirably adjusted was the intricate machinery of their management.

It was not without some little embarrassment and effort that Ned sought out the Mill House immediately upon his return, and called on Margaret.

"I left Della and Frank to come more slowly," he said, after the greetings were over. "Frank, poor chap, isn't half strong yet, but he was impatient that some one should be here. For that matter, I found things in such fine shape that I told them I was going away again. We made more money when I wasn't round than when I was!"

Margaret smiled, but very faintly. She understood only too well that behind all this lay the reasons why her urgent requests and pleas regarding some of the children had been so ignored in the office of Spencer & Spencer during the last few months. She almost said as much to Ned, but she changed her mind and questioned him about Frank's health and their trip instead.

To be continued

IMPORTANT

Do not fail to read carefully the last column of page 728. Do it now before you forget it.

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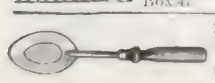

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Ancient Jerusalem*

THIS great work, long awaited by students of the Holy Land, may well be regarded by Mr. Merrill as the crowning effort of a life crowded with scholarly achievements. Competent and experienced beyond any who have ever before essayed to write upon Jerusalem, his words carry final and authoritative weight. The enormous mass of measurements and statistics included within the more than 400 pages of the book testify to its author's prodigious industry. Its abundant illustrations serve to make good his assertions, many of which controvert those of less well informed writers, who have established traditions for which there is no basis in history.

Confining himself with admirable restraint to the statement and arrangement of facts, Mr. Merrill yields to no temptation to exploit any of the thousand Oriental myths which have grown up around the most famous city of the world. He has not needed to resort to such methods in order to quicken his readers' interest. No novel could be more thrilling than the descriptions here found of the building of Herod's great palace; of the different city walls; of the careers of the chief conquerors and rulers of Palestine; and of the Maccabean line.

Many lessons for us of the newer day may be learned from these pages—such as that of the paramount importance of building with stone instead of wood, if we wish immunity from fire—a truth which even our cities do not sufficiently regard; and of the advantage of different kinds of stone-cutting. Those who have wondered why the buildings of Palestine have perished so rapidly compared with those of Egypt, find here another explanation besides that generally accepted, of the more frequent wars which have devastated the former. The stone of Egypt is harder and its climate less trying. It seems that the building stone of Palestine is generally shaly in character, wearing away almost like wood. Another interesting fact brought out by Mr. Merrill is the close relationship between the Phœnicians and the Hebrews.

A great infidel was converted to Christianity, it is said, by simply reading the history of the Jews and beholding their present status among the nations of the world. Amid the mass of details which make up this work, still the great historical course of the Hebrew race shines out vividly. Every reader must be impressed anew with the wonder of it, and with the startling corroborations of the Scripture narrative which it contains.

* *Ancient Jerusalem*, by the Hon. Selah Merrill, for sixteen years American Consul at Jerusalem; author of *Explorations East of the Jordan; Galilee in the Time of Christ*, etc., etc.; lecturer on Oriental Researches and Discoveries before the Lowell Institute, Boston; The Peabody Institute, Baltimore, and many other Societies. Illustrated. Fleming H. Revell Co.

Books Received

A Virginia Feud, by George Taylor Lee. A delightful story of life and love in the Virginia mountains. Pp. 341, cloth covers, price $1.50. Neale Publishing Company, New York and Washington.

The Spirit of the School, by Ralph Henry Barbour. D. Appleton & Company. A spirited story of boarding school life, with special interest for those who enjoy football and baseball. A story that will be enjoyed by all boys and many girls.

The New Encyclopedia of Social Reform. A comprehensive work, including all social reform movements and activities, and the economic, industrial and sociological facts and statistics of all countries. Edited by W. D. P. Bliss and a large staff of specialists. This is a new edition of a work whose value has already been widely recognized, and is, in itself, a whole library of information for all who are interested in the world's progress and the betterment of living conditions. It covers 2,500 subjects. Pp. 1,325; cloth binding; price $7.50. Funk & Wagnalls, New York and London, publishers.

Harmony and Ear-Training, by Prof. W. A. White, Syracuse University. A treatise "which breaks new ground." It is a unified treatment of both subjects and should prove a valuable aid to both teacher and pupil. Pp. 218, price $1.50. Silver, Burdett & Co., New York, Boston and Chicago, publishers.

The Joy of Piney Hill, by Gabrielle Jackson. D. Appleton & Company. A charming story of an ideal boarding school for girls, with a little heroine who wins every heart, and whose circumstances, at first sorrowful, gradually clear up, so that her life becomes bright and sunny. This book may be given as a birthday present to girls from twelve to fifteen, and will be sure to please them.

The Esperanto Student for August fulfils the promise made by this bright little magazine in its initial number. It has a report of the Chautauqua Congress, by Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts, and several interesting articles and a story in Esperanto. The department of Book Reviews and Questions and Answers contain much matter of interest and instruction to Esperantists, especially beginners. Published at Rutherford, N.J., at 50 cents a year.

Among the Workers

—EVANGELIST LIDDELL, of Chincoteague, Va., conducted several services at the old Carey Camp-meeting near Millsboro, Del., lately. A number confessed Christ.

—THE EIGHTH general convocation for prayer will be held at Grand Rapids, Mich., September 10 to 20. Rev. S. B. Shaw of Grand Rapids is president of the organization.

—THE AMERICAN MEDICAL MISSIONARY COLLEGE at Battle Creek, Mich., and Chicago, Ill., has scholarships available for those who are under appointment for foreign missionary work.

—A CONFERENCE to consider problems relating to the religious education of the negro was held August 18, 19, 20, 1908, at Clifton, Mass., in the home of Mr. W. N. Hartshorn, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the International Sunday School Association. Thirty-four Southern institutions for negro education were represented, also twelve great religious denominations and nine leading home missionary organizations. Dr. John E. White, of Atlanta, Ga., presided. The object of the Conference was to discuss the mental, moral and religious condition of the negro, and how to improve it.

OUR FATHER

OUR Father, who, in heaven above,
Art throned as gracious Lord,
May thy dear name in earth as heaven
Be hallowed and adored.

Oh may thy blessed kingdom come
In all the earth, we pray,
With power and sweetness more and more,
As day succeeds to day.

Our inner lives, our outer lives,
With influence sweet control;
So may thy will in earth as heaven
Be done by every soul.

Give us this day our daily bread
That we may eat and live;
And to our hungering hearts, we beg,
Some crumbs of comfort give.

Forgive our sins as we forgive,
Most humbly we implore;
Seal thou the pardon on our hearts,
And bid us sin no more.

Save us from hurting other souls;
Oh save our own from harm;
Oh shield from Satan's cruel sway
By thy almighty arm.

Hear, heavenly Father, hear our prayer
In this accepted hour,
For thine the kingdom ever is,
The glory and the power.

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IMPORTANT

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What There Is in It

THE saloon-keepers all may be very nice men,
But what is there in it for me?
I bow in my money and wake in the pen,
what is there in it for me?
Ofcourse I'm as welcome as flowers in May
When I come to the joint to squander my pay,
But wake in the cooler the very next day;
and that's all there's in it for me.

Above this country we're swimming in booze,
it what is there in it for me?
The saloon-keeper's kids are wearing new shoes,
it what is there in it for me?
The distiller's share is an automobile,
And carriage the retailer's share of the deal,
it I'm wearing shoes that are down at the heel,
And that's all there's in it for me.

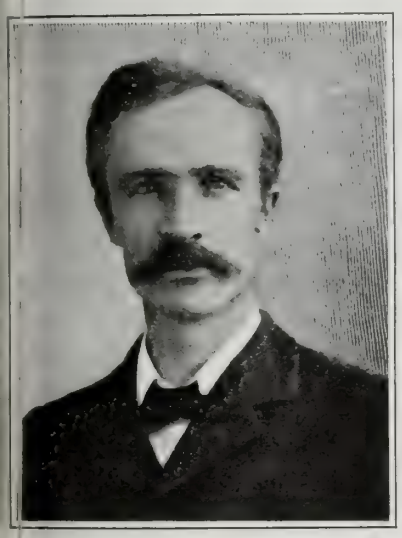
My thirst costs me more than my clothes and my food,
and that's all there's in it for me.
The booze took my money and did me no good,
and that's all there's in it for me.
The brewer is rich, he has gold by the peck,
The barman gets paid—he's always on deck—
But whatever I get, I get in the neck—
and that's all there's in it for me.

Why should I vote that the curse may endure?
or what is there in it for me?
I'm bound to vote "dry" on election day sure,
or what is there in it for me?
Why, new self-respect and a chance for my life,
New clothes for the kids and a home for my wife,
The beginning of peace, the end of all strife—
and that's what there's in it for me!"

(Author unknown. Printed as a tract for free distribution by Temperance Committee, Rev. Harvey Wood, Secretary, 49 Claremont Avenue, New York City.)

President of the English Baptists

THIS year's President of the Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland, just entering upon his duties, is the



Rev. Charles Brown

Rev. Charles Brown, of Ferme Park Chapel, London — a comparatively young man, but one who has made his mark as a preacher, and who is rightly regarded as one of the ablest of the Free Church leaders. He belongs to the "old school," that is to say, he is rather a Higher Critic nor a New Theologian. He believes with all his heart in the Bible and its message, and the crowded congregations which hang upon his words in his own church, and wherever he goes to preach, are proof that the man who preaches with brain and heart is always sure of an audience.

His intellectual faculties were first awakened by his Sunday School teacher, a cultivated woman, who opened her house three evenings a week and poured out her fine teaching powers on half a dozen country lads, most of whom bless her memory, and thank God to-day for her wondrous faith and devotion." This spiritual preparation for the ministry came first from his mother.

The beautiful building in which Mr. Brown preaches in one of London's northern suburbs is a noble monument to his labors there. There are over a thousand members in full communion with the church.

In an appreciation of Mr. Brown from the pen of the distinguished Birmingham preacher, the Rev. J. H. Jowett, M.A., the new president of the Baptist Union is described as "one of those men who by their very presence make us think of God. His light shines, and we see his good works, but we instinctively glorify his Father who is in heaven. A text is not for him a market stall on which he can exhibit motley goods of his own collection; a text is a mine, containing precious ore, and he delves and quarries to bring the buried wealth to the surface. And the beauty of his work is this, that he induces the spectators to become miners, to go and labor in the same rich veins and to return laden with treasure.

J. K. M.

An International Temperance Appeal

A COMMITTEE of the International Association of Physicians at Stockholm has just prepared and issued the following appeal. It is entitled "An Appeal by the Physicians of all Lands to all Rulers, Governments, Legislatures, all Educators, Teachers, and Ministers, and all Who Have a Sincere Interest in the Welfare of Our Race and Coming Generations." It proceeds:

"We, who belong to the medical profession and have by study and experience been especially enabled to recognize the true nature and the effects of alcoholic beverages, hereby declare that we are thoroughly convinced that these beverages are altogether unnecessary and in every way injurious, so that we believe the evils arising from the indulgence in intoxicating drinks can and should be eliminated and avoided. Above all, the youth should be taught by precept and example and protected by legal enactments, so that they will abstain from alcoholic liquors. We declare that it is our conviction that this course must be pursued to insure the future sobriety of the race, which is the foundation of its prosperity, welfare and progress."

It is signed by Dr. Holitscher, Pirkenhammer, Germany; Dr. Santesson, Stockholm, Sweden; Dr. Ridge, Enfield, England; Dr. Stein, Budapest, Hungary; Dr. Vogt, Christiania, Norway; Dr. Laitinen, Helsingfors, Finland; Dr. Olrik, Frederiksvaerk, Denmark.

Called Higher

Entered into rest, Mrs. J. Rockwood, of Milan, Mich., at the age of fifty-two. She was a woman of earnest Christian character.

Called higher, Mrs. Ruth Caraway of Julia, W.Va. She was thirty-two years of age and had been a member of the Methodist Church for over fifty years.

Mrs. Margaret Craven of Waukesha, Wis., fell asleep February 17, 1908, having passed her ninety-third birthday. She had long been a subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mrs. Jane Butcher, of Brooklyn, N. Y., passed to her reward February 15, aged eighty-six years. Her life of faith and holy living was an inspiration to all who knew her. She loved this paper and watched for it each week.

Jacob Helfrich, of Carrollton, O., for many years a reader of this paper, has been called to his reward in his ninetieth year. He had been a life-long Christian and an active member of the Lutheran Church during his life.

Mrs. S. A. Meek, aged eighty-four, passed to her reward from her home in Knoxville, Tenn. To the last she took an active interest in affairs. She was long a subscriber to this paper and greatly enjoyed the published sermons.

Mrs. Lucy A. Beal departed this life, recently, at her home in East Alstead, N. H., at the age of ninety-two. She was a constant reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for nearly twenty years. She kept young in spirit, and interested in the affairs of her town and of the world generally.

Deacon Benjamin N. Webb, of Riverdale, N. H., passed to his reward December 4, 1907, at the age of eighty-two years. He was a member of the Congregational Church from early manhood. He was for twenty-seven years a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and loved it next to the Bible.

Entered into rest Dr. Freeda M. Lankton, of Omaha, Neb. A Christian physician, she spent her life in doing good, healing the sick and seeking the spiritual as well as the physical welfare of those to whom she ministered. She was a stanch friend of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and gave freely to its many charities and to aid the famine sufferers in India and China. She also supported a missionary and several orphan children in foreign lands. After her death her administrator found on every page of her account book one or more items followed by the words "Given to Christ." Her husband died six years ago, and her life since has been one solely of service.

IMPORTANT

Do not fail to read carefully the last column of page 728. Do it now before you forget it.

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Where reading and writing are to be done, and where an artistic effect is considered, no other artificial light is comparable to that of a good lamp.

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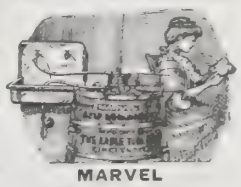

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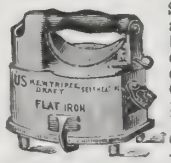

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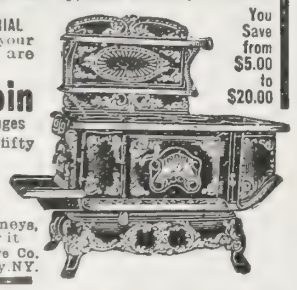

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YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES

The Lord of the Sabbath*

NO FACTS are more firmly established than that the nature of man is threefold, physical, intellectual and spiritual, and that these three natures depend absolutely upon each other. No human being is fully and wholesomely developed who has neglected any one of these parts of himself.

The prize-fighter is too likely to make himself into an ox of strength and to care little for his mind and soul. The scholar is tempted to neglect his body, and not infrequently his soul. The ancient monks and eremites pretended, and not infrequently carried out their pretense, to pay no attention to body or mind, but to devote themselves only to the things of the spirit.

Every one of these classes cherishes a false and imperfect notion of the high office of humanity. We are undoubtedly placed here in order to make the most of the stuff that is in us. In many ways, and especially in the parable of the talents, Christ taught us this great truth. The vast and complicated work of the world—its preparation for the millennium of Christ's universal reign—can be best performed by men equally strong in body, mind and soul. No one of these can be neglected without sin.

In our day men are carrying to almost grotesque lengths the care of the body. Directions for the proper food, the proper exercise, the proper clothing are to be found in every periodical that one picks up. Men choose their homes here or there because their bodily health is likely to be bettered accordingly. They travel or remain at home, they go to bed or get up, they eat or drink, in order to promote health of body.

The care of the mind is also receiving in our age far more attention than ever before. Men do not as yet value the mind as much as the body; but the schools and libraries which are springing up on every side, testify that the life of the intellect is likely to be abundantly fostered during the coming centuries.

But the soul—the spirit of man—the residence of his conscience, the spring whence he draws the living water of heroism, unselfishness, devotion to duty, love of that Highest and Best which we call God—what attention is this receiving in this violently "practical" age? And yet what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world of health and of intellect and lose his own soul?

The Sabbath, with its necessary rest of one day in seven, comes like a benediction to the spiritual nature of man. It is necessary for his body and his mind. It is vitally necessary for his soul and it should be spent with this special end in view—growth in spiritual things. The French Revolutionists thought that one day in ten would suffice to accomplish the purposes of a Sabbath. Read your histories and find out what a bungle they made of it.

Delitsch tells in his latest book most interesting stories of the pillars of stone uncovered during recent excavations on the sites of the great heathen cities of antiquity. On these pillars are tables of moral laws, not unlike our own, some of them containing directions to stop all work on one day in seven and present sacrifices to the gods. The kings of the Gentiles learned early in their history that one day of rest was needed in every seven, for that the world was made in seven days, and that God rested on the seventh day, was a well-nigh universal belief.

Dr. Blaikie calls the Sabbath "the savings bank of human existence"; and Beecher said: "Our Sabbaths should be hills of light and joy in God's presence."

*Topic of the Epworth League for Sunday, September 27. Text: Matt. 12 : 1-7; Isa. 58 : 13, 14.

The Cry of the City*

THE preservation of morality among masses of men must early have been found to be difficult. The episode of Sodom and Gomorrah occurs almost at the beginning of Scripture history. Not even ten righteous men could be found there. The sinfulness of Babylon and Nineveh became a proverb. Doubtless all of the great cities of antiquity were almost as bad. Tyre and Sidon were similarly denounced. The prophets agonized over the fate of Damascus and of Tarshish. Our Lord wept over the wickedness of Jerusalem.

Probably Rome at the height of her glory surpassed any other city in the profligacy of her nobles and the corruption and suffering of her slaves. It is recklessly asserted by some of the ancient writers that morality was unknown there. Seneca is authority for the statement that his mother was the only modest woman in the society which they frequented.

This is not to say that there were not many good, pure, true men and women in Rome, as in most of these other cities, even at their worst. Paul's great labors in Rome must have enkindled there a great fire of Christian love and goodness. His disciples were to be found even "in Cæsar's household," and surely the doctrine set forth in the epistle to the Romans enjoins upon them the most scrupulous morality. The great commandments were emphatically repeated there and also many of the most affecting portions of the Sermon on the Mount.

In our own country, where no strong central government controls the whole land, but the States manage largely their own affairs, and they, in turn, place the burden of the government of each city chiefly upon itself, the individual citizens carry a heavier responsibility than in other countries. If our city is wicked, it is our own fault. Every man has a hand in the municipal control. If he knows of any reform that should be instituted—anything that ought to be done, he should speak of it. The mayor and his council—the heads of departments—the daily and weekly papers, all of these should be informed. If our cities are bad, we, their citizens, are one and all to blame.

For many years there has been a steady stream of emigration from the country districts to the cities. Young men ambitious to become rich, or eager for amusement and excitement, have left the farms, and have taken up any sort of a position in the city, just for the sake of being there.

Mr. Beecher often deplored this tendency. He was wont to declare that for every one who could succeed in the city, ten men could succeed in the country. In one of his most eloquent outbursts, he said: "I dread nothing more than to hear young men saying, 'I am going to the city.' If they ask me what chances there are for a lawyer in the city, I say, 'Just the chance that a fly has on a spider's web. Go down and be eaten up.' If they ask me what chances there are for a mechanic in the city, I say, 'Good! good! There Death carries on a wholesale and retail business. Coffin-making there is admirable. Men are dying ten times as fast as anywhere else.'"

Beecher was, perhaps, too extreme in his expression; but undoubtedly the strain and expense of average city life are far greater than that of country life. God is working in the hearts of his people in the cities, however, and his missionaries are found in all their borders, carrying into the very slums the light and healing of the Gospel.

*Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, September 27. Text: Gen. 18 : 16-33.

THE WAY OUT
From Weakness to Power by Food Ro[illegible]

Getting the right start for the day's w[illegible] often means the difference between d[illegible] things in wholesome comfort, or drag along half dead all day.
There's more in the use of proper food t[illegible] many people ever dream of—more's the p[illegible]
"Three years ago I began working [illegible] general store," writes a man, "and betw[illegible] frequent deliveries and more frequent [illegible] tomers, I was kept on my feet from mor[illegible] till night.
"Indigestion had troubled me for s[illegible] time, and in fact my slight breakfast [illegible] taken more from habit than appetite. [illegible] first this insufficient diet was not not [illegible] much, but at work it made me weak [illegible] hungry long before noon.
"Yet a breakfast of rolls, fried foods [illegible] coffee meant headache, nausea and kind[illegible] discomforts. Either way I was losing wei[illegible] and strength, when one day a friend sugges[illegible] that I try a 'Grape-Nuts breakfast.'
"So I began with some stewed fr[illegible] Grape-Nuts and cream, a soft boiled [illegible] toast, and a cup of Postum. By noon I [illegible] hungry, but with a healthy, normal appe[illegible] The weak languid feeling was not there.
"My head was clearer, nerves steadier t[illegible] for months. To-day my stomach is strong, appetite normal, my bodily power splen[illegible] and head always clear."
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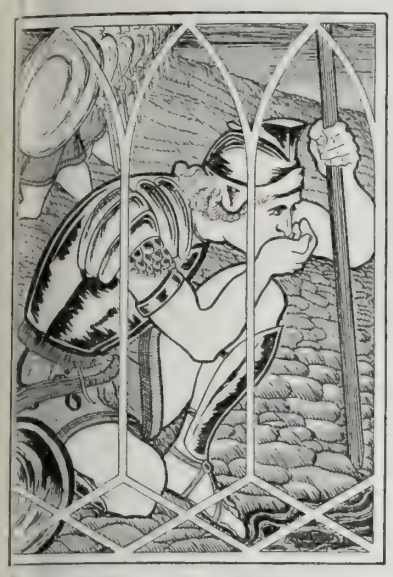

Choosing of the Gideons. (Judges 7 ch.)

THE organization known as the Gideons is composed of Christian commercial traveling men. What do they do? They carry the Gospel to the great army of traveling salesmen and incidentally to thousands of others. Where do they go? Into every hamlet, city, town, village, valley, mountain, and plain of the United States. They are one of the largest aggregations of home missionaries ever brought together, and exceed in number all the home missionaries of all the churches of the United States.

They do not ask financial aid from any church or society outside of themselves. Their mission and work are purely unselfish and they expect no remuneration except that which comes to any life devoted to the Master's service.

The Gideons are engaged in a new movement, in which every Christian will be interested. It is estimated there are 400,000 commercial traveling men in the States, a very small per cent. of whom are nominal Christians, while a still smaller number are members of the Gideons. At the last (ninth) convention held in Louisville, Ky., last July, it was determined to make an effort to place in each guest room of every hotel a copy of the Bible.

This is a great task. When we get an idea of the number of hotels in the United States and then estimate the number of guest rooms, we have the quantity of Bibles to be purchased. If hotels prosper, these guest rooms must be occupied frequently. The average hotel room is occupied by the same person but once; thus an average of from twenty to twenty-five different persons occupied each guest room of every hotel every month in the year.

Thousands of this great multitude know little if anything of the power of God's Word. In the quiet of their room, alone with their trials and temptations, they would recall the message of earlier days as they see the Bible in the dresser, and search its pages, while the Holy Spirit does the rest.

"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel." A hotel is "all the world" in procession, and the Gideons desire to be the conveyers of the Gospel to this procession as their part in spreading the Word. The expense will be large should they try to do this work as they do every other work they undertake. They are expecting the cooperation of all classes of people. Pastors and churches who appreciate the need of Bibles in hotels in their towns and cities, can apply to the Gideons for this purpose. For this purpose the Gideons will invite outside aid. They will contract for the Bibles in quantities, and binding and style will be in proper accord with the environment into which they are to be placed and will bear the stamp of the Gideon organization.

The national headquarters of the Gideons are at 17 Quincy Street, Room 601 Baltimore Building, Chicago. F. A. Garlick is National Secretary.

God's Judgment on Sin

By Mrs. M. Baxter

WHEN the Almighty God pronounces "woe," then it is woe indeed, even as when he says "blessed," he has the power to bless. After the lamentations of the prophet Isaiah over the grievous degeneracy of God's people in his day, he speaks immediately of "the latter days." He sees the future glory of Israel; but he sees also God's judgment, the time of the "great tribulation." Looking with a prophet's eye on the present and on the future, he says, "Say ye to the righteous that it shall be well with him; for they shall eat the fruit of their doings. Woe unto the wicked, for it shall be ill with him, for the reward of his hands shall be given him."

What is it that has brought about the desolation of Israel? Six sins are mentioned, which all have their root in selfishness: "We have turned every one to his own way," and one of them, drunkenness, is twice named. The first is covetousness. This sin is as strong amongst God's ancient people now as in Isaiah's time; but it is not peculiar to the Jews. How many so-called Christians join house to house, shop to shop, factory to factory, utterly regardless of how it may affect their struggling neighbors! The principle of "Live and let live" has died out, and the combinations of the rich capitalist to tread others down out of the market, and to get a monopoly, and the modern combines and trusts, ruin thousands who do business in a small way. "Might is right" is the principle on which they go, but this is not to be found in the Word of the living God; it is the principle which will govern the "man of sin" and his adherents in the last days. And these men of gigantic covetousness, who tread under foot the command, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," are unconsciously making the way for the great Antichrist. The terrible thing is that many of them are professing Christians, and yet utterly asleep to the woe which has gone out from God against them.

The same lust of the flesh which makes the covetous man the despicable being that he is, makes the slave of drink to be equally the dupe of Satan, the laughing-stock of the thoughtless, the pity of the compassionate. How many boast of their strength of nerve and will, and declare that they can stop when they like, and they do not see that the coils of the python are winding themselves around them, and that they are slaves already. It is a dangerous thing for himself when a young man tampers with strong drink, and it may lead to the death of others who may follow his example, even if he should escape. The question for the Christian is not "Will the taking of stimulants harm *me?*" A higher motive belongs to one who, as a new creature in Christ Jesus, lives no more unto himself. The question with him is, "Can I serve and honor my God, and can I serve my fellow creatures most by taking stimulants or by abstaining from them?" There can be but one answer. God here draws a terrible picture of the consequences of strong drink: "My people are gone into captivity." Take it in the lowest sense, and search the prisons in our own land, how many are there through drink? Some tell us nine in every ten. "Their honorable men are famished, and their multitude parched with thirst." Until God lays hold of a drunkard, all his misery does not bring him down; he will excuse himself to the very last, deny his sin, or justify himself.

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Please remember that the closing date mentioned in last week's issue is hereby EXTENDED TO MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 28. This is the very LAST MAILING DAY. See Editorial, third column of page 748.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

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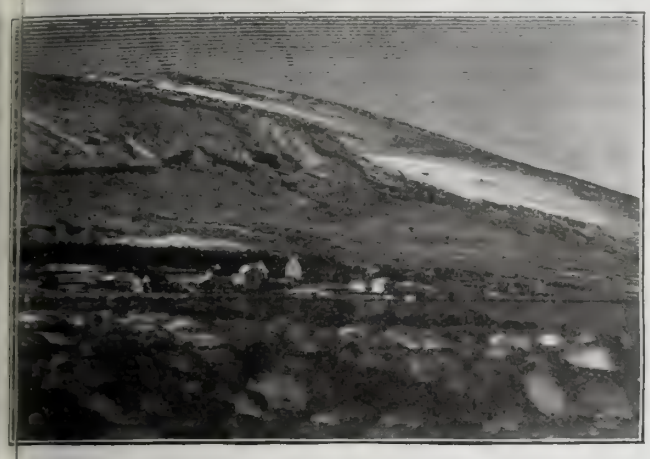

Mr. Schmitt Ready for a Journey

Nain, Labrador, in July, when the Ice Leaves the Coast

IN PERIL AMID ARCTIC ICE FLOES

By CHRISTIAN SCHMITT

Of Nain, Labrador

WHEN I wrote you last year, I think I mentioned that I was detained at Cape Chidley nearly the whole summer, through an accident to our mission ship *Harmony*. Finally, I barely reached Nain (about the 10th of November) before the new ice closed all navigation.

I have been very pleased with the new sleigh which your CHRISTIAN HERALD readers provided for my work. I find it much superior to any of the sleighs here; it is so very light, and by virtue of this and the wide shoes, it does not sink into the snow, like our local sleighs. On this account we are able to travel much faster, which is of considerable importance in these regions, where winter days are so very short. Beside these practical advantages, the new sleigh is much more comfortable, and traveling with it is now a pleasure. Kindly accept my heartiest thanks for this generous gift, and express the same to your readers, who so generously interested themselves in it.

Ice and snow have once more departed and our coast is sufficiently clear to permit ships to arrive and letters to be sent and received. What a world it is that opens to us again, after the long winter months! News pours in from all quarters, and after glancing through letters and papers, one is thankful that so many dear friends are still among the living. Only a few days ago, we heard of the narrow escape Dr. Grenfell had on the ice this spring. It reminds us of dangers encountered here. Some of our experiences may be of interest to your readers.

During the long winter months, while our coast is icebound (from November till June), our Eskimos go out to the ice's edge (out in the open sea and away from the lands). Here the ice breaks off frequently and in the expanse of open water thus caused the Eskimo is able to hunt the seal, walrus and polar bear. While hunting, they mostly have a permanent dwelling on an outside island, from which their operations take place to North, East or South with sledge and dogs. The ice in these quarters is anything but stationary, and after each gale of wind (which latter are very frequent in winter—some strange may take place. Any gale may cause a ground swell, which is always much feared, as it makes the firm ice break up. Huge pieces of floe-ice drift, sometimes closely packed and even shoved on top of each other, sometimes loosely floating in the water; but these soon freeze up together again, making once more a solid but very uneven mass of ice. This more or less shifting, heaving, changing mass of ice and sea is, during the winter months, the hunting ground of our people.

While I was visiting these people in March, last winter, two men, Boas Tullak and Tobias Maggo, left early one morning to go out on the ice walrus hunting. The weather was fine and clear and, as the ice floes were far apart, some new ice and patches of open water were found between them. The danger, however, that threatened was the thinness of the new ice. It was only two days old and would hardly bear the weight of dogs, sleds and men. But the chances were good for a hunt, as the new ice just suited the great monster walrus. He could without trouble poke his nose through anywhere, take a supply of fresh air into his lungs, and dive again for half an hour or twenty minutes, when he would have to come up again for a fresh supply.

Missionary Schmitt and His New Sled

Boas and Tobias, after they arrived at the hunting ground proper, made fast their dogs to a pan of ice and left all but guns and harpoons behind them. They now advanced cautiously over the new ice, avoiding the places where it was too thin. Sure enough, they soon found that walrus were at hand. Here and there one could see the holes in the thin ice, which the animals had made, and by closely examining the small bits of ice thus ejected to the surface, Boas could tell exactly how many hours ago the hole was made. In the distance, a huge bull walrus had swung himself on to the big pan of ice and was sunning himself; but to get near enough for a shot was almost impossible on an open expanse and without a screen of iceberg or big floe ice. The signs were good in the nearest vicinity, so the walrus on the pan was not molested. Yet it was difficult to get near enough to a walrus for a thrust with the harpoon.

Late in the afternoon, Boas, after waiting for more than an hour at a likely place, darted forth his harpoon with all his might and buried it deep in the chest of the surprised and enraged animal. The further end of the skin line attached to the harpoon was speedily made fast to the nearest sound piece of ice, and both Boas and Tobias held on to this for dear life. The animal was duly killed, for, when it came to the surface again to breathe, it had lost much blood and was considerably weakened. It was then dispatched by either gun or harpoon, quartered, and the meat, fat and skin duly deposited on the nearest pan of sound ice.

Meanwhile, night had set in, the days being yet very short, and the hunters had to be quick and get back to sledge and dogs in order to reach home the same night. The booty was left behind to be brought forward, however, the following day, as it was unsafe to travel with a loaded sledge and at night on thin ice. The men often spend a night on the ice, or build a snow house, if sufficient hard snow can be found for the purpose; but this time, by careful navigation and the light of a new moon, they reached home over the thin ice in safety.

I happened to be paying them a visit at the time. The small settlement consists only of five families, but how glad they were to be visited by their missionary! A man and a child were very sick. Others were recovering from a severe attack of influenza and these were thankful for the advice and medicine I was able to give. We had services together, and when one remembers that only once in a while the Gospel is heard by these hearty natives, one is only too glad to give his best for their spiritual nourishment.

One bright little girl of nine years busied herself with her letters and pencil, and with her mother's help is now able to read and write fairly well. The recent hunt, however, and the success attending it were uppermost in their thoughts. Not always is a hunt attended with so little difficulty, and the hairbreadth escapes, when the ice is driven out to sea by

Continued on page 755

The American Pulpit

A SERMON BY

REV. A. B. SIMPSON

Gifts and Grace

TEXT:

"But covet earnestly the best gifts. And yet show I unto you a more excellent way." I. Cor. 12:31. "Follow after love." I. Cor. 14:1 (R.V.)

THE attention of the Christian Church is being strongly directed at this time to the special gifts of the Spirit, and it is well that we should consider carefully and soberly the teachings of the Holy Scriptures on this important subject. It occupies a prominent and large place in this manual of the church, the first epistle of Paul to the Corinthians, almost three whole chapters being devoted to its discussion.

First of all let us carefully remember that the gifts of the Spirit here defined are quite distinct from the grace of the Spirit, and that our possession of these gifts does not affect our personal salvation and sanctification and our standing with God as subjects of his grace. This is quite apart from the Holy Spirit's ministry in leading us to Christ for salvation and in bringing us into union with him through consecration and the baptism of the Holy Ghost. The most pernicious error abroad today in connection with these gifts is to make them a necessary test of our having received the Holy Ghost, and come into the fulness of Christ.

Gifts of the Holy Spirit

The following points are clear and important in connection with the teaching of the apostle regarding the *charismata* or gifts of the Spirit:

1. The apostle distinguishes gifts, ministries and operations of the Spirit (vs. 4-6). By the gifts he means the special power communicated to the believer through the Holy Ghost for some special ministry. By the word administration he means the use of that gift in some actual ministry or form of service. And by the word operations he means the inward workings of the Holy Ghost in our individual experience as we receive this gift and exercise this ministry. It brings a corresponding experience to the heart as well as a more effective ministry to the life. We are not cold and passive instruments in the hands of the Master, but warm, living, responsive co-workers with him, receiving in our own hearts the blessing which we are used in imparting to others. Now there are diversities of these gifts, ministries and experiences, but it is the one Spirit that works in every case. We are taught, therefore, at the beginning not to attempt to copy anyone, but remember that God has a different method with every individual.

2. Every disciple of Christ ought to have some special manifestation of the Holy Ghost and some gift for Christian service. "The manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal" (v. 7). There is no place for idlers and drones, and there is no excuse for the fruitless Christian. God has power and work for all who will yield themselves to him for his service and glory.

Gifts Are of Many Varieties

3. These gifts are conferred by the Holy Ghost himself in his sovereign will according to individual fitness and for the completeness and profit of the whole body of Christ. He knows the gift that will best enable us to glorify him and help others. No disciple can expect to receive all these gifts. It is preposterous to say that the gift of tongues, for example, is the criterion of having received the Holy Ghost. The apostle distinctly asks, "Have all the gift of tongues?" God adjusts our equipment to our natural temperament and ability, to our providential circumstances and to the special work which he has called us to do. We are represented here as various members of the body of Christ, and as in the body the different members have different offices, so is it in the body of Christ. The apostle asks with graphic force, "If the whole body were an eye, where were the hearing? If the whole were hearing where were the smelling?" It is easy to make the figure still more vivid. Suppose a human face was all nose, or all ears, it would be a monstrosity. And suppose it were all tongue, and especially a foreign tongue, it would neither be attractive nor useful. Our business is to yield ourselves to the Holy Spirit for such gifts and ministries as he has for us, and trust him for the enduement and the enabling.

4. The particular gifts of the Spirit are next specified. There are nine of them altogether. The first is the gift of wisdom. Wisdom is that quality which enables us to do the right thing and to avoid the wrong thing. It is the helm of life. Like salt in the natural world, often imperceptible and seemingly of little consequence, but absolutely necessary to life and health, so wisdom pervades every other quality and ministry, and rightly holds the first place as the pre-eminent gift of the Holy Ghost. We are very apt to overlook this quality in our search for the more brilliant and extraordinary manifestations of the Spirit, and the lack of wisdom often leads to the abuse of the very things we desire.

The second gift is knowledge. This is the knowledge of the truth, and especially the Word of God. Here it is spoken of as the word of wisdom. It is not a general stock of crystallized knowledge laid up by mere human study, but it is a particular revelation as we need to use the word for each occasion and service. "I have put my words into thy mouth," he says, "and covered thee with the shadow of my hand." "The Lord hath given me the tongue of one that hath learned, that I should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary. He wakeneth morning by morning. He wakeneth mine ear to hear as one that has learned."

The next gift is the gift of faith. It is not saving faith, faith that justifies, sanctifies and brings to us every supply of divine grace, but it is the special faith which fits us for effectual service; the faith that removes mountains of difficulty, the faith that uproots sycamore trees of evil, the faith that knocks until doors are opened, the faith which equips the evangelist for the winning of souls and the worker for the accomplishing of great and mighty things in the pulling down of strongholds and the building up of the kingdom of God. No gift of the Holy Spirit is of more unspeakable value than the gift of faith. It was of this the Master said to his disciples, when they asked him the secret of his own power, "Have the faith of God."

Gifts of Healing

Following this come the gifts of healing. This does not mean some magic or magnetic power possessed by some individuals, enabling them to remove disease by a touch, but at the same time a very real power to help God's sick and suffering children to know and receive him as their healer and life. Just as God gives to some the special ministry of leading souls to Christ, so he gives to others as distinct a ministry in leading sufferers to receive the healing power of the Great Physician. And in these days of divine manifestation, when God has been for some years calling marked attention to the physical aspects of redemption, it is surely a time when we should call upon God for a mighty revival of the ministry of healing, and a distinct enduement of the workers who are called to it with the faith and power of God, even as in the days of old.

Next follows the working of miracles. These are distinguished from the gifts of healing, inasmuch as healing is not always or even usually miraculous, but rather on lines which, while distinctly supernatural, are more quiet, normal and even gradual. There are cases of miraculous healing, but there are many more in which the subject is led to receive the life of the Lord Jesus in a simpler way as the very element of his being and the habit of his whole life. The miracle is rather intended by its sudden and startling character to attract public attention, and to bear witness in some extraordinary way to the power and majesty of God. There is no doubt that the miraculous is an element of the Spirit's enduement, and there is no reason why it should ever have ceased in the history of the church. But here again we are not to be watching for the wonderful, but rather seeking the useful and helpful, and leaving it to God himself in his sovereign will to work miraculously when it pleases and glorifies him.

The sixth of these gifts is prophecy. Ordinarily we associate this gift with the foretelling of future events. The Scriptural idea of it is different. It is rather a divine inspiration enabling the possessor to speak direct messages of the Holy Spirit for the spiritual profit of the hearer. "He that prophesieth speaketh unto men to edification and exhortation and comfort." All preaching ought to be to a certain extent prophetic in the sense of being God's immediate message to the hearer. This differs from the unfolding of the Scriptures and the teaching of doctrine. The prophetic message has more immediate reference to the particular condition of the hearer and the need of immediate spiritual help. This gift the apostle emphasizes above all the others as the one most useful and helpful. "Follow after love and desire spiritual gifts, but rather that ye may prophesy."

The next gift is the discerning of spirits. is quite remarkable that this gift immediately cedes the last two; namely, tongues and interp tion of tongues. It would seem as if at this there were peculiar need for the power to di guish the false and the true. The gift of ton above all others opened the way for scenes of r excitement and the possibility of Satanic cou feits. There are languages spoken in hell as we in heaven, and God himself has forewarned u "try the spirits whether they be of God, for n false prophets have gone forth into the world."

If God is really speaking he will not be impa with us in our earnest desire to make sure it i voice. There are several tests to which we s allude later by which we may discriminate bet the false and the true and regulate the public ship of God's assemblies.

Special Manifestations

Next comes the gift of tongues. There is doubt that this was one of the special manife tations of the Holy Ghost in the apostolic church. It appears to have been specially prominent in church at Corinth, and perhaps to have been c vated and sought to an extreme degree by that ple who were not noted for the very deepest sp ual life. There is always danger in unduly seek the occult, mysterious and demonstrative. It i this line that the adversary manifests his po through clairvoyance and spiritualism. But t was no doubt of the divine reality of many of t extraordinary manifestations, nor is there any son why this gift should not appear at any tim the history of the church, and especially in t last days when we may expect the most remark outpourings of the Holy Ghost. It appears to h been a divine ecstasy, which lifted the soul a the ordinary modes and expressions of reason utterance. As a profound German scholar expre it, "Man contains three elements in his higher constitution; namely, the *pneuma*, the *nous* and *logos*." That is, the spirit, the mind and the guage. The spirit is the higher element and in gift of tongues appeared to overleap the mind a gether and find its expression in speech, quite intelligible to the person himself and yet truly pressing the higher thought and feeling of exalted spiritual state of the subject. It may b human tongue, or it may be a heavenly tongue. the apostle distinctly speaks of both the tongues men and of angels. It was not always employe the apostolic church as the vehicle of preaching people of other languages, but rather was a chan of direct worship and adoration. "He that prop sieth speaketh unto men, but he that speaketh in unknown tongue speaketh not unto men but u God."

Finally, the gift of interpretation was the po to understand and translate the language spo in the Spirit. It might more correctly be called gift of translation. Sometimes it was possessed the speaker himself, sometimes by another who g the translation. Therefore the apostle says, "I him that speaketh in an unknown tongue pray t he may interpret."

The Apostolic Command

5. The relative importance and value of th various gifts is next brought out with great cle ness. They are named in a certain order in t various places where we find them specified; a this order is practically uniform. In every instan the gift of tongues comes at the end of the list, a the gifts of wisdom, knowledge, faith and prophe take precedence. In the most practical way t apostle commends the things that edify and help compared with those that directly bless and hon the individual worshiper. He does not ignore t gift of tongues by any means, but recognizes it the distinct mark of the divine power and presen and a very glorious and blessed channel of dire fellowship with the heavenly world, and in so sense a real opening of the doors between t earthly and the heavenly. But he adds with ve evident point, "Wherefore covet to prophesy a forbid not to speak with tongues." "Forasmuch ye are zealous of spiritual gifts, seek that ye m excel to the edification of the church."

6. The spirit of decorum, propriety and order a next emphasized with great fulness. "Let all thin

Continued on page 745

THE FOURTH ESPERANTO CONGRESS

NOTHING could have been more encouraging to Esperantists than the success of their Fourth Congress held in Dresden, Germany, recently. There were 200 more delegates present than last year at Cambridge, or 1,600 altogether, representing forty-one different nationalities. Friedrich August III., King of Saxony, was the "Protector" of the Congress, and all the chief ministers and officials of the country were honorary members of the Committee on Organization. The City of Dresden generously helped in the organization of the Convention, and its Mayor as well as the King's Chief Councilor, heartily congratulated the great audience.

Dr. ZAMENHOF, Founder of Esperanto

FRIEDRICH AUGUST III., King of Saxony

Dr. BEIN KABE, Esperanto Author

The United States and Japan both sent official delegates to the Convention. The effect of this has been to show to Europe the interest taken in Esperanto into by the officials of these powerful countries. Major Straub, the American delegate, sent by the Secretary of War, was deeply interested in all he saw and especially in the Esperanto movement among the Red Cross Societies and among military officers. The Central Red Cross Committee of Geneva and the International Peace Bureau of Berne also sent official representatives.

The *Lingva Komitato*, the central linguistic authority, established by request of Dr. Zamenhof and composed of the world's ablest Esperantists, has elected from its members an academy of sixteen, with four departments, which will from now on take up the study of all linguistic questions and direct the preparation of technical vocabularies for the new language. The head of the Academy is Dr. Emile Boirac, President of the University of Dijon, and the four chiefs of departments are: Prof. Th. Cart, Dr. Grabovsky, Gaston Moch and Réné de Saussure. The well-known writer Kabe was elected Vice-President.

The Universal Esperanto Association, started by Hector Hodler a few months ago, has done excellent work in establishing in 550 cities Esperanto Information Offices for the convenience of travelers. The Congress has requested the Association to take up the work of providing protection for young travelers, and the starting of Esperanto Homes.

Having extensively discussed the question of teaching and diplomas, the Congress officially approved the foundation of the International Institute of Esperanto, started in New York and Paris last winter, and delegated to it the task of organizing normal schools for Esperanto teachers and examinations, with international diploma.

It has been decided to hold two congresses in 1909 at different dates, the first in the United States at Chautauqua during the third week of August, and the other in Spain in spring or in autumn. The principal Esperanto leaders will attend both.

The Bible translators who are engaged in producing the Esperanto Scriptures met and discussed the first number of their special paper, in which appears, page after page, the definitive Esperanto text of God's Word. Rev. Dr. Kuehn of Dresden, the Sunday before the Congress met, preached in the Lutheran church in Dresden in Esperanto, and in the Catholic church Abbe Pichot did likewise.

Singing "La Espero" at Opening of the Convention

At the opening of the Congress all greeted the genial and modest Zamenhof — Japanese, Americans, Russians, French, Germans, Siberians, joining in the tribute of esteem. It was a memorable sight to see the great throng of different nationalities singing "La Espero" together, listening to the delegates speaking one harmonious language, and forgetting for the time all differences of race and of condition.

We have just one year to prepare for the Fifth Universal Congress and to bring to Chautauqua in August, 1909, two thousand Americans to greet Dr. Zamenhof and our European friends who are coming to see us. Let us all get busy and go to work with courage.

"Lernu kaj lernigu!"

EDMOND PRIVAT.

Dresden, Saxony.

GIFTS AND GRACE — Sermon by Rev. A. B. Simpson—*Continued*

be done decently and in order," he admonishes. "If any man speak in an unknown tongue, let it be by two or at the most by three, and that by course, and then let one translate; but if there be no translator, let him keep silence in the church and let him speak to himself and to God." "If anything be revealed to another that sitteth by, let the first hold his peace, for ye may all prophesy one by one, that all may learn and all may be comforted. For God is not the author of confusion, but of peace, as in all the churches of the saints."

Then he unfolds a principle of the profoundest importance, "The spirits of the prophets are subject to the prophets." The Holy Spirit does not carry us away in wild, irrational extravagance, but holds his communications subject to our sanctified judgment, and the order and edification of the whole assembly. It is the spirit of evil that rushes us and drives us to the excesses that bring dishonor and contempt upon the work and worship of God. How much cause we have to thank God for these wise and holy cautions and counsels! Let us be willing to heed and follow.

7. The pre-eminence of love. Above all gifts, above all ministries is the grace of love, that love that uses every gift and ministry, not to exploit its own greatness, but to glorify God and bless men. Not only is love here described as an end, but as a means. He says, "I show unto you a more excellent way," which is the way to reach the highest gifts of the Spirit. God will entrust to us his most sacred ministries and most glorious manifestations in proportion as he sees that we will use them in the spirit of love and for the help of the souls that are so dear to the Shepherd's heart.

In conclusion.

1. Let us not fear or ignore any of the gifts and manifestations of the Holy Ghost, no matter how extraordinary; but be prepared to expect God to reveal himself to his people, especially in these last days, in many signal and glorious ways.

2. At the same time let us not fear to exercise the spirit of discernment and to take ample time and measures to be sure that any alleged work bears the signs of God's approval and control. Let us especially watch lest even good movements become mixed with evil through the lack of discernment or carefulness. Let us not be afraid to exercise proper supervision and control in the Spirit over religious assemblies. And especially let us endeavor to keep these remarkable and supernatural manifestations of the Spirit from being handed over to unwise and reckless leaders and persons of doubtful character or spiritual qualifications.

3. Again, let us not confuse the gifts and the graces of the Spirit. The work of the Holy Ghost in saving and sanctifying is entirely distinct from these special gifts. To say that the gift of tongues is the only proper evidence of having been baptized with the Holy Ghost is rash and wholly unscriptural, and places a mere manifestation of the Holy Ghost above his higher ministry of grace. Love, which is simply a grace of the Spirit, is placed above any of the gifts, and this love will surely keep us from judging one another.

4. Again, let us covet earnestly the best gifts, but chiefly the gifts of useful and effectual spiritual ministry.

5. Let us set ourselves against disorder, excess and extravagance, even though we may be criticized and denounced for hindering and quenching the Spirit. The Spirit himself has given to us these divine tests and directions by which we may discriminate and direct. We are therefore obeying him when we firmly yet kindly insist that the assembly of Christ's people shall be characterized by order, propriety, decorum, consideration for one another, and especially the spirit of edification, usefulness and helpfulness.

6. Finally, let us pray for love, let us cultivate love, let us take the Lord Jesus himself to be our love, and let our deepest cry be

Give me a heart like thine.

In the beautiful poem of Sir Launfal, a Christian knight had gone forth with holy zeal in quest of that which represented in that age the most glorious gift of God. It was the Holy Grail, the identical cup from which the Lord Jesus and his disciples had drunk the sacred draught "on that night in which he was betrayed." As he passed out from the palace gate, a loathsome leper stretched out his festering hands for help, and begged him to take the filthy cup that was lying beside him, and bring him a drink of water from the flowing brook. But the knight waved him aside and swept on, for he was after higher things.

Years passed by, as he pursued in vain his weary quest over many lands and under scorching suns. His body was worn, his hair was gray, his heart was broken, his hopes had almost died. A worn-out wreck, he was slowly returning to his home with a crushed and disappointed heart, when once again a leper met him on the way and stretched out the same festering hands for the same loving ministry. Swiftly the knight leaped from his horse, picked up the repulsive vessel, and hastening to the stream, with profoundest courtesy and tenderest sympathy he handed to the sufferer the drink he had requested. In a moment the scene was changed, and the transfigured leper had become none other than the Son of Man himself. The light of heaven shone around him and the filthy cup became transformed into a shining vessel of silver; and as the Master handed it back to him it was indeed the "Holy Grail"! Yes, he had learned the "more excellent way," and the ministry of love had brought the gifts of power and glory which otherwise he had sought in vain. So still we shall find that "he that humbleth himself shall be exalted" and he that would stand nearest to the Son of Man must, like him, also come "not to be ministered unto, but to minister," and to give up his very life as a living sacrifice of love.

Though I speak with tongues of mortals, or of seraphim above,
I am but a tinkling cymbal if I have not Love!
Though I reach the heights of knowledge; every mystery though I prove;
I am nothing, less than nothing, if I have not Love!

Though I give with princely bounty; yield my life my zeal to prove;
Vain are all my gifts and sufferings if I have not Love.
Blessed, gentle, holy Jesus, blessed, holy, heavenly Dove
Give to me the Master's spirit, fill my heart with Love.

OCEAN GROVE'S CAMP MEETING

The Greatest in its History, it Concludes with the Old-Fashioned Love-Feast

The Old Well at the Grove

Bishop L. B. Wilson

Rev. Dr. J. H. Alday

The Temple, Ocean Grove

OCEAN GROVE'S Camp Meeting, which commenced August 28 and closed September 7, was one of the best in its history. All pronounced it "an old-fashioned camp meeting" where Jesus was in the midst. The meetings were full of the power of the Holy Ghost.

This Camp Meeting is a departure from the old tent life in the woods; but a few tents still surround the Auditorium, reminding one of the days of yore.

The Camp Meeting opened with a consecration service, led by Rev. Dr. A. E. Ballard, followed by the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper in the Auditorium. The first Sabbath, Rev. Dr. Goodell, of New York, preached in the morning, and in the evening Commander Maud Ballington Booth spoke. The daily meetings were: Consecration, 5:45 A.M. and 6:45; Family Prayer at the Auditorium; Fellowship Meeting in Thornley Chapel 9 A.M., led by Miss Elizabeth Sharp; Holiness Meeting, Tabernacle, led by Rev. Dr. Alday, at 9 A.M., Rev. Bishop Luther B. Wilson, President of the Ocean Grove Association, being the only speaker. This service was always crowded. Bishop Wilson is a type of the late Alfred Cookman, of precious memory, and many declared that they could almost believe they had heard the voice of the well-beloved Cookman in the tones of Bishop Wilson. This is one of his utterances: "I would rather study Paul's description of a holy man, and make him my model, than listen to the most eloquent sermon from the most gifted lips." At one meeting he spoke on the words: "Keep yourselves in the love of God," and emphasized the fact that we have our part to do in the spiritual life. We must follow God's programme if we are to come out in the place God has for us. Exercising faith and having a glorious life must depend upon whether our prayers are joined to the Holy Ghost, and we are under his guidance. The bishop continued: "I cannot be just the same man to-morrow as I am to-day. Progress is necessary in the divine life. If you plead that you are weak and impotent this will not relieve you of the responsibility. God meets those who keep themselves in the love of God. If you do this then he is able to keep you from falling."

Rev. Dr. W. H. Morgan led the crowded Young People's Meeting in the Temple. This leader has been most successful, and is full of zeal, holding, in addition, two men's meetings on Sunday, where much personal work was done.

Mrs. Elizabeth Smith held a large "Decision Meeting" in the Tabernacle, where many made confession of Christ. Amanda Smith, the colored evangelist, was one of the efficient helpers by song and testimony.

Bishop Wilson led the Pentecostal Meeting, where many wonderful testimonies were given of God's power to save and keep from sin. The Twilight Meeting was in charge of Miss Helen Gertrude Rumsey, and attracted many young people. A Beach Meeting, led by Dr. Ballard, was held every day, and was well attended. The Sunday services, with Rev. Dr. Munhall's Bible Class, in the Auditorium, had an attendance of about four thousand people. Mr. Hudson, Superintendent of Sunday School, reports the largest attendance in the history of the Grove. The "Children's Hour" was in the care of Mrs. Hudson, who has much talent with young folks. On Sunday, Dr. W. I. Boswell, of the Church Extension Society, Philadelphia, led the services, and at least fifty children confessed Christ.

The last Sunday of the Camp Meeting dawned with a clouded sky and much rain, but it did not dampen the ardor of the people. Long before 9 o'clock the Auditorium was well filled. Bishop Wilson urged that the testimonies be brief to give everyone a chance. Some quoted a text of Scripture, some sang a verse of a hymn, then another would sing "Jesus all the day long was my joy and my song." There were shouts of victory all over the camp and often several persons speaking at the same time. A young woman in the gallery sang with a clear voice, "You may look for me, I'll be there;" then some one started "Beulah Land," and another followed with: "Well, the delightful day will come, when my dear Lord will bring me home, and I shall see his face." Many rose and cried out: "Saved!" "Bound for glory!" A colored woman said, "My feet are on the Rock." Mrs. Kennard Chandler, one of the pioneers of Ocean Grove, testified, and so did Amanda Smith and Alexander DeHaven, a member of the Association. Another said: "I have served the Lord 68 years." So the tide rose until the good Bishop announced the closing hymn.

The Love Feast was merged into the morning preaching. The people were ready to listen to the deeply spiritual sermon, which was preached by Bishop Wilson to a congregation of ten thousand. He spoke with inspiration, his text being Acts 26: 29—Paul before Agrippa. At the close of the sermon, in response to the invitation, hundreds arose all over the audience and then the people, hushed into stillness, quietly bowed in prayer. In the evening, the Auditorium was filled to overflowing, and Rev. I. G. Wilson, of Philadelphia, gave a short address. He was followed by Dr. Morgan, who spoke with great earnestness. Dr. W. I. Boswe a revival leader, gave account of some conversio he had known, including his own. He invited se ers for pardon to come forward to the altar, a thirty or forty responded. Soon the shout of v tory was heard as one after another testified "Jes has pardoned my sins." The meeting was dismiss by Bishop Wilson at 10:30 P.M., but the peo lingered. It was a glorious day of blessing. At late hour, groups were singing around some hap soul: "I do believe, that Jesus saves me now."

On Monday morning, September 7, the Cam Meeting came to a close at nine o'clock. The fro seats were filled with children to be baptized. was a lovely sight—parents presenting their litt ones to Jesus. Then followed two resolutions whi were presented and passed by the congregatio The first related to the Bishop's Law, and co mended the work of Governor Fort in behalf temperance. The second was in regard to the pr posed Ocean Boulevard.

Mr. Tali Esen Morgan has been indefatigable all the revival services, and the great organ, to has been a potent factor in worship.

Mr. Andrus, Treasur of Ocean Grove, gave t financial statement, a then the "March arou Zion" began, Bishop Wi son and the ministe leading and the peop following, going throug the Tabernacle, Thornle Chapel, the Temple, back t the Auditorium. The pe ple sang "When the roll called up yonder." Th whole atmosphere was fu of love and enthusiasn Group after group wit bright shining faces woul take up the strain: "W are marching to Zion beautiful, beautiful Zion! When the long line o marchers re-entered th Auditorium Bishop Wilso asked them to sing: "Go be with you till we mee again." Tears were rollin down the cheeks of man at the thought of separa tion.

The Bishop pronounce the benediction, and th Ocean Grove Camp Meeting for 1908 ended—wit hand-shaking and joy for all God's blessings an souls won.

MARY BARTON COOKMAN.

Where the First Prayer Meeting was Held, Consecrating the Ground

At Home and Abroad

—THE WORLD'S SUNDAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION calls upon all Evan gelical churches everywhere to observe Sunday, October 18, as day of public and private prayer for a special blessing upon Sun day Schools in all lands.

—DR. C. H. GOOTEE is founder and president of the new Nationa Prisoners' Missionary Association, with headquarters at 1434 East Franklin Street, Richmond, Va. Bibles and helpful literature may be sent to the Association for distribution in prisons and convict camps.

—OUR READERS, whose gifts were the means of equipping Missionary Christian Schmitt of Nain, Labrador, with a new traveling outfit, will be gratified to learn from a letter on another page that their gifts have been so serviceable. The sled he mentions was made in New York specially for Pastor Schmitt's field work, and shipped to him last summer. It is of the same stout, reliable pattern as the sleds used by Dr. Grenfell of the Labrador Deep Sea Mission. Any further contributions in aid of Mr. Schmitt's work will be duly acknowledged in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

FORTY THOUSAND WORKERS PARADE

The Labor Day Parade on Fifth Avenue

An Organization Marching in Lower New York

FEW indeed are the cities and towns in America that do not observe Labor Day with parades and excursions in which not only those who ay strictly be termed workingmen take part, but so others who are glad to take advantage of the opportunity for a "day off" offered by this latest ational holiday.

The larger cities, such as New York, Boston, hiladelphia, and Chicago, have parades which qual a standing army in numbers and in which e representatives of almost every occupation. ew York had two parades on the recent holiday, ith fully forty thousand "sons of toil" in line. A eat many of the organizations prepared for it eeks in advance and wore some sort of uniform nblematical in a way of the calling in which the en are engaged.

A great many people in New York who are lookg for excitement went to Fifth Avenue to see a nflict between two labor parades, but two thouand policemen lined the street and everything assed off quietly. The United Teamsters of Amera are not allied to the American Federation of abor, which was to turn out thirty thousand rong. The teamsters number ten thousand. The latter organization had secured their permit first to march along Fifth Avenue at half past nine in the morning and said they would even if the larger parade was there. The authorities, however, declared for the Federation of Labor, and sent a large force of police on foot and on horseback to keep the paraders apart.

The Grand Marshal of the Federation parade started his men not only on time but perhaps a little before, and this did much to prevent trouble. In fact, he blew lustily on his whistle to start the marchers, even before all of the delegates had arrived. The crowds cheered heartily as New York's greatest labor parade moved off, with a fine corps of mounted police to lead the men down town.

It moved from Central Park down the length of Fifth Avenue to pass beneath the Washington Arch at the entrance of old Washington Park. The sidewalks were packed from the houses to the curb with interested spectators, in good part made up of friends or relatives of the marchers. They were on the lookout for their own "John" or "Jack" and he was sure of a hearty round of applause when they caught sight of him.

The uniforms worn by many of the organizations were very natty affairs. A great many wore sweaters with their organization badges embroidered on the front. White belts and hats added a military effect. A large number of trade banners and mottoes were carried, in addition to "Old Glory," which waved at the head of every delegation.

The women delegates in the parade came in for round after round of applause. They rode in "sight-seeing" automobiles and their pretty dresses added much to the picturesqueness of the parade.

The floats were elaborate, but instead of showing the workmen at their daily tasks as was the custom in former years, a custom borrowed from old Fourth of July parades, they were for the most part emblematical, beautifully decorated and sometimes filled with the laughing, happy children of the members who tramped behind. The decorations extended even to the horses that drew these modern triumphal cars, the harnesses and horses' heads being covered with bunting and miniature flags.

Many of the organizations went off on excursions in a body for the afternoon, or else took their families to the beach, or to see the sights at Coney Island.

The teamsters' parade started two hours later. It was composed of drivers and chauffeurs to the number of ten thousand. They formed at Central Park and went over the same line of march as the Federation of Labor parade. The striking milk drivers took part and attracted much attention.

AMONG THE OUTCASTS OF LONDON

AT THE mission in North London, with which I am onnected — one of the great nstitutional churches of the etropolis — a small band of orkingmen calling themselves the Crusaders" recently made lans for next winter's work mong the hundreds of homeless nd starving wanderers who ight by night may be found on he Thames embankment and in he city streets. At midnight hey go out armed with bags of read and butter and quantities f good literature. They go earching under the railway rches and the bridges where the oor derelicts are huddled, and istribute the food, giving, wherver possible, a helping word, eturning home at about four 'clock in the morning.

The Salvation Army does this ork on a larger scale, distributng hot soup night after night to he long despairing line of sunken umanity, but there is something eculiarly striking about the umbler work of the independent 'Crusaders." There is only one

The Salvation Army Distributing Soup on Thames Embankment at Midnight

free shelter for homeless men, and that is Medland Hall, Ratcliffe Highway.

Medland Hall is run by the London Congregational Union, and in sixteen years over two million men have here received free shelter and food, the cost being provided by voluntary subscriptions. Three halfpence per night (about three cents) pays for a man's lodging. Between three and four hundred are fed and sheltered every night. In many cases work is found for the men.

While visiting the institution recently, I had a chat with Mr. L. H. Tatham, who was the means of arousing the interest of many churches in this work. He himself has spent many nights, disguised as a tramp, among those "in the abyss," and he says, "If my experiences have taught me one thing more than another, it is that in all of these outcasts there is some good. What they feel most is that everybody looks on them as suspicious characters. They want the kind word of a friend." HAROLD MURRAY.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

Reader, South Carolina. "I wish to acknowldge God's goodness in answering prayer."

F. M., New York. "Twice when in trouble ave I received direct answer to my prayers."

H. O., Nebraska. "My Heavenly Father has nswered many prayers for me. I am an old ady, and I learned to trust him many years ago nd have found him more faithful than any arthly friend."

A. M., Pennsylvania. "I prayed that God might restore my son to health, and he did and my son is well."

M. M. McF., Pennsylvania. "I was in great trouble and prayed earnestly as I knew how. He did indeed answer."

Mrs. A. E. W., South Carolina. "I was in great distress, and prayed unto the Lord for help, and he has heard my prayer."

A Reader, Kansas. "I gratefully acknowledge God's kindness to me in answering prayer. His promises never fail, as I have proven again and again."

M. E. W., Alabama. "I am an old subscriber and want to acknowledge through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD God's goodness in answering many prayers. For the space of forty years I can recall times when I have had direct answers to my prayers."

Subscriber, Louisiana. "I wish to add my testimony that God does surely answer prayer."

Miss J., Virginia. "God has often answered prayers for me when I was in deep trouble. Three times during the past summer he manifested his divine mercy and compassion; and after a week of earnest prayer, he yesterday removed the cup of bitterness from the lips of one whom I love dearly."

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — **GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor**

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Letters should be addressed, **THE CHRISTIAN HERALD**, Bible House, New York.
Entered at Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter
Entered as Second-class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa

Shelving the Gospel

IN AN interview published in a weekly contemporary, the Rev. W. L. Watkinson, of the Wesleyan Church, accounts for the loss of several thousand members in that denomination last year in a very simple but conclusive manner. "It was through preaching politics in the pulpit," he says, "and absorption in socialistic themes." Those preachers in whose congregations the decline was most pronounced were men who, if they did not forget the Gospel, at all events put it on the shelf for a time, while they undertook to instruct their people on politics, sociology and various other extraneous topics, which the hearers felt could be more skilfully and far more appropriately discussed in the pages of some magazine or weekly publication. When a pulpit is secularized, its spiritual influence instantly declines; it loses its power to "draw" men when it fails to lift up Christ. It is true, there are occasions—as in great national crises, or when the moral welfare of a municipality or a community is at stake—when it is the opportunity and the duty of the pulpit to deal plainly with outside topics; but in such instances, the high moral principles involved bring them clearly within the proper domain of pulpit treatment. For the preacher who goes afield and searches everywhere except in the Bible, and who chooses to shine as a sociological, political or historical essayist, or as a narrator of descriptive travel, rather than as a messenger of the Most High to a salvation-seeking world, there can be nothing in store on spiritual lines save disappointment and failure. Men and women want the Gospel, and when they do not get it there, they go elsewhere. It is significant that those churches that keep it constantly in view, have no complaints to make of thin audiences and empty pews.

The Public School Army

EVERY year the army of young people which enlists in the fall and winter campaign for the purpose of winning an education offered free in our public schools, increases by many thousands. This month over sixteen millions have enrolled in the common schools alone, a standing army greater than the combined standing armies of many European Powers, and filled with more potential power; for America is looked upon as the teacher and pioneer in developing the common school system, and her methods are copied in both hemispheres. A short time ago a large delegation of English school teachers came to this country to investigate American methods and were greatly astonished not only at the fine buildings devoted solely to school purposes, but at the almost universal desire to obtain as much education as possible that is so strong a characteristic of our twentieth century boys and girls. If the number of pupils in our colleges and private schools were added to the number of scholars mentioned above it would enlarge the figures to even more startling proportions.

The September opening of the schools is one of the most important factors in American life. It affects not only all of the children, but their parents and an army of about half a million teachers, and the greater part of the mercantile houses. Vacations are timed with the opening of the schools, and thousands of clerks are back in the stores to attend to the outfitting of the "young hopefuls" who are getting ready for their year's work with perhaps mingled emotions. The opening of school, however, seems to be regarded with less regret by the rising generation than was the case with many of their elders. Even the youngest seem to be imbued with the idea that their chances for success will be in proportion to the time they spend in the schoolroom. Again, the system of instruction has been more scientifically prepared and is better adapted to the ages of the pupils. Methods of teaching are more attractive and the teacher uses every means to arouse the industry and enthusiasm of the pupil. The school houses in the larger cities are in many instances far more pleasant and hygienic than the homes from which the children come, and the desire to "play truant" seems to be on the decrease.

The care of our schools should be one of the foremost objects to all patriotic men and women who love our distinctive institutions even though no child of theirs is learning within their walls.

Safeguarding the President

PEOPLE about Oyster Bay, Long Island, where the President makes his summer home, were greatly stirred recently when it was rumored that an attempt had been made on the President's life. Mr. Roosevelt goes about freely, sometimes with only a friend or two, taking long tramps in the country or riding horseback with his sons or some military officer.

While riding near Sagamore Hill and about to return home, a shot was heard by the President and several people in the vicinity. Mr. Roosevelt wished to search the woods to find out by whom the shot was fired. It was thought that it might have been the accidental discharge of a hunter's gun, or a stray shot at target practice. He was, however, persuaded to give up tne search. It was at first feared lest the shot might have been fired by some one of the many cranks that are constantly coming to Oyster Bay. It is still doubtful whether any one really attempted to commit an outrage; but the constant attempts of irresponsible individuals to see the President makes the country apprehensive. The day following, a man recently released from an insane asylum, who carried a loaded revolver, was arrested in the vicinity of the President's home while trying to elude the guards. It is said that dozens of people mentally unbalanced or filled with wild ideas on the duties of the government, have often tried to see the President to urge him to do the impossible or act in accordance with their own notions. The secret service has constantly to be on the watch for such people and see that they are railroaded out of town. It is the record of history that such peril is inseparable from exalted position. The post of honor seems to be the post of danger.

A New Temperance Ally

"PROBLEM novels," so-called, have not always proved good, wholesome reading. There have been many of them, of late years, that were not of a character calculated to improve the morals of the reading community. But the popular story-writer is a power to be reckoned with, and hence we are grateful to learn that one of the best known of this class of authors, Miss Marie Corelli, in a new book now in press, has directed the batteries of her eloquence full against the drink evil. She claims that "Americans do not appear to grasp the extent of the evil wrought on rural populations by the tyranny of the drink traffic," and declares that they do not show enough sympathy with the efforts of earnest and hard-working local pastors to better conditions in localities where the brewer and distiller are destructively dominating the public health and morals. We imagine the author is not fully informed as to the situation here, and especially concerning the remarkable results of the Prohibition crusade. Temperance folks, however, will gladly welcome the accession of so talented an ally. The round shot she fires into the drink camp are well aimed and should prove effective. "There's never been a brewery," she writes, "without its chemical shop close by." One of her characters says:

> To get the cash back that has been spent on these great buildings which exist for the distribution of poisoned beer and alcohol, hundreds, ay, thousands of men and women must drink till they die! Otherwise there would be no "profits."

Let us hope that her work will help along the coming emancipation.

Is Brazil to Emulate Japan?

WHILE Japan's rapid rise to power among the nations is still exciting wonder, we seem likely to have, in our own hemisphere, an illustration of sudden naval development in an unexpected quarter. Brazil in 1889 discarded the imperial house of Braganza and deposed Dom Pedro, the reigning emperor. This vigorous young republic of eighteen millions of people for nearly twenty years has b making steady, though quiet, progress. Sudde the old conservative policy is flung aside and Br declares to the world her intention of entering o career of naval development which promises make her the most formidable of the entire gr of South American republics. She is building England a modern navy and she already launched the first of three great warships— *Minas Geraes*, which experts pronounce the eq in speed, armament and fighting power of any s of the famous *Dreadnought* class now afloat. sister ships will be of the same formidable ty Brazil's sea-power, in addition to her three new b tleships, consists of three second-rate battleshi two second-class cruisers, one of the third class, f torpedo gunboats, and thirteen torpedo boats, wit fighting force of 8,500 men. Argentina and C will soon follow Brazil's example in buildi modern battleship squadrons. Whether the n naval programme of these republics has been spired by the fact that they were regarded as ins nificant factors by the Hague Conference, or whet they have been stirred by Japan's marvelous leap power, is uncertain—perhaps both causes contr uted to the change. It may be, also, that the vis of our own warships to their ports have set them thinking. Ten years of fleet building may make the republics south of us a combined power not be lightly disregarded in the councils of nations.

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Since going to press last week, we have decid to extend the date limit of our SPECIAL OFF to MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 28.

★ ★ ★

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THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

New Sultan of Morocco

THE Sultan Abdul Aziz has been driven from power in Morocco and his half-brother, Sultan Muley Abdul Hafid, has taken his place. It was not a peaceful revolution that led to the retirement of the old ruler, but a test at arms in which the revolutionist manifested more brains, tact, energy and popular power. The revolutionist administered Southern Morocco with great ability and restored order with a firm hand. In his contest for the rulership of the country the successful issue of the battle of Marrakesh settled all doubt and made him the undisputed ruler of the whole nation. He is supreme ruler in the two capitals, Fez and Marrakesh, and has been formally proclaimed in Tangier. Hafid, unlike his brother Aziz, whose mother was a Circassian, is a pure Moor, a son of the people by a Moorish woman, and he is as strong as his brother is weak. He is a man of great personal courage, has reputation for wisdom, and is the idol of the common people. In the national contest it was the survival of the fittest. As Morocco has played such a part in the politics of Europe, this change of Sultans is giving some of the great Powers food for reflection and cause for action. Emperor William, keen of intellect and always on the alert to make a bold stroke for himself and his nation, has recognized Muley Hafid as the Sultan of Morocco, and the other Powers which are interested in the question will no doubt come into line by taking the same action. In these days of peace conferences and international visits of rulers and professions of hearty good will, it may be just as well for the peace of Europe that the people of the nations which cause jealousy shall clear up their own difficulties as completely as the inhabitants of Morocco have done.

He prospered whithersoever he went forth: and he rebelled against the king of Assyria and served him not. (II. Kings 18:7.)

Sun Spots and the Earth

The sun by its heat and other qualities has such an effect upon the earth that it is responsible scientifically for all life, animal and vegetable. Prof. George E. Hale, formerly the Director of the Yerkes Observatory, and now conducting special astronomical researches on Mount Wilson, Calif., claims to have discovered that the sun does much more for the earth than to bring it day and summer; that it affects its electrical currents, stirs its currents of air and waves of sea into torrents of fury; that it lays the hand of life and breathes the withering breath of pestilence in the faces of the people. For a long while scientists have observed a curious correspondence between certain terrestrial phenomena and the appearance of sun spots. When solar disturbances are most numerous and attain the largest size, as they do at intervals of about seven years, the certain microscopic swing of the magnetic needle which occurs daily is perceptibly magnified. When the sun spots are particularly large magnetic storms occur, in which there are marked interference with telegraphic service and eccentric behavior in delicately poised instruments in magnetic observatories, and auroral displays. There have been striking coincidences between the weather and solar disturbances; famines in India due to drouth have apparently recurred at some stage of the eleven-year sun spot. Tropical cyclones are said to be more numerous when spots are at a maximum. Whatever may be the theory of the astronomer, or whatever scientific effect the sun may have on the electrical currents, the storms or calms of this little world of ours, the Hand that made the sun and the earth is the one who furnishes them all their energy and gives them wise direction in all their activities.

Blessed of the Lord be his land, for the precious things of heaven, for the dew and for the deep that coucheth beneath and for the precious fruit brought forth by the sun. (Deut. 33:13, 14.)

Russian Cruelties

According to a report signed by thirty-one members of the third Duma, there were 1,170 persons in the Lettish Region executed without trial, and a larger number were flogged or otherwise tortured. These men were massacred within a period of six or seven months. The punishments at first were in the character of inquisition tortures which were carried on in concealment, not to inflict pain but to obtain confessions from the arrested persons, and consequently to deliver them up to the military courts. However, it happened often that such confessions could not be obtained, and then the persons arrested were simply shot or killed with bayonets without even the form of a trial. In such cases it was ordered to report that the prisoner was killed while making an attempt to escape.

Count Tolstoi in his recent paper "Government by Execution" terrifically arraigns the Russian government for its official cruelties. In his indictment the Count says: "Your government men call the acts of the revolutionaries 'atrocities' and 'great crimes,' but they have done nothing and are doing

Morocco's New Sultan, Muley Hafid

nothing that you have not done, and done to an incomparably greater extent. They only do what you do. You keep spies, deceive, and spread printed lies, and so do they. . . . They are altogether your disciples; they have, as the saying is, picked up all your little dodges; they are not only your disciples, they are your products, your children. If you did not exist, neither would they. . . . However odious their murders may be, they are still not so coldly, systematically cruel as your Schlusselburgs, transportations, gallows, and shootings." It is a long step toward reform when light has been thrown on the dark deeds of men and nations. The oppressions and cruelties that have distressed the world for thousands of years must cease under the light of our civilization and Christianity.

With force and with cruelty have ye ruled them. (Ezek. 34:4.)

Popularity of Turkey's Sultan

The Sultan of Turkey through wise statesmanship and likely through fear gave his people a constitution with the promise of a parliament. It is a question whether he did so in time to save his throne, for the Young Turk party is powerful and was very sullen. It may be his change of policy from that of an absolute despot to that of a limited monarch may bind the people to him and continue his lease of power. There has been a very sudden and decided change in the hearts of many of the people toward him, and his professed interest in the common people and his spirit of kindliness to offenders and political prisoners have excited a vast amount of popular enthusiasm in his favor. No president of a republic could have a much more enthusiastic reception than the present Sultan has when he passes through the streets of Constantinople. The making of the maps of hemispheres, the changing of dynasties, the deposition or elevation of rulers are brought about by brave soldiers, great generals and able statesmen, but these are only the instruments in the hands of the Great Ruler who has the destiny of all men in his hands and rules for the happiness and welfare of his children and the promotion of his kingdom in the earth.

Let my people go that they may serve me. (Ex. 9:1.)

The Sultan of Turkey's First Public Appearance After the New Constitution

A Girl's Heroic Sacrifice

Another heroine appears in the person of Mrs. Sallie Rooke, a little telephone operator who, after saving forty families from drowning, lost her own life as a consequence. Mrs. Rooke was the telephone operator at Folsom, N. M. She was warned over the wire of a terrible flood rushing down the valley. She had ample time to escape; but instead of doing so, she took the directory and called up the number of each name in order and said, "Pack up and leave at once. Flood is coming down the valley." She was still at her sweet task, like that of an angel, when the waters took her away to her death. Her body was found twelve miles away, the head-gear worn by the operators still fastened to her head. Some thirty others were lost, but fully 150 were saved who would have been drowned if she had left her post and saved herself. Of all the stories recorded by pen or sung in verse this is one of the most beautiful. Her heroism matches that of any battlefield, and her sacrifice was equal to that of any of the martyrs of the past. It seems a great pity for such a lovely life to be extinguished in such a manner; yet she taught more and did more in those last few moments of her life, than the average woman could in a hundred years. A poor telephone girl at a few dollars a week, she was as royal as any queen that ever sat upon a throne. The only sovereignty is that of service; the highest royalty is that of sacrifice.

He saved others; himself he cannot save. (Matt. 27:42.)

America Teaching Science to China

Earl T. Hobart, of Brookline, Mass., has started for San Francisco, whence he will sail for China the latter part of September, under a three years' engagement with the College of Science at Pekin. He will establish and equip a department of electricity in connection with this institution, and the department will be the first of the kind in China. Mr. Hobart was accompanied by Kuei Ling Wu, secretary of the Board of Communications of the Chinese Empire, who will enter the service of his government in Pekin. He has spent the last three years in extensive travel, returning to this country from Russia in July. On their way across the United States, they will make several stops to buy electrical equipment for the new department of the Chinese College. They intend this department to be equal to anything of its kind in this country. Among the places to be inspected are the plants of the General Electric Company, Schenectady, the Westinghouse Electric Company, Pittsburg, and the Western Electric Company, Chicago. The East, toward which the West used to look for life, now looks to the West for mental and spiritual light. The most vivid imagination can scarcely picture the changes that will be wrought in the progress of the world, when China shall have been waked up as completely as Japan by Western learning, science and government. The adoption of our Western civilization by China will greatly promote her espousal of our Bible and Christian religion.

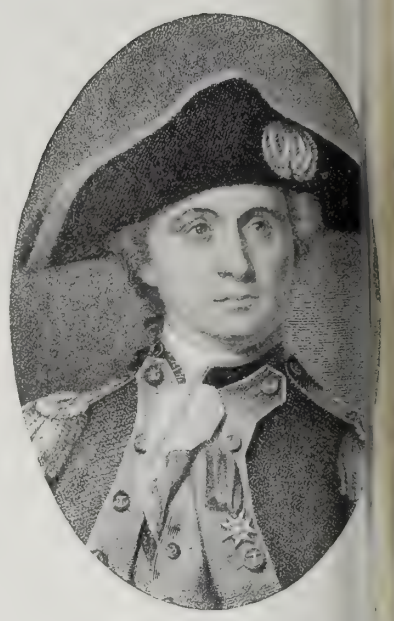
And nations that knew not thee shall run unto thee, because of the Lord thy God. (Isa. 55:5.)

THE JOHN PAUL JONES EXPEDITION TO FRANCE

Admiral Sigsbee

By REAR-ADMIRAL CHARLES D. SIGSBEE

(U. S. Navy) In Charge of the Expedition



Commodore Paul Jones

IN WRITING my experiences for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD I have dealt rather largely with war matters because they were, in fact, matters within my experience. I have also treated my subjects largely from the point of view that I held at the times of the events narrated. Nevertheless, I abhor war because I know the horrors and distresses that war causes. I have seen things with my own eyes and have heard things with my own ears. I need no telling by others. In the present narrative I show, inferentially at least, that the navy is oftentimes an instrument of great value in the cultivation of friendly international relations. Indeed, my own naval career has been filled with examples in which points of seeming friction were smoothed over by friendly visitation and discussion. And the instances are very many, wherein the navy has tided over difficulties that have interfered with the work of the missionaries. Let the following story be accepted as showing the pleasant side of naval duty.

Knowledge is still fresh in the public mind of the century of obscurity and neglect that shrouded the burial place of John Paul Jones, of the voluntary and patriotic efforts of General Horace Porter, the American Ambassador to France, to discover the remains, and of his triumphant success after years of persistency filled with enforced lapses. We know that the remains were discovered in such a state of preservation that they could be visually identified. We know also that they were, nevertheless, subjected to an exhaustive scientific comparison with all known records, and with the remarkable statuary busts made of the hero in his last years by the eminent sculptor Houdin, whereby identification was confirmed with such accuracy that science could not present a reasonable doubt. It should be as well known that General Porter bore the immense expense from his private purse and without the wish for reimbursement; also that the general, a graduate of West Point, with eminent army service, and with army affiliations of a lifetime, had, as his ultimate pride, the delivery of the remains of that naval hero to the custodianship of the navy. Let the navy take affectionate notice!

On June 18, 1905, a column of four glistening, white naval vessels left Staten Island, under my command, for Cherbourg, France, charged with the duty of bringing to the United States the remains of our national hero, whose history reads like romance. The vessels of the expedition consisted of the *Brooklyn* (my flagship), Captain John M. Hawley; *Tacoma*, Commander Reginald F. Nicholson; *Galveston*, Commander William G. Cutler, and *Chattanooga*, Commander Alexander Sharp.

Naturally officers and men, regarding this duty as a great honor, entered on it with fine spirit, which was sustained to the end. Although 500 of our officers and men were to march in procession in Paris, we had no concerted drills of the whole body by way of preparation. It was hardly necessary. We are always ready to make a good presentation in public. In Paris, acting in behalf of the expedition, were Mr. Robert S. McCormick, the American Ambassador to France, General Horace Porter, who had been appointed First Special Ambassador of President Roosevelt in connection with the matters in view, and Lieutenant Roy C. Smith, U. S. N., National Attaché to the American Embassy. Mr. Francis S. Loomis, Assistant Secretary of State, was Second Special Ambassador of the President. I had expected to take Mr. Loomis to France on board my flagship, but state affairs detained him in Washington. We were compelled to sail without him, but he joined us in Cherbourg and Paris.

We left Staten Island quickly after the receipt of orders so as to keep ahead of a storm area that was coming east over the United States. The southern steamship route was taken to avoid icebergs and floes that had been reported south of the Grand Banks. The distance to Cherbourg by that route is 3,209 nautical miles. Most of the passage was made at a speed of twelve knots or nautical miles. At times the three smaller ships plunged into the moderately heavy seas till their hulls were obscured behind the "bones between their teeth," that is to say, behind the great white walls of their bow waves. Entering the English Channel, we sighted Bishop's Rock lighthouse, Scilly Islands. Thereafter we had thick fog, with strong and varying tidal currents, continuously for more than eighteen hours. During this long period we rarely saw each other, nor did we once hear or see any outside aid to navigation. At 9:30 A.M., on June 30, we suddenly entered a rift in the fog and sighted the west entrance to Cherbourg harbor dead ahead and distant about two miles. One vessel after another emerged from the fog, the French flag was saluted, the vessels were conducted to mooring buoys behind the great breakwater and the work in hand began. We had but eight days in which to do everything. In that period of Sunday and the Fourth of July. Two colliers were to arrive on Sunday, June 2. From these two colliers four ships were to be coaled—a serious interference with formalities and ceremonies. Vice-Admiral Besson was commandant of the station. The day after our arrival three French war vessels, under Rear-Admiral Leygue, entered the harbor to take part in the ceremonies at Cherbourg. I will not attempt to describe the various formalities of usage and the consultations, civil and naval, that ensued at that place. I must rest content with saying that the French officials were courteous, tactful and helpful. In fact, they organized most of the ceremonies that were to follow at Cherbourg, thus leaving us free to give greater attention to those pertaining specially to our further part at Paris. The American Naval Attaché arrived from Paris and made known the programme organized for that city.

The French and American Naval Parade at Cherbourg

In the evening of July 1, after having issued very detailed written instructions relating to our affairs, I started for Paris with a staff of ten officers. The officers were Lieutenants Barnes and McCauley of my personal staff, the Captains of ships, Lieutenant-Commander Bowers, Surgeon Steele, Pay Inspector Heap and Chaplain Bayard. Mr. Henri Marion, Professor of Languages at the United States Naval Academy, who had come across with us, was official interpreter. We arrived at Paris about midnight and were met at the station by Mr. Blanchard of the American Embassy. We then took up our quarters at the Hotel Bristol on Rue de Rivoli. United States Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, who was staying at that hotel, did us the honor to join us in the final ceremonies at Paris. July 2 Ambassador Loomis joined us and established himself at the same hotel. This completed our representative circle.

It had been decided that the ceremonies to follow should be a glorification of the dead rather than strictly a funeral, also that the honors paid the deceased should be those due to a vice-admiral. When officials of different nations come together as at Paris, it is customary for them to get in touch through the observance of a punctilious etiquette. Accordingly our days were filled with official visits made and received and in attending state banquets given in our honor. The banquets were given by the President of France, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, the Minister of Marine and the American Ambassador. Everything done for us was on a scale of highest courtesy and brilliancy. It was well understood by all of my command that personal matters must give way

Continued on next page

The Mortuary Pavilion at the Hotel des Invalides, Paris

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A FAMOUS INTERNATIONAL EVENT RECALLED

American Escort of Sailors and Marines in Paris

French Artillery Caisson Bearing Casket

t the official character of our mission. Although
r hotel was just across the street from the Gallery
the Louvre I did not enter the doors of that insti-
tution—therefore I failed in the realization of a
lg cherished wish.

On the Fourth of July we were to have dined with
te American Chamber of Commerce of Paris, but
te dinner was abandoned in respect to the memory
Mr. John Hay, tidings of whose death had reached
on July 1. Meanwhile our officers and men at
herbourg were receiving entertainments and other
idences of good will from the military, naval and
vil authorities and from the public as well. On
te Fourth of July the public buildings and the
splanade at Cherbourg were profusely dressed
th American and French flags and, throughout
te city, the American flag was in evidence. At
ght there was a brilliant electrical illumination of
te war ships of the two nations, also a water car-
ival in honor of the American visitors. Unfortu-
ately, our people could make but little return be-
use of the grimy condition of our coaling ships.
ur tactful French friends understood and made
llowance. On Thursday, July 6, the day of the
rmal transfer of the re-
ains of John Paul Jones
Paris, the landing par-
es of the several Ameri-
n ships at Cherbourg
ere roused out at 2
clock in the morning.
nder the great incon-
enience of the situation,
ey were dressed and
rmed. While crossing the
tlantic I had directed
at the men's hair be
ewly cut. I quote from
y further orders at Cher-
ourg: "The men will be
aved at as late an hour
n the fifth as possible.
hoes will be carefully
lacked, and every effort
ade to show the charac-
eristic neatness of our en-
sted men. The men will
e dressed in clean blue
ustering clothes, with
resh cap ribbons, cap
rommet inserted, and
ggings. They will carry
ifles, bayonets, canteens
lled with distilled water,
elts without ammunition
nd haversacks. The hav-
rsacks will contain toilet
rticles and a shift of blue to protect the men on the
eturn if they get wet during the parade." The
aversacks were not worn during the parade.

At 3:30 that morning our 500 officers and men—
eamen, marines and the band of the flagship—were
n board the train and starting for Paris. They
ere under the command of Lieutenant-Commander
Harry George. At 11:49 A.M., they arrived at the
Gare des Invalides in Paris, where they were met
y officers representing the Ministries of War and
Marine, of military bodies and of the police. Out-
ide the station a detachment, including the band,
f the 103d Regiment of French Infantry was wait-
ng. There were greetings and reciprocal musical
alutes, after which the 103d escorted our men to
he barracks of the Military School (Ecole Militaire)
where large tents had been erected on the Esplanade
or dining and dressing purposes. There the men
straightened up" and dined. Our officers were
ared for, with great courtesy, at the School and at
he Military Club, by army and navy officers.
Speeches were made and returned. Good will reigned
nd will be remembered.

At 3 P.M., the ceremonies over the remains of John Paul Jones took place at the American Church of the Holy Trinity, Avenue de l'Alma. Assembled outside were the American seamen and marines and the French troops. General Frey commanded the French troops, consisting of 2,000 infantry, 350 cavalry and two batteries of horse artillery, of six pieces each. There was also an artillery caisson, drawn by six horses with riders, and bearing French and American flags.

Admittance to the church was by card. Even the aisles of the church were filled with people and many could not find entrance. The gathering of people was highly distinguished, even for a great event. The chancel and the body of the church were profusely decorated with palms and flowers. In front of the chancel was the casket covered with flowers. On the right—facing the chancel—were the American representatives and on the left the French representatives. The President of France was represented by General Dubois of his household. There were present M. Rouvier, President of the Council and Minister of Foreign Affairs, the leading Cabinet Ministers and distinguished officers of the army and navy. Virtually the whole Diplomatic Corps was present also. There were many ladies of various nationalities. On the front seat, on the right, were Ambassador and Mrs. McCormick, General Porter, Mr. Loomis, Senator Lodge and Rear-Admiral Sigsbee.

Prayers on the "Brooklyn" During the Reception of the Remains

The memorial services were conducted by Rev. John B. Morgan, assisted by Rev. M. Van Winkle, Monsieur Mesny and Dr. Tully. The order of exercises was as follows: Hymn 418, the Lord's Prayer, prayer for the President of the United States, two collects, hymns 107 and 144, the fiftieth chapter of Genesis, the nineteenth verse of the thirteenth chapter of Exodus, two special prayers, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," benediction, and "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

At the close addresses were made in the following order: By General Porter in transferring the remains to Mr. Loomis, by Mr. Loomis in transferring the remains to Rear-Admiral Sigsbee, and by Rear-Admiral Sigsbee in accepting the further custodianship and responsibility.

The body bearers were sixteen American petty officers, four from each ship. All were over six feet in stature. They excited much favorable comment. The body bearers bore the casket to the caisson and at 5 P.M. the procession took up its line of march. With the exception of the cavalry and artillery all were on foot—including civilians and ladies. The omission of carriages was a mark of great respect. Since there were no French seamen present the American seamen were under comparison with the flower of the French soldiery, but they made an excellent impression. The photographs that were taken show that this was justified. The route—which was lined with great numbers of silently respectful people, the men with hats removed—was through the Avenue des Champs Elysées, across the Seine by the beautiful new bridge of Alexandre III., to the wide Esplanade des Invalides. Opposite the Hotel des Invalides, where repose the remains of Napoleon I., a special tent or pavilion had been erected, draped with royal purple velvet and trimmed with gold braid and fringe. It was ornamented with flowers and military arms and accoutrements. In suitable places were the American and French national ensigns. Here the procession was halted and all those connected therewith, who were not under arms, assembled in or around the pavilion.

The casket was taken from the caisson and laid on a catafalque within. Then the several bodies under arms marched past, saluting when opposite the remains. It was indeed an impressive pageant, the most distinguished, I was informed by M. Rouvier, that had been seen in Paris in recent years. The cavalry was the last to pass, which it did at a trot. This ended the joint public ceremony at Paris. With the exchange of many kindly sentiments, the assemblage at the pavilion dispersed. The casket was replaced on the caisson, escorted to the Gare des Invalides and there placed in a mortuary car. The car was sealed and left in charge of a guard. The rest of the landing party returned to the Military School for supper. At 9:10 that night—only eighteen hours from the departure from Cherbourg—the landing party was leaving Paris in the train with the remains of John Paul Jones. Neither I nor my staff returned that day. On the 7th General Porter left for home by way of Cherbourg, where my flagship gave him his ambassadorial gun-salute. To my great regret neither he nor Mr. Loomis could make it convenient to return as my guests. The same day President Loubet sent his representative to our hotel and presented to me the Cross of Commander of the Legion of Honor and to the captains and to Lieutenant-Commander George the Cross of Officer of the Legion of Honor. Mr. Loomis had been similarly honored on a former occasion. The American naval officers left Paris that night and arrived at Cherbourg at 6 A.M. on the 8th.

It was proper to speed our departure from France once the remains had been embarked. This view was made stronger by the death of Mr. Hay. Also I suspected that the French vessels were needed at Brest, where some British war vessels were then due on a visit of special diplomatic importance.

During my absence, arrangements for the further ceremonies at Cherbourg had been made by French

Continued on page 755

Questions and Answers

Reader, Birmingham, Ala. Do you not think a man commits sin when he repeats jokes with oaths?

It is both sinful and vulgar. Apart altogether from the undeniable wickedness of it, such conduct is usually the mark of low association.

G. W. H., Duncansville, Pa. What was the total of American benevolences in 1906 and also the total spent in liquor the same year?

Total announced benevolences, including legacies, bequests, public gifts, etc., aggregated $100,000,000. Total production of distilled spirits of all kinds in this country same year, 150,110,197 gallons. Value not stated.

G. H. M., Brooklyn, N. Y. Can a young man be a true Christian and be active in political work?

Our politics need purifying, and while the temptations are numerous, a clean-hearted Christian, who is divinely strengthened to resist temptation, can become a mighty agent for good. "Practical politics" is a dirty business which affords large opportunities for moral improvement.

Reader, Dayton, O. Please explain I. Sam. 31 : 4. Saul fell upon his own sword and killed himself. If so, what does II. Sam. 1 : 10 mean?

The apparent discrepancy is explained by the commentators. The Amalekite's story was a fiction, invented to win David's favor for himself, he knowing that Saul's death would make David king. The man probably witnessed Saul's suicide and tried to turn it to his own account and win a reward, but was properly punished instead.

W. G., Ontario, Ind. How did God communicate with man in olden times? Was it by audible speech or by spirit?

The view taken by the most eminent orthodox Biblical authorities is that God operated on the minds of men in various ways, sometimes by audible words, at others by outward, visible signs, or direct inward suggestions, and again by dreams and visions. His spirit moved and guided his servants to write, to speak, or to act in accordance with his will and purposes.

A. G. T., Tecumseh, Neb. 1. Please tell what is Portland cement composed of and the method of its composition. 2. Please tell me the name of a reliable publisher on the general use of cement.

1. Portland cement is a hydraulic cement made by calcining limestone with clayey matter, as chalk and river mud. See Nelson's Encyclopedia, pages 558-9, Vol. IX. 2. Chicago *Cement and Engineering News*. Write to the Secretary of Commerce and Labor, Washington, D. C., for answer to third question you sent.

G. W. H., Holland, Mich. Why is God's name not mentioned in the book of Esther? or was Esther not a Christian?

The book of Esther is purely untheocratic—a presumably faithful recital, without comment, of the words and acts of persons, without any vital recognition of God; yet the book is reckoned in the Jewish canon. Probably the best explanation is that it was a transcript from the chronicles of the Medes and Persians, and that it was meant to be read by heathen. The sacred name was purposely omitted. Many of the ancient Christian authorities regarded the book as non-canonical.

J. C. C., Eastman, Ga. What is to be done with the bridge that fell near Quebec a number of months ago?

The wreckage will be cleared away and the bridge completed. Some changes undoubtedly will have to be made in the plans.

T. C. P., Glasgow, Del. What address of Lincoln's is known as his "Temperance Speech"?

Probably you refer to the following words by Lincoln: "The liquor traffic is a cancer in society, eating out the vitals and threatening destruction, and all attempts to regulate it will not only prove abortive, but will aggravate the evil. There must be no more attempts to regulate the cancer. It must be eradicated, not a root must be left behind; for until this is done, all classes must continue in danger of becoming victims of strong drink."

T. T. H., South Boston, Va. How would you reconcile the story of Achan (Josh. 7) with that of David (I. Samuel 30)?

The cases are dissimilar. There was a specific injunction against taking and keeping the spoil of Jericho for themselves (Josh. 6 : 18) and it was this that Achan disobeyed.

L. P., Macon, Mo. What is the office of Dean? In what way does it differ from that of bishop?

There are two sorts of deans in the Episcopal church. First, the dean of a cathedral, who is next in authority to a bishop. He is an ecclesiastical magistrate in England. He is head of the chapter of the cathedral and is called dean from the Latin *decanus*, because ten made up the cathedral chapter. The second class are known in England as rural deans, an office revived from one of ancient days. They have oversight of a number of parishes, visit them and report their condition to their bishop.

N. C., Rockville, Conn. 1. Please explain what is meant in Mark 3 : 28-30. 2. What is meant in Matt. 16 : 28?

1. The sin against the Holy Ghost is supposed to have been "the malicious ascription of the dispensations, gifts and influences of the Spirit to the power of Satan." Whosoever committed this sin, despised and rejected the only remedy for man's redemption—the power of the Spirit to influence the soul. 2. This passage was explained recently in THE MAIL-BAG.

Rev. H. A. Benfer of York, Pa., writes our MAIL-BAG, asking information in reference to Prohibition in Maine. He refers to an article in one of our leading Christian papers, in which the writer states as follows: "In spite of the Prohibition laws in Maine, there is as much drunkenness there as in the States where there are no prohibitory laws." Our correspondent desires information, and we have referred his inquiry to the General Secretary, National Temperance Society, 3 East Fourteenth Street, New York City. Others writing for such information, should send five cents postage to cover cost of transmission.

L. P., Macon, Mo. 1. A lecturer in our Chautauqua here, discoursing on the destiny and mission of America, quoted a verse from Bishop Berkeley, of England, to the effect that the establishment of our government, our constitution, was the last and grandest act in history. Will you give the words in THE MAIL BAG department? 2. Why does the title "Prince" occur so often in Russian literature, as in Tolstoi's works for instance?

1. You probably refer to the lines ending his poem "Verses on the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America." They are:

"Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last."

2. The titles as used in Russia differ much from those used in other parts of Europe, especially in England. Prince, ordinarily, is the next title to that of King; in Russia, however, it is practically no higher, with exceptions, than the English designation "Esquire." In some cases, however, when backed by large estates, it has almost a territorial importance. The titles, "Baron," "Count," etc., which are not the highest in the rest of Europe, often rank the title of Prince in Russia. There are hundreds holding the latter. We are unable to answer the last question sent.

Lewis, N.Y. What is the force indicated by "one horse power," or "ten horse power" as applied to a locomotive or gasoline engine?

Horse power is a standard theoretical unit of work, equal to 33,000 pounds lifted one foot high in one minute. This unit was estimated by Boulton and Watt watching strong dray horses working eight hours a day in London. Ten horse power would be the supposed lifting or moving power of ten horses, capable of drawing 33,000 pounds each by cord and pulley.

C. O. B., Oregon City, Oregon. Why does the Bible say God "repents"? In what manner does he repent?

The word "repent," as in Jer. 18 : 8; Ps. 110 : 4, means simply that God will not change his purpose. Again, as in Jer. 18 : 8, it means that the change which the nations returning from evil will experience, is not a change in God, but in their relations to his law and its operation. Thus, if they persist in evil, they must suffer the consequences of their violation of his law; while, if they turn from sin, they will escape these consequences.

Subscriber, San Diego, Calif. Can you give the name of the author of a piece of poetry commencing:

"Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor or fast flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passes from life to his rest in the grave."

The lines were written by William Knox. He was a Scotch poet, born at Firth, in the parish of Lilliesleaf, in Roxburghshire, August 17, 1789; died in Edinburgh, November 12, 1825. The poem from which the above lines were taken is called "Mortality," and appeared in his volume called the *Songs of Israel*. The poem was a great favorite of President Lincoln. We are unable to answer the second question you sent.

F. L. C., Chase, Md. When, where and how did the Monitor, the Union gunboat that fought the Merrimac, sink?

The Monitor was not intended for a seagoing vessel, but for use along the shore. While it was being brought north, it encountered a storm off Cape Hatteras, December 29, 1862, and was swamped. A number of lives were lost. Many points of this first monitor have been copied in later coast defense monitors and our battlesh notably the plan of putting two guns in a tur Monitors of the modern type, such as the U Terror are much more seaworthy than the o inal one.

B. S., Sandusky. What were the church affi tions of the American Presidents?

Washington, Church of England; John Ada Unitarian or Congregationalist; Jefferson, F Thinker; Madison, Protestant Episcopalian; Ja son, Presbyterian; Van Buren, Dutch Reform Harrison, Episcopalian; Taylor, Episcopali Lincoln, Presbyterian; Johnson, Methodist; Gra Methodist; Hayes, Methodist; Garfield, Discip Arthur, Episcopalian; Cleveland, Presbyteri Harrison, Presbyterian; McKinley, Method Roosevelt, Dutch Reformed.

J. P. M., East Hartford, Conn., apropos o recent paragraph in THE MAIL-BAG, writ "It seems a singular fate that that woman artless purity, Mary Magdalene, has by mu tudes been merged into the fallen woman shame, mentioned in Mark. 15 : 40. It seems me Mary Magdalene was healed of a mental ease; she is always mentioned by name in Sc ture, for she became a most devoted follower our Lord and assumed a public place by her S iour, standing by him at the Cross. The ot woman mentioned in Luke 7 : 37 is a namel and sudden apparition, a moment seen and t gone forever."

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe Unveiling the Tablet on Rochambeau's Headquarters

AN interesting ceremony occurred recently at Newport, R. I., recalling the connection of that fashionable resort with the historic past. A tablet was unveiled on the beautiful colonial mansion in which Count de Rochambeau made his headquarters when he stayed in the city as commander of the French forces sent to aid the Americans in the Revolution. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, whose poem "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," has become an American classic, pulled the cords that dropped the French flag from the face of the tablet. The French and United States governments were represented at the unveiling.

Miscellaneous

Inquisitor, Topeka, Kan. For a better und standing of socialism, we refer you to *An Inqu Into Socialism*, by Kircup; *The Socialists*, Spargo. Order through any good bookseller.

Several Readers. There are 24 lessons in t Shorthand Correspondence Course by mail, w 12 reviews and 2 examinations. The entra fee is $1.

Subscriber, Spartanburg, S. C. The proper fo is "I move that we adjourn," or "I make a mot that we adjourn." The mover may add: "to t —— day of —— next," if it is a matter that ca for further consideration.

C. E. H., Monroe, Conn. The passage in I. C 7 : 36, is the one to which you refer, but you ha greatly misunderstood it. The apostle is spea ing of a man's attitude toward his daughter, wh being of age, has the right to marry if she wish and should not be unreasonably hindered.

Mrs. A. C. P., McLean, Tex., writes: "I see THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a question asked h many times we are commanded to keep the Sa bath day holy. I have read my Bible through a find just twenty-three times the command e pressly stated."

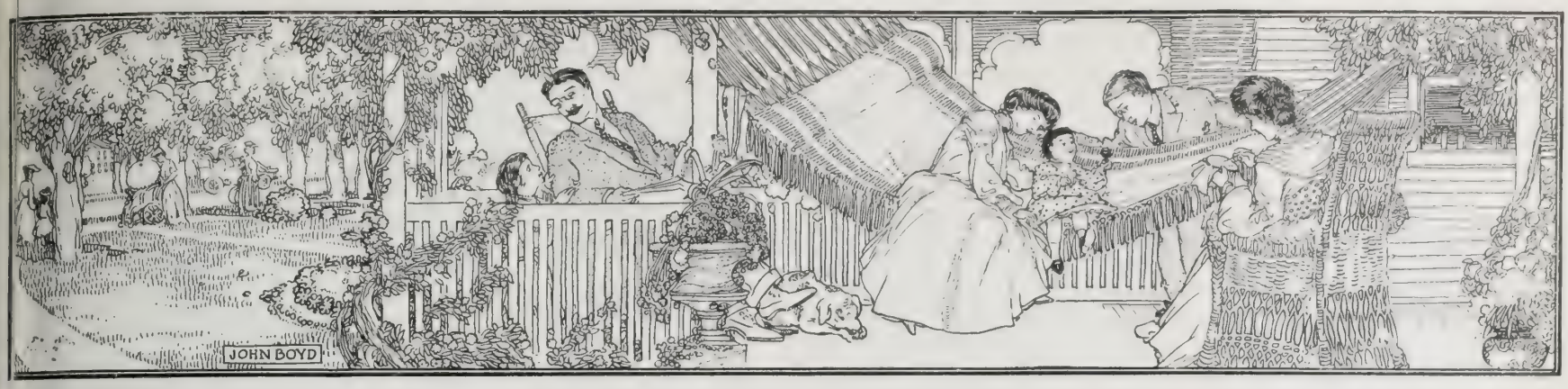
S. F. T., Crockett, Tex. The agitation agai the wearing of women's hats in church aris from the fact that their monstrous headgear c scures the pulpit and preacher to those who behind the women. Had Paul lived in our la in these days, he would doubtless have co demned the present custom.

R. E. R., South Bend, Ind. 1. We do not d cuss party politics. Compare the platforms, whi you can find in the daily newspapers. 2. Voti should be a matter of conscience always. 3. U tarians believe in the unity of God; they reje the Trinity as a threefold or tri-personal deit recognize God as Father and Creator, and ho Christ to have been subordinate both in natu and rank.

W. H. M., Charleston, W. Va. Yes, it is qui possible for a man to be a Christian and yet differ with others in politics. All are not co stituted alike, physically, spiritually or temper mentally. The man who differs may be acti conscientiously, according to his best convictio We should be careful how we estimate other and not give way to censoriousness. Especial should we hesitate to condemn our neighb simply because we do not agree with him or u derstand him.

EVERY now and then inquiries reach this office, from generously-inclined friends, for the proper legal designation of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD charities. While the benevolent work of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD extends over the whole world, its special charities are the Bowery Mission and our Children's Home. The corporate name of the Bowery Mission is as follows: "The Bowery Mission and Young Men's Home of New York City." The proper designation of the Children's Home is as follows: "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home at Nyack, New York." Both are duly incorporated and entitled to receive legacies.

TALKS ON THE COOL VERANDA



Why Are Teachers Often Weary?

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

IF THE editor of this page may judge from her correspondence there is no profession that so taxes the nervous energy of those who practise as does that of teaching. One would imagine that doctors, lawyers, and numbers of men and women engaged in business would break down in health and strength sooner than teachers in the primary and grammar schools. The great majority of these teachers are young women. The hours of actual work in the schoolroom are usually five or six, as an hour intervenes at noon for luncheon. Saturday is a day off, and in addition to the legal holidays there are the Christmas and Easter vacations, and the long respite during the summer. Nevertheless, teachers often grow very tired, and, while there are those who teach twenty or thirty years consecutively, and are in good health at the end of the time, they are women who have nerves of steel, perfect digestion and extraordinary vitality. There must be a reason why teachers break down, why they grow weary early in the race, and why they often want to exchange this work for something else, welcoming longer hours and prefer vacations.

We may understand the situation better if we remember that most teachers are obliged to sacrifice in a measure their individuality, and teach according to a rigid system. The system may be excellent. It has been arranged for the advantage of the many, and, on the whole, it may work well, but it cramps the individual teacher and it is also, as the teacher knows, somewhat unfair to the clever child who is held back to the slower pace of the drone. In the large cities the public schools are terribly overcrowded and the buildings, outwardly fine, are often unsanitary and ill-ventilated. The teacher has to cope with forces of ignorance and prejudice that derive their strength from mediæval times. She does not merely introduce foreign-born children and children of diverse races and creeds to arithmetic and geography. She has to instruct them in the alphabet of refinement and to tame in them a dormant savagery. As at present we exact from teachers and scholars an enormous amount of work, including much of the curriculum studies that might as well be omitted from the programme where children are to finish their school work and life at fourteen, the teacher has to do much work out of school. Merely to look over papers and exercises and to prepare for the next day may easily occupy an ordinary teacher's entire evening.

As every one knows who has ever tried it, few forms of human endeavor strain physical energy as does that of impressing mind upon mind. When a conscientious and enthusiastic teacher arrives at the close of her day she has given out so much of herself that she is wearied in the last drop of her blood. If she be conscientious, but lack enthusiasm, she is worse off than the other, for in this case she has fretted against the collar the livelong day.

It goes without saying that nobody should attempt to teach who dislikes children and who scorns the work of training them, neither should any one work in this line only that she may gain a livelihood. The work is too delicate, too fine and too strenuous to be safely done by any one careless of its opportunity for spiritual suggestiveness. One who loves her work and who is grandly successful in it may find it too much for her physical vigor, and may have to spend her vacation from the first day to the last in rest and recuperation. She will take a fresh start and again do nobly, yet her life will be a breaking of the alabaster box of sacrifice. Her friend who frankly admits that she, too, is tired to death of the whole thing, would far better drop it and put her disciplined mind, her activity, her courage and patience to another use. Teaching is the noblest profession we have, not inferior to the ministry, to medicine, or to law in that it deals with children in their most impressionable years. But it is an arduous and exacting line of work, and, in these days, we are learning that many women have not the requisite strength to engage in it for life, and that the results show the survival of the fittest.

"WHO READS SHALL WALK IN PEACE"

In youth or age, the sacred Book gives care and pain surcease;
Beside Siloam's quiet brook who reads, shall walk in peace.

Kissing the Baby

Though the baby is the most kissable being beneath the sun, though the rose-leaf cheek and the flower-like grace of the infant make a bid for caresses, the mother is right who declines to let baby be indiscriminately kissed. Kissing goes by favor when people are grown up, but babies are defenseless and cannot well help themselves. A kiss may be the means of causing illness.

Making Calls

SOCIAL calls loom large in suburban life, as well as in the routine of the smaller towns and villages. Friendly acquaintances enjoy dropping in upon one another in the afternoon, the morning being seldom regarded as an appropriate time for calling. After three o'clock people are supposed to be at leisure to receive their friends informally. A first call should be returned with considerable promptness, as, if this is not done, a doubt arises as to whether the call was welcome. Visiting cards facilitate social intercourse, and in formal affairs, such as At Homes and receptions, are sent by those who cannot attend, and are accepted as an acknowledgment of the invitation. To leave a visiting card, as has often been said, is unnecessary when one runs in for a few minutes' chat in the home of a friend whom one frequently meets. Refreshments are not served to callers by way of convention, but there are cheerful houses in which one may always expect to find the family taking a cup of tea at four or five in the afternoon. Sometimes these homes become informal rallying places for a group of intimate friends. With the tea thin bread and butter, toast or cakes may be offered. One of the easiest ways of keeping up neighborly friendship is indicated in the simple custom of slipping in between three and six o'clock for a half hour of pleasant talk. None of us wish to belong to the hermit souls who dwell apart. We wish, do we not, to have friends and to keep them?

Nine O'clock Headaches

Parents may co-operate with teachers and help the children to do good work by sending them regularly to school. There are small people who would never think of playing truant, but who sometimes have nine o'clock headaches. Tender mothers feel sorry for their darlings and easily yield to the request that they may stay at home for the morning or the afternoon. In a certain household the rule was made that if one of the children complained of illness and asked to remain at home the plea should always be granted without any fuss or opposition. The rule was also made that the child, being ill, must at once go to bed and stay there the entire day. "Of course, dear, if you are not well enough to go to school, bed is the place for you," the mother would say, "and I cannot give a sick child very much to eat, so you will have to get along with a slice of bread and a cup of milk; not another thing." In this family nine o'clock headaches were seldom heard of. As a rule, small boys and girls do not feign illness as an excuse for shirking school attendance, but if they have a fear of being kept in or have somehow drifted into trouble in the class, they may try to put off the day of reckoning. Children, as well as grown people, are much the better if very strictly held to duty.

Who Originates the Fashions?

—Miss B——. You inquire why short sleeves are going out when every one finds them comfortable, and few desire a change. Well, my dear, the fountain of fashion is Paris, and the great dressmaking houses there start new fashions from time to time to keep the wheel of business turning round. We all follow their lead.

The Gladness and Power of the Church

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

A Mother's Story of the Ark

I WOULD have you know, my children, that there is a verse in the Bible which says: "The Lord is in his holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before him" (Hab. 2: 20). And this is why, when we come into the church, we should bow our heads to God and praise him. It is our greeting to God, who we know is there, though we do not see him. But long, long ago, there was no church anywhere in the world. Instead, people piled up stones and built an altar, and on it they burned sacrifices to God. And God was there, though the people did not see him, just as he is now in the church though we do not see him. Adam and Abraham, and all the good men who lived in those days, built altars instead of churches. Then there came a time when God told a man how he wanted a church. It was not at all like the churches we have. It was a tent church. The sides of it were of boards covered with gold, and its roof was of embroidered linen, and other precious cloths, and fur (badgers' skins dyed red). You will know that it must have been very beautiful, because it cost one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. And the beautiful furniture of gold that was put inside cost much more money. That tent was called the Tabernacle. God told Moses how to make every part of it. It was not large, only the size of a very small house (15x45 ft.). And there was a fence of white linen around it which made a court yard of 75x 150 feet. The Tabernacle had two rooms in it, one large, and the other small. The small room had in it a beautiful box made of wood, covered with gold, and it had a cover made of solid gold, and on the cover of the box were two angels made of gold, with golden wings. It was called the "Ark." It was not large, not larger than many trunks you have seen. There was a wonderful light shining between the angels, a light brighter than the sun, for it was the shining brightness around God, but God himself could not be seen. And because God's shining brightness rested on the Ark, it was so precious that no one was permitted to put hands on it.

God made a law that it should be carried on poles, slipped through rings which were on the sides of the Ark. And it was also God's law that certain men called Levites, who were almost like ministers, should put the poles through the rings, and so carry the Ark. Something very precious was inside of the Ark: the two tables of stone upon which God had written the Ten Commandments, a pot of manna-food from heaven, and a very precious rod or stick which God had made to grow in a wonderful manner to show who should be the high priest. I am sure you will agree with me that the Ark was the most wonderful box that was ever in the world. You would like to know what happened to it, and where it is now? One day two bad young men, although they were the sons of the high priest, went in and got the Ark and carried it into a battle, for they said, "Wherever the Ark is, God will be there to help." But God took his shining brightness away from the Ark, and the Ark itself was taken by the Philistines, and they set it up in a temple where there was an idol named Dagon. In the morning, when the Philistines came to the temple, they found that Dagon had fallen down, and was all broken in pieces. The Philistines carried the Ark from city to city to show what a wonderful prize they had taken in battle, but in every place where they took the Ark, people became sick and many died. That was God's way of punishing them. At last the Philistines said: "Let us send back the Ark before we all die." They sent it back in a cart drawn by cows, and they put presents of gold in the Ark. The Israelites were so glad and thankful to have it back again, that they took the cows, and offered them as sacrifices to God, and they put the golden presents on the sacrifice and burned them, too. Then the Ark was carried to the house of a good man named Abinadab, and he and his son took good care of it in God's own way for twenty years. That is long enough for a baby boy to grow to be a man.

David and the People Bringing the Ark to Jerusalem

When David was made king, he thought about the Ark and wished that it might be in the king's city, the holy city of Jerusalem. It was God who gave King David that wish. And King David sent men to blow silver trumpets all over the land to call the people together that they might go with him to bring the Ark to Jerusalem, and put it again in a tabernacle. Thirty thousand people came. It was a grand and glorious time. With the king at their head, marching on, they made a grander procession than you have ever seen. But very strangely, King David had forgotten something God had said. You will know what he had forgotten when I tell you that he had a new cart made in which to bring back the Ark, and two oxen to draw it. King David had forgotten that God had said the Ark should be carried only on poles and by the Levites. But the Ark was taken out of the house of Abinadab, and put into the cart, and the oxen started to go. The Ark was shaken about in the cart, and a man named Uzzah put his hand against it to steady it, and he fell down dead. Then King David was afraid to bring the Ark any further, so he had it taken into the house of a man named Obed-edom, and all of the people went back to their homes far away with sad hearts. Meantime the home of Obed-edom was greatly blest with prosperity and happiness because the Ark of God was there, as the families of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob were blest because of their family altars. And homes with such altars today are those which have fewest divorces and family quarrels and heart-breaks for wayward boys and girls, and the greatest joy and truest prosperity.

King David asked God what was wrong in his efforts to bring the Ark to Jerusalem, and God told him he had disobeyed the law that the Ark should only be carried upon poles, and by the Levites. And after some time, three months, again King David sent men with silver trumpets through the land to tell the people to come again to bring the Ark to Jerusalem. And they came in as great numbers as before. They went to the home of Obed-edom. They did not take the cart, but poles instead, and they brought it in God's own way to Jerusalem, singing and dancing for joy, and playing upon instruments of music and praising God. King David wore a beautiful white linen robe on that day. He had his harp in his hands, and played upon it while he sang songs of praise to God. Let us read the words of his songs (I. Chron. 16: 7-36, also Ps. 24 and 122). You would like to know where that precious Ark is to-day? It was kept in the tent as long as King David lived, and then a glorious temple was built for it by Solomon, the son of King David. The temple was destroyed after four hundred years and the Ark with it, by an army of ruthless soldiers.

The falling of the Philistine idols when the Ark of God was brought into their temple suggests a missionary lesson, for all over the world idols have been falling for more than two thousand years.

The Meaning and Mission of the Church

This lesson most of all pictures the meaning and mission of the Church of God, symbolized in the ancient tabernacle, of which the Ark was the very heart. We sometimes call the church building "a church," and the people inside whose names are on the church book are more accurately called "a church." But the true spiritual church of God is something much smaller, made up of true Christians only. They are the Ark of God today, with his Spirit as manna [illegible] heaven within them and his la[illegible] their very hearts, so that they [illegible] freely and gladly.

What then does it mean to joi[illegible] Church? It means that we hav[illegible] cepted Jesus as our High Priest, [illegible] has offered himself as the Lam[illegible] God that beareth away, as a s[illegible] goat, our sins. It means that we hav[illegible] only been forgiven, but have also [illegible] cleansed from our sins, as in a l[illegible] by the Holy Spirit, of which bap[illegible] is the symbol, so that we lead [illegible] lives. It means that having thus [illegible] received as friends at God's table [illegible] shew-bread of God-given strength [illegible] been given us, and our prayers [illegible] been received in heaven as swee[illegible] cense. It means that we have ent[illegible] the holy of holies of close fellow[illegible] with the real presence of God.

That is what it means to join [illegible] Church. But one need not wait to [illegible] derstand all that before joining [illegible] Church. Some wise friends of J[illegible] and of the children in London fo[illegible] a "Children's Christian Band," w[illegible] was sometimes called "The Child[illegible] Church," to which such children [illegible] admitted as had quietly signed "[illegible] to the following q[illegible] tions: "Do you [illegible] Jesus? Are you tr[illegible] ing in Jesus as [illegible] own precious Savi[illegible] Will you try, by [illegible] help of Jesus, to [illegible] up everything tha[illegible] sinful?

And as the brin[illegible] of the Ark to Jerusa[illegible] was the occasion of [illegible] joicing and blessing [illegible] the Church of [illegible] should bring to e[illegible] city a nobler social [illegible]

It was King Dav[illegible] loyalty to God [illegible] made him desire to h[illegible] the Ark of God in [illegible] heart of his kingc[illegible] the capital city, Jer[illegible] lem. Sometimes pe[illegible] make the mistake [illegible] trying to better co[illegible] tions while leaving [illegible] out. In our rec[illegible] travels in far-av[illegible] Australia, we foun[illegible] wonderful "Institute [illegible] Social Service" loc[illegible] in a great tobacco [illegible] tory, the free use [illegible] which had been given [illegible] five years with a [illegible] of $500 additional. [illegible] the features of the institutional chu[illegible] had been organized, such as the cra[illegible] for babies, the kindergarten for sm[illegible] children, men's clubs, boys' cl[illegible] girls' clubs, gymnasium, roof garc[illegible] etc. Indeed, $5,000 had been spent [illegible] making necessary alterations and [illegible] equipping the various departme[illegible] The whole scheme had been devised [illegible] a clergyman, and he was at the he[illegible] And yet in a leaflet printed for pu[illegible] distribution was this statement: "[illegible] is not the intention of this institut[illegible] to teach religion." And so in the S[illegible] bath day, when one of the grand[illegible] Sunday Schools of the world mi[illegible] have been gathered, for it was in [illegible] midst of a thickly populated distr[illegible] of laboring people, there was no [illegible] tempt to have a Sunday School. M[illegible] the managers of that institution [illegible] led to see their mistake, and to ag[illegible] with David to send for the Ark.

A stranger coming into a city aske[illegible] "What is that great building?" [illegible] received the reply, "It is a pow[illegible] house that is felt constantly in [illegible] parts of the city, as many kinds [illegible] machinery are run by it. "And wh[illegible] is this other big building?" he ask[illegible] "That, too, is a power house, a Y. [illegible] C. A. building whose moral and soc[illegible] influence is exerted every day to be[illegible] fit all sides of personal and social lif[illegible] "And is that another power house[illegible] he asked, pointing to the church. "[illegible] try to make it so," replied the earn[illegible] Christian man.

* **International Sunday School Lesson for Oct. 4, 1908.** David brings the Ark to Jerusalem. II. Sam. 6: 1-14. Golden Text: "Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise." Psalm 100: 4.

The John Paul Jones Expedition

Continued from page 751

officers and Lieutenant-Commander Hoombe. The latter had been left senior officer present. On the 8th the casket was placed in a specially prepared pavilion on the quay, through the courtesy of M. LePont. While there it was under the continuous guard of sixteen French seamen and sixteen American seamen. Fresh flowers had been laid on the casket and in this the daughter of Vice-Admiral Besson had exercised a very pleasing interest.

At 1 P.M. the American landing party was sent on shore to the quay, which was decorated along its whole length with French and American flags. Assembled there were French officers, soldiers, and sailors, who were joined by the American officers, marines and sailors. Alongside the quay was the French torpedo boat *Zouave* dressed with French and American flags and flying the American flag at her jingle masthead. The soldiers and sailors were drawn up on three sides of a square with the officers within. Admiral Besson read a brief address, expressing good will and alluding to our joint history. Time was important to the French vessels, or so I believed, therefore I replied only by shaking hands and giving thanks for the many courtesies that we had received. The casket was carried on board the *Zouave* under guard of the sailors of both nations. The *Zouave* steamed out into the harbor. A column of French boats formed on her port quarter and a column of American boats on her starboard quarter, the admirals leading their respective columns in the barges. The landing parties left the shore later. The rails of the ships were manned. Fifteen minute-guns were fired by the French flagship *Bouvines* and then repeated by the *Brooklyn*. The *Zouave* steamed slowly to the starboard side of the *Brooklyn* and the boats pulled to the port side. Officers went on board. Reverently the casket was hoisted on board, prayers were offered by Chaplain Bayard and the casket was lowered to the gun deck. Just outside my cabin door a dais had been constructed and overhung by a draped and ornamented canopy. The casket was secured on the dais and covered with a silk American ensign, presented by Mrs. Donald McKane in behalf of the Daughters of the American Revolution. The beautiful floral emblems were replaced and a sentry posted over the casket.

After a few kind words of parting the French officers took their final departure. At 5:30 P.M. the American vessels got under way and put to sea. When passing the French vessels the side was manned and three hearty cheers given and returned. The *Brooklyn* then repeated her former national salute of twenty-one guns to the French flag and the *Bouvines* saluted the American flag likewise. While yet in the offing we saw the French vessels put to sea bound for Brest.

The return passage—with the Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md., as our destination—was made at ten and eleven knots speed. We had some fairly heavy seas and some foggy and misty weather. Off Nantucket lightship we were met by a squadron of Rear-Admiral Evans' ships and by them escorted to Chesapeake Bay. At the mouth of the Bay, Admiral Evans, with his first division, fired minute-guns and then parted company. Rear-Admiral Davis, with the second division of four vessels, continued the escort. We anchored off Annapolis, in sight of the Naval Academy, at 9 A.M. on July 23. We found there the French armored cruiser *Jurien de la Graviere*, commanded by Captain Gervais.

Rear-Admiral Sands, superintendent of the Naval Academy, had already organized the ceremonies appropriate for our further action. At 9 A.M., on the 24th, the American landing parties went on shore. There they were joined by Captain Gervais with a delegation of his officers and fifty sailors. The casket was lowered to the after deck of the tug *Standish*, placed under guard and, attended by myself with a staff of officers, conveyed to the water front of the Academy, where a temporary pavilion had been erected. With rigorous formality the casket was carried to the shore and placed in a hearse. Escorted by many American and French officers, a battalion of midshipmen, and by seamen and marines from the Academy and from the ships, the remains of John Paul Jones were taken to the open expanse of lawn in front of Blake Row. There, in the centre of a beautiful space, bordered by graceful, overhanging trees and environed by scenes and memories hallowed to generations of naval officers, a temporary brick vault had been built. The escorting detachments were formed about the vault, to the interior of which the casket was then borne. The door of the vault was closed and locked. A company of marines fired three volleys over the remains, a bugler sounded the solemn "taps"—and a national duty to a national hero, a duty too long delayed, had been accomplished.

President Roosevelt had designated as the final resting place of the remains a crypt in the beautiful chapel then under construction in the Academy. There they were deposited on April 24, 1906, with appropriate pageantry and ceremonial exercises. Many distinguished people were present and addresses were made. French men-of-war were at Annapolis to participate. The hospitalities that we had received at Paris and Cherbourg were returned at Washington and Annapolis by President Roosevelt and others. But these final events were not within my own experience. At that time I was cruising in the Mediterranean with the four vessels that I had commanded in the expedition to France.

In Peril Amid Arctic Ice Floes

Continued from page 743

contrary winds, carrying its occupants many miles from home, and the anxious nights spent by those on the ice and those on shore are not soon forgotten.

Next day, I traveled over part of their hunting ground towards another settlement of Eskimos. The ice was indeed very thin and, as we soon found out, already on the move. We, too, had a narrow escape before we succeeded in rounding the cape. We came to a gradually widening strip of water. The sledge just before ours swiftly bridged the gulf; but as the ice was very thin, it broke up the edges, making it impossible for us to follow. After some search we were able to cross, but the ice was no longer stationary; it was heaving and grinding beneath us. Had we been half an hour later, we would surely have been cut off; for the gap widened now rapidly and was soon seen by the two men who had been our hosts the night previous. They believed us to be cut off and they got a small boat ready to come out and rescue us. On climbing a hill, they saw the now broad expanse of water, but of us they could see nothing, as we had already rounded the next cape and were out of sight. Before night we safely reached the next settlement, and we were all very thankful to God for our wonderful preservation.

ACKNOWLEDGING A TRUST*

FOR every mother who instructs her children about giving to the Lord, there are probably hundreds who teach them, if they are boys, to take their hats off to ladies; or, if they are girls, to dress becomingly. There is no doubt that if Christian parents would only systematically and fervently admonish their children on this subject, the stinginess of men and women toward the church and all good causes would largely disappear.

To this end, every child who is old enough to understand anything about money should have his own allowance, however small, to be spent for certain well-defined objects — one of which should be his church.

But he should be duly impressed with the fact that money is not his only capital. He has time, strength, mind. Of all that he has, a portion should be given to the Lord, and the Scriptural "tithe," or tenth, is the least that should be offered.

Even taking into consideration the race to which all Scriptural injunctions were chiefly addressed, one cannot but be deeply affected by the emphasis laid throughout the whole Book upon the duty and the beauty of giving. In the teachings of Jesus, such counsel is carried to an extreme. We are told to take no thought for the morrow. If one asks our coat we are to deliver up to him our cloak also. We are to give constantly and we are assured that we shall be repaid in full measure, "pressed down and running over."

The wisest commentators explain to us that these injunctions are not to be taken literally, any more than are those concerning the hatred of a Christian for his father and mother. Jesus told his disciples that they must hate their nearest and dearest, or else they could not follow him. This simply meant, of course, that love for him must completely overshadow and dwarf all other loves.

So, applying this same principle to the other case, they must give all that they possibly could. The Oriental method of speech seems to necessitate exaggerated figures. That must always be remembered in weighing Scriptural commands.

It is said that a generous man was reproved by one of his parsimonious brethren for his reckless extravagance in giving to foreign missions. It was preposterous, said the thrifty one, to be sending abroad such heaps of money as this man and others were giving to missions, while there were so many unemployed and starving in their home town.

"I will give fifty dollars to the poor of our city, if you will give an equal sum," cried his Christian friend.

"I did not mean that," protested the selfish man, "I simply mean that there is no use in going so far away. Now here are the Indians in the West. They constantly need assistance."

"Very well," rejoined his ready companion, "I will give a hundred dollars this minute for the benefit of our Indians, if you will do the same."

"I do not mean that either," stammered the hounded miser. What he really meant was that he did not see why anybody should ever give anything away.

And yet if that curmudgeon had only been properly brought up, it is not unlikely that he might have been glad to give.

"I feel deeply the poverty and suffering of which you speak," protested a close-fisted man to one who was begging him to give to a good cause.

"Where do you feel it?" inquired the solicitor.

"In my heart and soul—"

"Oh," said the other, "if you only would feel in your pocket!"

*Topic of the Epworth League for Sunday, October 4. Text: Gen. 28:20-22; Deut. 14:22-29; 26:12-15.

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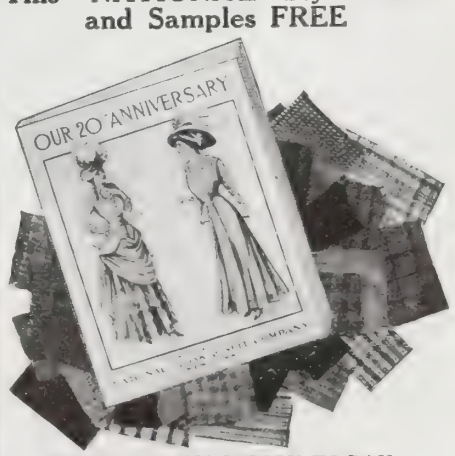

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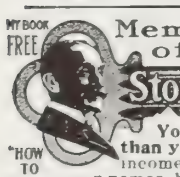

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The Transformation of Margaret

By MRS. ELEANOR H. PORTER

Author of "Into Still Waters," etc.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

Little Margaret Kendall, when five years old, was lost in New York and several years elapsed before she was restored to her grief-stricken mother at Houghtonsville. The child had lived among the children of the streets and had acquired their ways. At her mother's home she is surrounded with every luxury, but she wishes that the poor children might share her good fortune. "Bobby" McGinnis, who knew Margaret in New York, now lives near in the same town and becomes a great friend of the little girl. Her widowed mother becomes engaged to Doctor Spencer, who was instrumental in finding Margaret in New York. The little girl is filled with horror, as all the husbands she had heard of beat their wives. She sends to the doctor a contract in which it is stipulated that he will not beat her mother; this the amused doctor signs at once. Margaret insists on a visit from the children of the "Alley," with whom she lived in the slums. At first she wants them to stay always, but consents to have it made a visit. The child, when she sees them, realizes the difference between her old life and the new and is more contented to try and live as her mother wishes. She strives to please, but finds difficulty in curbing her speech and changing her manners. Her mother and herself go back to the city with the Alley children and try to arrange for their welfare. Mrs. Kendall then sends the little girl to a fashionable school in order to give Margaret the companionship of girls of her own age who will make her forget her past experiences, for Margaret was becoming a nervous wreck brooding over the poor people in the "Alley." The doctor and his bride start on their wedding journey; the train is wrecked and both are killed. Several years elapse. Mrs. Merideth and her two brothers, Ned and Frank Spencer, sister and brothers of the doctor who married Mrs. Kendall, are living at their home, Belcourt. Margaret, who has been away at school and traveling, comes to live with them. They find her a beautiful young girl with charming ways. Margaret, riding in an automobile with a Mr. Brandon, sees for the first time the dirty mill village near Belcourt. The mills belong to the Spencers and she learns much of the way in which the firm runs its business. They nearly run over a little girl named Maggie and Miss Kendall's interest is aroused. A young man named McGinnis holds an important position in the mill and is interested in bettering the conditions of the working people. Margaret meets him by chance and finds he is the one she used to know, and that as a boy he "had come to look after her property." She tells the Spencers that he is an old friend, somewhat to their annoyance. A little girl comes to say that Maggie, daughter of Patty who lived in the Alley, is ill. Margaret supplies them with comforts and calls frequently to see how they are getting on. The child says she is "going on twelve," though much younger. At twelve they can enter the mills. Margaret urges Mr. Spencer to rectify such a condition, but in vain. She fears Ned Spencer wishes to become more than a mere friend. Margaret investigates the mills and sees many children at work. She informs Frank that she is going to live among them, and he asks if she will stay, saying her presence means everything to one at Belcourt. She thinks he refers to his brother Ned, and says, "No." She undertakes her work at "Mill House," but wonders why McGinnis does not come to see her. At last he says he has to stay away because he loves her. She finds that she reciprocates his affection and they become engaged. Ned returns to announce that Frank has been ill, and they are all coming home.

CHAPTER XXXIII—*Continued*

NED'S call was not an unqualified success, at least not so far as Margaret was concerned. The young man was plainly displeased with the cane-seated chair in which he sat, and with his hostess's simple toilet. The reproachful look had gone from his eyes, it is true, but in its place was one of annoyed disapproval, which was scarcely less unpleasant to encounter. There were long pauses in the conversation, which neither participant seemed able to fill. Once Margaret tried to tell her visitor of her work, but he was so clearly unsympathetic that she cut it short and introduced another subject. Of McGinnis she did not speak; time enough for that when Frank Spencer should return and the engagement would have to be known. She did tell him, however, of her plans to go to New York later, in search of the lost twins.

"I shall take Patty with me," she explained, "and we shall make it a sort of vacation. We both need the change and the—well, it won't be exactly a rest, perhaps."

"No, I fear not," Ned returned grimly. "I do hope, Margaret, that when Della gets home you'll take a real rest and change at Belcourt. Surely by that time you'll be ready to cut loose from all this sort of thing!"

Margaret laughed merrily, though her eyes were wistful.

"We'll wait and see how rested New York makes me," she said.

"But, Margaret, you surely are going to come to Belcourt then," appealed Ned, "whether you need rest or not!"

"We'll see, Ned, we'll see," was all she would say, but this time her voice had lost its merriment.

Ned, though he did not know it, and though Margaret was loath to acknowledge it even to herself, had touched upon a tender point. She did long for Belcourt, its rest, its quiet and the tender care that its people had always given her. She longed for even one day in which she would have no problems to solve, no misery to try to alleviate—one day in which she might be the old care-free Margaret. She reproached herself bitterly for all this, however, and accused herself of being false to her work and her dear people; but in the next breath she would deny the accusation and say that it was only because she was worn out and "dead tired."

"When the people do get home," she said to Bobby McGinnis one day, "when the people do get home, we'll take a rest, you and I. We'll go up to Belcourt and just play for a day or two. It will do us good."

"To Belcourt?—I?" cried the man.

"Certainly; why not?" returned Margaret, quickly, a little annoyed at the surprise in her lover's voice. "Surely you don't think that the man I'm expecting to marry can stay away from Belcourt; do you?"

"N—no, of course not," murmured McGinnis; but his eyes were troubled, and Margaret noticed that he did not speak again for some time.

It was this, perhaps, that set her own thoughts into a new channel. When, after all, had she thought of them before together—Bobby and Belcourt? It had always been Bobby and—the work.

CHAPTER XXXIV

IT WAS on a particularly beautiful morning in June that Margaret and Patty started for New York—so beautiful, that Margaret declared it to be a good omen.

"We'll find them—you'll see!" she cried.

Little Maggie had been left at the Mill House with the teachers, and for the first time for years Patty found herself care-free, and at liberty to enjoy herself to the full.

"I hain't had such a grand time since I was a little girl an' went ter Mont-Lawn," she exulted, as the train bore them swiftly toward their destination. "Even when Sam an' me was married we didn't stop fur no play-day. We jest worked. An' say, did ye see how grand Sam was doin' now?" she broke off jubilantly. "He wa'n't drunk only once last week! Thar couldn't any one made him do it only you. Seems how I never could thank ye fur all you've done," she added wistfully.

"But you do thank me, Patty, every day of your life," contended Margaret, brightly. "You thank me by just helping me as you do at the Mill House."

"Pooh! As if that was anything compared ter what you does fur me," scoffed Patty. "'Sides, don't I git pay—money, fur bein' matron?"

In New York Margaret went immediately to a quiet, but conveniently located hotel, where the rooms she had engaged were waiting for them. To Patty even this unpretentious hostelry was palatial, as were the service and the dinner in the great dining-room that evening.

"I don't wonder folks likes ter be rich," she observed after a silent

Continued on next page

"THE PALE GIRL"

Did Not Know Coffee Was The Cause.

In cold weather some people think a cup of hot coffee good to help keep warm. So it is—for a short time but the drug—caffeine—acts on the heart to weaken the circulation and the reaction is to cause more chilliness. There is a hot wholesome drink which a Dak. girl found after a time, makes the blood warm and the heart strong.

She says:

"Having lived for five days in N. Dak., I have used considerable coffee owing to the cold climate. As a result I had a dull headache regularly, suffered from indigestion and had no "life" in me.

"I was known as 'the pale girl' and people thought I was just weakly. After a time I had heart trouble and became very nervous. I never knew what it was to be real well until medicine but it never seemed to do any good.

"Since being married my husband and I both have thought coffee was harming us and we would quit, only to begin again, although we felt it was the same as poison to us.

"Then we got some Postum. We noticed the effect was really wonderful. My complexion is clear now, headache gone, and I have a great deal of energy I had never known while drinking coffee.

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The Transformation of Margaret

Continued from preceding page

rvey of the merry, well-dressed rong about her. "I s'pose mebbe Mis' agoon'd say this is worse than them tymobiles she hates ter see so. An' don't look quite—fair; does it? I onder now, do ye s'pose any of 'em er thought of—divvyin' up?"

A dreamy, far-away look came into e blue eyes opposite.

"Perhaps; who knows?" murmured argaret. "Still, they haven't ever ossed the line, perhaps, so they n't—know."

"Huh?"

Margaret smiled.

"Nothing, Patty. I only meant that ey hadn't lived in Mrs. Whalen's tchen and kept all their wealth in a n cup."

"No, they hain't," said Patty, her es on the sparkle of a diamond gainst the round white throat of a oman near by.

Margaret and Patty lost no time e next morning in beginning their arch for the twins. There was very ttle, after all, that Patty knew of er sisters' movements since she had st seen them; but that little was easured and analyzed and carefully eighed. The twins were at the Whalens' when last heard from. The Whalens, therefore, must be the first nes to be looked up; and to the Whalens—as represented by the address in Clarabella's last letter—the earchers proposed immediately to go.

"An' ter think that you was bein' oked for jest like this once," reminded Patty, as they turned the corer of a narrow dingy street.

"Poor dear mother! How she must ave suffered," murmured Margaret, er eyes shrinking from the squalor and misery all about them. "I think perhaps never until now did I realize it—quite," she added softly, her eyes moist with tears.

"Ye see the Whalens ain't whar they was when you left 'em in that nice place you got fur 'em," began Patty after a moment, consulting the paper in her hand. "They couldn't keep that, 'course; but Clarabella wrote that they wa'n't more'n one or two blocks from the Alley."

"The Alley! Oh, how I would love to see the Alley!" cried Margaret. "And we will, Patty; we'll go there surely before we return home. But first we'll find the Whalens and the twins."

The Whalens and the twins, however, did not prove to be so easily found. They certainly were not at the address given in Clarabella's letter. The place was occupied by strangers—people who had never heard the name of Whalen. It took two days of time and innumerable questions to find anybody in the neighborhood, in fact, who had heard the name of Whalen; but at last patience and diligence were rewarded, and early on the third morning Margaret and Patty started out to follow up a clue given them by a woman who had known the Whalens, and who remembered them well.

Even this, however, promising as it was, did not lead to immediate success, and it was not until the afternoon of the fifth day that Margaret and Patty toiled up four flights of stairs and found a little bent old woman sitting in a green satin-damask easy-chair that neither Margaret nor Patty could fail to recognize.

To be continued

DAVID BRINGS THE ARK

By Mrs. M. Baxter

NO SOONER was David established in his kingdom, and the Philistines overcome, than his thoughts turned towards the ark of God. Nearly hundred years had elapsed since the rk had been taken by the Philistines, nd although it was in the land from he time that the Philistines had sent back in the new cart from Bethhemesh, and had remained in Kirjathearim, in the house of Abinadab, and e find it later in the keeping of Ahia, r Ahimelech, Eli's grandson, yet it ad never been restored to the tabernacle. With thirty thousand chosen nen David went up to Baale, or Kirath-jearim, "to bring up from thence he ark of God, whose name is called y the name of the Lord of hosts, that welleth between the cherubim."

David, on this occasion, without asking divine counsel, imitated the method f the Philistines and sent the ark in a new cart. God's order was that it hould be borne upon the shoulders of he Levites. All seemed to go well until they arrived at the threshing-floor f Nachon. Then the oxen stumbled, nd Uzzah put forth his hand to hold he ark. "And the anger of the Lord was kindled against Uzzah, and he smote him, because he put his hand to he ark; and there he died before God."

Perhaps nothing is more trying to a man of God who has spent an immense amount of energy, time, strength, and money on some work of God, than to have a sudden check put upon the work, a manifest sign of God's displeasure, just when, in the fulness of his zeal, he has done all that is possible to him for the glory of God! It takes a long time to learn how our very best has to be crucified with Christ, and needs his cleansing blood. It seemed very disappointing, just as the revival of interest in the ark of the Lord was at its height, and the musical festival was enhancing the enthusiasm of the people, that the young priest, Uzzah, who was one of the principal actors in the scene, should be slain thus awfully and suddenly in their midst for no worse sin than steadying the ark of God, to keep it from falling when the oxen stumbled! Most people would think he had done right. What was his sin? It was the "evil heart of unbelief."

"David was displeased." He misunderstood God, showed his displeasure before all his people, and broke up the assembly without accomplishing his purpose. "He called the name of the place Perez-uzzah [the breach of Uzzah] to this day."

The ark was now carried as God had commanded: Men, not beasts, are to bear the ark of the covenant of the Lord. Three months the ark remained in the house of Obed-edom, "and the Lord blessed the house of Obed-edom, and all that he had." Tidings of Obed-edom's blessing reached King David, and at once his conscience was aroused. He "prepared a place for the ark of God, and pitched for it a tent." Then David said: "None ought to carry the ark of God but the Levites; for them hath the Lord chosen to carry the ark of God and to minister unto him for ever." And he called for Zadok and Abiathar the priests, and for the Levites, to sanctify themselves that they might bring up the ark. A second time he assembled all Israel for this great purpose. The preparations on this occasion were on a vaster scale even than before. There was a great variety of instruments, also a special department for song. One important thing which had been forgotten in the former, interrupted ceremony was the offering of sacrifice. "And David danced before the Lord"; he had put off his regal robes; before God he stood on a par with his people, and was "clothed with a robe of fine linen." When the ark was brought in and set in its place in the midst of the tabernacle which David had pitched for it, we learn that "David offered burnt offerings and peace offerings before the Lord," and then "he blessed the people in the name of the Lord."

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Write us to-day and we will send you catalog with all information giving you name of our nearest dealer or telling you how you can buy our stoves.

THE BORN STEEL RANGE CO. 2176 E. 9TH STREET, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Makers of the First Steel Range in the World.

YOU CAN AFFORD to have a new **Song Book** in your Church or Sunday School, and one for every person when you can get **"FAMILIAR SONGS OF THE GOSPEL,"** for **$3 for 100.** Words and music, 83 very best songs. Sample copy **5 Cents.** E. A. K. Hackett, 100 North Wayne St., Fort Wayne, Ind.

"Good wives grow fair in the light of their works," especially if they use **SAPOLIO**

AFRAID TO EAT

Girl Starving on Ill-Selected Food.

"Several years ago I was actually starving," writes a Me. girl, "yet dared not eat for fear of the consequences.

"I had suffered from indigestion from overwork, irregular meals and improper food, until at last my stomach became so weak I could eat scarcely any food without great distress.

"Many kinds of food were tried, all with the same discouraging effects. I steadily lost health and strength until I was but a wreck of my former self.

"Having heard of Grape-Nuts and its great merits, I purchased a package, but with little hope that it would help me—I was so discouraged.

"I found it not only appetizing but that I could eat it at I liked and that it satisfied the craving for food without causing distress, and if I may use the expression, "it filled the bill."

"For months Grape-Nuts was my principal article of diet. I felt from the very first that I had found the right way to health and happiness, and my anticipations were fully realized.

"With its continued use I regained my usual health and strength. Today I am well and can eat anything I like, yet Grape-Nuts food forms a part of my bill of fare." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

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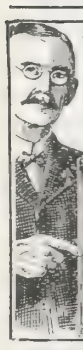

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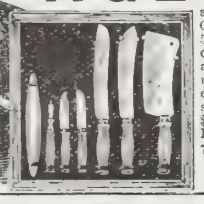
AGENTS



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A miniature **Telephone for the Ear,** invisible, easily adjusted, and entirely comfortable. Makes low sounds and whispers plainly heard. Over fifty thousand sold, giving instant relief from deafness and head noises. **There are but few cases of deafness that cannot be benefited.**

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By FRANCES E. WILLARD

500 pages; illustrated. **Regular Price, $3.75.**

SPECIAL PRICE, $1.00, all Charges Prepaid.

P. B. Bromfield & Co., Bible House, New York

CORNS make your life a burden, make walking a torture. **A-CORN SALVE** removes without pain, poison, or risk.

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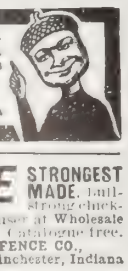

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COILED SPRING FENCE CO., Box 47 Winchester, Indiana

Our Vows*

THE vow of the ancients, as among the less civilized nations of the present day, was usually dependent upon some merciful dispensation of Providence in return.

"I vow to give back to thee a tenth of all that thou shalt give to me," said Jacob, "if—thou wilt bring me again in peace to my father's house."

The whole nation of Israel vowed, "We will destroy all the cities of the heathen, if—thou wilt only deliver them into our hands."

Hannah said, "I will dedicate my child to the Lord all the days of his life, if—thou wilt give me a son."

Even Paul shaved his head in token that he had made a vow.

One of the most eloquent sermons of the late Dr. Hiram Eddy was upon the text, "Thy vows, O God, are upon me." In a masterly manner, he showed that the mere fact of our being, and the opportunities presented by our environment, constitute an obligation to our maker. Without any "ifs or ands" about it, as the old saying goes, we are bound from the first dawn of intelligence and conscience to serve and worship God. Whether or not he grants us the desires of our hearts, is no matter. We are his creatures. He is infinitely good and wise. Our times are in his hand. We must take what he sends us, in perfect faith, and, whatever happens, still perform his vows. We cannot escape them.

Yet upon a fortunate granting of a petition has often hung the fate of a nation. One of the most able and gifted of the early queens of the Franks was helpless to win her husband over to Christianity until, after a run of particularly hard luck, he told her that the sacrifices which he made to his gods seemed to have no avail, and that he would now try hers. If victory perched upon his banners, he would promise to become a Christian.

True to his word, he pledged his life to the service of Christianity upon the turning of the tide of fortune, which presently came; and he proclaimed at once that all of his followers must likewise change their religion. It is doubtful whether the Christianity of edict is very deep, but in those primitive days no "probation" was required. The whole nation announced themselves as Christians in a day, and the result upon the progress of the world cannot be overestimated.

For us, in this enlightened age, to make a vow dependent upon God's granting of our will would savor almost of blasphemy. Whatever he sends us is for our good.

A prayer in Greek is called "a service with vows." Mr. Philpot, the first martyr who suffered at Smithfield, knelt as he entered the enclosure where he was to die, and began his prayer, "I will pay my vows in thee, O Smithfield."

It is related by the distinguished Dr. Calamy that a certain man named Murt had an only son who was afflicted in childhood with what seemed to be a mortal illness. The father and mother prayed in agony, and with vows of lifelong service, if their prayer might only be granted, for his life. Their petition was heard. The child lived, but poorly rewarded their love. He early went astray and soon became such a monster of wickedness that his mother lost her mind and eventually destroyed herself; while the brokenhearted father lived to confess that it would have been far better had the child died in his infant innocence. "We cry often," says a witty writer, "for that which would make us cry far more if we had it."

The Psalmist sang that he loved the Lord because he had heard his supplications and saved him.

This is well, but it is far nobler to echo Job's beautiful cry, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him," and, in joy or in sorrow, pay our vows unto the Lord, "in the presence of all his people."

*Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, October 4. Text: Ps. 116.

What Will You Give To Be Well

I CANNOT tell you ***how happy I am*** that I have been able to bring health and strength to 30,000 women in the past six years. Just think! this means a whole city. It is to my thorough study of anatomy, physiology and health principles, and to my 12 years' personal experience before I began my instructions by mail, that I attribute my marvelous success. It would do your heart good to read the reports from my pupils—and I have done all this by simply studying Nature's laws adapted to the correction of each individual difficulty. If vital organs or nerve centers are weak, I strengthen them so that each organ does its work

To Have Good Figure Vibrant Health, Rested Nerves

I want to help every woman to be perfectly, gloriously well, with that sweet, personal loveliness which health and a wholesome, graceful body gives—a cultured, self-reliant woman with a definite purpose, full of the health and vivacity which makes you

A Better Wife
A Rested Mother
A Sweeter Sweetheart

I bring each pupil to symmetrical proportions and I teach her to *stand* and to *walk* in an attitude which bespeaks culture and refinement. A good figure, gracefully carried, means more than a pretty face. Nature's rosy cheeks are more beautiful than paint or powder. I help you to

Arise to Your Best

The day for drugging the system has passed. In the privacy of your own room, I strengthen the muscles and nerves of the vital organs, lungs and heart and start your blood to circulating as it did when you were a child. I teach you to breathe so that the blood is fully purified.

You Can Be Well Without Drugs

And the vital strength gained by a forceful circulation relieves you of such chronic ailments as:

Constipation *Dullness*
Torpid Liver *Irritability*
Indigestion *Nervousness*
Rheumatism *Sleeplessness*
Weaknesses *Weak Nerves*
Catarrh

by strengthening whatever organs or nerves are weak.

I wish I could put sufficient emphasis into these words to make you realize that you do not need to be ill, but that you can be a buoyant, vivacious, attractive woman in return for just a few minutes' care each day in your own home.

Individual Instruction—I give each pupil the individual, confidential treatment which her case demands. My information and advice are entirely free.

Too Fleshy? You can easily remove the fat and it will stay removed. I have reduced 15,000 women.

One pupil writes me:

"Miss Cocroft, I have reduced 78 pounds and I look 15 years younger. I feel so well I want to shout! I never get out of breath now.

"When I began I was rheumatic and constipated, my heart was weak and my head dull, and oh dear, I am ashamed when I think how I used to look! I never dreamed it was all *so easy*. I thought I just had to be fat. I feel like stopping every fat woman I see and telling her of you."

Too Thin? I may need to strengthen your stomach, intestines and nerves first. A pupil who *was* thin, writes me:

"I just can't tell you how happy I am. I am so proud of my neck and arms! My busts are rounded out and I have gained 28 pounds; it has come just where I wanted it and I carry myself like another woman.'

"My old dresses look stylish on me now. I have not been constipated since my second lesson and I had taken something for years. My liver seems to be all right and I haven't a bit of indigestion any more, for I sleep like a baby and my *nerves* are *so* rested. I feel so well all the time."

A CORSET IS NOT NEEDED FOR A GOOD FIGURE

Write me today telling me your faults in health or figure, and I will cheerfully tell you whether I can help you. I never treat a patient I cannot help. If I cannot help you I will refer you to the help you need.

Send me 10 cents for instructive booklet showing how to stand and walk correctly.

SUSANNA COCROFT, Dept. 18, 57 Washington Street, CHICAGO

Author of "Growth in Silence," "Character as Expressed in the Body," Etc.

Miss Cocroft's name stands for progress in the scientific care of the health and figure of woman.

Wehrle MODEL No. 100 SELF FEEDING Hard Coal Base Burner

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THE WORLD'S FINEST HEATING STOVE.

BIG 16-INCH FIRE POT; THE MOST HEAT FROM THE LEAST FUEL; BEAUTIFUL NEW DESIGN; quick delivery and low freight charges from a warehouse very near your railroad station; thirty days' trial given; your money and transportation charges refunded if this stove fails to make good. These are some of the features that make this the greatest base burner value on earth.

NOTHING BUT THE HIGHEST GRADE OF MATERIALS enter into the construction of this stove. $50.00 to $60.00 is what you would have to pay for its equal generally, but **modern methods in making and selling** enable us to offer you this base burner for $33.96 in the big 16-inch size that will heat all the big rooms in most houses upstairs and downstairs. Every piece of casting is made from the highest grade Birmingham iron; has improved duplex grate with shaking ring, self feeding magazine with automatic inner magazine cover, extra size ash pit and ash pan, scientific flue construction, silver nickeled swing top with artistic oxidized cast iron urn, mica doors fitted airtight, special double heating construction for heating upstairs rooms, beautiful double reflector panels in silver nickeled come over the mica doors, side ornaments, massive foot rails and silver nickeled base. The handsomest as well as the strongest and most durable heater ever made regardless of price.

WE SHIP THIS MAGNIFICENT BASE BURNER from warehouses in Fargo, Sioux Falls, St. Paul, Omaha, Waterloo, Milwaukee, Kansas City, Davenport, Newark, St. Louis, Albany, Harrisburg, Grand Rapids, Wichita, Chicago. Send us $33.96, and the very day we receive your order we will notify our nearest warehouse to ship direct to you the Wehrle Model No. 100 Base Burner, giving you quicker delivery and lower freight charges than ever before possible and carrying with it our absolute guarantee that if after trying the stove thoroughly for thirty days you find it in any way unsatisfactory or not exactly as represented, you are at liberty to ship it back to us and we will refund you the purchase price and all transportation charges.

ORDER DIRECT FROM THIS PAPER and we guarantee that you will be more than satisfied, but if you want further details and illustrations of the splendid Wehrle Model No. 100 Base Burner, ask for our Special Stove Circular No. **709,** beautifully printed in colors, telling you all about our quick delivery arrangements, quoting prices on other sizes of this hard coal heating stove, and proving our claim that the Wehrle Model No. 100 is the world's greatest base burner value. **SEND US YOUR ORDER OR ASK FOR OUR STOVE CIRCULAR TODAY.**

ADDRESS ALL ORDERS AND LETTERS TO SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., Chicago, Ill.

Our Agents Make

$5.00 to $20.00 a DAY EASILY

SECURE TERRITORY WITHOUT DELAY.

IT IS GOING FAST.

JUST PATENTED. WONDERFUL NEW INVENTION

THIS is a big business proposition by an old established and reliable manufacturing company, not a fake offer. We have invented the new **MARVEL SELF-WORKING WASHER** and are now starting to sell it through agents exclusively. HUSTLERS, both men and women, are making QUICK MONEY and BIG MONEY as there is an enormous demand in every town and city having water works. SELLS ITSELF. Every woman wants it when once she sees the wonderful work it does. Simply attach it to the faucet and it **DOES THE WASHING BY ITSELF,** automatically, while you read or rest or go about your other work. Price of Washer, Motor, Hose and Wringer-board complete, only $15, and it saves about seven times its cost the first year. **LASTS A LIFETIME,** Agents, without much work, easily sell from 3 to 5 every day, simply by showing what it does. CREDIT ALLOWED GOOD AGENTS. If you can't work, ORDER WASHER TODAY for your own use as it saves the women, saves time and saves money. **ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED.** You run no risk. Write today for our new easy selling plan, special offer, territory, free booklet, advertising matter and **30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL OFFER.**

MARVEL Self-Working Washer.

NO MORE HARD WORK.

The Eagle Tool Co., Mfrs., Dept. P. 2. Cincinnati, O.

A COURSE IN ESPERANTO

LESSON No. 19—By Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

Word-Building (Concluded)

TRANSLATE: Tiu ĉi estas sana urbo La malsanulino havas remalsanon. La aero de la alta monto estas samiga. ersono sana devus esti feliĉa. Ŝia edzo ivas malsanemecon. Miaj geavoj estas naj personoj. La malsanulisto ĝuas bonan non. La malsanulejo havas multajn alsanulojn. La sanigiloj redonos sanon. lia amiko estas en la sanejo. En la alsanulejo estas sanilaro. La junulino ivas malsanemecon. Ŝi estas malsanunido.

The following is an "ekzerco" (exerse) from the Krestomatio (page 17). o aid in its translation, a list of roots is iven below: Ŝtalo estas fleksebla, sed ·ro ne estas fleksebla. Vitro estas rompela kaj travidebla. Ne ĉiu kreskaĵo estas ŝanĝebla. Via parolo estas tute ne komrenebla kaj viaj leteroj estas ĉiam skribitaj tute nelegeble. Rakontu al mi ian malfeliĉon, ĉar eble mi povos helpi al . Li rakontis al mi historion tute ne kredelan. Ĉu vi amas vian patron? Kia deando! kompreneble, ke mi lin amas. Mi redeble ne povos veni al vi hodiaŭ, ĉar i pensas, ke mi mem havos hodiaŭ astojn. Li estas homo ne kredinda ia ago estas tre laŭdinda. Tiu ĉi grava go restos por mi ĉiam memorinda. Lia lzino estas tre laborema kaj ŝparema, d ŝi estas ankaŭ tre babilema kaj riema. Li estas tre ekkolerema kaj eksitiĝas ofte ĉe la plej malgranda bagalo; tamen li estas tre pardonema, li ne ortas longe la koleron kaj li tute ne stas venĝema. Li estas tre kredema: eĉ la lej nekredeblajn aferojn, kiujn rakontas li la plej nekredindaj homoj, li tuj redas. Centimo, pfenigo kaj kopeko stas moneroj. Sablero enfalis en mian kulon. Li estas tre purema, kaj eĉ unu olveron vi ne trovos sur lia vesto. Unu aĵ rero estas sufiĉa, por eksplodigi pulvon

ROOTS.—Ŝtal, *steel;* fer, *iron;* fleks, *end;* romp, *break;* vid, *see;* kresk, *grow* ŋanĝ, *eat;* kompren, *understand;* nek *either, nor;* rakont, *relate;* feliĉ, *happy* ov, *able;* help, *help, aid;* histori, *history* ut, *whole;* kred, *believe;* demand, *ask* odiaŭ, *to-day;* pen, *try;* gast, *guest,* ŭd, *praise;* grav, *important;* memor, *remember;* ŝpar, *spare, save;* babil, *chater;* kri, *cry;* koler, *angry;* sci, *know;* ft, *often;* bagatel, *trifle;* tamen, *however;* pardon, *forgive;* port, *carry;* venĝ *renge;* afer, *affair;* pfenigo, kopek and entimo, *(German, Russian and French oins, respectively);* mon, *money;* sabl *and;* pur, *clean;* polv, *dust;* vest, *clothe* ajr, *fire;* sufiĉ, *sufficient;* eksplod, *explode;* pulv, *gunpowder.*

Translate into Esperanto

A Resolve for Every Morning in the Year

By Bishop John H. Vincent

I will this day try to live a simple and serene life, repelling promptly every thought of discontent and anxiety, discouragement, impurity and self-seeking; cultivating cheerfulness, magnanimity, charity and the habit of holy silence; exercising economy in expenditure, carefulness in conversation, diligence in appointed service, fidelity in every trust, and a childlike trust in God.

ROOTS TO HELP IN TRANSLATING.—Simpl, *simple;* sincer, *sincere;* repel, *revel;* viv, *life;* pens, *think;* rapid, *quick;* kontent, *content;* kuraĝ, *courage;* serĉ, *look for;* kult, *cultivate;* gaj, *gaiety, cheerfulness;* anim, *soul;* bonfari, *to do good;* sankt, *holy;* silent, *silent;* praktik, *practise or exercise;* ŝpar, *spare;* spez, *expenditure;* zorg, *care;* konversaci, *conversation;* fid, *rely;* diligent, *diligent;* nom, *name;* simil, *like;* konfid, *confidence.* (Roots are not given when words have been used in preceding lessons.)

For the Best Translation

The best translation of the foregoing gem from Bishop Vincent made by a CHRISTIAN HERALD Esperanto student unaided will be published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Those deserving honorable mention will have their names published. Forward translations to Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts, 206 Pennsylvania Avenue, S. E., Washington, D. C.

In Vision Splendid

MILLARD R. MYERS

"TWIXT optimist and pessimist,
The difference is droll.
The optimist sees the doughnut,
The pessimist sees the hole."

Both see through colored glasses,
Neither vision being true.
One fills the world with rainbows,
The other paints it blue.

The world is not all beauty,
Like roses after rain,
Nor yet like driven duty,
Whose labors are in vain.

There is a "Vision Splendid,"
By crystal glasses told,
That weaves through earth and heaven
One glittering strand of gold.

It measures dreams by standards
Of work which men can do,
And binds them into brotherhoods
To make their "dreams come true."

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Let Me Send You Samples FREE and Quote You PRICES On a Kalamazoo

Man-Tailored Walking Skirt

Made to Your INDIVIDUAL Measure

I BELIEVE that we are showing today the best and most complete line of skirt material in America;

I **know** that we have the greatest establishment in the world devoted exclusively to making skirts to individual order;

I promise you that we will make to your individual measure, a **better** skirt for **less** money, than you get anywhere else.

I will make you a skirt from any material you may select from our samples, and send it to you, **express** prepaid. If you do not find it perfectly satisfactory, in **style, fit** and **finish,** I will send back your money by return mail. Remember, the skirt you order is cut and fitted to your individual measure by an expert man-tailor.

We save you all bother, worry and trouble, and we take all the risk.

Our new line of fall and winter goods is in; our new catalog is ready. Let me send you samples and quote you prices. You not only save money, but you get the latest styles and that finish which only the expert man-tailor can give. The saving of $2 or $4 or $5 is well worth while—but the extra satisfaction is worth much more to you.

Now, I can't send you samples unless you send me your name. Are you not interested enough to get our prices and see for yourself how much we save you? Of course, you are. Write today and get our style book by return mail. Address

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Don't buy a stove or range until you first see

How Much You Save by getting "A Kalamazoo Direct to You"

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

I Promise You:

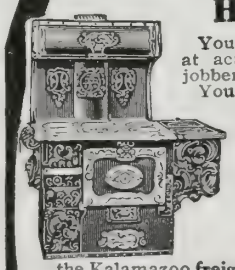
Wm. Thompson, Vice Pres. and Gen. Mgr.

That you **save more money,** and at the same time get a **better** stove or range for the money, when you buy a Kalamazoo, than you can get anywhere else in the world. That's my promise, and here's my hand on it! Will you give me a chance to **prove** to you that I will do what I say?

In the past six years we have sold Kalamazoo stoves and ranges to thousands of readers of this journal—saving them $5, $8, $10, and as high as $30 and $35 on a single purchase. But, that doesn't do **you** any good, unless **you** let me quote **you** prices and show **you** what we can do for **you.** Isn't it to **your** interest, then, to get our prices and catalogue? When you buy, you want the **best** stove or range you can find, and you want to buy it as **economically** as possible. You want to make every dollar count. Let me show you how. Write for our our catalogue and **prices,** and then compare the Kalamazoo, in both **quality** and **prices** with the best stoves and ranges you can find sold at retail. That's all we ask—just a simple comparison. And it's to your interest to make it.

Freight Prepaid

How You Save Money



You deal directly with the manufacturers. You buy at actual factory prices. You save all dealers', jobbers' and middlemen's profits.

You buy from one of the largest, most modern, best equipped stove foundries in the world—making nothing but the highest grade stoves and ranges, and you get all the advantages which come from manufacturing in large quantities.

You not only save from 20% to 40% in **first cost,** but you also save in cost of operation, in repairs and in durability.

You do not only **save money,** but you get a stove or range of extra quality.

You have no freight to pay. We send you the Kalamazoo **freight prepaid.**

You get a stove or range of the latest design, with all the latest improvements, which will last as long as any you can find **anywhere,** and you save **one-quarter** or **one-third** in the price.

How You Run No Risk

You buy on a 360 days' approval test, and I promise now, in black and white, to return to you every cent you pay if you do not find your purchase in every way exactly as represented. You buy from an established company, with more individual customers than any other stove company in existence.

We doubtless can send you names of many satisfied users of the Kalamazoo right in your own country—people who have not only **saved money,** but have also secured a stove or range of **extra** quality. We pay the freight—you don't have to take even **that** risk.

Your banker can easily find out about our reliability, and **you know** that the editor of this paper would not print our advertisements, year after year, if we were not perfectly trustworthy. If you appreciate the advantage of economy in buying, you will at least let me quote you prices.

You wouldn't think of buying land or hogs or steers or feed-stuff, without first finding out what the market price is. Why then buy a stove or range without finding out the **manufacturers'** prices?

Let me show you the difference between the **factory** price and the **retail** price. Use the coupon, or

Send Postal for Catalogue No. 103

You can save enough on **one** purchase, to pay for a good share of your season's fuel—to pay your taxes—to get a new gown or a new suit. If you save only $5, or $10, I'm sure you can find some good use for the money or you keep in your own pocket.

The Kalamazoo line is complete, embracing stoves and ranges for all domestic purposes, including more than 300 styles and sizes of

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Gas Stoves and Ranges	Hotel Ranges	Coal and Wood Heaters
Gas Heaters	Open Franklin Heaters	Shop Stoves, etc.

Get our prices and see **what you save.**

William Thompson, Vice-Pres. and Gen. Mgr.
Kalamazoo Stove Co., Kalamazoo, Mich.

360 Days Approval Test

You are invited to visit us

We Pay the Freight

All Kalamazoo stoves and ranges are equipped with patent thermometer which makes baking and roasting easy.

Kalamazoo Stove Co.
Kalamazoo, Mich.

Please send me Catalogue No. 103, and quote me factory prices, freight prepaid.

Name .....

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Can't afford to weaken heart and nerves by

COFFEE

Many a "Husky" knows the value of a good, hot cup of well-made

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"There's a Reason"

POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, LTD., BATTLE CREEK, MICH., U.S.A.

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

SEE PAGE 767

Entrance to America's Largest City Library, to be Opened in New York

Questions and Answers

Mrs. N. K., Elmira, N. Y. Will you kindly tell me through THE MAIL BAG: 1. Which was the first park system in this country? 2. What were some of the first methods in America of crossing large streams?

1. In old New England towns the oldest park is usually called the common. These commons date back to the very foundation of the towns in the very first half of the 17th century. Of these, Boston Common is the most famous and the largest of the earlier public parks. New York began Central Park in 1857, and has gradually acquired other recreation places. Brooklyn began Prospect Park soon after. Boston is the pioneer in developing its parks into one great system. In 1902 it included 3,548 acres of parks, connected by 23.6 miles of parkways, and a large bathing beach. 2. By fords or ferries. Ferrymen received special privileges, and their fees were regulated by law. The ferryboats were propelled by sweeps or by a long rope stretched across the stream. A ferry of the latter type has been in continuous use at Windsor, Conn., from 1643 to the present. The other question sent has already been answered.

C. V. L., Zeeland, Mich., writes: "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, September 2, in answer to Frank R., Vera, Tex., says: 'The better rendering of the Psalm is 'utterly forsaken' and 'begging bread continuously.' Would not the last clause be still better rendered: 'His bread-begging seed?' That is, the Psalmist had never seen the righteous utterly forsaken nor his children, even if they had to beg their bread. This is the sense the Dutch (Holland) metrical rendering gives to the passage."

Reader, Centenary, S. C. 1. What is the white population of the United States, Great Britain, France, Japan? Which is the most powerful? 2. Is a graduate of West Point free to resign from the government service, or must he stay in the army a certain time?

1. The last United States census was taken in 1900. The white population then was 66,990,802. There were 8,840,789 negroes, 119,050 Chinese, 85,986 Japanese; 266,760 Indians. The population of Great Britain and Ireland of all colors in 1901 was 41,976,827. The entire population of the British Empire, including India and all dependencies, is put in the *Statesman's Year Book* as 392,846,835. Population of Germany in Europe, 60,641,278; France and colonies, 92,531,325; Japan with Formosa, 49,732,952. Great Britain and the United States are usually rated as the most powerful. 2. As the West Point student has received his education from the government and has at the same time received a pay, each student receiving $609.50 per year, he is in honor bound to give his services for some time at least in return. Write to your Congressman in regard to appointments. Send full name and address for reply to your other questions.

B. H., Orange, N. J. I heard a statement recently that Lincoln was an unbeliever up to a short time before he was murdered. Is this true?

No; he had a reverent faith in God and through his greatest trials always felt that God was working for the country's good. He worshiped in the Presbyterian Church.

J. W. C., Kearney, N. J. Do you believe that you can tell a person's future by the lines in the palm of his hand?

Certainly not. The future is known to none save God. Those who profess to read the future in the palm play cleverly upon human credulity. Books on the subject are useless, and their study is a sheer waste of time.

R. G. R., Reading, Pa. What is the size of the largest whales known to have been caught?

The "blue whale" of the rorqual family of fin whales is the largest and most widely distributed of all whales. Specimens have been caught that were eighty-five feet in length.

V. P., Peace Valley, Mo. Did Judas Iscariot partake of the Lord's supper?

Matt. 26:23 and Mark 14:18 answer the question in the affirmative.

H. W. S., St. Augustine, Fla. When a public officer is impeached by the House of Representatives, is he given a preliminary hearing by the House before he is tried by the Senate?

No; the following is the procedure in an impeachment case: By the Constitution the House of Representatives has the sole right to impeach; the sole right of trying the impeachments is vested in the Senate. The House, by a resolution directs the impeachment of an official, and appoints a committee to draw up the charges in a series called the articles of impeachment. If they are approved by the House they are presented to the Senate by a committee of the House appointed to prosecute the impeachment. Then the Senate summons the accused to the bar of the Senate. The Senate then becomes the Court of Impeachment. After it hears the accused official it sits as a Court of Justice. The committee of the House conducts the prosecution. The Senate votes on each article of impeachment. A two-thirds vote is necessary to convict. The accused is allowed counsel. If a President is impeached the Chief Justice presides over the Court.

Mrs. S. C. C., Salisbury, N. C. Why is Dan omitted in numbering the tribes in Rev. 7?

After the time of David, the name Dan, as applied to the tribe, vanishes. The name is kept alive only by the northern city. In the genealogies of I. Chron., chapters 2 to 12, Dan is omitted altogether; its genealogies had apparently perished. Little care would be taken to preserve the memory of a tribe which had left its original seat and given its name to a distant city, notorious as a centre of forbidden worship. It is not surprising, therefore, to find it omitted in Revelations. It can be surmised that the southern portion of the tribe had become amalgamated in or absorbed by Judah, while the northern portion, joining fortunes with the northern confederacy, shared in the dispersion.

A. Mc., Harrisburg, Pa. What is the scientific cell theory?

It is a theory that the "ultimate constituents" of all vegetable and animal tissues are small cells. The idea was broached by Schwann in 1839. The lowest form of life is said to be but one cell.

M. F. H., North Yakima, Wash. 1. What is meant by Eph. 4:14, that is, "every wind of doctrine"? Would you call the various religious denominations "winds of doctrine"? 2. In Exodus 11:2, why did God tell Moses to tell the people of Israel to borrow jewels of the Egyptians? 3. Where can I find the passage of Scripture which runs somewhat like this: "The things I once loved, now I hate; and the things I once hated, now I love"?

1. He referred to the various teachings, all more or less conflicting and contradictory, which kept the people continually in doubt and uncertainty. Our religious denominations agree on essentials, though they may sometimes differ on minor details. 2. The word translated "borrow" is more accurately rendered "ask," "demand," or "require." Such dread had stricken the Egyptians on account of the plagues that they gladly gave up their wealth, thus paying to the persecuted Israelites the withheld earnings of many years. This had been prophesied (see Gen. 15:14). 3. The passage you have in mind is probably Rom. 7:15. [The poetic quotation at the close of your letter is correct.]

S. M. P., Wynne, Ark., writes: "The Greek (or Eastern) Catholic Church has always practised immersion, as do the Baptist churches in Russia, where the Greek Catholic is the state church. Affusion was never fully legalized in the Roman Catholic Church till the Council at Ravenna in 1311 A.D."

Old Subscriber, East Hardwick, Vt. Will you give some particulars in regard to the "Tay disaster" which occurred some thirty years ago?

The Tay Bridge was built at Dundee, Scotland. It was begun in 1871. It was much injured by a gale on February 4, 1877. It was completed the following August and opened in May, 1878. Its total length was 10,612 feet. It had eighty-five spans ninety feet above the water. On Sunday, December 28, 1889, there was a great gale. A North British mail train was passing over it about 7.15 in the evening. Part of the bridge, 3,000 feet in length, fell, carrying down the train, and from seventy-five to ninety people perished. Up to April, 1880, forty-six bodies had been recovered. Plans for a new bridge were approved and it was opened to traffic in 1887.

Clara N. M., Austin, Tex. A magazine item states "that man has dwelt on earth 100,000 years, according to archæologists who have dug out human remains from ancient layers of soil in the Old World. Similar discoveries near Trenton, N. J., indicate that America has been inhabited at least 5,000 years, and perhaps 20,000.

It is all scientific speculation. The ablest scientists do not agree as to the age of the human race. The Bible says, "In the beginning," but fixes no particular period or age. The very latest accurate knowledge as to the existence of man goes back about 6,000 years. Write Prof. Edgar J. Banks, South Woodbury, Vt.

F. R., Murphyston, Tenn. Why is the Sultan called "The Sick Man of Europe"?

The designation was not applied to the Sultan, but to Turkey itself, by Czar Nicholas of Russia, on January 14, 1854. As early as 1844, Emp Nicholas, while in England, spoke to Lord A deen and the Duke of Wellington concerning dissolution of the Turkish Empire. Ten y later the Czar again took up the subject with British envoy at St. Petersburg, and said t Turkey was "a sick man, in a state of decrepitu on the point of death," and made proposal the British Government as to how his prop should be settled.

S. M. D., New York. Who was the author of 119th Psalm? Can you give me the mean of the twenty-two headings of that Psalm

The 119th Psalm is a Levitical collection prayers, praises, sacred aphorisms, and decl tions of obedience. Its original authorship is certain, but it is conjectured that Ezra was p ably the author of it in its present form. Is is the speaker represented, as testifying be the heathen world-powers to the excellence God's Word and his blessings to those who t in him. The words Aleph, Beth, etc., at opening of each section of the psalm, are the ters of the Hebrew alphabet.

R. R. McM., Muncy, Pa. Does Vancouver Isl belong to the United States, and where d the boundary line come?

Vancouver Island is part of the Canad Province of British Columbia. It is separa from the United States by a line drawn thro the Strait of Juan de Fuca. The Canadian c of Vancouver must not be confused with V couver in the State of Washington, where V couver Barracks are situated.

R. S., Dayton, O. What is the outcome of Poi Commissioner Bingham's remarkable as tion that 50 per cent. of all the criminals New York are Jews? Have his charges b substantiated?

No; he has publicly retracted and explai that the figures (which he admits were suppl to him from some unofficial source) were in rect. His statement withdrawing the charge been printed in all the New York newspap Read the article by Francis J. Oppenheimer the subject in *The Independent* of September

Delaware's Memorial to McKinley

ON the anniversary of the death of President McKinley, there was unveiled in the city of Wilmington, Del., a fine memorial tablet commemorating a brave exploit of the late President, at the time he was serving as a sergeant in the Twenty-third Ohio Volunteers. The tablet has been erected through the efforts of the McKinley Memorial Association, and a large number of prominent men who served in the war were present at the unveiling. The tablet shows McKinley on the firing line at Antietam, carrying coffee and hardtack to the soldiers. McKinley was then only twenty years old. He secured a team and wagon, filled it and drove into the thick of the battle, a conspicuous object to friend and foe. He was greeted with tremendous cheering. Several times he was ordered back, but again pressed on. McKinley afterward said that the words "God bless the lad" from a wounded soldier, alone paid him for the trouble and danger. "The result of this sort of thoughtfulness on the part of McKinley had a tremendous effect on the lines," said the quartermaster. This thoughtfulness for others remained a dominant characteristic of the late President until the day of his death.

Miscellaneous

Reader, Egypt, Pa. Same question recen explained in MAIL-BAG.

B. B., Glenfield, N. Y. We are unable answer your question.

Mrs. J. P. S., Ashland, N. H. Please send f name and address with query.

Subscriber, Anaheim, Calif. 1. Immortality a cardinal doctrine of the Christian religi 2. Consult a physician.

W. S. P., Wesley, Ia. The whole subject amusements has already been thoroughly d cussed in the pages of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

E. A., Sunderland, Mass. Write to the libr rian, Boston Public Library. He can tell you what collection the poem may be found.

Reader, Beechwood, Calif. We cannot deci on the merits of a church quarrel such as y describe. Better get together and arrange m ters harmoniously.

E. E. G., Confluence, Pa. Unitarianism hol that God is one and indivisible. It rejects t doctrine of the Trinity or tri-personal deity, a holds Christ as a prophet but not divine.

Reader, S. C. Send your educational query the Secretary of Colgate University, Hamilto N. Y. We will send you reply by mail if y send us your full name and address.

A. K., Buffalo, N. Y. When Jesus comes, will know his own. "Not every one that sai Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom There will be no denominational lines; but a who believe and confess Christ, and who follo him, however humbly, will enter.

J. B., Memphis, Tenn. Hobson's address Denver, in which he predicted war with Japa was a foolish performance, His statement th the President admitted the likelihood of w with Japan, a friendly nation, excited the de sion of his audience as it deserved, and beside it has been emphatically denied by the Presiden The whole proceeding is unworthy of serious a tention.

S. R. B., Newark, N. J. The climate of Panam is very trying to most people. The best book o the subject we know of is that published b the Macmillan Co., 57 Fifth Avenue, New Yor named *Problems of the Panama Canal*, by Bri adier-General Henry L. Abbott. Read thoroughl what it says about the climate. For all info mation regarding a position we would advise yo to write to the Panama Canal Commissio Washington, D. C.

Subscriber, Detroit, Mich. 1. There is nothin wrong in being employed in an insane asylum except that the work might prove mentally de pressing. 2. A really earnest Christian will valu his privileges, and will not neglect the assemblin in God's house. He would indeed be a singu larly unsociable sort of Christian who woul deliberately turn his back on the church and o God's people. 3. No such passage in the Bible.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 30, 1908

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

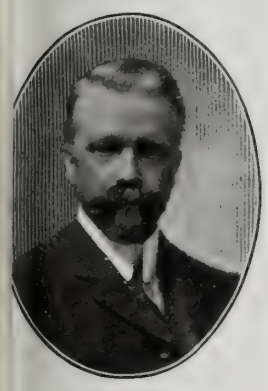
A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

Scene at the Opening Session of the Playground Congress in New York City

OUR SECOND PLAYGROUND CONGRESS

By HELEN GRAY

N THE interest of one of the happiest and most hopeful movements of our time there were assembled during the five days, September 8-12, the Museum of Natural History in New York, more than a thousand enthusiastic delegates and visitors, the occasion being the Second Annual Congress of the Playground Association of America.



Luther Halsey Gulick
President Playground Association

From all over the land came authorities on the subject of play; from far-off 'Frisco and Seattle; from Omaha, Denver and Chicago; from Boston, New Orleans, and Canada, to deliberate and take counsel together on the best ways and means for the furtherance of the cause of playgrounds.

was an interesting convention from beginning to id. The uninitiated visitor received a share of s education in playgrounds before he entered the uditorium. There were models of playgrounds of very sort: municipal playrounds, school playgrounds, ountry playgrounds, backard playgrounds, courtyard laygrounds, tenement-house laygrounds, and playgrounds or children suffering from uberculosis.

For the layman's benefit, it ill not be amiss to define the ord playground. Says one good A-B-C language: "A layground is an outdoor pace where boys and girls ay play without restriction; here space for running and umping, and apparatus for lay, are provided; and where oise is not prohibited. It iffers from a park in that he emphasis is put upon play nd not upon the beauties of ature." At the first public ession Governor Hughes was he speaker of the evening. Ie was presented to the Congress by Acting Mayor McGowan, after a few cheerful words of welcome to the visitors. From the start to the finish of his speech the Governor showed himself to be heart and soul in the playground movement. While congratulating the Association on the splendid work accomplished by them, he said it was only the beginning. He referred with feeling to those congested districts where children have no other playground than the streets.

Dr. Woods Hutchinson spoke from a medical point of view. His subject was "Can the Child Survive Civilization?" "Better a playground without a schoolhouse than a schoolhouse without a playground," he said. "There is practically no place for the child to exercise in. The modern city child has lost his most precious birthright—the backyard. That paradise of adventure, the alley, has been abolished. The lawnmower has descended as a blight upon childhood; lawns and flowers have taken the place of 'our yard.' Street car tracks, delivery wagons, automobiles make the streets about as suitable a place for play as the track of a railway."

The child feels this. Dr. Hutchinson illustrated his remarks with the story of a little boy whom the teacher at the beginning of the school session found sitting on the curbstone near by the schoolhouse. "What is the matter, sonny?" said the teacher (the little chap had lost the certificate which secured him his seat in school). "I—I've—lost—my—my—ex-excuse—for—be-ing—a—boy—oy," was the sobbing reply. The last speaker on the programme was Dr. Luther H. Gulick, president of the Playground Association of America.

There were special conferences and committee and council meetings at which every phase of the movement was discussed. It was shown, in favor of playgrounds, that in those neighborhoods where they existed the number of juvenile arrests very largely diminished. The child must have vent for its spirits. "It is natural—it is right," said Dr. Gulick in his presidential address.

Mrs. H. Heller
A School Reformer from the West

Many interesting papers were read at the sessions. Mr. Joseph Lee, an authority on playground matters, made a strong plea for more privileges for the small boy.

"Automobile hill-climbing contests are legalized," Mr. Lee said; "why should it not be legal for boys to coast on the streets? The automobile has its privileges, why should not the small boy? The child needs a playground because his growth is through activity, and because, accordingly, he will never grow up — or will grow up stunted and perverted, if he is denied those opportunities and objects to which his vital, instinctive and formative activities relate."

Mrs. H. Heller, Chief Probation Officer of Omaha, on "The Playground as a Phase of Social Reform," said: "The mischief that the boy does is not

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One of the Many Models Submitted for an Ideal Municipal Playground

THE
AMERICAN PULPIT

A SERMON BY
Rev. Madison C. Peters*

The Motherhood of God

TEXT—Isaiah 66: 13:
"As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."

ROBERTSON, the famous preacher of Brighton, in his sermon on "The Virgin Mother," traces the rise of Mariolatry to failure on the one hand to recognize the instincts and affections of the heart which crave motherhood in religion, and the consequent attempt on the other hand to meet and satisfy the deep yearning of the heart for it. The hearts of men yearn for human sympathy, and so men took refuge in the mother, as the embodiment of divine grace and compassion. But there is no need that any one should turn away with heart-hunger from the God revealed in Christ in order to find motherly tenderness. Christ, who came to reveal the Father, was perfect humanity. He revealed in humanity not only perfect manhood, but perfect womanhood also. There was a true idea behind Theodore Parker's habit of addressing God in prayer as, "Thou who art our Father and Mother both."

The Divine Mother-Love

God resembles our mother — in his way of instructing us. Like our mother, God teaches his children by pictures. When God in Christ wants to show his yearning and sheltering love, he points us to the hen and her chickens. See the mother-hen with the young brood scattered around her. Suddenly they start at the sound or sign of alarm which warns them of some approaching danger. We see every chicken instantly looking eagerly and anxiously about for its mother, and whenever it sees her what a busy fluttering of tiny wings and pattering of little feet to bring it in haste to the trusted refuge! Then we see how the great wings of the mother-bird lift instantly to receive each little one, to throw over it the covering shield of her protecting love, and never does the hen spurn from her the feeble little chickens that fly to seek the shelter of her wings. Much less will the great wings of the eternal love fail to lift at the approach of the feeblest sinner who flies to God in Christ as his only refuge from the dangers of sin. Nay, but like the open gates of heaven those great wings of God will open to receive him, closing over as the impregnable bulwark of Omnipotence between him and his foes, and pressing him with an embrace of the divinest tenderness into that unspeakable comfort which can be found only close to the warm mother-heart of God. I am glad that God the Father has given us this picture of his motherliness in Christ, for we are sometimes even afraid of father, but never of mother.

An Undying Love

God's love, like our mother's, is never-dying—like the love of a mother to her boy. Wayward though he be, she will still love and cherish him in spite of every misfortune or disgrace, and if all the world beside casts him off, she will be all the world to him.

A celebrated minister was preaching to a great company of men in his own church, and in his sermon it occurred to him that if he told the story of his own life he might impress them; and so he said, "To my shame I confess that when I was young I broke almost every law of God except one, and the worst of it was, I broke my mother's heart, too. I made her hair turn gray before the time, and made her blush many times that she had given me birth. Then God met me, and for Christ's sake forgave my sins."

When his appeal was finished, there were scores of men who were deeply impressed and many ready to accept such a Saviour. When the benediction had been pronounced, his church officers gathered about him to say they had never heard him preach such a sermon.

When they had left, down the aisle there came an old woman. Her gray hair was like a halo of glory about her. Her furrowed brow was like the touch of an angel's fingers, her bent back was as if she were reaching forward to take her crown; and, when she reached the minister, she put her arms about him and said, "O my son, why did you tell it? You never were bad." And there she was, the same mother whose heart had been well nigh broken, and whose face had reddened again and again because this boy was her son. Her mother love had forgotten all his sin. And this is the picture of God. When he forgives, he forgets; and it is as if we never had sinned when once we take Christ.

Touched With Our Infirmities

God, like our mother, sympathizes with us. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe asks: "Did you ever see a little child rushing home from school in hot haste, with glowing cheeks and tearful eyes, burning and smarting under some fancied or real injustice or injury in school life? He runs through the streets, he rushes into the house, he puts off every one who tries to comfort him. 'No, no,' he doesn't want them; he wants mother, he is going to 'tell mother,' and when he finds her he throws himself into her arms and sobs out to tell her all the tumult of his feelings, right or wrong, reasonable or unreasonable. The school is hateful, the teacher is hard, and the lessons are too long, he can't learn them, and the boys laugh at him, won't she say that he need not go any more? Now, though the mother does not intend to answer his foolish petitions, she soothes him by sympathy, she calms him, she reasons with him, she inspires him with courage to meet the necessary trials of school life—in short, her grace is sufficient for her boy, her strength perfects his weakness, he becomes tranquilized, calm and happy —not that he is going to get his foolish wishes, but that his mother has taken the matter in hand and is going to look into it and the right thing is going to be done." This illustrates forcibly the kind of help we are going to get when "in everything by prayer we make known our requests to God." God is not indifferent to and without sympathy in our actual experiences. "We have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feelings of our infirmities," with human weakness and human want, but "One who was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin."

During the last sad days of the great Rebellion a woman had occasion to see President Lincoln to plead for the life of one who was dearer to her than her own life. The importance of her errand made her nervous; but the fact that she must plead her case with the President made her more so. She had never seen him, but she had learned to honor him. In speaking of the interview she said that, as she entered the room where he sat alone, she trembled greatly; but when she looked in his face, as he rose to greet her, she forgot the President in the sight of the man—she saw that he was a kind-hearted gentleman, and though she could not forget that on his word hung life and death, she could tell her story freely to one who, in spite of all his cares, could be and was interested in her and her trouble. When we go to Jesus with our troubles and our wants, do we realize that he is a loving and sympathetic Saviour, who would no more turn upon us than would our mother? When we think of the last great day do we remember, as we should, or get the comfort in our hearts that there is in the truth —that we have an high priest that can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities?

Ways That Work for Our Good

God, like our mother, is nearest to us in our sorest needs. His great loving heart is always beating in tender sympathy for the sick and for the sore, the suffering and the sorrowing. There are no such watchers as God and mother. The best nurse may be overcome by fatigue, but a mother never slumbers or sleeps; if she does sleep it is with one eye open, watching and waiting for the first call. I have seen a mother sleep after watching for weeks a child whose life had all the while been trembling in the balance. The storms were beating without, the house trembled, but she slept on; but let that child make a turn on its pillow, or breathe a l le harder than usual, and instantly she was awak to catch the first indication of the child's neces y. So Christ came to his disciples on the Sea of Gal e. He could sleep, though the ship rolled, the lightı ıg flashed and the winds roared. He could s ep through everything, until his disciples needed l p, and at once he came to them—a God of power to give them deliverance.

God's ways, like mother's, we will find in ıe end to work together for our good. A youı er brother, who was dearly loved by his sister, ıd been discovered in some misdeed and was summ ed to his mother's presence. The sister ran to ir r- cede for the wrong-doer, and, grasping her moth 's hands, cried, "O mamma, don't punish my broth !" The mother looked down at her, half sadly, but h a tender light in her eyes: "Can you not trust e, dear?" she said. "Is he not my son as well as y ır brother?" And the girl went away rebuked, et comforted, knowing that her mother's love wa as much greater than her own as her wisdom exce ed hers.

Sacrificial Love

Our dear ones are also God's beloved. Suffe ıg and loss may be sent for their development, ut through it all his love compasses them about. Ch st has bought them with a costly price. They are is. Can we not trust him to deal wisely and lovi ly with his own?

If in the darkest hour you can trust God, as ou would your mother, and hold to the belief tha ne chastens you for profit, you are near to the ry throne of God and you will come out conque r. "Thou shalt guide me by thy counsel and af r- ward receive me into glory." It is this "af r- ward" that God has in mind when he sends ne trial.

Such a faith holds the true secret of life. It brings the soul into harmony with God. How o en the ways of God seem mysterious to us in this o- bationary and disciplinary state! It pleases n, as it so often pleased our mother, to conceal fm us the ends which he has in view. It behooves u to have this patience and faith to wait until the "af r- ward," when the whole mystery will be unveile to our sight.

The love of God, like a mother's, is sacrificial. o up and down your great streets any day and ou can see men prematurely old, their nervous syst ns shattered, many dying of extreme old age be re they are fifty. Why are they working so har at business? Not because they love money, or bec se they hope to spend it on themselves. Their wa ts, as a rule, are few, but these men are enduring all that fatigue of body and pull on the brain, in o er that they may provide homes for their wives nd their children, educate them and give them a od start in life, and when they have gone, to l ve them something, that they, the children, may ot have to work as hard as did the parents. In at battle of the home thousands of men are fal ng every day.

The Crowning Test

But there is no love comparable to that o a mother's—a love that labors and never tires, a ve that moves with glad compulsion, that will wear he fingers to the bones, and deny herself every com rt, and still goes on with a smile; and then when he gets her children settled she has just stre th enough to die—we see it every day—the martyr m of the mother for her children.

Yet this mother love is only a shadowy reflec on of the sacrificial love of the Father as reveale in Jesus Christ. All the centuries of suffering nd self-sacrifice fall short of the sacrifice which Ch st made for our redemption. Oh, what it cost Je s! Agonies which no mortal tongue has ever told nt and tore his holy heart on the accursed tree; nd all this agony, the agony of eternity and infini de

Continued on page 765

*Pastor, Cosmopolitan Church, New York City.

WOMAN'S WORK FOR WOMEN IN INDIA

FIFTEEN years ago, the Young Women's Christian Association work in India was almost unknown. Of course, Christian women have always done more or less for Hindu and Mohammedan women in India. For instance, the Women's Missionary Societies of America, England, and other lands have done much for the women in the Zenanas of India. But not until 1894 was effective Young Women's Christian Association work started here. Among the noble Christian women chosen to inaugurate this great movement was Miss Agnes G. Hill, and two years later her sister, Miss Mary B. Hill, came to India to become the co-worker of her sister. Both of these ladies were born in Dayton, O. From 1892 to 1894 Miss Agnes G. Hill had done very effective work as Secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association in Toledo, O. In 1894 she came to Madras to be local Secretary of the Association there. Soon the Young Women's Christian Association work in India assumed such dimensions that Miss Agnes became its National Secretary, and Miss Mary stepped into her sister's shoes and became the local secretary in Madras.

The Beautiful Y. W. C. A. Home at Madras

In the large cities of India and Ceylon, there are many thousands of European and Eurasian young women speaking the English language. There are also so many native young women who know English and desire to improve their knowledge of it. Many of these are dependent upon the work of their own hands for a living. All work is regarded by the heathen as a disgrace, while in Christian lands the gospel of the dignity of labor is believed in by almost all.

The first great need for a successful Young Women's Christian Association work, after you have your secretary, is to get a place of meeting. It requires much money to get proper houses for the Association. The Hill sisters, first of all, encouraged the members in Madras to give all they could out of their comparative poverty toward this great object. It seems almost incredible that so few young enthusiastic women should give for the Young Women's Christian Association Home in Madras 30,000 rupees, but this they did. Miss Mary Hill then presented the needs of the work to the Christian people of England and America, and succeeded in getting about 30,000 rupees in England, and 30,000 rupees in America, so that the beautiful home in Madras in its spacious compound has cost only a little more than $20,000.

It is free of debt. The current expenses, however, are large because the inmates of the Home are almost all poor, and can pay but little toward the upkeep. Young Women's Christian Association Homes ought to have an endowment. There are now seven hundred members in Madras who pay one rupee a year each. This small sum does not suffice to pay the current expenses, so generous friends elsewhere have to come to the rescue. The Young Women's Christian Associations of other lands also support the secretaries sent out by them to supervise the work in India. America, England and Australia have sent secretaries and supported them. One assistant secretary, however, is supported locally in Madras.

At present there are about 150 Associations in India, with homes in Madras, Calcutta, Bombay, Lahore, Rangoon, and Colombo. In the beginning of the new century, a fine new building was erected for the Young Women's Christian work in Bombay. A wealthy Scotch lady in Rangoon, seeing the great need of the girls of Rangoon, gave a fine building to the Young Women's Christian Association of that city. Few cities in this world occupy such a strategic position as Colombo on the Island of Ceylon, just south of India. Ships from all parts of the world, carrying women of all nationalities and races, daily come into the harbor of this great city. It is strange that there is not a Young Women's Christian Association Home there. Miss Guitner, another American lady, Secretary of the Colombo Association, is now in America hoping to raise enough money to erect the needed home in this central seaport of the Eastern world.

During the fearfully hot season of India, provision is made for Holiday Homes up in the mountains. Ootacamund for South India, Lanaoli for Bombay, Simla, Darjeeling and Mussoorie on the lower slopes of the Himalayas for North India are the centres chosen for such homes. A beginning has also been made to have a Holiday Home up in the mountains of Ceylon, for the workers of Colombo. Camps and Conferences on the American Summer Conference model are now held.

A Busy Class in the Educational Department

The beneficent results of Young Women's Christian Association work in heathen lands may be summed up as follows: 1. Many women are won to Christ, or are brought into closer touch with him. 2. In the various educational classes the young women learn that work is a blessing, and not a disgrace. 3. The young women, both native and European, learn to be self-reliant, and that it is an honor to bear their part of the burden of life. 4. A higher standard of womanhood is developed. 5. Class differences, which are such a curse in the East, are abolished.

GEO. N. THOMSSEN.
Bapatla, India.

THE MOTHERHOOD OF GOD — Sermon by Rev. Madison C. Peters — *Continued*

compressed into moments, for me! for me! Let us come nearer in faith, in prayer, in thought:

As though we every one
Beneath his cross had stood;
And saw him heave, and heard him groan,
And felt his gushing blood.

Take off the shoes from thy feet, thou standest on holy ground, for here God wrote the charter of the world's life in blood, even of his Son. Stupendous agony! Rayless abyss of sorrow! One of the finest passages in all history occurred when Louis Kossuth, speaking of his representative relation to Hungary, with the iron heel of the oppressor right on her burning heart, and while the ghost of the martyrs of his fatherland were stalking before his soul, said, "The woes of millions of Magyars are in my heart!" Yet how even this sublime posture dwindles off into insignificance when compared with him who, in a high and peculiar sense, borne in his great heart the woes of men in multitudes like the sands of the seashore, the leaves of the wild woods, or the clustered stars of the midnight firmament! When I see Jesus disrobing himself of the splendor of Godhead, and becoming the Babe of Bethlehem, my soul exclaims, "Wondrous stoop!" When I see him, "a Man of Sorrows, and acquainted with grief," in his pathway of benediction to men, I say, "Amazing condescension!" But when I see him suffering keenly in spirit under the vile indignities which were heaped upon him, and for me, even for my sake, muffling up his anguish under scorns and scoffs, buffetings and blows, despising the shame, trampling under his feet the dishonors done him, that with his stripes I might be healed; when I see him yielding up himself to such an august agony that his heart was rent with a storm of grief spasms, I say:

Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my heart, my life, my all.

God has a mother's way of putting us to sleep. Amid all life's changes and discords, its toils and turmoils, comes to-day the picture of a dear face bending over us, while we seem to hear again the echo of a sweet lullaby:

Hush, my babe, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed;
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

The time will come when the day of life will be done; when the watchers will move silently about the house and the shadows will gather about you. Your arms will reach up to encircle some neck in a last clinging embrace. Your eyes will look up to catch the last tender message—unspoken because the heart is breaking. Lips always rich with words of love will stiffen into silence beneath the farewell kiss—then we will want God to hush us to that sleep from which none ever wakes to weep.

A Christian man was dying in Scotland. His daughter Nellie sat at the bedside. It was Sunday evening, and the bell of the Scotch kirk was ringing, calling the people to church. The good old man, in his dying dream, thought that he was on the way to church, as he used to be when he went in the sleigh across the river; and as the evening bell struck up, in his dying dream he thought it was the call to church. He said, "Hark, children, the bells are ringing; we shall be late; we must make the mare step out quick." He shivered, and then said, "Pull the buffalo robe up closer, my lass! It is cold crossing the river, but we will soon be there!" And he smiled and said, "Just there now." No wonder he smiled. The good old man had got to church. Not the old Scotch kirk, but the temple in the skies. Just across the river. How comfortably did God hush that old man to sleep! As one whom his mother comforteth—as a babe on his mother's bosom. When we are all being rocked into that slumber, may this be our cradle-song: "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."

A HOME FOR THE VETERANS IN GRAY

"BEAUVOIR," the old home of Jefferson Davis, is a big white wooden mansion half hidden behind trees draped in Spanish moss. It is on the white oyster-shell road that runs along the edge of Mississippi Sound between the towns of Biloxi and Gulfport.

I reached this big, hospitable house by trolley from Biloxi, a town a short railroad ride from New Orleans. Within the grounds, as I approached the gate, I could see a score or more of men, all gray-haired, all wearing gray uniforms, all with bent shoulders, all feeble of step. One of these came down the neatly trimmed path between the flower gardens to meet me.

"Welcome," said he, extending a trembling, wrinkled hand. "You are the ninth visitor to-day. Hundreds of tourists come and go here, but we—why, sir, we seem to go on forever. We come here to die, yet death moves extremely slow among us its wonders to perform.

"Just look at us, sir. Our combined ages would sum up something like three thousand years. There's old Tom Peters over there. He fought at Lookout Mountain. And let me introduce you to Zach Griswold; he was in it at Gettysburg. My name, sir, is Herman, of Hermanville, Miss. I lost most of my hearing at the battle of the Wilderness. So if you'll be so kind as to speak a little louder."

Such was my welcome at "Beauvoir." It is now known officially as the Jefferson Davis Memorial Home for Confederate Veterans.

The place is appropriately named "Beauvoir," for no more "beautiful view" exists anywhere along the Gulf Coast than that from the fifteen-foot-wide front porch on which the gray-clothed and hard-of-hearing veteran now asked me to be seated in a rocking chair.

On this estate Mr. Davis lived for many years after the war. In the rear of the great house I found a large vineyard which I was told yields an abundant crop from which the veterans in gray not only supply their own table with the luscious grape, but also sell many a basketful in the local market.

A few years ago the Daughters of the State of Mississippi and the Daughters of the Confederacy bought Beauvoir from Mrs. Davis and fitted it up comfortably as a shelter and refuge for feeble, friendless men who fought in the Confederate ranks. Hence it is that aged men in faded gray come now to be the lords and masters of the old place. They run it to suit themselves, and everything about the house and grounds shows that though the members of this self-governing community are all past the three-score-and-ten, yet many of them can still toil, each doing his task thoroughly.

One of the veterans sleeps in Mr. Davis's bed. Another sits at Mr. Davis's place at table. Others play chess and checkers with the men and boards that Mr. Davis used. And all seem wrapped in memories of the past, no matter what they are doing with their hands. The old men who are able to perform manual labor, make a little money for the colony by raising produce from various patches of land on the estate. Those who are not able to work at all are cared for by the Daughters.

On the grounds are no less than fourteen cottages and other buildings, most of which were occupied by the servants of the ex-president. The house itself is a large structure 75 feet wide by 65 feet deep.

"Beauvoir," the Home of Confederate Veterans

The rooms are all unusually large, even for a Southern mansion. When my guide ushered me into Mr. Davis's bedroom I said: "What are the dimensions of this room, exactly?" "Thirty feet square," he replied, "one of the largest sleeping-rooms for miles and miles around."

The house is built in three sections, the mansion proper and two cottages on the left and right known as pavilions, around an open square that Mr. Davis called the "Plazita." This name has clung to the immediate "front yard" of the place to this day. On the east side of the manor-house my guide took me to one of the two "pavilions" referred to. "Here," said he, "is where Mr. Davis first lived when he took up his abode here after his release from prison at the end of the war. We have for years called this the Hayes Cottage, because, after Mr. Davis moved into the great house, his married daughter, Mrs. Joel Addison Hayes, occupied this little cottage herself.

"The use of both these pavilions," said my guide friend, "was tendered to Mr. Davis by Mrs. Sarah Darcy, a rich woman who was a true friend to Mr. Davis and his family. She owned all this property at the time, and she wished to share the comforts she enjoyed here with her friends, the Jefferson Davises. So Mrs. Darcy induced Mr. Davis to come here—and at first he lived in this cottage, not moving into the big house till later.

"At the same time, he used the cottage on the other side of the manor-house as his library or study. Come over there with me now and I'll show you just how he left it." We went to the "other" cottage, and there was some of the furniture just as Mr. Davis used it—hardly a thing moved out of place.

Miss Winnie Davis used this particular pavilion, too, as a studio. On the wall hung two oil paintings, the works of the Daughter of the Confederacy, painted when she was only eleven years old, and left there when Beauvoir was sold.

Shelves containing rusty, musty volumes, reached from floor to ceiling — "just as Mr. Davis left them." There also was the slat-back chair and the heavy, straight-legged table at which Mr. Davis used while writing his great book of the war. The books in this room, I was told, represented only a part of the very large library that Mr. Davis gathered at Beauvoir.

"It was in this pavilion, sir," my gray-uniformed guide said, "that he wrote *The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government*. It was from the proceeds that Mr. Davis paid five thousand dollars as a first payment in the purchase of this plantation." He gave Mrs. Darcy his personal notes for the remainder. It was then that Mr. Davis and family took possession of the entire estate. The notes, however, were never paid, for at Mrs. Darcy's death she willed them back to Mr. Davis and gave him and his heirs a clear and final title.

When Mr. Davis died, in December, 1889, Mrs. Davis went to New York to live, leaving the estate of Beauvoir in the hands of a friend who kept it in order until it was turned into an old soldiers' home.

When the Daughters went to Mrs. Davis in New York and told her of their project for buying the estate, the widow said, "Nothing could be more fitting," and she sold them the estate.

GILSON WILLETS

OUR SECOND PLAYGROUND CONGRESS

Continued from page 763

the result of temperamental viciousness. It is merely the giving vent to the tremendous activity and vital force in him. It is in order that the boy may find a joyous outlet for all this pent-up energy that the playground has been invented."

In her paper on "Story Telling in the Playground," Miss Maud Summers attacked the comic sections of the metropolitan Sunday newspapers, which she said were lowering the standard of literary appreciation, and debasing the morals of the children in this country. These sheets teach children to laugh when boys throw water from an upper window upon an apple woman, or outwit an infirm old man. Humor has its place in the literature of childhood, and it would be well if gifted writers for children could be found capable of substituting genuine fun for the coarse, vulgar type now so prominent.

Myron T. Scudder
New Brunswick, N. J.

Dr. Woods Hutchinson
A Leading Hygienist

"The child learns in but one way: by reproducing in his own activity the thing he wishes to be. By means of the imagination, the child forms a mental picture, which he holds in mind and strives to imitate. Therefore the most vital purpose of the story is to give high ideals, which are reproduced in character. It is of the utmost importance that the story shall have at its heart a spiritual truth, or, in other words, that it shall have a right motive. This truth may be any one of the many virtues, such as generosity, kindness, hospitality, courage, heroism, and chivalry." Prof. Myron T. Scudder, of New Brunswick, N. J., and Prof. C. W. Hetherington, of the University of Missouri, took a prominent part in the discussions.

Secretary Henry S. Curtis reported one hundred and seventy-seven cities maintaining playgrounds this year. Among the officers of the Playground Association are Theodore Roosevelt, Honorary President; Luther Halsey Gulick, President; Jacob A. Riis, Honorary Vice-President.

The members of the Association were given an automobile ride through the congested districts of New York, where people live seven hundred to two thousand on a block. The playgrounds of New York and Brooklyn were visited and inspected with the keenest interest.

It was good to see so many children in the full enjoyment of play. There were sand piles, see-saws, swinging rings, and other apparatus equipment.

"Say, Jimmie, ain't yer glad yer wasn't born till the playground was opened?" said one of the players to another.

Prof. C. W. Hetherington
University of Missouri

Joseph Lee
Boston, Mass.

The Congress culminated in a Harvest Festival at Van Cortlandt Park in which people of every nationality participated.

THE WORLD'S FINEST LIBRARY

FOR several years visitors to New York who took the ride up Fifth Avenue on the top of the horse and electric stages that run on that aristocratic thoroughfare have noticed under construction a great building of white marble on the site of the old Forty-second Street reservoir. The building in the classic style showed above its stately porch the words "New York Public Library." To arrive at its present nearly completed state from the time the site was selected has taken over ten years. Of course, many feel that altogether too much time was taken in its construction, but all now feel that this new palace of the books is a building of which all New Yorkers may well be proud, and one of the sights of the metropolis.

Hitherto New York has had the Astor Library, on Lafayette Street, near Astor Place, used entirely for reference work, as none of the volumes are allowed to leave the building; the Lenox Library on upper Fifth Avenue, also a reference library, and numerous branch libraries from which books may be taken. It has had, however, no main central library corresponding to the Public Library in Boston. As preparations are already under way for shelving the books in the new building, all this will soon be changed. The library has the entire space on Fifth Avenue from Fortieth Street to Forty-second Street.

In front of the building is a grass plot that reaches back seventy-five feet from Fifth Avenue's building line. The terrace is four hundred and fifty-five feet long. The building is entered through a pillared porch that reminds the beholder of some Greek temple. The hallway through the centre is eighty feet long and forty feet wide. The great arches of the vestibule, shown on the cover page of this week's issue, are fifteen feet in width and thirty-five feet high. Staircases of cut stone twelve feet wide lead upward to the second and third stories. The entrance to the staircases and the elevators are on the south side of the building on Fortieth Street.

In the basement will be found the rooms for the circulation of books. Here several thousand books will be taken out every day. Students of any particular topic can make arrangements for a special card entitling them to take out quite a number and keep them for several weeks. The children's room will also be found in this basement. The furniture is to be adapted to the needs of the little folks, the chairs and tables being of diminutive size. Pictures dear to the hearts of children will adorn the walls. Attendants especially trained to the work will on certain days tell the children stories, illustrating them frequently by reference to the pictures, of which many will be brought out to supplement those about the room. The children will be guided in their search for interesting and helpful books, the librarians thus becoming coadjutors with the parents and school teachers in directing the child's mental development.

The New White Marble Library of New York City

In the basement will be found space for the great room devoted to newspapers. The files will hold copies of papers from all over the United States and Canada, Great Britain, and the Continent. On the same level will be the library's own printing establishment and bindery.

Coming up to the first floor proper the visitor finds the periodical rooms, where hundreds of magazines from all over the world will be found on file; exhibition rooms and offices, and patent room. On the third floor will be found the large general reading room, special reading rooms for manuscripts, rare books on America, and the famous Stewart collection now housed in the Lenox Library, and rooms for pictures and prints. The New York Library has thirty-five branches in different parts of the city, and its readers number more than those of the public libraries of any other city in Europe or America, and with the improved facilities they will doubtless increase.

A NOBLE GIFT FOR EDUCATION

AMONG the many noble and judicious benefactions of Mrs. Russell Sage has been the endowment of her Alma Mater, the Emma Willard School at Troy, N. Y., with a fund of $1,000,000. A part of this money has been wisely used for new buildings. Instead of putting these up on the original site of the institution, in the heart of the city, they have been erected on a charming hill in the eastern part of the town, where there is abundance of space, air and light, and a beautiful view of the Hudson. It is in ideal location, and the great popularity which the school has achieved under the brilliant administration of Miss Anna Leach is likely to be much increased by this wholesale re-establishment.

Mrs. Sage's loyalty to what used to be known as the "Troy Female Seminary," and to the memory of Mrs. Emma Willard, the gifted teacher who made it famous, has been unswerving. She has been for years the President of its flourishing New York Alumnæ Association, and had previously donated several gifts to the school.

She has set a fine example in this respect to all other women of means. The virtue that exalts and clings to the institution to which one is indebted for education, is akin to patriotism, and the soul which does not know something of that fine fervor is sadly deficient in proper sensibility. Mrs. Charles M. Pratt and Mrs. Thaw-Thompson have shown a similar devotion to Vassar College. The graduates of Mount Holyoke, Smith and Wellesley have displayed a most generous spirit as a whole—but all of these institutions are still pleading for funds. It is not likely that any one of them possesses a graduate with the large fortune and the free and independent hand of Mrs. Sage; but there are many from each and every one of them, who could amply afford to put up a building here or endow a professorship there, and yet who actually do give little or nothing.

Building Given to Willard Seminary by Mrs. Sage

Mrs. Emma Willard "came into our kingdom" as Esther came into the court of King Ahasuerus, at a crisis in the history of woman's progress. Born several years before Horace Mann and Mary Lyon, those ardent champions of popular and universal education, she, too, originated and carried out an educational scheme of perhaps equal value to our country. Her great personal beauty and her polished manners commended her to many who had hitherto manifested little interest in the development of womanhood, and to whom the plain, common sense methods of dear Mary Lyon could never have made effective appeal. The typical "society girl" was inspired by Emma Willard, as she had never been by anyone before in our land, to think, to study and to make the most of herself.

Mrs. Willard was not unmindful of the poor girl also. From the large income which her school brought her, she gave freely herself for the education of teachers, and she held up always a high standard of scholarship, which has been continued down to the present day.

The Emma Willard School has a good "seminary" course, from which students are graduated every year, and it also prepares girls for college. Miss Anna Leach, the very efficient principal, is a sister of Miss Abby Leach, the distinguished professor of Latin at Vassar.

AMONG THE WORKERS

—THE PROPOSED NEW AUDITORIUM of the Montrose Bible Conference at Montrose, Pa., will seat 3,000. The Conference this year was held in a large tent, which was packed with 2,300 auditors. Among the speakers were Dr. A. C. Dixon, Dr. Farrar, Dr. Gregg, Dr. Erdman, Dr. Swain, Dr. Jacoby, Rev. John Davis and Major Cole. Dr. Towner of Chicago led the singing.

—MRS. T. J. PHILPIN, El Reno, Okla., writes: "We are endeavoring to equip a Gospel wagon for colportage work, to take in all Oklahoma and Indian Territory, and scatter good literature, books, Bibles, papers and CHRISTIAN HERALDS. We need a light wagon, two horses, and harness. Who will help us?"

—MISS PARSONS AND MISS STEEL, two missionaries at Pandarpur, India, were attacked by an infuriated mob in the Australian Mission building in that city recently. The fanatical mob stoned the building. Miss Steel was beaten and left unconscious. Several arrests were made, and two of the perpetrators have confessed their crime.

—MISS AGNES SLACK, the well-known W.C.T.U. traveling missionary, writes from India: "The government monopoly of the drink and opium traffic is the weakest spot in British rule in India. It involves the State in making a large army of drunkards. Only one woman in every two hundred can read or write. The direct action of the government of India in its licensing laws steadily encourages the use of the liquor, obtaining thus a definite financial return. There is more open drinking among the high caste Hindus than formerly."

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor

GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Edi

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Entered at Post-office, New York, as Second-class Ma
Entered as Second-class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ot

Imperial Peacemakers

ANDREW CARNEGIE has the faculty occasionally of employing very plain and expressive language. Writing lately to Congressman Bartholdt, President of the Interparliamentary Peace Union (now in session in Berlin), he said:

"There will be one man in Berlin while your Congress is in session who has only to speak the word to put an end to war. If the Emperor of Germany ever realized his manifest destiny peace would follow. He has it in his power to abolish war among civilized nations. All he has to do is to ask Great Britain, France and the United States to unite with him in declaring for peace. Neither of the three countries named could afford to reject this invitation, and the Emperor would have performed a service to the world unequaled by any human being that ever lived. I shall hope that the Angel of the Lord will appear unto him."

That the opportunity is there, as Mr. Carnegie points out, is unquestionable; but is there a royal ruler in all the world brave enough to grasp it? Human ambitions, unfortunately, do not run on parallel lines with the policies that make for the world's peace and happiness. Kings, emperors and presidents, too, trust in great armies and mighty warships rather than in the Lord of Hosts and his righteousness.

Men's passions, prejudices and habits are unchanged from age to age. It has been so long the habitude of this unregenerate world to fight and shed blood, that the nations cling to the "ancient and honorable" tradition of war, even while they admit its futility for the settlement of any human difficulty. Violence is not and never was argument; anger and bloodthirstiness have never adjusted any dispute satisfactorily since the world began. War is an infinite multiplication of the crime of Cain and all the sadder that it is legalized and sanctioned by thrones, cabinets, parliaments and pulpits.

Great indeed would be the glory of one ruler establishing the principle of peaceful arbitration. In the beatitude: "Blessed are the peacemakers," we read between the lines the divine anathema directed against the makers of war, as clearly as though the words had been uttered by the Saviour himself.

Silly Sentimentality

SCARCELY a month passes without some notice in the papers of the death of a pet dog or cat, which has apparently caused as much grief as that of a human being. Often a funeral of great pomp and circumstance follows. In a recent case of the kind, an eleven-year-old spaniel was buried in a two-hundred-dollar coffin and is to be given a twelve-hundred-dollar monument, with his own precious little head carved upon it.

Now, a pretty animal is a delightful thing to have in a family. By means of it, children may be taught humanity and kindness, and may sometimes be attracted by the interest it awakens into fields of scientific study. But there is a limit beyond which sentiment becomes rank and maudlin sentimentality, and the wealthy people who allow their sorrow for their dead pets to express itself in two-hundred-dollar—or even ten-dollar—coffins, and proportionately expensive ceremonies and monuments, have far overpassed that limit. They have made themselves and their pets ridiculous, and instead of respecting their sorrow, the sensible public laughs at it, and properly calls them silly and absurd.

There is something truly touching and beautiful in the grief of a family who lose a faithful little pet, bury it in a garden plot, and place a board, or a common stone suitably inscribed, above its head. It is becoming that its virtues should be long remembered and often quoted in their circle. Charles Dudley Warner has made his cat Calvin almost a classic character. The dog of Ulysses is nearly as famous as his master, and the dogs of Sir Walter Scott have become historic. Many other similar pets are embalmed in literature and song, and Landseer has immortalized on canvas the noblest canine types, and that is well. But this mawkish funeral display over the dead pets of the rich, deprives of all its dignity and pathos the genuine emotion which doubtless lies behind it, and holds that emotion up to the smiles of an unsympathetic public. Let these afflicted ones search for some higher and more refined expression of their grief. In a world full of poverty and suffering such an expression should not be hard to find.

A Princely Benefaction

A READER of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, who is a frequent contributor to its many charities, and who, in all his gifts, desires to remain unknown, has placed in the hands of the editor of this journal a considerable sum of money with instructions to apportion it among Christian workers in the foreign and home mission fields. This apportionment has been made, as shown in the list below, in accordance with his wishes, and checks for the amounts opposite the beneficiaries' names have already been forwarded:

FOREIGN

Coffin, Rev. S. D.	Umtali Mission, South Africa	$50 00
Hartwell, Emily S.	Foochow, China	50 00
Bach, T. J.	Maracaibo, Venezuela	50 00
Haswell, Miss S. E.	Moulmein, Burma	50 00
Stark, Rev. A. R.	Peru, South America	50 00
Denyes, Mrs. J. R.	Malaysia Mission, Java	50 00
Wodehouse, Rev. R.	Meth. Mission, Rhodesia, Africa	50 00
Beals, Rev. Z. Chas.	Advent Mission, Wuhu, China	50 00
Grenfell, Wilfred	Labrador Mission, Labrador	50 00
Peter, Dr. F. E.	Moravian Mission, Leh, Tibet	50 00
Bender, Rev. R. H.	San Salvador, C. A.	50 00
Greet, Rev. Wm.	Tehri Mission, Landour, India	50 00
Moulton, C. O.	Bridgetown, Barbados, W. I.	50 00
Klein, Matthias	Akashi, Japan	50 00
Peoples, Mrs. S. W.	Nan, Moulmein, Burma	50 00
Paton, Rev. F. H. L.	New Hebrides Mission, Australia	50 00
Sobey, Rev. J. H.	Canal Zone, Panama	50 00
Hoover, Rev. J. M.	M. E. Mission, Sarawak, Borneo	50 00
Pykett, Mrs. A. J.	Penang, Malaysia	50 00
Schmitt, Rev. Christian	Nain, Labrador	50 00
Hall, Miss Anna E.	Garraway Mission, Africa	50 00
Robertson, Mrs. F. S.	Greenville, Liberia, Africa	50 00

DOMESTIC

Gospel Mission	Washington, D. C.	$50 00
Catherine Mission	New York City	50 00
Co-operato Home	New York City	50 00
Cremorne Mission	New York City	50 00
Guerrant, Edward O.	Amer. Inland Mission	50 00
Tennesseetown Mission	Topeka, Kan.	50 00
People's Settlement	Wilmington, Del.	50 00
Bowery Mission	New York City	50 00
CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home	New York City	50 00
Foreigners' Mission	New York City	50 00
McAuley Mission	New York City	50 00
White Door Settlement	New York City	50 00
Sunshine Home for Blind Babies	Brooklyn, N. Y.	50 00
Cooke, Mrs. Bella	New York City	50 00
Daisy Field Home for Cripples	Englewood, N. J.	50 00
Mayesville Institute	Mayesville, S. C.	50 00
Gospel Yacht *Messenger*	New York	50 00
Crippled Children's Home	Verbank, N. Y.	50 00
Steele Orphanage	Chattanooga, Tenn.	50 00
"Any Good Cause" fund	New York City	50 00
Gospel Farm Home	Tappan, N. Y.	50 00
Door of Hope Gospel Mission	New York City	27 57

In this princely benevolence, the anonymous giver, caring nothing for the world's applause, has the inward satisfaction of knowing that he is strengthening the hands of those brave, consecrated men and women who are doing service at the front, winning souls for Christ. It is a gift which illustrates in the most practical way the principle of copartnership with the Divine Power which is directing the spiritual forces in the great battle now waging for the world's redemption. When we give ourselves to Christ unreservedly, we realize that all our worldly possessions are but a trusteeship, and that the service of personal character and conduct should be loyally supplemented by the service of our substance.

Our friend's magnificent gift, for which we heartily thank him, will prove a great blessing to the workers in the field and may be the means of bringing many into the kingdom. Though one may never be able to go to the front himself, each of us should strive to have a personal share in the work, for "he that winneth souls is wise."

A Dangerous Influence in Literature

LITERARY tastes undergo strange changes. For several years past, ever since Conan Doyle set the fashion with his detective stories, the romance of crime has been among the most popular forms of fiction. Crimes dark and terrible have been perpetrated and unraveled—on paper. Hitherto unsuspected depths of human depravity have been disclosed. Ingenuity has been tasked in devising new methods of law-breaking. Plot and counterplot have been evolved from the brains of skilful writers with morbidly active imaginations. Whole communities have been held in breathless suspense, wondering how the amazing tangle of wickedness co straightened out, until some gifted being is duced who, being a natural-born mind-reader, athist, diviner and all-around oracle, expos mystery smartly, amid applause by the gal Then the professional detectives, feeling s faced and cheap, slink into deserved obscurit

One would reasonably suppose that this n product of our literary Vidocqs would son reach the surfeiting point; but the mill contin grind out its gruesome grist of criminal sto undiminished volume. For young minds espe it is the poorest kind of rubbish as intellectual It is a class of fiction which, in the main, g wrong impulse, an evil stimulus. If the old "y covered" novel of the piratical and highwa type had a bad influence on the minds of its re and set many a young life adrift, the same c asserted with equal emphasis of the detective which invests crime with an atmosphere of my and adventure that is dangerously fascin Authenticated instances have come to light lat which the clever criminal suggestions in these have been carried out only too literally in a life by persons who, but for such romances, ably would never have been tempted out o straight path of decent conduct.

A Teacher of Hygiene

PROBABLY no one thing that the American ernment has done for Cuba, Porto Rico Philippines, and other islands which have com der its protection, will be so gratefully remem in years to come as the instruction given in pra hygiene by its officials, who have risked their health and lives in an effort to introduce se systems, street cleaning, pure water supply proper hospital methods. The quickness with American health officers take hold of an inci epidemic and stamp it out has been a source of derment to the native officials and people of tropical islands, who have ingrained the idea to-morrow is a much better time to do a thing now.

Within the last few weeks there has been an break of cholera in Manila, brought probably Chinese ports, as there have been a number of at Amoy. The fire chief got out four cher engines, had them attached to the sanitary se and used them to disinfect houses from founds to roof-tree. They proved a great success and number of cholera cases shows a gratifying decr

The way Major-General Wood turned Santi Cuba, into a healthful town, after being a bree place for yellow fever for centuries, and his e tive cleaning of Havana while governor, is still f in the public mind. Wherever our army and n have gone and our officials are given a chanc carry out their ideas there has been a marked crease in the enforcement of law and order an the public health.

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THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Aerial Navigation

MAN, having conquered the earth and the sea with his scientific inventions, is now setting himself in good earnest to conquer the upper r. He is experimenting with devices lighter than r and those that are heavier than air, and Eng- nd, France, Germany, Spain and America are atching these experiments and are waiting with enerous subscriptions to contribute to their success. hese machines are of all shapes and sizes. The orld's greatest interest is in the prospective suc- ss of the machines that are heavier than the air nd fly like a bird. It looks as though two Ameri- ans had solved the problem of aerial navigation— rville and Wilbur Wright, whose aeroplanes, the ne under the direction of Wilbur in France and the her under the guidance of Orville in America, are stounding and delighting the world with their sat- factory experiments. Orville Wright broke the orld's record for heavier-than-air flying machines he other day, after several very successful experi- ents at Fort Myer near Washington. The world's ecord for continuous flight had been broken a week efore in France by Leon Delagrange. In his last scent Wright remained in the air an our and fourteen minutes, and a little ter the record for such machines in urope was broken by his brother Vilbur in France. By a shocking acci- ent in the breaking of a propeller lade, Orville Wright's airship was hrown to the ground, and Lieutenant homas E. Selfridge was killed and he inventor himself severely injured. nd yet this unfortunate disaster will ot prevent the success of aerial navi- ation any more than the bursting of the tire of an automobile or the breaking of a car wheel will prove that kind of transportation a failure.

This is unquestionably the beginning of the practical navigation of the air, which will be employed in battle, in scouting, in dropping projectiles upon armies and navies, in the life-saving service, in carrying lines to wrecks, and in departments of the government. The airship will also be used in the practical arts of peace—in carrying mails and more than likely passenger cars for the public, to whom the "mile-a-minute" express train may appear as slow as the stage coach of olden times is slower than the "lightning express."

He shall fly as an eagle. (Jer. 48 : 40.)

Disguised Minister's Observation

It is a popular thing nowadays for the enemies of the church to criticise her relation to the plain people of the country, and insist that she is proud and selfish and that the "common people" no longer feel at home in her services, and many Christian people have joined in the criticism. The Rev. John Thompson, pastor of the McCabe Methodist Episcopal Church of Chicago, spent his August vacation disguised as a workingman and attending services at nine wealthy churches in that city in a threadbare and shiny blue serge coat, trousers that were worn at the edges, a cheap cotton shirt and tie, old shoes and a black felt hat. The minister was so well disguised that his friends in the street car and on the street did not recognize him. He said: "I made the experiment to find what, if any, truth there might be in the charge that the workingman and the poorly-dressed visitor are not made welcome in our churches. I found, as I had hoped, that it was just the other way. In nine churches that I visited I found the congregation always attentive and in eight of the churches the ministers were cordial. In the ninth I was surprised to see how crusty the minister was, and I was practically repulsed as I spoke to him at the close of the service." Chicago gave this minister a better reception than some of the New York City churches gave to the spies who were on a similar errand. Those churches in Chicago set a splendid example, for the Church of Christ is a mockery if it does not institute and retain the most vital hold upon the multitudes and carry its message of salvation to rich and poor alike.

The rich and poor meet together: the Lord is the maker of them all. (Prov. 22 : 2.)

Three Hundred Killed by Ignorance

An appalling mine disaster occurred recently at Rikovsky in Russia. The workmen called the mine "The Inferno," because of the prevalence of stifling gas, and they would only consent to go down into its workings at double wages. The explosion was not of great force, and a majority of the three hundred men who perished were burned to death or suffocated by the poisonous gas. It would have been possible to have saved all but about a dozen of these men if prompt measures had been taken, as it was fully an hour after the explosion before the flames broke out. During this hour, the rescuing parties waited with folded hands for information as to how and where they were to descend. Ignorance of the inside of the mine and of modern methods of rescue was responsible for the fearful massacre. Next to intentional murder are the many deaths which are produced in all countries by an ignorance which might be avoided. In olden times, among the Jews, those who caused the death of others through ignorance had to flee to a city of refuge to save themselves from the vengeance that would overtake them.

And this is the case of the slayer, which shall flee thither, that he may live: Whoso killeth his neighbor ignorantly, whom he hateth not in time past. (Deut. 19 : 4.)

Georgia's Treatment of Criminals

The senate of Georgia passed the substitute bill, which is a new start toward convict legislation there. The measure will doubtless be passed by the house. This bill gives to the Prison Commission control over felony and misdemeanor convicts, and provides that leasing to private parties shall end on March 31, 1909. It is very encouraging to see what rapid strides the South is making in moral reform. It has driven the saloon from three-fourths of all its territory and eight-tenths of its population. It has abolished gambling almost everywhere and now it proposes to do the merciful as well as just thing in its treatment of its criminals, as expressed in the new law which Georgia is about to pass. Christ so identified himself with his fellow men that he counted acts of kindness to the criminal, even in prison, as acts of love for him, and severely arraigned those who were not good to the criminal.

I was sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not. (Matt. 25 : 43.)

Playgrounds for Children

The people of America are paying singular attention to the health and happiness of the children. Important facts were brought before the second annual congress of the Playground Association of America, held recently in the Museum of Natural History in New York. Statistics revealed that 177 cities of more than 5,000 population maintain playgrounds at a cost of $12,000,000 a year. The grounds in 69 cities are supported by voluntary contributions, those in 36 cities by the Boards of Education, and those of 110 by municipal appropriations. It is held by good judges that the day schools monopolize from three-quarters to seven-eighths of the average child's time, and that the little folks must have a portion of that time in which to clap their hands and romp and play if our national health and civilization are to be properly maintained. The white plague is fed by bad air and indoors and we must have playgrounds to help fight this enemy. The sports of children in their contact with nature and each other are almost as friendly to their morals as to their health. Parks for the grown people and playgrounds for the children, especially in the cities, are as great a necessity for the welfare of society as a mercy to the people. The best type of men and women in all callings are those who have left in their composition a large streak of the boy and girl — the deep instinct for recreation after toil. There is no doubt that part of the happiness of the next life will be an absolute freedom from care and buoyant exhilaration of spirit produced by the highest and divinest enjoyment, of which the unrestrained pleasures of our children at play are a type. The children had public playgrounds in the time of Christ and he makes this reference to them:

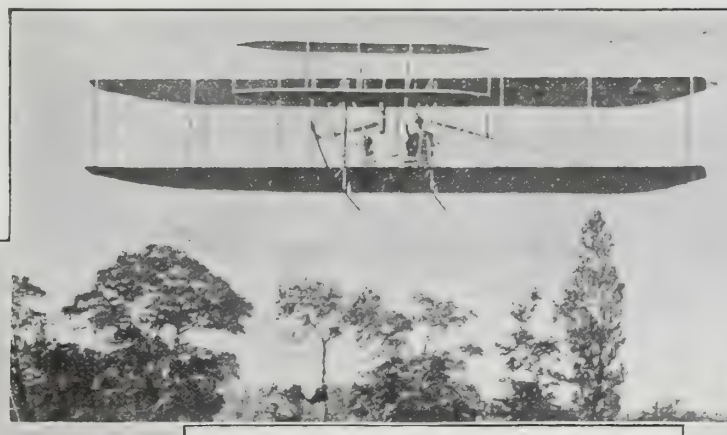
They are like unto children sitting in the marketplace, and calling one to another, and saying, We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced; we have mourned to you and ye have not wept. (Luke 7 : 32.)

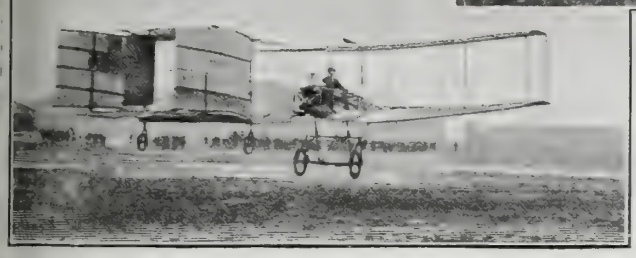
Labor Arbitration in New Zealand

The Prime Minister of New Zealand has just introduced a bill increasing the jurisdiction of the government in questions of dispute between capital and labor. In that country strikes and lockouts are prohibited under severe penalties. Every striking workingman is liable to $50 fine and an additional fine of $5 for every week during which the strike continues and he has any relation to it. For a lockout, the employer is fined $1,000 and $250 a week so long as the doors are closed. Those who aid or abet either the striker or the man locking his shop, in giving money or publishing any expression of approval, suffer a heavy penalty. The Anglo-Saxon has come pretty nearly to his highest expression in the New Zealand land law and civilization. It is likely that the New Zealanders are in advance of us in the adjustment of the frictions existing between capital and labor. Primarily the individual temperament and character must settle such disputes, but until there shall be a higher standard of honesty and unselfishness, the arm of the State must lay a strong hand on both capital and labor, and compel them to amicably adjust their differences.

Righteousness and peace have kissed each other. (Ps. 85 : 10.)

The Wright Machine in Flight





The Delagrange Aeroplane Alighting

The Vuia Monoplane

Capt. Ferber's Aeroplane in Flight

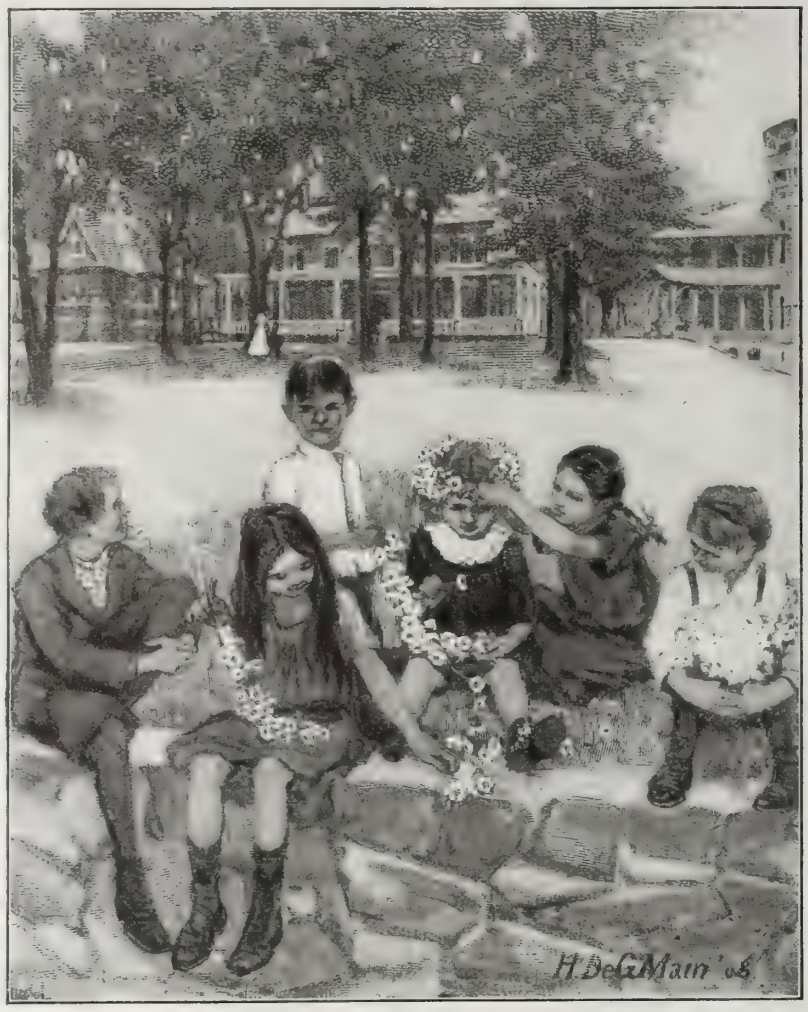
ALL DELIGHTED WITH MONT-LAWN

SINCE the holiday home for little city children was started by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD fourteen years ago, there never has been a more enjoyable or successful season than the one just closed. Three thousand children have been entertained, instructed and helped during this period, when for ten long, happy days they have romped beneath the grand old trees, climbed the rugged hillsides and roamed the flower-strewn fields.

Services in the Children's Temple have been of especial interest during the past season. The children have enjoyed them to the full. To be convinced of this one had only to watch with what alacrity small feet would scamper when the bell sounded, calling for the forming of a double line of march down Sunshine Avenue to the beautiful temple. And such singing! "Never heard anything like it," seemed to be the unanimous verdict of visitors who came expecting to be pleased, but who went away charmed, delighted and astonished.

Among the speakers who have delighted the children and who have themselves in turn been delighted have been many persons of national reputation, and others prominent in official, church and literary circles. Among them were: Rev. David C. Hughes, father of the Governor of the State of New York; Rear-Admiral Sigsbee, Commander of the *Maine* when it was sunk in Havana harbor; Rev. Dr. Belcher, Superintendent of the Five Points Mission; Rev. Arthur J. Smith, head of the Tent Evangelistic Committee of New York City; Mrs. Kate Upson Clark, the well-known author and lecturer; Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts, and Dr. Madison C. Peters, whose stirring speech to the boys will not soon be forgotten. A message was also given by Rev. William Wilkinson, known as the "Bishop of Wall Street," because of his daily services among the "Bulls and Bears." Hon. Robert Watchorn, Commissioner of Immigration of the port of New York, said that the day of his visit to Mont-Lawn was one of the happiest he had ever spent.

Charles Alexander, the "Singing Evangelist," and Messrs. Tullar and Meredith, who composed many of the stirring songs sung by the children, spent successive Sundays at the Home, leading the children most effectively in the song service. The "Glory Song" was never better rendered by grown-up congregations than by our children at Mont-Lawn.



Making Daisy Garlands and Posies

Rev. Leander Chamberlain, President of the Evangelical Alliance of America, spoke on the last public day with great effectiveness. On this occasion Dr. Klopsch, who on previous days during the season had confined himself to the briefest remarks, gave a most earnest talk to the children, striving to impress upon them the necessity of watchfulness in all t thoughts and actions, and as to companionships. He was listened with the greatest attention.

One of the memorable addresses the season was made by Rev. Buckley, the venerable and dis guished editor of the New York *Ch tian Advocate*. At the close of visit he declared that it had been " treat of his life." He spoke of the portance of childhood, the right tra ing of which was of far greater cor quence to the nation than the condit of older people, as the future welf of the republic must depend upon children. His address was full practical illustrations, touching dramatic, and the little ones as well the audience of visitors were dee affected.

Recalling his visit, Dr. Buckley his paper, the *Christian Advocate*, te this interesting incident:

> One of the never-to-be-forgotten incidents the visit can hardly be described so as to p tray its full beauty and significance. Mr. Al ander sang:
>
> Can the Lord depend on you?
> Can the Lord depend on you?
> Will he find you ever true?
> Can the Lord depend on you?
>
> He then said: "Now is there a boy here w can sing this tune and words, having heard only once? If he can, I will give him a s of clothes. Dr. Klopsch shall have him me: ured and the clothes will be sent to him." O small boy, perhaps ten years old, with pale fa and wistful eye, stood up and in a soft a very sweet voice sang the verse. He vari slightly in tune, but it was so well done th Mr. Alexander responded: "You shall ha the suit." Then he asked if any girl "cou sing the words and the tune without assistanc If there is one Mrs. Alexander [who was pre ent] will give her a dress." A girl, perha nearly twelve years of age, who had a forei aspect but not a foreign accent, arose and m the test precisely, clearly and sweetly. these children there seemed to be three el ments struggling for the mastery: a desire succeed, to be commended, and to get t clothes. It was the most interesting single, double, scene of the occasion.
>
> Irrespective of nationality or race, the chi dren come and are taught genuine patriotism It was thrilling to witness the flag drill, an then to hear these embryo voters pledge all giance to the flag. All of them solemnly prom ised never to disgrace and ever to sustain i Silent lessons of wisdom and goodness ar taught in all the buildings. Dr. Klopsch i engaged in the manufacture of loyal America citizens. MARY SARGENT HOPKINS.

MISCELLANEOUS GOOD CAUSES HELPED BY CHRISTIAN HERALD READERS

American Bible Soc.

R H Roco..... 5 00

Dr. Dickie, Educate Girl

—, Hackettstown, N J 1 00
Mrs Ball..... 1 00
E E Moore.....10 00
Wm Streeter..... 1 10

Armenia

J L Stock..... 3 60
A E Nygatt..... 1 00

Armenia Orphanage

—, Ripon, Wis .. 1 00

Blind Babies' Home

Martha Pampel ... 1 00
Mrs S F Forrester. 1 50
Anna Graxatt 50
Rachel Tate 2 00
Daphna M Dean...10 00
P N Kraybill 2 50
M A Titcomb 10 00

F. Crittenden Home

—, —, R I.....10 00

Door of Hope

Home Mission Soc, Valencia, Cal ... 5 00

Foreign Missions

George Holmes ... 5 00
G W Van Nostwick 10 00
Beckie Houston ...10 00
—, Louisville, Ky. 50
J B Smoemaker.... 1 00

Africa

Miss Emma Baker.22 00
A Friend, Matta poisett, Mass 5 00
Miss Alice C Wyss. 2 00
Wm J Brown 3 00

For Sarah W. Peoples

L Summers 2 50
I H N, Plattsmouth, Neb 10 00

For Miss Billings

Margaret J & Mary E Peebles 4 20
In the Name of Thos McLatchy 2 00
James Baynes 1 50
—, —, — 1 00

For Mr. Wodehouse

L H Carter.....15 20

South America

Mrs E S Gleason.. 2 00

For W. M. Buck

—, —, N Y 30 00
Mrs Susan Smyser.30 00

China Presby. Mission

H Farnsworth 1 00

For S. C. K. Rutnam

Mrs Susan Smyser.25 00

For G. Howard Malone

Mrs C Farrow..... 1 00

China

B P. Waupaca, Wis 10 00

For Wm. Greet

—, Okemah, Okla. 65

Home Missions

George Holmes ... 5 00
Beckie Houston ..10 00
S Sch, Manchester, Tenn 2 50

Any Good Cause

—, Conde, S Dak. 5 00
C H Swafford..... 95
Mrs M L Harkness 1 00
J B Price..... 50
Myrtle, Grayville, Ill 5 00
Clara M Bart..... 1 00

Dr. W. T. Grenfell

Mrs C M Reynolds 5 00
F C Threlfall 10 00

Leper Colony Stove

L Thomas 1 00
Mrs Wm H Valentine 1 00
Unnamed, Monroe, La 5 00
W J Bonner..... 1 00
Frances H Ford... 5 00
—, DeKalb, Junct, N Y 1 00
—, Winsted, Conn 5 00
Mrs Belle Mooney. 1 00
J H Lynch..... 2 00
H C Pigneros..... 1 00
S R Ward 1 00
G C Whitmer ... 5 00
Mrs H C N, Bklyn, N Y..... 1 00
Mrs Jere M Lyon.. 4 00
—, —, N Y.... 3 00
Thomas Byck 1 00
C N Tinker 2 00
Mrs W A Hanchett 25
Mrs Rees 1 00
Miss E L Carter.. 1 00
H N J, Bath, Me.. 5 00
Mrs Ira Kennedy.. 9 02
G S, Milwaukee, Wis 5 00
Mrs E J McLaughlin 10 00
A Reader of C H, Hammondsport, N Y 1 00
Henry Reichelt ... 2 25
—, Ripon, Wis... 1 00
Mrs M J Rylands.. 5 00
Reader of C H, —, Pa 1 00
Mrs M H Welles.. 1 00
S E H, Haverhill, Mass 1 00

Okayama Orphanage

Thos Kent 60 00
Woman's Miss Soc Park Pl Presby Ch, Norfolk, Va..10 00

Christian Mission to Jews

Mrs Josiah Brown. 5 02

Mayesville Institute

Miss Allie Smith.. 5 00

Missionary Substitute

Mr & Mrs Harry R Gardner 100 00
W Stuart Leech...50 00
F K Hickok.....50 00
In Jesus Name, Rensselaer, N Y.25 00

N. Y. Ass'n. for the Blind

J F R, New Haven, Ind 2 00

Prohibition in Oklahoma

Mrs L C Nicholas. 10

Relief Work Among Poor

A Reader of C H, Brashear, Mo ... 1 00

For Dr. Fox

—, N Woburn, Mass 25 00

Work Among Eskimos

I H N, Plattsmouth, Neb 10 00

Witherspoon College

J Y Bettys..... 5 00
Saml Clelland & Wife 10 00

Gospel Settlement

L Depew Watkins. 5 00

Zaraphonithes Greek Employment Bureau

Mrs Susan Smyser.10 00

Jerusalem Lepers

A L P, Easley, S C 1 50

Calcutta's Slave Traffic

Mrs J Eddie 3 00

For Rev. N. D. Rockey

Unnamed, Monroe, La 6 50

For Benj. Aitkin

M Borge 50 00

Rev. F. Jansen, P.I.

—, St Paul, Minn 5 00
Mrs D H Safford.. 2 00
B P, Waupaca, Wis 5 00
C H Billonyer 5 00
I H N, Plattsmouth, Neb 10 00
Henry Reichelt.... 2 25
Mrs S P Avery....10 00
Ida Neel 1 00
Mrs Geo Heighes.. 2 00
A Sympathizer, Harlem, Ga 35
C R Babbitt..... 5 00
Mrs W J Jeff..... 1 00
Dora Smith 1 00
A Friend, Cedar Falls, Iowa 1 00
Reader of C H —, Ohio 1 00
Mrs T B Edgar ... 1 00
Mrs E P Rice..... 1 00
Friends, Newark, N J 70 00
A E Galbraith..... 1 00
G A Lemley..... 5 00
Mary McCulla..... 50
A Friend, Pittstown, N Y 3 00
E Tilton..... 3 00
Reader of C H, Greene, N Y 1 00
Mr & Mrs Homer Conner 10 00
Mrs L King..... 15
Mrs V P Simmons 7 37
Dennison Meml Y P S C E, Mass.. 2 00
Mrs Maude Dalton 1 00
A & Mary McQuatters 2 00
A A E, Rochester, N H 1 00
Mrs Geo B Clark..10 00
H C N, Bklyn, N Y 1 00
Mrs B F Aiken.... 1 00
Liberty C E, Payette, Idaho 2 20
B S, Chillicothe, Mo 14 00
H E McDade 1 00
Henry West 1 00
C V Kintner 2 50
Mrs M A H, Plainfield 1 00
A Friend, S A. G., W Hartford, Conn 1 00
Mary W Frew.... 1 00

(For Mr. Henderson)

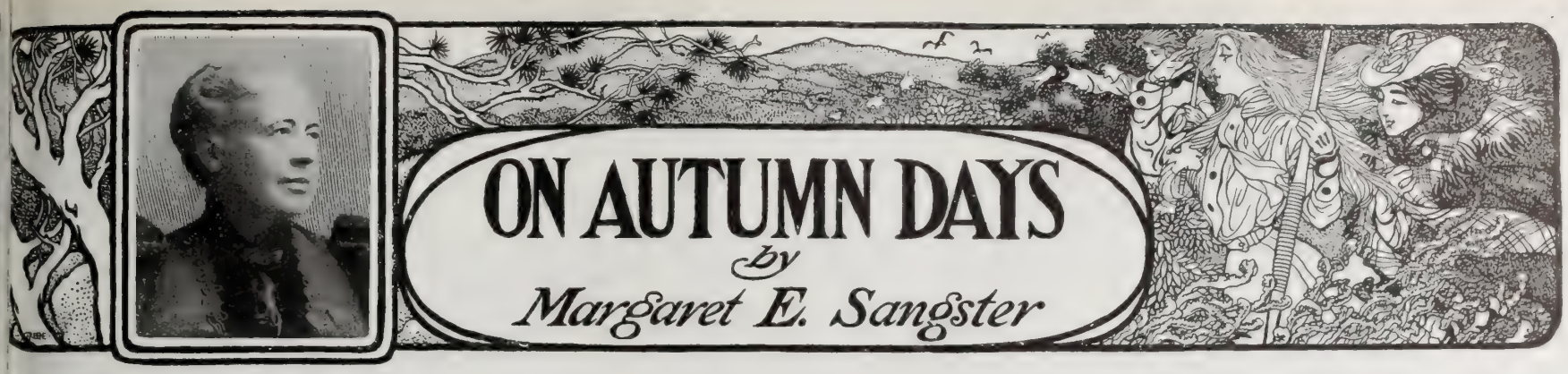
Mrs M J Woods. 5 04

Soc. of Soul-Winners

Mrs C M Reynolds. 3 00

India Famine

Saml Clelland & Wife 10 00
—, New Brighton, N Y 1 00
Mrs R A Turner.. 1 00
Marshfield Circuit M E Ch, Mansfield, Ohio 18 00
Friend, York, Pa.. 1 00
A Friend, Juhl, Mich 2 00
—, Windom, Minn 1 00
Rev J S E Erskine 5 00
Mrs W M Cunningham 10 00
F L, Bklyn, N Y.25 00
C A Hagaman..... 5 02
Friends of the Needy, Americus, Kan 11 00
Miss Adella Gifford 5 00
Sarah J Arms..... 5 00
L M, —, Md.... 2 00
H A Pearce..... 3 00
E O V, Walla Walla, Wash 10 00
Geo H & Mary E Winslow 10 00
—, Limestone, Tenn 1 00
G W Adair 20 00
T W Stanleys..... 1 00
A Thomas 50
C A Hawkins ... 50
Mrs L M LeRoy.. 1 00
Clyde Salisbury .. 1 00
James H Boone... 5 00
Mrs W Phelps..... 5 00
Bro & Sister R E Richards 3 00
Mrs A Lamkin.....5 00
Mrs C M Goldie... 5 00
Mrs N E Herron.. 10
Mr & Mrs Baxter. 1 00
Mrs S E Hughes... 1 00
Mrs N A King.... 1 00
—, New Brighton, S I 25
—, —, Iowa 1 00
Ellen Simkin 1 00
Mr & Mrs J Martin 2 00
Mrs E N Tomley. 5 00
—, Poynette, Wis 5 00
Perry Brown 1 00
—, Hancock, Md . 1 00
Milligrove Union S Sch, W Newton, Pa 4 55
Friends, —, Va.. 5 00
W K Desh 10 00
B Bradford 10 00
—, DeKalb, N Y. 5 00
A Friend, Middle West 5 00
Mrs M S Barbour. 50
I H N, Waldo, Fla 70
J Y Bettys..... 5 00
Logan D Ayers ... 2 00
In Jesus Name, W Mentor, Ohio ... 50
Mrs Hattie F Bullock 1 00
Mrs Anna N Brown 1 00
Thomas M Peck...10 00
T W Paine..... 10
Mrs S N Dawson.. 50
N Kengon 2 00
E Tilton 5 00
John & Lydia E Hawkine 5 00
Miss Annie Lyons. 5 00
C A Leger..... 50
H L Somerville... 5 00
Johanna Buermann. 4 00
In Christ's Name, Caneadea, N Y..10 00
—, Newville, Pa.. 5 00
Mrs T A Allen..... 5 00
Mrs M Starkey....10 00
—, Chicago, Ill... 5 00
C V Kintner..... 2 50
I S Ballentine..... 2 00
K E, Syracuse, N Y 7 00
M Crews 1 00
J T Rogers 1 00
Mr & Mrs J C Kufus 5 00
Harriet P Wilder...2 00
H R Case 2 00
Julia Shaffen 50
Mr & Mrs E F Humphrey 5 00
Saml Clelland & Wife 10 00
A Friend, Grand Forks, N Dak... 5 00
J W Isenberg..... 1 00
Julia A Hill.....10 00
Mrs Frank Rowland 50
Friends, Industry, Me 4 00
S J, Gallipolis, Ohio 2 00
J H K, Brown Valley, Minn 5 00
—, New Brighton, S I 25
In Jesus Name, Broadway, Va ...10 00
F Ray Yeomans...10 00
Anna Gravatt 50
M S B, Amorita, Okla 3 00
John Miller 10 00
Mr & Mrs R E Jendresen & Eric B B W, Glovers-ville, N Y 1 00



The Home Side of the Business Man

NO MATTER how shrewd and sagacious a man may be in business, how hard-headed and slow to indulge in considerations of sentiment, he is almost always sure to have a soft corner in his heart where his loved ones abide. Sometimes it is a mother who holds the first place in his affections, and she is to him the most sacred influence on earth. Occasionally a brother has for a sister the intense devotion of a lover, etherialized by the absence of passion that characterizes the more intimate love of husband and wife. A good man devoted to his wife and children presents to them in the home a side which his associates in business would hardly recognize. In the business world he is a soldier on duty; he is bound to administer his affairs with discretion and in such a way that the best interests of many people may be conserved. If he is the head of a firm he does not forget that many little household fires are dependent upon the management of the business with which his employees are connected. Therefore, while he does not in the least cut loose from human sympathy, he must have a certain clearly defined policy and adhere to it with more or less rigor. When he turns the latch in his own door at night, the children run to welcome him with shouts and kisses; the mother smiles in the background and the whole man is transformed. He is affable, indulgent and benignant. No one has anything but confidence in approaching him with a request. Each knows that the utmost love and tenderness are wrapped up in that fatherly heart. Happy are the children who receive their first impressions of the love of the great All-Father from the one who stands to them in that relation here on the earth! Of course, there are men to whom this description does not apply. They come home carrying their business cares with them, fretted, perverse, and cross. The children retreat before the frowning countenance. The wife hesitates before introducing topics of conversation. Whatever is done or said in such a home, the man who does not realize how much bitterness follows in the train of his ill temper, will insist that all is wrong. Discouragement envelopes the household in which the one at the head is usually gloomy and frequently unjust.

Happily, the ordinary man of business does not keep all the sunshine and the brightness for the people for whom he does not care. He brings philosophy to bear on the daily trials, and he rarely comes to his home without a sense of gladness that it is his and a sense of mingled thankfulness and responsibility for those under his roof who shall be his representatives in days to come.

If the business man have in him no capacity for the fight of life, no strength for resistance and no ability to say no on occasion, it is to be feared that his home will not be very stable. One of the gentlest but least successful of men used to come home, cut out the children's aprons and fuss about the house in a way that reminded one of an old hen looking after a brood of chicks. He would run to the door to give his wife another kiss if she were going for a walk. He was always rushing about after the family with overshoes and umbrellas if there was a hint of rain. If, by any chance, he had made a good bargain in the day's work, or lost its advantage by some needless concession before the day was over. His pocketbook was at the mercy of every applicant, so long as there was anything in it. It is superfluous to say that this man, kind gentleman that he was, never succeeded in quite keeping the wolf from the door, or in making ends meet at the conclusion of the year. After his death, which occurred in his prime, his widow, with scanty means and a much encumbered estate, pulled herself together and brought up the children better than she might have done had their father lived. A man of the Harold Skimpole variety, or of the easy-going temperament of the famous Mr. Micawber, is apt to be a failure as a man of business, and almost equally a failure as a provider for his little home-world.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—THREE ESSENTIALS OF A HOME. You ask what are the three essentials in home life, omitting minor details. I would enumerate them as mutual love, entire frankness, and an income sufficient for the avoidance of debt.

—A GIRL OF FIFTEEN. Certainly a girl of fifteen may wear a corset if she wishes, but it should be a very simple affair, with few bones. Her frocks for everyday wear should be ankle length, though they may be a little longer for Sundays. A trained dress is unsuitable for so young a girl.

—ELMA. Why do you object to innocent friendship between little boys and girls? The trouble is that foolish older people put silly notions of beaux and sweethearts into children's heads. For my part, I think that boys and girls under fourteen study and play together to great advantage.

—DEEP HOLE. There is no doubt that if the custom of treating in saloons could be abolished, intemperance would receive a blow from which it could not easily rally. The saloon rests on a basis of good fellowship. Some substitute for the saloon, well lighted, well warmed and cheerful, with no intoxicants, should be found by the Christian church.

THE DELFT JAR

Not merely that the vase itself
Is beautiful upon the shelf,
And worthy a good sum.
She handles it with gentlest care,
And guards it as a treasure rare,
To which no ill may come.
An heirloom 'tis, and faint and far,
From loved ones who in heaven are,
Soft voices thrill around this jar
From lips that here are dumb.

A Word for Mother Goose

THERE is a world of wisdom in dear old Mother Goose. How her rhymes and jingles learned in childhood stick fast in memory! how dainty some of them were, and what a serene philosophy they conveyed!

Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn.

Do we need anything more than that to unfold a picture before our eyes?

There was a man in our town who was so wondrous wise,
He jumped into a bramble bush, and scratched out both his eyes;
And when he saw his eyes were out, with all his might and main,
He jumped into another bush and scratched them in again.

In this immortal stanza there is subtly told the difference between the successful man and the man who is daunted by his first defeat. The man who never knows when he is beaten, jumps into the second bramble bush, and quite makes up for the attack of the first. This verse has been a stimulant to courage to many a drooping soul. If you happen to read it to-day, and you have an impression that you are down and out, spring up, brush your knees, and go straight at your second bush.

What about "Old Mother Hubbard, who went to the cupboard to get her poor dog a bone?" What about the dear "old woman who lived in a shoe," who had such a superabundance of children, and the other "old woman whither so high," who was trying to sweep the cobwebs out of the sky? If we have never yet met these ancient dames, they will surely come curtsying around the corner, and we shall recognize them, if not by the peaked cap and the red cloak and the tucked-up skirts, by the bright eyes and the merry smiles and fierce energy that has made each a personage. Blessings on Mother Goose! A rumor has gained currency that somebody is trying to abolish her. Never fear. It cannot be done. Mother Goose is not to be put down by any hard and fast well-meaning zealot who goes about proclaiming that two and two make four. There is an arithmetic in which two and two make five, and that is the arithmetic of imagination, to which Mother Goose introduces happy little children. If we are happy enough to keep the child heart till our heads are white, Mother Goose goes bobbing along before us with a skip and a laugh and a merry twinkle every step of the bright and sunny road.

Afternoon Calls

Afternoon calls belong peculiarly to life in neighborhoods where people have time and leisure to become well acquainted. In the city many women have found it convenient and almost necessary to have a day at home either weekly or monthly in order that their friends at a distance might not be disappointed when going to see them. Many visiting cards are engraved "First and third Wednesdays," "Mondays until April," "Thursdays until May," or something of the sort. To be compelled to remember the dates of a friend's At Home days is another burden on patient memory, although it may be obviated by reference to an address book and a marked calendar. In little towns and villages where people see one another often and live not too far apart, afternoon calling is more informal, more sociable and, on the whole, more satisfactory, than where one in meeting a hostess may also meet a throng of strangers. Reception days are well enough in their way, but not half so delightful as the leisurely dropping in of unexpected visitors for afternoon calls.

A PROMISE-KEEPING GOD*

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

"DAVID sat in his house." It was a house of cedar, the wood for which had been furnished by Hiram, king of Tyre, for there was no cedar growing in Palestine. Not only the wood, but the builders had been supplied by Hiram. It was not only beautiful, but enduring, as cedar is the most lasting of timber.

"The Ark of the Covenant remaineth under curtains." A house of curtains was to a house of cedar as shifting sands compared with a mountain of granite. King David lived in a palace, God in a tent. He could not endure the contrast. He desired that God should have as good or even a better palace than his own.

"Thou shalt not build me a house to dwell in." This was God's answer to King David conveyed through the prophet Nathan. Nathan was faithful in delivering God's message to the king, although he had agreed with the king in his proposition to build it. But God had vetoed it. David was not to build it because he had been a man of many wars. A prince of peace should build it later.

The People Greeting Christ With the Cry of "Hosanna to the Son of David"

David's Faith in God

"The Lord will build thee a house." Something better even than a cedar house — posterity by which David should reign forever. The son (Solomon) through whom this blessing was to come, was yet unborn, but David had faith in the God who thus covenanted with him. "His throne shall be established forever." In Christ, the son of David, alone could this promise be realized. During his life upon earth Christ was often hailed as "Son of David." Christ said of himself out of heaven in his "Revelation" to the apostle John: "I am the root and the offspring of David" (Rev. 22. 16).

And to the believing heart of King David God's promise was greater than the privilege denied of building a temple. But he was not obliged altogether to let go of his cherished plan. During twenty-four years to the end of his life, he was gathering materials for building the temple, which amounted in value for the gold and silver to $2,557,026,000, and there were also great quantities of brass, iron, stone and timbers. King David furnished the design for the temple, which was afterwards transmitted to his son Solomon.

Keeping the Promise

Now, as then, he is a promise-keeping God, the same yesterday, to-day and forever. Possibly we may not yet have examined nor counted the promises of God to us. A traveler in a foreign land was disappointed in using his letter of credit, and found himself with only nineteen cents with which to cover expenses until he should reach his next stopping place ten days later. He said: "I will examine my money belt again," which he did, when out of the folds fell a five-dollar gold piece! On two or three occasions since then, that same traveler has found an unexpected gold coin in his purse, which had been tucked away and forgotten. In every time of need we are sure of finding a promise of God which will yield satisfaction and comfort if we will in faith seek to recall it. Some of these promises are as follows:

Promise that our sins will be forgiven: "I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins." Isa. 43: 25.

The promise of God's presence with us: "If a man love me, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him." John 14: 23.

Promise of comfort: "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." Isa. 66: 13.

Promise of direction: "I will instruct thee, and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go; I will guide thee with mine eye." Ps. 32: 8.

Promise of protection: "He is a shield unto them that put their trust in him." Prov. 30: 5.

Promise of peace: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee." Isa. 26: 3.

Promise of answer to prayer: "Call unto me and I will answer thee, and shew thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not." Jer. 33: 3.

Promise of wisdom: "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God . . . and it shall be given him." James 1: 5.

Promise of divine reinforcement: "Wait on the Lord, be of good courage,

Continued on next page

* **International Sunday School Lesson for Oct. 11,1908.** God's Promise to David, I. Chron. 17 : 1-14. Golden Text: "There hath not failed one word of all his good promise." I. Kings 8: 56.

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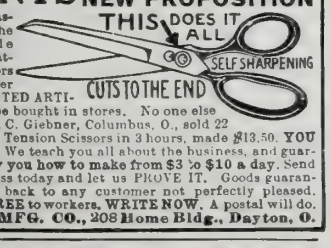

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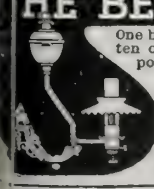

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Sunday School Lesson—*Continued*

and he shall strengthen thine heart." Ps. 27: 14.

Promise of help in temptation: "I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not." Luke 22: 32.

Promise in time of need: "He shall deliver the needy when he crieth, the poor also, and him that hath no helper." Ps. 72: 12.

Promise in affliction: "The Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces." Isa. 25: 8.

Promise to the dying: "Because I live, ye shall live also." John 14: 19.

Promise of heaven: "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." John 14: 2-3.

A Sunday School superintendent, taking a bunch of keys out of his pocket, illustrated God's promises in the following manner: "This watch-key suggests the promise with which we wind up our trust every day: 'As thy days so shall thy strength be.' This trunk key represents the traveler's promise: 'Lo, I am with you alway.' This house key, 'Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee.' This church key, 'They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength.' This key to my postoffice box, 'Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name I will do it.' This safe key, 'There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth.' This skeleton key that will unlock any door, represents the promise that fits a great variety of cases, 'The Lord will provide.'"

Searching for Promises

A silver egg was once presented to a Saxon princess. On opening the silver shell by a secret spring there was found a yolk of gold. The spring of the gold being found and pressed, flew open and disclosed a beautiful bird.

On pressing the wings of the bird, in its breast was found a crown, jewcled and radiant. And even within the crown, upheld by a spring like the rest, was a ring of diamonds, which fitted the finger of the princess herself.

"Oh how many a promise there is within a promise in the Scripture, the silver around the gold, the gold around the jewels; yet how few of God's children ever find their way far enough among the springs to discover the crown of his rejoicing or the ring of his covenant of peace!"

There are some people who neglect to call on God for the fulfilment of his promises, and so they fail of getting his promised blessings.

It might be a good plan to look through our Bibles, or even the list of promises here given, and mark with a T and a P (tested and proved) those we have worked into our own lives. We have heard of an old Christian lady who had thus marked her Bible all through.

Consider the wondrous confirmation in nature of the reliability of God's promises: "While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease" (Gen. 8: 22). Who of us, when we have seen the sun set, ever doubted that it would rise again? Who of us ever failed to provide for the coming days of winter, when the closing days of summer were upon us? Who of us that live in the country ever failed to plant seed, expecting a harvest? If we thus trust one of God's promises, let us trust them all.

All of God's promises are signed with a "yea" and an "amen." "God is not a man that he should lie" (Num. 23: 19).

"In God We Trust"

During the opposition and persecutions which attended the early ministry of the Wesleys, Charles Wesley used sometimes to say, "If the Lord would give me wings I would fly." His brother John would reply: "If the Lord bid me fly, I would trust him for the wings."

The promises of God may be as wings, not to bear us away, but to lift us above the fogs of earth, where there is clear shining in the land of faith. And now we are glad that on our eagle-winged coins the motto, "In God we trust," is to stay. With it there, there will be less danger that we will forget the God who makes great promises, and never fails to keep them. And that motto should impress us in another way—that it is in God we trust, and not in gold. It did not work that way in a certain instance. It is related that a man came from a long distance bringing to Washington with him $17,000 in six per cent. bonds. He was quite determined to get gold for them. He was told that a draft on the United States was as good as gold, but he insisted on the gold, and would not listen to any explanations regarding an equivalent in any other form. He had brought with him a large leather valise into which to put his gold, and his request was that it should be in twenty-dollar gold pieces. When counted out it weighed about seventy pounds. He put it into his valise, and dragged it along the hall of the treasury, and at last it became so burdensome that he was persuaded to have it expressed to his home. Instead of being dragged down by gold, let us try to live up to that motto on our coins and we will be helped in our burden-bearing.

A spirited discussion arose in a Sunday School class whether or not money is evil. Some one said "It is, because the Bible says so." The teacher asked for the passage of Scripture, and it was promptly given in this style: "Money is the root of all evil." "No, no," shouted several persons at once. "What does it say?" asked the teacher. "The *love* of money is the root of all evil," was the reply.

Surely the great amount of treasure, which represented several millions of dollars, gathered by King David for the building of the temple was a source of great good to the people whose hearts were so touched with the love of God that they gave it willingly. And countless millions of people were blessed who for five hundred years gathered in the courts of the temple which King David had desired to build for the Lord, and which his son King Solomon did build according to the promise of God.

It is said that the Bank of England pays a million pounds a day, which would make a pile seven miles high in seven years. But the benefits which God is paying out every day in the year fill heaven and earth, and he would pay more if only there were hearts to receive them.

Be Still, Troubled Heart

ARE your hands reaching out in the dark,
troubled heart,
With your sorrows unsoftened by time?
With longing to clasp your beloved once more
Who dwell in the glory sublime?
Oh, be still, troubled heart, and no longer repine;
The "billows shall not overflow";
Though "you pass through the waters," your
Lord will be there,
His comforting presence to show.

Remember him there, and his friendship so true,
'Tis he keepeth your darlings above;
Hold fast to his hand that was wounded for you,
And lean on the strength of his love.
Oh, be still, troubled heart, and remember his
word,
No matter how much you are pained:
The ways that are rough shall be smooth by and
by,
And the dark things shall all be explained.

Oh, be still, troubled heart, though all trials
befall,
And the ashes of gladness be yours;
God knoweth your griefs—he will manage them
all,
And give back the peace that endures.
Go softly, be patient, and wait, troubled heart,
Till the days of your journey be o'er;
Be hopeful and trustful till time shall be done,
And you stand on the beautiful shore.

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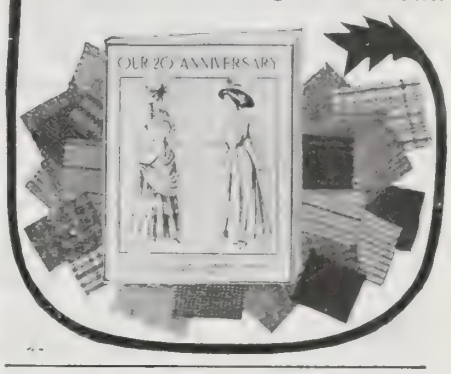

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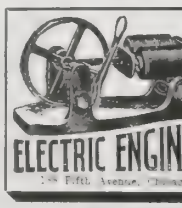

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The Transformation of Margaret

By MRS. ELEANOR H. PORTER

Author of "Into Still Waters," etc.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

Little Margaret Kendall, when five years old, was lost in New York and several years elapsed before she was restored to her grief-stricken mother at Houghtonsville. The child had lived among the children of the streets and had acquired their ways. At her mother's home she is surrounded with every luxury, but she wishes that the poor children might share her good fortune. "Bobby" McGinnis, who knew Margaret in New York, now lives near in the same town and becomes a great friend of the little girl. Her widowed mother becomes engaged to Doctor Spencer, who was instrumental in finding Margaret in New York. The little girl is filled with horror, as all the husbands she had heard of beat their wives. She sends to the doctor a contract in which it is stipulated that he will not beat her mother; this the amused doctor signs at once. Margaret insists on a visit from the children of the "Alley," with whom she lived in the slums. At first she wants them to stay always, but consents to have it made a visit. The child, when she sees them, realizes the difference between her old life and the new and is more contented to try and live as her mother wishes. She strives to please, but finds difficulty in curbing her speech and changing her manners. Her mother and herself go back to the city with the Alley children and try to arrange for their welfare. Mrs. Kendall then sends the little girl to a fashionable school in order to give Margaret the companionship of girls of her own age who will make her forget her past experiences, for Margaret was becoming a nervous wreck brooding over the poor people in the "Alley." The doctor and his bride start on their wedding journey; the train is wrecked and both are killed. Several years elapse. Mrs. Merideth and her two brothers, Ned and Frank Spencer, sister and brothers of the doctor who married Mrs. Kendall, are living at their home, Belcourt. Margaret, who has been away at school and traveling, comes to live with them. They find her a beautiful young girl with charming ways. Margaret, riding in an automobile with a Mr. Brandon, sees for the first time the dirty mill village near Belcourt. The mills belong to the Spencers and she learns much of the way in which the firm runs its business. They nearly run over a little girl named Maggie and Miss Kendall's interest is aroused. A young man named McGinnis holds an important position in the mill and is interested in bettering the conditions of the working people. Margaret meets him by chance and finds he is the one she used to know, and that as a boy he "had come to look after her property." She tells the Spencers that he is an old friend, somewhat to their annoyance. A little girl comes to say that Maggie, daughter of Patty who lived in the Alley, is ill. Margaret supplies them with comforts and calls frequently to see how they are getting on. The child says she is "going on twelve," though much younger. At twelve they can enter the mills. Margaret urges Mr. Spencer to rectify such a condition, but in vain. She fears Ned Spencer wishes to become more than a mere friend. Margaret investigates the mills and sees many children at work. She informs Frank that she is going to live among them, and he asks if she will stay, saying her presence means everything to one at Belcourt. She thinks he refers to his brother Ned, and says, "No." She undertakes her work at "Mill House," but wonders why McGinnis does not come to see her. At last he says he has to stay away because he loves her. She finds that she reciprocates his affection and they become engaged. Ned returns to announce that Frank has been ill, and they are all coming home. Margaret and Patty go to New York to try to find the twin sisters of Patty, and call on Mrs. Whalen.

CHAPTER XXXIV—*Continued*

"DO I REMEMBER 'Maggie'? 'Mag of the Alley'?" quavered old Mrs. Whalen excitedly in response to Margaret's question. "Sure, an' of course I do! She was the tirror of the hull place till she was that turned about that she got ter be a blissed angel straight from hiven. As if I could iver forgit th' swate face of Mag of the Alley!"

"Oh, but you have," laughed Margaret, "for I myself am she."

"Go 'way wid ye, an' ye ain't that now!" cried the old woman, peering over and through her glasses, and finally snatching them off altogether.

"But I am. And this is Mrs. Durgin, who used to be Patty Murphy. Don't you remember Patty Murphy?"

Mrs. Whalen fell back in her chair.

"Saints of hiven, an' is it the both of yez, all growed up ter be sich foine young ladies as ye be? Who'd 'a' thought it!"

"It is, and we've come to you for help," rejoined Margaret. "Do you remember Patty Murphy's sisters, the twins? We are trying to find them, and we thought perhaps you could tell us where they are."

Mrs. Whalen shook her head.

"I knows 'em, but I don't know whar they be now."

"But you did know," interposed Patty. "You must have known four—five years ago, fur my little Maggie was jest born when the twins come ter New York an' found ye. They wrote me how they was livin' with ye."

The old woman nodded her head.

"I know," she said. "I know. We was livin' over by the Alley. But they didn't stay. My old man he died an' we broke up. Sure, an' I'm nothin' but a wanderer on the face of the airth iver since. An' I'm grown old before my time, I am!"

"But, Mrs. Whalen, just think—just remember," urged Margaret. "Where did they go? Surely you can tell us that!"

Again Mrs. Whalen shook her head.

"Mike died, an' Tom an' Mary, they got married, an' Jamie, sure an' he got his leg broke an' they tuk him to the horspital—bad cess to 'em! An' 'twas all that upsettin' that I didn't know nothin' what did happen. I seen 'em—then I didn't seen 'em; an' that's all thar was to it. An' it's the truth I'm a-tellin' yez!"

It was with heavy hearts that Margaret and Patty left the little attic room half an hour later. They had no clue now upon which to work, and the accomplishment of their purpose seemed almost impossible.

In the little attic room behind them, however, they left nothing but rejoicing. Margaret's gifts had been liberal, and her promises for the future more so. The little bent old woman could look straight ahead now to days when there would be no bare cupboards and empty coal scuttles to fill her soul with apprehension, and her body with discomfort.

Back to the hotel went Margaret and Patty for a much-needed night's rest, hoping that daylight and the morning sun would urge them to new efforts and give them fresh courage, in spite of the unpromising outlook. Nor were their hopes unfulfilled. The morning sun did bring new courage; and determined to make a new start, they turned their steps to the Alley.

The Alley never forgot that visit nor the days that immediately followed it. There were men and women who remembered Mag of the Alley, but there were more who did not. There were none, however, that did not know who she was before the week was out, and that did not hear the story of Margaret's own childhood's experience in the same Alley long, long years before.

As for the Alley—it did not know itself. It had heard, to be sure, of Christmas. It had even experienced it, in a way, with tickets for a Bowery Mission tree or a dinner. But all this occurred in the winter when it was cold and snowy; and it was summer now.

The entire Alley from one end to the other was flooded with good things to eat, and with innumerable things to wear. There was not a child that did not boast a new toy, nor a sick room that did not display fruit and flowers. Even the cats and the dogs stopped their fighting, and lay full-stomached and content in the sun. No wonder the Alley rubbed its eyes, and failed to recognize its own face!

The Alley received, but did not give. Nowhere was there a trace of the twins; and after a two weeks' search and a fruitless following of clues that were no clues at all, even Margaret was forced sorrowfully to acknowledge defeat.

It was on the evening before the day they had set to go home that Patty timidly said:

"I hadn't oughter ask it, after all you've done; but do ye s'pose—could we mebbe jest—jest go ter Mont-Lawn fur a minute, jest ter look at it?"

"Mont-Lawn?"

"Yes. We was so happy thar, once," went on Patty, earnestly. "You an' me an' the twins. I hain't nev fur- got it, nor what they learned m har. All the good thar was in me t you come was from them. I thought ebbe if I could jest see it once, 'twoul take it easier 'bout the other — th we can't find the twins, ye know."

"See it? Of course we'll s it," cried Margaret. "I should love go there myself. You know I ow it— everything, too."

It was not for home, therefor hat Margaret and Patty left New ork the next morning, but for Mont- wn. The trip to Tarrytown and acro the Hudson was soon over, as wa the short drive in the fresh, swee air. Almost before the two travelers eal- ized where they were, the bea ful buildings and grounds of Mont- wn appeared before their eyes.

Margaret had only to tell that ey, too, had once been happy little g st in years gone by, to make their rel- come a doubly cordial one; and i vas not long before they were wand ng about the place with eyes and ars alert for familiar sights and sou s.

In the big pavilion where their wn hungry little stomachs had been ed, were now numerous other little m- achs experiencing the same del t; and in the lovely dormitories v re their own tired little bodies had r ed were the same rows of little t beds waiting for other weary tle limbs and heads. Margaret's eyes ew moist here as she thought of that ar mother who years before had p ed over just such a little bed the pict ed face of her lost little girl, and of ow that same little girl had seen it nd had thus found the dear mother ns waiting for her.

It was just as Margaret and P ty turned to leave the grounds that ey saw a young woman not twenty et away, leading two small chil n. Patty gave a sudden cry. The xt moment she bounded forward nd caught the young woman by the sh l- ders.

"Clarabella, Clarabella—I just k w you're Clarabella Murphy!"

It was a joyous half-hour then deed—a half-hour of tears, laugh r, questions and ejaculations. At e end of it Margaret and Patty hur d away with a bit of paper on w h was the address of a certain city i s- sionary.

All the way back to New York t y talked it over—the story of the tw s' life during all those years; of how, f- ter months of hardship, they d found the good city missionary, d of how she had helped them and t y had helped her until now Clarab a had gone to Mont-Lawn as one of e care-takers for the summer, and A- bella had remained behind at the r i- sionary's home to help what she co d in the missionary's daily work.

"And now we'll go and see A- bella!" cried Patty, as they step d from the train at New York. "I ain't it jest wonderful—wonderful r think we are a-goin' ter see Arabell."

CHAPTER XXXV

WHEN Margaret and Patty w t home three days later t y were accompanied by a be- tiful girl, whose dark eyes carr l a peculiar appeal in their velv depths. Some of the passengers in e car that day wondered at such an pression on the face of one so you and so lovely; but when the girl r and moved down the aisle, they w dered no longer. She was lame, a in every movement her slender fo seemed to shrink from curious eyes

Margaret had found her little frie far from strong. Arabella had be taxing her strength to the utmost, sisting the missionary through t day, and attending night school in t evening. She had worked and studi hard, and the strain was telling her already frail constitution. this Margaret saw at once, and c clared that Arabella must come ho with them to the Mill House.

"But I couldn't," the girl had c jected. "I couldn't be a burden to y and Patty."

Continued on next page

The Transformation of Margaret

Continued from preceding page

"Oh, but you won't be," Margaret hil returned promptly. "You're going to be a help to Patty and me. The Mill House needs you. The work is increasing, and we haven't teachers enough."

"Oh, then I'll come," the girl had sighed contentedly—nor did she know that before night Margaret had found and engaged still another teacher, lest Aabella, when she got to the Mill House, should find too much to do.

Almost the first piece of news that Margaret heard upon her return was that the family were back at Belcourt, and that Mrs. Merideth had already driven down to the Mill House three times in hopes to get tidings of Margaret's coming. When Mrs. Merideth drove down the fourth time Margaret herself was there, and went back with her to Belcourt.

"My dear child, how dreadfully you look!" Mrs. Merideth had exclaimed. "You are worn out, and no wonder. You must come straight home with me and rest." And because Mrs. Merideth had been tactful enough to say "rest" and not "stay," Margaret had gone, willingly and thankfully. She was tired and she did need a rest; but she was not a little concerned to find how really hungry she was for the cool quiet of the west veranda, and how eagerly she listened to the low sweet voices of her friends in pleasant chat—it had been so long since she had heard low sweet voices in pleasant chat!

The thin cheeks and hollow eyes of Frank Spencer shocked her greatly. She had not supposed a few short months could so change a strong man into the mere shadow of his former self. There was a look, too, in his eyes that stirred her curiously; and, true to her usual sympathetic response to trouble wherever she found it, she set herself now to the task of driving that look away. To that end, in spite of her own weariness, she played and sang and devoted herself untiringly to the amusement of the man who was not yet strong enough to go down to the mills.

It had been planned that immediately upon Frank Spencer's return, McGinnis should go to him with the story of his love for Margaret. This plan was abandoned, however, when Margaret saw how weak and ill her guardian was.

"We must wait until he is better," she said to Bobby when he called, as had been arranged, on the second evening after her arrival. "He may not be quite pleased—at first, you know," she went on frankly; "and I don't want to cause him sorrow just now."

"Then 'twill be better if I don't come up—again—just yet," stammered Bobby, miserably, his longing eyes on her face.

"Yes. I'll let you know when he's well enough to see you," returned Margaret; and she smiled brightly. Nor did it occur to her that for a young woman who has but recently become engaged, she was accepting with extraordinary equanimity the fact that she should not see her lover again for some days. It did occur to Bobby, however, and his eyes were troubled. They were still troubled as he sat up late into the night, thinking, in the shabby little room he called home.

To be continued

Among the Workers

EVANGELISTS E. A. FERGERSON of Mount Vernon, Ill., and L. Milton Williams of Oskaloosa, Ia., just closed a camp meeting at Wichita, Kan. More than 600 people came up to the altar.

EVANGELISTS HART AND MAGANN of Fairbury, Ill., recently conducted the services at the Southern California Camp Meeting, held at Huntington Beach. Great crowds were in attendance throughout. They also conducted services at the Big Rapids District Camp, at Reed City, Mich., where over one hundred confessed Christ.

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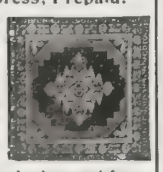

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

JUSTICE TO THE JEW

THE current edition of Dr. Madison C. Peters's *Justice to the Jew*, which the McClure Company has just issued, is not the book of nine years ago, but an entirely new one. Fresh facts and figures have been added, and the enthusiasm which gave such force and conviction to the earlier work have increased with the years.

The heart-sickening persecution which has followed the Jew down the ages and in nearly every country under the sun, has kindled in many souls as hot a fire of indignation as that which inspired Dr. Peters when he wrote this chivalrous defense of a downtrodden race. All of such sympathizers will be glad of the ammunition which this book furnishes, and will probably learn much that they never knew before.

We all supposed that Columbus secured the means for discovering America from the generous but poverty-stricken Isabella, who for the purpose pawned her jewels. Dr. Peters insists that it was Santangel, a learned Jew, who came to the rescue, told Isabella to keep on wearing her ornaments, and put his hand deep into his own pocket.

It was a Jew, Luis de Torres, who first set foot upon the soil of the new world. The sea-quadrant, most helpful to the great navigator, was invented by a Jew, Levi ben Gerson; and Jehuda Cresques, another Hebrew, made the maps upon which Columbus depended for guidance until he struck the limits of the Great Unknown.

The eminence of great Jews in the fields of mathematics, invention, medicine, law, politics, literature and art is emphasized and fully illustrated; but their virtual control of the finances of the world, a point generally accepted, is here disputed. They are not, at least, Dr. Peters asserts, identified to any large extent with the infamous trusts.

Among the most interesting characteristics of this unique work are the mottoes which head the various chapters. They are from our best writers, and glorify the Hebrew quite to Dr. Peters's taste. One leaves the book with the conviction that not much that is worth while in the history of mankind has been achieved by anybody outside the ranks of the Chosen People. It should do much to allay the often unjust prejudice with which not only Europe, but even our own countrymen, regard them.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The Christman, by Dwight Edwards Marvin. A novel of Christian experience. Cloth covers. Pp. 250. Price $1.50. Broadway Publishing Company, New York, publishers.

Wanted—A Theology, by Samuel T. Carter, D.D. An appeal against the scholastic theology, in the form of a treatise. Pp. 144. Price 75 cents. Funk & Wagnalls, New York, publishers.

Poems, by Edmund Basel. The subjects are: "The Fall of Castle Hapsburg," "George Washington," and "Alexander Hamilton." Issued by the Nazareth Trade School Printing Office, Farmingdale, L. I.

The Seven Poor Travelers and *The Holly Tree*. Two of the best known sketches of Charles Dickens. Handsome pocket edition. Pp. 192. Stamped leather covers. Century Company, New York, publishers.

The Schoolmaster, by Arthur Christopher Benson. A commentary upon the aims and methods of English public school teachers. Cloth cover. Pp. 169. Price $1.25. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, publishers.

The Memoirs of a Collegian, by Andre Laurie (French). Abridged text of the original for the use of students, with notes and vocabulary. Price 50 cents. American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, publishers.

Sunday Schools the World Around. Official report of the world's fifth Sunday School Convention, edited by Philip E. Howard. Pp. 422. Copiously illustrated. Price $1. Published by the World's Sunday School Executive Committee, Philadelphia, Pa.

An Introductory Course in Exposition, by Frances M. Perry, instructor in English in Wellesley College. A guide for students to that form of discourse requiring no special aptitude. Cloth covers. Pp. 218. Price $1. American Book Company, New York, publishers.

The History of Babylonia and Assyria, by Dr. Hugo Winckler. Translated by Dr. James Alexander Craig, professor of Semitic Languages and Literatures in the University of Michigan. A work of deep interest, setting forth the role played by Babylonia in the history of the ancient Orient, and in politics and culture; also the importance of Assyria in the history of civilization, art and religion. Cloth covers. Pp. 352, with index. Price $1.50. Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York, publishers.

A Little Land and a Living, by Bolton Hall. A practical book by the author of "Three Acres and Liberty." Mr. Hall deals with his personal experiences, when he pitched a tent on a vacant lot in the crowded apartment house section of New York, intending to give an object lesson of profitable farming in the heart of the city. The book contains much information that will aid those wishing to start farming or gardening. It shows what can be done on small areas and under new and improved methods. Pp. 287. Arcadia Press, New York, publishers.

The Huntsman in the South, by Alexander Hunter, author of "Johnny Reb and Billy Yank." Vol. I., Virginia and North Carolina. Other volumes to follow. New York and Washington. The Neale Publishing Co., 1908. A keen sense of humor and a lively pen combine to make this evidently truthful chronicle of hunting adventures eminently readable. Bird hunting, 'coon hunting, deer hunting, bear hunting—Mr. Hunter knows them all. Especially interesting are his descriptions of the Great Dismal Swamp, and of a hunt with President Harrison, when he was the only man in the Ragged Island Club to decline a "bracer" before breakfast.

"ALMOST HOME"

IT IS but a homely illustration, just an everyday incident of childhood, but it contains a beautiful thought for those who are weary.

You had been out for a walk with father, and you were returning home at the eventide. The way was long, and becoming tired and sleepy you began to lag behind. Then you felt the reassuring pressure of father's hand as he said to you, "Come, cheer up, laddie, we're almost home." Friend, the way has been long for you; tired and disheartened, you have been lagging behind. Just place your hand within that of your heavenly Father, and with the ear of faith you shall hear him say: "Take heart, my child, you are almost home."

The beacon light of home is just beyond,
The pilgrimage of life is all but ended,
And soon within the gate shall I respond
To loving greeting by my Lord extended,
For I am homeward bound and almost home.

So dull has been the day, so dark the night,
So rough the road, that oft my life was dreary.
Nor any gladsome song, or guiding light
To make the darkness bright, the way more cheery,
Soon these will be forgot, for I am almost home.

Oft, weary, had I fallen by the way,
Oft had I blindly left the beaten track,
But Father took my hand without delay,
And whispered, as he gently brought me back,
Take heart, my child, for you are almost home.

Almost at home, how swift the years are fleeting,
Life's journey ended, then at home, the rest.
Earth's ties united, what a glorious meeting,
Loved one with loved one, in the region blest.
Each year in passing finds me nearer home.

Almost at home, the evening shadows lengthen,
Fair gleams the glory from the distant shore,
Grant those, O Lord, my wavering faith to strengthen
That I may faithful prove, and then before
Thy presence I shall stand, redeemed, at Home.

Ouvry, Ont., Can. ALFRED W. HONE.

Clouds

"He spread a cloud as a covering

IT MATTERS not, or here or there,
For God himself is everywhere;
When earthly things are swept away,
Then will begin the heavenly day.

Sometimes he clouds the outer sight
That we may see the inner light;
And things of sense no longer stay
The spirit on its upward way.

He ofttimes dulls the human ears,
Then lends the music of the spheres;
While from earth's discords we're set free
To hear diviner harmony.

The weary hands are laid aside
To show that he will well provide;
Will all our heavy burdens bear,
And all our griefs and sorrows share.

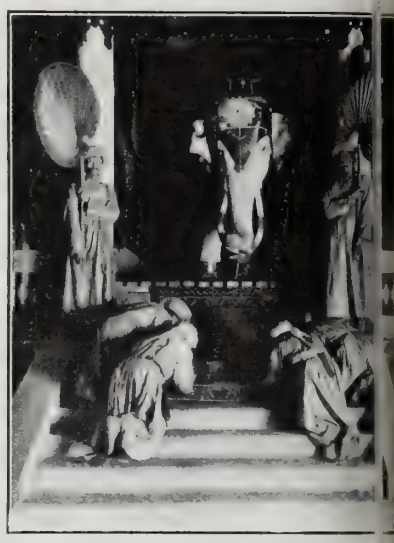
The feet that falter on the road
May yet be traveling heavenward;
Though slow and feeble be their pace,
They yet may soonest win the race.

And thus the clouds a covering are,
To shield us in our journey far,
From the hot sun whose fiercest ray
Would hinder on our heavenward way.

JOSEPHINE P. ROBERTS.

Siam's Sacred Elephant

INDRA, a sacred elephant, belongs to the King of Siam. There are at present three known living specimens of this rare animal, one being in the



Worshiping the Sacred Elephan

Temple of Bangkok. The elephant is king of beasts in Siam, and the "white" elephant is king of elephants, and regarded as holy and sacred. For nearly 3,000 years, a white elephant has been worshiped as a god that brings plenty and happiness.

"There's More Bread Here

SHE was a wee bit of a girl who had seen much of the cares and sorrows of life, and on whom the heavy hand of poverty had been laid. She wore a ugly iron brace on a little shrivelled limb, so that she hopped about from place to place with a bird-like movement. The sober effect of her very blue eyes was brightened by a sweet smile which shone out around her mouth.

She was entertaining a visitor, whom she loved very much. She told of her plays and her dolly; of the swing and the playhouses; of the other little girls, who, with her, make such a merry company. "Ellen," said the visitor, "Do you like to stay here better than in the city?" "Yes," came the answer in a low tone, and after a moment's widening of the eyes—"There's more bread here."

This is an absolutely true incident of the Home for Invalid Children, at Verbank, N. Y., which shelters fifty children. The work depends upon voluntary contributions for its support. Supplies of food and clothing are needed as well as money. The Home will gratefully acknowledge all contributions.

The Miracle of the Sun and Moon

By JOSEPH DEVLIN, M.A.

PERHAPS no passage in Old Testament history has given rise to more conflicting divergence of opinion than that which treats of the victory of Joshua over the combined forces of the army, when he marched forth to succor the Gibeonites, who had become his allies against their former compatriots.

The miracle of the sun stopping in his course has been accounted for in many ways. Science puts forward the claim that the gray darkness of the morning of battle was caused by a parhelion, or what is known as "sun-dogs"—that is, "mock" suns caused by the reflection of the sun's rays against the dense mists which lay over the valley. This phenomenon is often observed in northern latitudes, though in southern and oriental lands the appearances are somewhat different. A wheel of light is sometimes seen within a wheel, and other peculiarities caused by the state of the atmosphere at the time of observation.

Others propose to explain the so-called mystery in the clear light of philology, by putting what they consider the correct interpretation on the Hebrew original and giving the words a meaning different from that of the translation according to our version. Among these is the Rev. H. P. Lyman-Weaton, who in a recent issue of the *Church Eclectic* treats of the matter in a scholarly and original way. He assets by the literal interpretation that Joshua merely prayed for the light of the sun to obscure itself for a time, so that the opposing foe would not see the small number of followers he had at command.

By a forced march during the night Joshua comes suddenly and unexpectedly on the enemy in the gray light of the morning. Taken thus by surprise and wholly ignorant of the numerical strength of Joshua's forces, the confederates fell into confusion, which was intensified by the bursting upon them of a violent storm of hailstones accompanied by the overclouding of the heavens. The five kings took refuge in a cave, while the main body of their army was pursued by the victors, who overtook and slaughtered many.

The 15th verse of the 10th chapter brings us to the end of this conquest: "And Joshua returned and all Israel with him unto the camp of Gilgal." But the narrative is opened up again in the 16th verse, and again concludes in the 43d with the same words, from which it is certain that there are two accounts of the same events. But where is the basis for the miracle in regard to the sun? In other words, on what does the narrative rest?

The answer is suggested by ch. 10: 13 wherein the historian appeals to the book of Jasher for confirmation: "Is not this written in the book of Jasher? So the sun stood still in the midst of heaven, and hasted not to go down about a whole day." Now the book of Jasher, Dr. Wheaton states, was a collection of poetic descriptions of battles and of the warlike deeds and heroism of the leaders of different times. In it there were flights of poetic fancy, allegorical allusions and figurative language. So if we are to take Jasher as a basis for the passage we must interpret the prose of the later in a poetic spirit.

Dr. Wheaton points out that the verb *dum* is translated in our version "to stand still." In its primary acceptation the meaning was "to cease," "to be still," "to be silent." Its kindred noun is correctly translated as *silent*, and was used in reference to the silent place of the dead, the *sheol* of Hebrew fame. We find it in the Psalms with this meaning. "Unless the Lord had been my help, my soul had soon dwelt in silence" (*Dumah*). Ps. 94: 17. "The dead praise not the Lord, neither they that go down into silence" (*Dumah*). Ps. 115: 7. The verb, however, has been translated freely and in no two cases alike. Its literal interpretation in the original unquestionably was "to cease from doing whatever engaged the attention at the time," as "cease work," "cease praying," "cease talking," etc. In a word, it simply meant "to stop."

If we apply it with this meaning to Joshua's fine apostrophe to the sun, we are constrained to believe that he offered up the "petition for the sun to stop not its motion, but its shining. Therefore, the verse, "The sun stood still" can be construed: "The sun ceased shining"; that is, its rays were hidden by the clouds.

As to the remaining portion of the verse, "and hasted not to go down about a whole day," it becomes clear if we translate the verb *bua* according to its original significance. It does not mean "to go down," but on the contrary, "to come," "to appear." But the translators thought fit to put forward a construction in keeping with their interpretation of the verb *dum*, and so, through their error, *bua* is read as "a going down," instead of "a coming."

Thus, the original meaning of the words becomes simple, and obvious to the understanding of all. Instead of: "So the sun stood still in the midst of the heavens and hasted not to go down a whole day," we read, "So the sun ceased shining in the heavens and hasted not to appear almost a whole day."

Stripped of poetic fancy and clothed in its original garments, the language presents no mystery whatever. All is clear, simply going to show that God hearkened to the prayer of his servant. Joshua prayed that the storm and darkness might continue. They did continue until he vanquished his enemies, and victory rested upon his standard.

Moulding Hearts and Lives

Dear Editor: I think you have one of the best—if not *the* best—papers of its kind—and it's the kind that is worth while reading—that interests me.

Its weekly visit is always looked for with eagerness, for it contains so many full meals—not morsels—for the inner man.

Wishing you again greater progress in your work of educating and moulding the hearts and lives of so many through its pages to consecrated service for the Master, Yours for His Service,

Columbia, S.C. J. I. F.

Answered Prayers

A. P. B., Missouri. "I desire to publicly acknowledge God's goodness to me in answering my prayer."

C. D. M., New York. "I wish to add my testimony to the answered prayer list. I have full assurance that God will answer our prayers if we ask in faith."

Mrs. L. B. B., Tennessee. "I want to acknowledge to the whole world God's gracious goodness to me in answering prayer when I was in deep distress."

Mrs. E. J. W. "Wish to acknowledge my heavenly Father's goodness in answering my prayers. He has answered my prayer many times. He will always answer sincere prayer that is according to his will."

Reader, Colorado. "I wish to acknowledge, through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the wonderful help in prayer. I had two anxieties cleaved away. I am glad to tell how prayer to God sustained me."

Mrs. M. B. T., Kansas. "I wish to acknowledge the prolongation of my life and the safe recovery of my daughter from an accident—a recovery which surprised our physician — as direct answers to my prayers."

J. F. H., New York. "I wish to acknowledge through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD what God has done for me. In a time of great distress, when there seemed no hope for me, I prayed to God and he heard and answered me."

G. H. H., New Hampshire. "Through your Answered Prayer column I desire to acknowledge the goodness of God in answering prayer. When we have been in sickness and trouble he has heard and answered directly."

Reader, Tennessee. "I wish, through your Answered Prayers column, to acknowledge God's infinite goodness and mercy, and his never-failing response to those who go to him in prayer. He has recently answered a prayer for his humble follower which seemed beyond all human aid."

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YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES

Committee Work*

PERHAPS the most striking feature of modern labor of all sorts is specialization. There are still a good many artisans who can make, each with his own unaided hands, a whole shoe, or a whole watch; but the vast majority of our workmen labor all their lives upon a single part of a shoe, a watch, a machine. The finished product, both in quantity and quality, is said to be, on the average, far superior to that manufactured in the old way.

Thus the work of the church must also be divided and specialized. In the complications of modern life, it is the only efficient way open to us.

But there is one great danger. He whose mind is set on a particular duty, need not always confine himself to that one. He may be on the Music Committee, but he may not improperly aid the Lookout Committee by hunting up and bringing in new members; and it goes without saying that the members of all committees should help the Sunday School Committee—and so on.

Still, the main current of one's influence should, of course, run toward the goal of one's own committee work. If you are on that for the prayer-meeting, pray unceasingly—and work besides—that the meetings may be more interesting and profitable than ever before. Impress it upon all you meet that the prayer-meetings are the life of the church. God may possibly give us sometime a better instrument for men's salvation than he has provided in his church; but until he does, we owe fealty to this great institution—his appointed means for saving the world. If our Society is not helping to increase the numbers and power of the church, it is all wrong. Therefore, urge attendance upon the prayer meeting as a sacred duty.

There is a certain invidiousness in singling out above others one committee for special praise or importance. When one of our great composers wrote a certain oratorio, he gave to one singer a very small part. This was so well done that it caused much favorable comment. The composer increased the part. The people were still more enthusiastic. Little by little the composer added to the share which this singer took in the work, until at last his was the principal character in the whole oratorio.

In the same way, by zealous and devoted labor, any one committee may make itself the mainstay of the whole organization.

Thus the Music Committee, which is sometimes undervalued, may, by active canvassing and judicious entreaty, secure from time to time such delightful solos, quartettes, or instrumental pieces, or may drill a few singers to lead the rest so effectively that they may change the whole spirit of a meeting, and greatly increase its fervor, until the dullest soul there shall "sing unto the Lord a new song."

Or the Calling Committee may so touch the hearts of the sick, or the listless, or the backslidden, as to bring in rich sheaves for the Master; or the Prayer Meeting Committee may devise new programmes which will attract and uplift attendants.

It sometimes seems almost wrong to have a "favorite" flower. A rose, a morning glory, a lily-of-the-valley, a chrysanthemum, a pansy, a columbine—each is beautiful in its perfection. One loves them all.

It is the same way with our greatest and best poets. All have written so many fine and satisfying lines (and also so many that are commonplace) that it seems almost silly to love one above another.

Thus let each committee magnify its office, in generous and loving emulation—all working together for the spread of our glorious Gospel.

---

*Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, October 11. Text: Rom. 12:1-11.

The Christian's Guides*

FIRST, the Book—which none of us study as prayerfully and lovingly as we should. It is said that the knowledge of the Scriptures grows less and less each year among the young. The works of the great writers are full of poetic and significant Scriptural allusions, which, if affairs continue on their present downward course, as predicted by certain pessimists, will become utterly meaningless to the next generation.

Even the Sunday Schools fail, it is said, to instil any effective knowledge of the Bible into their pupils. Is not this largely because the good old practice of committing to memory has become nearly obsolete? The child who has not learned at least a dozen of the great chapters, so that they are imperishably engraved upon the tablets of his heart, is by so much the poorer—and in many ways.

One of our great sects has chosen for its watchword the wonderful 91st Psalm. Every member of its church is required to learn it, and to often repeat it, and such a practice is invaluable, for the Word is literally a lamp to the feet and a light to the path. "The siding for the newspaper," says Amos R. Wells in his clever talk on "Sidings," "the main track for the Bible."

Matthew Arnold testified that he read daily a chapter in the Book of Proverbs.

"The name of the Lord is a strong tower. The righteous runneth into it and is safe," he quotes in one of his letters. "How delicious!"

Many others among our greatest men have fed thus daily at this rich and nourishing board—truly the Lord's table.

But an even richer blessing comes when we enter into an alliance with the Holy Spirit—an aid promised to every believer. The very thought that we are in the express presence of the ineffable God, as we kneel before him in prayer, refines and purges the soul. We know that he is everywhere, and yet in prayer we seem to feel upon us, as never in any other case, the spell of his divinity.

It was said of a good brother, long since gone to his reward, that when he offered prayer in the weekly meetings of the church, he forgot his surroundings. Every earthly thing seemed to dissolve around him and he talked with God, face to face.

"I shall never get so close to God again on earth," said one, after this man's death, "as I came when our dear brother prayed. He seemed to carry us with him to the throne, and the Lord seemed to bestow his spirit upon us all like a holy dew as soon as he commenced to speak."

And yet by persistent and wholehearted prayer why should not all of us come as near? It is because we lack the spirit of Jacob—"I will not let thee go until thou bless me." Some have even said that real prayer is declining and that even among Christians there are those who doubt its efficacy. If this is really true, it may be largely because so many foolishly imagine that unless a prayer is answered in their own way it is not answered at all.

God answers our prayers always, and he answers right. Pray for your heart's desire, but always with the clause appended, "Thy will be done." He gives us what is best for us. Pray for the right spirit, for the Christian graces, for more likeness to God, more consecration—give thanks—and yet more thanks.

"More things are wrought by prayer," says the poet, "than this world dreams of," and one of the chiefest of its results is the spiritualizing and uplifting of him who prays. The Holy Spirit descends upon him—the Comforter draws near.

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*Topic of the Epworth League for Sunday, October 11. Text: John 16:1-16; Rev. 22:18-21.

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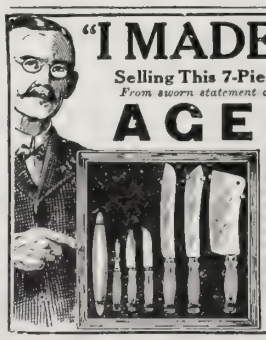

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If an honest life each man would live,
What joy we would our Saviour give.

—A. W. P.

The Smallest House in Britain

THE quaint old town of Conway, North Wales, boasts of the smallest house in Great Britain. This house consists of only two rooms, one above the other, and each is just two yards

The Two-room House at Conway

square. This place is over three hundred years old, and is a very curious dwelling place. The upstairs room, which is reached by a tiny ladder, has in it a four-foot bedstead and a washstand, so that there is none too much room for the occupant. Names of visitors ornament the walls. The present caretaker states that one tenant actually brought up a family of ten in this miniature house, though no explanation is forthcoming as to how the feat was performed. The present occupant, who has inhabited the cottage for seven years, pays a rent equal to $1.50 per week, and is very proud of the fact that she lives in the tiniest house in Great Britain.

MARY BARTON COOKMAN.

God's Promise to David

By MRS. M. BAXTER

IT WAS a time of calm; no war was raging; the king, who had so long wandered on the mountains and dwelt in caves, now "dwelt in his house, and the Lord had given him rest from all his enemies round about." His cherished desire to bring up the Ark of God to Jerusalem had been accomplished, and David was at leisure. The instinct of such men as Moses, Elijah, David, Paul, was to get alone with God and ponder the things touching the King. It was so with David. "See now," he said, "I dwell in an house of cedar, but the Ark of God dwelleth within curtains." This was his burden. In outward things he was better off than the Ark of God. It does not take much of comfort and luxury for the children of God, if their hearts are like David's, to discover that they fare better than Jesus did. "I have a comfortable bed; Jesus had not where to lay his head." But David meant something more than the simple expression of a sentiment, he meant business; and Nathan distinctly saw it, and said unto him, "Do all that is in thine heart, for the Lord is with thee."

Nathan, like a true friend, carried the matter to the Lord. God was not angry. Up to this time all the worship which had been offered to him originated in his own thought; he provided it for the good of the people, as well as for the glory of his name, and now it was sweet to see spontaneous devotion in the heart of his servant David. It was sweet also for David to know by a direct message that He who walked with the children of Israel walked also with his fallible child!

Then the message of God went on to speak of the future. "I have made thee a name, like the name of the great men that are in the earth. And I will ordain a place for my people Israel, and will plant them, and they shall dwell in their own place, and shall be moved no more. Moreover, I will subdue all thine enemies. Furthermore, I tell thee that the Lord will build thee an house." "When thy days be fulfilled, and thou shalt sleep with thy fathers, I will set up thy seed after thee and I will establish his kingdom. He shall build an house for my name, and I will establish the throne of his kingdom for ever."

There were two things David longed for; first, to build a house for God; next, that his might be a sure kingdom, and not, like Saul's, be taken from him. And now his two desires were granted in one hour.

David was overwhelmed. He "went in and sat before the Lord." How long he remained silent we know not, probably hours, and when, at last, he spoke, it was like Moses at the burning bush, or John before the vision of his Master's glory. "Who am I, O Lord God, and what is mine house, that thou hast brought me hitherto?" He shrunk into himself with the consciousness of his unworthiness. When he turns from himself to God his tongue is loosed, his words flow. "For *thy* word's sake, and according to *thine* own heart, hast thou wrought all this greatness, to make thy servant know it." David did not flatter himself that it was for *his* sake; no, "For thy word's sake." How unlike the vaunting of men who are without God!

"Therefore, now, Lord, let the thing that thou hast spoken concerning thy servant, and concerning his house, be established forever, and do as thou hast said" (I. Chron. 17: 23). He asks for no more. What need is there? He expects no less.

David is not full of curiosity to know which of his sons shall reign; he sees God's side of the question all the time. "And let thy name be magnified forever." God told him *his* name should be great as that of the great ones that are in the earth, but David is in no hurry for personal honor; God's name is more to him than his own. "Let *thy* name be magnified forever, saying, the Lord of hosts is God over Israel." Still God and Israel to the front, and self in the background. "And the house of thy servant David shall be established before thee. For thou, O Lord of hosts, the God of Israel, hast revealed to thy servant, saying, I will build thee an house; therefore hath thy servant been bold (margin, R. V.) in his heart to pray this prayer unto thee."

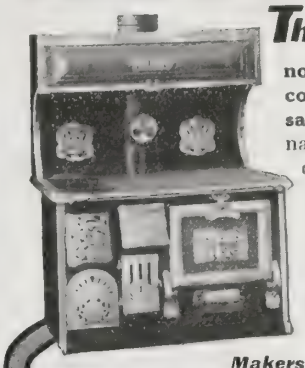
A Witness of Many Changes

ONE of the older readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is Mrs. Harriet Geer Dickinson Bailey, of Michigan. She is eighty years old, joined the Baptist Church at sixteen, and is still a member, interested in all Christian work. She has witnessed many changes during an active life. She was born in Connecticut, the Dickinson family having established themselves there at an early date in its colonial history. Twice, during her childhood, she traveled in a covered wagon along the road from Hartford, Conn., to Western New York. Her memory is a storehouse of incidents of early days. She has long been a reader of this journal, and eagerly welcomes it each week.

"Where can I invest my money so that it will be *safe* and where I can *have it when wanted*, and yet so it will bring me *reasonable earnings* when invested?" This question will be answered to your satisfaction if you will write the Industrial Savings & Loan Co., whose advertisement appears on page 773.

ISN'T easier Washing, with Time-and-Money-Saving, an object? Isn't your Health of consequence?
¶ DON'T you care whether you are Working Hard and Ruining Clothes, or Working Less and Saving Them?
¶ HAVEN'T you any Idea of Household Economy; Economy of Muscles as well as Money; Economy of Worry and Work?
¶ PEARLINE Saves in all these things. Ask any PEARLINE user if this is not so. It isn't an Experiment. For Thirty years it has been a Blessing to Women.
¶ PEARLINE Does The Work of Washing and Cleaning Perfectly—Easily—in Hot or Cold, Hard or Soft water Without the aid of Soap—Soda—Borax or Naphtha, and with little or no Rubbing PEARLINE Loosens the Dirt—then Easy Rinsing carries it away.

PEARLINE SAVES YOUR CLOTHES SAVES YOUR STRENGTH



The Born Steel Range

not only bakes better than other ranges and makes cooking easier, but we know by actual tests, will save you fuel. Born Ranges are far better than ordinary stoves in material and workmanship and a good deal better in design—better by 12 exclusive patented features. Yet Born Ranges cost you no more than the ordinary kind.

Write us to-day and we will send you catalog with all information giving you name of our nearest dealer or telling you how you can buy our stoves.

THE BORN STEEL RANGE CO. 2176 E. 9TH STREET, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Makers of the First Steel Range in the World.

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

MAKES THE STOVE AN ORNAMENT.

FOR FORTY YEARS we have been making stove polish that pleases the housekeeper. "RISING SUN" is made perfect in every detail. Dissolves instantly. Spreads smoothly. Polishes quickly with most brilliant, durable lustre. Try it.

MORSE BROS., Props. . . . . Canton, Mass., U.S.A.

Our Agents Make

$5.00 to $20.00 a DAY EASILY

SECURE TERRITORY WITHOUT DELAY.

IT IS GOING FAST.

JUST PATENTED.

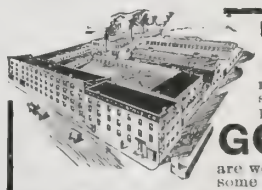
WONDERFUL NEW INVENTION

THIS is a big business proposition by an old established and reliable manufacturing company, not a fake offer. We have invented the new MARVEL SELF-WORKING WASHER and are now starting to sell it through agents exclusively. HUSTLERS, both men and women, are making QUICK MONEY and BIG MONEY as there is an enormous demand in every town and city having water works. SELLS ITSELF. Every woman wants it when once she sees the wonderful work it does. Simply attach it to the faucet and it DOES THE WASHING BY ITSELF, automatically, while you read or rest or go about your other work. Price of Washer, Motor, Hose and Wringer-board complete, only $15, and it saves about seven times its cost the first year. LASTS A LIFETIME. Agents, without much work, easily sell from 3 to 5 every day, simply by showing what it does. CREDIT ALLOWED GOOD AGENTS. If you can't work, ORDER WASHER TODAY for your own use as it saves the women, saves time and saves money. ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED. You run no risk. Write today for our new easy selling plan, special offer, territory, free booklet, advertising matter and 30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL OFFER.

MARVEL Self-Working Washer.

NO MORE HARD WORK.

The Eagle Tool Co., Mfrs., Dept. P. 2. Cincinnati, O.

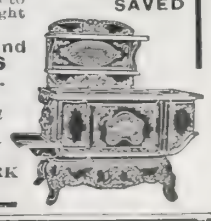


DIRECT from FACTORY to YOU at WHOLESALE PRICES, FREIGHT PAID

For 50 years the standard highest grade stove, made complete in our own factory, and ready to set up in your home, at dealers' prices, freight paid, safe delivery guaranteed.

$5 to $20 SAVED

GOLD COIN STOVES and RANGES are wonderful fuel savers, economical, and handsome heaters. You may give one of them



One Whole Year's Trial and receive your money back *guaranteed in writing* if not satisfied with it.

Send for Our Illustrated Stove Book. You will want it before you buy any stove. It gives valuable information. Just write a postal to-day.

GOLD COIN STOVE COMPANY, 11 Oak Street, TROY, NEW YORK

Successors to Bussey & McLeod. Established 1860.

Hunyadi János FOR CONSTIPATION

The Natural Laxative Mineral Water.

Nature's own way of cleansing the body is most simple. She provides a pure and wholesome Mineral water as a laxative and health tonic. Keep yourself in healthy condition by drinking half a glass on arising in the morning.

FAIRBANK'S SOAP PRODUCTS
THREE POWERS FOR CLEANLINESS

Gold Dust

The woman who toils and drudges, bends and rubs, worries and scrubs over her household duties is misguided and behind the times. Gold Dust will relieve her of half the burdens of housework, do all the hard part of the task without her assistance, and keep everything about the house spick and span.

For cleaning anything and everything from cellar to attic, Gold Dust has no equal.

Don't use Soap, Naphtha, Borax, Soda, Ammonia or Kerosene. The Gold Dust Twins need no outside help.

For washing dishes, scrubbing floors, cleaning woodwork, oilcloth, silverware and tinware, polishing brasswork, cleaning bathroom pipes, refrigerators, etc., softening hard water, washing clothes, and making the finest soft soap.

"Let the Gold Dust Twins do your work."

Fairy Soap

Fairy Soap contains no free alkali—it is just soap, pure soap, nothing but the best soap.

Pay any price you will, you cannot find a better quality of materials than goes into every 5c. cake of Fairy Soap.

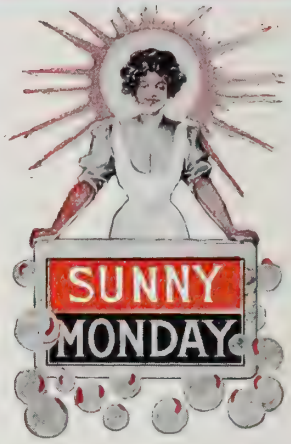
It will not irritate the skin and stop up the pores like soap made from cheap materials.

Fairy Soap—the handy, floating, oval cake—is sold only in cartons and daintily wrapped in tissue.

It has the appearance, as well as the ingredients of quality.

Fairy Soap was granted highest possible awards at both St. Louis and Portland Expositions.

"Have you a little 'Fairy' in your home?"



Sunny Monday Laundry Soap

is a white soap made from fats and oils of a quality never found in ordinary laundry soaps.

Sunny Monday Laundry Soap (*n.r.) contains no rosin, and will wash woolens, flannels and the finest fabrics without shrinking. All yellow laundry soaps contain from 30% to 40% rosin, which is most destructive to fine fabrics and woolen garments.

Sunny Monday Laundry Soap (*n.r.) has all the virtues *claimed* for naphtha soaps, and will do better work. Naphtha evaporates when exposed to the air or put in hot water, hence its inefficiency; in Sunny Monday Laundry Soap (*n.r.) the dirt-starting ingredients last until the cake is worn to a wafer, and are equally efficient in any kind of water.

Sunny Monday Laundry Soap (*n.r.) will save rubbing, save time, save wear and tear on clothes.

*N. R. means "No Rosin." Sunny Monday Laundry Soap contains no rosin. Rosin is an adulterant which rots and ruins clothes.

"Sunny Monday Bubbles will wash away your troubles."

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Makers, Chicago

CHRISTIAN HERALD

$1.50 A YEAR — 5c. A COPY
PUBLISHED 52 TIMES A YEAR

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NEW YORK, OCTOBER 7, 1908

VOLUME 31 — NUMBER 41
OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

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See Page 786

The Wonderful Arch Erected at Bangkok, Siam, to Welcome Home King Chulalonkorn

Questions and Answers

Mrs. M. M. D., Jerseyville, Ill. Who baptized Roger Williams?

In 1638, Williams was baptized by Ezekiel Holliman, an Anabaptist from Massachusetts, and he in turn baptized Holliman and ten others. Williams, however, soon afterward withdrew from the organization, being in doubt as to the validity of the proceedings.

W. A. E., Rowland, N. C. The "seed" referred to in I. John 3 : 9, is God's word, which, while it continues to abide in the heart, is at utter variance with sin, and checks the desire for sin. It does not mean, however, that one cannot sin under any circumstances, but that while God's word abides active and energetic, and controls the life, sin has no dominion there. There are times when the new life may be less active or lie dormant, and then, as Luther said, "the child of God receives wounds daily, although he never throws away his arms."

J. D. R., Menlo, Ga. Is it right to give comic entertainments on the stage to raise money for church purposes?

Without knowing all the facts, we cannot judge of the case, further than to say that entertainments of the vaudeville character are out of place in connection with church affairs.

J. H. E., Westport, N. Y. If my wife owns a small house and lot and we have no living children, and if she should die, could I hold it or the use of it for my life-time, or only one-third of it?

If a husband and wife have a child born alive, then, even if the child die, the husband has the right to the use of all his wife's real estate during the time he survives his wife, provided she leaves no will. She may, by her will, give her real estate to whom she pleases. This is the law of the State of New York and of most of the States. There are States, however, where the law is not the same as in New York. A husband may give his personal property as he pleases, by his will. If he dies intestate his wife takes one-third, and his children or grandchildren, etc., two-thirds. If he has no children or other descendants, but leaves a father or mother, the widow takes one-half. If he leaves no descendant, or parent, but leaves a brother, sister, nephew or niece, the widow takes one-half, and the other one-half up to $2.000. If he leaves no descendant, parent, brother, sister, nephew or niece, the widow takes all. G. H. C.

J. S. C., Dover, Pa. Has the sign in the almanac called "up-going moon's ascension," or "down going moon's descension" any effect on plants, causing them to come up sooner in the one sign than in the other? Or, in shingling a roof, do shingles draw up more if put on in the up-going than in the down-going? Many farmers look much on those signs in planting and sowing.

There is, perhaps, nothing about which so many ridiculous superstitions gather as about the moon. You ask, for instance, "why seeds planted in the new of the moon will come up quicker and grow faster than those planted in the old of the moon? And why shingles put on a house roof in the new of the moon will continue to lie flat, while those put on in the old of the moon will curl up in the sun?" Other conditions being equal, there is no difference. Scientific men have made careful observations with the most delicate instruments, and have established that the phases of the moon have no influence whatever in such matters. SAMUEL PHELPS LELAND.

W. V., Grand Rapids, Mich. What is the bonded debt of New York City?

The net funded debt September 30, 1907, was $546,937,112.

D. N., Freeport, Long Island. Will you kindly explain what was the ceremony that the Catholics wished to perform at the recent Eucharistic Congress in London, and which they were advised by the authorities to omit?

The Catholics of London and the visiting delegates planned to have a procession about the streets near the new Roman Catholic Cathedral of Westminster. They were to march in full ecclesiastical costume, bearing their distinctive banners, and carrying the host. Fifty-one Protestant societies first protested against an official reception or the presence of a papal legate, Cardinal Vannutelli, on British soil as contrary to the law. Then the Protestant Alliance made an appeal to the government, urging it not to permit the law of the land to be broken, and placed the responsibility for any disorder on the home office, stating that such a procession as was contemplated was illegal under the Catholic Emancipation Act of George IV. The Premier, Mr. Asquith, sent privately to Archbishop Bourne, asking that it be abandoned. Mr. Asquith then made public announcement that it would be better to abandon a ceremonial the legality of which was open to question. The procession took place, but the host was not carried, but after reaching the cathedral the Italian Cardinal appeared on the balcony, holding the host.

A Nebraska Reader. 1. If A and B are cousins, their fathers being brothers, what relation is A's child to B? 2. What relation is the child of B to the child of A?

1. The child of A is "first cousin once removed" to B. 2. The children of the first cousins are second cousins.

J. S., East Palestine, Ohio. If the parents of a child born abroad were both born in the United States and are yet citizens, would the child be a citizen and would he be eligible to the office of President?

The question was referred to Lawyer G. H. Crawford, who sent this reply: "Such child is a citizen entitled to all the privileges of citizenship. The question of eligibility to the presidency in such cases has never arisen. The President must be a "natural-born citizen." In my opinion such a child would be eligible.

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A Religious Procession in St. Petersburg, where the Cholera is Now Raging

ONE of the severest epidemics of cholera in recent years is raging in several of the Russian provinces and in St. Petersburg. It is thought that the seeds of the disease may have been brought from the East by returning soldiers. At first but a few cases were noticed, but the disease rapidly spread until over one hundred and fifty deaths a day were reported, and the new cases would number several hundred. The grammar schools were closed and the pupils sent to their homes. The hospitals were full and two new ones were opened. Hundreds of physicians, aided by soldiers, are disinfecting the worst districts and supplying the people with food, in addition to medical attention. The United States government, through its consuls, has issued orders for a careful watch on all immigrants embarking from ports that are outlets for Russia, and for the disinfection of all baggage.

I. A. H., Newbern, N. C. 1. At what season was the Passover eaten? 2. At what season of the year were grapes ripe in Palestine? 3. Was there any known method of preserving grape juice in an unfermented state at that time? 4. Does not the reference in the New Testament to putting new wine in old bottles imply that the grape juice underwent fermentation? 5. Did the Jews mix the wine used at the Passover with water?

1. On the fourteenth of Nisan. 2. Vines in Palestine are pruned in March, and the vintage commences in September. 3. Yes. "The juice after being trodden and pressed, is boiled down to a sirup, which is called *dibs*, and is used by all classes as a condiment, with their food." (Wilkinson.) 4. Presumably it does. 5. It was red wine, mixed with water as it was drunk. (See Pesach 7 : 13; also Bartenora's and Otho's Notes.)

L. W. Y., Wilsonville, Neb. We read in the Bible that David was a man "after God's own heart." In what respect was he after God's own heart?

This question has often been asked, both by scoffers and the serious. David, it is true, had fallen into deep sin many times; but his struggles, his remorse, his repentance, his efforts at reparation—these also must be considered. His whole life, as one biographer says, was "the faithful struggle of an earnest human soul toward what was good and best—a struggle often baffled, yet never ended." This was the character of the man who was illustrious as soldier, shepherd, poet, king, prophet; who kindled patriotism, united Israel, and made it a great nation, and who drove out the worship of strange gods in the land. In view of all the blessings that came to the Hebrew race through David's reign; in view also of "the

ask him for Christ's sake to give us strength to resist and overcome. Temptation tries every one. There is no sin in being tempted; the evil is in yielding and in encouraging its return. There are many very good people with some "thorn in the flesh" which keeps them frequently in touch with temptation, but divine reinforcement always comes to us when we call for it. In a certain sense, the character may be developed and strengthened by these conflicts.

R. G., Bradford, Mass. In what year did the cholera first appear in Glasgow, Scotland? Was it in 1835 or 1837?

Cholera first appeared at Edinburgh in Scotland on February 6, 1832, whence it spread to other parts of the country.

A. P. S., Paducah, Tex. What is the name of the Prince of Wales, also the names of his children?

George Frederick, Prince of Wales. His children are Edward Albert, born in 1894; Albert Frederick, born in 1895; Victoria Alexander, born in 1897; Henry William, born in 1900; George Edward, born in 1902; John Charles, born in 1905. This is the family record January 1, 1908.

W. G. S., St. Paul, Minn., sends the following apropos of a recent question in THE MAIL-BAG regarding Lincoln's famous temperance speech:

"It was delivered before the Springfield Washington Society (Temperance), on Washington's birthday, 1842. The address was printed in pamphlet form by direction of the Society. Eugene Chafin, Prohibitionist candidate for president, includes it in his excellent little book, *Lincoln, the Man of Sorrow*, published this year. You undoubtedly are acquainted with one paragraph of the speech: 'To add brightness to the sun or glory to the name of Washington are alike impossible. Nor could none attempt it. In solemn awe, pronounce the name in its naked, deathless splendor; leave it shining on.' "

S. P., Sedan, Tex. We find in I. Sam. 8, that Samuel's sons are spoken of. Was he ever married, if so, who was his wife?

The name of his wife is nowhere mentioned in Scripture. He was married in his native city, Ramah or Ramathaim, and his sons were Abijah and Joel.

Miscellaneous

No attention will be given in THE MAIL-BAG to anonymous letters.

A. P., Centenary, S. C. We know of no plan of the kind you mention.

J. A. C., Jamestown, N. Y. Unsigned or anonymous letters can receive no attention.

Subscriber, Washington, D. C., and E., Washington, O. Poem is not in our collections.

Subscriber, Salatia, Ill. The correct name is THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home, Nyack, N. Y.

A. J. W., Vincennes, Ind. It is published as *The Turn of the Tide*, Wilde & Co., publishers, Boston.

V. A. H., Newark, N. J. Write to Mr. A. Fitt, Moody Institute, Chicago, Ill., for all information.

S. E. McG., Miss. Write to him at Lincoln, Neb., for it. That is the only way we know of getting it.

J. S. D., Three Rivers, Mich. J. C. O'Connor, B.A., of England, is the author of the Esperanto *Complete Text Book*.

J. A. M., Duquesne, Pa. Your question is not quite clear. Send full name and address when sending queries to THE MAIL-BAG.

Constant Reader, Philadelphia, Pa. Rev. Frank Talmage is at present traveling in Europe and is not, we believe, preaching.

M. M. W., Landsdale, Pa. 1. "Pre" means "before," and "Post" means "after." 2. The journal has no connection whatever with the one you name.

Subscriber, Chandlers Valley, Pa. The quotation is not in the Bible. Write to the New York Coin and Stamp Exchange, 42 Nassau Street, New York.

A. E. V., Sugar Run, Pa. The general you mentioned never became a citizen again. He made application for pardon, but never received it. He was, however, never molested by the government.

W. O. B., Miami, Mo. Claims of denominational priority and superiority are foolish. When Jesus gave the "Great Commission" to his disciples to preach the Gospel to all nations, he himself became the Founder.

L. D. K., East Thompson, Conn. Cakewalks are vulgar sport, though some people seem to enjoy them. We don't think betting on a cakewalk by taking chances a very dignified proceeding. It is a species of gambling.

T. E. H., Kansas. Write your MS. clearly on foolscap in ink, or better still, with a typewriter. Mail it to the Editor of the magazine not rolled but flat. Send postage stamps for return if unavailable. Merit must do the rest

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

Dyak Girls in Native Dress

The Little Port of Kuching, Borneo

Dyak Family

AMONG THE HEAD-HUNTERS OF BORNEO

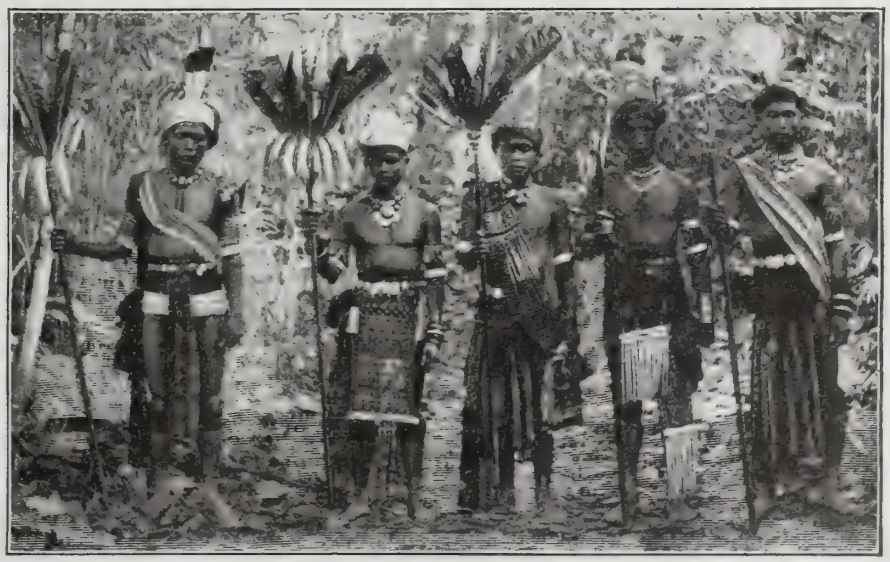
By JAMES M. HOOVER

BORNEO, with its area of 288,000 square miles, lies to the southwest of the Philippines. The extreme northern portion is owned by the ritish; south of that is the independent kingdom Sarawak, while the rest of the island is owned the Dutch. The climate is hot and moist, the ermometer seldom or never getting below 70 degrees. It rains at all times of the year, but the iny season begins in November, when the northst monsoon sets in, and lasts till March.

On the west and northwest coasts are mighty vers, which abound with varieties of fish, tortoises d crocodiles—the latter in undesirable profusion. ver seventy species of snakes exist in the country, t notwithstanding the fact that several of the rieties are poisonous, it is a rare event to hear of talities as the result of snake bite.

Borneo is the home of the wild men. There are mberless tribes living on the nks of the great rivers, and in e interior. They resemble the merican Indians. A whole tribe es in one house, which is sometes an eighth of a mile long. The uses are built on poles about enty feet from the ground, and e only means of ascent is a tched log, which is drawn up at ght to keep out intruders. The uses are built just one room deep. front of the rooms runs a long rrow passage, in front of this a oader passage, and next to this still wider one, which is uncovered d on which they dry their rice. ach family occupies a room, in hich they sleep, cook and eat.

The men are head-hunters for ree reasons: (1) A man may not t married until he has taken a ead. (2) The man that has the ost heads is chief of his tribe. 3) They believe that these heads ill be their servants in the next orld. The heads are not only taken war, but are also obtained by strat-gy. They prize most of all the head a child, because the children never ave the house, and a man must be ave to go to a house to take a head!



Group of Dyak Priests in their Official Robes

When a head is first taken it is given to the wo-en of the house, who form a circle and pass the ead from one to another, singing a weird tune dur-g the operation. When this is done they hold the ead under one arm and stuff rice into the mouth: is they call adopting it into the tribe. It is then ung in front of the door of the man who has taken it, and when he wants to have a good time, he builds a fire under the head and smokes it.

The people have little or no religion, believing only in spirits, the following being chief among them: (1) Tupa, who created all living things. (2) Tenubi, who made the earth and all that grows on it. (3) Iang, the founder of the healing art. (4) Jirong the destroyer. The Dyaks build no temples and raise no altars. They offer sacrifices merely to appease the gods, and have no thought of obtaining cleansing and pardon for themselves. Their idea of the creation is as follows: "Rajah Gantallah had a soul, and organs of speaking, hearing and seeing. He made two birds, but nothing more. These birds created first the sky, then the earth, then a great river. Then they flew around the earth and sky to see which was greater; finding the earth greater, they collected the soil with their feet and made mountains. Having completed the task they tried to make man, using trees and rocks, but to no purpose. Finally they took earth and water and fashioned a man. Into his veins they put the sap of a certain tree, which is red. Then they called to him and he answered; they cut him and blood flowed; sweat came through his skin. They named him Tanah Kumpok or moulded earth.

They also have a story of the Flood. There was a great flood in which all persons perished except a man named Trow. He made a boat of a rice-huller, and launched out with a woman, a dog, a pig, a hen, and a cat. After the flood he landed, and seeing that the earth ought to be peopled, came to the conclusion that many wives were necessary; so he made some out of logs and rocks and before long had twenty, and thus laid the foundation of the various Dyak tribes.

The part of the country in which our Methodist Mission has been established, is Sarawak, an independent kingdom, ably governed by an Englishman, Sir Charles Brooke. In 1840 the Sultan of Brunei gave over the country of Sarawak to Sir James Brooke, uncle of the present Rajah, and the territory has been extended until it now comprises an area of 58,000 square miles. The establishing of the Methodist Mission in Sarawak came about in this way: Seven years ago, a rich Chinese, a scholar, and a local preacher of the Methodist Church of Foochow, China, conceived the idea of establishing a colony in Borneo. He went to visit the Rajah of Sarawak, and informed him of his plan. The Rajah was pleased with the proposition, and lent him $20,000. An agreement was then drawn up, one of the chief clauses being that the first object of the colony would be the cultivation of rice. The Chinese then went back to China, and brought with him a thousand men, women and children, nearly all of them Christians and members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, to Sarawak, and settled them on the Rejang River. Three years of crop failures, with floods, disease and other disasters, reduced the colony to less than five hundred.

About this time, the Rajah of Sarawak came up on a tour of inspection. On being told the story, he decided that the best thing to do was to send the proprietor away, and let each man be responsible for himself. This was done and the aspect of things changed almost immediately. The people took a new interest in life, and began to work with a will. This was a little over four years ago, and to-day the colony is on a fair way to prosperity.

Continued on page 793

THE AMERICAN PULPIT

A SERMON BY

Robert Stuart MacArthur*

The Divinest Quest

TEXT—Isa. 55:6. "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near."

YOU are all familiar with the chapter from which this text is taken. You will recall at once that the chapter abounds in sweet invitations and in blessed promises. It shows us that the work of Christ as a Redeemer permits us to give a universal invitation, an invitation to men of all classes, colors, and conditions, to come to Jesus and be saved. All are invited; salvation is free as the air we breathe; the promise of God's mercy is unlimited as the sunshine. None are excluded but those who exclude themselves. None are rich enough to buy God's salvation; none are so poor as to be unable to secure God's mercy. None are so good as not to need God's forgiveness; none are so bad that they may not receive God's forgiveness.

I call your attention, in the first place, to the *duty* of seeking the Lord. There are many reasons why this duty should be emphasized. Men are ignorant of God; nothing is more certain than the existence of this ignorance. God has taken the utmost pains to reveal himself to the children of men. All creation is a revelation of God. God has two great Bibles, the Bible of creation and the Bible of revelation. God's thoughts are written all over this physical universe. God's love is seen in creation and in providence as truly as in revelation. The bible of nature is as truly from God as is the Book of Revelation. The bible of nature reveals God as truly, though not indeed as clearly, as does the Bible itself. Preachers and others in earlier days made an enormous blunder when they placed the religion of nature in opposition to the religion of grace. Both are one religion. Nature is as much from God as is the Bible. He is the God of the universe. He is the God of providence as truly as he is the God of revelation; and yet the fact remains that men do not know him.

The Father, Friend and Saviour

One class of men think of God as a cruel tyrant, waiting for an opportunity to inflict, with his iron rod, his wrath on the children of men. Colonel Ingersoll once said to me, "The God I was taught to be the true God, was the God who elected a certain number of men to be saved, and all the rest to be damned forever." And then he said, "I determined to hate him." And I said, "Colonel Ingersoll, if God were such a being, I, too, would hate him." He added, "The God I was urged to believe in was a God who damned forever little babes because some one did not put a few drops of water on their faces." And again I said, "Colonel Ingersoll, if God were such a being, I would commend you for hating him; that is the God of the Middle Ages, and the God of some people in modern times, who still live in the theological atmosphere of the Middle Ages; but you know that the God of the Bible—the true God—is a loving Father, Friend, and Saviour." My eyes grew moist, and my voice tender, as I said: "Colonel Ingersoll, in the name of honesty, why do you not turn away from the God of superstition to the God of the Bible, and love him, and serve him as your Father, Friend, and Saviour?" Some hyper-Calvinistic theologians have misrepresented God as truly as have agnostics and even atheists.

Men Should Rightly Know God

Others again go to the opposite extreme, and they think of God as a bland, benevolent being who cares nothing for the sins of men. Their conception of him is represented by the French phrase, "*Le bon Dieu*," a good-natured, easy-going God, who is agreeably present when you need him, and comfortably absent when you do not want him. Such men are ignorant of God. There is not a man in this audience who would refuse to serve God, if only he knew God aright. In Ps. 9: 10 we read: "They that know thy name will put their trust in thee." If you have not put your trust in God, it is absolutely certain that you do not know God. It is, therefore, of the utmost importance that men should rightly know God. Men are governed in their daily lives by their knowledge of God; our conception of Godhood will determine our ideal of manhood. Men become, to some degree, like the gods they worship. Some heathen people are coarse, cruel, and tyrannical, because they worship coarse, cruel, brutal, and tyrannical gods. You cannot possibly expect a man to be better than his god. If the god is bad, the man is certain to be worse; if the god is good, the man is likely to make some approach toward goodness. In Ps. 115: 8, we have the words regarding heathen gods and their worshipers: "They that make them are like unto them; so is every one that trusteth in them." It is then of the utmost importance that we have correct ideas concerning God, in order that we may make some approach toward correct actions in our daily lives.

Bear in mind also that, if we are to know God, we must *seek* for that knowledge. Religion is marked by common sense in all its relations. We have, unfortunately, often removed religion quite too widely from the sphere and atmosphere of sound common sense. No man ever becomes religious accidentally. The laws of the natural world are also the laws of the spiritual world. There is not one set of laws for this life and another for the life that is to come.

Live in Harmony With Spiritual Laws

Great moral laws sweep through the universe. If our lives are fashioned in harmony with these laws, they will bear us on to success here, and to glory hereafter; if our lives are in opposition to these laws, they will destroy us both for this life and for that which is to come. If men want learning, they seek it. If they desire wealth, they adopt the means which, according to ordinary laws, are sure to eventuate in securing wealth. What would you think of a man who desired learning, sitting down in idleness, neglecting all study, refusing to go to college, saying he was just waiting until he became learned? What a fool! And yet, all over this church this morning, there are men equally foolish in regard to religious things. What are you waiting for? You say you are not prepared to confess Christ and to join the church. Were you prepared last year? No. Will you be prepared next year, if you remain as you are? No. When are you going to be prepared? What steps are you taking to be prepared? What are you waiting for? In the name of common sense, I ask you, what are you waiting for? Is God going to give you a moral earthquake? Is God going to speak to you by an audible voice from heaven? For what are you waiting? Is he not speaking now by the still small voice of his Spirit? Why do you not listen? Why do you not move out along the line of God's appointment? "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found."

This leads me to speak, in the second place, of the right *time* for seeking the Lord. Again this morning, as last Sunday morning, I must remind you that youth is God's chosen time. Great and precious promises are made to those who seek the Lord in youth: "I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me." Solemn commands are given to us all to seek God in our youth: "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them." We know that most conversions do occur in comparatively early youth. Converted boys and girls are the hope of the church. I should feel that my ministry was going out in silence, darkness, and hopelessness were it not for the large numbers of young men and women who are coming forward in this church to bear its burdens, to share its honors, and to perform its duties. I cannot too strongly emphasize the importance of urging our children to come to God in their early youth. Some of you parents, I fear, are standing in the way of your children. You ought to be very grateful that we do not let you alone until we feel that we have done our duty. If we, as pastors, were indifferent to you and your children, you would have occasion for legitimate fault-finding; but when we show a tender solicitude, you should show an appreciative gratitude. We shall not unduly interfere; we shall leave you to the responsibility which belongs to you as fathers and mothers. Some of you may live to regret the course you choose to pursue.

Win Stars for Your Crown

A good time to seek God is a time of religious revival, whatever the season of the year may be. Then, with special meaning, God's word comes to us, "Oh, taste and see that the Lord is good." Then we hear afresh the invitation of Moses to Hobab, "Come thou with us, and we will do thee good." God's people are then aroused; they are then extending the invitations of the Gospel; they are then quickened in their spiritual life; and they are ready to echo the words of Christ's invitation to all who will listen to their voice. I beseech you, men a women who know God, that you repeat these invi tions. O men and women, sow the seed, speak t word, give the invitation! For your own soul's sa and for the sake of Christ, win stars for your crov I wonder whether there is any one in this audier who is a true Christian and who has never won o soul to Christ. Can you recall any one whom y have won? You have never known such joy as th of winning souls to Christ.

It is a good time to seek the Lord when the Spi strives. We then hear the voice of Christ, sayir "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." We th hear the Spirit saying, "To-day if ye will hear l voice harden not your heart." We hear the voice inspiration saying, "Quench not the Spirit." The is a time when God will not be near, in the sense which he is near at other times. There is, witho doubt, a time when the Spirit will not strive, as strives at other times. There is a day of grace religion, in education, in business, and in social lif and if you neglect that day of grace you never w have an education, you never will have social reco nition as you might have had it, and you never wi have business success such as you might have s cured. There is nothing arbitrary in God in rel tion to this matter of a divine call and the passin away of the day of grace. I met a man a few week ago who said, "I would give all, and ten times mo than I now own, if I only had received a college edu cation. My father offered it to me, my mother wep tears of sorrow because I refused father's offe

The Calling of God's Voice

Now it is too late, the day of educational grace i over." He was right. In the same spirit, accord ing to similar natural and divine law, your day fo religious grace will be over. You harden your hear you close your ears, and the voice of God's Spiri will neither be heard nor felt. I have been in th heart of London at midday when the bells of St Paul's rang; but their sound was not heard. Th roar in the streets of that modern Babylon silence the voice of the bells of St. Paul's. But I have beer in the city near midnight when the bells rang, an their music echoed sweetly all over the old city God's voice will call, but the engagements of lif and the pleasures of the world will muffle the soun so that you will not hear the divine voice. For th moment, nothing is said about God's power to with draw his call. That truth is not denied. It is a terribly solemn truth. You can say, "No, no, no," to God's Spirit, and he will take you at your word man, woman, child, and you will go through life with a stone instead of a heart in your bosom. But apart from that side of it, this truth has its illustration along the line of strict natural law, without the slightest doubt. If we are to find God, we must seek God. That is the rule everywhere in life; religion is no exception.

The Selfishness of Sin

This leads me to close by calling your attention to the right *way* of seeking the Lord. You are to seek him in the forsaking of sin. The next verse to my text gives us that idea: "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon." Assuredly the prodigal may come home, but he must leave the swine behind him. He may come with his tattered garments, and with the stench of the pigsty on his faded robe, but the pigs he leaves behind. You must forsake your sins. Your heart must be washed and cleansed and made white in the blood of the Lamb. How our hearts ache, as we think of a recent trial in our courts! If only those men had become Christians when they were boys! Oh, the sorrow, the heartache, which ungodly boys cause their mothers! Think of that white-haired mother, in trying to save her boy's life, revealing her heart, telling her family secrets! It is enough to make an angel weep. Sinners are selfish; they are brutal. Godless boys are willing to break their mothers' hearts, and bring their father's gray hairs down with sorrow to the grave. If a man had a spark of manliness in him, he would live a decent life, and not break his mother's heart, and not dishonor his family name, and not suffuse the cheeks of

Continued on page 795

* Preached in Calvary Baptist Church, New York.

KENTUCKY'S MOUNTAIN COLLEGE

By DR. EMMETT McCORKLE

Governor Willson of Kentucky

WHEN the new college on the Puncheon Camp Stream in Breathitt County, Ky., built by the Soul Winners' League, was dedicated lately to the noble object of Christian education, a great crowd of Highlanders from several counties assembled, many doubtless to see and hear the Governor of Kentucky. The multitude was too large for the auditorium of the college, which will seat three hundred or more, so the exercises were held on the large campus. Here a thousand people heard addresses from Mr. Kash, the Commonwealth's attorney; Mr. Terry, Prof. Leonard, Rev. Mr. Derhik, Drs. McCorkle, Southgate and Tyler, and Hon. Augustus E. Willson, Governor of Kentucky. From 9 A.M. till 3 P.M. the people listened, many standing up during the whole day. It was truly a Pentecostal, the first in the highlands. The college exercises opened on the following Monday with Prof. Manning, Miss Mary Caroline Abbott, and Misses Ivy and Matilda Smith as teachers, all trained and experienced workers.

Although the college is situated in the midst of the highlands, nearly ten miles from any town or village, and surrounded by mountains where there was either a church nor school, in two weeks it has enrolled ninety-one pupils and more are coming every day. Some of the children walk four miles, and are there at 7 A.M. A dormitory is needed for these children, who are so eager to learn.

Mr. Guerrant presided and called upon Hon. Kelly Kash to introduce the Governor, who addressed the people in substance as follows:

"If you care to have the Governor with you, I would have you know that the Governor cares more than you. I am just one of you, who happened to be put upon for this position. This is no slight matter, this great work which Dr. Guerrant is doing for you and for your State. Only a few days ago, I spoke to three thousand Harvard students. I did not receive any greater applause there than the other men, but I wanted to talk. I wanted for old Kentucky to have the right show up there. I knew that she was misunderstood. But when they played 'My Old Kentucky Home,' I felt just as I feel here to-day.

"The object of this life is not to show off, not to be great, but the chief thing to live for is to be of some use. An American is an American wherever you find him. Always generous, brave and sometimes a little pig-headed. Kentucky Americans are just like Massachusetts Americans. I myself was raised in the mountains, and those who are gathered here to-day are my people. We want you boys to have a chance to do things. We are full of sympathy for your condition.

"I am told that almost every other boy here cannot read. But temples like that school standing yonder upon that hill, will cure that condition. We are all playing in the great game of life, and there are certain rules which govern that game; one of them being that no one shall interfere with the rights and happiness of others around him, and that we are all made free and equal, one with the other. You, my people, have a name that is undeserved. Your country is heralded all over as the place of bitter strife. I am not speaking to you from a political standpoint. I have no political aspirations. I would not have you forget the great sacrifice that is being made in your behalf by these good people who have come into your midst to give you knowledge and learning. Do you know that these men and women with high educations, work here among you in these schools for salaries by the month, which would be considered by them small for a week's labor elsewhere? The secret of this is, that they want to do good, and be of use among their fellow men.

"Give a smile to your neighbor as you pass. You are poor, but give of what you have. Spread the smiles and sunshine around you, just as you would spread butter on your bread. The hills around you are beautiful, with their green coverings; but they are not good for farming. Your houses are not capable of keeping out every gust of cold wind that shrieks and howls around them in the winter. But the way to have a glorious country is to have every human being in it feel kindly to every one else in it. The way you live is the way Lincoln lived. His life was hard, but I would rather by far be a Lincoln than a millionaire. His life shows what a man can do, and what he has done, you can do. Dr. Guerrant has done good, and he will do more good. Are your American children to grow up without being able to read? Won't you say, 'Not if I can help it'?

"You are the true Anglo-Saxon blood, here in the hills. The time may come when you may prove to be the anchor-stone of our great government. No truer American blood flows through the veins of man than courses through yours. But your children won't have a show, unless you give them a chance for an education. There is no more blessed thought than to be able to bring help to them. This school here is the hen, and in after years her chickens will come back to her, as full-grown and competent ones."

The Governor closed amid cheers and handclapping. Dr. Guerrant arose and asked the gathering to sing the Doxology, which was done with a will.

Addresses were also made by Rev. E. L. Southgate, of the Methodist Episcopal Church; Prof. Leonard, of the Lees Institute at Jackson, Ky.; Rev. J. W. Tyler, Rev. Dr. E. W. McCorkle, Dr. E. O. Guerrant, and others. These touched the sore need of education for the people.

The college building, which was conceived and completed by Dr. Guerrant with the assistance of many good people, stands on an eminence at the rear of the beautiful grounds, and is flanked by the two buildings for the teachers. It has two stories with four large rooms below, and a larger room upstairs. The rooms are equipped with modern desks and furniture. The room above, for chapel and general assembly purposes, is provided with an organ, maps, and charts, as well as the nucleus of a small library. The whole plant is in charge of Prof. Manning, with a corps of three assistants, to which will soon be added a kindergarten teacher.

Scene at the Dedication of the Mountain College

The need of such an institution may be realized when it is remembered that in the immediate locality there are more than two hundred children of school age. Such an institution as this is a necessity; otherwise the people would be almost without teaching, especially that of a Christian character. Their handicap in this way is being removed and they are allowed to have a fair chance with their more fortunate contemporaries in the vital work of home-making and life-making. The Herald family, which gave the land and lumber, have been in that community since the thirties. One old man resides on the same spot on which he settled sixty-six years since.

This county has a record which will go into history. But a new day seems to have dawned. The people have new hopes and are eager for schools by which their children may be helped to a higher life than that to which their fathers have been doomed all these years.

While the work of Dr. Guerrant and the Soul Winners' League is undenominational and interdenominational, he himself is one of the most faithful and industrious workers the Presbyterian Church has produced in half a century. For thirty years he has given his valuable efforts to the upbuilding of this entire section, and no man grudges him the happiness that has come with his toil, or the reward that will greet him when it is ended. These children and their children will be grateful to him, and their blessings will ever fall upon his head.

IN THE FIELD OF EVANGELISM

THE Gospel Tent, "Evangel," Fifty-seventh Street and Broadway, New York, has had a phenomenal week this summer and has come to be called a "Northfield in the heart of New York." The tent seated 2,400 persons and occasionally hundreds were turned away. At the final rally, the tent was filled, 1,000 persons went into the Central Presbyterian church for the overflow service, and thousands were unable to get into either meeting. In addition to eleven weeks of revival work in tent and in open air, three Conventions were held, each lasting one week: One on Missions, another on Temperance, and a Bible Convention. Among the speakers were Rev. Drs. Len G. Broughton, James M. Gray, R. A. Torrey, A. C. Dixon, J. Tolfree Parr (London, Eng.), William Phillips Hall, Harry Taylor, J. Wilbur Chapman, and Mr. Charles M. Alexander, the noted singer; Wilton Merle Smith, R. S. MacArthur, D. C. Hughes, G. W. McPherson, etc. About 175,000 persons heard the Gospel and thousands indicated a desire to live the Christian life. The results cannot be tabulated; only eternity can reveal the power and fruit. Tent Evangel is independent, not being connected with any similar work in New York, and has completed its twenty-eighth season. Its officers are Rev. D. C. Hughes, D.D., President, father of Governor Hughes; Vice-President, Rev. E. H. Sanford, New York; Secretary, Rev. A. Lincoln Moore, D.D., New York; Treasurer, Mr. F. T. Hopkins, 37 Great Jones Street, New York; Superintendent, Evangelist G. W. McPherson, Yonkers, N. Y. Mr. McPherson says that Tent Evangel is now a permanent institution and that tens of thousands who, because of poverty and other reasons, cannot leave the city in the summer, find in the heart of New York "one of the greatest Bible Conventions on the globe." Rev. Len G. Broughton, the famous Atlanta preacher, has declared that in Tent Evangel there is conducted from summer to summer the largest and most continuous revival work in the world.

* * *

—Rev. E. G. Chamberlin, the Black Hills singing evangelist, lately closed a successful meeting at Scenic, S. D. Much interest is being taken in religious work among the mining camps.

—George L. Glunt, superintendent of one of the Carnegie steel mills at Homestead, Pa., has resigned his post with a salary of $10,000 to enter the ministry. He will enter Western Theological Seminary.

—Rev. Dr. Joseph Wild, M.A., D.D., who passed away lately, was a pulpit orator of international fame. He was born in England in 1834. He came to Canada about 1855 and held several important M. E. pastorates there. He afterwards came to Brooklyn and occupied a Congregational pulpit there for fifteen years. He was a great student of prophecy, and his writings and lectures on the Lost Tribes of Israel made him widely known.

—Governor Robert B. Glenn of North Carolina has announced that when his term of office expires, next January, he will devote his entire time to religious evangelistic work. He is now an elder in the Presbyterian Church, and a most earnest Christian worker.

—Howard P. Glaister, a young English evangelist and Gospel singer, is now visiting the United States. He has done good work abroad and bears cordial recommendations to American churches desiring his services. He may be addressed in care of The Christian Herald.

—Rev. Torsten M. Hohenthal, pastor of the Finnish Seamen's Mission of Brooklyn, N. Y., is carrying on successfully his chosen work. Last year lodging was given to 971 and food provided for 873 sailors. Vessels have been visited and the sick looked after at home and in the hospitals.

—An Unique Celebration is reported by the old McAuley Water Street Mission, New York, whose superintendent, John H. Wyburn, on September 25, celebrated the twentieth anniversary of his redemption "from a life of drunkenness and infidelity through the precious blood of Jesus."

SUPERSTITIONS OF THE FILIPINOS

Some of the Bright-faced Converts

Visitors to "The Christian Herald" Mission Boat

Unevangelized Cebuan Villagers

By ELIZABETH W. JANSEN

Missionary at Cebu

THE days and weeks are full of happy work with the Mission boat. After a rough trip of three days, we have reached our Mission station again. On the journey we had more than once to stop in sheltered harbors; but the joyful welcome, and the encouraging results among the congregations, with the inspiration the converts evidently receive from these visits, make us think lightly of the short, rough journey to reach them.

Of our little party on the boat, two who were ignorant Romanists when we first started and another who had heard the Gospel, but had not apparently fully decided, have this week confessed their faith by baptism and are now among the village Christians to whom we have been giving Bible instruction.

Our wheelman, who uses most of his spare time in evangelistic work, had a holiday of something less than six days lately. In that time he won ten men to the Saviour, away in a mountain settlement where the Gospel had never been heard. The work through the Mission launch, given to us by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers, is going ahead day by day. The many dark looks cast on us when we go to a new place to visit converts, are in many cases changed to friendly smiles before we leave. We can see much seed is taking root.

Some of the native villagers show by the joy and love shining in their contented faces, that they know the peace of God. True, they have most of them seen much persecution, but they have seen, too, how those of their people who accept the Gospel rise from their discouraged lives to something better and nobler and happier.

Many strange things become known to us in our work. Every evening at 8 o'clock church bells sound in towns and villages, warning all to pray for the suffering spirits of their dead. The people have been taught that these spirits have a free hour from 8 to 9 in which to visit their friends on earth. It would not do to be caught by one's spirit friends forgetful of them. They might then become enemies. For this reason the *ikog sa pagin* (long fish-tail), which is credited with the virtue of frightening away both devil and angry spirits, is kept in the homes or carried by the young men who would visit their lady friends after *ang hora sa nga calag* (the hour of the spirits) has arrived.

For nine days after the death of the member of a family, the home is said to be continually visited by the spirit of the dead, who is allowed much of this time to learn if masses are being paid for and said for its rest. In Cebu City, groups of fisher-folks can be seen in the evening hour gathered on the shore, praying for their dead.

The "day off" given by the Church of Rome in the Philippines to the spirits in purgatory is of as much interest, perhaps, in many homes here as is the joyous Christmas in the home lands. On the eve of this eventful day of the year (which comes before "All Saints") ashes are strewn on the lo[w]st step of the outside stairway, or, if there is [n]a humble bamboo ladder, then the ashes are strew[n] on the ground. At the first light of day, whoever [a]rises awakes goes to see if the foot-prints of some s[p]irit guest may be seen in the ashes, while the little [o]nes, with hearts beating with vague fear, huddle [c]lose together.

A religion of fear, and the continual drea[d] of visits from the suffering spirits of their dead, [h]ave produced an effect on the nerves which might [w]ell be expected, and the Filipino, of these South[e]rn isles especially, is well acquainted with the mi[s]ery of over-strung nerves.

Can you wonder then that the Gospel and [i]ts messengers are welcome in these islands, and [t]hat our Mission boat, *El Heraldo Cristiano*, is kept [b]usy going from coast to coast with its messages [o]f peace and love! When the last village on C[e]bu coast has been visited, and its people encoura[g]ed and cheered to share God's good news with oth[e]rs, then we hope to take the Gospel to another isl[a]nd almost as large as Cebu itself. Though hundred[s] in this neighboring island have been pleading for [t]he Gospel for some five years, and eight years ago s[e]nt an appeal to Manila to some of the missiona[r]ies there for a teacher, it has had to wait. There w[e]re not enough missionaries or native evangelists [t]o meet the need near their hand. How good, if [w]e could place a Cebuan evangelist here and th[e]re among the many who long for the Gospel on t[h]is large neighbor island!

KING CHULALONKORN'S TOUR

(*See illustration on cover page of this issue.*)

ABOUT ten years ago, the King of Siam, Chulalonkorn, visited Europe. He so much liked its appearance that he has just made another pilgrimage to the Western world. His return to his own land has been celebrated with an amount of pomp and circumstance of which Americans, in their most festive moments, have no conception.

Bangkok, on this occasion, was literally ablaze with glory. Her wonderful temples were adorned with brilliantly painted and embroidered flags and pennants, flowers were everywhere, and the entire population turned out to welcome their beloved monarch, for he is immensely popular.

Once this could not have happened. At the first intimation from his forerunners that the king was approaching, every one of his subjects would have to run into the farthest recesses of his dwelling, close his eyes, and hide himself until his illustrious sovereign had passed by. He who dared to peep through a knothole and gaze upon the sacred form of the ruler, was even liable to death. Only until the bugles had blown release, could he venture to show again in his shop his humble countenance.

This complete separation between the king and his people was ended by Monghut, the father of the present monarch. Monghut was no common potentate. He had been early consecrated to the Buddhist priesthood—the Brotherhood of the Yellow Robe—and many years he served in that order.

When Monghut was called to the throne after the death of his predecessor, he resolved to install at once certain reforms. As the king of Siam is an absolute monarch, he had little trouble in accomplishing his will. His path was further smoothed by the fact that his personality was peculiarly pleasing, and that he had from the first shown the people that he wished only to make them happy.

The consequence was that very soon laws gradually abolishing slavery were set on foot, schools were opened, the sale of wives by husbands could not be executed without the consent of the former, and parents were forbidden to sell their children before the age of fifteen, and then only when they were willing.

Monghut was a man of hot temper, but he was witty and truly broad-minded, and it is largely from him that the present sovereign inherited his abil[ity] and his strength of character.

Chulalonkorn, King of Siam

Monghut tried to break up gambling and dru[n]enness; but it was not until 1883, when the pres[ent] king had reigned for fifteen years, that really eff[ec]tive measures were put into operation for banishi[ng] from the kingdom these worst foes of the Orien[tal] peoples. The king saw that, powerful as he w[as] he could not stamp out these sins without enlisti[ng] the co-operation of the European nations whose su[b]jects were importing into his dominion the means [of] their demoralization.

Accordingly, he secured the services of a scholar and diplomatic Englishman, and sent him, with o[ne] of his ministers, to the courts of Europe. Throu[gh] their efforts, treaties were made which so th[or]oughly protected Siam that the king has been a[ble] almost completely to banish the sins which we[re] ruining her cities.

It has been almost impossible to get any reliab[le] statistics of Siam, owing to the superstitious dre[ad] of numbering the people, and to the fact that th[ey] persist in thinking only the men worth countin[g]; but its area is about that of Great Britain and Ir[e]land, and its population about 7,000,000 sou[ls]. France is gradually cajoling away its territory, an[d] has already succeeded in obtaining a large slice [of] the Malay peninsula. England has set a noble ex[-]ample in her dealings with the Orientals, in that sh[e] has not endeavored to exploit her East Indian po[s]sessions for her own gain. The other nations ha[ve] been more selfish. They are draining the simp[le] brown people of their wealth in order to enric[h] themselves; and even the most downtrodden an[d] caste-ridden of the sons of Shem are waking up t[o] the extortions of their foreign "friends."

The first king of the present dynasty, Khu[n] Luang Tak, was an intrepid soldier who repulse[d] the Burmese in the most daring and successful [of] their many raids upon Siamese territory. They ha[d] destroyed Ayuthia, the capital, and Tak in 176[7] established the seat of government at Bangkok.

THE WRECKED WRIGHT AEROPLANE

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Removing Lieut. Selfridge from the Scene of the Wreck — Orville Wright, who Met with the Accident — Condition of the Aeroplane After it Landed

FRANCE, Germany and the United States have all been striving with such eagerness for the mastery of the air, that an electric shock from the New World to the Old seemed to follow the announcement that Orville Wright's aeroplane had met with disaster, badly injuring the inventor himself and killing his companion, Lieutenant Selfridge, of the United States Army. Wilbur Wright, brother of Orville, had been making plans for the demonstration of the Wright machine in France, while his brother was carrying on his experiments at Fort Myer, Va. Until the accident Orville held the record for the longest and most successful flight. The experiments at Fort Myer were under government auspices, as the Military and Naval Departments are extremely anxious to discover if the aeroplane may be of service in actual warfare as an aid to reconnaissance. For several weeks preceding the fatal day Wright had been making successful ascents, and crowds came from Washington and hovered about the outskirts of the military reservation in the hope of catching a glimpse of the daring experimenter as he soared in the aeroplane time and again around the parade ground, turning above the tree-tops like some great bird with white, spreading wings. A large number of prominent officials seemed to catch the fever, and many requests poured in on Orville Wright asking for a trip in the machine.

It was at last arranged that Lieutenant Selfridge, of the Signal Corps, should accompany Wright on one of his ascents, as he had been appointed to study aeronautics for the army. On the afternoon of the accident, the aeroplane was not wheeled out of its shed until nearly five o'clock in the afternoon. It had been thought inadvisable to make an earlier start, as a light breeze had been blowing across the parade ground all day, and the puffs as they came from time to time would have made a flight precarious. At last the wind died away and preparations were begun for the trial trip. Mr. Wright intended to make the flight a short one on account of approaching darkness, and he had carried a passenger but a few times before this.

Twelve minutes after the machine had been brought out, the two men were in their places. Mr. Wright gave the signal and the machine went forward and upward from the monorail on which it gets its start. The two men together weighed two hundred and ninety pounds, and the machine moved slowly as it rose into the air. It seemed to steady itself for a moment and then started to circle the parade ground, the spectators below watching every movement with bated breath. Hardly a word was spoken and hardly a person stirred. It seemed for the first four minutes that the aeroplane had demonstrated its ability to carry more than one passenger and had thus opened up almost boundless possibilities in aerial navigation. It was moving at about thirty-five miles an hour and was seventy-five feet from the ground.

Mr. Wright turned the steering wheel and the machine veered sharply from south to east. It crossed above the shed from which it had come a few moments before, when, without warning, a sharp crackling sound sent a thrill of apprehension through the crowd of spectators. From the rear of the flying-machine a piece of wood dropped to the ground, noted by every eye—the right propeller had broken. The left propeller kept whirring swiftly, sending the machine around abruptly in a circle. Mr. Wright saw that the machine must come down, and he shut off the motor, and the propeller ceased to revolve. The aeroplane seemed to drop slowly and steadily as usual, and both the steersman and those who watched him felt that the danger was over and the machine would land safely, as it had done a score of times. After it had come down about thirty-five feet, it suddenly pointed down and shot with lightning speed to earth. There was a cry of horror from the crowd, a reverberating crash, and a cloud of dust marked the spot where the earthward plunge had ended.

A lieutenant mounted his horse and galloped to the aeroplane, followed by a squad of soldiers. They began to pull away the wreckage and found the machine to be but a tangled mass of planes, framework, wooden sticks and torn canvas. The propellers stuck up above the main mass, the left one intact, the right one, which had caused the disaster, broken off about a foot from the central hub. The aeronauts were found thrown forward on the front wires that brace that part of the machine. Mr. Wright's left leg was caught under part of the frame and broken near the hip joint. He was taken out and placed under the care of a surgeon, while they took out the Lieutenant, who was unconscious and apparently fatally injured. Both men were placed on stretchers and borne carefully to the post hospital. It was found that Mr. Wright had several ribs broken in addition to the fractured limb. Lieutenant Selfridge died a few hours after being taken to the hospital.

A few days after the accident at Fort Myer Wilbur Wright in France made the most successful flight in the history of aeroplanes. At LeMans he was in the air for one hour and thirty-one minutes, and could have remained longer, but came down on account of darkness. He had gone forty-two miles. He was cheered enthusiastically by 10,000 spectators. Mr. Orville Wright says he will continue his experiments as soon as he is well, and is apparently undaunted by his mishap.

LIFE-SAVERS AND THE GOSPEL

READERS of this journal have already heard of the Pocket Testament League, a new movement to induce people everywhere to read a chapter each day in God's Word, and to carry it about with them wherever they go. The idea originated with Mrs. Charles M. Alexander, wife of the well-known evangelist. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman and Mr. Alexander are earnestly promoting it, and the membership is steadily increasing.

During the evangelistic visit of Dr. Chapman and Mr. Alexander in Norfolk, Va., lately, Dr. Chapman called at a Life-Saving Station on the coast. He told the men about the Pocket Testament League, and a few days later eight of the nine members of the crew enrolled. The other member was not present, but the men said: "Leave a Testament for him also." Dr. Chapman is now planning to present Testaments to the members of every life-saving crew in the United States who will join the League.

Recently, while crossing from England to America on the steamship *Baltic*, Mr. Charles M. Alexander induced so many to join the League that a New York newspaper, describing the arrival of the boat, said it contained "a shipful of Bible readers." During the eight days' voyage, three Gospel meetings were held, and 135 members were secured for the League; and each was presented with an illustrated Testament. Seventy who joined were members of the crew. They included men from the engineering department, the two Marconi wireless telegraph operators, and forty-nine stewards.

The Life-Saving Leaguers of Norfolk, Va.

A big, stalwart steward, to whom a Testament had been given just a year previous, said that the little book had traveled with him over 70,000 miles, and that since receiving it, he had accepted Christ. For about twenty-five years he had followed the sea, but had never had the courage to carry a Testament with him until now.

Membership cards and leaflets giving full information concerning the League may be secured, free, by writing to the Pocket Testament League Headquarters, Winona Lake, Ind.

GEO. T. B. DAVIS.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Edi

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Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Religion and Politics

OUR Presbyterian contemporary *The Westminster*, of Philadelphia, in common with several other journals, is discussing the vexed question of religion in politics. Its conclusion is that it is clearly within the province of a religious publication to discuss politics, but that it should remain non-partisan. Unfortunately, politics and partisanship are virtually inseparable. "Political parties," says an authoritative writer, "are the natural subdivisions of a free people," and while it is true that they often lead to grave abuses, thus far no substitute for parties has ever been discovered. Under the circumstances, it is difficult to see how politics and partisanship can be divorced. Your partisan stands in the same relation to politics that your denominationalist does to religion. He must have his rallying point; he must be on the fighting line, or he is out of the battle altogether.

If a religious journal would influence politics without stooping to partisanship, it must keep aloof from the "ruck and muck" of the fight, and, from high ground, deal with those issues that affect the general morals or welfare. The moment it descends to the advocacy of platforms and candidates, or tells men how to vote, it assumes the partisan badge. There are, however, rare occasions—as in great State or national crises involving issues of the highest moral or patriotic character—when it would be a crime for the religious journal to be silent. At such times it must take its place fearlessly with the forces of righteousness and do its full duty. But this does not apply to the average campaign, with its mud-throwing, its wire-pulling, its unblushing mendacities, and with its thousand other discordant accompaniments. Is it a wonder that in the grand game of politics the higher sentiments go to the wall?

Religion and the modern brand of "practical" politics won't mix well. Attempts to amalgamate the two have wrecked many a promising pulpit, and any religious paper which tries it, except on rare and imperative occasions, is hunting trouble.

The Author of "The Workers"

IT WILL be a long time before Walter A. Wyckoff's *The Workers* ceases to be valuable sociologically, historically, and for Christian enterprises. An author is not always as earnest as his writings; but in his case not only did the practice necessarily precede the publication of the teaching, but his life has been in harmony with it. His death in the prime of vigor and usefulness is a loss to sociology.

Walter Wyckoff's experiment in 1891 of working his way as an unskilled laborer across the continent, to study the conditions of the laboring classes, was far more suited to him than to most young men recently out of college, because he already understood and cared for them through personal, self-denying Christian efforts among them.

"His fame (says a biographer in the New York *Tribune*) rests not upon any strikingly original theory or constructive research, but rather upon a thoroughgoing, sincere investigation, at first hand, of the conditions under which unskilled laborers struggle along in this country. Countless students before him had dipped into the great stream of life, but few had the endurance, courage and scientific zeal to sound its depths and struggle in its hidden currents. Since *The Workers* appeared the power of example has stimulated a small army of persons to repeat Professor Wyckoff's great exploration. But, unfortunately for workingmen and all who are sincerely interested in them, most of these slumming parties and heart-to-heart talks with sausage makers have been indulged in for the sake of fame or cash, with the inevitable result that fancy has sorely chafed the heel of fact and sent the latter off limping. But despite these insincerities and dilettantisms the aftermath of *The Workers* has been good, for Professor Wyckoff's discoveries have puffed away old illusions about human depravity and strengthened sympathies."

But Professor Wyckoff's most precious legacy to us is the memory of his goodness, and its results. Men of thought and knowledge on every side speak of this: "He gave himself gladly for the things which he knew to be of lasting value. The influence of the love he showed for his fellow men in his life of service both in Princeton and elsewhere will remain after him to uplift and encourage others."

The Tuberculosis Congress

WASHINGTON has several times within recent years been the scene of notable international congresses, but hardly one of them can compare in importance to the great meeting of physicians and men of science from the world over to devise plans to fight the "great white plague."

This dread disease was once regarded as almost hopeless, but medical science has studied tuberculosis and found many methods of attacking it with success. A large number of so-called cures have proved failures, but several, combined with the present open-air treatment, seem to meet with success. At the Congress were shown a multitude of devices for the prevention of the disease, the purification of milk and other liquids and solids through which the disease is often transmitted. Among the honored guests of the Congress is Dr. Koch, the famous German specialist who has given his life to the study of tuberculosis and the effort to find a cure. Other distinguished foreigners gave the physicians the benefit of their experience in fighting the disease. The proceedings of the Congress should be watched with interest by the general public, for many of the suggestions offered are simple and could be easily followed, and the physicians need the co-operation of the public if they are to be successful in their great undertaking.

A Good Time to Clean Up

CHOLERA, which is almost always to be found in some parts of Asia, has stolen upon Europe like a thief in the night. In several provinces of Russia, the plague has already secured a foothold, and in St. Petersburg nearly two hundred deaths are recorded daily. It finds its victims chiefly among the poor and ignorant who live in unsanitary quarters, and also in the military barracks and the prisons. Enough grave-diggers cannot be found to bury the dead. France, Germany and England are taking precautions to prevent the importation of the plague, and suspected cases have been discovered in Stockholm and Stettin. For weeks past it has been raging at Manila, and several cases are reported in the Azores.

Cholera is a "filth disease," and at a time like the present, when its extent is almost world-wide, no seaport whose sanitation is neglected is to be regarded as immune. It is a good season for our own cities to clean up. Although there has not been a case of cholera in New York in the last ten years, the health officials are displaying great energy, and other American seaports should wisely follow their example. Our health authorities declare that we have the most thoroughly equipped system in the world for preventing the importation of diseases from other lands. "Clean house" should be the universal watchword until the danger is past. During the last great visitation of cholera in England, the city of Salford escaped without a single case, while other places suffered heavily. Its immunity was due to the fact that Salford's population, to a man, "cleaned up" the city, its streets, lanes, alleys, tenements and dwelling-houses generally, and did this so thoroughly that fevers and other contagious diseases also disappeared, and the place has ever since been held up as a model of sanitation.

Humble Lives

WE OCCASIONALLY receive letters from readers residing in remote parts of the country, where there are comparatively few modern conveniences. In these letters, it sometimes happens that the writers bemoan the loneliness and unimportance of their lives. They would be at the forefront, but Providence has seen fit to place them in comparative seclusion. So they regard their lives as insignificant because they have no great opportunities.

But no one can rightly look at life in that way. No life is insignificant in God's sight. Nor c the real sum total of a life be stated until the enc f all things, when "the leaves of the judgment bo unfold." No life can be estimated by itself; it elps to complete the past, and is completed by the f ure. The humblest life, with the narrowest of er con-ments, may be chosen to train another life, th ugh which God in his wisdom may design to tou the hearts of a continent.

So in our life, be it humble or important, i usy city or remote hamlet, crowded full as it m be with work and care, there is always room, a ays time, for noble aspirations and beautiful tho hts, for the inflowing and indwelling of a spiritua ful-ness, which may give environment and tone to ry-thing and fill the heart with unspeakable happ ess.

A MONEY-SAVING PROPOSITION

MR. CASPAR WHITNEY, the editor of *The ut-ing Magazine*, recently made some commen on the intimate connection between a wholesome ut-door life and Christian living, which we believ will be of interest to our readers. We publish her ith some of his remarks:

"We are learning a lot of common-sense things these ays, but one of the most valuable lessons is that which empl izes the need of wholesome play for the young and fresh a and relaxation for us all; not only that our bodies may be ben ed, but that our moral tone may be bettered. No intelligen an or woman in these enlightened days is unaware how po ful an influence, for clean, healthful living, are the rightfull on-ducted games of the youth, and the relaxation of the o oor world upon men and women. The annual vacation pilgr age to the shrine of Nature grows amazingly. No man or w an can view the marvels of God's handiwork, whether in the ild-flowered meadow, the silent forest, or along the rugged un-tain trail, without experiencing a feeling of spiritual upl

"Outdoor men as a rule are clean-thinking and clean- ng, and the influence of the outdoor world makes for wholeson ess of mind and body.

"Whatever stimulates our interest in and directs our eps toward the outdoor world is an influence for the betterm of men and women. Such an influence is *The Outing Mag ine*, which brings to us the entertainment of the advent g, pioneering, home-making, play-inviting world, that it m at the same time show us also the road leading to clean and lp-ful living. To attract wayfarers to this road is the obj of the editor."

We are pleased to inform our readers that a fortunate special arrangement, we are enable to offer *The Outing Magazine*, published monthl at $3 per annum, in combination with THE CHRIS N HERALD, published weekly at $1.50 per annum at the remarkably low figure of $2.25 for the two. n order to get the benefit of this special rate, ou must send your order before October 20. If you e already a subscriber to either of these magazi s, your subscription will be extended one year f m present expiration date, so all who wish may a il themselves of this exceptional opportunity. Rem-ber this offer expires October 20. Therefore t quickly. Address all orders to

The Christian Herald, Bible House, New Y k

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THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Disastrous Floods

DISASTROUS floods have visited many parts of our country. The people of the Southland have suffered unusually from this kind of calamity. The floods in the eastern part of North Carolina have been particularly destructive. At Fayetteville, N. C., at the head of navigation, the Cape Fear River rose seventy-one feet, breaking all previous records. Parts of Cumberland, Columbus, Brunswick, New Hanover and Bender Counties in North Carolina have been flooded for weeks from five to fifteen feet deep—over roads, bridges, farms, etc. One could row in a skiff in the country roads many miles. Hundreds of people were driven from their homes; crops, barns, and residences were destroyed and cattle, horses, hogs were drowned. The suffering in Bender County was so severe that rescuing parties and parties with provisions and other means of relief had to be sent from other districts to the people. Three boats with food and clothing and medicine and a Committee of Relief were sent from Wilmington, N. C. There has been such a total destruction of crops that the Secretary of Agriculture has been earnestly petitioned to send to the farmers, whose crops have been ruined, seeds for the quickest kind of a harvest, which request will undoubtedly be granted by Secretary Wilson. Disasters of one kind or another visit every country and every clime and have done so since the world began. Men may not always see their reason, but they contain moral lessons which the Divine Father desires that his children shall learn. Caution, wisdom, courage, energy, patience and benevolence are often taught in the severe school of calamity and sorrow. As a rule floods bring more permanent value to farms in the richness of their deposit than they carry away in crops, fences and buildings. God plants his footsteps in the storm and rides upon the flood.

Boating on the Public Highway

The Lord sitteth upon the flood; yea, the Lord sitteth King forever. (Psa. 29 : 10.)

Destructive Forest Fires

While the floods have been devastating so many districts, especially in the South, the dry weather in many other sections of the country has occasioned the most terrific forest fires that have ever swept across the land. Almost simultaneously, fires in the pine trees of Maine and in the forests of the Pacific broke out with great fury and the conflagration has stretched from ocean to ocean. They are now raging in the Adirondacks, the Catskills, the Appalachians, in the woods of New Jersey, Michigan and Wisconsin, and through the Laurentian Mountains in Canada and the great Northwest as far as Vancouver. A thousand small fires surround Lake Superior, Lake Huron and northern Lake Michigan. Millions of dollars' worth of forest timber has been burned up. Farms with crops have been blackened to the ground, farm houses and villages have been swept away, and untold wealth has been destroyed. Fortunately there has been small loss of life compared with the material damage.

The smoke of these forest fires has darkened the atmosphere in many parts of the country, rendering it hazy and heavy as far as a thousand miles away from the fires that caused it. The air is so dense with the smoke that ships in some lines on the Pacific are unable to sail, and have waited indefinitely till the atmosphere shall have cleared.

No human prudence could have prevented the floods that have devastated sections of our country. To be sure, the reckless and almost wicked destruction of timber has dried up the rivers and has increased the floods, but ordinarily the heavy rains and the melting of the snow in the mountains caused the disaster, which human foresight could not avert. But with forest fires it is different. While the summer has been dry and there was the greater danger of conflagration, many of the fires could have been avoided if proper precautions had been taken and if better organized instrumentalities had been used to check them. The lighting of a pipe or cigar and the dry leaves catching from the match thrown down, the coals from a hunter's camp scattered by a gust of wind, and other trivial causes, as well as the sparks from the locomotive, start many fires that might have been avoided; and fires when started are often looked upon very lightly at first and are allowed by careless neighbors to get beyond their control before they undertake to check them.

Whatever element of human fault there may have been to cause the forest fires, they are employed as instruments of Divine Providence. The mild side of truth is seen in the growing crops and happy homes of farm and village, and the severe side of the truth in the withering, consuming fires. There is a Calvary, but the truth of Sinai remains and is revealed in nature and in human experience, as well as in Scripture.

Scenes in the Flooded Section of Fayetteville, N. C.

And the mountain burned with fire, unto the midst of heaven. (Deut. 4 : 11.)

Automatic Brakes on Cars

The experiment in Chicago for the automatic stopping of trains which accidentally or otherwise run past block signals and threatened disaster, was a complete success. A train on the main line of the Burlington was sent at a speed of fifty miles an hour into a section controlled by the new automatic device. The throttle was wide open, yet the train was brought to a standstill within a distance of 1,000 feet. The railroad experts, gathered from all parts of the country for the trial, said that the automatic device was the best safeguard against accident that had ever been invented. As a result of the experiment, it is believed that the device will be adopted by all the railroads in the country. The system can be installed at a small cost on any track, and with it in operation it will be impossible for trains to rush past block signals into collision. It is said that the invention finally solves the problem of human fallibility, stopping a train when, as occasionally happens, an old and tried engineer seems to lose control of himself and his engine and runs ahead in the face of all signals against him. In our complex life, with its inventions and multiplied dangers, science is trying its best to keep pace with the onward movement and guarantee better protection to life, verifying the contention of the sacred essayist that increased knowledge makes life more secure.

For wisdom is a defense, and money is a defense: but the excellency of knowledge is, that wisdom giveth life to them that have it. (Eccles. 7 : 12.)

Rabbit's Eye in Human Head

A blind man has had his eyesight restored through a rabbit's eye, as the result of an operation performed by Dr. Henry R. Lesser, of New York. The operation consisted in grafting the cornea from the eye of a rabbit upon the eye of the patient, who had been blind for fifteen years. He is now able to count figures at a distance of twelve inches, distinguish clearly, and go about unattended. The operation, though not unknown to optical surgery, has proven singularly successful in this case. It is the brain that sees, but the material organ is its instrument of vision. When, for any reason, the window of the soul is shut, there is blindness. The conscience is the eye of the soul. If it is put out or curtained by sin, there is spiritual blindness. Christ, in his Sermon on the Mount, draws a parallel between the natural and spiritual eye, teaching the necessity of a transparent eye for the reception of religious truth.

The light of the body is the eye: if therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light. (Matt. 6 : 22.)

Woman Mountain Climber

A recent telegram from Lima, Peru, announces the fact that Miss Anna S. Peck has succeeded in reaching the summit of Mount Huascaran, estimated to be a height of 25,000 feet. One of her guides will lose a hand and both feet, which were frozen. Miss Peck, whose home is in Providence, R. I., began her mountain climbing in Greece, where she sojourned as a student of the American School at Athens after graduating from the University of Michigan. She got so easily to the summits of Hymettus and Pentelicus that she thought she would try the Alps. She was the first woman who set her foot on the Matterhorn. She ascended Mount Sorata in Bolivia, 25,000 feet high. After several attempts to climb Huascaran, in which she got as high as 18,000 feet, she succeeded at last in reaching the summit, the highest point in the Andes range.

Among other feats, she has climbed to the top of Orizaba, Mexico, and to Cloud's Rest, the highest peak in the Yosemite. She spent one night on the top of Mount Shasta, sleeping in the snow. Rare level-headedness, muscular development, physical endurance, and all-daring courage were required to accomplish the feats which Miss Peck has performed, and there is no doubt that, by her wide travel, keen observation, and contact with all kinds of people, she will have much that is valuable to communicate to her fellow men, and doubtless her mental and moral faculties have been improved by her travels and achievements. But a few women champion mountain-climbers will satisfy the demand of the time.

There is the so much louder call for women in the gentler paths of endeavor and in those of science, literature, art, business, professions and home. It is pretty much of a feat for a woman to climb a mountain 25,000 feet high, but there are altitudes of truth, beauty, love and holy endeavor which it is the highest ambition and most earnest purpose of the average woman to reach.

David was come to the top of the mount. (II. Sam. 15 : 32.)

MISSIONARY, PIONEER AND EXPLORER

The Wonderful Career of George Grenfell, the Hero of Congoland

A Congo Warrior

THE greatest missionary book of the year is undoubtedly that which has come from the accomplished pen of Sir Harry Johnston, the most famous of living authorities on Africa. George Grenfell, who passed away so recently, was one of the most influential, adventurous, and successful of the band of missionaries who have been during this generation penetrating and opening to civilization and Christianity the very heart of the Dark Continent.

Grenfell recorded with pains and accuracy his romantic experiences and his extraordinary explorations. This wonderful man inherited a double portion of the spirit of Livingstone. The book will for long constitute the one unquestioned authority on all that concerns the history and the interior life of that Congo Independent State which is now challenging the attention of the world, while it also furnishes the most close and intimate views ever published of Fernando Po and the Cameroons. First comes a picture of Grenfell's life, mainly in association with missionary exploration. Then pictures are drawn of the interior of Africa before the coming of the white man, and the history is recited in brief of the founding of the Congo Independent State, its conflicts with the cruel Arab slavers, and its later tragic misdeeds.

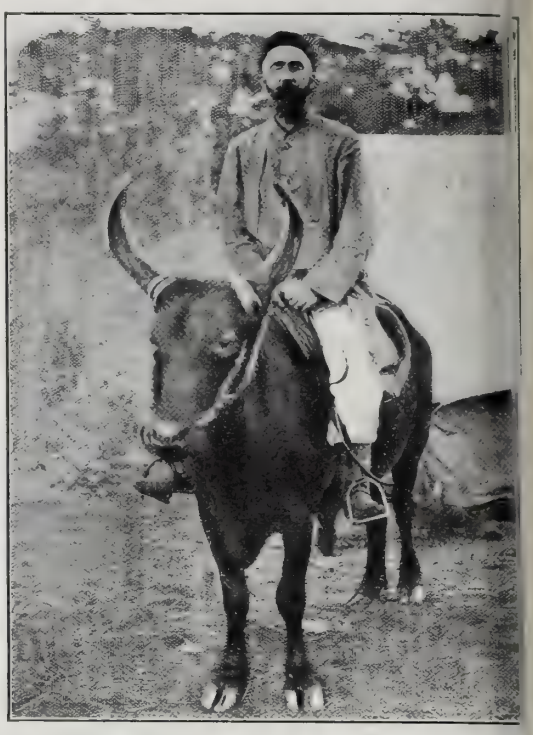
It was in 1845 that the first Baptist Mission was established on the African Continent, the Cameroons being chosen for the attempt. The devoted Alfred Saker and Joseph Merrick, an enthusiastic Christian mulatto, were the first two agents. It was under the fascinations of Saker, on a visit he paid to England, that Grenfell became a missionary. In 1874 he returned with his adopted leader to engage in the new work of his life. At this time he was twenty-five years old. Prior to his entering Bristol College as a missionary student he had, at the age of fifteen, as apprentice to a Birmingham firm, acquired such a knowledge of machinery as served him well in subsequent years in dealing with the mechanism of the steamers upon which, from time to time, he traversed the tributaries of the mighty Congo River. He was able to fit together for actual service the Baptist steam yacht, the *Peace*, the construction of which he had superintended in a Thames shipbuilding yard.

Grenfell both evangelized and explored after the fashion of Livingstone. Indeed, he remarkably resembled that Gospel hero in his medium stature, his kind, calm demeanor, his native meekness, and his inquiring and open turn of mind. Grenfell had well earned the high tributes paid him by the Christian Church, as well as the honors bestowed on him by the British government, the kings of Portugal and Belgium, and the Royal Geographical Society of Great Britain.

These two volumes furnish a splendid record also of the history and character of the Congo State, from the time of its discovery in the fourteenth century. It has passed through fiery experiences. The terrible customs of the natives, the abominable and diabolical paganism, the bloodthirsty warfare, and the appalling "rubber atrocities," make up a lurid literary and pictorial panorama. The royal decorations which Grenfell received he learned to spurn when he at length became convinced of the real character of the rule of the Belgians. For a long time he cherished hope that reforms would be instituted; but at length he despaired of humanity from that source.

Romantic beauty and painful suffering characterize Congoland and its life. Missionaries live and die heroically there, and splendid work is being done, from the mouth of the Congo River to Yakusu, 3,000 miles up the mighty stream. Sir Harry Johnston pays high tributes to this heroism. He affirms that, as he saw it, the missionary life stood at a high level of cheerfulness. The schools, the gardens, the brickyards, the blacksmith shops, laundries, sawpits, printing-presses, dispensaries, and farms; the churches—often temporary and frail structures of mats and grass, at other times the triumphant outcome of three years' breathless toil, designed, decorated, finished by the men who taught the natives how to make and bake the bricks, how to saw and shape the timbers, forge the iron clamps, and affix the tiles or bolt the corrugated iron, all testified to the indefatigable devotion of these pioneers of Christian civilization. Yet not one of them "ever recorded a dull day or a bored feeling in his diary. They were too busy to be bored." The missionary women, too, were splendid, with their sewing classes, their laundries, their cooking lessons—taking up native food-products, and teaching the girls and married women how to prepare by better, cleaner methods, and how to cook appetizingly, rescuing and training orphans, checking the terrible mortality among the chil

And all this in spite of painful vicissitudes— laria, black-water fever, dysentery, ruined



Missionary Grenfell on his Journey to Lunda

tion, wild and ferocious animals, the annoya and danger of noxious insects, mosquitoes, tse flies, sand-flies, hippo-flies, jiggers, ants, locus wasps, etc. Nothing daunts the missionaries, a one of the bravest that ever fought Satan in darkest habitations of cruelty was George Grenf In June, 1906, he was seized with an unusually vere attack of black-water fever at Yalemba, far the interior. None were with him but a few nat attendants, who, realizing his danger, transport him to the State station of Basoko; and here, ceiving medical attendance too late, he died July 1, 1906. Here he lies buried, having certain left an imperishable name and fame in the histo of the Congo.

WILLIAM DURBAN.

London, England.

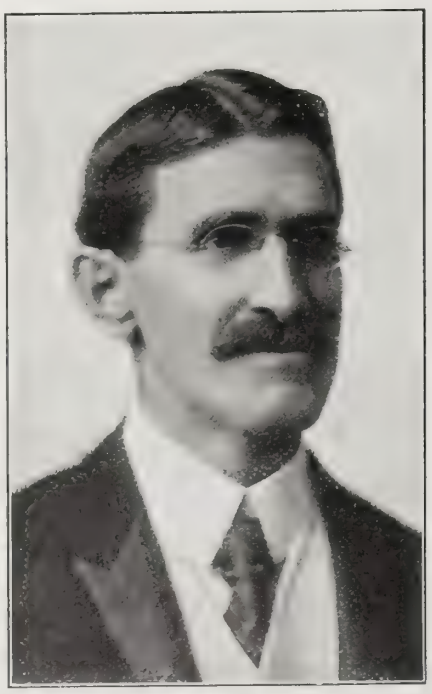
[**George Grenfell and the Congo.* A history and description of the Congo Independent State and adjoining districts of Congoland, and similar notes on the Cameroons and the Island of Fernando Po. The whole founded on the diaries and researches of the late Rev. George Grenfell, of the Baptist Missionary Society, F.R.G.S. By Sir Harry Johnston, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., D.Sc. Hutchinson & Co., London. Two Vols.]

EVANGELISM IN THE SOUTHERN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

THE first work of the Permanent Committee on Evangelism, recently appointed by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States (popularly called the Southern Presbyterian Church), was the holding of a conference on this subject at Montreat, N. C. Rev. Charles R. Nisbet, Chairman of the Church's Committee, presided over the sessions of the conference at Montreat. There has arisen in the Southern Presbyterian Church an evangelistic movement such as has never been known in her past history.

One cause which has contributed to the rise of this movement among the Presbyterians of the South is the example set by their brethren in the North. For more than ten years the Northern Presbyterian Church has had a Committee on Evangelistic Work. During those years such advances have been made that this church is rapidly forging to the front. Southern Presbyterians have witnessed the results of this example, and acknowledge, with gratitude, the weight of its influence. The organization, known as the Association of Evangelistic Missions, came into existence chiefly through the influence of one man, the Rev. R. A. Walton, D.D., who is its Secretary and virtual head. After the appointment by the Northern Presbyterian Church of its Committee on Evangelistic Work, Dr. Walton became associated with Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, chairman of that committee. He was his principal assistant in the simultaneous campaigns in New York, Philadelphia, Columbus, O., Minneapolis, St. Paul, on the Pacific Coast and in New Jersey. Having a special love for the church of his nativity, he unselfishly severed his connection with Dr. Chapman and his committee to devote himself to the work of evangelization in the South.

The general purpose of the new organization is to promote evangelism. This is accomplished chiefly throug evangelistic literature sent out from the Association headquarters in Louisville, Ky. The management is the hands of a Board of Directors, chosen annuall composed mainly of two ministers and one layman fro each of the thirteen synods of the church. A. J. Alexander, M.D., of Spring Station, Ky., a prominer layman, is the President.



Rev. R. A. Walton, D.D.

Leader of the New Evangelistic Movement

The appointment by the General Assembly of a Per manent Committee on this cause was no doubt largel the result of the influence of this Association. For time, the Committee and the Association will co-operat in the work. The general management will be committe to the Committee and special work of conducting sim ultaneous evangelistic campaigns will be continued b the Association. Such a campaign is just beginning i Texas. Union meetings will be held wherever possible

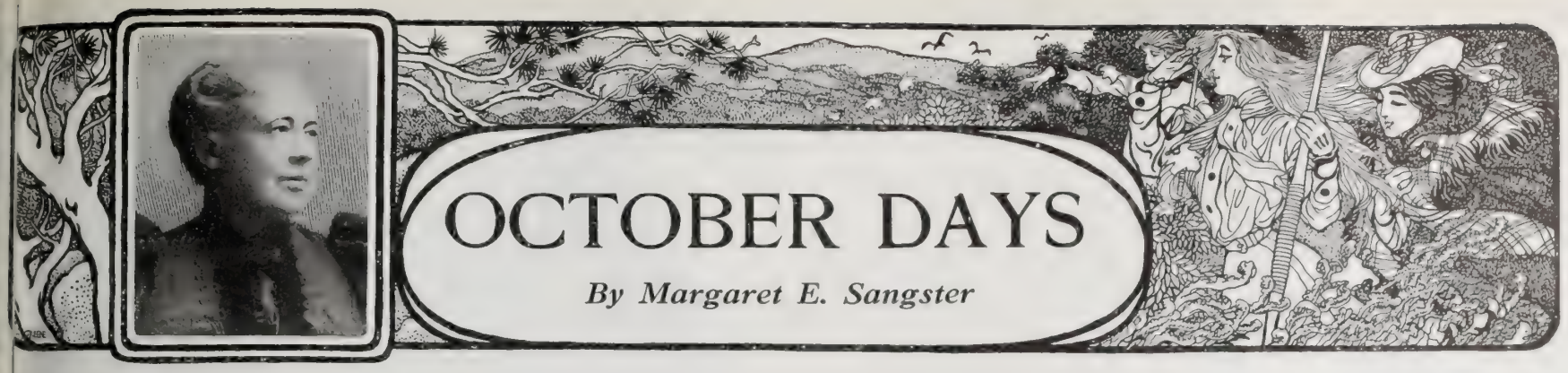
It is the purpose of the Assembly's Committee t arouse the entire church on the subject of evangelism This it proposes to do largely through general confer ences for the whole church, and especially through con ferences in all the presbyteries throughout the bound of the Assembly.

J. WALTER COBB.

Little Rock, Ark.

A Student Bible Convention

The First International Student Bible Convention to be held under the auspices of the International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations meets at Columbus, O., October 22-25. The number of delegates will be limited to 1,200. No college or university will be permitted to send more than ten men. The object of the Convention will be to promote intelligent, systematic, personal study of the English Bible. The Convention will be entertained without expense to the delegates by the United Brotherhoods of the city of Columbus. Mr. John R. Mott will preside.



OCTOBER DAYS

By Margaret E. Sangster

The Bible and the School

GLANCING back, shall we say to the sixties, and comparing then with now, it is impossible to avoid the acknowledgment that there used to be much more positive religious training given in the schools than there is to-day. As a rule, the public schools were formerly opened each morning by religious exercises, consisting of reading the Bible and offering prayer. This was done by the principal, and in addition there were often hymns or chants sung by the pupils. A little homily in which moral truths were impressed often accompanied the opening of school. In deference at present to an imaginary popular sentiment, a great change has taken place in this especial practice. The children who attend the public schools in most of our large cities come from a variety of homes, are of different creeds, and often of different races. While the greatest care is properly taken to cultivate love for the flag, and the children are taught to be patriotic, such morality as we inculcate is not openly drawn from the Bible. There are schools in which portions of the Old Testament are read at the discretion of the superintendent, but even here in a majority of cases there is a sense in which the Bible is tolerated rather than honored.

One of our correspondents, a veteran teacher, writes mournfully in reference to this change, and calls attention to another alteration that has imperceptibly taken place. She says, and the older readers of this page will bear her out in saying, that the school readers in vogue in the middle of the nineteenth century, Sanders', McGuffey's, etc., contained many selections from the Bible as literature, and many stirring essays, stories and poems that enforced practical Christianity. These admirable school readers have been superseded by others that are also compendiums of literature, but in the latter we find nature study and science predominating over what is ethical and devotional.

There does not seem to be reason for either alarm or dismay, notwithstanding the fact that Christian people regret any declension of the sort we are admitting. Bible reading, even in those old days, was sometimes perfunctory. It was much to the children to grow familiar day by day with the melody and the wisdom of that most magnificent book, our English Bible. No one who loves it can help being sorry that both in our homes and schools children are less well acquainted with it than once they were. Yet if the teachers as a body display a high standard, if their own characters are noble and sincere, if they daily set before their pupils an example of Christian generosity, sweet unselfishness and perfect honesty, the little children will not suffer so much.

Every man and woman to whom the Bible is a living Book may so illustrate it when in contact with growing minds that, although its texts may be unfamiliar, its spirit will vitalize each recitation. If School Boards object for reasons that seem to them sufficient to allow official reading of the Scriptures in the schoolroom, Christian parents should remind themselves that their obligation in the household is increased. They should let no day pass without something that links the home with the Father in heaven. Doing what they can for their own children they should besides extend helping hands to missions, Sunday Schools and Settlements. We are still a Christian nation.

Girl Athletes

A recent visitor at a thronged seaside resort found nothing more interesting than the spectacle of lithe and beautiful girls engaged in playing ball upon the shore. We used to be told that a woman could not throw a stone or toss a ball with the deftness and precision that distinguished men in the same act. A girl might be graceful in handling an oar, might be sure-footed in climbing a mountain, might even win honors in a running match, but when it was a question of playing ball, her brothers must surpass her. In these days all this is changed. Basket-ball is one of the favorite athletic sports of girls from the grammar school to the senior class in college. Comfortably dressed in loosely fitting gymnasium suits, it does much to increase their symmetry of chest and limb, to promote deep breathing and perfect health. The lady who watched the girls playing baseball on the shore, with a complete nine on either side, noted with pleasure that in that pure air and on that beaten diamond they seemed to play as fearlessly as boys who had been trained to it from the time they could catch or toss a ball. There is to be noted the danger to the physique of growing girls of over-work in games that tax wind and muscle, but on the whole it is a good sign of the times that girls are learning to excel in all sports that may be played in the open. There is no reason why a girl who can throw a straight ball shall not as well know how to knead a firm loaf of bread or sweep a room as thoroughly as did her mother and her grandmother.

Photo Underwood and Underwood — Tolstoi and his Grandchildren

THE TOLSTOI HOME AT YASNAYA POLYIANA, RUSSIA

The venerable novelist in his serene old age presents an interesting picture of life's coronation, as he walks about his large estate with his grandchildren at his side

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—Derby. Aunt Prudence is so old-fashioned that she personally prefers Yes, Ma'am, and No, Sir, to Yes, Mrs. Jones, and No, Mrs. Brown. Do just as you please in the training of your children. The old way is bound to come back, although at present the Yes, Mrs. Brown's are in the majority.

The Afternoon Toilet

A THREAT of snow in the air, chill winds and low-hanging clouds indicate an improbability that there will be callers this afternoon. The temptation is to stay as close by the fire as one can, and wear the dress that one had on during the tasks of the morning. This dress is often rather unbecoming. It might as well be pretty as the reverse, for a blue gingham or a chocolate print can be trim and dainty, and may be finished at the neck and wrist with ruffles or turn-overs that give a delicate finish. But the woman who does her own work and finds it hard enough to bake as many loaves of bread in a week as her hungry boys demand, smiles in a superior way as she reads the last sentence. She fancies that the other woman who sits at her desk and writes knows very little about the exactions of good housekeeping when the working is busy from morning till night. Well, she is mistaken. The woman who writes has had no end of practical experience in her time, and is just as likely to look frumpy in the morning as anybody else. All the same, she knows that frumpiness is an evil that ought to be remedied. If it must be tolerated in the morning, it should cease by the afternoon. Whether callers come or not there are always the home people, and it is their right to find mother and the girls looking neat and attractive in the afternoon. To change one's dress implies regard for one's appearance in the eyes of others. Often a pretty dress helps a mother in the management of her children by a sort of intangible moral effect that eludes definition. "Why are you taking so much pains today, and wearing your best gown?" was the question asked of a teacher as she set out one Monday morning. Her answer was suggestive. "Two of the most troublesome little fellows in the grade below me have been promoted, and will be in my class to-day for the first time. I have found out that one can manage boys much better when one looks pretty and has on bright ribbons than when she looks like a dowdy."

Mothers might take a hint from this sensible young teacher. One has often noticed with a little regret that the day when callers are not expected is the day that they are sure to come. To scurry about in nervous haste, slipping off one frock and donning another, pinning on a bow with hands that tremble, looking remorsefully at tumbled hair, and wasting time that might be spent in the society of a friend, are extremely annoying results of being too lazy to make an afternoon toilet. Unless there are excellent reasons to the contrary, a woman should never let herself drift into heedlessness about the effect she produces by her looks.

Not vanity, but common sense prompts us to hold on to whatbeautywe have and heighten it in every simple, natural way by good health, becoming attire and immaculate neatness. In the item, for instance, of foot gear why should a woman shuffle about in buttonless shoes or slippers down at the heel when a very little effort will enable her to be neatly shod in the house as well as out?

An afternoon toilet need not be expensive. The least costly gown, if it fit well and be spotless, conveys an idea of its wearer's sweet purity just as really as if it were a silk that would stand alone.

The Oklahoma Mine Disaster

ON August 26, the mining town of Haileyville, Pittsburg County, Oklahoma, was the scene of a terrible disaster, in which twenty-nine miners lost their lives. The first reliable story of the calamity is told in a letter from Joseph T. Lewis, mine foreman, to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which we give below:

Joseph T. Lewis
Mine Foreman

"Between 8 and 8.30 o'clock on the morning of August 26, all the miners with other laborers were busily engaged in their daily task far away from the mouth of the shaft. At the bottom of the shaft there were quantities of black oil stored, for greasing the car wheels. There was nothing alarming in this, nor did any apprehend danger when getting near to it with their naked lights; but in this case had been inadvertently substituted an inferior grade of oil of a most dangerous and fiery character. This should be a warning to all companies to make a test of these goods before allowing them to enter the mines.

"The explosion occurred when some one came too close to it with his lighted lamp, yet he himself was saved. Heroic effort was made to extinguish the flames, but to no avail. They got beyond control and soon started to burn the timbers. The draft was so great that the fire quickly spread to the inner workings, and great haste had to be made to stop the fan which created a circulation (or air current) of 30,933 cubic feet per minute. Exhausted by heat and smoke, the mine foreman hurried to reach the fan house, as he could not leave anyone else to do this thing, while so many lives were in danger. The air current was checked, affording more time to those below to escape. Some doubtless got bewildered when they saw the smoke, and made for the entrance of the shaft, for a number of victims were found huddled together, evidently having been suffocated by the dense smoke which poured out to meet them. There were other ways of escape, but they probably could not reach those in time, for the current was strong and carried along the smoke with great rapidity before it was possible to reach the fan house, which was nearly half a mile distant.

"In all our sadness in losing our dear ones (my own son Louis among the number), we feel grateful to God for the presence of mind displayed by many and for the assistance rendered to those in the mine who were enabled to make their escape. There were 133 souls in the mine that morning; 103 came out alive. It was a sad spectacle all day; crowds of people from far and near had come to render assistance. Next morning, all the bodies were recovered and conveyed to their homes for immediate burial. The cost was borne by the company. The company also promptly extended assistance to the needy.

"The following are the names of the known dead at the Haily mine: Alex. Ross, 21 years; Louis Manze, 40; Joseph Tobacchi, 38; W. H. Parker, 40; James Sedino, 28; Joe Giacomo, Sr., 42; Dan Giacomo, Sr., 45; Rick Giacomo, 17; Walter Jones, 35; George Glendenning, 40; Lewis Lewis, 17; Lee Harney, 35; Roy Pierce, 30; Ross Milton, 21; Dominic Maricino, 16; Robert Webster, 40; Mick Yocabich; Willie Smith, 16; Leno Fisher, 24; Richard Brown; Auto Delmonico, 38; Jack Sanage, Felise Strau; Joe Gallagher, 42; John Morrett, John Schultz, Louis Rieman; John Tobacchi, 42; Andrew Karuko.

"Most of the dead were interred the next day. It was sad to see so many weeping over their loved ones. Some of the bodies were badly mutilated, indicating that they struggled very hard for their lives."

The mine foreman is a native of Wales, and has been a resident of Hailyville for many years. He is an earnest Christian and a member and deacon of the First Baptist Church, and his wife and daughter are also members.

Shaft No. 1, of the Hailey Mine

Books Received

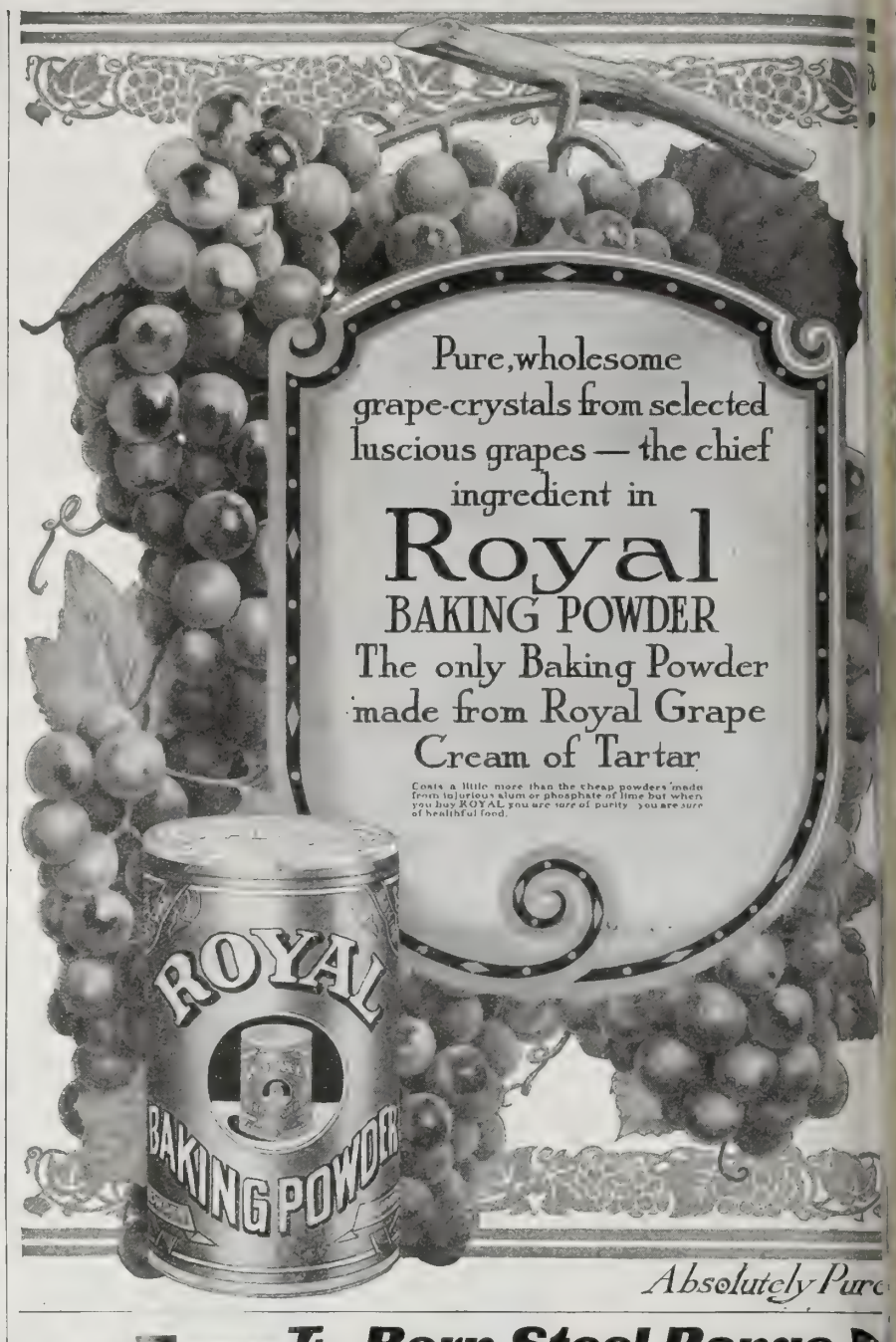
A Passion Flower, an Easter meditation by Lucy W. Waterbury. A pretty, decorative, 16-page booklet with covers, which carries an Easter message. Price 25 cents.

The Beautiful Life, an Ideal, by the same author. Illuminated parchment cover. Price 25 cents. Miss May Leavis, West Medford, Mass., publisher.

The Esperanto Student for September contains several interesting articles in English and Esperanto concerning the Fourth Congress recently held at Dresden, Germany, and helpful articles in Esperanto on current events. The magazine is enlarged and improved by the addition of an illustrated cover. 50 cents a year. Published at Rutherford, N. J.

Memorials of Thomas Davidson, the Wandering Scholar. Collected and edited by William Knight. This is a well-written biography of a scholar whose life touched many places and who taught and studied with interesting people. Davidson was a Scotchman. He graduated at the University of Aberdeen. Later he taught in America, and then spent most of his time in travel in Europe. Cloth cover. Pp. 241. Portrait of Davidson. Price $1.25. Ginn & Co., publishers, Boston and London.

The Real Bryan. Being extracts from the speeches and writings of "a well-rounded man." Compiled by Richard L. Metcalfe. Personal Help Publishing Company, DesMoines, Ia. The charms of childhood are brought to bear upon the voters of America, in the pretty picture of Mr. Bryan and his grandchildren which forms the frontispiece of this cheap-looking but legibly-printed volume. Here are extracts from articles which have appeared in the *Commoner* and elsewhere, as well as parts of Mr. Bryan's most characteristic speeches. On the whole, they give, probably, a much fairer idea of the man than could any amount of outside description.



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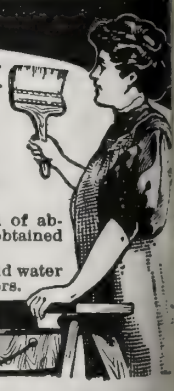

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A COURSE IN ESPERANTO

LESSON No. 20—By Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

Esperanto in Schools and Colleges

THE school and college days are here again. All pupils in our public schools must learn English, no matter what their nationality is. This they must do to fit them for citizenship in the United States. It is also desirable that they should learn a common language that will fit them for citizenship in the world, so that wherever they may travel, either for business or pleasure, they will have at command a language in which they can be understood anywhere. Mr. E. K. Harvey, of Boston, recently spent several weeks in Russia, and during that time spoke nothing but Esperanto.

As to Esperanto in colleges: when Oxford, England, sets the pace, and establishes examinations in Esperanto, as it did on July 24, 1908, it would seem that in all the world colleges must soon follow that way. In fact, Esperanto is already being taught in several of our colleges and schools of higher learning, either as a part of the curriculum or as an optional course. Among them may be named: Harvard, Princeton, Pennsylvania, Chicago, Southern California, Ohio State University, Kansas State Agricultural College, Massachusetts Agricultural College, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Polytechnic Institute of Worcester, Roxbury High School, etc.

College boys like songs and "yells," and it is proposed now to give them such material with which to rally the forces for Esperanto.

THE YELL.—Es, es, es, peran, peran, peran! Esperanto, Esperanto, Esperanto, Ho!

Excelsior

(El Longfellow, Tradukinto, A. Grabowski, en la *Krestomatio*)

La nokto rapide la ombrojn delasis,
Tra Alpa vilaĝo junulo trapasis,
Tra neĝo, glacio standardon portanta
Kun tia devizo mirinde sonanta:
Excelsior!

La frunto malgaja, okulo junula
Simila al glavo, flamanta kaj brula;
Kaj kiel tre klara trumpeto arĝenta,
La vort' stranga sonis tra nokto silenta:
Excelsior!

Li vidis, en loĝoj feliĉaj, tre ĉarme
Jen brulis la fajro lumante kaj varme;
En supr' glaciajoj minace sin trenis;
El lipoj junulaj sopiro elvenis:
Excelsior!

"Ne provu la pason!" maljuna hom' diris,
En supro sin nigra ventego kuntiris.
Profunda la akvo, ŝiranta la ondo!"
Kaj laŭte eksonis la klara respondo:
Excelsior!

"Halt'!" diris knabino. "Kap' via de l' laco
Sur tiu ĉi brusto ripozu en paco!"
Larm' staris en blua okulo brilante,
Sed tamen respondis junul' sopirante:
Excelsior!

"Ho! gardu vin antaŭ branĉ' velka de l' pino,
Ho! gardu vin antaŭ terura lavino!"
Lin laste por nokto salutis pasanto;
El alte rediris la malaperanto:
Excelsior!

Kun al la ĉielo levita rigardo
La piaj monaĥoj de l' Sankta Bernhardo
En frua mateno la preĝojn murmuris,
Kaj krio skuanta l'aeron trakuris:
Excelsior!

Migranto, duone en neĝo fosita,
De l' hundo fidela li estis trovita;
Li tenis ankoraŭ en mano glacia
Standardon kun stranga devizo jen tia:
Excelsior!

Kaj en duonlumo la griza, malvarma,
Li kuŝis senviva, sed bela kaj ĉarma,
Kaj de malproksime, el klara ĉielo,
Defalis la voĉo per falo-de stelo:
Excelsior!

NOTE.—Instead of explaining words used as we have hitherto done, our students are advised to compare the Esperanto form with the English, a copy of which is certainly possessed by every one.

Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts is one of the speakers at the Tuberculosis Congress held in Washington the last week of September and the first of October. Her subject is the Esperanto word *Sano* (health), and the use of Esperanto in the Red Cross.

AMONG THE HEAD-HUNTERS OF BORNEO

Continued from page 783

The number has increased from less than five hundred to over seven hundred. Each man has his own little house, and a good sized garden, in which many of them have planted pepper and rubber and vegetables. Besides this, the planting of rice has been more than successful.

The spiritual growth of the colony has been great. The people are settled at five different points on the Rejang River, and each settlement now has its own little church, preacher, school, Sunday School and prayer meeting. Among the natives of Borneo the Methodist Church has yet no organized work, two missionaries having all they can do to attend to the spiritual and temporal welfare of the colonists, but the people visit us, and whenever there is an opportunity we tell them as much of the Gospel as we think they can understand. That is not very much, for, having no religious terms of their own, it is hard to make them comprehend the meaning of such words as "salvation," "redemption," etc.

The Chinese traders of Sibu, with their wives and families, receive the missionaries cordially. Indeed, a few have inquired concerning Christianity, and have gone so far as to say that they think the life of a Christian is more care-free and happier than that of an idolater. When asked to attend church they say they would like to, but are ashamed. We are praying that this fear of ridicule may pass away, and that "at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow, and every tongue shall confess that Jesus Christ is Lord."

Sarawak, Borneo.

Called Higher

H. C. Lindo, of Jamaica, B. W. I., has been called higher. He had long been a subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mrs. Laura A. Porter entered into rest July 26, 1908, at her home in Springfield, Pa., at the age of seventy-four. For many years she was an interested reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Margaret Hetherington, of Jersey City, N. J., was called to her heavenly home July 17, 1908. She was a faithful wife and loving mother. Her Bible and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD were her greatest comfort in her declining years.

James Collins, of Binghamton, N. Y., passed from his earthly to his heavenly home August 7, 1908, aged eighty-two years. He enjoyed reading THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and often spoke of it being a help to him in his Christian life.

Mrs. Mima C. Rhoads entered into rest at Beulah, Wash., August 17, aged fifty-four years. She was converted quite young and her love and kindness will never be forgotten by those who knew her. She was a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for many years.

Mrs. Ira Kingsland, of Bridport, Vt., was called higher July 21, 1908, at the age of sixty. She was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church for thirty-seven years; an invalid twelve years; a subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for many years; a lover of all good works.

Mrs. Debbie Laycox, of Bellevue, O., a long-time reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, was called to her heavenly home August 16. "Daily strength for daily needs" and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD were great comforts to her in her declining years, also she was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was seventy-six years old.

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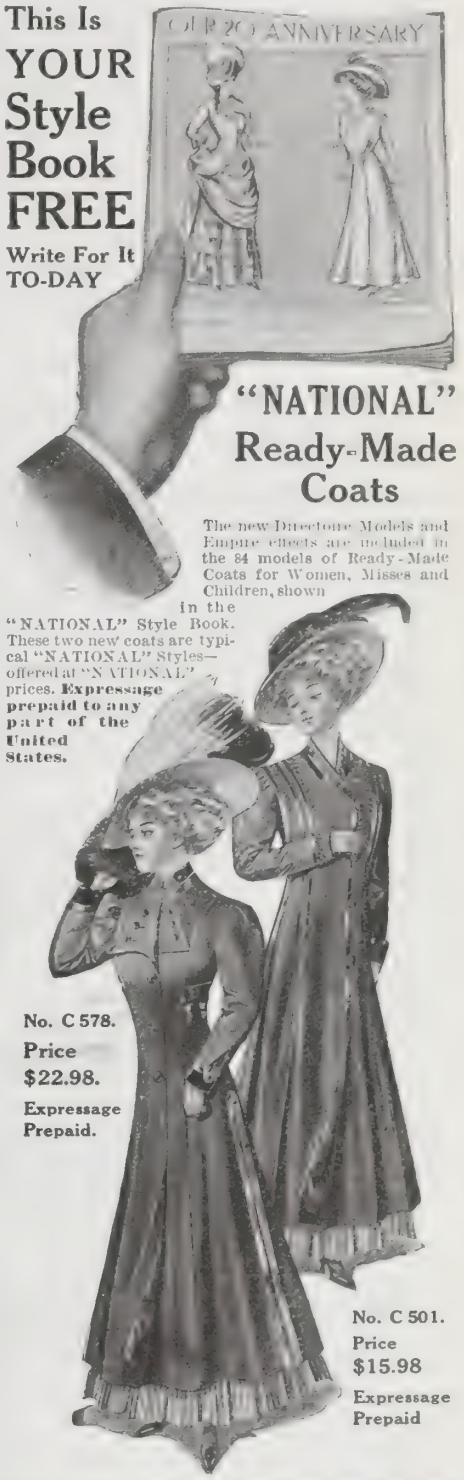

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"Thy Gentleness Hath Made Me Great"*

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

WHEN Mephibosheth, the son of Jonathan, was five years old, his grandfather, father and uncle, King Saul and his two sons, were all slain in battle on one day. Fear in the royal household was so great that the survivors fled. The nurse gathered up Mephibosheth, the youngest, in her arms, but in her haste let him fall, and he was crippled for life.

Growing up Poor

Poverty as well as lameness was the lot of Prince Mephibosheth because what had pertained to Saul and Jonathan had been forfeited. A rich, kind man named Meribah received him into his own house and provided for him. A poor boy may not always find a rich friend. It will often be better for him if he must depend upon his own resources to make his way in the world, for it is thus that our powers are developed. Trace back the lives of men whom we call "great," either in business or public life, and we shall find that many of them were poor boys. It is the poor boy, not the rich one, who has the best chance in this world. While poverty strengthens moral fibre in many instances, wealth weakens it. Dr. Peloubet says: "The school of adversity has more noble graduates than any university in the world," and in this connection he tells the story of Sir Henry Fawcett, one of the most useful men in England. When very young, he was accidentally shot by his father and blinded. He was so anxious to comfort his father that he made great efforts to accomplish more than he would have done with sight. He became a college professor, a member of parliament, and postmaster-general of England.

An Old Family Servant

Such was Ziba. He had been a servant in the house of Saul. And he probably came with Michal, the daughter of Saul, to live in the family of David when Michal became David's wife. It was just like a faithful old servant to keep in mind the crippled son of his former master, and just like him to bring that unfortunate one to King David's notice, when an inquiry was made of him.

When Ziba spoke a kind word for Mephibosheth it wrought a wonderful change in the latter's life. King David sent royal wagons to bring the crippled prince to the palace. King David had not forgotten the covenant which he had "cut" with Jonathan twenty-five years and more before, when each loved the other as his own soul (see Reference Bible, I. Sam. 20: 16, also *The Blood Covenant* by Dr. H. Clay Trumbull, pp. 270, 271). Under this covenant the sons and daughters of each party to it were considered a sacred trust by the other. It was the memory of that which caused King David to make inquiry of the old family servant concerning the possibility of some of them being alive.

This should remind us that we are in a covenant with Christ, and that we are love-bound by his blood shed for us and imparted to us to do all we can for his "little ones," which term includes those about us who are in any sort of need. President Abraham Lincoln once remarked: "I want it said of me by those who know me best that I have always plucked a thistle and planted a flower wherever a flower would grow."

Some one has given this good advice: "Be pleasant and kind to those around you. The man who stirs his cup with an icicle spoils the tea and chills his own fingers."

His infirmity caused the prince to compare himself with a dog, and he trembled like a frightened animal in the presence of the king. How the heart of David must have been wrung as he looked at him, and thought of him as the son of his beloved Jonathan! How gracious were the words of David as he spoke to him and promised that all of the lands which were his inheritance should be restored to him! In a moment Mephibosheth was raised from poverty to abundant wealth. But that was not all. Still more precious was the personal friendship which David showed to him for his father's sake when he said, "Thou shalt eat bread at my table continually." The Arabs say, when they know not where they are going, "We will ramble on toward God's gate." That day God's gate opened at the palace of King David.

Christian Endeavorers were once asked to give an account of the kindest act they had ever seen. One told of a student who volunteered to go with five fellow students who had been exposed to small-pox, and were being sent to a deserted farmhouse for quarantine. All of that student's vacation was passed caring for the sick, for they all came down with the small-pox, and he alone was left to nurse, cook and wash for them. He took his task cheerfully, and was often heard singing Christian Endeavor hymns. Another told of a mother far from home who lost her only little one. She was almost crazed by grief, and had no money with which to buy the metallic casket required by the railroad company. A man who had himself known sorrow obtained a casket, saying to the dealer, "If she does not send the money I will pay for it." A mother's reason was probably saved and angels must have wept with joy.

The Cripple at Home

A home was provided for Mephibosheth and his family by the kindness and generosity of King David. And it was no mean establishment; for Ziba and his fifteen sons and twenty servants were set apart to till the land and bring in the fruits for Mephibosheth, who was still to eat at the King's table as one of his own sons. And the old servant rejoiced in what he was permitted to do for his old master's son. And dearer to Mephibosheth than any others could have been were Ziba and his sons for his servants. It was an almost ideal relation between master and servants.

"Mephibosheth had a young son whose name was Micha." We are not told his age, but he was a boy. We may be very sure that King David took an interest in this little grandson of his beloved Jonathan, and considered that he had a covenant duty to him. Probably it was largely for his sake that a separate house was established for Mephibosheth. Yes, there was a boy in the case. There was a "boy problem" then as to-day. And in all probability it was a boy with a heritage of weakness. King David surrounded him with the best of conditions. He set him in the midst of a garden well tilled.

In his book, *The Winning of a Boy*, Dr. Merrill says: "I would not in any degree minimize the importance of saving the man at the worst end of his life; only that gives such small returns compared with the limitless balance of power that is conserved when we catch the citizen early." It is the Christ-like touch that wins.

Among the hills of Galilee,
Through crowded city ways,
The Christ of God went forth to heal
And bless in olden days.
The sinning and the sad of heart
In anxious throngs were massed
To catch the great Physician's eye
And touch him as he passed.

Have we not in our hours of need
His seamless garment pressed,
And felt his tender human hand
On us in blessing rest?
Yet still in crowded city streets
The Christ goes forth again,
Whenever touch of human hand
Bespeaks good will to men.

We are not told of any reward which David had because of kindness

Continued on next page

* **International Sunday School Lesson for Oct. 18, 1908.** David's Kindness to Jonathan's Son. II. Sam. 9 : 1-13. GOLDEN TEXT: "Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving each other." Eph. 4 : 32.

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LIFE'S ROAD

Smoothed by Change of Food.

Worry is a big load to carry and an necessary one. When accompanied by digestion it certainly is cause for the blue

But the whole trouble may be easily thro off and life's road be made easy and c fortable by proper eating and the cultivat of good cheer. Hear what a Troy wo says:

"Two years ago I made the acquainta of Grape-Nuts and have used the food o a day and sometimes twice, ever since.

"At the time I began to use it life wa burden. I was for years afflicted with bili sick headache, caused by indigestion, a nothing seemed to relieve me.

"The trouble became so severe I had leave my work for days at a time.

"My nerves were in such a state I co not sleep and the doctor said I was on verge of nervous prostration. I saw an a concerning Grape-Nuts and bought a pa age for trial.

"What Grape-Nuts has done for me is c tainly marvelous. I can now sleep like child, am entirely free from the old troul and have not had a headache in over a ye I feel like a new person. I have reco mended it to others. One man I knew nothing but Grape-Nuts, while working the ice all winter, and said he never felt b ter in his life."

"There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Cre Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A ne one appears from time to time. They a genuine, true, and full of human interes

Sunday School Lesson—*Continued*

was able to show to the son of nahan; but undoubtedly his heart's arch was so warmed by the south oof love that the spices of happi- ss nd joy flowed out. The words, t is more blessed to give than to re- ive' had not then been written in d' Book, but they had already been ritn on the tables of the heart.

Hee is a story of a little girl who ceied double reward for a kindness ow:

Th family of a petty official at rl was recently treated to an re ble surprise owing to the char- ibl disposition of the smallest mem- r their little household—a three- ar ld girl. During the month of ay he met, sitting on a bench in the ibl square near her home, an old, or but neatly clad man, who at- act d her attention by his sad looks d lonesome air. Thinking he must hngry, she stepped up to him and, th he question, "Want a piece of e?" she resolutely handed him half h simple lunch. The man ap- ar d somewhat perplexed, but smil- gly received the piece with thanks, d le it. From that day both might quntly be seen together engaged liely conversation, the little girl ve forgetting to offer her old friend rt f her lunch, which she was in e abit of eating in the open air te playing about on the lawn, nor admitting of any refusal on his rt to take at least a little bit. At e lginning of the month Hermine e orning returned home with the trising news that the "poor" man d ot appeared. Neither had he en een for several days after when rne's father received an unex- cte summons to appear at court. rehe was told that the "poor old n, who really was a wealthy citi- Berlin, had left his whole for- ne to little Hermine. His will ntained the following paragraph: "I had despaired of the whole world, tose who were nearest and dear- t me had deceived me. Thus I nced all, for what I desired I was unable to obtain. I became a miser, because my liberality was only re- warded with ingratitude. Nearing the end of my course I was mightily touched by a child's heart, which rec- onciled me with humanity. It was only for a short time; but if I had millions to bestow, those few moments would not be paid for too dearly. May my wealth serve my little friend for better ends than it did me, who never knew how to appreciate or to expend it."

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By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

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The First Temperance Society. Num. 6:1-16.
Defeat and Death Through Drink. I. Kings 16:8-10; 20:12-21.
God Calls to Battle Against Wrong. Psalms 10; 94.
"Whosoever is Deceived Thereby is not Wise." Prov. 20:1-13.
Wisdom's Warnings Against Wine. Prov. 20:1-13.
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The Divinest Quest

SERMON CONTINUED FROM PAGE 784

sters with shame. You boys that e nconverted, and are going out to e world without God and with- t lpe, may bring equal sorrow to ur amilies.

Yo are to seek the Lord also with ur hole heart. Some seek God with divled heart. The promises of God e ry full and very precious just th point. "When thou saidst, Seek m face, my heart said unto thee, y ce, Lord, will I seek." "Blessed e tey that seek me with the whole ar "And ye shall seek me, and d e, when ye shall search for me th ll your heart." Blessed is the an ho can say, "My heart is fixed, Gc." You can trust that man; he ll mount to something, but when ma is drawn this way by the world, d hat way by Christ, the apostle me says of him, "A double-minded an unstable in all his ways." Men ve win in life unless their hearts e fed. Why did Ericsson win? His ar was fixed. See him in a bath- om constructing a plan for a screw- opder. Look at Edison studying his st ssons when he was a newsboy tl New York Central road. See araay, son of a blacksmith, writing Si Humphry Davy, asking for em- oyent, and Sir Humphry putting m washing bottles. And of him yncll finally said, "He is the great- t experimental philosopher the world s ever known." His heart was fixed. An so I close by urging you to be n t-day by casting yourself fully on God through Jesus Christ. It ay be your last chance, man. Disraeli spoke a great truth when he said, "The secret of success in life is for a man to be ready for his opportunity." I would like to speak to you in this closing half- minute, as if I might never speak to you again. Will you seek God just now? Come just as you are; come just now in your helplessness. Too long you have waited; delay no longer. Seek the Lord now, for now is the accepted time, and now is the day of salvation.

Answered Prayers

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A Reader, Ohio. "I desire to acknowledge to the world that God has answered many prayers."

M. M. V., Kansas. "I wish to acknowledge, through our much loved paper THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, an answer to my prayer which brought relief and comfort to our home."

Reader. "I promised the Lord if he would help me out of a great difficulty I would acknowledge it in this way. He answered my prayer and everything is all right."

J. S., Maryland. "Some one I loved was in great trouble. I prayed as earnestly as I knew how for affairs to turn out satisfactorily, and promised God if they did to acknowledge it publicly. He answered my prayer."

A Friend, New York. "My daughter was ill for a long time, and I promised God if he would spare her I would acknowledge it through the answered prayer column, and he has spared her; and although not real well, she is improving and I thank the Lord for it."

H. M. C., New York. "I know that God hears and answers prayers. I asked him to show me the way through my difficulties and I would acknowledge it to the world. He fulfilled his part faithfully and I am trying to do mine, and my faith in God and prayer is stronger to-day than ever before."

An Old Subscriber from Washington. "I want to tell you how I enjoy the answered prayers in the dear CHRISTIAN HERALD, and want to send my testimony that the Lord does answer prayer. Many, many times in my long life has he answered mine. Lately I prayed for a certain object and it was granted in a very unexpected way."

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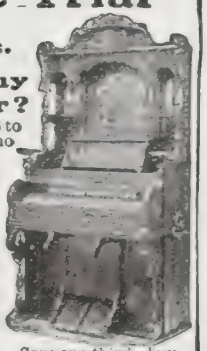

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The Transformation of Margaret

By MRS. ELEANOR H. PORTER

Author of "Into Still Waters," etc.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

Little Margaret Kendall, when five years old, was lost in New York and several years elapsed before she was restored to her grief-stricken mother at Houghtonsville. The child had lived among the children of the streets and had acquired their ways. At her mother's home she is surrounded with every luxury, but she wishes that the poor children might share her good fortune. "Bobby" McGinnis, who knew Margaret in New York, now lives near in the same town and becomes a great friend of the little girl. Her widowed mother becomes engaged to Doctor Spencer, who was instrumental in finding Margaret in New York. The little girl is filled with horror, as all the husbands she had heard of beat their wives. She sends to the doctor a contract in which it is stipulated that he will not beat her mother; this the amused doctor signs at once. Margaret insists on a visit from the children of the "Alley," with whom she lived in the slums. At first she wants them to stay always, but consents to have it made a visit. The child, when she sees them, realizes the difference between her old life and the new and is more contented to try and live as her mother wishes. She strives to please, but finds difficulty in curbing her speech and changing her manners. Her mother and herself go back to the city with the Alley children and try to arrange for their welfare. Mrs. Kendall then sends the little girl to a fashionable school in order to give Margaret the companionship of girls of her own age who will make her forget her past experiences, for Margaret was becoming a nervous wreck brooding over the poor people in the "Alley." The doctor and his bride start on their wedding journey; the train is wrecked and both are killed. Several years elapse. Mrs. Merideth and her two brothers, Ned and Frank Spencer, sister and brothers of the doctor who married Mrs. Kendall, are living at their home, Belcourt. Margaret, who has been away at school and traveling, comes to live with them. They find her a beautiful young girl with charming ways. Margaret, riding in an automobile with a Mr. Brandon, sees for the first time the dirty mill village near Belcourt. The mills belong to the Spencers and she learns much of the way in which the firm runs its business. They nearly run over a little girl named Maggie and Miss Kendall's interest is aroused. A young man named McGinnis holds an important position in the mill and is interested in bettering the conditions of the working people. Margaret meets him by chance and finds he is the one she used to know, and that as a boy he "had come to look after her property." She tells the Spencers that he is an old friend, somewhat to their annoyance. A little girl comes to say that Maggie, daughter of Patty who lived in the Alley, is ill. Margaret supplies them with comforts and calls frequently to see how they are getting on. The child says she is "going on twelve," though much younger. At twelve they can enter the mills. Margaret urges Mr. Spencer to rectify such a condition, but in vain. She fears Ned Spencer wishes to become more than a mere friend. Margaret investigates the mills and sees many children at work. She informs Frank that she is going to live among them, and he asks if she will stay, saying her presence means everything to one at Belcourt. She thinks he refers to his brother Ned, and says, "No." She undertakes her work at "Mill House," but wonders why McGinnis does not come to see her. At last he says he has to stay away because he loved her. She thinks that she reciprocates his affection and they become engaged. Ned returns to announce that Frank has been ill, and they are all coming home. Margaret and Patty go to New York to try to find the twin sisters of Patty. They find Clarabella a teacher at Mont-Lawn, and Arabella a missionary helper in New York. The latter comes back with Margaret to help her in her work. Frank Spencer returns much changed.

CHAPTER XXXV—*Continued*

ONE by one the days passed. At Belcourt Margaret was fast regaining her old buoyant health, and was beginning to talk of taking up her "work" again, much to the distress of her family. Frank Spencer, too, was better, though in spite of Margaret's earnest efforts the curiously troubled look had not gone from his eyes. It even seemed deeper and more poignant sometimes, Margaret thought.

Never before had Margaret known quite so well the man who had so carefully guarded her since childhood. She suddenly began to appreciate what he had done for her all those years. She realized, too, with almost the shock of a surprise, how young he had been when the charge was entrusted to him, and what it must have meant to a youth of twenty to have a strange, hysterical little girl ten years old thrust upon him so unceremoniously. She realized it all the more fully now that the pleasant intercourse of the last two weeks had seemed to strip from him the ten years' difference in their ages. They were good friends, comrades. Day after day they had read and sung and walked together, and she knew that he had exerted every effort to make her happy.

More keenly than ever now she regretted that she must bring sorrow to him in acknowledging her engagement to Bobby. She knew very well that he would not approve of the marriage. Had he not already pleaded with her to stay there at Belcourt as Ned's wife? And had he not always disapproved of her having much to say to McGinnis? It was hard, indeed, in the face of all this to grieve him. But it must be done. In two days now he was going back to the mills. There was really no excuse for any further delay. She must send for Bobby.

There was a thunderstorm on the night Bobby McGinnis came to Belcourt. The young man arrived just before the storm broke, and was ushered at once by Margaret herself to the little den where Frank Spencer sat alone. Mrs. Merideth had gone to bed with a headache, and Ned was out of town, so Margaret had the house to herself. For a time she wandered aimlessly about the living room and the great drawing-room, then she sat down in a shadowy corner which commanded a view of the library and of the door of the den. She shivered at every clap of thunder, and sent a furtive glance toward that close-shut door, wondering if the storm outside were typical of the one which even then might be breaking over Bobby's head.

It was very late when McGinnis came out of the den and closed the door behind him—so late that he could stop for only a few words with the girl, who hurried across the room to meet him. His face was gray-white, and his whole appearance showed the strain he had been under for the last two hours.

"Mr. Spencer was very kind," he said huskily in response to the question in Margaret's eyes. "At first, of course, he—but never mind that part. . . . He has been very kind, but I—I can't tell you now—all that he said to me. Perhaps—some other time." McGinnis was plainly very much moved. His words came brokenly, and with long pauses.

For some time after her lover had gone Margaret waited for Frank Spencer to come out and speak to her; but the door of the den remained fast shut, and she finally went up stairs without seeing him.

The next few days at Belcourt were hard for all concerned. Before Margaret had come down stairs on the morning following McGinnis's call, Frank Spencer had told his sister of the engagement; and after the first shock of the news was over, he had said constrainedly, and with averted eyes:

"There is just one thing for us to do, Della—or rather, for us not to do. We must not drive Margaret away from us. She has full right to marry the man she loves, of course; and if we are too censorious it will result only in our losing her altogether. It isn't what we want to do, but what we must do. We must accept him—or lose her. I—I'm afraid I forgot myself at first last night," went on Frank, hurriedly, "and said some pretty harsh things. I didn't realize what I was saying until I saw the look on his face. McGinnis is a straightforward, manly young fellow—we must not forget that, Della."

"But think of his po-position," moaned Mrs. Merideth.

Frank winced.

"I know," he said. "But we must do our best to remedy that. I shall advance him and increase his pay at once, of course, and eventually he will become one of the firm, if Margaret—marries him."

Mrs. Merideth burst into tears.

"How can you take it so calmly, Frank?" she sobbed. "You don't seem to care at all!"

Frank Spencer's lips parted, then

Continued on next page

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The Transformation of Margaret

Continued from preceding page

eld again. Perhaps it was just as we, after all, that she should not know just how much he did—care.

t may not be myself I'm thinking of, he said at last quietly. "I want Margaret—happy." And he turned away.

Margaret was not happy, however, as ne days passed. In spite of everybo's effort to act as if everything was as usual, nobody succeeded in doing t; and at last Margaret announced he determination to go back to the Mi House. She agreed, however, to call it a "visit," for Mrs. Merideth had ried tragically:

But, Margaret dear, if we are goto lose you altogether by and by, ly you will give us all your time that you can!"

CHAPTER XXXVI

BOBBY McGINNIS wondered sometimes that summer why he was not happier. Viewed from the standpoint of an outsider, he surely had enough to make any man happy. He was young, strong and in a position of trust and profit. He was, moreover, engaged to the girl he loved, and that girl was everything that was good and beautiful, and he saw her every day. All this Bobby knew—and still he wondered.

He saw a good deal of Margaret these days. Their engagement had come to be an accepted fact, and the first flurry of surprise and comment had passed. The Mill House, with Ray in charge, was steadily progressing. Margaret had taken up her work again with fresh zest, but, true to her promise to Mrs. Merideth, she met many a day, and sometimes two or three days, at Belcourt. All this, however, did not interfere with Bobby seeing her—for he, too, went to Belcourt in accordance with Margaret's expressed wishes.

"But, Bobby," Margaret had said in response to his troubled remonstrances, "are you not going to be my husband? Of course you are! Then you must come to meet my friends." And Bobby came.

Bobby McGinnis found himself in a new position then. He was Mr. Robert McGinnis, the accepted suitor of Miss Margaret Kendall, and as such he was introduced to Margaret's friends.

It was just here, perhaps, that misery began for Bobby. He was not more at ease in his new, well-fitting evening clothes than he would have been in the garb of Sing Sing; nor did he feel less conspicuous among the gay throng about Margaret's chair than he would if he had indeed worn the prison stripes.

As Bobby saw it, he was in prison, beyond the four walls of which lay a world he had never seen—a world of beautiful music and fine pictures; a world of great books and famous men; a world of travel, ease and pleasure. He could but dimly guess the meaning of half of what was said, and the conversation might as well have been conducted in a foreign language so far as here was any possibility of his sharing in it. Big, tall, and silent, he stood as if apart. And because he was apart—he watched.

He began to understand, then, why he was unhappy—yet he was not watching himself, he was watching Margaret. She knew this world—this world that was outside his prison walls; and she was at home in it. There was a light in her eye that he had never brought there, though he had seen it sometimes when she had been particularly interested in her work at the Mill House. As he watched her now, he caught the quick play of color on her cheeks, and heard the ring of enthusiasm in her voice. One subject after another was introduced, and for each she had question, comment, or jest. Not once did she appeal to him. But why should she, he asked himself bitterly. They—those others near her—knew this world. He did not know it.

Sometimes the mills were spoken of, and she was questioned about her work. Then, indeed, she turned to him—but he was not the only one to whom she turned; she turned quite as frequently to the man who was seldom far away from the sound of her voice when she was at Belcourt—Frank Spencer.

McGinnis had a new object for his brooding eyes then; and it was not long before he saw that it was to this same Frank Spencer that Margaret turned when subjects other than the mills were under discussion. There seemed to be times, indeed, when she apparently heard only his voice, and recognized only his presence, so intimate was the sympathy between them. McGinnis saw something else, too—he saw the look in Frank Spencer's eyes; and after that he did not question again the cause of his own misery.

Sometimes McGinnis would forget all this or would call it the silly fears of a jealous man who sees nothing but adoration in every eye turned upon his love. Such times were always when Margaret was back at the Mill House, and when it seemed as if she, too, were inside his prison walls with him, leaving that hated, unknown world shut forever out. Then would come Belcourt—and the reaction.

"She does not love me," he would moan night after night as he tossed in sleepless misery. "She does not love me—but she does not know it—yet. I never, never can make her happy. I might have known—I might have known!"

CHAPTER XXXVII

THE Spencers remained at Belcourt nearly all summer with only a short trip or two on the part of Mrs. Merideth and Ned. The place was particularly cool and delightful in summer, and this season it was more so than usual. House-parties had always been popular at Belcourt, and never more so than now. So popular, indeed, were they, that Margaret suspected them to be sometimes merely an excuse to gain her presence at Belcourt.

There were no guests, however, on the night that the mills caught fire. Even Margaret was down at the Mill House. Mrs. Merideth, always a light sleeper, was roused at the first blast of the shrill whistle. From her bed she could see the lurid glow of the sky, and with a cry of terror she ran to the window. The next moment she threw a heavy bath-robe over her shoulders and ran to Frank Spencer's room across the hall.

"Frank, it's the mills—they're all afire!" she called frenziedly. "Oh, Frank, it's awful!"

From behind the closed door came a sudden stir and the sound of bare feet striking the floor; then Frank's voice.

"I'll be out at once. And, Della, see if Ned's awake, and if you can call up Peters. We shall want the motor-car."

Mrs. Merideth wrung her hands.

"Frank—Frank—I can't have you go—I can't have you go!" she moaned hysterically; yet all the while she was hurrying to the telephone that would give the alarm and order the car that would take him.

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To be continued

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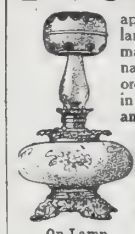

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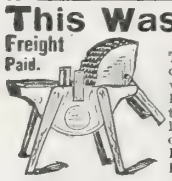

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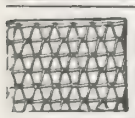

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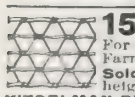

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YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES

Missionary Information*

EVEN good people often disagree concerning what most of us consider the fundamentals of life. Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer used to say that the main object of education was "to teach us to see large things large, and small things small." Great psychologists have affirmed that the faculty of judgment is the rarest and highest among human endowments. The power of accumulating the vital facts in any case, and reasoning out the conclusions, and especially the personal duties which follow upon them, is one of the noblest that God has given us. Few possess it in its perfection; but it is our duty to study constantly to find out the truth in all the lines which we pursue, and to take up unflinchingly whatever work may appear to be imperative in consequence.

Thus it has seemed to many of the best minds in the church, beginning with Peter, and them "that were scattered abroad upon the tribulation that arose about Stephen," and continuing through Barnabas and Paul, down to William Carey and his helpers, and the devoted band who gathered under the haystack at Williamstown in 1806, that Christ's last words to his followers were to be taken literally. They must go into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.

He himself appeared—why, we know not certainly, though many theories are put forth by the commentators—to have been sent only to "the lost sheep of the house of Israel." The twelve were bidden not to go into the "way of the Gentiles," nor into "any city of the Samaritans." But he also said that he had come "to draw all men unto him," and that the Gospel must be preached to "all the world." In the apocryphal missionary sermon of Peter, he says, "After twelve years, go forth into the world, that no one may say, 'We have not heard.'"

To some among us, by some strange chance, the cause of foreign missions may not appeal. It will generally be found that coldness regarding it is due to ignorance. Therefore it is wise to enlighten those who do not seem to be interested. Urge them to come to your meetings. Take pains to gather from current missionary publications the very most vital and interesting facts for presentation there. Do not try to wade entirely through long and dull letters and articles. Sift and select carefully. Many a missionary society has been killed because its conductors did not know just what to put in and what to omit on its programmes.

If possible, secure fresh letters from missionaries in the field.

If your own church is supporting missionaries in foreign parts, tell them just when your meetings occur and try to have their letters arrive somewhere near special dates. There is a vitality in a fresh word from those engaged in the actual conflict which convinces, and which inspires a desire to help. Any fleeting excitement and fervor which does not result in honest, hard, self-denying work is mere dissipation and is likely to do more harm than good.

A story is told of three sisters who lived in Edinburgh, who said, "All of us should not stay at home. One of us can go to the foreign field, and the two remaining will support her."

The two who staid at home had as true a missionary spirit as the one who went forth.

A teacher in one of the public schools of Scotland receives a salary of $1,000, lives upon half of it, and with the other half maintains a missionary in China. Which of these, the donor or the worker, is the truer missionary? Who shall say?

*Topic of the Epworth League for Sunday, October 18. Text: Acts 11 : 4, 15-21; 15 : 6-12.

Our Gifts*

THIS is an age of vast philanthropies. Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Fayerweather, Mr. Carnegie, Mrs. Sage, Dr. Pearson, and scores of other multimillionaires have given away enormous sums. Our higher institutions of learning could never have reached their present state of efficiency but for such benefactions; and yet they are all still begging for more.

We are wont to think that only these enormous gifts are important. But this is not true. President Hadley of Yale periodically issues bulletins to the alumni of that university, soliciting gifts from everyone. If each alumnus would contribute but five dollars annually, he says, the total in ten years would be far more valuable to the "General Fund," than these sporadic donations. He also appreciates the interest which is fostered in any one who contributes to any cause. Joanna Baillie expressed a similar thought well in her quaint Scotch lines:

> The gear that is gifted, it never
> Will last like the gear that is won.

So no cause appeals to a man like that for which he has sacrificed something. It may be a hard struggle to save from a small salary a weekly donation for our church or our society; but we are bound to make that struggle, and through it our love of good causes will be proportionately strengthened. In the "Epistle of Barnabas," which contains much that is worthy to be included in the Scriptures, occurs this command: "Thou shalt not hesitate to give, nor murmur when thou givest, and thou shalt know who is the good paymaster of thy reward."

One of the most generally distasteful tasks which falls to the lot of the conscientious committee-worker is the soliciting of funds. But this must be done, and there is a best way of doing it. Learn that way. Try to adapt your own personality to it. If it is a duty, it must be possible for you to perform it, and well.

One of the late Bishop Talbot's many amusing stories was of his visit to a noted institution where the statue of a distinguished missionary bishop had just been unveiled.

"It is very fine, very fine," commented a friend, as they were walking around the statue.

"The hands are not right," objected Bishop Talbot.

"They are hanging down in a very dignified way," protested his friend.

"Ah, but who ever heard of a missionary bishop who did not have at least one of his hands stretched out—so?" and the good bishop extended his open palm after the manner of the traditional beggar.

"Yet it is dreadful to get the reputation of being a good beggar," one bright young woman said. "Everybody flees before me as I approach. It is supposed that I intend to beg and people are afraid of me."

Never mind. If you are in the line of duty, you are all right.

It may be yours to distribute from a full purse. You desire to do it judiciously. There are many excellent causes. How shall you divide your gifts?

There was probably never so much conscientious endeavor as now on the part of well-to-do people to give away their spare funds in just the most useful way. Miss Helen Gould and probably every other rich and benevolent person can tell strange tales of struggles in this line, and they are most creditable to our humanity. Many of our prosperous ones are remembering Mr. Carnegie's saying, "It is a disgrace to die rich."

*Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, October 18. Text: I. Cor. 16 : 1, 2; Mal. 3 : 7-12.

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A wonderful offer to every lover of music, wh a beginner or an advanced player.

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We have been established nine years—have t sands of pupils from eight years of age to seve Don't say you cannot learn music till you seno our free booklet and tuition offer. It will be sen return mail free. Address U. S. SCHOOL MUSIC, Box 7—225 Fifth Avenue, New York C

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This Book, "Attractive Homes a How to Make Them," tells you how lay-out your grounds, whether large small—How to arrange an attract "setting"—How to improve the bea of your house. If you are planning a "Home Beautiful," send for this Bo It also tells you why

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It contains many useful hints on **painting,** on **"color schemes,"** and other information that w interest you, whether you are a house-owner or paint

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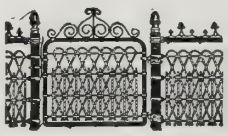

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But Tells Facts About Postum.

"We have used Postum for the past eigh years," writes a Wis. lady, "and drink three times a day. We never tire of it.

"For several years I could scarcely e anything on account of dyspepsia, bloatin after meals, palpitation, sick headache—i fact was in such misery and distress I trie living on hot water and toast for nearly year.

"I had quit coffee, the cause of my trouble and was using hot water, but this was no nourishing.

"Hearing of Postum I began drinking i and my ailments disappeared, and now I ca eat anything I want without trouble.

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"After he stopped coffee and began Postum both ailments left him. He will not drink anything else now and we have it three times a day. I could write more but am no gushe —only state plain facts."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Trusting in the Lord

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

MR. GEORGE MULLER, of Bristol, was in the habit of reading the whole Bible three times every year. In the days of George Herbert, a company of Christians whom he knew, living in a parsonage near his own, used to repeat the Psalms through from memory every week, and the whole of the four Gospels every month. Whatever else they did not know these people knew their Bibles and made them the rule of their hearts within and their lives without. It was the knowledge of the Bible which gave to a nation's character its solidity and reliability.

Why should we "forget not" and "keep" God's commands? "For length of days, and long life, and peace shall they add unto thee." Think of the people you can remember who, in spite of much labor and many trials, have the mark of God's peace upon them, and live on to seventy, eighty, sometimes ninety or a hundred. Are they not for the most part those who have lived on the Word, and drawn their joy and their strength from God, through his Word? But what do his words and commandments teach us? "Mercy and truth"; his mercy to the guilty and undeserving, through the blessed atonement of our Lord Jesus Christ, but also his truth and righteousness in such a salvation, and in his faithfulness to us, and mercy and truth in us, in the new life which he gives to us that we, too, may walk uprightly. It pays for time and eternity to "forget not," and to keep from the heart, the Word of the living God. "So let not mercy and truth forsake thee; bind them upon thy neck"—as a bridle—"write them on the table of thine heart," so as to actuate thee. What then? "So shalt thou find favor and good understanding in the sight of God and man." Is it not worth while?

"Trust in the Lord with all thine heart and lean not to thine own understanding." God knows everything beforehand; God is equal to every contingency. It is madness to go forward in our own strength and wisdom into a day, ignorant, weak, foolish, as we are. His desire is to get our confidence, and to have us walk with him all day. Lean not to thine own limited, half-informed, feeble understanding. Man loves to be self-reliant, and God calls us to be dependent, but not on man. Independent of man by being honorably dependent on him who knows all things, and who is omnipotent. He calls us to a life of filial confidence in him.

"In all thy ways acknowledge him," and then? He shall direct thy paths. Moses, who was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and was mighty in words and deeds, was not ashamed in every perplexity to fall on his face before God, to ask of him a right way; and if it were the dividing of a sea, if it were the provisioning of a nation in the wilderness, if it were a water supply for the host, it was not too much for such a God, so trusted, to dry up the sea, rain bread from heaven, and bring water out of the stony rock. He did direct his paths. And what a life of power was his!

"Be not wise in thine own eyes: fear the Lord, and depart from evil." Cain was wise in his own eyes, and his offering was not accepted. Pharaoh was wise in his own eyes; his boast was, "I know not the Lord, neither will I let the people go." So he came to destruction, and was forced by God to let the people go. King Saul was wise in his own eyes, but God rejected him, and he came to a sad, miserable end. A self-conceited man is above learning from others, and therefore remains ignorant, and he is soon surpassed by patient, plodding learners. What is the result of obedience to this command? "It shall be health to thy navel and marrow to thy bones." The man who ceases, by the grace of God, to be wise in his own eyes, who fears the Lord, and departs from evil, declares himself to be on God's side. It is an appeal to God to which he most abundantly responds.

Don't buy a stove or range until you first see

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I Promise You:

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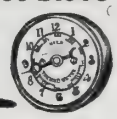

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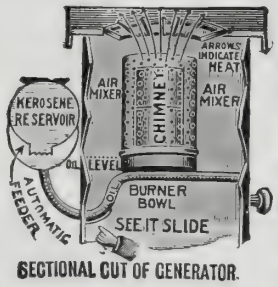

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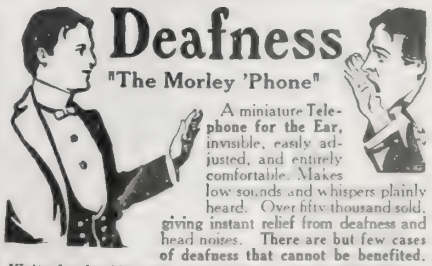

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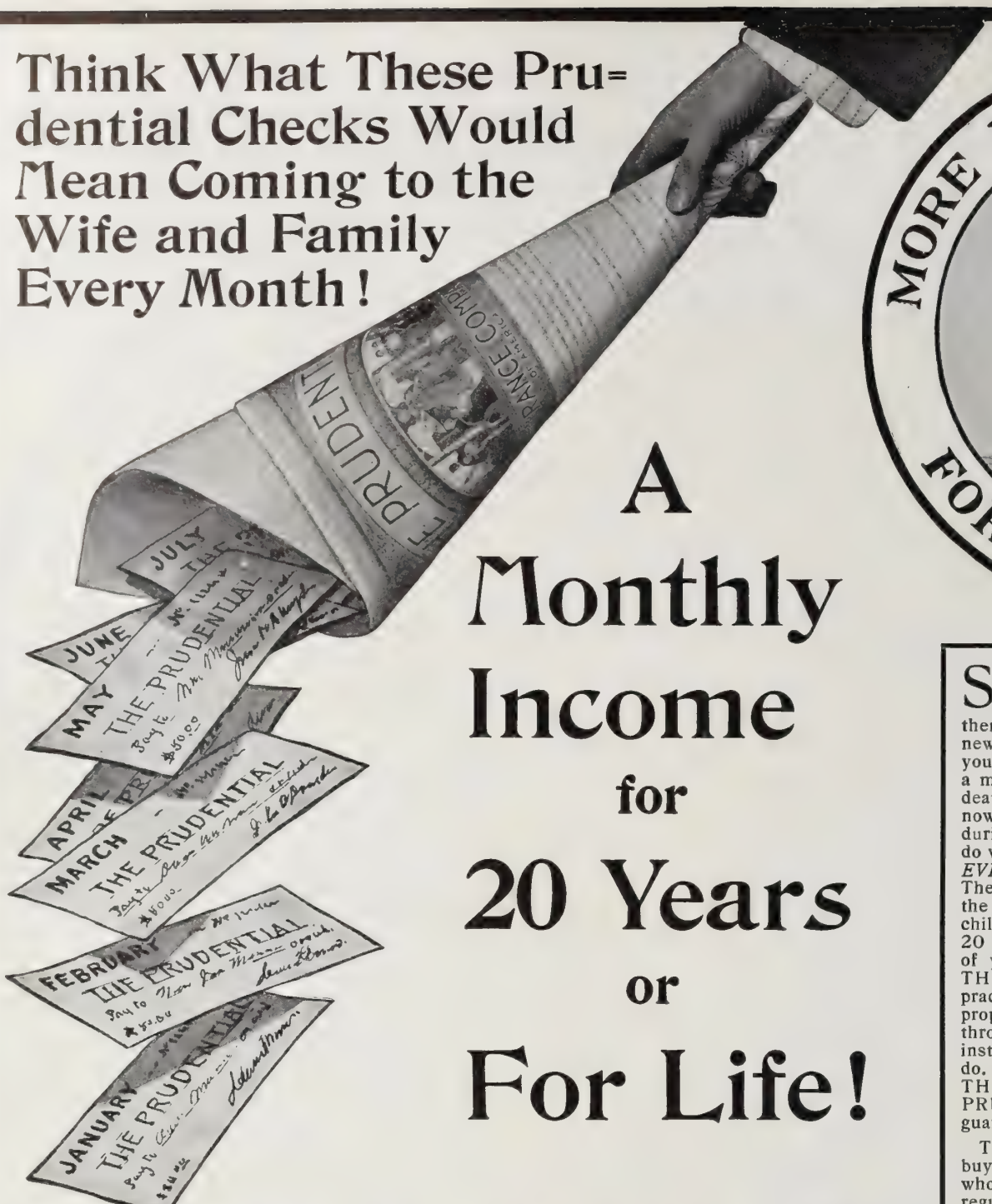

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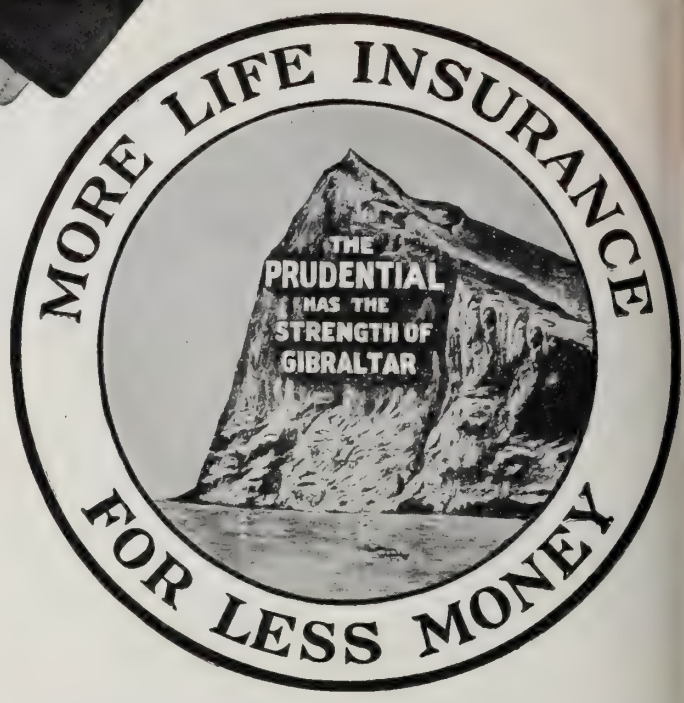

SUPPOSE your salary should permanently cease to-day by your death, what would your family do? What have you provided for them in its place? THE PRUDENTIAL has a new and perfect plan. Read this carefully. Say you are 30 years old; a monthly income of $50.00 a month for your family for 20 years after your death, or $12,000 in all to them, would cost you now only $167.35 per year, or $13.95 per month during your life. Think of what your family could do with a *check of $50.00* sent them *on the first of EVERY MONTH, EVERY YEAR for 20 years* by The Prudential. If your wife should die within the 20 years the money would still go to your children or other heirs for the remainder of the 20 years. Under this plan the safe Investment of your life insurance money is *guaranteed* by THE PRUDENTIAL. In other words you can practically arrange in advance *yourself* for the proper investment of your life insurance money through this new policy of THE PRUDENTIAL instead of leaving it for your wife or children to do. These checks will be sent each month by THE PRUDENTIAL to your heirs and THE PRUDENTIAL has the Strength of Gibraltar to guarantee the payments.

The checks will supply the money necessary to buy food, clothing, rent and education to those whom you now support, and the money will come regularly *each and every month for 20 years,* mind you. At slightly higher cost, the income could be made to continue for life.

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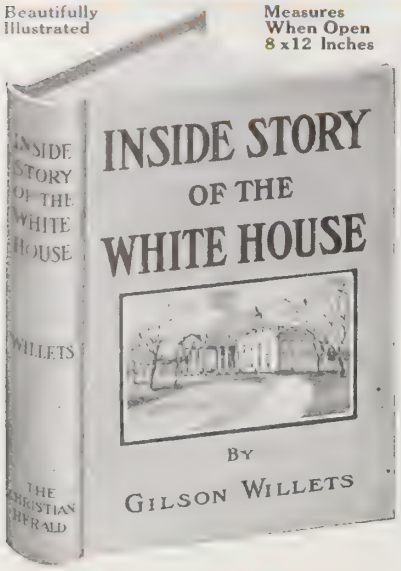

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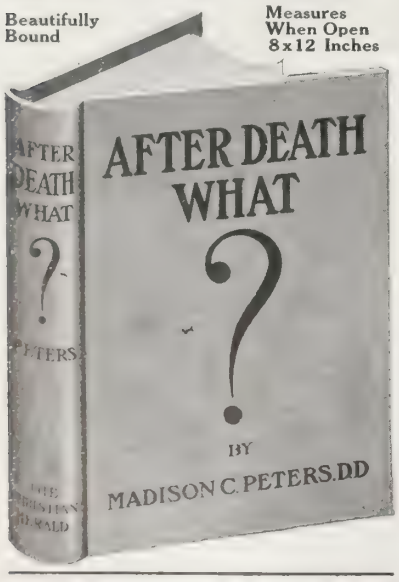

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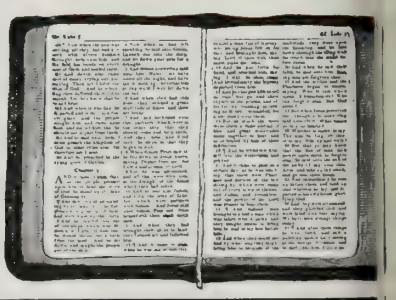

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

Indian Church in New Mexico

A Mexican Family

Mexican Ovens

IN THE HUMBLE HOMES OF MEXICO

ONE should go to Old Mexico to study its prevailing social conditions in detail; yet one can form a fair idea of Mexican life, among the common people at least, by taking a trip through the southwestern portion of the United States, especially through New Mexico.

The homes of the mysterious Cliff Dwellers, built centuries and centuries ago, would put to shame the adobe shelters of the Pacific slope; while the various household utensils, fabric and pottery found in the ruins of these pre-Columbians, whose story only conjecture tells with uncertain tongue, were superior to those found in many of the Mexican homes to-day.

There seems to be something in the very so-called civilization of the Mexicans that keeps them at a standstill, as if some terrible and powerful being long, long ago thundered in their ears in awful tone, "Thus far thou shalt go and no farther," and fearful that a great calamity would befall them if they undertook to advance, they obeyed and still obey implicitly.

The common people among the Mexicans and Indians of the Southwest build their houses, till the soil, weave their cloth, have the same customs and observe the same rites and ceremonies that their ancestors did more than three hundred years ago.

The oven for baking bread from meal made by crushing the corn between stones is still unimproved; the church where Indians and Mexicans alike worship is constructed as it was in the days of Cortez and the primitive ox-cart used in Old Mexico has its prototype in New Mexico.

The people in question are deeply religious. Every letter of the church ritual they know, but their religion is not the religion of Jesus Christ, for that purifies and uplifts. All that they desire is existence, and an existence too, that will give them the least exertion to maintain.

Filthy in person and in their homes, without any conception of virtue—ignorant, indolent and purposeless, they live on and on through their years and will so continue to live until the ranks of conscientious, Christian teachers is augmented to meet necessities. It seems to me, from my point of view, that the cry, "Come over into Macedonia and help us," sounds so plain and pitiful and heartfelt, that there should be generous responses from many sources.

W. A. DAVIS.

. . .

Interest in missions beyond the seas is so great and takes up such a large part of the time in mission study classes that people sometimes forget the great need that lies just southward of our own enlightened country in Old Mexico. The Protestant teachers and church members are doing a noble work with the resources at their command. Families and individuals are now being gradually won all over Mexico through the efforts of those modern knights of the cross, the colporteurs, who face violence from ignorant half-breeds and death in perilous paths among the mountains, with light hearts so long as they are enabled to distribute their precious books.

A Primitive Ox-Cart

The American Bible Society has its headquarters in the City of Mexico, on the street known as St. Joseph Royal, near the site of the ancient palace of Montezuma. The Bibles are displayed in the show windows. The books are placed with the covers open, so that the passer-by stops almost involuntarily to read some Scripture passage. The leaves are turned frequently to some new chapter. Most of the colporteurs are converted natives, and have been very successful in their work. They know better than any one else the difficulties of people who begin to take an interest in the Book of books, as they themselves have passed through them.

American interest in the spread of the Gospel in Mexico goes back to the days immediately following the Mexican War, when Bibles were sent across the border from Texas, and little bands of converts would assemble to worship God in secret. When liberty of thought was proclaimed in 1857, many of these converts were baptized, and organized churches, and appointed some of their own number to administer the sacraments.

The story of missionary effort in the State of Michoacan is a good illustration of what has been and may be accomplished among these people. There are now sixteen or more organized congregations, all within a radius of forty miles. Thirty-seven years ago there were none to hold up the torch of faith in this dark home of ignorance. A native preacher, Rev. Mr. Forcada, of the Presbyterian Church, began work amid great difficulties at Zitacuaro, in 1877, and discovered, greatly to his pleasure and astonishment, that a native Mexican convert had started a little Bible depository six years before, and that he had disposed of a large number of religious tracts and Bibles printed in the vernacular. The seed thus sown had prepared the field for active missionary effort. The present number of actual Christians may thus be traced back to the work done by an obscure colporteur.

The American Pulpit

A SERMON BY

Bishop Luther B. Wilson*

THE Self-Surrendered Life

TEXTS:

II. Cor. 4; Eph. 3; Rom. 8 : 26; Acts 26 : 29 to the end

THESE passages are the words that I want to bring to you, and you take count of the circumstances, so that I shall not have need to even attempt the painting of this picture for you this morning: How Agrippa is there with all the emblems of his place and power; and how St. Paul is there in his presence, offering his defense; and with the badge of his physical weakness not only, but also with the token of his physical affliction upon him; for as he speaks the chains are dangling at his wrists. And yet as he looks into the face of this man he is saying that he would that this king might be such as he is, except the bonds. Now, sometimes such a wish as that might be the expression of a narrow and selfish spirit; but you call to mind how that this man has escaped the narrowness of Pharisaism. He left that behind him long time ago. And when he is uttering these words—that he would that the king on his throne might be such as he is—it is his life as well as his consciousness, as well as his purpose, which is speaking. And I want you to ask yourselves what that man is. What right has Paul to lift himself up and set himself out as a pattern for men? What right has St. Paul to make himself a sort of criterion by which other men in other places may be judged? Who is this man, anyhow, and what claim has he on the thought of Agrippa, and what claim has he on our thought? Of what fashion is his life? And so we come to see, first of all, that this man Paul represents the self-surrendered life.

Early Phases of Surrender

I read you a few moments ago his declaration in the Second Epistle to the Corinthians, and your own thought can fill out the outline of the picture that is thus suggested to you. You are ready to believe with me this morning, that if ever there were a self-surrendered life that life is the life of the man who faces Agrippa with that high and holy wish.

It was not always so. There were old days behind him; old days of childhood with its prattle and with its touches of love. Old days behind him when, as he looked into the face of her who gave him birth, he drank in that reverence of the patriarchs and prophets of which he was never thereafter rid. There were old days when the home poured into his heart and life all its treasures of love and of culture making for righteousness. And there were other old days when he sought, and sought successfully, to gain from the schools of his town such treasures of learning as they might hold for his enrichment; and when, with that mind—wonderfully alert, marvelously acquisitive—he goes about from place to place, he sees everywhere the things that are most worth while, and recognizes everywhere the things that are of supreme importance. That acquisitive mind of Saul of Tarsus was busy in the early days, and was not less busy when he came to take that post-graduate course under Gamaliel's instruction; and his life was not a self-surrendered life up to that point. There were phases of surrender that meant for him the sacrifice of ease for gain of learning.

The Critical Day

But there came a day at length—a day out there on the high road to Damascus—when all of our previous conceptions of this man as to God's ultimates, as to God's great objectives, as to that outermost rim that holds within its circle of light the lesser things, when all these conceptions were utterly changed. There came that hour when out of the heavens Jesus of Nazareth spake to him, when Saul of Tarsus did not know his name; did not recognize those lines of marvelous love written forever and ever upon the brow of Jesus of Nazareth. He had no thought that it was a King that spake to him, for he cried out and prostrated himself, saying: "Who art thou, Lord?" When the answer came, "I am Jesus of Nazareth whom thou persecutest," then Saul of Tarsus came to the Great Divide, so far as his own life was concerned, and to one of the Great Divides in the spiritual history of this world of ours. He saw then the crown upon the brow of the Divine King. He saw written in the face of the King the King's right to rule; and from that hour he was utterly surrendered to that King Eternal, Immortal, Invisible.

I would like to linger longer about that conception of St. Paul; how he seemed never to be doing aught but just to be waiting, that he might run on errands for Jesus. How constantly he is listening for the voice of Jesus that he might answer it with his swift obedience. How in his life he is saying it every time his lips move; every time his action writes its utterance upon the thought and memory of those in whose presence he lives. He is writing, "I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." He is declaring constantly from that day, that there is nothing that he has to do that can possibly have right of way when there is something that Jesus wants him to do. His attitude is that of one who says, "I have no word to utter that is worth while in its utterance, or of enough moment, when Jesus gives me a message. And I have no plans, I have no purposes, I have no charts that are made for myself. I have given myself over utterly and absolutely and irrevocably. I have given myself over into the hands of Jesus of Nazareth."

Hearing the Divine Call

I was in Gouverneur, N. Y., a while ago, and I went into a telegraph office there and fell into conversation with the operator, and he told me that his call was the letter "G." And he said to me, "I am sometimes busy about the office, and the instrument is ticking off its messages, but I do not seem to hear them because they are not my letter. But the moment they sound 'G' I hear it, and I go and put my finger on the key. And I am sometimes sleeping, and the messages are sent through the darkness as well as the light; but I don't know them. But when the 'G' sounds, even if I am asleep I hear that, because it is my call; and I go and put my finger on the key to let them know that I am here." That seems to be the attitude of Paul to Jesus Christ. He knows what his call is; and whatever is transpiring in the world, whenever Jesus calls "Paul!" Paul is ready to answer, and ready to obey whatever the Master may have.

The self-surrendered life: "I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live." And yet, after all, it is not I who am living; it is not the ego who is assertive; it is not the old personnel that is declarative of purpose and of wish. That is all gone long time ago. I am living, and yet, after all, it is not I, but it is Christ that liveth in me. The utterly surrendered life; the self-surrendered life that is emptied of itself, and emptied of its own purpose, and emptied of its own plans, and emptied of its own ambitions; emptied of its own self that it may be filled with the Christ-self. And so when I ask St. Paul again to tell me something more of this life, Paul would say not only that his life is a self-surrendered life but likewise that it is a Spirit-filled life.

Emptied of Self But God-Filled

I turned over a few pages of Paul's Epistles this morning to see whether, after all, Paul magnified the Holy Spirit, and see again and again that Paul knows all that a human mind needs to know of the Holy Spirit; knows of the Holy Spirit's help when down here on the earth we pour out our petition, and are conscious of the fact that "The Spirit maketh intercession for us with groanings that cannot be uttered." Paul had gotten far enough along to know about the strength that comes by the Holy Spirit; far enough along to understand how that there is vision and assurance of the Holy Spirit; but I read you from the Epistles that other word that declares St. Paul's consciousness of the fact that a life that is emptied of itself can be filled. Paul would say that the life emptied of itself should be filled with the Divine Spirit; for in the spiritual world nature abhors a vacuum just as nature abhors a vacuum, according to the old declaration of science, in the physical world. I would not ask that man to empty his life of its purpose and plan and ambition unless he was ready to accept another purpose and another plan and another ambition. I would not have you go without purpose and without anticipated arrangement in your life; but I would that you might know about this man of men, when standing in the presence of Agrippa he arose to the height of his human consciousness, knowing assuredly that in so far as it was possible for hi to be, his life was emptied of self, and God-fi d, Christ-filled, Spirit-filled; that his life was f d with God.

That is a wonderful process, a wonderful thir — when those two processes that can never be divo d the one from the other are accomplished in the n man life. For you cannot be filled with the Spirit n til you are emptied of yourself. You cannot be fi d with God until your love for sin and selfishnes s emptied out of your lives. Then the Divine l - sonnel shall possess you and lure you and shall s clare ownership in you all the while. And so fa s purpose and faith and consecration are concer d you will stand before God as Paul stands bei e King Agrippa, emptied of self, filled with the Sp t of the living God.

Paul's Great Confidence

Now what does St. Paul—in that life emptied f self and filled with the Spirit, when he is suprem anxious, out of his love's sake, that others sh know of that emptying and that filling—what d he do? I would like to hear St. Paul get up in t Ocean Grove love-feast—and we would take off time-limit! We would look up into his face and s "Paul, tell us all that you can, now, about the utt most love of God." Paul is before Agrippa, and says, "I am empty of self, and I am filled with Spirit, O King Agrippa! When in that consci self-surrender, and in that dedication of selfh unto God, I found something that I did not have the older days. The world in which I now live not your little world any longer. My world is longer bounded by the hills of Judea; no long bounded by the great sea; no longer the little wo that lies here under that canopy of blue. But sin I received into my life the Spirit of the living G O King Agrippa, I have great confidence, and I li now in a great world. The hands of the Almigh have been pushing back the horizon lines b yond the sun and the moon and those great sta that send God's love-messages to me in the night. am walking in this great world that can put t fetters on my wrists and on my feet; but since came to that moment of self-surrender—which the birth-hour of our larger liberty; when I lo myself, but found myself; when I said farewell the past and faced the future, and the Divine, ar the Eternal—since that hour I have been bruisin my feet on the stones of the way; and more tha once my poor back has felt the lash of the scourg and I have been shut in dungeon darkness again an again; but my conscious soul has had the wings eagles, and I have mounted up and soared worl upon world; I have caught vision of dominion, an principality, and power that I never dreamed of i that older day. O King Agrippa! I wish tha you could climb up where I have climbed; for I a here, near to the very heart of God, and his grea universe swings about me. Great confidence! Grea confidence! O King Agrippa! There was a nigh after they had scourged me and made my feet fas in the stocks—and Silas was there with me—and w comforted each other with a little word, and praye and sang together. And as we prayed and san together the walls of the prison cell became gloriou as the vision of banqueting hall in the king's palace

Amazing Grace

There came to me there marvelous revelation o God's amazing grace. And now I stand makin declaration unto you and unto all the world tha 'this light affliction, which is but for a moment worketh out a far more exceeding and eterna weight of glory. While we look not at the things that are seen, but at the things that are unseen (robes, and dominions, and thrones—the things that are seen—mountains, and galaxies of stars) 'the things that are seen are temporal, but the things that are unseen are eternal.' O King Agrippa, I wish that you would come up where I am! I wish that you could soar where I am!"

You have often read in the 8th of Romans that declaration of how "All things work together for good to them that love God." O young man, do you love him enough to surrender to him? Do you love him enough, my sister, to yield your life to him today? He is calling you perhaps to service as a missionary, young man; he is calling you, sister, to

Continued on page 805

* Preached at Ocean Grove, N. J., September 6.

WHITE RIBBONERS TO MEET IN DENVER

Mrs. Frances H. Ensign, O. | Mrs. Frances Beauchamp, Ky. | Mrs. Howard M. Hoge, Va. | Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, President. | Mrs. Kara S. Root, Japan | Mrs. Harriet W. Brand, Ind. | Mrs. A. Hungerford, Colo.

THE thirty-fifth annual convention of the National Women's Christian Temperance Union will meet in Denver, Colo., October 23-28. It will be the climax to a year of more than ordinary achievement — one signalized by many God-given victories.

The big, new convention hall of Denver, the scene of the Democratic National Convention—capable of holding 11,000 people, is the forum selected for the great annual rally of the Women's Christian Temperance forces. The prominent participants will be the missionaries returned from foreign lands, chief among whom are Mrs. Kara Smart Root, who was the secretary of the Young Women's Branch in Japan; Miss M. A. Spencer, who was for years the capable, self-sacrificing president in the Foreign Auxiliary Women's Christian Temperance Union of Japan; and Miss Harriet S. Alling, the secretary.

The year 1908 has had a great record, and, it is claimed, will be the greatest year in the history of the temperance reform movement. It is stated that the record of saloon annihilation during the first six months of 1908 in the United States has excelled every record for a similar period during the past century. From January 1, 1908, to July 1, 1908, over 6,000 saloons were abolished by the votes of the people in the various States.

The greatest advances of the year have been the adoption of State prohibition in Mississippi and North Carolina, and the reaffirmation of the prohibition law in Maine. Encouraging progress has been made in Virginia, where eighty out of one hundred counties are free from saloons; eight out of nineteen cities are dry, and of the 162 incorporated towns only eleven have saloons. The greater part of Texas is already dry under the county option law, and if the legislature of 1909 obeys the wishes of the citizens voiced at the primaries, Texas will have a State prohibition law the coming year.

During 1908, prohibition sentiment has extended rapidly in the southwestern portion of Louisiana, where there is a State law imposing a fine of $100 and imprisonment of six months for bringing liquor into "dry" territory. Eleven districts in Missouri without saloons as compared with only two dry districts last year is the record for 1908. California has now five prohibition counties, while campaigns are under way in seven others. Vermont has reduced the number of no-license towns. Washington State and Montana have been aroused. Two-thirds of Oregon is dry. Nebraska people have been stirred by Mrs. Mary Armor's earnest exhortations. "Arkansas dry in 1908" has been the slogan of White Ribbon workers in that State.

Throughout the country during the year the Christian Temperance women have been indefatigably at work, cheered by the strongholds already won for the cause. The Anti-Narcotic Section has been encouraged by the barring of cocaine from the mails. A new movement has been inaugurated by the Scientific Temperance Instruction Department, which has secured the establishment of a course of study on this subject in the curriculum of several colleges, and has urged that definite preparation for temperance instruction be part of teacher-training courses in Sunday Schools and churches. That there has been a great "slump" in whisky production is another cause for rejoicing among the White Ribboners. The rate of decrease at last report averaged forty-seven per cent. in the three States of greatest production—Kentucky, Pennsylvania and Maryland.

At the coming convention Mrs. Lillian M. N. Stevens, of Maine, Miss Willard's chosen successor, will preside, aided as Miss Willard was by the able worker Miss Anna Gordon, vice-president at large. A new treasurer is chosen to take the place of the late Mrs. Harriet Brand, of Indiana, recently called to higher service.

J. A. S.

THE SELF-SURRENDERED LIFE

Sermon by Bishop Luther B. Wilson — *Continued*

ervice as a deaconess to-day. Are you ready and illing to consecrate your life to his service? He s calling you to give yourself to him—with all your orrows, and with all your broken-heartedness, and vith all your misgivings, and with all your loneliess. You know he is calling you to give yourself to im, to be what he wants you to be, and to go where e wants you to go. You have been sorrowing by ourself. Now go around and try to comfort that orrowing soul in that little narrow street, where od's bright sunshine finds it difficult at times to enetrate. You have been feeling infirmity yourelf; go out and tell some other weak man how the Everlasting Arms can undergird, uphold, and sustain, giving you whispers of comfort. Don't keep he whispers of love to yourself. God wants you to ove him and show your love by the consecration of our life to him in some great service. Young man, vhat are you going to do with what God has given ou? What are you going to do with your thought-owers, with your song-powers? Do you love him nough to surrender to him? How glad I would be f now the blessed Christ who has been wooing you would win you—if this morning some young man vho has great ambition in the line of money-making would substitute for that the ambition to be just the nan that God would want him to be. Are you lovng him? It is a great thing to love him, and to o down in the darkness where he is going with your ife. Listen to what this man says to Agrippa: He ays, "Agrippa, all things work together for good o them that love God." Now I have been thinking f it as though the thorn and the scourge were the 'all things" that were working "together for good o them that love God." I read that verse out of he Epistle to the Colossians, how that he made all hings — thrones, dominions, principalities, and owers—and that all things were made by him, and ll things were made for him. And then I went back o the 8th of Romans and read and read the "all hings" of that Epistle to the Colossians, and I said o myself: Can it be, after all, that not only sickess and sorrow may work together for my good; ut can it be that if I keep myself in the love of God shall be "complete in him, which is the head of all principality and power"?

Then I caught a new vision of it: I was not down by the Atlantic any longer. I was not in a narrow place any longer. For a little while it seemed to me as though the full orbs of light were singing their song, "All things work together for good to them that love God"!

Do you wonder that Paul says, "O Agrippa, try it! Come up where I am, King Agrippa. It is a long way; but fly up in your purpose, in your ambition. Come up, that you may be such as I am."

I would like to tell you the whole story if I knew it. I would like to tell you as much as I do know about it if there were time for it. But I set up that man of the long ago opposite to you this hour. Into your presence I would lead him this morning. In your presence I would have him utter this word this morning; looking into your face and saying, "I would that you were such as I am!" Oh the blessed certainty of it! Oh the consolation of that assurance that comes by faith in the Son of God!

And so over the hills of the centuries I want you to look. You and I have been very narrow; very self-possessed, and self-possessing. I would that you might turn your faces and look up and see the face of Paul looking upon you this morning. Selfish in your getting and selfish in your giving. Oh hear this word of the great apostle: "Such as I am," young man, "Such as I am."

Just one other picture as you think of St. Paul: Think of him coming down to the end of that journey from the prison cell on his way to execution, accompanied by the Roman guard; going on his way to the Imperial City; and as he goes he is singing in his soul, "I am persuaded that neither life, nor death, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus, my Lord." He is singing, "I am now ready to be offered up, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith, and henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." And now come with me to the place of execution, and as his poor aching head falls there in the dust, his brave spirit enters into those worlds of light where never the shadow comes, where never the sense of loneliness can enter, into the presence of God, where the glory is no longer hidden, but is fully revealed. Oh, we must wait until to-morrow to know the blessedness of the glory of our Lord! "Such as I am! Such as I am!" Are you willing to accept that as the standard of your life to-day? Are you willing to give all for Jesus Christ to-day? "Such as I am!" Why, before he left us he told how he was caught up into the heavens and heard the things that were unspeakable by human lips. He saw unutterable glory before him, and that glory he is enjoying in all its completeness to-day. "Such as I am," living in the presence of the Master. "Such as I am," with God's right hand outreached to me. "Such as I am," with the blessed cross above me and beneath me, and lifting me up so that I glory in it more and more. "Such as I am," a slave to Jesus Christ. "Such as I am," with the Everlasting Arms beneath me. "Such as I am," with the grace of God abounding through me. "Such as I am," kept by faith through salvation. And he is saying to you and me this morning, "Come up to this level with me; come up to this level of living; to this place where you shall be given utterly to God."

Give yourselves to him now as never before. Dedicate yourselves to God for service; then the world shall be a blessing to you, and you shall become a blessing to the world, because you are such as Paul was.

Among the Workers

—Evangelist W. E. Biederwolf and several others have organized a "Family Altar League." There is very evident to-day a sad lack of family worship in American homes.

—Dr. William Edgar Geil, the well-known writer and traveler, has sailed from San Francisco for the Orient. His ultimate destination is Tibet, and the unknown land beyond the Gobi Desert.

—Missionary William Greet of the Tehri Mission in the Himalayas, is now engaged in revising the Gospels in the dialect of that country, and the mountaineers will soon have the Word for the first time in their own familiar tongue.

—Evangelist Tilman Hobson has just closed a series of successful meetings in Northern Indiana. He was associated with the Simultaneous Meetings for a part of two seasons under the direction of the General Assembly's Committee on Evangelistic Work.

—Isador Spraker, a reader of this journal, writes: "Burney, Cassel, Fall River and Hat Creek, Shasta County, Calif., offer a great opportunity for an evangelist or stationed preacher. There is no regular preacher here. The people would support one who would come and work for the common good of all."

—Rev. W. E. Biederwolf, the director of the Kansas Forward Movement, is now holding meetings at Clay Center, Northern Kansas. He has a corps of workers, including Charles F. Allen, Homer Rodeheaver, soloist; Ray Y. Cliff and Alexander Asher. Evangelist Tilman Hobson is conducting a meeting at Seneca; H. W. Stough at Norton; French Oliver at Phillipsburg; W. N. Conoley at Hayes, and meetings are progressing in other towns.

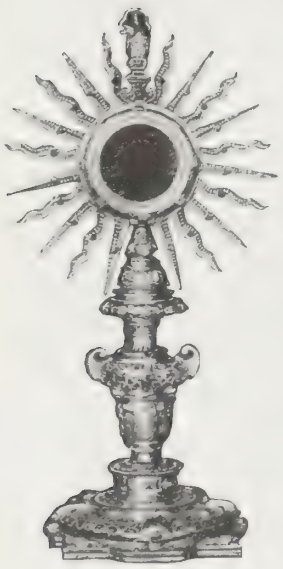
ROME'S ATTEMPT TO STORM ENGLAND

Her Programme of Conquest Foiled by Premier Asquith Forbidding the Papal Procession of "the Ho"

Archbishop Bourne

Catholic Cathedral of Westminster

Cardinal Vannutelli



The Monstrance
Which was forbidden to be carried through the streets of London.

By WILLIAM DURBAN

THE British people are at this moment, so far as the overwhelming majority are concerned, deeply incensed at the action of the Pope, the Vatican, Cardinal Vannutelli, and Dr. Bourne, Catholic Archbishop of Westminster. The action of Mr. Asquith, the Prime Minister, and of Mr. Herbert Gladstone, the Home Secretary, in prohibiting the ceremony of carrying the "Elevated Host" in the gorgeous procession through the streets of East London, around the Roman Catholic Cathedral at Westminster, has given mortal offense to thousands of Romanists, and has elicited, on the other hand, enthusiastic expression of approval from multitudes of Protestants.

It was imagined by some superficial minds that the whole incident would in a few days be forgotten; but a most acrimonious controversy is raging in the correspondence of the British daily press, and countless editorials are being written day by day. The British people are more deeply stirred than they have been by any religious question during the last half century.

The Eucharistic Congress at Westminster was designed by Rome to accelerate the materialization of the deeply-cherished idea of the Papal conquest of England, in order to the complete subsequent subjugation of the rest of the world. This aim was in no way concealed. For the first time since the days of Queen Elizabeth, over three centuries ago, a Papal legate has been sent to England, in the person of the famous Cardinal Vannutelli, one of the most extreme leaders of the Ultramontane or Jesuit section of the Italian Catholics. The Pope, in giving his benediction to a party of young men leaving Rome for the Congress, said, "Go and convert England!"

When the Catholic Emancipation Act was passed by the British Parliament, enabling Catholics to become members of Parliament, and granting various other concessions, certain reservations were explicitly defined. In accordance with these, an attempt to carry the "Host" in public has always been well known to be illegal, and when it was announced that such a ceremony was being arranged, a storm of protestation at once broke out in Protestant circles. But the Archbishop persisted in his scheme, and entered on an altercation by letter with the Prime Minister and Home Secretary. Now, Premier Asquith is by profession a skilled lawyer, and he perfectly understood the bearings of the whole matter. Therefore, the Archbishop at length was compelled to yield, and the splendid procession, witnessed by immense multitudes, was shorn of its chief idolatrous accessory. Had this been displayed, undoubtedly a terrible street riot would have ensued.

The plea of the British Protestants in the case is a perfectly valid one, and is only too intelligible. They know that Roman Catholics in Europe persistently claim the full exercise of religious liberty, which they will not allow to others. This is the doctrine clearly laid down in the notorious Papal syllabus of 1884. What chiefly stirs strong Protestant indignation is not merely Roman Catholic doctrine, but modern Ultramontanism. English Protestants have deeply marked the long fight against freedom, intellectual and political, treacherously and insidiously fought by the Jesuits. It is recognized that multitudes of saintly and heavenly-minded Christians are members of the Roman Catholic Church; but for all that, it is the conviction of thoughtful and serious Evangelical Christians that Rome itself never sleeps. The *Curia* is implacable. And many incidents lamentably prove that toleration for religious opinions is utterly unknown as an element of the Roman Catholic system of ecclesiasticism. This system claims for priest the right to rule in all the affairs of ev human being, from the cradle to the grave.

One of the guests at the Eucharistic Congress London was the Bishop of Pernambuco, who cently superintended the burning of Bibles sent to South America from England. The Archbis of Malta, although that island is an integral p tion of the British Empire, demanded of the Brit government that it should deny to Protestants right to hold any meetings in the open air. Spain, many Protestant evangelists have duri recent years been flagrantly interfered with by t priests in the small towns and villages, and several instances they have been imprisoned several days by the mayors at the instigation of t priests.

Earnest attempts were made by Protesta workers to reach the souls of visitors to the Co gress. Tracts were distributed and conversatio were entered into, with the most encouraging r sults in many cases. An earnest agent of t Women's Protestant Union says: "Two oth Roman Catholic women were inclined to tax r with trying to make a disturbance; but in eve instance I found that patience, courtesy, a kindly fairness of dealing carried me safe through all difficulties. One of these women a mitted what, as I told her, I had never heard a Romanist admit yet—that Rome was both wro and cruel when she burnt the martyrs. This rema was quite voluntary on her part. I had never me tioned the burning of heretics."

Another of the Women's Protestant Union wor ers reports that while distributing tracts at Albe Hall, she had a terrible experience, and fe as if she had been transported to the Middle Age One priest said, very mockingly and triumphantly

"You do not know God! We are going to carr him through the streets on Sunday!"

"Indeed you are not," she replied. "That is n the living and true God. I do know him, and he ha been revealed to me by his Holy Spirit in Jesu Christ."

They were mostly indignant and would not tak the Gospel leaflets; but with some, earnest conve sation was possible. These were more reasonabl though very bigoted.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

V. R., Pennsylvania. "I wish to acknowledge a recently answered prayer. He will hear us if we only trust him."

G. R., Indiana. "I am sure that God answers prayer. I was in trouble many times, and found peace in prayer."

E. B., An Old Subscriber, Tennessee. "I want to join the list of believers, and to acknowledge God's goodness in answering prayer."

Mrs. C. O., Pennsylvania. "I want to tell through your paper that the Lord has heard and answered my prayers. He has never failed me."

E. F. M., New York. "This summer I promised God that if he would grant me a blessing for which I have been praying for years, I would tell it to the world. It came within a month."

F. G., Pennsylvania. "With a heart full of gratitude to God I wish to acknowledge his gracious mercy in answering a special prayer for me."

E. E. S., New Jersey. "I wish to tell of God's goodness in answering my prayers. The Answered Prayer column is very strengthening, and I know it helps many."

Reader, South Carolina. "I promised the Lord if he would carry me through a certain financial trouble I would acknowledge it to the world. He did answer."

G. K. S., Wisconsin. "I want you to know what a help to me your answered prayer column is. And I want to add my testimony to the others of the many prayers answered and how happy we are in our little home though our burdens at times seem unbearable."

H. O., Nebraska. "My Heavenly Father has answered many prayers for me. I am an old lady, and I learned to trust him many years ago and have found him more faithful than any earthly friend."

C. B. S., Connecticut. "I wish to add my testimony to answered prayers. I know that God hears and answers prayers. He has answered a great many for me in the past six weeks, some of which seemed almost miraculous."

M. M. I., Michigan. "I wish to acknowledge answers to prayer. The answer came almost while I was asking. I am still asking for more. We poor mortals are always in want for temporal, as well as spiritual blessings, and how thankful I am we have such a Father to whom we may go at all times and in all places."

M. E. W., Alabama. "I am an old subscribe and want to acknowledge through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD God's goodness in answering man prayers. For the space of forty years I ca recall times when I have had direct answers t my prayers."

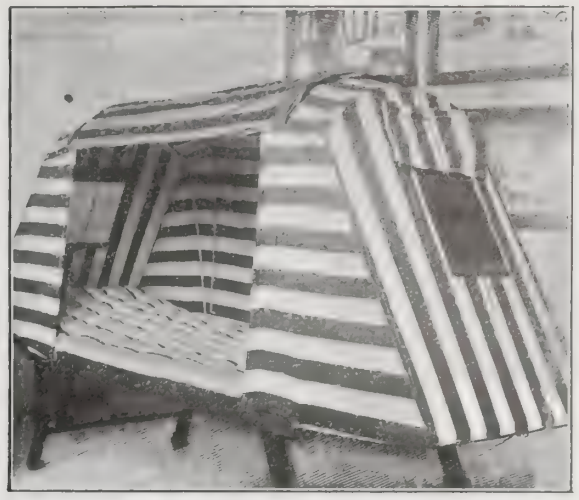
A Premium Worth Possessing

Dear Dr. Klopsch: Please accept my thanks for the book, "Imitation of Christ," you very kindly sent me as a premium. I expect to greatly enjoy reading the book. L. R. HETZEL.
New York City.

FIGHTING THE "WHITE PLAGUE"

A Model Dairy Shown at the Congress

Swedish Delegates at the Congress



Outdoor Collapsing Cot, Displayed at the Congress

IMPRESSIVE not so much from the exalted and dignified position in the world of science of many of the delegates, or from the thousands in attendance, as for the beneficent purpose for which the gathering had been called, was the opening of the Sixth Triennial International Congress on Tuberculosis. It met in the auditorium of the new National Museum in Washington, and was attended by over four thousand five hundred delegates, not physicians alone, though they were in the majority, but also by men distinguished in other fields of scientific research, diplomats and laymen who are all interested in the attempts that are already being made and in many instances successfully, to stay the ravages of the "Great White Plague," which demands more victims every year from the human race than all other diseases, wars, and famine combined.

Dr. E. LeDetre, Hungary

Secretary Cortelyou, of the Treasury Department, represented President Roosevelt and presided at the opening session. The diplomatic corps, the honorary presidents and the presidents of sections of the Congress which will consider special topics, met in an ante-room and led by Secretary Cortelyou entered the main hall and proceeded in a long procession to the platform. The Marine Band played "Hail to the Spirit of Liberty," as the dignified body of men arranged themselves back of the chairman's desk. The four honorary presidents were loudly cheered by the assembly when their names were announced —names of men who are known the world over for their unselfish efforts in behalf of suffering humanity. They were Dr. Robert Koch, of Berlin, who discovered the tuberculosis bacillus over thirty years ago; Dr. Louis Landouzy, of France; Dr. E. L. Trudeau, of Saranac Lake, N. Y., and Dr. Theodore Williams, of London.

Madame Carlstrom, Sweden

The hall in which the Congress met was fringed about with bunting, and festoons of foreign flags were gathered at the pillars. Here and there the bright dresses of women delegates (for the women are taking an active part in the sessions) added a bright touch of color to the scene. One of the ladies from Sweden wore her national costume at the meetings, but the rest, whatever their nationality, showed how strong is the influence of Paris and Berlin in other things than scientific research.

Secretary Cortelyou in his speech of welcome traced the growth of concerted action against tuberculosis and brought out many facts concerning the startling amount of human life sacrificed every year to the disease. The part taken by the National government against the disease greatly interested the foreign delegates.

"The government," said Mr. Cortelyou, "has prescribed certain rules to prevent the spread of the disease among its employees, and has also established government sanitaria. In 1899 the United States Public Health Service established the Marine Hospital Sanitarium at Fort Stanton, New Mexico, a government reservation of forty-five square miles, with an altitude of 6,231 feet. This accommodates an average of two hundred seamen of the merchant marine. The War Department maintains a sanitarium at Fort Bayard, New Mexico, and the Navy Department a sanitarium in Colorado. Congress has provided for a hospital in the District of Columbia for indigent persons. The Fifty-ninth Congress during its first session made provision for an investigation as to the prevalence of tuberculosis among the Indians." The Secretary said that the bubonic plague in India had not caused so many deaths as tuberculosis in the United States in an equal period of time, and that the statistics showed that in the last four years three times as many people died of tuberculosis in this country as were killed in action or died as the result of wounds during the entire four years of the American Civil War.

Dr. J. S. Fulton, Sec. of the Congress

Various famous physicians made short addresses, and when the form of Dr. Robert Koch, of Berlin, was seen making its way to the front of the platform, the enthusiasm of the delegates knew no bounds. The applause was deafening and came in a great muffled roar to people outside the building. Dr. Koch had been taking a hurried trip through Canada. He got there just in time to see the extent of the great forest fire. He traveled, he reports, in a cloud of smoke from Vancouver to Montreal. There he was compelled to cancel his engagements, as the smoke affected his throat, and he came on hurriedly to Washington, to strike a clearer atmosphere. When he spoke at the Congress, however, his voice had its usual clearness. He seemed greatly pleased at the welcome accorded him.

One of the interesting incidents of the Congress was a speech delivered in excellent English by Dr. Jee, the representative of China. He is now a student of medicine at Yale, and Minister Wu Ting Fang, gorgeous in his state robes, sat in a front row to hear Dr. Jee's address. Japan is also represented, showing the stride the East has made in medical science.

Dr. Eduardo Liceaya, Mexico

The real work of the Congress was accomplished in the meetings of sections, where the physicians could give their experience in more detail. One paper was read by Dr. Barber, who advocated a system of immunizing people by inoculating them with the living germ, much as a patient is vaccinated to prevent small-pox. A large number of the physicians consider this as altogether too radical, but it was considered as opening up a new field of study for the physician.

The subject of tuberculosis in cows and the danger of people contracting tuberculosis from milk was the subject of lengthy debate. In fact, two distinct views are held as to whether the present infective test is decisive. Dr. Raw, of London, said that "the bacillus of tuberculosis must be present in milk before it is capable of producing tuberculosis."

How the Audience Appeared, Viewed from the Platform

In the educational exhibit held in connection with the Congress is a model dairy, showing a building constructed after hygienic plans for the shelter of the herd and the proper appliances to keep the milk from being contaminated. There were various devices shown for protecting the body while the patient is sleeping out of doors, that plays such a prominent part in the present treatment of the disease. The collapsable cot with a little canvas tent over it was considered one of the successful solutions of the problem. Fresh air, winter and summer, with proper diet, is saving many.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

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Subscriptions may commence with any issue.
Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter
Entered as Second-class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa

Seeking for Light

TO SEE old age passing amid spiritual darkness, when it might be radiant with brightness and hope, is a spectacle to awaken both sadness and pity. This is the picture suggested by a very remarkable letter recently published in the New York *Sun*, in which Professor Goldwin Smith, the famous agnostic, reviews the results of his lifelong search after truth and records his failure. "Canst thou by searching find out God?" asked Zophar the Naamathite. "Canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection?" The aged professor has tried to do this. He has apparently tested all the modern creeds, has found it impossible to reconcile them, and has abandoned the attempt. His long life seems to be closing in hopeless gloom.

Professor Smith has run through the complete gamut of intellectual inquiry. He has found the old Bible seemingly full of flaws and inconsistencies, and has expended all the resources of his scholarship in studying the complicated question of authorship and authenticity. With the inevitable futility of science when applied to spiritual inquiry, he has tried to reduce infinity to a mathematical demonstration. Putting reason in the seat of faith, he has excluded all evidence that did not appeal to intellectuality. He confesses with sincere sorrow that he found the problems of deity, creation, man's destiny, and the conflict of good with evil, unsolvable. Immortality he pronounces incomprehensible. "We cannot appeal from reason to faith," he writes; "there must be reason." Yet, amid all his disappointments arising from his scientific search for God and truth, and notwithstanding the fact that he regards all religious dogma as "merely human," he finds in the Christian ideal of character the one thing that may continue to unite Christendom. In it, he admits, "we have a rule of life." Though he holds immortality to be imagination, he finds in man a "natural belief" in deity. If the great agnostic, who is so frank in admitting his failures, could have grasped the fact that faith is the only bridge that can span the dark abyss, how different would have been the result!

Lord Kelvin, one of the most distinguished scientists of the age, who passed away last winter, was, like Professor Goldwin Smith, a seeker after light. But he had found the great secret—faith. "I find science full of the evidence of God," he wrote, "and no reading of theological books is necessary to keep me contented with the Christian religion of my childhood."

There are a thousand things in our daily lives—in nature and in science, and many palpable things in ourselves—that we cannot comprehend. How, then, can we divine the mind of the great Creator? He has given us a revelation by which, if we accept it in simple faith, as Lord Kelvin did and as many other leaders among men have done, we can grow to further comprehension. It is only by faith, and faith alone, as simple and trustful as that of a little child, that we, who are but as children in a spiritual sense, can realize our relation to God, and our duty to him and to our fellow-men. Paul told the inquiring Corinthians that "a veil lay upon their hearts" because of a lack of faith, and that it would be taken away when they turned to God, and accepted his revelation of truth and reconciliation through Jesus Christ. So it is with our learned inquirers to-day. Until they realize that infinity is beyond the horizon of mere finite search, and that to find the spiritual kingdom of life and immortality which Christ brought to light, they must become as little children, they will continue to search in vain.

Flood and Pestilence in Asia

WHILE it is true that we in this country suffer occasionally from floods, forest fires and similar visitations, we may well consider our own recent experience at least as insignificant, when we read of the frightful calamities that are occurring in some other parts of the globe. India, baked by drought so long that another famine was threatened, has now been visited by rains so heavy that lakes and rivers have burst their banks. A great territorial area in Hyderabad and Deccan was flooded, and 10,000 persons, chiefly women and helpless children, were drowned. One unfortunate village was literally swallowed up by the flood, and so covered with black mud that its thousand houses had disappeared. Pestilence, which usually follows in the wake of such disasters, is now apprehended. China, too, contributes its share to the grim story of suffering. Bubonic plague has broken out near Tientsin; but what is far more terrible and significant is the news that cholera has carried off 30,000 victims in Hankow Province this season, including a number of foreigners. It has been raging unchecked throughout the whole Yangtse Valley. Investigation will very likely disclose the fact that the cholera has spread from Chinese seaports to other parts of Asia and the Philippines, and possibly that the Russian visitation also is traceable to the same source.

An Example of Stewardship

FOR many years THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has advocated the principle in its pages that men and women of wealth are for the most part stewards of the property that has been entrusted to them, and that the more this is realized by them the less would be the friction between the social classes of our population. More and more our men of wealth and leaders of industry are taking a practical interest in public institutions and philanthropic enterprises and are showing that their stewardship is one to which they or their families may point with pride. A great deal of this giving for the public good has been done unostentatiously, and the names of some great philanthropists have only been made known to the public at their death.

A few weeks ago there died at Owego, N. Y., Frederick Cooper Hewitt, a man of distinguished family, but who lived quietly, a lover of art, literature and good works. He left a fortune of seven millions, and as his relatives were wealthy, he left all but one hundred thousand of this vast sum for the benefit of his fellow men. He gave his famous collection of pictures to a museum and a large sum for the promotion of art in America; over two millions were left to a New York hospital, a hospital whose authorities did not know the donor's name and were unaware that he had ever been there even as a visitor; school orphanages, homes of various kinds were remembered in the long list of benefactions through which Mr. Hewitt will be a power for good long after the close of his earthly career.

The same day on which those princely gifts were announced it was learned that a gentleman in New York had given ten millions to further the cause of technical education. Such things go far toward settling many of our present-day social and economic problems and are examples that will undoubtedly be followed with increasing frequency by others.

Switzerland's Temperance Victory

LITTLE Switzerland has set the whole world an example in the triumphant and public-spirited way in which it has dealt with the evil of intemperance. For many years past, the use of absinthe had been increasing in several of the Swiss Cantons, producing crime and physical and moral deterioration. This was especially the case in the Cantons of Vaud, Geneva and Neuchatel. About 1,000,000 litres of the poisonous alcoholic drink were consumed annually, over one-half being sold and drunk in Geneva.

Now, in Switzerland, the twenty-two Cantons have a patriotic motto which reads "One for all and all for one." The sensible and order-loving Swiss felt that the grave danger which threatened those three Cantons should be made a national question. Accordingly, a movement was begun to have prohibitive laws enacted. This was first accomplished in the Canton of Vaud in 1906, after a most exciting campaign, during which 83,000 persons signed a petition to the legislature. In the Canton of Geneva a similar petition received 35,000 signatures, and a prohibitive law was passed a year ago. Neuchatel Canton, the centre of the great absinthe industry, was the next battle ground. Here the foe was so entrenched that a cantonal law was out of the question. A Federal Committee was appointed and petition circulated demanding that the *sale a manufacture* of absinthe be prohibited throughout the entire Confederation and that this should be passed upon by the Swiss nation by means of the referendum or popular vote. This received 168,000 signatures, while only 50,000 were needed to bring about the "initiative vote."

So strong was the influence of the liquor interest that the whole scheme was in danger of defeat. How it finally triumphed is told in these words by Mr. J. H. Abegg, of Goldbach, a well-informed and influential Swiss:

> The Federal Chambers (Congress), however, consisting of the Upper and the Lower House, after a memorable session and largely owing to epoch-making speeches by such men as Gustave Ador of Geneva, Secretary of Vaud, the philosopher and moralist, Professor Hilty and others, decided to allow the referendum. Then followed throughout Switzerland a stirring campaign, by means of which the dangers of the absinthe habit were clearly set before the entire country. And when, on July 5 of this year, the vote was cast throughout the land, it was found, to the joy of all lovers of their country and its highest interests and prosperity, that the proposals of the "initiators" were accepted by 241,078 ayes to 138,669 nays—a majority of 102,409.
>
> The German Cantons—let it be said to their honor—voted for reasons purely fraternal and patriotic, not to say ethical, to help their fellow citizens of French Switzerland.

The new law goes into effect January 1, 1910. One notable result of the Swiss victory for temperance has been the starting of a similar anti-absinth movement in France, where the vice of absinth drinking has become a national scourge.

Sunday School Conversions

RESPONDING to our recent invitation, a number of Sunday School superintendents in different States have written to this journal, forwarding statements of the proportion of conversions in their schools during the past year. These letters appear on another page. In every instance, the ratio is much greater than that indicated for the Sunday Schools of this country generally by the authority we recently quoted. It will be remembered that the authority in question, basing his calculations upon the reports prescribed at the last Sunday School National Convention, announced the startling conclusion that more than one-half the Sunday School scholars of this country, a great host of over 7,000,000 souls, "go down to death unsaved."

Those Sunday School superintendents already heard from give figures that are very far from substantiating this remarkable charge. Indeed, if they are to be accepted as a fair index of the whole, the inevitable conclusion is that the Sunday Schools are doing their duty faithfully and efficiently, and that a very much larger proportion of the scholars are brought to accept Christ and to unite with the church, than has been represented.

We cordially repeat the invitation to the superintendents to send us the facts, briefly stating the proportion of annual conversions among their scholars and the numbers who unite with the church.

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THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

THE WOMEN'S CONGRESS IN SESSION AT GENEVA, SWITZERLAND

International Women's Congress

THE Congress of the International Council of Women was held in Geneva during the month of September. It was opened by Lady Aberdeen, Acting President of the Congress. The delegates included representatives of the United Kingdom, Canada, the United States, Australia, the Argentine, and the chief Continental nations. We live in an era of conventions for men and for women. Women's gatherings are found everywhere, from the committee meeting of the church or lodge, to township, county, State and national conventions of all kinds, which consider the questions that affect the material, mental and moral welfare of the people. This international parliament was composed of the most conspicuous representatives of the different countries, and devoted its attention especially to the health and broader education of the people. Among heathen nations, woman has generally been counted man's slave, or beast of burden. It is only where God's will has been revealed that she has been allowed to take her proper place in the doings and destiny of the world. No women of olden time were so honored as were those of the Hebrews; but Christ taught the church and the world woman's real place in society. He broke the shackles of her slavery and gave her freedom for the exalted tasks and divine liberties of his children. Our Christian civilization has recognized the tremendous influence of women in the home and church and State, and the actions of the congresses—local, national and international—will be looked to with the deepest public interest.

She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness. (Prov. 31 : 26.)

Was Too Late

A score of years ago the Hornikel family lived happily in a little village near Berlin. Their son, a boy in his teens, tiring of the monotonous life of the country, came to America and obtained employment as a jeweler in Chicago. He continued to write home to his parents for two years, and then he ceased his correspondence. The father died and the mother, in sorrow and loneliness, tried to learn of her son's whereabouts. Failing to discover him, she made her home with a married daughter. Every week she wrote a letter to her boy, sending it to the old address, trusting that some way or other it might follow and reach him. A few months ago she suffered a paralytic stroke, which it was thought would prove fatal, but the passion of her life was to find the boy, and so she sailed for New York to make the search. Being too weak to travel to Chicago she stopped at Newark, N. J. There she put an advertisement in the *War Cry*, mentioning the name of her boy and asking him to come home, saying, "We miss you." A letter came from her son Emil in New Orleans, who had now grown to be a man in middle life, asking the editor of the *War Cry* where his mother could be found. The answer was sent with the mother's address and with this message from her: "Hasten, my boy. I am dying." He started on the first train, but had only gotten a little distance when this telegram met him: "Your mother is dead; we found you just too late." The man was full of remorse and deep regret at his long silence and the pain he had brought to his mother's heart. There are so many kind words we could speak, so many loving acts we could perform, that are withheld until it is too late; there are so many determinations to abandon an evil habit, to lay out courses of beneficent action; so many intentions to cease the wanderings from home and come back to the heart of the Infinite Father who yearns for the return of his child, which are delayed until it is too late! It is a sad thing not to reach a mother's side who really is dying with loneliness for the return of her boy; but it is a much more serious thing to be too late in reaching the heart of Christ and heaven, the home of the soul.

And while they went to buy, the bridegroom came; and they that were ready went in with him to the marriage; and the door was shut. (Matt. 25 : 10.)

Penalty of Cheating

A midshipman at Annapolis from Minnesota, a member of the second class at the United States Naval Academy, has been allowed to resign because of improper conduct at the recent competition at Camp Perry, Ohio. This young man raised his own record for target work and his score was so high that he had been recommended for a sharp-shooter's medal. The medal was about to be issued when Captain Charles J. Badger, Superintendent of the Naval Academy, discovered that the midshipman's high rank in the contest had been secured by fraud. The successful contestant admitted that he had raised the score higher than it should have been, in order to obtain a place on the Navy Rifle Team. As his previous record had been good, he was allowed to resign from the navy instead of being discharged in disgrace as he otherwise would have been.

What a sad thing for a young man of ability and high ambition to make such a mistake! No matter how penitent he may be or determined to live an honest life, he will be a long time repairing the damage he has done himself. In the competitions of life for its favors and rewards, too large a number are willing to steal or lie or cheat to secure their own benefit or promotion. It speaks well for the United States government that so high a standard of morals is required. In numerous instances vice seems to have its rewards in matters of money and official promotion, but in the long run it is the man that plays fair as well as shoots straight that secures the rewards rather than suffers the penalties in the contests of this world.

Ye shall not steal, neither lie one to another. (Lev. 19 : 11.)

The Beaded Moccasins and War

The Indian war between the Pelly River and Blind Creek tribes, which threatened such disaster, has just been settled by the swift and brave action of Captain Fitzhorrigan. The trouble between the tribes was traceable directly to the imprudence of the young wife of a member of the Blind Creek tribe. Her husband, Jonathan, a member of the Blind Creeks and brother to the chief, had been socially ostracized because he was a thief. His wife, tired of this social ban, received the attention of Liard Bob, a Pelly River Indian. She gave him an elaborately embroidered and beaded pair of moccasins. Jonathan, hearing of it, was furious and tried to kill the popular Bob. They fought with knives and fists until Bob, slipping Jonathan, obtained his knife and had him at his mercy. Then Jonathan seized a shotgun and fired at his prostrate rival. Bob reached for Jonathan's rifle, and shot him dead with his own weapon, whereupon Chief Ijuth of the Blind Creeks, brother of the murdered man, at once swore blood vengeance and gathered about him a thousand Indians to take the warpath. Word of the impending conflict was carried to Dawson by two trappers, Poole and Field. Captain Fitzhorrigan at once chartered a steamer and went to the camp of the chief, where he found two thousand Indians ready for war, while the members of the other tribe were getting ready also for a contest which had in it possible tribal extermination. The British officer, by his expedition, tact and excellent spirit, brought the hostile forces together in a manner which secured permanent peace. Since the days of Homer the stealing of a woman has been the occasion of the fiercest wars; social intrigues have opened fountains of blood on many a battlefield. Conjugal fidelity is the only basis of individual happiness or national prosperity and peace.

Let everyone so love his wife even as himself; and the wife see that she reverence her husband. (Eph. 5 : 33.)

Dogs Hanged for Crime

An Eskimo boy, six years of age, was playing with some sleigh-dogs at Sandwich Bay, Labrador, when his foot tripped and he fell to the ground. Two of the dogs, like so many sleigh-dogs of the North, seeing their opportunity, pounced upon him and killed him while he was down. The father of the child went to Cartwright, the missionary who owned the dogs, and demanded that the animals should be hanged as a penalty for their crime; and so, to pacify him, the dogs were condemned to death and formally hanged.

Animals, though having no conscience, are often punished for their wrong-doing. The sheep-stealing dog was marked for death, and the one that bit a child or an adult was only permitted to live by the toleration of the community. These Eskimo dogs knew no better than to pounce upon the boy and kill him; but there are human beasts who know better, that kill men, women and children, and it is one of the mistakes of our times that penalties for crime, and especially for murder, are so inadequately visited upon the wrong-doers by our courts of justice, and that encouragement, rather than discouragement, is often given to the malefactor.

Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil. (Eccles. 8 : 11.)

Sold His Blood

A tramp who came from Baltimore to New York, stealing his way in the corner of a freight car, sold eighteen ounces of his blood for ten dollars in cash to the authorities at the Presbyterian Hospital, to save a rich patient from death. He was told optimistically by the surgical staff that perhaps in four days after the vital fluid had been extracted he would be able to walk and return to his lodgings in the Mills Hotel. For over an hour the young man lay on his back on the operating table; he then arose, unassisted, and, ignoring the protests of the doctors, walked out of the hospital. He did not stagger, his eyes were clear, and the only evidence that he had risked his life for ten dollars to save that of a person he did not know, was a bandage wound tightly about his left arm, where the incision had been made. He spent the rest of the day, from half-past two in the afternoon until eleven o'clock, visiting friends, when he returned to his lodging-place. The saving of life by a transfusion of blood has gotten to be a practically scientific demonstration. The purchase of the best things, including life, with blood, has been a law of the world. There was One who did not sell his blood for silver or gold, but who gave it freely that the children of men might have life.

Whoso eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life. (John 6 : 54.)

CRUISER "YANKEE" IN PERIL

AT SUNRISE on the morning of September 23, while a dense fog obscured the Massachusetts coast, the United States cruiser *Yankee* struck on the jagged rocks known as the Hen and Chickens in Buzzard's Bay. It is said that the cruiser was quite a little off her course, due to the weather conditions. Her commander, Charles C. Marsh, was on deck when the crash and jar told him the *Yankee* had struck. He at once signaled the engine room to have the engines reversed to back the *Yankee* off the ledge. But the propellers whirled in vain. The ship was hard and fast.

The officers hurriedly examined her hull, and found that it had been cut through, and that the water was pouring in rapidly. One compartment was already filled with water. Messages were sent ashore and four tugs and a collier were there in a few hours to render assistance. A second examination of the hull showed several small holes in the bottom and one great cut about eight feet above the keel, and there were several large holes on the port side, where the sharp rocks had bitten through. It was found that the cruiser could not be got off unless a bulwark was built about her like a coffer dam, and the water pumped out.

For nearly a week various schemes were tried, more water getting into the hold, and her situation getting rapidly worse. Several times the wind rose and drove the water in heavy surges against the helpless cruiser, shaking her on her rocky bed, ripping her plates and sending new floods of water into her compartments. D one storm it was feared she wou scuttled. A corps of naval apprer from the training station at New R. I., were placed on board to hel pair her from the inside. They compelled to leave the vessel, how as the fireroom became flooded, the fires under the boilers were out. It was at once surmised tha other large hole had been pou through the bottom by the racking ship received during the heavy Rear-Admiral Capps said there w good chance of saving the *Yanke* they could build a coffer dam in front compartment, and there wer storms for eight or ten days. could then be pumped out and towe Boston. The ship has her full ler perched upon the rocks at present, her guns and coal have been taken

The coast from Buzzard's around Cape Cod to Boston has a graveyard for ships ever since days of the first explorers. Rocks bars extend hundreds of feet f shore and make it dangerous wate sail in except in the best of weat The records of ships lost on length of coast show that many h dreds have already left their h there to the mercy of the elements.

U. S. Cruiser "Yankee" Ashore on Hen and Chickens Reef

Superintendents on Sunday School Conversions

IN A RECENT issue, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD called attention to the surprising statement, emanating from a supposed authority on Sunday School work, that "over half of our Sunday School scholars are untouched by the Gospel invitation; that 11,000,000 children out of a total of 14,000,000 pass out of the school unconverted during a period of eight years, and that even conceding many conversions after the Sunday School age, it would still be true that a great host of over 7,000,000 souls go down to death unsaved."

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD invited the views of Sunday School superintendents on this subject. We give below some of the replies received:

The Old and New Systems Contrasted

In my earlier days in Sunday School and church work we had but few so-called "helps." Our text-books were the Bible and little Testaments brought generally from the homes of the scholars and teachers. All became acquainted with the Scriptures at first hand and the teaching was expository and spiritual. Scholars would memorize many verses of Scripture to be rehearsed and would often commit to memory entire chapters. Thus the memory was educated and a store of divine knowledge acquired, to be drawn on in the coming years.

Since the introduction of the International Sunday School literature and so-called "Lesson-Helps," the churches have been pestered with a class of so-called "great Sunday School workers" whose main endowments were a superficial portable kind of religion, hence the scholars become what their teachers and teachings are.

Humansville, Mo. W. H. WEST.

Fifty per Cent. of His Scholars Converted

I have been superintendent of the Methodist Episcopal Church Sunday School for ten years, and I think I can safely say that fifty per cent. of our children have been converted, and are leading consistent Christian lives. The other fifty per cent. are living good and moral lives. Of this latter number twenty-five per cent. are converted and added to the church. By the help of the Lord we hope to see the balance become consecrated Christians, and as these grow up and pass out, we hope to see the children yet to be born falling in line.

Dahlonega, Ga. G. MCGUIRE.

The Sunday School the Church's Feeder

From our school, during the year ending March 31, 1908, eighteen persons united with the church. All of these were under twenty years of age. I believe the Sabbath School is doing a greater work to-day than any other institution outside of the home, to mould character and to make of our boys and girls good, honest, God-fearing, country-loving men and women. All honor to the thousands of noble men and women who, unknown, unthanked and unpaid, are doing this great work for God and country. JNO. A. MCCAGUE,

Superintendent Presbyterian Sabbath School. Sewickley, Pa.

Another Spiritually Live Sunday School

We have had thirteen (13) conversions in our school (enrolment 50) already this year. All of these are young people and have joined the church and are doing a great work for the Lord. I believe these have come through the direct work of their teachers and home influence. My teachers are all consecrated Christians, members of the church, and zealous workers, which is absolutely necessary to soul-saving work.

If the figures in the article you quote are true, they show that there is too much "buying" scholars into the Sunday Schools by gift schemes, pins, reward tickets, etc., and too many teachers who are not consecrated Christians. Consequently the spiritual part of the work is lowered and left undone.

FRED C. MARKERT,

Superintendent Baptist Sunday School. Wildwood, Fla.

A Large Proportion of Converts

I submit the following from our church records: Our church has received for baptism, upon profession of saving faith in Jesus, since June, 1901, a total of 89, of which 71 were Sunday School scholars, between 12 and 21 years old. Some of our scholars have joined other Baptist churches near by. Within the past thirteen months our church has received 26 for baptism upon profession, of which 20 were Sunday School scholars. Our church is a small country church, with preaching one Sunday only each month.

THOS. D. COOPER,

Greenville, S. C. *Supt. Reedy River S. S.*

Thinks the Criticism Too Sweeping

My conviction and observation are that there is a great deal of truth in the strictures on the Sunday School by the clergyman you refer to, and it is due in large measure to the fact that so many Sunday School teachers are not trained teachers, and above all to the fact that they are not filled sufficiently with the spirit of Christ, and are not therefore enough interested in the work to do it well. The majority of our Sunday School teachers do not get close enough to their pupils to feel perfectly free and easy with them in presenting Christ for their consideration. We need more teachers who have received Christ into their own hearts and lives, and who are glad to present him to others, especially to their Sunday School pupils. We have this same difficulty to contend with in our Sunday Schools here (the Methodist Episcopal South).

This past summer, however, we had a fine revival meeting, in which we received twenty-eight new members into the church from the Sunday School, and this out of a total of forty-one new members, some of whom came in, however, by letter. This meeting was very gratifying to me as superintendent of our school, for it has given me talking material from my own experiences in favor of the Sunday School as the recruiting ground of the Church, and I think will enable us to improve things considerably.

I trust that you will find that the clergyman in question is wrong in the sweeping conclusions he draws, and I believe he is; but I feel sure that there is by far too much truth in his strictures. N. R. GRIGSBY,

Supt. Methodist (South) S. S.

Minden, La.

Conclusion Wrong, Says Superintendent

Our Sunday School has an enrolment of about 300, and an average attendance of about 225. We took into the church from the Sunday School 25 young people—boys and girls. I think they were all under fifteen years. At that time there were not more than eight or ten over eight years old who were not members of some church.

I think the authority you quote draws wrong conclusions from his figures. Surely a large number of the Sunday School people of to-day are above the age limit of fourteen years. In our school over one-half are more than fourteen years old. C. A. BARRETT,

Edmond, Okla. *Supt. M. E. S. S.*

A Pennsylvania School's Good Record

I am a superintendent of a small Sunday School, about four miles from my home, in a neglected place. I can unhesitatingly say that its spiritual condition is deepening and extending throughout the community. While we have an average attendance of only fifteen scholars, we have had three professed conversions during the past six months in our little prayer meetings that directly follow our Sunday School hour of study.

I think the trouble with the statistics is that the question is asked in the annual report: "How many from your school have united with the church during the last year?" At this point, we have no church for them to unite with; but each of the three mentioned is striving to live a better life and will doubtless unite with the church sometime. And were it not for the Sunday School, these people would have no means of grace or Gospel privileges.

Powell, Pa. PERRY BROWN.

A High Percentage of Conversions

I will give you a report of my Sunday School during the last six years. In my first year we had 48 attendance; second year, 51; third year, 57; fourth year, 46; fifth year, 59; sixth year, 68; total conversions during the six years 61. Nearly all were children taught in the Sunday School. I cannot help saying, "Praise the Lord for the Sunday School!"

Pretty Prairie, Kan. D. P. DOPPS.

Twenty Per Cent. Converts in a Year

We have had about twenty conversions in our Sunday School in the last twelve months. We have only a small school—one hundred enrolled, with seventy-five average attendance. Our school is in pretty good working order.

LEVENT JOHNSON,

Chandler, Ind. *Supt. M. E. S. S.*

From a Texas Superintendent

I have been—with short interruption—superintendent for a country Sunday School in Frio County, Texas, for eighteen years. We are working in the ranks of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Southwest Conference, San Antonio District. The children of the neighborhood, especially of the Methodist congregation, have grown up under my observation and special care as superintendent.

In regard to figures not lying, I will say they are deceitful in such matters. In the last two years out of a Sunday School of about twenty children (average attendance by record), we had eleven join the church, the remainder being too young to understand the significance of such an act. Thus they come and go from year to year. The real effect of the continuous, faithful Sunday School work, not in figures, but in fact, is that the former children, now grown up and having little children th selves, have built in this comparatively community in a droughty climate a $1, church building and are not sending, but l ing, their little ones to Sunday School and the Saviour. F. CLAUSEWITZ,

Pearsall, Tex. *Superintenden*

The Sunday School Outlook

For the information of all who a interested in the present controver we give the following statement of t Sunday School situation by M Marion Lawrence, General Secreta of the International Interdenomin tional Sunday School Association:

The total Sunday School enrolment of No America is nearly one million larger than was three years ago. To-day the grand to of scholars on this continent is 20,000,000, a teachers 1,500,000. In the past triennium excess of 900,000 additions have come to chur membership through the Sunday School. Abo fourteen new Sunday Schools a day have be organized since 1905, enrolling a total 15,000, and more for the past three years.

The financial support of the Internatio Association has increased from $56,000, whi was received from 1902 to 1905, to $106,0 which was received from 1905 to 1908. Th amount has made it possible to employ o hundred and sixteen special secretaries a departmental experts in the work of the A sociation, and fifty-six others are giving pa of their time to Sunday School organizati throughout our country and the Provinces Canada. The Cradle Roll enrolment h reached the enormous figure in the past t ennium of 444,000, representing a gain of o hundred per cent.

The whole world is a-tingle with Sund School enthusiasm and interest. To-day t Sunday School occupies a more favorable pla in the world's thought than ever before. Th is our day of opportunity. Phenomenal growt in Sunday School organization is reported fro Mexico, from the West Indies, from Japa Korea, from the great northwestern Canadia Provinces of Saskatchewan, Alberta and Bri ish Columbia, from the Central West and th Far West of our own country.

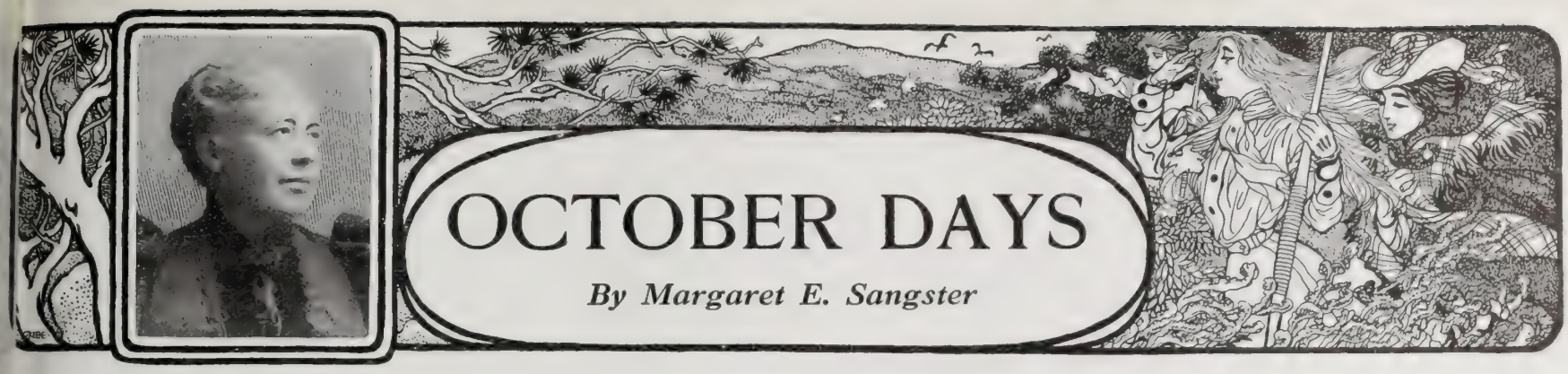
A Delighted Subscriber

Dear Dr. Klopsch: After havin read in the Red Letter Bible, whic you so generously gave as a premiu through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, have come to the conclusion that haven't half expressed my apprecia tion of this great Book, and you whole-souled generosity.

It has been a great comfort to m in my loneliness to read it. May Go help me to give it the attention it de serves, and not only that, but to live u to its teachings.

MISS OLGA ALBERT.

Sioux City, Ia.



OCTOBER DAYS

By Margaret E. Sangster

On Losing Friends

I AM not about to write of the loss of our friends by death. Friends who leave us for the world beyond are often as near us then as while they lingered here. We are often separated from them by absence and distance, so that the years glide by without our having opportunities to meet, and meanwhile youth gives place to age and the friendship exists only in name. A ballad called "Cousin Anne and Cousin Jane" set forth this situation vividly, and, though I read it a long time ago, I have never forgotten its story. Two little girls lived, one in Boston town and one down in Maine. They were cousins and they corresponded. They had been promised the pleasure of a visit, each to the other, when they were children, but it was not then convenient for their elders to give them the indulgence, and so it was put off until they should be young women. After that there were still insuperable obstacles in the line of church, and Cousin Anne and Cousin Jane did not meet. Then both married, and presently settled into the numerous cares of their respective households. When at last the wish of a lifetime was carried out, Cousin Anne and Cousin Jane were white-haired grandmothers of their seventies. I doubt whether they would have been much farther apart during the meridian of their lives had one been in heaven and one on earth.

We do not lose our friends when they cease to be with us in this place of service. They have only gone to another sphere, and often they may be closer to us than we imagine. Longfellow has said, "There is no death; what seems so is transition." Whittier in a beautiful lyric writes that

> Death is but a covered way
> That leadeth unto light,
> Wherein no blinded child can stray
> Beyond the Father's sight.

Gerald Massey sings:

> In this dim world of clouding cares,
> We rarely know, till wildered eyes
> See white wings lessening up the skies,
> How angels with us unawares.

My point is, if I can but make it clear, that those whom we call dead are more alive than we, and that we do not lose our dear ones when they are for a while out of our sight. We lose our friends while they are still with us, in mournful ways, in needless ways, by mistakes and misunderstandings and by wilful neglect. Sometimes we outgrow them. We started together and we seemed to have the same chance, but our life path was not unlike that of the men who set out in motor cars many months ago racing from New York across the continent, seeking through snow and ice, heat and drought, perils of every description in unknown lands, to reach their ultimate goal in the French capital. Life for some of us is about as hard and rough and full of peril and adventure as for the men who engineered those daring motor cars. Life for others is almost all on flowery beds of ease. It is quite as impossible for friends who are developed through a term of years by antagonistic experiences, to remain entirely the same in heart. We are said to change our identity physically at least every seven years. Our soul identity suffers change also, and friends outgrow one another. This is best illustrated in youth. Two little girls or two lads who are very intimate when they play together and attend the same school, grow apart when in adolescence one goes to college or abroad, and the other is early pushed into business, or stays at home in the same environment. This losing of friends belongs to the common task and the daily round, and is not a thing over which to waste sentiment. A sadder way of losing friends is when through envy, jealousy, or any of the meaner motives that underlie life, two who have been congenial and have been mutually helpful are sundered.

> It is the little rift within the lute
> That by and by will make the music mute.

We lose our friends oftenest, perhaps, through plain laziness. We are like Martha, cumbered with service. We are busy in the household, busy with the children; worried, it may be, over the income; tired when night comes with the toil of the day. We ought to have dressed in the afternoon and gone out to make calls, but we could not get up the necessary courage, and so we deferred this agreeable duty until a more convenient season. There is a friend of whom you and I can think, who lives only at an hour's distance and to whom we owe a visit, but four seasons have slipped by, from snow-flakes to lilies, from bird-songs to silence, and the visit has not been paid. Once we were ready to make it, but we thought we would wait for a new gown or a new pair of shoes. Again our plans were all completed, and the ceiling fell, and that necessitated a period of strenuous housekeeping. Which of us has not had the experience of suddenly realizing that a year or two or three may be stretching between the time when we last saw a friend to whom a short journey by rail or steamer would easily have carried us? This is all wrong, and it is a wretched way of losing friends.

If we want to keep our friends, we must be hospitable to them in thought, receive them in our homes, visit them from time to time, write to them and answer their letters. Our friends should be in every station, of every age, in every part of our country and the globe. Life narrows perceptibly when we have few friendships and few interests. "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly." Our Lord gave us a blessed assurance when he said, "I have called you friends."

INDIAN CAMP, BALSAM LAKE, WIS.

Under the skin of the red man
May beat a heart as true
As the one that throbs in our bosom,
Life's clock for me and you.

Fathers and mothers and children,
Happy in work and play;
How they are having the pleasure
Of a summer's holiday.

Small Attentions

COUSIN BETTY came home from her visit to the Landers simply brimming over with new ideas. It was a way she had, this of gathering up hints and suggestions from people she met and harvesting them for future use! The day after her return she glanced over the garden brilliant with autumnal bloom, and over the grape arbor fragrant with its burden of purple fruit. "We never in the world can use all those grapes," she said to Marie, who was lady of the manor, "and don't you think it would be a good plan to let Harold carry some of them to old Mrs. Minturn? She has been an invalid so long that she doesn't have little attentions paid her of the kind that invalids enjoy. While Harold is on the road he may as well take a bunch of sweet peas and a handful of cosmos to Margaret Archer." "Of course," replied Marie. "But, Betty, what has put you in the notion of sending flowers and fruit to those good neighbors? I feel a little self-reproach that I did not do something of the kind without waiting until you advised me to."

"Don't give me the credit," answered Cousin Betty. "I have been spending a fortnight with the Landers. I never have been more impressed anywhere than while in that lovely home, with the persistent stream of good will that flows from it in every direction. If the Landers cannot go to drive, the horses do not stand in the stall, nor is the coachman sent out to exercise them until an invitation has been given to some one who would find a drive a refreshment and pleasure. Marion must keep a list, I fancy, of friends who are ill, or a bit under the weather, for jellies and delicacies, broth, salad, preserves, anything that will tempt a fastidious appetite are unobtrusively sent to somebody nearly every day. As for flowers, the Landers' garden is as much for the pleasure of their friends as for their own gratification. They furnish the flowers for the pulpit every Sunday, and when the children are going to school it is no uncommon thing to see them stop and ask for a rose or a pink with a geranium leaf to carry to their teachers." "What a lot of trouble the Landers must take!" said Marie. "Not so much trouble as thought," was Betty's answer.

These small attentions cost little, but they give no end of delight. They are like the cup of cold water to which is promised the blessing of the Saviour's "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of these little ones, ye did it unto me." There is a whole volume of meaning in that word cold, when one remembers that in Eastern lands, with the tropic warmth and torrid sunshine, it was not easy to give any one a cup of ice-cold water. It would have to be drawn from the depth of the well. The small attentions that tax no one's mind, that make no show, that call for no overpowering gratitude, seem to me to belong in the catalogue of our Christian duty.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—VISITING CARDS. A lady's visiting card must be perfectly plain. If married it must bear her husband's name, as Mrs. John Saunders, not Mrs. Emily Saunders. A widow uses either form. A first call should be returned within a fortnight. It is not necessary to leave cards when one calls frequently on intimate friends.

Questions and Answers

H. B., Hattiesburg, Miss. What is the meaning of *Sartor Resartus* (by Carlyle)? Why was the name applied to the book? Is there any allusion in this title to history or mythology?

It means the "Tailor Retailored." It was the fancy of the author to discuss clothes and their social and intellectual significance. The book has no reference to mythology. It was described by Emerson as "a criticism upon the spirit of the age, exhibiting in a just and novel light the present aspects of religion, politics, literature, art and social life."

H. B. B., Bellefonte, Mo. Do you think it probable that navigation of the air will eventually be solved and aerial transportation realized within a few years?

While recent experiments with the aeroplane have given much encouragement, scientists will hardly declare on that account that the problem of aerial navigation has actually been solved. A few more years may decide it, however. Aerial transportation lines are probably a long way off yet, notwithstanding the sanguine predictions of some enthusiastic publications.

G. W. C., Albany, N. Y. Not judging nor criticising, but in a spirit of sincere, earnest inquiry, I would ask your opinion as to whether the lives of Christians to-day, as a rule, conform to the plain requirement in Luke 14: 33?

This does not mean, as some imagine, that Christ's followers are required, as an essential qualification, to give up means, position and influence; but it should be rather interpreted in the light of Paul's illustration of the Christian athlete (see Heb. 12: 1). We are to utilize all the advantages at hand for God's glory and our own spiritual development and that of others, and to sacrifice every incumbrance. Whether Christians to-day, as a whole, are making this sacrifice, cannot be judged by glancing at individuals or localities. One must take into consideration the whole Christian movement throughout the world, with its thousands of instances of splendid consecration, its self-denial, its rich gifts to God's work, its great army of workers, its missionaries cheerfully facing privation, peril and death—all these must be laid in the scale before the question could be justly answered. To these, we might oppose the undeniable worldliness of many so-called Christians and the decline of spiritual influence in many home churches.

Mrs. P., Norwalk, Conn. I enclose part of a letter from a clergyman. What is your opinion of what he writes concerning the attitude of some pastors toward the Bible? He writes:

We have with us at present a member of Dr.——'s church. She deplores his attitude towards the Bible; yet she says that he is strong on many other lines of truth. He does not allow for a moment that any man can save himself; he exalts faith; he pleads for a revival of religion, of course forgetful that his criticism of the Bible is hindering the accomplishment of God's plan.

It is unfortunately true that some clergymen, who have been indoctrinated with the destructive form of the higher criticism, have been led to accept the teachings of the Chicago University professors who are apparently engaged in the attempt to pull the Bible to pieces. Like others who have tried this before them, they will fail. All such are false teachers, and are leading others out into the spiritual wilderness. There can be no Christianity without Christ, and no light without revelation. That which Gladstone called "the impregnable rock of Holy Scripture," has withstood hundreds of similar assaults in the past and will never be shaken. Such men are sadly out of place in a Christian pulpit.

S. E. H., Milton, Ky. How could it be possible that God, with the power of foreknowledge, wisdom and intelligence which must have been required and employed in the creation of the universe, did not know and intend that man should sin? I am seeking truth, and this question has been a stumbling-block in my Christian pathway for many years. You have answered satisfactorily, to me at least, so many questions, that I trust you will this one also.

Your question is one which, in many different forms, has been discussed by the ablest minds, ancient and modern, and which will never be settled conclusively in this world. We must be content to trust God, and wait for enlightenment hereafter in those things that we cannot determine here. It is an error, however, to conclude that sin is the destiny of any one. God's laws, like himself, are beneficent. He has laid down laws for the harmonious government of the universe, physical as well as spiritual, and any infraction brings discord. To man has been given the power to distinguish between good and evil, between obedience and disobedience. A wrong choice brings into man's life discord, pain and all the consequences of transgression. The right choice brings peace of mind and soul content. The wrong choice makes him alien and rebel; the right brings him the blessings of obedience and a Father's love. And it should not be forgotten that God, through Jesus Christ, has opened a way for the return of the sinner; his forgiveness extends even to the uttermost.

S. E. D., Ohio. When a man who is not a Christian and does not attend church service, will not allow his wife, who is a Christian and member of the church, to attend, will God hold her accountable for not attending?

If she be forcibly restrained, of course her moral accountability ceases; also if her husband by any means makes it impossible for her to attend. A husband in this country, however, has no such power, legally, and she may assert her lawful right in the matter if she wishes. It is hardly conceivable that any husband could act in the way suggested.

Mrs. J. S., Quinton, N. J. 1. What is meant by the "evil eye"? 2. Is James 5: 14, 15 to be interpreted literally to-day?

1. It was an old superstition, and doubtless arose from the fact that the passions of pride, anger, desire and envy were expressed by the eye. To-day, in the Orient, a mother snatches a child away when she sees a stranger gazing upon it with admiration. The Hindus, too, believe in the evil eye. The ancients generally seemed to have believed that certain people had the malignant power, by the glance of the eye, to do harm to others, to bewitch cattle, etc. In Spain, the *gitanos* (gypsies) are believed by the ignorant and superstitious peasants to possess the evil eye to such an extent that a single glance can kill in a few hours. 2. Faith healing, which is taught by some religious sects, is the modern expression of the "miraculous healing" of apostolic days. The laying on of hands and anointing was one of the most important spiritual functions of the early Church. The modern churches generally have held that miraculous healing was withdrawn. There are many, however, who take a different view, and who contend that God still uses his faithful servants as the channel of healing.

W. P., Yonkers, N. Y. I am wiser and better since reading many of your answers and views on peculiar portions of Scripture. Will you kindly give us your views on the philosophy of dreams (Dan. 2: 26; 1: 17; 5: 12). We never hear from any of the preachers or teachers of the present age anything about dreams. Evidently the Old Testament saints believed in and spoke of them. What would have become of the child Jesus if Joseph had not heeded his dream (Matt. 2: 13)?

The ancients believed that dreams "came from above." The modern belief seems to be that they are "broken fragments of our former waking conceptions, revived and heterogeneously brought together." Since scientists disagree, we may take our choice as to the origin and source of dreams. That on certain occasions, however, dreams or visions were divinely sent as warnings or portents of coming events, must be accepted, in view of all the evidence on the subject. The influence of the spirit of God extends to the sleeping as well as to the waking thoughts of the soul of man. Scripture shows us that dreams were frequently the channel of communication. From the earliest times, there have been professional diviners and soothsayers, who preyed upon the credulous by pretending to be able to interpret dreams; but Daniel, in the chapter quoted, showed that such professions were false, and that God alone can reveal the future.

P. R. R., Chicago, Ill. Matt. 1: 16 has it that Joseph, Mary's husband, was the son of Jacob, and Luke 3: 23 that this same Joseph was the son of Heli.

The genealogy in Matthew is that of Joseph, while many learned scholars hold that the genealogy in Luke is that of Mary, and that the reference in Luke to Joseph as the son of Heli, is explainable on the ground that he was Heli's son-in-law, the husband of his daughter. The second question has already been fully discussed in THE MAIL-BAG.

Rev. F. Beale, West Winfield, N. Y., referring to a recent paragraph in THE MAIL-BAG, writes:

Have we not a perfectly satisfactory explanation of the apparent difficulty presented in the question (the words "Good Master," addressed to Christ by the rich young man and the Saviour's reply), and of all similar difficulties in the fact of the incarnation? Our Saviour being both divine and human—God and man—sometimes spoke as the former, sometimes as the latter. The case in point falls under the second rule. Here he is speaking as a man, and he so spoke because he was evidently regarded as such, and as such only, by the person addressing him as "Good Master." "Now," says Christ, "why do you call me good, I who am in your thought but a man? There is but one good—that is God." The man Christ Jesus might most properly ask such a question of one who regarded him only as a man.

Reader. How can a woman, when she lives with her husband's parents, not lose her self-respect or dignity, or become despondent, when she knows his mother dictates to the son in every particular, and the wife is supposed and compelled to take second place in every way?

It is hard for a young wife to become a member of the household of her husband's parents. Unless all concerned are kind, loving and forgiving, there will be friction, and possibly injustice and unhappiness. The daughter-in-law, being the youngest, should pray especially for light and guidance, and strive hard to promote the peace and comfort of all. The older members of the family are on their own ground; their habits are fixed, and their age demands a certain amount of respect and of concession. The daughter-in-law must try to possess her soul in patience, keep back quick words, and, while not unduly sacrificing her dignity, to yield as many points as she can. Her chance may come sometime. Let her keep in mind especially the apostle's injunction not to be easily offended.

K. H., Providence, R. I. What is meant in the passage in Luke 4, verses 23 to 27?

It was as though Jesus had used the modern proverb which declares that "familiarity breeds contempt." His long residence in Nazareth, where he was known to all, would naturally suppose the people there to doubt that one of themselves, whom they knew so well, could actually do the things reported of him. In verses 26, 27, Jesus lays down the same principle, using two prophets in illustration, viz.: that our influence and example are greater among strangers than among those who know us familiarly and whose very intimacy is a bar to their belief in us. To your second question, we answer, certainly not, if it be the truth.

E. N. B., Punta Gorda, Fla. What is the creed of the Evangelical Alliance?

1. Hold the Scripture as inspired, authoritative and sufficient. 2. Unity of the Godhead and Trinity of Persons therein. 3. Human nature depraved by the Fall. 4. Christ's incarnation, atonement, mediatorship and intercession. 5. Justification by faith. 6. Conversion and sanctification by the Holy Spirit. 7. Immortality of the soul, resurrection of the body, final judgment, rewards and punishments. 8. Baptism and the Lord's Supper. 9. Right of private judgment in interpretation of the Scriptures.

Our Fleet's Visit to Australia

Admiral Sperry (1) and Prime Minister Deakin (2) at the landing-place at Sydney.

Miscellaneous

W. S., Mineral City, O. We believe that the clergyman you mention has still fair eye-sight.

F. W. M., Rockwood, Pa. Send your question to the director of the Museum of Safety Devices, New York City. It is too technical for the resources of this department.

Mrs. N. W. F., Herman, Colo. 1. Already answered in MAIL-BAG. 2. Impossible to judge without knowing all the facts. 3. If conscience reproach him, he should change his employment. Only works of absolute necessity and of mercy are justifiable on the Lord's Day.

F. B. N., Morris Plains, N. J. A modest head-covering for women in church would be strictly in compliance with Biblical teaching. But a towering headgear which obscures the pulpit and preacher to those in the rear, is a violation of common sense, and shows little regard for the rights of others. We entirely approve of the latter part of your letter.

J. O. B., Summerville, Ga. A liberal interpretation would be that God "permits evil" to come upon men who are living in sin. A great many books have been written on the origin of evil, yet no one is the wiser. We know, however, through God's word and by human experience, that he is good to all who call on him, love him, trust him, and live according to his will. One who is in sin is in antagonism to God and a prey to evil, which is the result of sin.

Reader, Kansas. There are bold Christians and timid Christians, some of strong faith while others are weak. Pray that your faith may be strengthened. Cast aside doubts and fears, and lay hold on the promises. God himself has promised to hear us when we call upon him and Jesus has promised that whatsoever we shall ask in faith, in his name, the Father will do. God never turned away a penitent sinner. Your own unbelief may stand between you and your soul's peace, but he will remove it, if you ask him.

How They Enjoyed Mont-Lawn

MY DEAR DR. KLOPSCH: Permit me to thank you exceedingly for the privilege that was granted some thirty or forty of our boys and girls of spending a ten days' outing at the delightful summer home of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at Nyack. I can assure you that the opportunity was greatly appreciated. You cared for those who but for your kindness would have had no outing at all, and I know how grateful the children are. I should like also to tell you at this time how much I enjoyed the Sunday afternoon I visited the Home. The buildings and grounds were far more attractive than I had believed possible, and the service in the Children's Temple was a real delight.

REV. APPLETON GRANNIS.

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YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES

God in the Heart*

THERE is a fine similitude implied in Paul's advice to the Ephesians be "filled with the Spirit," instead (it seems to be used antithetically) ing "drunk with wine."

Intoxication with wine is generally sidered to derive its chief fascina- n from the false ecstasy which it eates. One poor fellow who had be- ne a helpless victim to its power, ged his wife to join in his potations.

"Why should I be so foolish?" she ked him.

"Oh, it will make you feel so fine," assured her. "You will think you n half of New York."

"But what good will that do me," e asked pointedly, "when I wake up d find that I don't?"

Truly, what good! But he who is fed with the Holy Spirit is equally ted out of himself and is made ppy, and the result is an abiding ace, and a life fruitful in good orks. It is a divine and blessed and autiful intoxication.

Among the results of this posses- on of a man by the Spirit of God, e apostle singles out the joy which expressed in song and melody; the atitude which pours itself out in anks—one of the noblest of human elings; and—a significant and vital rticular—in the humility which ab- res leadership—does not desire to alt itself above others, and makes en subject themselves to each other, n the fear of Christ."

Vanity, or pride, is said to be the st deeply seated of human faults— t he who is wholly possessed of the irit of God, has not only joy and atitude, but he has cast out this st deeply rooted sin.

Every foreign missionary has doubt- ss wished and prayed that the nderful "gift of tongues" might de- end upon him. The statement is so rongly made in the New Testa- ent, and is so often repeated in the xtra-canonical" writings, that the ift of tongues" descended upon the sciples, that we feel sure no figure as intended, and that the disciples ally did miraculously address for- gn audiences, each in its own lan- uage, without previous study. We ac- pt the statement as we accept the counts of the other miracles.

No doubt this gift could still be be- owed if the Lord so willed. It has ten been suggested that the, as yet, developed art of "mind-reading" ay sometime become a science, and ay contribute to this gift. As yet special benefit has accrued to the orld from those who amuse and tonish with it large audiences. heir achievements are too rare, too rofitless, too fleeting, to be seriously garded. If some practical use could made of them, so that, perchance, nong other results our missionaries ight be saved the long drudgery of quiring the languages in which they pe to preach, what a help it would to the cause of Christ!

In cases where this gift has been aimed of late years, especially in the rient, the speakers have usually lked in a species of gibberish, unin- lligible to any hearer. It must be membered that God's true voice is ways understood. He spoke to amuel, to Moses, to the disciples, on e Mount—and never in blind or diffi- lt language.

The old scorn which made the Jews nsider that no Gentile could possi- y have a part in their salvation, is no means dead. In nearly every nguage, the word "foreigner" eans "an enemy." We seem to be so nstituted that it usually requires an fort to love one not of our own blood.

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*Topic of the Epworth League for Sunday, tober 25. Text: Eph. 5 : 18-21; Acts 2 : 1-4; 10: 48; 19 : 1-7.

Fidelia Fiske and Persia*

THE glory of Persia has long since departed. Its rugs, its perfumes, and its poetry are still among our modern "fads"; but in diplomacy, in literature and art, in invention—in everything that goes to make a nation great—it is weak and insignificant. Squalor and poverty characterize its people. Its nobles, though hospitable and kindly, are illiterate. Its Shah is an absolute despot.

Slavery still exists in Persia, and a good Habshi girl may be bought there for $200—a strong Bombassi for $70. But the Persians are said to be easy masters, and never sell their slaves until actual want drives them to do it. They are good to their families and are especially kind to their parents. One writer upon Persia naively notes the fact that "the mother there is never left to starve," as though that were a mark of uncommon virtue. No one will dispute that the Persian possesses a fine trait, however, when we are told that he is especially good to his mother-in-law, and covets her presence in his house.

In spite of all this kindness to women on the part of the Persian men, the description of their condition as Fidelia Fiske found them when she reached Oroomiah in 1843, shows that in essentials they were really treated almost as the beasts of the field. The Persian women proper were not quite so degraded as the Nestorians—but all were regarded as ciphers. They were considered to be soulless and incapable of any mental development; and mothers wept when girls were born to them.

The labor to which this missionary was called was strenuous. Personal cleanliness, privacy, morality were almost unknown among the Nestorians. Even the missionaries who had come prepared to sacrifice all for Christ were seen to falter when they realized the revolting duties which lay before them.

But this brave and noble spirit shrank from nothing. Into the disgusting hovels where her people lived, she entered with a smile of love. Though she might be repulsed, it mattered not. She prayed and labored on, and then she came again.

No one will wonder, who reads the thrilling story of Miss Fiske's fifteen years of ministry in that benighted land, that she met everywhere at first the complaint that such teaching as she proposed would unfit the girls of Persia for the ordinary married life of its women. All wives were beaten by their husbands; all worked in the fields, having their infants beside them; all were expected to prepare their husbands' suppers when the day's toil in the fields was over. No, the "higher education" was not calculated to make women who would cheerfully accept such a lot as this.

Such faith in the saving power of the Gospel appears in few memoirs, as we see it in the life of this consecrated missionary. It seems like the old faith of the apostolic days. The stories of the persecution inflicted upon Christian Nestorians; of their fidelity, and of the hours which they spent daily in prayer sound like the Acts of the Apostles, and especially like the tales in the so-called "Extra-Canonical Gospels." The mere reading of them, of the melting and quickening power which followed upon Miss Fiske's prayers and efforts, until marvelous revivals stirred her flock, makes the reader long to go also to those distant countries where Christ is not known or is reviled; and makes one rejoice that Miss Lyon took that hard night ride of which we are told so vividly in her *Life*, in order to persuade Miss Fiske's parents that she ought to go as a missionary.

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*Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, October 25. Foreign Mission Text: Micah 4 : 1-7.

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The Transformation of Margaret

By MRS. ELEANOR H. PORTER

Author of "Into Still Waters," etc.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

Little Margaret Kendall, when five years old, was lost in New York and several years elapsed before she was restored to her grief-stricken mother at Houghtonsville. The child had lived among the children of the streets and had acquired their ways. At her mother's home she is surrounded with every luxury, but she wishes that the poor children might share her good fortune. "Bobby" McGinnis, who knew Margaret in New York, now lives near in the same town and becomes a great friend of the little girl. Her widowed mother becomes engaged to Doctor Spencer, who was instrumental in finding Margaret in New York. The little girl is filled with horror, as all the husbands she had heard of beat their wives. She sends to the doctor a contract in which it is stipulated that he will not beat her mother; this the amused doctor signs at once. Margaret insists on a visit from the children of the "Alley," with whom she lived in the slums. At first she wants them to stay always, but consents to have it made a visit. The child, when she sees them, realizes the difference between her old life and the new and is more contented to try and live as her mother wishes. She strives to please, but finds difficulty in curbing her speech and changing her manners. Her mother and herself go back to the city with the Alley children and try to arrange for their welfare. Mrs. Kendall then sends the little girl to a fashionable school in order to give Margaret the companionship of girls of her own age who will make her forget her past experiences, for Margaret was becoming a nervous wreck brooding over the poor people in the "Alley." The doctor and his bride start on their wedding journey; the train is wrecked and both are killed. Several years elapse. Mrs. Merideth and her two brothers, Ned and Frank Spencer, sister and brothers of the doctor who married Mrs. Kendall, are living at their home, Belcourt. Margaret, who has been away at school and traveling, comes to live with them. They find her a beautiful young girl with charming ways. Margaret, riding in an automobile with a Mr. Brandon, sees for the first time the dirty mill village near Belcourt. The mills belong to the Spencers and she learns much of the way in which the firm runs its business. They nearly run over a little girl named Maggie and Miss Kendall's interest is aroused. A young man named McGinnis holds an important position in the mill and is interested in bettering the conditions of the working people. Margaret meets him by chance and finds he is the one she used to know, and that as a boy he "had come to look after her property." She tells the Spencers that he is an old friend, somewhat to their annoyance. A little girl comes to say that Maggie, daughter of Patty who lived in the Alley, is ill. Margaret supplies them with comforts and calls frequently to see how they are getting on. The child says she is "going on twelve," though much younger. At twelve they can enter the mills. Margaret urges Mr. Spencer to rectify such a condition, but in vain. She fears Ned Spencer wishes to become more than a mere friend. Margaret investigates the mills and sees many children at work. She informs Frank that she is going to live among them, and he asks if she will stay, saying her presence means everything to one at Belcourt. She thinks he refers to his brother Ned, and says, "No." She undertakes her work at "Mill House," but wonders why McGinnis does not come to see her. At last he says he has to stay away because he loved her. She thinks that she reciprocates his affection and they become engaged. Ned returns to announce that Frank has been ill, and they are all coming home. Margaret and Patty go to New York to try to find the twin sisters of Patty. They find Clarabella a teacher at Mont-Lawn, and Arabella a missionary helper in New York. The latter comes back with Margaret to help her in her work. Frank Spencer returns much changed. The news of the engagement comes as a great shock, but the Spencers decide to make the best of it. McGinnis is a regular caller, but finds himself in a new world. He only feels at home at the mills. Margaret unconsciously finds herself turning to Frank for advice in all that concerns herself except her mill work. One night the Spencers are awakened by the alarm of fire at the mills.

CHAPTER XXXVII—*Continued*

THE fire at the mills had caught in one of the buildings that had been closed for repairs, which accounted for the great headway it had gained before it was discovered. There was a strong east wind, and the fire was rapidly spreading, and had already attacked the next building on the west. The operatives were in a panic. There was danger of great loss of life, and all help possible was needed.

Mrs. Merideth, who heard, could only wring her hands and moan again, "I can't have them go—I can't have them go!" Yet five minutes later she sent them off, both Frank and Ned, with a fervid "God keep you" ringing in their ears.

Down in the Mill House all was commotion. Margaret was everywhere, alert, capable and untiring.

"We can do the most good by staying right here and keeping the house open," she said. "We are so near that they may want to bring some of the children here, if there should be any that are hurt or overcome. At all events, we'll have everything ready, and we'll have hot coffee for the men."

Almost immediately they came—those limp, unconscious little forms borne in strong tender arms. Some of the children had only fainted; others had been crushed and bruised in the mad rush for safety. Before an hour had passed the Mill House looked like a hospital, and every available helper was pressed into service as a nurse.

Toward morning a small boy, breathless and white-faced, rushed into the main hall.

"They're in there—they're in there—they hain't come out yet—an' the roof has caved in!" he panted. "They'll be burned up—they'll be burned up!"

Margaret sprang forward.

"But I thought they were all out," she cried. "We heard that every one was out. Who's in there? What do you mean?"

The boy gasped for breath.

"The boss, Bobby McGinnis an' Mr. Spencer—Mr. Frank Spencer. They went—"

With a sharp cry Margaret turned and ran through the open door to the street, nor did she slacken her pace until she reached the surging crowds at the mills.

From a score of trembling lips she learned the story, told in sobbing, broken scraps of words.

For hours Frank and Ned Spencer, together with McGinnis, had worked side by side with the firemen in clearing the mills of the frightened men, women and children. It was not until after word came that all were out that Frank Spencer and McGinnis were reported to be still in the burning building. Five minutes later there came a terrific crash and a roar of flames as a portion of the walls and the roof caved in. Since then neither one of the two men had been seen.

There was more—much more: tales of brave rescues, and stories of children restored to frantically outstretched arms; but Margaret did not hear. With terror-glazed eyes and numbed senses she shrank back from the crowd, clasping and unclasping her hands in helpless misery. It was there Ned found her.

"Margaret, you! and here? No, no, you must not. You can do no good. Let me take you home, do, dear," he implored.

Margaret shook her head.

"Ned, he can't be dead—not dead!" she moaned.

Ned's face grew white. For an instant he was almost angry with the girl who had so plainly shown that to her there was but one man that had gone down into the valley of death. Then his eyes softened. After all, it was natural, perhaps, that she should think of her lover, and of him only, in this first agonized moment.

"Margaret, dear, come home," he pleaded.

"Ned, he isn't dead—not dead," moaned the girl again. "Why don't you tell me he isn't dead?"

Ned shuddered. His eyes turned toward the blackened, blazing pile before him—as if a man could be there, and live! Margaret followed his gaze and understood.

"But he—he may not have gone in again, Ned. He may not have gone in again," she cried feverishly. "He—he is out here somewhere. We will find him. Come—we must find him!" And she tugged at his arm.

Ned caught at the straw.

"No, no, not you—you could do nothing here; but I'll go," he said. "And I'll promise to bring you the

Continued on next page

"Where can I invest my money so that it will be *safe* and where I can *have it when wanted*, and yet so it will bring me *reasonable earnings* when invested?" This question will be answered to your satisfaction if you will write the Industrial Savings & Loan Co., whose advertisement appears on page 815.

A Special Offer to Every Reader of The Christian Herald

This advertisement will bring to your attention the *best and cheapest ready roofing* on the market. Here is how we prove it the best.

In the first place Amatite is made one standard thickness, whereas other ready roofings range from a thin, flimsy half-ply to a three-ply thickness.

The three-ply thickness (which by the way is only one sheet of felt) is the only kind that can be compared with Amatite.

But right here is the point. Amatite weighs more per square foot than the three-ply grade of other makes and *costs much less.*

Fac-simile of roll.

These facts make Amatite the most desirable roofing made.

But in addition to its superiority in material and manufacture, Amatite has one distinction which makes it stand out above all others. *It is a real mineral surface.*

It is hardly necessary to state the advantages of such a mineral surface, the freedom from painting or coating, the perfect protection against all kinds of weather and great durability.

This mineral surface is embedded in a layer of Pitch, *the great well known waterproofing material.* Beneath this in turn are two layers of the best grade of wool felt—cemented together by more Pitch, making the whole a roofing that is *absolutely waterproof.*

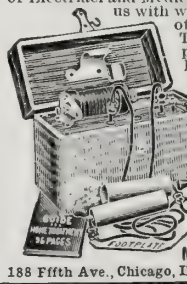
No other ready roofing can compare with this mineral-surfaced, waterproof, weatherproof, durable roof. That's why we say—*Don't buy your roofing until you have seen Amatite.*

In order that every reader of this paper may become familiar with Amatite, The Barrett Manufacturing Company, who are the largest manufacturers of roofing in the world, have offered to send free a sample of their Amatite Roofing.

We suggest that you write at once. A postal will do. Few things are more important to the farmer than a good, tight roof, as a leaky one is an abomination and is apt to cause losses and sickness.

The request for sample should be addressed to the Barrett Manufacturing Company at New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Cleveland, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Kansas City, New Orleans and Minneapolis.

A Household Necessity $2
"ANTI-DOC" Medical Battery
Many years' experience in the manufacture of Electriacl and Medical apparatus has acquainted us with what was needed in the form of a Battery for family use. The public demanded a compact, reliable, durable and low-priced apparatus.



ANTI-DOC meets every one of these requirements. By aid of printed instructions the inexperienced get as good results as the skilled operator.

Unfailing Relief for Rheumatism

Send for Free Catalogue T24 168 pages; 1,000 electrical specialties with net prices.

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USE "MENDETS"

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Collette Mfg. Co., Box 22-A Amsterdam, N.

BLYMYER CHURCH BELLS.
UNLIKE OTHER BELLS SWEETER, MORE DURABLE, LOWER PRICE OUR FREE CATALOG TELLS WHY.
Write to Cincinnati Bell Foundry Co., Cincinnati, O.

The Transformation of Margaret

Continued from preceding page

first word that I can. Come, now I go home, surely!"

Margaret gazed about her. Everywhere were men, confusion, smoke and vapor. The fire was clearly under control and the flames were fast hissing into silence. Over in the east the sun was rising. A new day had begun, a day of—She suddenly remembered the sufferers back at the Mill House. She turned about sharply.

"Yes, I'll go," she choked. "I'll go back to the Mill House. I can do nothing there, and I can't do anything here. But, Ned, you will bring me word—soon, won't you?—soon!" And before Ned could attempt to follow her, she had turned and was lost in the crowd.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

TUESDAY was a day that was not soon forgotten at the mills. Scarcely waiting for the smoking timbers to cool, swarms of workmen attacked the ruins and attempted to clear their way to the point where Spencer and McGinnis had last been seen. Fortunately, that portion of the building had only been touched by the fire and it was evident that the floors and roof had been carried down with the fall of those nearest to it. For this reason there was the more hope of finding the bodies unharmed by fire—perhaps even of finding a spark of life in one or both of them. This last hope, however, was sorrowfully abandoned when hour after hour passed with no sign of the missing men.

All night they worked by the aid of numerous electric lights hastily placed to illuminate the scene; and when Wednesday morning came, a new shift of fresh workers took up the task that had come to be now merely a search for the dead. So convinced was every one of this that the men gazed with blanched faces into each other's eyes when there came a distinct rapping on a projecting timber near them. In the dazed silence that followed a faint cry came from beneath their feet.

With a shout and a ringing cheer the men fell to work—it was no ghost, but a living human voice that had called! They labored more cautiously now, lest their very zeal for rescue should bring defeat in the shape of falling brick or timber.

Ned Spencer, who had not left the mills all night, heard the cheer and hurried forward. It was he who, when the men paused again, called:

"Frank, are you there?"

"Yes, Ned." The voice was faint, but distinctly audible.

"And McGinnis?"

There was a moment's hesitation. The listeners held their breath—perhaps, after all, they had been dreaming and there was no voice! Then it came again.

"Yes. He's lying beside me, but he's unconscious—or dead." The last word was almost inaudible, so faint was it; but the tightening of Ned's lips showed that he had heard it, none the less. In a moment he stooped again.

"Keep up your courage, old fellow! We'll have you both out of that soon." Then he stepped aside and gave the signal for the men to fall to work again.

Rapidly, eagerly, but oh, so cautiously, they worked. At the next pause the voice was nearer, so near that they carefully made a hole and dropped through it a rubber tube four feet long, lowering it until Spencer could put his mouth to it. Through this tube he was given restoratives.

They learned then a little more of what had happened. The two men were on the fourth floor when the crash came. They had been swept down and had been caught between the timbers in such a way that as they lay where they had been flung, a roof three feet above their heads supported the crushing weight above. Spencer could remember nothing after the first crash, until he regained consciousness long afterward, and heard the workmen far above him. It was then that he had tapped his signal on the projecting timber. He had tapped three times before he had been heard. It was dark, he said, and he could not see at first, but he knew McGinnis was near him. McGinnis had spoken once, then had apparently dropped into unconsciousness.

Once more the rescuers fell to work, and it was then that Ned Spencer hurried away to send a message of hope and comfort to Mrs. Merideth, who had come down to the Mill House to be with Margaret. To Margaret Ned wrote the one word, "Come," and as he expected, he had not long to wait.

"You have found him!" cried the girl, hurrying toward him. "Ned, he isn't dead?"

Ned smiled and put out a steady hand.

"We hope not—and we think not. But he is unconscious, Margaret. Don't get your hopes too high. I had to send for you. I thought you ought to know—what we know."

"But where is he? Have you seen him?"

Ned shook his head.

"No; but Frank says—"

"Frank!—but you said Frank was unconscious!"

"No, no—they aren't both unconscious—it is only McGinnis. He—why, Margaret!" But Margaret was gone; and as Ned watched her disappear toward the Mill House, he wondered if, after all, the last hours of horror had turned her brain.

To be continued

Nature's Choicest Food

The choicest Michigan beans run 23% nitrogenous — 84% nutriment. Those are the beans we buy.

They cost us, sometimes, as high as eight times what other beans would cost. But the value is there.

We bake those beans in live steam, so the skins are unbroken. They are baked until they are mealy, yet they are nutty because they are whole.

We bake in small parcels, in a heat of 245 degrees. The result is our beans are digestible. They don't ferment and form gas.

Then we make a tomato sauce from vine-ripened tomatoes. It costs us five times what common tomato sauce sells for in bulk.

We bake that tomato sauce into the beans. Thus we get our delicious blend—that sparkling zest.

The result is a food as nutritious as meat, costing one-third as much. An appetizing food—a food that all people like. A food ready to serve.

We have made beans the popular food—the every-day food—the choicest dish on the table. Are you getting your share of the benefit?

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PORK AND BEANS

Don't judge Van Camp's by other brands. Don't judge them by home-baked beans. This dish is our specialty—our claim to supremacy.

We have spent 47 years in learning how to prepare it.

We are baking more beans by several times over, than any other concern in the world.

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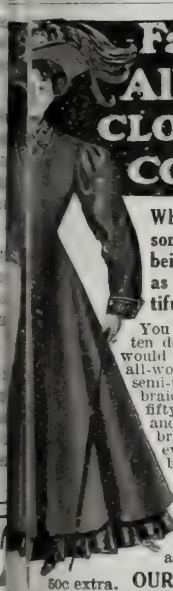
Three sizes: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can.

The Van Camp Packing Company, Indianapolis, Ind.



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You would have to pay nine or ten dollars to get a coat that would equal this one. This is an all-wool coat, made box front, semi-fitted back, has velvet and braided collar. The coat is fully fifty inches long, lined, yoke and cuffs are trimmed with braid. A garment that in every sense of the word may be pronounced handsome. A garment that no woman need be ashamed to wear. "MONEY BACK IF YOU ARE NOT SATISFIED." That is the policy of our house. We assume all the risk—you assume nothing. Expressage 50c extra. **OUR STYLE BOOK FREE**—the largest outfitters for men and womankind in this country want to send you a beautiful book containing about one thousand pictures—FREE. All you have to do is to drop us a line and say: "Please send our Style Book."

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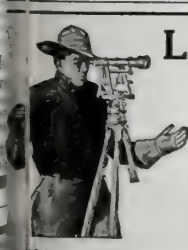

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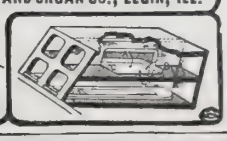

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GENTLE ACTION | QUICK RELIEF | SPEEDY BENEFIT
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TO HELP CHILDREN OF BRAZIL

"BLOSSOM HOME" is the name we have chosen for the refuge we hope to open for God's little ones in Sao Paulo when we return to Brazil. The plan is not a sudden one. The seed-thought was planted about sixteen years ago. I was walking through a Brazilian street, seeing the usual swarms of children playing about the doors. I remember how my heart yearned over those children then, and I said to the friend who was with me, "I should love to have a home for orphan children." I don't remember the thought ever forming itself definitely in my mind since, until last summer. I was reading my Bible when again the thought of a home for little children came to me. At this moment I heard my husband calling to me from the garden where he was working, and when I went to answer the call his first words were, "What do you want to do when you come back from the States?" Without a moment's hesitation, I replied, "Open a home for orphan children."

"Little Blossom"

A few days after, Mr. and Mrs. Ranken, my husband and I met for conference about several important matters. The subject of the orphanage was not on the list, but it came up, and we asked God to make his will known to us concerning this work.

We understand now why the first little Brazilian flower bloomed in our home garden. Oh, what an unpromising, ugly little bulb had to be cared for before the blossom came! It was in Cachoeirinha that she came to us, a poor little child. Her mother is part Indian. The old grandmother was very angry when the child was born, and neglected and even abused the daughter. In consequence, the daughter became pitiably insane. She used to pass our door with loud, maniac screams, calling down curses upon us. But from time to time, she heard us singing the Gospel hymns in our meetings, and this softened her, and by degrees she became friendly. One Sabbath morning she came into our meeting hall with her baby, a poor little creature, literally nothing but skin and bones, the most emaciated human being I have ever seen. There was scarcely a spark of life in the poor little body. The sight called forth such pity that both my husband and I at once felt that we must take the child and care for it, though several hours passed before each knew what was the thought of the other. The mother refused to give her up at first, but soon came back to us asking for some milk for the baby. I said, "Luiza, give us your baby and we will give her goat's milk every day, and then she may live. Your child is dying now. She can't live long as it is." She ran home, brought back the baby, and threw it into my arms, saying, "Take her; she is yours."

It would be hard now to find anywhere a happier, bonnier wee lassie.

The case of dear little Blossom is only one of thousands. What the Gospel has done for her it can do for other little Brazilian children. There are so many needy ones. Early marriages and large families are the rule in Brazil. In this great republic, larger than the United States, with the exception of Alaska, there is only one small Protestant orphanage (Lutheran), which can accommodate only a small number of children. This is in the extreme south, entirely out of reach for the children of our field.

Missionaries Starting for a Journey in Brazil

In view of the crying need for such a work we are laying before God's people the plan for starting an undenominational home for orphan and destitute children. This work is to be in connection with the South American Evangelical Mission, to which we belong.

It has been suggested that Christian Endeavor Societies, Missionary Bands, King's Daughters' Circles, or other societies or individuals might be led of God to support or partly support an orphan child. We will gladly correspond with any one on this subject. Letters may be sent to us in care of Rev. M. M. Cooper, Knoxville, Ill.

SARA CHAMBERS COOPER.

Called Higher

Called higher, Lloyd C. Watt, of Muncie, Ind., son of Joseph and Stella Watt. He was converted at the age of five.

Emil A. Rieff passed away at his sister's home in Newark, N. J. He was a Christian who had an influence for good upon all who came in contact with him.

Robert Riddle, of Denmark, Ia., entered into rest, a patient, courageous Christian. He early joined the church and for many years had been a subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mrs. S. E. Clark, of Bluff Springs, Ill., entered into rest aged seventy-nine, after a severe illness of many months. Her life was a true and beautiful example of discipleship with Christ.

Mrs. Neiman, a faithful Sunday School worker of Douglas County, Mo., has been called to her eternal home. She was superintendent for ten years and did much to revive interest in Bible study. She was about forty-eight years of age and had long been a subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mrs. G. E. Meister, of Caledonia, O., has recently been called higher after a life full of good works and thought for others. She had taken THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for many years.

Miss Effie Lambert was called higher recently from her home in Carmel, Me. She was an earnest Christian and a subscriber to this journal.

Miss Anna Dempsey passed to her reward at Knoxville, Ill., aged ninety-eight years. She united with the Methodist Church at the age of sixteen, and gave eighty-two years loyal service to the Christ and his Church.

Died near St. Meinrad, Ind., Robert A. Hunter, aged eighty-six years. He was a native of Westmorland County, Pa., and an active member of the Presbyterian Church. Both he and his wife, who died last year, were readers of this journal.

Called to her heavenly home, Mrs. J. J. McKinley, of Philadelphia. She was a woman of strong Christian character and her chief delight was in doing good. She was long a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and derived great comfort from its pages. Her death was deeply felt in the community.

Mrs. Amanda J. Davis passed away at her home near Middle River, Ia. She was in her eightieth year. For over forty years she had been a member of the Methodist Church, and always lending a helping hand to the poor and needy. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD had been a welcome visitor to her home for many years.

Write to Us
Before You Decide on a Roofing

We want to tell you roofing facts—facts that we will enable you to prove. We want to tell you why REX Flintkote ROOFING is used on such buildin as the one shown in the photo-engraving below. We want to tell you REX ROOFING lasts—why it is absolutely water-proof—why it is acid fume-proof—why it is fire retardent. Write us for our booklet of roo information and samples of REX Flintkote ROOFI to test. Be sure that the Boy Trade-mark is on roll when you buy.

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"I just can't tell you how happy I am! I wore low neck and short sleeves the other night and I was so proud of my neck and arms! My busts are rounded out and I have gained 28 lbs., it has come just where I wanted it and I carry myself like another woman. My old dresses look stylish on me now. You remember I have not been constipated since my second lesson and I had taken something for years. I guess my stomach must be stronger too, for I sleep like a baby and my nerves are so rested. I feel as if I had missed so much enjoyment in life, for I never did have such good times before. I feel so well all the time.

I have built up thousands of women—why not you? You will be so much better satisfied with yourself and more attractive to your friends.

I will cheerfully tell you about my work, and if I cannot help your particular case I will tell you so. My information and advice are entirely free.

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An Ill. Ex. Chief of Police found an easy and safe way out of the ills caused by coffee. He says:

"I suffered intensely from heart trouble and nervousness for five years, and though treated by some of the best physicians in this city, did not get permanent relief until I changed from coffee to Postum.

"A friend of my family was visiting at our house and seeing my condition, insisted that coffee was at the bottom of my trouble. I confess I was skeptical but promised to try Postum in place of coffee.

"It was nearly three weeks before I noticed much of any change, as my case was a bad one. Then I saw that my nervousness was gradually disappearing. A little later I was able to sleep a part of the night on my left side, something I had been unable to do for 5 years at least.

"I kept on using Postum, and the result is, so far as heart trouble and nervousness are concerned, I am a well man.

"The best proof is that I am writing this with my own hand, a thing I was unable to do for several years prior to the change from coffee to Postum."

"There's a reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

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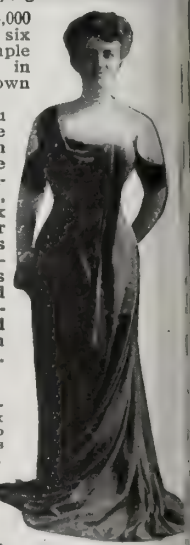
Would you like to reduce it by natural mea and in a scientific, dignified manner?



I have reduced 15,000 women in the past six years by a few simple directions followed in the privacy of their own rooms.

I can reduce you and at the same time strengthen stomach and heart and relieve you of such chronic ailments as rheumatism, constipation, weak nerves, torpid liver and such difficulties as depend upon good circulation, strong nerves strong muscles, good blood, correct breathing. You can be as good a figure as any woman of your acquaintance.

One pupil writes:

"Miss Cocroft, I have reduced 78 pounds and I look 15 years younger. I feel so well I want to shout! I was rheumatic and constipated, my heart was weak and my head dull, my liver all clogged up and oh dear, I am ashamed when I think how I used to look."

Send 10 cents for instructive booklet with card for your dressing table, showin correct lines of a woman's figure in poise.

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Author of "Character as Expressed in the Body," Etc

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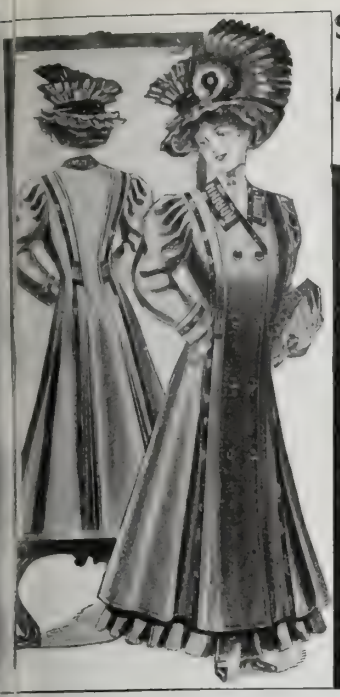

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The Sins of David

By MRS. M. BAXTER

WE SHALL never know the joy of forgiveness until we see the hatefulness of sin in the light of the holiness of God. "Fools make a mock at sin" (Prov. 24: 9), and they are fools indeed who cannot trace to sin all the misery there is upon the earth. Take sin away, and where would be the sorrow, the shame, the tears, the sickness, the death? Where would be poverty? How could war exist? Where would be prisons, lunatic asylums, hospitals, etc., if there were no sin? Who would know disappointment, heart-burning, vexation, sorrow, if there were no sin? All evil springs from this one only evil—sin.

Sin in a child of God is worse than in any other. If a worldly man, for instance, gets out of temper, one cannot wonder; he sees his powerlessness against circumstances, and frets against them; he cannot have his own way, and thinks himself wronged, and, unless he is something of a philosopher, he yields to the present mood, and gives vent to his anger. But when a child of God loses his temper, everyone feels that something is out of joint; he has no right to complain of circumstances which are overruled by his Father; if he is truly converted, he has given up his own way for God's way, and instead of thinking of himself wronged he sees his calling—to "endure grief, suffering wrongfully," and therefore, instead of losing his temper, he rejoices in tribulation, and glories in it. And if he does not do this, worldly men have a right to doubt his conversion, and to say, "These converted people are no better than we are." The world can excuse its own children, and make light of the grossest sins, but when a child of God does the same, the world rises up, not only against him, but against his God. Better to bear no witness for God than to bear false witness: and everything in our lives which is not like Christ, bears false witness of God.

God has not hidden from us the sins of David's life. Some who reckon themselves children of God take a terribly undue advantage of this, and say, "If David, the 'man after God's own heart,' was so bad—an adulterer and a murderer—what can God expect of me?" And these forget the awful consequences of his sin—the death of his infant, the incest, murder, rebellion, and open profligacy in his family—how awfully the sin of the father was visited upon his children!

David had no superficial views of sin. He says in his prayer for mercy, as soon as he sees his awful sin in the light of God (Ps. 51: 1), "Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness; according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies, blot out my transgressions." As far as he himself is concerned, he has nothing to plead, he cannot open his lips, but he looks at God, away from the wreck which sin has made of him, "Thy loving kindness," "Thy tender mercies"; these were his only ground of hope—it lay in what God was, not in what he was. And he pleads, "Blot out my transgressions. Wash me thoroughly, . . . cleanse me from my sin." He urges no shadow of excuse, he makes no promise; but on his own part, simply owns his sin: "For I acknowledge my transgression, and my sin is ever before me." But that is not his great burden: he had found out the treachery of his own heart—that for nine long months he should have had this awful sin upon his soul, and he had not been alive to its enormity. Till God sent Nathan, all he had thought of was to save his reputation.

Seeing sin in this light, David now sees redemption also in the light of God: his sins "forgiven," "covered," no longer imputed to him, even by a holy God; and although he knew that the fearful consequences of his sin must most certainly follow, yet he was so overcome by the goodness of God and the greatness of his salvation, that he saw himself a blessed man.

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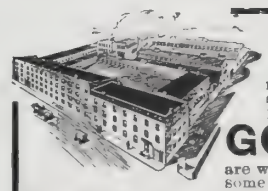

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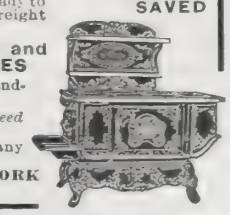

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THE JOY OF FORGIVENESS*

BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

A King Gone Wrong

NO APOLOGY is made for King David in the Word of God. On the contrary, God sent to him Nathan, the prophet, with a message of condemnation. His sin had been in secret, but his punishment had to be before all the people. Let us not apologize for David by saying that he lived at a time when there was a different standard of morals from ours. David was above his fellows in his understanding of God's laws. He was conscious of his sin, and it made a great unrest in his soul. Day and night he felt the hand of God heavy upon him. And his sin was not covered from the sight of men, as he supposed, but was whispered about the palace; and the people, no doubt, knew also of his murder of Uriah, plotted when Joab, his commander, placed him in the post of greatest danger in the battle front, in order that he might be killed. It was not like Joab to keep the matter secret. So we must judge that David's conduct was below the standard even of ancient morals.

David Not Blind to His Faults

But why is the account of David's sin given in the Bible? Partly perhaps to show us that the greatest and best men are imperfect, and only God is great. A young boy fifteen years of age had received a letter from one of the most renowned naval heroes of our day, granting his request for a five minutes' interview. On the evening before, he was busy brushing his clothes, blacking his shoes, getting his linen in order, so as to be ready, for the interview was to be at half past nine in the morning. The rather cool way in which he made his preparations, saying nothing at all about the matter, rather surprised a friend, who remarked, "You do not seem at all excited about the prospect of meeting the Admiral." "Why should I?" he asked, "he is only a man."

David was not like many other sinners, blind to his faults. "I am not going to church to kneel down and call myself 'a miserable sinner,' when I am no such thing," said a thoughtless woman.

An Illustration of Sin

The following incident will illustrate how one may come to the realization of sin. A little child entered a dark room, and was frightened. Her mother came and turned the slats in a shutter. A ray of sunlight streamed across the room, and in its pathway innumerable specks of dust were flying. "See the dust coming in," she exclaimed to her mother. "No," the mother replied, "the dust is already in the room, and the sun only revealed it." "I don't want to stay in such a dirty room as this," continued the child. "Let us go out, mamma." "No, child, we will open all the windows wide, and let the dust all go out. So the four windows were opened, and there did not seem to be any more dust in the air. But presently the child discovered there was dust on the chairs and tables. "Why, mamma, the dust did not go out; it just fell down. See it on the tables and chairs." "No, child, that is not the same dust you saw in the air, but other dust which the light has shown to us." Again the little girl wanted to leave the room. "No, child, let us wipe the dust off carefully and shake it out of the window." All things grew bright and shining as the dust was cleared away. "Now, let us get some clean water, and wash the dust off the floor," said the mother. And when all was finished, the child sat down in a chair and looked around and said, "Oh, mamma, this is such a beautiful room, I would like to stay here all the time." The mother sat down, for she thought it was a good time to teach her little daughter about sin in the heart. She said: "The dusty room is a picture of our sinful hearts as Jesus sees them. If he were not so loving, I think he would say, 'I do not want anything more to do with those people'; but he just lets his love shine in and gives us the wish to be clean inside, and he helps us to be good, and then we are happy." "Oh, mamma, now I know my heart is full of sin, and I am so glad to know that Jesus will help me to make it clean."

How God Cures Sin

Sharper than a two-edged sword were the words which God put into the mouth of Nathan the prophet, and David was pierced by them, and made confession, "I have sinned against the Lord." And in that state of mind, he wrote Ps. 51. "Blot out my transgression." "Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity." "Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean." (Hyssop was used in the ceremonial for cleansing. Lev. 14: 4, 6, 51). "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." "Blot out all my iniquities." "Create in me a clean heart." "Cast me not away from thy presence." "Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation." Then the word of God came to David through Nathan: "The Lord also hath put away thy sin; thou shalt not die."

When blotches and pustules of disease appear, a wise physician does not seek to drive them in, he does not deal with them, but rather with the inner disease which caused them. And God deals with sin not by punishing each special sin—as mothers sometimes give specific kinds of punishment for each wrong-doing; but God cleanses the inner life by calling men to repentance.

David yielded when God reproved him, but all persons will not do this. They keep right on in their bad way. A story is told of two boys who on a mountain began to roll a ball of snow. It soon grew to be the size of a hogshead, and then it broke away from them and began to roll rapidly down the side of the mountain, every moment gaining in size until it was like an avalanche. It tore down a cabin in its path, and broke a wagon to pieces, and at last made a bound into the river, striking a small boat, sinking it and all on board. Such is the course of a man or a woman when they go on in sin, after God has called them to repentance. We learn from David how to stop short, with prayer on our lips for full and free forgiveness.

A Dead Child in the House

The father lay upon the ground seven days and nights, and prayed for the life of the child. And though David had been forgiven, his home must be purged. And so God struck the child with sickness, and on the seventh day it died. But in this bereavement God was gracious to David.

A King Worshiping in God's House

When David was told that his child was dead, he arose from the earth, and bathed himself and changed his clothing, and came into God's house, and worshiped him there. It was not until after he had returned to his own house that food was set before him to break his long fast. Very probably it was while he was in God's house that he uttered that psalm—our lesson today—which more than any other epitomizes the joy of forgiveness of which our Golden Text is the keynote: "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered." It is said that St. Augustine often read this psalm with weeping heart and eyes, and before his death had it written upon the wall which was over against his sick-bed, that he might be comforted by it.

Because God loves us he calls us to repentance. The greatest light-giving torch the world has ever seen is the verse, "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life" (John 3: 16).

Here is an allegory about the power of forgiveness and love: "I'll master it," said the axe, and his blows fell heavily on the iron, but every blow made his edge more blunt until he ceased to strike. "Leave it to me," said the saw, "and with its relentless teeth it worked backward and forward on its surface until they were worn down and broken; then it also fell aside. "Ha! ha!" said the hammer, "I knew you would not succeed." "I'll show you the way." But at his first fierce stroke off flew his head, and the iron remained as before. "Shall I try?" asked the soft, small flame. They all despised the flame, but the flame curled gently around the iron and embraced it and never left it until it melted under its irresistible influence. The allegory needs little interpretation. There are hearts hard enough to resist the force and fury of wrath, and rebuke and scorn—these will even recoil; but there is a power stronger than any of these, and hard indeed is the heart that can resist love.

David thought of burnt offerings for sin, and of the scapegoat that on the Atonement Day carried the sins of the people into the wilderness, to return no more. All of these pictured the Christ dimly, but sufficiently for David to take hold on God as the God of his salvation.

The Blotting Out of Sin

What is the blessing of the blotting out of sin? A little boy ran in one day to his mother, after he had read that promise, "I will blot out as a thick cloud thy transgressions," and he said: "Mother, what does God mean when he says he will blot out my sins? What is he going to do with them? I can't see how God can really blot them out and put them away. What does it mean—blot out?" The mother, who is often the best theologian for a child, said to the boy: "Didn't I see you yesterday writing on your slate?" "Yes," he said. "Well, fetch it to me." He fetched the slate. Holding it in front of him, the mother said: "Where is what you wrote?" "Oh," he said, "I rubbed it out." "Well, where is it?" "Why, mother, I don't know." "But how could you put it away if it was really there?" "O mother, I don't know. I know it was there, and is gone." "Well," she said, "that is what God means when he says, 'I will blot out thy transgressions.'"

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* **The International Sunday School Lesson for October 25, 1908.** The Joy of Forgiveness. Ps. 32. GOLDEN TEXT: "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven; whose sin is covered." Ps. 32: 1.

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"THE CORN KING," by FORREST CRISSEY, author of "The Country Boy," and the series of stories of **Country Life** now appearing in Harper's Magazine. Many other interesting features appear in the September issue.

Space will only permit a FEW references to what will appear in the October and subsequent issues of the WOMAN'S WORLD. In October appears **"THE EMPTY BOWL"** by ELLA WHEELER WILCOX. **"LOVE MAKING IN FOREIGN LANDS"** by FRANK PIXLEY, Author of "The Burgomaster," "King Dodo," "The Prince of Pilsen," etc. **"WOULD YOU RATHER LIVE THAN DIE?"** by DR. W. F. WAUGH, Editor of the American Journal of Clinical Medicine; also stories and articles by OPIE READ, ELLIOTT FLOWER, ROSWELL FIELD, MARGARET SANGSTER, GENERAL CHARLES KING, FORREST CRISSEY and others.

"THE WILD ROSE LETTERS," BEING THE HEART SECRETS BETWEEN ELAINE, COUNTESS OF WYCHERLY, AND ROSE MARY OF STRAWBERRY POINT (IA.). Its sentiment is as sweet and delicious as wild honey—a yearly feature.

"CLARA LOUISE BURNHAM" will contribute an article on the CHRISTIAN SCIENCE FAITH for the November WOMAN'S WORLD. Mrs. Clara Louise Burnham has become known throughout the English-speaking world as a novelist who has introduced into fiction the element of "CHRISTIAN SCIENCE." And she has done this with such power and charm that her stories of "Jewel," "Jewel's Story Book," "The Right Princess" and "The Opened Shutters" have become classics in their peculiar field. Mrs. Burnham has also practically consented to write a serial story for the WOMAN'S WORLD, to start in an early issue. OPIE READ'S new serial story will start in the November WOMAN'S WORLD. Other 1908 Contributors to WOMAN'S WORLD are MAUDE BALLINGTON BOOTH, JANE ADDAMS, MAUD RADFORD WARREN, WILL PAYNE, HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD, S. E. KISER, W. D. NESBIT, EDWIN BALMER, DR. W. A. EVANS, Commissioner of Health for Chicago; STANLEY WATERLOO, ELSIE JANIS the actress, and many other well-known writers and celebrities. The WOMAN'S WORLD is printed in colors, with a super-calendered cover. It is a GREAT LITTLE MAGAZINE.

"WHY GIRLS GO ASTRAY" IS ANOTHER ARTICLE BY MR. SIMS, which will appear in the November or December issue of the WOMAN'S WORLD.

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

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PUBLISHED 52 TIMES A YEAR

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 21, 1908

VOLUME 31 — NUMBER 43
OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

Drawn by W. C. Rice

See Page 830

FIGHTING FOREST FIRES IN THE ADIRONDACKS

Questions and Answers

H. B. D., How does a spider take its web across through an open space, ten feet above the ground, from one tree top to another when the trees are twenty-five feet apart?

The spider takes advantage of air currents. It tries to spin its web at a time when a breeze will carry the threads toward a branch it has probably selected. Sometimes it makes many fruitless efforts to accomplish this. If the light film strikes the bark it will catch hold.

Reader, Oakdale, Calif. 1. In a business meeting, ought a nomination to be made and seconded the same as a motion? 2. Ought the regular reports of secretary and treasurer to be accepted formally by the society? 3. Of what house was Queen Victoria a descendant—Tudor or what?

1. and 2. Yes, in both cases. 3. Queen Victoria had blood of the house of Stuart in her veins, and through it was descended from Henry VII., a Tudor, whose daughter married James IV., who was slain at Flodden in 1513. Her own immediate ancestors were of German blood. Her father was the Duke of Kent, who was the son of George III. George III. was the son of George II., born in Hanover, Germany. He was the son of George I., who was the son of the Elector of Saxony, whose mother, Elizabeth, was a daughter of James I. of England. Remotely she was descended from the Guelphs.

E. R. S., New York. What prominent prophecies are yet to be fulfilled before the coming of our Lord?

"Nation shall rise against nation"—a great war; great religious revivals; the ascension of 144,000 Christians; more wars, also famines, pestilences and earthquakes; the spread of infidelity and rise of Antichrist; the Great Tribulation, or persecution of the Christians; the battle of Armageddon; the Second Advent and the millennium.

W. G. G., Pittsburg, Pa. After reading the thirty-first chapter of Numbers, do you think Moses was the "meek" man he is represented to have been in the twelfth chapter of Numbers and third verse?

The whole verse in question is apparently a parenthesis and is supposed by commentators to have been written, not by Moses of himself, but by Ezra, or some later prophet. Several authorities give the more accurate rendering as "very afflicted," in the sense of having many things to vex and discourage him in dealing with the people, and yet being calm and forbearing. The Hebrew phrase, it is declared by eminent scholars, would be more correctly translated, "much-enduring."

R. J., Indianapolis. Now that trans-Atlantic cheap postage has become an accomplished fact, our postal service will doubtless increase. Where is the smallest post office in the world?

It is said that up to a very recent date at least the smallest post office in the world was that which was kept in a barrel that swung from a rock over the Straits of Magellan, opposite Terra del Fuego. It was opened by passing ships to take or deposit letters. Every ship took all of the letters it could transmit.

Constant Reader, Montreal, Can. In one of David's Psalms it says, "Ask of me and I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance." How is this passage to be interpreted?

This Psalm is construed by commentators as referring to the coming Messiah, God's Anointed, who will rule in Zion and have all the nations subject unto him, his dominion extending over the whole earth.

Reader. 1. Whom did Cain marry? Was it his sister? 2. Was China inhabited before the present Chinese race, and by whom? 3. How many years after Christ was born was the New Testament written?

1. Answered repeatedly in THE MAIL-BAG. 2. The origin of the Chinese race is lost in antiquity. It goes back to a period nearly 3,000 B.C. according to Chinese tradition, when as a horde of wanderers, they lived in the forests of Shan-si. Who the people were who preceded them is unknown. Chinese legends call them "fiery dogs," "great bowmen," "mounted warriors," "the black-haired race." Ethnologists assume that they may have been Tartars, like the Jungs of the West and the Teks, the ancestors of the Tekke-Turcomans of the North. 3. The oldest documents extant belong to the third and fourth centuries A.D., others to the three centuries following.

W. G. M., Oxford, O. Some time ago one of your readers asked this question through THE MAIL-BAG: What are we to understand by the heart, soul and spirit? An eminent divine writes as follows:

"The heart and soul and spirit are sometimes used in Scripture to designate the same thing, viz., our spiritual being as distinguished from the physical. This much of difference may be named: 'heart' usually denotes affection; 'soul' denotes the life we have in common with other creatures and also often our spiritual being; 'spirit' nearly always means our spiritual nature pure and simple. All three, however, belong to our inward being as distinguished from our corporal being."

O. O. J., Cazadero, Ore. Is it harmful to participate in a "raffle"?

A raffle is a game of chance and therefore gambling. The same objection in degree is applicable to raffles that applies to all forms of gaming, although some are certainly worse than others.

Mrs. T. C. B., Tomah, Wis. What reason can be given now why one should be a total abstainer that were not used thirty years ago?

Education has enlightened the public concerning the evil effects of alcohol on the human system. It has also revealed results, personal and transmitted, which were not known to earlier times. Besides, the drinker is no longer tolerated in decent society. He is not wanted by employers in any calling we know of. He cannot hope to succeed in any business or profession, and many are closed to him. Insurance companies draw the line against him. One of the first things an employer wants to know is whether a man drinks or not; if he does, then his chances are practically *nil*. Our leading physicians are almost a unit against the use of alcohol. Publicists have taught the people how the drink traffic is responsible for the bulk of our crime and pauperism, and how it swells our taxes. The moral side of the question speaks for itself. A home where drink rules, is no home. It demoralizes and brutalizes all it touches, and drags down the innocent and the guilty alike. It stamps out the image of God in man, ruins his worldly career and robs him of his hopes of a future life, for it is written, "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God." (I. Cor. 6: 10.)

Jess. B., Rahway, N. J. How old is the fashion of wearing the high silk hat?

It is believed to have originated in Florence, where it was of a more conical shape than now. It was introduced in France about 1825, and has since spread pretty widely over the civilized world.

Inquirer, Philadelphia, Pa. Is the settlement "Lincoln," which was founded in Africa by Heli Chatelain, still in existence?

We have heard nothing of it in years. Mr. Chatelain died in Lausanne, Switzerland, lately. He was identified with Bishop Taylor's African missions, was an expert linguist, and translated the Gospels into Kimbundu. He was the organizer of the Philafrican League, which began operations in Africa thirteen years ago. Mr. Chate-

A NOTABLE WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

LARGE families of such sturdy American stock as that of James Hyde, of Hyde Park, N. D., are rare in these days, but the members of such are certainly entitled to congratulations. The above picture was taken at the fiftieth anniversary of the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Hyde. Relatives and friends came from far and near to participate in the festivities, and were photographed that Mr. and Mrs. Hyde might have a pleasant reminder of the happy occasion. Mr. Hyde has been a subscriber to The Christian Herald for many years and is greatly interested in its pages.

lain, who was lame and always feeble physically, broke down in health in Africa and withdrew from the field over a year ago.

W. B., Jacksonville, Fla. What is the popularly accepted meaning of "cosmos"?

It means the globe or the universe considered as an orderly and harmonious system, as opposed to "chaos." Homer used the term to denote "order," and other philosophic writers applied it to the celestial and terrestrial order, and to the harmony of nature and the world generally.

F. M., Petersburg, S. C. Do our loved ones who have died and gone, as we trust, to Heaven, know anything about our circumstances here upon earth?

Such is the belief of the Christian Church throughout the world. Conscious life after death has been the theme of the greatest scientists, philosophers and thinkers in all ages. It is a world-wide belief, though not demonstrable by human methods. It must be accepted in faith. It is very clearly realized, however, by those who, through holy living and keeping near to God, find developing in themselves a sense of spiritual perception, which is impossible to one who is wrapped up in the affairs of the world and the body. To the aged saint, the veil between the two worlds becomes almost transparent. As to the preservation of identity and memory in the future life, the Bible clearly teaches it. David, speaking of his dead child, says (II. Sam. 12: 23) "I shall go to him, but he will not return to me," implying recognition. Paul (Heb. 1: 14) tells us of the "ministering spirits," and again (Heb. 12: 1) of a "clou of witnesses." The parable of Dives and La teaches recognition and interest and the tinuance of memory in the future life. See Rev. 6: 9, 10; Rom. 14: 12; Heb. 13: 17; Ep 15; 2: 19; II. Cor. 4: 14; II. Thess. 4: 13-18; 12: 5; Eph. 4: 21. Dr. Peters in his famous *The Great Hereafter* (published by THE CHRI HERALD, price $2.50), treats exhaustively o future life, and shows the almost universa lief of all ages in immortality with ide preserved.

Emma F. Manhasset, N. Y. How old is the ence of aeronautics? When was the balloon ascension made?

It is almost as old as the discovery of hydr gas by Cavendish in 1760. Black had the suggestion of its lifting power. In 1783 the b ers Montgolfier, of France, filled paper bags hot air, which ascended. The same yea Charles, of Paris, sent up the hydrogen-filled balloon, and year also Joseph and Ste Montgolfier ascended in a balloon, and MM. Robert Charles also made ascensions.

G. E. S., Glenville, Neb. 1. Wh the percentage of the desc ants of the English, nov siding in the United State comparison with the per age of any other foreign residing in the United St 2. What is the number of eigners now residing as zens of the United Stat comparison with the Eng

1. Population of foreign pa age, according to last ce 26,198,939, of which 2,146,271 of English birth or descent. S census shows 7,832,681 of Ger parentage or descent, 4,98 of Irish parentage or desc and 1,319,141 of Canadian-En parents or descent. 2. Total eign population by birth descent, 26,198,939. [Your o questions can be answered reference to any modern e clopedia or history. Write to nal Observer, Washington, D about Nebraska temperature.]

J. J., Atlanta, Ga. Where did story of "the phœnix ri from its ashes" originate?

It is one of the world's ol myths. Even before the day Job and David, it was a pop tradition in Palestine and Ara The phœnix was a type of immortality of the soul. Jewish rabbins wrote that all birds adopted the example of first woman and ate of the bidden fruit except the phœ which obtained a certain imm tality as its reward. The fa ran that the bird lived 500 ye made its nest of spices, lighted it by the mot of its wings, was consumed and rose, recreat from its own ashes, to a new life.

Miscellaneous

B. J. M., Chillicothe, Mo. Don't know his ligion.

Reader, Felton, Del. Published by Zeigle Co., Philadelphia.

M. C., New York. See names of Homes Charities Directory.

G. S. M., Nova Scotia, and G. R., Cana We cannot give the name of the author.

C. P. B., Waldo, Wis. A short biography John B. Gough, the temperance evangelist, pears in *Nelson's Encyclopedia*. The na Gough is pronounced as though written Goff.

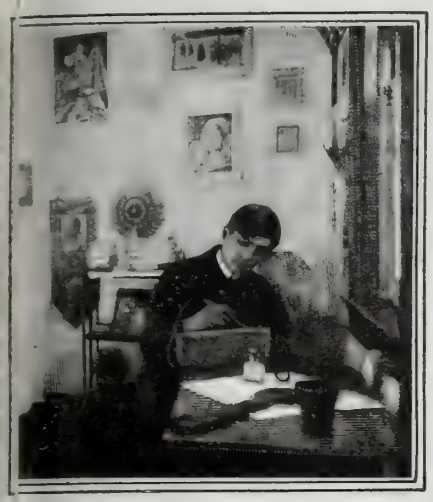
Reader, Troy, N. Y. There were Schools Bible Study in Upper Egypt, Armenia and el where as early as the fourth century, but th were not entitled to be called Sunday Schools the modern sense.

—We specially desire to call the atte tion of CHRISTIAN HERALD readers w reside in any of the following State Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connec cut, Maine, Vermont, New Hampshir Pennsylvania, New York, New Jerse Delaware, or Maryland, to the notice a pearing on the last column of the editori page of this issue (page 828).

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

In a Boy's Own Room



Group of Buildings in the Children's Village

Front of One of the Pretty Cottages

LIFE IN "THE CHILDREN'S VILLAGE"

By KATE UPSON CLARK

ENTERING the broad grounds of the "New York Juvenile Asylum," and admiring the grand woods and hills through which you are passing, you may ask, as many other visitors do, "How soon do you come to the Children's Village?"

"You are in it now."

"I thought that this was some splendid park."

No, these truly superb grounds, with their rich variety of forest, knoll and meadow, are only the setting in which its wise and philanthropic conductors have placed this important institution; and you think, "It should be easy to be good and hard to be bad in such a place."

That this is the practical outcome of living here you learn from the matron of one of the numerous cottages.

"Do you have any trouble with the twenty boys under your charge?"

"Never; they are just as good as they can be."

There are other and perhaps more powerful agencies at work for the regeneration of the five hundred who have been placed here for care and improvement, but the beautiful and peaceful surroundings must have no small influence for good.

The Village lies in the town of Dauncey, in Westchester County, New York; but may be easily reached from either Dobb's Ferry or Hastings. The scenery around it is among the finest of that which has made the Hudson River valley famous. It was a great day for the "New York Juvenile Asylum" when it was removed from its close and unfavorable quarters in the city, to this noble site. No walls confine the children, though many of them are classed as "disorderly," and even "incorrigible," and all belong to what may properly be called "the neglected tenth" of society. Like many others of the most intelligent workers among the poor and the vicious, the managers of the Children's Village have decided that the less restraint, the more likelihood of reformation. For hardened criminals, confinement and high walls; for those who know only the beginning of sin, freedom, limited only by a wise surveillance. Honor can not grow except by exercise; and the children in this wonderful Village are given as much freedom and latitude as may be in order to develop this foundation quality of character.

The Recreation Hour in One of the Cottages

Four Lads, as They Came to the Village

As They Went West, After Training

The establishment of the cottage system here has been another step forward in the progress of judicious care for the unfortunate. The great central institution idea has been abolished. The children are divided into groups of about twenty. Each child has his separate sleeping room, often partly furnished with tables, shelves, or other articles made by his own hands. The matron or master of the house knows each boy thoroughly.

The new buildings, the cottages, the schoolhouse, the hospital, even the power house, are built not only with regard to the very newest plans for light, heat and general convenience, but to beauty. They fit the fine landscape and are a constant education to the eye.

The "Juvenile Asylum" was founded by Peter Cooper more than fifty years ago, and has always required more or less of private assistance. It would have been almost impossible to maintain the present high standard of excellence in the personnel and equipment if the city alone were responsible. The city pays per capita for all those committed to the asylum under its auspices, the smallest sum paid in any similar public charity. As this sum can only be afforded where most of the service is given for virtually nothing, as is the case among some of the religious orders, it will be seen that it does not cover the cost of the city's charges in a place like the Children's Village, where the officers and employees are all first-class. In order to keep up the high standard attained there, it is imperative that its friends should put their hands deep into their pockets. Memorial houses and memorial endowments are sorely needed there, and money could not be more hopefully invested than in this noble work among the unfortunate children of the metropolis.

For the first time in a long course of years the Juvenile Asylum in 1907 was placed by the State Board of Charities in the first class; that is to say, it is adjudged by them to have no material defect. It is believed that this is the only one of its numerous charges to be

Continued on page 839

THE AMERICAN PULPIT

A SERMON BY

Rev. Emory J. Haynes*

Who Is A Christian?

TEXT:

"Follow me." — John 1 : 43.

THE request of Jesus, "Follow me! Follow me!" What is it to be a Christian? These are days in which that question is in the air all about us. There are very many answers that are purely human; honest and earnest endeavors of earnest and honest men to help their fellows; but after all the true answer is to be found in that Book, if we can but sift it out. I have heard some complaint of the omission of which the evangelist made mention when he said that if all the things which Jesus did and said were written, the books of the world could not contain them, and they regret that the Scriptures are not ampler. I never felt that regret. It is too large a book for me as it is. I, who am finite, come to this volume which is infinite to sift out of it the answer to this question: What is it to be a Christian?

Imagine yourself Philip. You are a full-grown man. You dwell in this land instead of Palestine, in the year 1908 instead of the year 27, but otherwise, let us imagine, you are Philip. You are a sincere seeker after truth. Like him you have talked with Nathanael and Peter, wise and devout men, your neighbors; like him you have turned over the pages of that Scripture to find out the truth that shall be applicable to your life. You have in quiet confessed yourself at times sorely sad-hearted. You never professed yourself right, you wouldn't say that you are now; but, oh, how anxious you are that you should be right! What is it to be a Christian? So some winter's day—this was in the winter in the year 27—you are apart from the crowd in some solitary place. This was apart from the crowd in the foot-hills to the left of the Jordan, whither they retired with Jesus.

A Heart-Searching Query

You are away. Let it be some loved country-side. Are you very happy where you go in summer? The old farm? Is the thought of it restful to you now? Is it quiet there, conducive to self-examination, and intimate knowledge of your own soul? Away from the sidewalk so full; away from the thoroughfares which have been this last week like quagmires; up there, where the snow is like a pavement of silver under your foot; away from the thronging meetings, and the hot questions of the revival services. Such pure skies, such voiceless air, such inspiration in the sunlight, such seclusion, such solitude! And these questions search your heart, "What is it to be a Christian? Am I a Christian? No, would to God I were! How shall I find the truth concerning myself? Men talk to me about the blush of shame and the conviction of sin. Is it to cringe under the spots upon my manhood, the stain upon my soul, as this snow reveals the stain from the rot in the broken limb of the maple dripping and drizzling upon it? I do. I wish I was washed out. They talk about the new life. Is it to wish oneself to have become what God originally made him? True to his own being, as is this snowbird who dare fly up to the very face of God and sing in his ear? Is it to be as perfect a man, as is this bright winter's day in nature? Oh, God, would I were such a man! That I, a human being, were as these creatures of the wing are, and as this inanimate creation is!" You approach and put your hand on the bough of an evergreen, along which the fresh fallen snow is encrusted now, and holding it gently, you mark its graceful contour of wreathed beauty. Does it know that it is beautiful? Not at all. The bough did not make itself so. No.

"Follow Me!"

"God of nature, this is thy handiwork. Thou hast made this evergreen beautiful with the fairy grace of the snow. Oh that some one would take my nature and fashion it into shapes of grace, adorn it, make it beautiful in the garniture that is above my imagining, as this bough is beautiful." Then your hand shakes a little, and off falls the snow. "There," you sadly exclaim, "that is myself exactly. I have had my hour or moment that I was beautiful with the mere frosted loveliness of goodness; and then the movement of some passion's trembling, and it is gone. I need to be made beautiful and kept in some moveless, passionless air by God's own hand!"

What is it to be a Christian? Why, as you walk back and forth under the leafless maples, your shoe making its noise on the frosty crust, suddenly, Jesus appears to you! He comes as a man of thirty years of age, graceful in movement, modest in dress, tender and solicitous of countenance, and somehow you recognize that it is he. So he did come to men's houses. So he came to Zaccheus; so he came to Nicodemus; so he came to the home of Mary and Martha. To many a man's dwelling came he, and so he comes to you. You recognize him there under the maples. You know that it is he who has turned this world right side out. It is he who has been the hope of all wise statesmen and benefactors of your race; it is he who spake as never man spake, and he has come to you. You are conscious that he reads your heart. You feel as he passes the well-sweep that he has read you through and through. Coming nearer, he puts out his hand and softly says, "Follow me. Follow me."

The Heart's Answer

Now, what would you do if it were so? Would you begin to plead excuses that your time was occupied? No. He came to your village; his shoe has tracked the highway, the mile down to the bridge, the other mile to the schoolhouse, and the forks of the road. His eyes have scanned every residence; he saw the well; he has passed the tree by the entrance; he has seen you under the maple, and he has come to you with this question, "Follow me?" What would you do but cry out instantly, "Yea, Lord, whithersoever thou goest! How I have longed for this time; wondered that thou never camest to us as to men of old; my heart has been crying out for thee." "Follow me." Yes, your knee would make a print where your shoe had been at his feet. "My God, I give to thee this day, I give to thee this week, to follow thee whithersoever thou goest, and be thy disciple and learner."

Then this reply, "Thou needest not to follow me if thou canst give only this day or this week. No, but follow me this week, this year, two years, five years, ten years, and learn of me." And your heart is heavy, for you are due at your desk on Monday. Still, the question has wrought on you so that you are almost ready to excuse yourself from other duties and vow, "Lord, a week, a month!—but a year to follow thee? To sit at thy feet and learn of thee? But my factory." Then he surprises you with, "You need not give up the factory. I will go with you to the factory. If I will be your teacher may I go before you to the office? May I go with you to the bench? Would you follow me, doing those things which you are set to do—me, the Carpenter's Son?"

Christ in Our Daily Lives

Now, suppose you said, "Yes." Would that make you a Christian? Yes. Are you now a disciple of Christ? What else are you? Are you now a follower of Jesus? What else are you? You say, "Jesus, I go back to the factory with thee; lead me all the way." Oh, I have seen many a factory where Jesus toils. That same Master, who, in his early lifetime sought men out in the fishing smack and helped them out with their catch; that same Jesus who sympathized with Mary and Martha in their household cares; that same Lord who himself, until man's estate, shoved the jack-plane as a carpenter; that same one offers to lead every man into the factory, to go before you into the shop, to stand by you in the store, or the office. I see two workmen toiling at the bench, and only one of them asks for his wages Saturday night. I see two workmen pacing at the lathe, one with hands busy upon the machinery, and the other with the fan of refreshment, the regalement of patience, the help of the flagging mind and flesh, breathing the inspiration to be something more and better, bending over the lathe-worker and whispering, whispering, whispering in his ear that he may be led up, up, up to higher hopes and purposes. I see two laborers standing at the forge, one with blackened, smoke-stained visage and soiled clothing; the Other in such garments of white as no fuller on earth can white them. I see two who leave the cottage to go to the factory door, and One turns the other aside from the dram-shop, returns with him to the place of his toil, stands by him at the loom, keeps all the hours of the whistle and the bell to help his fellow workmen to be true. "Follow me. Will you follow me? May I lead you to the factory? Will you be such a mechanic, su a laborer as I will teach you to be?"

"Ah, but," says some one, "how about your t ology? You said that would make me a Christia Do you believe that you could live in such consta association with that Stainless Life, lapped in bosom, circled in his arms, with his silken rc against your serge all day long in the shop, and cc tinue such a man as you were before? Do you l lieve it possible that you could live so close to hi and you remain a lump of ice under this sunlig which glanced from his eye?

Suppose now this question is addressed to so buyer and seller, "May I lead you? Will you be disciple, a learner of me? May I say that you a a follower of Christ? That you are a learner the feet of him who came from heaven to earth teach men?" You reply, "I am a merchan Promptly he, laconically, "Follow me! Follow m May I have the keys to the store?" "But, Lord, t porter has the keys to the store. This serva opens the store in the morning." "May I domina the porter? Would you like the store to be open by the Christ hand? May I display the goods in t Christly spirit? May I write all advertisemen for the press? May I buy and sell, make the ba gains, and see that whatever goes in or out is a cording to the Golden Rule? May I take the utte most charge of this business of thine? May I be the heart of the floor-walker? Would you wi Christ to be the inspiration of the cash-girl, in t bosom of the credit-man, bending over the books the office?" Can you say, "Lord God, would that were so?" Man, what are you, if you are not Christ-follower? You have given up the sto turned it all over to him. He has the key.

The Christian in Business

Ah, what a merchant Jesus would have made if h had been a merchant instead of a carpenter! Th magnificent health of his, that splendid genius th flashed from his eyes and enabled him to contr men and read the future, that beautiful uprigh ness with which he dealt with men! How ever one would have flocked to buy of him! What trac marts would have been built up! What reputatio would his portals have gained for just dealing, u rightness, and purity! He would have monopolize the trade of the world. You wouldn't dare to pu your business in the hands of a minister. You sa the clergy are dreamers. But in the hands of hi who manages the earth, the seas, and the stars; i the hands of this financier, whose every outgoin tide makes such a sure deposit, and every incomin tide writes its check exact upon the shore, you ca safely trust your business. My Lord God, here i the key. Hereafter you are conscious all the tim of following Christ the merchant. Every mornin as you open the mail you do it under the sanctio and inspiration of that life which was the mos beautiful the world ever saw. You have the con sciousness that Jesus Christ knows about your af fairs at the bank; Jesus Christ knows whatsoeve is said about buying and selling; Jesus Christ set tles all questions of taste. What is the beautifu but a part of the good and the true? Who ever ha such taste as this Jesus Christ, who painted the sun set, adorned the wing of the bird, who fills all na ture with the æsthetics which are beyond the possi bility of any painting hand? You turned the stor over to him, everything, and it is all his, and yo bowed at his feet.

The New Birth

But, you object again. You say, "This is all im agination. It is not true." It is every word true and the trouble with our modern theology is we pu Jesus Christ into Sunday and lock him up; we loc him into the Bible, and we don't let the Bible com in and overflow and overflood every day of our lives "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of th world."

"Follow me. Follow me." It is the one same laconic question of Jesus to every man, woman, an child; and when the whole heart says, "Yea, I fol low thee," that instant you become a Christian. I care not just now for any definition and limitation of a creed; you, who with all your heart say, "I an thine," what are you, if you are not a disciple? What are you, if you are not a Christian? Possibly

Continued on page 825

* Formerly pastor of Tremont Temple, Boston.

"The Little Church Around the Corner"

THE Church of the Transfiguration at No. 5 East Twenty-ninth Street, New York, has so long borne this pseudonym that its real name is been almost forgotten. The incident which used this title to be given is still fresh in the inds of our citizens, though it occurred many years go, and has been repeatedly denied. It was said at the use of a certain great church on New ork's most famous and fashionable avenue was fused when wanted for the funeral of a well-own actor.

"But," said the pastor, "there is a little church round the corner where the exercises might per-aps be held."

The story goes that they were held there and that r. George Hendric Houghton, the noble pastor, mself officiated, lovingly and tenderly; thus en-daring himself not only to the whole theatrical rofession, but to all broad-minded Christians.

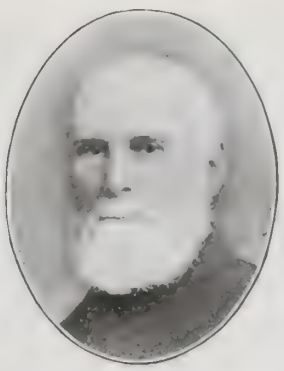
His nephew and successor, the Rev. eorge C. Houghton, has pursued the me policy which distinguished the ad-nistration of his uncle. "The Little hurch Around the Corner" has there-re stood always for an all-embracing ve and catholicity. Possibly this may metimes have been carried too far, t, if so, the people have loved it all te better, and God's blessing has rely seemed to rest upon it.

On October 4, the sixtieth anniver-ry of the founding of the church was lebrated. The altar was banked th flowers, against masses of green. orchestra assisted the organ, and ree of the six services held during e day were musical.

The only sermon preached was by e Rev. Dr. Wilford L. Robbins, Dean the General Theological Seminary. was upon the subject of God's ounding love.

Dr. Robbins dwelt upon the pros-rity which had followed the church om its beginning. Starting in pov-ty, it had gone on from year to year, ver knowing beforehand just how s expenses were to be met, until very tely. Now it has an endowment fund \$200,000, a large and growing mem-

Rev. Dr. Houghton, Present Pastor



Rev. G. H. Houghton, Founder

bership, a flourishing chapel on Sixty-ninth Street, and many beautiful and costly decorations.

The Church of the Transfiguration has been added to from time to time until the originally small structure has become very large. It is low and rambling in form, but quite picturesque. Much of its prosperity has been due to the gifts of the actors whom it has befriended, and the undoubted increase of morality among this perhaps most conspicuous class in our modern city life, may have been largely due to the devoted efforts of Dr. Houghton and his band of earnest helpers. There is plenty more to do in this line, in spite of all that has been accomplished; and every Christian will wish for "more power to the elbow" of the present pastor of this unique and useful church.

Slips had been issued at the anniversary services asking for \$2,500 for the current expenses of the church, and this amount was readily given.

"The Little Church Around the Corner"

The romances clustering about "the Little Church Around the Corner" have been legion. The weddings and funerals which have taken place there have often, perhaps usually, had "a history" behind them—sometimes one of shadows—sometimes with more of light than gloom, but nearly always of public interest. It has done a needed work in the world, and whatever may have been its mistakes, they were made in love, and the Recording Angel has not set them down. Warm congratulations and wishes for long life and continued prosperity are universally extended to it on its sixtieth anniversary, and may it grow especially in its capacity to attract the brilliant and erratic class to which, out of all our churches, it has seemed most to appeal.

An Ever-welcome Visitor

Dear Dr. Klopsch: I have received the premium books according to your offer, and am more than pleased with them, as they make an excellent addition to my library, and very choice reading. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is an ever-welcome visitor at our home.

Floyd, Ia. MRS. J. A. DOWNS.

WHO IS A CHRISTIAN? Sermon by Rev. Emory J. Haynes *Continued*

ou object that that is not that passing richness of e experience which is called the new birth. Yet ill not that ensue? Do you suppose it is possible, I k again, that you can live in such conscious inti-ate companionship with the Holy Master and re-ain the same man, with the same old nature, you ere before? Do you think he will long associate intimately with you, and not be the Master in love your whole being and the Lord of all your affec-on? You, in an intimacy with him that shall be as ide, as deep as that of the mother and the child!

I have a friend in a certain city, a strong man, ll-tided in all his love of the present world. I ten think of him as being almost too much devoted it; think and fear for him lest he get, one so good he, very near the verge of the forbidden love of is world, and yet I do not believe he has passed the he forbidden. In his office are three pictures front-g him whenever he glances up; one of his wife, a ost gracious lady, another of his growing and romising son, and another of the pretty little aughter, in one frame on his desk standing under s eyes; and all the energy which drives that store nd two or three factories, and is threatening to ake him prematurely old, all that comes from his votion to those three faces. I do not believe that is possible for that man to sit down at that desk nd do a deed or write a line that shall ever bring sgrace upon that boy or girl or the woman who alks at his side. Even so is it possible for a hu-an life to dominate an affectionate man.

I suppose all of you work, some of you even in oisome and dark places of daily toil, with these ces of your loves hung about you in dream, al-ough they may not be there in reality. One has most had his hand in the jaws of the lion of some uel sin, when the remembrance of the face of a od wife has warned him to withdraw it. There is such moral sanative as the presence at the store a pure-hearted wife and a baby or two, who come er to visit you now and then. Happy is that man ho goes home every day to lunch, and washes off e dust of the street in the penetralia of home! hen they come into the office, you put your pen hind your ear and stretch back in your chair; the bwebs seem to fade out of the dingy office windows the sunshine of their presence. "I am glad to see you. What is it you want? Money? All that I have is yours." And after they have gone you sit a moment in soft delight of memory, before you take the pen down. They pick their way out among the boxes and bales and depart; but there is a perfume of sweet affection left by the gentle visitors, about those old casks; and up among the pails and kettles, hung at the ceiling hooks, there is a ring and echo of the laughter of the baby; out by the window sashes, cleansed from the shining of their eyes, the cobwebs are swept, and they don't come back for half a day. Happy is he who is beleaguered, now and then, by those whom he loves in the midst of his days of toil!

Now, can a man be dominated like that by a human life and its loves, and not be changed into something rich and strange by constant association with Jesus Christ? There is many a man, a son, who coming under the old sign of his father, and being the master of the business at length, remembers the commercial creed of his sire, and he solemnly vows, "as his father kept his business honorable and prosperous, so shall the son do afterwards."

Any man and every man who says, "All my business, all that I am, all my beliefs, all my obligations, body and soul, shall be taught and dominated by Christ," he is a Christian.

Who is the singer? Only those who can sing with the lips? No, I am a singer, too, if I can sing in my heart. Don't you know a songstress who used to sing before her hair turned white, or before some disaster overtook her; but of late years with her vocal cords all shattered by that attack of diphtheria, every now and then as she returns from a concert, she pulls down the window, shuts the door and locks it, and sits down to the piano—that piano which once was discordant in contrast with her glorious tones—and with the score of the piece at the concert before her, she accompanies herself with the cracked voice, until her dissonance is too much even for her own ear; and with her eyes all tears to think that the day of her audible song is gone, she plays the glorious score through and sings it in her soul. All the rippling trills, all the glorious harmonies, all the eagle flights, all the majesty of the score is in her soul, but her lips are dumb! I tell you the man who knows the score of the life of Jesus Christ like that, who sits before it, even though his own cracked voice is such a grief; yet sings it through in his own soul and says, "Would God I might be like that! It shall have all the dominance of my being!" that man is a Christian.

O thou glorious Choir-master, thou New Jerusalem Singer, I see thee this morning with the lifted baton, and thou turnest unto each of us and sayest, "Follow me. It shall be a hymn of sweet charity." Lead on, thou Choir-master divine, and we will try to follow thee. "Follow me. It shall be a hymn of self-sacrifice and Christian devotion." Lead on, we will follow thee. "Follow me. It shall be a hymn full of sorrow for the mistakes of the dead past and of resolves for the new future." Lead on, we will try to follow thee. "Follow me. It shall be the hallelujah chorus over our besetments, the world, the flesh, and the devil, and victory at last." Sing on, we will try it, we must! All our soul is singing now!

Oh, I seek for words with which to depict it, to describe it, what it is, this passing strange and beautiful companionship. You have been wayward, and you go to the old home and sit by the armchair of your mother at Thanksgiving time, and her white hands are upon your brow, and her gentle words in your ear, and you go away saying, "I never spend an hour with her but it makes me a better man." But to be with Christ all day long and all night long, comforted by his presence, until at last he leads you to Calvary, and you see him die on the cross for you, and your heart cries out, "My Leader, my Master, my Lord, my God, my Saviour!"

That is the completion. The completion of discipleship? Not quite. There is another journey, man's last long journey. In that hour there is another, a final call. It comes softly floating down, I think, like a strain of celestial harmony. "Follow me." We shall all be listening for it in the dying hour. "Follow me." Yea, Lord, if we only may, thou Singing Pathfinder, through clouds and space to the heavenly home.

Please do a little home missionary work this week for the subscription list of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Your friends will thank you heartily for it.

VASSAL STATES BREAK FROM TURKE

Bulgarian Artillery Guarding the Frontier

SURPRISING most of the older States of Europe, a new kingdom has appeared upon the map, where but recently there was only a principality under the nominal suzerainty of Turkey. Bulgaria has become a completely independent State, and, amid the rejoicing of the people, Prince Ferdinand has declared himself Czar of the Bulgarians. For years Bulgaria has been really independent with a ruler and parliament of its own, but it still owed, though unwillingly, a certain allegiance to the Sultan. To throw off this allegiance has been the desire of the Prince and people, and they have watched and waited and prepared to make their independence absolute whenever Turkey might find herself in difficulties, and they could strike with a fair prospect of success. As one diplomat put it, "Bulgaria has been preparing in a military way for at least ten years." Now, with the undoubted backing of the great dual monarchy of Austria-Hungary, they have taken the step which, while it will accomplish what the Bulgarians wish for, will at the same time disturb the European concert. The act of Bulgaria, however, has not caused so much chagrin to Turkey as the annexation of the provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina by Austria-Hungary immediately after it.

The Emperor of Austria

A diplomatic dinner at Constantinople and a railway strike brought the trouble to a head. According to the Bulgarian version an official dinner was given at the Palace in Constantinople to which the ambassadors were invited with the exception of the minister of Bulgaria. Heretofore he had always been asked. The Bulgarian foreign office inquired the cause of the direct discourtesy. The Turks are reported to have replied that Bulgaria was a vassal State and not entitled to have any minister sit on an equality with those from sovereign States. This caused great indignation at Sofia. The Turks, on the other hand, say that the invitation was withheld at Germany's request.

Then came the trouble over the Oriental Railway. It has 186 miles of track in Bulgaria, and much more in Turkey. A strike on the Turkish section spread into Bulgaria. On an arrangement with the road officials, Bulgaria began to run the road, as the strike threatened the peace of the country. Turkey said she owned the line, and ordered Bulgaria to give it up, which the latter refused to do. Friction increased and Prince Ferdinand and his ministers decided to fix, once for all, the relations between Bulgaria and Turkey. The Prince went to Tirnova, the ancient capital, where in centuries past the warlike sovereigns of the Bulgarians have assumed the crown. His wife, the Princess Eleonore, and his children went on a special train to be with him at the ceremony that all expected. The royal party, and as many people as could be admitted, assembled in the historic church of the Forty Martyrs, which was built in 1230 to commemorate the victory over the Greeks by Czar Johann Scheschman. The declaration of independence was first read and then the President of the Parliament and the Prime Minister asked the Prince to become Czar of the Bulgarians. The Prince gave his assent, and a great cry of "Long live the Czar of the Bulgarians" resounded through the church and was taken up by the crowds outside. The wildest enthusiasm prevailed. A *Te Deum* was sung in the church; the king reviewed the troops, and the people gave themselves up to merrymaking. The city was illuminated in the evening; bands played up and down the streets, and the people danced for joy in the public squares. "Long live the Czar of the Bulgarians!" they cried. Bulgaria was free.

Prince Ferdinand sent a telegraphic dispatch addressed to the Sultan in which he said that the popular will forced him to declare the independence of Bulgaria, and ended by expressing the wish that the relations between the kingdom of Bulgaria and the Ottoman Empire would remain as cordial as heretofore. While the dispatch must have been a great surprise to the Sultan, both he and his ministers acted with great moderation. The Sultan sent the news to his Grand Vizier, Kiamil Pasha, who at once summoned a meeting of the Council of State. It is said there were also present at the conference a committee representing the Young Turk Party, which caused the recent revolt resulting in the present constitution. After deliberating some time it was decided that Turkey could not accept Bulgaria's declaration of independence.

The second blow at the prestige of Turkey came with even less warning than the declaration of Bulgaria. Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, announced the annexation of the two provinces of Herzegovina and Bosnia. These two provinces have been occupied by Austrian troops for the last thirty years and their civil affairs have also been administered by Austrian officials appointed from Vienna. Although this occupation was

The New Czar of the Bulgarians and his Wife

agreed to, there was always a feeling at Constantinople that sooner or later they might be restored to Turkey.

Bosnia and Herzegovina are situated in the northwest part of the Balkan Peninsula. The climate of the two provinces is temperate except in winter when the northeast wind, known as the Bora, sweeps fiercely over the country between the Danube and the Adriatic. The provinces have mineral resources which are yet undeveloped to any extent. The main reliance of the peopl on agriculture, and e since the Austrians t hold of the reins of g ernment this has ste ily advanced. Bos and Herzegovina connected by a line railway opened in 19 The people are prac ally all of Servian blo though there are a f Gypsies in the count They are about equa divided among the M hammedan, Greek a Roman faiths. The pr inces have played unimportant part history. They belong in turn to Illyria, Pa nonia and Dalmat Servia hoped that t provinces would come under her sway, as the peop are of the same blood and were for a time part the old Servian kingdom.

For a while they had their native kings, but in 14 the Turks, led by Sultan Mohammed II, swept ov the country with fire and steel. The spirit of t people remained unbroken; they clung to their fait and rose against their Turkish masters. One de perate encounter followed another until in 1878 t Congress of Berlin allowed Austria to hold t country with the Sultan as suzerain. It is a pi turesque land with a quaint people, who are b little known to the average tourist. Ancient styl of dress greet the eye at every turn, while watc towers set against the sky and feudal fortress speak eloquently of a stormy past.

The first the Powers knew about the intention Austria to absorb the two States was when the Au trian ambassadors called on the respective rulers the different countries and presented an autograp note from the Emperor informing them of his inte tion. Probably not for years have the foreign offic of Europe been thrown into such a state of excit ment. Every nation felt, for the time being at leas that perhaps some of the others were privy to th designs of Austria and Bulgaria, and were perhap aiding them in order to carry out plans of their ow There was enough fear of a European war to caus the stocks to fall rapidly on every bourse in Europ Business, for a while at least, was very uncertai as to the prospect for peace. Turkey at once sen to the Powers declaring that they should take meas ures to protect Turkey against the acts of Bulgari and Austria, and calling on them to enforce th provisions of the treaty of Berlin.

Great Britain, Russia and France wish a meetin of the Powers to consider the situation.

Bulgaria has a population of over four million and she could, at a few days' notice, have an arm of 150,000 men ready to pour over the Turkis frontier. The Turks are greater in numbers, bu their army is rated, even by Turks themselves, a lower in efficiency. Bulgaria's army is one of th best drilled and prepared of its size in Europe. The people take great pride in it and sacrifice in othe things to keep its high standard.

Servia clamored for war against Austria. A mass meeting of 10,000 was held in Belgrade to protest against Austria's annexation of the two provinces. All of the army reserves of the first class, 120,000 men, have been called to the colors. The newspapers are filled with fiery articles; shops are closed, and nothing but demand for an immediate attack on Austria is heard.

Bulgaria's declaration spread like wildfire through the vassal lands of Turkey. The Cretans declared themselves a part of the Greek kingdom, and every house in Canea put out a Greek flag. The mayors of the towns delivered speeches and the people flocked into Canea firing rifles and pistols. All were anxious to join with the old fatherland, Greece. Probably the Cretans are as pure-blooded Greeks as can be found. There are 300,000 Christians and 30,000 Mussulmans on the island. The Powers intervened in 1898 to preserve order and made Crete an autonomous State. Since 1906 the king of Greece has appointed the commissioner. The day of the Cretan declaration the fiery populace of Montenegro declared that they, too, would acknowledge no longer the overlordship of the Turk, but would hold free their mountain fastnesses under their native prince. Before this strikes the eye of the reader war may be on, or Turkey may make the best of a bad situation.

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FOUNDERS' WEEK IN PHILADELPHIA

Governor Stuart of Pennsylvania

The Governor and Staff and the City Troop Entering Christ Church

One of the Heralds

WILLIAM PENN'S statue on the very tip of the dome of the Philadelphia City Hall must have gazed down in astonishment into the reets below during the first days of October to see ıe usually quiet citizens of the City of "Brotherly ove" celebrate "Founders' Week." It was the two ındred and twenty-fifth anniversary of Philadelıia, and the city had been preparing for the event for over a year past. How well the ninety or more committees, composed of over six hundred business men, who had charge of the plans for the festivities, did their work is attested by the hundreds of thousands of pleased sightseers who thronged the streets to watch the passage of the various parades, view the elaborate decorations and illuminations and have some share in the spirit of carnival which seemed to permeate the very air. The city spent over $100,000 on the celebration and the National government did its share by sending regular oops and marines to take part in the parades while attleships were anchored off the city. The amount ent by private individuals is beyond calculation.

William Penn

As a fitting opening for the week, special services ere held in the churches on Sunday, which were atended by high officials and prominent guests from ome and abroad. The Governor went to old Christ hurch and sat during the service in the same pew ıat was occupied by Washington when he lived in hiladelphia. Governor Stuart was attended by the amous City Troop of Philadelphia as a guard of onor, one of the most brilliantly uniformed bodies of ıen in the country. In fact, it said that you have not seen hiladelphia until you have seen ıe troopers. They wear a uniorm that makes one think of the ays of Napoleon, with their wallow-tailed riding-coats, and elmets with a towering crest urved over the top in classic tyle. A service was held in the ld Swedes Church, which was uilt in 1700. The service was ttended by the Mayor of the ity and other municipal officials. Iuch of the ritual used for the ay was the same as in Colonial ays, when Philadelphia was a mall town, with little thought f ever becoming the prosperous ity of the present.

One of the things that atracted interest during the week vas the historic Industries Loan Exhibit held in the council chamers and hallways of the City Hall. It showed the progress of he industries and trades of Philadelphia from the days of he first settlers to 1908. There could be seen Franklin's electrical and friction machines, the scales used by David Rittenhouse as first director of the United States Mint, and the model of the Franklin stove.

One corridor was devoted to an exhibit of brass and silverware, and articles in pewter. There was enough to stock an old-time inn. The silver plate of the Wharton family of Wharton Grove had a case to itself. It was at Wharton Grove that the famous Meschianza was held in the Revolution by the British officers, the plans for which were made by the ill-fated Major Andre. The Wister family loaned two large wooden figures of a grenadier and a Turk which were carved and painted by Andre, who seems to have spent much time in drawing, carving and painting. There were numerous specimens of agricultural implements dating back before 1800—instruments so primitive as to cause the modern farmer who possesses up-to-date tools to stare in amazement. The women visitors were intensely interested in the collection of ancient costumes, not copies but the very suits and dresses worn of old by the members of the Moravians, Mennonites, Amish, Dunkards, the Friends and other sects. There were fine specimens of early American china made near Philadelphia, and other objects which it would take days to see.

Monday morning eight heralds, dressed in the costume of the Middle Ages and carrying long trumpets, rode about the city and at prominent points, after blowing a stirring fanfare, announced that the festivities of "Founders' Week" had begun. Later came the great military parade, in which Governor Stuart himself took part as commander-in-chief of the Pennsylvania troops. He made a striking figure on horseback. Major-General Frederick Dent Grant led the first division of regular troops. Behind him, however, rode the City Troop, as a guard of honor. Then came infantry, and artillery from the forts within a hundred miles or more of Philadelphia, the heavy artillerymen marching as infantry. Captain Reynolds of the United States cruiser *Montana* headed nineteen hundred sailors, who marched well despite the proverbial sea legs of the blue jackets. These were all landed from the ships sent by the government to take part in the celebration. Then came five hundred of the marine corps, making a brilliant bit of color after the sombre garb of the man-of-war's men. The second division was led by Governor Stuart, surrounded by a brilliant staff. The division comprised in three brigades that fine body of men, the Pennsylvania National Guard. It numbered ten thousand, who showed well why they are ranked among the best of our volunteer forces. During the day several historical tablets were unveiled, one in memory of the French soldiers who were camped in Philadelphia during the Revolution. It was unveiled by the Viscount de Chambrun, acting in behalf of the French Ambassador. Monday evening the city was a blaze of lights, and the illumination was repeated every evening thereafter through the week. Several hundred thousand electric bulbs illuminated the City Hall, on the front of which was a portrait of William Penn. An historical pageant was given in the open air on Franklin Field, and in tableaus were shown many incidents in the life of Penn and in the history of the city.

Tuesday was Firemen's and Policemen's Day. Each department had a parade that was of educational value. Bodies of men were dressed and equipped to show the progress of both organizations from the earliest days. Out-of-town organizations helped to swell the columns to several thousand. The German societies laid the cornerstone of the new Pastorius monument to commemorate the founding by Pastorius of Germantown in 1683. The ceremonies were very impressive and delegates from nearly every State in the Union were present. In the evening a great German meeting was held in one of the largest halls.

Wednesday was Industrial Day, and the parade had over two hundred floats showing the different trades of Philadelphia. Over ten thousand men were in line, who showed in historical order the conditions and time at which the various industries were started in the city. Thursday was Children's and Naval Day. The school children visited the historic places of the city and assembled at eleven o'clock for patriotic exercises at Independence Hall. Later there was a naval review on the Delaware, and over five hundred vessels of various sizes from a small sloop to a cruiser took part in it. By this time the sightseer was in a state of bewilderment as he tried to get about to see everything, for while the water pageant was on there was a parade of fifteen thousand Red Men. Fifty real members of the Lenni Lenape tribe, which made the treaty with Penn, marched with their white but painted brethren.

Visitors thought by this time that everything possible had been done, but Friday was the greatest day of all. It was Historical Day, and the floats and the costumes worn by the participants were probably the finest ever seen on the American continent. Five floats showed events in the life of Penn. There was the striking picture of the settlement of the Swedes, Franklin flying his kite, the visit of de Lafayette, the adoption of the Constitution, and many others. The pageant was designed by Miss Violet Oakley Hall, who painted the mural decorations for the State Capitol.

Saturday night the heralds again assembled before the City Hall. The trumpets were blown, the lights went out as one, and "Founders' Week" was over.

From the picture painting by Armytage

Penn's Treaty with the Indians

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

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The Tuberculosis Campaign

SUMMED up as briefly as possible, the results of the recent Congress on Tuberculosis, at which thirty nations were represented, were these:

Resolutions recommending the obligatory notification and registration of all cases of tuberculosis; urging legislation for the regulation of factories and workshops; recommending the abolition of premature and injurious labor of women and children; favoring sanitary dwellings with a special view to resist ravages of tuberculosis and other diseases; urging instruction of school teachers in personal and school hygiene; recommending hospitals for treating advanced cases of tuberculosis, sanatoria for curing cases, and dispensaries and day and night camps for such cases as cannot be sent to hospitals and sanatoria.

These practical recommendations by the Congress, however, were overshadowed in importance for the moment by a resolution in which the delegates unanimously took issue with Dr. Robert Koch, the eminent German scientist, on the question of the danger of human infection from tuberculous cattle. Dr. Koch had placed himself on record as discrediting the danger and practically holding that infection from cattle was not transmissible. His view had no supporters in the Congress, for the resolution adopted declares that bovine infection is not only possible, but should be guarded against by the strongest preventive measures.

One of the most notable addresses was that of Professor Irving Fisher, of Yale, who asserted that "consumption costs the people of the United States more than a billion dollars a year." The professor, who is an authority on questions of public health, explained that 138,000 persons died annually of consumption. Estimating the cost of medical attendance, and the loss of earnings before death, and adding the money that might have been earned with health, he places the total loss on each case at an average of $8,000. This is probably excessive, but the figures, even if greatly modified, are still sufficiently startling.

From the humane as well as the economic standpoint, the recommendations of the Congress deserve to be carried out faithfully and promptly. They constitute the last word of science on the "Great White Plague" and the most approved methods of fighting it with reasonable hopes of success.

The War Cloud in the Balkans

EVER since the year 1878, when the famous treaty of Berlin was ratified by the great Powers, there has been a working agreement to regulate the relations between Turkey and the rest of Europe. Several times the treaty's provisions have been strained, but, as a whole, it has been respected as a guide in a troublesome situation. A large part of the difficulties in which Turkey has found itself is the fact that it held under its rule races in Europe that were antagonistic in every way to the Turk. The question of religion naturally played no small part. Gradually the Balkan States have achieved semi-independence under rulers of their own, but the Mussulman was still over-lord.

Bulgaria has now declared complete independence and several other States have broken their relations with Turkey as a result. Bulgaria probably did not take the step without consulting one or more of the great European nations, Austria first of all, without doubt. What part Germany has played still remains hidden. There is a general belief that she urged Austria, as they are strong allies, to act, and the latter encouraged Bulgaria in order to break up the present amicable relations between several Powers who have shown an inclination to isolate Germany. The Turks certainly feel that Germany must have had some knowledge of the move of Bulgaria and Austria. It is thought that Turkey's neighbors wish to embarrass the country while she is endeavoring to get on a constitutional basis.

Undoubtedly, Bulgaria will retain her independence though a large number of Young Turks would like to fight to hold their suzerainty. Austria will probably hold the two provinces she has taken. While other countries say she has broken the Berlin treaty, Austria declares that all knew her occupation would be permanent when she marched into them in 1878. There is a call for a conference in which it seems as if Russia, England and France would stand together for peace. Several countries will demand favors at the cost of Turkey, if they assent to Austria's act. Italy will agree, for example, to Austria holding the two provinces, if Austria and the rest will raise no objection to Italy taking a port in Albania. Russia wants the Dardanelles opened. The question is, would not Turkey lose more by urging a conference than by letting things go as they are? Austria has the provinces, and, as one diplomat puts it, she would come to the conference with the provinces in her pocket.

At present Europe is in a state of uncertainty. A fire-brand country like Servia might set all Europe in a blaze. All wait with a diplomatic smile upon their faces, but their hands upon their swords.

Cheap Ocean Postage

WHEN a "penny post" between England and the United States was first suggested several years ago, it was believed to be impracticable, and predictions were freely made that any experiment in that direction would result in a heavy loss. Now that the two countries have had an experience of several weeks of cheap ocean postage, it has been shown that the forecasters were wrong, the mails both ways having increased phenomenally. Many of the liners are carrying double the usual quantity of mail under the cheaper rates, and while there may be a decline after popular curiosity has been somewhat satisfied, Postmasters General Meyer and Buxton are looking forward to a permanent expansion which will soon make the business profitable to both countries. This may require a year or more, but meanwhile the new system is proving a valuable link in the chain of commercial and social relations that binds the two nations. Let us hope that France, Germany and other European countries may soon establish a two-cent postal rate. There is no better or surer way of promoting mutual appreciation and international good feeling than by the introduction of cheap postage.

The Antiquity of Man

PAGE by page, science is reverently unfolding the great book of nature. At every successive stage, we are confronted with new evidences of the great antiquity of the human race and of the existence of man in periods of such vast remoteness that even the oldest written history seems modern in comparison with that which is unrecorded.

Professor Peuck, an American scientist who has been prosecuting his investigations in Europe for several years, is now returning to tell us of the wonderful discoveries of Dr. Eckehardt in the famous Weldekerchlihohle or Cave at Santis, Switzerland. Within the farthest recesses of the cave, hitherto unexplored, were found evidences of human habitation. Bones of men of the earlier Stone Age (the pre-paleolithic period, roughly estimated by scientists as 100,000 years ago) were unearthed side by side with the bones of bears that had been killed for food. These remains were reminders of the habitants of those mountains at a time before the great glacial wave had ground the faces of the mountains and given to the Alps their present conformation.

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"In the beginning God created the heaven and earth." As knowledge advances, we realize m and more the significance of that simple yet p found statement in the Divine Word. Every covery of science is as a new light shining into darkness that obscures the beginnings of hun history. At each successive stage, wherever mar found, he is a sentient, reasoning being, with characteristics of his kind, no matter how primit his surroundings. There is little encouragement the evolutionist in these investigations. There no material break in the continuous line betwe the lowest savagery and the highest civilization; the distance between the lowest type of man and i highest lower animal is immeasurable.

YOUR LAST CHANCE

EMBRACE IT TO-DAY

OUR request for the names of adult church tendants has met with a very gratifying sponse from the Middle West and also fr the South, but the Middle and Eastern States a not so well represented. We therefore repeat o offer and make this repetition apply only to Mai New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rho Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pen sylvania, Delaware and Maryland. No other Stat are included in this offer. No lists of names shou be posted after Tuesday, October 27, 1908.

This is our offer:

To every member of the great *Christian Hera Family* who will send us a list of *25 names* in a cordance with the conditions imposed by our *Speci Offer*—for which see below—together with *ten cen in coin or stamps* to cover the cost of postage ar handling, we will deliver a set of three exquisi intaglio photogravures. There is *no further expen* attached to this offer, and we guarantee to deliv the pictures securely packed, uncreased and in pe fect condition.

Superb Photogravures FREE

These photogravures, all mounted and ready fo framing, measure 10x15 inches, and could not b purchased at any art store for less than $1.50 fo the set. The exquisite tone-values—that are onl made possible by the costly photogravure process— the rare beauty of the subjects which we hav chosen, the soft richness and velvet texture of thes reproductions make every picture worth framin and hanging in any parlor or library.

CONDITIONS OF OUR OFFER

This offer will be open only to our SUBSCRIBERS and thei immediate FAMILIES, and every list sent in must close wit this declaration:

"I AM A SUBSCRIBER"

— or —

"MY.....IS A SUBSCRIBER,"

Here state relationship

and be signed by the name and address of the sender.

The names which may be sent in under this offer must b ADULT PROTESTANT CHURCH OR SUNDAY SCHOOL AT TENDANTS, no two living in the same house.

* * *

These names must be written on only ONE SIDE OF THE SHEET. You may use more than one sheet in a single list, but you must not write on both sides.

* * *

Every name must have a PREFIX (such as Mr., Mrs., Miss, Dr., Prof., Rev.), CHRISTIAN NAME (as Mary, John, etc.), POST OFFICE ADDRESS, COUNTY, and STATE. In case of Free Delivery Office in city or country, either the STREET ADDRESS or the number of the RURAL FREE DELIVERY route should be supplied.

Thus an address correctly supplied would read something like this:

Dr. James Potter, Chicago, Cook Co., Ill., 572 Adams Street.

— or —

Miss Ruth Jackson, Westminster, Worcester Co., Mass., R. F. D. No. 6.

To get the beautiful pictures mentioned above you must enclose ten cents in stamps or coin with the list, and mail to us on or before October 27.

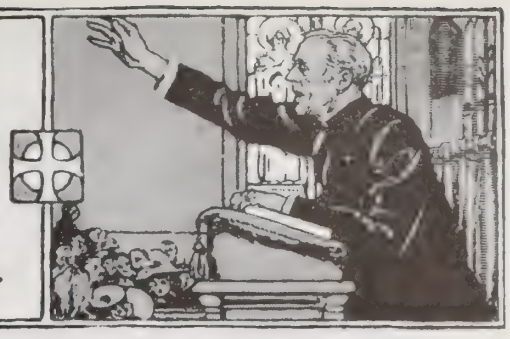
Lists that are not posted on or before that date can not be considered.

IMPORTANT: When you send in a list never send any other communication in the same envelope, as the lists are handled in a separate department. Address:

CHRISTIAN HERALD LIST DEPARTMENT,

BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER



The Palace of Corn

THERE is a great agricultural fair being held at Mitchell, S. D. One of the most striking features of the exposition is the large main building, which is made of corn. The architecture is ately and the decorations of various colored corn e beautiful. Corn is the king that inhabits this lace. In this republic of ours, there are a number monarchs: Kings Corn, Pork, Steel, etc., are very tential. King Corn has a mighty empire and a werful hand. He planted millions of acres of een last spring and has brought russet brown alks and ears to a most bountiful harvest, and ll, with his hand, measure out pretty nearly two llion bushels of his product. He has a very benevent function also and lives very largely for the alth and usefulness of his subjects, furnishing em food for the hard work and ties of life. The ice palaces of the orth, with their crystalline purity d their jeweled angles, are magficent as homes of the North Wind ing, but there seems to be a peculiar ness in the farmers building their lace out of ears and paying their ibute to the royalty of King Corn.

And Joseph gathered corn as the sand of the . (Gen. 41:49.)

oosier Fight Against the Saloon

The fight for local option by the unty as a unit, which has been go- g on in the State of Indiana for any months, has attracted the attion of the whole nation. Governor anly called a special session of the diana legislature to settle that temerance contest. The liquor and temerance forces of the State not only, t also of the Union, took an active art in it. The Senate passed the ll by a substantial majority, and e House, on September 26, in a agical struggle, passed the bill by vote of 55 to 45, six Democrats ting for and four Republicans gainst the bill. While the roll was ing called, Mr. Johnson, a repreentative from Vigo County, arose explain his vote. He said: "I am t in favor of this bill. I was elected a platform in opposition to it. I ould not vote for it; but I have been ressed by influences more powerful an those of party politics, so that I ave been scarcely able to eat or eep." And, with tears in his eyes, e voted "yes," and sank down in his air, and his daughter threw her rms about his neck and kissed him, hile he wept still more violently, nd while hundreds of temperance eople, who had gathered in the tate House, cheered and cried. nder the new law, in addition to e working of the old law, the saon will within a year be banished om eight-tenths of all the geographical territory and two-thirds of the population f the State of Indiana.

Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good. om. 12:9.)

Champion Life-Saver

Professor John F. Conroy, who has acted as a fe-guard at Manchester, Mass., holds the world's ecord as a life-saver. He recently made his 133d escue, saving a ten-year-old Pittsburg boy from the urf at the greatest risk to himself. He was exausted after a fight for an hour with the undertow nd the surf. The boy had gotten an eighth of a ile from land before the professor reached him. he rescuer reached the line of the breakers just s his strength was giving way; but a life-line was hot over his head, which he made fast, and he was auled through the undertow, still clinging to the oy. Hundreds of people on shore applauded the ictorious rescue of the professor. It is important o save the bodies of men, but it is a still more important thing to save their souls. Most nations have bestowed a reward upon the one who saves a human life—infinitely greater will be the reward of those who rescue their fellow men from spiritual death.

He which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death. (James 5:20.)

The Skeleton and the Money Bag

The latest excavations at Pompeii have led to interesting discoveries. A recent exploration revealed a well-preserved tomb, erected in memory of the wife of a magistrate, who had died at the age of twenty-two. It consisted of a marble column, surmounted by an amphora and surrounded by a circular seat. Close to the tomb a skeleton was found clutching a bag, containing fifty silver coins of the consular and imperial periods. It was apparently the skeleton of a person who was overwhelmed by the ashes of the volcano while trying to escape with his money. This poor man was not the only one who undertook to carry his gold through the gateway of death. It hurts many men to make a will. So happy are they in handling their own money and in increasing its volume, that they would gladly take it along with them to the other side if they could; but the soul has to leave all its baggage on this side of the river.

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The Beautiful "Corn Palace" at Mitchell, South Dakota

For we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. (I. Tim. 6:7.)

Tree King Edward Planted Dies

The big English oak known as the Prince of Wales Tree, which grew from an acorn planted in the Mall in Central Park, New York, in 1861, by the then Prince of Wales, now King Edward VII., was cut down by a Central Park workman recently. The stump was pulled out and the spot covered with sod. It had been dying for five years. Several unsuccessful attempts were made to save it by filling the decayed places with paraffin, and it was found necessary to remove it. The acorn from which the tree grew was brought by the Prince of Wales from England.

What a beauty to the earth and a blessing to man, is a tree! Some trees are food-bearing and others make timber for houses and ships and the arts of industry. Unfortunately this tree was located badly for a century life. It was where the feet of too many people tramped the ground. There was a beautiful sentiment in planting an oak tree in the park of our metropolis, and it ought to have had a better chance for its life. But concrete, and stone pavements, and the heavy foot-falls of the crowd, and the electric wires, and the conveniences of our civilization, are not very friendly to the lives of trees. Congested populations and our strenuous civilization are not more friendly to our physical life than to that of the forest trees. Our great blessings must have their perils with them. If the tree had lived a hundred or a thousand years, some man with an axe would then have had to chop it down, for the caterpillars would have killed the leaves and the insects would have eaten into the bark and killed the sap.

So death cuts down everything physical that lives.

Hew ye down trees. (Jer. 6:6.)

Records His Death Experience

Dr. J. J. Blair, a wealthy and influential physician of Cincinnati, committed suicide by drinking cyanide of potassium. He sat at his desk and wrote a description of his sensations. He recorded the phenomena of dying as long as he could direct his pen. It was evident from the memoranda found by his young wife, shortly after she discovered his body, that the physician to the last was interested keenly in what, perhaps, he regarded as his last great experiment. The point of greatest interest is, that in his last moments he seemed to experience proof of an after life. Instead of recording that he felt darkness descending upon him, as might be expected of purely physical sensation, he wrote as though his real self was quitting the body. "I feel the soul fleeing," was the last sentence; and then there was a blur on the paper, indicating that it had fled. The pen with which Dr. Blair wrote the story of his death was still in his hand when his wife found him.

Some persons insist that if his sensations had been merely the approaching cessation of his material life, he would have written: "I feel the end coming," or simply "I am dying," but that what he did write indicated that his soul was flying away into another life. It is the intention of several of his friends to send a report of the case to the American Society for Psychic Research, in the belief that it will be regarded as a valuable addition to the data of the search for spiritual experiences.

The self-destruction of Dr. Blair was pitiable. His experience may have been the consciousness of the soul's going out of the body into another realm, or it may have been a vision of his imagination, caused by the drug he took. How different would it have been if he had had faith in Christ and that consciousness of the divine presence which has given peace and victory and gorgeous visions of the better life to millions and millions of believers through all the ages!

After this I looked, and, behold, a door was opened in heaven. (Rev. 4:1.)

Our "Art Gallery De Luxe" goes free with your subscription; your friend will also get one, if you get him to subscribe.

HOW TO PASTEURIZE MILK AT HOME

AMONG the exhibits at the International Congress on Tuberculosis at Washington was the working model of Nathan Straus's method of fighting the great white plague in New York City. Other exhibits showed by charts and photographs the dreadful extent of the scourge, ways in which the infection is spread and precautions to be observed. There were models of sanitaria and of numerous devices for the alleviation of the sufferings of consumptives. But Mr. Straus showed how humanity can strike at the root of the disease, as he has done for the past sixteen years, by killing the germs of tuberculosis in cows' milk. The process by which this is done is pasteurization, or the heating of the milk to 157 degrees, which destroys the tubercle bacilli, and at the same time kills the germs of typhoid, diphtheria, and scarlet fever, while it in no way affects the taste or digestibility of the milk so purified.

The automatic bottle filler consists of a tank, into which the milk is filtered through a sieve lined with cheesecloth and cotton. A metal basket or tray containing the nursing-bottles slides in under the tank, a lever presses a nozzle into each bottle, starting the flow of milk, which is cut off automatically as soon as the bottles are filled. Then the tray slides out on a track and corks are set lightly in the necks of the bottles, so as to allow the escape of steam generated during pasteurization. The trays then pass into the pasteurizer, where the milk is heated to 157 degrees. From the time that temperature is reached, the milk remains in the oven for twenty minutes, the temperature being kept automatically at that point. This is the pasteurization process now used in most hospitals. When the milk has had the requisite heating, the trays are taken out of the oven, the corks or stoppers are pressed down tightly, and the trays are set in the cooler, where the temperature is lowered rapidly, first by a spray of cold water and then by a flooding of the cooler. Then the milk is put in the refrigerators, where the temperature is lowered to 40 degrees.

Using the Home Pasteurizer

Capping the Bottles

Treated according to this method, milk ceases to be the means of conveying tuberculosis from the cow to the human being, and it is for this reason that the Nathan Straus exhibit attracted such wide attention at the Tuberculosis Congress and received the express commendation of nearly every scie who attended that gathering.

But pasteurized milk is not yet within the r of all and consequently the mother who wishe save her babies from the milk-borne diseases is der necessity to pasteurize the milk herself. enable any mother to do this, Mr. Straus has vented a Home Pasteurizer, which any tinsmith i liberty to copy and which can be made for a do In this the milk obtained from milkman can be made safe. Home Pasteurizer is simply a tle which can be set on table floor. The milk is put in nurs bottles, which are set in a ho made to fit inside the kettle. corks are set in the bottles ligh The kettle is filled with boil water up to the level of the th supports on the inside of the ket The holder is set on these s ports and the cover is put on. five minutes the steam from boiling water is allowed to gr ually warm up the bottles. T the cover is removed and the tle holder is turned so as to cl the supports and let down to bottom of the kettle, so as to merse the bottles to the ne Again the cover is put on and milk is allowed to remain twenty-five minutes in the water, which accomplishes the p teurization of the milk. Then holder is lifted out of the wat the corks are pressed down tight the bottles are cooled rapi with water and put on the ice, a the mother has a day's supply of perfectly sa disease-free milk for her baby, and can feel su that she is not infecting the infant with tuberculos

The Straus contrivance is so simple that a mother can use it and thus avert danger of infecti

THE SWEEP OF THE FOREST FIRES

NOT for many years, perhaps a century, has there been such a series of forest fires as have been sweeping for weeks over North America. The Northern States east of the Mississippi have been, with the Dominion of Canada, the worst sufferers. In New York State, the Adirondacks have burned for weeks, and mountain after mountain in the Catskills has been enveloped in flame and smoke. The New England forests have been on fire in various places, while around the Great Lakes, especially in the Lake Superior region, many acres are now covered with charred stumps where formerly were beautiful stretches of timber. Canada was covered with a great pall of smoke which stretched with but few breaks from the province of Quebec on the east to Vancouver on the Pacific Coast. Generations of forest growth have gone, involving untold financial loss; two generations will not replace the woods, even though both nature and man are favorable to reforestation.

The past summer was one of unusual dryness, and in August there were but few showers, and the underbrush grew so dry even in the deepest groves that it made a continuous crackling beneath the heels of hunter and woodchopper and tourist. So dry in fact was the undergrowth that it is possible that many of the fires may have started from spontaneous combustion. In the majority of cases, however, the fires were started through the carelessness of campers, or from sparks from the engines of trains passing through the large belts of parched woodland. The heat became so intense between Horseshoe and Nahasane that the Mohawk trains running from the Mohawk River up on the local division of the New York Central toward Canada could not get through. The forest on both sides of the track was a sea of flame; in places the ties had been reduced to ashes and the steel rails were twisted into grotesque and snake-like shapes. The railroad company tried to get repair squads through to repair the damage, but after they had gone some distance they had to turn back. They had to give up as the air grew so hot that no one could breathe it.

The smoke drifted southward from the burning Laurentians in the province of Quebec, was reinforced by the smoke from the Adirondacks and the Catskills, and made a blue haze over the Atlantic seacoast. Over New York Bay the smoke mixed with a light fog, which held it stationary and made a dense cloud which interfered most seriously with navigation. The giant Cunard steamship *Mauretania* from Liverpool got up as far as the lightship at Sandy Hook, guided by the tolling of the lightship's submarine bell. The smoke and fog were growing thicker and the captain did not dare to try for the channel, responsible as he was for a seven-million-dollar ship and cargo, so he anchored. It was twenty-four hours later when the great hull was descried looming up toward her dock on the North River. From the sky-scraping office buildings of Manhattan, the sun for several days could be looked at without a dark glass. It was but a small, dull red disk in the floating murk.

The rain which fell on the 28th of September helped to stay the ravages of the flames in New York State. The day before it came the authorities acknowledged that the fires in the Adirondack Mountains were beyond their control and that only a rainstorm could save the woods and many villages. The people of the village of Beaver River Station thought that their village would go and that they would be fortunate to escape with their lives and part of their portable property. The flames came on relentlessly until they were but five or six hundred feet from the station. Then the wind died down suddenly as if puffed away. Then the fire-fighters, who had been greatly discouraged and were almost worn out with their long and seemingly fruitless exertions, rushed to their work with renewed hope and the place was saved. The forests between Horseshoe and Lake West went up in great sheets and billows of flame that held the spectators spell-bound with their fearful beauty. It was reported that a number of people had perished in the fires in this region. It will probably be a long time before the fate of some families who lived in isolated spots in the forests will be known.

The State Superintendent of Forests for a while directed the various operations of the fire-fighters throughout the State from the main office at Albany. At last, however, the situation was so desperate that he went into the mountains and took personal charge of the Adirondack operations, making his headquarters at Saranac. There th managed to keep the fires under co trol, and large squads of foreste fire wardens and volunteers we posted through the district betwe Saranac and Lake Placid, and by t most strenuous exertions held t flames at bay. The special preser of the State near Chubb Hill, whe young pines are grown, was saved b the chief fire warden and his me They could get little water, so the had to dig trenches. The trench sy tem of defense was used to check tw great fires at Ava and Fullerville. Th trenches in most cases were but tw feet wide, and the men would push th burning brush into them to stop th progress of the flames. Even wher water was obtainable and the flame were apparently under control it wa found in hundreds of cases that th fire would creep along beneath the su face of intermingled dead leaves an brush, and suddenly break out with roar around some giant tree of th forest, many feet beyond the suppose danger line. Quite a number o wealthy men who own large tracts an preserves went into the burning dis tricts and directed their own employee in their battle with the flames.

S

—Readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD residing in Maryland, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maine, Vermont, Massachusetts Rhode Island, New Hampshire, Connecticut, New Jersey, or New York, are invited to read very carefully the interesting announcement on the last column of page 828 of this issue.

AMONG THE WORKERS AT HOME AND ABROAD

—EVANGELIST W. R. LANE, who recently visited this country, is now conducting a series of successful Gospel meetings in England and Wales. He writes: "I am thankful to say we are seeing signs of the saving power of the Gospel."

—PRESIDENT VAYHINGER, of Taylor University, Upland, Ind., writes that a spiritual revival has taken place among the students, and a number have made open confession of Christ. The teachers are praying that every student in the college may become a Christian.

—NATIVE MISSIONARY helpers are needed at Nickerie, Surinam, Dutch Guiana. The support of such a worker requires about $240 a year. Nickerie is on the border of British and Dutch Guiana. It is a most needy missionary field. Any reader desiring to undertake the support, either in whole or partially, should write to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

—THE NATIONAL CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR organization of China has appointed Rev. and Mrs. Edgar E. Strother, of St. Louis, Mo., to the responsible office of General Secretary to the Christian Endeavor Union of that empire. Mr. and Mrs. Strother write asking for the prayers of our readers for the success of their work.

—MISSIONARY G. H. MALONE and Mrs. Malone, of the American Advent Mission, Nan-King, China, are now in this country on furlough. Mr. Malone writes us: "At present it is within the power of nearly every missionary to reach with the Gospel all classes and conditions of men in China. Gigantic opportunities are offered the church in that land. Shall she improve her God-given opportunities? The little cast-off waifs without parents or homes in China need the Christ who, when on earth, blessed little children."

FAMILIAR TALKS

By Margaret E. Sangster

On Recreation

OUR great host of young people, who a little while ago were children, are very properly reluctant to forego social enjoyments and to d without entertainments. Both mind and body in eir case require recreation fully as much as they quire sleep. The question reiterated in letters om young people and from their parents varies in rm, but not in substance. "Is it right for one who shes to set a good example and to lead a Christian fe to play cards, to dance, to go to the theatre, or te opera, or to engage in any worldly amusement?" his puts the matter at issue squarely before those no are conscientious and sincere in their desire to oid every doubtful diversion, and to walk in the raight and narrow path of self-denial.

There is no difficulty whatever in answering this destion on broad lines. First, you and I know perftly that it is dangerous to fight against one's conctions and wrong to tamper th conscience. A safe rule r one's own following is ver to engage in a pastime visit a place concerning hich one is in doubt. qually, one should be care- l not to criticise others, or nfairly bar the door of their eedom by personal scruples. ike cards for example: The ief interest they offer to the ajority of players is in the zard of winning or losing e game. On this hazard, oney is staked and, whether e amount be large or small, e end in view is the same. he element of gambling en- rs into the amusement and e gambler's consuming pason is awakened.

Bridge whist, a game that as been popular in society r some years, has been the eans of wrecking hearts id homes, and has fostered, women more generally an in men, a tendency to leness and dissipation. In ir cities it has invaded daylight hours that should have en given to other uses, and, a few circles, it has inuded upon the sacredness of e Sabbath evening. If it ere possible to use cards mply as a mental refreshent, with gambling wholly iminated, they might beme harmless bits of pasteoard.

There are numerous games f cards, historical, artistic, ever games of authors, and ames of pure fun, as pleasng to grown people as to oys and girls. These help n evening around the hearth to pass very pleasntly. Guard against prejudice and tradition in is special amusement, and still more decidedly uard against gambling, and you will be on the ight side. Here let me add that, whatever games re played in the home, there should be no deceit, oncealment, evasion or stealth about them. Amusents that lurk in the dark are full of peril.

There are churches that condemn certain forms of opular amusement; still, in these days greater librty is allowed than formerly, even in the churches hat most rigidly insisted on entire opposition. At ne time all works of fiction were condemned by nany Christians, and it was thought a sinful waste f precious time to read even the best of them. We ught to be broad enough to discriminate between productions that are coarse and vulgar, appealing o the baser passions, and those that furnish object essons in goodness and unselfishness.

There are many delightful, yet harmless, ways of spending winter evenings, many games in which young people and children may engage, and many opportunities for cultivating the social side of our nature. Charades afford opportunity for the cleverness and wit of the family and the neighborhood to display themselves. Tableaux, illustrated proverbs and the like may form the basis for an agreeable evening when young people come together. In succeeding issues we shall give a good deal of space to our readers, most of whom have conclusions of their own on this important subject. This week we give space to a thoughtful letter from a reader of this page.

Moderation in Amusement

Being a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and noting that as such we are invited to send the same our ideas in regard to legitimate amusements, I just wish to say that I do not think it so much the amusement itself to which we should object as the manner in which it is conducted. There are some kinds that in themselves are very questionable and in which no one who professes to be a Christian should indulge. A game of authors or flinch at one's home for pastime and amusement among ourselves and our friends is in our judgment in perfect harmony with Christianity if not indulged in to an intemperate degree. But should we allow games or other amusements to so occupy our time as to cause us in any way to neglect our Christian duties, or temporal or business affairs, then we are doing wrong. To engage in any kind of game for a prize, or for "he pays who loses" is simply engaging in a form of gambling.

It has been the experience of the church that the billiard and pool-room have been a great detriment to it, keeping many young men from attending mid-week prayer meeting, and other church services, as well as sometimes alienating them entirely from the church.

With regard to the ball-room, I believe it should be denounced, as a thing of evil, by all Christian people. It has been my experience that those who frequent the ball-room are of little use in the cause of Christ, while those who are doing the most good do not attend balls.

A personal friend of mine who had been solicited time and again to join the church, and who had been taught from early childhood that it is a sin to dance, and teaches the same to his family, positively refused to join because there were several in church, who take part in its services, who attend balls frequently. In such cases as this are not such standing in the way of others?

L. W. HEINLEIN.

A FLOWER-VENDER IN JAPAN

Who'll buy my flowers? The fragrant wares
That tempt the purse in old Japan,
To Eden's perfect blooms are heirs,
The sweetest ever shown to man.

Who'll buy my flowers? In summer hours
They grew in sunshine and in dew.
Across the sea you come to me
To buy the flowers I've culled for you.

Rights of the Absent

AN OLD adage to the effect that nothing but good should be spoken of the dead has been accepted by most of us as the final word on the subject. To cast reproach and contumely on those whose folded hands are weaponless, is a cowardly proceeding, of which decent people are ashamed. In a sense the absent are as defenseless as the dead. Whatever is said about them to their disadvantage may be said with impunity, if the speaker be malicious. Never to speak ill of anybody, present or absent, is a rule of good breeding. To indulge in harmful gossip, to repeat stories that should be suppressed, to insinuate more than one quite likes to say, to rake up a forgotten scandal in any way whatsoever, to throw a stone at one who is in South Africa, Nova Zembla, the next county or the house across the street, but in any case out of ear-shot, is to show one's self possessed of mean and contemptible qualities. If one have stones to throw let him not throw them at his neighbors' back. We might go further than to brand ill-speaking of the absent to private folk whom we know, as low and unseemly. Defend free speech as we may, it frequently passes the limit of propriety so far as our public men are concerned.

The higher the altitude, the greater is the apparent temptation to hurl a missile at him who sits there. It is not of the least consequence who happens to be the President of these United States. Let his politics be what they may, he is certain of abuse on all sides. Suppose for an instant that a majority of the abusive had the chance of an invitation to a dinner in the White House, or an audience in the East Room, would they tell the President to his face what they never tire of repeating behind his back? Not they.

The Junior Band

It is time now for the junior band to reassemble. What are the children going to do in the coming season? If they are studying missionary subjects, their leader must select a field and assign topics to the different members. Sometimes they may travel with maps and photographs to the distant land where their missionary labors. Again they will have songs and recitations and very likely a letter or two from those whom they are supporting at the distant station. If they are working for our American Indians, as no doubt some of them are, they will learn what good qualities the Indian children have, and they will correct some false ideas about Indian fathers and mothers. There is much that is patient and noble in these lingering red men, and our Junior Bands ought to become better acquainted with them. They will not forget the contribution box. The money they give should be money they earn, and every penny, nickel and dime should be given with a generous heart and a prayer that it may do good. The leader of a Junior Band must possess energy and initiative and have something novel to present to her boys and girls from week to week, so that the meetings may not be dull. It is a good plan to give each member something to do, or something to care for, so that all share the interest.

Please tell your friends about THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and about our premiums.

A Course in Esperanto

By MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

Lesson No. 21

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

La Dek Ordonoj*

CI DEVAS havi neniujn aliajn diojn krom mi.

2 Ci ne devas havi por ci ian gravuritan figuron aŭ ian portreton de io kio estas en la ĉielo supre, aŭ kio estas en la tero malsupre, aŭ kio estas en la akvo sub la tero. Ci ne devas terenfali antaŭ ili nek servi ilin: ĉar mi, Jehovo, cia Dio, estas ĵaluza Dio, punante la maljustecojn de la patroj sur la idojn ĝis la tria kaj kvara generacio de tiuj kiuj malamas min, kaj donante aman bonecon al miloj da tiuj kiuj amas min kaj obeas miajn ordonojn.

3 Ci ne devas paroli la nomon de Jehovo, cia Dio, vane, ĉar Jehovo ne juĝos lin senkulpan kiu parolas lian nomon vane.

4 Memoru la sabatan tagon por teni ĝin sanktan. Ses tagojn ci devas laboradi kaj fari cian tutan taskon; sed la sepa tago estas sabato al Jehovo cia Dio: en tiu ci ne devas fari ian laboron, ci, nek cia filo, nek cia filino, cia servisto, nek cia servistino, nek cia bestaro, nek la gasto kiu estas en ciaj pordegoj: ĉar en ses tagoj Jehovo kreis la ĉielon kaj la teron, la maron, kaj ĉion kio en ili estas, kaj ripozis la sepan tagon; tial Jehovo benis la sabatan tagon kaj sanktigis ĝin.

5 Honoru cian patron kaj cian patrinon, por ke ciaj tagoj povu longe daŭri en la lando kiun Jehovo cia Dio donas al vi.

6 Ci ne devas mortigi.

7 Ci ne devas adulti.

8 Ci ne devas ŝteli.

9 Ci ne devas doni malveran ateston kontraŭ cia najbaro.

10 Ci ne devas avidi la domon de cia najbaro. Ci ne devas avidi la edzinon de cia najbaro, nek lian serviston, nek lian servistinon, nek lian bovon, nek lian azenon, nek ion kio apartenas al cia najbaro.

Chautauqua Vespera Dioservo

These hymns were translated by Rev. A. Krafft for the Chautauqua Vesper Service which appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD July 22, but had to be omitted on account of the lack of space. It is hoped that they will be frequently sung in connection with that service in all of the Esperanto clubs connected with us:

Vesperkanto

Mortas tag' en okcident';
Regas sur la ter' silent';
Jen, la nokt-kandelojn! Kor',
Donu nun al la Sinjor'
Koradoron!

Ĥoro:

Sankta, sankta, sankta Di' en ĉiel'!
Ĉion ajn plenigas Li;
Kun tutmondo laŭdu ni
La Sinjoron.

Ho, vivfont', kunligu nin,
Ĉiujn, kiuj serĉas Cin,
Ĉiujn sur la ter', kun Ci,
Kaj malfermu ja al ni
Cian koron!

Ombroj falas.—Dia kor',
Helpu do, ke tra la glor'
De l' kaŝanta Cin stelar'
Klare vidu la homar'
Cian gloron!

Kiam je la mondvesper'
Ĉio pasos sur la ter',
Ho, vidigu Ci al ni
La eternan tagon, Di'!
Al Ci gloron!

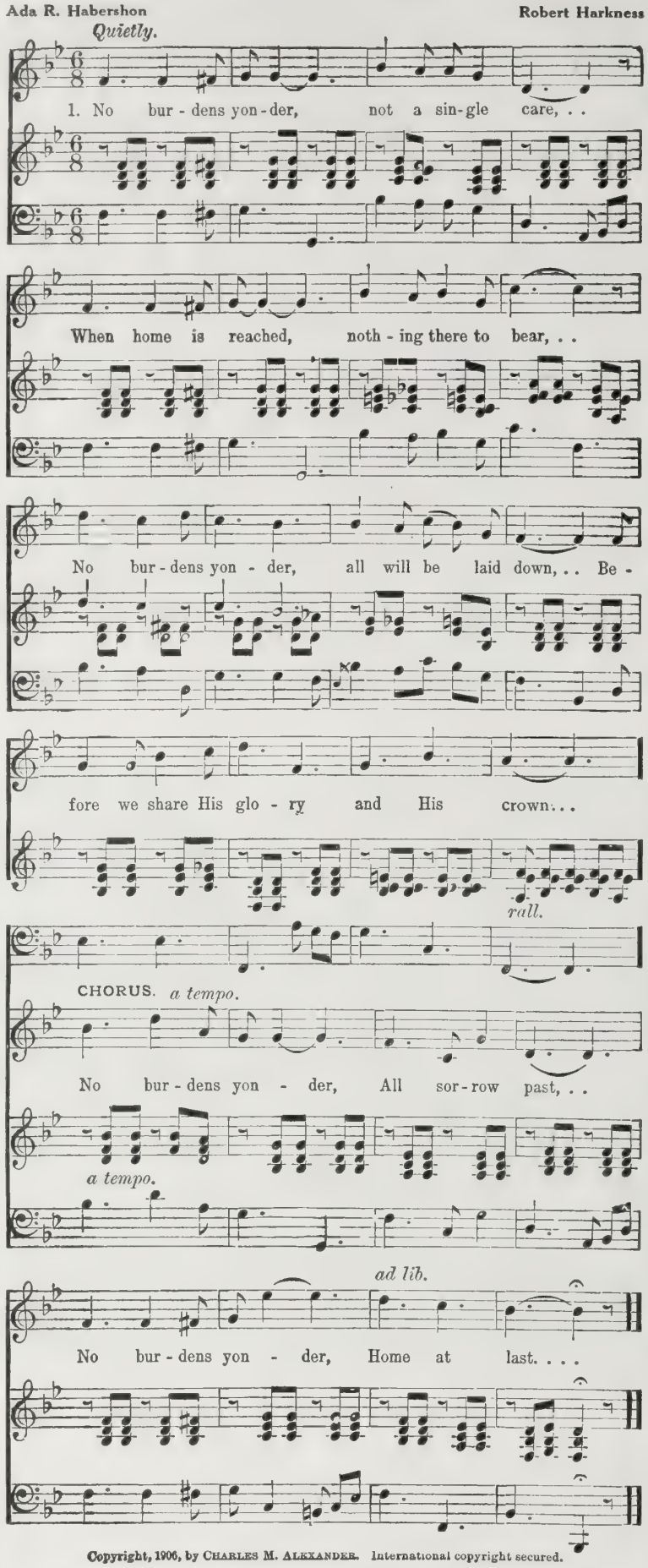
La Pano de Vivo

Vivpanon, ho Sinjor',
Donu al mi!
Milojn ĉe l' bord' de l' mar'
Satigis Vi.
Mi, en la Sankta Skrib',
Serĉas, Sinjor',
Vin, ĉar sopiras ja
Je Vi la kor'.
En Galilea Vi
Benis.—La ver'
Estu, Vivplena Vort',
Mia esper',
Por ke, libera de
Pekoservut',
Ĝoje honoru Vin
Mia salut'.

*Translated by Mr. Charles W. Stewart from the *American Revision*, which is a translation from the original tongues, Greek and Hebrew.

No Burdens Yonder

Ada R. Habershon — Robert Harkness



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2

No trials yonder, all the testing done,
The school-days over and the prizes won,
No much-tried faith, like gold in furnace heat,
The purifying will all be complete.

3

No toiling yonder, and no weariness,
No disappointments and no more distress,
The future bright, the past all understood,
We'll see that all the way He led was good.

4

No partings yonder, and no sad good-byes,
No pain, no sickness, and no weeping eyes,
But best of all my Saviour I shall see,
No cloud will come between my Lord and me.

THIS is one of the most beautiful of the hundreds of hymns Miss Ada Habershon, of London, England, has written. It contains a strain of comfort and hope which appeals to all. The music was written by Mr. Harkness. It is said by the evangelists' associates that recently in Philadelphia, as a lady lay dying, she had the words of this hymn read to her, and during the reading she passed over the line to the land of no burden nor sorrows, where "God shall wipe away all tears."

Rebellion of Absalo

By MRS. M. BAXTER

ALREADY sin far more ter than his own sin had broken in David's family, and Absalom, son, had avenged the outrage upon sister, Tamar, by the death of his b brother, Amnon, taking the law his own hands, not from any de for the honor of God, for he knew God, not from any abhorrence of as his after conduct shows us, but from his desire for revenge. H terrible it is when God humbles through our children, and shows us evil of our own hearts as it is tra mitted to our children! Absalom f but David could not forget his s wilful, selfish, wayward, his brother's murderer.

Nothing escaped Joab; he kn David through and through; and af Absalom had been three years tak refuge with his grandfather, Talm king of Geshur, Joab employed "a w woman" to invent and tell to the ki a story which should touch his ser bilities and enable her to introduce subject of Absalom. The end was t Absalom was recalled; but for t more years he did not see the kin face, for David must deny his o heart in his loyalty to God, who hat the sin of Absalom. But Absalo was not slow to compass his own en and by setting Joab's field of barl on fire, he prevailed upon him to tain an interview for him with t king.

But Absalom was an unchang man; self reigned in his heart, he liv for self and nothing else. He h gained his object in being restored the favor of the king, his father, b instead of devoting himself to him o of loving gratitude, he made use of h position against him. He "prepar him chariots and horses, and fifty m to run before him." In order to fu ther his plans, he must make an a pearance which would command t respect of the people; they must kno him as the prince by the state whic he kept up. But, joined with this, h made use of every art by which h could ingratiate himself with the pe ple. He rose up early, and stood b the gate, on the watch for all wh came to the king for judgment, an thus intercepting them on their wa to the palace, he misrepresented hi father's government. In this manne "Absalom stole the hearts of the me of Israel." All this time, David wa unaware of what was going on, bu God's Word was being fulfilled, ther was evil to David in his own house The plot was fully ripe for execution Absalom went to Hebron, and "sen spies throughout all the tribes o Israel, saying, As soon as ye hear th sound of the trumpet, then ye shal say, Absalom reigneth in Hebron."

There came a messenger to breal the news to David, and to tell hin that the hearts of the men of Israe were after Absalom. It was sore news to David; he was proud of Absalom his fine, beautiful son. The warrio king became feeble as a woman, he could not fight against his son, he had but one thought, and he told it to his servants: "Arise, and let us flee."

Very touching was the great love shown him by some of his followers. Six hundred former Philistines of Gath were among them. The priests and Levites, with Zadok the high priest at their head, carried the ark of God along with the company of those who fled, but the king had faith in his God, and said to Zadok the priest, "Carry back the ark of God into the city; if I shall find favor in the eyes of the Lord, he will bring me again, and shew me both it, and his habitation; but if he thus say, I have no delight in thee: behold, here I am, let him do to me as seemeth good unto him."

If you enjoy reading THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, your friends may do the same. Please tell them about it.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES

Learning in the School of Christ*

A CHRISTIAN minister told an interested audience not long ago of his intimacy with a distinguished Jewish rabbi, and of the many things that he had learned from him.

"Rabbi ——— was always telling me," he said, that we Christians do not know our Book—and he often put to me questions which I could not answer, regarding the meaning of common Scripture passages. For instance, he once said to me, 'What does mean in your Testament, where Jesus says, Where wo or three are gathered together, there I will be the midst of them?"

"Why," I stammered, "it means just that, I suppose. There is no meeting too small. Jesus will be here even if only two or three are present."

"Ah," he said, shaking his head; "I was afraid ou didn't know. This is what it means: The Jews annot hold a meeting unless at least ten are present. It is a part of our religion. But here comes esus and says: 'You don't need to have ten to make meeting. Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there I will be.'" And anyone an see how much significance is added to this amiliar verse by this interpretation.

The numerous and beautiful admonitions in the ook of Proverbs to seek for wisdom as for hidden reasure, and to love and exalt understanding, are oo little heeded. It has even been said by some olish ones that a man's religion is harmed by too uch education—as though our God were not the ord of the mind as well as of the heart. A little earning is a dangerous thing. It is half-knowledge hich kills. True and universal mind-culture will ark the millennium of God.

And the good rabbi was right when he said that e Christians do not know our Book. We do not tudy it enough, and when we do study it we do not se our best intelligence. It has been asserted by reat scholars that anyone who will diligently work ut a single day in each week to unravel the full sigificance in but a single chapter of the Bible, will in en years have learned what would be the equivalent f a college education.

Law, theology, history, geography, language—ven mathematics—would have to be more or less horoughly mastered in taking any sort of a comprehensive course of Bible study. The great trouble s that we do not love to study, and hard thinking is ot germane to the average mind.

It has been asserted by scoffers that we do not pply to the Bible even as much thought-power as e expend in other directions. Is it not sadly true f too many of us that we pay little attention to hapters which are read in church or at family rayers? Try, without warning them, to find how many who were present at such readings can tell offand a few hours afterward just what was read. The results are likely to be discouraging.

We must give our best faculties to the study of God's word; and we must remember that every bit f knowledge that we can get upon all high subjects s just so much more of armor for fighting the batles of the Lord.

"Wisdom is the principal thing"—and "with all hy getting, get understanding." And the Psalmist ays: "A good understanding have all they that do his commandments."

But the wisdom of the head is, after all, but a poor thing compared with the wisdom of the heart, which can come only through the indwelling of the Spirit. Sometimes it comes as it came to the untaught but eloquent Jasper, whose sins seemed one night to be "piled up like mountains," but on whom "'fore I knowed it," as he testified in his quaint vernacular many times in the presence of great congregations, "de mawnin' broke; I was light as a feather, an' salvation rolled like a flood through my soul."

It is not given to many in these latter days to so experience the descent of the Spirit. He comes often slowly as the flower unfolds; and oftenest in the home of faith and prayer, where parents long, with divine desire, that their children, in the dew of their youth, may put their hands in the Saviour's, and devote their lives to learning his wisdom.

*Topic of the Epworth League for Sunday, November 1. Text: Prov. 4 : 1-9 : John 14 : 25-31.

The Tireless Watcher*

A VERY intellectual woman once said, "I believe God looks after the great things of life, but as for the little events of every day, I do not believe that he pays any attention to them."

And yet this lady was a microscopist of great skill. She knew better than most of us what a wonderful world is hidden away in minute forms which defy the search of the naked eye of man. She called herself a Christian—but her God was really only half-a-God.

"The hairs of our head are all numbered, and a sparrow shall not fall to the ground without our Father," a friend reminded her.

"Oh, that is only one of those queer Oriental figures of speech."

"Just that," rejoined her friend; "a figure which means that God sees and controls even the most apparently insignificant events of our lives. Did not an overturned lamp cause the Chicago fire? Was not Rome saved by the cackling of geese? Why, the destinies of empires have often depended upon the veriest trifles."

But the lady was headstrong and would not be convinced.

To most of us the great consoling fact of life is this oft-repeated assurance of the Scripture that none of us is too humble to be dear to the Father, the object of his special care. The thought dignifies our lives, even the most obscure, and gives us self-respect. The world may "despise and leave us," but if we are conscious of our own innocence and faithfulness, we do not grieve unduly. God seeth not as man seeth—he looketh on the heart—and, resting on him, we can wait his own good time to set us right in the eyes of the world.

A man who was in deep affliction was adjured by a Christian friend to cast himself upon the loving mercy of God.

"He sees you and longs to comfort you," said this friend. "In the execution of the great designs of the world, it is evidently necessary that we should be afflicted. Even the duliest can see that a world entirely without sorrow would be an utterly flavorless and purposeless state. But cast your burden on the Lord and he will sustain you. I know, for I have tried it."

"God cannot be a great God, and yet take notice of our individual griefs," rejoined the afflicted man.

And yet every true Christian knows that God does, by the power of his Spirit, come to the soul of him who trusts, and lightens the bitterest woe until the darkened way is again made plain.

One has put this thought into beautiful verse, which she has called "A Prayer Upon First Awaking":

The night is gone. O Sun of Righteousness,
Arise, and fill with light this soul of mine.
Dispel all gloom; with thy rich presence bless,
And with thy peace divine.

Thro' all the hours of this new day, dear Lord,
Be ever near, to comfort, guide, defend,
And prove thyself, according to thy word,
An ever-present friend.

What can I do for thee or thine to-day?
May I not be to some poor thirsting one
A cup of blessing? Let me, if I may,
On thy sweet errands run.

What trials lie before me in the way;
What thorns my feet must press are known to thee.
Enough for me to know—that as my day
My strength shall surely be.

And if these hours on earth should be my last;
If ere the nightfall thou shouldst call me home,
All's well—thy loving arms shall hold me fast;
Even so, Lord Jesus, come.

*Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, November 1. Consecration Meeting. Text: Ps. 121.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

J. M., New York. "I wish to publicly thank God for his goodness to me and my mother in her illness and for answered prayers."

Alexandria, Virginia. "To our Father who is in heaven, all praise for having heard many prayers of his humble child of earth."

Miss M. McB., California. "I wish to acknowledge God's wonderful love to me and mine in recent answer to prayer. The Lord hears and answers prayer, if we turn to him in faith."

G. P. S., Georgia. "I wish to testify what the Lord has done for me in answering prayer for a loved one. I promised to tell of his goodness to me, if it was his will to restore him to health."

H. W., Ohio. "I desire to acknowledge God's goodness to me in answering prayers many times."

C. L. M., Ohio. "I feel it is my duty to acknowledge many prayers answered in different ways this past year."

Y. M. L., Indiana. "I wish to acknowledge the dear Lord's goodness in a direct answer to an earnest prayer."

Mrs. H., Georgia. "God has heard and given me direct answers to my prayers twice within the last twelve months. I am truly grateful."

Mrs. L. McC., Pennsylvania. "I want to acknowledge to the world that God does hear and answer prayers. He has answered many for me."

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Send with it ten cents, to pay the cost of carriage and packing. We will then send you one of these butter-spreaders.

Send us more of the tops as you get them, and send ten cents with each to pay the cost of carriage and packing. We will send one spreader for each top until you get the six.

Thus this beautiful set—the very fad of the day—costs you only our carriage and packing cost—60 cents for the six.

That means that we return to you—for a little time—more than you pay for the Extract of Beef.

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We ask you to use it in soups. Note what a difference it makes.

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Armour's is concentrated. It is rich and economical. It gives one a new idea of extract of beef. We want you to prove these facts.

There are two ways to tell you the worth of this Extract of Beef. One is to supply you a few jars free. But that would cheapen the extract.

The other is to give you back—for a little time—more than you pay for the extract.

That is what we offer to do.

Then you will have a silver set that will remain in your home for a lifetime.

And then you will know what Armour's Extract of Beef means. And that knowledge, in the years to come, will better a thousand dishes.

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Send it today to Armour & Company, Chicago, Dept. AB.

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"LORD, MAKE ME REAL"*

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

"AND it came to pass after this"—that is, after the five years of exile for Absalom. He had killed his oldest brother for two reasons: First, because his brother had committed a crime, and second, because he feared that brother would succeed to the throne when King David should die. On account of this murder Absalom had fled to his grandfather's home in Syria, remaining there three years. Then, by means of a plot, Absalom gained permission of the king to return in safety to Jerusalem (II. Sam. 14: 1-28).

"Absalom prepared him chariots and horses and fifty men to run before him." It was the outfit of a king, which he had no right to assume, his father being yet alive; and furthermore he was a semi-prisoner, not being permitted to see the face of his father because of his crimes. He had in his heart a still greater crime: to take the kingdom by force.

"Absalom rose up early and stood beside the way of the gate." It was the seat of justice, for it was there the king sat to receive his people that he might hear their grievances, and if possible, adjust them. Absalom rose up early that he might get there before King David.

"Thy servant is one of the tribes of Israel." Thus he fawned upon those who came—he, who would be a king, called himself "a servant," not in humility but in hypocrisy.

"There is no man deputed of the king to hear thee." This was a lie, for David had assigned to Joab and Beniah this duty, but it was easy to make those believe the lie who already felt themselves wronged.

"Oh that I were made judge in the land." Absalom said "judge," but he meant "king." He promised justice, but in a heart so wicked as his there was no place for justice.

"Absalom stole the hearts of the men of Israel." This he did by his flattering manner, which was greatly enhanced by his personal beauty. We are told that "from the sole of his foot to the crown of his head, there was no [physical] blemish in him." And his reddish brown hair was magnificently heavy, and powdered with gold. When he fell upon the necks of those who came, and kissed them, and wept tears of sympathy (?) for their griefs, it is not strange that the people succumbed to his flatteries.

"After forty years." It must have been four years instead of forty. The error no doubt was that of some copyist. The Revised Version says in the margin, "Some ancient authorities read 'four years.'" David died when he was seventy years old, and in the fortieth year of his reign; forty years would have carried the time far beyond his death.

"I pray thee let me go and pay my vow, which I have vowed unto the Lord, in Hebron." And so Absalom gained not only his father's consent, but his blessing as well, for the king said unto him, "Go in peace." The father probably thought his wayward son had changed his course and was actually becoming religious, desiring to sacrifice to the Lord! Surely man looks only on the outward appearance.

"Absalom reigneth in Hebron." This message, which he ordered sent throughout all Israel, revealed his real purpose in going to Hebron.

"They went in their simplicity, they knew not anything." So much is said of two hundred men that Absalom called to go with him when he went down to Hebron to offer sacrifice to the Lord.

"The conspiracy was strong." Certainly all were not as simple as the two hundred, for there was a great gathering of clans at Hebron. But the backbone of this rebellion was Ahithophel, the chief counselor of David, who had been won over by Absalom so completely that he stopped in the midst of sacrificing to the Lord to answer the call of Absalom, and join him at Hebron.

Absalom as a Dishonoring Son

The Golden Text, "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee," prompts us to take Absalom's measure as a disobedient son. Ernest Thompson Seton says that the commandments of Moses are "not arbitrary laws given to man, but are fundamental laws of all creation." "The first four," he explains, "are spiritual in nature and do not affect dumb creatures." He made experiments by keeping an assortment of animals in close quarters for some weeks. He placed temptations of every conceivable variety before them and watched the play of their characters. At the end, he testified that "in a few instances one of the commandments was broken, and that retribution always followed swiftly." Some one has said, "Mr. Seton has proven that the commandments apply to animals and humans alike, but he has not discovered why the humans do the most transgressing." It may be said then that a man who breaks the commandments falls below the level of the brutes! Possibly we might as well stop saying "brutish" when we wish to describe a bad person. Absalom was worse than a brute in dishonoring his father, but Absalom is not the only son who has been thus guilty. And some daughters also dishonor their parents, perhaps only in so slight a way as calling them "old fashioned," and by wishing to keep them out of sight, and in the background. Young man, young woman, if you have distanced your parents in acquirements or in social distinction, make them sharers with you in all its joys and benefits, and in most cases they will be able to keep up with you, and you and they will be all the happier. "Honor and reverence age everywhere, for the sake of one's parents; or if reverence and honor are impossible, take, with Japhet and Shem, the mantle of charity."

Absalom as a Hypocrite

He did not mean a word that he said either to the people at the gate, or to his father. "A hypocrite may be both the fairest and the foulest creature in the world; he may be fairest outwardly in the eyes of man, and foulest inwardly in the eyes of God." Such was Absalom. One need not be religious in order to be a hypocrite, although the usual conception of a hypocrite is one who "belongs to the church," and is acting falsely. Absalom was the son of a heathen princess, Maacah. He probably received from her many heathen teachings, and when he had caused the death of his brother he fled to the heathen for safety, to the realm of his heathen grandfather Talmai, king of Geshur. The only time that Absalom the hypocrite ever seems to have worn religion for a cloak was when he asked permission to go to Hebron to sacrifice. As to the ways of hypocrites it is said that they make a great business about small matters, and in the meantime neglect weighty duties, like one who comes into a shop to make a very small purchase, and steals a costly article—buys a penny's worth to steal a dollar's worth. It is said that Julius Cæsar was a great dissembler; that when he appeared to be pleased with

Continued on next page

* **The International Sunday School Lesson for November 1, 1908.** Absalom Rebels against David. II. Sam. 15: 1-12. GOLDEN TEXT: "Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." Ex. 20: 12.

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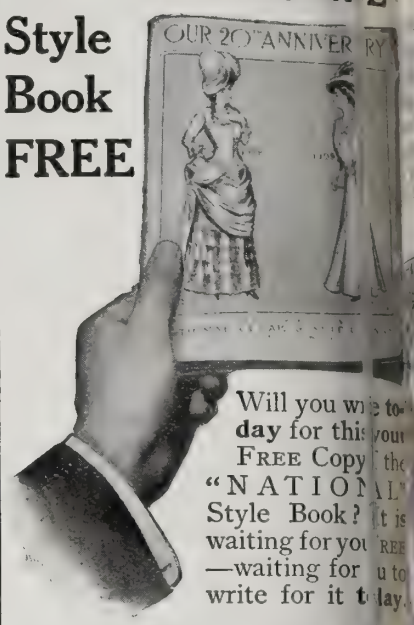

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THE NATIONAL NEWS REVIEW

GARFIELD'S SON HONORED

ON WEDNESDAY, October 7, with appropriate and interesting services, Harry Garfield, an alumnus of Williams, lately a distinguished professor of Princeton, was made president of his Alma Mater. The addresses were given in the Congregational church at 10:45 A.M. by the Rev. W. a student at Williams his father left the White House and was on his way to visit his sons and give an address, the most honored of its alumni, when in the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad station at Washington, he was shot down by an assassin.

The distinction won by James Garfield in President Roosevelt's cabinet, upheld the Garfield prestige, and now it is expected that Harry Garfield will make equally good in the ranks of college presidents. When the resignation of President Harry Hopkins put in the hands of the committee the difficult task of selecting his successor they sought for one who should be aggressive, scholarly, and whose name should be a drawing power among the young student body, and such they found in Professor Garfield.

President Garfield, of Williams, and His Family.

The induction was notable for the number of distinguished delegates from academic institutions present. Acceptances were received from nearly seventy-five college and university presidents. The Governor and other distinguished guests made up a gathering as notable as any gathering in this ideal valley since the centennial of the College.

One absence was specially felt by all. The late President Hopkins had planned to be present and give over his authority to his successor at this time. He was in Europe seeking health, but his search was in vain. He died there. The kind words he expected to utter remain unsaid.

W Adams, D.D., president of the Board of Trustees for that body, and by Rev. John S. Zelie, of Plainfield, for the alumni. Professor John H. Hewett spke for the faculty, and Ernest H. Wod for the undergraduates.

President Garfield" sounds pleasing to he American citizen; and especially so o Williams alumni, for Harry Garfiel is the son of the late martyred President. When Harry Garfield was

Sunday School Lesson—*Continued*

hi friends he was really seeking their ru. Charles the Ninth of France invid Admiral Coligny to his palace tht he might receive counsel from hi, by which he promised to abide, saing that he revered him as a son shuld a father; but shortly after he cased him to be put to death. Put pnt in the most rotten posts, put w te gloves on the foulest hands, and yc have a picture of what it means to bea hypocrite.

Hypocrites are not alone to be fond in king's households, but in evry-day places as well; in business, inommon life. The temptation to be a ypocrite comes to everybody, even toa boy in a store. It is related of Adam Clark, the great commentator, tht when he was a boy his employer sugested to him, when a piece of clth was a little too short for the orde, to stretch it, but the boy declined todo so. Some people try to stretch thir characters, so as to seem better thn they really are. Sometimes we ca it "putting on company manners." Hve are mean, let us not try to seem nole, but rather let us try not to be man. "Lord, make me real," prayed a quint old man. May God make us all rel—real noble, real true, real sweet, rel kind, real forgiving.

A gentleman once remarked to a lage lady: "You are all wool and a yd wide." The lady was sensitive aut her size and so resented the remrk, but was appeased when the remrk was explained, with a smile: "I irended my words to convey the idea tht you are genuine and broad-nided."

Absalom as a Politician

This is the political season, when apirants for office are having their masure taken, and withal there is nch unfairness and unnecessary bitterness. Absalom was a politician of the baser sort. He did not stop short of lying and intriguing, and if need be patricide, to gain his end, the throne of Israel.

We may copy II. Sam. 15: 2-6 on a large sheet of paper, leaving a blank where the name Absalom occurs, and put the sheet in a frame as a picture of some modern politicians:

"And ——— rose up early, and stood beside the way of the gate; and it was so, that when any man that had a controversy came to ——— for judgment, then ——— called unto him, and said: 'See, thy matters are good and right; but there is no man deputed to hear thee.' ——— said moreover, 'Oh that I were made judge in the land, that every man that hath any suit or cause might come unto me, and I would do him justice!' And it was so, that when any man came nigh unto him to do him obeisance, he put forth his hand, and took him and kissed him. And on this manner did ——— to all that came for judgment: so ——— stole the hearts of the men of the land."

Fine recommendation indeed for a judgeship and a kingship—deciding a case when he had heard but one side! God gives us two ears to hear both sides of every question. Jerusalem of that day must have been as bad as some of our cities to-day, and those criticisms of Absalom on the administration, how much they sound like the usual modern strictures of the "outs" on the "ins"! Then the promises of Absalom are the prototype of the political resolutions and promises of office seekers in these days.

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The lists of names *should be written very plainly* on separate paper from any letter you may wish to enclose. Give the total number of names, *and be sure to sign your own full name, with street address, city and state.* Do not neglect this, for we will have no other way of finding you. The prizes will be mailed to winners as soon as possible after contest closes. If there is anything not fully understood, write us at once for further explanation.

The person sending the greatest number of correct names will receive first prize.
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" " " " " " " " " " " third "
" " " " " " " " " " " fourth "
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If two or more persons should send the greatest number of correct names, the first prize will be divided equally among them; and if two or more persons should send in the next greatest number of correct names, the second prize will be divided equally among them. The same plan will be followed in awarding the third, fourth and fifth prizes.

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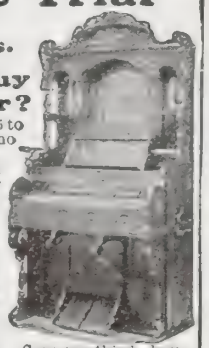

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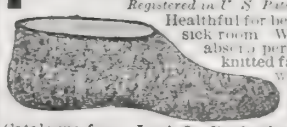

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The Transformation of Margaret

By MRS. ELEANOR H. PORTER

Author of "Into Still Waters," etc.

CHAPTER XXXVIII—*Continued*

IN NO other way than that Margaret's mind had given way could Ned account for her words, and for this most extraordinary flight just at the critical moment when she might learn the best—and the worst—of what had come to her lover. To Ned it seemed that the girl must be mad. He could not know that in Margaret's little room at the Mill House some minutes later a girl went down on her knees and sobbed:

"To think that 'twasn't Bobby at all that I was thinking of — 'twasn't Bobby at all! 'Twas never Bobby that had my first thought. 'Twas always—" Even to herself Margaret would not say the name, and only her sobs finished the sentence.

Robert McGinnis was not dead when he was tenderly lifted from his box-like prison, but he was still unconscious. In spite of their marvelous escape from death, both he and his employer were suffering from breaks and bruises that would call for the best of care and nursing for weeks to come; and it seemed best for all concerned that this care and nursing should be given at the Mill House. A removal to Belcourt in their present condition would not be wise, the physicians said, and the little town hospital was already overflowing with patients. There really was no place but the Mill House, and to the Mill House they were carried.

At the Mill House everything possible was done for their comfort. Two large, airy rooms were given up to their use, and the entire household was devoted to their service. The children that had been brought there the night of the fire were gone, and there was no one with whom the two injured men must share the care and attention that were lavished upon them. Trained nurses were promptly sent for, and installed in their positions. Beyond these, Margaret and the little lame Arabella were the most frequently seen in the sick rooms.

"We're the ornamental part," Margaret would say brightly. "We do the reading and the singing and the amusing."

Arabella was a born nurse, so both the patients said. There was something peculiarly soothing in the soft touch of her hands and in the low tones of her voice. She was happy in it, too. Her eyes almost lost their wistful look sometimes, so absorbed would she be in her self-appointed task.

As for Margaret—Margaret was a born nurse, too, and both the patients said that; though one of the patients, it is true, complained sometimes that she did not give him half a chance to know it. Margaret certainly did not divide her time evenly. Any one could see that. No one, however—not even Frank Spencer himself—could really question the propriety of her devoting herself more exclusively to young McGinnis, the man she had promised to marry.

CHAPTER XXXIX

MARGARET was particularly bright and cheerful these days; but to a close observer there was something a little forced about it. No one seemed to notice it, however, except McGinnis. He watched her sometimes with sombre eyes; but even he said nothing—until the day before he was to leave the Mill House. Then he spoke.

"Margaret," he began gently, "there is something I want to say to you. I am going to be quite frank with you, and I want you to be so with me. Will you?"

"Why, of — of course," faltered Margaret, nervously, her eyes carefully avoiding his steady gaze. Then, hopefully, "but, Bobby, really I don't think you should talk to-day; not—not about anything that—that needs that tone of voice. Let's read something!"

Bobby shook his head decidedly.

"No. I'm quite strong enough to talk to-day. In fact, I've wanted to say this for some time, but I've waited until to-day so I could say it. Margaret, you—you don't love me any longer."

"Oh—Bobby! Why, Bobby!" There was dismayed distress in Margaret's voice. When one has for some weeks been trying to lash one's self into a certain state of mind and heart for the express sake of some other one, it is distressing to have that other one so abruptly and so positively show that one's labor has been worse than useless.

"You do not, Margaret—you know you do not."

"Why, Bobby, what—what makes you say such a dreadful thing?" cried the girl, reaching blindly out for some support that would not fail. "As if I—I didn't know my own mind!"

Bobby was silent. When he spoke again his voice shook a little.

"I will tell you what makes me say it. For some time I've suspected it—that you did not love me; but after the fire I—knew it."

"You knew it?"

"Yes. When a girl loves a man, and that man has come back almost from the dead, she goes to him first—if she loves him. When Frank Spencer and I were brought into the hall down stairs that Wednesday morning, the jar or something brought back my senses for a moment, just long enough for me to hear your cry of 'Frank!' and to see you hurry to his side."

Margaret caught her breath sharply. Her face grew white.

"But, Bobby, you—you were unconscious, I supposed," she stammered faintly. "I didn't think you could answer me if—if I did go to you."

"But you did not—come—to—see." The words were spoken gently, tenderly, sorrowfully.

Margaret gave a low cry and covered her face with her hands. A look that was almost relief came to the man's face.

"There," he sighed. "Now you admit it. We can talk sensibly and

Continued on next page

A FOOD LESSON

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A small amount of **Jap-a-Lac** will [suffice] cover a disfigured spot on some piece [of] ture, or refinish entirely a small table [or] other surface of equal size. Any ho[usewife] who has once used **Jap-a-Lac** will nev[er allow] her home to look as it did before her a[cquain]tance with this wonderful varnish. W[hen] she gets the habit of having everything "[look] new" all the time, it will be impossible [for her] to go back to the old way.

Jap-a-Lac is manufactured in 18 b[eautiful] colors and is intended for refinishing eve[rything] in the home from cellar to garret—scuf[fed and] worn furniture, interior woodwork, [floors,] weather beaten doors, chandeliers, tables [stairs,] etc.

Thousands of dollars are saved every [year by] the use of this wonderful varnish. Hou[sekeep]ers are becoming acquainted with what it [means] to **Jap-a-Lac** their household effects, re[alizing] the immense saving.

We have so many suggestions to [useful] keepers of how to beautify their homes t[hat we] have issued a little booklet that will be [sent] invaluable. We shall be glad to send y[ou one] upon request, together with beautiful col[ored] showing all the different colors of **Jap-[a-Lac.]** A postal will bring it.

For Sale by Paint, Hardware and Drug D[ealers]
All Sizes—from 15c. to $2.50

If YOUR dealer does not keep JAP-A-LAC, send us his name a[nd] (except for Gold, which is 25c.) to cover cost of mailing, and [we] send FREE Sample (quarter-pint can) to any point in the Unite[d States.]

The name "GLIDDEN" on a can of varnish is a guara[ntee of] highest quality. If you use varnishes for any purpose [use] Glidden's Green Label line and you will secure the best [results.]

The Glidden Varnish Co.

1006 Rockefeller Building, Cleveland [Ohio]

Don't Buy a Stove or Range Until You First See

How Much You Save By Getting

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

YOU want to make every cent you spend this year, **count** for **quality** and **economy.**

If you need a stove or range, don't buy until you get our **factory** prices.

I promise you that I will save you $5, $6 or $10 on our smallest stoves, and as high as $18, $20 and even $30 on our largest. And I promise you that you **cannot get anywhere at any** price, a better stove or range than the Kalamazoo.

Just let me quote you prices. Take our catalogue and **compare** the Kalamazoo **quality** and **prices,** with the best line of stoves and ranges you can find sold at retail. **That** will tell the story. You can see for yourself. You want to save money and you want to get high quality. Why not investigate our plan, then? Why not let me show you the difference between manufacturers' prices and retail prices on stoves or ranges?

We sell to you, direct from the factory, at actual factory prices,

On 360 Days Approval Test—We Pay the Freight

I promise, in black and white, to refund your money—every cent of it—if you do not find your purchase in every way exactly as represented.

Remember, every Kalamazoo is of the highest possible grade, made of the best materials and in the best manner. You deal directly with the manufacturers—a company that has a larger number of individual customers than any other stove company in existence. We have sold thousands of stoves and ranges to readers of this journal, and no doubt can refer you to near neighbors who have saved money by buying a Kalamazoo. Many customers write that they have saved enough on a single Kalamazoo to pay for a whole season's fuel. You can save enough to buy a new suit, a new dress, an article of furniture, or perhaps to pay your taxes. Is it not to your interest to get our prices?

Send Postal for Catalogue No. 103

describing more than 300 sizes and styles of Coal and Wood Ranges, Coal and Wood Heaters, Hotel Ranges, Base Burners, Laundry Stoves, Etc.

All Kalamazoo cook stoves and ranges have patent thermometers which make baking and roasting easy.

I know that if you get our prices—and see our quality you will not even think of buying any other make. Let me show you how much you can save.

William Thompson, Vice-Pres. & Gen. Mgr.
KALAMAZOO STOVE CO., Mfrs. Kalamazoo, Mich.

15 CENTS A ROD

For a 22-inch Hog Fence; 27c for 47-inch Farm Fence; 37c for 50-inch Poultry Fence. **Sold on 30 days free trial.** 68 styles and heights. Catalog free. Write for it today.

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FENCE STRONGEST MADE. Bull-strong chicken-tight Sold to the user at Wholesale Prices. We Pay Freight. Catalogue free.

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PATENTS that PROTECT

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AN AID FOR THE DEAF

SENT ON TRIAL, absolutely **FREE,** of expense or risk. Address,

D. G. TIEMANN & CO., 107 Park Row, New York

The Transformation of Margaret

Continued from preceding page

asonably. Margaret, why have you ed to keep it up all these weeks, en it was just killing you?"

"I wanted to make—you—happy," e me miserably from behind the hands.

"And did you think I could be made ppy that way—by your wretchedss?"

There was no answer.

"I've seen it coming for a long time," went on gently, "and I did not me you. I could never have made u happy, and I knew it almost from first. I wasn't happy either—beuse I couldn't make you so. Perps now I—I shall be happier; who kows?" he asked with a wan little ile.

Margaret sobbed. It was so like bby—to belittle his own grief, just make it easier for her!

"You see, it was only for the work at you cared for me," resumed the n after a minute. "You loved that, d you thought you loved me. But was only the work all the time, dear. understand that now. You see, I tched you—and I watched him."

"Him!" Margaret's hands were wn, and she was looking at Bobby th startled eyes.

"Yes. I used to think he loved you en then, but after the fire, and I ard your cry of 'Frank'—"

Margaret sprang to her feet.

"Bobby, Bobby, you don't know what u are saying," she cried agitatedly. "r. Spencer does not love me, and he er loved me. Why, Bobby, he uldn't—I can prove to you that he uldn't! He even pleaded with me marry another man."

"He pleaded with you—" Bobby's es were puzzled.

"Yes. Now, Bobby, surely you unrstand that he doesn't love me. rely you must see!"

Bobby threw a quick look into the shed, quivering face; then hastily rned his eyes away.

"Yes, I see," he said almost savely. And he did see—more than he nted to. But he did not understand; how a man could have the love Margaret and not want it, was beyond the wildest flights of his fancy.

CHAPTER XL

RANK SPENCER had already left the Mill House and gone to Belcourt when McGinnis as well enough to go back to his ace in the mills. The mills, in spite the loss of the two buildings (which re being rapidly rebuilt) were runng full time, and needed him greatly, rticularly as the senior member of e firm had not entirely regained his d health and strength.

For some time after McGinnis went way, Margaret remained at the Mill ouse; but she was restless and unppy in the position in which she und herself. McGinnis taught an ening class at the Mill House, and e knew that it could not be easy for m to see her so frequently now that e engagement was broken. Marret blamed herself bitterly, not for e broken engagement, but for the ct that there had ever been any engement at all. She told herself that e ought to have known that the feelg she had for Bobby was not love—d she asked herself scornfully what e thought of a young woman who uld give that love all unsought to a an who was so very indifferent as to g her favor for another!

Those long hours of misery when e mills burned had opened Margat's eyes; and now that her eyes ere opened, she was frightened and shamed.

It seemed to Margaret, as she ought of it, that there was no way r her to turn but to leave both the ill House and Belcourt for a time. obby would be happier with her way, and the Mill House did not need her. Clarabella had come from New York, and had materially strengthened the teaching force. As for Belcourt—she certainly would not stay at Belcourt anyway—now. Later, when she had come to her senses, perhaps—but not now.

It did not take much persuasion on the part of Margaret to convince Mrs. Merideth that a winter abroad would be delightful—just they two together. The news of Margaret's broken engagement had been received at Belcourt with a joyous relief that was nevertheless carefully subdued in the presence of Margaret herself; but Mrs. Merideth could not conceal her joy that she was to take Margaret away from the "whole unfortunate affair," as she expressed it to her brothers. Frank Spencer, however, was not so pleased at the proposed absence. He could see no reason for Margaret's going; and one evening when they were alone together in the library he spoke of it.

"But, Margaret, I don't see why you must go," he protested.

For a moment the girl was silent; then she turned swiftly and faced him.

"Frank, Bobby McGinnis was my good friend. From the time when I was a tiny little girl, he has been that. He is good and true and noble, but I have brought him nothing but sorrow. He will be happier now if I am quite out of his sight at present. I am going away."

Frank Spencer stirred uneasily.

"But you will be away—from him—if you are here," he suggested.

"Oh, but if I'm here I shall be there," contested Margaret with a haste that refused to consider logic; then, as she saw the whimsical smile come into the man's eyes, she added brokenly: "Besides, I want to get away—quite away from my work."

To be continued

Learning

I'D SCARCELY threaded my needle
Ere a pair of sparkling eyes
Had caught me at the sewing,
And were full of glad surprise.

"Dear Sister, can't I help you?"
The tiny maiden said;
"I'm sure that I could do it
If you'd only fix the thread."

We sat and sewed together;
She chatted on awhile;
I glanced at her queer stitches;
Perhaps she caught my smile.

"Dear Sister, am I helping?
Am I really helping you?"
I answered, "'Course you're helping;
You'll be a seamstress, too."

She looked down at her stitches,
And her face was full of doubt.
"Are you sure I'm really helping?
Or do you pick them out?"

I caught the tiny maiden
And kissed those fingers wee;
"Yes, every stitch you're making
Is really helping me.

"And if 'twere all unraveled
'Twould matter not a mite,
As long as you are learning
To take the stitches right."

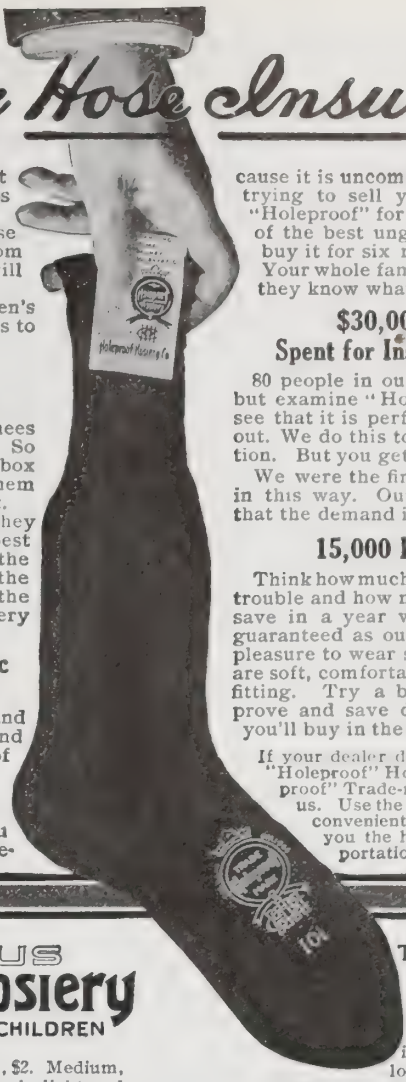
We all are little children,
And life's short seam we sew.
Just how to take the stitches
We do not always know.

We try to help, but often
Our work must be undone.
The pitying Lord says gently,
"You're learning, little one."

ELLA M. ROBINSON.

—If you are a reader of this paper and reside in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, or Maryland, you should not fail to read the last column on page 828 of this issue.

Are Your Hose Insured?



This is the guarantee that comes in each box of six pairs of "Holeproof" Hose:

"If any or all of these hose come to holes in six months from the day you buy them, we will replace them free."

The great success of our men's and women's hose has forced us to increase our line.

We Now Make Children's Stockings

These have 6-ply reinforced knees as well as 6-ply heels and toes. So their cost is 50c a pair or $3 a box of 6 pairs. But once you try them you would pay $1 if we asked it.

They save all the darning—they outwear many pairs of the best unguaranteed stockings, so the saving in dollars and cents at the end of the year makes them the cheapest by far. No other hosiery equals "Holeproof" in quality.

We Pay an Average of 73c Per Pound for Our Yarn

We buy the best Egyptian and Sea Island cotton—the softest and finest we know—regardless of what we must pay.

Our yarn is 3-ply. We could pay 35c and get weak and coarse 2-ply yarn, as others do. But you wouldn't buy such hosiery, because it is uncomfortable. We are not trying to sell you wear only. Buy "Holeproof" for all of the qualities of the best unguaranteed hosiery—buy it for six months' longer wear. Your whole family will wear it once they know what it means.

$30,000 a Year Spent for Inspection Alone

80 people in our factory do nothing but examine "Holeproof" Hosiery to see that it is perfect before it is sent out. We do this to protect our reputation. But you get the benefit.

We were the first to guarantee hose in this way. Our hose are so good that the demand is now

15,000 Pairs a Day

Think how much darning—how much trouble and how much money you can save in a year with hosiery that is guaranteed as ours is. Think what a pleasure to wear such hose, since they are soft, comfortable, stylish and well fitting. Try a box. Let what they prove and save decide what hosiery you'll buy in the future.

If your dealer does not have genuine "Holeproof" Hose, bearing the "Holeproof" Trade-mark, order direct from us. Use the coupon. Remit in any convenient way and we will ship you the hose and prepay transportation charges.

FAMOUS Holeproof Hosiery FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Holeproof Hose for Men—6 pairs, $2. Medium, light and extra light weight. Black, light and dark tan, navy blue, pearl gray, and black with white feet. Sizes, 9½ to 12. Six pairs of a size and weight in a box. All one color or assorted as desired.

Holeproof Lustre-Hose for Men—Finished like silk. 6 pairs, $3. Extra light weight. Black, navy blue, light and dark tan, and pearl gray. Sizes 9½ to 12.

Holeproof Stockings— 6 pairs, $2. Medium weight. Black, tan, and black with white feet. Sizes, 8 to 11.

Holeproof Lustre-Stockings—Finished like silk. 6 pairs, $3. Extra light weight. Tan and black. Sizes, 8 to 11.

Children's Stockings— Boys' sizes, 5 to 10, and Misses' sizes, 5 to 9½. Colors, black and tan. Six-ply reinforced knee, heel and toe. 6 pairs, $3.

Ask for our free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

This is a Fact to Note: Please learn that the only difference between the best unguaranteed hose and "Holeproof" is that "Holeproof" *wear* longer. Examine them. See how soft and light they are. Compare any brand of hose with "Holeproof." Then let "Holeproof" show how they wear. **Cut out coupon as a memo.**

Men's ☐ Women's ☐ Boys' ☐ Misses' ☐ *Put check mark in square opposite kind you want.*

Holeproof Hosiery Co., 212 Fourth St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Enclosed $____ Please send me ____ boxes of Holeproof ____ Size ____ Weight ____ Colors ____

Name ____

Address ____

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906. This trade-mark is put on every hose and each box.

NOT A MIRACLE

Just Plain Cause and Effect.

There are some quite remarkable things happening every day which seem almost miraculous.

Some persons would not believe that a man could suffer from coffee drinking so severely as to cause spells of unconsciousness. And to find complete relief in changing from coffee to Postum is well worth recording.

"I used to be a great coffee drinker, so much so that it was killing me by inches. My heart became so weak I would fall and lie unconscious for an hour at a time. The spells caught me sometimes two or three times a day.

"My friends, and even the doctor, told me it was drinking coffee that caused the trouble. I would not believe it, and still drank coffee until I could not leave my room.

"Then my doctor, who drinks Postum himself, persuaded me to stop coffee and try Postum. After much hesitation I concluded to try it. That was eight months ago. Since then I have had but few of those spells, none for more than four months.

"I feel better, sleep better and am better every way. I now drink nothing but Postum and touch no coffee, and as I am seventy years of age all my friends think the improvement quite remarkable."

"There's a reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

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Ask dealer for it.

Trade Mark

Free Sample. Write Dept. B-11

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Man-Tailored Walking Skirt

Let Me Send You FREE Samples and QUOTE YOU PRICES

Made to Your INDIVIDUAL MEASURE

I Believe that we are showing to-day the best and most complete line of skirt material in America;

I Know that we have the greatest establishment in the world devoted exclusively to making skirts to individual order;

I Promise you that we will make to your individual measure, a **better** skirt for **less** money than you get anywhere else.

I will make you a skirt from any material you may select from our samples, and send it to you, **express** prepaid. If you do not find it perfectly satisfactory in **style, fit** and **finish**, I will send back your money by return mail. The saving to you of $2 or $4 or $5 is well worth while—but the extra satisfaction is worth much more to you. Now, I can't send you our new Fall and Winter Styles Catalog and samples unless you send me your name. Are you not interested enough to get our prices and see for yourself how much we save you? Of course you are.

Write to-day and get our style book by return mail. Address

This Skirt Only - - **$5.72**
Made to Your Measure
Express Prepaid

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311 Main St., Kalamazoo, Mich.
Makers of Man Tailored Walking Skirts, Petticoats and Children's Dresses.

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the talk of Europe and America. It contains **144 pages** of wearing apparel exclusively. It tells you how you can dress in the latest advanced styles without having to pay **retail** prices. It is the largest exclusive wearing apparel catalogue issued in New York City. Sent **absolutely FREE** to any address upon application. **Write** for it **to-day.**

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"I MADE $12 PER DAY

Selling This 7-Piece Kitchen Set"
From sworn statement of H. S. CUNNINGHAM.

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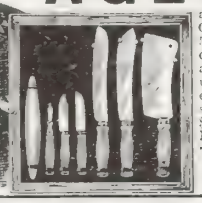

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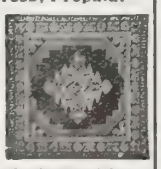
Beautiful and attractive patterns. Made in all colors. Easily and clean and I wear well. Reversible to wear. Woven in one piece. Both sides can be used. Sold direct at one profit. Money refunded if not satisfactory



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Applied to central draught lamp or gas jet (naked flame or mantle burner).

Heat and Light AT ONE COST

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GIANT HEATER CO., 163 Monmouth St., Springfield, Mass.

Agent's Outfit Free.—Delight, Biscuit, Cake and Doughnut Cutter, Lifter, Grater, Meat Stretcher, Apple Corer and Potato Masher free.
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*By Maj.-Gen. O. O. Howard, U. S. A. With illustrations by George Varian, and by photographs. The Century Company, New York. ($1.50.)

Books Received

Home Gymnastics According to the Ling System, by Anders Wide, M.D. 69 pp. Price 50 cents. Funk & Wagnalls, New York, publishers.

Hymns We Love, edited by Adam Geibel and Frederic W. Eickhoff. This extensive collection contains 258 hymns, over 150 of them being absolutely new, written especially for this book. It includes besides many of the best known standard hymns, the most popular and effective hymns and Gospel songs used at the Torrey and Alexander meetings, and selected hymns for the various church feasts, festivals and observances. It is a representative hymn-book, suited to the needs of all Protestant denominations for devotional meetings and Sunday Schools. Cloth covers. Price 20 cents. Adam Geibel Music Co., Philadelphia, publishers.

A Junior Congregation, by Rev. James M. Farrar, D.D. This is a volume of sermons for children. The writer in his preface gives these suggestions: "He (the minister) should not preach 'at' the children, but portray a great principle before them. The sermon should unfold one glad, noble, Christ-centred truth, and be itself unfolded, as an aid to memory, in a pertinent story or anecdote. The attempt should be made to clarify rather than to 'simplify' the sermon. When a man's best thinking is put into such form that children will understand it, and be interested, he has the whole world at his feet. And when he forgets the children and preaches for the grown-up world only, he often misses both." The book, which represents the author's current work among the children for a year, is full of bright things that contain valuable suggestions for those working in the same spiritual field. Pp. 220. Cloth covers. Price $1.20. Funk & Wagnalls, New York, publishers.

He Saves to the Uttermost

TO A WIDE circle of railroad men throughout the United States and Mexico the death of W. D. Murdock gives a sense of personal loss. He was a well-known railroad man and gave thirty-seven years of his life to railroad service. He entered as a clerk in 1871, with the Chicago & Alton, and by unswerving honesty, business ability, and capacity for work quickly attracted the attention of other roads, and in various positions of trust he rose steadily until his last appointment as Passenger Traffic Manager of the Mexican Central System, with which road he was connected for thirteen years.

Mr. Murdock's many kind deeds, little acts of Christian service, and ever-open purse, identified him as a man of noble and humanitarian instincts. He was a member of the Baptist Church, and during his life gave many evidences of his abiding faith in Jesus Christ. He was born at Zanesville, O., September 26, 1852, and was educated at the State University, Normal, Ill. He was married in 1875, and is survived by his wife and five children. He died at Montemorelos, Nuevo Leon, Mexico, where he spent the last year of his life. Shortly before his death, when the shadows were gathering about him, he dictated the following words: "To my friends: I have a bright and abiding hope in Christ, and believe he is the hope and joy of all who will come to him. I send this with the full assurance of a future in his presence, and hope to meet you there. He will save to the uttermost if you trust him and believe his word."

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A hot breakfast in a cozy warm room starts one right for the day. A cold dining room spoils the enjoyment of the meal. The dining room or any room in the house can be heated in a few minutes with a

PERFECTION Oil Heater

(Equipped with Smokeless Device)

For instance, you could light it in your bed-room to dress by, then carry it to the dining room, and by the time the coffee is ready, the room is warm. Impossible to turn it too high or too low—never smokes or smells—gives intense heat for 9 hours with one filling. If not at your dealer's write to nearest agency.

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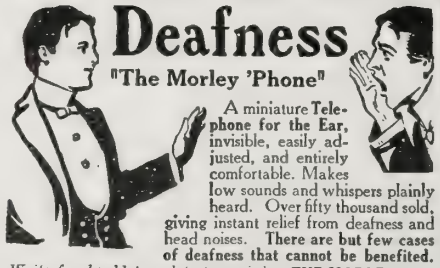
(Incorporated)

Deafness

"The Morley 'Phone"



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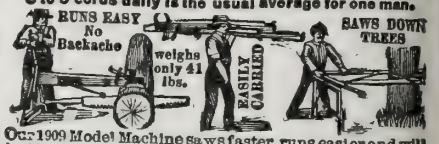

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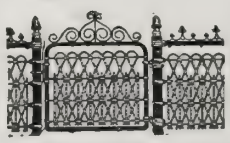

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Life in the "Children's Village"

Continued from page 823

placed by the Board in this class. In the course of the years, dependent children, who once formed a large percentage of those committed to the Asylum, are now practically unknown there. It has become almost purely a reformatory institution, and as such its needs are recognized as still more pressing than before. The prosecution and punishment of our criminals is enormously expensive to the State. If we can nip in the bud the sinful tendency, as this institution essays to do, and actually does, as its statistics amply show, every good citizen should aid it by every means in his power.

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Mr. Charles D. Hilles is the model superintendent, and has surrounded himself with a wonderfully efficient corps of helpers. Mornay Williams, Esq., is the President of the Board of Directors, which includes the names of many others of the men who have most distinguished themselves among us for good works. Henry N. Tifft is the Secretary, and Willard Parker Butler, the Treasurer.

Many of the children are sent West every year. The city maintains in Chicago an agency through which homes and situations are found for them. This class of children almost invariably turn out well.

Church Federation Congress

THE first meeting of "The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America" will be held in Philadelphia, December 2-8. The Plan of Federation recommended by the Inter-Church Conference of 1905, having received the official approval of thirty national assemblies, representing an aggregate church membership of over fifteen millions, is now the working constitution of the "Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America." Under a compact that recognizes "the essential oneness of the Christian Churches in Jesus Christ as their Divine Lord and Saviour," the Council will come together to promote the spirit of fellowship, service and co-operation, and to consider methods and suggest plans, through which the churches may "prosecute work that can be better done in union than in separation."

The Conference of 1905 appointed an organizing committee. Each of the thirty constituent bodies in the fellowship of the Conference is represented on this committee, which will report to the coming Conference. The Committee on Organization and Development has Rev. Bishop E. R. Hendrix, of Kansas City, as chairman. "Methods of Co-operation in Home Missions" will be brought to the front in a report of the committee of which Rev. Edgar P. Hill, D.D., of Chicago, is chairman. "Co-operation in Foreign Missions" is in the hands of a committee of which Dr. James L. Barton, secretary of the American Board, is chairman. Other subjects to be discussed in papers by able speakers are: "Family Life," by Rt. Rev. W. C. Doane (P. E. Church); "Temperance," by Rev. Bishop Luther B. Wilson, D.D., (M. E. Church); "State Federations," "Methods of Religious Instruction in Sunday Schools," "Weekday Religious Instruction in the Public Schools," "The Church and Labor," "The Church and the Immigrant Problem," etc. Governor Charles E. Hughes of New York will speak on "Civic Righteousness."

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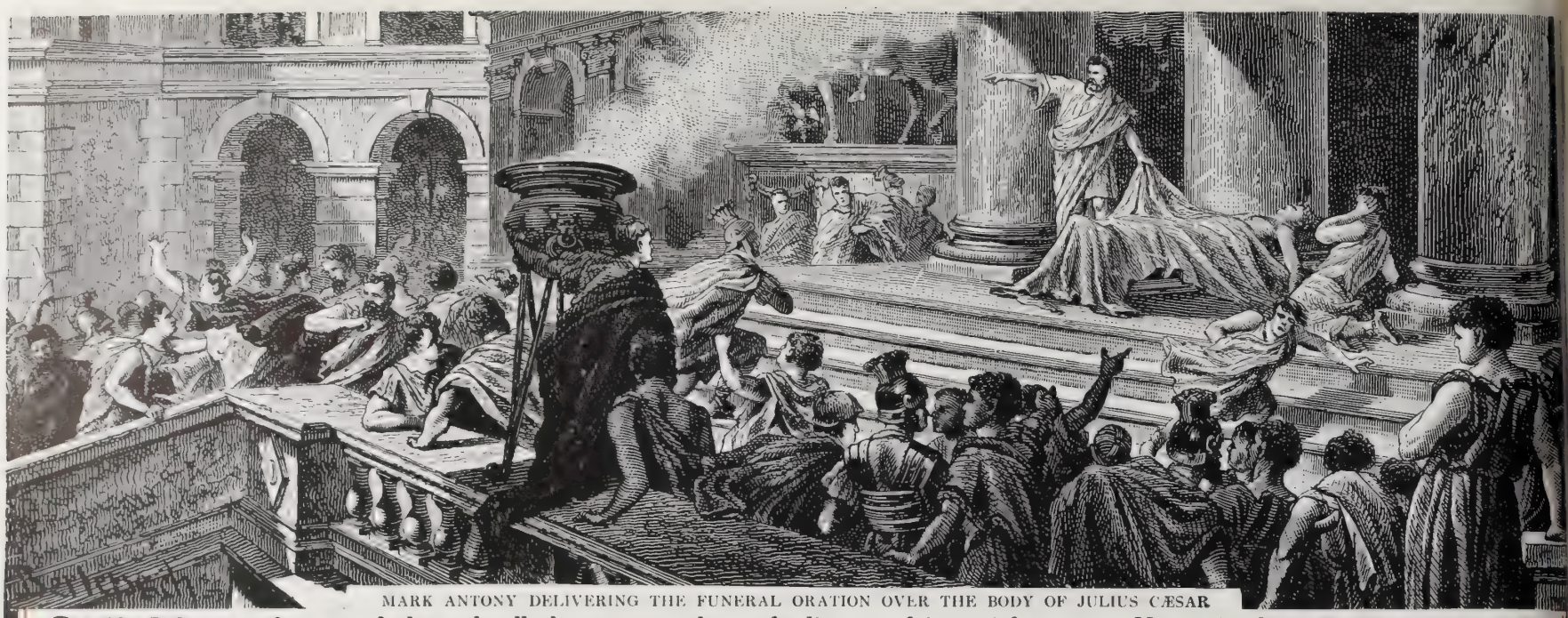

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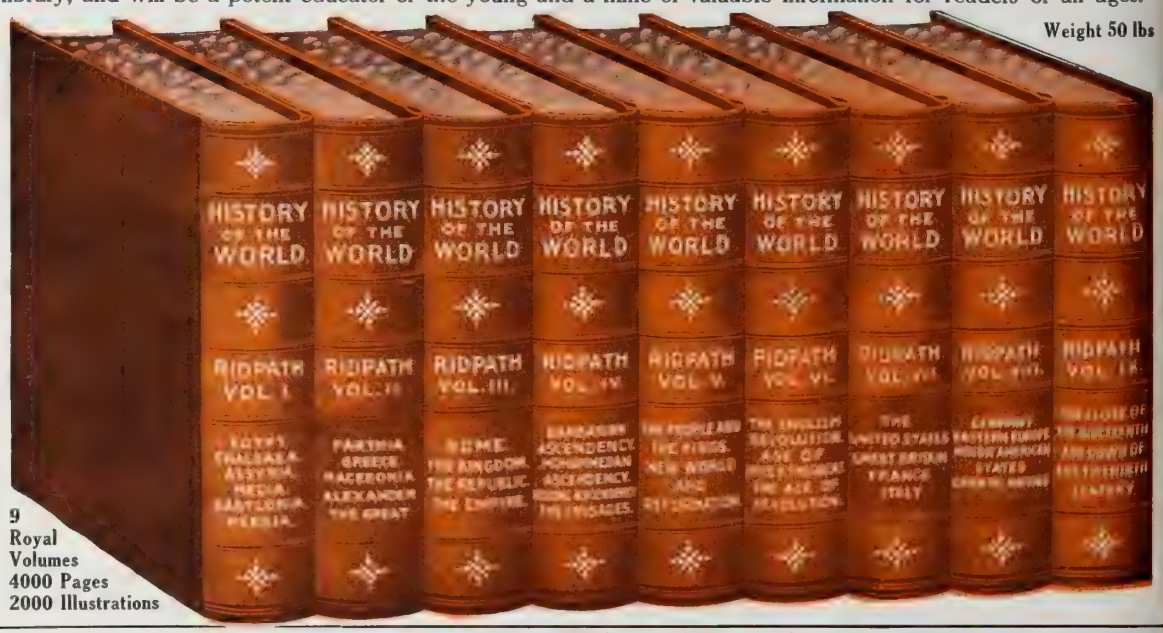

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SEE PAGE 849

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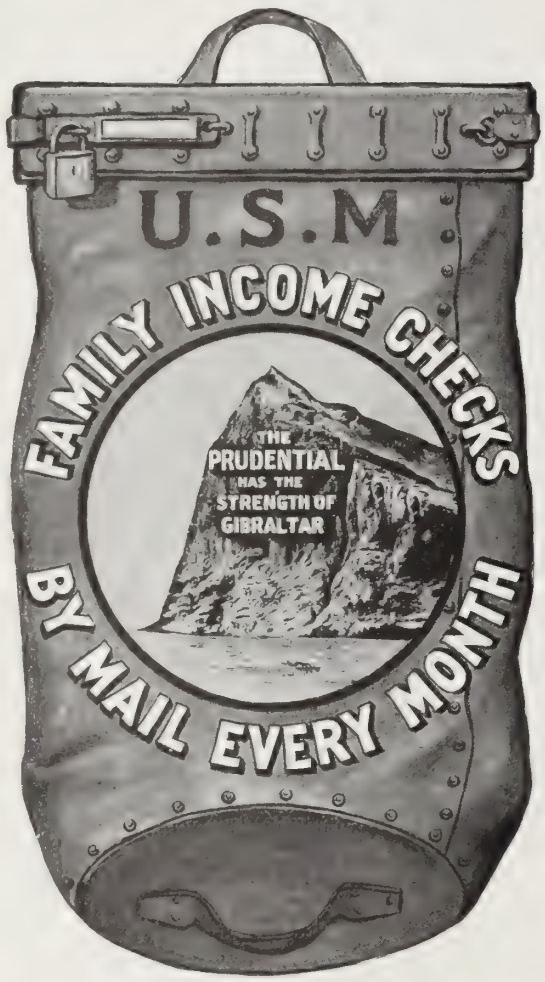

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PEACE OR WAR IN THE BALKANS?

TURBULENT Servia is still regarded as likely to bring more trouble to Europe, with the spirit of her people as ready to take fire and as ready to rush to war as at any time in their history. Fortunately king and parliament are keeping comparatively cool, and the vote of the representatives against war did much to reassure Europe. When the Servian parliament, the Skupshtina, assembled in extraordinary session on the morning of October 9, the people of Belgrade were marching through the streets and clamoring for war. Professor Jovanovics, one of the most ardent of the war party, was elected to preside over the sessions, and shortly after a great mass meeting was held in one of the squares, and after fiery speeches marched to the parliament building and called for war. The deputies were greatly influenced by the demonstration, but the warning of high officials had its effect. At last the call for a vote was insistent and it was taken, the deputies leaning forward almost breathlessly to hear the count on which the fate of the country should depend. Sixty-six, the president of the chamber announced, had voted for war with Austria-Hungary, while ninety-three had cast their votes against it. The waiting crowds heard the result sullenly. However, only the reservist troops of the first class were ordered to rejoin their regiments, showing that the authorities were still in doubt as to what they should do.

The Crown Prince threw himself heart and soul into the war movement and further complicated matters from a diplomatic point of view. He made a speech to a large assembly of students, in which he offered to raise a party of volunteers, lead them into Bosnia, where it was reported that those of Servian blood (and they compose a large part of the population of that province) were ripe for revolt. The students cheered the Prince enthusiastically, ending with the shout, "Long live the King of Bosnia! Long live the King of Bosnia!" The popular mind was further inflamed by the rumor that Austria would send three ironclads along the Danube by Servian territory. The war party soon found out one reason why the government did not want to open the struggle. The Prime Minister told the populace the melancholy fact that Servia was short of powder, not having enough for a skirmish, to say nothing of keeping the steel field-pieces barking in battle, a siege, or a long campaign. The government had ordered powder in time from the factories at Creusot, but Germany and Switzerland prevented its being brought across their territory. Austria had consented to let it pass through her territory, but the promise was all Servia had received; the powder was still out of reach and the countries who did not care to see the Servians marching out of their own borders, evidently intended that it should be long before it reached the purchaser.

The Assembly has voted a sum equal to $3,200,000 in American money to support the government. The only trouble is that Servia has few factories to produce her own supplies, and other countries will not sell her any until she cools down. If there is to be any war the great Powers wish to have the sole privilege of starting it.

A Panoramic View of Belgrade Looking Toward the Danube

Servia on October 12 committed an act that might lead to war. The Servian customs officials on the frontier went out to the middle of the river and captured the Hungarian custom house, which is situated on the small island of Baiukleiz. The Servians, with their guns, drove off the thirty or more Hungarians and are still holding the island. They have been reinforced by the Servian police. The people of Shabats, Servia, on the river bank, celebrated the event with great rejoicings. Then the hot-heads of Belgrade boarded an Austrian steamer, tore down the flag of Austria-Hungary, paraded it in derision through the streets of Belgrade, and burned it in the public square. Austria may wait to see what a conference of the Powers may do in regard to the seizure of the two provinces and then turn her attention to Servia.

Little, picturesque Montenegro has also thrown her defiance in the teeth of Austria, and will be very sorry if some one will not go to war with her. Recently things have been too peaceful to suit the Montenegrin. He loves war before all else. The crack of rifles, the cheer of charging men beneath a bristle of steel, as the cannon growl along the horizon, are the sweetest music in his ears. He regards peace as a calamity—a period when the muscles of men grow weak and their spirits degenerate. When the bugles are sounding again along the old grave-marked paths to the southward or the northward of Montenegro, the shepherds and the tradesmen will leave their tasks and surge to the front with joyful hearts.

One does not have to say, "Prepare for war," for they are all ready every hour in the day. The belt the Montenegrin wears is a cartridge belt well filled. Over his shoulder is slung his well-tried rifle, and the hilts of no less than two pistols peep coyly out from his embroidered sash. Then there is a dirk or two; and, if business is really afoot, a curved sabre bangs against his left legging with every step. The Montenegrin has this great advantage over any foeman: the country is one of the most impregnable on the earth's surface. No one wants to go into it, and a few men in its widest pass can make it good against an army.

In all languages the name given to Montenegro means the "Black Mountain." The name is said by most writers to be derived from the fact that the land which skirts the eastern shore of the Adriatic was once covered with an immense black forest of pines. This forest, however, has long since disappeared and the traveler sees only gray mountains.

Continued on page 845

THE
American Pulpit
A Temperance Sermon by
Rev. Silas C. Swallow, D.D.

The Sting of the Adder

TEXT—Gen. 18 : 23—"Wilt thou also destroy the righteous with the wicked?"

THIS was an exceedingly interesting dialogue between God and Abraham, "the Father of the Faithful," nearly four thousand years ago. God threatening the "cities of the plain," Sodom and Gomorrah, with dire destruction for their great wickedness, and Abraham pleading for them, if there could be found fifty, forty-five, thirty, twenty, ten righteous—pleading with him to have mercy on the cities for their sake and spare them. Abraham doubtless, after every proposition, searched the city to find the mercy-purchasing number, but they could not be found: and the rain of fire and brimstone came, and, like Tyre and Sidon and Babylon and Pompeii, only wave-washed or ash-covered ruins remain as monuments of the destructiveness of sin.

In the choosing by Abraham and his nephew, Lot, of future homes, in order to separate their quarreling herdsmen, Lot had the first choice, and doubtless thought he had the advantage in selecting the rich valley of the Jordan, with its flourishing villages, towns, and cities, in which to introduce his family into polite society, get city-bred men for husbands for his daughters, and easy positions for his luxury-loving sons. But it was as true then as now, that "he laughs best who laughs last." Abraham, from the pure air of his mountain pastures, where he had studied the book of nature as the book of God, and the stars as the never-sleeping eyes of the Jehovah who had sent him a pilgrim into a country "he knew not of," must needs come to the rescue of his proud city nephew and his threatened family.

The Country Must Save the Cities

Strange, was it not, that in the escape, the children did not look back? But then children never do. It is the aged wife who regrets the quitting of home and its hard-earned furnishings and bric-a-brac. She had so wrought her soul into these accumulations that even salt could not save her. Children are looking to the future. Change and new homes and new associates and new surroundings have such charms for them that they are not tempted to the backward look. It is reserved for the aged ones to do that, and to remember the occurrences of childhood, and forget those of yesterday.

Abraham, the great heart, remembering only in pity Lot's foolish and self-inflicted bargain, hurries to the gates of the wicked city to save his relatives from the results of their own folly. In his pleadings, he argues against the injustice of "destroying the righteous with the wicked." However, only an escape to the mountains can prevent this. To tarry in the plain of self-indulgence means death. Association with evil means contamination, and that means destruction. If the city is saved, the country must save it. The city left without the new supplies of food, of men, of energy, of pluck, of temperance, of integrity, of conscience and of piety—all country-grown and mountain-seasoned—soon so degenerates as to be "not worth saving."

How the Innocent Suffer

But if the city suffers, the country must suffer with it. The hand cannot say to the foot, "I have no need of thee," nor can the body say to the mind or the mind to the body, "I have no need of thee." Interdependence is a law of being. How often do we hear it said, "If you only let liquor alone it won't hurt you," but the lie is contradicted in gory colors in every issue of the daily press the world over. It would be a waste of time to combat the silly falsehood, which is twin to that other untruthful saw, viz.: "He injures by his sins only himself." The husband, father, son drink intoxicants, and the wife, the children, and the mother, all innocent of complicity in the crime, suffer with the suffering tippler. The city drinks and the country helps pay the expense of judges, juries, attorneys, jailers, hangmen and grave-diggers who try, condemn, and imprison or, perchance, hang and bury the drink-crazed criminal.

Richmond, Va.; Springfield, Mo.; Springfield, O.; and last of all, Springfield, Ill.; all voted whisky in, and voted decency out, and the "dry" counties helped pay the mob-made bills and the whole country was disgraced. Think of the city of Abraham Lincoln at the mercy of a rum-crazed mob, so intent on theft, arson, and assassination that only the State militia could subdue it. Twenty-seven houses in ashes. Over fifty people, mostly innocent, wounded; and seven persons dead, not one of them guilty of the unspeakable crime for which the rioting began. The innocent suffering with the guilty.

Will the American people ever awake to the unalterable fact that the liquor question is a national question—the greatest national question yet to be solved? One State cannot suffer without all the others suffering with it. The superlative selfishness of the rich, who by virtue of "a pull" with the courts or with the politicians, force the saloons out of their own uptown residence neighborhoods in our cities and drive them to the downtown residence sections of the uninfluential poor, is ever punishing itself through the drunken, incapable labor given in exchange for the rich man's gold, and in the increased taxes levied, the product of the increased poverty and crime of the city, to say nothing of the constant menace to the morals of the families of the thrifty through the existence of the saloon anywhere this side of its native perdition.

Government and the Liquor Traffic

Moral questions are not settled by majorities, else Noah and his family had not been saved while the multitudes who laughed him to scorn for one hundred and twenty years went down to destruction in the flood. God is the first and final umpire in morals, and his commands are clear-cut, positive, emphatic and unalterably prohibitive. "Thou shalt not swear, nor lie, nor break the Sabbath, nor steal, nor covet, nor commit adultery, nor murder. Thou shalt not!" All the law worthy the name of law the world over, whether it be domestic, municipal, statutory, national, or international, finds its germ in the prohibitions of Sinai. None of them are submitted to a vote of the people to decide. God, the arbiter of human necessities, has already decided, and the best statesmanship of the ages has followed the Sinaitic formula of "Thou shalt not." But when it comes to the liquor question, here statesmanship exhibits its degeneracy by halting and saying, "Thou mayest make and sell the poverty, crime, and death-producing poison if thou wilt divide the revenue therefrom with the government." And when the government, which in a republic means the people, is driven to a modification of its methods by witnessing the moral and material ruin produced by its own folly and crime, it turns compromiser, and is willing to leave it to a vote of the majority to decide whether God is to be defied or obeyed.

The Scriptures are not less explicit as to the individual's relation to the drink habit and traffic. "Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions? Who hath babbling? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes?" Why, any child outside of Kansas or Maine could guess that conundrum, viz.: "They that tarry long at the wine; that go to seek mixed wine." Therefore, "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright"—all marks of fermentation as distinguished from the harmless, unfermented juice of the grape; and the reason assigned for the inhibition even of a "look," is "For at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." Yes, at the *last*, when the soul needs the emollient applied by a good conscience, a clear brain, and an abundance of the grace of God to meet "the king of terrors." Ah, at the *last*, the drinker finds only the companionship and horrible comfort afforded by hissing, rattling, biting serpents and stinging adders.

Deaf to Old Truths

But listen again. A thousand years later in the world's history, when Jesus "had come and gone," and Paul was writing from Rome to the Christians at Ephesus, he pens that terse command, worthy, as we see it, to combat the sensuality of twentieth century Epicureanism in and out of the church, and to be embossed in gold and nailed, like Luther's theses at Wittenberg, to the door of every church in Christendom. Let all hear who have ears; for alas, in the babble of commercialism, the masses have gone nearly deaf to old truths. "Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be ye filled with the Spirit." It was as though he had written: "I concede the necessity for your being lifted out of the ennui that is the product of life's drudgery, or satiety, or listless languor, or disgust with the tr- mill duties of the kitchen, the shop, the store, the school-room." And well might Paul say t for did not Caleb Colton say that "ennui perh has made more gamblers than avarice, more dru ards than thirst, and perhaps as many suicides despair?" "Admit it all," says the Apostle to Gentiles; "but steady now! Be careful that mistake not effect for cause and end for means. concede the necessity for something that will ex arate and recreate the moral, the intellectual the physical forces; but 'be not drunk with w wherein is excess,' for it only sensualizes the spi whereas the need of all is a spiritualizing of senses."

On the day of Pentecost, all being of one acc in one place, after a ten days' waiting, watchi longing, pleading for the endowment of power, Spirit came; and the waiting ones had not o tongues of fire on their heads but in their hea and though unlearned they spake the languages earth doubtless, and walked and leaped and prai God, till the guzzlers of intoxicants sarcastica hurled the taunt at them, "These men are full their *new* wine." Peter effectually combated slander. Then followed the marvelous sermon, u der which three thousand were converted and ad to the church in a single day.

Woe to the Drunkard

Paul admits the necessity for getting out of t ruts, and for finding expression for our Spirit-e gendered hilarity. And what is his prescriptio "Speaking to yourselves in psalms, and hymns, a spiritual songs; singing and making melody in yo heart unto the Lord. Giving thanks always for things unto God and the Father, in the name of o Lord Jesus Christ." Try it, sin-bedizened soul, a so long as you indulge in copious draughts from t cup of salvation, you will have no use for the se sualizing potions that poison the springs of life, a sink the soul into perdition.

The temperance and prohibition question is hoa with age. It is as old as sin. "In the day that th eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die." The necessi for temperance societies has been apparent fro Noah till now. David, Solomon, Isaiah, Jeremia Ezekiel, Daniel, Amos and Malachi all had the vex problem staring them in the face. Amos hit ha at the tipplers of his age, saying, substantiall "Woe unto them that drink wine in bowls and anoi themselves with the chief ointments, and lie up beds of ivory, and stretch themselves upon the couches. Therefore now shall they go captive wi the first that go captive, and the banquet of the that stretched themselves shall be removed." Win beer, whisky, gin, rum are only different ways spelling captivity for men, communities and n tions. Joel cried out, "Howl, all ye drinkers wine." "They sold a girl for wine that they migh drink." Many an American parent is selling h children into drunkenness by his silent complicit with the liquor traffic in his own business interes For what is a drunkard or two in the family, if onl the father can keep peace with drinkers and seller and can gather in the shekels?

How the Prophets Fought the Evil

Isaiah had much to say about this curse of curse He lived when Israel from bare-backed serfdom ha come to a national prosperity that has its only pa allel in the luxurious living of the profligate ric and the beggary of the helpless poor of our ow day. Isaiah belonged to the aristocracy of his da but was of the Johannian type of character by se ond birth. He was a seer who could see. A fu fourth of the book he wrote, with its sixty-six cha ters, is given up to the fiercest denunciations of th liquor habit and traffic, and the correlated sins an crimes of that remote period, twenty-six hundre years ago. Isaiah was no doubt abused as a "crank built to turn things; even to "turn the world upsid down," where he found it wrong side up. He ma have been denounced as "a kicker," "a knocker," pessimist or their equivalent. A "prophet of evil? Yes; but a prophet, too, of good. The evangelica prophet of the Old Testament Scriptures. Hea him, ye degenerate, vote-neglecting, luxury-loving

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PEACE OR WAR IN THE BALKANS

Continued from page 843

Servian Peasant | A Woman of Belgrade | Palace of Belgrade | Servian Woman | A Servian Soldier

Prince Nicholas, the present ruler, is one of the ost foresighted princes of the day. His heart has o other ambition than the good of his country. He as been a builder of roads. At first, his people ould not see the use of having a good system of oads; so why should they work hard to have them? ut the roads were built, and communication opened p between the coast and the interior. He has sent is officials to the more civilized countries of Europe study their methods of administration. France e has always admired, and many French customs ere adopted. He has established a useum and a library, and is a friend f modern education, though the latter has not yet made much progress. Two of his daughters have married nto the Russian Imperial family, and nother daughter is the queen of taly. He has seen more fighting, robably, than any other ruler in Europe, and has the respect of the nilitary men of other nations as a ompetent general.

Prince Nicholas led in person the Montenegrins on their last campaign n the open field in 1875, when the Montenegrin volunteers swarmed out o help Herzegovina, which had risen gainst the Turks. The warlike Prince Nicholas formed an alliance with King Milan of Servia, and in 1876 declared war. The Prince led leven thousand men into Herzegovina, and the people rushed to his support. The Prince besieged Nicksic for four months, and took it, an achievement which the doughty old ruler recalls with great pleasure to the present day as one of his greatest exploits. Then came the final stroke. Montenegro had always been cut off from the sea. With rapid marches he reached the towns of Dulcigno and Antivari, took them, and their fine harbors have since been Montenegrin possessions. The Prince composed a hymn of triumph to the sea which is still gleefully chanted around the peasant firesides. His love of literature in some respects is almost equal to his love of battle. When the armistice was made between Russia and Turkey, and the war was over, it was found that for every Montenegrin who had been killed at least twenty Turks had bit the dust. By treaty the principality was more than doubled. Her population was increased equally, and Turkey recognized Prince Nicholas's independence. Nicholas is very friendly with Servia, and has beheld with intense dislike the encroachments of Austria in Bosnia and Herzegovina. In fact, his troubles with Turkey are not such as to cause him much worry. He looks now with a more distrustful eye toward the gray coats of the Austrian garrisons which hem in his frontiers. Austria, however, considers him a prickly bur which she will not try to pick off from his rocks unless he interferes too much with her plans.

A Prince of Montenegro and His Officers

Russia is Prince Nicholas's friend. On October 12 the National Assembly met in the little capital of Cetinje, in extraordinary session. The delegates were filled with the war fever, much as Servia had been. They registered their protest against the annexation by Austria of the provinces of Herzegovina and Bosnia, "the cradle of their race." The Prince stirred them up with a warlike message in which he declared that the annexation of these two provinces had inflicted a crying wrong upon the people of Montenegro and that the people were prepared to sacrifice the last drop of their blood unless peaceful endeavors now on foot resulted in righting this grievance. When this was read the deputies broke into wild cheers of approval, and voted full confidence in the action of the government.

At the present writing two Austrian warships are reported to be hovering off the thirty miles of Montenegrin coast. Austria has probably got Herzegovina and Bosnia for some time to come, but she has also acquired some very uncomfortable neighbors.

THE STING OF THE ADDER ∽ A Temperance Sermon by Silas C. Swallow, D.D. — *Continued*

sensualistic, poverty-stricken, purse-proud millionaires of the twentieth century: "Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night, till wine inflame them! And the harp, and the viol, the tabret, and pipe, and wine are in their feasts; but they regard not the work of the Lord, neither consider the operation of his hands." "Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink, which justify the wicked for reward and take away the righteousness of the righteous"—in other words, accept bribes for shielding the guilty, and shutting up the innocent.

Hear him again, as he fiercely denounces the "neutral," "mind-my-own-business," "satisfied-with-things-as-they-are," business-immersed financier, or salary-satisfied preacher, or dodging politician, or "at-ease-in-Zion" heathen. In view of the sins of those who are guilty not only of the sins they have actually committed, but of those they had the power to prevent others from committing, he declares: "All tables are full of vomit and filthiness, so that there is no place clean." "Woe unto the crown of pride, to the drunkards of Ephraim, whose glorious beauty is as fading flowers on the head of the fat valleys of them that are overcome with wine!" Many a man who never touched wine has nevertheless been overcome by it, and this is shown by his political silence toward the wine, beer and whisky traffic and its conductors and patrons. Our government has been "overcome" by becoming a profit-sharing partner in the destructive business. But Isaiah says, "And your covenant with death shall be disannulled, and your agreement with hell shall not stand; when the overflowing scourge shall pass through, then ye shall be trodden down by it. . . . The hail shall sweep away your refuge of lies, and the waters shall overflow your hiding-place."

Negative righteousness does not count at Jehovah's court—only the positive kind. The sin of consent is a grievous one. By failing to prevent the wrongs we might prevent, we become a party to them. The young Saul who did not cast a single stone at the protomartyr Stephen, but only stood by the clothes of those who did, was a party to the crime. The "sin of consent" is committed by multitudes of otherwise good men, who think themselves righteous and would spurn an intimation that they are wicked, or deserving of punishment with the wicked. And this comes in many cases from a misapprehension of the fiendish character of the legalized liquor traffic, and this, in turn, is sometimes the result of the efforts of the fiends to connect with their business the most honorable names of the martyred and sainted dead, many of whom never failed when living to strike intemperance and its chief promoters, the liquor dealers, the most sturdy blows in the interest of public morals and of individual well-being. How like sacrilege, and blasphemy, and libel, and slander to name Gladstone, and Wesley, and Lincoln, and even the God-man of Calvary, as indorsers of their destructive work! "At the last it biteth like a serpent."

But a new era dawns. The hill tops all around are touched with the hallowed rays of the rising sun of temperance and prohibition. From the North, South, East, and West we hear the tramp of coming hosts, white-robed, white-souled, and bent on making ballot-clean this dirty old earth, in fulfilment of the divine promise of a new earth as well as a new heaven. Well may we sing with one of our later temperance poets:

We are bound to win the kingdom, we are bound to gain the day;
We will cross and take possession by and by;
Oh, lift up your streaming banners, for the mists have rolled away,
And the blessed day of victory is nigh!

Oh, the day is coming, coming! we can read it in the dawn,
We can see the sunlight streaming in the sky;
And a thousand happy voices tell us that the night is gone,
And the day of our redemption draweth nigh.

∽

☛ If every one of our subscribers should send in one new subscriber, before the close of the year, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD would go into half a million homes during 1909. Are you doing your share?

Noah Webster's Birthday Celebrated

Webster's Bookcase

NINETEEN hundred and eight will be remembered as a year of historic anniversaries, so many have there been of the founding of cities and the birth of eminent men. Recently another has been added to this list in the celebration of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the birth of Noah Webster, the great lexicographer, whose dictionary and spelling books and other works have left an indelible impress on the writing and pronunciation in America of our English tongue. Several educational institutions held commemorative services on Friday, October 16, and in Connecticut, Webster's native State, the observance of the day was general. The public schools in the afternoon had special exercises, and essays were read by the pupils on the life of the great dictionary maker, and there were talks on the author and his times by teachers and public men.

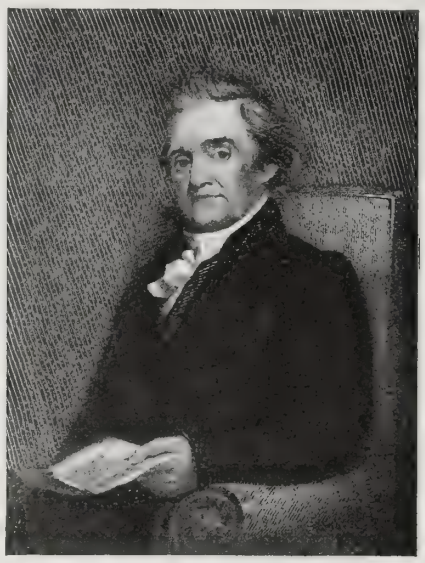
Although the dictionary still holds its place in our libraries, comparatively little seems to be known by the general reader who consults its pages, of the man whose tireless energy and painstaking scholarship were employed for so many years in its production. Webster first saw the light of day on October 16, 1758, in East Hartford, Conn., a pretty little colonial town about three miles from Hartford. On his father's side he was of Puritan and on his mother's of Pilgrim ancestry. His great-great-grandfather, John Webster, was a settler of Hartford and Governor of Connecticut. His mother was a direct descendant of William Bradford, Plymouth Colony's most famous governor. Both parents were people of piety and the father enjoyed the highest offices in his church and town, as well as wearing a sword as commander of the military company. Young Webster had most of the experiences that fall to the lot of farmers' sons in his own day and ours. He worked on the farm whose acres stretched across the upland near the green ridges of Talcott Mountain, and in winter he attended the short terms of the district school and absorbed what knowledge it could give of the fundamentals of learning. His keen desire for study so soon showed itself that at fourteen he was given additional instruction by the village pastor, Dr. Perkins; then some time was passed in Hartford at Hopkins' grammar school, and in the fall of 1774 he signed his name as a freshman at Yale College. The next spring he records that he saw Washington pass through New Haven on his way to Cambridge to take command of the army at the outbreak of the Revolution. The students had a military company. They received Washington in military style. Webster himself wrote a quaint account of the incident, in which he says: "This company then escorted the generals (Washington and Lee) as far as Neck Bridge, and this was the first instance of that honor conferred on General Washington in New England. It fell to my humble lot to lead this company with music."

The different classes dispersed during the war, Webster going with his class to Glastonbury, and during Burgoyne's campaign he marched as a private in his father's own company to repel the invader.

After college days were over, he thought he would study law, but the family finances were such in the depressing days following the war that he had at once to cast about for some way to make a living, so he taught for several years, studying law whenever opportunity offered, and was admitted to the bar. The law, however, was a disappointment. The cases were few and far between, and he was soon back again to his old profession of teaching. This time he started an academy, and what was rather remarkable, it was co-educational and especial provision was made for the instruction of young ladies. The old announcement still in existence begins: "On the first of May will be opened at Sharon, Conn., a school in which children may be instructed, not only in the common arts of reading, writing, and arithmetic, but in any branch of academical literature." He then outlines the instruction to be offered to young ladies and gentlemen, laying especial stress on the necessity of acquiring a good knowledge of one's own language. He early took an interest in the preparation of text-books. His English Grammar, Spelling Book and Reader were the first of their kind printed in America. They soon became popular and made the name of the author a household word. It is said that the general excellence of pronunciation which existed among all classes of our people for the first half of the nineteenth century was due to the fact that almost without exception the schools had used his books. The royalty he received on his spelling book was but one cent a copy, but so large was the sale that it supported Webster and his family during the years he was engaged upon his dictionary. By the year 1847, there had been 24,000,000 copies sold, a figure which should make many of our present day book publishers stare in astonishment, who think two hundred thousand copies a most ext ordinary sale. In fact, for a number of years t sales made an average of one million copies a ye

The first copyright laws giving an author so control over the products of his brain were due the campaign made by Webster. Placing the mar script of his speller in his saddle-bags, he rc from State capital to State capital, to secure copyright. These old saddle-bags are now tre ured in the collection of the New Haven Historic Society. Part of the original manuscript was fou in the saddle-bags when they were given into t society's keeping. They also have a copy of the fir edition of his dictionary. It is about the size of o of our present-day story books. Beside the litt first edition stands the great bulk of a late dictio ary to show to what proportions the work of tl lexicographer has grown. Near by stand his ta slender book case and the table at which he wrot

Newspaper writing took some of his time, and 1793 he came from Hartford to New York to sta a daily newspaper to support President Washingto He founded two, the *Minerva* and the *Herald* The first in time became the *Commercial Advertiser* the second the *New York Spectator*. The latter pa per was one of the first examples of the weekly i its modern form, using the most interesting mate rial of the daily. The making of books, howeve appealed to him more than influencing political opir ion in the public press. The idea of a comprehensiv dictionary had been long in his mind, and he starte on the work at his home in New Haven in 180 Five years later he moved with his family to Am herst, Mass. He took an active interest in publi education in his new home, and helped to foun Amherst College, of which he was made the firs president.



Noah Webster

In 1822, he was back in New Haven, where he passe the remainder of his life. H went to Europe to make re searches in original source for his dictionary, and during its compilation he studie twenty languages in order t give the derivation of ou English words and their rela tion to those in other tongues. Webster introduced such changes in his dictionary as dropping the "*u*" in "humour" and "honour" and similar words.

In his book were found over thirty thousand English words which had never before been published in any dictionary. He died in 1843 at the age of eighty-five. The house in which he lived in New Haven is still an object of interest to visitors to the "City of Elms." Two wings have been added, but the central block is unchanged. His grave is in Grove Street cemetery. R. S. B.

FOR A REVIVAL ON THE ISTHMUS

ARRANGEMENTS are under way for an evangelistic campaign on the Isthmus of Panama next January. Dr. Munhall will come, and soon afterward another evangelist will follow him. Ministers and laymen are united in this mission; indeed, the laymen are taking the lead. We are planning, praying and working for the spread of truth and righteousness. Will the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have fellowship with us?

It may be interesting to your readers to know something of the bright side of things here on the Isthmus. I fear all of us look too much on the dark side. Visitors passing through the Zone cannot grasp actual conditions, as those who have resided here for a long time. The cities of Panama and Colon are under the Panama government. The religion of the country is Catholic. In most places, churches and priests are numerous. Thousands of foreigners from all parts of the world are to be found here. The largest number are from the West Indies. In the city of Panama are one Wesleyan church, one Episcopalian, one Methodist Episcopal and one Baptist. The Methodist Episcopals conduct services in Spanish and have a good day school. All the other churches minister to the colored population.

In the city of Colon there are one Wesleyan, one Episcopalian, one Seventh-Day Adventist, and the Salvation Army. The Baptists will soon build, as there are a large number of that persuasion. The Presbyterians have built and will soon open a mission on the Canal Zone. At Cristobal, Gorgona, Empire, Culebra, and Paraiso, the Isthmian Canal Commission have erected commodious churches wherein the Gospel is regularly preached by ministers of various denominations. Sunday Schools and Young People's Societies are established and prospering. Two other similar buildings will soon be erected. There are four Young Men's Christian Association buildings, with nine secretaries doing a really good work. There are about fourteen other churches or halls where the Gospel is preached regularly by ministers and laymen of various denominations.

The New Church at Empire, in the Canal Zone

We deplore the amount of evil existing, and are sad at the growing interest in pleasure-seeking and amusement, especially on the Lord's Day. But what pains our hearts most of all is the fact that many who were Christian workers in the home land, when they come here, drift, drop out, and are soon lost in the multitude. It is possible that cases of shameful wickedness may exist, but at this time of day, if known, they are soon frowned down. The existence of a Christian sentiment makes it impossible for it to continue long. If the drink were entirely cut out from the Zone, its disappearance would be an untold blessing. Then, somehow, ways and means would turn up to diminish or cut out the numerous drinking dives in the cities of Panama and Colon. We are thankful for evident outward improvements, and for many changed lives, and we are hopeful for still greater things. On the Isthmus there are now thirteen ministers and six lay workers, and there are three colporteurs of the American Bible Society whose entire time is devoted to the moral and spiritual welfare of the people.

Empire, Canal Zone. J. H. SOBEY, *Missionary.*

A REAL HOTEL FOR POOR BOYS

THE boy who finds himself without a home in New York City, with little or no money, or earning so small wages as to make the question of food and lodging a serious problem, may find clean, comfortable, commodious accommodations at the Boys' Hotel recently opened in Harlem.

There was no formal opening. As soon as the building was completed and equipped boys simply walked in and took possession. After a few days they passed the word along that it was "a good thing"; until now, at the end of its first month, one hundred guests are registered.

It has a truly cosmopolitan patronage, and nearly all nationalities are represented—Hungarians, Russians, Germans, Porto Ricans, and boys who have come from various parts of the United States to earn a living in the big city. There are newsboys,

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Registering at the Boys' Hotel

bootblacks, elevator boys, office boys, printers, errand boys, in fact twenty-five or thirty different occupations. The institution is primarily for the benefit of homeless boys from ten to eighteen; those who have come from the country, perhaps, looking for work; those who find themselves alone with funds soon exhausted. Its object is to help boys when not in condition to help themselves, to help them over hard places. It is the only hotel in the world conducted exclusively for boys, and it is managed on business principles. When a guest enters, he registers at the clerk's desk and is given a numbered key. If he engages a private room, the number indicates its location, otherwise it gives him the number of a locker in which his belongings are to be stowed away. In either case, the number on the key corresponds to that on his bed, on his napkin ring, and on various articles for individual use.

According to his means, the guest signifies his preference for a room. The minimum rate is $1.05 a week—fifteen cents a day—and that includes, besides board, bath and laundry, one of the twenty-four beds in the dormitory on the third floor. By paying $2.10, a bed in a smaller dormitory may be secured. Fourth floor guests pay $1.40 or $2.10, according to size of dormitory. On the fifth floor, besides the $1.40 dormitory accommodations, are single rooms occupied by patrons whose incomes warrant hotel bills to the extent of $2.80 a week. Each guest is given a pair of bed-room slippers, a nightgown (clean once a week), a cake of soap, a clean towel every day, and an invitation and opportunity to bathe. In needful cases, new suits of clothing and underwear replace those in which the new arrival has appeared.

No printed rules adorn the walls of the hotel, although there are a few necessarily enforced. Smoking is prohibited. Slang is not encouraged. Boisterous behavior is not allowed. "You whistle very well, Joe," said the superintendent to one noisy boy, "but I fear your music is not appreciated by the rest of the household." The lads are taught to regard the happiness of others as well as to be comfortable themselves. It rarely happens that any rebuke has to be given publicly.

"Training is what all boys need," says Mr. Abel C. Kenyon, the superintendent, who speaks from long experience. As "General Kenyon" of the Boys' Brigade Camps for eighteen years, he has had charge of some 14,000 boys. Those who know boys well, realizing that they seldom "gush" over things as their more demonstrative sisters are apt to, do not expect much in the way of expressed approval or satisfaction. Their happy faces, however, are the best testimony to their appreciation of the wholesome fare, the clean beds, the "comfy" rocking chairs and the big mirror nine feet long stretching across one end of the sitting room.

"A boy came in here one day," Mr. Kenyon said, "and wanted to put up with us. He was very dirty. I asked him a few questions and found he had no other clothes than the ragged, grimy ones he was wearing. I let him register and then turned him over to one of the men to take him upstairs to his quarters. I told the man to fit him out with some clean clothes after he had had a good scrub and a shower bath. We don't make a practice of giving clothes, but we do it in cases of emergency. The boy came down stairs a little later, and you would hardly have known him. I told him to go over and take a look at himself in the glass. I never saw a boy change more all over. His face flushed with pleasure, his eyes filled with tears as he looked and turned around and around, admiring his clothes. He has kept himself immaculate ever since—one of the cleanest boys in the place."

The dormitories are opened at 8:30 o'clock and everybody is supposed to be in bed by 10:30, unless an occasional entertainment detains one or another now and then. Late hours are not encouraged, as the guests are all working-boys. Six o'clock is the rising hour. A simple breakfast of cereals, pancakes, and coffee is furnished. Nearly all start off for work at once. Any who are out of employment are detailed for various duties about the house, tending door, washing dishes, cleaning and tidying up the rooms. The superintendent interests himself in boys out of work and obtains positions for them.

Dinner is served from 6 o'clock to 7:30, and in the evenings there are lectures in history, mathematics, music, literature, and experimental courses. Led by a practical instructor, the pupils build automobiles, locomotives, machines of various kinds, all with crayon on the blackboard. There is a bowling alley in the basement for those desiring physical exercise, and there is to be a roof garden and gymnasium on the roof. There is a quiet reading room with the beginnings of a library.

The only religious service is on Sunday evenings. The place is absolutely unsectarian. The manager, however, will help a boy to find the nearest church of his own denomination. The boys like the Sunday services because they are their very own, and they all attend in response to a simple announcement and invitation.

All sorts and conditions of boys are gathered beneath this hospitable roof. One youth is the son of a Baptist minister in a country town, who has come to a safe and inexpensive home while he is getting established in some business.

"If a boy comes here whom we know to be absolutely worthless, one who we are sure will do harm to the other inmates, we feel in justice to the greater

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The Boys' Hotel, New York City

number we must refuse admission to him," says the superintendent. "As a rule, however, we give an applicant a chance. Then, if he makes himself obnoxious, he is requested to leave."

Mr. Kenyon and his wife give their personal attention to the moral as well as the physical needs of the boys. Homeless boys can here find supper, a night's lodging, breakfast, a five-cent luncheon to take with them if they wish for their midday meal—and, best of all, sympathy, helpful counsel, and practical assistance. The hotel is situated on Lexington Avenue at East One Hundred and Twenty-seventh Street. The building is of red brick, five stories high, fire-proof, equipped with steam heat and electricity and the latest up-to-date contrivances for health and comfort. It will accommodate one hundred and fifty boys. Money for the erection and equipment of the building—representing an expenditure of about $150,000—was given by Mrs. William E. Dodge. Several beautiful pictures and interior decorations have been contributed by Miss Grace Dodge. The property has been turned over as a gift to the Children's Aid Society, who will maintain it.

MARY K. HYDE.

WOMAN'S LIFE ON A MONTANA RANCH

THROUGH the kindness of a friend, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD was introduced into our Montana ranch home several years ago and we have been constant readers ever since. We considered the accounts of your work at Mont-Lawn one of its most interesting features. Wishing to instil in the mind of my little son the spirit and habit of giving, I chose the Fresh Air Fund as a tangible and attractive object for him to work for. We are fifty miles from any church or regular service, so a child has not the training in giving that he has if he goes to Sunday school and church, and carries his penny or his nickel with him.

Last year, my little boy saved three dollars for the fund and this year he comprehended more that we read to him of Mont-Lawn and was anxious to send twenty dollars, so that (as he put it) "a boy would not have to go 'hiking' back to New York in ten days, but could stay all summer."

His mother has been invited by several of her friends and neighbors to hold a religious service in their homes. On Sunday, July 12, we drove twenty-five miles to a ranch, about sixteen miles from Miles City, for a service. Distances are so great that it is not easy for people to assemble for a stated time and service; but that day about forty people gathered and we had a short, simple service together. After it was over, I got out my little boy's mite box and told my friends a little about your work at Mont-Lawn, and so very generously did they respond when I asked them for a penny, that I am able to send you the twenty dollars at once.

Montana people have so much fresh air and their children so much freedom that it touches us all to hear of little children being deprived of so much that they enjoy. Our schools are all from ten to twenty miles apart in this vicinity, and if a teacher has ten or twelve pupils, she has a large school. Most of the children come to school on horseback, although some come in buggies and others walk the four or five miles. Of course, they go wading in the river and play many things the Mont-Lawn children do; but the most fun for ranch children is going hunting with a stick for a gun, having a "round-up," and roping each other, or the fence posts, as the men do the cattle and horses. Then our children work with tools a great deal, as their fathers have to build their own houses, shoe their own horses and mend machinery. The children build log playhouses, cover their wagons as the sheep-wagons are covered, and play camping out. One little boy of five showed me with pride a set of blocks he had sawed, and I saw a creditable water-wheel made from one of the spools the fence wire comes on.

This will serve, Dr. Klopsch, to give you a little picture of contrast, as you strive to give fresh air to those who have it not. Long live Mont-Lawn.

A RANCH WOMAN.

Garland, Mont.

"Seems Like an Old Friend"

Dear Dr. Klopsch: I received the three pictures, and think they are fine, and thank you for them. I shall frame them and hang them in a prominent place. I have taken THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for many years and do not feel that I could get along without it. It seems like an old friend.

MRS. ALONZO E. BINGHAM.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

Change of Date.—It takes at least two weeks to change the date, after your subscription is renewed.

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Subscriptions may commence with any issue.

Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

Entered as Second-class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa

NEXT week's issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will contain the opening chapters of a new and realistic serial story entitled "BALTIMORE, a Tale of Metropolitan Life," by Merritt Crawford, a young author who has made a study of sociological conditions on the famous East Side of New York. He has written a powerful and attractive story, drawing his characters from life. Every reader of this journal will enjoy "Baltimore," and all should see that their friends and acquaintances have the same privilege. It is a capital story of to-day.

Moral Aspects of the Election

NEXT week, the American voter will decide, by the exercise of the highest political privilege known in our republic, who shall occupy the positions of public trust and responsibility in city, State and nation. In many States, the contest involves moral issues which reach far beyond the ordinary horizon of every-day politics. In a few, it has become an acute question whether the machinery of State and civic government shall be kept in safe and honorable hands, or turned over to the avowed enemies of morality and the defenders of the gamblers, the criminals, the lawless and the saloons.

Every reader of this journal knows that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is in no sense a political paper. It has never stooped to partisanship. At this particular juncture, however, it has a duty to perform in reminding its readers of their opportunity to line up with the forces of righteousness and good government in opposition to the enemies of public morals, in many of our States and municipalities. Good citizens should support none but good men and good measures.

It has been frequently remarked that people generally get as good a local, State and national government as they deserve and no better. That this is true in any sense, is largely due to the indifference of those who could turn the tide in a political struggle, if they did their duty. The best element among our people to-day unquestionably desire good, honest, decent government, conducted on Christian principles; but their neglect and indifference give the opportunity to the alert lower-class politicians to grasp the government of a city or a State, and enrich themselves by a debauched and corrupt administration which panders to vice and lawlessness. Indifference on the part of good men is one of the chief causes of misrule, and lies at the root of the troubles of almost every misgoverned city and State.

There should be no middle ground for the Christian citizen, no compromise with evil in public affairs. If he believes that State and civic righteousness ought to be upheld, he will know on which side of the battle to take his stand. If any candidate has stood the test of public service, has demonstrated his capacity and proved that he is governed by God-fearing principles, that man is worthy of all confidence and support; but one who has struck hands with corruptionists, or made truce with the allies of vice, is undeserving of consideration.

Many will vote next week for the first time. Let the young voters choose among the candidates those who stand out more than the rest as representing some distinctive moral issue, or some issue that affects vitally the prosperity of the country, and stand by them for the sake of the issue.

May the forces of righteousness triumph in this election, and may a blessing rest upon the efforts of the friends of good, honest government in all our States and cities.

The Ungentle Grand Lama

THAT it is possible for a royal visitor to become a nuisance is a fact that is beginning to dawn on the Chinese, who are entertaining the Grand Lama of Tibet at Pekin. When his sacred capital was desecrated by the presence of British troops, a few years ago, the Lama—who is the temporal and spiritual ruler of the millions who live on "the roof of the world," besides being, as is claimed, the lineal descendant of Buddha—left Lhassa in haste, declaring he would never return while a foreigner remained there. He naturally went to China, where he has fairly worn out his welcome. The court officials at Pekin had believed him a gentle, amiable being, mild and gracious, and, above all, courtly after the manner of the Orient. They find him worse than the proverbial "white elephant." Dirty, uncouth, ignorant, ill-bred, greedy, vulgarly avaricious for bribes and gifts, and utterly unmindful of the demands of Chinese etiquette, he has apparently given the finishing touch to an awkward situation by ignoring the emperor's presence at a reception—an unpardonable insult in Celestial eyes. They cannot tolerate him, yet they dare not send him home lest they should offend the entire Tibetan population, who worship their Lama as deity—"the Master of Life and Death." Tibet is a "buffer" State and valuable to China, and to alienate it would be a political blunder. Possibly, if it were not for this single but sufficient consideration, the courageous old Empress-Dowager would send the Lama and his retinue packing, glad to rid the court and the country of such a nuisance. It will be strange if her astute mind does not find some way to get rid of him, without violating the Oriental proprieties.

Welcome News from India

READERS of this journal, who have been keenly alive to the danger of famine, which has threatened India for many months past, will rejoice with us at the cheering news contained in the following cable dispatch, just received:

"Bombay, India, October 14.

"Dr. Louis Klopsch, The Christian Herald,
Bible House, New York.

"Famine virtually over. Government relief closing everywhere, but grain dealers keep up high prices. Rain plentiful. Crop prospects good.

(Signed) BENJ. F. AITKEN,
Editor, Bombay Guardian."

A Foolish Assault

AT A LARGE Congress of Orientalists held in Copenhagen during the past summer, there were present several representatives of American universities, including Professor Haupt of Johns Hopkins University, who read a somewhat sensational paper, in which he endeavored to show that Jesus was of Aryan and not of Semitic origin. He was a Jew only by adoption, being of Assyrian lineage. Moreover, he was not born in Bethlehem. This extraordinary production the professor repeated afterward at an International Congress of Religions in Oxford, England. We are not surprised to be informed that it was received with marks of unmistakable disapproval at both places. Probably the assembled delegates had a vivid recollection of the fact that this same professor was the author of the astonishing declaration—which had excited a storm of derision from the ablest Orientalists and Bible scholars—that "the Hebrews were never in Egypt." He was also identified with the production of the "Polychrome Bible," which signally failed to shake popular faith in the integrity of the Bible by attacking its authorship.

It is difficult to understand what particular object is to be gained by this latest declaration that Jesus was not a Jew. Even the Jews themselves, as Dr. D. M. Gaster, one of their ablest authors and thinkers, declares, have never asserted that Jesus had a proselyte ancestry. If it were possible—which it is not—to dissociate Jesus from the Jews, the crowning glory of their race would be gone, and they would sink to a lower level in the world's eyes than ever before. For twenty centuries, it has been their tribute from the Gentile races that the Jewish nation, poor, despised and in subjection, was divinely chosen to give to the world the Saviour of mankind. This is an historical fact so firmly established that one would hardly think it would admit of discussion now; but the Baltimore professor makes light of all such obstacles. Denying all the evidence of sacred and secular history—the Talmud, of course, included—he brushes genealogy and prophecy aside, dismisses Gospel records as trivial and calmly assumes general imposition and collusion among the historians, prophets and evangelists.

It is assaults such as this, illogical, unscientific, unprovable, and wholly preposterous, that reveal the wickedness and folly of the general fabric of destructive criticism, while they show the strength, the grandeur, the indestructibility of the Holy Scriptures as God's message to the world.

The Call to Service

IN RECENT years we often hear the expression that people are growing selfish, have lost the lofty ideals of the forefathers, and are working for their own personal gain and with little or no thought for the public weal.

This is decidedly a pessimistic view, and while it is doubtless true in a large number of instances there are many men and women who are proving that it is not so in all. One of the main causes of the lament has been that there are not so many candidates for the ministry; yet we find many brilliant young men turning from attractive worldly occupations to preach the Gospel. Only the other day a man of business, with an income of many thousands a year, announced his intention of devoting the brilliant talents that had made him a man of mark in the commercial world to the advancement of religion among his fellow men. The call for service has been heard recently by the Governor of one of our Southern States, who has declared his intention of devoting his time, after his term of office, to the laymen's evangelization movement.

In the old days, there was but one way open to serve humanity, and that was by way of the pulpit. Now a thousand avenues are open to both men and women. They are taking a more active part in carrying on the work of the Church, relieving the overworked pastor. Many churches have their regular pastors' assistants and lay helpers.

In our great cities men and women are giving up the pleasures found in refined and luxurious homes, to spend days and hours in work in the slums, saving the fallen and brightening the lives and awakening the stunted intelligence of children reared in misery. There is hardly any one who cannot count among his friends several who are active in the Y. M. C. A. or the Y. W. C. A. The call for service has been strong and insistent, and the young men and women are responding in a way to fill the hearts of Christian men and women with new hope. There are more recruits in some fields than ever before—a strong answer to those who see but a short distance into the future and believe we are become sordid and utterly materialistic in our aspirations as a people.

Please tell your friends about THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and about our premiums.

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THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

American Fleet in the Philippines

THE United States fleet on its way around the world, after having had such brilliant receptions in Australia as the world has almost never seen, sailed for the Philippines, our own American possessions. A great reception had been planned, but the fearful epidemic of cholera prevented the carrying out of this plan, so that the visit of the fleet to the Philippines, instead of being full of pride and of glory, was filled with infinite pathos. The fleet in the harbor of Manila was illuminated—the hulls and masts were outlined in electric lights and the searchlights were sweeping the sky—but this is the only part of the original programme which was carried out. The authorities had planned a corresponding illumination of the Luneta, the public square, but Sunday's typhoon wrecked the old bandstand and tore down the wires, so when the fleet flashed into fire, the Luneta was dark—a contrast typical of Manila's disappointment at the necessity of prohibiting shore liberty. There was a little reception given by the Army and Navy Club in the historic old Spanish engineers' barracks at Manila, where some of the officers of the fleet gathered for a dinner with their army brethren. The utmost sanitary precautions were taken—the water being boiled and all the food thoroughly cooked and disinfectants used in great abundance everywhere. The typhoon that put out the lights in the public square did little damage to the gigantic battleships, but the *Rainbow*, the flagship of the Third Squadron of the Pacific Fleet, broke from her moorings at Cavite during the storm. It is to be hoped that the rigid governmental sanitation of Manila and the good providence of God will arrest the epidemic and give health to the people again. The fleet will go from the Philippines to Japan, where it will have a right royal reception.

So is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts. There go the ships. (Ps. 104 : 25, 26.)

The Reception to the American Naval Officers at Melbourne, Australia

Starved Rather Than Beg

As a pawnshop in New York was opened the other morning, a woman approached the door, but, overcome by weakness, fell to the pavement. In her hand was a little package. An ambulance was summoned from Gouverneur Hospital and the physician who came with it said there was only the faintest spark of life in the emaciated body. She died on the way to the institution. The woman was immaculately neat. Her snowy hair was brushed carefully over her temples and her bonnet strings were ironed out and tied in a neat bow under her chin. In a well-worn purse which she carried were two pawn-tickets, one for a skirt on which twenty-five cents had been borrowed, and the other for a shawl, representing a loan of thirty cents. There being no satisfactory mark of identification, she was sent to the Morgue, to await the arrival of someone who should claim and bury her. This is one of the most pathetic incidents of the many tragedies of a great city. The woman literally starved to death within a few steps of savings banks with tens of millions of deposits, of great stores with an abundance of provisions and clothing, and not many minutes away from the palaces on Fifth Avenue; yet she was too proud to beg, and she starved because she insisted on supporting herself with the scanty supply. The poor creature, from sheer necessity, had accustomed herself to such rigid economy in food that she died of actual starvation. She appears in contrast to the large number of persons who will not work though able to and who compel society to support them in their indolence! There may have been no one else to blame for this poor woman's fate, but we are very much afraid that there were persons of means somewhere who knew what a hard fight she was making against want, and who could have made it easier for her without hurting themselves. Perhaps some neighbor, or friend, or even some relative, may, at the last day, be held to an accountability for this sad incident which they might have prevented.

And I perish with hunger. (Luke 15 : 17.)

Centenarian Comes from Jerusalem to Vote

Simon Harris, a Hebrew, was naturalized in California and walked all the way from there to New York, after the gold excitement of 1849. For years he lived at a little farm at Mott and Bayard Streets. After having made his fortune, he concluded to live in Jerusalem, the ancient city of his fathers. He has retained his legal residence in New York City and it has been his custom to return from Jerusalem to New York to vote at every presidential election. Mr. Harris, who is now 105 years old, recently landed from Jerusalem and was the first to register in the Twentieth Election District and the Second Assembly District. He answered the inspector's questions in a steady tone and remarked that his papers were wearing out and he would have to obtain duplicates, because he expects to vote at several more presidential contests. He wrote his name in a good round hand and then chatted with a group of people about the great changes in New York in fifty years.

This adopted son of America has a love for his country which is intense and commendable. There are many native born men who will spend election day fishing, or hunting, or golfing, or visiting, or even loafing about a country place, or sitting home, and will not take the trouble to walk a few steps or pains to employ a few moments in exercising the citizen's greatest political privilege—that of casting the ballot.

There are many true patriots who recognize the privilege and duty of the elective franchise, but it is often the case that a bad man rules and bad measures are enacted, because citizens of good education and character fail to recognize the privilege and opportunity of voting for good men.

For he loveth our nation. (Luke 7 : 5.)

Blind Boys Enter College

William E. Moore of Brooklyn, George M. Carmody of New York and Walter Baker of Oswego, entered the State Institution for the Blind in New York City twelve years ago. They have just passed the Regent's examination and are admitted as full-fledged students in Cornell, Syracuse and Columbia Universities. In taking their examinations for college, they had to attain the results expected of boys blessed with sight; furthermore, they had to write their examinations on the typewriter. Moore passed his Cornell examinations so well that the trustees immediately voted to grant him a four years' scholarship. Carmody and Baker received free scholarships at the colleges they entered.

It is quite a difficult task for young men and women with good eyes to master the preparatory curriculum and enter the average college with its high standard of to-day; and for boys handicapped as these are with total blindness, to master the course is not only an evidence of good ability and painstaking labor, but also a splendid tribute to an advanced science and an enlarged philanthropy. Physical eyes are the instrument of human sight; and yet it is the mind that sees, and not the visual organ. These young men illustrate the fact that the soul can see vast fields of truth without material lenses; and, being upright young men, they have an eye which looks out on duty and God.

I am come into this world, that they which see not might see. (John 9 : 39.)

A Steeple-Climbing Painter

Andrew A. Roche put the last brush of paint on the spire of the Metropolitan Building, at Madison Square, New York City, the other day. He had finished his perilous work at a distance of 700 feet above the ground. For four hours he was engaged in work on this spire and, finishing it, he made his way down the framework of the monster building to the fortieth floor. "There is no use saying a fellow hasn't an uncomfortable feeling doing such work as that," said Roche, who is a handsome and well-built man of twenty-nine years. "I make no claim to being braver than anyone else, and I must say it is a job I never want to do again. From the fortieth floor to the fiftieth is a succession of ladders, until you get to the base of the spire. We have no rigging specially for such things. I slung my pot of paint over my shoulder, and made my way to the top of the spire, where I hung on with my arms and used my brush. The sensation one has in being so high is almost incredible. A man has to have nerve with him, for there is always a strange impulse to jump when one gets up so high. I restrained myself from looking down as much as possible, for I knew the feeling to jump was coming over me at times, but I could not resist the temptation occasionally to take a view of the surroundings. The people in the park looked like a lot of bugs grouped together, and those who were walking on Broadway looked to me like a lot of flies crawling on the surface of the street. My name is higher than anyone else's, for on top of the small ball I put it in letters that time only can erase, and anyone who wants to have his name higher must go up in a balloon and stay there."

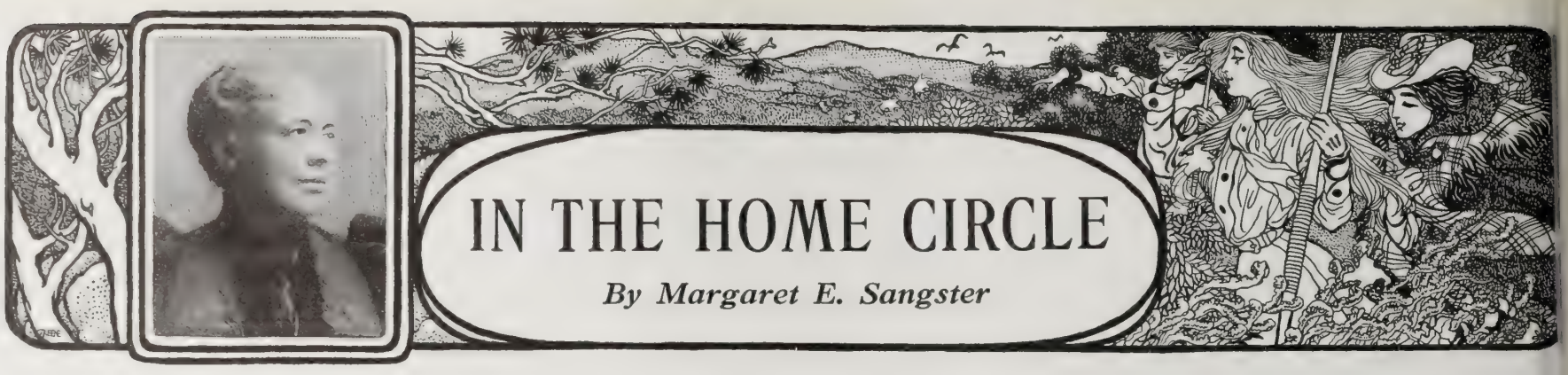
The physical stamina and courage of this man are remarkable. His desire to put his name higher than that of the rest of his fellows and to mark it in the most durable form, indicates a laudable human ambition. Men are cutting their names as high and deeply on the steeples of ambition where they are working as they can. The most commendable ambition is to leave a mark on the steeples of highest thought and noblest act. Christ, with the hand that was pierced with nails, wrote his name higher and marked it more indelibly than that of any other.

Thou hast given him a name which is above every name. (Phil. 2 : 9.)

"They Are Works of Art"

Dear Dr. Klopsch: The pictures are fine works of art; the subjects are refined and worthy to adorn any home, be it rich or poor. They will be a constant reminder of your excellent paper, which I hope will find its way into every home.

Syracuse, N. Y. MILDRED E. BAUMGRAS.



IN THE HOME CIRCLE

By Margaret E. Sangster

Royal Nurseries

THE present Queen of Spain is a granddaughter of the late Queen Victoria, and a niece of England's reigning sovereign, Edward the Seventh. It is said that she has been able by tact and persistence, seconded by the love of her husband, to introduce certain wise innovations in the etiquette of the palace at Madrid. Spain has hedged about her royalties with state and ceremony, and this English Victoria has found occasion to assert herself in the management of her children. Royal nurseries may be furnished with every appliance of luxury or they may be extremely simple. Could we peep into them we should probably find that simplicity was the rule and luxurious display the exception. The palace homes of Europe, and of the world for that matter, are not so gorgeous in interior arrangement as are the homes of rich Americans, who, having accumulated immense sums of money, find themselves happiest when spending their wealth on the adornment of magnificent mansions.

Royal children are brought up almost from their earliest breath with a view to their future. The little heir apparent must be taught courtesy to high and low, must be drilled and trained so that he can take his place as a king should in the councils of the State and at public functions. He has to learn several languages thoroughly, he must be scholarly, he must ride, fence, shoot and understand every manly sport. From infancy on he has tutors and masters, and because one day he is to be a ruler, he is compelled to learn obedience to those who instruct him. As the heir apparent is mortal and may die, equal care is taken in training the other children from motives of prudence as well as of affection. When the little princes and princesses arrive at years of discretion they are fully equipped for playing their parts in life with dignity and grace. We may spare them a little pity, for they are seldom permitted to choose their life partners for themselves, for reasons connected with the State. The King and Queen of Spain made a love match, and the children in their nursery we may hope will reach adolescence in an hour of greater freedom than used to be the good fortune of young people in their station. A child is a child, let him or her be born in a palace or a cottage. The mother-heart is the same in the queen and the peasant. In a way and in the eyes of the Watching Angel every nursery in the land, in republican America, as in ancient Spain, cradles royal babes. There is something kingly in the demeanor of infancy until we manage to teach the children to be shy and self-conscious. The laborer's child would feel perfectly at home in the arms of an emperor.

A great lady in our own country, one who had occupied the position of First Lady of the Land, said to her physician on the day that her eldest son was born, "Can you tell me of any mother in the town whose baby has been born to-day?" "Yes," he answered; "I know one. She is very poor and her little one came this morning just about the time that yours did." On the first day that this beautiful mother was able to drive out, she took her baby with her and went to see the other mother and her little child. "God sent us our babies on the same day," she said, "so we must be friends, and our boys must grow up as comrades." This was an illustration of republican royalty.

From a Recent Photograph

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN AND HER CHILDREN

Helping the Pastor

When summer is over and the first heats of the fall are past, with the crisp air and longer evenings renewed activity begins in church life. Pastor and people have had their vacation, and are settling down again to work in earnest. Every one can help the pastor by being always in the pew at the morning and evening service, if possible, and by faithfully attending the prayer meeting. Far more than most people think, they build up their church by prompt and punctual attendance whenever the doors are open. To visit other churches is at times a great temptation, but the duty of the church member and his family is, in the first place, to his own pastor and his church home. The pastor is helped, too, by every one who praises him, by every one who comments favorably on his sermons, and by every one who does not make unreasonable demands on his time. When one hears of a signally successful pastor, one may be sure that he ministers to an earnest and faithful congregation.

Listening and Talking

IN ONE of Anthony Trollope's novels he drav the picture of a popular gentlewoman who every one admires and who has a proud positic in society, and he takes especial pains to let us s that much of her time she listens rather than speak Lady Glencorra never says the wrong thing, a though she is so reserved and reticent that she leav it to others to say the right thing. She smiles, loo pleased and interested, never fails to drop the ge tle monosyllable with the rising inflection at t precise happy moment, and men and women lea her company under the impression that they hav had a delightful hour of conversation. To be really good listener is a great social accomplishmen A man who was a brilliant talker, usually takin the lead and entertaining a group without seemin effort, said to his daughters, "Make it your rul never to talk unless you have something worth talk ing about, and always loo fully at the person who is ad dressing you. Never let you eyes wander and comman your thoughts and pay stric attention whenever you ar with other people." The rul was an admirable one, and i worth repeating. Many youn people of both sexes are trouble because they imagine that thei conversational powers ar limited. They envy the glit talker whose words pour out i a steady stream. Really, they may equal any talker in the world, even the most eloquent, if only they are good and sympathetic listeners. The person who has the gift of telling a good story, especially a story that provokes a laugh, is in demand at dinner tables and is the idol of his acquaintances because it is a boon to be in the neighborhood of any one who can cheat us of gloom and brighten up our prosaic days. "The merry heart doeth good like a medicine." The gay repartee, the amusing limerick, the timely anecdote, the cheery jest that dissipate the blues are better than any tonic one may buy at a pharmacy. Beware, however, of telling a story unless you are sure of the occasion, the listeners and your own ability to preserve the point. The omission or addition of a word may ruin the effect of a story completely. It is much better to refrain from repeating the clever speech or the witty anecdote that you found extremely diverting, if you are not sure that you can reproduce it exactly, than to tell it and see it fall flat on the audience.

We women are in danger of succumbing to the temptation that makes our conversation the vehicle of complaint. Why do women talk so much about the faults and shortcomings of the maid in the kitchen, the mistakes of the dressmaker, or the temper of the laundress? There are plenty themes for talk that do not touch at all on these commonplaces.

Possibly no one who reads this page needs the caution, and yet few of us have not once in a while regretted that we had mentioned personalities too freely in public. Never when traveling mention names, particularly with critical comment. Never ask a direct question of your neighbor with regard to her affairs. Never show surprise if you can possibly avoid it. A teacher of fifty years ago who sent from her schoolroom many women of elegance and distinction used to tell her pupils to speak in a low voice, with clear enunciation, to interrupt no one, and to betray no astonishment.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—CHRISTIAN DUTY. My correspondent asks, "What is my Christian duty toward a person who seeks my friendship and then snubs me?" If this were a question of forgiving an injury the answer would be that one must forgive until seventy times seven. The situation seems a little different. The person who seeks friendship and then treats the friend slightingly should be regarded just as an acquaintance and treated with civility. I would not feel hurt in the least by the conduct of such a person.

—TO BEGIN A READING CIRCLE. The first step will be to secure your boys and girls. Next appoint a regular time and place for meeting. Once a week or once a fortnight in a pleasant home would fill your need. Begin with fiction. Every one loves a story, but every one is not interested at the outset in science and history. No better books than those of Winston Churchill, *The Crossing, The Crisis, Coniston,* and *Mr. Crewe's Career,* can be suggested for a reading circle of young people whose ages are between sixteen and twenty. These books have a great charm for Americans, younger or older.

AFTER THE CHILDREN HAVE GONE

THE last farewells have been said at Mont-Lawn; the last merry contingent of laughing, flower-laden children has departed, and our Children's Home has shut its gates for the season. But cottage blinds are not yet closed, nor shades lowered, nor keys turned; for there is much to be done even without taking into consideration the repairing of the natural wear and tear incidental to the summer vacation of three thousand children.

The teachers return to their studies at school and college, and the corps of helpers in dormitory work has disbanded, leaving the matron, housekeeper and cleaners to see to it that every nook and cranny on the place is left to its winter's rest in perfect order and neatness.

The Well-Stocked Linen Room

Huge cart-loads of bed linen and blankets are packed off to the laundry, while every cottage is scrubbed, scoured and polished. Flags which have flown every day from tower and pole from sunrise to sunset are carefully folded and packed away. Endowed cot-cards, each in its frame, are taken down, dusted and piled in order in closets in the dormitory where they have hung, while a card index carefully put away with other records will enable one to find each and every card with no time lost in hunting. Walls, windows, woodwork and floors are made clean and free from dust; the little white beds are dismantled, only the pillows being left on them, and one by one the dormitories, with their accompanying teachers' rooms, are closed for the winter. Loving and lingering hands brush, dust and polish for the last time on the interior of the beautiful "Children's Temple," where so many have worshiped during the summer, and which has been a spiritual magnet to hundreds of outsiders from the different villages.

The main building at Mont-Lawn is the Homestead, which is overhauled with scrupulous care every year after the departure of the children. It is left just as if the wee ones were to sleep there tonight. There are the white-draped cots, the dresser with its tiny furnishings, the dogs, cats, "Teddy bears," blocks, maps, picture-books and dolls. Here is the little white rocker in which the sweet-faced, low-voiced "teacher" used to rock the babies to sleep. How gentle and patient she was all through the warm days and nights when the babies needed special attention! Here is her little white bed in the corner, the flowered screen with its tiny pink rosebuds hiding a table whereon still stands a glass and spoon, mute evidences of care for the helpless. Open the drawers of the dresser and you will see folded carefully away many little garments made by loving hands in some far-away part of the country, and others bought by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fresh Air Fund. Little dresses, tiny undergarments, and snowy "nighties" are all in readiness for the opening of another season. Many improvements for the comfort and up-building of health among the children are in contemplation, but never anything sweeter or more touching to the child-loving heart could be added than this room, whispering of poor little, hitherto-neglected babies and the love and comfort for them which radiate from every angle of Mont-Lawn.

Up one flight of stairs we come to the "Blanket Room." Hundreds of blankets, fresh from the laundry, piled ceiling high, are here in packages of ten. Blue, gray and white; there they are, all ready for next year. A thrifty housewife would enjoy the next peep, for it embraces the "Linen Room" with its shelves closely packed from floor to ceiling with snowy sheets, pillow-slips, spreads, towels and valances. Here one finds all that is missing in the dismantled dormitories.

Outside, the early leaves are falling, the walks and playgrounds deserted; "Fort Plenty" stands in stately emptiness; bright scarlet geraniums and tall cannas give to the place a touch of warmth, a tinge of cheerfulness; but the swings are still, the merry-go-rounds and toboggan slides are all unoccupied and motionless. It needs but the silence to make us realize that the summer with all the little guests it brought is indeed a thing of the past. We walk around the cottages where now the blinds are closed, the shades drawn and keys turned; we look over toward the silent Temple, where sweet childish voices in sacred song no longer attract the passerby. We miss the sound of the little feet as they march down the wide aisles. Down past the shuttered lodge, we go out upon the highway, and as we turn our faces townward we realize that although this beautiful place was made for the children, and although kind hearts and willing hands make its maintenance possible, it is the presence of the children themselves that makes Mont-Lawn a paradise!

MARY SARGENT HOPKINS.

Storing the Blankets at Our Children's Home

"Always Deals Generously"

Dear Dr. Klopsch: Thank you for the latest pictures. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD always deals generously, as many beautiful books and pictures in my possession will attest. I value your paper highly, and am always glad to aid in its circulation. Thank you again for these gems of art. E. M. PRIEST.

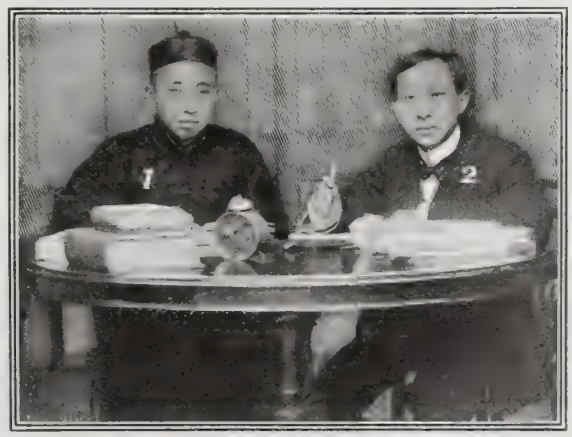
A CHINESE CHRISTIAN HERO DEAD

ANOTHER Christian hero has been called home. A few months ago there appeared in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD an article concerning Dr. Lee, the "Chinese Moody," and also about a Chinese "Northfield." Dr. Lee was a chosen "substitute evangelist," converted in Tientsin in 1895. He was the son of a Methodist pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, born in Soochow. After a thorough course in English at St. John's College, Shanghai, he, with other bright young Chinese, was sent to the Imperial Medical College, Tientsin, at a favorable time. We came in contact with these brilliant young men at the close of the Chino-Japanese war, when discipline was much relaxed in the college, and free permission was given to the students to come to our mission evenings.

Dr. Lee's conversion, with several others, was followed by a brave confession, and they were publicly baptized, sixteen altogether, in a little stream near the Naval College, and on one of the historic battlefields of North China. Dr. Lee at once began to pray about "his calling." We talked much about the evangelization of the world and of China in particular. Dr. Lee abandoned his ambitions for a medical career, and, like Moses, "chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God."

His rapid spiritual growth from that date was phenomenal. He rose to the first rank as a student of God's Word. He became the first elder in the student chapel, and in a short time seventy members were baptized and enrolled. Dr. Lee and Dr. Wang were the chief shepherds of the flock.

Tientsin soon became too small a theatre for their student activities. Evangelists were sought and obtained in most of the provinces of China, Mongolia, Tibet and Annam. Dr. Lee gave his watch and his silk garments to help fill the first missionary basket. Drs. Lee and Wang came with us to Shanghai. Each had a definite call to service. We asked Dr. Lee to preside over the Shanghai chapel, then in its infancy, while Dr. Wang and Mr. Woodberry took a journey along the China coast, to sell Gospels and preach to the crowds in the great cities. Dr. Lee soon afterward accepted a call to teach in the Anglo-Chinese College at Shanghai. This and a subsequent position in the Soochow University fitted him for many wider opportunities of acquaintance with



Dr. Lee (1) and Mr. Yang (2) Translating

Christian work, but his heart was unsatisfied. Three years ago, he came to us and said, "At any cost, I am now ready to preach the Gospel." When we reached Shanghai, after a protracted absence, we were greeted with the announcement that union meetings were in progress, and that the Lee brothers were the evangelists. Keen interest was manifested on all sides. God was pleased to use this Chinese Moody as his chosen instrument for a period of over two years. He was seldom at home in Shanghai. Like Paul, his missionary journeys were frequent, and his labors exhausting and varied. Last spring, he returned from a long evangelistic trip to find his children had the smallpox. He canceled his engagements, and retired to the sickroom to share the nursing with his dear wife.

The work of printing a little Chinese magazine and sending out the Gospel from month to month had prospered, and now needed his attention more and more. His project for a Chinese Northfield was maturing. He had felt the need of knowledge in the native church concerning the truths of Revelation. His great heart yearned to translate Dr. Seiss' book on the Apocalypse into Chinese. When he began this work and we urged him to accept compensation for translating, he replied with a smile, "I will make it a thank-offering to God and yourselves for leading me to Christ."

This last work of his life was begun and carried on until he was urgently called to a Conference in Wuhu. Upon his return, nervous prostration forced him to take absolute rest. He and Mr. Yang of Changsha had worked together nearly five months on the Seiss volume.

He steadily grew worse and the end came unexpectedly, August 14. The last words spoken by Dr. Lee in our cottage were "Living or dying, I am the Lord's." We were with him a half hour before the end came, and repeated the first four verses of Psalm 103 in his ear. He smiled, but could not speak. A moment later, we whispered "Jesus," and "Good night." He died at 9:30.

Dr. Lee was only thirty-four years of age, yet he had done a work which many a veteran might envy. His mantle will surely fall on others, whom God has ordained to follow in his footsteps. The work of translating Dr. Seiss will be carried on by Dr. Wang, and will be among the priceless monuments of Christian effort in China.

REV. AND MRS. J. WOODBERRY.

Shanghai, China.

Questions and Answers

F. R., Leavenworth, Kan. I have been greatly interested in your remarks in a recent issue of THE MAIL-BAG on evolution. What is the verdict of modern science on the subject?

St. George Mivart, one of the ablest scientists of our day, pronounces evolution "a puerile hypothesis," unsupported by any evidence whatsoever. He adds: "There is no instance of the transmutation of species." Professor Beale of King's College, London, writes: "In support of all naturalistic conjectures concerning man's origin, there is not at this time a shadow of scientific evidence." The late Professor Shaler, of Harvard, wrote: "It begins to be evident to naturalists that the Darwinian hypothesis is still essentially unverified." Professor Haeckel, the great German scientist, once a leading Darwinite, now says: "Most modern investigators of science have come to the conclusion that the doctrine of evolution is an error and cannot be supported."

Mrs. Theo. Castor, Greenboro, N. Y., writes: "During the past summer I have read the Bible through to find how many times love, lovely, loving kindness, well beloved, loving, beloved, lovable, etc., are mentioned in Holy Writ. I find that St. Paul in all of his writings mentions them most frequently, viz.: 129 times. St. John is second on the list; in all of his writings he mentions them 117 times. Solomon, in his three books, comes third: 105 times. St. John the Evangelist mentions them 17 times more than the three other evangelists."

F. N. F., Southington, Conn. 1. Is the narrative entitled *The Man Without a Country*, by E. E. Hale, true? If so, can you tell if a monument has ever been erected? 2. If a man feels called to be an evangelist, should he start out, all things being favorable, with the exception that he feels he has not a sufficient education?

1. It is the story of a young naval lieutenant, based on fact, and, we believe, verifiable by reference to Navy Department records. We know nothing about a monument. 2. Proper preparation is a very important essential. We would suggest a regular course of training, either at the Moody Institute or the Bible Institute, New York.

West Virginian, Hinton, W. Va. Will you explain the relationship that existed between Syria and ancient Assyria? Which of them was the older nation?

The two were apparently confounded by some of the later Greek writers and also by some Latins. In the Hebrew, a distinction is made. In the Assyrian inscriptions Assyria is called *As-sur*, while the Tyrians are called *Tsur-ra-ya*. Tyre was the principal town along the Mediterranean coast and the country round about it received the name *Syria*, or "the region of Tyre." In a general way it extended from the eastern boundary of Asia Minor and the southwest boundary of Mesopotamia on the north, southward along the coast and both sides of the Jordan to the borders of Egypt and Arabia. Assyria is described by Ptolemy as being bounded north by Armenia, west by the Tigris and Mesopotamia, east by Media and southwest by the Arabian desert. Among classical writers, however, the names are often used interchangeably, and some have even applied the name Assyria to the region of Asia Minor, as far as the Black Sea. You will find copious notices of both countries in the encyclopedias in any good library.

J. C., Oxford, O., referring to a recent paragraph in THE MAIL BAG regarding Lincoln's Christianity, sends us this most interesting letter:

"In Washington, D. C., there is a house in Tenth Street, No. 516, opposite Ford's Theatre. In this house Lincoln died. It is now devoted exclusively to the preservation of Lincoln relics, some three thousand in number. In that house I bought a book entitled *The Words of Lincoln*, from which I copy the following, that we may know something of the true inwardness of the man and martyr. He never lost confidence in his God, or the cause in which he was engaged. This was his reply to an Illinois clergyman who asked Mr. Lincoln if he was a Christian:

"'When I left Springfield, I asked the people to pray for me; I was not a Christian. When I buried my son, the severest trial of my life, I was not a Christian; but when I went to Gettysburg, and saw the graves of thousands of our soldiers, I then and there consecrated myself to Christ. I do love Jesus.'

"In writing to some pessimistic Congressman, he says: 'I have a higher faith than yours. I have faith not only that God is in our cause, but that he will control the hearts of the people so that they will be faithful to it too.'

"In reply to General Sickles, who asked Mr. Lincoln what he thought of Gettysburg, he wrote: 'I had no fears of Gettysburg, and if you really want to know, I will tell you why. In the stress and pinch of the campaign there I went to my room, and got down on my knees and prayed to Almighty God for victory at Gettysburg. Then and there I made a solemn vow with my Maker that if he would stand by the boys at Gettysburg, I would stand by him. He did, and I will.' I should think that these quotations would be satisfactory to all inquiring minds as to the character of Abraham Lincoln's faith."

M. M. G., Beloit, Wis. 1. Are the Ozark Mountains in Missouri or Arkansas? 2. Did the Government decide Niagara Falls must be left in their natural condition? 3. Are all the countries in South America republics?

1. The Ozarks extend through Arkansas, Kansas and Oklahoma. They range from 1,500 to 2,500 feet in height. They are sometimes considered part of the Appalachian system. 2. Efforts have been made by the State of New York to save the beauty of the Falls, but as yet they seem to be in danger of being sacrificed to furnish power. 3. All the countries of South America are republics, Brazil being the last to assume that form. However, it must be remembered that in some of them the greater part of the population have little to do with the Government and their Presidents are really dictators. One party, out of power, will start a revolution rather than wait to try the strength of their position at the elections.

A. P., Danbury, Conn. A and B converse about the times. B says he thinks that the world is coming to an end; A says he would think so, only in the churches they sing every Sunday "world without end. Amen." What does it mean?

The phrase, "world without end. Amen," with which Paul closes the third chapter of his epistle to the Ephesians, should be interpreted with reference to the context. He is speaking of the glory given to God through all the generations of eternal ages—literally "the age of the ages," eternity being one grand endless life. It is a figure of speech, oratorically employed to emphasize the idea that those who are in Christ have already begun this eternal existence in the endless spiritual world.

E. S. S., East Avon, N. Y. Why is there no voting allowed in the District of Columbia?

The District of Columbia is not a part of any State, but is set apart as the seat of the National Government. Under Article I, section 8 of the United States Constitution its citizens cannot vote for President or Vice-President of the United States, nor on affairs of the District. The District is for the transaction of public business and it has been considered best not to allow it to pass under the control of any party. In 1820 a new charter was granted and a Mayor was elected by the people. In 1869 the charters of Washington and Georgetown were repealed and a territorial government formed. The President appointed a Governor and Council of eleven members and the people elected a House of Delegates. In 1873 this was abolished and the President appointed three Regents to govern the District. In 1873 a permanent government of three commissioners was constituted by Congress, with no representative body of citizens. The present form has worked satisfactorily. Many people, living in Washington, retain citizenship in some State and go home to vote.

Mrs. H. P. W., Dorchester, Mass. How long was the time from the capture of the ark by the Philistines till it was taken to Jerusalem by David?

After holding it seven months the Philistines sent it back. It remained at Beth-shemesh a very short time and was then sent to Kirjath-jearim, where it was placed in Abinadab's house and remained there, according to some estimates, twenty years. Others, however, say forty years. Then David undertook to convey it to Jerusalem. After the incident of Uzza's death, it rested three months in the house of Obed-Edom. It was then placed in the tent which David had prepared for it and a little later was conveyed to its proper place in Jerusalem. The actual time these various transfers occupied cannot be stated definitely.

J. A. H., Rockford, Wash. Are we to believe that the death of Uzza was merely an accident and not punishment for touching the ark?

The Bible narrative seems to imply clearly enough that the ark was roughly, familiarly and irreverently handled. It says: "The anger of the Lord was kindled against Uzza;" and the Hebrew text adds: "for his error, because he put his hand to the ark" (I. Chron. 13: 10). Josephus (in his *Antiquities*, 7: 4-2) says it was a sin to touch it, Uzza not being of the high priest's family. There are several obscure points in the Bible narrative, however, that make the real interpretation uncertain.

W. M. C., Wilmington, N. C., writes, regarding our recent paragraph about Judas and the Lord's Supper: "Christ and his disciples met to observe the Feast of the Passover (Matt. 26: 17; Mark 14: 1, 12, 17, 18, 20). It was at this supper that Judas Iscariot was present. Before its close, Judas left and after, or at the close of the Passover supper, the Lord's Supper was instituted, Christ only using two of the articles on the table, bread and wine, for his new commemorative and communion supper. In t Passover supper, a number of articles we used; flesh, bitter herbs, vinegar, etc., that a not used in the Lord's Supper, and it was custom to 'dip together into the dish,' and al to pass what is translated 'sops' (morsels flesh and bread dipped in the sauce) from o to another. So the passing of the 'sop', morsel, must have been during, or at the clo of, the Passover supper, and before the institu tion of the Lord's Supper. Now read John 1 26 and verse 30, 'he then having received t sop went *immediately* out.'"

W. H. P., Washington, D. C. Is it not very prob able, from what we know of the rotation the earth upon its axis, the laws of hydrolog and the almost indisputable fact of the ope Polar Sea, that it is utterly impossible for an human being to get to either of the poles the earth and return? Just think! twelv miles from the poles a man can walk as fast a the earth rotates. Can there possibly be an life under such conditions? Has not th Divine Being, in mercy, hedged these vast sol tudes in with impenetrable barriers ove which no foot of man or beast shall ever trea and return?

The present expectation of polar research i that it may produce valuable geographic an scientific results. There is no expectation o finding human life at or even near the poles. Al conditions seem to preclude it. The geographi pole and the magnetic pole are two differen things, but the finding of the latter in King Wil liam's Land, by Captain Amundsen, was of grea value to science. It is thought that the discover of the geographic pole, the goal of most arcti explorers, will settle many scientific questions.

Arrival of the First American "Ocean Penny Post" at Waterloo Station, London

THE inauguration of cheap ocean postage was an event on two continents. Perhaps the greatest interest centred in New York and London, where there was a rush to take advantage of the "Penny Post." Regular mails were practically doubled. The arrival of the first mails, under the new rate, was considered almost an historic incident on both sides, and doubtless many of the letters in the initial consignment will be preserved as mementoes.

Miscellaneous

C. B. Rev. Frank Talmage is in Europe.

J. W., Denver, Col. We are unable to give the information.

E. A., Williamsburg, Mass. The genealogy of Jesus has been discussed in THE MAIL-BAG recently.

Several Readers. Yes, the Shorthand Classes will be continued during the winter months at the summer rate.

Reader, Montgomery, O. Baracha or Berachah ("blessing"). See I. Chron. 12: 3 and II. Chron. 20: 26.

C. L., Paola, Kan. 1. Both interpretations have their supporters; yours as well as the other. 2. All such signs and omens are regarded as mere superstitions.

J. M., Cumberland, Md. 1. The Books of Samuel, Kings and Chronicles are so divided in the Jewish Canon probably for convenience sake, and in order that the volumes of MSS. for temple use should not be too bulky. 2. Your second question cannot be answered.

W. W., Ansonia, O. There is no explanation available. It is one of those passages that must be taken as we find it. There are many places in the Bible that warn us against having any dealings with so-called wizards, necromancers and those that "seek after familiar spirits." No one can lift the veil from the future, save God alone. Those who profess nowadays to be able to do so are charlatans and impostors.

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AMERICAN GIRLS IN THE PHILIPPINES

[N A LETTER from Lingayen, P. I., to friends in the United States, a bright American girl gives this pleasing picture of home life in our new colonial possessions:

"This is the rainy season, and one week we had to stay indoors the whole week. On Sunday it cleared, and the moon was most beautiful that night, but on Monday we had the worst *baguio* (wind and rain storm) of the season. Lingayen is on an island only a mile wide, and the river is so high that we can get to neither of the launches to get away, but fortunately

American Girls in Filipino Dress

the road to Dagupan is in quite good condition. The lower part of our lot is toward the river.

"Very few people use the lower part of their houses, but because we needed all the room in our house, it was finished and there are two large rooms below and a small kitchen, bath and toilet. In one room we have ten narrow beds for the girls and the larger room we use for a dining-room for ourselves and our girls, sixteen of us in all. Our house is an old Spanish structure of lumber, not *nipa*, with a galvanized-iron roof. The posts, beams and slats over the cracks are all in evidence, but we have nice hardwood floors. We (two teachers) each have a room apiece, which is our bedroom, sitting room, library, and office. The native bedding consists of a *patati* (a grass mat), a cotton blanket in which they wrap themselves, and a pillow, and these are rolled up and put to one side during the day. Their beds are what we call 'Chino cots' out here—cots made by the Chinese of bamboo. The native people seldom have them in their own homes, but in our institution we have them for morality and for health's sake. The girls are up before six o'clock in the morning and have their house work finished before breakfast. Classes begin at eight and continue until twelve and then there are three classes conducted by the graduate Deaconess from the Manila Training School, who is also our interpreter. After dinner at night we have our evening prayers. Saturday evening is our regular school prayer meeting and in this little service the girls give their experiences, and we find out what they have to fight against.

"Our girls come from their province homes miles and miles from Manila, but when they get on their clean, starched dresses, they look fresh and nice. Candida, our interpreter, has a beautiful face. The girls wanted us to have a picture in their costume, and I send you one to show you that they would not be unbecoming to Americans, though unpractical for every-day wear. They seldom wear that collar affair in the house, but a small handkerchief is used in its place around the neck. We have sixteen girls living in our house and three day students. You will see that we are kept busy. After the rainy season is over we divide the girls and hold open-air services in the *barrios* (villas) of Lingayen, of which there are twenty. Of course we cannot go to all, but we have made selections and they are looking for us. We try to give the children in these meetings a picture card, using the Sunday School picture cards when we have them."

In a letter from Mrs. E. W. Jansen, missionary at Cebu, the writer says:

"THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Mission boat has continued to journey from village to village and coast to coast, in our Cebuan Island group, with the one purpose of strengthening the converts, and making the Gospel known. From the first of the several villages, where Bible instruction has already been given, three men have since accepted God's call to evangelize their people, and are now working earnestly in different places.

"From the same village, six boys have been sent by their parents and Christian neighbors to the Mission School to prepare for the ministry among their own people. These lads in every way contrast hopefully with the children of other village homes.

"Whatever persecution and trials the many Christians have suffered, all seems to have the effect of strengthening them spiritually. The evangelist who now cares for one of these villages and assists in spreading the Gospel, once had to flee for his life, while the village priest, with three hundred armed parishioners, hunted him and his companions, longing for their blood. Only one of the Christians fell into their hands. He was an old man, and he was cut to pieces.

"The request of the people in many new places for the Gospel has brought much encouragement to all of the workers. 'Night and day they beg us to teach them the Gospel,' said one of the evangelists, 'and the seekers will not let us rest even at night, as they fill the houses and ask us questions about the teaching of God's Word.

"In two new places which we visited we looked into the faces of hundreds of people. They were as attentive to the preaching of God's Word at the closing address of the open-air services, which were frequently more than two hours long, as they were during the early part of the meetings. On Sunday afternoons the crowds of people who had gathered into one of the villages to attend a cock fight, poured out of the pit into the services which were held.

"The Filipino is said to be an adept in concealing all felt thoughts from his face. But no human beings' faces express spiritual feelings more clearly than do the Filipinos'. Faces, which have concealed their true feelings from stranger eyes, speak plainly of conviction of sin while the Gospel is being preached to them.

"During the three months in which the Mission boat has been at work, fourteen villages and towns have been visited and six different islands. In each of the villages Bible instruction is given and Gospel services held. Native and foreign workers have been taken from place to place, and some of the former have been placed on a new island.

"On our return journey to Cebu, we took an evangelist's wife on to another place, en route to rejoin her husband, This old man and his wife had pleaded hard with us to wait to give their little congregation Bible instruction. They clung to us so that it was difficult to say them nay; but our presence was

A Little Filipino Maid at her Toilet

even more urgently needed elsewhere, so, with the promise of a visit later on, we tore ourselves away. Some time later, when on our way to visit an imprisoned and persecuted friend, we were met by a messenger sent by a fellow-American missionary, to tell us that a telegram had just arrived from this old evangelist, saying that their own and their converts' lives were threatened. Five policemen with bolos (native weapons or knives) threatened to attack them while they were conducting services. We hope soon to visit their place of work, and render what help is possible."

TIMELY TOPICS AT HOME AND ABROAD

—ENCOURAGED BY recent victories, the Kentucky Anti-Saloon League is now preparing for a final effort to drive the saloon out of the State. Ninety-four out of 119 counties have already outlawed it. Bourbon County, famous in other days for its whisky output, has gone dry. North Carolina becomes dry on January 1, as a result of the splendid victory last May, led by eloquent Governor Glenn. Mr. W. M. Cumming, Wilmington, N. C., writes us: "I was struck with this advertisement which I recently saw in a saloon window in this city: 'Downfall of booze! Buy now; soon you can't. Liquor cheap to close out.' Another saloon had an advertisement in a window stating that after January 1, the store would be moved to Norfolk, Va."

. . .

—LAST WINTER, Dr. Otto Rubensohn, a German explorer, found on the Island of Elephantine, in southern Egypt, some papyri written in Aramaic, a dialect of Hebrew, which throw light on the life of the Hebrew people in the days of Nehemiah. The most interesting thing in the documents is a petition to Darius, king of Persia, then ruling in Egypt, for the restoration of a temple destroyed by the heathen Egyptians. This is interesting as showing that the Jews outside of Palestine had temples elsewhere than in Jerusalem. Another interesting item is a marriage contract between a Jewish girl and an Egyptian named Es-hor (*i. e.*, belonging to the heathen god Horus). The bride evidently converted her husband, as he appears again under the Hebrew name Nathan. One of the names familiar to Bible readers, which appears in the manuscripts, is *Sin-ubalit* (Sanballat of Neh. 2: 10).

. . .

—KIOTO IN JAPAN is a paradise of gardens, and these beautiful templed retreats contain some very singular curios. The temple of Eikando, for instance, still holds the sacred image of Amida, which, so the Japanese gravely assure us, in the eleventh century turned its head to address a very holy votary: and so the head remains today, no one having been found holy enough to put it straight again. The temple of Sanjusangendo was the home of the priest-emperor Shirakawa in the twelfth century, who left as a memorial in one big hall 1,001 images of the Eleven-Faced Kwan-on: a goddess who besides having eleven faces has fifty arms, which give a decidedly "spidery" look to the entire collection. The Buddhist Monastery of Chion-in (also in a garden) possesses among other paintings a wonderful picture from which one spring morning (somewhere in the sixteenth century, they say) a whole flight of sparrows took wing, so realistically had they been painted! All of which goes to show that the Oriental standard of art is hopelessly unapproachable by Occidentals.

. . .

—ILLINOIS HAS been shocked by revelations made by the Rev. Charles Virden, of the State Board of Charities, in a recent official report on the "State Visitation of Children" who had been sent out from the institutions to different homes. He found many instances of startling brutality in the treatment of these waifs. He said:

I have found them tortured with hot irons, stabbed with toasting forks and scissors, limbs broken, hair torn out by the roots, lashed until black and blue from head to foot, faces cut and scarred and eyes blinded. Numerous other cases of crime against children in the form of assault have been prosecuted. There has been a wholesale traffic in children in Illinois. I have a receipt in my possession for a child who had been sold for a stipulated price. One of the most distressing cases occurred in Quincy, Ill., where a child was taken from its mother, a young girl, when less than an hour old, placed in a market basket, absolutely nude except for a covering of an old piece of quilt, carried about the streets and offered to any one who would accept it.

A girl of thirteen years, committed by the Juvenile Court, was made a household drudge, and beaten with a horsewhip. Another girl of seven years was covered with bruises. Her face was burned, her hands were hacked with a red hot knife and the sight of one eye was destroyed. Two girls, aged five and ten, were forced to beg on the streets. A girl thirteen years old did the washing and ironing for a family of seven. She had no school advantages. She wore old clothes and shoes; was overworked and received no salary. Her life was insured for the benefit of the mother-in-law in the home.

All of which shows that since human nature is not to be depended upon, a sharp watch should be kept on all who "adopt" children from such institutions, to see that the helpless waifs are properly treated.

Three Beautiful Pictures

Dear Dr. Klopsch: Permit me to thank you for the three beautiful pictures sent to me last week. They are truly all and more than you have said of them. Immediately upon their receipt I took them to an art store to be framed, and they are indeed beautiful in their frames of gilt.

Thanking you for this and many other favors received from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD during the many years I have been a subscriber,

HELEN M. SEAMANS.

New York City.

A HARVEST OF WOES*

Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

IT HAS always seemed to us that no form of war could be more terrible than civil war, when citizens of the same nation, even brothers of the same family, are engaged in mortal combat. But in the war of rebellion waged by Absalom against his father King David, we see something worse than civil war. As to the forces in the field, Absalom had a large force, judging from the fact that twenty thousand were killed in battle (II. Sam. 18: 7). King David had with him his old guard of 600 warriors who had been his protectors all of the years he was pursued by Saul. Very probably others of his own people rallied to his standard as he fled from Jerusalem to avoid capture by his enemy, his son! Dean Stanley has said: "There is no single day in Jewish history of which so elaborate account remains as of this memorable flight. There is none, we may add, that combines so many of David's characteristics—his patience, his calculation; we miss only his daring courage. But his God trust was best of all. When his mistaken friends brought along the Ark of God that God's presence might go with him and give him victory, he required them to carry it back to the holy place from which they had taken it; he knew that was not God's way of delivering him. Along the way he was informed that Jonathan's son, Mephibosheth, who had been his beneficiary and had sat at his table, had turned against him; but this afterward proved to be false. Another man, named Shimei, appeared along the way and cast stones and dirt and curses upon King David. David's guard would have thrust the man through, but the king forbade them, for the curses voiced the king's own conscience. But he had repented, and so he could say: "The Lord will requite me good for his cursing this day."

When night came on the king and his forces camped at the fords of the Jordan—on the opposite side of the river from where Absalom was encamped. His song that night was: "I will both lay me down in peace and sleep, for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety" (Ps. 4). From this prayer of trust has come "the bairns' hymn," "Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep." In the morning another prayer song was upon his lips, "I laid me down and slept. I awaked, for the Lord sustained me. I will not be afraid of ten thousands of people that have set themselves against me round about."

The Battle On

It is being fought in the woods of Ephraim not far distant from Mahanaim, King David's temporary capital. The king sits at the gate waiting for news from the front. A watchman on the roof announces to the porter at the gate that he sees a runner coming, and then a second runner. The battle has been fought, and they are bringing tidings. First one, and then the other, tells of the victory of King David's forces. But there is something dearer than that to King David. He asks each runner, "Is the young man Absalom safe?" They do not say he is dead, but they couch the sad truth in words of loyal devotion to their king: "The enemies of my lord the king, and all that rise against thee to do thee hurt, be as that young man is." If they had told him all, they would have said: "He hangs upon a tree, caught by his hair in the branches, thrust through by the darts of Joab." They spared David this. But victory was turned into mourning for him. Sad laments over Absalom took the place of peans of rejoicing over victory. He went up to the chamber over the gate and wept, and as he went, thus he said: "O my son Absalom! My son; my son Absalom! Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!" And the brave soldiers who had won the victory stole quietly back into the city as if they were the vanquished. The lament of the king was in all their ears, and it pleased them not. General Joab went in to the king and charged him with loving his enemies better than his friends, and said he would be deserted by his warriors that night if he did not leave off his lamenting, and show himself to the people at the gate, and rejoice with them over their hard-earned victory; and the king heeded the words of Joab, and went down to the gate. And then King David returned to Jerusalem in great triumph over the same way he had fled.

"Is the Young Man Absalom Safe?"

Take the name of Absalom out of this question and put in its place the name of your son, your brother, or any young man who is dear to you. When he leaves you in the morning to enter upon his business day, do you feel sure that it is going to be all right with him? Do you think about him through the day, and pray for him that he may be able to resist all temptation to deal falsely, or to be induced to visit the saloon? And when, after supper, he goes out again, not for business but pleasure, have you anxious thoughts again, and do you lie awake that you may hear his step upon the stair, whether or not it is steady, and do you listen for the clock to strike the hour of his return? Life is so full of pitfalls for the young man that it is not to be wondered at that loved ones grow anxious.

A young man felt that he was being dragged down. His loved ones, the loving ones, lived in a far distant place from the city where the young man had found employment. He thought he would go and see the minister. He found the minister just going out. When he said so, despair settled on the young man's face. And the minister heard the young man mutter to himself: "Well, it is no use; I can't do it. I might just as well go back, and go to the devil at once, and be done with it." Instantly the minister turned about and announced to the lad that he had changed his mind, and was going back into the house, and invited him in. Then the young man told the minister his troubles, and how difficult he found it to live a Christian life. The pastor thought of many things, and many ways, but nothing occurred to him that would fit the case. Finally he said to him: "Why do you not make the acquaintance of some nice respectable families, and visit them, and thus form a companionship which will at once be satisfying and elevating?" The young man looked up into the minister's face a moment, and then at his soiled and patched clothes in which he had done his day's work. He held up his hands for inspection, rough, grimed, in spite of the fact that they had been washed before he started to see the minister. He spoke of his lack of education, and his unrefined and rude manners, and then said: "What nice respectable family would want me to visit them?" The minister could but recognize the situation, and said to him: "Then come and see me." "No," said the young man, "I would bore you and I am afraid you would bore me. It might do for one or two evenings. I want some place to go that is suitable to me. Where shall I go and what shall I do?" "Well, now," said the minister, "there

Continued on next page

* **The International Sunday School Lesson for November 8, 1908.** David Grieves for Absalom. II. Sam. 18: 24-33. GOLDEN TEXT: "A foolish son is a grief to his father." Prov. 17: 25.

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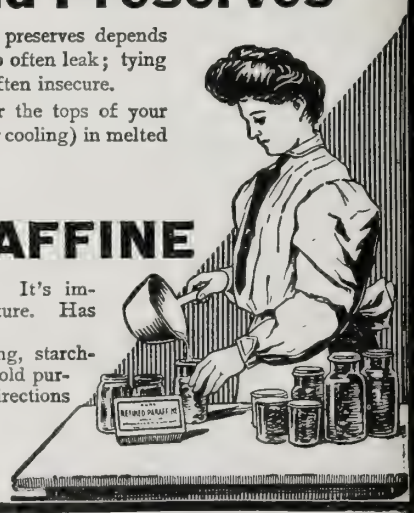

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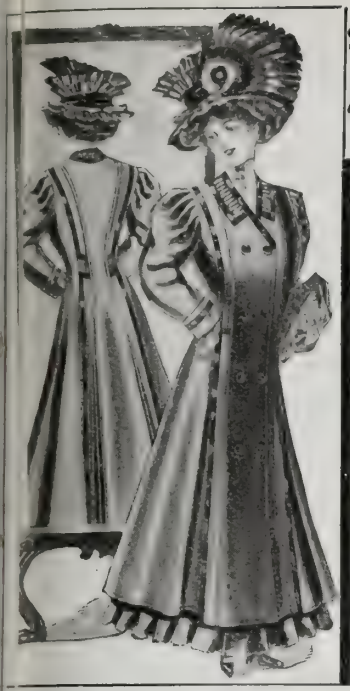

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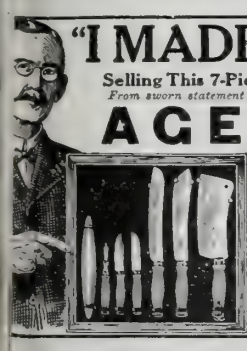

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There are still some well-informed persons who do not know that coffee contains a drug —caffeine.

This drug is what causes the coffee habit and the many ailments that frequently develop from its habitual use.

"I was drinking coffee twice a day but did not know it was hurting me," writes a Neb. lady. "I don't think I had ever heard or read that coffee was harmful.

"Sometimes I couldn't lie down, had to sleep in a sitting posture as the heart action was so slow. The doctor did not ask me if I drank coffee and the medicine I took did not seem to help me.

"Finally I got so bad I could not drink half a cup, as the dull heavy pain around my heart would be worse. I stopped it for a while and felt some better, but was soon drinking it again, and felt the same distress as before.

"Then I decided coffee caused my trouble, also my husband's, for he complained of severe heartburn every morning after breakfast.

"My daughter had used Postum on a visit and asked why we did not try it. We did, following directions about making it, and for four years we have used it and prefer it to coffee.

"My old trouble has entirely left me and my husband has no more heartburn. I can say from experience now that Postum is the most wholesome of drinks, anyone can drink it three times a day without harm, but with decided benefit."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Sunday School Lesson—*Continued*

is the Young Men's Baraca Class in our Sunday School. There are lots of fine young men in that. They have their Bible lessons on Sundays, and on week evenings, at least four evenings in the week, they have studies, debates, lecture courses, sociables, etc." The young man was pleased with the plan and next Sunday was introduced by the minister to the Baraca Class. He liked the businesslike way in which the class was conducted. He was specially pleased when the president in closing the class said: "Now let every Baraca give the Baraca grip to every man in the room," and there followed a friendly handshake, and a five minutes' social. After that the young man did not have anything more to say about "going to the devil." He had found just the right place to fit in. Every Sunday School should have a Baraca class.

Although unconscious of the pleasing charm,
The mind still bends where friendship leads the way;
Let virtue, then, thy partner's bosom warm,
Or vice will lead thy softened soul astray.

The Greek poet Menander, more than two thousand years ago, wrote the sentiment of which the above lines are the translation. Dr. J. M. Buckley commenting upon this saying remarks: "If, therefore, you select as a companion a skeptic in religion, one who is licentious in his practices, one who is profane or irreverent in his expressions, or who secretly drinks ardent spirits, or gambles, or loves escapades which if exposed would disgrace those who participated in them, evil results are pretty sure to follow. You will fall into the same practices, you will find it impossible to form associations of a better class, and your reputation will suffer while you are in school or college, and to a considerable extent for a good many years afterward. It is a task too great for any young man to maintain a genuine intimacy with both the moral and the dissolute. His intimates will be true, noble, manly, or they will be reckless and dissolute. Do nothing which, if published just as you did it, would prevent you from getting a good situation if you applied for it, or destroy your father's honest pride in his son."

Absalom Sowed Wild Oats

It does not say just that in the Bible, but we are not left in doubt as to the fact that he was a reckless sort of a fellow, caring neither for God nor his father, and caring only for men that he might make them his tools. Sowing wild oats is not the trifle it is often taken to be.

John B. Gough said in his last lecture: "I have seven years in the record of my own life when I was held in the iron grasp of intemperance. I would give the world to blot it out; but, alas! I cannot." Then stepping forward with an impressive gesture he added: "Therefore, you men, make your record—" and was silenced by paralysis.

Absalom's end came almost as suddenly, but how unlike the noble Gough in his death! One was cut short in a career of great usefulness and honor —the other in a career of shame and crime. To the grave of Gough visitors bring the tribute of tears and flowers. On the grave of Absalom, even to this day, the visitor and the passer-by cast stones in accordance with the law that a rebellious son should be stoned to death.

HALLEY'S COMET

By Rev. Joseph Hamilton, Author of "Our Own and Other Worlds"

I SEE that the predicted return of Halley's Comet in 1910 is beginning to attract special attention. It is even supposed that astronomers will soon be looking for it, for being a large comet, it will be visible while yet very far away.

I may be wrong, but I have my doubts as to whether the comet will actually return, and at the time foretold. A great deal of stress has been laid on the fact that Halley predicted the return of the comet in 1758. It had appeared before, and Halley made an elaborate calculation as to the time of its return, and he fixed on 1758. He did not live, however, to see if his prediction would be fulfilled; but it was fulfilled; the comet, or what we believed to be the same comet, returned in 1758.

Now, there are several circumstances which render the return of any given comet very uncertain, and especially one so large as Halley's, and that goes so far out into space. It was estimated that the comet of 1844 would go out into space four thousand times farther than the planet Neptune, the outermost planet of our system. Now if that estimate was anywhere near the truth, consider the vastness of the comet's orbit. Yet if the orbit was circular, or nearly circular, like the orbit of the planets, some approximation might be made as to the length of time required to make the revolution. But the comets move in ellipses, and often extreme ellipses, so that the time required for their revolution is very uncertain. To be sure, if we could follow a comet out into space to the point where the ellipse is widest, we might make allowance for the contraction, and so estimate roughly the time required for the whole revolution —that is, supposing that the comet always moved at the same uniform speed. As a matter of fact, however, the speed varies immensely; and Halley recognized that fact in making his calculation. Being a gaseous body, he made allowance for it being retarded here and there on its journey, by the attraction of other bodies. Thus, it might return in quite a different form from that in which it went away, so that we might not recognize it.

Then it does not seem to own allegiance to the sun, as the planets do. For it will approach the sun, and circle round him at close range, and then swoop away into boundless space. What power brings it back? Certainly not the attraction of the sun. He could not hold it when it circled round him at close range. How then could he bring it back from infinite space? There seems to be a suggestion here of some force in the material universe that is all unknown. What stupendous marvels of creation are here! What mysteries profound! Yet, what revelations of Eternal Power and Godhead! Well might Dr. Potts say: "The study of astronomy alone should drive all infidelity from mankind."

A Few Facts About New York

ACCORDING to this year's reports the assessed value of the real estate of New York is $900,000,000 more than the assessed value of all the land west of the Mississippi. The population is increasing at the rate of 65,000 a year by natural accretion, not counting the yearly influx of immigrants. It has six times as many telephones as Paris, four times as many as Berlin, and twice as many as London. When its new water supply is completed it will draw upon a watershed nine hundred square miles in extent. It will be known as the Catskill system. To draw its carts and carriages it has 109,000 horses.

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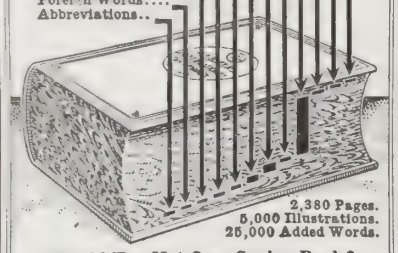

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The Transformation of Margaret

By MRS. ELEANOR H. PORTER

Author of "Into Still Waters," etc.

CHAPTER XL—*Continued*

FRANK grew grave instantly. The whimsical look in his eyes gave place to one of tender sympathy.

"You poor child, of course you do, and no wonder! You are worn out with the strain, Margaret."

She raised a protesting hand.

"No, no, you do not understand. I—I have made a failure of it."

"A failure of it!"

"Yes. I want to get away—to look at it from a distance, and see if I can't find out what is the trouble with it, just as—as artists do, you know, when they paint a picture." There was a feverishness in Margaret's manner and a tremulousness in her voice that came perilously near tears.

"But, my dear Margaret," argued the man, "there's nothing the matter with it. It's no failure at all. You've done wonders down there at the Mill House."

Margaret shook her head slowly.

"It's so little—so very little compared to what ought to be done," she sighed. "The Mill House is good and does good, I acknowledge; but it's so puny, after all. It's like a tiny little oasis in a huge desert of poverty and distress."

"But what—what more could you do?" ventured the man.

Margaret rose, and moved restlessly around the room.

"I don't know," she said at last. "That's what I mean to find out." She stopped suddenly, facing him. "Don't you see? I touch only the surface. The great cause behind things I never reach. Sometimes it seems as if it were like that old picture in—where was it? *Pilgrim's Progress?*—of the fire. On one side is the man trying to put it out; on the other is the evil one pouring on oil. My two hands are those two men. With one I feed a hungry child or nurse a sick woman; with the other I make more children hungry and more women sick."

"Margaret, are you mad? What can you mean?"

"Merely this. It is very simple, after all. With one hand I relieve the children's suffering; with the other I take dividends from the very mills that make the children suffer. A long time ago I wanted to 'divvy up' with Patty and Bobby and the rest. I have even thought lately that I would still like to 'divvy up'; and—well, you can see the way I am 'divvying up' now, with my people down there at the mills!" And her voice rang with self-scorn.

The man frowned. He too got to his feet and walked nervously up and down the room. When he came back the girl had sat down again. Her elbows were on the table, and her linked fingers were shielding her eyes. Involuntarily the man reached his hand toward the bowed head. But he drew it back before it had touched a thread of the bronze-gold hair.

"I do see, Margaret," he began gently, "and you are right. It is at the mills themselves that the first start must be made—the first beginning of the 'divvying up.' Perhaps, if there were some one to show us—" he paused, then went on unsteadily. "I suppose it's useless to say again—what I said that day months ago; that if you stayed here and showed him—the man who loves you—the better way—"

Margaret started. She gave a nervous little laugh and picked up a bit of paper from the floor.

"Of course it is useless," she retorted in what she hoped was a merry voice. "And he doesn't even love me now, besides."

"He doesn't love you!" Frank Spencer's eyes and voice were amazed.

"Of course not! He never did, for that matter. 'Twas only the fancy of a moment. Why, Frank, Ned never cared for me—that way!"

"Ned!" The tone and the one word were enough. For one moment Margaret gazed into the man's face with startled eyes; then she turned and covered her own telltale face with her hands—and because it was a telltale face, Spencer took a long stride toward her.

"Margaret! And did you think it was Ned I was pleading for, when all the while it was I who was hungering for you with a love that sent me across the seas to rid myself of it? Did you, Margaret?"

There was no answer.

"Margaret, look at me." There was a note of triumphant joy in his voice now.

Still no answer.

"Margaret, it did not go—that love. It stayed with me day after day and month after month, and it only grew stronger and deeper until there was nothing left me in all this world but you—just you. And now—Margaret, my Margaret," he said softly and very tenderly, "you are my Margaret!" And his arms closed about her.

CHAPTER XLI

IN spite of protests and pleadings Margaret spent the winter abroad.

"As if I'd stay here and flaunt my happiness in poor Bobby's face!" she said indignantly to her lover. Neither would she consent to a formal engagement. Even Mrs. Merideth and Ned were not to know.

"It is to be just as it was before," she had declared decidedly, "only—well, you may write to me," she had conceded. "I refuse to stay here and—and be just happy—yet! I've been unkind and thoughtless, and have brought sorrow to my dear good friend. I'm going away. I deserve it—and Bobby deserves it too!" And in spite of Frank Spencer's efforts to make her see matters in a different light, she still adhered to her purpose.

All through the long winter Frank contented himself with writing voluminous letters, and telling her of the plans he was making to "divvy up" at the mills, as he always called it.

"I shall make mistakes, of course, dear," he wrote. "It is a big problem—altogether more so than perhaps you realize. Of course the mills must still be a business—not a philanthropy; otherwise we shall defeat our own ends. But I shall have your clear head and warm heart to aid me, and little by little we shall win success.

"Already I have introduced two or three small changes to prepare the way for larger ones later on. Even Ned is getting interested, and seems to approve of my work, somewhat to my surprise, I will own. I'm thinking, however, that I'm not the only one in the house, sweetheart, to whom you and your unselfishness have shown the 'better way.'"

Month by month the winter passed, and spring came, bringing Mrs. Merideth, but no Margaret.

"She has stopped to visit friends in New York," explained Mrs. Merideth in reply to her brother's anxious questions. "She may go on West with them. She said she would write you."

Margaret did "go on West," and it was while she was still in the West that she received a letter from Patty, a portion of which ran thus:

"Mebbe you would like to know about Bobby McGinnis. Bobby is goin' to get marrid. She seemed to comfort him lots after you went. And he got so he could not seem to bear her out of his sight. She is that pretty and sympathizin' in her ways, you know. I think he was surprised a

Continued on next page

PRODUCE GAS

Hence Certain Foods Not Nourishin

No matter how agreeable an articl of food may be, if it causes bloating and g in the stomach, it is not likely to be nourish g.

The gas thus formed is liable to c se actual, immediate harm by pressing ag st the heart.

An Oregon girl suffered in this way il she found the right kind of food. She wr s:

"Two years ago I had given up all hop of having health and strength. After eati I had a severe pain around the heart, an a choking sensation.

"During these spells I had to sit perfe y still, the slightest movement causing n- creased pain. Even breathing caused sh sharp pain my heart seemed to turn o r. making me take short quick breaths.

"Night after night without sleep, I wo d sit up and wait until morning, when e pains gradually lessened. I began to r serious heart trouble.

"One day I was so miserable the do r was called. After a careful examination e said it was gas from fermented food, pres g against my heart, that caused the troub – otherwise my heart was all right.

"His medicine gave only temporary re I tried going without food, hoping I co i find something which would agree with After I became quite weak, an aunt s gested Grape-Nuts.

"The first meal of this food caused unpleasant effects but made me feel stron At every meal I ate Grape-Nuts and g better daily. I now have no trouble whe I avoid pasty, starchy foods and stick Grape-Nuts."

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The Transformation of Margaret

Continued from preceding page

ittle hisself, but the first thing he new he was in love with her. I think e felt kind of bad at first on account f you. But I told him that was all onsense and he couldn't ever make ou happy anyhow. And that I knew ou'd want him to do it. I think his elin's for you was more worship an love anyhow. He didn't never eem happy when he was engaged to ou. I used to watch him and he al- ays seemed afraid. And he was. He as afraid of you and hisself. But e's happy now, and Arabella thinks e's jest perfect. Oh—I told you was Arabella—didn't I. Well 'tis. in't it jest grand."

It was not many days later that rank Spencer at Belcourt received a mall card on which had been written:

"MRS. PATTY DURGIN ANNOUNCES THE ENGAGEMENT OF HER SISTER, ARABELLA MURPHY, TO MR. ROBERT MCGINNIS."

Beneath, in very fine letters, was: I'm coming home the eighteenth. Please tell Della; and—you may tell ier anything else that you like.

"MARGARET."

For a moment the man stared at the card with puzzled eyes; then he suddenly understood.

"Della," he cried joyously, a minute later, "Della, she's coming the eighteenth!"

"Who's coming the eighteenth?"

Frank hesitated. A light that was half serious, half whimsical, and wholly tender, came into his eyes.

"My wife," he said.

"Your wife! Frank, are you crazy?"

"Almost!—with joy."

"But, Frank—" Mrs. Merideth stopped helplessly.

"Oh, you know her as 'Margaret Kendall,' he retorted with an airiness that was intended to hide the shake in his voice. "But she will be my wife before she leaves here again."

"Frank!" cried Mrs. Merideth, joyfully, "you don't mean—" But Frank was gone. Over his shoulder, however, he had tossed a smile and a reassuring nod.

Mrs. Merideth sank back with a sigh of content.

"It's exactly what I always hoped would happen," she said.

THE END

BOOKS RECEIVED

An Oral Test

HOW many of the following questions can the average reader answer correctly:

What is Telepheme? Is Hongkong a city? What was the Geneva Bible? What is a Swiss Canton? What are Consols? How is Chauffeur pronounced? What is a Treaty of Reciprocity? What is a Skew? What is Salvage? What is a Statute of Limitations?

You may not be sure of all your answers and wish to know if you are right. Consult Webster's International Dictionary, the one great standard that answers with final authority all kinds of questions in language, the grades, arts and sciences, geography, biography, fiction, etc. The publishers, G. & C. Merriam Co., of Springfield, Mass., will send you specimen pages upon application.

Hymns of Worship and Service for the Sunday School is a compilation of three hundred carefully selected hymns and tunes, chants and responses, fifty-four pages of selections for the Sunday School choir and thirty-two pages of services for regular and special occasions. The book is rich in hymns of praise, hymns of the spiritual awakening and the developing life, hymns of service for others, and hymns of the heroic life. Price $30 per hundred. The Century Co., New York, publishers.

A Common-Sense View of the Mind-Cure, by Laura M. Westall. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York and London. 75 cents. A careful and scientific study of the effect of the mind upon the body. The testimony of great physicians during the last hundred years is freely adduced to show that the recent movements in this direction are but the recrudescence of venerable theories long ago proved and practised.

What Is Truth? By L. B. London: Elliot Stock. 75 cents. A series of perfectly orthodox sermons, on the subjects, besides that upon the title text, of "Thy Kingdom Come," "Faith," "The Church of God," "Christian Socialism" and "Nehushtan."

Story Book Friends, by Clara Murray, 191 pages. Illustrated. 50 cents. Little, Brown & Co., Boston, publishers.

Sermons Which Have Won Souls, by Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D.D., pastor of Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, Denver, Col., author of "Christ and His Friends," "Paul and His Friends," etc. $1.40. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York and London. A series of stirring discourses, full of fresh and suggestive imagery, and illustrated by many choice poems.

The History of Early Christianity, by Leighton Pullan, M. A., Fellow and Lecturer of St. John Baptist College; Oxford Lecturer in Theology at Oriel College and Queen's College. $1. Thomas Whittaker, New York. This is the "orthodox" view of the conditions in the time of Ignatius and Polycarp, Tertullian and Clement and their compeers; as set against the "liberal" interpretations of Harnack and his school, with whom the author often comes to metaphorical blows.

Women of the Bible, by Walter F. Adeney, M.A., professor of New Testament Exegesis, New College, London, author of "How to Read the Bible," "The Theology of the New Testament," etc. Thomas Whittaker, 2 & 3 Bible House, New York. Professor Adeney has had to use some ingenuity to fill a fair-sized book with the scanty woman literature of the New Testament, but by blending tradition, usually labeled carefully, and the facts, piecing them together from the various evangelists, he has made out a volume interesting and not without value. He is the master of a pleasant literary style, and in this age of woman, his book will undoubtedly prove useful to many a church club and reading circle, as well as to the private student.

A World Without a Child, by Coulson Kernahan. Pp. 64. Price 50 cents. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, publishers.

This Mystical Life of Ours, by Ralph Waldo Trine. Pp. 190. Price $1; postage 10 cents. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York, publishers.

King Gobbler, by Abbie N. Smith. 178 pages. Educational Publishing Co., Boston, New York and Chicago.

Diana of Dobsons, by Cecily Hamilton. The story of a working girl who, being unexpectedly enriched by a legacy, decided to have a "good time," and how it all turned out. Pp. 362. Illustrated. Price $1.50. The Century Co., New York, publishers.

Among the Workers

—AT its recent annual Convention in New York, the Christian and Missionary Alliance received contributions in cash and pledges aggregating $63,000 for the cause of foreign missions.

—REV. THOMAS HOUSTON, the Blind American Evangelist, has lately been conducting very successful services in Great Britain. He returns to this country shortly to conduct services in the Eastern and Middle States.

—EVANGELIST GREEN B. FADELEY and Gospel Singer J. Owen Long have just closed a successful twelve days' series at Mt. Carmel United Brethren Church in Fulks Run, Va. They are now engaged in a union meeting at Coate's Store, Va.

—EVANGELIST C. H. GOOTEE, of Richmond, Va., organizer of the National Prisoners' Missionary Association, writes us that donations of Bibles and good reading matter can be used to advantage by the workers for distribution in jails, penitentiaries, workhouses, etc. The headquarters of the association are at 1434 East Franklin Street, Richmond, Va.

—TWELVE HUNDRED men attended the First International Student Bible Conference in Columbus, O., October 22 to 25, 1908. It is the purpose of this Conference to bring to the attention of the students of North America the message of the Bible to individual and national life, and to indicate methods to make daily study of the Bible a life habit.

—MR. ERNEST FOX of Stockton, Calif., writes: "There are fourteen corporations in California formed for the purpose of establishing substitutes for the saloon. The people of Stockton organized the Stockton Coffee Club less than two years ago and invested not quite $1,300; opened for business February 13, 1907, saved up in cash from the profits of the lunch department during the first thirteen months a little over $1,300 (13 seems to be lucky). They then took a larger room, and already the place is so crowded daily that it will have to be enlarged again."

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YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES

Church Building*

TO THE great surprise of the handful of faithful Christians who were trying to revive a church in an old and shabby neighborhood, a rich brewer in the county town twenty miles away sent them a handsome check.

They had made no appeal to him. They knew that he was not a Christian man. One of them decided to acknowledge the check in person, and at the same time ask him what had prompted him to send it.

"I happen to own three houses and considerable land in your village," said the brewer, "and property has been declining in value there for the last ten years. I heard that you were trying to build a church up there. I don't care at all for the church, but I do know that my property will rise in value if you get one to going. Don't thank me. I am perfectly selfish in the matter."

The good brother seized the opportunity and tried to reason with the brewer that if a church was such a benefit to a community, every patriot and man of honor should join it, and throw all his personal influence for it. But the brewer only laughed. The spiritual side of the subject did not appeal to him, and the prayers of the little church are still rising that God may soften the hardened heart of their benefactor.

It seems inconceivable that in the face of such testimony any good citizen should fail to unite with a church, and throw all his influence for it, and try in every way to live up to its requirements. No reasonable man will deny that any place without a church is likely to deteriorate fast. Hundreds of instances can be given to prove it. Almost anyone can mention several which have come under his own observation—and yet some of these very people do not often enter the house of God, and never give a cent for its maintenance.

Think of what our cities would be without our churches! Everyone who passes one must feel, if he can think at all, that here is something which stands for the betterment of mankind. It almost seems as though one should doff his hat as he goes by. No other class of buildings stand for man's spiritual improvement. The churches, faulty as we all know that they are, are the best earthly expression that we have of the aspiration of humanity toward divinity. They should be the dearest things on earth to us.

It is said that a portable church seating three hundred people can be put up for $1,500. This can be used until a permanent edifice can be erected, and should be invaluable in pioneer or other sparsely settled communities. Get a church of some sort in your place as soon as you possibly can.

A church costing $13,000 has just been built in a Western city. There are only fifty members, but every cent was paid before it was dedicated. Some one asked who had given the most. The reply was "Mrs. W." "Why, she is a washerwoman. She cannot make more than five or six dollars a week, and she has a family to support." "Very true, but she gave $27 toward our church—it was every cent that she had—the widow's mite."

That church will live and flourish.

In another Western town, a little church, which had grown unsightly, has just been painted and refitted by its women, nearly all of them very poor. They all had gardens, and by raising flowers and vegetables to sell to the large towns a few miles away, they raised unaided the necessary money. Their song is "I love thy church, O God, the house of thine abode"—and they will be blessed.

*Topic of the Epworth League for Sunday, November 8. Text: Luke 7 : 1-17; I. Chron. 22 : 1-5.

Missions and Evangelism*

THE custom of talking about religion in general society has greatly declined within the past fifty years. This is taken by some to mean that the power of religion in society is less. The most experienced and candid observers in the church unite in disputing this saying. Statistics show that the average members of the churches have normally increased during the last ten years, and every newspaper tells of good deeds, which, whether done in the name of Christ or not, testify to the influence of his spirit.

In former times, the only schools, hospitals and asylums were maintained by private citizens, or by the churches. Thus the love and pity for humanity which indicate the feeling of brotherhood, was demonstrated only in rare individual cases, or distinctively as an accompaniment of religion. Now, in every civilized country, such institutions are supported by the general government. Church and State are no longer necessarily united, but the spirit of the church—the holy spirit of love and tenderness—dominates civil government as it never has done before.

If Paul had been told that the day would come when every citizen in many great nations would gladly submit to be taxed for the support of public schools, public hospitals, public almshouses, public orphan asylums, and many other charities, he would never have believed it. In fact, he would have found it hard to credit the prophecy that a great nation could be governed by majorities, every man having a vote.

It is only the Gospel of Christ Jesus which has made possible all these gigantic forward steps in civilization.

Within the memory of those now living there was held in a small hill town of Western Massachusetts a trial for heresy. The minister there had been accused of Arminianism, of unsoundness upon the subjects of the atonement, election, a state of future probation, and various other theological tenets. Every clergyman of the denomination in the county was present. The fifty or sixty cottages in the village were crowded to their utmost capacity by visitors. In addition to these, every fence in the vicinity was black with the teams which were hitched along their whole extent—and this kept up for three whole days, with morning, afternoon and evening sessions. The large meeting house was full to its limit. It was in the summertime, and in the open windows were seated rows of excited spectators.

Such general interest in such a heresy trial would now be impossible. Such talk would now never be heard among our farmers, but are we to infer from this that men are less religious?

The men of those days, for the most part, were habitual drinkers of strong liquors. There is far too much intemperance to-day, but it is nothing like as general as in the olden time. Christ is working differently, but more widely and deeply than ever before; and his martyrs and his missionaries are laboring and suffering for him as nobly as in the apostolic days. Read the history of the Boxer rebellion. Read the wonderful *Life of Paton* and of *Livingston*, and resolve to help by every means in your power, the fearless and devoted men and women who are following in their footsteps.

*Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, November 8. Missionary and Evangelistic Zeal. Text: Matt. 22 : 1-10.

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A King's Strange Headdress

KASAGAMA is king of Toro, one of the native kingdoms of the Uganda Protectorate, Africa. Like many other rulers, he is not content with one coronation. His father used to be crowned once a month; he decided to be crowned once a year. The first of Kasagama's coronations was held at Kabarole. During the ceremony the king, who is clean-shaven, wore a long white beard made from the hair of Colobus monkeys, and intended to represent the mane of a lion and to typify the strength and position of the wearer. The photograph above was taken by Lieut.-Colonel R. G. T. Bright, British Commissioner in connection with the disputed frontier between Great Britain and the Congo Free State. The king's crown of colored beads and parrot-feathers (a native custom) was placed upon his head by a clergyman of the Church Missionary Society, the dusky monarch being a nominal Christian.

A Strange Royal Headdress

David Grieves for Absalom

By MRS. M. BAXTER

DAVID was now placed in a position that he would rather have died than occupy; he was at war with his own son! He divided his forces into three companies, and placed them under the leadership of his two nephews, Joab and Abishai, joined with the devoted Ittai, the Gittite, who had left all for his sake. David's first thought was to go forth in person to the battle, but the united people would not hear of it. Standing by the gate-side in Mahanaim, as the hosts defiled slowly through the gate by hundreds and by thousands, he watched for the generals, and said to each one in succession, as they passed: "Deal gently for my sake, with the young man, even with Absalom." It was an unwonted thing with David to ask anything for his own sake.

The armies joined battle in the wood of Ephraim, and, as was so often the case with his people of old, God gave victory to the weaker side: "The people of Israel were slain before the servants of David, and the wood devoured more people that day than the sword devoured." God's judgment upon Absalom was a singular and marked one. In going forth to meet the servants of David, he rode upon a mule under the thick boughs of a great oak, and his hair caught hold of the oak, and he was taken up between the heaven and the earth, and the mule that was under him went away.

A man saw it happen, and told Joab. "And, behold, thou sawest him," said the general. "And why didst thou not smite him there to the ground? And I would have given thee ten shekels of silver, and a girdle." And the man replied that a thousand shekels would not have tempted him to slay Absalom, because of the king's charge concerning him. Joab was not so much a man of words as of deeds—firm, energetic, decided. Possessing, as he did, a power over the king which no other had, he took the law into his own hands, and dismissing the man with the characteristic words: "I may not tarry thus with thee. . . . He took three darts in his hand, and thrust them through the heart of Absalom." Then he blew a trumpet, and gave orders that the people should not pursue after Israel. Now the chief rebel was dead, the rebellion could not live. His corpse was cast into a great pit in the wood, and a great heap of stones was laid upon it.

Ahimaz and Cushi bore the news to David. Ahimaz, who arrived first, had not the courage to say all he knew; he said nothing of Absalom's death, but answered that when he left the camp there was a great tumult, but he knew not what it was. When Cushi arrived he was asked the same question: "Is the young man Absalom safe?" And he answered: "The enemies of my lord the king, and all that rise against thee to do thee hurt, be as that young man is." The truth was out; David's last hope for his son was gone: Absalom was dead! In time and in eternity, he would never more see Absalom. Crushing grief overwhelmed the king. "I will raise up evil against thee out of thine own house."

How terribly, how continually, the word of God comes true! And then there came no doubt the bitter reflection that had it not been for his own sin, things would not have come to this pass, and, may be, he saw himself more guilty than his son, and counted himself the murderer of that idol of his heart. We may be selfish in sorrow, as much as in anything else. David was selfish in his sorrow; he forgot all in his bitter grief, and in his thoughts of Absalom. "It was told Joab, Behold, the king weepeth and mourneth for Absalom." If anyone could arouse David, it was he. Meanwhile, victory had been given by God; but the victory, instead of bringing forth praises from king and people, "was turned into mourning unto all the people: for the people heard say that day how the king was grieved for his son." Some of them had lost sons, too, and better ones than Absalom; but they had given their lives for the king, and now, instead of showing gratitude, he was yielding to his selfish grief. It was discouraging to the people, who had sacrificed a good deal to take up David's cause. Joab broke in upon the king's agony of grief, with a stern, startling reproach.

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by strengthening whatever organs or nerves are weak.

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Too Thin? I may need to strengthen your stomach, intestines and nerves first. A pupil who *was* thin, writes me:

"I just can't tell you how happy I am. I am so proud of my neck and arms! My busts are rounded out and I have gained 28 pounds; it has come just where I wanted it and I carry myself like another woman."

"My old dresses look stylish on me now. I have not been constipated since my second lesson and I had taken something for years. My liver seems to be all right and I haven't a bit of indigestion any more, for I sleep like a baby and my *nerves* are *so* rested. I feel so well all the time."

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New York, November 4, 1908
COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY LOUIS KLOPSCH
VOL. 31—NO. 45
Offices: Bible House. N. Y.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

Drawn from Photographs

SEE PAGE 872

The Wright American Aeroplane Making a Test Flight at Fort Myer, Va.

Questions and Answers

E. H. W., Bergholz, O. 1. Were the nine lepers who returned not to give God thanks lost, or what became of them? 2. What became of the young man to whom Jesus said, "Go sell that thou hast and give to the poor"? (Matt. 19: 21.)

1. They were cleansed, but were ungrateful and went away, probably to their homes, failing to render that tribute of gratitude to God which the Samaritan leper gave. Jesus notes this with sorrow and lays stress upon the fact that the grateful one was a stranger. 2. The appeal to him was in vain, as we gather from verses 24 to 30. The incident is emphasized to show how riches corrode the heart and obscure the spiritual understanding, Mark says, "he went away grieved."

Mrs. R. W. W., Dunkirk, Ind. 1. There were many other so-called sacred books besides those that are now contained in the Scriptures, but they were excluded by the highest authorities in the Christian church at various times for the reason that they were apocryphal or of doubtful authenticity. 2 and 3. Moses was the lawgiver, and the first five books of the Bible contain the history and the laws, spiritual and secular, which he gave to the Hebrew race. The subject is too extensive to be disposed of in a MAIL-BAG paragraph. Procure Smith & Peloubet's Bible Dictionary. See Gal. 2: 16; II. Tim. 1:9; Isa. 64: 6; Matt. 5: 20, and other passages showing that mere morality cannot save.

Mrs. D. C., Denham Springs, La. 1. Who wrote the *Stabat Mater?* Was its author Bernard of Cluny? 2. What was the corn mentioned in the Book of Genesis? Was it maize or wheat? 3. Is it true that Christopher Columbus found maize growing on the American continent?

1. The authorship of *Stabat Mater* is disputed. Pope Innocent II., one of the Gregories, Pope John XXII. and Bernard have each been credited with it. The church historian, Wadding, says the author was Giacomo da Todi (otherwise known as Giacopone de Benedetti of Umbria, Italy. 2. The word "corn" is used in many places in the Bible to signify not maize, but grain of any kind. 3. Yes; he found Indian corn, which certain tribes called *Ma-hiz.* It is indigenous to this continent.

C. W. W., Richfield, Pa. When were postage stamps invented?

They came into use in England in 1840, and in this country in 1847.

F. M. D., St. Louis, Mo. Was Joshua, son of Nun, a born Israelite, or was he an adopted Israelite? If born, of what tribe? If adopted, of what people?

He was an Israelite of the tribe of Ephraim. His name was originally Hoshea (see Num. 13: 8), and its alteration by Moses (see Num. 13: 16) was significant. According to the Jewish *Tsemach David,* Joshua was born in Egypt in the Jewish year 2406. He grew up a slave in the brickfields. He was about forty years old at the Exodus.

I. J. P., Dawson, Ga. 1. Does the Bible or other historical record state that the gift of tongues was retained until death by the apostles? Have we any authentic history that mentions this gift as being given after the end of the first century? 2. How much is a talent of gold and a talent of silver worth of our money; also the value of a shekel of gold?

1. The endowment of the "gift of tongues" was apparently continued to the Christians during the apostolic age. Jesus before his ascension breathed upon his disciples and said, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." Fifty days after the crucifixion, the disciples received special power, when the Holy Ghost came upon them. It was to be a sign—to belong to only a few—the apostles and evangelists—and with this gift they went forth to preach to the nations. Later, Paul wrote that he "spake with tongues more than all." In I. Cor. 13: 8, however, we see that "tongues" were already ceasing, as belonging to the past. Many times since then the question has arisen whether the gift of tongues was continued to succeeding generations. The attitude of the early church, neither to quench nor forbid them (see I. Thess. 5: 19), yet not to invite or excite them, was a safe one. If they were of God, the fact would make itself apparent; if they were simply hysterical jargon, they would quickly subside. Throughout church history, there were many spurious instances. The "gift" gradually disappeared. Irenæus wrote of some in his time who spoke with tongues, but Eusebius hardly referred to the subject, and Chrysostom mentions it only to discourage what he considered as an ecstatic indulgence of doubtful spiritual profit. 2. According to Rev. O. C. Whitehouse, professor of Hebrew, London, a talent of gold was equal in value to $28,800; talent of silver, $1,920; shekel of gold, $9.60; shekel of silver, 64 cents. These are Old Testament values.

A. A. C., Ayrshire, Ind. Last week's CHRISTIAN HERALD spoke of the Catholic Congress in England and the attempt to carry the monstrance or host in procession. What is the origin of this image?

The monstrance is not an image, but a vessel used for the preservation of relics, and more especially for the carrying of the "consecrated host" (the name given by the Catholic Church to the bread or wafers used in the celebration of the eucharist or sacrament). This "host" or wafer is unleavened, flat, thin and usually of circular form, with emblematic devices of the crucifixion, the Lamb, or some words or initials referring to the sacrifice. This is placed in the monstrance, which is then presented for the adoration or worship of the people. The monstrance is made like a tower of crystal, of cylindrical form, and mounted like a chalice. It came into public use about the fourteenth century. It is really a movable shrine for the sacrament, and is not to be touched by unconsecrated hands. When it is lifted up ("elevating the host") the people bow in a fashion which Luther declared to be "insulting and dishonoring to the Holy Sacrament," making it an object of idolatry.

J. F., Corsica, S. D. Your friend does right when he tries to help you and give you counsel, but he does wrong to condemn you. Judgment belongs to God alone. Do your best and pray for strength to do right. He who is continually finding fault with another unreasonably, is not serving the Lord but simply nursing his own pride and selfrighteousness. Humility is as necessary in the helper as in the person helped. He that would be the greatest must be the servant of all.

F. A. R., Lupton, Mich. What causes the wind to blow?

The following is the scientific explanation usually given: "Winds are due to the tendency of air to pass from a place of higher to one of lower pressure, as along the earth's surface toward a place where the heat of the sun has caused an ascending current." Send your other query to the Weather Bureau, Washington, D. C.

Selling Amulets and Distributing Tea in St. Petersburg, as Cholera Preventives

IN St. Petersburg, in combating the pestilence, the authorities find their difficulties immensely increased by the ignorance and superstition of the lower classes, who trust rather to the virtues of charms and amulets than to preventive measures. Belts made of old copper coins rusted green are considered particularly efficacious and command a large sale. By order of the Governor a free distribution of hot tea is now being made in all the streets where the poor reside, to discourage them from drinking contaminated water.

G. N. H., Fountain City, Ind. This particular passage (I. Sam. 6: 19) has occasioned much discussion. It is claimed by some very eminent commentators that the numeral has been misplaced or erroneously transcribed. The Syriac and Arabic versions have 5,070 instead of 50,070, but even this number for a small town like Bethshemesh, would be large. The latest conclusion of the commentators is that the number originally designated was 570. [Your other question has already been answered in THE MAIL-BAG.]

K. B., Maysville, W. Va. What does the Salvation Army's work chiefly consist of? If a poor person joins is he employed in working for it, and also provided with clothing and necessities, or does he have to earn his necessities by working in a different way?

The foregoing has been submitted to the editor of the Salvation Army paper, the *War Cry,* who answers as follows: "The Salvation Army has as its mission the evangelization of the world. Its flag flies in almost every country, including America (North and South), Canada, Alaska, the British Isles, France, Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, Italy, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Iceland, Finland, Australia and New Zealand, South Africa, Java, the British West Indies, India and Ceylon, Japan, Korea, etc. The work is on the point of being opened up in Russia, Mexico, Egypt and Austria-Hungary. Its work is both spiritual and social; that is to say, it combines with its strictly spiritual ministrations a greater care for the temporal conditions of humanity than the average denomination, its special works of mercy and care including industrial homes, colonies, orphanages, rescue homes, slum posts, settlement houses, workingmen's hotels, dispensaries, etc. When a person wishes to "join the Army," he must give satisfactory evidences of change of heart and be willing to sign the "Articles of War," which bind him to a thorough consecration of his spare time and effort to the work of rescuing others. He will work at his usual avocation in the daytime, precisely similar to the ordinary church member, his services after working hours and on Sundays being given as a freewill offering."

J. L., South Sharon, Pa. Will you tell an old resident of Bristol, England, something about Bristol Cathedral; its founder, etc.?

The cathedral is on the site of an old Augustinian monastery which was founded by Robert Fitzharding in 1142. It is not known who was the designer of the edifice. Much of the present cathedral retains a good part of the walls of the old abbey. The present nave and towers were not completed until 1888. The nave cost over 40,000 pounds. The abbot's gateway, with its sculptured mouldings, the vestibule of the chapter room, and the chapter room with its Byzantine carvings are in perfect condition and the latter is called the finest Norman room in Europe. The geometrical east window and the holy chapel are noteworthy. The building contains many tombs of knights and abbots on which lie their effigies. Get *The Little Red Book of Bristol,* by Buckley, published in 1901, or Hunt's *Bristol,* 1887.

Miscellaneous

L. D. R., East Thompson, Conn. It is a lottery, and all lotteries are gambling.

H. S. M., St. Clair, Mo. The churches you mention do not accept the divinity of Christ.

Reader, Durham, N. C. None reliable that we know of, although there are many nostrums.

W. G., Pittsfield, Mass. As far as known Paine did not change his belief before his death.

Mrs. A. B. B., Greenburg, Pa. Yes; he meant that it could be justifiable on no other grounds whatsoever.

Mrs. H. H. C., Muir, Mich. David, when anointed, was a mere lad, probably under twenty. There are no data given whereby his exact age may be ascertained.

Mrs. F. B. S., Malden, Mass., writes concerning Judas and the Lord's Supper: "I have taught for more than thirty years that Judas did not partake of it. See John 13: 30."

H. W. H. J., Somerville, Tenn. We have made a careful search for the information, but have been unable to secure it. Write to the Navy Department. They might have the records.

R. W. F., Faber, Va. They have long since ceased to make comparisons. The North thinks very highly of Lee and Jackson. To-day the feeling is that of one family, one equal brotherhood, one national interest and destiny.

J. G. R., Orwigsburg, Pa. The account of automatic brakes upon which our item was based did not indicate the name of the patentee. You could write to any leading railroad man in Chicago, and, we think, find the information you desire.

J. D. B., DesMoines, Ia. The questions you ask concerning the new language you will find fully discussed in the *Esperanto Student,* published at Rutherford, N. J. Price 50 cents yearly. We cannot answer detailed Esperanto letters in these columns.

A Beautiful Picture

Dear Dr. Klopsch: Allow me to express my sincere thanks for the beautiful picture, "Martha Washington's Reception," which you so kindly sent me a few days ago. This is one of the most beautiful premiums THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has ever sent out. I consider myself fortunate to secure a copy.

MRS. G. E. MURRELL.

Rogersville, Tenn.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

Port of Haidar Pasha, Terminus of Bagdad Railway

A Mosque Near Bagdad

Caravans Bringing Freight to the New Mecca Railway

THE SULTAN'S RAILWAY TO MECCA

By CHARLES M. PEPPER

SOME things in the Sultan's dominions are given more importance by those who understand intricate Turkish politics than concessions of parliamentary government which may be withdrawn. Among these things are schools for the Mohammedan women and railway building. There are now many schools in which the Turkish women can secure at least the rudiments of an education. While it is not admitted, it is the demand of the women themselves that has secured these schools, and their demand has been due to the knowledge which has reached them of the superior position occupied by women at the present day in many Christian countries, who are not denied school advantages.

Railway progress is a more material subject, though its motive is religious, even fanatical. Not long ago Consul Harris reported from Smyrna very important steps taken by the Turkish government to further railway progress. The Bagdad Railway was authorized to proceed with building what is known as the Eregli extension. This will be in four sections covering in all 525 miles and when completed it will mean that the chief obstacles in getting a railroad to Bagdad will have vanished.

But there is wider meaning, for as the Bagdad line progresses Turkey in Asia is brought into direct communication with not only Turkey in Europe but with Christian Europe. The Bagdad line really starts at Constantinople, which is on the European mainland. The railway stations and shops are at Haidar-Pasha, opposite Constantinople, and in time trains will be ferried across the arm of the Golden Horn. At present through trains run from Paris and Ostend by way of Vienna to Constantinople, the Orient Express being something like the luxurious trains which run regularly between New York and San Francisco.

The railway may be taken now at either Haidar-Pasha or at Smyrna and the journey made to Koniah. It is to Koniah that the German syndicate, which is furnishing the capital, intends to extend the line on toward Bagdad. The 525 miles which have just been authorized traverse a very historic region. It is also a very difficult region for railway building, since the Taurus Mountains have to be surmounted and penetrated, and in getting through them there will be fifty-six miles of tunnels, viaducts and bridges. When they are surmounted the Ghiaour-Dagh ranges will have to be conquered, and they will call for twenty-five miles more of tunneling, bridging and viaducting. But when this is done Tel-Habesch will be reached, from which point the prolongation will be made across the Euphrates River toward Bagdad.

When the road gets as far as Tel-Habesch it will be an epoch, for it will mean that people can travel by railway from Paris or Berlin to Mecca, the capital of Islam, the city forbidden to Christians. Tel-Habesch is only thirty-seven miles north of Aleppo in Syria, and it is to be connected with Aleppo by a branch line. There is already a railway from Aleppo to Damascus and from Damascus what is called the Holy Railway, or the Pilgrim Line, has been built nine hundred miles across the plains of Hauran, past the ruined rock city of Petra, and through the Arabian desert to Medina, which is less than 300 miles from Mecca. It is certain that the extension will be made from Medina to Mecca before the Bagdad Railway reaches Tel-Habesch from Koniah.

Mohammedan pilgrims from Turkey in Europe do not need to wait the completion of the line to Tel-Habesch and Aleppo. Instead they sail from Constantinople either to Beirut, where they take the railway across Mt. Lebanon to Damascus, or they disembark at the little port of Haifa under the shadow of Mt. Carmel and take the line along the Sea of Tiberias and across the Jordan to the plains of Hauran, the junction with the Damascus line being formed at De'era. From De'era there is the main trunk straight to Medina. Most of the route is through the desert, but there is some fertile land in the Trans-Jordan country, where the farmers may be seen farming as they have done for 3,000 years.

Little attention has been paid by the Christian

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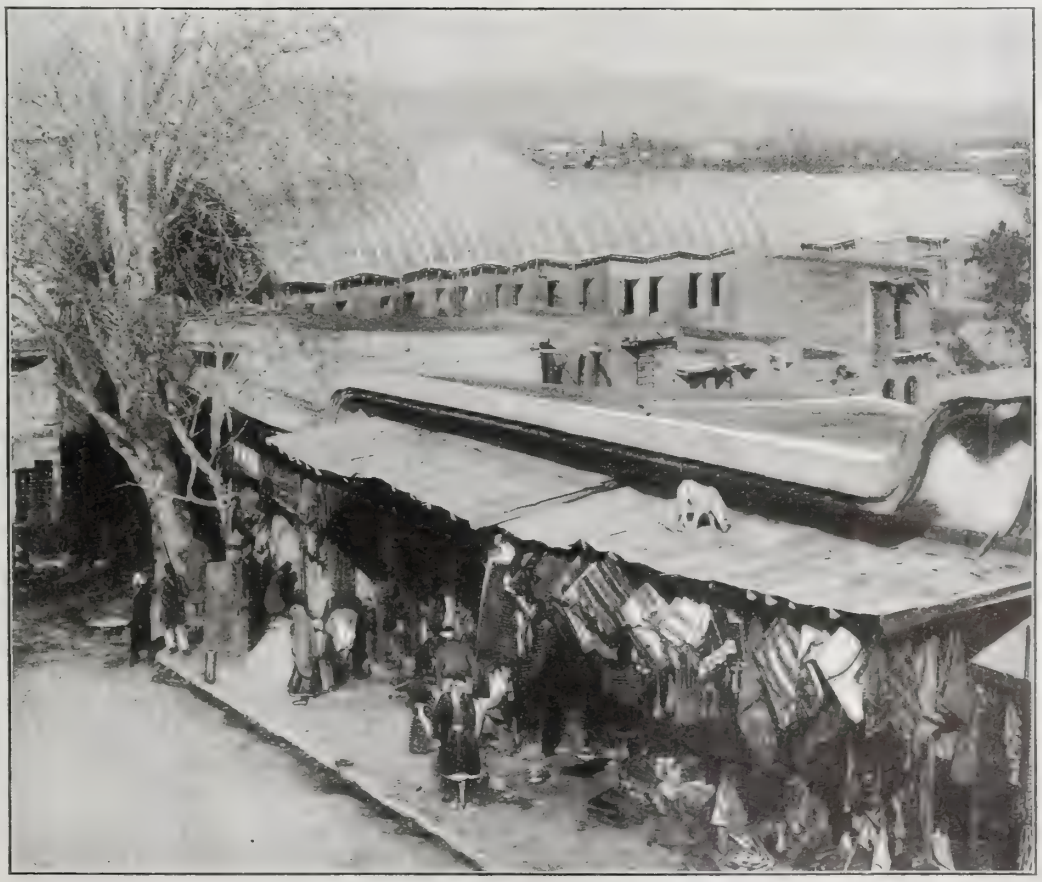

Damascus, Which is Now Linked With Mecca and Medina by the New Railway

The American Pulpit

A SERMON BY

Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D.

The Divine Ideal of a Human Life

TEXT — Acts 24 : 25

"And as he reasoned of righteousness, temperance and judgment to come, Felix trembled."

WE HAVE seen St. Paul under very many different conditions as we have carefully studied the story of his life. We have found him as the persecutor consenting to the death of St. Stephen, and later we have seen him with flashing eye and determined spirit setting his face toward Damascus that he might persecute the Christians, men, women and children, even unto strange cities. Then suddenly all is changed and he is himself a Christian, and as such we have seen him beaten with stripes; stoned with stones; left by the wayside for dead; tossed upon the sea in a storm; cast upon an island as a result of shipwreck, and at the end of his great career we see him walking to his death like a conqueror. Rome never knew a more heroic soul than St. Paul, the Apostle. We have listened to him preaching on different occasions, and with the exception of his Master there never was such a preacher.

We studied him upon Mars Hill, as he was delivering his mighty message, and when he had gathered a great crowd around him we were thrilled as he said, "Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious. For as I passed by and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, 'To the Unknown God.' Whom, therefore, ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you." (Acts 17: 22, 23.)

An Illustrious Trio

But here in this text is an illustration of another sort. This is a picture of a private ministry, with an audience of two. It is a testing service, for it is vastly easier to speak upon Mars Hill when he faces a crowd than to stand in the presence of two important people and rebuke them because of their sins. It is easy to be brave when surrounded by a multitude; not so easy under circumstances like these; but he never flinched. "And as he reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, Felix trembled, and answered, 'Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season I will call for thee.'" (Acts 24: 25).

This is the illustrious trio which faces us in this story. It is light and darkness, righteousness and sin facing each other. The preacher is great. He had well nigh graduated at the school of suffering. He had grown old before his time. His back was bent; his body worn, and he said himself that in his body he bore about the very marks of the Lord Jesus. His had been a life of extreme loneliness. Even Jesus had his Bethany, but Paul, denied his Bethany, seemed even more lonely than his Master.

> Yet without cheer of sister or of daughter,
> Yet without stay of father or of son;
> Lone on the land and homeless on the water
> Pass I in patience till the work is done.

Here stands St. Paul a prisoner, well-nigh a slave; "a word and he will be thrown to the lions, a nod and the fire will consume him. He is face to face with evil and he smites it with both hands." Yet, as Joseph Parker said, "He feels the breath upon him of more than twelve legions of angels, and, therefore, is well-nigh perfect in his display of courage."

Felix and Drusilla

The audience is interesting. St. Paul had fought with the beasts at Ephesus, but that struggle was nothing to this. There was Felix, a Roman Procurator, originally a slave, but now free; he had risen to almost unlimited power. A more contemptible person never combined the power of a king and the meanness of a slave. He was a cruel, licentious and unrighteous man. He was steeped in blood, rich by oppression and profligate in conduct. Then there was Drusilla. She was said to be one of the beauties of the day. She was the daughter of one king and the wife of another. According to Josephus, she was the daughter of Herod Agrippa the First, and she was at one time the wife of the king of Emesa. Felix had enticed her away from her rightful husband by the power of a magician. As a result of this unholy marriage there was born a son Agrippa, and it is said that he and his miserable mother perished in one of the eruptions of Mount Vesuvius.

Here is Paul's description of himself. Speaking of others he said:

> Are they ministers of Christ? (I speak as a fool) I am more; in labors more abundant, in stripes above measure, in prisons more frequent, in deaths oft. Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and day I have been in the deep. In journeyings often, in perils of water, in perils of robbers, perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren. In weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness.

And he pathetically adds:

> Beside those things that are without, that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches (II. Cor. 11: 23-28).

I see him stand in the presence of his audience of two. There is power in his attitude. His eyes are flashing; his lips are trembling; his body quivering with excitement. Then a solemn and deathlike hush comes over his auditors, "and as he reasoned of righteousness, temperance and judgment to come Felix trembled." His manner of preaching is worthy of notice. He reasoned. It was perfectly natural for him to do so, for he understood the art perfectly. He was a born logician, but his natural powers are set on fire of God; but let it always be remembered that our religion has ever stood the test of reason. The world's greatest men have been Christians. The greatest philosophers have bowed the knee to Jesus —men like Bacon, Locke, Johnson, Edwards, Hopkins and McCosh; and it was Locke who said: "If I had my life to live over I would spend it studying the Epistles of St. Paul and the Psalms." The greatest astronomers have been Christians—men like Kepler and Newton and a host of others; and it was Newton who said: "I am thinking the thoughts of God, and God is passing before me in all the grandeur of his ways." The greatest scientists, historians, discoverers and statesmen have been devout Christians. So Paul was moving in the right line as he reasoned. The field before him was positively boundless.

Reasoning of Righteousness

He reasoned of righteousness. That is the divine ideal of a human life. It is what we ought to be to God and man according to God's teaching. What a rebuke it was to Felix! The woman by his side was an evidence of his sin; as they both leaned forward he could feel her hot breath upon his cheek. He had in his sin against society struck a blow at home life in all ages. No wonder he trembled. His position was not much like that of General Wardwell, the hero of two wars, whose story has recently appeared in the public press. His aged wife was discovered to be a leper, and was about to be deported to the lepers' island, when the old general said: "But I, too, am a leper and I must go with her." And they told him after examination that he was not a leper and could not go. Then, although her body was wasted by disease, her hands were bent and crippled, her face was marred as a result of her suffering, and her reason dethroned, he took her in his arms and stroked her hair as he did when she was a bride, covered her face with his kisses as when she was his sweetheart; and he said: "You may take her away, but I will, if necessary, go upon my hands and knees to find her."

St. Paul may have presented an ideal like this, and if he did, I know why Felix trembled. He was not alone rebuked. Drusilla must have trembled, too. And are we doing our best? Are we not guilty of sins against society, sins against the church, and sins against the minister, and sins against God? Have we not been guilty of sinning against our fellow men, of hurting the poor, neglecting the oppressed, forgetting the sorrowing, and neglecting the sick? Have not some of us sinned against our households?

The Unseen Danger

I heard an evangelist recently tell the story of a father who took his little boy into one of the parks in the South. Interested in his newspaper he dozed and fell asleep after awhile; his little boy wandered too near the river that ran through the park, when suddenly the father was startled by the cry of his boy, shouting: "Hurry, papa!" The father was instantly aroused only to his horror to see that a great crocodile had caught his little fellow as he waded into the river. "Hurry, papa!" he shouted; "hurry!" But the father sprang to the river's edge only in time to see his child sink beneath the waves. Vice is on every hand. Sin faces our children everywhere. Pitfalls are at their feet. Hell yawns before them, and I think I hear them shouting: Hurry, hurry! If we have failed here we ought tremble.

St. Paul also reasoned of temperance. That h to do with one's personal responsibility for on own body and the shaping of human relationshi It is the control of the appetites and passions. there is a distinction between righteousness a temperance, the one is a warning concerning si against ourselves. Righteousness rebuked Felix f his sin against Drusilla. Temperance rebuked hi because of his sin against himself. I can see h face flush and grow pale and his eyes flash wi anger. He knew he was wrong, and yet he is n alone in that conclusion. Is your life right in t sight of God? You must answer the question to G and not to men; and yet who of us can control hir self? Our effort would be an utter failure if v tried.

When Christ Comes Into the Life

I heard Prof. C. M. Coburn say this summer tha Julian Hawthorne in his travels abroad journeye through Wales. He was accompanied by a Harvar student, who had a periodical passion for drin One day they were standing together watching th women of Wales with their little children gatherin the herbs at the foot of the great cliff. They fille the baskets with these herbs, and the fathers, awa up at the top of the cliff, by means of a rope woul draw the baskets up. Suddenly, as they watche the Harvard student said: "Mr. Hawthorne, th passion for drink is on me again;" when his frien noting a narrow pathway running almost up th face of the cliff, said: "Run up that quickly, and yo will forget it." When he had gotten fairly started a little girl, noting him, started after him, when sh stumbled and fell, and fortunately fell into one o the baskets. The father, feeling the tug upon th rope, thought the basket filled and started to draw i up. The child became frightened, and as the baske was drawn up rapidly attempted to climb out. I would have been sure death, when Julian Haw thorne, with his hands to his mouth, shouted to hi friend: "Spring out and catch the rope. Let your self down. Save the child." The trained athlet balanced himself a moment and sprang out; let him self down hand by hand, and saved the child. An the passion for drink never returned to him. Prof Coburn said it was because of the great principle o sacrifice getting into his life. I can quite under stand it, but I can understand this, too: that if on should admit into his life Jesus Christ as a persona Saviour and an abiding strength and hope and com fort, then passion could be controlled, weakness be overcome and deliverance be sure.

A Vision of Judgment

Paul also reasoned of judgment to come. The judgment is a solemn day. It is a place where men meet their past, where books are opened, where conscience and remorse smite the sinner. Have you ever read Bickersteth's description of the Judgment, in which he says:

> Yes, there was Cain, the fratricide,
> The brand of murder still upon his brow.

And a little further on in the poem, he says:

> Time's river, in that awful retrospect,
> Was flowing swiftly by, when lo! I heard
> The traitor's name, and from among the dead
> He staggered, shuddering, to the judgment bar.

Felix will be there and Judas will be there. Will you be there? I know that Jesus will be there, either for us or against us. Which shall it be?

A distinguished minister in New York dreamed a dream in which he thought he stood at the judgment bar of God, and he heard him say: "Have you always been kind and just and patient and true?" And when he had exhausted all the virtues, the minister, renowned for his goodness upon earth, was obliged to say that he had in his own thought failed in the light of the judgment. Then, just as he felt that all hope was gone, he saw a light above the brightness of the sun and beheld one whose hands had been pierced by the nails and whose side had been scarred, and a voice said: "Father, this man confessed me down in the world. I will confess him here."

Is your trust in Jesus Christ? Then fear not. And as he thus reasoned, Felix trembled; trembled

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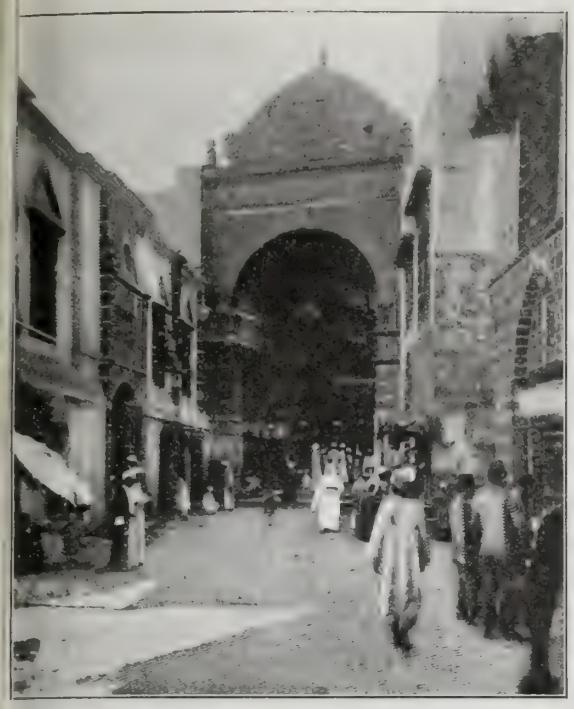
The Sultan's Railway to Mecca

Continued from page 863



Gate of the Mosque of Mohammed, Medina

world to the building of this railway to Mecca, but the Sultan has held to it with more consistency than marks most of his policies. Perhaps he would not have done so except that Mohammedans all over the world encouraged him to go forward with the project and they gave large sums of money. It is said that up to the present time out of $16,000,000 which has been spent on the line nearly $6,000,000 has come from Mohammedans outside the Turkish Empire. They are still contributing and their funds are expected to insure the completion of the line to Mecca within the next five years. The Bedouins, though nominally Mohammedans, have not favored the project and have interfered with the railway building by occasional raids on the workers. But since the majority of the laborers were Turkish soldiers who were detailed for this duty, the attacks of the Bedouins have been repelled.

It is estimated that this year there will be 150,000 Mohammedan pilgrims who will travel over the Mecca Railway as far as Medina. In years past, when the camel caravans from Damascus with escorts of troops were the only means of making the pilgrimage, the numbers in the great caravan sometimes reached 50,000. This caravan required at least two months from Damascus to Mecca. Now the railway journey to Medina can be made in less than five days, and there the caravan taken for Mecca with about ten days for the journey.

Mussulman fanatics and devotees for a time held aloof from the great body of pilgrims in using the railway, which they looked upon, perhaps truly, as an entering wedge for Christianity. Yet they now are said to be reconciled to it and they join with the other pilgrims. Regular trains are fitted out which are in the nature of traveling mosques, since all the Mohammedan religious ceremonies are scrupulously performed on these trains and there are large numbers of mullahs or priests along with the pilgrims. These come from every section of the Mohammedan world—from Morocco and the Barbary States, from Egypt and the Soudan, from India and Afghanistan, from the Malay Straits, and even from the Philippines. They are accompanied by Arab and Syrian traders, who supply their wants and charge all that can be obtained.

The rich Mohammedans travel in comparative comfort, fitting up their own trains. The poorer, who constitute the vast majority, travel huddled together in third-class coaches about like similar travel in all the Oriental countries. The rich help to pay their fare or they are given free passage by order of the Sultan.

The rails actually reach the outskirts of Medina in June, but officially the railway is not considered as having arrived at this famous city until September. This is because Sultan Abdul Hamid ascended the throne in September, and he likes to have celebrations of this sort take place on the anniversary of his accession. A very extensive programme was provided for the Medina ceremonies. Four years ago, when the railway got as far as Ma'an in the desert, there was a similar celebration, but not on so extensive a scale as the Medina one. Of course, the greatest of all celebrations will be when the railway reaches Mecca.

No one can tell what the ultimate effect of this Damascus-Mecca Railway will be. In addition to the religious motive the Sultan had military reasons for wanting it built, since it enables him to transport troops to the heart of Arabia to contend with the rebellious tribes who heretofore have so successfully defied his authority. But there is even a broader possibility. The Mecca Railway is a twentieth century enterprise and the question arises whether it will not be, as some of the Mohammedans have feared, an entering wedge for Christianity in the heart of Islam.

Courtyard, Mosque of Mohammed's Tomb, Medina

The Mir-hab, Medina, before which Mohammed Prayed

Our three photographs on this page are the first ever taken with the camera within the walls of the "forbidden city" of Medina. They were taken by a correspondent of the *Illustrated London News*. One shows the courtyard of the famous mosque that contains the tomb of Mohammed; another, the *Mirhab* or mosque before which Mohammed prayed, and the third the chief gate of the mosque which holds the much venerated tomb of the prophet. Medina is sacred to the Mohammedan, for it was to Medina that Mohammed went after the flight from Mecca, and there he died and was buried. Those not of the faith are forbidden to enter it; but the ban has been broken on several occasions, notably by Burckhardt in 1811, and by Sir Richard Burton in 1852.

The money to build the Hedjaz railway, which was inaugurated at the holy city of Medina on the first of last month, was subscribed by followers of Islam in all parts of the world. It links Damascus to Medina, which is second in sanctity only to Mecca, and it is more than probable that it will be extended to Mecca itself. None but Mohammedans were employed on the task of construction. The scheme originated in the brain of Izzet Pasha, the Sultan's late Second Secretary and Chamberlain, now a refugee. Abdul Hamid saw from the outset that the making of the line would strengthen the position he claims for himself as the spiritual head of Islam. The railway will have a great strategic value. As the London *Times* points out, it lies very near the flank of Egypt, and affords a rapid means for the transport of troops towards those provinces of Arabia which have never been properly subjugated by Turkey.

THE DIVINE IDEAL OF A HUMAN LIFE Sermon by Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D.—*Continued*

as sin faced him; as conscience struck him; as remorse overwhelmed him; as judgment broke in upon him; as the veil was drawn aside and he saw the Judge and saw himself; and yet, in spite of it all, he resisted. How near one may come to salvation and miss it all!

On the 24th of July, 1908, a remarkable event took place. It was the running of the Marathon race from Windsor Castle to the Stadium, twenty-six and one-third miles; with thousands waiting to welcome the runners; among whom stood the Queen and King of England. Not since the ancient Greek fell dead at the feet of hundreds of thousands, after carrying a message of war a distance of twenty-six miles from the battlefield of Marathon to the public square at Sparta, was ever such a thrilling climax to a long-distance run.

"Make way for the Marathon runners!" finally came the announcement as from the throat of a giant, when the approach of the runners was heralded through a megaphone. Everything else was forgotten and the crowd, on its feet, turned its face to the entrance of the Stadium. The silence was breathless. For ten minutes in perfect silence the crowd of 100,000 stood, with all eyes focused on the gate directly opposite the royal stand, where the runners were to enter. Then the great voice rang out again: "The runners are in sight. Italy is in the lead!" Finally, a figure looking almost as small as that of a pigmy, appeared at the gate and staggered down the incline leading to the track. He was clothed in a white shirt and red running trousers. This uniform confirmed the announcement that Italy was the leader in the race. The runner stood for a moment as though dazed, and turned to the left, although a red cord had been drawn about the track in the opposite direction for the runners to follow. It was evident that the runner was practically delirious from his efforts. A squad of officials ran out and expostulated with him, pointing to him the right track, but he waved them away as though they were trying to put him upon the wrong path and cheat him out of a victory dearly won. In a great roar, the crowd shouted directions to the confused runner. At length Dorando, for he had been generally identified, started on the right path along the track.

Then followed an exhibition perhaps never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it, and perhaps never to be witnessed again in this generation. He staggered on toward the turn in the track and dropped to the ground. It was but human that those who had witnessed his struggles should gather around him and lift him to his feet. But to all it was also evident that he had run himself to the limit of his endurance. None of the spectators had expected to see him rise when he fell like a soldier crumpled up by a bullet, his face haggard and drawn. He was quickly lifted to his feet. Clearly he was unconscious. His limbs would not support him. One man took him by the arm, another stood at his back and he was pushed and dragged across the tape, and then allowed to drop to the track and lie there, until a stretcher was brought to carry him away. But he lost the race. He was near; he was actually within sight of the goal, but he lost the race!

So you may have been almost persuaded, but, remember, "almost is but to fail." It was against the rules for the officials to help Dorando; but it is not against the rules of God or heaven for our Saviour to step forth, when we have faith in him and have done our best, to help us over the goal, and he will do this—as we fail he will help.

"Our Favorite Magazine"

Dear Dr. Klopsch:

I have received the pictures. They are beautiful. I cannot tell you how we enjoy THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It is our favorite magazine.

Charlottetown, P. E. I. MRS. ANNIE TODD.

"THE SAINT OF SECOND AVENUE"

By KATE UPSON CLARK

THE wonderful life of Mrs. Bella Cooke, who has for fifty-two years lain upon a bed of pain and weakness, and is yet full of love and cheer, is well known to CHRISTIAN HERALD readers. Although she was eighty-seven on the 13th of July last, her beautiful eyes are as bright and clear as ever, and her whole fine face shines with her unselfish and affectionate interest in others.

Yet the past year has been one of the hardest among the many distressing periods through which this devoted servant of Christ has been called to

Bella Cooke, Before She Became a "Shut-in"

pass. It has been a time of constant pain and illness, and has left her so weak that she tells her friends, "I am not Bella Cooke any more. I am just a plain old woman who can do little but suffer on until the time of my release comes."

In despite of these words, she is still visited by hundreds of the poor, and by even more of the well-to-do, who come to lay gifts in her hands to be distributed among the needy, whose wants no one knows like Bella Cooke. They love to come; not only in order that they may thus accomplish some good to the poor, but that they may be strengthened and refreshed in spirit by the tide of faith and joy which seems always at the flood in the heart of this noble and altruistic "shut-in."

Riding in a Second Avenue car to Twenty-seventh Street, you find the number 492 on the door of an ordinary tenement house, with shops underneath it. There is nothing about the exterior to indicate that one of the rarest souls in the metropolis is nearby. You ring the bell, and are told to pass into the house in the rear, if you wish to see Bella Cooke. Through a paved court you enter a clean, old-fashioned, two-story wooden house, which might have stepped out of some quiet village street. There, in her upper chamber, truly a chamber of peace, lies the invalid of so many years, her placid face framed in a frilled white cap, and all of her surroundings dainty even to elegance. The ruffled and embroidered pillow-slips are given her every year as a Christmas remembrance by one of the many who are so deeply indebted to her. Other loving and beloved ones insist on contributing regularly other little comforts and easements for her. Her three daughters are all married, and are loving and faithful.

Left a widow at twenty-seven, and bed-ridden at thirty-five, one would think that Bella Cooke might properly be exempted from charitable work for outsiders. But from the first her great heart has yearned over the unfortunate. Even when, as a widow, she was working for a mere pittance to put bread into the mouths of her children, she would manage to snatch an hour or two to visit those worse off than herself. The storekeepers in her neighborhood soon came to know and to trust her. If she said that anything was needed in a certain quarter, they knew that it was so, and stood ready to help her.

Gradually the regular charitable workers became acquainted with her remarkable gifts. To gaze into her noble face and to stand in her dignified and even stately presence, was to believe in her and to love her. Wealthy and philanthropic women sat at her feet, put thousands of dollars into her hands, prayed with her, heard the story of her poverty, her faith and her abounding reward, and went away with their strength renewed as the eagle's.

When Bella Cooke went to live in her little wooden house, her green yard extended in front to Second Avenue, and behind lay fields of grass and waving grain. Little by little, the prison city has shut in her house, even as disease has shut in her body, until now her only light comes from above. So it has seemed often to her racked and distracted soul—but the light from above has always shown the way, and given her the power to trust and be at peace.

A nurse dropped her when she was only two years old. This was the beginning of her physical disabilities. Later, largely as a result of this first fall, she had others. As a child and a young woman, she was always frail and feeble. The cares of motherhood rested heavily upon her, and before she was thirty, her life had been often despaired of; but her powerful will kept her upon her feet for five years longer.

Nearly every distinguished physician in New York has studied her case, but it has baffled the highest skill. She has been fortunate in having enjoyed, during all the years of her shut-in-life, the services, as her regular physician and devoted friend, of Dr. Lankford Palmer. It is to his wise care that she is largely indebted for her continued life and power of usefulness. Even at his present advanced age of eighty-five, he visits and prescribes for her daily.

Mrs. Cooke has ten grandchildren and eleven great grandchildren. She herself was one of nine brothers and sisters. Born in England and coming to this country during her early married life, she has kept throughout to the good old British tradition of large families, though she lost several of her own children during their babyhood. The story of her sorrows is told in the two volumes of her life, *Rifted Clouds*, one of the most thrilling chronicles of human suffering. Through its sale, a large proportion of the funds needed for Mrs. Cooke's support are obtained. No one can read the simple and touching story of this afflicted yet triumphant soul without sharing somewhat in the child-like faith which has upheld her through all her thorny way. Daily study of this woman's wonderful life and spiritual experiences should bring results to character and spirituality. One who reads it cannot fail to be strongly reminded of those two great books, the *Imitation of Christ* and *The Saints' Rest.*

Like our own Mr. Moody, Dr. Torrey and many other godly souls, who seem to live in the atmosphere of the apostle's "increasing prayer," it seems, as one reads the "short and simple annals" of Bella Cooke's life, as though she had but to lift up her prayer to the throne of grace in order to obtain all that she desired. The miracles recorded in the Scriptures are scarcely more startling than some of the answers to prayer which are set down in *Rifted Clouds;* and in such clear and convincing detail that even the most skeptical cannot doubt them.

For instance, in the year 1851, when her supply of coal was exhausted and she had no money, a neighbor pressed her for information of her circumstances, and forced her to confess that she was very destitute.

"But," she added bravely, "I told her that there was a little coal on the fire, and before that was burnt I knew that I should have either more coal or the money to buy it."

As the neighbor stood at the door to go, there was a knock. A man stood outside saying, "Does Mrs. Bella Cooke live here? If she does, and if she is a widow, then I have a ton of coal for her."

It was indeed, as the neighbor reminded her, like the appearance of Peter at the gate, when his friends were praying for his release from Herod's prison.

She says that she would like a taste of roast duck—but it costs too much—she must go without it. Almost immediately came kind neighbors bringing with them the very tidbit which she had desired. The book contains many such instances as this.

The names of many of New York's most influential women, who have distinguished themselves in philanthropic work, occur in these pages. Some of them, long since gone to their reward, gave largely and unostentatiously through Bella Cooke, never thinking, probably, of the fame that would come to them through her also.

Even the most hardened infidel must admit that a religion which can uphold its followers, as this saintly woman has been upheld through long and weary years, is a good working faith for the world. If everyone could but possess it, the millennium of perfect love and purest joy would be gloriously upon us.

Mrs. Cooke does not pray to live. She says that she is not tired of the work, "but, oh! the pain, the pain!"

Still, we cannot help hoping that she may be spared to the world a little longer. No one else can ever do the unique work which has so strangely and providentially been given into her feeble, yet powerful hands.

Mrs. Cooke in Her Upper Chamber, Where She Has Lain for Half a Century

ANSWERED PRAYERS

M. M. McF., Pennsylvania. "I was in great trouble and prayed as earnestly as I knew how. He did indeed answer."

A Reader, New York. "I wish to acknowledge in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD an answered prayer in the restoration to health of my husband and daughter."

O. H., Texas. "I was in great trouble. I promised God if he would answer my prayer, I would acknowledge it to the world. I wish to do so through your paper."

H. G. S., North Carolina. "Having been afflicted for two years, and knowing that help could only come from God, I continued to pray, and the Lord has heard and helped me."

Mrs. E. J. E., Iowa. "I want to say that I know God is a prayer-answering God. He has heard and answered many prayers for me, and he gives us wonderful peace if we trust and believe."

Miss B., Texas. "I desire to acknowledge God's goodness to me in answering three special prayers. I know he is a prayer-answering God."

Reader, Tennessee. "Having promised to make known a prayer if answered, I take this means of doing so. I suffered from a severe illness, and through God's kindness was restored to good health."

A. B., Missouri. "I wish to acknowledge publicly God's wonderful answer to prayer. I had delayed doing a plain duty. One night by his grace I did it. Next morning my prayer was answered."

H. H., Montana. "I wish to acknowledge an answer to prayer. I was in great trouble, and I prayed and my prayer has been answered. I shall always put my trust in God."

F. M., New York. "Twice when in trouble have I received direct answer to my prayers."

C. E. B., Idaho. "I promised my heavenly Father if a certain prayer was answered I would let it be known to the world in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It was answered and many others."

Reader, Illinois. "I wish to publicly acknowledge God's goodness to us in guiding and helping us in a sore affliction. Also for the lightening of the affliction. He has so often heard and answered my prayers."

C. B., Richmond Hill, N. Y. Let me acknowledge through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD (by the reading of which many years ago I received the light) that I know God answers prayer. When I was sick he visited me and delivered me from my sickness. May this testimony be blessed to others.

Mrs. C. W. H., Ohio. "I wish as a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to acknowledge the goodness of God, in answering my prayers for the restoration of husband and son from death's door to health."

Reader, Pennsylvania. "We were in trouble and I promised God if he would but answer our prayer I would acknowledge it. I wish to let the world know of his wonderful goodness to me and mine."

M. A. R., Pennsylvania. I want to tell, through your paper, that the Lord has answered my prayers. I was in distress over the health of my son, and now the Lord has answered by restoring him to health. Praise his name!

Sven Hedin's Journey Through Tibet

IN THE current issue of *The Sphere* is an account of the wonderful 4,000-mile journey through Tibet of Dr. Sven Hedin, the great Swedish explorer. Last winter reports were current that Dr. Hedin had perished either from exposure to climatic rigors or by violence. To the delight of the civilized world, the reports have proved false, and the indomitable explorer has been heard from safely in British India, having completed his great journey.

At the end of August, 1906, he left Kashmir with the intention of crossing Tibet from west to east, parallel with the Himalayas, and traversing a region

Dr. Sven Hedin, the Explorer of Tibet

completely unknown. His objective was Shigatse on the Brahmaputra, the second holy city of the royal Lamas, the residence of the Tashi Lama, the most important religious person in the country after the mysterious Dalai Lama. There were 1,200 miles of desert to traverse, the most gloomy solitude in the world. There are no natural resources over all this distance, not even wood, the only fuel being the dried dung of game. This therefore necessitated a numerous caravan carrying provisions for men and beasts. Sven Hedin took with him no fewer than a hundred horses and mules and thirty men.

After fording a great river the first obstacle that presented itself was a chain of mountains 19,300 feet high—3,700 feet higher than Mont Blanc. This wall surmounted, they were on the Tibetan plateau, in infinite stony solitude with numerous lakes. The caravan halted there to repair. While the camp was being fixed the huntsmen went out in search of game, which was very abundant—antelopes, bears, wolves, foxes, and yaks. Of all these animals the only really formidable is the yak, who, confident in his strength, never hesitates to charge. Dr. Hedin himself had a narrow escape from an infuriated bull yak.

The explorer marched for weeks in this huge solitude, when there appeared before him a chain of mountains. Here the caravan experienced terrible weather. Blinding snowstorms enveloped the train as it climbed upwards. Exhausted with fatigue and dying with hunger, horses and mules fell one after the other, unable to rise again. Dr. Hedin realized that the only chance of salvation lay in a rapid march towards the east, where he had reason to believe habitations could not be far away. At last, after three months in the desert, they found men, Tibetan shepherds, from whom Sven Hedin bought some domestic yaks to replace his decimated horses and mules, and with these oxen as carriers he soon arrived at Nyangtse-tso, one of those numerous lakes which constitute the most remarkable feature of these deserted landscapes.

By this time it was the end of December, 1906, and this sheet of water had become a superb stretch of ice, across which it was possible to pass with sleighs. The thermometer fell every day 35 degrees below zero. One day, while they were by the lake, some horsemen arrived suddenly, surrounded the camp, and summoned the Swedish explorer to stop. He had not been authorized to enter Tibet and was told he must retreat immediately. Discussion took place, and after some days of talking the Tibetans retired one morning as unexpectedly as they had come. Sven Hedin could not believe his eyes, but set forward with all haste towards Shigatse.

From the information supplied by previous travelers, the Swedish explorer expected to find the ground between Nyangtse-tso and Shigatse comparatively little broken, and was astounded at discovering a new chain of mountains higher than any previously crossed and not mentioned by any explorer. This ridge, hitherto unknown, stretches over 1,200 miles long from east to west between Kuenlun and the Himalayas at the north of the long valley of the Brahmaputra. This discovery completely changes the appearance of former maps of Tibet. The scaling of this solid mountainous mass was their last great effort, and on February 11, 1907, after six months of marching across the highest mountains of the world, Sven Hedin entered Shigatse. Instead of being arrested on his arrival, as he feared, the traveler was well received. The Tashi Lama, the highest personage in the religious hierarchy after the Dalai Lama, evinced a desire to receive the Swedish scholar, and during his stay showed him sincere proofs of friendship. The Lama conversed for hours with Sven Hedin, and to do him honor, attached several monks to his person in order to see that he was properly treated and to guide him to temples and monasteries. The Tashi Lama is not an ignorant fanatic; he astonished and charmed Sven Hedin by his intelligence and inquiring mind.

Dr. Hedin, in private letters, gives this description of his journey across the inner or newly discovered chain of mountains: "You find the footpaths marked by pyramids of stones adorned with sticks, from which hang shreds of stuff with the ritualistic formula of Buddhism erected as votive offerings by pious travelers. On the granite cliffs gigantic effigies of Buddha have been sculptured, or the eternal litany, *Om mané padmé um*, and everywhere there are skulls of yaks and antelopes which have been offered to the gods."

Sven Hedin stayed for a month by the Manasarowar Lake. This sheet of water, buried away among the great peaks of the Himalayas, is the objective of a pilgrim route much frequented by Hindus and Tibetans. From all parts of India thousands accomplish the arduous crossing of the Himalayas to purify themselves in the waters of this lake and to oblate before Kailas, a magnificent mountain, situated on the borders of this picturesque lake. According to their ideas, this majestic summit carries the paradise of Siva, who from time to time escapes in the form of a white swan and swims on the transparent waters of Lake Manasarowar. In the eyes of the Tibetans, Kailas is equally the abode of the supreme gods, and for hundreds of leagues round about they perform the journey to the mountains to assure themselves of beautitude in eternity. "After observing the practice of the Buddhistic pilgrims," Sven Hedin relates, "I myself traversed the sacred road of the Kailas, a distance of twenty-four miles. There was a constant movement of silent groups, plunged in the most profound meditation. There were men and women, old men and children, lamas and villagers, all sexes, all ages, all classes, represented in this defile, and all breathed so intense a feeling of naive faith that it inspired respect."

After Sven Hedin's arrival at Shigatse the Chinese mandarins, representing the Celestial Empire in the kingdom of the Grand Lama, had announced to the explorer that, residence in Tibet being refused to strangers, he must immediately quit the country. Once more Dr. Hedin succeeded in bringing the Chinese to his wishes. He agreed to set out for India, as the mandarins desired, but on condition that he did not take the most direct route, but went towards Kashmir; that is to say, crossing Tibet again and following a course more southerly than that taken in going. He could thus finish the exploration of the region begun during his winter campaign. The Chinese authorities besides were to furnish him with a complete convoy and escort. This second crossing of Tibet was not less prolific than the first in scientific results. Sven Hedin was able to explore more completely the enormous chain of mountains discovered the previous winter, to discover immense lakes, and to fix the position of the sources of the River Brahmaputra, of the Sutlej, the principal affluent of the River Indus, and of the Indus itself.

Dr. Hedin's Caravan Resting on the Shore of a Tibetan Lake

TIMELY TOPICS AT HOME AND ABROAD

—TURKISH WOMEN have seemingly concluded to live up to their privileges under the new constitution. Finding sanction in the advice of a distinguished *mollah* or Mohammedan priest, they have begun to discard the *yashmak*, or Turkish veil, and thousands of them are now going about as Europeans and Americans do, with faces uncovered. But they want more than this—they are clamorous for reform in the domestic life; they want real homes instead of harems and practical slavery; they want to receive visitors, to dress in modern civilized style, to reorganize social customs and usages, to educate their daughters, to transform not only their drawing-rooms but their kitchens and to make the monotonous Turkish *menu*, with its cloying sweets, hygienic and attractive. They are looking forward to a social emancipation quite as complete as and possibly more far-reaching than the reforms for which their husbands and brothers are now working in the political field.

* * *

—HOW MANY people would believe that ripe grain, standing in the field, could pass through all the necessary processes to convert it into a good loaf of bread in the short space of twenty-two minutes? Yet this is what was done a few weeks ago, on a special trial at Waitsburg, Washington. The ripe wheat was cut on a hillside farm, owned by N. B. Atkinson, president of the Washington State Farmers' Educational and Co-operative Union, two miles from town; was ground into flour at the Preston-Parton mill and baked by A. Beck. Fifty residents witnessed it, and there were three timekeepers.

* * *

—EMPEROR WILLIAM has been criticised by some Continental writers for his occasional religious talks to his officers and men in the army and navy. A German correspondent in the *Independent* comments on this and finds it an admirable thing, instead of one calling for unfriendly criticism. He says: "The young Emperor has always been spoken of by those close to him as a sincerely religious man. During the past year his tendencies in this direction have visibly received a great impetus. The note of pious fervor is struck now with much greater frequency than formerly, and with a ring of candor which forbids the suggestion of pretence. He only the other day concluded a speech to a squad of recruits with the earnest injunction to use the Lord's Prayer, adding that he had himself derived much help from doing so. It is not an altogether pleasant commentary upon the value of the Christian profession of our day, that this remark has been cited as indication that William's mind was losing its balance." He adds that it might not be a bad idea to have some of the other sovereigns and princes of Europe imitate William's example.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

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Entered at Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter
Entered as Second-class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa

Japan and the Fleet

JAPAN'S magnificent welcome to our battleship fleet has convinced the whole world of the deep-rooted and genuine character of the friendship existing between the two nations. It has been more than a mere formal official demonstration of international good-will. For months, the Japanese government and people have been preparing for the coming of the white warships, and their reception of Admiral Sperry, his officers and men has been on a scale of lavish splendor which has probably no modern parallel, while the cordial feeling of the whole nation has been made evident in the generous plans for the entertainment of the visitors. All the resources of the island empire were drawn upon in devising the most delightful entertainments for their guests. Our Japanese friends nobly vindicated their reputation for doing things on a liberal scale, for their welcome was one of truly Oriental magnificence, and a revelation of the possibilities of hospitality to which the Western races cannot attain.

It was a week of red-letter days, the climax being the cordial greeting extended by Emperor Mutsuhito personally in the audience chamber. All traditions of royal exclusiveness were laid aside to honor the Americans when the Emperor clasped hands with Admiral Sperry and told him how Japan had valued America's friendship in the past, and of his desire to strengthen the bond of amity between the two nations in the future.

This was the crowning episode of the long and arduous voyage, and its results may yet be of far-reaching importance to both nations. It is a sufficient answer to those pessimistic forecasters who, when the voyage of the battleships was first projected, could see only trouble ahead, and it will reassure those who had little faith in American statesmanship and the American navy. All their gloomy predictions have vanished into thin air. We are the best of friends with Japan, and our gallant fleet has accomplished something that will be remembered in the years to come.

The Balkan Situation

"WARS and rumors of wars" still come to us over the cable from the land of unrest—the Balkans. Every nation whose borders lie near Turkey seems anxious, for the most part, for a call to arms rather than for a peaceful settlement. On Sunday, the 18th of October, it seemed as if Turkey would go to war with Bulgaria, and there were reports of troops of both armies massing along the frontier. Later, Servia seemed nearer than ever to marching across the Danube and invading Austrian territory. Lack of war material alone seemed to have held her back. Now her arsenals are working night and day to supply the deficiencies, and when these are fully supplied she may make her words good with deeds. The various causes for irritation between Austria and Servia have already been noted in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. How much longer Austria will stand the challenging cry of her small but warlike neighbor, is a serious question. Recently fuel was added to the flame by the arrest of an Austrian officer in Belgrade by the Servian authorities on the charge that he was a spy. This has not yet been proved and the Austrian minister threatened to force his release by sending for the gunboats in the Danube.

Little Montenegro seems hand and glove with Servia and there seems to be an open understanding between them. Together they would make a force that could not be despised. If the demonstrations against Austria had been confined to the people alone they might be regarded as of no danger to European peace, but as the government has taken part in them they take on an entirely different aspect. Both the government and its subjects seem to be very unhappy because they are not already invading Herzegovina, which sometime they had hoped to add to Montenegro. An interesting phase is that both Servia and Montenegro have looked with longing eyes on the same land, but now Austria has got it they will unite against her. Probably in case they won in an armed conflict Bosnia would go to Servia and Herzegovina to Montenegro, but their success would be exceedingly doubtful; yet still greater surprises have happened. If Russia supports them against Austria, as rumored, no one could foretell the outcome. It looks as if a European conference would have to assemble quickly to have them come to a pacific arrangement.

"Not With Observation"

IN A CERTAIN city, when workmen were widening a bridge some years ago, they found in the arched vaults under the roadway the most wonderful caves of snow-white stalactites. The rain, percolating through the roof, carried with it the lime with which the stones were cemented, and by a slow and silent process, continued for many years, transformed the gloomy vaults into a fairy scene. Who would have suspected that under the common roadway, under the tread of the busy feet of toil and of the hurrying world, such a wonderful transformation was going on?

So in the midst of this common, everyday life of ours, amidst the rush of business, the strife of parties, the convulsions of political and social forces, the walls of an eternal city are going up, without noise of axe or hammer, without sound of trumpet or flaunting banners, by the secret, gentle but almighty working of the Spirit of God. "The kingdom cometh not with observation."

A Little Leaven

AT THIS time, when there is so much discussion concerning those questions that are closely related to the physical and moral welfare of the great masses of our population, it is a hopeful sign that the churches seem to be awaking to their opportunities. Here and there, we find an earnest, courageous, consecrated preacher who is giving to the Gospel a practical interpretation, and revitalizing religion within his sphere of influence by applying its remedies to modern needs, economic and social, as well as spiritual.

Recently, a body of Protestant ministers, 161 in number, and representing many different denominations in the United States and Canada, joined in a protest against the indifference of our Christian churches toward many of the great questions that are now stirring society to its depths on this continent. They pointed out that the religion of Jesus affords the true solution for the troubles between the classes, and that it is the church's duty to recognize this and emphasize it in its teachings. But even without discussing the socialization of society—by which they meant simply the modern application of Christ's own teachings—there are many urgent questions calling loudly for reform, which can be greatly helped through the co-operation of the Christian church. The Gospel, interpreted in the spirit of practical Christian effort, can deal with them all. It was given, not for philosophizing and theorizing, however admirable these may be in their own proper places, but to supply a rule of action applicable to all the affairs of human existence. The religion of Jesus is a practical thing, which takes hold of the daily life and comes down to the level of the general need and comprehension. Let us not forget that "the common people heard Him gladly." So, our own churches to-day, to meet the modern emergency, must come down to the people. Their true mission is to save not only the individual sinner, but also to save society by improving it, by bringing its component elements into better relationship, by teaching that the doctrines of Jesus—love, justice, generosity and human brotherhood—were not given to be preserved in books and missals or read once a week gravely in church, but to be lived in the daily life.

What has been accomplished thus far in the practical application of Christianity is only a little leaven; but there are signs that by and by it will leaven the whole lump. It may be the beginning of a new reformation, greater even than that of Luther's day, which will take out of the church its coldness, its selfishness, its indifference, and give it new life and energy by carrying it back to Calvary and filling it with the Spirit of Christ. What a mighty power it could exert toward the world's soci and spiritual reformation!

There are at the present time somewhere abo 135 American Protestant denominations, with 189,0 churches, 140,000 pastors, and about 20,000,000 f lowers. These organizations expend $160,000,0 a year. Some of the most devoted, earnest and el quent ministers in the world are in our Americ pulpits to-day. It is impossible to estimate t tremendous and world-moving influence that mig be exerted by a united church, applying the Gosp of Christ to the problems of daily life. While it true that the reformation of society is a task t great for any human agency, we believe that t church, by dealing courageously and intelligent with present social problems, can demonstrate to t world the practical value of the Christian religi as it has been demonstrated in no previous ag Love to God and love to our fellow-men are the ve essence of Christianity, and one cannot exist wit out the other. No one is a Christian in whose hea these two great commandments are not enshrin above all others, and whose life is not ordered i harmony with them.

A SPLENDID BOOK

FULL OF ILLUSTRATIONS

THE visitor's guide may conduct us through th stately salon of the Executive Mansion, bu Mr. Gilson Willets in his latest book, *The Insid Story of the White House*, takes us beyond its beau ful gardens, wide corridors and spacious receptio halls into the White House as a home. This excelle volume reveals the intimate, personal, fireside lif of our 26 Presidents as husbands, fathers and granc fathers, and the true womanly side of the lovely an beautiful women who in turn have graced its func tions as hostesses of the nation. It chronicles wh were born, who christened, who married and wh have died there. It echoes the wit and humor o resplendent banquets; reflects the festivities o Christmas days and holidays. This is not a mer biography of our Presidents, and the work the did, but shows us how they worked and how the played and how they spent their leisure moments brings to light rare bits of history and faded jewel of romance from the brilliant régime of the famou Dolly Madison down to the more recent day whe Alice Roosevelt cut her wedding cake with the sabr of an army officer; * * * in short, *The Inside Story of the White House* unfolds in one continu ous and sparkling narrative the story of all th tragedy and comedy, the joys and sorrows, that hav been woven and interwoven with its long and ro mantic history.

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THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

The Sacred Tooth of Buddha

TOWARD the heart of the island of Ceylon, Kandy, formerly a capital of a kingdom of the same name, is situated. It rests on the banks f an artificial lake and is surrounded by beautiful nountains. It is noted for its royal residence, its ombs of the kings, and especially for the heathen emples, twelve of which are Buddhist and four Brahman. The most notable structure in Kandy s the Temple of Maligawa or the Temple of the Tooth, where the sacred tooth of Buddha has been kept, it is claimed, for 1,500 years. The temple is small building with a good-sized courtyard surounding it, the outer walls of which are decorated with hideous, poorly executed frescoes of the various punishments of the Buddhist hell. The sacred Bo ree nearby is reported to be the oldest historical ree in the world, its record having been kept since 00 years before Christ. The great relic, which is wo inches long and one inch thick, is preserved in gold and jeweled shrine covered by a large silver ell, in the centre of an octagonal tower. Its pecuiarly sacred character renders it the heart from which all Buddhist sentiment in Ceylon ebbs and flows. Because of his precious relic, the king and priests of Burmah and Siam continue to send valuable gifts to the temple annually. The tooth is exposed to view once a year, which is the occasion of the profoundest religious interest to the followers of Buddha in the island and everywhere.

Of course the tooth is not that of Buddha, but of a hippopotamus. The religious influence going out from it, of course, is a myth, a creation of the heathen imagination. These superstitions are one by one giving way. In the island of Ceylon and in Kandy itself, there are Christian churches, which teach the error of such beliefs. The sacred tooth and all other emblems of heathenism will soon be a thing of the past, and the cross of Christ, the symbol of life and love, will be the object of veneration and the centre of inspiration for the whole world.

Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing? (Psa. 2:1.)

Model Farm in Africa

In an African wilderness under the equator and on a lofty mountain, the Italian fathers of the Catholic Mission of Kenia have established a model farm which is attracting the attention of the civilized world. They have substituted the yoke of cattle for the human beast of burden and the steel plow for the sharpened stick. Three hundred native black hands are employed on this farm and as soon as they acquire a practical knowledge of farming they are sent out to their dusky neighbors to instruct them in the art. They have such agricultural implements as American seed-planters, disk harrows, hand-cultivators, farm wagons, etc. Even in that rich virgin soil they are using fertilizers to increase the quality and quantity of their products. On that lofty altitude they are raising almost everything from American grains to the Irish potato. Wide as are the farming lands of this and other countries, still wider are those which are unemployed in other continents. The plow and the Bible, civilization and Christianity are to conquer the earth.

And strangers shall stand and feed your flocks, and the sons of the alien shall be your plowmen and your vinedressers, but ye shall be named the Priests of the Lord. (Isa. 61:5-6.)

Like a Mighty Army

Ten thousand men, women and children marched through the down-town streets of Chicago, recently, and, with band playing, choruses singing and children shouting, made the greatest demonstration against the liquor traffic that city had ever seen. Nearly one-half of the great temperance army was composed of children. The songs of these youthful crusaders, their cheering and the mottoes their banners bore, provoked a continuous outburst of enthusiasm upon the part of the multitude who lined the streets. There was a platoon of twelve-year-old boys, one hundred strong. They carried a banner bearing this inscription, which could be read blocks away: "The saloons want us. Do they get us?" This is only one of the thousands of spectacular demonstrations against the liquor traffic in all parts of the United States.

That thou by them mightest war a good warfare. (I. Tim. 1:18.)

Surgery and Reformation

A boy fourteen years old, of Nazareth, Pa., took the premium for badness. There was nothing too wicked for him to do. When he was about ten years of age, he whipped out a revolver and thrust it in the face of his teacher when she undertook to correct him, and would have killed her if she had not desisted. He was arrested a little later for stealing a horse, and he threatened to shoot the policeman who undertook to arrest him. It was thought that the boy's badness was caused by pressure of a bone on the brain, and he was taken to a hospital in Philadelphia, where his skull was cut open and a piece of the bone was removed. The operation made no difference whatever in the morals of the boy. He recently broke into the cellar of a hotel and stole a lot of wine and then robbed a cigar factory. There was badness in the boy's blood, and it could not be let out by the knife of surgery. His disposition to break into a wine cellar and help himself may have indicated one of the inspirations of the bad demons which had taken up their residence in his soul. In these times, there are many people who insist that the moral evils of life are simply the result of physical misfortune or malformation, and that, with healthful food and grooming and surroundings, everything will come right; but the sin of the human heart is more than skin-deep. The boy in the cradle inherited tendencies to moral evil from one or both sides of his family, and the surgeon might have taken off both of his legs and a good deal more of his skull, without touching the seat of his moral disorder. However deep may be the innate tendency to sin, there is an abundant cure for that tendency in the religion of Christ. The regenerating power of the Holy Spirit, and the healthful environment of a spiritual church, can cure the worst form of moral evil and turn the blackest demons into the brightest angels.

The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked (Jer. 17:9.)

The Procession of the "Sacred Tooth" of Buddha, at Kandy, Ceylon

A Pampered Dog

A gentleman in New York City imported a full-blooded poodle dog as a pet. He boards at one of the leading hotels in the city and has engaged a special room for this creature. There is a bathroom attached to it, with a tub, and also a shower bath. A maid is employed whose sole business it is to care for the dog. It does not eat with the ordinary dogs, but has a bill of fare of its own. A man is employed so many hours each day to teach him tricks of one kind or another. The dog has already learned to do many things that the ordinarily intelligent poodle can not do. The maid takes the dog walking in the park twice a day.

In these days, when people are found in hovels of poverty, dead for want of food, and when men sink down fainting in the streets, perishing with starvation, it seems a sin for a man to throw away so much money on a dog. In these days, when there are so many poor little children that need an education, it seems a misdirection of benevolence to spend so much time and money training a dog to do tricks. It is said that there is sometimes the disgusting spectacle of women of wealth and fashion, riding along Fifth Avenue in their carriages, with dogs in their laps or by their sides, while their children are being trundled through the paths of the park by nurses.

A love for and proper care of the lower animals is beautiful and commendable, but the substitution of affection which should be bestowed upon the support and education of children to dogs, is a mistake and fault; for there is something God-like in the child which the other creatures do not possess.

Ye are of more value than many sparrows. (Luke 12:7.)

A Ten-Thousand-Dollar Bed

A hotel in an American city boasts of a bed which cost $10,000, and beds of extravagant price are the fad with many people. There is a bed in Bombay which was made for a native ruler some years ago, which is still in use. At the four corners are full-sized figures of Grecian maidens—the ones at the top holding stringed instruments, while those at the foot bear in their hands large fans. Extending the full length of the bed is a music-box, capable of playing for an hour before the repertoire is exhausted. The weight of the bed sets this music-box in motion, while at the same time the figures at the head of the bed finger the strings of their instruments, while those at the foot wave their fans; a concealed motor furnishing the power that keeps the fans going all the night through. The most magnificent bed in the world is that presented to the Czar of Russia years ago by the Shah of Persia. It is made of crystal ornamented with silver. It was cut from a solid block, and, in addition to being provided with steps of blue glass, was furnished with a fountain that threw, the whole night long, streams of scented water into the air.

It is not the cost of the bed, but the softness of the down, that gives rest to the body. It is not the palace of wealth or luxury that has the greatest certainty of refreshment. A poor man who works the hardest often sleeps the soundest, and the couch of the simple cottage is often to be envied. The temper of the mind and the quality of heart have much to do with the rest or restlessness of the body in the night time. It is thorns to the uneasy conscience and feathers to the one who is pure in heart.

In an account of the feast given by King Ahasuerus there is a description of the magnificence of the beds of the royal palace.

The beds were of gold and silver, upon a pavement of red, and blue, and white, and black marble. (Esther 1:6.)

IN THE HOME CIRCLE

By Margaret E. Sangster

The Doctor's Gig

A FAMILIAR object in the past has been the doctor's gig with the doctor's horse that knew every foot of the road and every house at which the doctor was accustomed to stop. We have all seen the doctor jogging along, and if his route were in the country we knew that he might make a circuit of many miles before his day was over. In *The Bonny Brier Bush* the portrait of Dr. William McClure, drawn by the skilful hand of Ian Maclaren, lives in fadeless colors. One remembers with peculiar pleasure the tender ministrations of the fine old Scotch doctor to one poor woman who could be saved only by the skill of a famous London surgeon. Had Annie been a duchess, the doctor mused, she might have been saved, and then straightway he resolved to accomplish the impossible and procure for the wife of the farmer in the highland parish the aid that would have been hers had she been the resident of a palace or a free patient in a London hospital. The doctor sent for the great surgeon and the surgeon came, crossed a highland river at flood in the doctor's gig and was not a little relieved when he found himself safe on its opposite bank. After this he operated successfully on the patient and finally refused the fee that Dr. McClure had procured from a friend who could afford to spare it. There is no more winsome picture on the pages of any novel than this exquisite one of Dr. McClure, driving over hill and dale, with his sure-footed mare, Jess.

Some years ago in a fastness of the South I met a physician who reminded me in many ways of Ian Maclaren's hero. The American doctor was young and his patients lived at remote distances from one another, so that he was always to be seen setting off in the morning for a long day's round. He had been offered fine positions in cities where there were openings for such as he, ambitious, skilful and endowed with genius, but he had refused them one and all, "for," as he modestly put it, when I pressed him for a reason why he lingered where work was hard and pay was poor, "they needed a good doctor in the mountains."

The doctor's gig is passing away. It has been succeeded by the automobile in which the physician can go farther and faster and with less fatigue than in the old-fashioned way, and now instead of the horse that turned in of its own accord at a lane, or stopped by its own volition before a front door, we have the fussy, important machine that has ceased to be a marvel since it has rushed into all our streets, and made its way stormily into our literature. Somehow we regret the old-fashioned gig, although we cannot but rejoice that the motor-car enables the doctor to pay more visits, heal more sick people and do a great deal more good in a day than he could have done a few years back.

If ever a day shall dawn when health shall become universal and illness the exception, we shall feel that earth is taking on the hue of heaven. One of the joys promised in heaven is that there shall be no more pain, no more sorrow, no more parting within its gates. There the inhabitants shall never say "I am sick."

One of the most beautiful and inspiring things that we read in the Gospels, as they tell the sweet story of our Saviour's earthly life, is that he healed all the sick who were brought to him. They came one by one, or in crowds, but the dear Lord healed them all. There is something in the profession of healing that is very nearly allied to the divine ideal, which was of a ministry both to the soul and the suffering body.

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Flowers for the Pulpit

As a rule the providing of flowers for the pulpit from Sunday to Sunday is in the hands of a Flower Committee, usually composed of young ladies. In city churches, money must be raised for the purpose, and often this is done by the Christian Endeavor, Epworth League or Young People's Guild. An arrangement is then made with a florist, who furnishes flowers or palms for every Sunday in the year, Easter and Christmas requiring extra funds and extra plants. The flowers are frequently sent to the sick at the close of the day. In the country, or in villages where flowers abound in gardens, every one is glad to have a share in decorating the church, and the principal duty of the committee is to decide what flowers they will have according to the season, and to see that they are freshly gathered and carried to the church early on Sunday morning. Wild flowers, as the daisy and the laurel, are very beautiful at either side of the pulpit, and if used should be arranged in great masses. Roses and lilies in their season are exceedingly beautiful for this hallowed use. Flowers beside the pulpit remind of the love of God, who gives us not only grain and fruit, but sows beauty broadcast on hillslope and valley, and plants many a wild garden where never foot of man has trod. The flowers help us to praise God, and if it can be helped no pulpit should be without them.

THE FIRESIDE STORY

Happy indeed are the children who live in an old-fashioned house which contains a fireplace where the logs crackle cheerily on autumn evenings. The place for the story hour is before the fireplace, and the tales of brave men and good women, as they fall from the mother's lips, somehow seem more real in the half-light as the sparks go up the chimney.

A Neighborhood Centre

A SHORT story in one of the magazines late described a little informal village library the neighborhood centre. Long before it ha occurred to a generous-hearted millionaire to dot tl land with libraries, this lonesome little village in tl New Hampshire hills had possessed a lending libra of its own. It had grown as naturally as a pla from a seed and had unfolded with the fragrance the rose from the bud. First, a small collection books, contributed by one and another friend, ha been free to everybody, in the wing of a certai deacon's house. Once a year the village people gav an entertainment, and the mone thus made was annually expende in the purchase of new books. Th books were chosen impartially t please the taste of members of th community, from the squire, th doctor and the minister to the boy and girls at school. When th library outgrew the deacon's house it found quarters in the Town Hal and every week on library day th ladies of the parish each in tur took charge of the giving and re ceiving of the books. They had n catalogue, no fees, no red tape, bu on library day people met one an other socially, and the little roon became a neighborhood centre. Th ladies took turns in serving a librarian, and the men of the vil lage every winter each contribute a load of wood for the heating o the room. All was simple, brigh and friendly, and the books went out as messengers of delight or in struction to homes near and far In an evil hour for the village a wealthy visitor from Chicago was stranded within its gates by reason of an accident to his automobile. He conceived the kind desire of donating to the village a perfectly-equipped modern library, and straightway sent an architect and a contractor with carte blanche to erect a charming edifice, and at the proper time when the edifice was completed he sent a graduate librarian and twenty thousand books. Pandora's box opened for the village with the advent of the librarian and the books. There was an end to the old simplicity, the village ceased to read, the exotic refused to take root in the new atmosphere, and a feeling of gratitude came over everyone when the building and the books were accidentally destroyed by fire. The villagers decided to decline any future gifts of the kind, and went contentedly back to their cozy, shabby, comfortable neighborhood centre, the old library.

In suburban boroughs there is usually to-day a country club, an assembly room or a grange that focuses to itself the social life of the neighborhood. Commuters going back and forth on morning and evening trains become pretty well acquainted, and a woman's club, with its accompaniment of study classes and afternoon receptions, draws together the wives and daughters who stay at home while the men are engaged in business. Frequently, the church is the neighborhood centre, meaning to its members not alone an opportunity for worship and devotion, but for friendship and pleasant amenities six days out of seven. Our homes may be perfect in their love and trust, and within their doors we may be happy and contented, but we are the better for a larger life. Every group of homes that is united by a common bond of sympathy and good fellowship helps the town along, adds some brightness and stimulation to individuals and strengthens a principle of good neighborhood that makes us better citizens.

"BALTIMORE"

A TALE OF METROPOLITAN LIFE

By MERRITT CRAWFORD

I.

"JOHN BARKWELL!"

A ruddy-faced, young Irish patrolman stepped to the end of the prisoners' bench, where was huddled what seemed to be an inanimate bundle of filthy rags.

"Get up, Baltimore," he said roughly, though not altogether unkindly, "it's your tur-r-rn at th' rail."

The bundle started, shivered, and straightened up, disclosing the features of a man, though now so bloated and empurpled by many an evil debauch, so utterly lacking in every manly attribute, that the term became the veriest irony.

A week's accumulation of stubbly beard half-covered the prisoner's face, overshadowed by a shock of unkempt, matted hair, of that nondescript color known as grizzled, to which still clung several bits of the straw that had composed his last night's bed in the wagon where the policeman had found him. Two half-shut, heavy-lidded brown eyes looked piteously around the court-room, but nowhere found a friendly face. Dumb, hopeless, shifting eyes they were, that looked alike apprehensively at the judge, at the bluecoated policeman, and at the grimy, tremulous hands of their owner, as they wandered aimlessly over his tattered knees.

This was the man known to the records of the court as John Barkwell, but better known in those unclean haunts of the under world by the simpler sobriquet of "Baltimore."

"John Barkwell — to the bar!" again came the monotonous sing-song of the court officer on the bridge.

"Baltimore" shuffled hesitatingly to the rail in front of the desk, and nodded apologetically to the magistrate. Evidently they were old acquaintances.

The judge glanced over the pile of legal papers that lay before him.

"What is the charge, officer?" he asked mechanically.

The ruddy-faced policeman smiled his surprise.

"Shure it's 'Baltimore,' yer honor," he replied, as if that statement answered the question, "an' it's th' same old charge, intoxication. It's th' second toime he's been here wid me in two months," he added, "an' I guess he's lookin' to be sent away for the winter."

The magistrate made no comment, and continued his search for the missing document. It had been a long and fatiguing morning, but the docket was now nearly empty, and he felt that he could spend a few moments on a case which he usually disposed of with a wave of his hand—toward the cells in the rear of the court-room; the more so as he knew that "Baltimore," old offender as he was, never was at a loss for some new and original excuse to account for his presence there.

He remembered four years before, just after his appointment to the bench, when "Baltimore"—he had not looked quite so disreputable then—had first been arraigned before him. He had believed the man's plausible story, deeming that the police had made some error, and discharged him. A shadow of a smile flitted across the judicial countenance as he recalled that less than a month later, "Baltimore" had again been arraigned, and with a brand new explanation. Since then he had been a regular visitor to the court.

Howbeit, there was no trace of amusement in the judge's voice when he spoke.

"Balt—Barkwell," he said sternly to the shrinking man at the rail, "how many times have you been before me during the past two months?"

"Baltimore" essayed a ghastly grin, but made no response. In the lower depths of his dull understanding, he felt that this time excuses were useless and superfluous. Only a week before he had been discharged from the "Island," after serving what his companions called a "t'irty-day stretch," administered by the magistrate who now faced him, and he was convinced that at least three, if not six, months' imprisonment awaited him. He shifted from one foot to the other, and fidgeted nervously, but remained silent.

The burly officer on the bridge bent over toward him threateningly.

"Dijer hear th' judge ask yer a question?" he growled, taking a step toward the rail.

"Baltimore" cowered from the blow he felt was imminent.

"I was up here on'y three times, yer honor," he whined hastily.

Everyone within hearing distance tittered, but the excuses that the knowing ones expected were not forthcoming. Instead, the usually verbose "Baltimore" relapsed into his former dogged silence.

"Barkwell," said the Judge at last, "I am going to give you the chance you ask for"

"Have you anything to say, Barkwell?" asked the judge perfunctorily; "remember, this time I shall have to be pretty severe."

"I'll give him six months," he was thinking; "the winter's coming on and the poor fellow will be better off there, anyway — besides, it's what he really wants." He started to fill out the commitment papers when he was interrupted by the approach of a gray-haired woman, who had forced her way past the gate-keeper, and now stood before him.

"Yer honor," she said pleadingly, "I'm Mrs. Donovan—the mother o' Patsy—who ye sint away this marnin'."

The judge looked puzzled.

"Let me have 'im back, Judge—plaze let me have 'im back," she went on chokingly; "he's all Oi have in th' world. 'Tis the fir-r-st toime he's iver been arrested, an' he'll niver do it agin, Judge, if ye'll only let 'im go this wanst. Fer Patsy's a good bye, barrin' that he does take a drop too much now an' thin. Plaze let 'im go fer th' sake o' his poor ould mither." The warm tears were streaming down Mrs. Donovan's honest, wrinkled face, and the smiles had wholly vanished from the faces of the on-lookers.

"Come in at the afternoon session, Mrs. Donovan," said the magistrate kindly, as he strove to recall the case from the mass which he had decided that morning, "and I'll see if I can help you."

The judge was a whimsical, but kindly man, and he could not bear to see a woman's tears. As Mrs. Donovan left the room, loudly declaring her gratitude, he noticed that "Baltimore" was endeavoring to attract his attention. Perhaps the pleadings of this gray-haired woman had awakened memories of that other tender mother, who had watched over the cradle of this outcast long ago, for the dumb, brown eyes were filled with a strange sadness.

The judge looked at him curiously. Could this man, in whom every good impulse seemed dead, really have a better nature? he wondered. Strange that in all the time he had known him he had certainly never observed any indication of it, if he had. His thoughts were interrupted by the unmusical voice of the prisoner.

"I *was* drunk last night, yer honor," he said huskily, with the hoarse accents of the habitually intemperate man, "an' I *have* only been off th' Island a week—th' third trip there inside o' two months—but I'd like ter get a chance, Judge," he added, "just one chance." He lifted his voice a little, and went on. "They all know me"—he indicated the waiting policemen with a wave of his tremulous hand—"an' where do I get a show t' do better? I can't go nowhere but some o' them tells me ter move on, an' if I don't do it quick enough ter suit they fans me with their clubs, or runs me in. W'at can I do?" he queried plaintively, "w'at can I do? I never harmed anyone but myself, yet none of 'em's got anythin' but a hard word or a blow fer ol' Baltimore. I try ter earn my livin', but how can I, w'en they set on me wherever I go?"

"Baltimore" paused more from lack of breath than because he had finished, and the crowd tittered again, though not so loudly as before. This was certainly a new line of defense.

"If you'd only tell 'em ter leave me alone, Judge," quavered the prisoner, "an' give me a chance!" He had discovered some sign of wavering in the judge's eye, and was quick to take advantage of it.

The magistrate lifted his pen irresolutely.

"What can you do to earn your living?" he asked doubtfully, evidently struck with some sudden thought.

"Most anythin', yer honor," was the ready answer, "but mainly, I'm a—I'm a—I—er—sell kindlin's, sir."

The judge turned for information to his attendant, as another ripple of laughter swept over the room.

"He's what they call a 'woodchuck,' your honor," volunteered that official contemptuously, "a 'rock-carpenter.' A man who collects old boards and such wherever he can find 'em, and then breaks 'em up with a cobble-stone so's he can sell 'em for kindling-wood."

"Yes, that's it—that's it," agreed the prisoner, nervously wiping his dry lips with the back of his grimy hand.

The judge pondered a moment.

"Do you think you could keep sober, Barkwell," he asked kindly, "and really do something better, if I gave you the opportunity? Remember, the winter is coming on," he added.

Whatever may have been passing in "Baltimore's" mind just then is hard to guess, but his reply came without hesitation.

"I ain't always been a 'woodchuck,' yer honor," he said readily, yet withal tremulously, "an' if I had a fair show, I b'lieve I could."

The magistrate's fingers drummed thoughtfully

Continued on page 878

THE SUCCESS OF THE AERONAUTS

ALL the world seems to have become possessed with the idea that it must attach wings to itself and enter into competition with the birds of the air. What a short time it seems since the intelligent part of the community would smile indulgently when it was announced that some one was experimenting with a flying machine; a general raising of eyebrows and significant exchange of glances greeted the inventor's approach. To-day every civilized country in the world has its experimenters; their efforts are watched with interest, and cheers greet their success, and sympathy their failure.

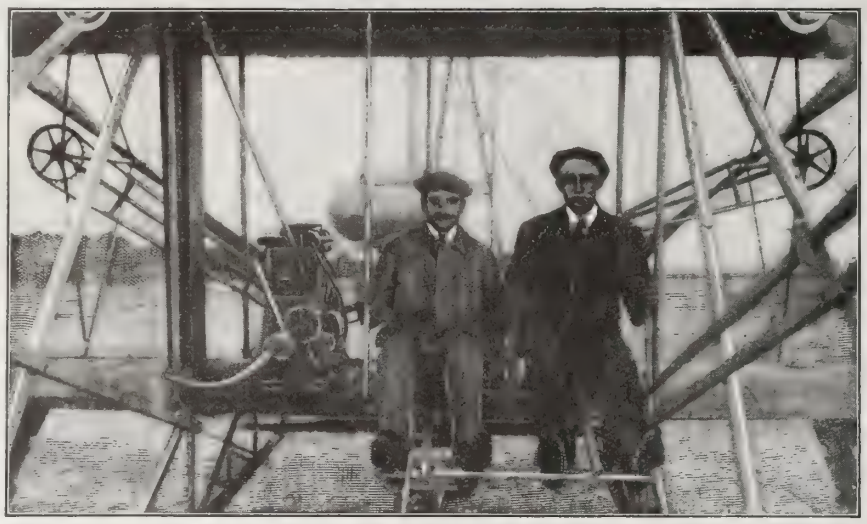
There are several different flying machines that are being tested beside the old round balloon which goes wherever the wind listeth, and which is not popular for military purposes, as it would just as likely as not deposit the scouts in the very centre of the enemy's camp or float gently within easy range of his guns. The dirigible balloon, long and narrow, and carrying a propelling and steering apparatus, and the aeroplane are now striving for first place.

Of the long dirigible balloons and the aeroplanes there are almost as many varieties as there are inventors. The best of the dirigibles was that of Count Zeppelin of Germany, which was recently destroyed by fire after making a phenomenal flight of several hours, carrying nine passengers, going over two hundred miles.

On the cover page of this issue appears an accurate picture of the Wright machine, the most successful aeroplane yet constructed. The two wings, or planes, as they are called, are each forty feet in length by six and a half wide. They have a surface of 500 square feet. The wings have a space of six feet between them. The rudder has a surface of about seventy-five square feet. Its planes are two and a half feet wide and sixteen feet long. The Wright aeroplane used in this country is controlled by three levers or cranks. The machine used by Wilbur Wright in France has but two. In the American machine one controls the horizontal rudders and the others the main planes. Raising or lowering one of the great planes helps the rudder to change the course of the machine. The frame of the aeroplane is made of wood strips, pine, ash, and spruce being used. The weight of the machine is about 800 pounds.

The motive power is furnished by a small gasoline motor. It is four-cylindered and water-cooled. Its average speed is 1,400 revolutions every minute and the propellers are driven toward each other at five hundred revolutions per minute. These propellers are of wood and about six feet in diameter. They cost about $50 each.

It is set on the lower plane in line with the rod which runs back to the vertical steering plane at the left of the centre. In flight this is balanced by the manipulator and his passenger, who sits on the other side of the line. The engine is twenty-five horse power.



Wilbur Wright and a Passenger Ready for an Ascent

The machine in flight averages about twenty-six miles an hour, and can be forced up to forty. When the machine is coming down it moves sometimes at the rate of half a mile a minute, and yet if all goes well the operator feels no jar. The machine slides on landing.

The course of the machine upwa or downward is regulated by the t small horizontal planes seen jutti forward from the main body. The t aeronauts sit on the forward edge the lower plane with their feet on brace. The machine is started by b ing pushed on a monorail and then b ing suddenly jerked forward by blo and tackle. It always rises against t wind.

A monoplane, the invention of C. V Williams, is being tried out on t grounds of the Aeronautic Society Morris Park, New York. Mr. Wi liams's machine differs much from t Wright machine. There is one gre overhead surface made up of fo canvas planes all on the same lev from which the machinery is su pended, the operator being some fe below the centre; consequently t machine appears to be well balance in fact, is much like a great parachut and it is claimed it cannot be turne over.

While the inventors of the aer planes have been skimming about wit varying success, the large balloo with which we are all familiar, is sti holding its place in the interest those who are studying the navigatio of the air. One of the remarkable ba loon races in history has just take place in Europe, the competitors re resenting most of the European cou tries and the United States. Th trophy competed for was the famou James Gordon Bennett cup. Th American balloon, *The Conqueror*, m with an accident when it reached th height of 3,000 feet. The bag burs and all expected to see th occupants of the car dashe to pieces on the roofs below

It dropped rapidly at firs and then the bag filled wit air like a parachute. I drifted slowly away an landed a little later on th roof of a house in a subur of Berlin.

The wind bore the remain ing racers, twenty-two i number, off toward Russia and misfortune semed to g with them. Several of th balloons fell into the Nort Sea and swift launche chased them to save th aeronauts. One balloon wa found floating with not sign of its passengers. It i supposed they perished, a there seems little chanc that any ship was in th locality at the time.

Start of the Great International Balloon Race in Berlin

JAPAN'S WELCOME TO THE FLEET

OUR battleship fleet arrived in the harbor of Yokohama, October 18, at 9:30 A.M., and was accorded a welcome by the Japanese officials and people which proved beyond all doubt the sincerity and friendship of that nation. Three Japanese cruisers met the fleet outside the harbor and acted as an escort. In the harbor they were greeted by sixteen Japanese warships. The roar of saluting guns, the dipping of flags on the decorated vessels, and the cheers of hundreds of thousands of spectators on other craft and on shore, made the scene memorable.

Then came formal calls, entertainments, receptions, dinners, etc., in an endless round. Almost every prominent Japanese gave expression to his pleasure and satisfaction at the fleet's visit, and the highest tributes were paid to the United States, to President Roosevelt and to the officers and men of our fleet.

Tokyo, the capital, gave a magnificent welcome to Admiral Sperry and his officers, who were the special guests of the government during a whole week. The enthusiasm of the populace was overwhelming and the street decorations superb. There were wonderful arches raised specially for the Americans; the Japanese musicians played American tunes; processions of school children welcomed our men with shouts of "Banzai!" and singing "Hail, Columbia!" The principal American officers were entertained at the Shiba palace, the others at the Imperial Hotel, and each had private carriages at his disposal.

Greatest of all the events, however, was the Mikado's reception to the American officers, which is declared to have been the most brilliant the Imperial Palace has ever witnessed. All the heroes of the Japanese army and navy were present. Ambassador O'Brien accompanied the American officers through crowded streets, lined with people bearing American and Japanese flags. The Emperor greeted Admiral Sperry in the Imperial Palace, the latter being presented in the audience chamber by our ambassador. Emperor and admiral talked a few minutes. Then Admiral Sperry delivered President Roosevelt's message to the Emperor. The other American officers were then taken to the audience chamber and duly presented. The Emperor shook hands with each. At the luncheon which followed, he sat at the same table with the Americans and remained throughout the repast, which was a most elaborate one. After the luncheon, he again expressed his pleasure at receiving Admiral Sperry and his officers. Each officer received a silver box with the royal crest as a souvenir of the occasion.

The American officers were next presented to the Empress, who received them with marked cordiality.

President Roosevelt's message to Rear-Admiral Sperry for transmission to the Emperor was as follows:

Sperry, Flagship Connecticut, Yokohama:

Convey to His Majesty, the Emperor of Japan, my best wishes for his continued good health and happiness and that of all the inhabitants of his realm. Express to His Majesty the high gratification afforded me and the people of the United States at this opportunity which permits the commander in chief of the Atlantic fleet in person to present my appreciation of the friendship which has existed from the earliest time between the United States and Japan and of the honor to the United States in this invitation to the United States Atlantic fleet to visit the Empire of Japan in its practice cruise around the world. You will present to His Majesty, the Emperor, my earnest wish for the strengthening and continuance of the cordial relations which exist and have always existed between the two countries.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

The Emperor's reply, transmitted through Admiral Sperry, was as follows:

Admiral Sperry, it affords me especial pleasure to welcome you as the representative of the American navy and to receive through you from your respected President his very friendly message. I request you to assure the President that I most sincerely appreciate and most cordially reciprocate his sentiments of friendship and good will. It is a source of profound satisfaction to me that the most cordial relations of regard and good correspondence exist between Japan and the United States, and my thanks are due to the President for affording my subjects by your visit an opportunity to give new proof of their sincere attachment for your countrymen.

I also wish you to convey to the President this message: The historic relations of good understanding and genuine friendship with the United States I count as a valued heritage of my reign, and it shall be in the future, as it has been in the past, my constant aim and desire to weld the ties of amity uniting the two countries into indissoluble bonds of good neighborhood and perfect accord. I trust that the same success which has so far attended your voyage may still be with you to the end.

If you enjoy reading THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, your friends may do the same. Please tell them about it.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES

Temperance Organizations*

NO MANY of us it has seemed as though the temperance organizations had been of late years, perhaps not less active than of yore, but less effective. Asking a president of a W. T. U. branch in a large New England town why this was so, she replied, "I don't know how it is in other parts of the country, but with us, we are discouraged by the attitude of the ministers and the church members. With our ministers preaching, as several prominent ones have lately done in our papers and magazines, that moderate drinking is good for everybody, and that alcohol is a legitimate food; and with church members giving receptions and serving strong punch at them, we are almost in despair."

It was no wonder. When those of a man's own household become his foes, what is left to him?

It has long been a wonder to many of us that professed followers of Christ can ever take for pleasure any kind of strong drink, in view of the awful curse upon society which everybody admits drunkenness to be. The glass of wine at dinner may add elegance to the feast. It may be that it is sometimes necessary to the health, and is prescribed by a physician. In that case, it may be allowable; but its benefit is very doubtful to the general health of usually well people in America, where pure drinking water can almost always be obtained. Watch the digestion of fifty wine drinkers against that of fifty total abstainers, both kinds picked out at random, and see how they compare. In cases where such a comparison has been made, the total abstainers have been far in advance of the wine drinkers in point of strength and efficiency. In fact, acknowledged invalids aside, it is usually only intemperate eaters who need spirituous liquors to aid their digestion.

It is little enough that the ordinary individual can do for the cause of so-called temperance, and to show his disapprobation of drunkenness; but he can at least set a personal example of abstinence. Then, when he sees a fellow being reeling through the streets; or when he hears of some family heart broken through the intemperance of one or more of its members, he can lift his hand to heaven and say, "I thank thee, O Lord, that I am guiltless of this man's blood, for never by look or act have I commended the awful thing which has worked his ruin."

To lend any aid to the saloon—to put even five cents into the till of one, is something no Christian ought to do. The saloon is one of the worst enemies of our country. Patriotism no less than religion demands its extinction. All good women abhor it, and it should be equally abhorred by all good men.

Read the life of any criminal or any reformed man. In nine cases out of ten, you will find that he was led into sin by rum.

A few days ago, on a Sunday evening, in a city which has perhaps more than the usual proportion of good people, and which was long known as the City of Churches, those on their way to evening service were shocked to see a party of boys, some looking not more than twelve years old, and none of them more than sixteen, staggering along a quiet street, in a state of almost blind intoxication. Where were the temperance societies? Where were the parents? Where were the ministers? It was a sickening—a horrible sight.

Never was the call to labor in this great reform more urgent than now. Let all who love our Lord Jesus in sincerity fly to the support of those who are fighting its good fight.

*Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, November 15. Temperance meeting. Text: Jer. 35: 1-19.

Soul Winning*

THE modern preaching is usually of love. Love is indeed the greatest thing in the world. It is well that we should strive to love all our fellow beings, and that we should dwell much upon the endless love of the All-Father; but there has been one bad consequence following the practical exclusion from our thought of the justice of God. Has it not resulted oftentimes in the sealing of our lips when we have approached the impenitent?

We forget the awful words, "He that is not for me is against me." We do not realize that a soul remaining in sin is hardening every day and growing more and more unworthy of the salvation of God; probably, also, weaker to withstand temptation; and that it is virtually without hope and God in the world.

Dr. Louis Albert Banks has issued a volume of discourses which he calls "Sermons That Have Won Souls." We cannot all preach to masses of men and move them as Dr. Banks has been privileged to do—as Wesley, Whitefield, Asbury, Finney, Moody and Torrey have done—but we can touch individuals and thus increase our one talent, serving the Master as truly as did these fiery-souled disciples, upon whom he bestowed the ten talents.

It may have happened to many as it happened to a certain young woman in a Western city, that when she expressed a deep desire that her brother should become a Christian, one who was present asked, "Why do you not try to make me a Christian?" "I thought it was hopeless," she answered shame-facedly. "I have heard you make fun of churches and ministers, and I thought you had hardened your heart against religion." "Then," he answered truly, "you cannot really believe that your God can do anything and everything." "No," she confessed penitently, "I have sinned—but I beg you now to come to him. Let us pray over it."

They dropped upon their knees together, and she poured out a broken prayer for her friend's conversion. It was heard, and he is now one of the stanchest members of a great Western church.

Nothing is too hard for our God.

Dr. Banks tells how the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes met an Oxford don in the street and said: "Excuse me, but I am irresistibly led to ask you, 'What do you think of Jesus Christ? Do you know him as your Saviour?'"

The don replied with evident emotion, "I have been waiting twenty years for some one to ask that question."

He was soon enrolled in the list of ardent and devoted Christians.

If we pray for the salvation of our friends, it is well, but that is not enough. *Laborare est orare* was the old motto of the fathers—to labor is to pray. We must have both sorts of prayer—the lip prayer and the prayer of aggressive, hard hand-work. We are too timid, too lethargic. It is easier to go into our closets and talk with God than it is to face the ungodly and try to win them from their sins. But God is saying to us as he said to Moses, "Why criest thou to me? Go forward! Lift thou up the rod."

A great source of strength in this matter is the reading of the lives of the great Christians. Read the life of Lord Lawrence, of Livingston, of John Newton, of Drummond. See how, when the way seemed hard and full of lions, God helped them, and he stands ready to help us also.

*Topic of the Epworth League for Sunday, November 15. Text: James 5 : 20; Dan. 12 : 3; Ezek. 33 : 7-15.

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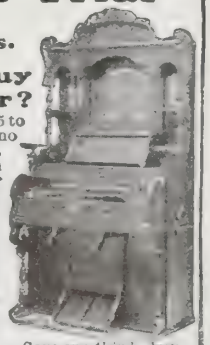

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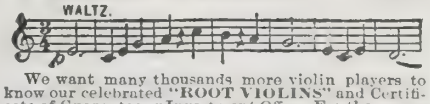

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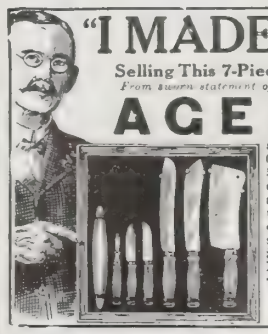

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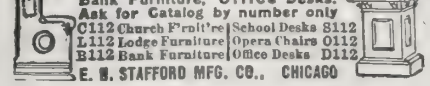

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HE CARETH FOR YOU*

Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

"THIS is the nightingale of the Psalms. It is small, of a homely feather, singing shyly out of obscurity, but oh, it has filled the air of the whole world with melodious joy, greater than the heart can conceive. Blessed be the day on which that Psalm was born! What would you say of a pilgrim commissioned of God to travel up and down the earth singing a strange melody, which, when one heard, caused him to forget whatever sorrow he had? And so the singing angel goes on his way through all lands, singing in the language of every nation, driving away trouble by the pulses of the air, which his tongue moves with divine power. Behold just such a one! This pilgrim God has sent to speak in every language. It has charmed more griefs to rest than all the philosophy of the world. It has remanded to their dungeons more felon thoughts, more black doubts, more thieving sorrows than there are sands on the seashore. It has comforted the noble hosts of the poor. It has sung courage to the army of the disappointed. It has poured balm and consolation into the hearts of the rich, of captives in dungeons, of widows in their pinching griefs, of orphans in their loneliness. Dying soldiers have died easier as it was read to them, ghastly hospitals have been illuminated. It has visited the prisoner, and broken his chains, and, like Peter's angel, led him forth in imagination, and sung him back to his house again. It has made the dying Christian slave freer than his master, and consoled those whom, dying, he left behind him mourning, not so much that he was gone, as because they were left behind and could not go, too. Nor is its work done. It will go singing to your children, and to my children, and to their children, through all the generations of time; nor will it fold its wings till the last pilgrim is safe, and time ended; and then it shall fly back to the bosom of God whence it issued, and sound on, mingled with all those sounds of celestial joy which make heaven musical forever."—Henry Ward Beecher.

Authorship of the Twenty-Third Psalm

It was written by David, whether as shepherd or king we do not know. We incline to think as king. It seems too full of experience to have been uttered by so young a person as David the shepherd boy. If written in after years the things which he had seen and felt as a shepherd were mellowed with age, just as a picture is more beautiful when it is old.

"The Lord is my shepherd." We must study the ways of the Oriental shepherd in order to appreciate the divine Shepherd. In our land, sheep are turned loose in the field to care for themselves. Perhaps once or twice a day some one will go to look after them. But the Oriental shepherd, the type of Christ, abides with his sheep by day and night. And so we are never out of God's sight, and his ear is ever open to our cry.

"I shall not want." How can we ever want with him looking at us and after us? He tells us that he knows what things we have need of before we ask him (Matt. 6: 8). But he desires that we shall ask him for what we want. The asking makes us more loving, and in the end more grateful.

"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures." The grass was needed for two purposes: for food and for rest. And so the shepherd never led his sheep into barren fields. When the shepherds of Abraham and Lot found that there was not enough grass to sustain the flocks and the herds of both masters, they began to quarrel with each other, but the masters themselves agreed to separate and live in different places, where there was no lack of grass. Our divine Shepherd promises abundant pasturage to us. "No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly." (Ps. 84: 11.)

"He leadeth me beside the still waters." In the margin of the Revised Version we read "waters of rest," and these are not the flowing, rippling streams that often become dry beds. The loving kindness of our divine Shepherd is like the never-failing deep well. Has he not said: "The water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

"He restoreth my soul." The Oriental shepherd restores his sheep when it is lost and wandering. He knows when one is missing, because he counts them as they pass into the fold at night. He traverses near and far to find the lost one. And when he has found it, he brings it back, carrying it upon his shoulders or in his arms if it is too weak to walk.

Of the divine Shepherd we sing:

The Shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought his child;
He followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er desert waste and wild;
He found me nigh to death,
Famished and faint and lone;
He bound me with the bands of love;
He saved the wandering one.

"He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake." The Oriental shepherd does not do as we have seen shepherds in our land, go behind his sheep and drive them ahead, and employ dogs to help in the driving, but he leads them, goes ahead of them, and the sheep follow on. The divine Shepherd came from heaven that he might show us the way from our sinful life below to his pure, sweet life above. Let us follow him by being and doing and loving like him.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me." Not only through sunny meadows did the Oriental shepherd lead his sheep. David, when he was a shepherd, living as he did where the hills were high, must sometimes have led his sheep through valleys that to timorous sheep must have seemed full of dangers. Among the people of Palestine it is quite common to speak of a valley as a shadow of death. In human life there are many deep, dark valleys of sorrow before the valley of death is reached. Through these valleys let us go trusting our divine Shepherd, saying:

I would rather walk with him by faith
Than walk alone by sight.

Poor desolate and afflicted Heinrich Heine, who had been a pantheist and a scoffer, was laid for years in what he called his "mattress sepulchre." There he took to reading the Psalms. One of his very last poems addressed to his wife bears the traces of the Shepherd Psalm:

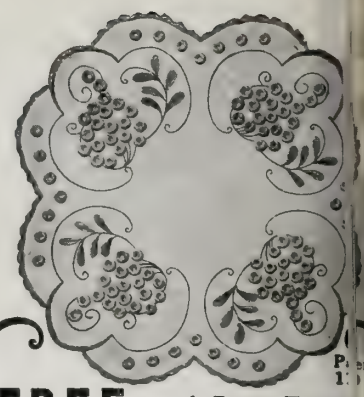
My arm grows weak; Death comes apace,
Death, pale and grim; and I no more
Can guard my lamb as heretofore.
O God! into thy hands I render my crook;
Keep thou my lambkin tender.
When I in peace have laid me down,
Keep thou my lamb, and do not let
A single thorn her bosom fret;
And guide where pastures green and sweet
Refresh the wanderer's weary feet.

An Infidel Silenced

In gay Paris an infidel, noted for his eloquence, was asked to deliver an address in defense of his opinions. Among other things he said: "We are told by the clergy and the canting hypocrites that all infidels are harassed by fears of an approaching future. Sirs, I

Continued on next page

* **The International Sunday School Lesson for November 15, 1908.** The Lord is our Shepherd. Ps. 23. GOLDEN TEXT: "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want." Ps. 23: 1.



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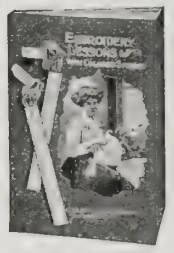

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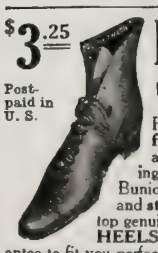

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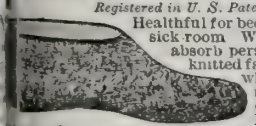

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Sunday School Lesson—*Continued*

stand before you to-night a witness to the falsity of the assertion, for even I, although a leader among those who espouse infidel doctrines, can proudly exclaim, 'I fear no evil.'" At this point, a little boy, sitting in one of the front seats, said in a voice tiny and timid, and yet so distinct as to be heard throughout the hall: "But, sir, you have never been in the valley of the shadow of death." The effect produced was electric. The flowery orator was nonplused, and was hissed from the stage, while the little defender of God's Word was borne triumphantly from the building on the shoulders of the enthusiastic people.

It is said that people who dwell in lands where there is almost perpetual sunshine find it necessary to seek dark places in which to rest. When this is not done, they become victims of profound nervous depression or neurasthenia. Perhaps this will give us a new point of view for consideration of the valleys of affliction. For our soul's health we need the darkness of sorrow:

I cannot know why suddenly the storm
Should rage so fiercely round me in its wrath;
But this I know, God watches all my path,
And I can trust.

I may not draw aside the mystic veil
That hides the unknown future from my sight;
Nor know if for me waits the dark or light;
But I can trust.

I have no power to look across the tide
To know, while here, the land beyond the river;
But this I know, I shall be God's forever;
So I can trust.

So many are dying in the world, we could die to it! The deeper down in the well one goes, the clearer the stars appear in the heavens, even in the daytime; so the deeper into trial or suffering the true Christian sinks the farther up into heaven he sees, and the more fervent are his songs of thanksgiving.

"Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." One is for defense and the other for guidance. The staff is the club-like stick, and the sheep are comforted by it because they have seen their shepherd use it upon the wolves and the lions that have attacked them. They are comforted by the rod because the shepherd has used it to draw them out of thorn bushes and from between the rocks and out of the torrent, and they have passed under it when he was counting them as they entered the sheep-fold one by one, for the night.

How sweet and precious are the promises of the divine Shepherd to comfort us! From the wolf, Satan, he will defend us all the day long. And we have this assurance: that "he knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptations," and that he will keep all that are committed to his care. He is our rod and our staff.

"Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me," were the dying words of the great Scottish philosopher Sir William Hamilton.

"Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies." This does not refer to a banqueting table as is commonly supposed, but to the act of the Oriental shepherd in preparing the pasture for his sheep. There are apt to be poisonous plants in the grass, and sometimes snake-holes, out of which snakes come and bite the noses of the sheep. The careful shepherd prepares the table for his sheep by pulling up the poisonous plants and driving the snakes away. Shepherds neglecting to do this have been known to lose hundreds of sheep. Our divine Shepherd feeds us with bread for our bodies, and with bread for our souls. "The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it."

"Thou anointest my head with oil." As each sheep passes under the rod at the door of the fold at night the shepherd shows his tender care by inspecting each one. He has a horn filled with oil with which he anoints bruised or scratched places about the head. If a knee is injured, or a side bruised, he puts cedar tar upon it. Our divine Shepherd says, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you," and thus he anoints us for heart bruises.

THE LORD OUR SHEPHERD

By Mrs. M. Baxter

WHAT was it to David, and what is it to us, to have the Lord as our shepherd? The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want, is a personal relationship. He has undertaken the responsibility of me: he who is almighty, he whose name is love. How can I want? How can such an One fail me? He must cease to be my shepherd if he fails me; and I know that whatsoever God doeth it shall be for ever (Eccles. 3: 14); he cannot cease to be what he has undertaken to be. Therefore I cannot want. My God is to be trusted. He may test me and try me, but he cannot leave me nor forsake me. The tie which in grace he has established between him and me is eternal; nothing can change it. He will justify himself in his dealings with me; he has the plan. I have not; but I can trust him, for I have proved he is worthy to be trusted. I am unworthy, I have failed again and again, I have not in any way deserved his loving, faithful care, but because he has elected to be my shepherd, he cannot fail to do a shepherd's part. I shall not want. "He maketh me to lie down." It is the first introduction to his care.

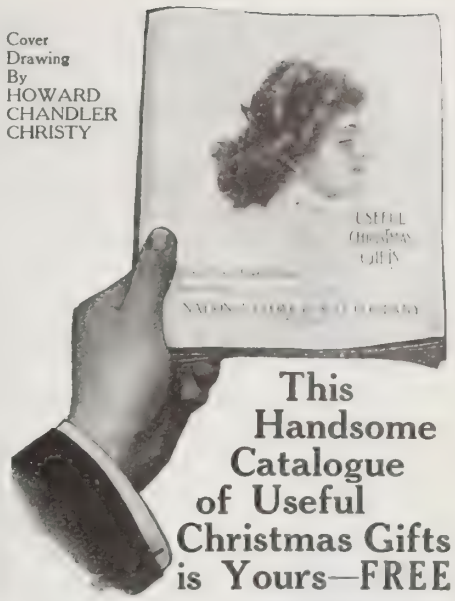
And then, after a long rest, "He leadeth me." Oh, the intense security of knowing that where he is in charge I shall not go wrong; he has undertaken to lead me. And his first leading was "in green pastures, beside still waters;" an absolute rest in knowing that one was certain of the way.

Probably David's great fall had not taken place when this psalm was written, and if so, it was a prophecy of the grace of God when that dreadful time came. Had not David fallen and been restored, the oil from the crushed olives of his broken heart would never have reached us through Psalms 51 and 32. And we should never have had such psalms as those written in such brokenness and such reliance upon God, as those (Ps. 3-7), which were written when David fled from Absalom; when the evil out of his own house (II. Sam. 3: 11), the bitter foretold fruit of his sin, had come upon him. "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death"—not through death itself—"I will fear no evil." There are times in all our lives when we come to the borders of despair, when it seems to us as though we could no longer see God as we have seen him. There is one resource to hold on to: "that which is written." "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

"Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies." The Eastern shepherd, in the high mountains, risks his own life sometimes in seeking the pastures hidden in valleys high up, where there are many dangers for the shepherd and the sheep. But the shepherd is there to guard them, and in the presence of the wild animals or poisonous plants he finds them nourishment. And our Shepherd, in the difficult places, where we may be shut away from outward help, prepares a table before us in the presence of our enemies.

If you enjoy reading THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, your friends may do the same. Please tell them about it.

Cover Drawing By HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY



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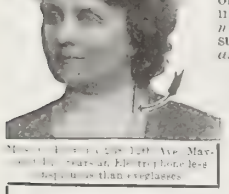

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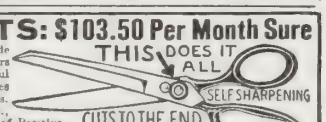

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LIFE AN ENDLESS CHAIN*

BEMERTON'S is a second-hand bookshop in London. A gentleman who has been abroad for many years, returns to London in the Indian summer of his life and settles down in lodgings over this shop. Being a friendly soul he establishes charming relations with the people in the house, and being a book-lover, the shop is the object of attraction to him on most days of the week. It happens one day that Mr. Bemerton is absent on an expedition in search of books to replenish the stock, while his niece, Miss Wagstaff, is suddenly summoned to her home by the alarming illness of her mother. Who shall take charge of the shop is the question that presents itself to the mind of Miss Wagstaff in her agitation, and who should step into the gap and serve her in her need but the genial aristocrat and true democrat, Mr. Kent Falconer, who lodges above. Of course, Mr. Falconer knows nothing about selling books, though the world of books is his familiar abiding place. He does, however, know human nature and he loves to lend a hand wherever he has opportunity. The chapter entitled "The Linkedness of Life" from which I make a quotation has impressed me anew with the thought that all our lives are an endless chain. We often say to one another when we unexpectedly find acquaintances in strange places that this is a little world. So it is. Life, too, is full of surprises just as the world is, because all life is an endless chain reaching through time to eternity. Here now is my extract by way of illustration:

"It was about a quarter to three and Mr. Bemerton was due back at three exactly, when a nice looking schoolboy of about fourteen, with a frank and courageous countenance, walked in carrying a book. This he handed me a little self-consciously, with a request to know if I could give him a shilling for it. It was *Hall & Knight's Algebra*, and inside was written Estabrook I. Now I am no censor, but I have certain fixed theories as to the law of *meum* and *tuum* and the training of boys, and also some undimmed recollections of the financial straits of my own school days; moreover, I liked this boy's ingenuous face.

"So I said, 'The book is yours to sell, of course?'

"'Oh yes,' he replied.

"'You bought it with your own money?' I continued Socratically.

"'Well, I didn't exactly buy it with my own money,' he admitted. 'But it's mine; that's my name in it.'

"'A schoolbook,' I said; 'one that you use in your lessons?'

"'I shan't want it again,' he replied. 'I go into another form next term.'

"'But you think you have a right to sell it, as it was bought for you and you only?'

"'Oh, yes, of course I do,' he answered; 'and I want a bob to-day most fearfully. We've got a half-holiday, and it's the Yorkshire match at the Oval.'

"'You think your father would like to know that you are raising money on a schoolbook to go to a cricket match?' I asked.

"'But I've done with it,' he repeated.

"'You think your father would like to know? That is the whole point. If you can assure me that he would not mind your selling the schoolbook like this just for an afternoon's pleasure, I will give you a shilling for it at once.'

"He thought a little while and shuffled his feet, and his fine face clouded.

"'No,' he said at last, 'he wouldn't like it.' And he put out his hand to put the book back.

"'How much pocket-money do you get?' I asked, as I gave it to him.

"'Threepence a week,' he said.

"'Well,' I said, 'I will lend you the shilling, and you can pay me back as soon as it is convenient.'

"'Oh, I say, how frightfully decent of you!' he exclaimed.

"So I handed him the shilling, and he crammed the book into his pocket and rushed off, being joined just outside by a smaller boy, whom I guessed to be Estabrook II.

"Estabrook! Now you see the conjunction of ideas; for one of my closest companions at school forty years ago had been an Estabrook, and it is not a common name. Could this boy, I wondered, be the son of my old friend? I had not long to wait to discover, for an unexpected tip from an uncle made it possible for him to discharge his debt quickly, and he was back within a week with the shilling in his hand.

"Bemerton sent him upstairs to me, after having explained that I was not really the bookseller, but an eccentric gentleman masquerading as such; and I asked him at once about his father, and soon ascertained that it was really my old schoolfellow; and so I gave Kenneth, which was the debtor's name, a message to the effect that I should give myself the pleasure of calling upon him next Sunday afternoon. We agreed that nothing should be said as to the circumstances under which Kenneth and I had originally met; all we were to say was that we had come upon each other accidentally at Bemerton's. This harmless compact of secrecy made, as must so often have been the case, a very firm foundation of our friendship—a friendship which led to some very agreeable afternoons.

"But see how it came about. The Rev. Ephraim Pye-Lipwood, tiring of horses, buys a motor-car of one of his parishioners. He goes for his first ride and forgets to put on enough wraps. He catches a cold, which develops into double pneumonia, and he dies. His widow wishes to sell his library, and asks a friend to recommend a good dealer. The friend recommends Mr. Joseph Bemerton of Westminster, and Mr. Bemerton arranges to go down by the 10:07 from Victoria. He does so, leaving the shop in the capable hands of Miss Ruth Wagstaff. Meanwhile what does Miss Wagstaff's mother do? For a long time she has not been quite herself; ever since, in fact, she ate that pork chop at her sister's husband's aunt's. Nothing somehow had seemed to agree with her since; and her dyspepsia came to a head this very morning, at about half past ten, just as Mr. Bemerton in his third-class compartment had finished *The Daily Telegraph.* Hence the summons to Miss Wagstaff, and cause of my finding myself stationed in the shop all ready to deal with Master Kenneth Estabrook, and thus resume acquaintance with an old friend and make acquaintance with a delightful family. We never know when we are moulding destiny."

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

* *Over Bemerton's.* By E. B. Lucas. The Macmillan Co.

Pictures that Touch the Heart

Dear Dr. Klopsch: Your "reward" for a little service rendered has just been received. I am delighted with the pictures. All of them are beauties, but "Little Eva" touches the heart. She shall have a choice place on my wall. MRS. J. POTTER.

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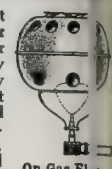

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"My appearance improved so much friends wondered and asked the reaso told them it was Grape-Nuts and noth else. I have talked so much about benefits to be derived from this food t they have nick-named me "Grape-Nuts," I don't object in the least. This food certainly proved a great blessing to m "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Cre Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new o appears from time to time. They a genuine, true, and full of human intere

OPEN-AIR CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR MEETING

The New York State Convention of Christian Endeavor this year, held in Albany, October 13, 14, 15, was a notable one in many respects and showed the organization to be steadily progressing. Our photograph shows an open-air Gospel meeting on the corner of State and Pearl Streets, two leading thoroughfares of the State capital.

A COURSE IN ESPERANTO

LESSON No. 22—By Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

A Journey to the Far East

DUM la [2]plimulto de la jaro mil-naŭcent-sepa mi estis [3]vojiranta [4]kune kun mia edzo en la [5]mal-proksima Oriento, [6]irante al [7]Japanujo, Ĥinujo kaj [9]Koreo. Ni ankaŭ vizitis [10]Filipinajn Insulojn, [11]Aŭstralion, [12]Fiĝiajn Insulojn kaj [13]Havajon. Niaj [14]komisioj estis [15]helpi [16]kontrakton [17]civilizitaj [18]nacioj por [19]malper-mesi la [20]vendadon de opio kaj [21]ebriigaj [22]necivilizitaj popoloj kaj [23]sovaĝuloj.

Ĝuste kiam ni [24]ekiris Sekretario Elihu Root de la Ŝtata Departemento diris al Doktoro Crafts: "Mi estas kun vi, kaj iu ĉi [25]Registaro estas kun vi en [26]ambaŭ [27]proponoj [28]rilate al opio en Ĥinujo kaj [29]vendado de [29]ebriigaj likvoroj inter [23]sovaĝuloj. Ili estas la [30]abomenoj de la [31]civilizacio. [32]Miaflanke estas [33]diplomatio, [34]viaflanke estas [35]agiteco." Doktoro Crafts [36]permesiĝis [37]prezenti iun aferon al la Registaroj de Japanujo, Koreo, Ĥinujo, kaj Aŭstralio, ankaŭ la [38]Senato de Havajo. Ni [39]trovis ke en Japanujo la vendado de opio estas [40]mal-permesita [41]escepte kiel [42]kuracilo. En Ĥinujo ni trovis grandan [43]barakton kontraŭ opio. La [44]Imperiestrino [45]eldonis [46]direktojn kontraŭ [47]opiaj fumuloj. En Aŭstralio grandaj nombroj de per-sonoj estis [48]varbitaj por [49]urgi Anglan Registaron [50]kunhelpi en la [51]kon-traŭopia [52]movado. Ni trovis la opion kaj ebriigajn likvorojn de [53]blankuloj la plej granda [54]malhelpo al [55]Kristanaj misioj en la insuloj de la [56]Suda Maro. En Havajo iuj ĉi du [57]komercoj estas granda [58]difektaĵo al [59]bonmoroj kaj [60]bonsaneco. Ni [61]bedaŭras ke la vendo estas [62]pli-multiĝanta. En La Filipinaj Insuloj ni trovis grandan uzon de opio, dudek mil [63]permesitajn opiajn fumulojn. Sed ĝi estas nun malpermesita. Ni [64]ĝojas ke Prezidanto Roosevelt [65]sukcesis [66]aranĝi oro [67]konferenco de sep [68]nacioj kiuj [69]kunvenos en la [70]urbo Ŝanhajo [71]Jan-uaron mil naŭcent-naŭ por [72]pripensi la [73]kontrolon de [74]opiovendado.

Explanation of Some Words

[1]During. [2]greater part. [3]traveling. [4]along with. [5]Far East. [6]going. [7]Japan. [8]China. [9]Korea. [10]Philippine Islands. [12]Fiji Islands. [13]Hawaii. [14]charge. [15]help in making. [16]treaty. [17]civilized. [18]nations. [19]to prevent. [20]the sale. [21]in-toxicating liquors. [22]uncivilized people. [23]savages. [24]going away. [25]Government. [26]both. [27]propositions. [28]relating to. [29]in-toxicating liquors. [30]disgraces. [31]civiliza-tion. [32]my part. [33]diplomacy. [34]your part. [35]agitation. [36]was permitted. [37]to present. [38]Senate. [39]found. [40]prohibited. [41]except. [42]medicine. [43]struggle. [44]Em-press. [45]issued. [46]edicts. [47]opium smokers. [48]enlisted. [49]urge. [50]co-operate. [51]anti-opium. [52]movement. [53]white men. [54]hin-drance. [55]Christian Missions. [56]South Sea. [57]merchandise. [58]damage or injury. [59]good morals. [60]good health. [61]regret. [62]much increasing. [63]licensed opium smok-ers. [64]glad. [65]has had success. [66]arrange. [67]conference. [68]nations. [69]will convene. [70]city of Shanghai. [71]January 1909. [72]con-sider. [73]control. [74]opium selling.

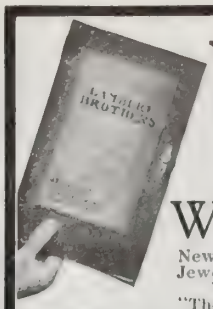
Questions About the Construction

Explain the form "estis vojiranta." Why does "proksima" end in *a*? What kind of a participle is "irante"? What is the significance of *uj* in the names of countries? Why is *n* placed after Filipinajn Insulojn, Fiĝiajn Insulojn and Aŭstralion, and not after Japanujo, Ĥinujo and Koreo? Why does the adjective "civilizitaj" end in *j*? What is the meaning of *ad* in vendadon? (The taking apart of an Esperanto word to find its full significance, is like analyzing a flower when we separate from each other sepals, petals, stamens, pistil, etc. Take for example the word Esperantistidineto: what does it mean?) What kind of ad-verbs are miaflanke and viaflanke? Why does Havajo end in *o* after Senato de? Explain the form of "blankuloj." Ex-plain "bonsaneco." Explain "permesi-tajn."

The World's Esperanto Congress

It will meet in the United States by invitation of the Esperanto Association of North America and the Chautauqua Institution. Chautauqua, N. Y., will be the place of meeting, and the last week of August, 1909, the time. It is hoped that every CHRISTIAN HERALD Esperanto student will help on the plans of this great Congress by joining the Esperanto Association of North America. All applications should be sent to Mr. E. C. Reed, 3981 Langley Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

"Where can I invest my money so that it will be *safe* and where I can *have it when wanted*, and yet so it will bring me *reasonable earnings* when invested?" This question will be answered to your satisfaction if you will write the Industrial Savings & Loan Co., whose advertisement appears on page 875.



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We have been in business, in the same neighborhood, 32 years. We sell **direct to users** of Jewelry only.

No brokers, dealers or agents realize profits on our goods.

Buy from us and you buy direct from the makers.

So far as we know, we are the only Diamond Importers and Manufacturing Jewelers issuing an illustrated catalog and selling direct to users only, at retail and by mail.

Send for our two FREE books.

They are yours for the asking.

Write us a postcard, or a letter, and both books will be yours as soon as we can get them to you.

One is our catalog—160 pages—illustrating over three thousand articles of newest and latest style Jewelry at prices ranging from a dollar up.

FREE Book—"What to Give"

The other book "What to Give" is filled with suggestions of gifts for mother, father, wife, grandparents, sisters, children, "baby" relatives and friends.

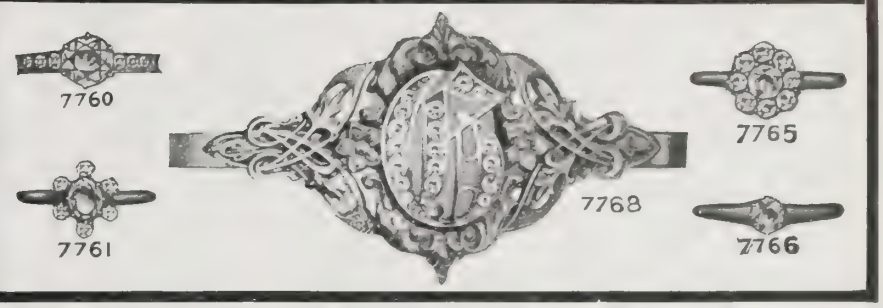
Both books will help you with your Christmas shopping and both books are yours for the asking—FREE and postpaid—for a postcard mailed to us at once.

The book "What to Give" also tells you the correct Jewelry to wear on all occasions and much other information well-dressed people appreciate.

Write us at once. A post-card is sufficient, but write a letter if you prefer. Address

Lambert Brothers, 111 Christmas Corner, 3rd Ave. and 58th Street, **New York City.**

7760 — Large, handsome, solitare Diamond, purest white and full-cut with 6 full-cut white Diamonds set in Platinum-topped solid 14 karat gold ring. Price, $250.00. **7761** — Solid 14 karat gold ring with fine large Topaz set about with 6 full cut, white Diamonds. Amethyst or Garnet may be sub-stituted for the Topaz. Price, $25.00. **7765**—Solid 14 karat gold ring with 9 fine, full cut white Diamonds set in Platinum top. Very brilliant. Price, $120.00 **7766**—Fine, full-cut white solitare Diamond set in Platinum-topped solid 14 karat gold ring. Price, $60.00. **7768**—Solid 14 karat gold, rose finish bracelet with Platinum initial set with 18 fine, full cut, white Diamonds. Price, $100.00. Same bracelet with plain gold initial—no Diamonds. Price, $20.00.



Make that Cold Room a Cozy Den

In nearly every house there is one room that is extremely hard to heat—it is therefore practically closed for the winter. This room can be made the coziest room in the house with no trouble by the use of the

PERFECTION Oil Heater

(Equipped with Smokeless Device)

This heater gives intense heat, with no smoke, no smell. Turn it as high as you can to light it, as low as you can to extinguish it. Easy to clean, easily carried from room to room. Nickel or Japan finish. Every heater guaranteed.

The *Rayo* Lamp is the best lamp for all-round household purposes. Gives a clear, steady light. Made of brass throughout and nickel plated. Equipped with the latest improved central draft burner. Handsome—simple—satisfac-tory. Every lamp guaranteed.

If you cannot get heater and lamp at your dealer's, write to our nearest agency.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(Incorporated)

"BALTIMORE"

Continued from page 871

on the desk. Would it pay? Could this wreck of all that was good and noble in a man drag himself from the slough of vice and degradation into which he had sunk?

"Barkwell," he said at last, "I'm going to give you the chance you have asked for. Whether it will do you any good I have considerable doubt, but I am willing to try the experiment—this once. Here," he scribbled something hastily, as the crowd gazed curiously at him, "take this note to the man whose address I have written here. If there is anyone who can help you, he can. And now," he added gravely, "I am going to release you under a suspended sentence. You will report here—to me—every week, and I hope you will be able to report progress. Court is now adjourned."

For a moment "Baltimore" did not move. He was not certain that he had heard aright. Then, as the realization dawned on him that he was free, with a half-articulate "thank yer, Judge," he carefully deposited the note somewhere in the mysterious recesses of his clothes and shuffled hurriedly from the room, fearful lest the magistrate might reconsider his decision.

Once in the hall-way, he paused and drew out the missive he had just received. He turned it over gingerly in his hands as though, perhaps, it might retain some of the arbitrary power of the writer. A hasty glance told him that none of the inquisitive court officials were looking, and he examined the address.

This is what he read:

"To Mr. J. G. H.———,
Bowery Mission, City."

Again he looked furtively about him, but no one was near. He saw that the flap of the hastily sealed envelope had become loosened, and his curiosity overcoming any scruples that he might have had, he drew out the note.

Alcohol is apt to blunt the finer sensibilities—the nicer points of honor—and it had made no exception in the case of "Baltimore." He only thought that it might be embarrassing if he was observed, if, indeed, he thought anything about it.

"My dear Mr. H———," the note said, "the bearer, John Barkwell, or 'Baltimore,' as he is more commonly known, is one of our 'regulars.'

"Only a week ago he was released from Blackwell's Island, after serving a thirty-day sentence there—the third that I have imposed on him within two months—though, of course, the other two were for shorter periods. He was brought before me again this morning on the same charge—intoxication—and, for the first time since he was originally arraigned before me—now more than four years ago—he has asked me for a chance to do better.

"Personally, I fear that he is hopelessly incorrigible—at least as far as liquor is concerned—but I recalled our conversation of some time ago regarding this matter, and the wonderful work you are doing among those unfortunates who have come down the ladder through intemperance as well as other causes, and I thought I would try the experiment of sending this man to you. He needs your help if anyone ever did, but if you can't arrange for him—I know you aim chiefly to help those who really want to help themselves—send him back to me. He is out under a suspended sentence, and in any event must report to me every week.

"I am informed that he originally belonged to a good family, but, like so many others, alcohol has wrought his ruin. If you can save him, there's nobody whom you can't reach.

"Sincerely,
"R. S. D———.
"—th Magistrate's Court,
City of New York."

"Baltimore" pondered deeply—as deeply as his drink-clouded intellect would allow—as he returned the note to his pocket, and stepped into the chill October rain.

"Th' ol' man'll fool 'em yet," he murmured somewhat vaguely; "he'll fool 'em yet. It's th' first kind word 'at's been said t' ol' 'Baltimore' in five years." And something very like a tear furrowed down his grimy cheek, and fell unheeded to mingle with the rain-drops on the pavement.

Should he go to the Mission now or wait until evening? Something told him, "Don't wait! Go now!" but still he hesitated.

Alas for his wavering resolution! Alas for the weakness of a moral nature undermined by years of intemperance! As he passed down the street, his still trembling hand clutched something in his pocket. He drew his hand doubtingly forth, and disclosed an unsuspected dime.

The dime and the rain decided him. "Baltimore" turned into the saloon on the corner.

(*To be continued*)

"Good Night, Mama"

Written For The Christian Herald.

THE prayer is finished, and the light
Burns dimly in the distant dark,
As if some fairy hand and bright
Had left naught save a tiny spark.
Two little arms steal up and hold
Me round the neck in sweet embrace.
Two chubby hands my own enfold
And upward tilts a wee, pink face.
"Good night, dear mama, tiss me right;
Our 'owney' tiss, you know—good night."

The magic evening shadows steal
Athwart the casement, flickering;
A cricket sounds and we two kneel
With Him alone, while everything
Is sweet with quiet and with peace.
All motherhood may read the spell
Of baby lips and coo that cease
Their song when fairies say: "All's well."
"Good night, dear mama; hug me tight;
Our 'owney' hug, you know—good night."

I smooth the pillow into place
And draw the snuggled covers round;
And, bending o'er that little face,
Love it anew till not a sound,
Save that soft breathing, breaks my dream;
My tiny lambkin gone to sleep;
While angel shepherds cross the stream
Of slumberland to vigil keep.
"Good night"—a drowsy whisper light,
And then, with eyelids closed: "Good night!"

W. LIVINGSTON LARNED.

PUZZLE SOLVED

Coffee at Bottom of Trouble.

It takes some people a long time to find out that coffee is hurting them.

But when once the fact is clear, most people try to keep away from the thing which is followed by ever increasing detriment to the heart, stomach and nerves.

"Until two years ago I was a heavy coffee drinker," writes an Ill. stockman, "and had been all my life. I am now 56 years old.

"About three years ago I began to have nervous spells and could not sleep nights, was bothered by indigestion, bloating, and gas on stomach affected my heart.

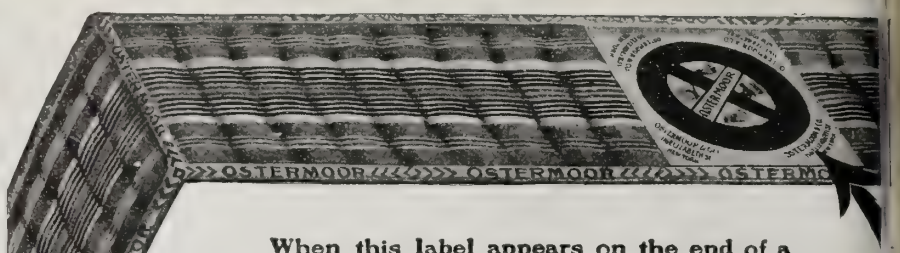
"I spent lots of money doctoring—one doctor told me I had chronic catarrh of the stomach; another that I had heart disease and was liable to die at any time. They all dieted me until I was nearly starved but I seemed to get worse instead of better.

"Having heard of the good Postum had done for nervous people, I discarded coffee altogether and began to use Postum regularly. I soon got better and now, after nearly two years, I can truthfully say I am sound and well.

"I sleep well at night, do not have the nervous spells and am not bothered with indigestion or palpitation. I weigh 32 pounds more than when I began Postum, and am better every way than I ever was while drinking coffee. I can't say too much in praise of Postum, as I am sure it saved my life." "There's a reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.



When this label appears on the end of a mattress, you KNOW it is an Ostermoor.

When it does NOT appear, you KNOW equally well that it is not the genuine

Don't trust to your judgment alone; not even an expert can tell much about a mattress by the looks. A poor mattress may to all appearances *seem* like a good one; look like one.

The sure and only safe way to choose a mattress is to be guided by the guarantee of the Ostermoor trade-mark above. It appears in plain sight on the end of every genuine mattress. It's there for your protection. When you see that trade-mark, you can know you're getting the best mattress made—buy without worry.

Unless that trade-mark is there, you are taking chances.

There is no other mattress like the

Ostermoor

Mattress $15.

of an Ostermoor dealer or by express, prepaid, when no dealer can supply.

An Ostermoor never needs renovating. Just an occasional sun-and-air bath will keep it always pure and clean—there's no wear-out to it.

The Ostermoor Mattress is *not* stuffed, *not* packed; but *built* up, sheet upon sheet. Thus, an Ostermoor can never mat or pack, never get lumpy or hard, like a hair mattress, but will remain luxuriously elastic, supremely comfortable and restful for a life-time. Testimonials covering 30 years' use, will be found in

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Our book, **"The Test of Time,"** is a mighty interesting story about beds of all the ages, about mattresses and about sleep. It tells *you* how to get a good night's rest. It's free—a postal brings it.

Sleep on an Ostermoor Mattress for a month—then, if *for any reason* you're dissatisfied, we'll return every penny of your money.

There's an Ostermoor Dealer in most places—the livest merchant in town. If you'll write us, we'll tell you where to buy. But don't take chances with other mattresses—make sure you're getting the genuine Ostermoor—the trademark label is our guarantee. Mattress shipped by express, prepaid, same day your check is received by us if the dealer has none in stock.

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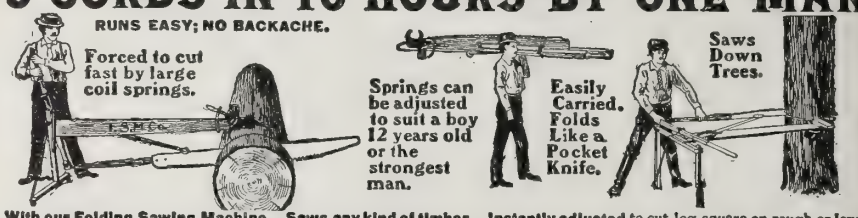
RUNS EASY; NO BACKACHE.



With our Folding Sawing Machine, Saws any kind of timber. Instantly adjusted to cut log square on rough or level ground. Operator always stands straight. **One man can saw more** with it than two men can in any other way, and do it **easier. Saw blades** 5½, 6, 6½ or 7 ft. long **Champion, Diamond or Lance Teeth,** to suit your timber. Send for **Free Catalog** showing **latest improvements,** giving testimonials from thousands. **First order secures agency.**
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Sales Last Year $600,000
Get catalog and testimonial
HOLSMAN AUTOMOBILE CO.
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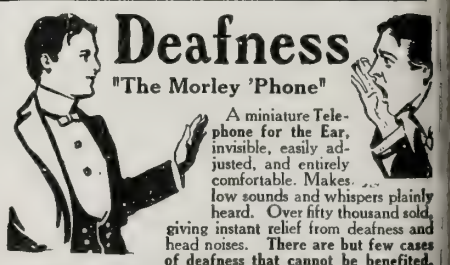
Goes Anywhere

Deafness

"The Morley 'Phone"



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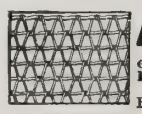

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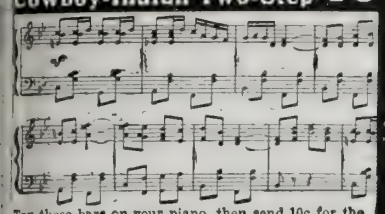
What brings release from dirt and grease? Why, Don't you know?

SAPOLIO

Wild West 10c
Cowboy-Indian Two-Step



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To Hear From Owner Having a
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For sale. Not particular about location. Give price and description and reason for selling. State when possession can be had. Will deal with owners only. By my unique plan of selling properties you pay not a cent of commission to any one. Write to-day for full particulars. Right now I have more customers for farms than I have farms for sale. If you want a quick sale, let me hear from you immediately and I know you will be pleased and surprised with my new methods of bringing buyer and seller together.
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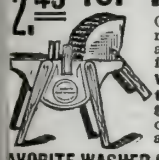
HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS
Bear the script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label.
Get "Improved," no tacks required.
Wood Rollers *Tin Rollers*

These trade-mark crisscross lines on every package
CRESCO FLOUR DIET FOR DYSPEPTICS
And Cases of
KIDNEY AND LIVER TROUBLES AND OBESITY
Makes delicious foods for everybody.
Unlike other goods. Ask grocers. For book or sample, write
ARWELL & RHINES, WATERTOWN, N. Y., U. S. A.

2.45 for THIS WASHER



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AGENTS My Sanitary Coffee Maker produces pure, sweet coffee, needs no settler and never wears out. Saves coffee, money and health. Every wife buys at sight; new invention; exclusive territory. Send 15c. for 50c. size, postpaid.
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LAWN FENCE Many designs. Cheap as wood. 32 page Catalogue free. **Special Prices** to Churches and Cemeteries.
Coiled Spring Fence Co. Box D Winchester Ind.

Bishop Potter Buried

ON OCTOBER 20, the body of the late Bishop Potter, of New York, was committed to its last resting place in the crypt of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine on Cathedral Heights, New York City. As Bishop Potter was the founder of the cathedral, no more appropriate place of interment could have been found. The services were first held in Grace Church on Broadway in the presence of many distinguished men and clergy. A large crowd surrounded Grace Church, and as many as possible were permitted to enter the edifice.

The coffin rested in the chancel. Over it was placed a pall of rich material which had been purchased by the Bishop during his last trip to Europe. It bore a Bible quotation in gilt letters. There were no flowers, but a single palm branch rested on the pall. The choir led the procession in the church, followed by over four hundred clergy of the Episcopal Church, and the twenty-four pall-bearers, the latter distinguished laymen of the New York diocese. Four bishops took part in the impressive ceremonial—Bishop Lawrence of Massachusetts, Bishop Greer of New York, Bishop Hare of South Dakota, and Bishop Doane of Albany. There was no eulogy. The body was then taken to Cathedral Heights, and as the procession moved up Fifth Avenue, the men on the sidewalks bared their heads. Around the unfinished cathedral a dense crowd of many thousands had gathered. The choristers met the coffin at the purple-draped entrance and, singing, led the procession into the crypt, where the committal service was read. The body rests just in front of the altar, and the marble slab above it bears only the Bishop's name and the dates of his birth and death.

Among the Workers

—REV. A. D. ZARAPHONITHES, lately conducting an evangelical work among the Greek residents of New York City, is about to establish a Greek colony in California.

—A SERIES OF MEETINGS led by Rev. Theo. F. French, D.D., Noble Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Anderson, Ind., closed with 130 conversions and accessions. E. B. Westhafer, of Muncie, Ind., was the evangelist.

—NOT SINCE the memorable visit of Messrs. Moody and Sankey have Baltimore and Washington been so deeply stirred as now by the preaching of Gypsy Smith. Thousands of people are unable to gain admission to the meetings. Many conversions are reported.

—EVANGELISTS DAVIS AND MILLS have held in Latrobe, Pa., a series of remarkable meetings, and many conversions are reported. The meetings were held in a large skating rink, all the churches uniting in the campaign. Derry and other towns nearby entered into the spirit of the revival, and the work deepened the spiritual life of the country round about.

CALLED HIGHER

Mrs. August N. Carlson, of Victoria, Ill., passed to her reward on August 18, 1908. The was born in Helsingland, Sweden, in 1845. She, together with her parents, came to this country in 1850. Her husband and three children survive her. She was a stanch friend and reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for thirty years. She was a life-long Christian woman, and devoted to her family and to her God. She was a member of the Methodist Church. She greatly enjoyed reading the sermons in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and was also a constant reader of the Bible.

Her v Yost, who died August 30, in his ninetieth year, at Waterloo, N. Y., was one of the oldest readers and most loyal supporters of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. He retained his faculties until the very end. He was a devoted and earnest Christian, having a faith and trust in the goodness and mercy of God that was unshakable. He passed so beautifully and peacefully to his rest that his death formed a fitting benediction to his long Christian life.

Delighted with the Premiums

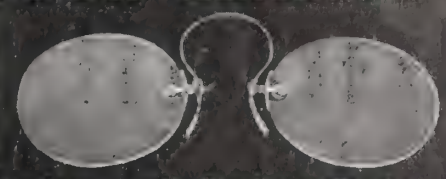
Dear Dr. Klopsch: The book "Capital Stories About Famous Americans," and "Lady Washington's Reception," that splendid picture, were received. I am delighted with them. They are certainly splendid premiums.

Sunbury, Pa. MRS. E. C. ROGERS.

If every one of our subscribers should send in one new subscriber, before the close of the year, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD would go into half a million homes during 1909. Are you doing your share?

BUY YOUR GLASSES OF US

READ SPECIAL **FREE** OFFER BELOW



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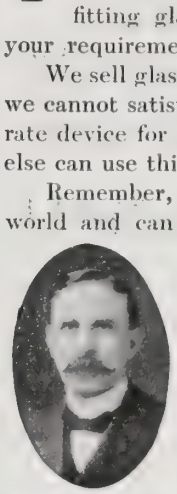

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I enclose two-cent stamp, for which include **FREE** a book of tissue paper for cleaning glasses.

Don't Buy a Stove or Range Until You First See
How Much You Save By Getting
"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"
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YOU want to make every cent you spend this year, **count** for **quality** and **economy.**

If you need a stove or range, don't buy until you get our **factory** prices.

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Woman's World

Four Months FREE

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CHICAGO TRIBUNE SAYS EDITORIALLY:

THE revelations made by **United States District Attorney Sims** in the current number of **Woman's World** should be given as wide a currency as possible.

As Mr. Sims says, thousands of girls from the country are entrapped each year, and he points out the pitiful fact that the parents of a great majority of these unfortunates are unaware of their fate. As a consequence of this state of public ignorance, the traffic proceeds unchecked save by the efforts of prosecuting officials, which are necessarily restricted and temporary in effect.

What is greatly needed as a supplement to vigorous prosecution of offenders is a campaign of education. **Clergymen** should take up this evil and instruct parents in their congregations as to the reality and extent of the danger. In small towns there is virtually no knowledge of this evil and how it manifests, and there is far too little even in cities.

The problem is enormous, but it can be solved largely by educational means. The responsibility for a broad and systematic campaign of enlightenment rests with the religious and social agencies now existent in every community **the churches, the women's clubs, the civic leagues,** and associations. The press, too, should give a reputable publicity and exert its influence directly and on educational lines, to the end that the public may know the gravity of the evil and its conditions.

"THE ILLINOIS VIGILANCE ASSOCIATION"
Object: To Protect Our Women and Girls.

ASSOCIATION BUILDING,
Chicago, September 17 1908.

WOMAN'S WORLD: We thank you for the copies of WOMAN'S WORLD for September. We shall ask a donation for more. The article by Mr. Sims must do great good.

ERNEST A. BELL, Cor. Sec'y.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN RESCUE HOME.
"A Christian Home for Erring Girls."

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.,
September 18, 1908.

WOMAN'S WORLD: I write to ask permission to publish in our official organ the article in the September WOMAN'S WORLD entitled: "The White Slave Trade of To-day." We desire to extend to you our personal thanks for the publication of this great article.

WM. H. LEE,
Supt.

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WHITE SLAVE TRADE By EDWIN SIMS, U. S. District Attorney

An account of the prosecution of the "White Slave" traders who, Mr. Sims states, "Have reduced the art of ruining young girls to **a** national and international system." In comparison, the lives of the women of the ancient cave dwellers, clubbed and beaten insensible by brutal men, were to be preferred to the lives of these girls, who are lured from loving homes. Do you know that White Slave trappers search the City and Country towns for their victims? Do you know that they go to Railway Stations to decoy their unsuspecting prey? Do you know innocent girls, when once they fall into the hands of those merciless, pitiless beings, are sold for money. This article by the great District Attorney should be read by all.

THE PATH OF THE ERRING

This is the subject of a second article in the **Woman's World,** by the Honorable Edwin W. Sims, U. S. District Attorney in Chicago, written as was the "White Slave Article," strictly from the viewpoint of the lawyer, who finds himself called upon, as an officer of the law, to deal with this extremely difficult subject.

THE SINS OF SOCIETY By JOSEPH MEDILL PATTERSON

Author of "A Little Brother of the Rich," the greatest book sensation of the year. Mr. Patterson as an insider says that we have in the Country among the rich society people a practical Court; that society women relegate to others all functions of usefulness, with a single exception—and they are not inclined to discharge this function as they ought.

MY FACE WON $10,000 By MISS DELLA CARSON

First prize winner in the Chicago *Tribune's* $10,000.00 Beauty Contest, also in World Contest. In this article, of vital interest to women in many walks of life, Miss Carson tells the secrets of how she has retained, preserved and accentuated her beauty and health and how, although she is now thirty years old, everyone says she looks like a girl of sixteen; it is within the reach of every woman to improve her personal appearance.

"The Christian Science Faith, by Mrs. Clara Louise Burnham, Author of "Jewel," "Jewel Story Book", "The Opened Shutters," etc.

"The Most Interesting Thing in the World," by Geo. Ade, Geo. Barr McCutcheon, Forrest Crissey and William Hodge.

"Love Making in Foreign Lands," by Frank L. Pixley, Author of "King Dodo," "The Burgomaster," "Prince of Pilsen" etc.

"The Old Homes and the New," by Hon. Adlai E. Stevenson, former Vice President of the United States.

"The Sins of His Fathers," by Cyrus Townsend Brady, Author of "A Little Traitor to the South," "Richard, the Brazen," etc.

"The Maid of Millions," by one.

"New Arkansas Traveler Series," by Opie Reid, author and originator of The Arkansas Traveler.

Other contributors to these four FREE issues are: Margaret Sangster, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Roswell Field, General Charles King, Harriett Prescott Spafford, Elia W. Peattie, Elliott Flower, Stanley Waterloo, Frank L. Stanton, Edwin Balmer, Maude Radford Warren, John Kendrick Bangs, Allen D. Albert, Dr. W. F. Waugh, Ellen Stan and **many** others. **The Woman's World** is printed in colors and is a great national woman's magazine.

FREE OFFER **We will send at once copies of The Woman's World of the September, October, November, and December (Christmas) Issues, Containing all the features in reference to above, absolutely FREE to anyone who will send only 25 cents now to pay for a subscription for the entire year of 1909.**

EXTRA OFFER **Also, everyone who accepts this offer will be sent, as a receipt for their 1909 subscription, a double cabinet size photo of Miss Della Carson, who was awarded the First Prize in Chicago Tribune's $10,000.00 World Beauty Contest.**

WOMAN'S WORLD

Sub. Dept. 55, CHICAGO

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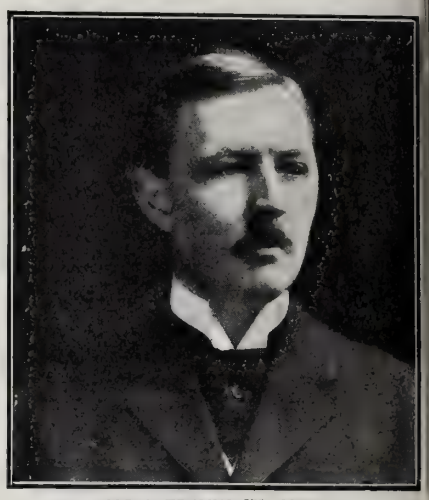
Novelist who has introduced into fiction the element of Christian Science.



HON. EDWIN W. SIMS
The U. S. District Attorney who represented the U. S. Government in the $29,000,000 Standard Oil Case.

JOSEPH MEDILL PATTERSON
Author of "A Little Brother of the Rich"

GUARANTEE

WE are so confident that you will say that the "Woman's World" is the **greatest reading value** to-day after you read it free at our expense until January 1, that we are willing to make the following **guarantee:** Anyone who accepts our free 1908 offer now and sends 25 cents to pay for subscription for the year 1909, and who any time during December 1908, after receiving the free September, October, November and December issues, should write and say they are sorry they subscribed, will be immediately refunded their 25c., 1909 remittance, without question, without fuss.

FOR PREMIUM ANNOUNCEMENTS SEE PAGES 891 TO 894

CHRISTIAN HERALD

Copyright, 1908, by Louis Klopsch

SUBSCRIPTION, $1.50 PER ANNUM
PUBLISHED 52 TIMES A YEAR

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 11, 1908

VOL. 31—NO. 46. PRICE 5 CENTS
OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

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See next page

PRESIDENT-ELECT TAFT, MRS. TAFT, AND CHARLES, THEIR YOUNGEST SON

TAFT AND SHERMAN ELECTED

THE Presidential campaign of 1908, which has resulted in the election of William Howard Taft as twenty-seventh President of the United States, will long be remembered as one of the most vigorous ever known in our national politics. It resulted in a great triumph for the Republican electoral ticket. The electoral vote will probably stand as shown in the table in the next column.

Some of the pluralities for Taft were enormous. New York gives him nearly 200,000, Maine 31,000, Vermont 18,000, Massachusetts 100,000, New Hampshire 20,000, Wisconsin 75,000, Michigan 100,000, Illinois 200,000, Pennsylvania 350,000. The Pennsylvania figures are furnished by Senator Penrose. These were estimates made immediately after the election, and may be slightly changed by the complete vote. In the South 20,000 more votes were recorded for Taft than Roosevelt received four years ago; but the Southern States remain practically solid with the sole exception of Maryland, which gave Taft an estimated plurality over Bryan of 3,500. Among the Western States there were some surprises. Illinois gave Taft a sweeping majority of 170,000, although it had been considered debatable territory. Indiana and Ohio, both bitterly contested, added substantial majorities to the Taft column. Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Kansas, and the Dakotas all gave surprising Taft majorities. He carried all the Eastern States from Maine to Virginia and from the ocean to the Alleghanies by good majorities.

New York was the scene of a struggle which made it a centre of national interest. Governor Hughes, whose moral crusade against the race-track gamblers had allied against him all "the forces of evil" in the metropolis, and whose re-election was opposed by the sympathizers with the gambling and saloon elements, came out triumphant, being carried through the battle safely in the wake of the tremendous Taft wave which swept the Empire State. Taft's plurality in New York is estimated at between 175,000 and 200,000. Hughes for Governor has a plurality between 60,000 and 70,000. These figures, however, may be modified by complete returns. Gov. Hughes's re-election is a magnificent triumph for public morality and good citizenship.

One of the unexpected developments of the election was the revolution in Manhattan and the Bronx. In former campaigns, the political leaders have always counted New York City as certain to give the Democratic candidate for President or Governor an assured majority anywhere from 75,000 to 125,000. It was generally expected that Mr. Bryan would have at least 50,000 and possibly 75,000 plurality. To the astonishment of the politicians of both parties, this old-time majority disappeared wholly in the present election. Bryan carries Manhattan and the Bronx by a few thousand votes, but in the Greater New York, which includes Manhattan, the Bronx, Brookyn, Queens and Richmond, Taft has a plurality estimated at 10,000. This same territory in 1904 gave Parker, the Democratic candidate for President, a plurality of 37,645.

President-Elect Wm. Howard Taft

President Roosevelt, on learning the result of the election, wired his heartiest congratulations to Judge Taft and also to Congressman James Schoolcraft Sherman, the Vice-President-elect. President Roosevelt voted at Oyster Bay, N. Y., making the trip for that special purpose on election day morning. Mr. Taft voted in Cincinnati and Mr. Bryan in Fairview, Neb. The latter received the election returns in his own home at Fairview.

How the Electoral Vote Stands

TAFT		BRYAN	
California	10	Alabama	11
Colorado	5	Arkansas	9
Connecticut	7	Florida	5
Delaware	3	Georgia	13
Idaho	3	Kentucky	13
Illinois	27	Louisiana	9
Indiana	15	Missouri	18
Iowa	13	Mississippi	10
Kansas	10	Nevada	3
Maine	6	North Carolina	12
Maryland	8	Nebraska	8
Massachusetts	16	Oklahoma	7
Michigan	14	South Carolina	9
Minnesota	11	Tennessee	12
Montana	3	Texas	18
New Hampshire	4	Virginia	12
New Jersey	12	Total	169
New York	39		
North Dakota	4		
Ohio	23		
Oregon	4		
Pennsylvania	34		
Rhode Island	4		
South Dakota	4		
Utah	3		
Vermont	4		
Washington	5		
West Virginia	7		
Wisconsin	13		
Wyoming	3		
Total	314		

Total number of votes in Electoral College, 483; necessary to a choice, 242.

Congress is Republican by a decreased majority. It will probably stand 221 Republicans to 170 Democrats, as against 223 Republicans and 167 Democrats in the present Congress. Hon. Joseph G. Cannon, the Speaker, is re-elected, and practically all the present Republican leaders will return, including Representatives Dalzell and Payne. The last named, it is said, will plan the tariff bill and direct tariff legislation in the next House.

. . .

MR. TAFT'S CAREER

Few of our Presidents have had such a long training for the highest office in the gift of the people as the President-elect. Mr. Taft from boyhood has been an associate of men prominent in the councils of the nation and his own family have played no small part in its history. He comes from old New England stock, the Tafts having lived for some generations near Worcester, Mass., before going to Ohio. His father, Hon. Alphonso Taft, was one of the most prominent citizens of Cincinnati in the days before the Civil War, and through the administrations of Lincoln and Grant. He was active in the business and political life of the State, and highly respected as an able lawyer. He was the first of the Taft family to hold a cabinet position, being made Attorney-General by President Grant in 1876. He married Miss Louise M. Torrey and their family life was most happy.

William Howard Taft was born September 15, 1857, and spent his boyhood in the fine old house still occupied by his brother in Cincinnati. Young Taft went through the usual public school course at the Woodward High School, where he was popular with his fellow students, and his record as a student is said to have been good. He graduated in 1874, and then went to Yale, where at the completion of his university course he stood second in a class numbering one hundred and twenty-one. He received the honor of salutatorian from the faculty, and was elected class orator by his classmates. He returned to Cincinnati and at once started on his real work in life as a reporter on a local paper. While doing newspaper work young Taft resolved to follow in the foot-steps of his distinguished father and study law.

Vice-Pres.-Elect James Schoolcraft Sherman

He graduated from the Cincinnati College Law School in 1880 and divided the first prize awarded with another member of the class whose marks equaled his. He was admitted at once to the Ohio State bar and began the active practice of his profession. In 1881 he became assistant prosecuting attorney for Hamilton County. In 1882 he was made collector of internal revenue, and in 1885 assistant county solicitor. Two years later he became judge of the Superior Court of Ohio. For thirteen years he remained on the State bench. In 1890 he became solicitor-general, and later was made United States circuit judge. Up to 1900, Judge Taft's reputation, though growing, had been largely confined to Ohio and the Middle West. His appointment as President of the Philippines Commission at once brought him before the entire American public. The first favorable estimate that was formed of him at that time has never been revised. He was made the first civil governor of the Philippines in 1901, and held the post for three years. In 1904, he had completed his plans for the government of the islands and for the reform of the Philippine judiciary, and felt free to accept a position in President Roosevelt's Cabinet as Secretary of War.

The Cuban insurrection of 1906 threatened to undo all of the good that had been accomplished in Cuba since the war of 1898, and the day the red and yellow standard had dropped forever from the flagstaff of the palace of the Spanish governor. President Roosevelt felt that Judge Taft was the man on whom he could depend. He was sent to restore order and to prepare the people for a new election of a Cuban President. Last year he made an official tour of inspection of Panama, Cuba and Porto Rico. Then he started on another in which he girdled the earth. He went to Japan, then to the Philippines and returned home by way of Europe, stopping at St. Petersburg and Berlin. As he was already talked of as a presidential candidate Europe watched his movements with great interest. The estimate formed of Mr. Taft by the European press was most favorable.

Mr. Taft married in June, 1886, Miss Helen Heron of Cincinnati. His wife has been a help-mate to him in every sense of the word and is admirably fitted to be the mistress of the White House. They have three children.

Robert Alphonso Taft

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Miss Helen Heron Taft

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

Farming Students Threshing Barley

Worshipers at a Wayside Shrine

Converts Going to an Open-Air Servce

THE OLD JAPAN AND THE NEW

By Matthias Klein, Akashi

AKASHI is right in the centre of Japan's most picturesque scenes. Here we find old and new Japan in vivid contrast. Old temples and hrines are here, in connection with which religious estivals and bazaars follow each other in rapid uccession, where the people in streams approach he front of the temples and jerk the long, clumsy opes of the clanking bells hanging above the big reasury box. Into this box they cast their coins, enerally of the lowest denomination, on certain ccasions keeping the priests busy sweeping up hose which fall outside the receptacle. The devo- ees then, with clasped hands, offer their prayers nd walk away. Theatrical performances and leight-of-hand exhibitions, the beating of drums, he blowing of horns and the constant cries of the enders at the booths heighten the roar. However, ne is impressed with the good behavior in the idst of the excitement.

But this picture is not completed without men- ioning the noble company of Christian pilgrims vho after dusk enter this arena with a supply of racts, also carrying attractive, bright red lanterns, pon which are painted large white crosses. The eople flock after us to a more quiet spot, where he cause of Christ, with song and prayer, preach- ng and testimony, is joyfully and zealously pre- ented. This festival is the yearly celebration in onor of the discoverer of Awaji Island, said to be he ancestor of the legendary first Emperor, Jimmu Tenno. The channel beyond which this island lies as a very strong current, yet in earlier days, for enturies even, a crowd of skilful swimmers, under he observation of Shinto priests and people, would eave the Akashi shore, pushing little thimble-like oats before them, now and then climbing into them, ntil they reached the island where they went to neet the idolized spirits of their ancestors. These hey then escorted back to the shrine erected for hem at this place. The crossing in such a manner as always been exceedingly dangerous, and it sually happened that one or more were killed by he sharks, consequently in recent years this kind f crossing is prohibited by law.

Speaking of this island, it was from this place hat the grandfather of one of my Japanese teach- rs drew a picture of Commodore Perry's black- ulled man-of-war, as it lay at anchor near here luring a storm after his famous visit to Yokohama. The natives lined the shores, gazing with awe and error upon this monster; but now they proudly be- old their own gray-painted war-dogs plowing hrough these waters.

As to the magnitude of the great door opened for he Gospel, a few Sundays ago, at the next railroad tation, a great crowd congregated at a picnic in a shady park of pine trees. The newspapers gave he number as over 100,000. To that multitude the Gospel was also presented by preaching and tracts.

In this place there is an ancient renowned castle, he towers of which in earlier days served as watch towers. It was built nearly three hundred years ago. With the beginning of the "Era of Enlighten- ment," the last living "daimyo," or governor of this castle, like all other living daimyos, was re- moved to Tokyo, the capital. The castle property now belongs to the imperial family. On its grounds now stand the modern buildings of an Agricultural School, where students are thoroughly instructed in the different branches of this science, though implements are in part still old-fashioned. Besides a number of other up-to-date schools in this city, we might mention the Girls' Normal School, which we recently visited. Passing through the various halls in the library, we joyfully noticed, among other volumes, a Reference Bible. In the history class-room we found the walls lined with photographs of a number of the earth's great men. On one side were those of the West, Homer, Aris- totle, Socrates, Luther and others. On the other side were the Asiatics, and we were both surprised and pleased to see Jesus Christ placed first; then came Confucius and the other famous sages.

Farmer Women on the Way to Market

Japan, and indeed this immediate vicinity, is as thickly dotted with historic and legend-haunted places of interest—castles, towers and temples—as any country in Europe. Here, for instance, is a turtle-shaped hill, called "Sen-tsubo," which means a thousand crocks or earthen tubs. Upon this height the ashes of a certain Emperor's family and descendants, numbering over a thousand, were care- fully interred in these tubs, which were arranged in circles. What wonderful tales these Japanese are able to relate in connection with this and many other places!

Like other Oriental countries, Japan also had its day when people were buried alive. Up to 1,500 years ago, when an Emperor or some other great man died, his wives and servants were buried alive with him. Then later, until 700 years ago, these were buried only in effigy, but all this has since been prohibited by law. Not only such savage rites, but idolatry itself, must give way before the Kingdom of Jesus. The conversion of stanch idolaters, such as that of a friend of mine, well illustrates the above. This Japanese, who is an aggressive busi- ness man, just a few months ago found the grace of God thoroughly revolutionizing his heart and home, till with holy zeal he snatched all the idols from his house, over one hundred in number, and made a bonfire of them.

When the natives bury their dead, instead of Western-style coffins, they simply use wooden tubs, about three feet high, with a cover, into which the corpse is placed in a sitting posture, dressed in white. When the Buddhists bury, they also place six *rin* in the coffin (ten *rin* are equal to one-half cent), representing the Buddhist "Amen," consist- ing of six syllables, "Na-mu-a-me-bu-tsu." Friends shave the scalps of their dead; some of the hair is placed in the temple for worship, or again it is buried with the body.

Foreigners in this country are struck with the comparative absence of songsters in the forests, but there is no end to the flowers, both wild and culti- vated. On some festival days, the country people haul their flowers to the towns and cities in loads, as the American farmer hauls his cord-wood. Oh, the grandeur, in some sections of Japan, of the beautiful large white and gold mountain lilies! I have seen whole hillsides almost covered with these emblems of purity, much larger than our American Easter lilies, and delightfully fragrant.

Nature itself is very beautiful in Japan, but be- comes exceedingly so with the assistance of skilful and scientific florists and horticulturists, among whom even temple priests appear as rivals. Here are plenty of dwarf peach, plum and other trees, whose slender limbs hang down along the knotty trunks like weeping willows. Their light or dark pink blossoms are usually double and remind one of American carnations. Well did the poet sing:

> Land of wondrous beauty, what a charm there lingers,
> Round her every landscape, every flower and tree!
> But a brighter glory waits to shine upon thee
> Than thy cloud-capped mountains or thy inland sea.

THE
American Pulpit

A SERMON BY

Rev. Len. G. Broughton*

THE POWER OF THE SPIRIT

TEXT—Judges 16 : 20

"And he wist not that the Lord was departed from him."

I AM going to speak this afternoon from the twentieth verse of the sixteenth chapter of the Book of Judges. You are all familiar with it, and I simply take out of it this text: "And he wist not that the Lord was departed from him." I want to speak to you of what is practically a lost art with the church, and that is the power to bring things to pass by way of heaven, by way of the supernatural. Before I start to discuss "The Lost Power of the Church," it might be well for me to tell you what I mean by power. By power I do not mean numbers. There never was a time in the history of the Church of Jesus Christ when she had so many numbers as now. To be sure, we have not kept up with the progress of the world in many things, not even in numbers; but we have a great many members of our churches. We have more than we ever had in the history of the church, and we have lost power.

Nor do I mean culture. There never was a time in the history of the church of Jesus Christ when she had so much culture as to-day. I believe in culture, and the church has a great deal of culture. The majority of the culture of this world is in the church; but culture is not power.

Wealth Is Not Power

Nor do I mean wealth. There never was a time in the history of the church when she had so much wealth as to-day. But wealth is not power. Sometimes we are led to imagine that wealth is power. Some time ago I was standing at a little railway station in Mississippi, waiting for my train, and a brother came up to me and engaged me in conversation. I asked him, "What is the most powerful church in this beautiful little city?" And he pointed up the hill to a little stone building, and said, "I think that is." I said, "Do you live here?" He said, "Yes, I live here." I said, "Are you a church member?" He said, "Yes, I am a member of that church." I said, "How many people are there in that church?" He said, "I do not know." I said, "How many people go to prayer meeting?" He said, "I don't know that they have any prayer meeting." "How many people are there in the Sunday School?" I said. He said, "I really cannot tell you, for I have not been in ten years." "How many people," said I, "do they usually have at the communion?" You know these are good methods to test a powerful church. He said, "Well, really, I am sorry that I cannot tell you." I said, "What made you say that that was the most powerful church in this community?" "Why," he said, "they have three millionaires in that church. The fact is, about the only millionaires that this State has are in that church."

That man had the conception that wealth was power, but he was mistaken. The fact is, usually the wealthiest churches that we have are the churches that have least power. I do not think it should be so; I see no reason why it should be so; and yet it is a fact.

The Pentecostal Power

Nor do I mean influence when I speak of power. Influence may be power; influence may not be power. Some of the most influential churches I know are the most powerless. Some of the most powerful churches that I know are churches that have the least influence in shaping the affairs of the community. That is the difference between what the world is seeking for and the thing God wants to give. That is the difference between power and influence. Now, what I mean by power is the power of God coming upon a man, enabling him to do that which otherwise he could not do. That is what I mean by power; and I thank God that that power is possible for a man to-day. I do not believe that God has any favorites among us. If he has favorites, his favorites are made up of those who are perfectly willing to let him do with them as he sees fit; and the man who puts no limit surrendering himself absolutely and without reserve, is the man who is clothed with the power.

Now, there has been a time in the history of the church when she had this power more than she has to-day. She had it in the beginning; on the Day of Pentecost, when the church was founded, there was this power manifesting itself. It manifested itself in the rushing of the wind; in the tongues of fire; in the gift of tongues. Mind you, however, it was a gift of tongues, a gift of language—not the kind we are hearing about now in some sections of the world, a mere gift of gabble. The gift of tongues at Pentecost, which made that occasion stand out with such glory, was a gift of language. It was a man being given the gift to speak to another man in his own language. I believe in that kind of gift of tongues. But I do not believe God is the author of confusion. From the day when the church was founded, all through the apostolic age, the church was characterized by that inexplicable power. It was the normal thing, in the early days of the church, to resort to prayer when it got in trouble. Take in the twelfth chapter of the Book of the Acts, when Peter was in prison. Where is the church? Out yonder in prayer. And what happened? The prison doors were opened, and Peter walked out. That is what they did in those apostolic days. Now, when such a thing occurs, the church rushes to the State, or to the nation, instead of rushing to prayer meeting.

All through the ages of the church, we have had periods and seasons when the church has come out and stood conspicuously for this, and we have had men in all ages that have done it. Take Martin Luther, whose business it was to stand for a certain phase of truth; and then take John Wesley, whose business it was to stand for another phase of truth; and then take Moody, on this side, whose business it was to stand for still another phase of the truth. These men were conspicuously led and equipped of God, and empowered of God to do their work. But for the most part, we are bound to admit that the church of our Lord Jesus has departed from the power, or the power has departed from the church. There is not to-day, in the active work of the church, direct connection between the old-time power-house and the Church of Jesus Christ. Why do I say that? I say it because we are not having things come to pass by way of heaven, as we had in those days. We are having come to pass in the life of the church to-day simply those things that we can explain, and rarely do we see a thing take place in the church that is beyond explanation.

Losing Touch With the "Power House"

We Christians of to-day have lost touch with the power house because we have failed to rigidly insist upon a separation of the church from the world. Now, the Church of Jesus Christ is intended to be a separate body of men and women. It is not to be of the world; its methods are not to be the methods of the world. Its mode of life, the things in which it finds pleasure and comfort and blessing, are not to be the things that the world finds pleasure and comfort and blessing in. It must be separate and distinct—a separate and peculiar people. And the church is to carry about with her, wherever she goes, the marks of her Nazariteship, the mark of her separation. The world must be able to see a clear-cut line of demarcation between the church and itself; and until it does see that, it will be lacking in respect for the church. Now, if the church wants to go after the world, and the pleasure of the world, and the wealth of the world, and the influence of the world, in the world's way of getting things, let it do it; but in so doing, it partakes of the weakness of the world.

If I had to sound one note to-day for the Church of Jesus Christ, it would be this: "Come ye out from among them; be ye separate, saith the Lord." I am not surprised that many churches have had a hard time financially. Some time ago, I was in the southern part of our State, and after a lecture I was invited by a lady to accompany her to a reception. Just as we got to the building, I asked, "What is this thing for?" She said, "It is to raise money to pay off our pastor's salary. We are just two hundred dollars behind in his salary." I said, "What do you give your pastor?" She said, "Six hundred dollars a year." That woman's husband was worth a quarter of a million! We went in, and the first one who met me at the door was a little girl, with something like a dozen or more little south Georgia wild roses, and ribbons tied around them. She approached and said, "Won't you buy one of my bouquets?" I said, "Yes, pin one on my coat." She pinned it on, and I said, "Pin one on my friend here," and she pinned one on her. And I said, "What are they worth?" She said, "Seventy-five cents apiece." Now, y could have bought an acre of ground where th things grew, and the acre would have grown fo hundred and fifty-nine thousand of them—you cou have bought that for seventy-five cents. Are y surprised because that church had to rely upon su methods? When once a church begins that sort thing, it partakes of the weakness of the world. carries out none of its strength; it leaves behind strength, and simply becomes a part of the wor and God lets it alone. And every church that tri such methods will find out that this is true.

Have We Lost Faith?

But let me suggest another thing. We have lo power because we have lost faith. There is ve little faith, as I find it in the church to-da Churches are keen to discover the depth of t religion of their pastor. They will detect any d flection in his faith before he will, and whenev they see that the pastor himself is lacking in fait it is absolutely out of the question to try and li that church up in the matter of its faith.

And so, after all, this thing lies right at our doo We will never get the church up in the matter faith until the ministers are willing to live by fait Faith, in a religious sense, is the undertaking f God of a thing, the end of which we cannot see at t time of the undertaking. If that is not faith, th I know nothing about it. How many of us have th kind of faith? It is easy to trust God for the gre things of life, but oh, how hard we find it to tru him for the little things! It is the little things life, after all, that test our faith; not the bi things. We do not hesitate to undertake b things for God by faith. We would plunge to build a house all by faith. We would plun in to live by faith, throwing our salary ove board, just trusting God by faith, and yet we cou not be persuaded that that God who could keep under those circumstances, could save us from fre ting and worry and ill-temper and idle talk, and th like. We have lost ground because we have lo faith. I want to see the day arrive for the churc universal, when she will come back to the positi of the old, primitive church, and from minister t deacon, and from deacon to sexton, we will alto gether live by faith. I would like to see the tim come when we will have a reproduction of the apos tolic church.

A Christian's Birthright

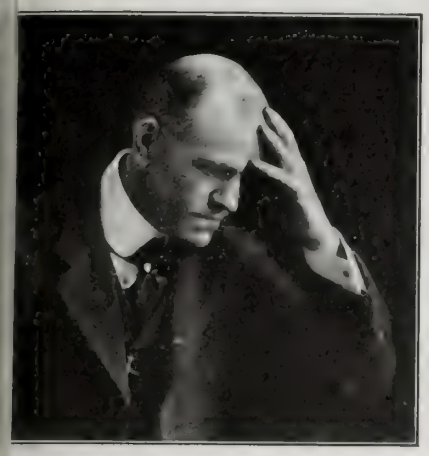
Again, let me say, we have lost ground becaus we have failed to claim our birthright. Ever Christian man and woman has a birthright to th power of the Holy Ghost. "Ye shall receive powe after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you." Jesu Christ is talking to his disciples. They were con verted men, as I believe, prior to this. I believe every one of those men was converted before he en tered that upper room for the enduement of power; but there was needed another equipment; hence Jesus sent those disciples to that upper room, and there they waited for ten days until the power came. And I feel that promise is just as distinctly the promise of Jesus Christ to the church to-day as is the promise of salvation to the world. I believe that Jesus Christ would equip every believing child of his with the power of Pentecost, and do it just as easily, and just as powerfully, as he did those disciples, if we were to comply with the same conditions. The power might manifest itself, to be sure, in different ways, as I believe it would; but it would be the same power, the same supernatural equipment for service that came then, manifesting itself in every instance according to the needs and exigencies of the case. But we have failed to claim our birthright. I believe that in the one act of regeneration there is, provisionally, everything God has to give his children—the enduement for service, sanctification, everything. But we are not introduced to that great fact, for the most part, until years after, and sometimes not at all.

Down in southwest Virginia, where I used to live, there are the Pocahontas coal fields, in many respects the richest in the world. Those fields were once owned by a farmer, who eked out a miserable existence for himself and his family. One day there came some men from up North. They walked through the village; they examined those fields, and

Continued on page 885

THE "FAMILY ALTAR LEAGUE"

ONE generation ago, in almost every Christian home in the country he family altar was a recognized fixure. Every day it was the custom f the family, young and old, to gather ogether, while the father read some ortion of the Word of God, and then



Rev. W. E. Biederwolf

ll would kneel as a blessing was revrently invoked upon the home and ts members. To-day, that household s exceptional where united daily rayer is a custom. In most Chrisian homes, the sad fact is that the Scriptures are seldom opened in the resence of the family, and the children rarely hear their parents' voices raised in prayer in the home.

To him who has ever known the rich blessings of family prayer and felt its influence, and who treasures the sacred memories that cluster round the family altar of his childhood, it brings a feeling of sorrow as he realizes that the good old custom has almost passed into neglect and disuse, and that children are coming up into manhood and womanhood in homes where the Scripture is practically a sealed book and prayer unknown. One cannot but wonder what will be the effect when, under such circumstances, this generation rises to the place of control in the nation. It does not augur well for the future of our Christian land.

This is one of the most disturbing problems of the Christian church today. Many hearts are fervently longing for a crusade that will bring to pass a change in the conduct of our Christian homes. For this reason, it will gladden many to hear of the Family Altar League, just now in the process of organization. The plan was presented to a great gathering of evangelists in August last, and received their enthusiastic approval and a promise of their support. The author of the idea is Rev. W. E. Biederwolf, the well-known evangelist, and he, with the active co-operation of a few other Christian workers, is pushing the undertaking to completion. Prominent among these is Rev. Hugh T. Kerr, pastor of the Fullerton Avenue Presbyterian Church, Chicago. The plan in brief is this: Attractive cards are distributed by evangelists and pastors, bearing the following covenant:

> Believing myself to be largely responsible for the eternal salvation and religious training of my children, and realizing the need of God's grace for my own Christian life, *I covenant with God* to make it the rule of my life to gather together, each day, so far as possible, the members of my family, and together read some portion of his word and pray for his blessing upon my home.
>
> HUSBAND.....
>
> WIFE.....
>
> .....190..
>
> Place and date.

This card is signed by the husband and wife, and sent to the headquarters of the League in Chicago, where it is filed, and in its place is sent a beautifully engraved wall-card, certifying that "This home is enrolled in the Family Altar League," and bearing also the words of the Covenant. A detachable portion of the card is given to the pastor as a reminder that the family is registered in the League. Every card is numbered, and an exact record kept of every registry.

To make the League a vital and permanent thing, there will be published in connection with it a little monthly magazine filled with helpful thoughts and suggestions. Dr. Biederwolf has associated with him on the editorial staff some of the most consecrated Bible teachers and prominent leaders in the devotional life in the country, and the magazine will be a valuable help to all Christians. The whole undertaking will entail no small financial outlay, but it is backed by men whose money is consecrated to the work of Christ, and the return in good done will mean more than any financial gain possibly could.

Surely God will abundantly bless such a worthy effort as this, for if the evangelists and pastors give it the support it deserves, it will mean great things for the Kingdom of Christ, in

Rev. Hugh T. Kerr

the quickening of the religious life of the home, and it will tell for years and generations to come. The coming twelvemonth ought to see the establishment, or the re-establishment, of the family altar and the united worship of God in thousands of homes.

Ingram, Wis. RAY Y. CLIFF.

THE POWER OF THE SPIRIT ∽ Sermon by Rev. Len. G. Broughton ∽ *Continued*

ecame convinced that there were great coal pits here. They went up to this old farmer and made him a proposition. They said, "We will give you a housand dollars for this piece of ground," and he ccepted it almost before they finished the proposiion. They gave him his thousand dollars; he gave hem the deed. He moved down the valley, where he ived until a few years ago. And those men got possession of those coal fields, and you could not buy hat same piece of ground to-day for millions on top of millions. Now that old farmer had all that when he got that deed from his father, but he did not know it. My brethren, we have all that God has for us when Jesus Christ saves us, but for the most part we do not know it. I did not know about it for five years. Thank God, one day I was told about it, and I simply moved out and occupied my rightful territory. Instead of surrendering it to somebody else, I took possession of it myself.

Now, what the Church of Jesus Christ wants today, first of all, is information regarding the extent of her territory—what she has; and then, when she is informed of it, surely she is going to move out and occupy it, and occupying it, she is going to find herself in possession of power she never dreamed of before. I was down in Washington some time ago, riding on an electric street car. I observed that the motorman could easily make that car go slow or fast; by a touch of the handle in his hand the car would go slower, almost stop, and yet not quite stop, but just go creeping along like a snail. And then he would touch that thing again, and the car would go almost at the rate of a mile a minute. I got curious to know how the thing was done. I said to myself, "I can't see how it is that if he touches that wire at all, he does not get all the power that there is in the power house," so I ventured to go out on the front platform and ask him. "Would you mind a stranger asking you a question about this machine?" I asked. "No, certainly not," he answered; "what is it?" "How is it that you can go slow or fast just by touching this instrument you hold in your hand?" "Why," he said, "I squeeze this handle, and when I want it to go slow, I open the mouth that grips the trolley, and it just touches it. When I want to go fast, it turns loose and grips the trolley and gets all the power in the power house. We fellows call it 'skinning the wire.'" I said, "Yes; good morning." I have two thousand people, members of my church in Atlanta, that are just "skinning the wire"; never have done anything but just "skin the wire." And you know that just about nine-tenths of our churches—I say this with intense sadness in my heart—are just "skinning the wire." But there is the power house; all the power of heaven is there at our disposal, if we will only just grip the wire with the trolley of faith. The trouble is that our faith is so weak that it just "skins the wire." God help us to have faith enough to lay hold of the handle of his power and let come down all the old-time power, the power our fathers had, the power the apostles had, that once again we may show to the world the power of God!

Several years ago, we had a young man come to visit us who had been, in the days gone by, a member of our church. He was a splendid young fellow, though a very poor boy. His people were poor people, but among the best people we had in the church. He had been off to school. He had passed two years in one of our seminaries for the education of young ministers, and had been for two years doing evangelistic work in the mountain sections of one of our Southern States. He came home to visit his people for the first time in years. I learned that he was in the town, and I went over to visit him at his mother's home, and when I was leaving, I said, "I want you to preach for us Sunday morning." "Oh," he said, "I could not think of such a thing. It would scare me to death." I said, "No, it would not." He said, "You don't want me; you are just asking me because I am a visiting minister." "No," I said, "I am asking you because I feel that you have got a message for our church." "No," he said, "I have not; I am afraid I have not." "Well," I said, "I am asking you because of your old mother. I want your old mother to hear you preach in our church." And the tears began to roll down his cheeks, and he said, "That is one reason I can't preach." I said, "You must preach." "No," he said, "I can't preach Sunday morning, but I will preach Sunday night if you want me to." I said, "No, you won't; I am going to take Sunday night myself. You can have Sunday morning if you want it." He said, "I will let you know to-morrow."

Sunday morning, when I went to church, the young man came into my study and said he had asked God to give him some sort of a message that would keep him from wasting the hour. We got on the platform. Very few of the people had heard about it, and when they saw him sit down, I could see that they were wondering what little, insignificant part of that service I was going to give him. After a while I said: "Brethren and sisters, one of our boys has just come home for the first time in four years, who has been greatly blessed in the mountains of this State, leading souls to Christ, and the representative of one of the best families in this church." And there sat his mother, bless her old heart, already weeping, and right by her side two or three of his sisters. And I said, "I have asked him to preach this morning, and I want you to pray for him while he tries to preach. He feels very much the need of your prayers." And then I could see a kind of scowl and a frown come over the faces of the old saints. They never thought of how they were grieving the Spirit of God with their lack of fellowship and sympathy.

Then he rose, opened his Bible at this first chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, and read that one verse: "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you; and ye shall be witnesses unto me." . . . He laid it down, and walked out from the desk, looked the people in the face, and for a moment his lips quivered and his eyes rained tears. And then, after choking two or three times, he said: "It is a hard task for me to preach to you. Here is my Sunday School teacher. He taught me for four years. He knows I don't know much; he knows I am nothing but a blundering, stupid boy. If he were not here I could do beter. Here is my mother, and she knows my imperfect life; and these sisters of mine know my impatience; but I am going to tell you what God has been doing for me." Then he told the story of how he came to see his need of receiving the Holy Ghost after he was converted, after he had been licensed to preach, after his ordination, and how immediately after he had bowed his knees and opened his heart, and how God had saved the mountain men and women by the hundreds in those two years. I never saw such an effect as that sermon produced upon the audience. I never saw men so swept and swayed as they were that day. The old Sunday School teacher bowed with his head in his hands. Then, when the preacher had finished, he said, "It may be that there are some of my former schoolmates here who are not saved. I want to see you come to Christ. I see one dear fellow that I used to play with; I do not know if he is a Christian." And he called him out, and the youngster shook his head, and he said, "Won't you come to Jesus this morning?" And he said, "I will." Fourteen young men and six or seven young women that morning at eleven o'clock all came walking down the aisle, taking that young minister by the hand, accepting Jesus Christ.

As soon as the benediction was pronounced, that old deacon sprang to his feet, rushed up to me and threw his arms around me, and said: "Pastor, pastor, where did he get that sermon?" He was the man who had talked about the "wasting of the hour." I said, "Deacon, he got that sermon where you ought to get more religion; that is where he got it. He got it down yonder in that little room, lying flat on his face before God, in prayer that God would help him to withstand your criticism. That is where he got it."

If we could have a reproduction of that kind of God-dependence on the part of us preachers, when we go back to our people, how long would it take for us to find America in the sweep of a great, cyclonic revival? God help us that it may be so.

A REVIVAL IN AUBURN PRISON

TWO notable meetings were conducted by Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman and Mr. Charles M. Alexander on a recent Sunday for the men and women confined in the prison at Auburn, N. Y. The evangelists were conducting a two days' conference in Auburn, and gladly accepted the invitation to address the prisoners. The meeting was arranged through Chaplain Herrick by Rev. William H. Hubbard, pastor of First Presbyterian Church

Auburn prison is one of the largest and best managed institutions of the kind in America. It was erected in 1816, and is built in the form of an old English castle. There are about twelve hundred men and one hundred women serving sentences within its walls. The meeting for the men prisoners was arranged for nine o'clock on Sunday morning. The evangelistic party met at the prison gates shortly before that time, and a little later went into the chapel. It was one of the most touching sights they had ever witnessed to look down upon the great audience of men, most of them with hardened and sin-stained faces. As each man entered the room he was given an eight-page leaflet containing several of Mr. Alexander's gospel songs. In a few minutes Mr. Alexander had turned the entire audience into a choir and the men were singing revival melodies as though they had known them for years.

Auburn Prison—Evangelist J. Wilbur Chapman

Dr. Chapman spoke briefly but powerfully to the men, telling them at the beginning of his address that he had never forgotten his experience in addressing the men eight or ten years previous. He took as his text part of Jer. 18: 4: "So he made it again." He gripped the hearts of the prisoners, who gave him the closest attention. As he concluded, the men were deeply affected. He asked all those who desired to be prayed for to raise their hands, and large numbers of the prisoners responded. A few moments later, while they continued in prayer, Dr. Chapman asked all who would make that day the time when they would accept Christ to raise their hands, and a large number of hands were upraised in response.

Mr. Ernest W. Naftzger, who accompanies the evangelists as soloist, sang in a touching manner, "Memories of Mother." When he had finished, the prisoners applauded so heartily that he sang the chorus of "Tell Mother I'll be There." The next feature of the service consisted in telling the men about the Pocket Testament League. They were keenly interested in the plan; and then Dr. Hubbard gave them a surprise by offering to present a handsome Testament to every prisoner who would join the League. Chaplain Herrick later reported that hundreds had sent in their names for Testaments.

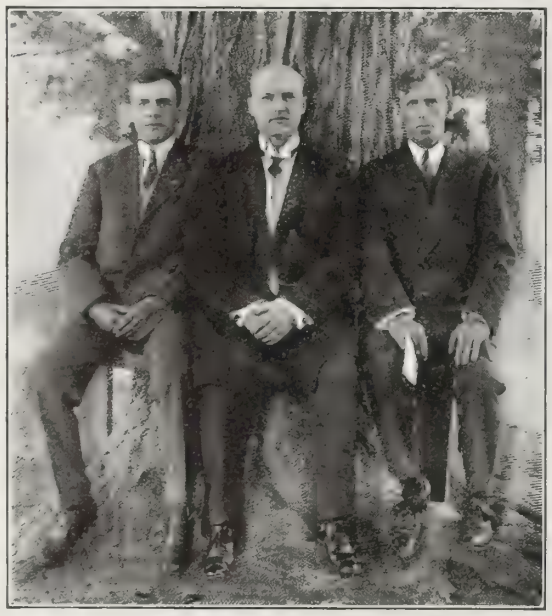
The unique and memorable service concluded with Mr. Alexander leading the men in singing "The Old Time Religion."

The evangelists then went to another part of the prison, where the women were gathered in a much smaller chapel. The sight of the men prisoners had moved the party, but the picture of the sad-faced women was even more touching. Mr. Alexander opened this meeting also with a brief song service, and the women sang with whole-souled fervor. As they sang their faces changed, and they seemed lifted out of themselves. While they were singing "Don't Stop Praying" tears stole down the faces of a number of them. Then Dr. Chapman spoke tenderly and sympathetically on the 23d Psalm. As he spoke, a number of the women could restrain themselves no longer, but burst into tears. When he concluded, he requested all those who desired to accept Christ to raise their hands, and many hands were lifted.

A number of colored women were in the audience. These sang with all the fervor of a Southern camp-meeting.

The plan of the Pocket Testament League was also explained to the women, and Dr. Hubbard repeated the offer to them. The matron said she felt sure each of the women would gladly carry the Testament about with her in the prison.

Just before the service concluded Dr. Chapman requested all to join him in repeating the 23d Psalm, especially emphasizing the personal pronouns, and it was beautiful to hear how heartily and accurately all joined in repeating it. On Sunday afternoon and evening Dr. Chapman and Mr. Alexander concluded the two days' conference at Auburn with two large mass meetings in the Burtis Auditorium, accommodating nearly four thousand people. Many confessed Christ, and hundreds of Christians were stimulated to new consecration and zeal. All the Protestant churches of the city had united in the meetings, and the entire community was deeply stirred.



E. W. Naftzger C. M. Alexander Robert Harkness

A Musical Trio

* * *

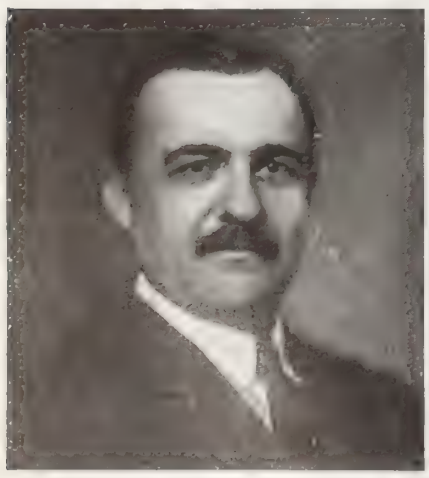
Revival in a Canadian City

Dr. Chapman and Mr. Alexander several weeks ago began holding meetings in Orillia, Canada, a city of about 6,000 population. Hundreds were swept into the kingdom and the religious life of the community was revolutionized. The campaign was part of a simultaneous revival conducted in the Dominion under the leadership of Dr. Chapman in co-operation with the Evangelistic Committee of the Presbyterian Church of Canada. The party working in Orillia included Dr. Chapman; Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Alexander; Mr. and Mrs. William Asher; Robert Harkness; Ernest W. Naftzger, and Ralph Norton, superintendent of personal workers. The gatherings were held in a large skating rink, accommodating nearly four thousand. Among the converts were some of the most depraved characters in the community. One "cocaine fiend" surrendered his drug bottle and his tobacco. One of the ministers spent a whole night in prayer for the meetings; while scores of church people pledged themselves to spend fifteen minutes daily upon their knees in prayer for an outpouring of the Spirit. In less than two weeks, over a thousand people joined the Pocket Testament League, agreeing to read at least one chapter in the Bible daily and to carry a Testament or Bible about with them.

GEO. T. B. DAVIS.

An Old-Time Revival

THE "old-time religion" has been enjoyed by the members of the North Baptist Church, New York City, in a recent revival which has been in progress under the leadership of Rev. J. B. Phillips, who recently resigned his pastorate in the Second Baptist Church of Macon, Ga., to enter an evangelistic campaign. His Northern tour began at the North Baptist Church, in West Eleventh Street, New York, and is continuing till Christmas in Newark and Jersey City churches.



Rev. J. B. Phillips

During his work in New York his messages and methods brought happy memories of old-time fervor. Mr. Phillips is an expository preacher, using many Old Testament texts and characters from which to draw spiritual lessons. He begins his meetings with searching truths, urging church members to lay aside every weight and surrender all to God. One father was deeply stirred by the truth, and as a result was given the joy of seeing his whole family brought to Christ.

One deacon was enabled to rejoice in seeing his whole Sunday School class come out on the Lord's side. The Baraca class of eighteen young men, many of whom assisted in the auxiliary chorus, are now all in the Christian army except two. In the woman's meetings in the church and in other parts of the city God honored the messages with the power of the Spirit. A woman's prayer circle is planned for the North Church.

Mr. Phillips is a young man who experienced a remarkable conversion, which is making his life a miracle of grace. He is giving his entire energies to a service of gratitude to his Saviour. He is assisted in Newark and elsewhere by Rev. W. H. and Mrs. Scott, who sing and do personal work.

The congregations in Fairmount Baptist Church are large and enthusiastic. At the afternoon session for men, almost the entire body came forward to confess faith in Christ as Saviour. Never in the history of the church had such a demonstration been seen. The Rev. Dr. Lombard is pastor of the church.

The Florida Cuban Mission

THE Cuban Mission (M. E. Church, South), of Ybor City, Fla., continues to grow in numbers and interest. Since Rev. Douglas Lewis succeeded the late Rev. Joseph Norwood as pastor a small hall has been added to the church. It affords an attractive place for the social meetings of the League and for a club room for boys. Mr. Lewis has been untiring in his work, which has been unusually hard. He is now away taking a much needed rest, and in his absence his pulpit is filled by his assistant, Rev. Ignacio Gonzales, one of the young Cuban ministers whom Mr. Norwood was training for the ministry, and a consecrated Christian.

Wolf Mission School for Cuban children, under Miss Josephine Baker as principal, is doing a good work in giving these little ones a true Christian education. Mrs. Joseph Norwood, whose health was impaired by exposure while sick during the fire, after a long rest in Texas and New Mexico has returned to her work. She has set her heart on working for the children of Cuba, Colombia and Venezuela. Her plan is to raise a fund to be used for the support of competent Christian teachers in Venezuela and Colombia in educating poor children. She proposes to visit South America next spring and to personally aid and direct the work.

A Neglected Tribe of Central Brazil

ON the banks of the beautiful river Araguaya, which separates the States of Goyaz and Matto Grosso, lives a wild tribe of Indians called the Carajas. It is estimated that the number of "braves" is about 4,000, so that probably the total

A Native Caraja Hut

would come up to 10,000, counting men, women and children.

They are pure-blooded redskin Indians, of fine physique and great agility. They are dextrous hunters with the bow and arrow, which, together with a rosewood club, are their only weapons and means of gaining a livelihood. They live almost entirely on fish, which they kill with the bow. They have no worldly belongings besides their weapons, save a few beads, a knife, and a stone axe or two. The tribe has its supreme chief, and is divided into groups, families and villages, with a "capitao" or minor chief over each. Of a shiny, copper bronze color, with beautiful long, black, lustrous hair, they are a very striking and interesting looking race. Their eyes are almond shaped, black, and with more of a tender than a ferocious look in them, while each bears on both his cheeks the circular tribal mark of the Caraja.

They are much more primitive and less energetic than their neighbors, the Chavaantes, but in spite of their indolent disposition there are many able craftsmen among them, who give themselves to the making of objects of art. Their spears and clubs are bound with cane plaits of variegated colors, in neat and uniform designs. They also make fine cloth of vegetable fibre, while their elegantly woven baskets would figure well among other like objects manufactured in the home lands.

It is said that the Caraja Indian is very affectionate, and that the mother is very much attached to her children. The day when an infant Indian warrior is named is an occasion of much feasting and rejoicing. The baby is first anointed with a kind of vegetable gum, and then covered with beautiful, small, white feathers, while its little head is decorated with a crown of large, gay-colored feathers. Thus prepared, the babe awaits the terrible ordeal, while the mother, convulsed in sobs, is held in her husband's arms. This takes place just before daybreak and on the highest ground of the village. The people gather round chanting an Indian melody, and awaiting the first peep of day. As soon as the first rays of the rising sun appear, the "bare," a kind of witch doctor, starts jumping and gesticulating in an excited manner, and suddenly, with a loud shriek, he pronounces a name, and at the same moment seizes and pierces the lower lip of the poor baby with a sharp-pointed bone used for this purpose. The name is chosen on the spur of the moment, and depends on what chances to catch the "bare's" attention at the time. It may be a cloud, a passing bird, a leaf, a palm tree seen afar off against the brightening sky, a vanishing star, a butterfly, or a humming-bird. And the gathered Indians all repeat the chosen name, "Pio-dudo," and "Pio-dudo" is re-echoed through the village; and he thus receives official recognition as a member of the tribe. Later on, an ornament of wood or shell is inserted in the orifice pierced in the young warrior's lip.

The death of an Indian warrior is attended with much ceremonial mourning and lamentation, after which the body is carried out into the woods, and for six months is supplied with food by members of the tribe. The women then wash and scrape the bones, which are religiously preserved in a clay urn, and placed in a cemetery, the location of which is a jealously guarded secret.

F. C. GLASS.

Goyaz, Capital.

. . .

The above account of the Carajas has been sent us by Mr. F. G. Glass, resident missionary in the capital of Goyaz. This city is within riding distance of Leopoldina, which would make a good base for missionary work among this and other wild tribes of the great Brazilian republic.

Civilized Indians of South America

Their evangelization has long been on our hearts as a mission—indeed, ever since God in his goodness turned our eyes to this land our aim and hope has been to ultimately reach these uncivilized interior tribes. Some years ago attempts were made in the North to reach the Indians on the River Tocantins, by way of Maranhas and Carolina, but having no base on the coast, sickness with its consequent breakdowns forced the missionaries to give that point up. The missionaries now have a good base near the coast, Sao Paulo, and a chain of stations through the State of Goyaz to the capital of the same name, and we believe that the "day of the Lord" has come for these people. We wish to secure the services of three young men of the highest mental and moral calibre, who would be willing to endure the rough manual toil, coarse food and hardships essential to all such pioneering work, and in conjunction with this appeal a fund has been opened in the Mission books to receive sums for this special end.

Correspondence may be addressed to: Rev. R. V. Bingham, 262 Delaware Avenue, Toronto, Canada; Pastor D. M. Stearns, 67 West Chelten Avenue, Germantown, Philadelphia; Mr. G. R. Witte, P. O. Box 23, East Northfield, Mass.

Children of the Carajas and their Primitive Surroundings

TWENTY THOUSAND ARMENIANS STARVING

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has received the following cable dispatch from Rev. Mr. Peet, of the Bible House, Constantinople, with the request that it be laid before the sympathetic American people:

CONSTANTINOPLE, October 28.

DR. LOUIS KLOPSCH, New York:

Missionary Andrus, at Mardin, appeals for twenty thousand people there who, having lost everything, need winter food and shelter. Can you help them in their great distress? Have written particulars.

(Signed) PEET.

In view of the urgency of the case, Dr. Klopsch immediately cabled $250 to Rev. Mr. Peet, to be applied toward relief.

Mardin, like many other localities in Armenia, has suffered this year from a total failure of crops, the result of protracted drought. It is a centre of missionary work, and the American Board has had a station there for many years, with eight American workers, many native helpers, a score of outstations, eight churches and a large membership; also flourishing schools and a high school, which is virtually a college. During the widespread suffering and destitution which followed the great massacres of 1894-6, Mardin was a city of sorrowful tragedies. At that time THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers generously contributed a relief fund, which was disbursed by the American missionaries at sixteen different stations throughout Armenia, resulting in saving thousands of lives and in alleviating the distress of multitudes of the destitute.

Mardin, in its present disaster, naturally turns to the same source which gave it bread and life and hope during the great persecution. It should not appeal in vain. We trust that our readers will respond heartily and quickly to this cry for succor and that they may be once more the means of saving the unfortunate Armenians of Mardin from the fate of starvation by cold and hunger which now threatens them. All contributions for the Mardin sufferers will be acknowledged in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

. . .

Mardin is an ancient city of Armenia (Eastern Turkey) about sixty miles south of Diarbekir, and situated on the slopes of the Taurus Mountains overlooking the great Mesopotamian plain. It has a population of some 25,000, including Armenians, Jews, Chaldeans, Arabs, Syrians and Koords. It is on the border of the most ancient Bible lands, and lies between the two great rivers Euphrates and Tigris. To the southeast is the traditional site of Eden, which many learned scholars identify with the description in Genesis 2:10-14. Northward lies Ararat, the scene of the descent from the ark, after the subsidence of the Flood. All around Mardin are cities that have become historic through centuries of war and suffering. Fourteen years ago, when the Sultan issued his famous pronunciamento against the Armenians, known as the "Edict of Extermination," great massacres followed at Diarbekir, Van, Bitlis, Malatia, Oorfa, and other surrounding cities. Mardin itself became a scene of slaughter and rapine, when the fierce Hamidieh troops descended upon the place and butchered many of the defenseless Armenians.

A Beautiful Home Decoration

Dear Dr. Klopsch: I send you many thanks for the three pictures which you kindly sent me. I find them beautiful, artistic and of a very fine tint. They certainly will be a great addition to my home decorations.

Longview, Tex. MRS. LEONIE HATSCHEK.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Subscriptions may commence with any issue.
Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.
Entered at Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter
Entered as Second-class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa

A Personal Suggestion

THIS is the time of the year when we are most urgently in need of the hearty co-operation of every member of the great CHRISTIAN HERALD Family.

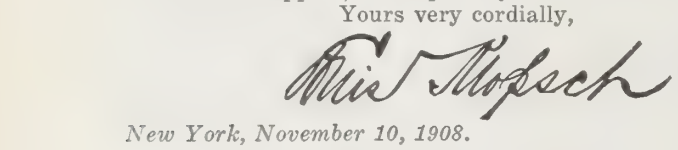
This co-operation should be twofold, and should consist of:

First, The putting forth of reasonable effort at this opportune season to induce new subscriptions, and thus, through the advantage of increased circulation, enable us to continue the extensive line of improvements now already under way; and,

Second, The prompt and early renewal of your own subscription, more particularly so if other magazines or book premiums form part. Our December transactions are just one hundred times as large as those in September, and it goes without saying that December is a "rush month" with us. But though we move more expeditiously to meet the changed conditions, we must nevertheless exercise the greatest care that annoying errors may not creep in. Hence we must avoid even the semblance of confusion. Right here your kind co-operation will prove most welcome, as the anticipation by even a few weeks of your renewal helps us spread over a more protracted period tens of thousands, in fact hundreds of thousands of transactions, which, with reasonable time allowance, can be put through accurately, promptly and in an orderly manner, while chaos might ensue were our unusually large force unduly pressed for time.

Of course this is only a suggestion, for no matter how late your subscription may be sent in it will always receive the best attention at our command; but a little more time may not only help us to serve your interest better, but it will also be a great relief to clerks and shippers, and especially to

Yours very cordially,



New York, November 10, 1908.

Taking the World for Christ

THERE is a thrill in the thought that, at a time when the armies and navies of the nations are being strengthened to an extent never before known, the great army of those who are fighting for the inbringing of Christ's Kingdom upon earth is also increasing its forces and intensifying its activities everywhere. Never were church organizations, home and foreign missionary boards and the workers in the field so earnest or hopeful as to-day. With the high purpose in view of evangelizing the whole world in a single generation, they are marshaling their forces under able leaders and are steadily strengthening the ranks by recruits. The wealth of the world, too long withheld or employed for less noble purposes, is now being poured into the Lord's treasury to equip and maintain the Gospel army.

Doubting critics, who may characterize these as merely general statements, designed to encourage but impossible of substantiation, would do well to examine the situation and investigate the facts, which are accessible to all. Two years ago, the Laymen's Missionary Movement was started for the sole purpose of strengthening and energizing the Gospel battle line by extensive reinforcement of both men and means. In this movement all the Missionary Boards in the United States have joined heartily at home and co-operated cordially with Boards in Canada and Great Britain. The results of two years' effort in this far-reaching campaign are summed up in an inspiring and instructive report by Rev. Dr. Samuel B. Capen, chairman of the Executive Committee of the Laymen's Movement. In twelve American cities, the gifts to foreign missions rose from $219,000 to $790,000. Seven Canadian cities increased their offerings from $344,000 to $977,000. Six Pacific Coast cities rose from $116,000 to $470,000. Individual churches voluntarily doubled and quadrupled their yearly tribute for the spread of the Gospel. Churches of Toronto, alone, voted to increase from $132,000 to $500,000. Twenty Canadian Anglican churches (some of them comparatively small) rose from $25,270 to $65,850, and twenty Presbyterian Canadian churches from $27,000 to $90,000. The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, rose from $750,000 to $1,000,000, and promised a half-million increase yearly, the enlistment of 10,000 medical missionaries and the organization of an Emergency Corps of 10,000 men, ready to respond to financial calls in sudden need. The Southern Baptists have increased $100,000 over last year. The grand object of the larger movement, as the Methodist Episcopal Church has interpreted it, "is to increase fourfold the missionary force in the next quadrennium and the scale of giving as follows: $3,000,000 for 1909, $4,000,000 for 1910, $5,000,000 for 1911, $6,000,000 for 1912." These figures apply to the Methodists alone, but all the other American Protestant denominations are liberal in proportion.

Dr. Capen sets the line of battle before our eyes in this significant passage:

> It is a matter of profound gratitude that so many of the denominations (in the United States and Canada) have already taken action in this matter and declared themselves responsible for the evangelizing of the following numbers in non-Christian countries:
>
> | | |
> |---|---|
> | United Presbyterians | 15,000,000 |
> | Southern Presbyterians | 25,000,000 |
> | Northern Presbyterians | 100,000,000 |
> | Northern Baptists | 61,000,000 |
> | Southern Methodists | 40,000,000 |
> | Northern Methodists | 150,000,000 |
> | Congregationalists | 75,000,000 |
> | Dutch Reformed | 13,000,000 |
>
> Other denominations have not yet made an official statement.

This is a movement beside which all secular enterprises fade into insignificance. It should be the paramount issue in the life of every good man and woman, who believes that the "Great Commission" which Jesus gave to his followers was meant to be carried out by the preaching of the Gospel to all nations. And the splendid showing given above proves that the churches are rising to the opportunity. God's people in other lands—in Continental Europe, India, and even in Australia—have caught the same glorious inspiration. All the forces of Christendom are preparing to stand shoulder to shoulder for the world's evangelization.

The Sin of Worry

HOW few of us realize that worry is the result, probably in a great majority of cases, of lack of faith! Isaiah, in one of his prophecies, conveys a blessed assurance which worrying Christians should remember: "Thou shalt hear a voice behind thee saying, This is the way. Walk in it." If we could but be content to take life moment by moment, hour by hour, day by day, a step at a time, how our doubts would vanish, our difficulties disappear and our spirits rise!

Some of us are never free from morbid fears about the past or the future. We are afraid that we did the wrong thing yesterday, or that we shall do the wrong thing to-morrow. We carry an immense amount of wholly superfluous luggage. Either we are worrying about money or about health or about our family, not seeing that the present moment is all we have to think of, and that if we fill it to the brim with honest work God will take care of the rest.

Work hurts nobody. It is questionable whether there would be so much overwork as there is if the element of worry could be entirely left out. It is worry that writes wrinkles too soon on our faces, that bows our shoulders and drives the smile from our lips. Indigestion, that baleful demon of the haunting presence, owes its very existence in thousands of cases to the chronic worry that saps wholesome vitality and drives people into nervous depression.

"One step enough for me." Suppose we take the thought of it, as a comfort and a cure, into to-day's task. We shall not need tonics and cordial trips and jaunts, change of scene or anything el that we cannot easily obtain, if we only can wa confidently forward one step at a time, sure th our hand is fast held in the hand of the heaven Father. With Whittier, let us say:

> I know not where His islands lift
> Their fronded palms in air;
> I only know I cannot drift
> Beyond His love and care.

The Suffragettes

PERIODICALLY the joy of life is increased these days by the strenuous efforts of certa British matrons and maids to break down the in memorial defenses of John Bull and invade his sp cial privileges. English women have always take intense and intelligent interest in national and m nicipal politics. But the women who wear th title "suffragettes" do not represent the entire e rolment of their sex in Great Britain. The violen of their demonstrations, the fury and clamor, adde to the futility, of their proceedings make them laughing-stock to the thoughtless in many a Britis household. Nevertheless, the women who so ea nestly desire the ballot are a not despicable minorit Their leaders are drawn from the ranks of the ari tocracy and gentry and they consider themselves th advance guard and the pioneers in a new movemen They willingly incur the consequences of thei vehemence, and suffer contumely without com plaint and go to jail with the fortitude of martyr

The truth is, these suffragettes mean busines Undoubtedly, there are thousands of Englis speaking women on both sides of the sea, wome liberally educated, owning property and payin taxes, and women of ambitious fibre, who fail t understand why a certain class of men, with li tle at stake in land or money, may vote while the are forbidden. The suffragettes in our own lan are just beginning to be in evidence, and it ma not be long before we have to face the proble in as acute and formidable a fashion as we find i in England to-day.

Among the Workers

—REV. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, accompanied by Charles Ale ander, the Gospel singer, and his wife, Dr. Zartman, Mr. G. B. Davis, and others, held a Christian Workers' Conference Berea, October 21 and 22, attended by students and faculty Berea College, and representatives of seven other Kentuck institutions, and a great concourse of citizens. Nearly 60 Berea students joined the Pocket Testament League, and abou forty began a Christian life.

—MISSIONARY F. H. L. PATON, of the New Hebrides Missio writes to Dr. Klopsch: "Again I have to thank your reader for their contribution for the New Hebrides Mission. Th latest reports are much more encouraging. The joint govern ment is setting itself to stamp out the traffic in strong drin and firearms. The Gospel ingathering continues on Tanna and about half the population are now Christian. On Paama Mr. Frater baptized 103 adults a few weeks ago, and there i only one heathen village left on that island."

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THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

England's Labor Troubles

THERE is widespread industrial and social unrest throughout the world. There is always more or less poverty and distress; but the unfortunate conditions of the working people of the world have been rendered more depressing by the panic of the past year, which has been felt in almost every nation of the earth. The unemployed of London had a great demonstration on a recent Saturday night in Trafalgar Square. Some of the banners were inflammatory in character. One was: "Work or Revolution—Which? The Government Must Decide." Another was: "Starved to Death in a Land of Plenty," the banner being surmounted by a human skull. The discontent among the multitude of unemployed was greatly heightened by a large delegation of female suffragists, who poured out their grievances, and in fervid eloquence besought their fellow unfortunates to join with them in a raid on the House of Commons. The Tuesday following, a great throng of the unemployed and women suffragists combined made a determined effort to invade the House of Commons, and it required the most tactful and most vigorous service of seven or eight thousand policemen to resist their attack. The serious subject of dealing by legislation with this dissatisfied constituency must engage the attention of ministers. Mr. Asquith has pledged himself to make specific proposals concerning it. Just what the Parliament will wish to do, or be able to do, is a question which remains to be seen. In our own country, we are confronted with the same unrest and the same demand, upon the part of the industrial classes, for friendly legislation. It is claimed by some that many in the London assault were not unemployed at all, but were men having tasks and earning wages; and others say that a number were persons mentally and morally unfit for any responsible work, being rendered so by a fondness for rum and evil habits. Even if this has been proven to be the fact, there must have been a large number of honest, industrious men, who, by the pressure of hard times, have been unable to secure work and naturally look to the government to see if there could not be some relief.

Legislation, of course, can improve the condition of the masses; but the permanent adjustment of the difficulties between capital and labor must come eventually from bountiful harvests, industrious individuals, frugality of life, integrity of character, and benevolence of disposition. In so far as the example and spirit of Christ shall have its way, capital and labor will each recognize its obligation and privilege, and each will recognize its necessary relationship to the prosperity of the other.

Why stand ye here all the day idle? They say unto him, Because no man hath hired us. (Matt. 20 : 6, 7.)

Gift at Golden Jubilee

Mr. John S. Kennedy, who came from Scotland to this country when a young man and amassed a great fortune, has shown unusually good judgment in the objects of his benevolences. He gave the United Charities a building which cost about $600,000; he founded a school of philanthropy which has been of great service. He has made large contributions to Columbia University, the Metropolitan Museum of New York, and other institutions. He has just given a million dollars to the Presbyterian Hospital in New York City, of whose board of trustees he is the president. He had given generously to the institution before, but has made it possible to greatly enlarge the work by his recent gift.

The million dollars were given in recognition of the fiftieth anniversary of his marriage. A benevolence of this character is beautified by the divine relationship which it commemorates. This act is in marked contrast to the too numerous divorces in high life and carries with it a wholesome example, as well as a permanent charity.

Events, and especial acts of divine providence, in olden times were marked by piles of stones. Some of the most magnificent buildings and monuments of the past and present mark the love for a nation or a hero, or a member of the family. The new hospital building with its Christlike sympathy and service will befittingly commemorate the conjugal love grown so ripe and sweet with the years.

What mean ye by these stones? . . . These stones shall be for a memorial unto the children of Israel forever. (Josh. 4 : 6, 7.)

New Uses of Peat

Consul Henry S. Culver, of Cork, writes that the peat beds of Ireland may yet become a valuable asset in that country's industrial development otherwise than for fuel, if, as is now claimed upon the authority of an Austrian expert, the fibres of the remains of the reeds and grasses, of which peat is composed, can be utilized not only for paper making and carpets but for weaving the finest fabrics as well. The claim is put forth that the fibre is elastic and durable, and, being a non-conductor of heat, the cloth manufactured from it is as tough as linen and as warm as woolen. If the inventions of men can turn the wood of a tree into delicate paper, it will not be surprising if they shall be able to transmute dirt into a beautiful fabric.

I wisdom find out knowledge of witty inventions. (Prov. 8 : 12.)

London Police Keeping Order Among the Crowds of Unemployed

A Noted Missionary Gone

The Rev. Hiram Bingham, the distinguished Congregational missionary, died after a surgical operation at Johns Hopkins Hospital, in Baltimore, October 25. The death of this divine removes one of the most unique and potential characters from the universal Christian Church. His father, Hiram Bingham, Sr., went as a missionary to Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, in 1819, where he remained, doing service of unspeakable value to the natives, until 1841, when the sickness of his wife required his return to this country. In 1831 Hiram Bingham, Jr., was born in Honolulu. He came to this country to graduate at Yale in 1853, and then returned to the Islands to take up his father's work as a missionary. Immediately after marrying Dr. Bingham became captain of the American Foreign Mission Board's missionary vessel, *Morning Star*. They went to the Gilbert Islands, where they remained with the savages. Both became dangerously ill with tropical fever and went to Honolulu, and after five years of service returned to the Gilbert Islands. It was his father's expressed request that the son should translate the Scriptures into one of the island languages. The son, under the inspiration of an industrious, enterprising, consecrated wife, set himself to the great task, and translated the Scriptures into Gilbertese. Next, he wrote a commentary of the New Testament in the Gilbertese language, and two months ago he was summoned from the Sandwich Islands by the Prudential Committee of the American Board to correct its proofs. Upon his arrival in New York he was stricken with pneumonia, and, against the advice of his physician, he appeared at the annual meeting of the American Board in Brooklyn. He had hoped to be spared long enough to finish his translation of a commentary of the whole Bible in Gilbertese, but death came swiftly and the pen dropped out of his fingers.

It makes one proud of his race and of the religion of the Master to see such heroic characters as those of Dr. Bingham and his sainted father and of the wives that wrought with them. Savages and cannibals, under their message and the sweet spell of their love, were changed into good citizens and true Christians. Dr. Bingham, through his pen and influence, will live through the centuries in the hearts and institutions of the Pacific Islands.

And the isles shall wait for his law. (Isa. 42 : 4.)

Chestnut Trees Dying

Thousands of the finest chestnut trees, especially in the eastern parts of the United States, are dying from a blight or fungus, which was first noticed about four years ago, and has made such rapid progress that there is danger of losing the chestnut forests of that section. *Country Life in America* says: "The infection is caused by spores entering the bark of the tree through wounds which cause an exposed surface of dead wood. Once established, the infection spreads in all directions through the tender inner bark, girdling the limb or the trunk in a few weeks and causing the death of the portion above the infected area." The difficulty of treating it in the forest is very great, as the trees must be looked after individually. The blight is so deadly that the United States Department of Agriculture has advised that all who have chestnut trees affected with this disease should destroy them immediately, and thus prevent infection to the other chestnut trees, unless they regard the tree as sufficiently valuable to be treated individually. The death of the diseased tree is only a question of time and of a very short time, and, by cutting it down immediately, the danger of infecting trees still healthy is reduced to a minimum.

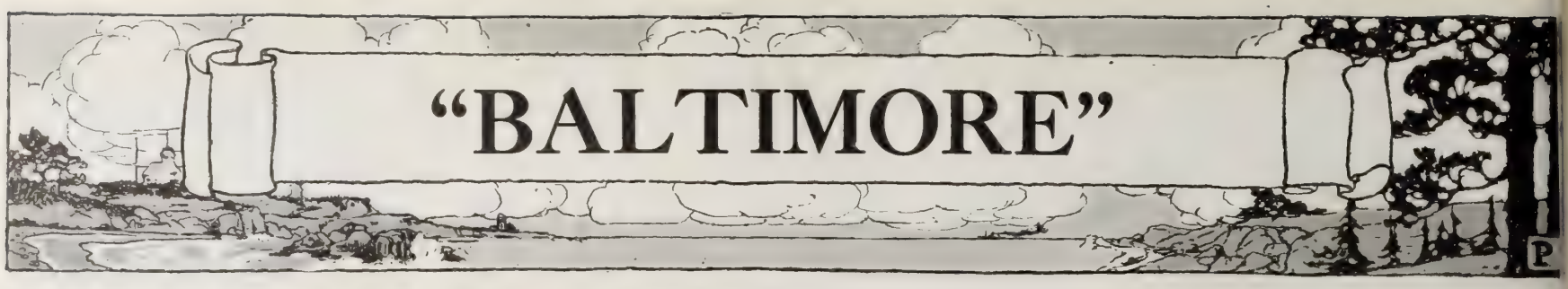
Wherever we find a thing that lives, we find an enemy that desires and undertakes to kill it. Every plant and animal life has some deadly enemy waiting to prey upon it.

And shall eat every tree which groweth for you out of the field. (Ex. 10 : 5.)

Pearl Farming

The largest pearl farm in the world is to be found in the Gulf of Lower California. A thousand men are required to harvest the crop each year. After twenty-five years of experiment, it was discovered that the shell loses its gem after it is two years old, and, unless opened at the proper time, there will be no pearl within. Jewels of character are grown in the human heart by right thoughts, pure sentiments and holy deeds.

The kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchantman seeking goodly pearls. (Matt. 13 : 45.)



"BALTIMORE"

A TALE OF METROPOLITAN LIFE

By MERRITT CRAWFORD

SYNOPSIS OF THE FIRST CHAPTER

John Barkwell, though a member of a highly respected family, has fallen through drink and is leading the life of a homeless tramp. He is known as "Baltimore" to his associates. For the second time in two months he is brought before the same judge, who lets him have another chance, on "Baltimore" asserting that the world was against him. The judge sends him with a card to the head of the Bowery Mission. "Baltimore" promises the judge he will not drink, but finding a dime, he cannot resist and turns into a saloon.

II.

IT had been a particularly blessed meeting at the Bowery Mission. The text of the evening had been, "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance," Luke 5:32; and more than twenty men had responded to the call. The heart of the kindly superintendent was supremely happy.

"Perhaps there are some of you," he said, as the meeting was about to close, "whose hearts have been touched by the talk we have just heard—who hesitate to come forward because of some doubt—some fear—that the way may not be open to them. The way to God's grace is as broad as the sky, and all may travel it who wish to find him. His door is ever open to his children—no matter how far they may have wandered—and over it is written, in letters of shining gold, 'REPENT YE, AND ENTER IN.' There are none of you—not one—who may not partake of God's boundless love; not one who may not 'enter in.' For those of you who have hesitated to come forward, and who wish to speak their heart, we have the after-meeting. Let us help you to find that blessed peace and comfort which our Lord has so bounteously provided for us all. If he is knocking at your hearts, do not deny him entrance. Remember that he suffered and died to save *all*."

The superintendent paused, and turned over the pages of the Testament which he held in his hand.

"Before I say goodnight to you," he went on, "I want to read to you two verses which I wish you would take with you when you leave to-night. They are the ninth and sixteenth verses from the tenth chapter of John. I want you to carry them always in your hearts—they will help you to find Him."

As he read the verses six hundred men—from every class, and almost every land, but all brothers now in their common adversity—hung reverently on the words which the Master spoke to his disciples and the Pharisees upon the Mount of Olives nearly nineteen hundred years ago.

"I am the door; by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture. . . .

"And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold, and one shepherd." John 10: 9, 16.

As the men quietly withdrew the superintendent turned to the others on the platform.

"I pray that his voice may reach some of these poor lost ones to-night," he said.

"There's someone waiting to see you, Mr. H——," said his assistant a few moments later, as the superintendent was leaving the platform; "one of the worst specimens I've seen in a long time," he volunteered; "he says he's got a letter for you from Judge D———."

"Ask him if he will join us at the after-meeting, Mr. Long," he glanced at his watch, "and say that I shall be very glad to see him afterward."

The superintendent hurried from the platform, stopping to shake the hands of one or two men who were waiting for the after-meeting to commence, or to give a kindly word of encouragement or advice.

He did not notice the waiting "Baltimore," and, if he had, would probably have concurred in his assistant's opinion. Except that he was a little cleaner, and, moreover, absolutely sober, there was little change in his appearance.

Had the superintendent looked, however, his quick eye could not have failed to observe the strange exaltation that possessed the man. There was a light in "Baltimore's" eyes that had never been there before. No longer were they dumb, hopeless, and full of a nameless fear, but bright with hope and eagerness, and glistening with a new excitement. Truly, it was as if another man was looking out of old "Baltimore's" swollen, sin-worn face, which now seemed like some grotesque and hideous mask, hiding the beautiful, newly-wakened soul.

His hands trembled, as they had in the courtroom on the day before, but it was because of this wondrous power which now filled and thrilled him, rather than the effects of his past excesses.

He had not come to the Mission on the previous evening because of his broken resolution, and, indeed, had only attended the meeting to-night because he felt he owed it to the judge's kindness to do so, and also through some fear of incurring his displeasure. The magistrate's somewhat whimsical kindness had somewhere touched a chord, hidden deep in this outcast's sordid nature, and he had awakened that morning with a sense of shame entirely novel to him. He had broken his promise to the only man who had treated him as if he was a human being in five long years, and "Baltimore" had determined to carry out the letter, if not the spirit, of his directions.

He had entered the Mission shortly after the beginning of the service and had seated himself, half-sullenly, in a corner, as far distant from the platform as he could. "Baltimore" had a contempt for missions in general. They might be all very well for some people, he thought, but what good could they do him here? His chance was gone—gone with the dead leaves of that long-dead year when he found he could no longer control his growing taste for alcohol.

Some word—some phrase—of the speaker attracted his attention, and he had listened to his words, full of a golden hope and promise, at first cynically, then more attentively, and finally with absorbing interest.

"'Are—those—things—true?' asked Baltimore appealingly."

"'I came not to call the righteous, but sinners, repentance,'" repeated the voice on the platform.

"Baltimore" started. He had not heard the te in the beginning, and it brought to him a flood recollections which he had striven vainly to blot c with drink.

He remembered his mother—he used to take h to church in those almost forgotten days. Whe was she now? He remembered—it seemed like stab in his sin-steeped heart—when a loving wi and two prattling babes had meant all the world him. That was before he had lost all ambition, b fore he dreamed that he could sink so low; before but they were dead now, and—and he was only c "Baltimore."

He listened. Could these words be for him? D Christ mean those words for such as he? He li tened. And in the dark depths of his cankere calloused heart, its pure rays scattering the bla cloud of sin that enveloped it, a ti star of hope appeared—a star th grew and grew, filling his whole so with the light that never dies.

When the superintendent ha spoken, a great yearning came ov him—a yearning to know more this beautiful joy that thrilled him- a yearning for the loved ones who he knew he could never see in th world again. Yet if the words he ha heard were true there was hope th he might—might see them again ar clasp them to his heart, praying fo the forgiveness he had not sough until it was too late.

Oh, wonderful grace, that cou cleanse the heart of this poor outcas sodden with sin and shame though was, and make him "even as a litt child!"

III.

One by one most of the men at th after-meeting had risen and relate their experiences and expressed thei hope of leading a better life, and fo each the superintendent had som helpful word to light and guide thei faltering steps in the new pathwa they had chosen.

"Is there not one more of you," h asked gently, as no one rose to tak the last speaker's place, "who wishe to give his heart to God?"

In the rear of the room a chai creaked and a man rose to his fee He cleared his throat with some diffi culty and licked his dry lips. Ye when he spoke his voice sounded s hoarsely that the others could barel understand him. It was "Baltimore."

"The reason w'y I came here to night," he began awkwardly, as i some apology for his presence ther was needed, "is because I've got a not fer Mr. H———." He indicated the superintenden with a gesture. "I never 've been in a—in a missio before," he went on hesitatingly; "somehow they didn't seem t' be th' place fer a man like me—some how I couldn't see how they could do a man like m any good. But I've heard some things here to-nigh that's set me thinkin'—thinkin' o' things 'at thought I'd forgotten long ago. W'at I wanter know is," he looked around appealingly, "are those—things—true? Has a man like me got any chance t go—" he paused, and pointed upwards, "to go—up —there?"

Behind his commonplace language and evident embarrassment, there was some stronger emotion with which he was struggling that caused the superintendent to look toward him with quick sympathy. The hungry, pathetic look he saw in "Baltimore's" eyes made him wince.

"Our Lord suffered and died that all men might be saved," he said simply, "and none of us can fall so far that his loving hand cannot reach out to save —if we seek him."

"W'y should He want ter save me," queried the other despairingly, "w'en I've got nothin' worth savin'?"

"There is more joy in heaven, brother, over one

Continued on page 896

Our Wonderful Art Gallery De Luxe

Painted by J. L. G. Ferris — Size 12 x 15 Inches

Washington's March Through the Jerseys

Painted by S. Paulus — Size 12 x 15 Inches

"Saved at Last, Thank God"

Free to All New and Renewing Subscribers

WE ARE at a Loss for Words to Describe in Adequate Terms the wondrous beauty of the "Art Gallery De Luxe," which the **Christian Herald** generously offers to send **free** to each and every subscriber. This fine collection consists of exquisite reproductions of **Six Masterpieces in their Original Colors,** aggregating a full **thousand square inches** of superb color-work, the value of which cannot be measured by the ordinary standard of dollars and cents. The little reproductions on this page, while insignificant as to size, give an idea of the subjects represented in our Gallery De Luxe, but we lack the descriptive powers to convey to the reader an intelligent idea of their artistic merit.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

The Christian Herald always excels in its premiums the advertised description, but this year even its oldest and best friends will marvel at the surpassing attractiveness of its "Art Gallery De Luxe." New subscribers, who are not acquainted with the generous treatment that characterizes its every transaction, will not be able to understand how **The Christian Herald** can afford such a generous gift. Nevertheless it is a fact, though it may baffle many to understand how it is possible.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

Four months of steady labor, by the ablest artists, have been spent on this work, and the result is grand, glorious, superb, beyond compare.

Painted by Wilhelm Hasselbach — Size 12 x 15 Inches

"Hide and Seek"

These exquisite pictures, **Each of Which Will Make a Handsome Christmas Gift,** aggregate 1,000 square inches, and are reproduced in all the full splendor of their original colorings by the finest lithographic process in the world. Each and every one, framed and hung, would be a credit to the most refined home in the land. Moreover, these pictures cannot be purchased at any art store for any price, because the exclusive right for reproduction belongs to **The Christian Herald;** yet **$1.50** entitles you to all **six** of these large pictures and a year's subscription to **the Brightest and Best Family Paper in the World.**

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

Christmas time is coming. It will be here before you are fully aware of the fact. These Six Pictures will make **Six** of the Finest **Christmas Presents** one can think of, or they will adorn the walls of your own home for many years to come.

To get a set of these Famous and Beautiful Masterpieces, you must **act at once,** or you may be disappointed. But remember that if you are too late your money is **Immediately Refunded,** or if you are not altogether satisfied—in fact, more than pleased.

Five pictures are illustrated on this page; the **sixth picture of the set,** and the most famous of all, is the celebrated painting by Abbott Graves, entitled **The Foundling.** This represents an aged couple discovering by the light of a lamp, a wee babe left in a basket at their door.

Just think of **Six Beautiful Separate Pictures,** Unmounted, aggregating **1,000 square inches**—offered **FREE** as a Premium, with a yearly Subscription to the Brightest and Best Family Paper in the World; All together for only **$1.50.** It seems incredible, but it is nevertheless true. How we can do it is our Secret. You get the benefit.

Should your subscription reach us too late to entitle you to this unprecedented gift, we will send you a **telegram at our own expense,** and your money will be immediately refunded by mail. This is done to modify disappointment, and to enable you to use the money, without unnecessary loss of time, in some other direction.

Painted by C. Von Bergen — Size 12 x 15 Inches

Under the Shade of the Apple Tree

Painted by E. Debat Ponson — Size 12 x 15 Inches

The Tryst at the Brook

Our Money-Saving Combinations

American Boy

Biggest, brightest, best boys' monthly magazine in the world. Profusely illustrated. Edited by experts who understand boy nature. Give your boy reading that not only interests but develops him.

The stories are by the best known writers for boys. All boy hobbies are exploited, such as stamps, coins and curios, photography, mechanics and electricity, popular science, puzzles, biography, athletics, etc. Parents like and respect its clean uplifting influence and all boys are enthusiastic over it. Parents need never worry about their boy's company when he is chumming with *The American Boy*. It is truly the ideal boy's magazine and is welcomed in 125,000 homes.

American Magazine

Is selected by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD this year as one of the leaders in its club offers because of the illustrious group of writers announced for the coming year. F. P. Dunne ("Mr. Dooley"), Ida M. Tarbell, William Allen White, Samuel Hopkins Adams, William J. Locke, May Sinclair, Stewart Edward White, Ray Stannard Baker, O. Henry and Brand Whitlock are a few among the many. Every number of *The American Magazine* contains the best that can be gotten from the pens of the greatest writers—literature that lives and breathes and spurs to better living—illustrations that are true to life and nature. It is a new magazine in every sense—new writers, new subjects, new artists and new fiction—and an appeal to the mind and heart that is brand new in periodical literature.

Cosmopolitan

No matter how many magazines you take, *Cosmopolitan* is the one you cannot afford to do without. Its subscribers of last year are subscribers this year—with their friends! They'll be subscribers next year—with their friends' friends! This, after all, is the real test of a magazine's merits—that its readers tell their friends about it. You can be sure that in 1909 one feature in each issue will be of such universal interest as to dominate the magazine world for that month—as single instances, take *Cosmopolitan's* great series of brilliant short stories by George Randolph Chester, or its remarkably popular special articles on "The Owners of America." The motto, "The best—no matter what it costs," makes *Cosmopolitan* resemble no other magazine but *Cosmopolitan*.

Good Housekeeping

Good Housekeeping is a richly illustrated magazine for all the family. It is, by general acknowledgment, the most practical of the household magazines, and at the same time one of the brightest, most refreshing periodicals for general reading. It has at least one first-class short story each month, abounds in good illustrated fun, and is an all-around family magazine. It makes a specialty of discussion of vital problems of the home in an incisive yet popular manner, of arts and crafts, of its inimitable "Discoveries." It was the pioneer in Emmanuel Church literature, and still maintains the most helpful department of this kind. It is issued monthly and reaches no less than a million readers. Whatever magazines you take, *Good Housekeeping* should be one of them.

Harper's Bazar

For forty-one years *Harper's Bazar* has been the leading American authority on fashion, good form, and entertainment. It will continue to be an invaluable household guide and assistant.

Harper's Bazar is made for all refined American women. Such women are its most ardent admirers, whether their incomes are large or small, whether their scale of living is simple or complex, whether they dwell in town or country.

Harper's Bazar preaches *economy*—rational domestic economy—and wise spending. *Harper's Bazar* preaches *simplicity*—the simplicity of sane, wholesome living. *Harper's Bazar* preaches *progress*—progress in the kitchen, in the nursery, and in every other home department.

NOTE—The descriptive matter on this page concerning the above magazines is supplied by their respective publishers for the information of our readers.

Magazine Clubs

Originated with Dr. Louis Klopsch of **The Christian Herald,** in 1897. Magazine readers are therefore indebted to **The Christian Herald** for the opportunity of securing two or more magazines in a combination at about half price. For this year our selected list of choice magazines which we offer in clubs is as follows:

American Boy,	(Regular Price)	$1.00	Little Folks,	(Regular Price)	$1.00
American Magazine,	" "	$1.00	McClure's,	" "	$1.50
Cosmopolitan,	" "	$1.00	Pearson's,	" "	$1.50
Good Housekeeping,	" "	$1.00	Success Magazine,	" "	$1.00
Harper's Bazar,	" "	$1.00	World To-Day,	" "	$1.50

Woman's Home Companion, (Regular Price) $1.25

Four Genuine Bargains!

1. CHRISTIAN HERALD ($1.50 a Year) AND ANY **1 Magazine above, $2.00**
2. CHRISTIAN HERALD ($1.50 a Year) AND ANY **2 Magazines above, $2.65**
3. CHRISTIAN HERALD ($1.50 a Year) AND ANY **3 Magazines above, $3.30**
4. CHRISTIAN HERALD . ($1.50 a Year)
   REVIEW OF REVIEWS . . ($3.00 a Year)
   ANY ONE OTHER Magazine on this Page
   Send Us Only $3.00 For All Three

(Foreign Postage Extra. Canadian Postage Extra on Magazines.)

Each Magazine may be sent to a different address. Our "Art Gallery De Luxe" goes FREE with every offer.

For "Modern Priscilla" (Fancywork Monthly) add 25 cents to any combination.

After Feb. 1, 1909, 25 cents must be added whenever Woman's Home Companion is included.

EVER POPULAR GIFTS

Search wherever you may, you will never find anything that, at the price, gives greater and more genuine satisfaction as a gift than a weekly or monthly magazine, which the whole year through periodically reminds the recipient of the thoughtfulness of the giver.

Little Folks

A beautifully illustrated monthly magazine for young children. Mothers and fathers who wish to provide the very best reading and pictures for their young children, that will be read and re-read, and looked at and looked at, welcome *Little Folks*. It is a story-teller, a picture book, a playfellow, an out-of-school magazine. Its fun is of a simple, sunshiny sort. Its little tales of children possess an ethical value—they stimulate their readers and hearers to be fearless, cheerful, unselfish, and above all true and honorable. All stories of a painful kind are excluded, especially such as would haunt nervous and imaginative children. There is much curious and interesting natural history, also playwork for little fingers.

McClure's Magazine

The magazine of the hour. *McClure's* is an American institution—it reflects the opinions and beliefs of authoritative writers on the problems that are of vital interest to the American people.

McClure's is always a step in advance of other magazines. Besides the articles on government, politics, people and things, *McClure's* is also famous for its fiction. *McClure's Magazine* was the first to make the monthly periodical a vital influence in good government and good citizenship—an instrument to help a great, wide-spread people understand itself and its possibilities. The coming numbers will make new history for *McClure's*—you'll want them surely.

Pearson's Magazine

You hear more about *Pearson's* than any other magazine because it regularly contains things that tend to encourage and invigorate the America-loving American. Red corpuscles in its blood. Stalwart articles by James Creelman, Henry Reuterdahl and Rupert Hughes—"The Message," a new serial by Louis Tracy, author of "The Wings of the Morning," which will run well into 1909. Short stories that are genuinely good—serials that are standard—the best the world to-day produces. *Pearson's* fits everywhere. It fits every combination of magazines—unlike all the others. It fits your ideas of instruction and entertainment—healthful, upbuilding. No bones to pick—no muck-raking.

Review of Reviews

The *Review of Reviews* is accepted by intelligent people as the one best periodical to keep up with the times. Dr. Shaw's editorial "Progress of the World" opens the magazine with twenty splendidly illustrated pages that give the reader a clear, finely interpreted account of the men and events of the month.

The character sketches of just the notable figures who are interesting at the time, and the other contributed articles on the topics most "alive" are the most timely and valuable to be found in the periodicals.

Thus you have the month's history elucidated, the most valuable contributed articles published, the best things picked out of all the other magazines for you, and a hundred illustrations entertaining and educational at the same time.

Success Magazine

Success Magazine combines in a most unusual way, great inspirational features with high literary excellence and a special service to subscribers through its Home Departments and Correspondence Bureaus, which is quite unique.

Its inspirational editorials by Orison Swett Marden (author of "Pushing to the Front") are world-famous; its fiction is by the best American and European authors, and its illustrations and cover designs are by the leading artists of the day.

Among the important features for the coming year will be a continuation of the series recently begun upon "The Country Church and Minister and Their Life Problems," contributed by "those who know" from actual and heartfelt experience.

Woman's Home Companion

The Greater *Woman's Home Companion* at the new price of $1.25 has set a new standard for women's magazines. Fiction by Kate Douglas Wiggin, Mary Wilkins Freeman, Josephine Daskam Bacon, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; The Reminiscences of Dr. Edward Everett Hale; Jack London's Round-the-World Letters—all will be a part of the Greater *Companion* for 1909.

Love scenes of the great novels are being painted for the *Companion* by Harrison Fisher, Howard Chandler Christy, C. Allen Gilbert and James Montgomery Flagg. Another unique art feature will be the portraits of the most beautiful women of all times—a remarkable collection of the famous beauties of the world. The Children's Department, and the twelve special departments for women, even more than in the past, will be the backbone of the magazine.

World To-day (The)

The only magazine of its class sold at a popular price. *The World To-Day* is a monthly world review, but is not made up of clippings of other publications. It obtains its information from original sources, and is reliable and up-to-date. Its contributors are the foremost men and women of the day. The reader will find in it recreation for the idle hour and—best of all—something worth while. Many illustrations are in colors. All other magazines of its class sell at $3. *The World To-Day* is but $1.50. Its remarkable quality and low price make it an exceptional bargain, and we recommend it strongly to our readers.

Only India Paper Red Letter Bible

What Is a Red Letter Bible?

A Red Letter Bible differs from an ordinary Bible in many important points. While the text is the same in both Bibles, the ordinary Bible is printed in black throughout, but the Red Letter Bible employs two colors, viz., RED and BLACK. Although the black color largely predominates, the red color is used to excellent advantage, thus:

FIRST—In the Old Testament all passages quoted by our Lord, or referred to by him, are printed in red.

SECOND—In the New Testament all the words universally accepted as spoken by our Saviour are printed in red.

THIRD—Every verse in the Old Testament which embodies a prophetic reference to Christ as the coming Messiah is distinguished by a red star.

The style of type used in this Bible is the same throughout, whether the passage is printed in black or in red.

The Words of Our Lord

It is interesting just here to recall the divergence of opinion among a group of notable clergymen, who were in conference in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD offices when the question was put to them: "What percentage of the Gospels do you think was actually spoken by Christ himself?" One answered about ten per cent., another said fifteen per cent., while a third ventured to estimate them at twenty-five per cent. An investigation revealed that all the clergymen were wrong and that the actual number spoken by our Lord equaled nearly one-half of all the words contained in the Gospels.

The Red Letter Bible gives the exact proportion, and according to it Christ uttered of the Gospels as follows:

Of Matthew,	54	per cent.
Of Mark,	36	"
Of Luke,	55	"
Of John,	41	"

or an average of 47½ per cent. of them all.

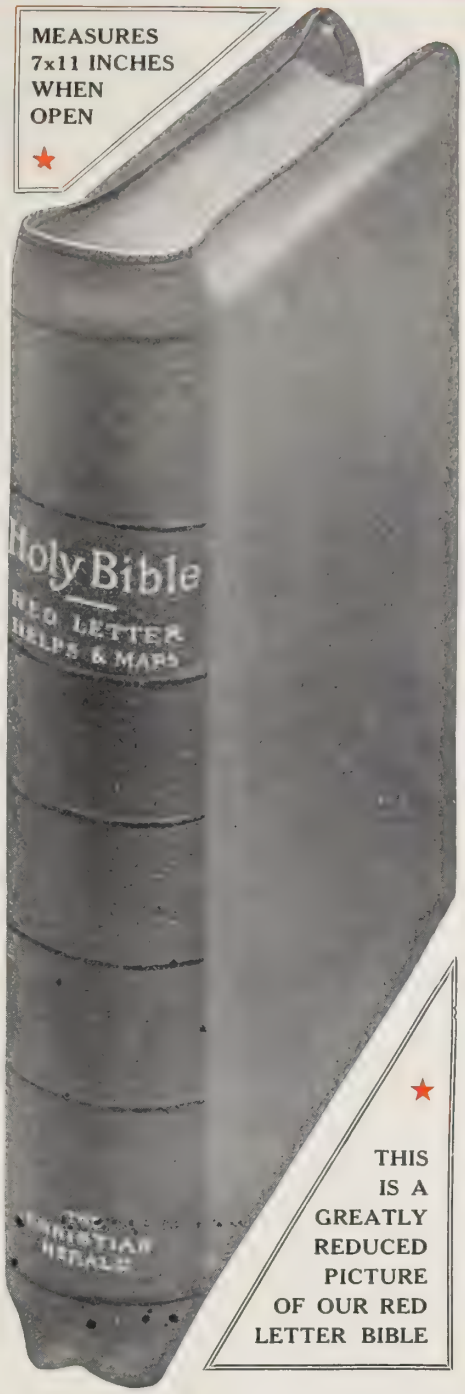
Thus, nearly half of the words contained in the Gospels were spoken by our Lord. The relative length of the Gospels is as follows: Matthew, 5,050 lines; Mark, 3,206 lines; Luke, 5,350 lines; John, 3,952 lines.

Small Bibles in Greater Demand

Heretofore, large Bibles were preferred on account of their low price, but now the demand is for small Bibles printed from clear and easily legible type on thin paper of light weight. This demand is met in our new Red Letter Bible, which, though weighing only one pound and four ounces, is as legible as our former Red Letter Bible, weighing nearly three times as much, the contents being absolutely the same. Bold-face type of our special design and India paper enabled us to achieve this great triumph in Bible-making.

How Do You Like the Type?

This Article is set in the type used in our India Paper Red Letter Bibles, more fully described in the opposite column. It is a very bold and very legible type, designed expressly for this Bible.



Description of Our RED LETTER Bible

Weighing Only Twenty Ounces

THE text of this Bible is set in Bold-Face Minion, especially designed for this work. Then there are 268 pages of **Helps** (or **Concordance**) and 17 superb **maps.** This gem of a Bible, small in bulk, light in weight, very legible and Very Durable, weighs only **20 ounces.** It is bound in American Levant, overlapping edges, red-under-gold, and makes altogether the handiest and most satisfactory Bible now on the market. For size of type, see opposite column on this page.

We send this superb book, together with **The Christian Herald** for one whole year and our incomparable **Art Gallery De Luxe** for only **$3.00**

We Issue this Bible in the Authorized Version Only

Something Still Better

If you can afford to pay $1 more, ask for the same Bible bound in Genuine Morocco, Calf Finish, Leather Lining, Silk Sewed, which will wear a Lifetime. This Bible is Equal to Any $10.00 Bible. It is sent with **The Christian Herald** for one year, and our **"Art Gallery De Luxe,"** For Only **$4.00**

Our Red Letter Testament

This beautiful volume is the Only New Testament which contains All the Words Spoken by Our Lord Printed in Red. The Type is Very Clear, and the Alignment of the Red and Black Lettering Absolutely Perfect. The Red Letter New Testament is Exquisitely Bound in American Levant, Soft and Flexible, with Overlapping Edges—Red Under Gold—with Book-mark, making a Compact Volume that may be Conveniently Carried in the Pocket.

☆ ☆ ☆

The Red Letter New Testament is Issued in Both the **Authorized** and **Revised Versions,** and is **Sent, All Charges Prepaid,** together with **THE CHRISTIAN HERALD** for **One Year,** and **ART GALLERY,** for **ONLY** **$2.00**

When ordering, state whether you want Authorized or Revised Version of the New Testament.

MAGAZINE COMBINATION BLANK

To **THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 to 116 Bible House, New York City:**

Enclosed please find $ ..... for ***The Christian Herald*** *and the following Magazines, to be sent to the Addresses as below, service to begin at once, if not otherwise specified.*

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD with any ONE Magazine (except Review of Reviews) listed on OPPOSITE PAGE, $2.00; with any TWO Magazines, $2.65; with any THREE Magazines, $3.30.

	NAME	STREET AND POST-OFFICE	STATE
Send The Christian Herald FOR ONE YEAR—52 TIMES—With ART GALLERY DE LUXE, $1.50 for United States and Canada. Foreign Countries $1 Extra. ..... to	IS THIS A RENEWAL?		
SEND ..... to		With ONE Magazine, $2.00	
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EACH MAGAZINE May be Sent to a DIFFERENT ADDRESS

Three Remarkable Premium Offers

The Story of the White House

The American People have just decided the Momentous Question, "Who shall be our next President?" and during the next few months all eyes will be especially turned on the White House and Its Present and Prospective Occupants. Could any Book be more Timely than "The Inside Story of the White House," which Unfolds, in Brilliant and Realistic Style, for the first time the Story of the Comedy and Tragedy, the Joys and Sorrows, and the Loves and Heartaches of

Presidential Home Life

that are interwoven with its Intensely Dramatic History? Here we see the Intimate, Personal, Fireside Life of our 26 Presidents, their Wives, their Daughters and their Sons, since that New Year's Day when, with a splendid Reception, John Adams, our Second President, first opened the doors of the Stately Mansion. It tells how they Worked, how they Played, and how they Spent their Leisure Moments. Never was a Book more full of Captivating and Diversified Incidents or more Absorbing from the First Page to the very Last. Remember 1909 is Inauguration Year.

Right Up to Date

As we read The Inside Story of the White House our eyes are now Dazzled with the Brilliancy of State Functions and again Dimmed by an Unexpected Bit of Pathos, as, Pushing aside the Curtain of Pomp and Ceremony, We Enter the Private Lives of the Great Men and Good Women who have, each for a brief period, made the Stately White House their home. Once we own this book it is read from cover to cover.

An Entire Chapter of this Volume is Devoted to the Incoming Presidential Family, with Portraits of all its Members.

A Glimpse Beyond

Whether Dr. Peters has looked into heaven with his own eyes we know not; but in this substantial and handsome volume he sees and makes his readers see the beauties of the Cloudless Land. In a lucid, simple yet scholarly manner, Dr. Peters treats of and discusses questions that have deeply agitated thinking men and women from time immemorial.

This Masterpiece of Thought and Literature also contains a Vast Collection of Golden Gems from the greatest Historians, Philosophers, Preachers and Poets of all Ages and Nationalities on every phase of the Future Life.

This Splendid Volume Inspires Its Readers With the Holy Ambition to Live for Eternity.

A Book for the Whole Family

The Attractive Volume of Enchanting Stories and Immo Legends, compiled by Hamilton Wright Mabie, under the C tivating Title, "World-Famed Stories and Legends," is a B for the Library Table; a Book to be Read Aloud on Wi Evenings; a Veritable Treasure-House of Fiction. Here the Stories that Young Folks Instinctively Love and Delight that Old Folks Keenly Relish; Stories that Appeal to the He at Eight or Eighty; t Develop the Budding Mi Strengthen the Mo Character, and, in s Subtle Way, never fail Make Us who are Gain in Years feel Youn Fresher and Better having read them.

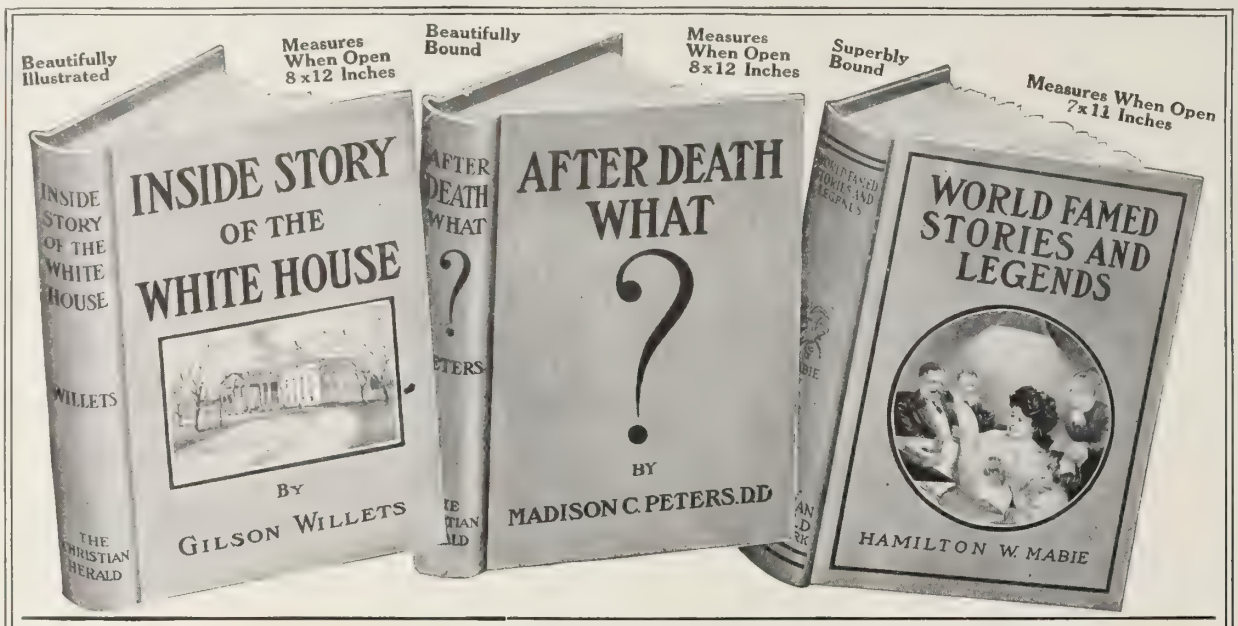
Old, Yet Ever Ne

Here, too, in the sec half of this Generous V ume, are the Legends t have Rocked the Crad of Nations in their fancy, and have be handed down through ages; Legends that Ingrained in the Fibre all English-Speaking P ples; that are, many them, Old beyond Yea yet will be New long af we are dead and gone.

Each a Priceless Ge

Thus does this Delig ful Volume present in 540 Beautifully Print Pages the Stories a Legends that Yesterd To-Day and Forever ex their Irresistible Fascir tion over Old and Youn that are Each and Priceless Gems Gather from the Imperishable Literature of the World.

These are the stories and legends that have woven the enchanting spell over succeeding generations; that have sto the test of time and that never fail to meet the needs of t imagination, and answer the cravings of the heart.



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Find enclosed $..... for One Year's Subscription and Premiums as entered below, which send, all Charges Prepaid, to the following Addresses:

	NAME	STREET AND POST-OFFICE	STATE
Send The Christian Herald FOR ONE YEAR—52 TIMES—With ART GALLERY DE LUXE, $1.50 for United States and Canada. Foreign Countries $1 Extra. to	IS THIS A RENEWAL?		
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SEND . . After Death—What? to By MADISON C. PETERS, D.D. 400 Generous Pages; Richly Bound in Purple Cloth; Gold Back and Side. With THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, $2.00. Extra Copies, $1.00			
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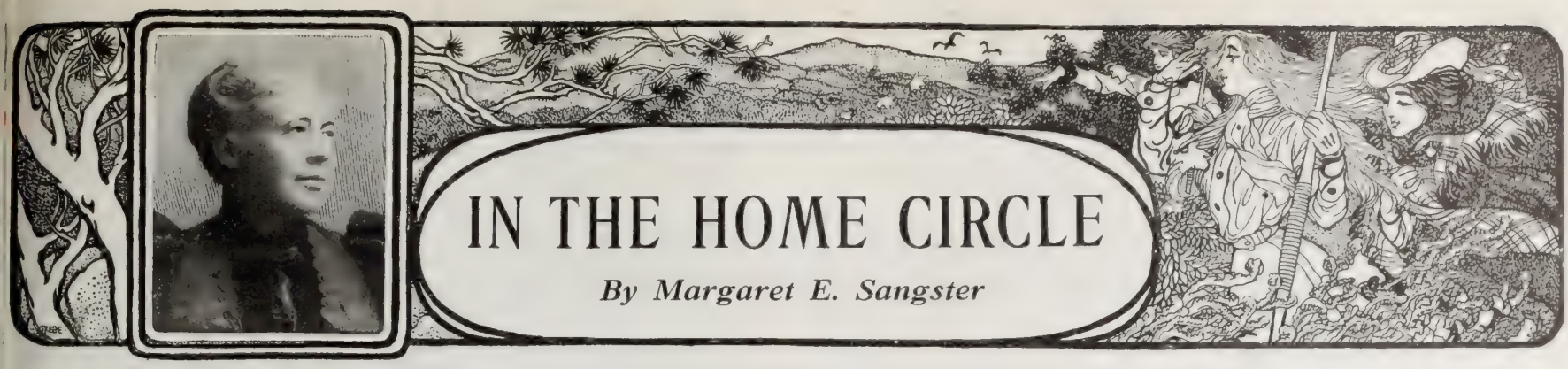

IN THE HOME CIRCLE

By Margaret E. Sangster

The Making of a Duchess

THE wooing of the royal Italian Duke who has for some time past been paying his court to the beautiful daughter of a Senator of the United States has formed the topic of conversation at thousands of American breakfast tables. We were told some time ago that the opposition of the royal family of Italy to the marriage of one of its members with a girl not of royal blood could not be overcome. It was apparently overlooked by those who formulated this opinion that every American girl is a princess in her own right, with fully as much distinction and as many claims to queenliness as any princess born in a European palace. No American girl of good birth and education is elevated by marriage with a nobleman or a prince of the old world. She meets her suitor on equal terms; often she condescends in accepting him.

In the instance of the Duke of the Abruzzi, Americans believe that he and the lady whom he has chosen (and who is reported to have chosen him) are on a footing of agreeable equality. Miss Katherine Elkins is an unsurpassed young woman, charming, fascinating, trained in all the graces and social conventions that fit a woman to take her place in any circle, however exclusive, on either side of the Atlantic. The Duke is a knightly gentleman, scholarly, brave, an explorer, a man fearless and splendid, who has borne himself worthily, and whose achievements would commend him to any sane American father as a suitor for a daughter's hand. Yet these two people, patrician in training and aristocratic in feeling, have been so talked about, so discussed, their most private affairs have been so blown to the four winds, that their marriage must be shorn of some of its sweetness. A bride has a right to her own privacy. Engagements and marriages are affairs for the family circle, not for the glare of the footlights. We can hardly help wishing that the making of a duchess were easier or that dukes would go courting at home, and not come so far afield. When will the day dawn in which our American girls will be satisfied with plain, untitled American husbands?

Correspondence, Elegant and Otherwise

In my lady's desk, if it be well appointed, there are several varieties of stationery. She keeps her very nicest paper, perhaps with its engraved monogram, for that social correspondence which, like evening dress, implies intended courtesy and compliment. To write long discursive letters covering many pages to home people a thousand miles away, as a married daughter may easily do in this country of distances, one requires only a good quality of paper of medium weight. For foreign correspondence a still thinner paper should be chosen, unless one is prepared to pay extra postage. For business purposes, and for those only, the very fastidious woman uses a convenient postal card, although there is much to be said in its favor for the transmission of short messages and brief information about family matters. The postal card has the merit of being extremely convenient and large enough for two or three short paragraphs. My lady should choose white or cream-tinted paper unless she prefers a delicate shade of gray or blue. Violent tints offend good form. Envelopes should be large enough to receive two sheets of folded paper with ease, and should be well gummed. Except in business offices envelopes of a decided sky blue or chrome yellow are highly undesirable. They may have their use in calling attention to bills and advertisements, but beyond this they must be ruled out of court by refined people.

My lady's desk must be furnished with black ink, a supply of pens and lead pencils, both soft and hard, an ink eraser, a number of blotters and a box of postage stamps. One should never have to send out of the house for a stamp any more than one would go to her neighbor for the loan of a match.

A New Departure in Fashion

Men have so long dressed gravely and soberly, and have so rigidly avoided excess in dress, that it is a bit of an astonishment to find them indulging in vagaries of color this season. There is certainly an evident tendency to ornament and decoration in the present styles. One observes daring souls who have turned away from the sombre black, grays and browns of the past to adopt brighter tints in that crowning portion of a man's apparel, his hat. Hats red and green have been fearlessly worn in the street, and we may yet see hats with feathers as the headgear of plain civilians. Who can tell? Gold lace, cocked hats, the splendor of uniform worn by military and naval men have never lost their spell to charm feminine eyes. We are glad to perceive a little masculine vanity creeping in with embroidered waistcoats, and other signs of a departure from the austerity of the business suit. In the drawing-rooms of Washington's day men indulged in velvet and lace, embroidered ruffles and jeweled buckles. Possibly before very long they will do this again.

CONSULTING THE COUNTRY LAWYER

COUNTRY lawyers, like country doctors, have always held an honored place in the town in which they lived. The lawyer, in the early days, was always called "squire" by his neighbors, and instead of being a fomenter of strife, as his detractors would have us believe, he was more often a peacemaker, preventing small disputes from going to court.

The Gain of Loss

LONGFELLOW'S simple lines have appealed to innumerable homes in the hour of sorrow:

> There is no flock, however watched and tended,
> But one dead lamb is there;
> There is no household, howsoe'er defended,
> But has one vacant chair.

Over and over, as I open the letters of my correspondents, my heart aches for those who have been called upon to mourn for dear ones. The mournful truth is that we never grow used to the coming of the Angel of Death across our threshold. The feeling of strangeness that follows the breaking of the accustomed order is as hard to bear in every case, and there is a jar and wrench before we can begin again. The other day there came a tender letter from a mother who ten years ago lost a little girl, who had been the joy and pride of the home circle for nine brief summers. Nine years of beauty and bloom, nine years of sunshine and song, then silence and sorrow and a little mound in the cemetery. Mothers who have lost dear children often feel that they have nothing left but a grave. They think that the loss is complete, and that there is no gain to be mentioned in the same hour. Yet if our religion means anything worth while it does mean comfort. "Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal." The child who slips away from our home and our training goes without delay, possibly without an interval of unconsciousness, into the Father's house above. In that house she meets at once a great company of people who love her. All the dear kindred who have gone before, many perhaps whom the people on earth have forgotten, are waiting in the immortal land to bid the little one welcome home.

The gain of loss for ourselves is fullest when we realize that heaven is a place and not merely a state, and that the only way to reach it is to be borne thither in the kind arms of God's tenderest angel, that angel of everlasting life to whom we have given the name of Death.

A still greater gain is in the increase of our sympathy. Unless we have known bereavement we are unable to comfort those who are bereaved. A mother sat in frozen apathy in the vacant room that had already been joyous with the laughter of a child. Friends came and went, but their attempts at consolation were as futile as those of the friends of Job. They went by her like the wind and were unheeded. But a little woman opened the door and came softly in. She put her arms around the mother, and drew the bowed head to her breast. "I know all about it," she said. "I, too, have lost my children. I, too, am alone, but I have learned not to be desolate."

Once in a while there is an experience of change of fortune, of perplexity and distress that helps the survivor to be thankful that dear ones have escaped seasons of bitterness which might have been to them unspeakably sad. "I never expected," said a friend to me, "to be grateful that my mother had been taken away, yet I have lived to see how much better it is that she went while everything around us was bright. Going when she did, she has escaped so much sorrow."

Pictures of Rare Beauty

Dear Dr. Klopsch: The photogravures are here. They are pictures of rare beauty, and we certainly appreciate them. MRS. MATTIE C. SYCKS.
Delaware, O.

Questions and Answers

F. W. M., Rockwood, Pa. Is there any device that successfully tells the speed, in miles per hour, at which a locomotive or electric motor is traveling? If there are such devices, why don't the railroads use them?

Yes; there is such a device, and it is now being tested on one or two roads running into Chicago. Most of the roads as yet depend on the engineer's clock and his knowledge of the distance between places to judge of the speed.

F. J. F., North Carolina. Is there a railroad in Africa being built to connect the North and South by rail?

Yes; the Cape to Cairo railroad. It was the idea of the late Cecil Rhodes that there should be a transcontinental railway which should run as far as possible through British territory and link together the divided sections of British Africa. The distance to be covered is 5,100 miles between Cairo and Cape Town. They are working on the road from both ends. Trains are already running over long sections of the road though parts are yet uncompleted. Where it crosses the falls of the Zambezi there has been built the highest bridge in the world. It is a cantilever and 380 feet above flood tide. It is 650 feet long and weighs 1,600 tons.

J. P. P., Sunside, N. Y. 1. Is it "remembering the Sabbath day to keep it holy" to travel back and forth to places of business or pleasure on the Sabbath day? 2. Is it one's duty to continue to ask the blessing at meals and to keep up family worship if these have become disagreeable to other members of the family?

1. Works of necessity and mercy are justifiable on the Lord's Day and no other. To make it a day of business or mere pleasuring is to desecrate it. 2. The situation you describe is unfortunately too common in many homes. To ask God's blessing on our table and to ask his protection and guidance daily in all things is the duty of every Christian. You may be able, by your patience and godly example, ultimately to influence the others and win them to Christ.

F. W., Worcester, Mass. 1. Why does the Empress Dowager rule China instead of the Emperor? 2. What is the relationship between the royal house of Portugal and the royal house of England? When Queen Victoria was buried, I noticed that the king of Portugal was prominent among the mourners. 3. Why is Johns Hopkins College so designated instead of plain John Hopkins College? 4. How is DesMoines pronounced?

1. The Empress Dowager is a woman of strong will. So far as can be learned, she has controlled the actions of the Emperor from his boyhood. All things are done in the Emperor's name, but the Dowager Empress is the power behind the throne. 2. There is no near relationship, if any. The late King Carlos of Portugal was an intimate friend of King Edward of England, and the relations between the countries have been most cordial for many generations. 3. The university is so named in honor of the founder, Johns Hopkins. 4. It is pronounced *de moin.*

J. S. W., of Nappanee, Ind., referring to a recent article in this journal dealing with the temperance campaign in his State, writes: "We don't think we got very much when we had a petition signed by over sixteen thousand voters and thousands of telegrams asking for State-wide prohibition, or a chance to vote on it. We feel that we were treated very shabbily. This is still a license law State." From which it is evident that the powerful liquor interest has once more succeeded in defeating the cause of temperance in Indiana. The prohibition resolution which passed the Assembly by 71 to 28 was defeated in the Senate by 35 to 12.

W. H. [illegible], Lockport, N. Y. 1. What are the titles of the different officers in our navy from admiral down? What is the pay of the petty officers? 2. Is the Anti-saloon League doing a good work?

1. The officers of the United States navy are: Admiral, vice-admiral, rear-admiral, captain, commanders, lieutenant-commanders, lieutenants, ensigns, midshipmen. The first two are only given as marks of honor. Admiral Dewey holds the first. At present there is no vice-admiral. Often the navy is commanded by the first rear-admiral. Warrant officers are boatswains, gunners, carpenters, sailmakers, pharmacists, warrant machinists. These receive $1,200 to $1,800 a year. Petty officers include officers with same designation as above with many others. Pay from $360 to $840 a year. A first-class seaman receives $24 per month, seamen-gunners $26, firemen (first-class) $35, musicians (first-class) $32. The second-class seamen are divided as follows: Ordinary seamen $19 per month, second-class firemen $30, shipwrights $25, second-class musicians $30. Third-class seamen: Landsmen for training $16, coal passers $22; apprentices, third-class, $9. 2. The Anti-saloon League is doing a great work for temperance. Its best recommendation is the fear of the organization openly expressed by the saloonkeepers.

A. A. P., Epping, N. H. Is it true, as has recently been stated, that in the treaty between Russia and Japan, made at Portsmouth, N. H., the document was written in French? Also, that all important documents at The Hague are written in that language? If so, why?

Yes; French is the court language of Europe and the language of diplomacy. This has not been settled by treaty between nations, but has grown through custom. France for a long while was the centre of European international politics and her methods, manners, etc., were copied by other nations. In Europe, if a person knows one language in addition to his native tongue, that language is usually French. A great deal of French is spoken in official circles in Washington, and most of our Ministers abroad use it fluently.

FISHERMEN DRYING THEIR "BARREL NETS"

ALMOST every conceivable form of hook and line and net seem to have been invented by fishermen to aid them in capturing "the bounty of the sea." One of the oddest nets is the "barrel net," pictured above. They may be used alone, or in sets of two or more, trailed over the stern of the boat. The fish work toward the pointed end and seldom try to get out the way they came in. The net is held open by several wooden hoops.

W. S. M. sends this strong argument in favor of "no barrooms": "Last week was the Centennial week of Grantsboro, N. C., 1808–1908, and also the Carolina Central Fair at this place, with nearly 50,000 people on the grounds. The police reports are that there were but four arrests for drunkenness in the whole seven days. And why? Just because three years ago we voted out all the barrooms we had, and it is now hard to get liquor. This is a wonderful record, compared to twenty-nine arrests the last night before Prohibition went into effect. Prohibition will prohibit."

H. McA., Morrisville, N. Y. I would like some information about the famous East India Company. Is it still in existence?

The events leading up to the formation of the company date back to 1591, when three ships set sail for India to trade and bring back some of the luxuries of that country, which had hitherto found their way to England through the hands of Portuguese traders. Only one ship reached India. A mutiny occurred on the successful ship, and the captain, named Lancaster, came home on another vessel. His account led to the formation of the first company, which was chartered in 1600. In 1702 the London company and a new one—the English—combined, and in 1708 the new East India Company was established. It grew until it ruled India and had an army of its own. In 1858, after the mutiny, the government was placed in the hands of the Crown of Great Britain, and the company was dissolved June 1, 1874.

C. S., Finlayson, Minn. 1. If a person dies unconverted, has he a chance in another world? 2. Had the people any government before the Flood?

1. There is nothing in Scripture to warrant such an inference. The Bible says "Where the tree falleth there it shall be" (see Eccles. 11:3). We are not to be the judges, however, in such a case. 2. Doubtless the Antediluvians had rulers and government, but no records of that period have been preserved. We may gather from the Bible (see Genesis, chapters 4 and 6), and from Josephus and other historians, who outline the story of the world in Noah's time, that there were probably organized communities before the deluge. They are supposed to have been acquainted with music, architecture, astronomy, agriculture, and certain of the mechanical arts; their government was probably patriarchal.

W. B., Coopersville, Mich. 1. In II. Sam. 24, what is the reason that so many people had to die on account of David's sin? 2. In Acts 1, who is meant by the word Theophilus?

1. Commentators explain that in the translations from the original Scriptures God is frequently represented as *doing* what he merely *permits* to be done by withholding his supporting and restraining grace. This is an instance in point; the verb means that David was stimulated or incited, presumably by some minister or other adviser of bad influence, to do what he did and to demonstrate his mighty power as a monarch. The taking of the census was a military act and was regarded with suspicion by the people, as involving an increase of royal authority and a purpose presumably to enter on wars of conquest. Joat took this view of it when he made his protest. The pestilence which visited the land shortly afterward with such terrible results was regarded by David and the people as a sign of divine displeasure. 2. Theophilus was the person to whom Luke inscribes his Gospel and also the Acts of the Apostles. Whether he was a real person or merely a type of the lovers of divine truth is uncertain. Some writers accept the latter view; others (like Ecumenius) assert he was a Roman governor in Antioch, or a leading convert of that place.

N. J. B., Grundy Centre, Ia. Is there any authentic history of the time and builders of the old stone mill in Truro Park, at Newport, R. I.?

No; the date of the erection of the tower, and who were its builders, have long been a subject of discussion. A great many writers ascribed it to the Norsemen, who undoubtedly visited the North American coast in the eleventh century. It certainly was not constructed by the Indians. Some late writers have said it was constructed by the early colonists, as mills of similar construction exist in England in localities whence the colonists came. The objection to this is that the arches are distinctly Norman and of a type not built in Europe after the twelfth century. There is no mention of its construction by the colonists; most of the mills they put up were wood, and the old tower is much more ornamental than the colonists would be likely to build for mill purposes. Of course, it might have been for some entirely different purpose. It would seem that those who claim for it a pre-colonial date have much in their favor.

J. B. G., Decatur, Ia. I recently saw a statement that emperors, kings and queens had received the representatives of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and thanked them for their help in staying the ravages of hunger and pestilence. Is that statement true, and when did it occur?

Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage was received by Alexander III. during the famine in Russia in 1892, and Dr. Louis Klopsch had audiences with the present Emperor of Russia, the present Queen of England, the King and Queen of Sweden, the King of Denmark and the Dowager Empress of Russia. In recognition of such services as are mentioned in the inquiry, the King of England conferred on him the Kaiser-i-Hind gold medal and the Emperor of Japan the Order of the Rising Sun.

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How a Street Preacher Founded a Mission

Service Afloat on the Demerara River

THAT God never permits his own work to fail, and that the efforts of consecrated men and women, undertaken unselfishly and with a single eye to the glory of God and the good of humanity, are always sure of a blessing has been proved a thousand times in the history of home and foreign missionary work. A remarkable case in illustration of this is that related below, by Superintendent C. O. Moulton, of the unique Christian Mission in the West Indies.

C. O. Moulton

What is now known as the Christian Mission of the West Indies and South America had a few years ago as its only worker and representative a street preacher, who, surrounded by a crowd of natives, sang and preached the Gospel to them that they might know the Saviour. To-day, mission stations—the outgrowth of that lone preacher's work—are located on the islands of St. Thomas, Saba, Antigua, Barbuda, Dominica, St. Lucia, St. Vincent, Trinidad, in British Guiana and Venezuela, and on the Canal Zone, Panama. On the island of Barbados, where the first open-air service was held (and which is now the headquarters of the work). there are thirty-six meeting-houses or chapels, where evangelistic meetings are held every week, conducted by natives of both sexes.

These islands, where snow is unknown and where seldom a day passes that the sun does not shine, have proved very prolific fields for Gospel work. This is especially true of Barbados. No difficulty is ever experienced in getting an audience to which to tell the old story of Jesus and his love.

"A few years ago," writes Mr. Moulton, "a steamer on which I was traveling stopped for the day at Antigua. In company with another minister of the Gospel I went ashore and soon found the house which served as the meeting-house and home of the native worker stationed there. He eagerly asked us to 'keep a service' for him. We consented. What was our surprise, when we returned at the hour appointed, to find the house and stairs crowded and even the street below filled with the natives. The problem has not been to reach the masses, but to seat them.

"The results are very gratifying, and many are the miracles of grace. Before the missionaries came, eighty per cent. of the children were illegitimate; now there are only fifty-five per cent. Coarse songs were the order of the day; now Gospel songs have largely taken their place. We have preached against the use of rum and tobacco, and there has been a decrease in the imports of these articles.

"Perhaps one of the most encouraging features is the aggressive spirit of the native converts. They are taught that the greatest joy is to know the forgiveness of their sins and the next greatest joy to win some one else to the same experience. This accounts for the phenomenal growth of the work. Converts have gone into other villages carrying the Gospel message with Bible and hymn book.

"A number of years ago a barefooted, one-eyed black man was converted. At once he was married to the woman with whom he was living in sin. His joy in his salvation was so great that he tramped fourteen miles, under the hot tropical sun, to tell the folks in his home village what Jesus had done for him. This was the beginning of many a long tramp, with a torch over his shoulder, Bible and song-book under his arm. His first service was in the open air alongside a rum shop. To-day the rum shop is no more; the building is now a meeting-house, and he is the elder in charge, with a flock of over three hundred. Some half-dozen other stations are the outgrowth of this work. It has been computed that this brother has actually walked the distance around the world in his tramps on the island of Barbados, to tell the story of the Cross.

"Another source of encouragement is the love of the people for their Bibles. Thousands of copies are sold and given away every year. Last year, a prominent evangelist spent some time in the work. One Sunday afternoon he was to preach a missionary sermon. As he opened his Bible, he announced chapter and verse and quoted his text. Immediately there was a buzzing in the congregation of over a thousand people. He asked, 'What is the trouble?'

"The answer came, 'You are wrong, sir.'

"He then said, 'I have given this chapter and verse all over the United States and parts of Canada, and this is the first time I have been told of my mistake.'

"Although he had not given the correct reference, yet he had quoted the text correctly. I interrupted him by asking all who had found the text to hold up their open Bibles. Instantly over five hundred Bibles were lifted in the air. It was a sight to gladden the hearts of all who love the precious old Book.

"From its beginning, this work has been one of faith. The workers are taught to rely implicitly upon God as the source of supply of all their needs, and no one receives any salary. Many wonderful incidents might be cited to show how God has honored faith and answered prayer. Only a short time ago one of our native workers told me of the following: Their rent was due; it amounted to seven dollars and twenty cents. At their family worship one morning he told God all about it, and how he was trusting Him to meet the need. When he had finished praying and while his wife was pouring out her heart in petition, a knock was heard at the door. He opened it and a man handed him a small box, saying, 'I have felt impressed to come and give this to you personally.'

"The worker thanked him and went back to his knees until his wife concluded her prayer. Then they found that the box contained shillings, sixpences, pennies to the amount of seven dollars and twenty cents. The need was supplied!

"In July of this year, with only about a hundred dollars in hand, we began the erection of a stone building that will seat about fifteen hundred people. Thus far, in answer to prayer, every need has been met, and we hope to dedicate it at Christmas time free of debt."

The Church Building That Is Going Up Wholly "on Faith"

TIMELY TOPICS AT HOME AND ABROAD

—THE GREAT FLOODS in the Deccan provinces, India, are not yet over. *The Bombay Guardian* says: "The loss of life has been great. An estimate puts it down as 10,000. Old people and infants in arms have perished, and children whose ornaments indicated that they belonged to families in affluence. There is no end to the piteous stories of panic and flight; and after the worst was over, survivors by the thousand sat or stood about, speechless with grief, bereaved, homeless, and ruined. Hundreds of corpses are being found by the police and municipal authorities."

. . .

—AFTER LEAVING Japan, our battleship fleet divided into two squadrons, one, under Rear-Admiral Emory, proceeding to Amoy, China, where a rousing welcome from officials and citizens greeted the Americans. The other squadron, under Rear-Admiral Sperry, proceeded to the Philippines. The two will reunite at Manila, and come home via the Suez Canal.

. . .

—THE STORMY DISAPPROVAL by the English people of the attempt to publicly parade the "monstrance" at the recent Catholic Congress is recalled, apropos of the announcement last week that a wealthy Catholic congregation in New York is preparing a "monstrance" which promises to eclipse all others in magnificence. For three years gold and jewels have been accumulating for this purpose. The vessel or chalice will contain 300 ounces of old gold and silver, and will be studded with thousands of dollars worth of diamonds, emeralds, topazes, rubies, amethysts and sapphires. Women have given their personal ornaments for this purpose and even the family plate, and the design is such that any quantity of jewels—sent as gifts, of course—can still be used in the general plan of the decoration.

. . .

—EGYPT is already looking forward to President Roosevelt's visit to that country next year and in Khartoum he is talked of to-day as "the great celebrity. He will probably enter Africa by way of Mombasa and travel toward the great lakes by the British railroad. He will then take a caravan across the wilderness to Khartoum, from which point he will make his way down the Nile. He may choose, however, to enter by some other way and make his exit via Mombasa. The Roosevelt expedition is spoken of here as scientific, and not wholly for hunting purposes. A great deal of nonsense has been written and printed about it, and about the fabulous offers that have been made to him by certain publishers. These, we are assured on the very best authority, are almost wholly sensational guesswork.

. . .

—FERDINAND, the new "Czar of the Bulgars," is described by a writer in *Current Literature* as "the intensely aristocratic ruler of a nation of fanatical democrats, who owes his success mainly to his own personal charm of manner. He has a thinly veiled contempt for the mob. He is one of the most cartooned men in all Europe, owing to the facilities afforded by the size and shape of his nose. His enemies and all Socialists denounce his reign in Bulgaria as a carnival of official corruption. About thirty years ago he was a poor princeling of Saxe-Coburg. He is now about fifty. His French tastes and ways were instilled into him by his accomplished mother, the Princess Clementine, who figured so conspicuously years ago at the Tuileries."

Crowned for Time and Eternity*

Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

YOUTH and Old Age—it is the artists' delight to place them side by side: The old fisherman and his little grandchild in a boat; the picture of General Booth and his daughter, which some months ago appeared on the first page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD; the old grandmother by the fire and the prattling child at her side; and now we come to the study of the aged King David and his youthful son, King Solomon. We look into the faces of both of them. That of David is written all over with hieroglyphics, which we call wrinkles; but they are the lines of life which correspond with the tracings that experience has made upon the brain; there is then a psychology of the face as well as of the brain. Is the writing on David's face all good? No, not all, said to tell; there are lines that show cunning and sensuality, written there when he sent Uriah to the front in battle that he might be killed. But in general the lines upon David's face are beautiful channels, showing godly meditation, peaceful trust, noble aspirations, generous impulses. Seventy years of life have made those markings.

David and Solomon

The face of Solomon is fresh and beautiful. Twenty years have made some lines upon it, mostly of hope and happiness. His face is set in an aureole of resplendent golden hair. He is every inch the son of a king, and yet not without blemish, for he is the great grandson of Ahithophel, whose wisdom had seemed superhuman, but whose heart was filled with cunning. Solomon is said to have strongly resembled in appearance his half-brother Absalom. He would be all the dearer to David, his father, for this. Certainly there did not enter into the heart of David any distrust on account of it, else he would not have made him his successor in the kingdom.

"And they came before the king." Who? Why? Nathan, the prophet, the one who had been faithful to admonish David in wrong-doing, and ready to co-operate with him in the plan for building the temple. There came also Benaiah, commander of the army. Also came the Cherethites, and the Pelethites. There were bands of foreign soldiers, possibly Philistines, mercenaries, noted for their bravery, who were made the body-guard of King David. These came to King David that he might place in their charge the coronation of Solomon as his successor. It was David's request that they form a part of a grand procession. "Cause Solomon, my son, to ride upon mine own mule." It was death to ride upon the king's mule without his permission, even Absalom had not dared to do it, nor Adonijah, when each of these sons of David had declared himself king.

"Let Zadok the priest and Nathan the prophet anoint him their king over Israel." The anointing is said to have been the most solemn part of installing a new king. It was done by pouring perfumed oil upon the head, out of a horn. A horn was used to signify power, the horn being the chief defense and strength of many beasts. The ceremony was also intended to represent the outpouring of gifts from God above.

"Blow ye with the trumpet, and say, 'God save King Solomon!'" The trumpets were used by the priests alone as signals for national gatherings for feasts or for war. They went up and down throughout the land blowing the trumpets.

"The people piped with pipes and rejoiced with great joy." The people were wild with joy to have a youthful king, and one so regal in presence. The old king remained in his chamber too feeble to be a part of the throng, and yet rejoicing in the succession of his son. Possibly the 72d Psalm may have been written by David in his lonely seclusion at that time. Whoever wrote it saw the "greater than Solomon"—the Messiah King.

"And Adonijah feared because of Solomon." There was one among that throng who was not loyal—even the brother of Solomon, who himself aspired to be king.

"Let King Solomon swear to me today that he will not slay his servant with the sword." His disloyal heart made a craven coward out of him, and he had fled to the altar and taken hold of the horns, for there he seemed to claim protection of God, and no one might slay him there, and so pollute the altar. King Solomon sent the generous assurance to him that as long as he should show himself worthy, no harm should come to him, not to a single hair, but otherwise he should surely be put to death.

"So King Solomon sent, and they brought him down from the altar." And Adonijah knelt in obedience before King Solomon. But his loyalty was only feigned; he made further attempts to gain the throne, and was finally put to death by King Solomon (I. Kings 2: 19-24).

At the Gate of Life

That is where young King Solomon stood. Life was all before him, and certainly no young man ever had a brighter prospect. He was beginning just where his noble father had left off, a prosperous kingdom, a united people, and the blessing of God over and about him. It has been said: "How precious a thing is youthful energy, if only it could be preserved, entirely englobed, as it were, within the bosom of the young adventurer till he can come and offer it forth, a sacred emanation in yonder temple of truth and virtue. But alas! all along as he goes toward it, he advances through an avenue formed by a long line of tempters and demons on each side, all prompt to touch him with their conductors and draw away this divine electric element with which he is charged." But it surely is not necessary that youth shall thus yield its energy to temptations; instead, it is possible to go from strength to strength through Christ who strengtheneth us. There is an Oriental story about a hill which had a prize on the top to be given to any young man who should ascend the hill without looking behind him. Those who did look behind were immediately changed into stones. The hill was covered with stones, and the prize remained on the summit unclaimed! The real hill of difficulty which so many young men are climbing to-day has fewer stones than the fabled one, and prize after prize has been taken from the summit. The World's Hall of Fame is full of young men who have been "strong," and some in boyhood. Mozart at four years of age began to be a composer of little pieces of music; at eleven years of age he wrote songs and sonatas; at ten an oratorio. Mendelssohn began to compose at eleven years of age; at twelve he wrote five symphonies for stringed instruments. He had finished "Midsummer Night's Dream" before he was sixteen years of age. Very much the same might be said of other great musicians. John Stuart Mill learned the Greek alphabet at three years of age, and at eleven years of age he was reading Greek and Latin; at twelve he began the study of scholastic philosophy, and at thirteen

Continued on next page

* **International Sunday School Lesson for November 22, 1908.** Solomon Anointed King. I Kings 1 : 32-40; 50-53. GOLDEN TEXT: "Know thou the God of thy father, and serve him with a perfect heart, and with a willing mind." I. Chron. 28 : 9.

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Sunday School Lesson—*Continued*

of political economy. At six years of age Horace Greeley had read the entire Bible.

At the Gate of Death

That is where King David stood. He lived six months after Solomon was proclaimed king. During that time Solomon was co-regent with King David. Old age has its heroes as well as youth. Humboldt at seventy-six years of age wrote his *Cosmos*. Goethe wrote *Faust* at eighty years of age. Gladstone was a political force at eighty. Lord Palmerston was Prime Minister of England at eighty-one. At eighty-three Tennyson wrote his famous poem "Crossing the Bar." At eighty-seven John Wesley was preaching almost daily, and at the head of Methodism. At eighty-nine, the year of his death, Michelangelo was painting his canvases and constructing St. Peter's at Rome. At ninety-one the mental ability of John Quincy Adams showed no sign of decay. Titian was ninety-eight when he painted the "Battle of Lepanto." Chevreul, the great scientist, was busy, keen and active at the age of 103. Some one has said: "No strong man will accept sixty as the arbitrary limit of his ambition and working ability." And we may add, neither will a strong woman do so. Dr. Dorland says: "Axiomatically speaking, the determination and the capacity to hold on and to make never ending effort are the main elements in deciding success in self-culture, advancement and growth in every line of work." But for all this the time will come "when the sound of the grinding is low" and "when the grinders cease because they are few," "when the almond tree shall flourish," and "the grasshopper be a burden because man goeth to his long home." "Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it."

As we see the aged David at death's door, we recall Hogarth's picture of death. A few months before that artist was seized with the malady which caused his death, he proposed to his matchless pencil the work he has entitled the *Tailpiece*. The first idea of this is said to have been started in company at his own table. "My next undertaking," said Hogarth, "shall be the end of all things." "If that is the case," replied one of his friends, "your business will be finished; for there will be an end to the painter." "That will be so," answered Hogarth, sighing heavily, "and, therefore, the sooner my work is done the better." Accordingly, he began the next day and continued his design with a diligence that seemed to indicate an apprehension (as the report goes) that he should not live to complete it. This he did, however, in the most ingenious manner, by grouping everything which could denote the end of all things. In a sort of prophetic fury he drew the similitude of a painter's palette broken. "Finis," exclaimed Hogarth, "the deed is done; all is over!" He died about a year after.

Quite in contrast with this we may see the tailpiece at the end of the volumes of Tissot's wonderfully illustrated Bible. It is a picture of himself standing, full length, with most earnest face, and hand raised as in blessing, a crucifix, mortar and pestle, wreaths and other symbols in the foreground. Underneath the picture is this inscription: "Ye who read these volumes written for your benefit and have perhaps been moved by what they contain, as ye close them say this prayer for their author: 'O God, have mercy on the soul of him who wrote this book; cause thy light to shine upon him and grant to him eternal rest. Amen!'"

"The monuments of the nations are all protests against nothingness after death."—Lew Wallace.

SOLOMON ANOINTED KING

By Mrs. M. Baxter

IT WAS God's choice that Solomon, his son, should succeed David on the throne of Israel. David grew old and feeble, and he had made no public declaration as to who should succeed him. At last his weakness grew so great that vitality burned low. Adonijah, David's son, who was born after Absalom, taking advantage of his father's weak state, formed a party in his own favor, and commenced a revolution, as Absalom had done before. To his last days David experienced the evil which the Lord foretold should arise out of his own house. At first the rebellious son's assumption remained unnoticed, but when Joab, David's commander-in-chief, and Abiathar, the high priest, followed him, and when he invited to a feast, probably intended for his coronation, "all his brethren the king's sons, and all the men of Judah, the king's servants," it became an open revolt against the government.

At this crisis, Nathan, his father's old friend and prophet, who stood in Samuel's place as his faithful adviser, came to Bathsheba, the mother of Solomon, and apprised her of Adonijah's doings. He called her to go in and speak to David of the matter, saying that he himself would follow and confirm her statements. Bathsheba, addressing the king, said: "My lord, thou swarest by the Lord thy God unto thine handmaid, Assuredly Solomon thy son shall reign after me, and he shall sit upon my throne. And now, behold, Adonijah reigneth." And then she told him of the assembly at that very moment around Adonijah.

Before Bathsheba had done speaking, Nathan the prophet came, and confirmed her story; David was thoroughly aroused. He swore to Bathsheba that Solomon should sit on his throne that day. Then calling for Zadok the priest, Nathan the prophet, and Benaiah the captain, he gave orders that a company of military should be prepared, that Solomon should ride upon his own mule, that they should conduct him to Gihon, and that Zadok and Nathan should there anoint him king, and that then they should blow with the trumpet, and proclaim him, saying, "God save King Solomon."

Jonathan announced the fact to the revolutionists, and gave a full and particular account of the lawful accession of Solomon by the will of David.

Adonijah and his company were afraid, and the would-be king went from his great feast a fugitive, to take hold of the horns of the altar, in fear for his life. When Solomon heard of it, and that his brother was pleading for his life, Solomon sent for him, and he came and did obeisance to his brother the king, who commanded him to go down to his house till he should prove himself a worthy man.

David held a private interview with his son Solomon, "and charged him to build a house for the Lord God of Israel." He saw that his father prized the will and mind of God above all his personal interests. Solomon could easily understand how David only counted upon him as he should count upon his God; how in giving him charge concerning the temple, he saw it necessary that God should give him charge concerning Israel; how it needed the very courage of God to keep the statutes and judgments of the Lord, in face of a worldly people with a tendency to idolatry, set in the midst of nations which were wholly given to idolatry and to sin of the worst kind.

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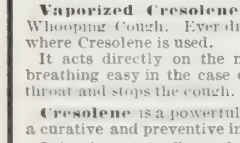

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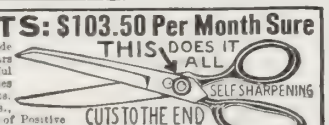

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"BALTIMORE"

Continued from page 891

sinner that repenteth than over the ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance," said the superintendent quietly.

"Baltimore" rubbed his hand wearily across his eyes.

"Five years ago," he went on hopelessly, speaking as if from some lesson he had learned by heart, "five years ago I had a wife an' two o' th' sweetest babies 'at ever lived. I was w'at they call a 'good feller.' Drank, gambled, spent all I could earn—an' more—on th' 'boys.' One night—I was drunk—another man an' I needed money—ter buy more whisky. He got me to sign a check—with a friend's name—an' three days later I had ter go away—or go ter jail. It 'd 've been better of I'd died," he added, mopping the beads of perspiration from his forehead.

"Six weeks after I'd left," he resumed, his breath coming in short, painful gasps, "the young 'uns died o' diphtheria. There wasn't any money in th' house fer a doctor, or med'cine, or even—somethin' ter eat. My wife was too proud ter ask fer help—an' w'en her friends heard, an' did come—it was too late. Two months later she follered her babies—folks said of a broken heart. An' here I am," he moaned, "here I am. I can't die, an'—an' th' whisky long ago stopped makin' me forget. Look at me!" his voice, half-hysterically, rose almost to a shriek, "look at me!—an' tell me w'at right I've got to ask God to help—*me?*"

His whole frame shook convulsively in an access of harsh, dry sobs.

"If I could only see them—just once," he said brokenly, a moment later, when he had in some measure regained his self-control, "just once more—an' ask 'em to forgive me fer all I've done!"

The superintendent stepped across the intervening space and laid his hand gently on "Baltimore's" shaking shoulder.

"Do not fear, brother," he said softly, "our Saviour will forgive you, as your dear ones have already forgiven you. They are waiting for you now—with him. It may be that they can see us here, and are joining their prayers with ours that Christ may enter your lonely, troubled heart."

And turning to the rest he said, "Let us pray!"

(*To be continued*)

"Land of Ten Thousand Lakes"

IT will be a noteworthy occasion at the Carnegie Lyceum, on Fifty-seventh Street, on the evening of Thursday, November 12, when Mr. Herman Montagu Donner, the Anglo-Finnish poet, whose "English Lyrics of a Finnish Harp" so favorably impressed the late E. C. Stedman, and whose eloquence on the platform won him a large following among club members and in literary and scientific circles last season, gives the first of his series of illustrated lectures on the "Land of the Ten Thousand Lakes and Isles." Mr. Donner, who is a nephew of ex-Senator Otto Donner, of the Finnish government (and whose articles and stories in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, at the time of the famine in Finland a few years ago, are still remembered by many), traveled over 1,400 miles in that country in the summer of 1907, and took nearly 400 pictures for the present series of lectures. The illustrated description of such a novel journey must of itself be fascinating. The public seldom has the opportunity to hear a lecturer who is at the same time a poet and an eloquent speaker.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The Vigil, an interesting story of modern times, by Herold Begbie. Cloth covers. Pp. 392. Price $1.50. Dodd, Mead & Company, New York.

Individual Evangelism, Christian witnessing and work, by Rev. Charles Fisk Beach, M.A. Cloth covers. Pp. 231. Allen, Lane & Scott, Philadelphia.

Lincoln: The Man of Sorrow, by Eugene W. Chafin, LL.B., the Prohibition candidate for President. Cloth covers. Pp. 97. Lincoln Temperance Press, Chicago.

Heartbreak Hill, a comedy romance, by Herman Knickerbocker Viele. Illustrated by John Rae. Cloth covers. Pp. 330. Price $1.50. Duffield & Company, New York.

Unofficial Letters of an Official's Wife, by Edith Moses. A very interesting account of life in the Philippines. Cloth covers. Pp. 355. Price $1.50. *Butt Chanler, Freshman,* by James Shelley Hamilton. Cloth covers; illustrated. Pp. 325. Price $1.50. The above two books are published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Jephtha Sacrificing and *Dinah.* Two dramatic poems by Edwin Thomas Whiffen. The Grafton Press, New York. The two sorrowful episodes of the sacrifice of Jephtha's daughter and the humiliation of Dinah are scarcely rendered more impressive by the poetic setting in which Mr. Whiffen has placed them; while the lofty imagery and fervor with which such ambitious attempts should be infused are lacking.

One With the Eternal, by Edgar Daplyn, Minister of All Souls Free Church, Hempstead, N. Y.; Longmans, Green & Co. A pleasantly written and poetic commentary upon the great love chapter in I. Corinthians. It sheds no new light, but endeavors to strengthen the apostle's glowing words by citing the corroborative testimony of our greatest modern poets.

The Living Bible. A course of Bible reading, covering the entire Bible, a chapter a day, with a personal devotional meditation on each chapter. By Amos R. Wells, author of "A Bible Year," "The Bible Marksman," etc. United Society of Christian Endeavor. Boston and Chicago. (75 cents.) Suggestive and well-arranged Bible readings, which are worthy of a better dress of type and ink than has been given them.

The Spiritual Care of a Child, by Anna Robertson Brown Lindsay, Ph.D., author of "What is Worth While," "Culture and Reform," etc. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. Every parent should read this little book. It embodies the noblest ideals, and expresses them in a plain and telling way. Practical illustrations are not wanting, and though the standard is set so high that few can reach it, yet it is well to struggle, even for the unattainable. As old George Herbert says, "He who aims at a star is sure to shoot higher than one who takes a tree for his target."

The Post-Girl, by Edward C. Booth. Frontispiece in color by Denman Fink. 12mo. Pp. 469. Price $1.50. The Century Company, New York. Here is a well-done story of Yorkshire life, with plenty of dialect for those who like it; some vivid portraiture, done in the newest fiction vernacular, not omitting the pear-shaped chin of the heroine, who "in her grief, as in everything else that she did, was beautiful," and a delightful ending, in which the real tragedy of the stolen letter and various other wrinkles of the story are fully smoothed out. A pleasant tale and not wanting in power.

With the Tibetans in Tent and Temple. The narrative of four years' residence on the Tibetan border, and of a journey into the far interior. By Susie Carson Rijnhart, M.D. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. This is a thrilling tale of sacrifice, adventure and missionary work. Dr. Rijnhart lost her husband and her child in Tibet, but feels that enough good was done by their efforts to make up for all the loss. To the student of Tibet, or to those who aspire to visit that closely guarded empire, this book has great value. The author has an intelligence and a dignity which entitle her to a better pen-name than "Susie."

The Master Profession. A challenge to the young men of the twentieth century. By Smith Baker, D.D., and Frank E. Jenkins, D.D. Atlanta, Ga.; The Franklin-Turner Company. The disinclination of our young men to enter the ministry is growing, especially in the East. Dr. Baker's little brochure is intended to arrest this discouraging tendency, and out of a long experience he brings forth many reasons, well fortified by illustrations, why the ministry should still attract our brightest and strongest youth. He is reinforced by Dr. Jenkins's introduction and conclusion, and if those for whom it is intended can be persuaded to read this little book, it should affect them favorably.

Sidney At College (the fourth volume in *The Sidney Books* series), by Anna Chapin Ray, a delightful story for girls, with illustrations by Harriet Roosevelt Richards. Cloth covers. Pp. 289. Price $1.50. *The Wide Awake Girls,* a fresh and unhackneyed story for young girls, by Katherine Ruth Ellis. Cloth covers; with illustrations by Sears Gallagher. Pp. 317. Price $1.50. *Three of a Kind,* the story of an old musician, a newsboy and a cocker dog, by Richard Burton. Illustrated by Frank T. Merrill. Cloth covers. Pp. 267. Price $1.50. *Princess Wisla,* a book for juveniles, by Sophie Swett. Illustrated by Frank T. Merrill. Cloth covers. Pp. 256. Price $1.50. The above four books are published by Little, Brown & Company, Boston.

The Penalty and Redemption. By George Miles White, author of "From Boniface to Bank Burglar." The Seaboard Publishing Co., New York. This book is the work of the printing company which is a part of the Water Street Mission, and does credit to its makers. The author, a hardened criminal, was convicted under the preaching of the late Rev. S. H. Hadley. His terrible story contains indictments of our policemen and of our prison officials, and even chaplains, which, if true, as they seem to be, must make every reader blush for his country. Those who are longing for a field of philanthropic usefulness can evidently find in prison work one of the richest.

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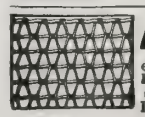

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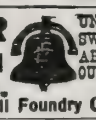

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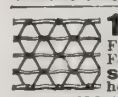

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YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES

Gratitude*

MISS GORDON CUMMING tells how she heard in Japan a bird which seemed to have for its sole note, "Me! Me! Me!" She and her party called it "the me-bird."

It sometimes seems as though there were many people who are a species of "me-birds," who seem to feel no obligation to others, and who consider the whole universe as made simply for themselves. Such people scarcely know the divine quality of gratitude, and their prayers to their Maker are composed of petitions, rather than of ascriptions of praise, and of that "thanksgiving which glorifieth God."

In fact, in all of our prayers, there is too little of this element. At the close of the day, we too often count up the crosses which we have had to bear, rather than the blessings which have crowned the hours. When Charles Lamb spoke his famous words about saying grace before Milton, as well as before meat, he struck a widely vibrating chord. Just as we "tip" those who give us food or who otherwise minister to the wants of sense, and yet do not think of tipping the man from whom we get our clothing or from whom we purchase our books; so we are likely to show far less gratitude for the higher things of life in our prayers than for those which affect our temporal welfare.

The causes for thankfulness multiply incredibly when we once direct our thoughts into this channel. Not only food, clothing, shelter, friends, position are to be classed among them, but the great thoughts of the poets, the harmonies and melodies of the composers, the beauties of art, and, best of all, the holy influences which incline the hearts of men toward good and away from evil. Thanks for the details included within these great divisions are enough of themselves to fill all the prayers that we can offer during every day of our lives.

It is related in an artist's biography that he once painted a simple pastoral scene near some English village. When it was finished, he showed it to an old man who had spent his life there.

"That is pretty," he said; "it must be fine to live in a pretty place like that."

"It is in your own town," the painter told him; "not half a mile away from where you are standing this moment."

With too many of us, there are unseen beauties at hand that we could see, if we would only look for them, and which might flood our souls with joy. It is a religious duty to pray, as the apostle bids the Ephesians, "to have the eyes of our heart enlightened"; and it is no less a duty that we pray to have the eyes of our body and of our mind enlightened also, until we can see all of the "riches of the glory of our inheritance," and learn more of what we have to be thankful for, and which we take now as a mere matter of course, and without a thought of thanks. "Ingratitude," says Gipsy Smith, in his emphatic way, "is the damning sin."

Parents are too neglectful of the duty of teaching thankfulness. There is a theory that it should spring up spontaneously in the human heart. All of us know that the high virtues seldom do that. They usually have to be cultivated and fostered with prayers and with tears, by line upon line and precept upon precept, through "days of pain and nights devoid of ease," by devoted parents and teachers. Gratitude is no exception, but the most heedless child, if he has any nobility at all to build upon, will respond to instruction and training in this regard, until he will be quick to see and feel a kindness, and equally quick to express his thanks for it. Gratitude to humanity will lead readily to gratitude to that Higher Power which "pitieth us, like as a father pitieth his children."

* Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, November 22. Thanksgiving Meeting. Text: Ps. 103.

Controlled by the Spirit*

IF we are filled with the Spirit, as we ought to be, as we are promised that we may be, it will govern us. Some of the newer sects set us older Christians a noble example. They let no day pass without its sacred hour of quiet, secluded study of God's Word and its interpretations. In many cases, more than an hour is required—and it is given. They are told that they cannot keep up to the high spiritual level exacted by their faith unless they fill themselves full with the holy Word.

It is a pity that we are not all of us sterner with ourselves in this matter. Even when we plan to take the time for daily Bible study and for prayer, what trifles make us neglect them! It is a shame and a disgrace to us. Only by using all the powers that God has given us can we be filled and controlled by his Spirit, and "serve his law."

Spurgeon tells a beautiful story of a man who found a foreign flower of great strength of root and stem. His garden was full of weeds, and he felt that he had no time to remove them; but he scattered broadcast among them a handful of the seed of this new plant. It was weeks before he was able to visit the garden again, but when he went he found that the weeds had entirely disappeared. Nothing was to be seen in the whole place except the sweet blossoms of the new plant, whose wonderful vitality had quite driven out the coarse and hateful growths which had so troubled the owner.

Thus if we can but once plant the Holy Spirit in our souls, and give it its own way, it will possess the whole place, and beauty will supplant and overcome ugliness and deformity.

In the life of the sainted John G. Paton he tells of a child who on his dying bed told his mother that he should soon be in heaven, "but, mother," he added, "I'm afraid you will never come there." "Why so, my child?" "Because," he answered, "if you really wished to live with Jesus, you would pray more and sing more about it. My Sabbath School teacher has told me about it, but you have not. If you really loved Jesus and wished to live with him, you would have told me more about him."

If we are filled with God's Spirit, we must show it. We shall talk of holy things, and prayer and song will be often upon our lips.

The government of the Holy Spirit upon us, says Dr. Bonar, is "like an army of liberation to a down-trodden country; like the warm breath of spring to the frost fettered tree. For the entrance of true life, or living truth into man's soul, must be liberty, not bondage. 'The truth shall make you free.'"

Sometimes a whole community seems to come suddenly under the control of the Holy Spirit. It is related of a small town in Western New York that many in different sections of it, without any known reason, were awakened to deep concern for the welfare of their souls. Two men from different directions came to a clergyman there in the morning asking, "What shall we do to be saved?" At about nine o'clock on that same morning one of the members of his church came to the same clergyman and asked him to go and call upon several anxious and troubled ones in his neighborhood. "Before night," says the report of this singular revival, "it was ascertained that almost the whole population were solemnly and with weeping asking the prayers and instructions of the people of God." No doubt this was the result of many earnest petitions offered in lonely closets, but heard of God.

* Topic of the Epworth League for Sunday, November 22. Text: Rom. 8: 5-11; Col. 1: 9.

Paint Your Buggy *Now*

DO IT YOURSELF

The finish of a vehicle is worn and shabby from constant summer use. The rains and mud, snow, ice and frost of winter are the most severe strain on its durability. Now is the time to protect and beautify your vehicles, to prevent rust and decay and prolong their life and usefulness. *As a simple matter of economy* you should repaint. It costs only a trifle and anyone can do it. The result is a handsome carriage-gloss finish in rich colors or black.

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FROM

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GIVING A START IN LIFE

Caring for the Chickens

IN Brooklyn, and at St. James, Long Island, N. Y., there is at present being carried on a most practical work for the orphan children of the negro race. The Brooklyn Howard Orphan Asylum is endeavoring to do for the fatherless and motherless children committed to its charge what few institutions in the North have attempted—to prepare negro orphans to face the battle of life with something more than the usual knowledge imparted in primary classes. On its farm it is paying special attention to making the larger boys well-trained helpers in farm work, and hopes in the near future to teach them such trades as blacksmithing, carpentry and others which will enable them to earn an honest living as soon as they leave the sheltering care of the asylum. The girls are trained in all household duties and as seamstresses.

The Howard Asylum is not an experiment. It was started within four years after the close of the Civil War, when large numbers of colored people made their way North in the hope of bettering their condition. A great many of the mothers, unused to the rigors of a Northern climate and to the confinement of cities, died after a hard struggle with the new conditions, leaving their children helpless and dependent on the kindness of strangers. A colored woman, seeing the need for immediate action if these children were to be saved, gathered at least twenty and began to care for them in her home. Then a Presbyterian clergyman of the colored race started a home for these little waifs on Dean Street, in Brooklyn, the little band from New York was brought over, and the negroes gave freely to support the work which has been carried on in Brooklyn since that time. With outside aid they were able to care for an increasing number of children.

In 1903, after reorganization, Rev. James H. Gordon, pastor of the Baptist Temple in Manhattan, was placed in charge. Under his management confidence in the asylum has grown.

The demands made on the institution have increased far beyond its capacity. The buildings are old and they are greatly overcrowded. The Board decided several years ago that it would be better to move the asylum out into the country, where the boys could be trained in agriculture, where there would be room for growth, and the surroundings would be more healthful. A farm was purchased at St. James, Long Island, about forty miles from Brooklyn, and when funds for a suitable building can be secured the asylum will be removed there. It is hoped that a purchaser for the Brooklyn property can be found, as that would supply a part of the necessary funds.

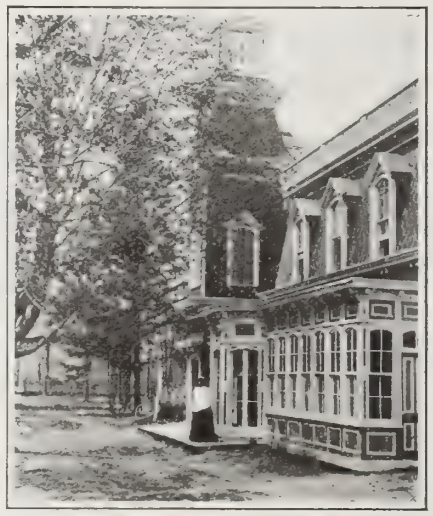
When the first party of boys was sent out to the farm it was impressed on them that the neighborhood would get its first and most lasting impression of the Howard Orphan Asylum from their industry and conduct. The little fellows felt the responsibility and lived up to it. The people in the vicinity have had no cause to regret their coming, and are already sending requests for the services of one or more trained boys during the busy farm season. The boys are taught all branches of agriculture, the care of stock and chicken raising.

A Young Gardener

Twice the boys have been called out to put out fires in the neighborhood. Arriving on the scene at a run, they rendered valuable assistance in getting the flames under control.

Farming is taught by a graduate of Tuskegee, while a woman teacher has all of the primary and grammar grades. One half of the boys work on the farm during the forenoon while the other half is in school; in the afternoon they change places. It is an interesting fact that most of the vegetables needed for the asylum in Brooklyn have been raised by these young farmers. There is one building of twenty-eight rooms on the farm, and as soon as the asylum is moved to St. James the farm building will be made over into a school building. The institution has reached a crisis in its affairs. At present there are over three hundred children in the Brooklyn building, and it will soon be necessary to move them, as the Board of Health has disapproved of the present structure as inadequate and unsanitary. A visit to the asylum will convince the most skeptical of the good that is being done under unfavorable conditions. The rooms, even at eight in the morning, are spotlessly clean and in perfect order, and open to the inspection of visitors. The children show their excellent care, and the kindergarten and primary classes are in charge of teachers who make the work a labor of love though they might do far better for themselves in a worldly sense by accepting offers elsewhere. Mrs. Gordon, the wife of the superintendent, is matron, and acts as superintendent when he is absent to lay the needs of the asylum before various churches.

The House at the Farm



On the Board of Managers are found the names of prominent pastors of Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian and other evangelical churches. Inquiries concerning the work may be addressed to the secretary, J. A. Billingsley, D. D., or to Rev. James H. Gordon, of Brooklyn. Donations may be sent to the Treasurer of the Howard Orphan Asylum, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Called Higher

Mrs. Lydia Turner, of 2513 East Eleventh Street, Kansas City, Mo., died March 25, 1908, aged eighty-seven years. She was born April 26, 1821, and had read THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for twenty-five or more years. She always read THE HERALD for her Sunday literature.

Mrs. Charlotte H. Dennis, of Rockport, Mass., entered into rest August 28, 1908, aged seventy-one years. She was a woman of earnest Christian character, a member of the Congregational Church for over fifty years, and long a subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Susan Lynch entered into rest July 5, 1908, at Richland Centre, Wis., at the advanced age of ninety-four years. She was for more than eighty years a faithful Christian and member of the United Brethren Church, and for many years a faithful friend of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mrs. Julia Hall was called higher on August 5 at her home in Port Chester, N. Y., at the age of ninety-three years and six months. She was a constant member of the Methodist Episcopal Church for seventy-seven years, having given her heart to God when sixteen years of age. Five children survive her.

Jacob Hole, Salem, O., died September 11, 1908, aged eighty years. A lifelong Friend, a trustful Christian, his end was peaceful. Of six surviving children, two are missionaries to Africa, and one a pastor in the home land. He had been a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for a number of years.

Entered into rest, suddenly, at her home in Hartford, Conn., Annah Bancroft Simmons, wife of Henry E. Simmons, late of Summit, N. J., in the seventy-sixth year of her age. Her confession of faith, "I have been in bondage to the fear of death all my days, but he has taken it all away, and I praise him for it!"

Entered into her eternal rest in her sixty-eighth year from her home in Adrian, Mich., Mrs. Mary L. Gregory, wife of Rev. John Gregory. She was a great sufferer here, and a sincere and loving Christian. For many years past it was her delight to enjoy, on Sunday afternoons, the rich repast provided by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Christ the Conqueror

A READER of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Miss Lydia C. Wells, of St. Louis, Mo., sends this unique epitome of the Saviour's earthly life:

Born in Canaan; brought up a Carpenter; was Creator, was of Divine Conception, Celestial; our Covenant, Captain, Counselor, Comforter, and Companion; was Compassionate; is Coming; was Contemned, Condemned and Cruelly Captured; bore his Cross; was Crucified on Calvary; is Conqueror and Crowned.

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The average healthy man or woman is usually eager to be busy at some useful task or employment.

But let dyspepsia or indigestion get hold of one, and all endeavor becomes a burden.

"A year ago, after recovering from an operation," writes a Mich. lady, "my stomach and nerves began to give me much trouble.

"At times my appetite was voracious, but when indulged, indigestion followed. Other times I had no appetite whatever. The food I took did not nourish me and I grew weaker than ever.

"I lost interest in everything and wanted to be alone. I had always had good nerves but now the merest trifle would upset me and bring on a violent headache. Walking across the room was an effort and prescribed exercise was out of the question.

"I had seen Grape-Nuts advertised, but did not believe what I read, at the time. At last when it seemed as if I were literally starving, I began to eat Grape-Nuts.

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I want to help every woman to be perfectly, gloriously well, with that sweet, personal loveliness which health and a wholesome, graceful body gives — a cultured, self-reliant woman with a definite purpose, full of the health and vivacity which makes you

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A SWEETER SWEETHEART

You can easily remove the fat and it will stay removed.

Too Fleshy? I have reduced 15,000 women. One pupil writes me:

"Miss Cocroft: I have reduced 78 pounds and I look 15 years younger. I feel so well I want to shout! I never get out of breath now.

"When I began I was rheumatic and constipated, my heart was weak and my head dull, and oh dear, I am ashamed when I think how I used to look! I never dreamed it was all *so easy*. I thought I just had to be fat. I feel like stopping every fat woman I see and telling her of you."

Too Thin? I may need to strengthen your stomach, intestines and nerves first. A pupil who *was* thin writes me:

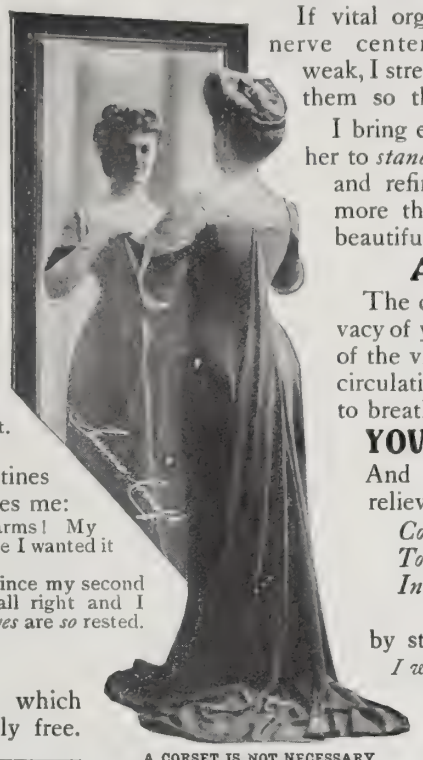
"I just can't tell you how happy I am. I am so proud of my neck and arms! My busts are rounded out and I have gained 28 pounds; it has come just where I wanted it and I carry myself like another woman.

"My old dresses look stylish on me now. I have not been constipated since my second lesson and I had taken something for years. My liver seems to be all right and I haven't a bit of indigestion any more, for I sleep like a baby and my *nerves* are *so* rested. I feel so well all the time."

INDIVIDUAL INSTRUCTION

I give each pupil the individual, confidential treatment which her case demands. My information and advice are entirely free.

Write me to-day telling me your faults in health or figure, and I will cheerfully tell you whether I can help you. I never treat a patient I cannot help. If I cannot help you I will refer you to the help you need.
Send 10 cents for instructive booklet showing how to stand and walk correctly.



A CORSET IS NOT NECESSARY

To Have Good Figure Vibrant Health Rested Nerves?

If vital organs or nerve centers are weak, I strengthen them so that each organ does its work.

I bring each pupil to symmetrical proportions and I teach her to *stand* and to *walk* in an attitude which bespeaks culture and refinement. A good figure, gracefully carried, means more than a pretty face. Nature's rosy cheeks are more beautiful than paint or powder. I help you to

ARISE TO YOUR BEST!

The day for drugging the system has passed. In the privacy of your own room I strengthen the muscles and nerves of the vital organs, lungs and heart, and start your blood to circulating as it did when you were a child. I teach you to breathe so that the blood is fully purified.

YOU CAN BE WELL WITHOUT DRUGS

And the vital strength gained by a forceful circulation relieves you of such chronic ailments as

Constipation *Rheumatism* *Nervousness*
Torpid Liver *Weaknesses* *Sleeplessness*
Indigestion *Dullness* *Irritability*
Weak Nerves *Catarrh*

by strengthening whatever organs or nerves are weak.

I wish I could put sufficient emphasis into these words to make you realize that you do not need to be ill, but that you can be a vivacious, attractive woman in return for just a few minutes' care each day in your own room.

SUSANNA COCROFT, Author of "Growth in Silence," "Character as Expressed in the Body," Etc.
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Miss Cocroft's name stands for progress in the scientific care of the health and figure of woman

"I MADE $12 PER DAY
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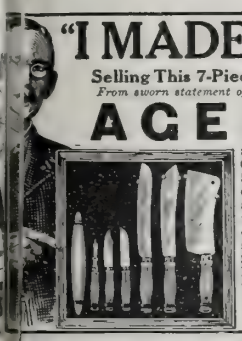
From sworn statement of H. S. CUNNINGHAM.



AGENTS

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THOMAS MFG. CO.
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CAN NOW HEAR WHISPERS

A. P. WAY
Inventor

I was deaf for 25 years. I can now hear a whisper with my artificial EAR DRUMS in my ears. You cannot see them in my ears. I **CANNOT FEEL THEM,** for they are perfectly comfortable. Write and I will tell you a true story—How I Got Deaf—and How I Made Myself Hear. Address

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A GOOD FARM
for sale. Not particular about location. Wish to hear from **owner** only who will sell direct to buyer. Give price, description and state when possession can be had. Address.
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Page Fences "give and take" but never break. 25 years of practical experience woven into the fabric. No other fence has it! **This is the "Jubilee Year" or Quarter-Centennial of Page Fence.** "Jubilee" book FREE.
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lybokn keto as better than other ranges and means cooking easier, but we know by actual tests, will save you fuel. Born Ranges are far better than ordinary stoves in material and workmanship and a good deal better in design—better by **12 exclusive patented features.** Yet Born Ranges cost you no more than the ordinary kind.

Write us to-day and we will send you catalog with all information giving you name of our nearest dealer or telling you how you can buy our stoves.

THE BORN STEEL RANGE CO. 2176 E. 9TH STREET, CLEVELAND, OHIO.
Makers of the First Steel Range in the World.

SUN PASTE STOVE POLISH

UNSCRUPULOUS AND INEXPERIENCED MANUFACTURERS make inferior stove polishes which are often inflammable, explosive and dangerous.
FOR FORTY YEARS we have been successfully making stove polish which pleases the housewives. It is natural we should know what they want and how to make it right. No housekeeper can afford to take chances of being horribly burned with inferior stove polishes. *Use Sun Paste Stove Polish.*
IT MAKES THE STOVE AN ORNAMENT.
64 Made by MORSE BROS., Props. RISING SUN Stove Polish, Canton, Mass., U.S.A.

It's the "IMPERIAL"

Which has exclusive features not to be had on other ranges, such as:
The **STOVE OVEN BOTTOM** absorbs and holds the heat in oven, a fuel saver.
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SEND ON TRIAL. SOLD ON TIME. FREIGHT PREPAID.

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All Spinal Deformities Corrected or Benefited by the Wonderful Sheldon Appliance.

Authorities on the subject agree that there is no longer any reason why people should go through life suffering with spinal deformities. The Sheldon Spinal Appliance has corrected hundreds of cases of spinal trouble and has been of great and lasting benefit in many thousands of cases.

Children and young people with spinal deformity are **permanently restored and saved** for long, happy lives of usefulness. Older persons, except those cases in which the trouble is of very long standing and of an extreme nature, find the Sheldon Appliance equally effective. Many can be restored; practically **all can be benefited.** Physicians endorse and use the

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It is made to measurement for each individual case and is guaranteed to fit. It weighs only a few ounces, but is strong and durable. It is cool and comfortable, even in hot weather, and never chafes or irritate. It is easy to put on and take off, can be readjusted by anyone whenever necessary (as the deformity is gradually overcome) and cannot be seen through clothing.

We Let You Use It 30 Days

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NEWTON'S Heave, Cough, Distemper and Indigestion Remedy. A veterinary Remedy for wind, throat and stomach troubles. *Strong recommends.* $1.00 per can, of dealers, or express prepaid.
The Newton Remedy Co. Toledo, Ohio.

"Your Wife?"

Is she as fair and fresh as the day you were married? If not, it is probably because she neglected to care for her skin. Household and social cares, and family duties incident to the rearing of children, have left lines on her face and robbed her of the bloom of her youth.

She can regain much of her youthful charm, and your daughters also can discover how to outwit Father Time if you will call their attention to this advertisement and ask them to write for our 16-page illustrated booklet. We send it with our free sample. Either fill out coupon yourself *now* before you lay this magazine aside, or call it to the attention of the other members of your family.

POMPEIAN MASSAGE CREAM

It Gives a Clear, Fresh, Velvety Skin

Wrinkles and crow's-feet are driven away, sallowness vanishes, angles are rounded out and double chins reduced by its use. Thus the clear, fresh complexion, the smooth skin and the curves of cheek and chin that go with youth, may be retained past middle age by the woman who has found what POMPEIAN MASSAGE CREAM will do.

This is not a "cold" or "grease" cream. Those can never do the work of POMPEIAN MASSAGE CREAM, the largest-selling face cream in the world—10,000 jars being made and sold daily.

FREE—Sample Jar and Book

This Special Sample Jar affords a generous supply, with which you can try out for yourself the wonderful pore-cleansing and beautifying qualities of POMPEIAN MASSAGE CREAM. This Sample Jar is not for sale at the stores. The Illustrated Book is an invaluable guide for the proper care of the skin. Both FREE. Send 10c in silver or stamps (only U. S. stamps accepted) to cover postage and mailing.

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

SUBSCRIPTION, $1.50 PER ANNUM
PUBLISHED 52 TIMES A YEAR

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New York, November 18, 1908

VOL. 31—NO. 47. PRICE 5 CENTS
OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

See Page 911

John Milton, the Blind Poet, Dictating "Paradise Lost" to His Daughters

Questions and Answers

J. L., New York. 1. What are the "Seven wonders of the world"? 2. In what do the Roman and Greek Catholic Churches differ?

1. The pyramids, the hanging gardens of Babylon, the tomb of Mausolus, the temple of Diana, the Colossus of Rhodes, Phidias' statue of Zeus, and the Pharos of Egypt. 2. The Greek Church rejects the Papal claim to supremacy and doctrinal authority; they admit the seven sacraments of the Roman Church; certain priests may marry; no images are used except the Cross; the Bible, the Deutero-Canonical books and the church traditions are accepted as the rule of faith. The Greek Church consists of eleven groups or patriarchates which are practically independent in organization, and each is governed by a patriarch or metropolitan.

Reader, Addison, Me. At what age should children be urged to be Christians?

They should be taught all the fundamental truths of Christianity—the story of the Saviour's birth and its meaning—at their mother's knee. Love of God, and obedience, prayer and faith in the Father above, can be instilled in the heart of a child in infancy.

R. E. L., Washington, D. C. The question has arisen between me and some of my friends, whether betting on the elections is not wrong. Some contend there are no Scriptural grounds to uphold my arguments. Can you answer this through the MAIL-BAG? I brought this up at the close of my Sunday School class yesterday and my teacher said he would discuss it next Sunday. Can not you give me a few points to show that betting is wrong under all circumstances? Personally that is my contention and I believe it is getting money without equity or just service rendered. And Christ, if dealing with the question, would disapprove of it as other worldly acts.

There are various acts which, while not specifically mentioned in Scripture, and while possibly not even wrong in themselves, may yet be regarded as sinful, if we take into consideration the question of influence and example. Betting is gambling and gambling is an admitted cause of much misery and wickedness and a temptation to crime. This being so, it is the duty of professing Christians to avoid even "the appearance of evil" (see I. Thess. 5: 22), and, for the sake of others, to whom their example might prove a stumbling-block (see Rom. 14: 21), to refrain absolutely from gambling in any form whatsoever. The laws, which are enacted for the protection of public morals, deal with betting as a public evil.

J. L. J., Benton Harbor, Mich. 1. Does not the doctrine of justification by faith contradict James 2:24? 2. Did not Paul look upon the learning of his day as being against the Christian faith?

1. James had a different class than those to whom Paul preached. Paul urged as strongly as James, especially in the later epistles, the need of works as evidences of faith. (See Titus 2:14 and following chapter.) James, says one commentator, "was combating the Jewish tendency (transplanted into Christianity) to substitute a lifeless acquaintance with the letter of the law for change of heart to holiness." He is really at odds, not with Paul, but with those who abuse Paul's doctrine. 2. He probably regarded it as tending to infidelity. The educated Greek, with a few notable exceptions, looked upon the new religion as fit only for the unlearned.

G. N. H., Fountain City, Ind. I find in I. Sam. 14: 18 that Saul said unto Ahiah, "Bring hither the Ark of God, for the Ark was there at that time with the children of Israel." May we not readily conclude that it was at Gibeon, Saul's home, until near his death, when it was again removed to Kirjath-jearim, where it spent its last twenty years preceding its being carried to Jerusalem?

The conclusion would seem to be a reasonable one; but in the absence of definite, positive data, it is of course impossible to state dates with accuracy.

E. W. K., Egypt, Pa. What is the origin and the original meaning of the word "good-by"?

It is a contraction of "God-be-with-you," just as "adieu" is the modern form of the French phrase "*A Dieu*" (commending the departing one to God's care).

H. E. M., Madisonville, Pa. Who made the Ark, mentioned in II. Sam. 6?

See the instructions to Moses about its construction. Ex. 25:10-15.

W. G. D., Sandy Hill, N. Y. Was it a statue, a monument, or a cross that was erected by the governments of Chili and Argentine Republic on the border line between the countries?

It was a statue, heroic size, of Christ as the Peacemaker. The statue was made of bronze cannon given by the two countries for that purpose.

B. P., Monterey, Minn. What is the size of the Panama canal, and where does it start?

It starts on the Atlantic side from the Bay of Limon, on which the city of Colon is situated, and comes out in the Pacific not far from the city of Panama. It is little over forty-nine miles in length. Its depth and width vary in its several sections. The approaching channel has a minimum depth of forty feet of water, and the bottom width is five hundred feet. As it nears the locks it is much narrower.

Berlin's Greeting to Princess Alexandra, the Bride of Prince August Wilhelm

KAISER WILLIAM of Germany has just had the pleasure of seeing his fourth son, Prince August Wilhelm of Prussia, married to one of the most attractive princesses in his empire, the Princess Alexandra of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glucksburg—all of these titles being the names of principalities over which her family held sway. She is a niece of the German Empress. The Prince is the most studious of the Emperor's sons and for the next ten years he will serve in the army. All Berlin was decorated to receive the bride-elect, and she rode to the Palace from the station between solid banks of cheering people. The photograph shows the Princess receiving an address of welcome from the Burgomaster.

E. S. T., McCool, Miss. 1. What is contralto? 2. Is immersion found in Scripture?

1. The part between soprano and tenor; the lowest for the female voice. When sung by a man it is called *counter-tenor*. In woman, the contralto voice usually reaches two octaves beginning with F below middle C. It is called *contralto*, as being opposed to *alto*, the highest male voice in ancient music. 2. The word "immersion" is not used in the Bible, but many commentators find its equivalent in the context.

J. M., Ashtabula, O. At what period of the world's history did the use of metals begin?

They were used in prehistoric ages, the remoteness of which cannot now be estimated. In historic times, copper has been found in the tomb of the first Pharoah, 4500 B.C., and copper instruments were used by the Babylonians 3500 B.C. Wrought iron found in the pyramid of Gizeh, indicates an age of 3960 B.C. The Canaanites had iron chariots and the Arabs employed that metal also.

A. L. L., Claremont, N. H. 1. What is the bright star which is east of south of the square of Pegasus and about on a line east from Altair? 2. What almanac tells the time of rising of the planets?

1. It is difficult to locate the star by your description, as there are several bright stars of the second magnitude in the immediate line you describe. Take any good map of the sky and trace your lines by comparing the map with the stars, and you can readily locate the one you desire. 2. The *Farmer's Almanac* is a good one. Write to your Congressman to send you a copy of the *Nautical Almanac*, prepared and published by the government. It will be sent to you without cost.

SAMUEL PHELPS LELAND.

E. O., Osceola, Neb. When Cleopatra's Needle, which stood about 3,000 years in Egypt, was brought to New York, what was the preservative which they put on it to keep it from weathering away?

The exact formula of the preparation is, we understand, a trade secret of the manufacturer, but it is principally composed of paraffine, which is driven into the surface of the stone by a powerful wind blast. No preservative was applied when the Needle was first set up in Central Park, and the surface began to wear away, affecting the clearness of the inscriptions. The dry air of Egypt apparently had little effect, but the dampness here began to act within a few years.

H. W., Golconda, Ill. Our pastor stated in a sermon that there are more Mohammedans than Christians in the world. Is this so?

Dr. Zwemer, the well-known missionary in Arabia, and an excellent authority, in his book, *The Moslem World*, estimates that according to various reckonings, there are 225,000,000 to 250,000,000 Mohammedans to-day. Of these 62,286,748 are under non-Christian rule, 157,055,232 under Christian rule, 15,528,800 under Turkish rule, 31,375,000 under non-Christian and non-Turkish rule. Christianity, on the other hand, has a total of some 477,080,158 followers throughout the world, according to the estimates of M. Fournier de Flaix, which are regarded as conservative and trustworthy.

Reader, Earlville, N. Y. What does the word hypnotism come from and what is its exact scientific meaning?

It comes from a Greek word pronounced "hipnos," meaning sleep, or rather nervous sleep. It is applied to a sleeplike condition produced by fixing the mind for a long time on a single object. The term was first used in 1843 by a Mr. Braid. It is really artificial catalepsy.

J. W., Hannibal, Mo. 1. Was there a Highland regiment in New York during the Civil War, and did they wear the Highland uniform? 2. Is there a buffet or a saloon connected with the White House where liquor is sold?

1. At the outbreak of the Civil War a great many regiments both North and South adopted distinctive uniforms which they paid for themselves. These uniforms were copied from those of continental nations. Later most of these were abandoned for regulation blue or gray. One regiment from New York adopted [illegible] Scotch Highland dress and wore it until it [illegible] worn out, when they put on the regulation [illegible] uniform issued by the government. One of [illegible] captains, however, had so much fondness [illegible] what has been called the "handsomest unifo[illegible] in the world" that he marched in kilt and pl[illegible] after his men wore the blue. By the sec[illegible] year of the war all of the fancy uniforms [illegible] disappeared from the Federal army except [illegible] Zouaves, a few regiments of which kept the [illegible] fez and trousers. 2. Most assuredly not. [illegible] White House is the President's home, and no [illegible] ing of any kind has ever been sold there.

R. W., Leroy, N. Y., writes: "In the October [illegible] issue I noticed Mrs. Castor's motive for read[illegible] the Bible through. I have often gratified [illegible] curiosity as to the frequency with which cert[illegible] words occur in the Bible. I find sons, 2,800 tim[illegible] daughters, 560 times; children more than 1,[illegible] times; God, 4,144; man, 2,800; father, 1,0[illegible] women, 450; Lord, 1,855. This suggests the wo[illegible] of the prison convict who amused himself wi[illegible] the Bible, the only book in his cell, and found [illegible] contained: books, 66; chapters, 1,189; vers[illegible] 31,173; words, 773,692; letters, 3,586,489; midd[illegible] verse, Psalm 8: 118; longest ver[illegible] Esther 8; 9; shortest verse, 35th of 11[illegible] chapter of John. The word *and* [illegible] curs 46,277 times. The analysis or disse[illegible] tion of words is the most interesti[illegible] and profitable of all studies. If schola[illegible] could settle upon a common translati[illegible] and definition of words, creeds wou[illegible] dissolve, Christian brotherhood be [illegible] tablished, and discord give way to t[illegible] harmony of peace and love."

G. M. R., Lamar, N. C. 1. What [illegible] meant by the millennium a[illegible] when will it be? 2. Explain Ma[illegible] 4: 1 ("Shall leave them neith[illegible] root nor branch"). 3. Also, Re[illegible] 20:14 ("This is the second death"

1. The millennium is a term used [illegible] prophecy to indicate a thousand yea[illegible] during which Satan will be boun[illegible] while the saints will rise and live a[illegible] reign with Christ (see Rev. 20: 1-7[illegible] Students of prophecy have striven i[illegible] vain to answer the latter part of yo[illegible] question. 2. Commentators belie[illegible] that, primarily, the destruction of J[illegible] rusalem was foreshadowed in th[illegible] prophecy, and again (by the princip[illegible] of double prophecy), the day of ge[illegible] eral judgment. Leaving "neither ro[illegible] nor branch" is proverbial for comple[illegible] destruction. 3. Professor Weiss say[illegible] of this passage: "The last enemy [illegible] be overcome is death as Paul teache[illegible] (I. Cor. 15: 26). Henceforth the[illegible] shall be no bodily death, but only th[illegible] second death, in which men are ete[illegible] nally overcome by the fire of divin[illegible] wrath. Of this all will become th[illegible] victims whose names are not writte[illegible] in the Book of Life." Andrus remark[illegible] on the same subject: "The ancien[illegible] form of death shall not continue, bu[illegible] a death far different: 'everlasting de[illegible] struction from the presence of th[illegible] Lord.'"

. . .

The Electoral Vote

In last week's CHRISTIAN HERALD the electora[illegible] vote was published according to the figure[illegible] given out the morning after election. Late[illegible] and fuller returns show some slight changes:

TAFT			
California	10	New Jersey	1[illegible]
Connecticut	7	New York	3[illegible]
Delaware	3	North Dakota	4
Idaho	15	Ohio	2[illegible]
Illinois	27	Oregon	4
Indiana	15	Pennsylvania	3[illegible]
Iowa	13	Rhode Island	4
Kansas	10	South Dakota	4
Maine	6	Utah	[illegible]
Maryland	2	Vermont	4
Massachusetts	16	Washington	[illegible]
Michigan	14	West Virginia	7
Minnesota	11	Wisconsin	1[illegible]
Missouri	18	Wyoming	[illegible]
Montana	3		
New Hampshire	4	Total	321

BRYAN			
Alabama	11	Nevada	3
Arkansas	9	North Carolina	12
Colorado	5	Oklahoma	7
Florida	5	South Carolina	9
Georgia	13	Tennessee	12
Kentucky	13	Texas	18
Louisiana	9	Virginia	12
Mississippi	10		
Maryland	6	Total	162
Nebraska	8		

The vote of Maryland is split, as, according to the latest reports, Bryan will get six and Taft two of the State electors.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

Afzalgunj Bridge After the Flood Receded

The Famous Delhi Gate, Hyderabad

The Flooded Residency Grounds

DEADLY FLOODS IN INDIA

FEARS THAT FROM 25,000 to 50,000 WERE DROWNED IN THE DECCAN INUNDATION

FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

HYDERABAD, India, with a population of nearly 350,000, is one of the most cosmopolitan cities in the world. It was lately the scene of a disastrous flood, unprecedented in the recollection of the oldest inhabitants.

Rain had been falling at intervals for a week, but from the night of the 25th of September it set in steadily and the downpour was incessant. Until the night of the 27th of September there was no break, and the fall recorded indicated fourteen inches. This, for forty-eight hours, was not very serious in itself, and beyond breaching some walls, damaging some houses, and swamping gardens and lawns, nothing more was feared. But the city of Hyderabad is situated on the banks of the river Moosi, which has its rise somewhere in the Western Ghauts, and, flowing from northwest to southeast, casts itself into the larger and one of the chief rivers of India, named Krishtna. The Moosi, in ordinary times, is not much wider or deeper than a rivulet. It is bridged in four different places, connecting the city with its suburbs. On the right bank is the native city of Hyderabad, and on the left the settlement grown up in later years, known as Chuderghaut. The principal structure on this left side is the British Residency, about a mile and a half from the banks of the Moosi.

On the morning of the 28th the river was considerably swollen. This kept on increasing, and at 8 A.M. it was overflowing its banks. Within the next two hours it was flowing into the main streets, and the whole of the Residency grounds were inundated. Of course, all buildings in the immediate vicinity were in peril. Chief among these was the Afzalgunj Hospital, an institution fitted with modern equipments and manned by a superior medical and nursing staff.

The average native shop or dwelling is not a very solid structure, and only a few of the superior sort withstood the rush of a volume of water, which soon attained a height of twelve feet. Houses collapsed as though built of cards, burying the occupants and their belongings. Most of the in-patients of the Afzalgunj Hospital, by the efforts of the doctors, nurses and attendants, were removed to places of security.

Wild rumors were abroad. The people were panic-stricken, and there were no means, amidst such confusion and excitement, of ascertaining even approximately the number of lives lost. No official report has yet been published, for the sad work of extricating the dead out of the ruins still proceeds. Some said 25,000 people had been either buried alive or washed away in the flood. On asking a European official, I was told that up to the 30th of September 700 corpses had been found, and that when all was summed up there would probably be 2,000 discovered to have perished. Between the extremes of underrating and overestimating I judge it will be safe to assume that about 15,000—certainly no fewer—have perished. The inferences are in favor of a larger number, for no account has yet been made of the numbers of villages and little settlements that lay parallel to the river's course and which have been destroyed.

The Scene Within the City Gates at Hyderabad, After the Flood

The streets and localities known as Afzalgunj, Maharajgunj, Mahboobgunj, Gowligooda, Begum Bazaar, etc., present the aspect of an open space with no demarcation of lanes and streets; the whole space, for almost a mile in breadth, being covered with silt and debris. There are probably not more than a score of edifices remaining intact on either side of the Afzalgunj Bazaar, which is over a mile in length. Maharajgunj, which was once the public grain market, is now a clear space except for the ruins of grain sellers' houses and stores. The rice and wheat gathered from the receding flood, and which was by that time in a state of fermentation, had to be destroyed under police supervision, for the people in their desperation were about to use it regardless of the risk to their health. Efforts were made to demolish all ruins of structures that menaced safety. In the hospital, the operation theatre alone remains intact, although the water-mark on the walls inside shows the flood to have been at least ten feet high within the building, not reckoning the basement. The front wall of the building is a pitiable ruin. They told me that on the previous day they tried to get an elephant to pull it down, but the monster's great strength did no avail.

The Afzalgunj Bridge, a solid masonry structure, was breached, and the river, rushing torrentially between the breaches, cut off all communication between the native city on the right bank and the part known as Chuderghaut on the left bank.

Hyderabad, like most Indian cities of any importance, is enclosed by walls. These probably helped to break the force of the water, as it rose above the

Continued on page 909

The American Pulpit

A SERMON BY

Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, D.D.*

THE RESULTS OF BELIEF

TEXT—Mark 16 : 16

"He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved."

WE HAVE been talking about some of the things we as Christians believe, and why. We began by stating our belief in Jesus Christ, and said we believed in him because of what he was and said and did. Our faith in him we said is both key-stone and corner-stone of character. We declared our belief in him as the life-giver, the person of reality, the man of remedies for a practically dying humanity. The great basis for our faith in Christ is his divine character, which has been thoroughly tested by countless individuals and by the witness of the world.

We next declared our belief as Christians in Love as the greatest of all forces in the world. We spoke of the love of God for man and the love of man for God as resting on reason and experience. A world made by a God of hate is unthinkable. The full culmination of a loving God's thought of the world is Jesus Christ, who came to save the lost. We mentioned certain avenues through which this belief in Love finds entrance and expression. The love of the church, of country, and of home are the three great and satisfying declarations of this faith which we repose in Love as the final answer to the world's troubles, and the complete solace for its woes.

We then went on to speak of our belief in the Bible, which satisfies us because it emphasizes God on every page and declares that the important thing in all history is not what men make or build or do as money makers, doers of great deeds, or builders of empire, but what they themselves are in their relations to a Divine Being. The Bible emphasizes the humanity of the world in its conduct, basing its rewards and punishments on the acceptance or rejection of God in the daily life. This makes it the greatest of all books, and the one of all others to be read, studied, and put first in our schools, churches, and homes.

The Work of Regeneration

Lately we spoke of our belief in Regeneration as taught in both the Old and New Testaments and especially emphasized by Jesus in his talk with Nicodemus. We said regeneration was brought about by the divine Spirit, something from above, not a thing to be gained by human strength or education or deeds. We said a man could tell if he was regenerated by the test of his affections. If he loves money or power or pleasure more than he loves the kingdom of God he is not a regenerated man. We also declared that for the needs of an age which still retains a large measure of barbarism, as witnessed by the daily scenes of mob violence and race hatred, nothing short of a complete change from the old to a new nature could be effective. Our belief in regeneration rests therefore in our own consciousness of need of divine power and the need of a sinful world to be cleansed through and through before it would walk in God's ways or do his righteous will.

These are only a few of the many things that a Christian believes. The list of his beliefs would be a catalogue of his being, for the Christian walks by faith every step. The beauty of belief appeals to his every motion. Do you know a life that has no vital heart beliefs? It is ugly and repulsive. Pessimism sits on the throne, cynicism holds the sceptre and sour criticism is the leaden crown on Pessimism's head. Jealousy times the heart throb, and bitterness measures the syllables of the tongue. The world turns at the bidding of the devil at the crank, and God, if there be any, is an under servant to luck, which is the only sure thing. There is no goodness in man and no virtue in woman. Daily life is bread and butter, and most of the time the butter is high priced and hard to get at that. The sun rises on the evil and the good, mostly on the evil because there are so many more of them, and sets on a world that is not worth while and which is a very poor job, which any man could improve on with a little practice in world making. Poor little creature, this Pessimist, this starved little soul, that does not believe in anything except its own opinions! But to him who really believes, how beautiful all things in God's universe are! How beautiful the natural world with its miraculous forms of creation in earth, air, water and space! How beautiful human loves and friendships with their mutual dependences and forbearances and exaltations! How beautiful the prattle of children and the sacred confidences of the home circle! How beautiful the love of God for his children, so great and strong that he sent his own Son into the world to save it! It is true that across these beautiful things some shadows fall. Sin is here, but its power has been destroyed by the grace of God. Trouble is here, but God's comfort is greater than the trouble. Imperfection is here, but love overlooks it and triumphs over it. Death is here, but this world is simply a training school, and there is a future life where death and sin and trouble and imperfection shall have no place. For all the ills of life there is compensation. If there is a devil, there is also a God, and the two are not equal, for Satan has been trodden under foot. If there is evil, there is also good, and they are not equal in power, for in the end evil shall be overcome with good. So sings the believing heart.

*Preached in Central Church, Topeka, Kan.

The Oasis of Faith

The beauty of belief blooms like a garden in a desert. Crossing the Arizona sand and rock desolation your train slows up at a little stopping place. There is a small wooden or adobe building, or perhaps nothing but a box car sitting on the ground between the main track and the siding. Far away on all sides the dry and terrible desert shimmers under the sun's eye, and every one of the countless grains of sand is a many-sided mirror to reflect back the palpitating heat. Right up to the very edges of the box car the waves of desert sand from that illimitable ocean that ages have not tamed sweep and sift as if jealous of any other dominion, for lo, the railroad man, or probably his wife who with a little child is standing in the box car doorway, has planted a cottonwood tree and a little patch of grass and watered them from the railroad water tank or perhaps a tiny spring or a reluctant well, and there is a vine struggling over the little window at the end of the car, and a red geranium blossom nods cheerful defiance to the awesome desert. You stand on the end of the observation car as the train pulls out. The woman and the child gaze at you wistfully. The diminutive patch of green rapidly fades out of view. The alkali dust whirls up over the rail of the observation car platform, the desert has the train in its clutch again and its grim silence and burnt solitude are more impressive than all the whirr and rumble of that streak of civilization crawling over it. But the vision of the box car and the green cottonwood and the green grass and the red geranium and the brave vine stay with you until you roll down into the irrigated orange groves and rose palm bordered avenues of the southern paradise of the Golden Gate empire. That was an oasis of faith, all the more beautiful by contrast. It was like your soul, my friend, when calmly and lovingly it plants its living seeds of belief in the midst of sin's great desert of the world and stands beside its verdure cheered and blest, undismayed and unconquered, beautified and glorified.

Strength in Discouragement

But the Christian's belief not ony beautifies—it strengthens his soul. When General Grant was appointed to the command of the campaign in the Wilderness he wrote a letter to President Lincoln in which he assumed full responsibility for that campaign. He assured the President that he had ample supplies for his army, that he would not throw any blame or responsibility on the President or on any of his officers for failure, but that he assumed it all and if he failed he alone would be accountable. What a source of strength to the gaunt figure in the White House bearing the burden of a nation's fate, that letter from Grant must have been! Harassed and tortured by a long list of complaining, incapable or jealous commanders who were insufficient for the gigantic task, one can imagine the sob of restful hope that broke from Lincoln's breast as he read that letter and said, "Thank God for a man at last!" Is it any wonder Lincoln loved Grant? He believed in him. He had complete confidence in him, unbroken and undimmed from the time he took command until the end came at Appomattox.

Like that, only infinitely greater in degree, is the effect of belief in God. The soul is worn out with the struggle. It has been tortured and beaten and disappointed by earthly forces. It is wearing itse out in the bitterness of human defeat. Sudden God's promises come in from the front down whe the fighting is hardest. "Cast thy burden upon t Lord and he will sustain thee." "Thou art my se vant, I have chosen thee and not cast thee awa fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismaye for I am thy God. I will strengthen thee; yea, will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the rig hand of my righteousness." "The eternal God thy dwelling place and underneath are the eve lasting arms." "Come unto me, all ye who labo and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

These are quotations from the letter God ha written his discouraged children. He says, "Don be anxious. Don't be troubled. Don't despair. I is my world, I am more interested in its welfar than you are. I want you to be a co-worker wit me in its redemption. I do not want you to b lazy or shirk your own responsibility. But whe you are weary, when you are heartsick, when yo are fearful, lean on me, and lean hard, for I an strong." I know that right will prevail in the end Oh, the strength of that complete abandonment o ourselves to the power of God! If Lincoln's hear bounded with the pulse of a new life for the natio when Grant's letter came, how much more the Chris tian's soul reposes with exultant faith in the calm assurances of God's untiring, loving strength whe his children need him most!

When Trouble Comes

A cloud has come up out of the calm sea on which you set sail a little while ago, glad to live because of life and love. It is the cloud of failing health, or failing possessions. Somewhere out of God's beautiful world beyond the horizon over which we never look, comes up this threatening storm peril to a safe and happy voyage. Reef the sails close, make all taut, stand true at the helm, brave sailor. But the heart sinks as the darkness grows deeper and the terrible roar of the sudden tornado bears down on the frail vessel. Where is the arm that can save? Oh, the pity of it, that it should be so brief in its sunny, hopeful voyage but just begun! Then faith lays hold on God, else the heart would surely break. "In my Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you." Then let the storm beat down out of the whirling blackness and level the mast with the deck and drive upon the breakers a battered hull. He who was master of this craft is unharmed in spirit. He sings as he nears God, "Be not afraid of that which kills the body." "Nay, in all these things I am more than conqueror through him that loved me. For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus my Lord."

My friend, when trouble comes into your life, how much would you take for this belief? How much do you know of its strengthening power?

There are some events in our human experience where belief is the only thing that can satisfy us. Nothing else will do. There is nothing just as good, as the salesman says to us when we go into a store for a particular article.

The Only Remedy

A distinguished man was dangerously ill. His family physician stood bravely at his bedside watching his symptoms. Suddenly he turned to a nurse and spoke a word. The nurse went out of the room and soon returned with a small black box which she put into the doctor's hands. He carried it over to the window and quickly took everything out of it. But evidently the one thing he wanted was not there. The window seat was littered with small bottles and papers, but the doctor did not select any of them.

"Send my servant back to the house," he said rapidly. "Tell him he has made a serious mistake. Bid him bring the long black box on the table in the hall. And bid him ride, for life and death are waiting."

When the long black box was brought in by the terrified rider the physician snatched it out of his hands, broke open the lid and took out a small bottle containing some curious looking globules holding a

Continued on next page

DEADLY FLOODS IN INDIA

Continued from page 907

The Afzalgunj Hospital, Destroyed by the Inundation

Ruins of Nawab Salar Jung's Palace, Wrecked by the Flood

ght bank and swept down the streets and the azaars. The houses on that side were older and herefore less able to withstand the impact. The ork of digging out the dead is still proceeding as ast as the available labor, enforced and voluntary, ill allow. The palace of the young Nawab Salar ung, a grandson of the distinguished nobleman of hat name, is practically a ruin, thus indicating he stupendous and irresistible force of the flood hich leveled palaces and huts alike. The fate of any a zenana, hedged in by its own peculiar restrictions, can better be imagined than described.

Among some of the most pathetic stories I ever stened to was one told by the chief surgeon of he Afzalgunj Hospital. It seems a man had come ll the way from Rutlam, in Central India, to have is eyes operated on for cataract. In his almost otal blindness he had no conception of the peril of he situation.

"You cannot walk out of this," said the doctor. The water was then nearly four feet high in the ospital enclosure.) "There is none to lead you ut; but just step into my carriage and the driver ill try to take you to a place of safety."

He had just been helped by the driver into the arriage when the portion of the building near hich the conveyance stood collapsed, and carriage, orse, occupant and driver were buried. Some of he hospital wards became veritable "chambers of horror." Patients, already enfeebled by disease, struggling to escape, were dashed by the flood which carried everything before it, and were found pilloried in door and window frames, from which the panes of glass had already been shattered. But these details are too gruesome for description!

As I walked the length of what was Afzalgunj Street—now covered with silt—I saw the shopkeepers trying to recover their property from the ruins. One old couple kept digging in the spot on which they had kept a shop for the sale of Indian bangles (*choories*) made of all sorts of colored glass. It was pathetic in the extreme to see them carefully dust and put away—as though it was some hidden treasure just discovered—one whole bangle rescued out of a shattered mass of some hundreds of these trinkets. Another had been a shop where country-made lamps had been exposed for sale. Here, too, it was touching to watch the owners now and again pull out a piece of tin that had been part of a lamp from the mass of mud and driftwood, straighten it, and put it away carefully to await the turn in the tide of fortune. Here a furniture shop, here what had been a tailor's establishment, and so on.

Amid the desolation and widespread distress it was gratifying to observe provision being made for substantial relief. Hundreds and thousands of homeless people were being fed and clothed at the expense of the Nizam's treasury. This, I felt, was one of those touches which more than aught else make the whole world kin.

As I close this letter, I learn from a published report that the number of lives lost is estimated at 50,000. Some of the zenana missionaries report that nothing remains but débris of a large portion of the localities where they worked; so many of those who had listened to them and their mission agents having been buried alive in the débris of the great flood.

C. W. Ross de Souza,
Missionary Methodist Episcopal Mission.
Secunderabad (Deccan), India.

. . .

Hyderabad is the premier native State of India, whose Mohammedan ruler is called the Nizam. The State is situated in the northern part of the tableland of the Deccan, its average elevation being 1,200 feet above sea level. It occupies an area of 80,000 square miles. It is widest in area, largest in revenue, and its ruler holds the first place among all the Indian chiefs and nobles.

Missionary de Souza, in a subsequent letter to The Christian Herald, says that there is great distress among the flood survivors, thousands of whom are absolutely destitute. The missionaries would be glad to be enabled to relieve the prevailing distress. Any contributions for relief work sent to this journal will be acknowledged and cabled to the missionaries at Hyderabad for distribution.

THE RESULTS OF BELIEF

A Sermon by Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, D.D.—*Continued*

urple fluid. He administered first one, then another, finally a third to the sick man. The moments assed in that chamber. Life and death fought over he body, and life won after hours of alternating dvantage. When his distinguished patient recovered, the doctor told him that at one crisis of his llness there was one and only one remedy known o medical science that could meet an unexpected veakening of a certain vital force. All the other nedicines contained in both black boxes would not ave met the emergency. The mistake of the servant in bringing the wrong box nearly proved fatal o the patient, although a score of ordinary remedies were close at hand.

My friend, a child has put his little hand in yours and rested his tired head on your breast. He has been playfellow to you when bedtime came, and you have romped with him up to the borderland of sleep. Or he has watched you at your work with gravely curious eyes. One day the little hand lies like wax on its little white garment. The tired head has leaned for the last time on the earthly father's bosom, and the earnest happy eyes have closed to the earth's play and work, and your little companion is gone. Then, here as you stand smitten into darkness by this unexplained and bewildering abduction of a part of yourself, comes the Master of Wealth and says, "Cheer up, man! It is only a child you have lost. Here! Here is gold! Handfuls! The stuff men sell their souls for! The stuff that buys power and comfort! Gold! Gold! Gold! Take it and be comforted!"

And you bid the master of wealth begone to his own place with his gold. "Give me my boy, or else give me assurance of his living happiness somewhere! That is my heart hunger!"

Then cometh the Master of Power and saith, "Cheer up, man! It is only a child you have lost. Get power. Drown this loss in ambition's strenuous programme. Power! Power! Take it and be comforted."

And you bid the Master of Power begone to his own place. "Give me back my child!" you cry. "Or else give me the faith which leaves him whom my soul loved in the arms of a loving God. That is my heart need."

Then also cometh the Master of Pleasure, and he likewise saith, "Cheer up, man! Only a child gone. Seek happiness. Here is comfort for you. Pleasure! Pleasure! Pleasure! Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we also die."

And him also you bid begone to his own place. "Give me back my playfellow, or give me the peace that flows from an unshaken belief in his happiness in some happy world where death is not. That is what I want."

"What! Only one remedy for this emergency! Yea, verily. Belief in a living God, faith in the resurrection a sure confidence that my little playmate is free from all pain and forever happy playing with the angels and with other children—that is the only remedy for my great heartache, that is the only comfort that can help me any now.

Beauty and strength and comfort lie at the heart of the Christian's belief. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved," said Jesus Christ. Saved! What is salvation? Not missing hell and getting into heaven! That is not salvation. But salvation is life abundantly. The saved soul is that soul that through belief already has passed out of death into life and already enjoys a foretaste of heaven on earth. He that believeth shall be saved. It is because belief means so much, it embraces all things worth having. Even as Paul said, "Whatsoever is not of faith is sin." The Christian belief is good to die by, but it is infinitely better to live by. The things we believe cheer us in the daily fight, guard us in the daily temptation, make us fit to do great things, arm us with the whole armor of God. If I should lose my confidence in my people, that would mark the end of my ministry I have no doubt I disappoint you often. You do me. Our ideals are not met. But what a terrible thing it would be for us if in an evil and selfish hour we should mutually cease to believe in each other because of human weakness or imperfection which we had discovered after some years' acquaintance. It is nothing but our mutual belief in one another that makes possible any mutual labor of love as pastor and people. That is a terrible moment in the experience of a man and his wife when either ceases to have faith in the other, when confidence is gone because of some imagined or even real weakness of character. How much more terrible when the belief which a human being should repose in his heavenly Father flickers and goes out, leaving the poor soul in darkness, without God and without hope in the world.

Oh, all ye souls that do not know the full joy of an abundant life, whose belief does not soar above the malaria of a sin-choked valley, do you want beauty and strength and comfort in living? Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and he saved. Believe. Believe in the Way and the Truth and the Life. Believe in God, believe in the triumph of good over evil. Believe in the love of man for man. Believe in the resurrection and the future. Believe in the final victory of right. Believe in God's power and in your own redemption. Believe in the Holy Spirit. Believe in the good and the true, and the pure and the holy as the only eternal things. All these things you will believe if you believe in Jesus. For he believed in them and this belief will mean salvation to you. Oh, taste and see that the Lord is good. Blessed is the man that trusteth in him. Do not wait. Come to-day. Cry out, "Lord, I believe! Help thou mine unbelief!" He is your Father; he has told you so. You are his child; tell him so. That is what he wants. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and be saved.

MONARCHS IN THE MAKING

The Crown Prince of Servia

FOUR princes, by the political events about the northern frontiers of the Turkish Empire, have been brought into the public eye, not so much for what they have done in the past as for what they may do in their future positions, for they are kings in the making. Startling as have been the changes in the last few years, there is still a large field for new lines in the political geography of the Balkans, and though things may have settled themselves for the lifetime of the present rulers there will be more activity when these young men assume crowns and sceptres of their own.

Ferdinand, Archduke of Austria-Hungary, is the heir-apparent of Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary. The latter is one of the most popular and kindly monarchs of the Old World, and it is said that it is his popularity alone which has held the Magyars of Hungary from breaking with Austria several times in the friction between the Germanic and non-Germanic elements and the many other races of the dual empire. Francis Joseph has had a reign that has been filled more with shadow than with sunshine. His eldest and favorite son, the Archduke Rudolf, committed suicide in 1889. Later his beautiful wife was killed by an anarchist. Ferdinand, his nephew, is now preparing for his duties as emperor-king. The heir, after the death of Rudolf, was the present Emperor's youngest brother, but he died, and Archduke Ferdinand, a man of forty-two, came next in the line of succession. He is a man of courage and at the same time a diplomatist of the "wire-pulling" type. He believes in going ahead and doing things regardless of tradition when they touch his private inclination. Several years ago he fell in love with the beautiful Countess Chotek, but the law of the House of Hapsburg was that none of its members should marry outside of a royal family. Ferdinand contracted a morganatic marriage, that is, a marriage where the ceremony and relationship is perfectly legal, but the wife may not use the husband's title nor can her children inherit the throne. The law of the Hapsburg House does not hold in Hungary and the Hungarians have declared that they will recognize Ferdinand's wife as the Queen of Hungary and his son as heir to the throne. It is thought probable that when Ferdinand comes to the throne he will trample down all opposition, declare his wife of equal rank and make her Empress of Austria. She has already been granted the title of princess. Recently he showed his bravery by risking his life to save that of a shepherd boy. The boy had fallen into a roaring torrent at the base of a mountain, and was drowning. Archduke Ferdinand plunged in, and being a strong swimmer dragged the boy to land. The shepherd was half dead, but he was revived.

It is said that Ferdinand prompted the movement to take over Bosnia and Herzegovina, and as the Emperor is getting older, he is becoming in truth "the power behind the throne." Austria will undoubtedly be more aggressive if not more warlike in its relation with its neighbors under his leadership. If Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria had not declared himself Czar, the eldest son, Prince Boris, would never have looked forward to a higher title than he now enjoys unless he had decided to declare himself king of the Bulgars when he came to the throne. As it is now, young Boris will inherit a kingdom instead of a principality. His father, King Ferdinand, was at the time of his election to the throne of Bulgaria a half-pay lieutenant in the Austrian army. His first wife, the mother of Boris, was Marie Louise, eldest daughter of Robert, Duke of Parma. Boris was born fourteen years ago and it is said that in his paternal pride and affection, he was thinking more of Boris than of himself when he declared Bulgaria free of all overlordship of t Turks, and himself Czar of Bulgaria. Young Bo has been carefully trained, and as nearly as possit in a military way. He is yet too young to take permanent place in the army, in which he alrea holds a commission, and is under the instruction a foreign tutor, who is with him constantly. Bo is quite popular with the people of the capital cit Sofia—much more so than his father. His birth w hailed with great rejoicing and when he was giv the Bulgarian name of Boris all felt that t dynasty had taken on a national character which had never before possessed. King Ferdinand b lieves in surrounding the young prince "with mu pomp and circumstance" when he goes out for h promenades. He wears the uniform of a Bulgari officer, the small round cap worn by general a private alike, with his trousers tucked into the t of knee boots. As he is already a knight the sta of one or two orders glitter on his breast. The tut in citizen's dress walks with him; behind, two a two, march a detachment of the cavalry guard reg ment in a hussar uniform of striking pattern.

King Ferdinand, like most of the Austrian n bility, belongs to the Roman Church, but Boris w received into the Greek Church in 1896. A clause i the constitution declares that the heir to the thro must be of the latter faith. Prince Boris has brother, Prince Cyril of Bulgari who was born in 1895. He al holds a commission in the army, a is destined probably for a milita career, as his brother will occup the throne. There are two litt sisters, both beautiful children, t Princess Eudoxia, born in 1898, a the Princess Nedejda, born in 189 They often wear the national dres one of the most becoming femini costumes of the Near East.

The Crown Prince of Servia live in exile in his early days with h father, the present King Peter, i several places in Europe. When h became Crown Prince he entered th Servian army, and recently ha caused his father much anxiety b his fiery speeches and desire to g to war with Austria before Servi is ready for it. At present he is o a secret mission to the Emperor o Russia. His youthful enthusiasm may develop into the energy of a ruler of a Balkan State, but at present Europe has not quite made up its mind about him.

Montenegro's young prince is little known to the outside world. He is about twenty and warlike as are all Montenegrins. He has urged an attack on Austria during the recent crisis, and his father's subjects evidently believe in him. From the very position of Montenegro he will play an important part as its ruler in the politics of the Near East.

The Prince of Montenegro

Archduke Ferdinand

Prince Boris

A Novel Idea for Prayer-Meetings

THE unique "thermometer" shown in the photograph is used for the purpose of indicating how many persons attend the mid-week prayer-meeting at Centenary Methodist Church, Chattanooga, Tenn. It is the idea of the pastor, Rev. J. A. Baylor, who believes that the prayer-meeting is the true index or thermometer of the church's spiritual condition. The thermometer is made from a piece of wood about twelve feet long and over a foot wide. It is painted white, and the figures are made with black paint. Instead of mercury a red ribbon is used, and this is fastened to a white ribbon at either end. The ribbon is about an inch wide, and passes through a hole at the top and another at the bottom of the thermometer, the ends being joined at the back of the instrument. The seam where the red ribbon is sewed to the white, in front of the thermometer, is moved up and down to indicate the exact number of persons who attended the prayer-meeting. The thermometer is hung on the church wall, where it confronts the entire congregation on Sundays. It is artistic, inexpensive, and easily made; and it is said to be a great inducement to people to attend the prayer-meeting. Centenary Church has one of the largest and most flourishing prayer-meetings in Chattanooga. It increased its membership by 250 persons during the conference year which closed in October. The men's Bible Class is one of the largest in the country, as many as seven hundred members frequently attending it at the early hour of 9 o'clock on Sunday mornings.

The Prayer-Meeting Thermometer

A New Missionary Society President

AN EVENT of national importance to women interested in missions is the election of Mrs. George O. Robinson, of Detroit, Mich., as President of the Woman's Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. She has been an active promoter of Deaconess work in the society since 1888. Mrs. Robinson is a fine platform speaker and for several years before her marriage (when Miss Jane Bancroft) was engaged as traveling secretary for the society, giving especial attention to the founding of Deaconess Homes and Institutions.

The George O. Robinson Orphanage in Porto Rico, with the land on which it stands, was largely the gift of Mr. Robinson to the Woman's Home Missionary Society.

Mrs. Clinton B. Fisk, of New York, who retires from office, has served as president for fifteen years. During her presidency, Mrs. Fisk has traveled over one hundred thousand miles in the interests of the society, and has raised large sums of money for the cause. The society has made large advances in its work, greatly helped on by the strong personality of its leader. Mrs. Fisk is now seventy-six years of age and insists that she must relinquish the heavy responsibilities of her office. In acknowledgment of her long term of devoted service, the Executive Committee recently surprised Mrs. Fisk with the gift of a mahogany rocking-chair, a duplicate in style of one of seventy-five years ago.

Mrs. George O. Robinson

THE TERCENTENARY OF MILTON

A View of Milton's House

THROUGHOUT England, and especially in the ancient university city of Cambridge, and in institutions of learning in the United States, preparations have been made fittingly to commemorate on December 9 the three hundredth anniversary of the birth of one of the world's greatest poets—John Milton, whose minor productions would have given him a prominent place among the writers of his day and generation, but whose masterpiece, *Paradise Lost*, assured his fame as long as the English tongue endures and the works of its great minds are read. His career was striking for its brilliancy, pathetic for its misfortunes and remarkable for the influence it exerted politically during the period of the Commonwealth, and for the lasting spell he cast not only over the writers of prose and poetry of his own day, but also over subsequent literary lights even to our own times.

Milton came naturally by his strong early leanings toward Puritanism, a term which later came to have a strong political as well as religious significance. His Puritanism, in fact, during his active manhood, was more of the latter stamp. His father was a scrivener by profession, whose home at the time of the poet's birth was in Bread Lane in Cheapside, London. In belief, the father was a strong Puritan, but nevertheless he was interested in literature, especially poetry, and in art, and in all, in fact, that made life more beautiful and the world a pleasanter place in which to live. These characteristics bore fruit in the life of his son, the poet who could write the great religious poems of *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained*, which have never lost their power over the minds of thinking men, and who could also pen those delightful sonnets which seem to sing themselves and which express delight with the world itself and the very joy of existence.

Before Milton was twelve his father thought that his son displayed indications of genius, and instead of discouraging the career of a writer and student, as has so unfortunately been the custom with some practical fathers for centuries, he did all he could to encourage the son's literary tastes. First, he was put under the private instruction of Thomas Young, a private tutor. The tasks Milton set for himself were far more severe than Young demanded, and the only anxiety he caused him was that he was bent on studying too much instead of having the chronic habit of most of his pupils of studying too little. Of this early learning-hunger period of his life, Milton wrote later: "My father destined me, while yet a child, to the study of polite literature, which I embraced with such avidity that from the twelfth year of my age I hardly ever retired to my rest from my studies till midnight, which was the first source of injury to my eyes." He attended St. Paul's School, London, and then passed on to Cambridge University, where he matriculated at Christ's College. Here he gave most of his time to poetry and the classics, which he almost idolized. The other studies he was required to take he heartily detested. Some of Milton's shorter poems were produced at Cambridge as class exercises. His beautiful *Hymn on the Nativity* was one of these. He passed his examinations successfully within the usual time, and retired in 1632 to his father's country seat. There was no necessity for the young poet to engage in a profession; and he devoted his time to study and to music. This last was a delight to him to the end of his life, and one of his greatest comforts when his sight had gone, and his daughters and friends sang or played to him softly after the work of dictating had been put aside, and they rested in the twilight of the day which to him had become night.

At Horton were written the touching poem of *Lycidas*, to commemorate a friend drowned at sea, and the light and sprightly *Allegro*, and the *Masque of Comus*. Then the desire for foreign travel became too strong to be denied, and he wandered leisurely over France and Italy, and was for some time in Switzerland. The Great Civil War brought him back to England, where he set aside poetry and engaged as a writer of political pamphlets.

It is interesting to note that whereas his fame at the present day rests solely on his poetry, his fame in his own time rested on his prose works. In fact, he stated that *Paradise Lost* was written to perpetuate his name to future generations. His pamphlets, of course, dealt with events of the day, and were of great effect, even bringing forth commendation from the Puritan government. These prose writings appear rather difficult reading now. They are filled with learned allusions and display a fondness for long sentences—all in a stately and rather magnificent style. He was, it should not be forgotten, a great advocate of the freedom of the press at a time when its freedom was greatly restricted and was often in jeopardy.

It was after the cloud had settled over his eyes, his fortune gone, and the subject of persecution, that he found time to take up *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained*, the plans for which had been running in his mind for many years. Seven years were required for the composition of *Paradise Lost*, and it was published in 1667. All the money Milton and his family ever received for this poem was not more than eighty dollars in our money.

Everything considered, John Milton is one of the superb figures in English history. As a poet he ranks with Homer, Virgil and Dante, and as a controversialist with Salmasius, his great antagonist; and as a Puritan influence he represented the culture and the nobility of soul of the milder and more advanced type of thought that set the face of England towards a later and better time. R. S. B.

Room in Milton's House at Chalfont, St. Giles

THE SONG THAT IS BUILDING A CHURCH

ONE of the best known hymns in the whole range of Gospel song is the famous rescue hymn, "Throw Out the Life-Line," which was composed by the preacher-evangelist Edward S. Ufford. He is a native of Newark, N. J., where he was born in 1851. For many years his father was a chorister in the city churches there, and from him his son inherited musical tastes. The young lad, while living in Stratford, Conn., grew wayward, and, at the age of nineteen, gave himself up to dissipation. At twenty-one, however, after he had attended a dance one night, where he had assisted at the piano, he went home to the old house where his grandmother kept the lamp burning for his return, and threw himself in bed. But it was not to sleep.

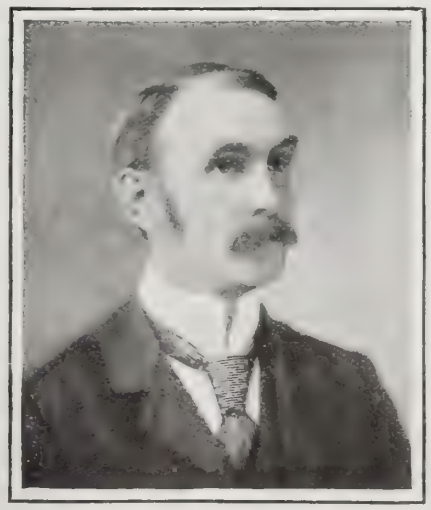
A "Life-Line Sermon"

Next day a horror of darkness seemed to overspread his soul. Two weeks of mental agony passed. He was seized with conviction of sin. At last Joseph Vinton, the evangelist, led him to the foot of the Cross, where he lost his burden and went on his way rejoicing. A new world was now open to the young convert. He was filled with the desire to work for Christ. He held meetings in an unused clubhouse down by the wharf at the Housatonic River. With the aid of a few singers and exhorters, the first meeting proved a success.

Mr. Ufford went to Lewiston, Me., where he took a course in theological study. He was called to the East Auburn Baptist Church and ordained there in 1879, in that his first pastorate. He removed to Massachusetts in 1882, settling at Canton, then in Denham, and afterwards in Hingham. It was while settled at the rural hamlet of West Dedham, thirteen miles out of Boston, that the celebrated hymn, "Throw Out the Life-Line," was composed. Mr. Ufford had been preaching to his usual morning congregation of about one hundred. He was aiding a Boston pastor in revival work, in which the phrase "Throw the line" occurred. Later, while he was at Nantasket Beach, the whole idea burst upon him, as if by a revelation. Returning home, he began to write the hymn, seemingly as if some other help than his own was directing him:

Throw out the life-line across the dark wave,
There is a brother whom some one should save;
Somebody's brother, oh, who then will dare
To rescue this lost one, his peril to share?

The other verses followed, slightly changed now, and when completed, the writer sat down to his instrument and began to compose a melody to suit them. It is a singular fact that without the slightest use of music-paper or mental effort, the present air as it is sung to-day came to him, which, after singing over a few times, was then recorded for future use. The spiritual results of this famous song will not be known until all the sheaves are gathered home.



Rev. Edward S. Ufford

Mr. Ufford is now well advanced in years, but he is still laboring in the Gospel field, winning souls as an evangelist. He has preached throughout a large part of this country and has traveled in other lands and told the Gospel story by word and song to hundreds of audiences. He now writes to the editor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD stating that after eight years of continuous travel and work he desires to devote the remainder of his life to active effort among a class of people whom he might reach by the aid of a "Life-Line Church." He has purchased land in the seaport of Rockland, Me., where he is preparing to build a church in the vicinity of the busy shipyards, which will be easy of access to sailors and sea captains, etc. He proposes to have the pulpit made in the form of a small boat, behind which there will be a wall painting depicting a storm at sea. From this unique pulpit the evangelist will throw out the Gospel life-line to sinking souls, as long as he has strength to stand and to speak.

There may be among the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD some who would be glad to have a share in this soul-winning enterprise. Any contributions sent to this journal will be forwarded to him to assist in erecting the "Life-Line Church."

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

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Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

Entered as Second-class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa.

Mr. Taft and the Law

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT, the President-elect, is now receiving congratulations from political friends all over the country. To this we can add the hearty good-will of the American people as a whole, and their best wishes for a successful administration.

In his first public address after the election, Mr. Taft sounds the keynote of the incoming administration. Speaking at Cincinnati, he said:

The laws will be enforced. Every business man who is obeying the law may go ahead with all the energy in his possession; every enterprise which is within the statutes may proceed without fear of interference from the administration, when acting legally; but all interests within the jurisdiction of the Federal government may expect a rigid enforcement of the laws against dishonest methods. Men who conduct legitimate business may understand that the government is back of them, and that they will not be prevented from enjoying fair profits. It is a question of clear understanding with reference to the law. Those who do not conduct their business within the law will get their just deserts.

The time was propitious for Mr. Taft to announce his adherence to the principle of legal equality for all. In many different ways, he has shown himself capable of conducting great enterprises to a successful issue. He will shortly undertake the far greater task of administering the affairs of a nation of 80,000,000, who will look to him in the confident expectation that he will be President not of a part, or of a class, but of the whole American people. Great courage, added to a wise and generous discretion in interpreting the laws, and the strength to resist the tremendous pressure of undue influence—these are among the qualities that mark the ideal President. Such a man stands for the whole people.

Mr. Taft will take up his official duties with the inspiring assurance that he has the cordial support of the entire country. He has a most enviable opportunity, not only to serve the nation acceptably, but to win for himself an enduring name as the People's President. He will make mistakes, as all men do at times; but if he sticks to his declaration to enforce the laws impartially, and to hold the people's interests as paramount, he will not fail of that universal appreciation which is due to him who serves his country well.

Overdoing Athletics

FROM several readers in different parts of the country THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has received reports of accidents incurred in football. In a few cases, death had resulted more or less directly from injuries received in the game. Interest in the physical development of the American schoolboy has progressed rapidly in the last twenty years, as well as a healthy desire on the part of students to indulge in athletic contests. In this particular game, however, the chances for rough play are so numerous as to defeat the purpose for which such sports have been introduced into our schools. The game of football is the most violent indulged in at the present time, and the rules should be so modified as to prevent the dangerous clashes that now occur in the excitement of the game. Some of the students who have been maimed for life were among the most promising in the schools they attended—young men, whose standing in their classes was of the highest and who had careers of great promise before them. Probably many of the accidents recorded would not have occurred, if all school sports were as much under the control of the school faculties as any of the educational classes. If athletics have been accepted as part of the education of our American boys, they should be under the supervision of some member of the school faculty, who should attend all games in which the students are allowed to take part. Most of the young men injured this year belonged to institutions of the high school grade, where such supervision would be more feasible than where the men are of college age. In this way, students who showed an inclination to brutal play could be suspended, and manly and fair conduct in all games could be insisted on as a necessary qualification for all who wished to take part in them.

Most parents feel something should be done to stop the present brutal forms of playing. Of course, it has been much modified in recent years; but there is vast room for improvement. No one thinks of abolishing athletics; they have proved their value; but when they are made the main end of any school course, they defeat the very purpose for which they were introduced into American school life.

Mr. Roosevelt as an Editor

OUR esteemed contemporary, *The Outlook*, is to be congratulated on the addition to its staff of so distinguished an editorial contributor as Theodore Roosevelt, who, it is announced in the current issue, will assume his editorial duties on March 5 next, the day after he vacates the Presidential office. As a journal that is at once a moulder and leader of public opinion, *The Outlook* has done wisely to attach to itself the one man above all others who, for several years past, has been in the very forefront of the nation's life and progress, and whose strong individuality has counted for more, perhaps, than that of any other American since Lincoln, not even excepting Cleveland and McKinley.

Mr. Roosevelt is yet in the heyday of a very vigorous and useful life, and at the maximum of his activities, physical and intellectual. He has had a wide literary and political experience. His ardent temperament, mellowed and ripened by such a career as has fallen to the lot of few Americans of our day, is still sufficiently pronounced to impel him to carry forward successfully, with the concentrated zeal and vigor of a crusader, any project he may undertake. His entrance in the journalistic field means that he does not propose to be shelved, like so many ex-Presidents after retirement from official life. He cannot lie idle, and for him the *otium cum dignitate* of the superannuated statesman has no allurements. He will continue to be a leader, if not of a political party, yet of a large and influential following who have observed with approval his course in public affairs. He will be an advisory, patriotic and moral force, a powerful political and social personality, in a field which commands a wider audience than the statesman's forum or the Presidency, and with the great advantage of having fewer limitations than either.

Theodore Roosevelt, as an editor, will be assured of a most cordial reception by the American public, who, wholly aside from all other considerations, have the warmest admiration and respect for his great talents, his incorruptibility, his rare courage and his high ideals.

A Congratulatory Message

NEW YORK, November 3, 1908.

Hon. Wm. H. Taft, President-Elect, Cincinnati, O.:

Representing the largest Christian constituency in America, I heartily congratulate you on the magnificent and well-deserved success of your candidacy for the Presidency. May divine guidance direct your administration so that you may acquit yourself of the great responsibilities entrusted to your care in a manner that shall redound to the honor and glory of God and of our country, as also to the man providentially called to the highest honor its people can bestow.

LOUIS KLOPSCH,
Editor THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

THE ANSWER

CINCINNATI, O., November 6.

Dr. Louis Klopsch,
Editor CHRISTIAN HERALD, New York:

I greatly appreciate your cordial message of congratulation and thank you for it.

W. H. TAFT.

Young America

IF THE newspapers are to be trusted Young America has recently been asserting itself in a fashion that should give Middle-aged America and Elderly America food for thought. The other day, in a Western town, the president of a certain college, with the concurrence of the faculty, suspended a number of young men for hazing. His action was no doubt prompted by a real desire for the good of the college and the ultimate good of the offenders. What does the entire college from freshman class to senior do but show itself utterly absurd by going a strike. The issue, we are told, was fairly plac before the faculty. "Restore the suspended studer and we will go on with our work. Refuse to reste them and we will attend no classes and go on wi no work." How the matter was adjusted we do r know. Let us hope that the faculty stood firm, a that the folly and recklessness of the body of you men were rebuked by their parents and guardia These sporadic tokens of a spirit of rebelli necessitate a much greater care in the avera household to bring children up in old-fashion obedience and deference. It will be better f America whatever its age when experience and a thority retain their seats, and immaturity is le for a while in the period of pupilage where it kno restraint and yields to authority.

THE NATIONAL HEARTHSTON

DEAR as is the Capitol to every patriotic Amer can, the casual visitor looks upon it with a sort profound awe, but the White House makes a war heart appeal to one and all—the White House, ric in its priceless associations and dear for a thou sand sacred memories of its distinguished tenants- the loves and laughter, tears and heartaches tha moulded their daily lives. The White House is th National Hearthstone, the most hospitable buildin in the country; its joys are the joys of the peopl its sorrows the sorrows of the nation; within it historic walls all stand equal, save on State occa sions (when the etiquette of official precedence pre vails). Its guests have numbered men and wome of royal birth and of low degree, from the Prince o Wales to the cowboy friend of President Roosevelt

As we read *The Inside Story of the White Hous* our eyes are now dazzled with the brilliancy of Stat functions and again dimmed by an unexpected bit o pathos as, pushing aside the curtain of pomp an ceremony, we enter the private lives of the grea men and good women who have, each for a brie period, made the stately White House their home.

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THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

THE PUBLIC PROCLAMATION OF FERDINAND AS "CZAR OF BULGARIA," AT TIRNOVA

The New Czar of the Bulgars

ON OCTOBER 5, Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria proclaimed the independence of his nation from the rule of Turkey, and was publicly proclaimed "Czar of Bulgaria," at Tirnova, first in the old "Church of the Forty Martyrs," and then on the Hissar, on the site of the ancient castle which for two hundred years was the residence of the Bulgarian Czars.

When Alexander of Bulgaria was dethroned twenty years ago, a committee of Bulgarian statesmen went to Vienna in search of a suitable prince to succeed him. They were seated at a table in a garden café in Vienna when an Austrian friend of the committee pointed to a young officer in a white tunic and the gold-laced *képi* of the Austrian Hussars who was sitting at a table near by. "There is just the man you want," he said. "He is Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, the grandson of Louis Philippe of France and a cousin of every crowned head of Europe, and he is moreover a man of great wealth." The committee conferred with the prime minister of Austria, and the next morning telegraphed to Stambuloff at Sofia, and within twenty-four hours had offered the throne of their country to the young prince, only twenty-five years of age. This is the prince who, the other day, threw off the Turkish yoke and proclaimed himself Ferdinand I., Czar of the Bulgars. The title he assumed seems to be very ambitious; yet, five centuries before Russia had a czar, the ruler of Bulgaria was called czar.

In many qualities Ferdinand suffers by comparison with some of the kings of the neighboring Balkan States. Ferdinand does not lack ability nor scientific or literary taste and culture; but he is recklessly extravagant in money, fond of pomp and show, putting on the airs and equipages of great nations. His marriage expenses cost the nation half a million dollars. Those who are closest to him do not think that he has the sterling qualities of steadiness in friendship or reliability in administration that some of his brother rulers have; but in spite of his weaknesses and trivialities, he is the most commanding figure in the Balkans, and is now ruler of a State containing four millions of people, and can put into the field 400,000 trained warriors. It is likely that his power will increase and that other States will be joined with him under his rule; and it may be possible that he may yet be the czar of a much wider territory than the one over which he now rules, for the Turks sooner or later must leave Europe, and some other hand than that of the Sultan will have to rule the territory which he vacates.

And they made him king, and anointed him; and they clapped their hands and said, God save the king! (II. Kings 11:12.)

The Mayflower a Derelict

It has not been many years since the *Mayflower* was the pride of the nation for having defended America's cup in the world's races. She dropped out of competition with her rivals and became largely a creature of the past. She was chartered by a party of Yale and Harvard students on September 19 last, and left Gravesend Bay on a treasure-hunting expedition. It is reported that they were in search of some gold that was said to have been submerged. A few days after sailing, the yacht was struck by a hurricane and was abandoned by the men and left to drift, a menace to navigation. She was reported as a derelict by Captain Jacobson, of the Norwegian steamship *Vincenzo di Giorgi*, which reached her dock in the East River a few days ago. The fact that the Norwegian steamer was under contract to land its cargo of bananas without delay prevented Captain Jacobson from taking the old cup defender in tow. The *Mayflower* was sighted on October 15, about 180 miles southeast of Cape Hatteras, and was drifting toward the south, in the direction of the zone known to sailors as the "doldrums."

The sad fate of the *Mayflower* has its illustration in many pathetic stories of human life. There have been many fine characters who have won in the races of life, who have excited the admiration of others and illustrated splendid qualities themselves, who have been caught by the storms and carried out, aimless and useless, on the sea of life, pitiable derelicts, of no use to themselves and of gravest danger to others. The Holy Book constantly warns those of strictest integrity and strongest faith against the dangers of life's temptations, reminding them that even those that preach the truth to others may themselves become castaways.

But I keep under my body, and bring it unto subjection; lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway. (I. Cor. 9:27.)

Drowned in Wine

There was a wine grower on the Pacific slope who had a wine factory on his premises. His wife, adorned in richest apparel and bespangled with jewels, went down to the winery to visit a little while with her husband. She stepped up on the edge of a large wine vat, and either the fumes stupefied her or her foot slipped and she fell into the liquid and was drowned. Such a fate, horrible as it was, is only a type of the terrific destruction of so many in our land by strong drink. There are many in the higher circles of society, with costly raiment and brilliant jewels and gorgeous equipages, who are overcome by the fumes and whose feet trip and they fall into the wine vat and are drowned. There are many homes of wealth and luxury that are not polluted by intemperance; yet the dining-rooms of many palaces, the fine restaurants in many cities, and even the reception-rooms of the department stores, attest the fact that there are many women who are given to much wine. It is bad enough for men to be subjects of strong drink; but it is a pity and a shame for women, the fountain of life and virtue in our land, to drown themselves in the vat of wine.

Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night, till wine inflame them! (Isa. 5:11.)

Eccentric Klondike Millionaire

After fifteen years' absence, during which time he had been mourned for dead, Edward McAdams returned to Philadelphia from the Klondike, wealthy and determined to share his money with others. The two children of the miner's brother John are wealthier by $2,000 each by the uncle's visit. To his brother's wife he gave a handsome gold cross made of many bits of gold melted and shaped into one piece, valued at $1,400. He also gave her $5,000 in one-hundred-dollar bills. He then hunted his brother Barney and duplicated his generosity to his other brother's family. One boy was given $50 to buy a postal card, and at one little dry-goods store he bought two five-cent handkerchiefs for which he paid $20. He took his brother John, who is a bartender, down to the Normandie, a fashionable apartment house in Philadelphia, and offered to buy it for him. The brother balked at it and McAdams bought him a $40,000 saloon instead.

This man was kind-hearted and generous with his relatives and friends and the public in general. The money for the saloon was worse than wasted. It was converted into an instrument of untold destruction, but the intention of the man was to help his brother. In most of the other instances his benefactions were not unwisely dispensed, but the real lesson of this man's conduct is the pride of wealth and vulgar display of its possession. He has, only in a little ruder form, the same spirit which prompts the thousand needless vanities of wealth and the excessive and wicked display of the same. Those who have wealth have a perfect right to have every comfort and every luxury; but when the purse-proud spirit prompts the possessor of a fortune to loud exhibitions of reckless expenditure an injustice is done to those who have a harder lot in life and are none too patient under social inequalities. But they do themselves the greatest injury by throwing away, in an ostentatious manner, money which could be put to such good account for the material, moral and spiritual welfare of mankind.

They that trust in their wealth, and boast themselves in the multitude of their riches; none of them can by any means redeem his brother. (Ps. 49:6, 7.)

Roosevelt on His Hunting Trip

President Roosevelt has arranged definitely his plans for his hunting trip for great game and will leave the middle of next March for Alexandria, Egypt, whence he will sail through the Suez Canal and the Red Sea to Mombasa, the chief coast town of British East Africa. He will begin his hunting trip about 250 miles out from this place, along the line of the railroad which runs 650 miles into the interior. He will work his way in the general direction of Lake Victoria Nyanza and thence into the great plateau region of Uganda, where large game is said to be abundant. He will strike the headwaters of the Nile about Lake Albert Nyanza, which he will follow northward to Khartoum, where Mrs. Roosevelt and friends will probably be waiting for him.

President Roosevelt was officially offered the freedom of the East Africa British hunting-grounds, but declined the offer, stating that he only desired the attentions of a private citizen. On this trip mapped out, the wild animals which he will hunt will include lions, elephants, buffalo, baboons, white-tailed gnus, wart-hogs, ostriches, etc. He expects to have his greatest sport north of Lake Victoria Nyanza and on the Uganda plateau. The President, beside hunting big game, will study the geography of the country, the flowers, rocks and birds, and the social and religious conditions of the territory. It is the hope of his many friends throughout the world, that he will escape disease and accident, and return, with a wealth of information, to his native land.

He began to be a mighty one in the earth. He was a mighty hunter before the Lord. (Gen. 10:8, 9.)

The Bunch of Smiling Chinese Babies

Little Singers in the White House

EIGHT pretty Chinese children were the leading attraction of the Convention of the Women's Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which recently opened in Philadelphia. Miss Carrie G. Davis, of the Chinese Rescue Home of San Francisco, brought the interesting children with her in illustration of the work that is being done in rescuing little Orientals from the evils of San Francisco's Chinatown.

The little Chinese divided interest with two Eskimo girls, who, when in their native land, are residents of the Jessie Lee Home, on the Unalaska Islands. These Eskimo girls, Sophia Swenson, thirteen, and Ala Luma, nine, narrowly escaped missing the convention owing to the perils of the long trip. The journey from Alaska to Seattle is particularly dangerous at this time of year, and before the captain of the *W. S. Babcock*, the whaler in which they made the trip, would consent to their coming on board, they were required to sign articles as part of the crew.

In making the trip, it was necessary for the vessel to work its way through the numberless islands of the Aleutian archipelago. The most thrilling part of the trip occurred when the *Babcock* reached the Alukan Pass, on the final stage of the journey. It was found that a strong tide, flowing from the rocky coast on one side to the reef on the other, had changed the pass, which is dangerous under ordinary circumstances, into a veritable whirlpool. A dense fog increased the difficulties of navigation. Just when it was thought that the danger was past, the ship went heavily aground on a sunken reef.

With the vessel pounding and the crew at the davits ready to lower the lifeboats, Miss Mabel Benedict, who had the little Eskimo girls in charge, called upon the captain and crew to pray with her for the safety of the ship. Hardly had the "Amen" been said when the ship swung clear, the fog lifted and the danger passed.

The Chinese children were the life of the convention. They are bright-eyed, intelligent youngsters, and nothing that occurs around them fails to arouse their active interest. One clever little Oriental was so much interested in the picture-taking that he asked to be allowed to make a photograph of one of the little girls, which was granted, to his great delight.

P. JONES.

. . .

Recently the children were taken to Washington and brought to the White House, where the President's family gave them a cordial welcome. The whole group of eight children sang the national hymn, "America," for Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt, and sang it so well that they were rewarded with thanks and smiles and each little Celestial received a photograph of the White House, signed with the President's own hand. Lum Wong, the oldest boy, wielded the baton while they sang, and the others kept time in unison. They were greatly amused with their visit and kept up an incessant chatter of small talk.

Answered Prayers

M. S., Massachusetts. "I wish to thank God for many answered prayers and one particular one recently."

A. S., Boston, Mass. "I feel it my duty to acknowledge a direct answer to prayer. I hope many others will be encouraged."

Mrs. C. F., California. "I promised God if he would give me strength and wisdom to overcome an evil for which I have been praying for years I would acknowledge it to your paper. The answer came."

Mrs. C. B., Alabama. "God has brought my husband back to health and strength when he was so ill no power on earth could save him. Truly it seemed a miracle, and I want to praise God for it."

A. B., New York. "I promised our heavenly Father that if he would answer my prayer and spare my mother's life, I would acknowledge it in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. He answered my prayer."

Two Eskimo Maids

Wee Orientals at Play

GOOD CAUSES HELPED

The following sums have been contributed by our readers for the support of the worthy causes mentioned below:

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BY THE GLOWING FIRESIDE

Two Peeps at Home Life

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

OPENING the morning mail, two peeps were given me into two households, each of which may be taken as a specimen of many. The first letter, from a young woman, revealed a sweet picture of domestic comfort and peace. This household consisted of father, mother, stepmother, daughter and grandmother. The daughter was nearly grown when the second mother took the helm. The grandmother, though past life's meridian, was bright and sympathetic, was left out of nothing, and was eagerly interested in all that went on around her. The circle of kindred surrounding this pleasant group was composed of diverse elements, but no matter how often they visited and intermingeld in social functions there was complete harmony. The daughter wondered a little whether she was right in being so contented with her state in life, and had at times a question as to the propriety of settling down so happily in the serene atmosphere around her. Every one seemed to need her, father and mother and grandmother, and her days were slipping on in sweetness and calm, so that she had no wish or thought about any change, no restlessness in the present and no forebodings for the future. It was the ideal life of a daughter at home, the fairer that it included old age and portrayed the possibilities that sometimes fall into the usually uncomfortable relation of stepmother and stepdaughter. So much for this peep.

Glimpse number two was given into a home where father and brothers were dependent for their daily comforts on the good housekeeping and unselfish care of an unmarried daughter. The place of the daughter at home, who has gone beyond her twenties into the early thirties, is often a trying one.

This girl had lost her mother and had for ten years done everything in the home life that she possibly could to fill her mother's vacant place. She had baked, washed, ironed, made and mended, had done without youthful friends in the absorbing routine of her life, and was not so well off as a general servant, because she received no wages and little more than her board and lodging. Her father seemed never to know that she needed money, and disliked extremely to let her have anything to spend for clothing. She was naturally unhappy, and the years were stretching away before her, dreary and desert-like, when a gleam of relief appeared. A man whom she had known and highly esteemed as a neighbor and friend, asked her to marry him. She felt that she could be happy as his wife. Her environment had grown nearly insupportable. A married sister offered to come home with her husband and assume the care of her father and the household burdens. The situation would thus be relieved, and the spinster daughter set free to enter on her new happiness. Here the father interposed, refusing the proffered aid of his elder daughter and declining to allow the younger one to leave him. What was she to do? The peep into the second home was as gloomy as the peep into the first was rose-colored.

An immense amount of injustice is done by selfish people who see no point of view but their own. Parents apparently forget at times that a woman of thirty has ceased to be a child, and that she has a right to a separate life of her own and to her own individuality. Clearly, in the second instance, the daughter would be justified in marrying, leaving to her father and brothers the management of their housekeeping in any way they might find convenient.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—A POSITION AS COMPANION. This position is not easy, as many suppose, but bristles with difficulty. It is best procured by advertising, by the medium of a business woman's exchange, or by the recommendation of friends.

Drawn by Richard Culter

CHILDHOOD'S TWILIGHT PRAYER

BY W. LIVINGSTON LARNED

THE little head bows at the bed,
Two little feet are side by side;
And mother strokes the baby head
That never fear nor woe betide.
All day two tiny shoes have gone
At random almost everywhere;
Their childhood happy paths upon
To lead at last to twilight prayer.

When mother's arms are fast about,
And "Mister Night" is on the stair,
When shadows gather and a doubt
Is brought by darkness everywhere,
The snow-white nightie comes to view
And bare feet twinkle in the glow.
It's "Tiss me, Mamma—hug me, too,"
And then the prayer that angels know.

Mayhap some dolly, shorn of hair
And muddled with a pastime's part,
Rests in a chubby hand so fair
It must have known all Nature's art.
These two—and Mother, in the dark
Pour forth their offering to Him
Whose love grants each eternal spark,
While tears make eyes, in closing, dim.

And "Now I lay me down to sleep,"
The baby lips form all the words,—
"I pray the Lord my soul to keep,"
Like twilight call of evening birds.
"If I should die before I wake,"—
All tremulous with eventide;
"I pray the Lord my soul to take."
And in His arms our babes abide.

Fond Motherhood knows of a joy
No other state could hope to feel;
It means that for each girl and boy
A double prayer the while they kneel.
And, through the casement of the Night,
God's spirit looks—and his the hand
That makes the whole still evening light,
The whole Creation Love's dear land.

An Extra Plate

IS old-fashioned hospitality passing away? Are we less ready than we should be to give a welcome to friends and neighbors, to clasp hands with the unexpected guest and to make room at the table just as it happens to be for some one who chances in at meal-time? Suppose we interrogate ourselves as to our feeling in the matter. Is it a trouble to us to entertain friends in a simple, homely manner? Do we count the cost not so much to the purse as to the time we must spare, or are we the least bit in the world afraid of the maid in the kitchen? This haughty personage frowns severely upon company. She permits her employers the privilege of an occasional luncheon or dinner, for which preparations are made, requiring expense and labor, and which is distinctly a function. But if John brings a friend home from the office without warning, or a cousin from the country takes it into her dear head to surprise her city relatives, or the children have a playmate who stays to supper, the kitchen incumbent shows her displeasure. Every employer, we hesitate to say mistress, the word being misapplied so often, knows perfectly the shade of coldness and aloofness that darkens Nora's brow when company comes, and she must put on an extra plate. That is, every employer knows this who has not herself settled the situation and made herself queen of her household. In a home where the spirit of the house is hospitable, the maid of all work soon learns that she must bend to the general rule, and, if the home atmosphere be what it should, she soon begins to reflect the spirit of the family. She, too, is glad when a friend comes, bringing with her a breezy reminder of the outside world, stimulating the children to their best behavior, and brightening up the father and mother by her cheery presence. To so arrange a simple menu that there may be enough for one more, to so set the table that an extra plate may be added without causing confusion, goes far toward keeping hospitable the spirit of the home.

We might, to our advantage, exercise an unobtrusive hospitality by inviting friends from time to time to dine or spend an evening with us without making an effort to give a formal dinner. Every matron has two or three dishes in which she excels. She might choose to have those, as a rule, on a Wednesday or Saturday evening, and, then taking turns, sometimes she might invite an old friend and his wife; again, her daughter might ask two or three girl friends; her husband or her son, at another time, bringing home their particular chums, the understanding being that Wednesday or Saturday should be hospitality day. The bill of fare need be little varied. Two or three courses, well cooked and nicely served, with the sauce of a genial welcome and the cordial air of friendship, would make such days real festivals in family life.

The passing of the guest chamber has, we fear, become an accomplished fact in our crowded city life. Families live in straitened quarters, rents soar upward until people pay for space, air and light what seems like a king's ransom. To pay for four walls and a ceiling in a city apartment house is no small tax on a limited income. The guest chamber perhaps must go, but we need not give up the pleasure of an extra plate at the table, an extra cup and saucer, and the delight of entertaining one that we love.

A TALE OF METROPOLITAN LIFE

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

John Barkwell, though a member of a highly respected family, has fallen through drink and is leading the life of a homeless tramp. He is known as "Baltimore" to his associates. For the second time in two months he is brought before the same judge, who lets him have another chance, on "Baltimore" asserting that the world was against him. The judge sends him with a card to the head of the Bowery Mission. "Baltimore" promises the judge he will not drink, but finding a dime, he cannot resist and turns into a saloon. Baltimore goes to the Mission the next night as he felt he owed it to the judge. The text given out touches his heart. He goes to the after meeting. He rises: tells the pathetic story of his life, and the superintendent sees he is sincere, and takes him by the hand, assuring him he will be forgiven. The tramp says "He hopes to see his wife and children up there."

IV.

By MERRITT CRAWFORD

IN the months that followed that memorable evening at the Mission the transformation of "Baltimore"—John Barkwell, they called him now—was as remarkable as his reformation had been. From a disreputable, hoarse-voiced vagrant, he had become a quiet-mannered man, scrupulously neat in his personal habits, who rarely spoke to anyone unless first addressed. Few would have recognized in this courteous, thoughtful man the sodden outcast who had faced Judge D—— less than half a year before. The bloated look had disappeared from his features, and little of their former congestion remained, but in their place had come deep wrinkles and dark hollows beneath the eyes. One may draw the nail, but the hole must remain.

It was his eyes that had changed most. No longer were they bloodshot, animal-like, apprehensive. Within them was an unutterable sadness; but they looked the world straight in the face, fearlessly, and without shame.

For a time the superintendent had been uneasy lest the craving for alcohol might sap "Baltimore's" resolution. Only too well he knew its terrible temptation to the weakened will power of one who had been so long accustomed to its excessive use. But the days had grown to weeks, and the weeks to months, yet he gave no sign of wavering in his determination, and unfalteringly remained steadfast to his new-found belief. The man's simple faith and the sincerity, as well as the wonderful example of his conversion, made him a factor in the life and work of the Mission, and did much to soften many a hardened heart.

Soon after he had entered upon his new life "Baltimore" had written to his mother, with whom he had not communicated in almost five years, and that good lady had showered the superintendent with expressions of her gratitude and begged her son to return home.

"I'm going home," he had one day confided to Mr. H———, his eyes shining in anticipation, "but not until my work here has progressed farther. Judge D——— told me that he would cancel the balance of my probation if I wished to go now, but I told him I should stay until the end. It is part of the penance I must undergo," he addly sadly, "for mother is all I have left now."

As the days and weeks went by, "going home" filled a large part of "Baltimore's" thoughts. Often, when talking with the judge or Mr. H———, the two friends in whom he confided his hopes and plans for the future, he would unconsciously lead the subject of their conversation around to his approaching visit to the old, familiar scenes he had loved long ago.

"When I come back," he told them, "I am going to take up the work among my old companions. I want to tell them of the blessed peace—the happiness—I have found."

So the time had passed and at last the week came when "Baltimore" was to pay his last visit to the judge. On the previous afternoon, Mr. H——— had received a letter from the magistrate, saying that he, with his wife and daughter, would pay a visit to the Mission on that evening and that "Baltimore" need not report to him on the following day.

"For a long time," part of the letter read, "I have been promising my wife and daughter a visit to the Bowery Mission, so that they can meet you, and see for themselves the splendid work you are doing there. Not least of all, they are anxious to meet John Barkwell, as I have, of course, told them his story. When he reported to me last week, I was more impressed than ever by his wonderful improvement.

"Who, seeing him six months ago, would have believed that he ever could have become the sincere Christian man you have made of him? It is really a miracle. There, I know if you were here you'd disclaim the credit, but then to whom does it belong, if not to you? If there had been no Bowery Mission how could poor 'Baltimore,' as we used to call him then, have been saved?

"He spoke to me again about 'going home.' It seems to be his one thought. Poor fellow! There were tears in his eyes as he spoke of his aged mother, but I think it was the vision of those three graves in the churchyard that brought them. If it were not for his intended work among those poor outcasts who used to be his companions there would not be much left in this world for him, would there?"

"Judge D——— will be here to-night," the superintendent told "Baltimore," when he had read the letter, "and he is going to bring his wife and little daughter. You will not have to report to him tomorrow, and can take the early train for home, if you wish, instead of waiting until afternoon."

"Baltimore" smiled his pleasure at the news, and when evening came, as the men began to file into the meeting, he awaited the judge and his party at the entrance. He had often asked the judge to visit them, but until now the pressure of his many engagements had prevented the magistrate from doing so. "Baltimore" hoped that they might not be late. It was nearly eight o'clock now—the time for t meeting to commence.

Suddenly he saw the men on the street runnir He glanced down the avenue. A block below, dense cloud of black, threatening smoke was pou ing from one of the cheap hotels that line t Bowery. Now and then, as the wind cleared aw some of the enshrouding smoke, a tongue of fla darted from the windows of the third floor. E dently the fire had made much progress, althou apparently just discovered. Above the hoar shouts of the crowd he heard the rattle and cla of the engines, and the shrieking of the sirens, they responded to the alarm. A lieutenant of o of the companies that first arrived rushed to t signal-box on the corner to send in a second alar

Below him, the police were hurriedly but effe tively forming fire-lines, while up the avenue as f as the eye could reach, the surface cars stood m tionless. All this "Baltimore" noticed, and then saw the judge alight from one of the cars near t corner and assist a lady and a slight, golden-hair girl of nine or ten years to the ground. Evident he believed it safe now to cross with his charges the curb, and in the confusion did not hear t noise of the apparatus responding to the secon alarm.

"Baltimore" ran forward to welcome them, bu his cry of pleasure wa changed to horror as h saw the child, runnin ahead of her parents, rus directly in the path of a approaching truck. Pa alyzed with fright, the lit tle one stood motionless almost under the feet o the plunging horses.

With a cry of warnin that died ere it reache his lips, "Baltimore sprang to the child's side and half-dragged, half hurled her from beneat the cruel hoofs of th maddened team, just i time. The driver sough frantically to swerve hi still more frantic animal against an iron pillar o the elevated road, but too late. For the gallant rescuer, struck by the pole between the frenzied beasts, was tumbled, stunned and bleeding, under their feet and the grinding wheels behind.

They lifted him tenderly and carried him into the Mission, and laid his torn, inanimate body, bruised and ground into the dust of the roadway until almost unrecognizable, upon a hastily improvised couch.

Strange that it was almost on the spot where, six months before, he had waited to deliver the judge's note to Mr. H———, and had received such a glorious message of hope himself.

There were tears in the eyes of the judge and the superintendent as they bent over him. There were tears in the eyes of the crowd who had seen his noble act. From the ante-room, where Mrs. D——— and her little one had been taken, came the sound of hysterical weeping.

Then, to the surprise of all, the dying man regained consciousness. His brown eyes lingered affectionately over the two men standing at his side.

"Did I save her?" he whispered.

They nodded affirmatively, not daring to speak.

"Baltimore's" eyes expressed his thankfulness. His hand, cruelly mangled, sought the hand of the superintendent. He muttered softly to himself. Mr. H———, kneeling beside his dying friend, bent closer to hear.

"It is—better—so," came the faint murmur. "Lord—receive my soul!"

Continued on page 917

"With a cry of warning, 'Baltimore' sprang to the child's side, just in time."

A Young Canadian Evangelist

ANNIE AGNES SMITH, a tried and proven laborer for souls in the evangelistic field, was born in Ontario, Canada, twenty-five years ago, and came to this country with her parents when nine years of age. The family are members of Kingsley Methodist Church, Stapleton, Staten Island, of which the Rev. J. B. J. Rhodes is pastor.

The Rev. J. C. Howard, of Newark, who was her faithful pastor for eleven years, says: "I watched her growing from the Sunday School into a marvelously gifted Christian worker. Her call to the work of an evangelist was quite definite and providential."

One Sunday evening, when she was eighteen, she was leading her first Epworth League meeting. A visiting pastor at Kingsley Church was so impressed with the young girl's earnestness that he invited her to visit his church to assist him in special services. She went, feeling keenly her weakness and inexperience, but also feeling that God was opening a door to greater fields of usefulness. This was the beginning of her successful career. Pastors and churches began to call for her services, and hundreds have been converted under her ministry in all parts of the country. Miss Smith is a remarkably powerful preacher of righteousness, with a sweet, clear, persuasive voice, which lends an added charm to her well-chosen and effective language. Her knowledge of the Bible is extensive, and her sermons appeal to the noblest and best in the human heart. With it all there is a great simplicity and an entire consecration to Christ and the cause to which she has devoted her life.

Evangelist Annie Agnes Smith

Miss Smith is a licensed exhorter in her home church, and has the endorsement of presiding elders, pastors and people wherever she labors. She has won many souls to the Kingdom.

The First Student Bible Conference

THE first International Bible Conference held under the auspices of the Student Department of the International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations to consider the extension of Bible study in colleges, met in Columbus, O., October 22-26. There were present 1,022 students, professors and instructors from 250 institutions of the United States and Canada. Mr. J. R. Mott, of the World's Christian Student Federation, presided. The Conference was held in Columbus upon the invitation of the United Brotherhood of that city.

The forenoons were devoted to addresses and discussions bearing directly on the development of the Student Bible Study movement. In the afternoons the Conference was divided into groups according to classes of institutions, and plans for promoting efficiency in Bible teaching and for reaching a far larger proportion of college students than ever before were presented. The evening sessions were devoted to inspiring addresses on the influence of the Bible on individual and national life.

The two morning sessions, open only to delegates, were devoted to consideration of the problem of promoting Bible study. On Saturday morning, representatives of a number of institutions told of the scenes in their institutions in the enlistment of college men in Bible study. Col. Larned of West Point showed how Bible study had gone forward in the Military Academy, in spite of the limited time at the disposal of the cadets. President Falconer of the University of Toronto set forth the "Contribution of Scholarship to the Understanding of the Bible," and Mr. Luther D. Wishard, of New York, one of the founders of Association work in colleges, spoke of the "Opportunities of the College Graduate in the Promotion of Bible Study."

On Friday and Saturday afternoon the Conference was broken up into sectional gatherings in order to consider the special problems of the different classes of institutions. At one conference the problem of promoting Bible study in colleges in which the Associations have general secretaries, was considered; in another, the problems of those institutions having no general secretaries. Also there were conferences for those interested in Bible Study work in preparatory schools and military academies. The members of faculties present met in conference to consider the relation of professors and instructors to the Bible Study movement.

Evening meetings were held in Memorial Hall. The speakers included Mr. Victor G. Beebe, the chairman of the United Church Brotherhoods of Columbus; Rev. Washington Gladden, Mr. John R. Mott, General O. O. Howard, President King of Oberlin, E. Speer of New York, Hon. H. B. F. Macfarland, president of the Commissioners of the District of Columbia; Editor James A. Macdonald of the Toronto *Globe*, and others.

The Conference went from strength to strength and the last meetings were intensely spiritual. The farewell meeting was held on Sunday evening. Addresses were given by Dr. W. W. White, of New York, and Bishop William F. McDowell, of Chicago.

A Conscientious Horse-Trader

A reader of this paper (A. C. H., Lancaster, Pa.) sends this incident:

Ellen S.'s pretty little story in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of April 22 reminds me of another. In my early life I dwelt upon a farm and was surrounded by excellent neighbors, many of them of the Mennonite faith. One of these had a colt a year old and I had several young cattle. He asked me to trade two of my young cattle for his colt, as he had no good place to keep it. I thought the matter over and told him I would make the trade and thought my two young cattle were worth about as much as his colt. "Oh, no!" he answered, "I will not trade that way." I was shocked, for I had great respect for this man, and I feared I had asked too much. "Well," I said, "what do you think?" "Why," he replied, "I should give you ten dollars besides." "Oh, well," I answered, "if that is the case we can trade, for I am willing to trade even." But he would not have it that way. Every time I met him he coaxed me to trade, said his colt was not comfortable where he had him and should have better quarters. At last I had to give in and take the ten dollars "to boot," as they call it in trading. We had at least half a dozen meetings before the trade was completed.

"BALTIMORE"

Continued from Page 916

Then came a silence, broken only by the hoarse, irregular breathing of the watchers, and the faint and steadily fainter moaning of the injured man. His sands of life were falling fast.

Suddenly, as if possessed with some new strength "Baltimore" sought to rise. A wonderful light shone from his glazing eyes.

"I'm comin', Emily—I'm comin' home," he called, his voice ringing clear and bell-like so that all could hear. Then he sank back, overcome by weakness, as he went on whisperingly, "never—to—go away—any more. Come nearer—with th' babies—dearie. It's gettin'—so dark—I—can't see."

There was a moment of suspense.

"There you are—an' th' young 'uns too—comin' toward me—all a-shinin'—an' someone—darling—Lord—forgive—me—."

Old "Baltimore" had gone home.

THE END.

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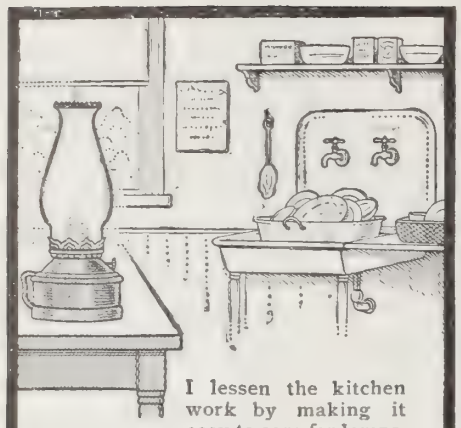

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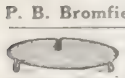
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Nations Destroyed by Drink*

World's Temperance Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

"WOE to the crown of pride of the drunkards of Ephraim, and to the fading flower of his glorious beauty!" Isaiah here calls the whole kingdom of Israel "Ephraim," after the name of its chief tribe. Samaria, the capital city of Israel, was built on the summit of a verdant, isolated, cone-shaped hill, where the marble palaces, glistening in the sun, seemed from a distance like the crown of silver olive leaves with which its revelers were crowned at their feasts. Because its people were so given to wine, this "glorious beauty" was to become a lost crown, "a fading flower." When Isaiah spoke, the Assyrians were already sweeping down, like a "scourge of God," upon the upper kingdom, whose sin and fall Isaiah held up as a mirror of Judah's present sin and future fall, which occurred about a hundred years later. Samaria is to-day a ruin, whose broken marble pillars on the hill-top suggest a crushed wreath or a trampled crown, an eloquent warning against the vices that blight nations and individuals. The word Sychar (John 4:5), afterwards given to a village close at hand, is supposed to come from *shikkora*, meaning drunkards, a monument of the shame described in the text. "Look," says Isaiah, in substance, "to the ruin which intemperance is bringing to our sister State, and behold the same symptoms of approaching national death here in Judah."

Why Nations Die

Samaria and Judah were never conquered except when corrupted. The bottles on the inside were the battering rams they had most to fear. Seldom has even a small nation been conquered when robust in virtue. The American colonies in 1776 showed this. It is an historical fact that few nations have died from economic causes, but many have died of immorality. We of the rank and file should demand of political leaders that moral questions shall be recognized as the chief questions in politics.

The figure of a "crown" lost through drink, a laurel wreath blighted by dissipation, has a personal as well as national significance, and recalls many a king besides Belshazzar whose doom came as he drank, and many a genius, like Poe and Burns, whose glorious beauty was a fading flower, because the blight of appetite was upon his laurels.

"Overcome with wine." The original word means one smitten, beaten, knocked down with wine, as with a hammer; laid prostrate, unable to rise. It is the fashion to lay such deadly blows of drink mostly to whisky and other distilled liquors, but it is wine which carries the bludgeon in this text. It is even worse to-day, when wine not only does its own mischief but leads its victim on to the thrall of the spirituous liquors. For example, in France, where the people drink on the average more wine than any other people, and the purest wine, for they make it themselves, the wine does not lessen the consumption of stronger drinks, as is shown by a table of liquor revenue statistics, gathered by American consuls from many nations in 1904. The French people drink more distilled liquor per capita than those of any other land, much of it the worst kind, absinthe, to which their doctors and statesmen alike attribute, more than to anything else except impurity, which is largely prompted by drink, the fact that in France alone of all civilized nations, the birth rate has fallen below the death rate. In Switzerland, another wine country, the absinthe habit became so serious that it was prohibited in 1908 by a referendum. The Emperor of Germany, having investigated the increasing consumption of intoxicating beverages among his subjects in 1904, was quoted as saying, "This tremendous guzzling must be stopped somehow." These facts make sad havoc of the old fallacy about beer and wine being cures for drunkenness. "Light wines—nothing so treacherous!" said Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton; "they inflame the brain like fire, while melting on the palate like ice. All inhabitants of light wine countries are quarrelsome."

"Overcome with wine!" That has been written of many who started life as confidently as the bright boys and girls in our Sunday Schools. Shall it be written of any to whom this lesson comes with timely warning? It cannot be true of any person whose practice is abstinence. When "overcome of wine" a man becomes a wild beast, and even a beast it makes more beastly. A Chicago dispatch said, "A big herd of cattle, maddened and half intoxicated from alcohol used in distillery 'slop' fed to them, stampeded in the stockyards. More than a score of the animals met death in the rush. Scenes were enacted that for terror and blood made old stockmen and cowboys turn their backs. One man nearly lost his life. The herd stampeded numbered more than six hundred of the kind that are known as the 'distillery cattle,' because they are fattened on the refuse from liquor mills."

"Overcome of wine"—shall it be written of you? Shall it be written of *our* country? Shall we not rather ourselves "overcome" this personal and national foe by total abstinence and prohibition, the only weapons with which it has been overcome anywhere? In this matter, the Orient has been wiser than the Occident. Ancient India and Arabia were greatly cursed by drunkenness, but the religious leaders did not make the deadly blunder made by Europe and America for ages, of relying upon "moderation" and "license" as cures for this curse.

Continued on next page

* The International Sunday School Lesson for November 29, 1908. Isa. 28:1-6. GOLDEN TEXT: "Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation . . . a precious corner stone, of sure foundation." Isa. 28:16. (This is not the Golden Text selected by the Committee, but one more suited to the study of the liquor traffic in its world-wide relation to nations.)

A FAT BABY
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"One day mother told my aunt to try Grape-Nuts for the baby, but she laughed and said if the doctors couldn't do the baby any good, how could Grape-Nuts? But mother said 'try it anyway.'

"So my aunt put one tablespoonful of Grape-Nuts in a quarter cup of hot water and when the food was soft she added as much milk as water and gave that to the baby.

"In a month and a half you would hardly have known that baby, it was so fat and thrived so fast. A neighbor asked my aunt what made the baby so healthy and fat when only six weeks before it was so thin. She said 'Grape-Nuts.' The neighbor got Grape-Nuts for her baby and it was soon as fat as my aunt's child."

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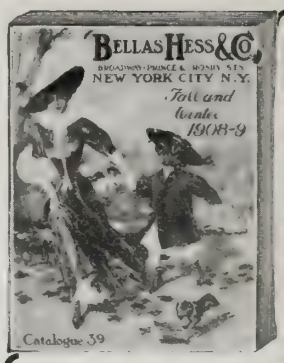

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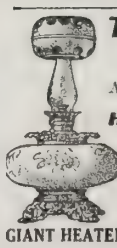
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Sunday School Lesson—*Continued*

The leaders in Church and State in India and Arabia said: "In the name of religion and government, stop the habit, stop the traffic!" And the result is, several hundred millions of Hindus, Buddhists and Mohammedans are free from even the hereditary taint of alcohol—only a few have yet been corrupted by white men, refuting utterly that shallow sophistry of the indulgent and the lazy, that "all men have an inherent appetite for drink that will be gratified in some way, and so it is useless to fight against it."

The Worst of Floods

"Behold, the Lord hath a mighty and strong one; . . . as a tempest of mighty waters overflowing." This is the prophet's description of the Assyrian army, which was pouring like a resistless, destroying flood, swept on by a tempest of hail, down upon the kingdom of Israel, to cast down its crown—a flood which God would not stay, because Israel's sins called for judgment. This description is not too strong for the curse of drink, which as a rising flood, pouring through all lands, was increasing in every country in the world at the dawn of the twentieth Christian century. As in Israel and Judah in the prosperous time of our story, so everywhere increasing intemperance is a dread consequence of "prosperity." The "fat valleys" and the "overcoming of wine" evermore go together. This flood of drink is not a visitation of God, but is due to our own self-indulgence and cowardice. We might have shut the flood out of the land by law, and out of our homes by total abstinence.

Trampled Crowns

"The crown of pride shall be trodden under foot." Here again the reveler's crown is pictured, not alone as faded, but as trampled under foot. How literally all that is beautiful in life is trampled under foot by drink! Even the orange blossoms of a happy bride are soon trampled on by a drunken husband; alas! with increasing frequency in these days by a drunken wife. Love is turned to loathing. The beautiful boy becomes a bloated tramp, the beautiful girl a drunkard's haggard wife. Let us stop this treading of beauty under foot, and instead tread down the evil custom and stamp out the evil traffic. Let us put with Isaiah's "Woe to the crown of pride!" Solomon's "Who hath woe?" and Habakkuk's "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink!" We give our neighbor drink when we directly or indirectly authorize another to do it.

"As the first ripe fig." The gathering of figs takes place about August. Now if anyone sees a fig as early as June, he fixes his eye upon it and hardly touches it with his hand before he swallows it. "Like such a dainty bit," says Delitzsch, "will the luxuriant Samaria vanish." How many a strong man has been thrown down, like a faded wreath, by wine, his money seized like the "first ripe fig" by the dealer!

"In that day shall the Lord of hosts be for a crown of glory unto the residue of his people." Here the prophet turns to Judah, which is to be the "residue" when presently Israel is carried captive; but even in Judah he seems to single out in this verse the few that are loyal, before turning to the many whose intemperance will bring ruin to the nation. In contrast with the reveler's crown this verse sets the present crown of glory that God gives to those who keep his wise and powerful laws, revealed in Scripture and nature for our good always. If there were no world but this, it would never pay to break a law of God, as every one does who uses a poison as a beverage. He who breaks the law of God, collides with the universe.

"They also have erred through wine." Having pointed out the sin and punishment of the neighboring kingdom, Isaiah, as a faithful preacher and teacher, plainly tells the rulers of Judah that the same sins are to be found at home, and will bring like retribution sooner or later. "Israel enslaved to drink will soon be captive in Assyria," he says in substance, "and so will Judah if you do not reform." The warning was in vain. Judah continued to drink and indulge the other sins it led to, especially in a luxurious time, and in a hundred years the nation fell. Little heed is commonly given to such warnings. The man who is beginning to drink says gaily, "I could stop, but I won't," taking no warning from the sot beside him who exclaims bitterly, "I would abstain, but I can't." The greatest error of those who have to do with wine is the error which the French scientists are exposing in a bill-poster campaign against "alcoholism," which means the diseased condition of the tippler who may never have been drunk, but whose bodily cells are all poisoned by a daily indulgence that ignorant people call "moderation" and suppose to be harmless. It is gross ignorance to think the only peril in using intoxicants is the danger of getting drunk. A monthly spree is less harmful than a daily tipple.

Called Higher

Priscilla M. Moore died October 4 at Richmond, Ind. She was a constant reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mr. Wm. Boulton, of Solon, O., died in August last at the age of 82. For five years an invalid, the Bible and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD were his greatest comforts.

Ann W. Bonsor, of Lorain, O., was called to her heavenly home October 24, 1908. She was born in Nasby, Northamptonshire, England, in 1834. She was an earnest Christian, and for many years a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

On the 21st of September, Mrs. W. L. Moore, aged 79, of Greensboro, N. C., fell asleep in Jesus, having suffered greatly as an invalid for about three years. She had long been a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and in her affliction much enjoyed the sermons as well as the great variety of its world-wide information. She was a stanch Presbyterian from childhood.

ONLY TEN CENTS FOR ADVANCE ORDERS
"WORLD BOOK OF TEMPERANCE" NOW READY
BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD again calls the earnest attention of Sunday School workers and temperance people of all lands to this new book, issued November 1, 1908, which may have great influence in safeguarding children everywhere against intoxicating drinks and drugs, and in answering through the Sunday Schools, in millions of homes, the sophistries of the liquor dealers' unprecedented "campaign of education." This book contains temperance lessons—Biblical, historical, scientific—profusely illustrated with pictures, charts, stories and accurate statistics. It is more than a lesson book—**a comprehensive compend of the whole temperance question,** with chronological notes of temperance history; temperance sayings of men of all lands; testimony of German, British, American and other scientists on alcohol, etc.

Teachers of public schools as well as Sunday Schools; preachers also, and all temperance workers, will need this up-to-date arsenal.

All money received for this book is to be devoted to its production and free circulation. For copies ordered in advance, only the cost of paper, presswork, binding and postage will be charged. The book will be sold at 75 cents, cloth; 35 cents, paper, after Jan. 1, but those who send cash orders before that date, will get the book at the rate of 10 cents each, paper; 25 cents cloth. The first edition contains 128 pp. octavo, but it will be enlarged to 288 pp. or more, whenever profits provide for such enlargement. Send orders at once to International Reform Bureau, 206 Pennsylvania Avenue, S. E., Washington, D.C.

Cover Design By HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

Useful Christmas Gifts—
Catalogue FREE.

Write NOW for your FREE Copy of the "NATIONAL" Catalogue of
USEFUL CHRISTMAS GIFTS
It will be sent you FREE, postpaid, just as soon as we get your letter.

This "NATIONAL" Christmas Book is filled from cover to cover with pleasing Gifts the kind every woman would buy for herself—Gifts of Beauty and Usefulness and at Money-Saving Prices.

GIFT APPAREL
For Women, Misses and Children

Waists	Furs	Skirts
Sweaters	Underwear	Handkerchiefs
Gift Hosiery	Plumes	Neckwear
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The "NATIONAL" Policy
Every "NATIONAL" Garment has the "NATIONAL GUARANTEE TAG" attached—a signed guarantee to refund your money if you are not satisfied.
We prepay all postage or express charges on "NATIONAL" Garments to any part of the United States.

Doubtless you have been reading our Ads. for years and have often been on the point of answering, but have ended by laying the magazine down and forgetting about it.

Won't you, this time, write NOW, before you lay this magazine down? Just say, "Send me my free copy of the 'NATIONAL' Christmas Book." Don't do it to-morrow, or next week, but NOW TO-DAY.

National Cloak & Suit Co.
218 West 24th Street, New York City
Largest Ladies' Outfitting Establishment in the World.
Mail Orders Only. No Agents or Branches.

Why Pay Out Money
to buy your Xmas gifts?
¶ We'll tell you how to get them *FREE*. It costs you nothing to know about this new idea. *Don't send money*—just your name and address to *Farm and Home, Dept. 21, Springfield, Mass.*

HOW WE PAY 5% WITHOUT RISK.
WE LOAN A SMALL SUM on improved real estate, interest and part of principal payable monthly.
Your $25 or $100 helps to loan to the same class. You get 5 Per Cent, paid or compounded as you wish. This is an ideal investment, safe and profitable if the borrower pays as agreed. We have proven our methods by the test of [illegible] the past 15 years.
Assets now $1,800,000
INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS and LOAN Co. NEW YORK CITY
Industrial Savings and Loan Co.
2 Times Bldg., Broadway, New York

Angel's Lullaby: "Only Asleep"
Artistic, yet easy enough to be [illegible] of any singer or player. Should be [illegible] Sent Postpaid for 25 CENTS. Please send silver. "It was safe in the mail as a [illegible]"
The Bright-Hayford Co., 23 North 6th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

Xmas Post Cards 20 [illegible] 25c., 85 [illegible] $1. [illegible] New Eng. Post Card Co., [illegible] Springfield, Mass.

BEAUTIFUL WORDS WITH MUSIC "Cast Thy Burden Upon the Lord." Mailed flat, 10 cents. Francis Thompson, P.O. Box 8, Station I, Dept. 96, Brooklyn, N.Y.

BIBLE COLLEGE AT HOME Graduate Courses. Write Pres. C. J. Burton, Ph B., Oskaloosa, Iowa.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES

Our Foreign Immigration*

THERE is no more interesting subject for discussion than the restriction of our immigration. It forms a stock question for our debating societies, and so closely balanced are the arguments for and against it that the judges sometimes decide for one side, sometimes for the other. This means that a good case can be made out for either. It goes without saying that the term "restriction" is used in the broadest sense. Of course, both sides agree in the wisdom of excluding idiots, paupers, the diseased, the insane and the criminal.

One strong argument for unrestricted immigration is that we are spending hundreds of thousands of dollars every year for foreign missions; which means that we expose the hordes of the heathen, a group at a time, to the civilizing influence, as it were, of but a single man. Instead, is it not likely to be infinitely more effective to expose a comparatively small group of the heathen to the civilizing influences of eighty millions of nominally Christian people?

To this argument it is replied that the few men sent out as foreign missionaries are usually of the finest and highest Christian types, while those who are too often associated with the newly-arrived immigrants in this country are of the lowest among us.

The natural human aversion to the foreigner is everywhere admitted. But it is at its minimum, it is said, in America, and there are perhaps at this moment more immigrants, or children of immigrants, than native Americans occupying positions of trust in this country.

A writer in the New York *Evening Post* some years ago took up this subject, and proved, by naming the principal criminals just then in the public eye, that quite as many native Americans as foreigners, if not more, were, at least at that time, on our roll of shame. Prison statistics reveal at any period startling facts regarding the vice among our native stock.

Gipsy Smith, in one of his most powerful passages, tells how the Lord called Matthew. People looked at him and said, "He is a sinner." "Yes," said Jesus, "but he will write my first Gospel." Only give a man a chance. Nobody wanted a certain drunken sailor, but God looked at him and saved him, and he became the great poet and preacher, John Newton. Nobody else saw anything in John Bunyan but a vile and swearing tinker; but God saw in him an immortal dreamer, whose vision was to save many souls from perishing.

And so from among these foreigners who seek our shores, generally fleeing from oppression and tyranny in the Old World, and often poor, unlettered and unkempt, may come those, and have come those, who are to mightily help on the progress of our country.

Too much importance cannot be attached to the way in which we meet and try to aid these people. The societies which have been formed for this purpose deserve our heartiest support, and should be officered by our best men and women.

There is no more touching story than that of the poor immigrant Swede who was handed a Testament in his own language by a faithful colporteur, as he came, fresh from the ship that brought him over, and who, through the agency of that Testament, became a preacher of the Gospel in the West. Twenty-seven years afterward, he visited the pier on which he had landed and found there the same colporteur.

He threw his arms around him and told his story, and they wept together for joy.

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* Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, November 29. Home Missions. Text: Isa. 2:1-22.

Mockery of Strong Drink*

FORTY years ago, in a certain college, six young men formed themselves into a society, partly literary and partly for "good fellowship." They were all good writers, and at their weekly meeting each had a composition of his own. Then they all drank together, until they were hardly able to find their way to their rooms.

One of those men has recently told a friend that, after three or four months of this association, he discovered that from a condition in which he had had to force himself to drink, having no natural taste for liquor, he found that he was getting to like it, and to long for it, and he had common sense enough to cut himself loose at once from his "club" membership. The others went on, and the annals of our colleges contain no sadder story than theirs. One of them died in New York a few years ago, noted for his wit and his learning, but a slave to his appetite. It was said that every night he retired to his library and, with a bottle beside him, drank himself into unconsciousness. At the early age of thirty-eight he was found there one morning dead.

Another one walks the streets of the metropolis, picking up an uncertain living with his once brilliant pen. His face and person are revolting to behold, his clothes are in tatters, he has lost all self-respect and honor—a shame and a disgrace to his college and his country.

Two of the others lived in obscurity until they were past thirty, when they dropped into drunkards' graves. The one who broke off was the only one who has ever arrived at distinction or has been of any service to the world.

Dr. Samuel Johnson, one of the wisest men that ever lived, though his writings (except his dictionary) were so unimportant, never uttered a more universal truth than when he affirmed of himself, "I can refrain entirely, but I cannot be moderate." It is probably at least ten times as hard to be a "moderate drinker" as to maintain total abstinence.

We are wont to lament the awful prevalence of intemperance, and it is indeed appalling; but it is not as bad now as when presidents and cabinet members habitually drank to excess, as some of them did even no further back than in the sixties of the last century. Within the memory of men and women now living, ministers of the Gospel were sometimes seen abroad in a state of intoxication, and were thought no worse of for it. That could not be to-day.

Still, it is a melancholy state of things when in our foremost clubs, in whose membership are included professional men of high standing, even clergymen, spirituous liquors figure prominently on the table. Apparently there is a widespread feeling among an excellent class of our citizens that it is "narrow" and "bigoted" to refrain entirely from wine and whisky. But it is hard for some of us to understand how such men can free themselves from a feeling of awful guilt when they see the drunkard reeling through the street and hear the agonized cries of his wife and children. Most men cannot go forth and give temperance lectures. Usually the most that they can do is to set a strenuous example—which should be one of total abstinence. God help us all to stamp out from our beloved land this awful curse of rum!

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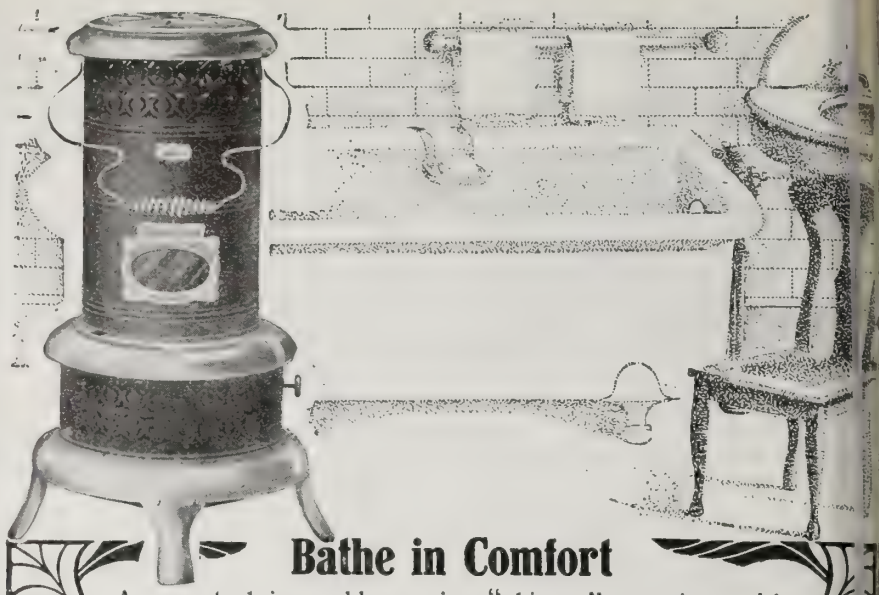
* Topic of the Epworth League for Sunday, November 29. Text: Prov. 20:1; 23:29-35; Eph. 5:18.

"Where can I invest my money so that it will be *safe* and where I can *have it when wanted*, and yet so it will bring me a *reasonable return* when invested?" This question will be answered to your satisfaction if you will write the Industrial Savings & Loan Co., whose advertisement appears on page 949.



Bathe in Comfort

A warm bath in a cold room is a "shivery" operation and is extremely liable to cause colds. The bathroom above all should be kept warm. This is easy and the bath is a comfort if you have a

PERFECTION Oil Heater

(Equipped with Smokeless Device)

It may be carried from any other room to the bath room, which it will heat while you are preparing for the bath. Impossible to turn it too nigh or too low. The most economical heater you can buy—intense heat for 9 hours with one filling. Every heater warranted.

The **Rayo** Lamp is the best lamp for all-round household purposes. Gives a clear, steady light. Made of brass throughout and nickel plated. Equipped with the latest improved central draft burner. Handsome—simple—satisfactory. Every lamp guaranteed.

If you cannot get heater and lamp at your dealer's, write to our nearest agency.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Incorporated)

Don't Buy a Stove or Range Until You First Se

How Much You Save By Getting

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

YOU want to make every cent you spend this year, **count** for **quality** and **economy.**

If you need a stove or range, don't buy until you get our **factory** prices.

I promise you that I will save you $5, $6 or $10 on our smallest stoves, and as high as $18, $20 and even $30 on our largest. And I promise you that **you cannot get anywhere at any** price, a better stove or range than the Kalamazoo.

Just let me quote you prices. Take our catalogue and **compare** the Kalamazoo **quality** and **prices,** with the best line of stoves and ranges you can find sold at retail. **That** will tell the story. You can see for yourself. You want to save money and you want to get high quality. Why not investigate our plan, then? Why not let me show you the difference between manufacturers' prices and retail prices on stoves or ranges?

We sell to you, direct from the factory, at actual factory prices,

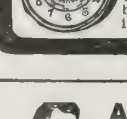
On 360 Days Approval Test—We Pay the Freight

I promise, in black and white, to refund your money—every cent of it—if you do not find your purchase in every way exactly as represented.

Remember, every Kalamazoo is of the highest possible grade, made of the best materials and in the best manner. You deal directly with the manufacturers—a company that has a larger number of individual customers than any other stove company in existence. We have sold thousands of stoves and ranges to readers of this journal, and no doubt can refer you to near neighbors who have saved money by buying a Kalamazoo. Many customers write that they have saved enough on a single Kalamazoo to pay for a whole season's fuel. You can save enough to buy a new suit, a new dress, an article of furniture, or perhaps to pay your taxes. Is it not to your interest to get our prices?

Send Postal for Catalogue No. 103

describing more than 300 sizes and styles of Coal and Wood Ranges, Coal and Wood Heaters, Hotel Ranges, Base Burners, Laundry Stoves, Etc.



All Kalamazoo cook stoves and ranges have patent thermometers which make baking and roasting easy.

I know that if you get our prices—and see our quality you will not even think of buying any other make. Let me show you how much you can save.

William Thompson, Vice-Pres. & Gen. Mgr.
KALAMAZOO STOVE CO., Mfrs. Kalamazoo, Mich.

Automobile Jackets, Blizzard Proof

Outside texture so closely woven it resists wind and wear alike. Lined with wool fleece that defies the cold. Snap fasteners, riveted pockets.

PARKER'S Arctic Jacket

Registered in U. S. Patent Office.

Better than an overcoat for facing cold and work together. Warm, durable, comfortable. Ask your dealer, or sent postpaid on receipt of $2.35.

JOHN H. PARKER CO., Dept. K 25 James St., Malden, Mass.

Deafness

"The Morley 'Phone"

A miniature **Telephone for the Ear,** invisible, easily adjusted, and entirely comfortable. Makes low sounds and whispers pla heard. Over fifty thousand giving instant relief from deafness head noises. There are but few c of deafness that cannot be benefi

Write for booklet and testimonials. THE MORLEY C Dept. E, Perry Bldg., 16th and Chestnut Sts., Philadelp

A COURSE IN ESPERANTO

LESSON No. 23—By Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

Letter Writing (Korespondado)

THE date: Nov-Jorko, 18an de Aprilo, 1908. The *an* after 18 is th. Nov-Jorko, *New York.* Other an a list of cities given below, it is bet- r to use the English form.

The months of the year: Januaro, *anuary;* Februaro, *February;* Marto, *arch;* Aprilo, *April;* Majo, *May;* Junio, *ne;* Julio, *July;* Aŭgusto, *August;* ptembro, *September;* Oktobro, *Octo- r;* Novembro, *November;* Decembro, *ecember.* If desired, the day of the eek may be placed before the date: imanĉo, *Sunday;* Lundo, *Monday; ardo,* Tuesday; *Merkredo,* Wednesday; aŭdo, *Thursday;* Vendredo, *Friday;* Sa- to, *Saturday.*

List of cities: Amsterdamo, *Amster- m;* Berlino, *Berlin;* Edinburgo, *Edin- rgh;* Londono, *London;* Madrido, *Ma- id;* Neapolo, *Naples;* Parizo, *Paris;* kingo, *Peking;* Romo, *Rome;* Sankta tersburgo, *St. Petersburg;* Vieno, *ienna.*

Commencement of Letters

The form varies according to whether ar relatives, friends or strangers are ad- essed. Relatives: Mia kara, *my dear;* ej kara, *dearest;* mia karegulo, or kare- lino, *my darling;* amata, *beloved;* kare nata, *dearly beloved.* Friends: Kara niko, *dear friend;* mia kara amiko, *my ar friend;* mia estimata amiko, *my es- emed friend.* Formal address: Sami- ano, *fellow thinker* (if an Esperantist) erally, *partisan of the same idea;* sin- ro, *sir;* sinjorino, *madam;* fraŭlino, *iss;* estimata sinjoro, *esteemed sir;* kara njoro, *dear sir.*

Official or Commercial: Sinjoro, *sir;* njoroj, *gentlemen.* If desired, these rms may be preceded by estimata, esti- ataj, kara *or* karaj.

Some Appropriate Expressions to be Used in Friendly Letters

Mi ricevis vian leteron de —, *I received ur letter of* —. Mi rapidas respondi an leteron *or* al via letero, *I hasten to ply to your letter.* Ni estas honorataj r via letero, *We are honored by your tter.* Vian ŝatatan leteron de — mi ri- vis, kaj—, *Your highly prized (or uch appreciated) letter of — I have re- ived, and—.*

xpressions to be Used in Commercial Letters

Ni havas la plezuron anonci al vi, ke—, *e have the pleasure to announce to u, that—.* Mi dankas vin pro via pro- no, kaj—, *I thank you for your offer, d —.* Mi havas la honoron proponi al la jenajn komercaĵojn, *I have the nor to offer to you the following goods.*

Closing of Letters

To relatives and dear friends: Kun ulte da amo por ĉiuj, *With much love all.* Via tre amanta, *Your very affec- nate.* Via ameganta patro, *Your lov- g father.* Via tre amanta filino, *Your ry affectionate daughter.* Via fidela niko, *Your faithful friend.* Via sin- re, *Yours very sincerely.* Tre kore via, *ery heartily yours.* To strangers: Via re, *Yours truly.* Sincere via, *Sincerely urs.* Official or Commercial: Altes- ne, *With high esteem.* Tre fidele via, *ery faithfully yours.* Kun saluto, *With lutation.* Postskribaĵo, if it is desired add a postscript. Until Esperanto s come to be more widely known, it is st to address envelopes either in Eng- h or in the language of the country to hich the letter is sent.

Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah!"

Tune—Zion.

Gvidu min, Jehovo granda,
Pilgrimanton tra l' dezert;
Tenu min per Cia mano,
Al mi mankas fort' kaj spert':
Ĉielpano, Ĉielpano,
Laŭ bezono nutru min.

El la font' kristala akvoj
Por la viv' elversu sin;
La kolono fajra, nuba,
Sur la voj' konduku min;
Ho, Savinto! Ho, Savinto!
Estu mia fort' kaj ŝild'.

For de mi la timon prenu
Ĉe la bordo de l' Jordan';
Tra la fluo de l' torento
Portu min al Kanaán':
Laŭdkantadojn, Laŭdkantadojn,
Ĉiam donos mi al Ci.

Translated by Miss Margaret W. Lewis, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who began the study of Esperanto with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD course.

Books Received

Sciota, an Indian Romance in verse. By Frederick Walter. Pp. 112. Price $1. The Macneal Printing Co., Baltimore, Md.

The Crisis in Church Work. By Henry Ostrom. Sermon-essays. Cloth covers, Pp. 118. Price 50 cents. Eaton & Mains, New York.

Japanese Folk Stories and Fairy Tales, by Mary F. Nixon-Roulet. Cloth covers; copiously illustrated. Pp. 191. Price 40 cents. American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago.

The Queens of Avillon; or, Ladies of the Court of King Arthur. By William Byron Forbush and Frank Lincoln Masseck. Paper covers. Pp. 47. Price 25 cents. Frank Lincoln Masseck, Potsdam, New York.

Lewis Rand, by Mary Johnston. A novel of the period of Jefferson and Burr. Beautifully illustrated in color by F. C. Yohn. Cloth covers. Pp. 510. Price $1.50. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston and New York.

The Lure of the Book. By Metta Frazee Miller. "A short and concise view of the main features of the Old Testament." Cloth covers. Pp. 414. Price $1. The Winona Publishing Company, Chicago.

Medievalism, a Reply to Cardinal Mercier. By George Tyrrell. Cloth covers. Pp. 210. Price $1.25. Longmans, Green & Co., 39 Paternoster Row, London, and New York, Bombay, and Calcutta.

Flower of the Dusk, a charming book, by Myrtle Reed. Cloth covers; with a color illustration from a painting by Clinton Balmer. Pp. 341. Price $1.50. *A physician to the Soul,* by Horatio W. Dresser, Ph. D. Cloth covers. Pp. 171. Price $1.00. The above two books are published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Hawaiian Idylls of Love and Death. By the Rev. Herbert H. Gowen, F.R.G.S., M.R.S.A. (London), author of "The Paradise of the Pacific," etc. Cochrane Publishing Co., New York. Price $1. These are not technically poems as some might infer from their title, but are interesting prose versions of the folk-tales and historical myths of the Sandwich Islands and their great "overlord" Kamehameha.

UPWARD START

After Changing from Coffee to Postum.

Many a talented person is kept back because of the interference of coffee with the nourishment of the body.

This is especially so with those whose nerves are very sensitive, as is often the case with talented persons. There is a simple, easy way to get rid of coffee evils, and a Tenn. lady's experience along these lines is worth considering. She says:

"Almost from the beginning of the use of coffee it hurt my stomach. By the time I was fifteen I was almost a nervous wreck, nerves all unstrung, no strength to endure the most trivial thing, either work or fun.

"There was scarcely anything I could eat that would agree with me. The little I did eat seemed to give me more trouble than it was worth. I finally quit coffee and drank hot water, but there was so little food I could digest I was literally starving; was so weak I could not sit up long at a time.

"It was then a friend brought me a hot cup of Postum. I drank part of it and after an hour I felt as though I had had something to eat—felt strengthened. That was about five years ago, and after continuing Postum in place of coffee and gradually getting stronger, to-day I can eat and digest anything I want, walk as much as I want. My nerves are steady.

"I believe the first thing that did me any good and gave me an upward start was Postum, and I use it altogether now instead of coffee." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

For CHAPPED FACE and HANDS

Hinds' Honey and Almond Cream

Quickly Soothes and Heals the Tender, Cracked Sore Skin

To keep the Skin soft, smooth, clear and healthy, there is nothing quite so good, so delightful to use, and so sure in accomplishing all that it claims, as **Hinds' Honey and Almond Cream.**

When the skin is tender, irritated and inflamed from any cause, this pure, snow-white lotion will instantly cool and soothe it. And for dry, hard, rough skin at all seasons, it will produce a natural softness, without being greasy or sticky. It can be depended upon to relieve and heal eruptive conditions.—Is best for baby's delicate skin and for men who shave. Guaranteed pure, and free from bleach and chemicals. It cannot possibly cause a growth of hair. 50c. at all dealers, or if not obtainable, sent postpaid by us.—Sample and Booklet **free.**

$2,000 In Cash Prizes

Given absolutely free to winners in the **Hinds' Honey and Almond Cream NAME CONTEST,** as advertised and explained in the following **November Magazines**:—Munsey, Everybody's, Cosmopolitan, American Magazine, Good Housekeeping, Harper's Bazar, Delineator, Woman's Home Companion, Ladies' World, American Boy, Uncle Remus's Home Magazine, Red Book, Housekeeper, Pictorial Review Fashion Book, Quarterly Style Book; and in these **Weeklies** as dated:—Saturday Evening Post, Oct. 24; Collier's, Oct. 24; Youth's Companion, Oct. 29; Christian Herald, Oct. 21; Associated Sunday Magazines, Oct. 25. If you wish to enter this easy contest, look for our ad. in any of above magazines, or write us at once for details of explanation. Contest closes Dec. 31, 1908, at 5 P. M.

A. S. HINDS, 190 West Street, PORTLAND, MAINE

CORNISH Sent To You For A Year's Free Trial

Name Your Own Price and Terms.

We save you $100 and more on the purchase of a piano.

Why Shouldn't You Buy As Low As Any Dealer?

More than 265,000 people have saved from $25 to $150 in purchasing a high grade organ or piano by the Cornish plan. **Here is our offer.** You select any of the latest, choicest Cornish styles of instruments,—we place it in your home for a year's free use before you need make up your mind to keep it. You state your own terms, taking **two years to pay if needed.** That's the Cornish plan in brief. You save one-third to one-half what any other maker of high grade instruments **must** charge you—you **buy as low as any dealer.**

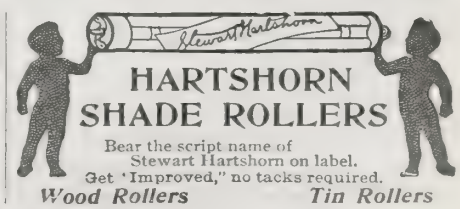
The **New Cornish Book** shows the choicest of 50 latest beautiful and artistic Cornish styles and explains everything you should know before buying any instrument. It shows why you cannot buy any other fine organ or piano anywhere on earth as low as the Cornish. You should have this book before buying any piano or organ anywhere. Let us send it to you free.

Save one-third—buy on the Cornish plan.

CORNISH CO. Washington, N. J. Established Over 56 Years

AGENTS: $103.50 Per Month Sure

The money made selling our Shears and other useful patented articles astonishes agents. V. C. Giebner, Cola., O., sold 22 pairs of Positive Tension Shears in 3 hours, made $13.50. We guarantee TO SHOW ANY ONE HOW TO MAKE $3 to $10 per day. We have more patented goods for sale through agents, that are not found in stores, than any other house in the U. S. Samples free to workers. INVESTIGATE NOW. A Postal will do. Address **Thomas Mfg. Co., 168 Home Bldg., Dayton, Ohio**



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Bear the script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label.
Get "Improved," no tacks required.
Wood Rollers *Tin Rollers*

YOU CAN AFFORD to have a new **Song Book** in your Church or Sunday School, and one for every person when you can get **"FAMILIAR SONGS OF THE GOSPEL,"** for **$3 for 100.** Words and music, 83 very best songs. Sample copy **5 Cents.** E. A. K. Hackett, 100 North Wayne St., Fort Wayne, Ind.

"Don't hide your light under a bushel." That's just why we talk about **SAPOLIO**

EXTRA BUILDING MATERIAL BARGAINS.

Readers, Why Don't You Write Gordon-Van Tine Company and Get Their Catalog?

Do you know that you can get good pine doors for 77c up; good windows 66c up; hotbed sash, all ready with glass, for $1.69; six-year guaranteed, waterproof, fire-resisting roofing $1.25 per square; building paper, 500 square feet, 37c up; storm doors, $1.29 up; and 5,000 similar bargains in building material at half price of Gordon-Van Tine Company, Davenport, Iowa?

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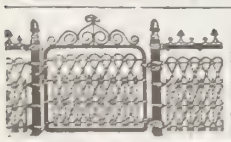

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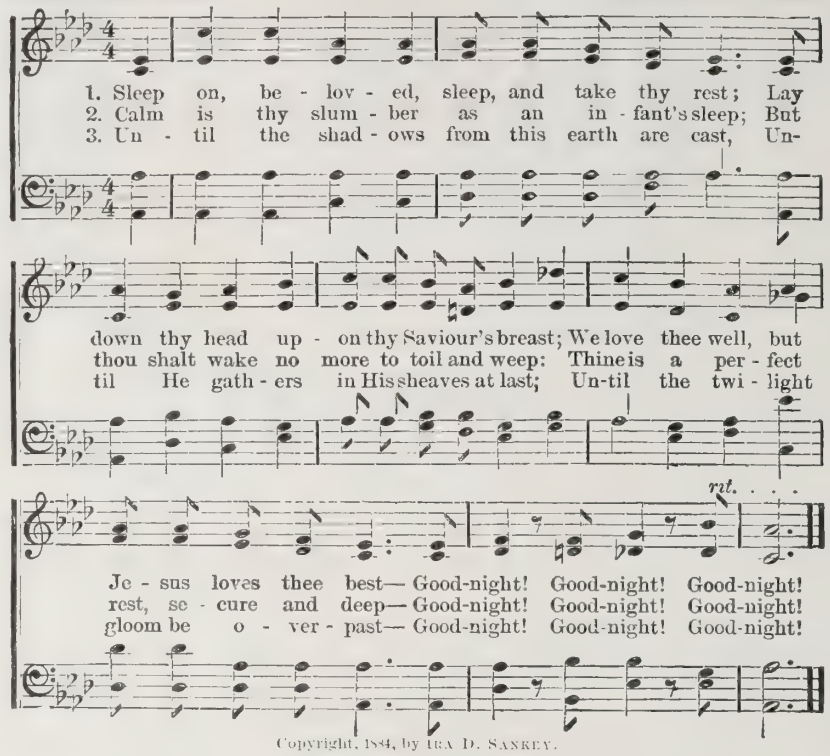
Good Night!

Written specially by Mr. Sankey as a memorial to Dwight L. Moody.

Words by SARA DOUDNEY — Music by IRA D. SANKEY



Copyright, 1884, by IRA D. SANKEY.

Until the Easter glory lights the skies,
Until the dead in Jesus shall arise,
And He shall come, but not in lowly guise,
Good night!

Until, made beautiful by Love Divine,
Thou in the likeness of thy Lord shalt shine,
And He shall bring that golden crown of thine,
Good-night!

From HALLOWED HYMNS NEW AND OLD. By per.

THE DRUNKARD'S HOPE

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

MORE than two thousand five hundred years ago, we have the witness of Isaiah that pride and drunkenness can co-exist: "Woe to the crown of pride of the drunkards of Ephraim!" (R.V.) How many a man has become a drunkard through his sinful, foolish pride that he was able to take without harm to himself more stimulant than others could bear! How many an author, poet, professional man, vain of his talent, has taken stimulants with the idea of excelling himself by overdriving his brain and nerves, and so has become its slave!

Few humble men are drunkards. Men think lightly of fleshly sins. How many a manslaughter or murder has been leniently dealt with because the murderer was beside himself with drink! But God, the righteous Judge, excuses drunkenness no more than any other sin. "Woe," he says, "to the crown of pride of the drunkards of Ephraim, and to the fading flower of his glorious beauty, which is on the head of the fat valley of them that are overcome with wine!" (or margin, "smitten down with wine.") "Be not deceived," writes the apostle Paul, "neither fornicators, nor idolaters, nor adulterers, nor effeminate, nor abusers of themselves with mankind, nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, . . . shall inherit the kingdom of God" (I. Cor. 6: 9, 10). Fleshly sins are as really sins in God's sight as those which men are most hard upon, such as thieving, extortion, or anything which touches the rights of property. In the sight of God, the bodies of his people are the temples of the Holy Ghost, and it is the utmost desecration to give them consciously over to a foreign power, which plays with and dominates the will. "The body is . . . for the Lord; and the Lord for the body" (I. Cor. 6: 13). And surely the woe of God follows the drunkard. His clothing, if he is poor, his house and furniture if he is in better circumstances—in every case his wife and children—tell a tale of woe. Whenever he is sufficiently free from his tyrannical master to have any expression upon his face, it is generally an expression of sorrow or of disappointment. It speaks of the Lord's "woe." The overstrained nervous system, the disorganization of the digestion—oh, how they speak of the Lord's "woe"! His difficulty to get employment, the way in which he is shunned in respectable society, all speak of the Lord's "Woe to the drunkards."

It is blessed to turn for a moment to another picture. "In that day shall the Lord of hosts be for a crown of glory, and for a diadem of beauty, unto the residue of his people." If the Lord is our crown, that is not "the crown of pride." If he is the "diadem of beauty," it is the reverse of the "fading flower of the glorious beauty which is at the head of them that are overcome with wine," which shall be as "the hasty fruit before the summer, which, when he that looketh upon it seeth, while it is yet in his hands, he eateth it up." The drunkard thinks to make a useful servant of the dangerous beverage which masters him; but the true child of God lets himself be mastered by a rightful Lord who becomes for him "a spirit of judgment to him that sitteth in judgment, and for strength to them that turn back the battle to the gate."

In Josiah's time, as in the present day, there were those who had been a residue of God's own, but they "also have erred through wine, and through strong drink are out of the way; the priest and the prophet have erred through strong drink. They are swallowed up of wine, they are out of the way through strong drink; they err in wisdom." It is a terrible picture, and yet, alas! not an untrue one.

Pleased with the Red-Letter Bible

Dear Dr. Klopsch: I have received the Red-Letter Bible—the four-dollar one—and am very much pleased. It is even better than I expected, and I thank you very much for it. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is also at hand, and when the first copy came it was like meeting an old friend.

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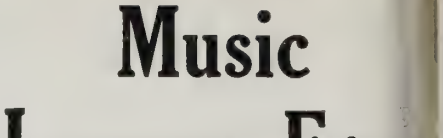

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Vol. 31—No. 48
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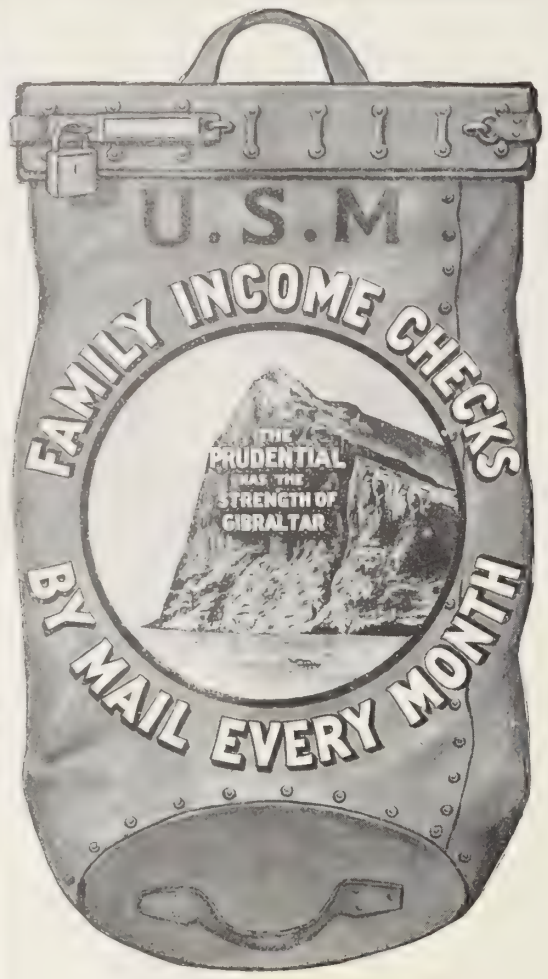
CHRISTIAN HERALD

Drawn for The Christian Herald by F. J. Boston

AT THANKSGIVING TIME



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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

A Native Convert and His Family

Baskets Used by the Missionaries in Moving their Homes

Buddhist Head Priest and Novice

PRIESTS AND PRINCES HEAR THE GOSPEL

By MRS. SARAH WIRT PEOPLES

TWO missionary families in Nan (Siam), returned to America lately on account of failing health, leaving Dr. Peoples and myself alone. Our nearest neighbors are more than 200 miles away. There has been much sickness. A Siamese official—a Catholic—died recently in the hospital after weeks of suffering. He was most grateful for our ministrations. As there are no Catholics in Laos, he was buried from our chapel, a large number of Siamese officials being present. He was laid to rest in our little Protestant cemetery.

A Buddhist abbot entertained us at his temple several months ago, when we arrived from the mountain in a pouring rain. We photographed the kindly old man as he sat with a Buddhist novice reading the palm-leaf sacred books of his religion. Until Dr. Peoples had Laos type cut, these were all the books the Laos had. Some of our missionaries go up the river as far as five hundred miles north of Bangkok, to give the Gospel to these dear people, among whom we have labored for twenty-five years.

Lately, I visited a place ten miles north of the city of Nan, where I held daily meetings with many who show a desire to accept Christ as their Saviour. One old man of seventy-two years, after an earnest talk, said, "I have worshiped Buddha all my life, and I love him; but I love Jesus, for he fulfils all the truth of Buddha." I wish you could have seen the light of joy in his face!

Saturday night, a head priest from far north came at sundown and became deeply interested in the new truth, staying until near midnight. Last night he came again, and Nai Tun, who was nineteen years in the priesthood, and has a wonderful knowledge of the Pali scriptures, held him entranced until after midnight by his comparison of the two religions, when a thunder storm broke up the conference.

The wife of a Burman lost her little child lately by an accidental fire. The last conscious act of the little one was to take a cup of milk from my hand. Yesterday, the sorrowing mother came to me for comfort, and I told her how tenderly the Saviour loved little children; that heaven was full of child angels.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "I dreamed I saw my baby, with such a company of little children! And as I ran after, crying and holding out my arms, my little girl turned back and threw cool water over my hot, tired body. Do you think she meant to baptize me?"

It was easy to show this poor mother her duty, if she hoped to join her child in heaven.

We sincerely hope that your readers will help our Boys' School, as it is doing a splendid work and is badly crippled for lack of funds.

Mrs. Barrett, one of our missionaries, was taken very ill and has gone to the coast with her husband for recuperation. We hope our Heavenly Father will soon restore them to us and the work, as we are alone in the station now. Some of our native help are very good. Elder Noi-Chai ("Little-heart"), who is great-hearted, is our first dispensary assistant. He speaks English well, and is remarkably efficient, and his beautiful Christian character is a power in Nan. Princes and officials honor him. Many cases who come to us for medical treatment are cured, and have the Gospel preached to them. They go away rejoicing in body and in spirit.

We have received several letters, asking how many native evangelists we could send out effectively. Mr. Barrett has replied that he would be glad to keep eight men out in such work, while I, in full confidence that you would support our efforts, have sent out three men, and they have done splendid work. I hope your readers will support us in this greatly needed work.

Dr. Peoples and I are now alone, with no helpers nearer than Lakawn, 200 miles away. Ten days is the quickest time it can be made in. We expect to stay in Nan until help comes, or we die. We could not do otherwise. Twenty-six years of caring for these dear people has created a bond not easily broken. You and your readers have been most generous in aiding our chapel work. We need helpers now.

Photographed specially for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A Little Princess of the Laos, Siam

The Presbyterian Mission at Nan, in the Laos country of Siam, from which Mrs. Peoples writes, has been doing an excellent work for many years past. The climate is one that is very trying to the health of the workers. Native evangelists are greatly needed to assist the white missionaries. They have been compelled to move from their first location on account of the unhealthiness of the situation. One of the photographs sent by Mrs. Peoples shows the odd-looking woven baskets in which the missionary household effects were carried across country. Another shows a group of native converts. A very interesting photograph is the portrait of a young Laos princess—a friend of the good missionaries. Her sweet kindly face and simple dress will appeal to those who usually associate royalty—and especially Oriental royalty—with a great display of wealth and ornaments in attire and surroundings. Mr. and Mrs. Peoples have appealed to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to interest its readers in supporting in their field a number of native substitutes, at $100 a year each. Several are already engaged, but the need is urgent. Any reader of this journal desiring to have a share in this deserving foreign missionary work among the heathen tribes of Laos can have a native missionary substitute individually assigned to him by arrangement with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

JUDGE TAFT ON FOREIGN MISSIONS

JUDGE TAFT'S first appearance before any body representing all parts of the country was before the General Executive Committee of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society on November 6. His address delivered on that occasion was one of the most eloquent pleas for work in heathen lands ever delivered by an American statesman, and its effect was very strong both on the people gathered at the meeting and the general public who read the brief sketch of his speech in the papers throughout the country.

The meeting was held in Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church. It was filled with women of the society and a large number of prominent pastors and missionaries from foreign fields. Bishop Hartzell presided, and introduced the President-elect. Judge Taft was greatly surprised and pleased at the greeting accorded him when he stepped forward. Every woman in the church had been provided with a small American flag. These were waved above their heads, while hearty applause made the Judge feel that he was among friends. His speech traced the wonderful influence exerted by our missionaries abroad—an influence which Judge Taft has had an opportunity to study at first hand in his residence in the Philippines and in trips to China, Japan, India and other countries. For the speech given below we are indebted for the most part to the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, in which a very full account appeared. The President-elect said in part:

"I have been making speeches," said the Judge smiling, "upwards of six weeks and whether I talked in the wilderness or not the strain on my voice was just as bad. I have a troublesome frog in my throat that I cannot get rid of, and I hope that this will be sufficient excuse for any shortcomings this morning.

"I am deeply interested in missionary work, especially in the foreign fields. I am able to speak of it as one who has observed the effect of the work of the missionaries upon the people of the dependencies and in other lands, and as one who considers missionary work absolutely indispensable to civilization. The influence of the church and the work of the missionary are the most effective agencies in making useful and strong the kind of responsibility which is absolutely necessary to the extension of popular government for which we stand among other peoples. One of the effects of the work of Christian missionaries is the respect in which women are held in countries which are Christian and the absence of that respect in non-Christian countries. This respect is pronounced in the Philippines.

"I was delighted by one reference made by Bishop Hartzell in introducing me. That was that Methodism is expansion. I always knew that. The argument that we have enough to do at home without doing work for humanity abroad does not meet the situation. Suppose that you give up your work in foreign lands. Do you suppose that the money now given for the work would be given to home missions? It would not. It is only an argument of laziness to say that we have enough to do at home."

Judge Taft said that he knew we had many problems at home and that they all had need of attention. "But," he asked, "can we afford to wait until all of these reforms are accomplished before turning our attention to others?" He said that the best plan was to try and solve the problem at home and abroad at the same time. In considering the subject of the Philippines he said that the islands had been thrust upon us by fate, and that we should not count the cost in improving their condition. Our relations with them were rather sentimental than commercial.

Turning his attention to China, he said its development was the greatest world movement now going on, and that the outposts of civilization in China were held by Christian missionaries. The reason they were attacked in the Boxer rebellion was because they had gone further than any one else. He took occasion to refute the charge that missionaries were a cause of worry to our diplomats; on the contrary, they made our country respected abroad.

At the close of the address Mrs. J. H. Knowles, of New York, responded and pledged the prayers of the society that Judge Taft "may have the wisdom that comes from above," and stated the society's appreciation of the honor done them by Judge Taft. As he left the building they sang "America."

Photo Underwood and Underwood

President-Elect Taft Addressing the Meeting of Missionary Societies

New York's Postmaster Shot

POSTMASTER MORGAN, of New York, who has charge of one of the world's greatest postoffices, was recently the object of a murderous attack made by a madman. The assailant fancied he had a grievance against the postal authorities in New York, and had evidently planned to murder Mr. Morgan to revenge himself. The man last July conceived the idea that the postmaster, whom he had never seen, was persecuting him, and wrote a public letter saying it was necessary for him to be removed. He studied a picture of his intended victim so he would know him. Twice he went to his house, but was not able to see him. He haunted the vicinity of the postmaster's summer home during the vacation, but for some cause his murderous purpose was not then carried out, and Mr. Morgan did not even know he was being followed.

Postmaster Morgan

On November 9 Mr. Morgan, accompanied by his daughter, a girl of fifteen, was on the way to the office. He had just reached Broadway from Riverside Drive, when the maniac confronted him. "Are you Postmaster Morgan?" he demanded. "Yes," was the reply.

Without another word the assassin drew a revolver and fired. The postmaster sank to the sidewalk, while his daughter tried to assist him. The maniac then turned his pistol on himself and died a short distance from his intended victim. Mr. Morgan, bravely helped by his daughter, returned to his home a short distance away. Physicians found that the bullet had passed through the abdomen, but had severed no intestine—a most miraculous escape. As this paper is going to press it seems probable that Mr. Morgan will recover and be able to once more resume the public duties for which he has shown so much fitness. Mr. Morgan won his way to the top by sheer ability, starting as a postman. He has been postmaster about two years.

High Grade Pictures

Dear Dr. Klopsch: The pictures are received and I thank you for your kindness in sending them. They are just the high-grade pictures I need for decorating my newly furnished room.

Wickliffe, O. E. A. PHILLIPS.

Germany's New Ambassador

COUNT JOHANN HEINRICH VON Bernstorff, the new Ambassador of the German Empire to the United States, is a member of a most distinguished family. He is the fourth son of the late Count Albrecht von Bernstorff, a contemporary of Bismarck, and was born in London on November 14, 1862, while his father was German Ambassador to Great Britain. He was educated at Dresden and entered the army in 1881, serving in the First Regiment of Artillery Guards. His diplomatic career was begun in 1899, when he was made attaché at Constantinople. From Turkey he was transferred to the Foreign Office in Berlin, after which he advanced from one post to another, serving at Belgrade, St. Petersburg and Munich. He was made counselor and first secretary of the German Embassy in London in 1902. Last year he was sent to Cairo as diplomatic agent and consul-general, but early this year he was made minister plenipotentiary.

While in England Count von Bernstorff came especially under the favorable notice of Emperor William owing to his efforts toward ameliorating the strained relations between Britain and Germany. He drew up a series of comprehensive dispatches on the situation.

Count von Bernstorff wedded Miss Jeanne Luckemeyer, of this city, in 1887. They have two children. The daughter, Alexandra, is twenty years old and came out socially in Cairo two seasons ago. The son, Christian, is seventeen years old and is at school.

Count Ernst von Bernstorff, founder of the collateral branch of the family, also had an American wife. He was married in 1801 to Amerika Riedesel, Baroness zu Eisenbach, who was born in this city in 1780.

The new ambassador to the United States is above middle height, of slight figure. His knowledge of English is well-nigh perfect, and he is known as a successful after-dinner speaker and to be a witty conversationalist. In recent years he has spent his annual vacations in Germany. He attended the wedding of Prince August William in Berlin on October 22, and joined his family in Paris the following day. It is not probable that the new Ambassador will be able to come to Washington before the end of the year.

Count and Countess von Bernstorff

Dogs on Ice Near the S. S. "Danmark" | Mylius Erichsen | Map-Making in the Far North

Successful Exploration in Greenland

GREENLAND, though it has been known to the hardy mariners of Scandinavia for a thousand years, has remained for the most part he "land unknown," with the exception of a thin ringe of coast. The lure of the North Pole has alled our present century explorers further on fter a fleeting visit to its icy and rock-strewn hore.

In 1903, Mylius Erichsen, while wintering at Cape York among the Eskimos, conceived the idea f exploring the island thoroughly. After elaborate preparations, the expedition set out in 1906, and has returned with the scientific information it ought. But again the advance of geographical nowledge demanded its victims. The daring leader, one of his men and an Eskimo died of starvation while on an exploring journey from their general endezvous.

No man was ever better fitted to lead such an xpedition than Mylius Erichsen. He had previously passed much time on the shores of Greenland, and ould drive the Eskimo dogs and sledges like a naive. He drove his sledge from camp to camp, and became convinced that when he made his journey of exploration across the northeast coast much of the traveling would have to be done by sledges. His ship, the *Danmark,* sailed from Iceland on the 23d of July, 1906. On board were three Greenland drivers and over one hundred dogs. From his own country had come to take part in the expedition, Mr. Achton Friis, the well-known painter, who had an official appointment to paint pictures of scenes in Greenland. He is also a writer, and the best account of the exploring party's adventures has come from his pen. There was also a cartographer and his assistants, a zoologist, an ornithologist, a botanist, a hydrographer, a meteorologist and an additional artist. Nothing was lacking in trained men or in scientific equipment to make the expedition a success. Erichsen was himself a student of ethnography and attended personally to all researches in that department. His records were preserved though he himself perished.

The artist Friis, in giving an account of the party and the spirit in which they started, says: "The traveling was to us from beginning to end a great, splendid undertaking, with the mystical gleam of glorious adventures before us, and with sober-earnest of other adventures in the background. How I remember the first impression of the ice, when we, in dense fog over an icy sea, saw the white masses nearing us, and in dead silence gliding away! It was the first shadowing of death. We had imagined this ice to be quite different from what we found it to be. It was not the height of the ice mountains which impressed us. Here, so far towards the North, are not found the great fresh-water mountains known on the coasts of West Greenland, where the huge glaciers fall down into the open sea. The glaciers we saw were smaller, and it was seldom that they came out into the sea to a great distance. Here, for nearly all the year round, the ice lies in an unbreakable wall along the coast, 150 miles to the sea. We did not meet this form of ice till we, with our boats and sledges, reached the extremities of the fjord."

The stanch planks of the *Danmark* had a hard battle with the sea and with the drift ice before it reached the ice boundary. This was in the harbor back of Cape Bismarck. This cape had been reached once before in 1871 by an exploring expedition led by Koldeweg. Since then it has probably seen no living creature unless some Eskimo hunters have strayed so far north. Here the intrepid adventurers remained through the fall and winter. Here the ship became firmly fixed in the ice and the fall and winter were spent in active preparatory work for the great expedition by sledge to take place in the following spring. There were a number of trips made along the coast to get acquainted with the best ways of travel, when the important trip was made. *Caches,* or depots, were established at various points, a most important precaution against starvation on the trip. A quantity of frozen meat and canned goods was put by in each. On several occasions explorers on the verge of starvation have managed to reach one of their *caches,* while otherwise they would probably have had a journey of weeks to reach their ship.

The last week in March, ten men with sledges, drawn by ninety dogs, set out on the final northern expedition. They were divided into four parties—two main parties to carry out the work of exploration and two subordinate parties which were to return to the ship as soon as the two main parties could carry their supplies of food for the northern trip.

The Entrance to the Great Ice Cavern

One of the main parties went north to Pearyland to make maps of the country around Peary's Cache. The division was led by Koch, and after successfully accomplishing their task, reached the ship on June 23 of last year. Mylius Erichsen's party went straight west through Independence Bay and Peary Channel to Cape Glacier. The leader and a Dane and an Eskimo left the party for a more extended trip. First the Dane died, then Erichsen himself. The Eskimo, more inured to hardship though far spent, managed to reach a little cave in the rocks on Lambertland, where the rest of the party found his body. By his side were the records of the expedition, which he had carefully guarded until the breath left his body. They had reached farther north than any other previous expedition. This party was delayed by the ice, and had to spend part of the summer in the Fjord of Danmark. The explorers found many animals living on the Greenland coasts even well to the north. The musk ox was frequently seen and foxes and hares seemed to thrive in that cold climate. Bears were found in great numbers. In summer walrus appeared. Seals were perched about the rocks, while the swarms of birds both of swimming and wading varieties were beyond computation. Ravens, white grouse and hawks appeared for a while during the summer months. On the narrow strips of coast between the ice of the sea and the ice of the land, was found a poor and shriveled herbage, the low Arctic willow, mosses, lichens, and a few wild flowers.

The rock was for the most part gneiss. The mountains in the part of Greenland charted by this expedition do not rise to the heights seen in Franz Joseph's Land, where they attain an altitude of ten thousand feet. They found that at some earlier day the Eskimos had lived in this part of Greenland. They found ruins of the stone houses built by Eskimo hunters, and utensils and weapons were found along the coast from Cape Bismarck where they left the ship to Independence Bay. Nothing, however, was discovered to show that any one had made a permanent habitation in Pearyland. It is what Friis referred to as "a poor and deserted land, but a magnificent land; the sun flinging its beams upon the ice in splendid colors—a rainbow come down to earth." As a result of this expedition practically all of Greenland has now been charted.

The Suffering in Armenia

REV. W. W. PEET of the Bible House, Constantinople, whose cable message to Dr. Klopsch appealing in behalf of 20,000 starving Armenians in Mardin, we published lately, sends this letter explanatory of the situation:

"CONSTANTINOPLE, October 16.

"*Dear Dr. Klopsch:* Our missionaries in the interior have been accustomed to meet and relieve, to the extent of their ability, such cases of extreme want as come under their notice in their several localities. The coming of winter always brings to the door of the missionary in Turkey a great many cases of deserving poor, who need to be relieved in order that they may pass the winter without actual suffering; and in some cases, such relief is necessary in order to save life. In many parts of the interior the crops have not been remunerative, and in all parts, the promulgation of the new constitution has brought in a large number of exiles just at the beginning of winter, many of whom come with little means for providing themselves with the necessities of life, or of making a modest beginning in the way of obtaining a livelihood. We have decided to send out this appeal to our kind friends, hoping that a small sum may be realized for use during the coming winter, both in the city of Constantinople and in the interior of the country. The funds realized will be allotted by our missionary body in Constantinople. (Signed) W. W. PEET.

THE WINGS OF THANKSGIVING

A THANKSGIVING SERMON BY REV. J. M. FARRAR, BROOKLYN, N. Y.*

IN A VISION Isaiah saw the seraphim. This is the only passage of Scripture in which they are mentioned. The prophet was specially impressed with their wings, and makes no other reference to their appearance. Each seraph had six wings, four used for covering, two for flying. "With twain he covered his face, and with twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly." Covering the face indicated humility, and covering the feet indicated reverence. Humility and reverence represented by folded wings that otherwise could be used for flight.

Every life has at least six wings. The majority of Christians try to use all of them in flight. With six wings they would fly. In the exercise of thanksgiving we are specially ambitious in the use of all our wings for flight. A thanksgiving sermon usually soars as high as a Fourth of July oration. With twain, twain, twain, thanksgiving would fly. There are thousands of Christians who will not assemble in their several places of worship to render thanksgiving to Almighty God. Why? Because they cannot use all their thanksgiving wings in flight. If by sorrow or disappointment they have been made to fold four of their wings in humility they will not attempt flight with the other two.

Christians should know that thanksgiving is not dependent upon happiness and success. There are certain functions of the heart that fortunately are independent of happiness. Faith, hope and love are often brighter when happiness is obscured. Faith rises above obstacles. Faith has wings. Hope lifts us from the condition of a worm to the poise of a butterfly. Hope has wings. If we ceased to love when we ceased to be happy, our homes would be as desolate as Blind Tom on the desert of Sahara without a piano. Imagine a mother unable because of her unhappiness to give out love to her sick child. Love rises above obstacles. Love has wings. To faith, hope and love we can add thanksgiving.

Our attempt at thanksgiving is an expression of limitation. It is the only avenue along which we can make returns to God for his manifold blessings. Thanks are the only coin we can lay before the great white throne.

The celebrated theologian, Charles Hodge, at his fiftieth anniversary received a gift of fifty thousand dollars. Trembling with emotion, and covering himself with the wings of humility, the doctor said: "I thank the servant for a glass of water, I thank God for the gift of his Son, and thanks is all I can give you in return for his great gift. I thank you." He was rich in learning and eloquent in speech, but the nature of the gift precluded all return coin save that of thanks. Humbled by his limitations he rose higher with two wings than he could possibly have risen with six.

In my first pastorate I was taught a lesson that will remain with me during my pilgrimage. One of my parishioners was dying from the effects of a cancer that was eating away her face. Seated by her bedside I was asking myself what possible comfort this woman could find in life. Seeming to divine my thoughts she began to tell me the things for which she was thankful, and especially was she thankful that the disease was not affecting her mind. With twain she covered her face and with twain she did fly. She rose above her sorrow, and poured forth her thanksgiving as a lark rises from the meadows, ascends above the fog, and pours forth her praise half for angels, half for men.

Having six wings but not using them all for flight is self-restraint in terms of humility. Peter had a sword and having it would have increased his glory had he refrained from using it. Power in abeyance, ambition, not talents wrapped up in a napkin, two-thirds of our wings folded, one-third spread for flight, is a mark of greatness, not of weakness. Has sickness or trouble taken away any reasons for thanksgiving, has poverty or distress humbled us, then let us fold four of our wings in humble submission, and fly with two. When God for some wise purpose folds four of our wings, we may fly higher with the two and sing sweeter while we fly. Let all who are weighed down by some great sorrow try the two-winged thanksgiving. With four wings folded the seraph ascended to the throne, and in like manner we can approach God with our thanks, as he is not far from any one of us.

Speak to him, then, for he hears, and spirit with spirit meet,
Closer is he than thy breathing, nearer than hands and feet.

There are many reasons for thanksgiving. The one for which we are now to give thanks is not personal, social nor really ecclesiastical, but national. We are called upon by the President of the United States to assemble in our places of worship to give thanks on behalf of our nation. It is a national thanksgiving.

When a great question of state is in the mind of our President he refers it to Hon. Elihu Root, our Secretary of State. When there is a money stringency and plans must be devised for the relief of the people, he refers the question to his Secretary of the Treasury, Hon. George B. Cortelyou. When occasions call forth military decision on land or sea he refers to Hon. Luke Wright, Secretary of War, and to Hon. Victor H. Metcalf, Secretary of the Navy. These men and their departments are specially equipped for these several duties. When the question of a national thanksgiving comes before our President it is referred to the silent member of his cabinet, the Church. On Thanksgiving Day our churches are therefore national altars where Church and State meet to acknowledge G as the Ruler of our country and to thank him f his blessings.

The President in his proclamation for this ye says: "Once again the season is at hand whe according to the ancient custom of our people, becomes the duty of the President to appoint a d of prayer and of thanksgiving to God." Aft recounting our national blessings "during the ce tury and a quarter that has elapsed since our ent into the circle of independent peoples," he mak the following stirring appeal: "For the very re son that in material well-being we have abounde we owe to the Almighty to show equal progress moral and spiritual things. With a nation as wit individuals who make up a nation, material wel being is an indispensable foundation. But th foundation avails nothing by itself. That life wasted and worse than wasted, which is spent i piling, heap upon heap, those things which mini ter merely to the pleasure of the body and to th power that rests only on wealth. Upon materi well-being as a foundation must be raised th structure of the lofty life of the spir if this nation is properly to fulfil it great mission and to accomplish a that we so ardently hope and desir The things of the body are good; th things of the intellect better; but bes of all are the things of the soul; fo in the nation, as in the individual, i the long run it is character tha counts." If our thanksgiving wer specially for "things of the body," w would be called to meet in our gymna siums. If for "the things of the in tellect," the doors of our schools an colleges would be open for ou thanksgiving. The President, how ever, asks us to meet in our churches as the nation desires to give thank for the "things of the soul." Why "In the long run it is character tha counts." Our President might hav added, unless a nation has soul char acter it will not have the long run.

Listen, therefore, to our President's clarion call upon the church. "Now therefore, I, Theodore Roosevelt President of the United States, do se apart Thursday, the 26th day of No vember next, as a day of general thanksgiving and prayer, and on that day I recommend that the people shall cease from their daily work, and, in their homes or in their churches, meet devoutly to thank the Almighty for the many great blessings they have received in the past, and to pray that they may be given strength so to order their lives as to deserve a continuation of these blessings in the future."

The church is specially equipped for this purpose and is therefore wisely chosen by the President for an expression of national thanksgiving. On Thanksgiving Day the church is the capitol of the United States, the sermon is the President's proclamation, and the congregation should be composed largely of those who, having served the nation at the polls, are now serving their nation at the altar.

As Christians, we have never and will never stand for a vicious union of church and State, but for this vital union expressed in a national holiday, for a thanksgiving *holyday*, we rejoice and are glad. "Render, therefore, unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's; and unto God the things that are God's." On Thanksgiving Day we render both at the altar rail of our nation in the church of God. "The day of thanks is more typically a national holiday than is any other. It is American and unique. Every country has one or more days set apart to commemorate independence or the granting of some great boon to its people that may be

Continued on next page

IN EVERYTHING GIVE THANKS

By MRS. MARY B. WINGATE

WE thank thee, O our Father,
For all thy tender care,
And ask that we may ever
Thy gifts with others share.
We thank thee for the comforts,
The common joys of life;
For health and strength to labor,
Freedom from want and strife.

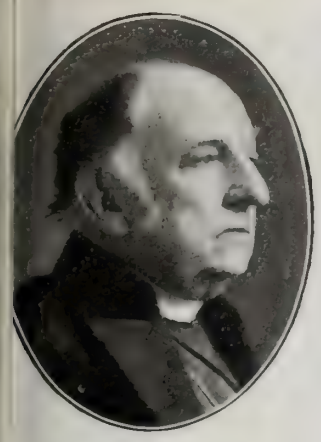
Thanks for our common blessings,
The friends that cheer our way.
'Tis joy for them to labor,
'Tis sweet for them to pray.

Thanks for the highest blessings
Thy matchless love has given,
Faith in the world's Redeemer,
Hope of a home in heaven.

Thanks for the disappointments
That oft our hopes assail;
They teach us to look forward
To joys that cannot fail.
And so, though tears are falling
O'er joys forever flown,
We thank thee for the sorrows
Our human hearts have known.

*Pastor of the Dutch Reformed Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. TEXT: Isa. 6:2. "Each one had six wings; with twain he covered his face, with twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly."

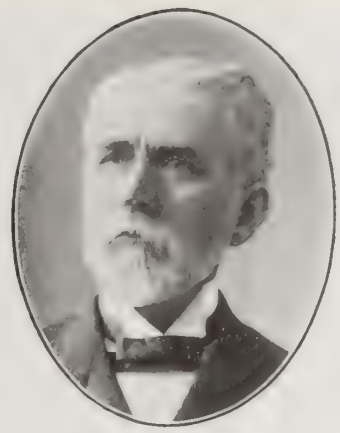
CHURCH FEDERATIONISTS TO MEET



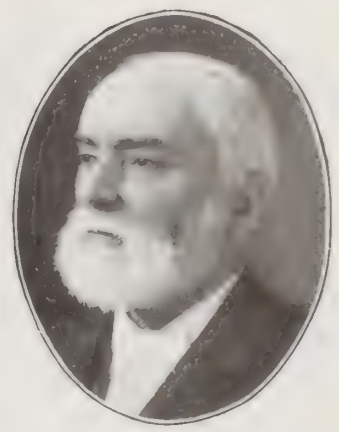
Bishop Doane

Rev. Russell H. Conwell

Bishop Luther B. Wilson



Rev. Dr. James L. Barton



Rev. Dr. W. H. Roberts

ONE week hence, the assembly of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America meets in Philadelphia. This notable religious event is on the calendar for the week of December 1 to 8, and the Academy of Music and Witherspoon Hall, the two largest central auditoriums, will be the meeting places. It is expected by Rev. Dr. Wm. H. Roberts, Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, and Chairman of the Executive Committee for the Council, that thirty leading Protestant denominations with a constituency of fifteen million communicants, will be represented by about 450 delegates.

"The day of alienation and hostility between the different Christian denominations appears to be past," declared Dr. Roberts to the writer. "The unity of spirit of the Christian churches of to-day will be strikingly exhibited at the Council." He outlined the programme, which does not expect to produce any results in the way of organic union between the different churches, but which is expected to bring into line the various divisions of the great army of the Lord for a definite shoulder-to-shoulder advance in the interest of the moral and spiritual welfare of the country.

Each body affiliating is entitled to a representation of four delegates, and one additional delegate for every 50,000 communicants. The Council thus is given definite official relations to the constituent churches, but it has no legislative powers. Neither will it have any authority to draw up a common creed or form of worship. The matters with which it will be concerned include Sabbath desecration, marriage and divorce, child labor, the social evil, temperance, work for foreigners, for the laborers, the moral and religious training of the young, the immigrant problem, etc. Its entire membership has been divided into sixteen committees, each with a chairman. Among these chairmen are Rev. Dr. James L. Barton, Congregationalist (A.B.C.F.M.), Foreign Missions; Bishop Wm. C. Doane, of the Episcopal Church, Family Life; Bishop Luther B. Wilson, Methodist, Temperance; Rev. Dr. E. P. Gifford, Baptist, State Federations; Rev. Dr. Edgar P. Hall, Superintendent of Church Extension in the Presbytery of Chicago, Co-operation in Home Missions; Bishop E. R. Hendrix, Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Development of the Federation Movement. Rev. Dr. George U. Wenner, Lutheran; Rev. Dr. E. M. North, Methodist; the Rev. Dr. O. S. Davis, Congregationalist, and Rev. W. N. Hartshorn, are also on the list of chairmen.

An evening will be devoted to the subject of "Civic Righteousness," with Governor Hughes, of New York, as the principal speaker; there will be a missionary evening with addresses by Rev. Dr. S. P. Cadman, Rev. Dr. Arthur S. Lloyd, and Robert Speer; and an evangelistic evening, in which Rev. Dr. Charles L. Goodell, Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman and Bishop W. M. Bell will take part. Senator Dolliver, of Iowa; Judge Peter Grosscup, of Chicago, and Governor Ansel, of South Carolina, are listed among the speakers during the Council week.

The meeting in Philadelphia will be the first regularly organized assembly of the Christian Protestant evangelical churches of the country and marks an important milestone in the progress and development of Christian unity not only in the United States but around the globe. J. A. S.

THE WINGS OF THANKSGIVING

A Thanksgiving Sermon

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

considered a step on the stairway to liberty, but the Thanksgiving Day of the United States is without a close comparison in any land."

As a country many things have occurred during the last year to humble us. Wealth has taken wing, many of the industrial wheels have ceased to turn, men high in power have fallen low in disgrace. Our national growth in the "things of the soul" has not reached the level of our expectations. Fortunate it is that there are two wings with which to cover the face and two wings to cover the feet. But let us not as a nation forget that there are two wings for flight. Thanksgiving has wings.

The presence in our country of the discontented and mutinous has folded the wings of many good citizens. They think the former days were better than these. Facts are stranger than fiction, and it is a fact that in proportion to our numbers there was a larger disturbing element in the country when the first Thanksgiving was observed than there is at the present time. This first Thanksgiving was in Provincetown Harbor on November 21, 1620. There were a number of men who did not join in the Thanksgiving service and who were indulging in treasonous speech. They were not members of the Pilgrim body proper, but were sailors and adventurers who were tolerated and allowed to make the voyage because of their value as strong, able-bodied men. The weary but stronghearted little band of Pilgrims were accordingly embarrassed and humbled, and two-thirds of their wings were folded. With twain they covered their feet, with twain they covered their faces, but with twain they flew into the presence of God with praise and thanksgiving. When one month later, December 21, 1620, the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock, there was the same disturbing influence with which to contend. One year later the Pilgrims celebrated Thanksgiving at Plymouth Rock. After months of toil and prayer, planting and building, their first harvest was gathered. Only "twenty acres of Indian corn and six acres of barley and peas, and when the harvest was gathered they kept their New England thanksgiving. As one reason for thanksgiving we read that they assembled around "a fire of sassafras, juniper and pine, which smelled both sweet and strong." Their Thanksgiving had wings.

A sad mistake came near being made when this Thanksgiving Day was appointed, but providentially the mistake was avoided.

Sad and downcast and discouraged were the hearts of those first New England settlers, in the midst of their difficulties, and they therefore proposed to set apart a day for fasting and prayer. This was suggested at one of their public assemblies, but a venerable man, having learned wisdom by age and experience, arose and spoke to them of the danger of provoking heaven with their complaints. Reviewing their mercies, he showed that they had much to be thankful for, and moved that instead of appointing a day of fasting, they should appoint a day of thanksgiving. This was done and the good custom has been continued to the present time. The venerable man's heart had wings.

Following this day of Thanksgiving, there were days and months when with twain they covered their feet, with twain they covered their faces in distress and humility. The year's meagre harvest was soon exhausted, and the historian tells us, "Strong men staggered for want of food." The Indians taking advantage of their poverty and weakness threatened their destruction. Wreckage floating near the shore was mistaken as evidence that the overdue supply-ships were wrecked. Later, showers began to fall and the ships bringing relief were sighted. One pair of wings was kept ready for flight. Another solemn day was set apart, wherein they returned glory and honor and praise with all thankfulness to God who had dealt so graciously with them.

One hundred years later, "Old Boston town" celebrated what in history is called the "Gloomy Thanksgiving." The governor of the province of Massachusetts had broken up a profitable commerce in lumber, claiming that all the fine trees must be saved for the king's navy. To-day in some of the older woods of Massachusetts, trees can be found marked with the broad arrow that denoted royal ownership. With two wings the citizens of "Old Boston town" covered their faces, and with two wings covered their feet in humility and sorrow, but with two wings they rose before the throne of God and there gave thanks. "Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these?"

Shame upon the American citizen who has the privilege of reading history and yet does not hopefully, courageously and triumphantly enter into the national Thanksgiving service.

Isaiah saw the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up; and his train filled the temple. Above the throne he saw the seraphim, but they were not speaking of the throne or of the train that filled the temple. They spake of the earth that was full of his glory. The seraphim were in heaven, but were there to give thanks for earthly blessings. The seraphim represented the highest intelligence of God's created creatures standing in his presence with thanksgiving for his glory that filled the earth. What a thanksgiving song was that! Let us catch the refrain and sing it in every home and church, "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts: the whole earth is full of his glory."

Some in sorrow and pain may say, "How can we sing the Lord's song?" Have they heard the music of obstacles? Obstacles ought to set us singing. "The wind finds voice, not when rushing across the open sea, but when hindered by the outstretched arms of the pine trees, or broken by the fine wires of an æolian harp. Then it has songs of power and beauty. Set your freed soul sweeping across the obstacles of life, through grim forests of pain, against even the tiny hindrances and frets that love uses, and it, too, will find its singing voice."

From our humble and reverent thanksgiving we may expect great results. After the seraphim had sung their song, prolonging the refrain, "the whole earth is full of his glory," we read, "The posts of the door moved at the voice of him that cried, and the house was filled with smoke." Through the shaking we are receiving blessings, and beyond the smoke is the fire. Our nation is being purified as with fire. President Eliot says: "During the past fifty years the world has been made over." This is certainly true of this nation. Of our country we can repeat what a Japanese says of his native land: "Nothing remains the same except the natural scenery." Every time we assemble for thanksgiving the doors are shaken and when the smoke clears away we behold the transformation. "America," said Emerson, "is only another name for opportunity."

America has wings.

Governors Chosen at the Last Election

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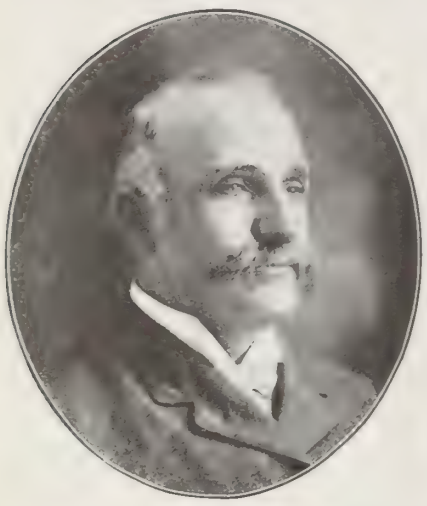
Chas. E. Hughes, New York, R. (Re-elected)

George Lillie, Connecticut, R.

M. R. Patterson, Tennessee, D. (Re-elected)

J. A. Johnson, Minnesota, D. (Re-elected)



Martin F. Ansel, South Carolina, D.

Chas. S. Deneen, Illinois, R. (Re-elected)

Bert M. Fernald, Maine, R.

Governor Stubbs, Kansas, R.

J. O. Davidson, Wisconsin, R. (Re-elected)

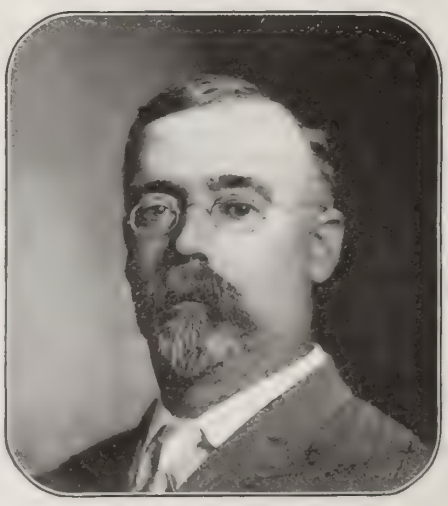
Eben S. Draper, Massachusetts, R.

Governor Quinby, New Hampshire, R.

Aram Potier, Rhode Island, R.

Thomas M. Campbell, Texas, D. (Re-elected)

Herbert S. Hadley, Missouri, R.



Wm. Spry, Utah, R.

Judson Harmon, Ohio, D.

HER HEART'S DESIRE

By VIRGINIA CHURCH

AUNT BETSY put her head out of the side door, her gray curls bobbing with excitement. "Isaac," she called to her husband, who stood leaning against the side of the barn, his head tilted to one side in an attitude indicative of listening, "you hear that cannon booming? What do you make her out to be?"

Isaac Watts remained immovable for a second, then straightened up. "It be a whaler, Betsy, and I kalkerate you be pretty safe in telling Eunice that Asa will be in to-morrow."

Aunt Betsy's head disappeared from the doorway, and when it reappeared it was dressed in a little black bonnet, and its owner was tripping out of the front gate and down the lane to Eunice Tobey's.

She found Eunice in the sitting-room, gazing out of the bay window towards the green waters, which glistened silver in the afternoon's sunlight. The wool that she had been carding was scattered about her chair, and some fleecy particles clung to her blue gown. She turned her pale, sweet face to the door as the old lady entered, and the blue eyes were wide with hope and longing. "You heard the cannon, Aunt Betsy?" she asked, her voice faltering even as she spoke.

"Bless thee, child," the elder woman said, going towards her and taking the slender form in her arms, "'twas that brought me here! Your Uncle Isaac thinks it is the *Logoda*."

Eunice hid her face on the kindly shoulder, and a prayer of thanksgiving rose to her lips as naturally as a song to the throat of a bird. But she drew herself up and began to gather the loose wool; the instinct of tidiness, natural to the New England woman, predominating even in moments of excitement.

"Sit a bit, Aunt Betsy," she said, her words tumbling over one another in their joyous haste, "until I tidy up, and I'll go with you to hear what Uncle Isaac says."

As they went up the street they met other hurrying figures, who stopped to shake their hands or waved congratulations from front doorsteps. At the Watts cottage were several men leaning over the fence, for, on the voice of the cannon, Isaac Watts was an authority not to be disputed; he knew them as the voices of his own children. Several whalers might be expected home within the month, and without his decree, it might be any of these.

When his decision was announced, some there were who turned away heavy at heart, longing for that particular boat which should bring home their loved ones; but the hearts of others came near bursting with joy at the news; small boys shouted at the tops of their lungs that father was coming home; small girls gurgled with joy at the thought of the familiar face and the new stories, and perhaps beads and strange toys from afar which would fall to their lot. Older girls blushed as they fingered halves of love-tokens hung on blue ribbons around their necks, and wondered if the sailor lads had kept their halves in as safe a place.

The mothers and wives it was, whose faces showed anxiety mixed with joy, for whaling was a dangerous business, and of all that went forth, hopeful, adventuresome, many returned no more; only their mates told how they had been lost, and brought messages or belongings to the bereaved family. Asa Tobey, master of the *Logoda*, had the name of "lucky captain" as well as of good seaman. His previous trips had been attended with remarkable success, and he had amassed a fortune of some ten thousand dollars, which for that time and people was considerable wealth. He was now past middle age, and had promised his young wife that this voyage should be his last; that he would stay at home and enjoy with her the fruits of his labors. So, of all the faces in that expectant throng, none shone with more joyous expectation that that of Eunice Tobey. Her neighbors, accustomed to the fragile beauty of her features, had never seen them so transfigured and radiant as now.

"There came the noisy crowd of cheering seamen"

That evening was spent in great preparations for the morrow, for the *Logoda* was to land at New Bedford, across the bay, and it would be ten o'clock before the men reached West Farmouth. The houses were swept from the spare bed-rooms upstairs to the neat cellars below, fresh curtains were taken from oaken chests, and the four-poster beds were clothed in the newest quilts. From the kitchen came the odor of pies and cake, breads, meats, and puddings; and such an ironing as there was of snowy kerchiefs and linen gowns! The morning dawned fair and clear, the town flags were hoisted on rough-hewn poles. Faces appeared at windows and doorways, looking down the street, long before the time for the hoped-for arrival.

But even the best watched pot must boil some time, and ten o'clock came in obedience to the dictates of the climbing sun and the anxious hearts, and with it came the noisy crowd of seamen, cheering to the cheering of the village, and waving their caps in hearty signal of their joy. Strong arms crushed unrebuked the newly ironed kerchiefs, rough brown hands pressed little fingers in theirs, brown beards rubbed the fair pink cheeks of their loved ones, and many hearts throbbed against the echoing throbs of their mates. Once the noisy throng parted; it was to make way for a tall, gaunt man, who walked silent in their midst. Asa Tobey was respected by his townsmen, but too cold and stern he seemed to be welcomed as the others. One heart there was, however, that feared him not; and when he pressed her to him, and bent his dark head over her fair one, the love and joy which beamed from Eunice's eyes was proof of welcome most sincere. Across in New Bedford, also, there was rejoicing among the shipowners, for the trip had been a prosperous one, and many barrels of sperm oil were unloaded to be sold in the city markets, where the demand was now vastly exceeding the supply.

At eleven o'clock the church bells of Farmouth rang merrily, and the people began to pour out of their houses and down the street to the little wooden kirk at its foot. Husbands came surrounded by their happy children and side by side with the loving wife; young men with their proud families or beaming sweethearts. Eunice sat close by her husband watching jealously his every movement, lest one escape her, noting watchfully the added gray hairs, anxiously the tired eyes, and holding his hand so fast in hers that his heart-beats throbbed up through her palm into her very being. As the bells began to ring, a touch of sadness came into her eyes: "You will not go with me, Asa, this once?"

"No, foolish heart; and will you leave me so soon?"

"I must, Asa; we have so much to thank God for!" She arose and fastened a light hat on her head. So often had they discussed this same point that she knew it would be of no avail to urge him further. She reached the gate as the bell ceased its sounding, but looking back and seeing her husband standing in the doorway, she ran back, threw her arm about his neck, and held him close for one long embrace. The congregation saw her enter the church alone, and they shook their heads: "Surely God will visit this man with some great misfortune, he that never returns thanks for his successes, nor bows his head at the Holy Name."

But God in his great mercy seemed to have resolved on other means of bringing this wayward sheep back to the flock; for, though long known as a profane man and an unbeliever, his luck had never deserted him. Save for this one cause, Eunice was perfectly happy in those days, for Asa remained at home as he had promised, and turned his attention to market-gardening, spending much time with her. They rode and drove together, went fishing in his little dory, and when she saw a certain look well up in his eyes, like mighty springs rushing to their brim, she knew that he was thinking of the sea, and she would sit quietly by his side, slipping one of her small hands in his and stroking it with the other. At this, he would grow calm, and, gathering her into his arms, he would smile into her face and be sad no more.

Three years passed thus, dark, stormy years, when our country's quiet was broken by the noise of many cannon, and the land was as red with blood as hills dyed by flushing sunsets. At Cottage City, on the little island of Martha's Vineyard, there met together the pious, God-fearing people of the country round, who prayed for peace and prosperity to take the place of the present destruction. The people of Farmouth went in great numbers to the revivals and brought home long stories of the meetings and of the experiences that had there befallen them. Eunice's soul fired with an intense longing, but she dared not ask Asa to take her there, and even for this she would not leave him. Perhaps he divined this, or perhaps he read it in her face as she sat listening to Aunt Betsy, who had just returned from one of the meetings. However it was, he came in one day and told Eunice that he was going to the Vineyard on business, and that if she wanted to go with him she might do so. He left the room before she had time to thank him, but not before he saw the glad light in her eyes.

The whole village was astir that day, for Jonathan Briggs, the most noted preacher of the age, had evinced an interest in their work, and was to give the sermon of the evening. They spoke much of his eloquence, his great powers of persuasion, and yet withal his simple goodness. Aunt Betsy took Eunice in charge when they reached the meeting grounds, for Asa Tobey strode away, and Uncle Isaac, going from tent to tent to greet his friends, was soon lost in the crowd. At six o'clock supper was spread on snowy cloths,

Continued on page 938

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Subscriptions may commence with any issue.
Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.
Entered at Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter
Entered as Second-class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa

Why Thankful

WE ARE accustomed to lift up thankful hearts at this season of the year for shelter, for food, for friends, for a free government—for a thousand obvious benefits which the dullest soul can comprehend. If the day which our forefathers religiously set apart for the expression of gratitude to God should have no further effect than this, it would be worth while, in that it bids us count up our mercies and for awhile forget our troubles.

For our peaceful and friendly relations with the whole world; for national exemption from plague, epidemic and disaster throughout the year; for the passing of "hard times" and the bright promise of prosperity; for the triumph of civic righteousness in many States; for the great voyage of our fleet now almost safely accomplished, and for the closer and friendlier ties created between other nations and ourselves by that voyage; for these and the unnumbered material blessings of the year, we are thankful as a people to the Bestower of all good gifts.

But it is doubtful whether many of us have thought to be thankful for what is really our greatest blessing. To our own favored land, perhaps to a greater degree than to any other, has come a leaven which is working to uplift and to bind together all classes. Even those who do not openly acknowledge the claims of the Christian religion feel its power and rise with the rest. It is the motive of universal love—the foundation of Christ's religion, and the controlling influence in His merciful life.

We can see in many ways how it is affecting the nations. It is shown in the great international gatherings, religious, scientific, professional, commercial, acquainting men of different lands with each other and thus diminishing jealousy and suspicion. It is especially manifested in the great peace movement, with its magnificent palace for meeting, and its periodical assemblies. It includes everything that is noble and godlike.

We are not far advanced as yet in the upward path—but the signs are at hand of the daybreak—of the time when perfect love shall cast out all of the old barbaric fear—the love of God and the love of man—the great ideas of fatherhood and brotherhood.

For all our blessings may we be thankful; but most of all for this, which truly crowns them all.

Lincoln's Way

FEW Presidents have had a clearer vision of their duty and responsibilities than Abraham Lincoln. One characteristic incident of his career, but little known, is especially worth recalling at the present time.

Shortly after his election, an important committee of influential business men waited upon him. "Mr. President," began the spokesman, "you know the needs of business. It rests with you to say whether or not the grass shall grow on the middle of the streets of our cities." Mr. Lincoln smiled thoughtfully as he replied to the committee, speaking slowly and with deliberation. "Gentlemen," he said, "the proper place for the grass to grow is in the fields and the meadows, and I would prefer personally to see it grow there." There was a pause and the suspicion of a twinkle in the President's eyes. "But," he continued, "I have been elected to serve the whole people and not part of the people; and, God helping me, I will do so to the best of my ability, in accordance with the constitution—*let the grass grow where it will!*"

The Pistol-Carrying Habit

WHETHER the contention of scientists that crime-waves are produced by certain electrical and atmospheric conditions be true or not, it would seem to be the fact that there is a very perceptible increase in crime after periods of great public excitement. Thus we have recent and almost simultaneous instances in the shooting of Postmaster Morgan, of New York, by a maniac, the shooting of ex-Senator Carmack in Nashville, Tenn., and the attempted killing of Mrs. Phipps in Denver by a mad woman with a stick of dynamite. These three startling crimes, accompanied by a number of minor cases of violence in different parts of the country, may in some degree be attributable to the influence upon weak minds of the excitement through which the country has just passed. They have also demonstrated the fact that no section of the country has a monopoly of crime, and that wherever the pistol-carrying habit prevails, deeds of violence abound.

We should like to see the passage of rigid laws, State and local, against the carrying of pistols. There are already in many places laws prohibiting the carrying of concealed weapons; but they are for the most part ineffective. So long as the sale of deadly weapons is permitted to go on unrestrictedly, just so long will they be carried privately and, in the hands of persons of quarrelsome and vindictive dispositions, they will continue to be a prolific cause of assassination, murder and homicide. All the forces of our civilization should be arrayed against this barbarous custom, which is so fruitful of tragedies that disgrace the nation, and bring sorrow and suffering to the innocent.

Make Your Life Count

WHEN a sweet and helpful life suddenly goes out and a gentle voice is hushed in death, the world is both a gainer and a loser—richer because of such a life having been spent in it, and poorer now that it has gone.

An elderly woman died in New York a few days ago, who for many years had been known to the poor of the East Side through her beautiful ministry of love and charity. To the immigrant Hebrews, Mrs. Rose Lesser was a messenger of mercy and goodness. Thousands of them mourn her departure. Like Bella Cooke, that other sainted woman whose long and beneficent life is now almost ended, Mrs. Lesser was the chosen almoner of many sympathetic people, Jews as well as Gentiles. Her charities were manifold; her whole life was a fragrant offering of love for humanity and a splendid example of the sort of service the world needs most.

These two women—queens of their sex—made the highest use of their opportunities. They made their lives count. No service was too small, no effort too trivial, if only they might help and cheer some poor, discouraged heart. Surrendering themselves wholly to this great, dominating love for others, they sacrificed themselves gladly and found their highest joy in doing good. Such love is transcendent. It soars above all earthly honors, titles and distinctions and touches the very foot of the throne itself.

So all of us in our own spheres, be they large or small, may make our lives count for something. If we live for ourselves and not for others, we miss the highest joys that can come to us this side of heaven.

Our New Serial Story

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will print, beginning with its issue of December 9, 1908, a serial story, full of human interest and delightful incident, from the pen of Agnes Lowe Ellis. It is entitled, *The Little Doctor*, and its hero is a devoted young physician, whose circumstances permit him to work much among the poor, without money and without price. Unlike many men of wealth, he does not settle back into a life of aimless enjoyment or desultory travel. He masters a difficult profession and practises it arduously for the good of his fellow-men.

The heroine is a bright and beautiful young girl, whose father's affairs oblige him often to visit foreign countries. She accompanies him, and her lively and vivid descriptions of strange places and people form an interesting feature of the story.

Several dramatic scenes occur in the progress of *The Little Doctor*. Every chapter will leave the reader pleasantly eager to get the next one. A baffling mystery is introduced into its early chapters, and it is not cleared up until the very end.

The trend of the story is optimistic. Throughout its course no encouragement is shown to the theory that men are growing worse and that life is growing harder. Everyone who rises from reading it will take hold of his own affairs with a firmer grip and a larger hope.

Superb Christmas Gift FREE

A Golden Solution to the Christmas Quandary

THE holiday spirit is abroad, the soft hum of busy plans and preparations is in the air and the mystery of delicious secrets bound up with holly and red ribbon makes us hungry for sugar plums and pudding plums, Thanksgiving turkeys, and the crackling Yule logs of Christmas Eve.

Perhaps, dear reader, there is some one to whom your heart goes out at this glad season, but for whom you cannot find *just the right gift;*—something, perhaps, for one of the bothersome men folk—or it may be that after a particularly hard year you feel you must curtail expenses and strike from your list the names of one or more loved ones you are accustomed to remember. Listen! Did you ever hear of the man who searched the world over to find a certain herb that after all grew right in his own door yard? The solution of the problem that troubles your heart now is quite as simple and just as near at hand.

There is not a man or woman, old or young, who would not be delighted to find by his or her Christmas stocking our wonderful **Art Gallery De Luxe,** or any one of the six superb masterpieces that comprise the set, already framed. Yet this magnificent collection of large and exquisite reproductions of world-famed paintings is now sent absolutely free, without money and without price, to every subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD—whether old or new subscriptions and no matter when your present subscription expires. Every picture is reproduced in fourteen colors, and measures 12 x 15 inches. For full description of this incomparable premium see page 891, issue of November 11.

To all of our readers in a Christmas quandary this means an unprecedented opportunity not only to enrich their own homes, but to make one or more handsome Christmas gifts without spending a single cent extra—or a really elaborate gift for the nominal price of a picture frame. Better still, have us send a year's subscription to the *Brightest and Best Family Paper in the World* to some loved one and the accompanying Art Gallery De Luxe to your own address, that you may make further distributions from it —**all for only $1.50.**

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THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

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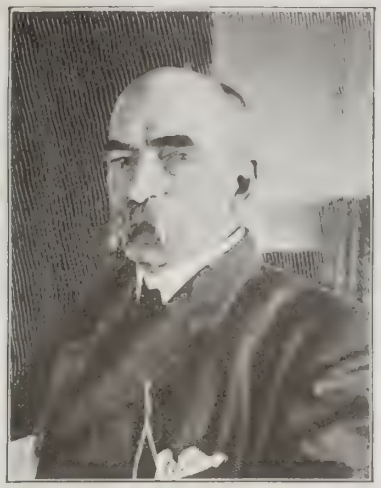
View of the New War College, from the Terrace



Gen. Wotherspoon, College President

The Great Library of the New War College

The New Army War College

THE Army War College of the United States was formally opened in Washington on November 9. General W. W. Wotherspoon, U.S.A., the President of the College, presided, and Secretary Root, who is called the "father" of the institution, made an address to the student class, which numbers twenty-two members. For some time the United States Navy has enjoyed the benefit of an ideal Naval War College at Newport, R. I., and now the other arm of the service has been provided with an equally admirable institution, where officers of the regular army and the National Guard will get a post-graduate course in military science. The Army War College has been in operation for several years, but has occupied its present quarters only since June, 1907. The magnificent building in which it is now housed was begun February 21, 1903, when the cornerstone was laid by President Roosevelt. It was finished and ready for occupancy in the summer of 1907. A class of students was graduated within the structure the following fall, but without any formal ceremony. The official opening of the building was delayed until November 9. This new institution is to be known officially at "The War College and Engineer School of Application," and the buildings which have been provided, numbering about fifty in all, comprise not only halls of instruction, etc., for the seat of learning, but also proper accommodations for the officers and troops stationed there. The site on the banks of the Potomac has been wisely selected and has afforded the architect ample opportunity to provide for one of the most beautiful landscape settings in the country. The War College is under the control of the General Staff of the Army. Its purpose is the direction and co-ordination of military education in the Army in civil schools and colleges, at which officers of the Army are detailed, and it supplements the military education received by officers at West Point and the service schools. This War College, in its material dimensions and architectural construction and in the general plan of its curriculum, is by far the most important institution of the kind in the world. The American soldier, a splendid specimen of man, is more and more furnished with opportunities for mental and moral development.

He teacheth my hands to war. (Ps. 18: 34.)

The Bible in Five Hundred Languages

A hundred years ago, the Bible existed in only fifty different tongues; now it has been translated into 500 languages. In some cases, the Bible is the means of creating the first written form of a language for a people, and in others, it is the only method of preserving it. The natives of the island of Guam got, as their first printed book, the Bible in Chamorro, the chief language of the island. Last year, the Bible Society printed a Bible for Pleasant Island, a little spot in the South Pacific. For ten years, one missionary and his wife had been living there. He learned the language by ear and set it on paper phonetically; then he translated the New Testament into it and next the whole Bible. The translation of the Bible was paid for by the natives, who used a printing-press which the Bible Society sent to them. The book was then sent to San Francisco for binding, and the natives paid the price of the work. Some of the Indian tribes of America have had their languages put into print the first time in the Bible translation, and several tribes, almost extinct, cling to their Bibles in the native tongue as the best means of preserving their language.

The spread of the Master's kingdom has had no more faithful ally than the Bible, put into the native tongues of the nations, and the true men and women who, under the power of the Holy Spirit, interpret its teaching.

And that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father. (Phil. 2 : 11.)

A World-Famed Boy Violinist

Young musical prodigies from time to time have astonished and entranced the world. Mischa Elman, the Russian Jewish boy violinist of seventeen, is attracting the attention of the musical world. Mischa was the son of a poor father, who worked very hard to maintain him while providing his musical education. When only five years of age the boy became a student in the Imperial School of Music at Odessa. His teacher of the violin was Prof. Alexander Fiedelmann, a distinguished pupil of Dr. Brodsky. He had never seen a piano before in his life, and he was so nervous as he walked over the slippery floor, that he tumbled down, fiddle and all. He was so flustered that on being asked his age, he replied, "Three months," and to the question, "How long have you learned the violin?" "Five years." Six years after, in 1902, Professor Leopold Auer, head of the violin department in the St. Petersburg Conservatory, then on a professional tour of southern Russia, heard the lad of eleven play, and was so greatly impressed with his talent that he asked the privilege of taking him to St. Petersburg to perfect his education. As the law does not allow a Jew, born outside of the city, to live either in the Russian capital or in Moscow, special permission had to be obtained from the Czar. The boy appeared at the Deutscher Liedertafel, the most important musical society in St. Petersburg. Auer always played at the opening of the season. On this occasion he was too ill to appear. Great was the astonishment, not to say amusement, of the audience, when Elman, the boy of thirteen, appeared as a substitute. He played the Mendelssohn *Concerto*, one of Chopin's nocturnes, and Paganini's *Moto Perpetuo*, with such success that the little violinist was engaged to play in concert at Berlin. Soon after he captured England with his faultless technique and his poetic insight, and then Paris vied with St. Petersburg, Berlin and London in its appreciation of and enthusiasm over him. The music lovers of America will have an opportunity this season of hearing this singularly brilliant boy violinist.

God is absolute melody and the taste and faculty for music in man are among the divine endowments. There is much of happiness and genuine inspiration in the melody of the human voice and in instruments made by man's hands. It has been arranged, in the providence of God, in all dispensations of his kingdom, to employ music as an important part of the worship of his house.

Praise him with stringed instruments and organs. (Ps. 150 : 4)

Largest Diamond in the World

The Excelsior was the largest diamond in the world until the discovery of the Cullinan stone, a few years ago, which weighed one and a half pounds and was worth one million dollars in the rough. When the Cullinan was found, about three years ago, it was a problem with the Premier Company as to what disposition could be made of it. Its mammoth size made it unmarketable, and to cut it up into small pieces would not only destroy its intrinsic but its sentimental value; so it was determined to polish and fit it for the market. With great mechanical skill it was cut and two bad flaws were removed, leaving a stone which, when polished, will weigh between five and six hundred carats, being several times larger than the largest diamond hitherto known. To give an idea of the hardness of the diamond, it may be interesting to state that the disk on which this diamond is being polished revolves at the rate of 2,400 revolutions per minute. The stone is pressed down on this disk, which is supplied with a mixture of diamond dust and oil, by weights of fifteen to twenty pounds, and the disk will constantly turn from 7 A. M. to 9 P. M., including Sundays, for ten or eleven months before the polishing operation will be completed. The stone is being made pear shape. The commercial value of the completed stone will be about $2,500,000, but its singular character will perhaps put it at many times that price.

What values and beauties our Heavenly Father puts among even the dull, lifeless stones! How much of human handiwork also is required to finish the beauties and the treasures of earth! In olden time, there was an exceedingly precious stone which required all of a man's treasure to buy; but he secured it, and we are told that that jewel only illustrated the religion of Jesus Christ, which is a pearl of greater price than any other in the world.

When he had found one pearl of great price, he went and sold all that he had, and bought it. (Matt. 13 : 46.)

Religion Very Expensive

Mr. Richard O'Bree of London has lost a fortune by becoming a Methodist. His brother, a wealthy shipping agent, left an estate worth $300,000, most of which he originally bequeathed to his brother and family, consisting of a wife and daughter. When the will, which has just been probated, was opened, it was discovered that by a codicil he revoked the bequest, on the ground that his brother and family "had become Revivalists" and that they "should not have any of his money to promote such a fanatical semblance of religion." The money goes to charity. What a perverted conscience and wicked heart this man must have had to create in him such a hatred against the religion of Jesus Christ, and the most intensely spiritual and desirable form of Christianity —that of evangelism. His brother Richard and family may or may not attempt to break the will; but if they should fail to get the money, they would not be the first persons in the world to suffer material loss for devotion to religious duty.

For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law. And a man's foes shall be they of his own household. (Matt. 10 : 35, 36.)

Cure for Tuberculosis of the Bones

Dr. Emil Beck, of Chicago, has discovered a cure for tuberculosis of the bones. The treatment consists in filling the cavity caused by the disease with a metallic salt and thirty grains of bismuth-subnitrate, combined with sixty grains of vaseline. The discovery was incidental to an X-ray photograph of a little invalid in the Home For Destitute Crippled Children in Chicago. The solution was applied to fix the outline of a tubercular abscess and, being left in the cavity, proved a healing agent. In a five weeks' trial, twenty out of forty crippled children in the home were cured. Medical men estimate that fully fifty per cent. of all crippled children suffer from tubercular trouble of one kind or another. What a hopeful advance science is making in the cure of human disease!

He healeth all thy diseases. (Ps. 103 : 3.)

MANCHURIA SWEPT BY REVIVAL

A GREAT AND WHOLLY UNEXPECTED SPIRITUAL DEVELOPMENT IN CHINESE MISSION

MANCHURIA has been the scene of a great revival which has been felt in Liaoyang, Mukden, Newchwang, Kwangning, Chinchow, Hsinmintun, and other large cities. Thousands have been swept into the kingdom. Rev. Dr. Walter Phillips, a well-known Presbyterian missionary, writing of this extraordinary development, says: "It is probably the greatest spiritual movement yet recorded in the history of missions in China. . . . The Manchurian church was, to outward seeming, growing fair and prosperous, but the watchers could see that something was lacking. The church had had its baptism of persecution; it had its roll of martyrs; but even like the Corinthian church, the sense of sin had no grip on its members as a whole. The revival has come; and the men and women who for days wept and sobbed and debased themselves in utter contrition and agony of spirit have got a knowledge of sin, its blackness and its power, which nothing hereafter can take away. The revival has created a conscience in the church.

"It had long been the custom at most centres to have special meetings for the deepening of spiritual life at the Chinese New Year. For such meetings at Liaoyang and Mukden, the services of Mr. Goforth of the Canadian Mission in Honan had been secured. At the same time two evangelists were sent to Korea to inquire into the revival there. Of this movement we in Manchuria had, of course, heard, but most of us put it down largely to the alleged instability of the Korean character, or to the political struggles of the country. The deputation returned, and it was shortly evident that a new energy and vigor was with them. The usual meeting commenced, and soon, before the astonished eyes of the people, there began to be reproduced those outbursts of prayer and confession which had drawn the eyes of the Christian world to Korea. Mr. Goforth himself had visited Korea, and so, in a sense, the revival in Manchuria came across the border from the despised land. The Liaoyang meetings continued with increasing power, but it was at Mukden, the capital, where the Scotch Mission has a large congregation, that the revival first took shape. We outside began to hear the marvelous things of crowded meetings, of public confessions, that were soul-shaking in their intensity, of five hundred people weeping and praying with one voice till the great church shook, of requests for prayer, so numerous that they had to be reduced to writing and read out by a clerk, of restitutions made for offenses long forgotten, of offerings of money, of ornaments, of voluntary service; and of a new zeal that went everywhere preaching this new Gospel of confession and dedication. And at first these were to us but tales that grow in the telling.

"But soon the movement spread. At Kwangning, Chinchow, Hsinmintun, the same outbursts followed the preaching of the evangelist; north and south it went, till in every corner of the province the fire of Christian life blazed up with a fierceness as unparalleled as it was unexpected; till the very wayfarers on the road began to talk of the new stir in the 'Jesus Church,' till it became a byword in the villages—'Avoid these Christians; their God is a spirit of confessing who will force you to tell what no yamen torture could wring from you.'

"In each fresh centre the type of meeting was very similar. Two delegates from elsewhere would tell of the experiences of their own church, with more than the dramatic force natural to most Chinese preachers. Mr. Goforth would speak on such topics as Prayer, Sin, the Power of the Spirit—topics old enough, nor dealt with in any novel way. A period of prayer usually followed, during which the pent-up feeling of the meeting rose slowly to bursting point. Then all at once a wave seemed to stir and break on the rapt audience; with sobs, shrieks, and groans men fell on their faces or stood up and told of their sins—a very catalogue of crime—till their cries were drowned in the united weeping of the whole congregation, that gradually grew, and culminated in a great shout which startled the merchants in their shops and often brought the people in the streets hurrying to the church doors. And out of this lamentation and bitter cry was born a sound new in Manchuria—the strong voice of united prayer that surged upward like a mighty roaring wind. This happened not once or twice; but for days and weeks such scenes were repeated.

"Words of mine will fail to convey the awe, the terror, and the pity, of these confessions. It was not so much the enormity of the sins disclosed, or the depths of iniquity sounded, that shocked one. Some of the faults confessed were venial enough. Yet these newly tender consciences were torn with as keen remorse as the greater offenders. It was the agony of the penitent, his groans and cries, and voice shaken with sobs. It was the sight of men forced to their feet, and in spite of their struggles impelled, as it seemed, to lay bare their hearts, that thrilled one, and brought the smarting tears to one's own eyes. Never have I experienced anything more heart-shaking, more nerve-racking, than the spectacle of those souls stripped naked before their fellows. It seemed to violate the privacy of the being, to outrage every instinct of the individual. And yet those most racked and torn by their emotions, once they had made a clean breast of their sin, seemed to find peace, and their faces shone with an ecstasy that their streaming eyes could not bel
So for hour after hour it went on, till the strain w
almost more than the onlooker could bear. Now
was a strong big farmer groveling on the floo
smiting his head on the bare boards while he wail
unceasingly. Now a shrinking woman, in a voi
scarce above a whisper; now a wee laddie fro
school, with tears streaking his piteous, grimy litt
face, as he sobbed out, 'I cannot love my enemies'.
'I am always fighting and cursing. I beseech tl
pastor, elders, and people to pray for me!' The
again would swell that wonderful volume of unite
prayer, and ever as the praying sank, again the ea
caught the dull undertone of quiet sobbing, of de
perate entreaty from men and women who appa
ently wholly lost to their surroundings, were wres
ling for peace. The meeting began at four o'cloc
and it was near eight o'clock when, almost by shee
force, it was brought to a close.

A Group of Chinese Converts

"Such meetings as I hav
described took place almost i
every centre, most under th
leadership of Mr. Goforth-
some, and these not the leas
remarkable, in his absenc
After each series, eager bano
went out to the surroundin
villages, where the like result
attended the preaching of thi
new thing. Everywhere me
gave freely of their goods a
thank-offerings; many dedi
cated a tenth of their incom
or their capital in money or i
kind, from the large sums o
the merchants down to the poo
man who craved acceptance o
a brindled calf or a sack o
grain, and the widow who ha
but two copper cash and gave
her all to the church. Other
vowed their time wholly or in
part to evangelize their dis-
tricts. A young Chinese docto
with his case of medicines went
out into the wild East, and in a
few days was the centre of a
wonderful arising, seeing a
hundred paients a day and at
night preaching to great
throngs. One might fill pages
with a mere recital of the won-
derful experiences of the volun-
teers who went forth to tell of the blessings they had received.

"The revival still goes on, and whereunto it will grow no man can yet tell.

"The whole Manchurian church seems stirred to its depths. The leading men are transfigured, and their ideals of sin and prayer have moved as from pole to pole; the members are one and all filled with a new zeal to go forth and tell their friends and neighbors. The very schoolboys are in the streets preaching and selling books. The girls under charge of some matron spend their half-holiday in tramps to outlying villages, when they gather the women together and preach and pray half the night. In hospitals and public institutions old jealousies and frictions are swept away, and the workers meet daily to pray for their own weak hearts and the coming of the Kingdom. Enemies have been reconciled; old feuds healed up; gamblers have been restored; opium-smokers reclaimed, and men made new.

"Of permanent results it is too early yet to speak. So far the movement has been mainly within the church, but it is already spreading, and naturally must spread to those without; so that next year should see a vast ingathering."

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NANCY BEALES' THANKSGIVING

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

NANCY BEALES looked at herself in the glass. The little mirror showed her a young face, round and rosy, with dancing lights in the brown eyes and dimples in the cheeks. Nancy was twenty and had the beauty of her years. "How I wish," she said to herself, "that anywhere in this house we had a long glass, one that would let me see how my dress hangs. Never mind, I am going to the city and there I shall have a chance to see the fashions." She glanced with satisfaction at her trunk, already locked and strapped, and packed with the results of her summer's sewing. Nancy had lived in the country all her life. She was going to town to take a business position. The money she would earn as a clerk in a department store seemed very large to her, and she had visions of delight as she thought of the change that would presently come to her fortunes. Her father called from the foot of the stairs that he was going over to the village with a load from the mill, and said he might as well carry the trunk over then, buy her ticket and get her check, as to wait until the afternoon train, which Nancy was to take.

"All right, daddy," she answered him. "The trunk is waiting for you, and I'll help you carry it down."

Mr. Beales was a man in middle life, a little bent with toil, a little gray, but with keen eyes and a firm mouth, a man of even temper and strong will. It was not his wish that his only daughter should leave her home to stand behind a counter and sell goods to strangers. He would have preferred her staying with her mother, helping in the daily round, going about with the young people in the village, and after a while settling down and marrying, as his wife and he had done when they were at Nancy's age. But the girl had her share of the modern restlessness, and had visions of a career wider and fuller of opportunities than any afforded in her rural home. She wanted to get away. It was the longing of the young bird to fly from the home nest and try the strength of pinion somewhere else. Nancy's father had written to an old friend and schoolmate, who was pastor of a city church, asking him and his wife for the sake of old times to extend a friendly greeting to his daughter. "She will bring you a line from me, and I want her to be in your church and Sunday School," the good man had said. "Everything in your big city will be new to Nancy, and I expect she will lose some illusions, but it is best for us to let her go."

The mother was very silent when the family sat down to their midday meal. It would be lonesome for her when her daughter was gone. She would not have minded sending Nancy away on a visit to a relative or a classmate. When the girl had gone for a year to the academy in the neighboring county her mother had borne the separation with courage and cheerfulness. This parting of the ways was different. Nancy in her complete absorption in her own affairs had not noticed that her mother was less well than usual this autumn. Indeed, Mrs. Beales was so patient and so seldom alluded to pain or fatigue that even her husband had not observed her increasing thinness and her pallor. She was losing ground week by week, as women do who draw too freely on their capital of health in reserve. The only person who had noticed that Mrs. Beales was not well was Dr. Irving, who was acquainted with the health of the countryside as nobody but a country doctor of long experience ever is. Half-way to the station with Nancy's trunk, Mr. Beales encountered Dr. Irving driving, as he generally did, at a rather rapid pace. He pulled up when he saw the miller, with a cordial "Hello, Beales! What's this I hear about Nancy? It isn't true, is it, that you are letting her go to New York to be a saleswoman on Sixth Avenue?"

"Why, yes, doctor," Mr. Beales answered. "Mother and I have talked it over, and we thought the only thing to do was to let Nancy have her head. She has been straining at the halter for the last twelve months, and she will never be satisfied until she discovers for herself what business life means

"'I didn't look for you, dear, until to-night,' he said to Nancy"

to a clever young girl, who thinks she is setting her foot on the lowest round of the ladder. Nancy has brains and she means to rise."

"Amos Beales," said the doctor seriously, "you and Hannah are making the biggest mistake of your lives. Nancy is needed this minute in your own home as she never was before. Your wife is far from well, man, and I am afraid she is going to break down. Her daughter ought to stay beside her. If Hannah and Nancy could have gone together for an outing I would not have said a word, but I don't like this. I don't like this." So saying, the doctor drove on, and Mr. Beales proceeded soberly to the station.

Arrangements had been made for Nancy to share a room with a young woman who had been a former neighbor. It was she who had written Nancy of a vacancy in the R. & T. Department Store, and had made the engagement for her. She met Nancy at the Grand Central, and as they wended their way through the station and the crowd of eager men gesticulating and shouting, "Keb, Keb," at the top of their lungs, finally reaching a crowded street-car, the tired girl thought that arriving in town was not much like stepping off in the peaceful station up-country. "I'll take you to supper," said her friend, "in the restaurant where I usually get my breakfast and lunch. Now that there will be two of us to share light housekeeping, it will probably be cheaper for us to get our own breakfast. I know all the best places to go to, and I will soon show you how we business girls contrive to live in this big city." The meal was good of its kind and not very expensive, but the crowd, the clatter of knives and forks, the hurry and confusion and above all, the air of aloofness and indifference in the faces around her gave Nancy a sinking of the heart. Everything, even at first, was a contrast to what she had painted it in her mind. Miss Fosdick piloted her to the room that was to be her lodging and would be their united lodging. It was a fairly good-sized room, furnished with two iron beds, a bureau, a small table and two chairs, one a rocker. Nancy gazed at it without enthusiasm. Miss Fosdick saw the disappointment in her face, but said nothing. She had gone through the same phase of feeling in her time, and had often before witnessed it in country girls. When dreams are rudely dissipated by harsh realities there is a mental shock.

"We are in great luck to have this room, Nancy," said Miss Fosdick with decision. "The house is clean and the landlady accommodating. She does not mind our washing little things out in our own room, and she often lets us iron small pieces in her kitchen in the evening. The expenses of laundry in town are simply appalling. Then we are only five minutes from the store and that is a thing to be thankful for. Here comes your trunk. Goodness, child, what made you bring so large a one!"

"I needed things to wear," said Nancy.

"Yes, but you didn't need a trousseau. I wrote you about the black dress and collar and cuffs, didn't I? The uniform is compulsory in the store."

"I understood that," said Nancy, "but won't there be evenings and Saturday afternoons and Sundays?"

"Yes," said Emily Fosdick, "there will, and we girls often contrive pleasant little trips for the half holiday, but at night you'll be too tired after standing on your feet all day to care about making a dainty toilet. Probably you will change your dress. I always do, because it rests me to get out of the shop uniform and put on a fresh waist and skirt, but you'll want to go to bed very early for the first three months, and on Sundays you may be too tired to go to church. I don't go very regularly. It takes a lot of time to forage for meals. It won't be necessary for you to unpack all your clothes; most of them you would better keep in your trunk."

Nancy went to bed very thoughtful. As she knelt to say her good-night prayer there was a sigh in her heart that might easily have been a sob, but she controlled herself bravely. The next few weeks were hard ones for her. She found it difficult to learn the routine and to bear with the impatience and unreason of customers. It annoyed her to be obliged to consult the floor-walker on occasions when she thought she could manage an affair for herself. The long standing made her feet ache and her head throb. She missed her mother's cooking and sorely missed the merry twinkle in her father's eye and the sweetness of her mother's companionship.

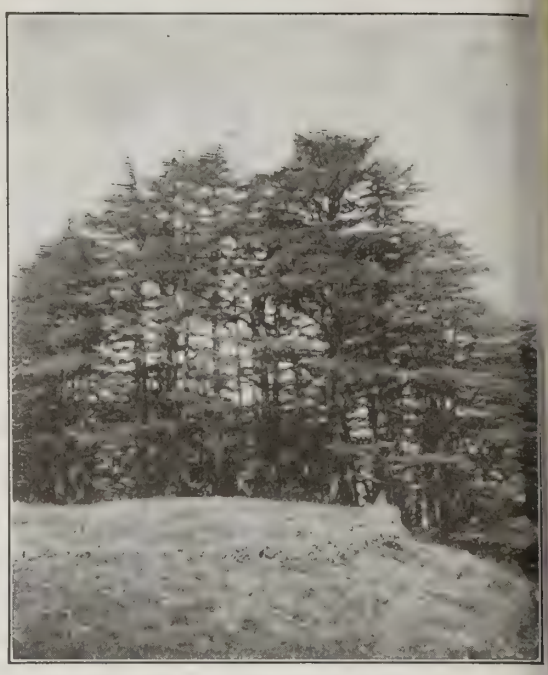
She realized at the end of a week that the money in her envelope was much less than she had anticipated, because very nearly all of it was consumed in expenses. On Sunday Nancy went to church, and lingered after the service to meet the minister, who had been her father's friend. His wife and he were very cordial and the latter urged her to become a member of the Sunday School and the Christian Endeavor. The lady was turning away when an afterthought struck her, and she said, "Come home with us to dinner, my dear." The homesick Nancy accepted the invitation with genuine gratitude. It was by this time a treat to be a guest at a home table, and the minister's daughter, a girl of her own age, asked her to her special den when dinner was over. This pretty room, with its white bed and curtains, its books and pictures, was what Nancy had thought of when she had imagined herself in New York. Anything like this was an impossibility to a new

Continued on page 942

UNDER THE CEDARS OF LEBANON

Tallest of the Lebanon Monarchs

Young Cedars of a Few Years' Growth



Cedars at Beschereh

By PROF. R. J. ROBINSON, Assiut, Egypt
(Photos by the Author)

THREE small groups of widely scattered cedars form all that is left of the vast and apparently limitless number of trees that once covered the hills and slopes of Lebanon. The best known and best preserved are those at Beschereh. They are situated among surroundings romantic in the extreme. The platform upon which they stand lies at the foot of a precipitous and bald peak, which pushes its summit, crowned with snow even in the midst of summer, to a height of 10,000 feet. The cedars are 6,315 feet above the sea. In no other part of Syria are the mountains so Alpine-like, the proportions so huge, the setting of hills and valleys so profound and lonely. The forest is not large; it covers scarce a half dozen acres. They number 400—the tallest and grayest heads of Lebanon. Reliable authorities have placed the birth of the oldest back to a distance of 2,000 or 3,000 years. The tallest are one hundred feet in height, with a circumference of forty-five or fifty feet. Between these aged giants of the primeval forest and the young plants of a few years' growth, there are to be found trees of almost every age. [These cedars belong to the Conifers, and are distinguished by their evergreen leaves, by the horizontal roof-like spreading of their branches, by their superior size in every part, and especially by the unusual size of their cones.] Every part of them, wood, bark, limbs, cones, are saturated with resin. In the heart of the tree is found the red cedar color, but the remainder is whitish. The wood is very durable, but of rather coarse grain. On account of its brittleness it refuses to take a high polish, but for building purposes it is, perhaps, the best in the country.

We are all familiar with the regard in which the ancient Israelites held these cedars. They regarded them as the noblest of trees, as the ornament of Lebanon. The prophet Ezekiel, in searching for an object with which to compare the glory of Assyria, found nothing more appropriate than "a cedar in Lebanon, with fair branches." Again David sang "The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree, he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon." And again "The trees of the Lord are full of sap; the cedars of Lebanon which he hath planted, where the birds make their nests." No such trees grew in the land of Israel, so that Solomon caused cedars to be brought from Lebanon for the building of the temple, and a supply from the same source was obtained for the second temple. Then, too, they were highly valued as masts for ships.

Cedars from 2,000 to 3,000 Years Old

These cedars form, as we have already said, about all that is left us of the great forests which once resisted the daily attacks of 10,000 workmen. Even these are in danger of coming to an untimely end. Their number lessens year by year. Some perish by wind and storm, others fall under the weight of great masses of snow, while innumerable limbs and branches are sacrificed to the tourist. On the other hand, young trees are constantly springing up from the roots of the old ones. Yet, being much frequented by men and even animals and insufficiently guarded, these shoots are quickly destroyed. This, however, proves that their number might be increased to any extent were the proper efforts made, and that they might again, as of old, "grow like the cedars of Lebanon."

HER HEART'S DESIRE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 933

chickens baked to a tempting brown were passed from hand to hand, flaky bread was discussed and recipes exchanged, and pyramids of cake dismissed under sharp knives.

After the meal the people streamed in from the surrounding tents, crowding the great tent to its fullest capacity. The preacher, following, walked through their midst like some spirit of another world.

No one noticed the tall form that stepped in after him and stood in the shadow of one of the posts that supported the tent. The man's glance traveled over the kneeling figures until it reached a slender form wrapped in a clinging shawl of gray, and there rested; but presently, as the sermon progressed, his eyes turned to the face of the preacher; and something held them there. It was not indeed until the excitement of the meeting was at its height, the sermon ended, the exhortation in full swing, the amens loudest, the mourners' bench full, that they were startled by the appearance of a figure familiar to them all, yet in this holy place strangely unfamiliar, walking up the aisle with the line of the converted. When they were assured of his identity their lips moved in astonished whispers of "Asa Tobey," but as he knelt at the platform, the amens were loud and fervent.

Asa Tobey's conversion was as complete as it was sudden, and as thorough as either; his time and work were given to the church and laying aside a portion of his fortune sufficient for the comfort of Eunice, the remainder was given to charitable institutions. In 1864, two years after this, the new church was started in West Farmouth; Asa Tobey became prime leader in its progression. He gave what still remained of his once large fortune, but times were hard, the cannon of war still booming, and he obtained little aid from others. It was during this period that people remarked that Asa Tobey was breaking fast.

One evening in April, as he walked slowly toward the old church where the evening prayer meeting was to be held, he passed two small boys playing on the sidewalk. One of them whispered to the other in the very audible tones of childhood: "That be Asa Tobey agoing to get money for his church; he'd better go a-fishing."

The man, hearing them, walked on towards the church, but when it was reached, there was a great light in his face. The church members observed this, and when he arose to lead the meeting, gave interested attention. He spoke of his love for the little church and of the failure so far to get the required amount for its erection; but, he said, God was good and had suggested to him a way.

"I have been such an old sea-dog all my life," he said, smiling affectionately into the sympathetic faces turned to him, "and I know not the tricks of the land for acquiring money, but the ways of the whale I do know. This, then, is my purpose: once more will I set to sea; once more as master of a whaler will I guide my schooner to Northern waters. All the profits of the trip, be they great or small, shall be given for the erection of this church for the Master. God grant it be a prosperous one."

"Amen!" sounded an earnest chorus.

The Fates conspired to the furthering of the scheme. In the week following Tobey was offered the command of a new whaling schooner, *The Hunter*, which one of the large shipping firms of Boston had had built for the trade. After *The Hunter* had sailed, amid the booming of cannon, the waving of flags, and the cheering from a thousand lusty throats, the little town, practically widowed and orphaned by this one ship's departure, settled down to the dull task of awaiting her return.

As the weary months dragged by and no word came from their loved ones, sore hearts beat within the little cottage walls, and anxiety was heavily writ on pale faces. Then dawned a morning, the sunniest in the memory of the villagers, and *The Hunter* returned—returned with such a record as had never been made in the annals of trade—returned with never the loss of one man.

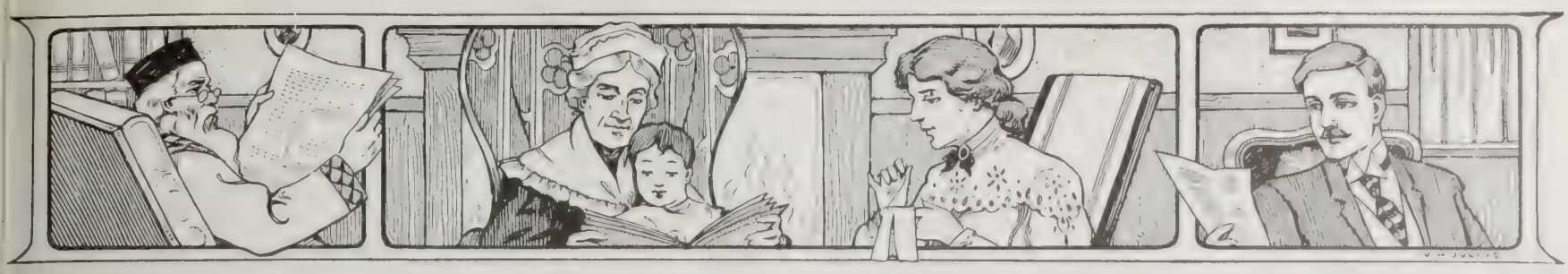
When Asa Tobey appeared on deck the cheers were deafening, but as he stepped from the gang-plank, a kind of awe fell on the people, and they knelt before him as a god. With one strong arm around his wife, the other stretched out in blessing, he gave praise for his miraculous success, and thanked God for his gracious favor.

Called Higher

Entered into rest, John D. Kizer, of Kizer, Pa. He was born in 1827 in Sussex County, N. J., and married in 1853 Miss Beemer, of Sussex. He was a member of the Methodist Church for over sixty-five years. He was a pioneer settler and mill owner of the place which bore his name. Besides his wife, he is survived by nine children, twenty-four grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

In his eighty-fourth year Deacon Joseph Settle, of the Baptist Church of Jeffersonton, Va., was called to his eternal home. He had been a subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD over twenty years, and with his Bible it was his favorite reading. He had been a church member for sixty years, and neither business nor pleasure ever kept him from attending its services. As a farmer he was most successful and he was highly esteemed in the community in which he lived.

HINTS FOR THE HOLIDAY TIME



The Crown of the Year

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

FOR several weeks before they actually arrive, coming events cast their shadows before, so far as the holidays are concerned. We often express ourselves to the effect that after the holidays the worst stress of the winter will be over. Yet everyone knows that the period between Christmas and Easter is by no means brief, either as measured by the calendar or by the number of inclement days that are as much to be anticipated in winter as fruit and flowers in summer. The holidays come as the coronation of the entire year. About this time we may expect sudden cold snaps, when the pipes burst and the plumbers try our patience. About this time, too, we ascertain that last year's overcoat, which we had fondly hoped might do for another year, is much too shabby to be worn, if a new one can replace it. The children, bless them, have been growing like weeds, and their winter wardrobes require renovation. Looking forward to the holidays and to the increased expenditure that must be ours if we make many presents, some of us are a little daunted by the stern array of necessities that confront us, saying, "Attend to us first." We are in no little danger of losing much of the sweetness of the holiday spirit if we regard these calls of the home for its actual needs as occasions to be deplored.

Said a mother the other day, "I had planned for months to send as a wedding gift to the daughter of a friend a beautiful set of furs. I had put the money away little by little for this purpose. Years ago when my friend and I were at school she did me a service that I have never been able properly to thank her for. I thought this would be my opportunity; but with the cost of living, with the expense of an unlooked-for illness in the family, and with Mary's music lessons, I simply cannot spare the money. I must content myself with sending a little gift and doing all that I can for my own loved ones at home."

This is precisely the condition in which many readers find themselves when the air is full of inspiration to holiday spending. The shops blossom out with the most alluring and exquisite fabrics, and every window has its invitation to come in and choose a pretty gift for kindred and friends. We are not churlish if we decide to repress the desire to be generous at the expense of justice. On the other hand, if candor compels us to see that, like old Scrooge, we are a bit miserly and stingy, then let us avail ourselves of the holiday privilege and take a lesson in the self-denial that makes us liberal instead of close-fisted.

Here and there a husband needs this hint. Thousands of men are open-handed, and are happiest when they are doing most for the pleasure of wives and children. Now and then one meets a specimen of the opposite variety rare among Americans, but existent. The man who denies wife and children the benefit of a margin for holiday spending when he can afford it is a churl indeed.

Concerning Dessert

"My husband," remarked a matron, "is perfectly satisfied with the plainest dinner, if there is something nice for dessert. No matter how good the dinner is he leaves the table disappointed if there is not a pie or pudding with which to finish off." The good man's feeling is not merely natural, but is founded on a sound hygienic principle. Dinner should be a social meal and there should be about it features that are not strictly utilitarian. Americans are said to be especially fond of pies, and this may possibly account for the national tendency to dyspepsia. Apple, mince and pumpkin pies are not to be disdained in their place, but it is wisest not to eat them after a hearty evening dinner. They should be limited to the luncheon table. Fruit cooked or not forms an excellent dessert. We might carry the idea, if we chose, beyond the realm of eating. The dessert that closes a meal with a dainty touch is not unlike the delicate compliment that a few people understand how to impart to ordinary conversation.

Drawn by Richard Culter

"FORGOTTEN GRIST"

By W. LIVINGSTON LARNED

THE Old Mill Wheel of the long past years
Turns never a span to-day,
And all of the phantoms of smiles and tears
Spin not in their wonted way.
The dead leaves drift from the shelt'ring bough,
And across the field lies a rusted plow,
But never a song of the Miller now
And never a roundelay.

It seems but an hour, since through the wood
The hum of the wheel was heard.
The white meal spilled from its scented hood
As the Miller gave the word.
And into the mouths of the countryside
The sweet bread ran in a wholesome tide,
And the great wheel turned with a rhythmic slide
To the tune of a wayward bird.

The Miller, they say, is asleep down there
In the bend of the old mill road;
And the sparkling stream with its jewels fair
Shows only the bed it flowed.
But, ever at dawn with the larks asong
You may hear the stream as it flows along;
And the mystic wheel, in a cadence strong,
Is bearing its wonted load.

The weeds spring up in a garland wild
And the autumn winds give call,
But where is the laugh of the Miller's child
As the red leaves slowly fall?
The Old Mill sleeps in a Nature breast,
Then, after the years of its toil, came rest;
And Nature is wise and has known the best
For man's work, after all.

Books for the Young Girl

BOOKS of advice for the young girl are as plentiful at all times as apple blossoms in May. Books of strong and vigorous fiction that interest at the hour "when the brook and river meet" are never too abundant. For the growing boy and the youth in his teens there are books in plenty. Boys are supposed to enjoy stories of adventure and narratives that illustrate historical periods. The ordinary healthy active lad has a fine contempt for books that are intended for his sister, while the sister, on her side, reads with enthusiasm the pages that delight her brother. This explains why books for boys may be depended upon to have a wide sale, while those for girls may or may not be fortunate enough to awaken popularity.

A little book drifted into my hands the other day, entitled, *King Arthur Stories From the Malory Legends.* It is the joint work of two authors or compilers, who have wrought with success in their field. The little book opens and lies flat without a warp in the binding, and the type is clear enough not to try childish eyes. In these stories, familiar to us all in the rich embroidery of Tennyson's *Idyls of the King,* there is romance and noble sentiment and all that should stimulate the best in girl and boy alike. This little book should be slipped into many a Christmas stocking.

A perennial favorite with young girls is Louisa M. Alcott. Than hers no braver soul ever entered the lists, and no purer hand ever held a pen. Those who have read her life and letters remember how gallantly she faced poverty, and how splendidly she carried the burdens of her singularly inefficient family. Miss Alcott tried in several ways to earn money for the requirements of her home before it occurred to her that she could write stories. Almost from the outset she won recognition as a bright and charming writer. But when *Little Women* appeared it at once swept into notice and became a household word from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Jo, the undaunted little heroine, who led her sisters in every endeavor, fairly captivated the girls of the country. *Little Women* is a book that every girl should not only read, but own, and in choosing something inspiring, profitable and pleasurable for a daughter a mother cannot go wrong if she procure this gem among stories for girls. I have felt impelled to say this because a peculiarly beautiful edition of *Little Women* has been recently issued by Little, Brown & Company, of Boston. It is sumptuous in appearance and is superbly illustrated with pictures that really belong to the text. As a companion to this there is a series of *Spinning-wheel Stories* by Miss Alcott, also charming to the eye, and sure to please every young girl. I ought to have said that the *King Arthur Stories* also come from Boston, and are published by Houghton, Mifflin & Company. The authors are Lillian Stevens and Edward F. Allen.

Parents should try so far as they can to furnish children with books which will give them a taste for real literature. The schools try to do this, but they cannot succeed in their purpose unless the home gives them substantial aid. There is much in the daily press that tends to vulgarize children and which, while not directly impure, is lacking in refinement. Supply the home with books, and the "comics" will cease to attract.

IN A JAPANESE NIGHT SCHOOL

Mrs. Ella C. Veeder

"WE HAD a good meeting. Our Father God so glad," said one of my Japanese pupils, after a special meeting in which the Japanese had taken a responsible part.

Another pupil told me he had left his business in the care of his brother, while he came here to learn the language and methods of America. He said: "We think of the United States as very great nation—very wonderful, great Christian nation; and we come here to learn. We are turning a little—and a little—and I think—and think—and somehow I don't know how to know God." Then he added very earnestly, "We want to know God."

One evening I wrote, for my pupils to copy, the sentence: "Jesus Christ is our best friend." A new pupil listened eagerly to my explanations. Then, pointing to the sacred name, he said: "Do you mean to say that these words are the name of this Son of God you are telling us about?"

"Yes."

"I hear some men swear," said he. "They say these words. I thought they were bad words."

Another night, I read to my Japanese pupils from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Mrs. Crafts' account of her visit to Tokyo. Accompanying the article is a group picture of Japanese girls going out with their children from the streets to teach them the Sabbath School Lesson which they had themselves learned in the morning. My pupils recognized the face of an acquaintance in the picture. Next night, Mr. Nishihiro handed me the following note which he had written: "I was very glad to hear what our teacher read to us last night, from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, about some of the friends, pupils and many others learning the Bible in Sunday School at my province in Japan. And then I was greatly surprised that so many are becoming Christians in my province. When I intended to come to this country, about two years ago, I had never heard of so many pupils learning about Jesus. I am thankful that I can learn much about the glorious God by being acquainted with the American people. I wish that my friends and many more living in Japan may learn more and more of Jesus. And as many as become Christians I ask God to help us that we may learn easily and as much as we can. I am sure that anyone in this world ought to be a follower of Jesus."

Although this pupil was working in one of the leading hotels in the city, he translated the entire article in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and at my request read it at our public Japanese meeting th next night.

A few weeks after this, during the devotion exercises at the close of our night school, his so found peace, and afterward he handed me a pap on which he had written: "I have found the or thing to give pleasure to the heart. It is God Saviour."

I asked, "When did you receive this blessing? His answer was, "While you prayed."

Wonderful things are transpiring while we pra We ought "always to pray and not to faint."

Some of my Japanese pupils are fine scholars i their own language. Their eagerness to lear amounts to a positive thirst. They work hard a day, and come to the night school neat and wel dressed, cheerful, polite and courteous. This nigh school was opened by the Endeavor Society of th Friends' Church in June, 1906. I took charge of th work from the beginning.

We use the common school read ers, histories and geographies. give pronouncing drills, and teac something of grammar, civil gov ernment, current events, etc. I tel them the story of Jesus and his lov for all people, teaching them por tions of the Bible, gospel songs, an the privilege of prayer. I have en rolled fifty pupils. Some attend fo more than a year; some for a shor time only. Many have accepted Christ as their Saviour, and have already written the story of salvation to their friends in Japan. Last summer, we began evangelistic meetings. The results were good.

To Christianize Japan is, it seems to me, the greatest opportunity presented to the world to-day. Through Christian Japan, China and India could be most effectually reached. Japan is the gateway to the Orient. Surely God made the Pacific Ocean wide enough to accommodate the friendly commerce of the world. How delightful it will be when the nations of this earth learn to live as friendly neighbors, helping one another, and "learning war no more!" ELLA C. VEEDER.

Long Beach, Calif.

A Class of Japanese With Their White Teacher in Centre

THE MOST TIMELY BOOK OF THE SEASON

AN IDEAL gift book for 1908! The book of all books for inauguration year and the most timely book of the season! Finally, a book brimful of keenest interest for every true American, man or woman, boy or girl, is our Great Patriotic Premium book, **The Inside Story of the White House,** by Gilson Willets. Read what an eminent critic to whom we submitted the story in manuscript writes us:

"Indeed, in all the five hundred large pages there is not a single paragraph that lags or a single chapter that is not intensely interesting—yes, *absorbing*—from first to last, and the illustrations are exquisite. The best part of it is that the dramas it unfolds are all the more dramatic, the romances all the more romantic, because it is all so gloriously true and real. The side lights that it throws on the lives of men and women whom we have known so well by fame and name, the charming bits of humor and the many touching incidents of tender pathos that give light and shade to this incomparable picture of presidential home life—all these and many other features make *The Inside Story of the White House* a notable addition to American literature.

"One can begin at the end or in the middle as well as at the first chapter, but it is impossible to think that once having opened the covers of this rich book anyone could lay it down until every page had been eagerly absorbed—for every page is a mirror that reflects some charming scene or striking incident in the long thrilling history of the most hospitable home in America.

Continued on last column

A Remarkable Family Reunion in Rhode Island

MR. SAMUEL OSBORNE TABOR, of Slatersville, R. I., sends us an interesting account of a recent family reunion at his home. He writes: "I have been a constant subscriber and diligent reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for many years. I have all my copies on file, having lent them often to be returned when read; and I also have given many subscriptions to my friends as birthday presents. I notice with pleasure the constant improvement from year to year in the magazine. Long may it live to enlighten and bless the world!

"In the issue of October 21, 1908, I noticed the interesting picture of Mr. Hyde's family, which reminds me that you might be interested in our family group which I enclose herewith. There are fifty-two persons in the group. My wife is not represented, having been in the spirit land for nearly seventeen years past. Of eleven children—one died in infancy and one thirty-four years old, lost at sea—nine are seen in the group, six sons and three daughters. My oldest son is in his sixty-second year. There are five daughters-in-law and three sons-in-law, twenty-six grandchildren, one grandson-in-law, three granddaughters-in-law and four great-grandchildren. They came from various localities to the gathering, which lasted three days at the old homestead in North Smithfield, R. I., near Slatersville. Of the whole number, there is not a feeble one among them all. One came from Honolulu—a grandson, who is a teacher in a college there; four came from Denver, Colo.; four from Chicago; one from New Hampshire; twelve from Massachusetts towns; nine from Providence, R. I., and others from nearby Rhode Island localities. Lately two more great-grandchildren have been born and two grandsons have been married, so at this date there are fifty-seven (57) in my large family. Although now in my eighty-sixth year, I do a little work on the farm every fair day and am seldom absent from my place in church and Sunday School. My ancestors came from England early in the seventeenth century."

The Tabor Family Reunion, with Four Generations Present

The Most Timely Book of the Season

Continued

Whether the picture before us sparkles with the wit and brilliancy of a state banquet or the dazzling splendor of a formal reception, or whether the scene presents a simple fireside gathering in the private life of some one of our Presidents, and the beautiful and gracious women who have made the stately mansion a home, it is all fascinating—fascinating—and again *fascinating!"*

We Will Send this Superbly Illustrated INSIDE STORY OF THE WHITE HOUSE, 500 pages, Bound in Olive Green and Gold; Our incomparable Art Gallery de Luxe, and The Christian Herald for One Whole Year (ALL THREE), for TWO DOLLARS. Address to-day: THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 91 Bible House, New York City.

Ranchers Helped Mont-Lawn

I ENCLOSE $20 to be used as you think best in Fresh-Air Fund. We would like to send as many children as possible to Mont-Lawn. The people named below all live on ranches.

If it were possible for the little boy sent to Mont-Lawn with this $20 to write a little note to my son, James Mitchell Clarke, it would encourage him greatly to save his pennies for another season. The contributors are:

Miss Gertrude Herman and Frank Herman, Miles City, Mont.; Master Archie Hutchinson, Miles City, Mont.; Master Gerald Kirwan, Miles City, Mont.; Master Paul Blum, care of Albert Blum, Miles City, Mont.; Miss Bertha Dam, Miles City, Mont.; Master Rudolph Sumner, Jr., Etna, Mont.; Miss Archibald Hume, Garland, Mont.; Miss Evaline Baker, Garland, Mont.; Master John Huxtable, Etna, Mont.

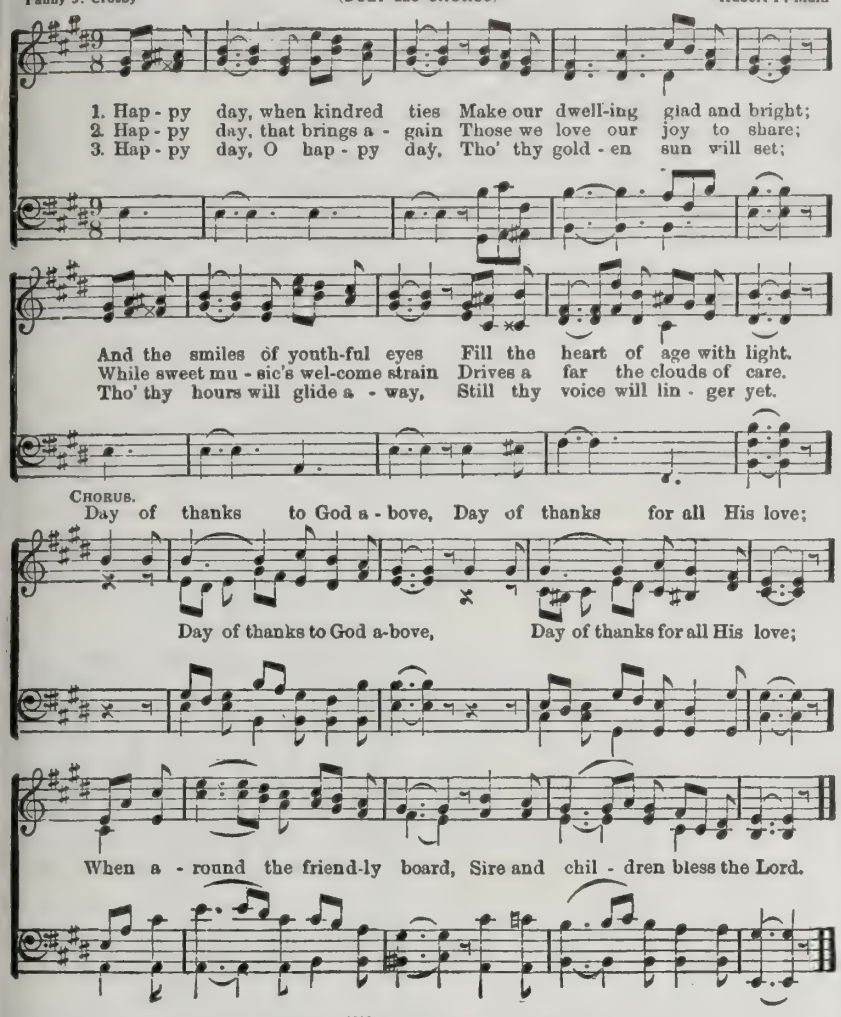
LAURA M. CLARKE.

S. J. Ranch, Garland, Mont.

A Hymn for Thanksgiving

Happy Days When Kindred Ties

Fanny J. Crosby (DUET and CHORUS) Hubert P. Main



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A Negro Plantation Fair

A VERY picturesque occasion was the negro fair that was held recently on "Rose Hill" plantation, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene B. Heard, near Middleton, Ga. Its object was two-fold: To display an exhibit of the hand-work of the negroes who compose the settlement at Rose Hill and the plantations thereabouts; and to raise funds for the building of a new schoolhouse, with a workshop for manual training, and a handicraft department.

There are more than one hundred negro tenants on the Rose Hill plantation, many of whom are descendants of former slaves who were taught trades in their youth. Mrs. Heard has made a part of her life-work the uplifting of these people.

The fair was held in the schoolhouse. Nearly a thousand negroes came from all parts of the county. An admission fee of ten cents was charged, and five cents for each exhibit. National and Georgia flags were conspicuous among the decorations, and the booths were decorated with pine boughs, bunting and flowers.

The cooks presided over their own products. There were tables laden with fried chicken, roast hog, beaten biscuits, cakes and confectionery. Hundreds of jars of pickles and preserves, and canned fruits and vegetables were exhibited. There was a big display of aprons and vari-colored quilts, knitted socks and mittens, crochet work and macreme work. The display of baskets was very creditable. The whittling exhibit showed miniature plows, wagons and pocket-knives. There were articles of furniture, tables, stools and chairs.

A two-horse wagon-load of beautiful clean corn-shucks arrived one morning at the schoolhouse door, and from these the children and their parents wove door mats, hats, horse collars, chair bottoms, ornamented baskets, etc. The doll display, made from materials provided by nature, was good; conspicuous were the corn-shuck dollies. Nearly seventy premiums were awarded. The chief crop products were cotton and peaches. At the school exercises prizes were given for the best composition on these subjects. Games were enjoyed, and there were charades and a singing contest and lots of other fun. The festival terminated in a cake walk, in which participated old and young, from grandparents down to wee pickaninnies.

HELEN GRAY.

Twenty-One

MY BOY, you're twenty-one to-day,
To manhood you have grown,
And from this day you'll face the fray
With courage all your own.
The world will try you out, my boy,
Each fibre it will test;
And you must no bad habits form
If you would do your best.

If you'd have wealth and glowing health,
A brain that's always clear,
Refrain from using cigarettes,
Strong liquor, wine and beer.
The gambling table you must shun,
And bad companions, too;
For these are webs by Satan spun
For just such lads as you.

We've done the very best we could,
Your mother dear and I;
We've tried to raise you as we should,
This truth you can't deny.
And as you leave our humble home
This wondrous sphere to scan,
On land or sea may your pattern be
The world's First Gentleman.

Chicago, Ill. DR. W. A. BLACKWELL.

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It Floats

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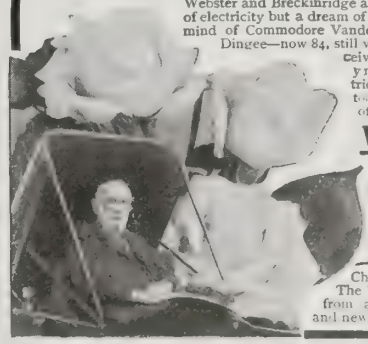
We are just completing a grand new book in which there has been condensed the experience of three-score years with Roses for home culture. It tells all you need to know about selecting the best Roses for your locality, how to make them grow and bloom, and fully describes more than six hundred leading kinds. 116 large pages, beautifully illustrated from photographs—including four full-page pictures in natural colors. By far the most complete and valuable of books on Roses, and the most beautiful. Every picture shows a Rose just as it has bloomed, and the color pages are not cheap daubs of paint, but real, rich and charming photographic reproductions in all the soft and delicate tints of nature. With this book you can know Roses and learn to grow them, no matter where you live. Our firm was established in 1850, so we call this book.

"Sixty Years Among the Roses"—

The Dingee Guide to Rose Culture. In 1850 the great war between the States was in the future; Lincoln and Douglas and Webster and Breckinridge and Sumner and Stephens were at the height of their fame; the possibilities of electricity but a dream of Morse and his associates; transcontinental railroads only an idea in the mind of Commodore Vanderbilt, and the great West still in primeval wildness. That year Charles Dingee—now 84, still vitally interested in our business, though not active in its management—conceived the great thought of growing Roses on their own roots and sending them by mail, and from his modest start has developed one of America's big industries. During all these years Dingee Roses have been known as the best; today they are better and more favorably known than ever. All the knowledge of Roses gathered in these sixty years may now be yours.



Charles Dingee, founder The Dingee & Conard Co from a recent photograph, and new Rose named for him.

We'll Pay You to Send for and Read this Book

Send us a dime—silver or stamps—and you will get a copy of "Sixty Years Among the Roses" as soon as ready, with due bill good for 20 cents on the first order you forward us. That is, you deposit the 10 cents with us, as an evidence that you love Roses an I want to know about them, but we rebate it to you, and as much more. That's paying you to read the book, isn't it? Write today; we have only a limited edition.

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905 CHESTNUT ST.

Nancy Beales' Thanksgiving

Continued from page 937

girl at the ribbon counter, as Nancy had speedily found out.

"You would have done better," said her new friend after a little conversation, "if you had studied stenography and typewriting. Father spoke of it when your father's letter came. He felt some surprise that you had not thought of that. You could have done so much better financially and, pardon me for saying it, but father thinks you did not have to come and take just this situation. I am afraid it will wear you completely out." By a freemasonry that exists between girls of similar age and taste who have congenial sympathies, these two had become familiar in a very short time. Nancy smiled as she said, frankly, "If I had been willing to listen to the dear home people I need not have come away at all. I fancy my father did not want it to be too easy for me; but I'm not going to give up at once on account of a few obstacles. I felt as if I wanted independence."

"Well," said Ruth, "lots of girls feel just that way, but to me it seems as if there is nothing so sweet as being a home daughter."

The days went by one by one through October and November, and Nancy watched for the home letters almost as one in the desert looks across wide spaces for an oasis. She divined her mother's endeavor to write cheerfully. One day there came a letter from her father, brief and to the point. "Nancy, you must drop everything and come home at once. I enclose money for your ticket in case your purse is low. Do not delay an instant. Your mother is very ill and Dr. Irving is anxious." Nancy Beales never forgot the morning of her return. Not to waste time she had traveled by night. The stage had been at the station and she had stepped into it, the only passenger. "I'm heartily glad to see you back, Nancy," the driver had said as he took her hand into his rough palm. "Your mother's pretty sick, but my wife says she's been pining for you, and I guess she'll turn the corner soon as you're back where you belong."

"Back where you belong!" That's what Nancy said to herself as the stage rattled on. Old Jabez Brown was a great talker, but she heard scarcely a word and said yes and no at random. When she reached her own house she ran in and ran, as it happened, straight into her father's arms. "I didn't look for you, dear, until tonight," he said in a low voice. "Mrs. Hill has been sitting up with your mother and she was just going to carry in her breakfast. Suppose you take it in instead."

"Is mother so weak?" inquired Nancy. "She is pretty weak, but seeing you will make her stronger. Darling, had you thought that this is Thanksgiving Day?"

Nancy had quite forgotten it, but it proved to be the best Thanksgiving she had ever known. With her return, with her young arm to relieve her mother and with her happiness in taking up simple duty once more, joy came to her and health to her mother. Nancy Beales remembered it always as a perfect Thanksgiving Day, though they put off the Thanksgiving dinner for a whole fortnight.

TRUTHS OF VITAL INTEREST
ON THE LIFE BEYOND

ALREADY we have filled hundreds upon hundreds of orders for Madison C. Peters' great book, "AFTER DEATH—WHAT?" Is it the former great works of the author that is lending such tremendous impetus to his new and greatest masterpiece, or is it because when an inspired book comes to fill a vital need and a real want of the people it is bound to be literally devoured by a hungry humanity? Whatever the secret of its instant success, we are filling orders for this great work almost as fast as the books are off the press. And not a single volume has been returned, though the terms of our Premium Guarantee make it indisputably clear that we are always glad to refund the full price without questions if a purchaser is not wholly satisfied with any one of our books.

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In addition to Dr. Peters' enlightening and uplifting talks on such vital subjects as the titles of his chapters indicate (for example, "What Is Heaven and How to Reach It"; "What the Heavenly Rest Means"; "The Soul Between Death and the Resurrection"; "Occupations in Heaven"), this rich volume also contains exquisite Poems of Comfort that are each and every one jewels from the world's best literature. Priceless gems from the master minds of all ages and countries—imperishable truths from the world's greatest philosophers, historians and preachers—illumine the pages. "Our Children in Heaven" is a chapter that once read can never be effaced from the memory of every father or mother whose heart goes out to some little one who has passed before.

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Imprisoned

Suggested by a lark flying into the room, and dashing itself against the windows in its efforts to escape.

By Rev. Joseph Hamilton,
Author of *Our Own and Other Worlds*, etc.

O BIRD from the blue,
This is no home for you.
In spacious fields of air,
Beneath a boundless sky,
Without a fear or care,
You sang and soared so high—
I wonder much what brought you here
To this dark room's contracted sphere.

O birdie dear, beware!
Poor fluttering thing, take care!
I fear you'll hurt your pretty wings
Against these hard, material things.
Would you were free to rise,
And seek your native skies,
And from those heights no more to roam,
Or seek a lower, earthly home.
And see! I ope your prison door!
Escape, and sing, and heavenward soar!

O spirit from the blue,
This is no home for you.
In fleshly walls confined
Frets the aspiring mind;
Imprisoned here in human clay,
You pine and long to soar away.
The soul would burst these prison bars,
And find its home beyond the stars.

O heaven-born soul, beware!
Poor fluttering thing, take care!
Oh, do not hurt your spirit wings
Against earth's hard, material things.
A Hand some day will ope your prison door!
O glad escape, to sing, and heavenward soar!

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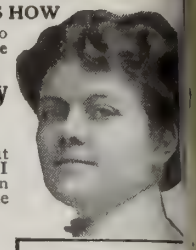

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This free book tells all about Beauty Culture and how I teach women in their own home — by mail — to become expert operators in

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Dear Miss King:
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Mrs. Florence D...
836 Iberville Street, New Orleans,

Another Says:

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51 W. 91st St., New Y...

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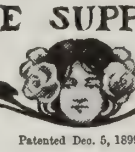

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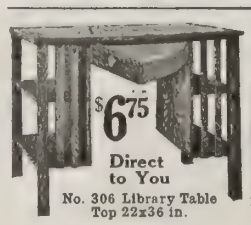

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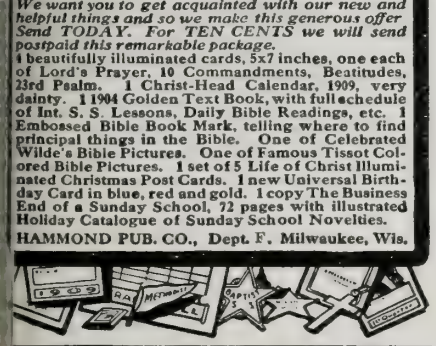

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Cuba's First President Dead

TOMAS ESTRADA PALMA, the first President of free Cuba, died in Santiago province, November 4, of pneumonia, after a short illness. He was born July 9, 1835, on the largest of his father's estates, at Bayamo, Eastern Cuba. His father was one of the wealthiest and most respected land owners in Cuba. Tomas was sent to Seville, Spain, to be educated as a lawyer, but on his return to Cuba he never practised law to any great extent. The struggling condition of the island engrossed his attention. He became a leader in the party of revolution, and when Cespedes raised the standard of armed revolt against Spain in 1868, Palma, now his father's successor, freed his slaves, and took the field with the army of liberation. One day his detachment was surprised by the Spaniards. Palma was absent at the time. His mother, taken prisoner and compelled to march in the rear of the column, succumbed to fatigue and was abandoned in the woods. Her son, with a searching party, found her, faint and weak, and in a short time she died.

The Late President Palma

After the capture of Bayamo, Palma was elected a member of the Cuban Assembly, and in 1876 he was elected by the Assembly as the "President" of the struggling republic. While holding that nominal office he was betrayed, through the treachery of a subordinate, into the hands of a Spanish column and thrown into the Morro as a prisoner of war.

Palma was sent to Spain and imprisoned for a year in the Castle of Fleuras. With the surrender of the Cuban insurgents he was liberated. He refused tempting offers of preferment in exchange for his oath of allegiance. He came to New York by way of Paris, and found his way into Honduras, an exile. There his ability soon brought preferment and he married the daughter of Guardiola, President of the republic of Honduras, who became the mother of his six children. He brought her to the United States and made their home in Central Valley, N. Y., where Palma opened a school for young Cubans and Spanish-Americans.

He kept in close touch, however, with the affairs of the unhappy island of his birth, and he instilled into the minds of his pupils principles of patriotism and duty.

In 1895 the schoolmaster was summoned to take the post of delegate for the Cuban revolutionary clubs, a place which carried with it the leadership of the Cuban junta in New York. Palma plunged again into the vortex, devoting all his energies to the furtherance of the cause of "Cuba Libre." When at last the struggle was ended, and the victory won, through American intervention, his grateful countrymen selected him to be the first President of the free republic.

He found it no easy task to govern the turbulent element, however, and had to face a revolution in the little republic. The United States was under moral and treaty obligation to preserve the peace. Palma realized that his abdication was the best course. He thereupon stepped out of the chief magistracy, giving place to an American governor, and the second American occupation was begun. Palma retired to his old estate on the Cauto River, and took up again the life of a planter. He said, explaining his resignation:

"With the millions in the treasury I could unquestionably have suppressed the revolution; but in doing this I could not have prevented the destruction of property or the shedding of Cuban blood by Cubans. It was to avert those calamities that I stood aside to permit the United States to exercise the right and duty it had assumed of preserving Cuban independence and protecting life, property and individual liberty."

The Cuban people in the island republic, in the United States and throughout the world entertain a warm admiration for Palma, whose checkered career as land owner, soldier, exile, prisoner, teacher, diplomat and President, is now brought to a close by death. He lived long enough, however, to see his beloved country free, united and prosperous.

BISHOP VINCENT IN DELAWARE

REV. BISHOP JOHN H. VINCENT has lately been conducting a series of meetings at Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, Wilmington, Del. He called them "Seven Days' Study in Church Life." Every day "A Service of Surrender" was held and a question box opened. Bishop Vincent aimed at spiritual results in this series of meetings—the increase of personal faith, the deepening of the sense of personal responsibility, a steady and habitual surrender of the life to God and to the service of man, and the acceptance of God's grace. He showed the importance of studying the Word of God, and helping any who are in temporal or spiritual need. He advised a year's course of brief daily Bible readings and active Christian effort in some simple form.

The secret of education is in classifying, and in this Bishop Vincent excels, as well as in suggestions which have changed dull lives from apathy to enthusiasm, from ignorance to intellectual inspiration. Bishop Vincent is the founder of all the Chautauqua life, and is full of reverent religious spirit. One of his sayings is "Dream yourself into an ideal world. Invite to yourself all the good things that God has made possible for you—thus you will glorify your life." M. B. C.

My Shepherd

A new poetical version of the 23d Psalm.

The Lord my Shepherd is,
No want I e'er shall know;
He makes my bed in pastures green,
Where noiseless waters flow.

My soul he doth restore,
My drooping heart doth bless;
He leads me, for his own name's sake,
In paths of righteousness.

Though dark may be the way,
I know my Shepherd's near;
His rod and staff they comfort me;
Of evil I've no fear.

A table is prepared
Before mine enemies spread;
With his own oil of love and truth
He doth anoint my head.

The blessings I receive
Are more than I can know;
With joy I'm lavishly supplied;
My cup doth overflow.

Goodness and mercy, Lord,
Shall ever follow me,
And in thy house I'll dwell content
Through all eternity. H. H. B.

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"The doctor said he could find no organic trouble but said my heart was irritable from some food I had been accustomed to eat, and asked me to try and remember what disagreed with me.

"I remembered that coffee always soured on my stomach and caused me trouble from palpitation of the heart. So I stopped coffee and began to use Postum. I have had no further trouble since.

"A neighbor of ours, an old man, was so irritable from drinking coffee that his wife wanted him to drink Postum. This made him very angry, but his wife secured some Postum and made it carefully according to directions.

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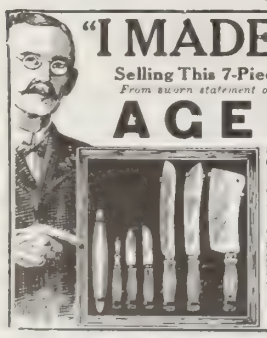

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OUR MAIL-BAG

Questions and Answers

M. S., Putnam, Conn. 1. Is it correct to speak of Christ as a Jew? 2. When did the Israelites first begin to be spoken of as Jews?

1. Certainly. Jesus in his human nature was a Jew, and his Jewish descent is given in the genealogies by the evangelists. 2. The name is derived from the patriarch Judah, and was first applied to members of the tribe of Judah, but was afterward used to distinguish the people of the kingdom of Judah from the seceding ten tribes, who retained the name of Israelites. After the exile, the name Jew was applied to the whole Hebrew people.

J. H. L., Brunswick, O. Is not the word "resurrection" used in a double sense in Eph. 2:1 and in Rev. 20:6?

The passage in Ephesians refers to the quickening of those Ephesians at that time who were spiritually dead in sin, without God's spirit in the soul, unable to think, will or do anything that was holy. The verse in Revelation refers to the resurrection of the just (see Luke 14:14) at the millennium. We know nothing of the school mentioned in your letter.

G. N., New York. Is it lawful for a man to drop his last name and adopt his middle name? Would a man be justified in doing this on the ground that he disliked his last name?

It would be a very unusual step for a man to take and one of doubtful legality. While actors and authors frequently adopt "stage names" and "pen names" before the public, in private life they usually retain their own. It is a question whether a man could lawfully do business, take or convey title, inherit, marry or do any one of a hundred things under an assumed name. A legislative enactment is necessary to a lawful change of a man's name.

J. G., Willard, N. Y. 1. How many States are there in the Union? 2. Where is the phrase "Cleanliness is next to godliness" to be found?

1. There are forty-six States. 2. It appears in the *Mishna*, the code of Jewish laws, as translated by Rafael M. de Sola.

E. L. M., N.Y. 1. Are the teachings and promises in Matthew 5th, 6th and 7th chapters (Christ's Sermon on the Mount), also in John 14, where "Christ comforteth his disciples," intended for all people or just for his disciples? 2. I do not understand just what my duty is in regard to giving one tenth to God.

1. Jesus had been preaching to "the multitudes" (see Matt. 4:25 and 5:1), and as the evangelist makes no mention of the people being sent away, it is to be presumed that many were in the audience which heard the Sermon on the Mount. Matt. 7:29 and 8:1 would seem to confirm this view. The teachings and promises on that memorable occasion were for his followers everywhere, and not for the disciples alone. The discourse at table (John 14), though addressed to the disciples only, is of general application to the whole Christian Church. 2. The tenth is a tenth of the income or earnings over and above necessary expenses.

Mrs. M. W. McC., Ionia, Mich. What is the exceedingly bright star which appears in the eastern heavens between three and four o'clock in the morning? Some say it is the "Star of Bethlehem" and appears but once in five hundred years.

The "star" is the planet Venus. She is a frequent visitor in our nightly skies, although not always so bright as now. Sometimes she may be seen in a midday sky. The other "star" about which you inquire is the planet Jupiter. A few weeks ago these planets were very near each other, almost in conjunction, and were interesting objects. Your friend, who told you of a star which appears only once in five hundred years, must have been misinformed himself, as astronomers have catalogued no star of that periodicity.

SAMUEL PHELPS LELAND.

J. M., Cumberland, Md. I cannot find anything to show that the Jews were taught to look forward to a heaven or a hell as Christians understand these words, nor were they taught to secure heaven as a reward for service to God or a hell as punishment for not serving God. They did serve God for material things: as food, children and protection from their enemies; but beyond that, there was no reward.

The same assertion has frequently been made, but it is not well founded. From the first mention of the tree of life in Paradise, the eating of which would make immortal, the idea of a continued existence has had a place in Jewish theology. Many passages might be quoted to show this belief. See the Mosaic injunctions against necromancy, or the invocation of the dead, Deut. 18:9–12; I. Sam. 28; Ps. 106:28 and other passages. Moses wrote that God "took" Enoch (Gen. 5:22, 24), because he had lived a pious life. David speaks of his child in another life when he says, "I will go to him but he shall not return to me," (see II. Sam. 12:23). Job says (Job 19:26 and 27) that he "will see God for himself and not another" in the future life. Ecclesiastes, which doubtless echoed faithfully the theology of that day, shows very clearly the belief in a spiritual life (Eccles. 12:7) see also the allusions in the Psalms (the Jewish Psalter) to expectations of reward and punishment after death (Ps. 17:15; 49:15, 16; 73:24, 26, 28). These and other passages which might be quoted, make it certain that the ancient Jews did believe in a future life; but it is equally certain that they had only dim and uncertain views on the subject, and that the full knowledge was not attained by any race or nation on earth until Christ himself came to "bring life and immortality to light."

W. J. C., Fredericton, N. B. 1. What was the Boston Massacre? 2. What was the Salem witchcraft delusion?

1. The Boston massacre was one of the events that led up to the American Revolution. On account of the resentment of the people of Massachusetts, and especially of Boston, the capital of the Province, toward certain acts of the British Government, three regiments were sent there from England, under the command of General Gage, in 1768. The presence of the troops irritated the citizens still more, and encounters were frequent. These resulted in the massacre on the evening of March 5, 1770. Some of the citizens had got into trouble with a sentry. Captain Preston, with soldiers, went to quiet the disturbance and the crowd hurled missiles at them. Preston, without orders, directed his men to fire. Five men were killed and three wounded. Next day the people demanded that Preston be tried for murder and the troops withdrawn. The troops were sent to Castle William in the harbor, and Preston and his men were tried. All were acquitted except two, who received light sentences. The anniversary of the day was observed until the outbreak of the Revolutionary War in 1776. 2. The excitement over witchcraft broke out in March, 1692, in Danvers, then part of Salem, Mass., and spread rapidly. It started in the family of Rev. Samuel Parris. Most of the accusers and witnesses were young girls, who started it probably for the excitement, and the elder people took it up. Quite a number of men and women were executed. In some cases the victims were people who believed those accused were innocent, and were at once arrested themselves. In 1693 the wife of the minister at Beverly was accused, and the accusations were so ridiculous that the power of the fearful delusion was broken. Many of the ministers and magistrates later greatly regretted the persecution in which they had taken part.

Continued on next page

A RARE TREAT

For Old and Young

IN MAKING up our premium books for this season we were careful to bear in mind that no list however perfect would be quite *complete* without one book for the whole family—a book to be read aloud on winter evenings; that no one is too old and only the very little tots too young to enjoy. And so in pondering upon what this book should be it seemed best to go back to the old, old stories that the whole world has craved and loved and that have come down to us through the ages *always new*, however old in years.

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OUR MAIL-BAG

Continued from preceding page

G. T., Troy, N. Y. Please explain to me the following: Luke 13: 19.

The purpose was to show the growth of the kingdom from small beginnings to ultimate universality. The smallness of the seed is contrasted with the amplitude of the tree. The seed gives out its best virtues when bruised. The tree is both food and shelter, in other words, repose and blessing.

Mrs. M. A., North Branch, Md. Do the Jews, as a people, expect Christ as their Saviour, or are their eyes closed, or "withheld" from this belief?

We have referred this letter to the Rev. Leopold Cohn, superintendent of the Williamsburg and Brownsville Missions to the Jews, Brooklyn, N. Y. Mr. Cohn is an ex-rabbi and can speak with some degree of authority on the subject. He writes: "Certainly, the Jews are included in the purpose of the Gospel, as are all other people and nations. Salvation is for all men, no matter what their moral or spiritual condition might be. Many Jews have already responded to the Gospel and believe in Christ as their Saviour. When the church fulfils its obligation to preach the Gospel to the Jews, they will come in larger numbers, and then will Paul's prophecy be fulfilled, 'When the fulness of the Gentiles be come in. And so all Israel shall be saved.' Read Rom. 11."

W. E., Halifax, N. S. 1. What is meant by the time of restitution (or restoration) of all things, spoken by the holy prophets since the world began? Acts 3: 19-21. 2. What is meant by "When thy sisters Sodom and her daughters shall return to their former estate, and Samaria and her daughters shall return to their former estate, then thou and thy daughters shall return to their former estate"? Eze. 16: 53-55. 3. See Gen. 19: 24, 25: Where have the Sodomites been in the interim and when would you say they are to be returned to their former estate?

1. This expression is probably meant to comprehend the rectification of all the disorders arising from man's fall, and the interval which must elapse before that consummation, that is, between the Ascension and the Second Coming. It probably means never. Such is the construction on the best commentators place on these two passages. 3. The explanation of the passage in Ezekiel answers this question.

Mrs. M. T., Port Huron, Mich. Why is a certain street in London called "Rotten Row"?

One derivation is said to be "*Route en Roi*," the "King's Road" or "Highway," but by gradual corruption of terms, the name was changed to Rotten Row." Another suggestion is that it is derived from the Norman words "Ratten Row" ("Roundabout Way") through which the dead were carried to cemeteries.

J. L., Royersford, Pa. 1. Can a saloonkeeper be a member of a church? 2. Should a church expect and receive weekly contributions from him?

1. There are churches that draw the line at saloonkeepers and others that accept them. 2. This whole subject was thoroughly discussed in THE MAIL-BAG several years ago and the consensus of opinion was that the saloonkeeper's money, though accepted by many churches, was the profit of an evil business and therefore undesirable for the Lord's work. The opinion was expressed, however, that it might legitimately be applied toward the relief of the poor, which would be a certain measure of restoration.

E. G. S., Philadelphia. What is the origin of the word "Mormon" and its meaning?

It is presumed by some to be derived from a Greek word signifying a lamia, maniola or female spectre, but the Mormons themselves claim that it is from the Egyptian *mon*, signifying good, and that they added the contraction *mor* (or "more"), making the whole word mean "more good."

Miscellaneous

Reader, Alberta, Can. Write to Biglow & Main, publishers, New York, about the hymn you want.

Miss L. M. L., New Orleans, and others. The correspondence classes of Standard Shorthand are still open at the dollar enrolment fee.

Reader, Dayton, O. *The Transformation of Margaret* is published under the title *The Turn of the Tide*, by the Wilder Publishing Co., Boston, Mass.

H. R., Albany, N. Y. The discussion you suggest would take more space than we can give to it. Admitting God's omnipotence, all the rest follows as a logical sequence.

Subscriber, Springfield, Ill. If you write to Rev. M. M. Cooper, Knoxville, Tenn., he will give you full information in regard to the cost of supporting an orphan in the Blossom Home at Sao Paulo, Brazil.

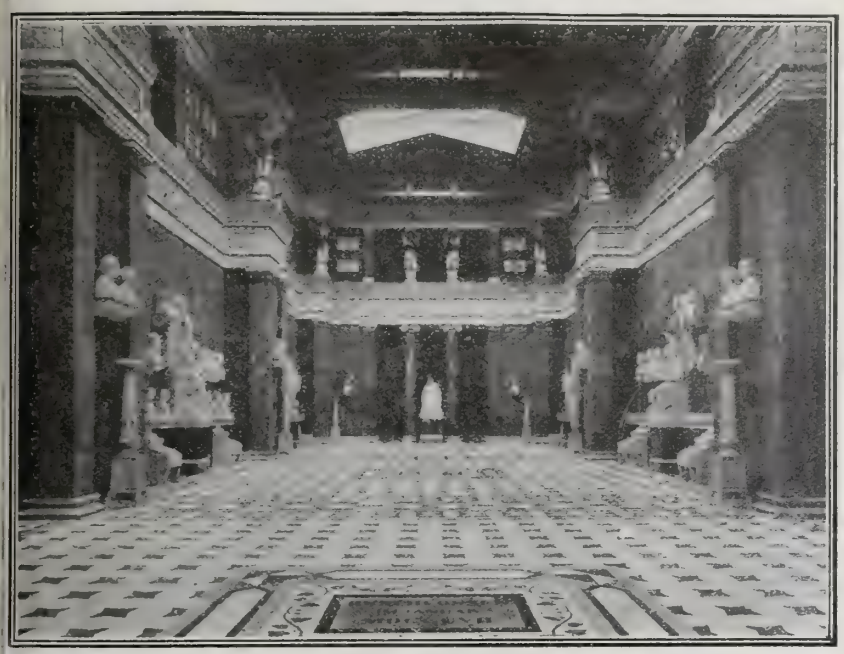
G., Mount Forest. Anything that may prove a stumbling block to others, or that is liable to lead them in the way of temptation, we should carefully avoid. We believe there is a danger which can only be averted by using nothing that will tempt growing boys to drink.

Reader, Iowa. The Bible teaches that we must not only be ready to forgive, but that we should make the first advances; in other words, make it clear to the offender that we are willing to forgive. In the case mentioned, the friendly overtures should not have been repulsed.

Reader, Norfolk, Va. The boy who knew the wrongdoer was plucky in declining to tell; but nevertheless, as a party to the wrong, he deserved punishment for screening the real offender. By so doing, he prevented justice being done, which the neighbor, whose property was injured, had the right to demand.

Reader, Harrison, O. 1. The passage in Rom. 14: 14 cannot be applied in the way you indicate. Paul was speaking of ritual distinctions. Read verses 15, 16, 17, and observe the modification. 2. No, it is not wrong for a Christian to study the affairs of his country. On the contrary he should do all that lies in his power to help it to clean, moral government by his voice and vote. The other questions are trivial.

A. A. A., Los Angeles, Calif. 1. God rules the universe and it moves according to his laws; but if we insist that every occurrence, even the most trifling, is divinely directed, we make it a fatalistic world, without human free agency or responsibility. 2. Even a pagan may be broad-minded; but to one who has been enlightened concerning the Gospel, spiritual conviction changes the whole situation and takes away what Paul calls the "veil" from our hearts and our understanding.



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PASTORS, Sunday School teachers, Bible students and lovers of the Word everywhere will welcome the remarkable book, *The Trial of Jesus*, by the Hon. Walter M. Chandler, a member of the New York bar. It deals with the greatest topic the human mind has ever considered, yet one concerning which too little is known by the average reader. It puts at our disposal a mass of most valuable information, carefully and systematically arranged, enabling us to form accurate and intelligent conclusions relative to an event of which the minutest circumstance is of importance to the student of the Scriptures.

In these two comprehensive volumes, the author reviews, with the skill and precision of a practiced lawyer, yet in terms suited to the comprehension of the lay reader, all the facts and circumstances antecedent to, during and after the trial of the world's Saviour before the Hebrew tribunal. The first volume is devoted to a judicial review of the record of fact, as it appears in the Gospel narrative, and an exposition of the Hebrew criminal law, the powers of courts and judges, the methods of examining witnesses and sifting evidence and the character of the executions in capital cases. Then comes the problem whether the trial before the Sanhedrin was a legal one, involving questions of jurisdiction, of the legality of the arrest, the doubtful character of the indictment, the irregular night examination, the confining of the trial to a single day, the conviction upon the uncorroborated confession of the accused, the disqualification of certain Sanhedrists, the refusal to consider the defense, and other grave irregularities.

Volume II. reviews the Roman trial and explains the twofold jurisdiction, the powers and duties of Pilate, the Roman procedure in capital cases, and the Roman law, as applicable to the case of Jesus. There is an enlightening legal analysis and summary of this Roman trial. The official powers of Pilate and Herod are carefully set forth, and the characters of the Sanhedrists, who tried Jesus, are disclosed from the record.

Concerning the Sanhedrin trial, the author shows that the testimony upon which Jesus was convicted was absolutely false, from the judicial standpoint; that he was never legally tried or convicted, and that his condemnation was "not based upon a legal procedure in harmony with either the Mosaic Code or the Mishna." "The pages of human history," he declares, "present no stronger case of judicial murder than the trial and conviction of Jesus of Nazareth, for the simple reason that all forms of law were outraged and trampled under foot in the proceedings instituted against him. The errors were so numerous and the proceedings so flagrant that many have even doubted the existence of a trial."

Mr. Chandler's two volumes constitute the strongest, the fullest and the most satisfactory presentation of the whole subject. His work is a condensed library of accurate information concerning the laws and procedure of that period. His elaborate review of the "double trial" is a masterly one, leaving no detail unconsidered, and his conclusions as to its illegality and utter injustice are convincing and apparently unanswerable. Throughout the entire discussion, his attitude is that of a calm, impartial judge, who reaches his decision through the inexorable logic of law and justice, and in accordance with the facts and the evidence. His book deserves to be ranked among the notable contributions to historical and legal literature.

*"*The Trial of Jesus: From a Lawyer's Standpoint*, by Walter M. Chandler of the New York Bar. Two volumes; 772 pages; half morocco, gilt top; price, $5. The Empire Publishing Co., New York City.*

Books Received

Humorous Hits and How to Hold an Audience, by Grenville Kleiser. A new and comprehensive book of recitations—humorous and serious. Price $1. Pp. 326. Funk & Wagnalls, New York, publishers.

Betty Pembroke. By Elizabeth Hazlewood Hancock. A story of love and patriotism a hundred years ago. Pp. 309; cloth covers; price $1.50. The Neale Publishing Co., New York and Washington, publishers.

Heredity and Morals. A book which deals with the essentials that relate to the "welfare of the individual and the future of the race." Pp. 473; illustrated; price $2. E. B. Treat & Co., New York, publishers.

The Next Step in Evolution, by I. K. Funk, D.D., LL.D. "A study of the probability, significance and character of the second coming of Christ." Pp. 107, with frontispiece; price 50 cents. Funk & Wagnalls, New York and London, publishers.

Optimism — A Real Remedy, by Horace Fletcher, author of the system known as Fletcherism, which has been termed "the doctrine of excessive chewing." The author, in a most attractive way, shows the advantage of modern melioristic optimism in adding to the felicity of the human race and overcoming all ordinary obstacles. Pp. 79. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, publishers.

Buck Jones at Annapolis, by Richard Pearson Hobson. D. Appleton & Company. Life at the Naval Academy is here strongly depicted by one who not only knows all about it, but whose name is connected with heroism during the Spanish-American war. Notwithstanding the strict regulations and austere discipline of the Naval School, the undergraduates appear to have very good times. There is enough here that is startling and exciting to delight the average boy, and the book is sure to be a permanent favorite.

Poland: a Knight Among the Nations. By Louis E. Van Norman, with an introduction by Helena Modjeska. These are the impressions of an American journalist who spent a year in the old Polish Commonwealth, visited all the historically important points, and met people of every social grade, making the whole an interesting and instructive study. A most interesting work. Illustrated; pp. 359; price $1.50. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, London and Chicago, publishers.

Reminiscences of Senator William M. Stewart of Nevada. Edited by George Rothwell Brown. Senator Stewart's eighty-three years cover a very large part of the important history of our country, and his memoirs deal with developments and events that will interest almost every reader. His has been a life of big enterprises, by land and sea, as hunter, miner, justice and United States Senator. Especially will his recollections of Lincoln, Johnson, Sumner, Lee, Grant, Hamlin, Sherman, Greeley, Farragut and others, be read with keen appreciation. Pp. 358; with frontispiece; cloth binding; price $3. The Neale Publishing Co., New York and Washington, publishers.

The Neale Publishing Company has also issued the following books: *A Long Time Ago in Virginia and Maryland, with a Glimpse of Old England*, by Alice Maud Ewell; illustrated; pp. 246; price $1.50. *The Law and the Gospel of Labor*, by Luther Hess Waring. A manual of legal information concerning unions, strikes, boycotts, injunctions, etc.; pp. 140; price $1. *Princess Pocahontas*, by Mittie Owen McDavid. A simple story of the life of one of the most romantic characters in American history; pp. 125; cloth covers; price $1.25. *When Hearts Were True*, by Willoughby Reade. Four capital stories; pp. 140; price $1; cloth covers. *Kentuckians in History and Literature*, by John W. Townsend; pp. 189; cloth; price $2. *A History of Virginia Banks and Bankers Prior to the Civil War*, with an essay on the banking system needed, by Wm. L. Royall; pp. 73; cloth covers; price $1.25. *Haiti, Her History and Her Detractors*, by Hon. J. N. Leger. Probably the most explicit and comprehensive book on Haiti that has yet appeared, valuable alike as a work of reference and as a means of giving the reader an impartial opinion of Haiti and its people; illustrated; cloth covers; price $3. *The Story of Christina*, by Mary Harriet Norris. A novel of American life to-day; pp. 438; cloth covers; price $1.50. *Stella Hope*, by Emily Woodson Barksdale. A fascinating romance of modern life; pp. 364; cloth; price $1.50. *Selected Poems*, by William J. Grayson, student, patriot, statesman, poet. Grayson was the forerunner of that period in Southern literature which produced Timrod, Hayne, Hope and Lanier. His work is of a very high order; pp. 148; cloth; price $1.25. *Lee and His Cause*, by John R. Deering.

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ut that they who labored and suferd for their country hold fail of the love n gratitude of those he served, is always n injust and cruel ig. We believe that o always rewards h, but it is fitting a from their fellow e also should come ce tokens of appreiaon which heroism serves.

Mrs. E. K. Trader

One of these unknown factors, who suferd as did few others ng the Civil War, ill with us in the s, poor and almost rotten. She is Mrs. la King Newsom rder, now a resident f Vashington, D. C., ut a native of Branon Miss.

Mrs. Trader was in 8 the widow of Dr. Frank Newsom, h died leaving her a large fortune. hen the war broke out, Mrs. Newon espoused with her whole heart the ae of the Confederacy. Taking sevra of her own servants and collectga quantity of the necessary supli, she went to the City Hospital in emphis, Tenn., and offered her oes and services and those of her tt corps of helpers.

rom Memphis she went to Bowling en, Ky., taking with her again her ants and a carload of supplies. It was in December, 1861. The ther was cold, there were no proper buildings, and everything was in chaos. Battles and skirmishes were constantly occurring in the neighborhood; the sick and wounded were being brought in in large numbers, and this noble woman, from four o'clock every morning until twelve at night, was a ministering angel at the bedside of the stricken Confederate soldiers.

Until the fall of Forts Donaldson and Henry, she remained in Bowling Green. From that place she went to Nashville, Tenn., staying there until that also fell into the hands of the enemy. Then she retreated to Atlanta, Ga., and later to Corinth, Miss., taking everywhere with her her servants and supplies.

She was with the Western army until the close of the war, "working ever," says the Washington *Herald*, "for the good of the cause."

Her unceasing labors and frequent exposure told upon her health, until she broke down, shortly after peace had been declared. She married, but her husband, Dr. Trader, had, like herself, spent all his fortune for the South, and she has lived in poverty and obscurity ever since.

At the meeting of the Association of the Medical Officers of the Army and Navy of the Confederacy, at Birmingham, Ala., in June, 1908, resolutions of praise and gratitude were passed to Mrs. Trader for her "distinguished ministration and services to the sick, wounded and dying soldiers of the Confederate army throughout the entire period of the war, which at that time won for her the great love of its officers, soldiers and physicians."

OUR NEW "DREADNOUGHT"

AMERICA'S new "Dreadnought," the battleship *North Dakota*, was launched recently from the Fore River Shipyards at Quincy, Mass. While it is of the *Dreadnought* type, it is much larger. The enormous hull, 510 feet in length, was completed in less than three hundred days after the keel was laid, and work will now be commenced on her superstructure. A large party of distinguished citizens of North Dakota, including the Governor and military and naval officials, came on to the launching. The ship was named by Miss Mary Benton as it slid down the ways. It moved so easily that four tugs had all they could do in bringing her back to her moorings as she drifted toward the open sea. Her thickest armor belt is eleven inches. She will carry thirty-six guns of various sizes and two torpedo tubes. When fitted, she is expected to steam twenty-one knots an hour. Her crew will number forty-five officers and eight hundred and twenty-eight men.

AMONG THE WORKERS AT HOME AND ABROAD

—THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Young Men's Business League was held in Columbus, O., October 8-11. It is interdenominational and the meetings were evangelistic in character. The President is Rev. Thomas Henderson, Columbus, O.

—EVANGELIST WM. H. FRIDAY, JR., of Brooklyn, N. Y., has been holding some very successful missions in New York and vicinity. He has just concluded a two weeks' campaign at the Sixteenth Baptist Church in Manhattan. On the 8th of November he began a two weeks' mission at the Union Evangelical Church, Corona, N. Y.

—THE EVANGELISTIC COMMITTEE of New York City this year has eleven tent centres, eleven open air centres and meetings in thirteen shops and factories. During the season there were held: 842 adult meetings with 211,400 attendants; 320 children's meetings with 60,100 attendants. Total number of meetings 1,162, with a total attendance of 271,500.

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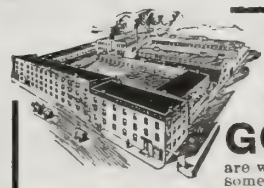

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The Personality of Solomon

A young man of commanding presence as he stood in the sacred Tabernacle at Gibeon, "excellent as the cedars"; his face "bright and ruddy" like his father's in youth; his locks "bushy and black as a raven"; his eyes as "the eyes of doves"; his lips full of grace," and his soul "of gladness"; his whole person "altogether lovely as the standard bearer among a thousand" (Canticles).

At Gibeon, the chief high place, six miles north of Jerusalem, there was a national gathering, as there had been at the coronation of King Solomon. Since then, King Solomon had been coregent with his father, but now that King David was dead, it was fitting that King Solomon should be acknowledged as the sole ruler. It was a great occasion. A thousand burnt offerings were placed upon the altar by King Solomon to worship God, and to feed the people, for only "the fat of the inwards" was burned, and the rest was used for food, the shoulders being reserved for the priests. It was a glad, but a wearisome day, and King Solomon must have been glad of night coming on when he could rest.

We are distinctly told that "God appeared to Solomon in a dream by night." Solomon himself realized that it was no fantasy. Like Samuel of old, when God spoke to him, he was in the attitude of desiring to know what the Lord had to say to him. Wonderfully gracious were the words: "Ask what I shall give thee." And Solomon chose and chose quickly: "A wise and understanding heart to discern between the good and the bad, and to judge the people righteously." If his eyelids were closed, and his body asleep, his soul was wonderfully alert and wide-awake. And God was pleased with his choice, and promised that he should not only have wisdom, but riches, and power, and honor in measure never before nor since realized. And Solomon awoke, and it was not all a dream. The reality of it was so impressed upon Solomon that he went directly and offered up burnt offerings that he might be cleansed from sin, and peace offerings of thanksgiving.

The Song of Solomon

It is not enough to be able intellectually to "discern between good and evil." We need disposition, as well as discernment, lest we shall "condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue." The choice made by Solomon indicated a soul as pure in its purposes as that of a little child. This Edenic period of Solomon's young life is mirrored in what is known as "The Song of Solomon," written doubtless when his affections were so undefiled and single in their object that they were to him a mystic parable of the soul's love for the heavenly Bridegrom, and affording to many devout worshipers, whose whole body and soul and spirit are given in consecration to God, a holy of holies of deepest communion with him whom the soul loveth. This song of Paradise regained by holiness bids us put aside the error of supposing that the "flesh" is the seat of sin, and exhorts us to present our bodies as living, holy and reasonable sacrifices to God, pure in all parts and in all functions.

Some one has said it would have been better if Solomon had chosen "godliness" instead of wisdom. Evidently God was satisfied with his choice, and therefore we should be.

"I called upon God, and the Spirit of Wisdom came to me! I preferred her before sceptres and thrones, and esteemed riches nothing in comparison of her. Neither compared I unto her any precious stone, because all gold in respect to her is as a little sand; and silver shall be counted as clay to her. I loved her above health and beauty, and chose to have her instead of light; for the light that cometh from her never goeth out. All good things together come to me with her, and innumerable riches in her hands. And I rejoiced in them all, because wisdom goeth before them."

The practical output of wisdom is to be able to say and do the right thing at the right time and in the right place. There are many legends told to show the wisdom of Solomon—one of which is that two wreaths of flowers were brought in before him—one natural and the other artificial—and he was asked to designate them. His only reply was a request that bees should be brought in. This was done, when they at once lighted upon the real flowers to get the honey, not touching the others. Solomon was wise enough to know that the bees could not be deceived. Another story, but a true one, is that told about the two women who both claimed the same living child, each refusing to acknowledge the dead child as hers. Solomon ordered his soldiers to cut the living child in two, and give half to each woman. How dreadful if it had been done! But instead, Solomon intended to sieze upon that moment of anguish which the true mother would show, and countermand his order in time to save the life of the child. One woman was satisfied with the order, but the other would rather yield her claim than have the child killed; that revealed the true mother, and Solomon restored the child to her.

The enemies who were plotting against his kingdom were disposed of; even his own brother, Adonijah, was slain. Abiathar, the high priest, was deposed, and another put in his place. Shimei, who had been false to King David, was executed because, being on parole, he went out again among his nation's enemies, stirring up strife.

And King Solomon married the daughter of Pharoah. Solomon secured a commercial alliance with Tyre, making Israel a commercial people, and obtaining materials for the temple.

A still greater conquest was that he was able to make the Land of Promise the land of possession. The whole Land of Promise deeded by God to Abraham, Moses and Joshua, which was only half possessed by Joshua, was possessed fully by Solomon for the first time in Israel's history, Hamath being the northern border; Euphrates, east; the river of Egypt, south, and the Great Sea, or Mediterranean, west, making an empire ranking in power and wealth with Babylon and Egypt.

Continued on next page

* **The International Sunday School Lesson for December 6, 1908.** Solomon Chooses Wisdom. I. Kings 3: 4-15. GOLDEN TEXT: "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." Prov. 9: 10.

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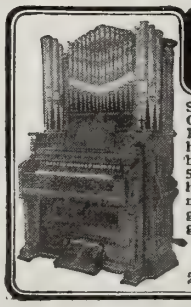

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Sunday School Lesson—*Continued*

He established lines of caravan and marine trade far and near, by which the treasures and dainties of the whole world were laid at his feet.

In literary lines his success was marvelous. Kings, queens and travelers came from the uttermost parts of the earth to the palace of Solomon, who as a "preacher" gathered these people at stated times and places, and uttered his songs and proverbs, and answered their questions. He was a great botanist, and knew about vegetation from the lofty cedars of Lebanon to the lowly hyssop, which springeth out of the wall. He was a master of zoology, ornithology, entomology, and ichthyology, which he more simply calls "a knowledge of beasts and fowl, and of creeping things and fishes."

As to his success as a great builder, we will study that in our next lesson.

Behold Solomon in the dangerous Monday of his worldly prosperity, robed in the snow-white and sun-bright garment of royalty in the house of the forest of Lebanon, whose pillars were all of cedar, sitting in the court of judgment on his throne of ivory and gold; on either side six carved lions standing on the steps, and supporting his royal chair. He rises and goes forth in a stately chariot of cedar, decorated with silver and gold, and carpeted with most costly tapestry, riding between two lines of soldiers, each carrying a shield of gold—valiant men, tallest and handsomest of the sons of Israel. And thus he journeys to his summer palace in Lebanon, and his gardens or paradises at Etham, or to his ivory towers and mansions. All of his drinking vessels are of gold, for silver was nothing accounted of in the days of Solomon.

An Illustration from Nature

Jesus, when he was in this world, could say as he looked at the beautiful lilies of the field: "Even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." This makes us think perhaps we have never really seen a lily! Let us examine one through a microscope that we may see it in all its beauty, and we shall then feel the force of the words of Jesus.

Two brothers and their families lived together. Each of the wives had an infant born within a day or two of the other. The child of the older woman was accidentally crushed to death; and in the younger woman's absence the bereaved mother changed the children. The sister-in-law soon found out the fraud. The older woman would not give up the living child, and the mother appealed to Yang, the district magistrate. Unable to make out which woman was telling the truth, he at last said, "As you both claim the living child, I shall settle the dispute by claiming it myself. But, he added, "to-morrow I shall carry it to the sea and drown it." On the morrow a crowd of people assembled outside the yamen to see the issue of this strange judgment. The central gate was thrown open, and the procession set out; the heralds announcing the approach of the hsien with nine strokes of the gong, and their cry of Oh! Oh! Oh! the yamen runners bearing rusty iron chains, the symbols of retributive justice, placards inscribed with the magistrate's official titles; then his umbrella and his great fan; and, last of all, the mandarin himself, carried by four bearers, his chair open in front according to law. His precious charge was protected from the air by its cape and wrappings. When they reached the sea, the mandarin stepped from his chair to the waterside, and with a swing threw his burden into the waves. It struggled in the water until the younger woman, unable to bear the sight, rushed in and clasped in her arms a great fish, on which were tied the baby's cap and swaddling clothes. The true mother's heart had been discovered, and she found her baby alive and well in the magistrate's yamen.

The Ancient Blanket of Uganda

By REV. ERWIN H. RICHARDS

THERE is no doubt at all that Moses was in Egypt, or that the Egyptians were well acquainted with all sorts of papyrus, or preparations of bark, or the pith of plants, which would adhere to each other in the order of a blanket. If we are not mistaken, we have seen Egyptian mummies which were wrapped in a cloth which to all appearances was a preparation of the same material which is now known as "the bark blanket of Uganda."

The people of Uganda are different from any of the nations which surround them. They have a large city of 80,000 souls, and possessions not equaled by any natives on the continent. They have a civil government, courts, and public highways, and the people are scrupulously clad in white tapas. Bishop Hartzell says they are black Jews, originally from the North.

These people were the manufacturers of the Uganda bark blanket, an art brought down from Egypt. It is supposed that this modern bark blanket of Uganda is really of ancient origin, and it is not at all unlikely that the native population of Rameses II., the Pharaoh of the Exodus, was often clad in its homely folds. Since the coming of the man with a Bible under his arm, cheap cottons from Europe and America have begun to supplant this useful native texture, until in central and east Africa to-day only the cheapest of people now wear it.

The blanket is prepared from a variety of the rubber tree, which grows in considerable abundance in many sections of East Africa. Only the tender young tree is available for blankets. A native takes his short ax—a mere chisel set in a handle—and seeks a *miputo* (rubber) tree, about ten feet high. He cuts the tree down, cuts off some nine or ten feet of the trunk, and removing the bark entire, separates the smooth inner surface from the coarse external, which gives him a clean mat of freshest pulp. He then lays this on a log and with a mallet, the end of which is cut in corrugations like those of an ice hatchet, he hammers till the whole is reduced to a pasty consistency. He takes this soft, dripping material and wringing out the moisture stretches the blanket into shape, striving to make it as wide as possible. As it came from the tree it was some ten feet long and two feet wide. Under his treatment it becomes about six feet long and five feet wide. He spreads it on the sand in the sun and in half an hour it is folded and ready for the market. It does not take him an hour to make it, and it will wear well for a year or two as a blanket, or in other service. It is used by the women in carrying corn from the fields or peanuts to market, and for gowning of all sorts from sackcloth to wedding day.

On our return home, we brought with us about a thousand of these blankets, believing that Christian people might be glad to have them as a memento from Africa. These blankets would be of special interest in every Sunday School in the home-land, teaching the children in so many ways how people live in a land without a Bible. They can be used for souvenirs, for postal cards, for book covers, for pillow slips, for slippers, or for book shelves. They will be sent anywhere, post paid, for two dollars sent to the writer. The entire proceeds of the sale of these blankets will go directly for the education of natives in the District of Inhambane, East Africa. They will be a fine present to anyone, in exchange for gifts for the children of Africa.

Elyria, O.

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✳ Young People's Societies ✳

Sure of Salvation*

MUCH sorrow and confusion are caused, we are told, by taking things for granted. Scientists are constantly bidding us to challenge every statement. "Prove all things," is the apostle's injunction; and yet it is often an economy and a duty to take things for granted.

A mother was once asked, "Do you not have trouble in making your boys go to church Sunday mornings?"

"Never," she replied. "They expect to go to church on Sunday morning just as much as they expect to bathe and dress. It is taken for granted."

A father was once complaining of the tendency among educated young men to remain in bachelorhood, rather than to deny themselves certain luxuries which they could afford if single, but which would be out of their reach if they should take upon themselves the responsibilities of a family.

"You can't counsel boys on this subject," some one remarked. "To tell them they ought to get married as soon as they can afford it, and to hurry them in the matter, would only make them silly and sentimental."

"But direct discourse is not the only tool that one can employ," argued the father. "Some things—all of the great, simple, natural things of life—should be taken for granted with children. When you see a spoiled child, say to your boy, 'See to it, my son, that your own children are better brought up.' When you see a slatternly girl, say, 'I hope, my boy, that when you choose a wife, she will not be like her.' When you see a modest and sensible one, say, 'She makes one think of your mother when she was a girl. The wise young man picks out a wife with qualities like that.' Speak often of the delights of home, and say that to have a home of one's own—clean, well-kept, peaceful, is the 'cap and button' of human enjoyment; and that every young man and woman should save up money in order to provide that luxury. Marriage and the setting-up of a home of his own, as soon as he is earning enough to warrant it, should be openly and wholesomely taken for granted with every boy."

An enormous amount of emotional and vital force has been wasted in the world, because men have often failed to take it for granted that, when they have dedicated their lives to God, and are honestly, sincerely and prayerfully striving to serve him, they have been accepted.

This is not so common now as in the days when Calvinism held us in a stronger grip, and before the call to active service was so loudly heard; but there is still far too much questioning in the minds of young converts concerning their own fate in the future. Each one of us knows his own soul and its dark spots. One of the poets has said something like this:

> God spares all beings but himself that hideous sight,
> A naked human soul.

Even the best men have felt that their hearts were stained beyond cleansing; but it is useless to stand still and bemoan our condition. Morbidness, uselessness, despair, wait to engulf such a mourner. Repent, confess, pray for strength, read the promises and press onward.

You have heard the word of truth, the Gospel of your salvation, and you have believed. Upon your belief, if it was truly honest, you were sealed with his Holy Spirit—and that Spirit beareth witness with your spirit that you are the child of God—and nothing can separate you from his love.

Take this forever for granted. It is the right of every one of us. Let us claim it boldly and rest upon the promises, as we go forth to our work.

Topic of the Epworth League for Sunday, December 6. TEXT: Rom. 8:14-17, 38, 39; Eph. 1: 1-14.

Consistent Living*

SOMEONE has said that character is like a double or triple acrostic; whichever way it is read, it spells the same thing.

The man who is always the same, honest, faithful, at home, in his office, in his church, on his travels—he is the consistent man. We always know where to find him. Of such is the Kingdom.

In a certain large town two of the most prominent men attended the same church. Both were members of it, both contributed largely to its support, and both were perhaps equally noted for glaring weaknesses of character. Some individuals seem to think that if they pay their tithes into the treasury, they are relieved from the more arduous duty of living strictly up to the Ten Commandments. This was the mediæval doctrine of indulgences, and it still prevails among too many of our latter-day churches.

Possibly this may have formed an article in the creed of these two inconsistent gentlemen. Or possibly they may have been densely unconscious of their shortcomings. At any rate, when their minister one Sunday preached a fiery and pointed sermon against certain sins to which they were addicted, one of them, Mr. R. C. Jones, as he walked down his especial aisle after service, pointed to the other one, and whispered to a friend, "I should think that Chandler Christy would feel pretty cheap after hearing that sermon"; while Mr. Chandler Christy, on the other side, was saying, "After that sermon, I shouldn't think that R. C. Jones would dare to hold up his head."

It behooves us all to take to ourselves every sermon and not to fit it to the back of some other mortal.

It is by the traitorous inconsistency of Christians that the progress of the church has ever been chiefly retarded. If every Christian had been true, how much more powerful would be the cause of Christ in the world to-day!

Mr. Beecher once said that flowers give forth always each its own fragrance, and wear always each its own color, and so it should be with the Christian. It is a beautiful simile.

It is said that when Lord Peterborough, an unbeliever, lodged for a season with Fenton, Archbishop of Cambray, he was so delighted with his piety and virtue that he exclaimed when he left him, "If I stay here any longer, I shall become a Christian in spite of myself."

In the same way, a young minister stated that, at one period of his life, he was nearly an infidel; "but," said he, "there was one argument in favor of Christianity which I could never refute—the consistent conduct of my own father."

Milton says that sin may and does come to every soul, but that it may be "so unapproved," and be so hotly cast out, that it may leave no stain behind. The evil thought may sometimes come—as the noxious insect may sometimes alight upon us; but if we fight it, resist it, thrust the accursed thing from us, God accounts it not sin in us.

To make himself mind himself—to learn the great lesson of self-control—is the first duty of every Christian. Good intentions are all very well; God may accept them. We do not know. But we do know that the outside world does not accept them without the deed. It jeers at the inconsistent man and says, "So this is religion!"—and thus we crucify our Lord afresh.

It is an old simile which compares the consistent character to gold. If it is of the true metal, it can go through fire or water; upon the dunghill, into the kennel; among the good, among the bad; yet it will still retain its purity and excellence.

* Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, December 6. TEXT: James 3: 10-13. Consecrated Meeting.

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Solomon Chooses Wisdom

By Mrs. M. Baxter

AFTER the death of David, and after Solomon had fulfilled the last directions given to him by his father, he next turned his attention to taking a consort, and, apparently without divine direction, he married Pharaoh's daughter. This was, humanly speaking, a politic step, which would strengthen his kingdom in the eyes of the surrounding nations. But if he had sought a wife, as Abraham sought one for his son, from the land of God, how much more blessed the life of Solomon might have been!

At this time, "Solomon loved the Lord, walking in the statutes of David his father, only he sacrificed and burned incense in high places." The very mention of this would infer a tendency to want of simplicity in worship, though now only latent, and like a dangerous germ in his life. He loved the Lord, "only!" How often this may be said of some child of God! He is a Christian, only he does love money; he is a Christian, only he is so selfish; he is a Christian, only he is so conceited; she is a Christian, only he does talk so against others, etc., etc. Oh, how much more there is of this damaged article, Christianity, than of the original, genuine type of apostolic days, when men "took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus."

Solomon held his first great national assembly. He gathered "the captains of thousands and of hundreds, . . . the judges, and . . . every governor of all Israel, the chief of the fathers," and they went with him to the tabernacle of the Lord, which was pitched in Gibeon, and there Solomon, in the presence of assembled Israel, "offered a thousand burnt offerings" upon the brazen altar. It was a magnificent testimony to the honor in which he held his God, and he meant all Israel to know that he was not ashamed of God or of his worship. It was "in that night," after the thousand burnt offerings had been offered by him in Gibeon (II. Chron. 1: 7), that "the Lord appeared to Solomon in a dream . . . and God said, Ask what I shall give thee." Every promise of our God for spirit, soul, and body is spread out before us, and his Spirit lights them up and lights him up as he speaks these words to us. "And Solomon said, Thou hast showed unto thy servant David my father, great mercy, according as he walked before thee in truth, and in righteousness, and in uprightness of heart with thee." Solomon recognized that God's grace to his father was according to his walk with him. "And thou hast kept for him this great kindness, that thou hast given him a son to sit on his throne, as it is this day. And now, O Lord my God, thou hast made thy servant king instead of David, my father: and I am but a little child: I know not how to go out or come in. And thy servant is in the midst of thy people which thou hast chosen, a great people, that cannot be numbered nor counted for multitude. Give, therefore, thy servant an understanding to judge thy people, that I may discern between good and bad: for who is able to judge this thy so great a people?"

God was "pleased." Oh, how glorious that God can be pleased with sinful man! But for the precious blood of Christ it could not be. "And God said unto him, Because thou hast asked this thing, and hast not asked for thyself long life, neither hast asked riches for thyself, nor hast asked the life of thine enemies; but hast asked for thyself understanding to discern judgment, behold, I have done according to thy words; lo, I have given thee a wise and an understanding heart; so that there was none like thee before thee, neither after thee shall any arise like unto thee." Solomon had the word of God for it, but there is no evidence that he felt himself any wiser than before; God was his guarantee that it was so. This was enough. It is thus God would have us take his promises, taking for granted that, in the very nature of things, what he says must be.

God's wisdom was given to the "hearing heart." And now was manifested that which God had spoken: "All Israel heard of the judgments which the king had judged: and they feared the king; for they saw that the wisdom of God was in him, to do judgment."

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The Kaiser's Interview

NOT for a number of years has the Reichstag, the parliament of the German Empire, been so much stirred as in the last few weeks, the Emperor's interview showing his past friendship for Great Britain being the cause. The interview was written by a man of political standing in England, and through him given to the British public. In it the Kaiser said he had endeavored to make friends with England and had advised Victoria at the time of the Boer war. There were a number of other statements along the same line. He stated he had done this while official Germany and a large part of the population were hostile in feeling.

A large part of the German public and many members of the Reichstag became highly indignant regarding the utterances, which were regarded as indiscreet and liable to shake the confidence of Holland, France and other countries in Germany's foreign policy. The newspapers criticized their ruler's action, and the Reichstag witnessed a stormy scene when the matter was brought up by some of the members. Leaders of several parties attacked the Emperor's policy, and that of Von Buelow, the chancellor, saying that the Emperor had a foreign policy different from that popularly acknowledged, and supposed to be carried out by the foreign office. Some went so far as to demand a pledge that such a thing should not happen in the future. The chancellor defended the Kaiser and said that the latter was misunderstood and that he was working for peace among the nations. Von Buelow offered his resignation to the Emperor, but it was not accepted. He said that the Emperor had not seen the article before it was published.

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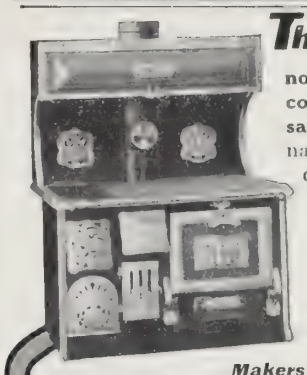
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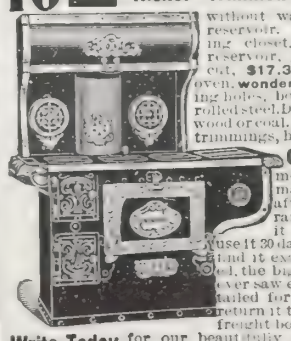
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CHRISTIAN HERALD

Copyright, 1908, by Louis Klopsch

SUBSCRIPTION, $1.50 PER ANNUM
PUBLISHED 52 TIMES A YEAR

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 2, 1908

VOL. 31—NO. 49. PRICE 5 CENTS
OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

Drawn for The Christian Herald by F. J. Boston

PRACTISING THE CHRISTMAS ANTHEM

Questions and Answers

J. J. D., Elkhart, Ind. What has caused such a change in our ministers' methods of preaching? Time was when they took certain verses of the Bible for a text upon which to base a sermon. Now they take a subject, give it a novel name, without reference to the Bible, and insert it in the local paper on Saturday. I am hungry for a plain, simple passage of Scripture taken for a text. Then I can tell pretty nearly what the minister is going to talk about.

We believe there are many who will echo J. J. D.'s criticism of the modern methods that have displaced the old Gospel sermon in many pulpits. When a pastor reaches out after sensation and novelty, the flock is likely to be fed on husks, instead of the "meat and drink" of God's Word. We have known many churches to be run down by a course of sermonizing on all sorts of topics save the one that most appeals to the soul. Essays, orations, disquisitions on history, biography, science, ethics, etc., are all right in their own place; but they are not the things that redeem men from sin or satisfy the soul's yearning for spiritual knowledge.

M. W. W., Forest Hill, Md. Is Darwinism refuted by Moses, and does the evolution of man clash with Bible teachings?

Darwinism, so-called, is dying out, and as we have repeatedly shown in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, is now rejected by the leading scientists, including St. George Mivart, Professor Beale, the late Professor Shaler, Professor Haeckel and others. Haeckel was formerly an ardent Darwinite. The scientific view of the creation of man is becoming more and more in accord with Bible teaching. Scientific exploration has shown that even in the remotest periods in which we find traces of man, he was a sentient, reasoning being. There was a form of civilization six thousand years ago, and possibly much earlier, so the ablest investigators now contend. The Bible tells us that man was created in God's image, an intelligent being, body, soul and spirit. Science now declares that evolution is a fallacy, and that there is "no instance of the transmutation of species," which is a direct refutation of the evolution theory.

H. J. P., Gentry, Ark. Are the prophecies of II. Peter 3:10 and Rev. 21:1 and similar passages symbolical language?

"The day of the Lord" (mentioned in II. Peter), comprehends the whole series of events beginning with the premillennial advent and ending with the destruction of the wicked and the general judgment. The passage in Revelation describes the consummated kingdom of God on the new earth. Your other questions are not within our range of discussion.

F. S. B., Clarkson, N. Y. How many immigrants entered this country in 1907?

In 1907 the number was 1,285,349, that is, for the fiscal year which ended June 30, 1907. 1,004,756 came through New York; 66,910 through Baltimore; 70,164 through Boston; 30,501 through Philadelphia; 3,529 through San Francisco, and 60,512 through other ports. 48,967 by way of Canada.

S. R., Yarmouth, Ia. What does the word "Selah" signify?

Selah is a term which possessed a meaning in ancient Hebrew music. According to some views it indicated a pause, or emphasis; others say a change from one choir to another, or a change of meter, or of melody and theme, or a sign for louder singing, or possibly for vocal silence in some passage meant for instruments only. The last mentioned is the generally accepted view.

Subscriber. What are the laws in Ohio, if a man dies leaving no will? Would the wife have all the property?

Real estate: If there are children, they would get the fee, but a widow would be endowed of an estate for life of one-third of the real estate, and could remain in the residence free of charge for one year, if dower were not sooner assigned. If no children, wife would have all the real estate. Personal property: When a husband leaves no child, the wife is entitled to all the personal estate; but if there should be a child, the widow takes one-half of any sum not exceeding $400, and one-third of the residue.

J. D. G., Centralia, Mo. What is meant by the seven spirits of God as spoken of in Rev. 5:6?

The seven spirits of God mentioned in the Apocalyptic vision are the eyes through which the Spirit of God surveys and marshals the whole world. Here, as in other places, seven implies perfection or completeness. Thus we have seven lamps before the throne, shining a perfect illumination, and seven eyes, implying world-wide vision and observation. In many places in Scripture the number seven is to be interpreted not in an exact and literal sense, but symbolically.

E. L. Y., Los Angeles, Calif. Can you tell me on what day of the week September 20, 1883, came?

September 20, 1883, was Thursday.

A. H. B., Philadelphia. What control, under New Jersey law, would a husband have over the property of his wife, if she died without making a will? The property consists of house and lot and some railroad stock, all being a legacy from her own relatives and not earned by the husband. Could he sell stock or home? There are children. What rights would the husband and father have during their minority?

Under New Jersey law, if a wife dies an intestate (Real estate), The husband is entitled to his "courtesy," which would be the use and income of the real estate for life. The remainder and the fee would be in the surviving child. (Personal property): The husband has administration of his wife's personal estate without account. He takes the whole of it himself. He can sell stock, and is entitled to all the proceeds. He cannot sell the fee to the home, but he can sell the use and income of it as long as he lives.

L. B. L., Smithfield, Pa. Is there anything in the Bible or out of it whereby we can learn who was the mother of Absalom's children that are mentioned in II. Sam. 14:18?

Her name does not appear either in Scripture or Josephus, the Jewish historian.

B. M., Des Moines, Ia. Has any reasonable evidence ever been discovered in support of the theory of a sunken continent called Atlantis?

Only the evidence of tradition and the conclusions of geologists and botanists. Several books have been written to demonstrate the truth of the lost Atlantis theory; but since Plato's fragmentary work, in which he describes the populous island continent and its sudden destruction, no substantial fact has come to light and the world has held the story to be a fable.

Reader, Harrison, O. Is it a Christian act to turn horses or other domestic animals out to lie on the frosty ground on cold nights?

No true Christian will be guilty of cruelty or inhumanity to man or beast. Cattle have a right to shelter and care, and to neglect these is a sin. See Prov. 12:10.

Old Subscriber. Please tell me if every book published in this country is supposed to be found in the Library of Congress, at Washington, or are there some qualifications that are necessary for entrance. Also, are the books for circulation, or only to be read in the library itself?

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J. A. McF., Sewickley, Pa. I have read a partial history of Christopher (Kit) Carson, who was one of the pathfinders for General Fremont in the Northwest. Has our Government ever marked the resting place of Carson?

We are unable to answer this query. Perhaps some reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be able to send us the information.

J. M., Decatur, Ia. How many lands claim to be the true site of Eden, and where, according to the best authorities, was it located?

Traditional sites are claimed in Armenia, Syria, Ceylon, near the Caspian Sea, Egypt, Cashmere and Lower Mesopotamia. There is no decided agreement on the matter and cannot be. Prof. Banks, of Chicago University, several years ag explored the traditional site in the territory in mediately northwest of the Persian Gulf (sout of Bagdad), where the Euphrates, the Tigris an other rivers corresponding to those mentioned i Gen. 2:10-14 are to be found. He made some di coveries and furnished strong reasons for regar ing this as the original site.

A. M., San Diego, Calif. Can THE MAIL-BAG fu nish any knowledge of any prize having bee offered, being offered, or of any steps bein taken by any individual or institution or go ernment representative, looking toward th offering of a prize for best patriotic song- words or music, or both?

There have been several competitions of th kind, but there is none at present, and no offe from government or any other quarter of a priz for a new national anthem or hymn, which w take to be your meaning. The first competitio was shortly after the Civil War. The latest wa about a year ago. Both were unsatisfactory.

E. C. H., Driftwood, Pa. 1. Where dic Amundsen locate the north mag netic pole? Give degrees Green wich. 2. Is magnetic south pole 18 degrees distant on same meridian 3. Would the line of no-declinatior from near Cleveland, O., to Charles ton, S. C., if produced 360 degrees be come the prime magnetic meridian 4. Will the magnetic pole circum navigate the earth's axis in 1,00 years with line of no-declination?

1, 2 and 3. A few months ago I gave an answer to a question regarding the magnetic poles for this paper, to which I refer, and in addition to that a brief explanation may cover the essentials of your questions. The earth is alive with magnetic currents, apparently moving in very irregular ways. In Paris tables have been kept for about 250 years. These show that in 1666 the compass pointed exactly north. Soon it began moving to the west, and in 1700 its variation was 8 degrees; in 1750 it was 17 degrees; in 1800 it was 22 degrees; in 1814 it was 22½ degrees. At this time it commenced returning, and in 1835 it was back to 22 degrees; in 1854 to 20 degrees; in 1863 to 19 degrees; in 1870 to 18 degrees; in 1878 to 17 degrees; in 1888 to 16 degrees; in 1908 to 12 degrees, and it will continue to decrease until 1962, when it will again point due north. The laws governing these variations are not fully understood. The changes seem to follow no regular order in point of time. Besides this, any disturbance on the sun affects the compass. See any nautical almanac. To your fourth question the answer is no.

SAMUEL PHELPS LELAND.

UNVEILING BROOKLYN'S MARTYRS' MONUMENT

ONE of the notable historic events of the year was the dedication in Brooklyn of an imposing monument above the grave of 15,000 soldiers and sailors of the American Revolution, who died on board the *Jersey* and other prison hulks that were moored in Wallabout Bay during the British occupation of New York. It was of interest to North, East, South and West, for beneath the hillside of Fort Greene Park rest side by side bones of patriots from every colony from Georgia to Massachusetts.

For over a hundred years efforts were made to secure a fitting memorial. The present one was made possible by gifts from the government, the city and many private contributors. The memorial is an imposing column in the Doric style, 270 feet high, surmounted by a flagstaff and funeral urn, the latter of bronze. All of the remains are encased in coffins of metal resting in a large tomb. The approach is by a flight of several hundred steps.

Twenty thousand national and State troops marched in the procession, with delegations of the Sons of the American Revolution and other patriotic societies. Judge Taft and Governor Hughes were among the speakers at the exercises. Secretary of War Luke E. Wright presented the monument on behalf of the National Government.

Miscellaneous

C. H. S., Oklahoma. We are unable to answer your question. Perhaps you might secure them through Hinds & Noble, booksellers, New York City.

Mrs. J. A. W., Bradford, Pa. It is a prophecy yet to be fulfilled, and is to be accepted in faith, like the others, and its fulfilment patiently looked for.

O. J. S., Mayville, Mich. You will find the answer to your questions in "Astronomical Queries," on page 318 in the April 15, 1908, issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Reader, Somers, Conn. 1. Advise you to read article on Antichrist in *Biblical Encyclopedia*, which explains "marks of the beast" fully. 2. There can be no uniform agreement on the question, so why discuss it? See Col. 2:16.

C. G. B., Newark, N. J. We are unable to give complete information. We understand that a man must be a brakeman before he can become a conductor. Write to the Secretary of the Railroad Y. M. C. A., 361 Madison Avenue, New York.

Will Frame Her Art Gallery

Dear Dr. Klopsch: I wish to thank you for the splendid pictures, which I have received. They are certainly beautiful, and I am delighted with them and shall have them all framed. I enjoy reading THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, as each and every article is helpful and interesting.

Yonkers, N. Y. ALMA PITCHER.

See our Premium Announcement Opposite Page 962. Also be particular to read the whole of the last column on Page 962.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

The Late Emperor Kwang Su | The Imperial Throne of China | The New Empress-Dowager

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THE OLD AND NEW REGIME IN CHINA

Emperor and Empress-Dowager Dead. A Regency, with a Child as Heir-Presumptive

RUMORS of the death of the Emperor of China, which had been current for several days, found official confirmation on Saturday, November 14, when it was formally announced to the foreign legations in Pekin, the capital, that the Emperor Kwang Su had passed away on the previous day. Almost within the same hour came the intelligence that the aged Empress-Dowager, Tsze-Hsi-An, had also died. This astounding intelligence was followed by an edict placing upon the throne Prince Pu-Yi, the three-year-old son of Prince Chun. The latter had become the Regent of the Empire, and his son was now the ruler of China, in accordance with a pledge given by the Empress-Dowager when Prince Chun was married five years ago.

It had been known for some time past that the Emperor was a sick man; yet the people were naturally shocked at the news of his death. The sudden taking-off of the Dowager-Empress took the whole nation by surprise. She was a vigorous woman, though old, and the ladies of the diplomatic corps recall the fact that at the last official reception she seemed to be in normal health and spirits. On the day when the American fleet left Amoy, which was her birthday, she was in apparently excellent health. These facts, which were known to the whole capital, intensified the public feeling and strengthened the suspicions of foul play.

It would be useless to repeat all the wild rumors that prevailed during the days immediately after the tragic events at the palace. Reports of poison and of suicide were rife. It was said that the Empress-Dowager had been slain by anti-Manchu leaders who feared punishment in connection with the last attempted revolt against the Manchu dynasty and that they compassed the death of the Emperor for the same reason. The palace eunuchs were arrested, it was said, immediately after the double tragedy. It is impossible to verify any of these stories. After the manner of Chinese officialdom, everything was shrouded in mystery, and this served to multiply the rumors of dark deeds at the palace and of a great anti-Manchu plot in which the leaders of the Chinese reform party were deeply implicated.

Following the deaths, there were fears of a popular uprising. Strong detachments of troops were held in readiness to check any incipient riots. Prince Chun, as Regent, issued orders to the Provincial Governors for the continuance of the administration on the same lines as heretofore, and announcing one hundred days of mourning. The Court at Pekin will go into mourning for three years.

Immediately after the mourning edict was issued, the appearance of Pekin was transformed and the blue emblems of sorrow became visible everywhere. At the palace, the elaborate rites for the dead, which have been used in China for thousands of years, were scrupulously observed. The official announcement of the deaths declared them due to natural causes—that of the Emperor to neurasthenia and heart failure, and that of the Empress to apoplexy.

Concerning the last hours of the Emperor and Empress, very few details have been permitted to leak out. It is learned, however, that they died alone and practically unattended, in the "death chamber" of the palace, although a number of notabilities and attendants stood a little distance off watching their expiring struggles. It is not permitted to touch the sacred persons of China's royal line, even at such a moment. "The poor, feeble Emperor died," says one correspondent, "as he had lived, without ministration of any kind, or scientific aid. For months he had refused to accept the services of foreign doctors, and had gone back to the ancient Chinese forms of treatment; and at the last he was without assistance from any physician."

All the provinces seem to have accepted the regency of Prince Chun quietly, and thus far there have been no evidences of serious disorder anywhere. That the people were apprehensive, however, is evident from the fact that there was a run on the banks, some forty of which suspended.

Prince Chun, the new Regent, is a Manchu, and the grandson of Emperor Tao-Kwang, who reigned from 1821 to 1850. His name is Tsai Feng, with the title of Prince Chun. He is a brother of Kwang Su, the late Emperor.

Empress-Dowager Tsze-Hsi-An, who has controlled the destinies of China for forty-seven years, was the second wife of Emperor Hsien Feng, who reigned from 1857 to 1861. After his death, she and the first wife were regents jointly with Prince Chun, until the late Emperor became of age. She is a woman with a remarkable history. Her name was Yin Ding, and she was born in the most abject poverty in the outskirts of Canton. Her father, Li Tzun, sold her into slavery to the Tartar Tidoo general, who commanded the troops of the province and was a relative of the then Emperor, Hein-Fung. She was brought up in Tidoo's household, and at the age of seventeen was said to be the most beautiful girl in the empire. Tidoo presented her to his royal master, and the latter soon made her the favorite of his harem. Some say, however, that she was of a

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Reproduced from a Rare Photograph

The Late Empress Dowager (Seated) and Her Court Ladies

The American Pulpit

A SERMON BY

Rev. A. S. Fiske, D.D.*

THE SAVING OF A SOUL

TEXT—James 5 : 20 : "Save a soul from death"

Woe to him who crushes the soul with chain or rod,
And herds with lower natures the awful form of God.—WHITTIER.

A MAN, first of all and after all, is a soul. He has a body but he is not that. If he has decent common sense, he uses his body, and does not let it use him. He masters it and does not let it master him. So he has an intellect, but he is not that. He has a heart and he uses it—not it him. He is a SOUL—not simply he *has* one, but he *is* one. His value, himself, is soulhood. In it all qualities, faculties, character and worth inhere—all grandeur, power and joy. Soulhood is manhood.

We make tremendous mistakes here, mistakes as common as they are immense and disastrous. We are fallen on a materializing age. See how grossly it shows. How much is Jones there worth? Instantly you think of his property and say, "Well, I reckon he's worth about ten thousand," or "a million," or "he isn't worth a cent," as the case may be. A queer, nay, a profane thing that, when you come to think of it.

A parish priest, collecting for his church once, went to a poor widow—a "Madonna of the washtub"—the mother of ten children. He knew she was poor and had thought not to call on her at all. He was surprised, however, at the free largeness of her gift, and remonstrated with her, saying, "Why, my poor woman, that is too much." She answered, bridling, "Poor, am I? I've ten children and every one of them worth a hundred thousand dollars. I'm a millionaire, Sor." Each of them had barely the poor clothing which scantily covered him. She was counting the treasures her love and pride saw in themselves. That poor mother was right, if each of these ten was a soul.

The World's Estimate of Man's Worth

In the old war-time, which some of us are not yet too old to remember, suppose somebody had asked, "How much is General Grant worth?" or "Abraham Lincoln?" Would you have dawdled over the question of his property? Possibly, if you were so little a soul as that! But, if you were a man and a patriot, you would have answered, "Worth? Worth just about the sum-total of this republic's life, glory and future among the nations!"

In a not far-off city lived what passed for a man; gross in habit, depraved in morals, beastly in appetites; of vast inherited estates, the owner of fast horses, which he housed in a palace. He died worth millions? No! He wasn't worth the snap of a man's finger, or a tear to any creature on earth, save to some few who went swift fighting over his grave for his vast estate. A sane man would say that any one of his horses was worth more than he.

Estimate "things" at so much in gold or other stuff if you will, but estimate men, women, boys and girls—your children—souls, by another standard. You can't measure a soul with a yard-stick, or on the scales by which you weigh groceries, or in dollars and cents. The material universe has no worth to set over against a soul. On any good standard scale put a soul on one side and toss the material universe into the other, and the universe end kicks the beam lighter than air.

God alone knows the full grotesqueness of our common estimates here; but we can see the absurdity if we try. We bow down in awe and enthusiasm before mere money-bags, when only great, sweet souls have any real claim to worthiness, respect, reverence and enthusiasm. Make way there for your man, not for his gilt-edged securities, his bonds and stocks and mortgages—the stuff he has cluttered about him, by comparison to cheapen his very self and swamp his soulhood. Teach your children so. Children, make that your law—your ideal; and nine out of ten of all the peril and mischance of life for you will disappear.

One of the strangest things of all is to find, even in the thoughtful realms of education and culture in our boastful day, the same fearful blundering. Culture—set to the utilitarian note! Culture—studying how best to equip a man for mere material use as a gold accumulator. "Practical education" they call this trained deftness for doing and getting things! Should we value a man and his culture according to his fitness merely to serve some material use? There is even a scheme of philosophico-scientific culture that reduces morality to utility, acknowledging no absolute right or wrong. A man of "practical" science, a professional educator in a great university, was not long ago scoffing at the idea of "saving a soul" as absurd! The soul—it is the man, housed for a little while in a body and environed by matter. To save a soul is to save a man, the whole of him—body, mind and heart—to make him pure, brave, capable, generous, loving, beautiful, holy forever and through the universe—not to give him arbitrary title to some heaven, but to put heaven into him, as Christ himself said, "The kingdom of heaven is within you."

When you have saved a soul, you have set a man into righteousness and nobleness, shaken a life free from vice, meanness and shame; saved his home, his business, the whole circuit of his influence, and flung him, a branch of healing, into every bitter pool of human cares to sweeten it. You have set him forth a champion and uplifter of man for everlasting righteousness.

A group of liberal, or "Reformed" Jews were in the habit of attending a Christian church on Sunday evenings. The pastor asked them to stop one evening after service. They went up to his study and had a talk. "Our Messiah," they said, "has come, is, and is to come through the ages. He is any man who has for us a better thought, a higher life, the inspiration of a nobler motive." "Like Jesus of Nazareth?" the pastor asked. "Yes," they said, "like Jesus of Nazareth. He was a great man, a great teacher, too far ahead of his time: in so far he was a Messiah, yet only one of many. Our own rabbi is one, so far as we get of him these helps. We come here for truth and for views of it that are fresh and that stir us to better living through finding a Messianic voice."

Their thought was that a soul saved and commissioned to be the saviour of others into the higher world it has found, is anointed as "Messianic." They thought it no blasphemy. That is the exact commission of the Divine Christ, the true Messiah, to every soul he has saved. He sends it out to the field of the world as the Father sent him. "Go! Evangelize! Save the great soul of the world!" is the grand, the divine, the only practical business of man here. Carey, the father of modern missions, got at it when he said, "My business is the Gospel, but I cobble shoes for a living." Your business, O saved soul, is the Gospel, the salvation and glory of souls. You build houses, sell goods, make gowns, practise law, teach, break stones, or whatever else, for a living; but you live to prosecute your Christian mission—to save others. What else is our life for, any way?

Sons and Daughters of the King

Forever and ever, over and over, I repeat, Your soul is *you*. No soul's worth can be measured with a stick, or by weight of gold, or precious stones, nor by any earthly standard. It is precious beyond all things in God's sight and it should be so to us. Yet how few so value it? In our current estimates of men, and in our devotion to trifles of material concern, we are fallen far from any normal, moral or intellectual, not to say spiritual, basis of estimation.

A visitor was once watching a group of slaves, slouching and shuffling off to their work. One tall, broad-shouldered fellow strode on, head erect and with the gait of a man. "How's that?" the visitor asked. "Oh, he's the son of an African king," was the reply. "He never forgets that." Alas! We forget, amid the drudgeries of earth, that we are sons and daughters of the King of kings, and in training for thrones in his empire! Soulhood is being—kingship! These bodies? Take away the soul, and what is left but a handful of dust? Take souls out of this earth, and what is left? Only a bigger heap of useless dust. Would God have diverted himself by the making of it or the caring for it? Whoever among us tries to educate or to do anything else for child or man, without making an effort to uplift, glorify and save the soul, has no real profession. He is merely cobbling for a living, and he might as well not have lived.

Souls that think meanly, selfishly, wrongly; that imagine vileness, and desire and design it; that abdicate their moral and spiritual sovereign, going down to serve the flesh and the lusts thereof, are lost souls. They are valueless, and worse, for their corruptions infect others and their earthliness depraves others. Alas! that it should be so! [illegible] every pile of yellow grain heaped for garner [illegible] mart, there are great heaps of chaff for the f[illegible]. Back of every manufactory of valuable things i[illegible] rubbish heap, into which the refuse is flung. [illegible] in the lumber camps in the solemn redwood fore[illegible] I saw from my tent door great piles of sawdu[illegible] slabs and bark, carried out there on endless apr[illegible] from the mills. I saw them smouldering, smoki[illegible] and flaming up in lurid light in the titanic blackne[illegible] and I shuddered to think of the refuse of the u[illegible] verse and its Gehenna.

Souls thinking rightly; feeling as they ough[illegible] loving, pure, sweet, generous, devoted, aspiri[illegible] hungering after righteousness; characters full [illegible] moral integrity and spiritual grace—these are so[illegible] saved, bursting with values, glowing with splendo[illegible] worth their creating, their nurture and their gre[illegible] redemption. No wonder that for the joy that w[illegible] set before him in such souls, Jesus "endured t[illegible] cross and despised the shame." No wonder he ca[illegible] so far and suffered so much to rescue from the [illegible] fuse heap where they were casting themselves, su[illegible] magnificent values as these souls develop. The[illegible] saved men and women are to shine closest to h[illegible] throne—to exult nearest to his heart and to reflec[illegible] most fully of all created things, the divine likenes[illegible]

The Real Meaning of Life

You have to do the work of the world for a livi[illegible] and to enable others to live. You have to study, [illegible] learn and to practise your world's work well f[illegible] yourself and others; to take an interest in it and [illegible] do it in the best possible way and with enthusias[illegible] But all this work and study and necessity to do f[illegible] yourself and others is put on you, not for any ulte[illegible] ior material purpose, but as a mere means to an en[illegible] and that you may through them be enabled to follo[illegible] out your noble task to make your soul—your mor[illegible] and spiritual self—great, capable, holy, beautifu[illegible] and loving, a helper and a saviour here and a princ[illegible] of the world to come. All those things that are nec[illegible] essary to the existence and comfort of the race ar[illegible] made so in order to the development of soul force[illegible] in the struggle for existence. Whatever makes fo[illegible] volume and value in the soul is of concern to yo[illegible] and nothing else ought to concern you so much[illegible] Whatever you do, settle it that you will be a sou[illegible] bigger than your body, and that you will with divin[illegible] help, at all hazards, keep it in all purity, generosity[illegible] gentleness and nobility; that you will be a man o[illegible] woman with value in yourself, not for the thing[illegible] you have, but for the thing you are, and for wha[illegible] you can help others to become. That's religion.

Do your world's work along all lines on tha[illegible] theory with enthusiasm, asking God's help always[illegible] and you will make something of yourself and o[illegible] others, too; something that will last beyond th[illegible] grave; something that will have the splendor of th[illegible] eternities; and you will then be a soul, a character, [illegible] sublime force in which God and the angels and your[illegible] self shall exult—a something that it will be worth[illegible] while to make immortal. How else can you glorify[illegible] God, but by becoming yourself like him, and by help[illegible] ing others?

Oh, the things we do down here in this life are o[illegible] no consequence except as they save and develop the[illegible] souls of men. Yet multitudes are swamped under a[illegible] culture of bodies that would make of man an effec[illegible] tive brute; under culture of mind which neglects[illegible] the morals and the spirit, and under the thronging[illegible] tramp of earthly cares and ambitions, which ignore[illegible] the supremest interests!

Manliness! You want that; you must have it, or[illegible] you are good for naught. True manliness is in the[illegible] soul—in its keen intelligence, its generous sensibilities, its gentle brotherliness, its mighty will for the right, the true, the beautiful and the good, in its raptures of holiness, in its devotion to God the Creator, Christ the Redeemer and to our fellow-man's redemption. This nobility of character is possible for every one who is in Christ. Moses was great, Elijah, Daniel and Isaiah were great, and of John the Baptist it is recorded that none greater has been born of woman; yet the very least in the new kingdom of Christ is greater than he. Thus whatever else we do for our fellow or our children, let our love be a true ministry of grace to their souls. Thus shall we fulfil our truest destiny, in accordance with God's purpose; and in bringing blessing to others, earn for ourselves the divine approval.

* Preached in the First Presbyterian Church, Cortland, New York.

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reat Manchu family, and the authorities deny the tatement that she was a slave girl.

On the birth of her son, Tsi Chuen, in 1854, she eceived the title of Tsi Thsi, which made her second o the childless principal wife and titular Empress. n 1861 the Emperor died. Then the bold spirit of he woman asserted itself. With her seven-year-old on she ascended the throne, claiming for him the itle of Tung-che, Ruler of he Celestial Kingdom. She ssociated the titular Em- ress with herself in the egency.

Their joint regency con- inued unbroken from 1861 o 1873, when the Emperor Tung-che began his short eign, and it was revived in 875 on Tung-che's death and he accession of the late Em- eror, son of Prince Tung, he brother of Hein-Fung. The titular Empress died in 881, and Tsze-Hsi-An was eft to exercise supreme con- rol. Even the accession of Kwang Su, in March, 1887, lid not diminish her influ- nce, and she remained the ighest practical embodiment f royal power in the Em- ire.

Kwang Su's reign was narked by several important vents. Among these were he cession to France of Ton- uin in 1884, the dismissal of Prince Kung as Premier in 886, and the ascendency of Li Hung Chang, who, with he Empress, really governed China for thirty years. Then ame the Boxer rebellion in 1900, the flight of the ourt to Shansi, and the occupation of Pekin by the roops of the foreign powers.

Prince Chun
The New Regent of China

"Tsze Hsi," says an observant writer, "cannot be udged by Western standards. She must be judged y the standards of the country in which she was orn and lived. It must be remembered that she overned not her own people, but a conquered race, vhich since 1736 had fought and conspired to de- troy the Manchu dynasty. Her reign was one long ight, first and always with the Chinese and next vith the opposition party of her own people. What he worked for and accomplished was to preserve he Manchu dynasty and to keep herself *de facto* the head of that dynasty. For forty-seven years she ruled the country, and probably in as satisfactory a manner as was possible with the existing conditions and available materials.

"She never forgave nor forgot an enemy. Her life was one of intrigue, plot and counter-plot. At seventy-four she had the appearance of a woman not yet sixty, and with her mental and physical powers still perfect. She stands out as one of the most remarkable women the world has ever seen."

Of Kwang Su, the dead Emperor, it can simply be said that he was hardly even a figurehead. Emperor in name only, he was obscured by the greatness and the dominant personality of the Dowager-Empress throughout his whole reign, and even his death affects the nation but little in comparison with that of Tsze-Hsi-An, who will long be remembered as "Head of the Manchus."

Yehopala, the new Empress-Dowager, is in control of affairs at the palace. Emperor Kwang Su, in his last message or valedictory, commended her to the confidence of the Emperor's Regents. She is a woman of ability and courage. Four thousand troops guard the palace. Prince Chun, the Regent, and Pu-Yi, the heir presumptive, visit the palace daily and the Regent, with Empress-Dowager Yehopala, participates in the meetings of the Council. Prince Chun is represented to be amiable, intelligent and a peace-lover. In common with all the Manchu leaders, however, it is believed that he is jealous of the power and influence of Yuan-Shih-Kai, Grand Councilor of the Empire, who is a favorite with both the army and the people. Yuan's services in the past have been so valuable, however, to the Manchu rulers—although he himself is a Chinese—that it is believed he will be retained, together with Chang-Chih-Tung, his able associate in the Grand Council. These two are the ablest statesmen in China, and if they are in power, it is not probable that the revolutionaries can make any serious headway. The Regent is in daily communication with Chang-Chih-Tung. Meanwhile the charge of the northern army, on duty in the capital, has devolved upon Yang-Shi-Siang, although he is not a Manchu but a Chinese. It is announced that the new Emperor will be installed on the Chinese New Year, January 21 next. His reigning name will be Shien Tung (the well known).

Correspondents in Pekin picture the situation as being like a powder magazine which a slight spark may suddenly explode. The Wai-Wu-Pu (Grand Council) has assured the foreign legations that it will be responsible for their safety, but this might count for little if the anti-Manchu party decided on a bold stroke. Doubtless the foreign powers will take the necessary precautionary steps. Our American battleship squadron now in the Philippines is held in readiness to proceed to Pekin should its presence be needed there to preserve order and to protect foreigners.

There are two other claimants to the throne: Pu-Lun (a Manchu), grandson of Prince Yin Chih, a son of Emperor Tao-Kwang, who died in 1850, and brother of Emperor Hsien Feng, the second claimant being Pu-Chung (also Manchu) grandson of Prince Ching. Thus, between Manchu rivalries within the royalist party and Chinese antagonism without, the prospect is full of possibilities of trouble. Should the actual clash come between the Manchu and Chinese parties, there may be an upheaval which will rock the Empire to its foundations.

Entrance to the Manchu Tombs
Where the Emperor and Dowager Empress are Buried

A THREE-THOUSAND-MILE REVIVAL TOUR

A RAPID revival tour has just been completed by the well-known evangelists, Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman and Mr. Charles M. Alexander. In nineteen days, their party held revival meetings and conferences in ten cities in the United States and Canada. The cities were widely separated, including Toronto, Chicago, Louisville and Berea, Ky.; Knoxville, Tenn.; Cincinnati and Columbus, O.; Brantford and Paris, Canada, and New York City. The party which made the tour included Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Alexander, Mr. Robert Harkness, Mr. Ernest W. Naftzger and the writer; while we were accompanied part of the time by Dr. Parley E. Zartmann. From one to seven meetings were held in each place; and during the journey many hundred confessed Christ, or re-consecrated themselves.

At Toronto one conference and two meetings were held, the principal one at Massey Hall, accommodating about four thousand people. At Chicago, the evangelists spoke and sang in a large men's meeting composed of Christian workers and ministers. Mr. Alexander drilled them in his revival hymns, while Dr. Chapman thrilled them with a message of the transforming power of the Gospel.

The evangelistic party next hurried to Columbus, O., where they were greeted on Sunday afternoon by an audience of 3,500 people in Memorial Hall. It was the first of five meetings conducted in Columbus. Each gathering was one of great power. The Pocket Testament League was heartily endorsed in Columbus. At a meeting of the ministers nearly everyone present joined the movement. At Cincinnati, only one meeting for the students of Lane Theological Seminary had been arranged, but it was one which will bring forth marvelous results.

The evangelists next went to Berea, Ky., where a two days' conference had been arranged, which proved to be the climax of the tour. Berea College is a well-known institution for the education of poor, mountain young men and women, and even boys and girls. For seventeen years President Frost has been at the head of the college, and has made it one of the most powerful spiritual factors in the Southern States. There are now in attendance at the college about six hundred students, and in the winter the number is swelled to twelve hundred. The conference had been planned not only for the students, but for the people of the mountain district, which is in the heart of the famous "feud" territory. Secretary Will C. Gamble, of the college, had gone up and down the mountains inviting the people in from

Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D.

Charles M. Alexander

every direction. Hearing the news of the conference, the mountaineers came in from a radius of a hundred miles, by special train, in wagons, in carriages and on horseback.

Six meetings were held at Berea by the evangelists. The tide of revival fervor rose higher and higher until at the close remarkable scenes were witnessed. Scores of the students openly confessed Christ, while almost the entire body joined the Pocket Testament League. The Testaments were the gift of Dr. William H. Hubbard, of Auburn, N. Y. Near the close of the second day's meeting, a gathering was held for ministers and teachers and Christian leaders. A wonderful power was present in that crowded little room. Ministers and teachers got up and in trembling tones, and with broken voices, told how their lives had been transformed by getting a new vision of Christ, and a new passion for souls. They went from that little room to carry the fire to their churches and schools in the mountain districts and towns. President Frost and Mr. Gamble are planning to have an annual two days' conference hereafter.

From Berea the evangelists went down south to Mr. Alexander's former home at Knoxville, Tenn. Great audiences gathered to hear Dr. Chapman, and especially Mr. and Mrs. Alexander, as the Gospel singer had never before conducted a revival meeting in his home city. From Knoxville they went to Louisville, Ky., where they spent two days conducting meetings for various classes. One of their meetings was for the prisoners in the jail. Another meeting was held at the noonday hour for the workmen in the Louisville & Nashville railroad shops. About five hundred men were present and entered heartily into the service. Meetings were also held in Louisville for the ministers of the district, and for the students of the two theological seminaries. Dr. Chapman evoked applause by declaring that unless a man believed in the Bible from cover to cover, he should leave the ministry!

From Louisville the evangelists made a hurried trip through Kentucky, Ohio and Michigan to Canada, where at Hamilton, Brantford and Paris, fourteen evangelists and Gospel singers had been holding meetings for two weeks. In one day, three meetings were held in Brantford, and one at Paris, following which, in the early hours of the morning, Dr. Chapman and Mr. Alexander left for New York. The final meeting of the series was held at the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York City.

GEO. T. B. DAVIS.

See our Premium Announcement Opposite Page 962. Also be particular to read the whole of the last column on Page 962.

THE PASSING OF BELLA COOKE

FEW articles have ever appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD which have more quickly and universally enlisted the sympathies of its readers, than the brief sketches which we have published from time to time of Mrs. Bella Cooke, "the Saint of Second Avenue." It was only on November 4 that the last one appeared. In it Mrs. Cooke was described as very feeble, and as longing for her release; but she had so many times seemed to be equally ill, and yet had recovered, that her friends continued to hope against hope. It did not seem as though she could be spared, for no one else could ever perform the unique work which had providentially been placed in her hands. But now it is finished. On Sunday, November 15, at half past two o'clock, her eyes closed for the last time.

She was eighty-seven on the 13th of last July, and fifty years of her life had been spent upon her bed. For sixty years, nearly continuously, she had lived in the small house in the quiet court behind 492 Second Avenue, New York City. So feeble that she seemed to be constantly hovering on the confines of eternity, one can not understand how she could possibly survive so long. It can scarcely be explained except on the theory that Providence especially spared her to accomplish her beautiful work among the poor.

The funeral was held on Wednesday, November 18, at four o'clock, in the Rose Hill Methodist Episcopal Church on Twenty-seventh Street, near Second Avenue, and was largely attended. The vast majority of those who mourned over her bier had been for years among her pensioners. They had received Thanksgiving and Christmas gifts at her hands. In their troubles, they had come to her for comfort and advice. They understand well that one of their best friends—in many cases, the best friend of all—has gone.

In the evening, a memorial sermon was preached by the Rev. Edwin Whittier Caswell, D.D., from Rev. 7: 14, in which a glowing tribute was paid to the departed. Dr. Caswell said:

Multitudes who have inquired after Mrs. Cooke's health during the sixty years of her illness, have passed away, while the patient sufferer lived on. To-day we can reply to such inquiries, "Mrs. Bella Cooke is entirely well." Among her last words was the exclamation, "It is well with my soul."

A few days before the exaltation came, she said to her daughter, Mrs. Joseph Pullman, after enduring the most excruciating agony, in one of the spasms of her disease, "My dear, what am I waiting for?" Mrs. Pullman replied, "Mother, you are waiting for the Boatman to come." A calm peace settled upon the sufferer's face, as she triumphantly exclaimed, "Yes, I shall see my Boatman face to face, when I have crossed the bar." Her weary spirit is at rest forever; she has awakened in His likeness and is satisfied. The stormy voyage is past, as Faber sings:

> The Land beyond the sea,
> Sweet is thine endless rest,
> But sweeter far thy Saviour's breast,
> Upon thy shores eternally pressed;
> For Jesus reigns over thee,
> Calm Land beyond the sea.

Mrs. Cooke realizes now that sixty years of pain are but a moment compared with immortality. Her long illness appears now as "light afflictions" in the scale over against "the eternal weight of glory." Mrs. Cooke was the whitest saint we ever knew. Tribulation lifted her soul into the secret abiding place under the shadow of the Almighty. To be in her room, to look into her face, was like "days of heaven upon earth." Her face was illumined with unearthly beauty. She wore the smile of rapture, the gleam of life eternal. None who saw her can ever forget the expression of peace, patience, contentment, and joy that looked from her countenance. After leaving her presence, one would reflect that Mrs. Cooke had riches without money, sweet fellowship without mingling with society, influence without strength, contentment without health, rest of spirit in a body of unspeakable unrest. The only way to account for happiness amid such conditions

Engraved from an early photograph

The Late Bella Cooke

is that the divine Christ, her Creator and Redeemer, gave her the power of his life, supplying all her spiritual needs according to the riches of his glory.

Mrs.Cooke held sweet communion with her Saviour, every day of all those years of deprivation and pain; at last, when the journey was ended, she heard the voice of Christ whisper to her the enrapturing words, "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." To-day, like Enoch of old, she is not, for Jesus, the lover of her soul, has received her to serve him in the higher sphere, up among the "no mores," where there is no more sorrow, no more pain, no more tears, no more temptation, no more night, no more death, no more crying, where all things are new and beautiful.

God built for us his best mansions, in his world—the homeland of immortals. We feel we are as indestructible as our Father. The quen less spirit within us flames with love and l eternal. When our earthly house is dissolved, are forever with the Lord. One moment we s the song of loss and bereavement; the next, we the hallelujah chorus around the throne. Je knows when to put on the last touch to make soul beautiful and complete in him. Mrs. Co waited patiently till her Lord said, "It is finishe

In her early life, she was employed by Anson Phelps as a Bible reader. After she became an valid Mr. Phelps contributed largely to her supp as well as towards the gifts which Mrs. Cooke nually distributed to the poor of her neighborho The William E. Dodge family, especially Miss Gr H. Dodge, also took a great interest in caring Mrs. Cooke and making her the dispenser of th benevolence, as did the Vanderbilts, Mrs. Cordtla deP. Field, Mrs. Henry Clews, Mrs. John Cros Brown, Mrs. Charles Stickney, Lady Henry Som set and many others. This vast work of benevole which the wealthy allowed Mrs. Cooke to perfo delightfully occupied her lonely hours, lessened t thought of pain and gave exercise and opportun to her generous nature.

Think of a woman never taken from her bed fifty-four years, carefully investigating each in vidual case of poverty who received aid from h hands, and never allowing one to go from her be side without a word of warning or encouragemen prompted by love for Christ and his children!

Among those who prayed with Mrs. Cooke at h bedside for healing, was the sainted Dr. Cullis, Boston. Mrs. Cooke believed in healing by faith Jesus, but, in her case, she enjoyed the will of G in the answer given to Paul, "My grace is sufficie for thee." She believed from that moment that t mission of her life was in the sick room, rather tha in health.

Among the many lovely traits of Bella Cooke character, the one that shone brightest was h deep solicitude for the welfare of others. She forg her own needs in her absorbing devotion to h church, her loved ones, to the poor and lost one and to her God. She seemed surrounded by a atmosphere of spiritual gentleness, tenderness an benevolence, wafted from Paradise, and breathe forth from her meek and quiet spirit, giving spiri ual strength to all attracted to her side. Words ar insufficient to picture the gentle manner, the affabl bearing, the chaste nature and the enduring, ur murmuring submission to the divine will, under a the trying emergencies of her almost lifelong illnes Her soul is a gem of rare beauty for the Master crown, a brilliant undimmed, even to mortals, whil earth and time endure.

A sacred shrine is in our hearts to-day, containin the inscription, "We loved her." Her words to u in this hour of our grief are:

> Say not good-night,
> But in same fairer clime, bid me good-morning.

Till then, we say, All hail, and farewell, Bell Cooke!

A BELL FROM KAISER WILHELM

THE oldest German Reformed Church in New York is situated in East Eighty-sixth Street near Second Avenue. Its pastor is the Rev. Julius Jaeger. The little church will complete its one hundred and fiftieth anniversary on December 6, and the occasion will be marked by the formal acceptance of the gift of a bell from Emperor William of Germany. The anniversary will be celebrated by four days of services, the principal service taking place Sunday afternoon, when the German Consul, Dr. Carl Buenz, will deliver to the pastor the bell sent by the Emperor, which was cast especially for the church. The bell will be hung in the church tower shortly after the anniversary exercises. It is five feet high and weighs three thousand pounds. The inscription states that the bell is a gift from Emperor William and includes the date, the German coat of arms and this verse from the Bible:

Rev. Julius Jaeger

The Kaiser's Presentation Bell

> Rejoicing in hope, patient in tribulation, and continuing instant in prayer.

The dedication sermon in English will be preached by the Rev. Dr. David James Burrell, of the Marble Collegiate Church, and that in German by the Rev. John H. Oerter, pastor of the Fourth German Reformed Church.

Pastor Jaeger will deliver a historical sermon in the morning. Sunday night and the following evening the meetings and addresses will continue. A missionary festival will be held Tuesday night. The closing celebration will be held on Wednesday night.

President Roosevelt, who was invited to the celebration, sent a letter of regret to Mr. Hauser. Other prominent men invited are Governor Hughes, and Colonel John Jacob Astor, whose ancestor, John Jacob Astor, joined the congregation in 1808.

The church was founded in August, 1758, the original building being in Nassau Street between John Street and Maiden Lane. The second edifice was built in 1812 in Forsyth Street, near Canal Street. The third was erected in 1862, in Norfolk Street. The present house is ten years old.

See our Premium Announcement Opposite Page 962. Also be particular to read the whole of the last column on Page 962.

England's "Soldier-Archbishop" Retires

By WILLIAM DURBAN, London

IT HAPPENS that the Archbishops of York have during the last few generations been even more famous than the Canterbury primates. Every student of logic knows that Archbishop Thomson, by his beautiful work on *The Laws of Thought*, rendered what had for ages seemed a dismally dry study a most delightful intellectual pursuit. His successor, Dr. Magee (who was translated from the See of Peterborough to the Archiepiscopal Northern Province) was a native of Ireland, that land which produces so many orators, and he was reckoned the most eloquent Anglican preacher of his day. Then, after his lamented death, came Dr. Maclagan, who has asked King Edward to accept his resignation at the age of eighty-three.

The life of this extraordinary prelate has been one long romance. As his name suggests, he is a Scotsman, and was born in Edinburgh in 1825. His father, Dr. David Maclagan, was a noted medical man, who for several years was an army physician, serving in the peninsula under the Duke of Wellington while the British forces fought the French on many fields in Spain and Portugal. His fifth son was William Dalrymple Maclagan, the future ecclesiastic. The youth was born on the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo. He was educated at Edinburgh High School, but, instead of proceeding to the university, he joined the army. As a young soldier he was sent to India and there served for five years from 1847 to 1852, and retired with the rank of lieutenant. It is said that the fact of his birth on so singular a date had something to do with his military career in early manhood.

"That was a great birthday, and you must make a soldier of him," said one old soldier to the father.

"But it was Sunday, and you should make him a minister," rejoined the nurse.

Ultimately the young soldier did become a minister, for on his return to England he entered Cambridge University and graduated with honors in mathematics. Ordained to the Anglican ministry, he became a curate in London, at St. Saviour's, Paddington, removing next year to the other important parish of St. Stephen's, Marylebone. At this time he became widely known as secretary of the London Diocesan Church Building Society. The young cleric's indefatigable industry and delightfully genial manners made him exceedingly popular, and his tireless advocacy of the claims of the society immensely advanced its interests. For five years he continued his labors in this direction. In 1855 the Bishop of London made him curate in charge of the important suburb of Enfield, in order that he might recuperate after his strenuous toil, the district giving him the advantage of country atmosphere.

In 1869, Mr. Maclagan was presented by Lord Chancellor Hatherley to the rectory of St. Mary, Newington, a great and populous parish in South London. There he did an immense amount of work under the most difficult conditions. For in that district the Anglican Church considered that great ability on the part of the clergy was needed in order to compete with the tremendous Nonconformist influence of the renowned Baptist preacher at the Metropolitan Tabernacle in Newington, Charles Haddon Spurgeon, the most popular preacher England ever knew.

The Most Rev. Archbishop of York

The noble Christian character of Dr. Maclagan was quickly manifested under these circumstances. A stiff and jealous priest of the National State Church might have displayed petty animosity to Mr. Spurgeon; but this new rector adopted a very different attitude, for Maclagan took care to establish kindly relations at once with the great Free Churchman. So friendly was he that he would not permit the bells of the Church of St. Gabriel, which he built near the Tabernacle, to be rung for more than a few minutes when Mr. Spurgeon's services were going on.

In 1878, Dr. Maclagan became Bishop of Lichfield, and on the death of the beloved Dr. Magee he was promoted to the Archbishopric of York. He it was who placed the crown on the head of Queen Alexandra at the coronation of 1902, after King Edward had been crowned by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Picturesque Old York Minster, from the City Walls

A BELOVED "LITTLE MOTHER OF THE POOR"

SUCH was the loving name by which the late Mrs. Rose N. Lesser was known among the teeming population of the East Side of New York. To thousands of the poor Jewish immigrants, she had been indeed "the little mother." There were few who did not know and love the sweet-faced, patient woman who was so kind and generous to them all.

Mrs. Lesser was born in Warsaw, Poland, in 1859. Her father, Jacob Rosenzweig, a physician, became involved in the Polish war for freedom and came to this country when Rose was only three years old. The family lived for a while in Kansas City, and later in Bloomington, Ill., where the daughter founded the Bloomington Aid Society in 1876. She came to New York eighteen years ago, and has ever since been actively identified with works of charity and benevolence. "Our Guardian Angel," the immigrants and the aged called her, but to the children she was always "The Little Mother."

When her own ample means had been spent in well-doing, she received assistance in her benevolences from many sources, including merchants, brokers, and tradesmen. She became president, twelve years ago, of the Hebrew Sheltering House at a time when its income was small. At the time of her death the House was receiving from the ladies' auxiliary alone $9,000 a year.

Mrs. Lesser was also president of the Montefiore Talmud Torah, and of the First Downtown Sisterhood, United Hebrew Charities, and connected with the Federated Sisterhood, the Council of Jewish Women, the Charities Organization Society and the Hebrew Orphan Asylum. She gave largely to charity in private also. Hundreds of persons were helped out with donations of unleavened bread and bitter herbs at Passover, and in seasons when work was scarce and distress prevailed in the Jewish quarter. Her funeral was marked by a great outpouring of the East Side poor, who loved her and mourned her loss deeply.

Mrs. Rose N. Lesser

See our Premium Announcement Opposite Page 962. Also be particular to read the whole of the last column on Page 962.

The Tribute of Confucianism

IT WAS a notable tribute which the Chinese Minister to this country, Dr. Wu Ting Fang, paid to Christianity at a meeting held in New York a few days ago in the interest of foreign missions. He said in part:

Any church or mission, any corporation, or in fact, any body of people, whatever their denomination or creed, who are doing good work for the benefit of mankind, especially for my countrymen, will receive my sympathy and my help if it is possible for me to give it. Those who come from foreign lands to this country as students, naturally find themselves in environment of the highest order. The loneliness of those in humbler walks of life—the merchant, the laborer, the servant—is indescribable. These classes are dependent wholly on the churches and missions to furnish good surroundings. Churches and schools keep them from bad and baneful influences. I am glad to find that Christians are carrying out the spirit of an old tenet of Confucius, to give education to all people alike, regardless of race, color, or creed. I am glad to find these Christian people helping my countrymen, teaching them to behave themselves, to practise virtue, and to be good citizens. The keynote of the twentieth century is altruism, doing for others, serving others, sacrificing for others. We in China have this taught to us in the negative form, "not doing to others what we would not have them do to us." You who are Christians have the active form laid down for you in the Golden Rule by the Founder of your religion. We thank you for your work in behalf of our countrymen in this land. And we do not object to Christian missionaries coming to China, for we know they come to teach our people to be good and to do good.

This from one of the ablest of Chinese statesmen and thinkers is a sufficient answer to those who have foolishly criticised the Christian missionaries in that country, attempting to show that their teachings and actions have given offense to the Chinese. Dr. Wu's native land is the greatest mission field in the world to-day.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

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Subscriptions may commence with any issue.
Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.
Entered at Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter
Entered as Second-class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa

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The New Regime in China

AFTER nearly a year of sickness, the poor, puny, feeble Emperor of China has passed away in his imperial palace at Pekin. His death would hardly have affected the empire perceptibly had it not happened that on the same day the Dowager-Empress also died. Although there were rumors of poisoning, it would now appear that the deaths resulted from natural causes.

Kwang Su never was more than a figurehead, the real ruler of the Empire being Tsze-Hsi-An, the Dowager-Empress, who was one of the strongest characters in the long record of Chinese history. For forty-seven years she has ruled nearly one-fourth of the population of the globe. One after another, Emperors have come and gone, and all were as puppets in her hands. She was strong, able, cruel, fearless, despotic. At times she has stood alone against her council and seemingly against all China. She was an obstacle to the nation's progress; but she had her ideals of Manchu supremacy and of patriotism and she lived up to them. She never loved foreigners, and only tolerated them because she could not successfully oppose them. Europeans and Americans remember her "campaign of extermination" against all foreigners in 1900 during the Boxer troubles and her flight with the Emperor and the entire court from Pekin to Sian, the ancient capital in Western China. Of late years, her attitude toward foreigners and missionaries especially was more pacific; but in her heart she abhorred the "barbarians" and looked to the day when the country would be rid of them all.

Prince Chun, the new Regent, is said to be a quiet, amiable, conservative Manchu. Whether the nation will advance under the new régime cannot yet be foreshadowed. If Yuan-Shih-Kai and Chang-Chih-Tung retain their power, we may soon see a new China. If they are relegated to the rear, or displaced, it may be years before the ancient empire follows Japan's example and assumes its rightful place among the progressive nations.

National Progress

A READER in Kansas asks us whether in our opinion the people of this country are progressing or retrograding. This is a very broad question, and one that has been asked in various forms by other readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Doubtless the best test of a nation's progress is its advancement in education, in morals, in obedience to law and order, and in the general welfare of its people. In all of these it can be claimed with truth that we have steadily advanced. He must be a sorry American indeed who cannot see the signs of a national uplift in recent events, and who does not feel a thrill of gratitude to God for all the blessings our country enjoys.

In a more special sense, we may note advances on particular lines. Forty or fifty years ago, the temperance cause was a weak one. Intemperance was not regarded in the light of a social or moral offense, as it is reckoned to-day. Now, nobody wants to employ a drinker and the inebriate is ostracised. Prohibition laws prevail in a number of our States, and wherever such conditions exist, morality, sobriety, thrift and general prosperity have increased and crime and taxation have proportionately diminished. Our laws are more effectively enforced, and human life and property are better safeguarded. Wealth is less than before a shield to criminality. Children are better protected and the great evil of child labor, now being attacked in many States, is almost certain to be minimized and ultimately abolished. Hospitals have multiplied and the humane care of the sick and helpless is becoming more general as a public duty. The great movement for international peace has made amazing progress, our nation playing an important part in it. Ours is a position of power and influence among the nations, and we are among the factors that distinctly make for the world's betterment.

Illiteracy is disappearing and our public school system is gradually becoming one of the best in the world. With regard to religion, it may be said to be more practical and less theoretical than before. We have more of "applied Christianity." Our churches are broader, more tolerant and more fraternal. Bigotry and denominational narrowness are dying out and a kindlier feeling prevails. Church Federation, formerly undreamed of, is now almost within sight and gives promise of a rich realization.

As to public morals, we are fast legislating many of the old-time major evils out of existence. Turf gambling has probably received its deathblow. Only a few States now tolerate prizefights. In politics and legislation, the tendency is toward a higher and purer standard. Though corruption still rears its head in places, it is quickly detected and exposed. It can not long continue triumphant, as in former days. The secret ballot has been a great step forward. Our people are now minded to have their politics clean, and to see that moral issues are not permitted to be sidetracked. Rogues there are and rogues there will be, in public as in private life; but with the civic and national conscience quickened as now, they do not long go "unwhipt of justice."

Finally, the standard of living among our working people has been raised, and to-day, social and economic conditions are materially advanced. This is attested by reliable statistics. It may be urged that strikes, race riots, lynchings and the like occurrences indicate retrogression; but these should be regarded as inseparable from the growth of a nation like ours, which is composed of so many different elements.

We still have many hard problems before us as a people, but with faith in God's overruling providence directing the nation's destiny, we can keep our faces set resolutely toward the sunrise and press forward along the lines of civic and national righteousness to better and higher civilization.

Germany and the Kaiser

WHILE Germany has become more quiet since the declaration of the Kaiser to Chancellor Von Buelow that he would act in the future in accord with the general policy of the foreign office at Berlin, both the Emperor and the Reichstag seem unsatisfied. The former feels that he has been humiliated and the latter are not certain that the Kaiser will make his personality less prominent in the conduct of affairs. The recent interview of the Kaiser on his relations to Great Britain was referred to in the last issue of this paper. A few days after this was written, the Chancellor received the assurance mentioned above.

There still seems to be some doubt as to what the Kaiser really promised to do. At first it was claimed that he had promised to make his rule less personal, and that his ministers would be more responsible. Later reports convey the idea that William only reaffirmed his coronation oath to act in accord with the constitution and that he considers none of his privileges curtailed. Nevertheless it is probable that in the future the Emperor will act through his Chancellor and the various departments, rather than pushing them to one side and acting entirely on his own responsibility. The parliament, press and people are very insistent that he shall act through the channels that the founders of the Empire provided; in other words, the Emperor's idea of the "divine right" of kings has sustained a rude blow. Probably at no time in the future will he be able to carry things along entirely in accord with his own wishes alone, as he has so often done in the past. It is felt that his recent interviews and speeches have interfered with the general trend of Germany's policy in Europe and have been certainly counter to popular feeling. It is felt that his moves in Morocco other places have damaged German prestige. storm over the British interview was only the le of several acts which have not been pleasing to great mass of Germans.

There has been some talk on the part of memb of all parties that a change should be made in position of the cabinet and that they should directly responsible to parliament instead of to Emperor. If the Emperor, however, accepts present situation, there may not be a change in t direction for some time, as the same end wo practically be obtained. If the Kaiser does not cept the situation, there will be, undoubtedly, stor scenes and stronger demands on the part of Reichstag in the coming sessions.

Unanswered Prayers

WHY are so many prayers unanswered? This a question which is frequently asked, and it not one to be lightly passed by. Many very wort Christians are troubled about it. They find it apparently unsolvable problem.

There are three essentials in the "prayer th prevaileth." First, the believing heart; then t earnest, concentrated desire, finding expression n simply in the utterance from the lips outward, b in the cry that goes up from the soul itself; an lastly, the righteous prayer, which is worthy to presented before the throne. If we pray in simp faith in His name, and not for those things whi the senses crave and which minister to our world natures, or cater to vanity or display, or to powe pride or social position, but for all that we need make us better men and women, our petitions w surely not go unanswered.

Christ has taught us to first "seek the Kin dom," receiving which all things will be added un us. We are not, therefore, under the necessity praying for mere material things, since the lesser included in the greater. But in our hour of extren ity, when earthly sources fail us, we have a right t come before our Father for all our needs.

That prevailing prayer is not a theory but a fac is triumphantly proved by the testimony of coun less thousands of Christian men and women th world over. Every week, THE CHRISTIAN HERAL receives scores of letters from God's people, attes ing, by their own wonderful and varied persona experiences, the truth of answered prayer. Thes earnest souls write out of the fulness of gratefu hearts. Having first "sought the Kingdom," the have found the promise true that "all things will b added unto you." Their real wants are supplie their bodies strengthened, their faith increased an their hearts filled with the love of God, to whom the give all the glory for their answered prayers.

WE AGAIN remind our readers that our nev serial, "The Little Doctor," commences in th issue of December 9. No one can afford to miss th beginning of this fascinating story.

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THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Buddhist Temple Torn Down

THE Temple of Buddha, set up by the late Professor Sommerville at the University of Pennsylvania, has been torn down and the Oriental curios with which the temple was furnished have been stored away. This temple was for many years one of the sights of the Archæological Department of the University. After a lifetime spent in traveling through the East in search of such relics, the idols were gathered by the Professor from numerous temples in Japan. Some were presents from friends and many were purchased from their owners in the Islands. Professor Sommerville was in the habit of lecturing to ministers and others who would gather in the temple to learn of the inner secrets of the Buddhist religion, and in this way the temple was one of the sights of America. The college authorities have decided to do away with this curious reproduction of an Oriental place of worship, and the temple will no longer be seen at the university museum.

This removal of the temple is very proper. The space it occupies could be better employed. The tearing down of this pagan temple is also a type of the decay of Buddhism, which has such a tremendous hold upon so many millions of people. As the line of missionaries advances in the different nations of the Far East, the temples one by one are being deserted, and Christian churches are taking their place in the affections and worship of the people. And then the idols of wood and clay and silver and gold, like those in the museum of the University of Pennsylvania, will be reminders of a great religion that faded under the light of the Sun of Righteousness.

Their idols are silver and gold. (Ps. 115 : 4.)

The Marvels of Surgery

Dr. Alexis Carrel, of the Rockefeller Institute in New York, in an address at the opening session of the American Philosophical Society, told of taking a leg from a dead dog and transplanting it in another dog's body. The fox terrier patient assumed normal control of the new leg and in three weeks there was only left a scar and the dog was up and about. Surgery has succeeded in transplanting parts of the human body. Human arteries and human veins have been interchanged and the patients have scarcely been able to tell the difference. Dr. Carrel held that this transplanting process would yet be employed in saving the life of ailing humanity and that kidneys and other organs of the body would be transferred from the dead to the living, with a large increase in the ratio of longevity.

We have a kinship of clay with the lower tribes and science is constantly reminding us how nearly the same is the substance of which we are made. But the only real life we can have is that of God, which is transplanted into us by the spirit of his Son, by which we are cured of our physical, mental, moral and spiritual maladies.

I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly. (John 10: 10.)

Football Slaughter

Notwithstanding the systematized attempt to reduce the mortality of the game of football in this country, the harvest of slaughter has been great. Gridiron warfare between the colleges, high schools and athletic clubs to-day has resulted in ten dead and two hundred and ninety wounded. This is the death list:

Balthaser, Wilfred, Waterbury, Conn. Cooper, John, University of North Carolina. Dougherty, Albert, Evansville (Ind.) Y. M. C. A. Dickinson, Ernest, University of Arkansas. Dyck, J. J., Oklahoma State Normal School. Evans, Thomas, Utah Agricultural College. Ferebee, G. Cook, Virginia Military Institute. Marker, Charles, Great Bend, Kan. Potts, William M., Cannonsburg, Pa. Smith, William, Clarion, Ia. Two players died from spinal injuries, one from paralysis caused in an open tackle, one from a broken neck, two from concussion of the brain, two from internal injuries caused by strains and kicks in vital parts, and one player fell dead of heart disease. Collarbones have been broken on fields East and West, wrists cracked and jaws, feet, legs and shoulder bones shattered. Torn ligaments and dislocated joints have been numerous. All the deaths but one resulted from the open playing of the game.

Fourth of July is a good institution which we must maintain, but there has to be a stop to the wholesale murder which is occasioned by its celebration. Football is a splendid game which develops the strength and agility of the muscles, promotes a quick intelligence and courage, but it must be toned down in some way so that the useless massacre shall stop. Able presidents of colleges and others have sounded the note of warning and no attention has been paid to it. It is time now for parents and presidents and officers of institutions to so regulate this game that, while the sport may be retained, the fatal danger may be removed. For one precious life out of these ten who have been sacrificed is really worth more than the fun of all the students of the nation. Such an estimate was put upon human life in the Mosaic dispensation, that a man who killed another, even unintentionally, had to take shelter in a city of refuge to prevent his being slain by a relative of the one killed.

Then Moses severed three cities on this side Jordan toward the sunrising; that the slayer might flee thither, which should kill his neighbor unawares, and hated him not in times past; and that fleeing unto one of these cities he might live. (Deut. 4 : 41, 42.)

Dorando and Hayes to Run

Dorando Pietri, the young Italian who came near winning the Olympic Marathon race in London, having entered the stadium before John J. Hayes, the American victor, arrived in New York the other day on the steamer *Kronprinzessin Cecilie*. He came over for the purpose of running a long distance race with Hayes. Dorando was ahead of Hayes at the finish, but he fell down fainting and had to be lifted up and pushed by his friends across the goal, which lost him the prize. Dorando has won thirty races. He is the champion of Italy at all distances, from five miles up. The sea made Dorando very sick, and he did not seem to be so certain of victory as he did when he first sailed; but the contest will be a very heated one and will attract the notice of the whole world.

This contest of swiftness and strength is only a type of the racing that is going on in every city street and on every country road, the race for wealth and fame and power and pleasure, and the trophies are handed out to those who reach the goal first. But the real race in life is that in which we outrun our weaknesses, passions and spiritual foes, reaching the goal of the highest manhood and womanhood, and then receive the crown of life as a trophy from the King.

Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day. (II. Tim. 4 : 8.)

The Animal Cemetery in Paris

La Fête des Morts (the "Day of the Dead") was observed in Paris recently, when the principal cemeteries were visited by vast numbers of people. The animal cemetery, which lies in an island of the Seine, near Asnières, was not forgotten. It attracted a large number of disconsolate mourners who had lost pet cats and dogs. Here are buried 15,000 dogs, 4,000 cats, 7 horses, 6 monkeys, 1 cow, 2 goats, 1 lamb, 1 panther, 10 parrots, 9 canaries, 4 pigeons and 1 goose. Some of the graves are very costly, made of granite or marble, neatly paved and enclosed and having their inscriptions. Over the resting place of a spaniel can be read: "I shall regret thee eternally, dear little one. How empty henceforth shall my life be without thee, dear little bow-wow!" On the gravestone of a pet cat is the following: "To our dearly beloved Mimi. Her poor dear little mother will love her always." Sappho, a departed toy terrier, has this inscription: "O Sappho! If my soul cannot join yours, dear and noble friend, I do not wish for salvation without thee!" The mourners at the cemetery were all women dressed in mourning.

A reasonable fondness for the lower animals is commendable, but such an excessive fondness for them as was expressed in Paris, is nothing short of the ridiculous. Too much faith is fanaticism; too great love for animals is folly. It usually means the substitution of love which should be bestowed upon children and other people, for children and older people have something which the cat and the dog and the horse do not possess—that something which gives to the child of God the image of its Father. It is this something, with its present significance and its future immortality, which gives any real meaning to All Souls' Day.

How much then is a man better than a sheep? (Matt. 12 : 12.)

The Buddhist Temple Which Has Been Abolished

Masterpiece Smuggled from Italy

It had been thought that every possible device for cheating the custom house officers had been tried by both men and women. Articles of dress and of jewelry have been concealed in the most unusual places, but a new deceit was practised recently when a Vandyke picture, worth a quarter of a million of dollars, was rolled up into an iron pipe which was fastened to the bottom of a motor car as a part of the machine, and smuggled out of Italy into this country, free of duty. With this taint upon the canvas it now hangs in a gallery near Philadelphia. This stealthy introduction of the picture to this country was as unfriendly to ethical taste as it was a breach of good morals.

O deliver me from the deceitful and unjust man. (Ps. 43 : 1.)

See our Premium Announcement Opposite Page 962. Also be particular to read the whole of the last column on Page 962.

How the Yokohama Populace Welcomed Our Jack Tars

OUR GALLANT JACKIES IN JAPAN

By H. K. S., Yokohama

ON THE day when the long-looked-for guests dropped anchor in Yokohama harbor, it was like the glow of a rainbow of promise in clouds of war. Over every open doorway hung the word, "Welcome"; every shop window shouted in voiceless acclamation, "Welcome"; baby hands waved the Stars and Stripes for welcome, while the royalty cordially greeted the officers of the American fleet, and the public school children made the land echo with

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty!

A striking incident gave opportunity for patriotic enthusiasm in Yokohama, where the popular feeling found its natural climax. It was Thursday evening at dusk when, near the railway station, one of the "Welcome" arches made of evergrens and bamboo caught fire. An excursion train had just pulled in, and was disgorging hundreds of our United States marines. The first sight that greeted them was the flaming arch and above it waved "Old Glory" and the Japanese flag. In an instant one of our boys was scaling the structure and rescued the Stars and Stripes, amid loud applause from the crowd of Japanese spectators; but the other flag still remained. The fire grew more furious every minute and some one dared the boys to go up again and take down the flag of the nation. Two of our United States marines rushed up the burning mass again, and tore down the endangered colors, while cheers and joyful appreciation burst from the throng of witnesses.

Twelve thousand of our Jack Tars sailed into Yokohama harbor on the morning of October 18—twelve thousand hot-headed, whole-souled, true-blue American jackies! It was a big order to let loose in a little country; in fact, too big an order, and only three hundred were allowed ashore at one time, these three hundred privileged ones to be the picked and tried men of the whole fleet. Picket men were stationed over the entire city and any disorderly conduct was quelled in an instant.

Yokohama has its European slum, as have all other cities in the world; and perhaps in this city fiendish devices are more cunning; vice more rampant; the trade in the souls of men more hideous than anywhere else on the face of the earth. If the slum saloonkeeper prepared for a great rush of business in the hopes that twelve thousand souls would make his fortune, the strict discipline maintained upset his kettle of fish. The dens of vice never did such poor business. Instead, money flowed like water on *Benten Dori*, where the curio stores, the silk, fan and parasol shops, the needle workers, and the porcelain dealers line up on both sides of the street. The prevailing fashion among the boys was to buy a brand new dress suit case, which they filled with odds and ends of purchases. Then, tired with their wearisome work, they wound up at the end of the day on the wharf to await a launch which would take them to the battleships far out in the harbor.

On the wharf the Young Men's Christian Association and the Seamen's Mission erected tents. They were famous places, put up at the very entrance to the piers and made so attractive and inviting that the swarms of tired, hungry sailor sight-seers were glad enough to drop down upon the comfortable benches. The Seamen's Mission tent was especially famous for its hostess.

Every day excursion parties were taken by Young Men's Christian Association guides to accessible places of interest; the government offering free rides on tram and railroad. The men were detailed to go, and these trips were obligatory, so that during the very few hours of freedom they had little time to carouse. The Japanese newspapers were overflowing with words of welcome. Again and again came the expression, "As our guide on the road to civilization, we honor and respect the United States." And then, in thrilling enthusiasm, they wrote: "We, the people of Japan, cry out from the fulness of our hearts, All hail! Thrice welcome!"

Fleet week lasted as long as any other week—seven days—and then the American guests of the nation steamed away west. Seven hundred American representatives are left behind. They are the ordinary business men—every-day men in work-a-day clothes. While the blue-jackets were shielded on every side, these seven hundred who remain face the same temptations, unshielded, and without so much as a lifted finger in the homeland by way of precaution. We would like to have one church for them; is it unreasonable? One Union church over against hundreds of traps and dens of iniquity. Is it too much to ask? For thirty-five years the Union Church congregation has traveled in *jinrikishas* from one hired building to another for its services. And now, not because the American people have generously helped, but because a handful of faithful ones have sacrificed, struggled, pleaded, a church building is about to be erected. We have raised among ourselves nearly $20,000. We need more to complete the work. Who among the thousands of God's good people in the homeland is ready to help?

Old Age Pensions

Also Immediate Income and Insurance Without Any Medical Examination!

ALL England is just now absorbingly interested in the Government scheme for providing Old Age Pensions, beginning at the age of **Seventy.** It is proposed to make a weekly allowance of **$1.25** to single people and **$1.80** to married couples, seventy years of age and over, whose income does not exceed **$2.50** per week. Germany, by taxing employer and employee, and herself contributing to the Pension Fund, is working on the same line.

Better Than Government Pensions

But the best solution of the problem is in store for subscribers to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, who will each and all have an opportunity to secure for themselves a regular Pension of from **$100** to **$1,000 Annually** after attaining the age of **Sixty, Sixty-five** or **Seventy** years.

This opportunity will be afforded only to our subscribers, and it will be the most interesting proposition that was ever made to the American people in connection with Old Age Annuities or Pensions. There are also other advantages, such as Immediate Income, Life Insurance without Medical Examination, and in some instances much Larger Annuities.

One Hundred and Fifty Millions of Dollars of Capital are Back of this Beneficent Project

Full details of the plan will be ready by **February 15, 1909,** but will be sent ONLY to CHRISTIAN HERALD Subscribers. Therefore, when you Subscribe or Renew your Present Subscription, if interested in the matter of either Present Income, Life Insurance Without Medical Examination, or Old Age Annuities, just say, **"Send me the Life Income Literature when Issued."** Absolutely **No Money or Medical Examination** is Required.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

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A NOTED Art Connoisseur who happened to see the Fine Collection of Pictures we have included in our Art Gallery de Luxe, suggested to us that we Give Every Subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD an opportunity to enhance **tenfold the value** of these **Six Pictures** by ordering them **Mounted on Art Paper, Cream Tint, 15 x 20 inches,** ready for framing, and sent by express, charges prepaid. This will entail a **nominal charge of 50c extra.** We have carefully studied the matter and have concluded to adopt this Excellent Suggestion.

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The Six Pictures sent out FREE with every Subscription are in **every respect** the same as those mentioned above, but unmounted and sent by mail. Therefore, even if you do not send the extra fifty cents, you get, as far as the pictures are concerned, **identically the same as the mounted ones.** But seeing the pictures before us, mounted on this superb Art Paper, all ready for framing, we feel that we are doing our friends a favor by advising all who can afford it to send for these pictures, mounted and shipped in the special manner described above.

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We may repeat here that the Six Pictures in this Collection have never before been reproduced, and can never be reproduced, by any art dealer or publishing house in this country; nor can they legally be imported, as THE CHRISTIAN HERALD **has Secured** the Sole Right to Reproduce and Distribute these Masterpieces within the boundaries of North America, Cuba, Porto Rico, Mexico and the Philippines. If you want **Mounted Pictures,** say so when you Subscribe for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and **enclose 50c extra.**

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

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Published Every Wednesday (52 Times a Year) at the Bible House, New York. Subscription, $1.50 per Annum. Dr. Louis Klopsch, Proprietor

A Personal Letter to You From Dr. Klopsch

Dear Friend and Member of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Family:

I do not know just when your subscription to **The Christian Herald** will expire; perhaps it has already expired, or it may not expire for some months to come. Be that as it may, I beg to be permitted to suggest to you the advisability of renewing your subscription very soon, especially if it is your intention to avail yourself of any of the Premium offers so delightfully pictured on the pages that immediately follow.

★ ★ ★ ★

December is the month in which the mails become increasingly congested and the express companies overtaxed; when snow and frost impede transportation; when many roads become almost impassable and when a thousand and one undreamt of things occur to cause delay, and perhaps even disappointment, around Christmas time.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

As a member of **The Christian Herald** Family, you are entitled to every possible consideration at our hands, and that is what we wish to extend to you; but to win out, in view of the tremendous holiday pressure soon to come, we really must have your personal co-operation, and you can best help us by sending in your **renewal early.** You know, of course, that no matter when your subscription expires, you cannot lose even a day if, in order to favor us or to make sure of some special premium, you should renew earlier than necessary, as the full renewal term is invariably added to your present date of expiry.

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(SEE NEXT PAGE)

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Surely, it is hardly needful for me to add that I would consider it a personal favor if you should continue your relationship to our Family Circle (now about to number 300,000) and that it will be my earnest endeavor during the coming year to provide for your edification and entertainment many genuine treats and delightful surprises.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

May the Holiday Season bring you joy unalloyed, and may the New Year abound to you and to all your dear ones in the blessing that maketh rich, and to which no sorrow is added.

Louis Klopsch

The Christian Herald, 92-116 Bible House, New York

Our Wonderful Art Gallery De Luxe

Painted by J. L. G. Ferris — Size 12 x 15 Inches

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Painted by S. Paulus — Size 12 x 15 Inches

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☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

The Christian Herald always excels in its premiums the advertised description, but this year even its oldest and best friends will marvel at the surpassing attractiveness of its "Art Gallery De Luxe." New subscribers, who are not acquainted with the generous treatment that characterizes its every transaction, will not be able to understand how **The Christian Herald** can afford such a generous gift. Nevertheless it is a fact, though it may baffle many to understand how it is possible.

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Under the Shade of the Apple Tree

Painted by E. Debat Ponson — Size 12 x 15 Inches

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THE Attractive Volume of Enchanting Stories and Immortal Legends, compiled by **Hamilton Wright Mabie,** under the Captivating Title, **World-Famed Stories and Legends,** is a Book for the Library Table; a Book to be Read Aloud on Winter Evenings; **a Veritable Treasure-House of Fiction.** Here are the Stories that Young Folks Instinctively Love and Delight In; that Old Folks Keenly Relish; Stories that Appeal to the Heart at Eight or Eighty; that Develop the Budding Mind, Strengthen the Moral Character, and, in some Subtle Way, never fail to Make Us who are Gaining in Years feel Younger, Fresher and Better for having read them.

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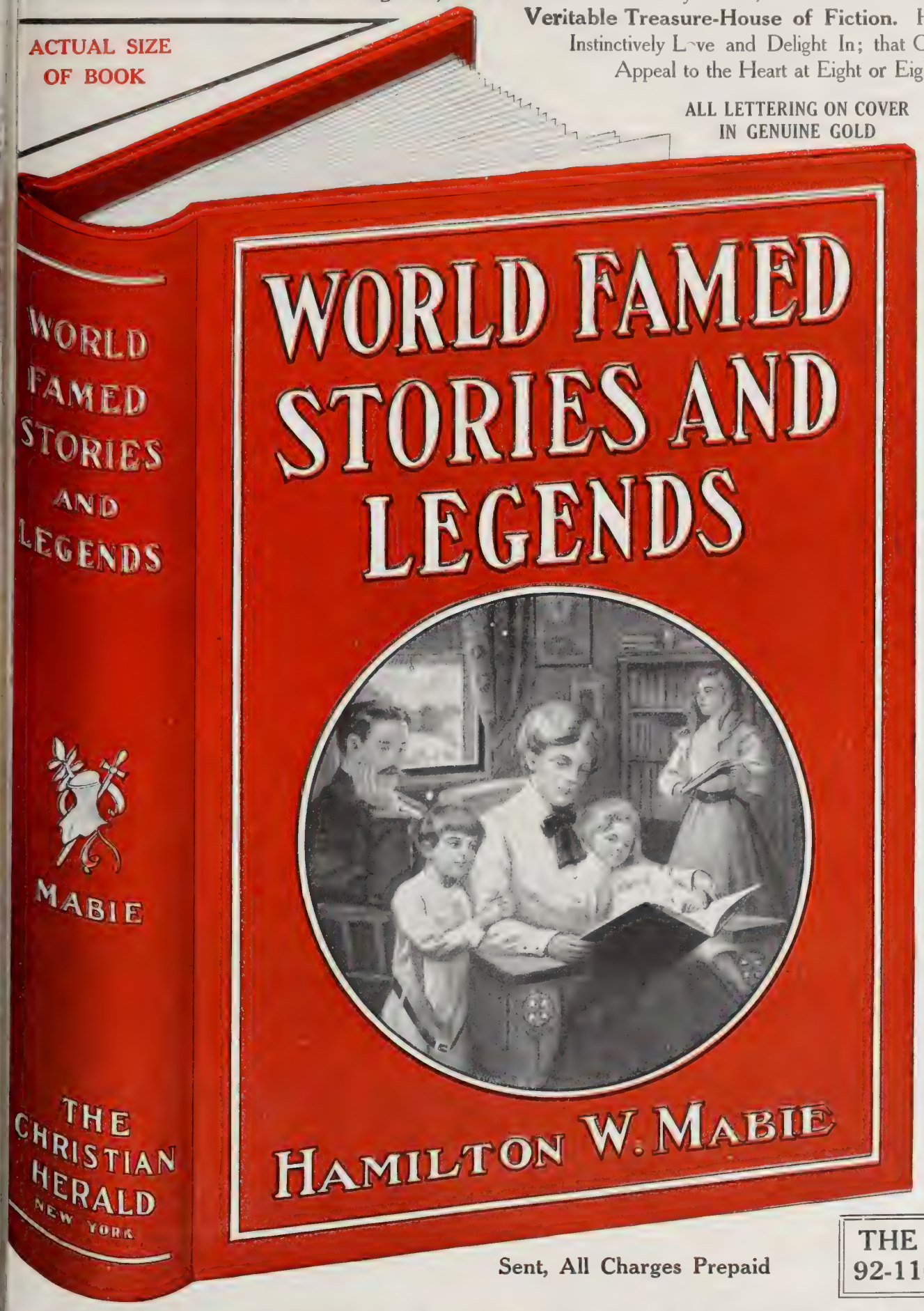

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is internationally known as the "Almoner to Nations in Distress." It has distributed in Home and Foreign Relief Operations during the past fifteen years the enormous sum of Four Million Dollars, or an average of nearly a Thousand Dollars every week-day for fifteen years. Emperors, Kings and Queens have received its representatives to express their thanks for the generous assistance afforded in staying the ravages of famine and pestilence. The American Government has repeatedly placed warships and specially chartered vessels at its disposal for the transportation of relief supplies.

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22 A [b] little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation: I the LORD will hasten it in his time.

CHAPTER 61

The Redeemer Comes to Zion with Blessings.

THE [a] Spirit of the Lord GOD *is* upon me; because the LORD hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me [b] to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim [c] liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to *them that are* bound; ★

2 To [d] proclaim the acceptable year of the LORD, and [e] the day of vengeance of our God; to [f] comfort all that mourn;

3 To appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, [g] to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness; that they might be called trees of righteousness, the [h] planting of the LORD, [i] that he might be glorified.

4 ¶ And they shall [j] build the old wastes, they shall raise up the former desolations, and they shall repair the waste cities, the desolations of many generations.

5 And [k] strangers shall stand and feed your flocks, and the sons of the alien *shall be* your plowmen and your vinedressers.

6 But [l] ye shall be named the Priests of the LORD: *men* shall call you the Ministers of our God: ye shall eat the riches of the Gentiles, and in their glory shall ye boast yourselves.

7 For [m] your shame *ye shall have* double; and *for* confusion they shall rejoice in their portion: therefore in their land they shall possess the double: everlasting joy shall be unto them.

8 For I the LORD love judgment, I hate robbery for burnt offering; and I will direct their work in truth, [n] and I will make an everlasting covenant with them.

9 And their seed shall be known among the Gentiles, and their offspring among the people: all that see them shall acknowledge them, that they *are* the seed *which* the LORD hath blessed.

10 I will greatly rejoice in the LORD, my soul shall be joyful in my God; for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness, as [o] a bridegroom decketh [1] *himself* with ornaments, and as a bride adorneth *herself* with her jewels.

11 For as the earth bringeth forth her bud, and as the garden causeth the things that are sown in it to spring forth; so the Lord GOD will cause [p] righteousness [q] and praise to spring forth before all the nations.

CHAPTER 62

The Redeemer Calls the Watchmen to Awake.

FOR Zion's sake will I not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake I will not rest, until the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp *that* burneth.

2 And the Gentiles shall see thy righteousness, and all kings thy glory: [a] and thou shalt be called by a new name, which the mouth of the LORD shall name.

3 Thou shalt also be a [b] crown of glory in the hand of the LORD, and a royal diadem in the hand of thy God.

4 Thou [c] shalt no more be termed Forsaken; neither shall thy land any more be termed [1] Desolate: but thou shalt be called [2] Hephzi-bah, and thy land [3] Beulah: for the LORD delighteth in thee, and thy land shall be married.

5 For *as* a young man marrieth a virgin, *so* shall thy sons marry thee: and [4] *as* the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, *so* shall thy God rejoice over thee.

6 ¶ I [d] have set watchmen upon thy walls, O Jerusalem, *which* shall never hold their peace day nor night: [5] ye that make mention of the LORD, keep not silence,

7 And give him no [6] rest, till he establish, and till he make Jerusalem [e] a praise in the earth.

8 The LORD hath sworn by his right hand, and by the arm of his strength, [7] Surely I will no more give [f] thy corn *to be* meat for thine enemies; and the sons of the stranger shall not drink thy wine, for the which thou hast labored:

9 But they that have gathered it shall eat it, and praise the LORD; and they that have brought it together shall drink it in the courts of my holiness.

10 Go through, go through the gates; prepare ye the way of the people; cast up, cast up the highway; gather out the stones; lift up a standard for the people.

11 Behold, the LORD hath proclaimed unto the end of the world, Say ye to the daughter of Zion, Behold, thy salvation cometh; behold, his reward *is* with him, and his work before him.

12 And they shall call them, The holy people, The redeemed of the LORD: and thou shalt be called, Sought out, A city not forsaken.

CHAPTER 60
b Mat. 13: 31

CHAPTER 61
a ch. 11: 2 Lu. 4: 18 John 1: 32 John 3: 34
b Ps. 147: 3
c Jer. 34: 8
d Lev. 25: 9
e Mal. 4: 1, 3
f Mat. 5: 4
g Ps. 30: 11
h ch. 60: 21
i John 15: 8
j Ezek. 36: 33
k Eph. 2: 12
l Ex. 19: 6
m ch. 40: 2 Zech. 9: 12
n ch. 55: 3
o ch. 49: 18 Rev. 21: 2
1 *decketh as a priest.*
p Ps. 72: 3 Ps. 85: 11
q ch. 60: 18 ch. 62: 7

CHAPTER 62
a ch. 65: 15 Rev. 3: 12
b Zech. 9: 16
c Hos. 1: 10 1 Pet. 2: 10
1 *Azubah.*
1 Ki. 22: 42 ch. 54: 1
2 That is, *My delight is in her.*
2 Ki. 21: 1
3 That is, *Married.*
4 *with the joy of the bridegroom.* ch. 65: 19
d Ezek. 3: 17 Ezek. 33: 7
5 Or, *ye that are the LORD'S remembrances.*
6 *silence.*
e ch. 61: 11 Zeph. 3: 20
7 *If I give,* etc.
f Deut. 28: 31 Jer. 5: 17

and his meat was locusts and wild [i] honey.

5 ¶ Then went out to him Jerusalem, and all Judea, and all the region round about Jordan,

6 And [j] were baptized of him in Jordan, confessing their sins.

7 But when he saw many of the Pharisees and Sadducees come to his baptism, he said unto them, O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from [k] the wrath to come?

8 Bring forth therefore fruits meet for [1] repentance:

9 And think not to say within yourselves, [l] We have Abraham to *our* father: for I say unto you, that God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham.

10 And now also the axe is laid unto the root of the trees: [m] therefore every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire.

11 I [n] indeed baptize you with water unto repentance: but he that cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear: [o] he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and *with* fire:

12 Whose fan *is* in his hand, and he will thoroughly [p] purge his floor, and gather his wheat into the garner; but he will [q] burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire.

13 ¶ Then cometh Jesus [r] from Galilee to Jordan unto John, to be baptized of him.

14 But John forbade him, saying, I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me?

15 And Jesus answering said unto him, Suffer *it to be so* now: for thus it becometh us to [s] fulfil all righteousness. Then he suffered him.

16 And [t] Jesus, when he was baptized, went up straightway out of the water: and, lo, the heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the [u] Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon him:

17 And [v] lo a voice from heaven, saying, [w] This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.

CHAPTER 4

The Temptation of Jesus; his first Disciples.

THEN was [a] Jesus led up of [b] the spirit into the wilderness [c] to be tempted of the devil.

2 And when he had [d] fasted forty days and forty nights, he was afterward a h

3 And when [e] him, he said, I God, command be made bread.

4 But he answ is written, [f] Man bread alone, bu that proceedeth of God.

5 Then the de into the [g] holy ci on a pinnacle of

6 And saith u the Son of God, for it is written, angels charge and in *their* han thee up, lest at [r] thy foot against

7 Jesus said [s] ten again, [t] Thou the Lord thy God.

8 Again, the d into an exceedi and sheweth him of the world, a them;

9 And saith un things will I giv fall down and w

10 Then saith Get thee hence, written, Thou [u] sh Lord thy God, and thou serve.

11 Then the d and, behold, [v] ministered unto

12 ¶ Now [w] wh that John was [1] departed into Ga

13 And leaving [x] and dwelt in Cap upon the sea coas of Zabulon and N

14 That it mig which was spok prophet, saying,

15 The [y] land the land of Ne way of the sea, Galilee of the Gen

16 The [z] people w ness saw great lig which sat in there of death light is

17 From [a] that to preach, and for the kingdom hand.

CHAPTER 3
i Deut. 8: 8 Deut. 32: 13 1 Sam. 14: 25 2 Ki. 18: 32 Ps. 81: 16 Ezek. 27: 17 Lu. 24: 42
j Acts 19: 4
k Rom. 5: 9 1 Thes. 1: 10
1 Or, *answerable to amendment of life.* 2 Cor. 7: 1, 11
l John 8: 33 Acts 13: 26 Rom. 4: 1
m ch. 7: 19 John 15: 6 Heb. 6: 8
n Mark 1: 8 Lu. 3: 16 John 1: 33 Acts 1: 5
o Isa. 4: 4 Mal. 3: 2 Acts 2: 3, 4 Titus 3: 5
p Mal. 3: 3
q Mal. 4: 1 ch. 13: 30
r ch. 2: 22
s Dan. 9: 24
t Mark 1: 10
u Isa. 11: 2 Lu. 3: 22 John 1: 32
v John 12: 28
w Ps. 2: 7 Isa. 42: 1 Lu. 9: 35 Col. 1: 13

CHAPTER 4
a Mark 1: 12 Lu. 4: 1
b 1 Ki. 18: 12 Ezek. 3: 14 Acts 8: 39
c Heb. 4: 15
d Ex. 34: 28 e Eph. 6: 17 f Deut. 8: 3 g Neh. 11: 1 h Ps. 91: 11 i Deut. 6: 16 j Deut. 6: 13 Deut. 10: 20 k Jas. 4: 7 l Heb. 1: 14 m Lu. 3: 20
1 Or, *delivered up.*
n Isa. 9: 1, 2
o Isa. 42: 7 Lu. 2: 32
p Mark 1: 14
q ch. 10: 7

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Our Red Letter Bible

ONLY GENUINE EDITION

The only genuine edition of the **Red Letter Bible** contains the **Authorized or King James' Version,** unchanged save for the variation of the color in the type. Two colors (**Red and Black**) are employed, in accordance with the simple plan devised by Dr. Louis Klopsch, the **Originator** of the Red Letter principle applied to the Holy Scriptures.

What Is a Red Letter Bible?

1. In the Old Testament, the passages quoted by our Lord, or directly related to incidents to which he referred, are Printed in Red.
2. In the New Testament, the words universally accepted as those of our Saviour are Printed in Red.
3. A Red Star (★) immediately following a verse in the Old Testament indicates that the verse embodies a prophetic reference to Christ as the coming Messiah.

Our Red Letter Bible, illustrated above, Contains Full References; also a **Concordance,** Subject Index, and Dictionary—all under **One Alphabetical Arrangement**—together with **Helps, Maps,** and Numerous **Illustrations.**

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Weighs Only 20 Ounces

THE text of this Bible is set in Bold-Face Minion, especially designed for this work. There are 268 pages of **Helps** (or **Concordance**) and 17 superb **Maps.** This gem of a Bible, small in bulk, light in weight, very legible and Very Durable, weighs only 20 ounces. It is bound in American Levant, overlapping edges, red-under-gold, and makes altogether the handiest and most satisfactory Bible now on the market. For size of type, size of page and appearance, see above illustration,

We send this superb Bible, together with **The Christian Herald** for one whole year and our incomparable **"Art Gallery De Luxe,"** for only **$3.00**

SOMETHING STILL BETTER

IF you can afford to pay $1 more, ask for the same Bible bound in Genuine Morocco, Calf Finish, Leather Lining, Silk Sewed, which will wear a Lifetime. This Bible is Equal to Any $10.00 Bible. It is Sent with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for One Year, and our "Art Gallery De Luxe," For Only **$4.00**

ALL CHARGES PREPAID IN EVERY INSTANCE

Our Red Letter Testament

This beautiful volume is the **ONLY NEW TESTAMENT** which contains **ALL THE WORDS SPOKEN BY OUR LORD PRINTED IN RED.** The Type is Very Clear, and the Alignment of the Red and Black Lettering Absolutely Perfect. The Red Letter New Testament is Exquisitely Bound in American Levant, Soft and Flexible, with Overlapping Edges—Red Under Gold—with Book-mark, making a Compact Volume that may be Conveniently Carried in the Pocket.

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The Red Letter New Testament is Issued in Both the **Authorized** and **Revised Versions,** and is **Sent, All Charges Prepaid,** Together with **THE CHRISTIAN HERALD** for **One Year, and ART GALLERY, for ONLY** **$2.00**

When ordering, state whether you want Authorized or Revised Version

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
92 to 116 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

A Glimpse Beyond the Lifted Veil

WHETHER Dr. Peters has looked into heaven with his own eyes we know not; but in this substantial and handsome volume he sees and makes his readers see the beauties of the Cloudless Land. In a singularly lucid, logical, simple yet scholarly manner, Dr. Peters treats of and discusses questions that have deeply agitated thinking men and women from time immemorial. As a lantern lighting with clear flashes of illumined thought the pathway that leads into the Eternal Life, this book will prove a comfort and solace to those who mourn the loss of some dear one, and a veritable inspiration to every thoughtful man and woman searching the sacred mysteries of

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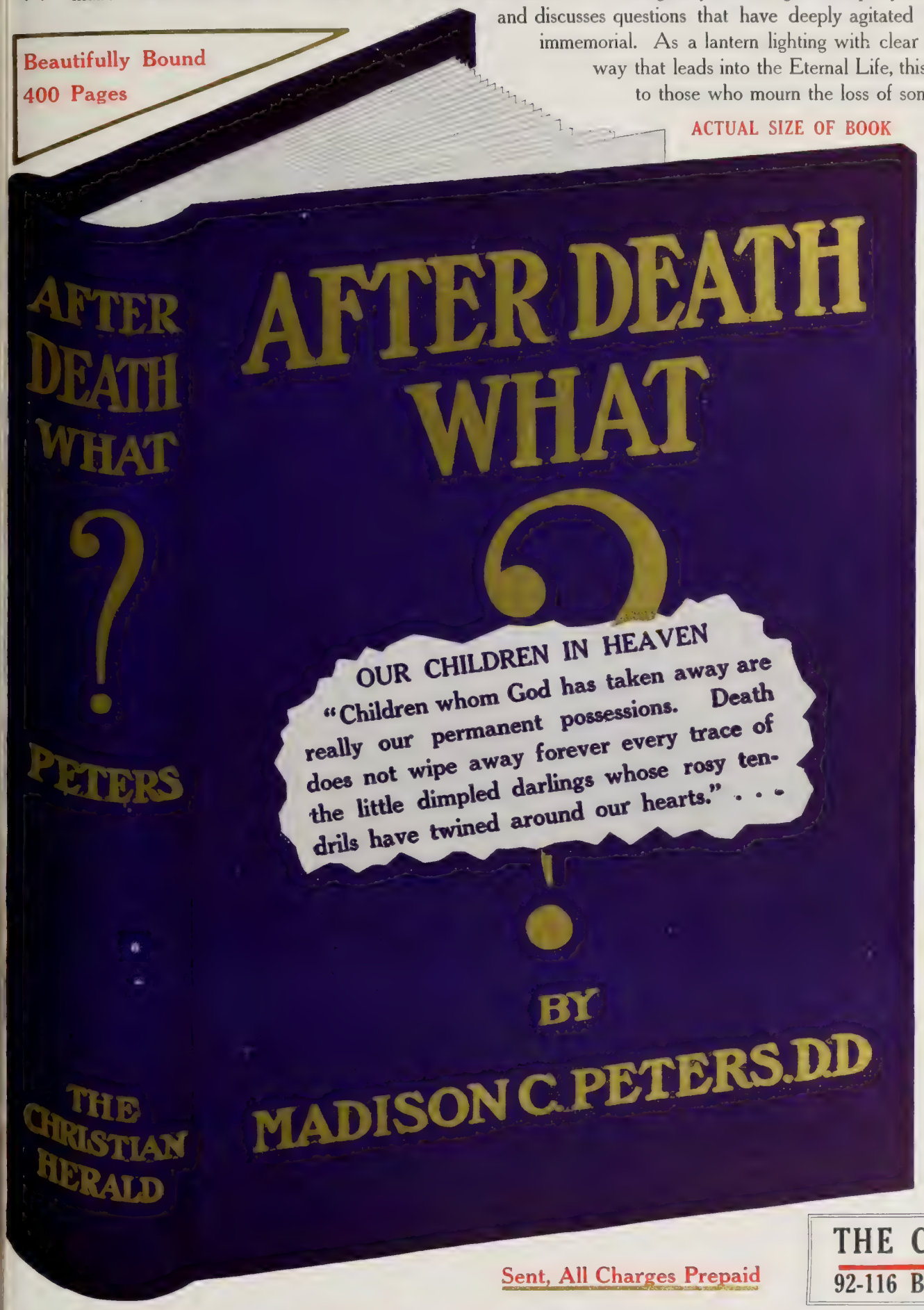

The Great Hereafter

It is impossible to give more than the briefest glimpses of the rich character of the contents of this attractive volume. Among the subjects discussed are: **"Does Death End All?" "Light After Darkness," "The Soul Between Death and the Resurrection," "Heavenly Reunions," "The Joy and Comfort of Faith in Immortality," Occupations in Heaven," "Our Children in Heaven,"** and many others, including **"Poems of Comfort"** and **"Master Minds on the Life Beyond."**

☆ ☆ ☆

Many Golden Gems

In addition to the above, this Masterpiece of Thought and Literature contains a Vast Collection of Golden Gems from the greatest Historians, Philosophers, Preachers and Poets of all Ages and Nationalities on every phase of the Future Life.

"No! no! we cannot die;
In death's unrobing room we strip from round us
The garments of mortality and earth:
And breaking from the embryo state that bound us,
Our day of dying is our day of birth."

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This splendid volume inspires its readers with the Holy Ambition to Live for Eternity.

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What $2.00 WILL BUY

We will send this Great Book, "AFTER DEATH,—WHAT?" 400 Pages, Bound in Purple and Gold; Our ART GALLERY De LUXE, and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for ONE YEAR (ALL THREE), for only $2

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Of Immediate Importance to Our Subscribers

AS the mails and other transportation facilities are greatly congested immediately before Christmas time, and there are, consequently, innumerable possibilities for unexpected delays, we most earnestly urge our readers to send in their orders as soon as **possible.**

By doing so, you will not only save yourself time and trouble when the holiday season comes, but will make sure of receiving the premiums you may select fresh from the press, in perfect condition, and in good time for your requirements. You may also be sure that your order will be filled in a thoroughly satisfactory manner, without rush or likelihood of error.

We are always glad, when our readers so desire, to send **The Christian Herald** to one address and premiums or magazines each to a different address without additional expense.

Our Money-Saving Combinations

American Boy

Biggest, brightest, best boys' monthly magazine in the world. Profusely illustrated. Edited by experts who understand boy nature. Give your boy reading that not only interests but develops him.

The stories are by the best known writers for boys. All boy hobbies are exploited, such as stamps, coins and curios, photography, mechanics and electricity, popular science, puzzles, biography, athletics, etc. Parents like and respect its clean uplifting influence and all boys are enthusiastic over it. Parents need never worry about their boy's company when he is chumming with *The American Boy*. It is truly the ideal boy's magazine and is welcomed in 125,000 homes.

American Magazine

Is selected by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD this year as one of the leaders in its club offers because of the illustrious group of writers announced for the coming year. F. P. Dunne ("Mr. Dooley"), Ida M. Tarbell, William Allen White, Samuel Hopkins Adams, William J. Locke, May Sinclair, Stewart Edward White, Ray Stannard Baker, O. Henry and Brand Whitlock are a few among the many. Every number of *The American Magazine* contains the best that can be gotten from the pens of the greatest writers—literature that lives and breathes and spurs to better living—illustrations that are true to life and nature. It is a new magazine in every sense—new writers, new subjects, new artists and new fiction—and an appeal to the mind and heart that is brand new in periodical literature.

Cosmopolitan

No matter how many magazines you take, *Cosmopolitan* is the one you cannot afford to do without. Its subscribers of last year are subscribers this year—with their friends! They'll be subscribers next year—with their friends' friends! This, after all, is the real test of a magazine's merits—that its readers tell their friends about it. You can be sure that in 1909 one feature in each issue will be of such universal interest as to dominate the magazine world for that month—as single instances, take *Cosmopolitan's* great series of brilliant short stories by George Randolph Chester, or its remarkably popular special articles on "The Owners of America." The motto, "The best—no matter what it costs," makes *Cosmopolitan* resemble no other magazine but *Cosmopolitan*.

Good Housekeeping

Good Housekeeping is a richly illustrated magazine for all the family. It is, by general acknowledgment, the most practical of the household magazines, and at the same time one of the brightest, most refreshing periodicals for general reading. It has at least one first-class short story each month, abounds in good illustrated fun, and is an all-around family magazine. It makes a specialty of discussion of vital problems of the home in an incisive yet popular manner, of arts and crafts, of its inimitable "Discoveries." It was the pioneer in Emmanuel Church literature, and still maintains the most helpful department of this kind. It is issued monthly and reaches no less than a million readers. Whatever magazines you take, *Good Housekeeping* should be one of them.

Harper's Bazar

For forty-one years *Harper's Bazar* has been the leading American authority on fashion, good form, and entertainment. It will continue to be an invaluable household guide and assistant.

Harper's Bazar is made for all refined American women. Such women are its most ardent admirers, whether their incomes are large or small, whether their scale of living is simple or complex, whether they dwell in town or country.

Harper's Bazar preaches *economy*—rational domestic economy—and wise spending. *Harper's Bazar* preaches *simplicity*—the simplicity of sane, wholesome living. *Harper's Bazar* preaches *progress*—progress in the kitchen, in the nursery, and in every other home department.

NOTE—The descriptive matter on this page concerning the above magazines is supplied by their respective publishers for the information of our readers.

Magazine Clubs

Originated with Dr. Louis Klopsch of **The Christian Herald,** in 1897. Magazine readers are therefore indebted to **The Christian Herald** for the opportunity of securing two or more magazines in a combination at about half price. For this year our selected list of choice magazines which we offer in clubs is as follows:

American Boy,	(Regular Price)	$1.00	Little Folks,	(Regular Price)	$1.00
American Magazine,	" "	$1.00	McClure's,	" "	$1.50
Cosmopolitan,	" "	$1.00	Pearson's,	" "	$1.50
Good Housekeeping,	" "	$1.00	Success Magazine,	" "	$1.00
Harper's Bazar,	" "	$1.00	World To-Day,	" "	$1.50

Woman's Home Companion, (Regular Price) $1.25

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2. CHRISTIAN HERALD ($1.50 a Year) AND ANY 2 Magazines above, **$2.65**
3. CHRISTIAN HERALD ($1.50 a Year) AND ANY 3 Magazines above, **$3.30**
4. CHRISTIAN HERALD . ($1.50 a Year)
   REVIEW OF REVIEWS . . ($3.00 a Year)
   ANY ONE OTHER Magazine on this Page
   Send Us Only **$3.00** For All Three

(Foreign Postage Extra. Canadian Postage Extra on Magazines.)

Each Magazine may be sent to a different address. Our "Art Gallery De Luxe" goes FREE with every offer.

For "Modern Priscilla" (Fancywork—Monthly) add 25 cents to any combination.

After Feb. 1, 1909, 25 cents must be added whenever Woman's Home Companion is included.

EVER POPULAR GIFTS

Search wherever you may, you will never find anything that, at the price, gives greater and more genuine satisfaction as a gift than a weekly or monthly magazine, which the whole year through periodically reminds the recipient of the thoughtfulness of the giver.

Little Folks

A beautifully illustrated monthly magazine for young children. Mothers and fathers who wish to provide the very best reading and pictures for their young children, that will be read and re-read, and looked at and looked at, welcome *Little Folks*. It is a story-teller, a picture book, a playfellow, an out-of-school magazine. Its fun is of a simple, sunshiny sort. Its little tales of children possess an ethical value—they stimulate their readers and hearers to be fearless, cheerful, unselfish, and above all true and honorable. All stories of a painful kind are excluded, especially such as would haunt nervous and imaginative children. There is much curious and interesting natural history, also playwork for little fingers.

McClure's Magazine

The magazine of the hour. *McClure's* is an American institution—it reflects the opinions and beliefs of authoritative writers on the problems that are of vital interest to the American people.

McClure's is always a step in advance of other magazines. Besides the articles on government, politics, people and things, *McClure's* is also famous for its fiction. *McClure's Magazine* was the first to make the monthly periodical a vital influence in good government and good citizenship — an instrument to help a great, wide-spread people understand itself and its possibilities. The coming numbers will make new history for *McClure's*—you'll want them surely.

Pearson's Magazine

You hear more about *Pearson's* than an other magazine because it regularly contain things that tend to encourage and invigorat the America-loving American. Red corpuscle in its blood. Stalwart articles by James Creel man, Henry Reuterdahl and Rupert Hughes— "The Message," a new serial by Louis Tracy author of "The Wings of the Morning," whic will run well into 1909. Short stories that ar genuinely good—serials that are standard—th best the world to-day produces. *Pearson's* fit everywhere. It fits every combination of maga zines—unlike all the others. It fits your idea of instruction and entertainment—healthful upbuilding. No bones to pick—no muck-raking

Review of Reviews

The *Review of Reviews* is accepted by intelligent people as the one best periodical to keep up with the times. Dr. Shaw's editorial "Progress of the World" opens the magazine with twenty splendidly illustrated pages that give the reader a clear, finely interpreted account of the men and events of the month.

The character sketches of just the notable figures who are interesting at the time, and the other contributed articles on the topics most "alive" are the most timely and valuable to be found in the periodicals.

Thus you have the month's history elucidated, the most valuable contributed articles published, the best things picked out of all the other magazines for you, and a hundred illustrations entertaining and educational at the same time.

Success Magazine

Success Magazine combines in a most unusual way, great inspirational features with high literary excellence and a special service to subscribers through its Home Departments and Correspondence Bureaus, which is quite unique.

Its inspirational editorials by Orison Swett Marden (author of "Pushing to the Front") are world-famous; its fiction is by the best American and European authors, and its illustrations and cover designs are by the leading artists of the day.

Among the important features for the coming year will be a continuation of the series recently begun upon "The Country Church and Minister and Their Life Problems," contributed by "those who know" from actual and heartfelt experience.

Woman's Home Companion

The Greater *Woman's Home Companion* at the new price of $1.25 has set a new standard for women's magazines. Fiction by Kate Douglas Wiggin, Mary Wilkins Freeman, Josephine Daskam Bacon, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; The Reminiscences of Dr. Edward Everett Hale; Jack London's Round-the-World Letters—all will be a part of the Greater *Companion* for 1909.

Love scenes of the great novels are being painted for the *Companion* by Harrison Fisher, Howard Chandler Christy, C. Allen Gilbert and James Montgomery Flagg. Another unique art feature will be the portraits of the most beautiful women of all times—a remarkable collection of the famous beauties of the world. The Children's Department, and the twelve special departments for women, even more than in the past, will be the backbone of the magazine.

World To-day (The)

The only magazine of its class sold at a popular price. *The World To-Day* is a monthly world review, but is not made up of clippings of other publications. It obtains its information from original sources, and is reliable and up-to-date. Its contributors are the foremost men and women of the day. The reader will find in it recreation for the idle hour and—best of all—something worth while. Many illustrations are in colors. All other magazines of its class sell at $3. *The World To-Day* is but $1.50. Its remarkable quality and low price make it an exceptional bargain, and we recommend it strongly to our readers.

MAGAZINE COMBINATION BLANK

To **THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 to 116 Bible House, New York City:**

Enclosed please find $..... for ***The Christian Herald*** *and the following Magazines, to be sent to the Addresses as below, service to begin at once, if not otherwise specified.*

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD with any ONE Magazine (except Review of Reviews) listed on OPPOSITE PAGE, $2.00; with any TWO Magazines, $2.65; with any THREE Magazines, $3.30.

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FREE Our Superb ART GALLERY DE LUXE goes FREE with Every Annual Subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

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2 **Do You Refund the Money if Premiums Are Not Satisfactory?** Yes.

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3 **Do You Fully Prepay Charges?** Yes.

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4 **In Case the Premium ordered is Sold Out before the Order Reaches You?** We Refund Your Money at Once.

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5 **If the Premiums are Injured in Transit?** We Substitute Perfect Goods.

6 **May the Magazines, Premiums, and Art Gallery each be sent to a Different Address?** Yes. **No Extra Charge** is made for this Service. The Full Address should be entered Opposite the Premiums of Your Choice, and both nearest Express Office and Post Office Should be Carefully Noted.

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7 **Is the ART GALLERY sent with Every Annual Subscription to The Christian Herald?** Always.

8 **My present Subscription Does Not Expire for Several Months. How Can I Secure Magazines and Premiums NOW?** By renewing **Now.** We will then Extend Your Subscription for One Year from the Present Date of Expiration, and Send Premiums and Magazines **At Once.**

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9 **How May I Secure More Than One Premium?** By Paying for Additional Premiums at rate quoted below for extra copies.

10 **May a Subscriber who Selects a Premium Accept a Magazine Combination, and on what Terms?** Yes; if a Subscription to **The Christian Herald with Premium** calls for $2.00, and **One Magazine** is selected, send $2.50; if **Two Magazines,** send $3.15; if **Three Magazines,** send $3.80. If the Subscription with Premium calls for $3.00, **add $1.00** to the figures just given.

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11 **May The Christian Herald or the Magazines be sent to Foreign Countries?** Yes, by Paying Extra Postage.

If Your Remittance is in Excess of Amount Required, We Refund at Once the Difference at Our Own Expense. Please Bear This in Mind

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SEND . . After Death—What? to By MADISON C. PETERS, D.D. 400 Generous Pages; Richly Bound in Purple Cloth; Gold Back and Side. With THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, $2.00. Extra Copies, $1.00			
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SEND . . Red Letter New Testament to ALL THE WORDS OF OUR LORD PRINTED IN RED With THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, $2.00. Extra Copies, $1.00	Authorized or Revised Version,	WHICH?	
SEND . . India Paper Red Letter Bible to HELPS, MAPS, CONCORDANCE; Overlapping Edges; Bound in American Levant, Divinity Circuit; Red under Gold. With THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, $3.00. Extra Copies, $2.00 (Weighs only 20 oz.) AUTHORIZED Version ONLY		If You Can Afford an Extra Dollar, Take the Silk-Sewed, Calf Finish Lining. As Good as Any Genuine Morocco, $10.00 Bible.	

OUR SUPERB ART GALLERY DE LUXE **FREE**

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and Each Premium may be Sent to a Different Address Without Extra Charge.

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Name of Sender .....

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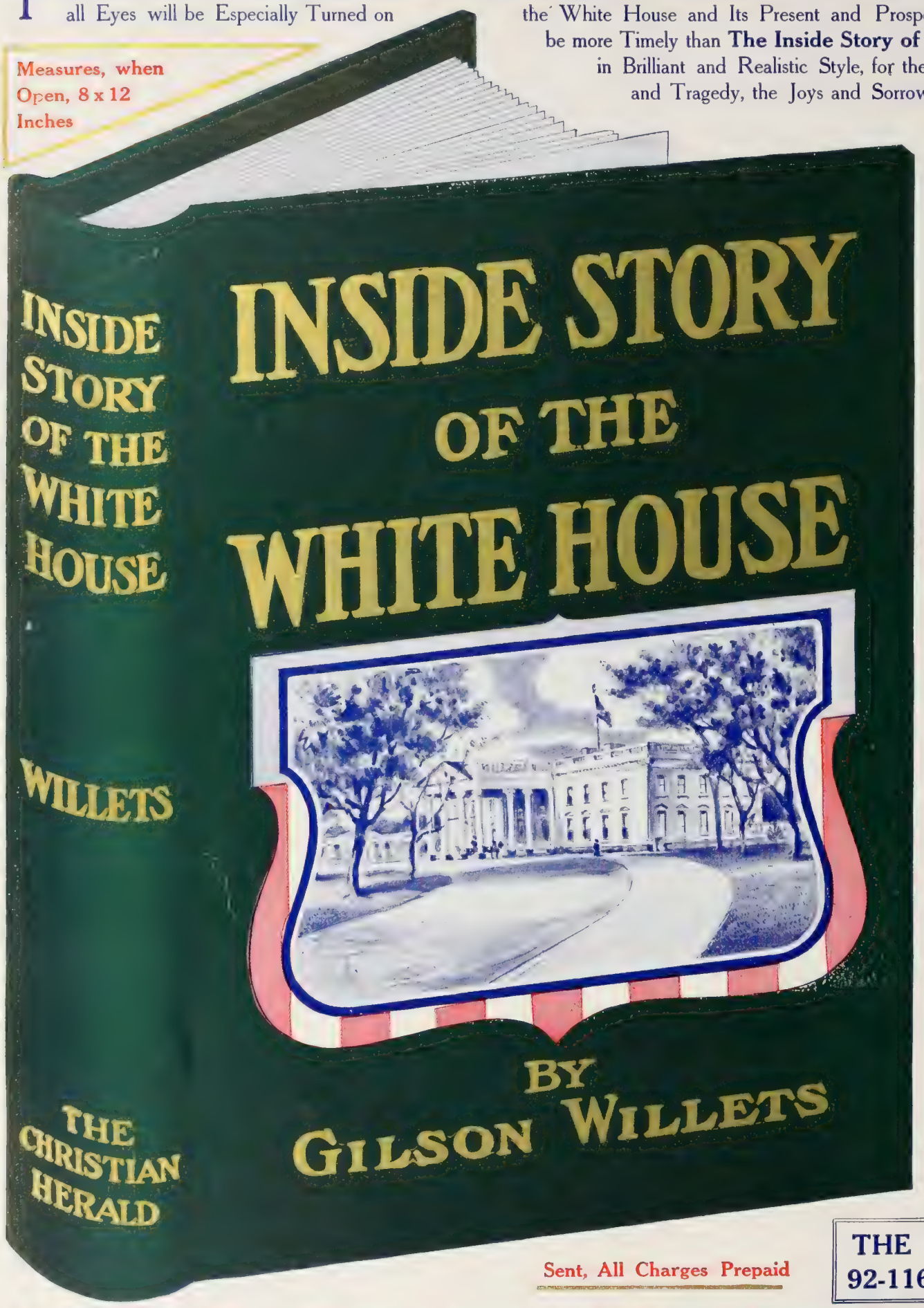
WHEN Premiums are ordered, Please give both Post-Office and Express Addresses

From John Adams to Our President-Elect

THE American People have recently decided the Momentous Question "Who shall be our next President?" and during the next few months all Eyes will be Especially Turned on the White House and Its Present and Prospective Occupants. Could any Book be more Timely than **The Inside Story of the White House,** which Unfolds in Brilliant and Realistic Style, for the first time the Story of the Comedy and Tragedy, the Joys and Sorrows, and the Loves and Heartaches

Measures, when Open, 8 x 12 Inches



Presidential Home Life

that are interwoven with its Intensely Dramatic History? Here we see the Intimate, Personal, Fireside Life of our **26** Presidents, their Wives, their Daughters and their Sons, since that New Year's Day when, with a splendid Reception, John Adams, our Second President, first opened the doors of the Stately Mansion. It tells how they Worked, how they Played, and how they Spent their Leisure Moments. Never was a Book more full of Captivating and Diversified Incidents or more Absorbing from the First Page to the very Last!

Right Up To Date

As we read **The Inside Story of the White House** our eyes are now Dazzled with the Brilliancy of State Functions and again Dimmed by an Unexpected Bit of Pathos, as, pushing aside the Curtain of Pomp and Ceremony, we Enter the Private Lives of the Great Men and Good Women who have, each for a brief period, made the Stately White House their Home.

An Entire Chapter of this Volume is Devoted to the Incoming Presidential Family, with Portraits of all its Members.

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What $2.00 WILL BUY

We will send this Superbly Illustrated INSIDE STORY OF THE WHITE HOUSE, Containing 500 pages, Bound in Olive Green and Gold; Our Incomparable ART GALLERY DE LUXE, and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for ONE YEAR (ALL THREE), for only $2

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ADDRESS TO-DAY

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
92-116 Bible House, New York

Here are a Few Facts about the White House. Do you know them?

10,000 persons have passed through the White House on a New Year's Day and shaken hands with the President.

Every visitor to the White House must keep his hands always in sight—during the public receptions.

There were ten weddings within the White House.

A dozen children were born in the White House.

The White House piano is all inlaid with gold.

The White House china service consists of over 1,500 pieces.

Not a single President came from West of the Mississippi.

The only bachelor President was Buchanan.

The wife of John Adams used what is now the finest room in the mansion, the East Room, as a place to dry the weekly wash.

Hayes was the only President to take the oath of office actually within the White House, and he took that oath a day ahead of time.

Jefferson did his own marketing, and John Quincy Adams his own gardening.

While there have been only twenty-six "First Gentlemen," there have been thirty-two "First Ladies."

Two first ladies died in the White House—Mrs. Benjamin Harrison and the first Mrs. Tyler.

The wife of President John Adams had not wood enough to keep the big mansion warm.

Two private secretaries of the Presidents married each a daughter of a President.

Alice Roosevelt, on the day of her marriage to Nicholas Longworth, cut her wedding cake with the sabre of an army officer.

Four of our Presidents were widowers.

Four daughters of Presidents married in the White House.

The Prince of Wales was a guest at the White House for one week; General Lafayette was a guest of J. Q. Adams; Prince Napoleon Bonaparte visited Lincoln; and the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia visited Grant.

You will find the above facts and over a thousand others recorded in the INSIDE STORY OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

OUR HOME FIRESIDE CIRCLE

The Neighbor Who Runs In

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

THE formal calls that are made in the afternoon when we are dressed in our best and slip our visiting cards into the card case that signifies elegance are entirely different from the haphazard calls of the neighbor who runs in. This neighbor is so much the friend of the family that she is never shown into the parlor, but says at the door to the child who opens it, "Where is your mother, dear, in the kitchen? Don't call her. I'll just step in there." She has thrown about her a wrap that hangs ready to her hand on the rack in her own hall, and she slips into the nearest chair while her hostess goes on beating eggs for a cake, or rolling pastry for a pie. The staple of their talk is the new carpet that is needed for the church, the barrel that is to be sent to the home missionary, the good news that has come from a friend who is in Japan, or the scholarship that has been won by little Johnny Bates who is at college.

The whole village takes a pride in Johnny Bates, for he was the brightest boy in the district school, and his mother has been making great sacrifices to send him through college. While the neighbor talks she does not interrupt the work that is going on around her, and presently having finished her call and borrowed the recipe of the oiled pickles, or the pudding which was the motive of her errand, she returns to her home, leaving a pleasant aroma of friendship in the atmosphere.

There are a good many suburbs, villages and hamlets where neighbors know and love one another and drop in socially for bits of chat at any time of day that suits their convenience. The particular type of neighborliness has vanished from our cities, and it must be admitted that it forms an interruption when women are busy about affairs that are not altogether domestic. But the passing from our town life of the neighbor who runs in at her pleasure is more a loss than a gain. We are in danger of becoming selfish in our resolution to narrow our meetings with friends to such hours as are set aside for conventional intercourse. About this time in the year the postman leaves at the door in the morning, if we are dwellers in towns, tiny envelopes in which our friends' cards are enclosed.

We learn that Mrs. Albert Hurd or Mrs. Nathaniel Winship will be at home to us and her world in general on first Wednesdays or third and fourth Tuesdays or second and third Thursdays until Lent, or until May. We are obliged to make an entry in our address book opposite the name of this friend, so that we may neither forget her at home days, nor blunder into calling upon her on Tuesday instead of Thursday, or Monday instead of Wednesday. When we call she greets us most cordially, and gives us a cup of tea, and we find ourselves in a circle of people who may be acquaintances or strangers.

The pleasant afternoon tea is a simple and kindly festivity, but it cannot have the intimacy nor quite the sweetness that there is in the old-time friendliness of the neighbor who runs in. Think of the necessity of a calling list and an address book that are part of city life, for all women who wish to keep up social intercourse, fashionable women not being especially meant, and then imagine the freedom of Mrs. Emery and Mrs. Bradbury in their pleasant villages up-country where no such paraphernalia is required among neighbors.

I had a letter the other day from a friend whom I seldom see, but who for years was my next-door neighbor. "There isn't anything I so much regret," she said, "as seeing strange people in your old house, and realizing that you and I cannot hope again to run in upon each other in the winter twilight."

Well, however we manage it, women who love one another find a way for expression, and if we choose we may put heart into our formal as into our informal meetings by the wayside of life.

About the Eyes

Speaking of reading, naturally leads to a thought about the eyes. When a child or a grown person persists in reading at the hour when the light is waning, and the book must be held closer and closer to the eyes, there is grave danger to vision. Reading in rapidly moving street cars, where the light is often uncertain and the focus is constantly changing, occasions more difficulty than heedless people think. More than half the diseases that attack the delicate organism of the eye might be prevented if common sense and prudence were used in its treatment. Parents often object to letting their children wear glasses, and when warned by a teacher that the child should make a visit to a specialist exclaim that on no account would they permit their darling to wear spectacles. In many cases, timely use of spectacles in childhood would wholly prevent the necessity for their use in mature years. Often a little weakness of the muscles is entirely obviated or a strain relieved by the choice of the proper lens at the critical moment. If there is even the suspicion of trouble, an oculist should be sought at once and his advice taken. The popular impression that near-sighted eyes invariably correct themselves in advancing life is often proved an error. The near-sighted eyes are so strained in their constant effort to see that their power gradually diminishes, and blindness creeps on before the victim is aware of its approach. In the schoolroom great care should be exercised that the desks are arranged with reference to light, and in both writing and reading care should be taken that the light falls on the page from behind, and not in front. Our eyes are given us to be our servants for life. They are worth protection.

Her "Baby Lion" Pet

MR. ROOSEVELT'S approaching lion-killing expedition in Africa has caused a new fad to come into existence—the substitution of the baby lion for the Teddy Bear. Little Miss Mamie Maxwell, of Doylestown, is probably the first American miss to adopt a real live baby lion. She considers it infinitely superior as a pet to a stuffed Teddy Bear. The baby is said to be quite tame, playful and affectionate.

Variety on the Table

IN ORDERING the family meals the housekeeper is in danger of getting into a rut. To study the tastes of the entire household is, of course, a duty, although it is unwise to do this so obviously that either younger or older members make disagreeable comments on the food set before them. Every matron knows that catering for a family is not an easy task. It is even a little harder to do it successfully for a small family than for a large one. Sunday's roast must be utilized on Monday and sometimes on Tuesday, in the shape of a meat pie, a mince or as simple cold meat. Nobody who studies economy can do without the reappearance of left-overs several times on the table. Growing boys with good appetites are the greatest help in the matter of using up what is set before them. But even when one has a circle of healthy children who pass their plates for a second and third helping, it is well to study variety. Oat meal porridge is excellent for breakfast, but why serve it every morning? There are other breakfast foods that form an agreeable interlude. Why have sausages and buckwheat cakes for breakfast the winter through? If you want John and the children to be good tempered, cheerful and healthy, study variety in the meals you set before them.

Baby's First Steps

When the baby first begins to walk alone, thus entering the ranks of independent soldiers on the march, there is general joy in the family circle. Babies have been learning to walk ever since primeval man started on his career. There is nothing remarkable about the fact, except that it is our baby. Very much as the mother and father bird watch the fledglings that are learning to fly, we parents hold our breath as the baby totters across the floor to reach the safe haven of the arms held out to catch him should he fall. The little feet will travel far before the journey of life is over, but of this we need not think in the least mournfully. All we ought to do is to sing a song of thankfulness that baby can walk, and put up a little prayer that baby may always walk in the straight and narrow path of virtue.

In these days both girl and boy babies enjoy the happy freedom of rompers, and are not encumbered with unnecessary skirts. If the mother is wise she does not hurry the infant, but lets the child take plenty of time, creeping first, then holding by chairs and at last, when the little legs are strong enough not to bend like a bow, encouraging the child to set off by itself. Of course, after baby has learned to walk baby will try a great many experiments and get into plenty of mischief. The infant in arms or in the crib needs far less watching than the little explorer who presently darts hither and yon about the house and must gently be taught neither to touch forbidden things, to hurt himself or to meddle with the property of grown-ups. The baby may be on good terms with pussy, but he must not pull her tail. After the baby learns to walk, he learns other things so rapidly that the mother is kept busy in her tasks of love from morning until night.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—WHO COMES FIRST? It has been facetiously said that an English wife follows her husband in entering a public place; that a French husband and wife walk side by side, and that an American husband follows his wife. You ask who precedes on entering a drawing-room, the hostess or her evening caller. The lady enters first and the man follows.

—WHICH IS THE GREATER AFFLICTION? I am asked whether blindness or deafness is the greater affliction. The question cannot be answered positively. The blind are, as a rule, more resigned to their infirmity and less irritable than the deaf. In either case, if the affliction is partial, seek such artificial helps as may be found. If total, accept the will of God and reflect that the loss of one sense usually tends to the greater sensitiveness of the other means of approach to the brain.

—THE MANNER OF AN INTRODUCTION. Here is a letter that I have received: "I have been reading a book of etiquette, and it says, always introduce the gentleman to the lady. I do not understand this. For illustration, which is correct: 'Mr. Jones, this is Miss Martin'; 'Mr. Jones, allow me to introduce Miss Martin'; 'Miss Martin, this is Mr. Jones'; 'Miss Martin, allow me to introduce Mr. Jones'?" Let me set you right in this matter. You should say, "Miss Martin, may I present Mr. Jones?"

THE PARSON AND THE BABY

"'I cannot let you have him!' said the firm, ringing voice."

By May Belleville Brown

TO THE present generation, the Great American Desert is scarcely more than a name. Even those who gathered in the heart of it, where Chiccatunga now flourishes, have but a misty memory of what they found there.

To-day the traveler on the desert finds it made up of fertile farms and comfortable homes. When the Parson came there were only miles on miles of billowy prairie, like a great sea that had petrified into grass-grown waves—grass that was emerald in summer, but that turned a rich russet under the winds of winter. Sand—up to the alkali line—with flat river beds that on rare occasions held raging torrents for a day or two, and then for months were dry as ashes, except for weak little streams trickling along here and there in the water courses, and sometimes lost in the sand for a mile or more. Treeless, homeless stretches of country, over which the sky shut down like a great inverted bowl, through which the hot sun blazed, and under which the winds waged war on each other and on every living creature.

The Chiccatunga country was then inhabited only by roving bands of Indians, and by the men who looked after the thousands of cattle that from time to time found grazing here; this portion of the desert being the convenient half-way ground between the Texas plains and the great markets at Kansas City. Man being a gregarious animal, the cowboys gathered at a camp that took on the dignity of a trading post—the Chiccatunga that is to-day a pretentious city. Here resorted the men from the Dot Dash, the Flying U, the Star and Crescent, the Seven Up and the Bar Z herds. It was, in the words of the Dot Dash foreman, "On the short cut, jest around the corner from Purgatory, without a woman, a kid, or a cat within five hundred miles!"

One day (it was shortly after pay day, and the one street of Chiccatunga was hilarious, not to say dangerous) the Parson came—a dusty, weary rider on a tired horse. He was a tall, slender, gentle-faced man, who came at the order of no missionary board, but in answer to a call in his own heart to bring the Gospel to this tag-end of civilization. He was of a type new to Chiccatunga, and the population felt itself called to experiment with him, so that, within the first twenty-four hours, the Parson had looked into nearly every face past the muzzle of a revolver. But there was something in the inscrutable blue eyes that caused the arm of the nerviest man to tremble and his eye to waver; to more than one came a dim recollection of a blue-eyed stranger who rode unarmed into an inhospitable settlement.

"The Parson" was his only name among them, and the roughest of them respected him. He held his meetings in the open air, and the whole population, including the saloonkeepers, attended. The teachings may have fallen on stony ground, but his audience listened to him for the most part respectfully; while the songs that he sang in his clear tenor, more than one rough rider found himself humming in his rough voice, as he followed his herd. The plate, carried about at each service by Slant-Eyed Bill, of the Dot Dash—the deadliest man on the range—was so comfortably filled that the Parson might have laid up much treasure for himself; but he was satisfied with his rusty black, and hoarded every penny against the accomplishment of his desire—a church in Chiccatunga.

Then came "the Baby." He was frail and stooped, a man in years, a child in intellect, with eyes as blue as the Parson's; only where the Parson's burned with zeal or melted into softness, were entreating or commanding, the Baby's were the vacant, unchanging blue that bespeaks the clouded mind.

His father had been the first pioneer to bring his household to the Chiccatunga valley. The man and his wife were killed by Indians, who kept the son until the herders rescued him during the first years of the range. His captivity had rendered him almost imbecile, and he dragged out a wretched existence, fed by the carelessly charitable men, clothed from their cast-off buckskins, yet tormented and teased, in the wanton spirit in which a boy will often torture a dog or a cat.

Cayuse Pete, having drank enough to render him viciously playful, met the Baby just outside of town, and was shooting at the unfortunate's feet.

"That's it!" he was shouting approvingly to his dancing victim. "A hen on a hot griddle couldn't do better. How, jest a leetle mite faster!"

Just then the Parson rode up, and, dismounting, walked calmly between Pete and his target.

"Put up your revolver!" he shouted.

Now, Pete was a dead shot, and of notoriously bad temper. He had been known to wing a man for differing with him in regard to the weather, but he dropped his hand and thrust his revolver into his belt.

"Who is this man?" was the Parson's query.

"Wall, ye see, Parson," began Pete conciliatingly, "he's that half-wit ye've heard about—the Baby, we call him. He jest got back with the Cross Rail outfit that's been out three months. I wouldn't hurt him, ye know, an' wus only exercising him a little. He's so fetched, anyway, that he don't know nothin'."

"He is not too weak-minded to tell abuse from kindness. I think that even your lawlessness would have spared such as he," responded the Parson sternly. "From now on, I want you all to know that this man is under my especial care, and whoever touches him answers to me!"

"An'," said Cayuse Pete, in relating the tale that evening, "ef he didn't walk over an' boost the Baby onto his hoss an' lead it into town, leavin' me settin' thar hunched up like a prairie dog in the sun, never sayin' a word to his impidence—me, with two six shooters an' a dirk in my belt! An' I bet he hadn't even a penknife in them togs o' his!"

"I know jest how ye felt," said one of his listeners, sympathetically.

It was unwritten law in Chiccatunga after that that the Baby must be treated with deference. He did not know how the change had come about, but he knew that the Parson was his liberator, and yielded him the most dog-like obedience from the first. He dressed no more in the buckskins of the past, but wore limp and time-worn black more proudly than if it had been kingly regalia.

The Parson lived in a little adobe house in the edge of town, and here the Baby took up his abode. Here he swept and garnished, and pottered about with an industrious, inconsequent zeal that must have tried the soul of his benefactor. He mixed the small stock of provisions beyond the possibility of separating them into their original elements of rice, sugar and tea; he spilled water into the flour barrel; he broke crockery; he upset all the careful, housewifely ways of the Parson. And after such wreckage he would look appealingly into his friend's face, and ask with childish intonation, "I help you good?"

The answer was always one of unequivocal praise. Both were happy, the one, because the kindness due in childhood had arrived at last, and the other because his ministrations responded to the craving of the universal fatherhood in man.

The strange relationship had lasted a year, when the Chiccatunga country was launched into that species of trouble which sends even a Kentucky feud into the background—a cowboy war. When it was discovered that the Flying U brand had been systematically changed to the Seven Up—a change necessitating but one stroke of the branding iron—almost all the men on the range felt themselves called upon to take part in the resulting unpleasantness. It began on the range, but the wholesale taking up of arms occurred in Chiccatunga. There was a re-cinching of ponies, a looking over of shooting irons, shouted orders; then the popping of the first shots, the cla ter of hoofs, and shouts dying awa across the prairies.

Late that night, the forces wer back and the battle raged fiercely u and down the narrow, adobe-line streets. As the clamor reached th Parson's ears, he strode forth from hi hut, the Baby in his wake. Just the what had been that morning a darin cowboy of the Seven Up outfit, bu now a dusty, gibbering semblance o humanity, threw himself upon th Parson. Fear of the most craven sor possessed him, and he was a creatur to be despised by friend and foe alik

"Hide me, for God's sake!" h sobbed, tremblingly. "Don't let ther get me!"

It was but the work of a momen to thrust him into the house and pus Baby after him.

"You stay here and watch him Baby," he directed. "You mustin' g out to-night, anyway. Don't let an one get him."

The Baby looked longingly after th retreating figure, but obedience wa his strongest trait, so he stayed behin with the creature who was for th time more bereft of reason than him self.

Meanwhile, the Parson hastened t the centre of town, where there were shouts and shots and clouds of smoke. Cayuse Pete, his sorrel crouched in a vacant place between two buildings, was industriously peppering the upper windows across the corner. Smoke and sound betrayed the fact that every crevice on the street was an ambush. Across this space, where Death rode on singing bullets, strode the Parson. His appearance caused the fusillade to waver; still it was a miracle that he came out alive. He reached Pete's horse, caught the bridle and pulled the beast into the open.

"Come out of this!" he commanded. "What are you trying to do?"

"Git out o' the way!" warned Pete. "We're after the Seven Up gang. Jimpson, the ringleader, is up over the White Hoss saloon, an' we're goin' to shoot him out."

"Jameson is at my house," retorted the Parson. "I left him there not fifteen minutes ago. He is under my care, and you cannot have him."

A loud yell wound and circled across the square. Several men appeared in answer to it.

"Jimpson is up at the Parson's," shouted Pete. "Come on!"

The Parson threw Pete's horse back on its haunches, and shouted commandingly at the other men, but the rush was on. A moment Pete waited,

Continued on next page

See our Premium Announcement Opposite Page 962. Also be particular to read the whole of the last column on Page 962.

The Parson and the Baby

Continued from preceding page

hile the hand of iron lay on his
ridle; then, with an oath, he clubbed
h revolver, struck loose the detaining
grasp, and was gone.

The Parson was as one petrified. So
fied was the purpose of the man's
life, that the idea of failure had never
occurred to him. The very audacity
of his orders had wrought the obedi-
nce of the cowboys. That their pas-
ions might be aroused to such a pitch
that the primeval savage in their na-
tures would refuse to respond to his
fraternal sterhood he had not anticipated.
I had placed too much confidence in
h power over them.

In the lee of the buildings several
horses were tethered. Leaping on one
of these excited beasts, he galloped
after the renegades. Swiftly as he
went, he was not in time.

The men stood before the hut; fac-
ing them, a hand on either door-post,
stood the Baby. But was it the Baby?
It was the form and feature, but
were were the stooped shoulders, the
vacant eyes, the wavering mouth?
This being carried a high head; his
jaw was tense; his eyes blazed. This
was a man!"

"I cannot let you have him!" The
firm, ringing voice was not the Baby's,
surely. "The Parson told me to take
care of him."

The men were wild with blood thirst.
"Stand aside, or we'll let daylight
into ye!" they shouted.

"The Parson said—" reiterated the
Baby.

Two pistols barked. The figure in
the doorway writhed and reeled; but
its hands never loosed their grasp.
Just then the belated Parson galloped
directly between the men and the door,
and flung himself from his horse. At
sight of him, the Baby loosed one hand
and reached it waveringly toward
him; then the other hand relaxed its
hold, and he fell into the Parson's out-
stretched arms.

"I didn't let them!" he shrilled in an
excited voice. "I told them you said I
must take care of him!"

The Parson eased him to the ground,
and knelt, holding him in tender arms.
Death was already stamped on the
face that looked adoringly into the
grief-stricken eyes above him. His
strength was gone; but in his last mo-
ment, coherent speech was given him,
and he who had lived as a child was
allowed to die as a man.

"No one was ever so good to me as you," he gasped. "I know I've made you trouble; but it was because I loved you and wanted to help you. It is good to die this way—with you holding me in your arms—and I did the last thing you told me—I kept him safe!"

He tried to speak again in answer to the Parson's tender words, but could not; so, with his eyes fastened on the face he loved, he gasped for a little longer, and was gone!

After a little the Parson laid him gently on the ground and confronted the cowed and awe-struck men.

"I have given you a year of my life, gladly, willingly." His tone was low and intensely sad. "I would give all the rest of it to undo what your passion has done to-day."

As he turned again, he caught a glimpse of a crouching figure within the candle-lighted hut, and motioned toward it. "There is Jameson. Take him!"

The men looked at each other. All thirst for battle had gone; but each read in the other's eyes a fierce contempt for the crouching coward. Pete stepped inside, kicked the whimpering figure to its feet, and shoved it, trembling and shaken, to the outside.

"Coward!" It was an anathema. "Ye needn't shake. We ain't shootin' coyotes. Clear out, an' don't ye never show yer face on the range agin!"

. . .

Among the low adobe houses of Chiccatunga arose a tall-spired church of whitest limestone. Within, over the pulpit, where the cowboys could see it by raising their eyes above the Parson's head, is a stained-glass window, in the midst of which shines a haloed figure, whose saintly face recalls the face of the Baby.

The building of this church, the hauling of the material from the limestone hills, many miles to the north, and the purchase and importation of the window, the like of which is not to be found short of the old Spanish Cathedrals at the other end of the Santa Fe trail, would constitute a story in themselves.

But this chronicle sets forth the reason for their existence. It is the Baby's monument as well as a testimonial of the love which the men bear the Parson. And the circumstances of its building mark the virtual end of lawlessness in Chiccatunga.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

JESUS, Saviour, meek and mild,
Keep me ever thy dear child;
Never let me from thee stray,
From the true and living way.

Often have I grieved thee, Lord;
Oft have disobeyed thy word.
May thy promise to forgive
Help me nearer thee to live.

When the storms of life are o'er,
And I grieve thee, Lord, no more,
Safe upon thy faithful breast
May my weary heart find rest.

L. B. C.

L. G., Kentucky. "God restored to health a dear daughter."

Mrs. A. H. B. "Our heavenly Father has answered many prayers of mine."

J. O. G., Ohio. "I prayed when in distress, and He graciously answered me."

W. T. C., Illinois. "The deep sorrow that for days threatened our home life has been dispelled by prayer."

Reader. "For the answers to prayer, resulting in the recovery of my wife and daughter, I take grateful acknowledgment."

M. L. B., Vermont. "To the dear CHRISTIAN HERALD I want to acknowledge a prayer that the Lord has heard. He has been so good to me."

A Wisconsin Reader. "A short time ago my mother was very sick and I prayed that her life might be spared and he restored her to health."

H. L. S., Kentucky. "I promised I would acknowledge it if he would hear my cry. He did so and I am glad to thus glorify his finished work."

R. B. C., North Carolina. "One who is very dear to me was very near to death and I prayed earnestly to God that she might recover, and he has heard my petition."

W. G. S., Texas. "With a thankful heart I acknowledge that God has lately graciously answered two of my prayers. I have complete faith in his promise to answer prayer."

A Subscriber, California. "I was in great trouble. All these things seemed against me. I sought the Lord, my help and refuge. But Jesus, in his own time, answered."

M. M., Illinois. "I wish to acknowledge an answer to prayer. I was afflicted and prayed. My prayer was answered. I shall always put my trust in God. I praise him for his goodness to me."

A Constant Reader, New York. "I wish to acknowledge to the world that God does hear and answer prayer. Two years ago God gave me a direct answer to an earnest prayer, and now again he is helping me."

A. H. G., St. Louis, Mo. "God has answered many prayers for me. A short time ago I promised, on my knees, that if God would answer a certain prayer, I would acknowledge it to the world. The prayer was answered in three days, and I am devoutly thankful."

L. T., Ohio. "God has answered my prayers many times. Blessed be his holy name!"

E. B., Canada. "I wish to acknowledge through your paper an answered prayer; the answer came so quickly that I was surprised as well as glad."

☞ Be sure to Read Third Column on Page 962.

CLERICAL ORDERS FOR 1909.
Pennsylvania Railroad.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company will issue the usual Clerical Orders for use during the year 1909. These tickets will be issued to regularly ordained clergymen in charge of churches located directly on the lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad East of Pittsburgh. Application blanks may be obtained of Ticket Agents.

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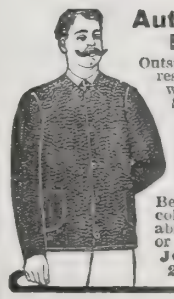

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25 James St., Malden, Mass.

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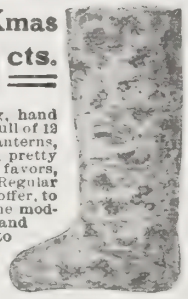

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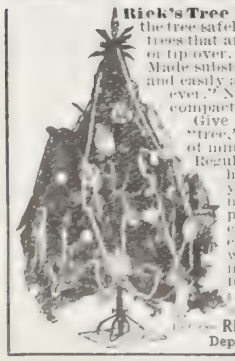

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THE TEMPLE OF THE LIVING GOD

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

BY WHOM was the building of the temple of the living God, commonly called "Solomon's Temple," planned? King David had the plan of the temple in every detail ready to pass over to his son, King Solomon: "The pattern of all that he had by the Spirit" (I. Chron. 28: 12). So Moses had received from God the pattern of the Tabernacle (Heb. 8: 5). The pattern given to King David included not only the temple building, but the form of services as well, the kind and numbers of vessels to be used therein, and the manner of ministrations by the priests and Levites. And King David had treasure to pass over to King Solomon which he had gathered for the building of the temple, to the amount of five hundred tons of gold, more than one thousand tons of silver, about eleven hundred tons of brass, and six thousand tons of iron, chiefly for tools. This treasure came largely from the spoils of war, and from royal gifts to King David (I. Chron. 18). And the people had made gifts toward the building fund, which "with perfect heart they offered willingly to the Lord." The surrender of this treasure to the young king followed by a wonderful prayer by the aged king were the last acts of his life.

Still other materials were needed for the building of the temple, particularly the wood, which King Solomon obtained through treaty with Hiram, king of Tyre, who had cedars of Lebanon to give King Solomon in exchange for wheat and oil.

How Long Was the Temple in Building?

Only seven years and a half. One hundred and eighty-three thousand six hundred persons were employed in its construction. Thirty thousand of the builders were Jews, the others were Phœnicians. The time used in the building is incredibly short, when compared with the Cathedral of Cologne, more than five hundred years in building; St. Peter's at Rome, over three hundred years, and the Duomo at Florence, about four hundred years. The marvelous thing stated about the building is that there was "neither hammer nor axe, nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was in building" (I. Kings 6:7).

The real workshops were in quarries underground, where travelers to-day are taken to visit the "Royal Caverns," close by the Damascus gate of Jerusalem, and there they can see great blocks of half-wrought work, and shelves where the workmen put their lamps. It was in these quarries that the sound of the hammer was heard, and from which the stones were sent forth ready for joining without noise. Naturally we ask, why was it desired to build the temple so quietly? Because it would seem more sacred.

Where was the temple built? On Mt. Moriah, a place always sacred to the Jewish people because upon its top Abraham had built an altar, and laid on it his son Isaac in obedience to the command of God. The temple area contained about twelve acres; the sides of the mountain being built up with stupendous masonry to make so large a space on the mountain top. The Mohammedans are in possession of the temple site now, and they consider it a sacred place, having invented a foolish legend connected with Mohammed.

What was the appearance of the temple? The exterior was "a mass of snowy marble and gold against the half encircling green background of Olivet," resting at the top of a series of terraces, the lowest of which formed the Court of the Gentiles; the next, the Court of the Women; then the Court of Israel, then the Court of the Priests. The temple itself was not a large building—one hundred and twenty feet long by sixty feet wide and thirty feet high. There was, however, a porch in the front, which rose to the height of one hundred and eighty feet. Compare these dimensions with your church. At the entrance door stood two bronze pillars, thirty feet high, and nearly six feet in diameter. These were named Jachin and Boaz. The interior of the temple was built of cedar, plated with gold—gold beaten into plates about one-eighth of an inch thick and nailed to the cedar boards. And there were carvings of palm trees, flowers and cherubim, overlaid with gold, and decorated with rubies, emeralds and other precious stones. The people were not permitted to pass into the temple—only the priests.

* International Sunday School Lesson for December 13, 1908. Solomon Dedicates the Temple. I. Kings 8 : 1-11. GOLDEN TEXT: "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord." Ps. 122 : 1.

King Solomon in the Temple

Their duties took them into the large first room, but the small room beyond only the high priest was privileged to enter, and he could do so only on one day of the year—the day of Atonement. A heavy curtain of rich embroidery hung between those two rooms: the holy place, and the most holy place, or holy of holies. It was the veil (like that which was rent in twain at the time Jesus died upon the cross).

When was the temple dedicated? In October or November, B.C. 1005. It had been completed almost a year before it was dedicated, King Solomon having wisely set the time of dedication for the Feast of Tabernacles when a great throng of people from every part of the land would be present in Jerusalem. In preparation for the dedication a high platform had been erected near the great altar, on which King Solomon could stand and be seen and heard by all of the people in the different courts. But at first the attention of the people was directed toward a company of Levites in the distance carrying all that was left of the old tabernacle built by Moses five hundred years before, bringing it from Gibeon where it had been stored, to place it in the temple. As the people watched the Levites, they saw a company of priests join them on Mt. Zion, who were bearing the precious Ark of the Covenant. This they were bringing to place in the holy of holies. It was the symbol of God's presence, and the most precious thing on earth to Israelites. On they came, and arriving at the temple, the Levites passed placing in the holy place the golden candlestick, the table of shew bread and the altar of incense. Then followed the priests, and in the holy of holies they deposited the Ark of the Covenant, under the outspread wings of the golden cherubim. There were glad acclaims, and bursts of song and music on instruments. Then Solomon, kneeling in sight of all the people, offered the prayer of dedication. How tremendous, how solemn the occasion! Was David permitted from the heavenly heights to view the glad occasion? God was looking on and we must think that David was permitted to look also.

God in the Temple

God's part in the dedication. The prayer ended, God proceeded to inspect the temple by the searchlight of his own glory, which so filled the house there was not room for the priests to stand in it.

"And Solomon offered a sacrifice of peace offerings which he offered unto the Lord, two and twenty thousand oxen and one hundred and twenty thousand sheep" (I. Kings 8: 63). This was the personal gift of King Solomon, and it has been estimated to have represented a value of three quarters of a million of dollars. It was a form of love feast in which was pictured fellowship with God, the people eating together at his altar table for on the altar the fat of the inwards parts of the sacrifice was offered to God by burning, and the people were given to eat of the other parts. In these features it differed from the whole burnt offerings for sin.

What the Dedication of Solomon's Temple Means to Us

We are builders of temples: our selves.

Let us build wisely (I. Cor. 3: 10

Continued on next page

A COURSE IN ESPERANTO

LESSON No. 24—By Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

The following interesting article, ntributed by an eminent Esperantist, igiven as a reading exercise:

John Paul Jones

F CHARLES W. STEWART, Author of *John Paul Jones Commemoration*

"OHN PAUL JONES estis la unua granda marbatalisto de nia lando. Li sukcese komandis dek Amerikajn nitŝipojn en la militado "la Amerika Evolucio, 1775-1783."

Li estis dua filo de neriĉa Skota ĝardisto, John Paul, kaj estis naskita ĉe Abigland, Skotlanda vilaĝeto, la sesan d Julio, 1747. Lia patrino estis bona kaj bela virino kiu instruis siajn geinfojn pri bonaj moroj kaj bonaj farnnieroj.

John Paul, filo, fariĝis maristo ĵus kiam li havis dek-du jarojn, kaj surnaĝis Arikon kaj Amerikon en sklavŝipo, sed li forlasis tiun kruelan komercon post iu jaro. Kiam deksep-jara li estis subo iro, kaj ŝipestro kiam dudek-jara. Li eis kalvinano, framasono, fervora sdanto, kaj intimulo kun nur la bonuloj. Ĉkaŭ 1773, sur sia ŝipo, li mortigis, memdende, ribelan mariston kiu lin atakis. I ŝipanaro unuvoĉe donis falsan ateston ktraŭ sia estro (vidu leteron de la Cafina Moŝto Selkirk), kaj li forkuris Amerikon—Usonon—kie li loĝis du jarojn c Virginio kaj Norda Karolino. Riĉaj ki potencaj amikoj nomitaj Jones (onz) recevis por li komision kiel leŭtenao en la Norda Amerika Kolonia Naveo, ki sub la familia nomo prenita pro siaj ditaj amikoj Jones, John Paul Jones fiĝis la unua de la Unuaj Leŭtenantoj, l plej altranga leŭtenanto, en 1775. Li eis la unua kiu suprenlevis la flavan kntinentan standardon kun pinarbo, sonspento kaj devizo "ne paŝu sur min," s la militŝipo *Nigra Princo,* poste la *Alfred,* ĉe Filadelfio, la trian de Decemb, 1775. En ĝi li surnaĝis en la eskadro to al Nova Providenco, kie li pilotis l ŝiparon en la havenon. Tie oni kaptis nlte da militprovizoj kaj gravaj militstitoj. Li baldaŭe poste estis nomita d la admiralo kapitano de la ŝipo *Providenco.* Li marmilitis kontraŭ la Angloj e 1776 kaj 1777, kaj kaptis multe da ŝoj kun militprovizoj kaj vestaĵoj kiuj estis uzitaj por la Kontinenta Armeo. En la 14a de Junio, 1777, la tago en kiu la "Steloj kaj Strekoj" estis adoptitaj de la Kongreso, tiu leĝdona korpo elektis John Paul Jones kapitano de la militŝipo *Ranĝer,* en kiu li surnaĝis Europon, kaj tie en Kiberon Bajo, Franclando, la dekkvaran de Februaro, 1778, li mem ricevis la unuan oficialan saluton de iu fremda nacio por la "Steloj kaj Strekoj."

En 1779, komandante la *Bonhomme Richard* kaj eskadron, li ree ĉirkaŭnaĝis la Britan Insularon, renkontis la Britan ŝiparon en la Norda Maro kaj tie faris sian famaŭ batalon, la plej treege bravan batalon en la historio de la maro, kontraŭ la pli nova kaj pli pova Brita militŝipo la *Serapis,* per la eluzita kaj jam kondamnita *Bonhomme Richard.*

Dum la batalo la Brita kapitano demandis, "Ĉu vi kapitulacis?" Jones respondis, "Ankoraŭ mi ne komencis batali." La Brita ŝipo kapitulacis post kvar-hora sangplena barakto.

Jones tenis multe da gravaj komisioj de sia regno kaj estis diplomata oficiro de Usono kiam li mortis en Parizo la dekokan de Julio, 1792. Dum mallonga tempo li estis vic-admiralo en la Ruslanda Naveo, kaj en la sesa kaj sepa de Junio, 1788, venkis la Turkan militŝiparon sur la Nigra Maro. Kvankam Jones estis enterigita en 1792, en la tiame bonkonita Protestanta Tombejo en Parizo, lia tombo restis nekonate dum pli ol centjaro. Generalo Horace Porter, Usona Ambasadoro al Franclando, trovis de subtera esplorado la korpon de Jones sendifektan, en plumba ĉerko, identigis la kadavron kaj transportigis ĝin Usonon per eskadro de Usonaj Naveaj ŝipoj en Julio, 1905.

En la dudek-kvara tago de Aprilo, 1906, memorigaj solenoj okazis ĉe la Usona Navea Akademio. Tiel finiĝis la hejmveno de John Paul Jones. Lia korpo kuŝos en la belega memoriga kapelo, kie lia persona honoreco, virteco, kaj kuraĝeco ĉiame estos alta ekzemplo por niaj junaj maroficiroj.

Granda statuo estas konstruota kaj starigota ĉe Vaŝingtono, en Franklin Parko.

Li honorigis la epokon en kiu li vivis, kaj estontaj generacioj lin nomos bona kaj vera.

Sunday School Lesson—*Continued*

Let us dig deep (Luke 6: 48).
Let us lay a stone foundation (Isa. 2: 16).
Let us lay the only enduring founda- tn (I. Cor. 3: 11).
Let us build after God's design (Ex. 2: 40).
Let us build as Christ shows us (eb. 8: 2, 5, 10).
Let us so build as to endure testing (. Cor. 3: 13).
Let us be sure of good materials (ev. 3: 18).
Let us seek the help of the Master ilder (I. Cor. 3: 9).
Let us build so as to help others (Pet. 2: 11, 12).

w to Prepare Ourselves to be Builders

I believe that the Bible is the Word God.
I accept the Bible as my only rule of th and practice.
I accept God's promise of a new art.
I believe that Jesus Christ died to ve the world.
I accept him as my personal Saviour d Redeemer.
I believe that prayer is the duty and ivilege of the Christian.
I promise my Saviour to daily seek s aid and guidance.
I believe that whatever is sinful or consistent should be laid aside.
A beautiful story of building is to found in the life of Queen Elizabeth Roumania. She has long been imessed by the sufferings of humanity, rticularly the blind. This has led her to study deeply into the ways by which blind people may be made happy by being helped to be useful. She conceived the idea of forming a blind colony where they could live with their families and carry on useful forms of labor by which to support themselves—a noble sort of building, that! The good queen went into the colony herself and with bandaged eyes learned to read and write according to the Braille system. Then she wrote letters to blind people. She bought a lot of typewriters for the blind, and taught them to use them, and to write translations of her own beautiful poems and other books, and to send them to blind people in every part of the world.

Very few of us will be called upon to build as King Solomon did, but we all have our life temples to build and it is our privilege to help others in building their lives.

See our Premium Announcement Opposite Page 962. Also be particular to read the whole of the last column on Page 962.

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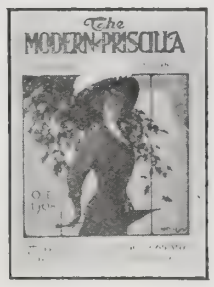

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

The Spiritual Life

There are few among our ministers who recognize so respectfully as does President King the difficulty honestly felt by many thoughtful men in realizing the existence of the spiritual life. This difficulty is, perhaps, a necessary part of an era crowded to the brim with materialism. Even those who pretend to believe in and to live such a life, so often fail to do it, that the world's general tendency to skepticism in this regard is thereby strengthened.

One man like Phillips Brooks, or Thomas Chalmers, or Maltbie Babcock, does more than a thousand books could do, to establish the fact of a spiritual life. Yet a book like President King's (*The Seeming Unreality of the Spiritual Life,* by Henry Churchill King, president of Oberlin College. Macmillan Company, New York, $1.50), though likely to be read by few of those who most need it, is invaluable for the provision of Christian armor. The vast army of ministers who will study it will find in it as clear an expression as is likely to be made, of the doubts which assail the thinking mind, and of the rational and logical arguments which must dispel them. The lectures are permeated throughout with the optimistic spirit of Browning, who is often quoted.

Like all of President King's other books, it is designed "to defend universal interests and meet universal needs" rather than to dabble in the single department of theology as once defined. "Any manual of true theology," as he says (p. 231), "must now be a manual of practical religion." Christ himself is the most significant argument for Christianity; and one of the strongest pieces of objective evidence in favor of Christianity is the absence from Christ's biography of any doctrine which the subsequent growth of human knowledge has had to discount. President King quotes the strong passage from Romanes in which he compares the dialogues of Plato with the Gospels in this respect and shows how superior are the latter. Among the most convincing proofs of Christ's reality and power is what he calls "the fifth Gospel"—the Christian communities of the first century A.D.—a fact too seldom considered. This book should be widely and carefully read.

The Happy Middle Ground*

All things, good in themselves, are for use and enjoyment; but all things must be rightly used in order that there may be full and lasting enjoyment. A law written into the very fibre of human life, so to speak, is to the effect that excesses, the abuse of anything good in itself, will end disastrously, so that one's pleasures and enjoyments will have to be gathered up for repairs, or perchance his shattered mind or body also, and in case of the latter then the former, will have to bide their time or wait indefinitely for their resumption.

Wise indeed is he who fully recognizes this law that never has and that never will allow itself to be violated or undone, but that will shatter, sometimes with telling and open blows, more often perhaps with blows subtle and guarded, but just as telling, the happiness or even the mind and the body of the one who would do violence to or who would fail to recognize its mandate—Moderation.

On the other hand, to see evil in things good in themselves is the perversion of another law that carries with it its own peculiar penalty. The one tends to make the prig, the self-righteous, out of a good, wholesome man or woman, the same as the other makes eventually the voluptuary. The one errs in the one direction the same as the other in another direction. Each pays the penalty for his folly, the one by cutting himself off from much innocent and valuable God-intended enjoyment, at the same time casting a continual shadow over the lives of others; the other by way of settling heavy bills of costs for his excesses.

It should be then neither license nor perverted use on the one hand, nor asceticism or priggishness on the other—the full use of all normal and natural functions, faculties and powers, innocent and good in themselves, that all may be brought to their fullest growth and development, but never excessive or perverted use.

The tendency of the great majority, especially in our present-day American life, is on the side of the too serious, the too busy, the too absorbing in the business, in the work. This induces, all unconsciously, in time, a prevailing type of thought and mental activity that takes, so to speak, the buoyancy, the elasticity, out of both mind and body, so that age and its accompanying features manifest, assert, and fix themselves in many, or to speak more truly, in the majority of cases, long before their time.

Look where we will, in or out and around us, we will find that it is the middle ground—neither poverty nor excessive riches, good wholesome use without license, a turning into the by-ways along the main road where innocent and healthy God-sent and God-intended pleasures and enjoyments are to be found; but never getting far enough away to lose sight of the road itself. The middle ground it is that the wise man or woman plants foot upon.

* From *On the Open Road,* by Ralph Waldo Trine, author of "In Tune With the Infinite." Pp. 62. Price 50 cents. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York, publishers.

Books Received

Friendship Village, by Zona Gale. A novel of modern times. Cloth binding. Pp. 323. Price $1.50. The Macmillan Company, New York.

The Union Prayer-Meeting Helper for 1909, notes by the Rev. W. C. Stiles and Prof. Robert Scott. Cloth binding. Pp. 124. Price 25 cents. Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York and London.

The Missing Links, or The Anglo-Saxons, The Ten Tribes of Israel. In two volumes. By Rev. Morton W. Spencer, A.M. Illustrated. Cloth binding. Pp. 474 and 546. The Hollis-wood Press, Hollis, N. Y.

The Human Body and Health, by Alvin Davison, M.S., A.M., Ph.D. An elementary text-book of essential anatomy, applied physiology, and practical hygiene for schools. Illustrated. Cloth binding. Pp. 320. Price 80 cents. American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago.

My Busy Days, pretty verses by Edith Barnes Sturgis, for the "little ones." Attractively illustrated in eight daintily colored plates by Margaretta S. Hinchman. Decorated pages; board covers. Pp. 51. Price $2. *Journeys of the Kit-Kat Club,* by William R. A. Wilson. The story of the travels in England of a party of four young boys. Illustrated. Board covers. Pp. 388. Price $2. The above two books are published by D. Appleton & Company, New York.

Looms of Life, poems, by Herman Scheffauer. Cloth covers with frontispiece. Pp. 137. Price $1.25. *Robin Aroon,* a comedy of manners, by Armistead C. Gordon. Cloth covers. Pp. 222. Price $1.25. *A Commentary Upon Tennyson's In Memoriam,* by Henry E. Shepherd, M.A., LL.D. Cloth covers; with frontispiece. Pp. 135. Price $1.25. *Waterloo,* by Thomas E. Watson. The story of that famous battle graphically told. Cloth covers. Pp. 152. Price $1.50. These four books are published by The Neale Publishing Company, New York and Washington.

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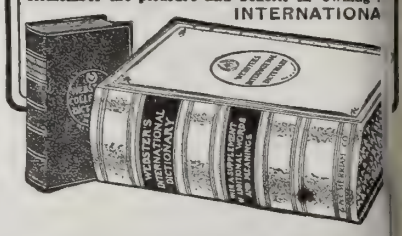

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A New President for Cuba

ELEVEN days after our own election the people of Cuba went to the polls to cast their ballots for a president of the island, and, greatly to the gratification of Governor Magoon, the day passed with far less disorder than might have been expected. The interest among the people was far more general than in the preceding municipal election, and a fourth larger vote was cast. Soon after the polls closed it was known that Gen. José Miguel Gomez had been elected president, and Alfredo Zayas vice-president, on the Liberal ticket. Their opponents on the Conservative ticket were General Mario Menocal and Dr. Rafael Montoro.

General Jose M. Gomez

The rivalry was intense between the two parties, as it has been ever since the outbreak of the Revolution of 1906, when the United States was compelled to intervene. There was some trouble at Mantanzas and Cardenas, where cutting affrays occurred, but in Havana, and most places, excellent order was preserved.

Governor Magoon made two trips in an automobile to all the polling places in Havana during the day to watch the progress of the election. He was everywhere greeted with cheers, the crowds waving their hats as he came up and as he rode off. Governor Magoon said later to an American correspondent: "I am much pleased with the regard for order and the self-restraint shown by the Cuban people and the enthusiasm which they displayed in participating in the election. I believe the Cuban people will accept the result, whatever it is, and in so doing will demonstrate their capability for receiving and carrying on the government."

The defeated candidate, General Menocal, said, before he knew the returns, that if the Liberals should win the Conservatives would not start a revolution, but would help the Liberals to carry on the government. He said he thought the present government would last, as the Cuban people of both parties will support it as a Cuban government.

It is now probable that Governor Magoon will turn over the government to President Gomez during the last week of January and the Americans will again withdraw from the island to let the Cubans make their second effort at home rule.

An Ornament to Any Room

Dear Dr. Klopsch: The pictures are fine; every one admires them. I shall have them framed, as they would add to any room. Many thanks to you. I am a new subscriber, but I love the paper, and look forward to its coming each week. MRS. HATTIE READ.

Salinas, Cal.

Be sure to Read Third Column on Page 962.

Workers at Home and Abroad

—A GREAT CYCLONE storm recently swept the Nicaraguan east coast, doing immense damage and rendering hundreds of people homeless. The Moravian mission at Bluefields began relief work among the sufferers, and distributed some 810 soles ($200) in food, clothing and medicines.

—EVANGELIST C. F. O'HARA, known as the "Illinois Cyclone," has met with much success in his work the past year. During two weeks' services in one locality sixty-five took a decided stand for Christ, thirty-four of whom were baptized and joined the church. He is now in Kansas holding a four weeks' revival meeting.

—THE BETHESDA Leper Home in Surinam, Dutch Guiana, is in great need of bandage material (old linen, cotton, cheese cloth, old sheets, pillowslips, etc., *all white*). Readers desiring to help should send their gifts, clean, well packed and express prepaid, to Mr. Wolterbeek, 1-3 Ann Street, New York, who will forward them to the Home.

—EVANGELISTS HART AND MAGANN, of Fairbury, Ill., have just closed a successful revival in connection with the Nebraska Wesleyan University and the First Methodist Church, University Place, Neb. Over three hundred conversions are reported. These evangelists are now engaged in a union tabernacle meeting with all the churches of Auburn and South Auburn, Neb.

—A NOTABLE REVIVAL has just closed at Chapelton, Clarendon Parish, Jamaica, W. I. Evangelist Raglan Phillips conducted the services, assisted by Rev. W. B. Esson, G. P. Hall, and others. As a result of the movement a Christian Citizens' Association has been organized. In the last night of the Chapelton meetings, sixty decided for Christ. Revival services both at Porus and Chapelton have been marked by several hundred public confessions of saving faith.

—MANY MISSIONARIES are writing to us enthusiastically concerning our "Native Substitute" plan. It is proving a great aid to the workers in spreading the Gospel. Rev. Frederick Wood, Byculla, Bombay, writes that he can use to advantage one worker at $40 yearly, and two at $50 yearly. Rev. Mr. Stephens, Poona, needs five workers; Rev. Mr. Fisher, of Ratpuri, could utilize ten workers, and Rev. Mr. Scholberg, at Kalyan, desires three workers. Support in all of these cases would average from $40 to $60 per annum. Any reader of this journal wishing to undertake such support should communicate with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

—ON SEPTEMBER 26-28 the representatives of 400 Christian Endeavor Societies, and over 16,000 members from all parts of South India met together. There were important addresses in various languages—English, Tamil, Telugu, Canarese and Malayalam. One of the most important addresses of the Convention was delivered by the chairman, Dr. J. H. Wyckoff. The speaker rejoiced in the birth of a new life in India, evidenced by the so-called unrest, but pleaded the need of this spirit being directed into right channels. Education of both boys and girls, the emancipation of women, and a universal acknowledgment of the brotherhood of the race were the needs especially emphasized; while unbrotherly caste distinctions, early marriages and enforced widowhood, extravagant expenditure on marriage celebrations, litigation, and debt were some of the burning wrongs that the speaker urged must be redressed.

—THE PRESBYTERIAN General Assembly's Committee on Evangelistic Work is arranging plans for a revival in foreign lands. This revival is to be conducted by the Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman and Evangelist Charles M. Alexander. They will leave for Australia April 14 and will conduct a mission extending through five months in the larger cities of that country and New Zealand. They will return home by way of the Orient, and will conduct a series of conferences with missionaries and native Christian workers in five large Chinese cities. Among these will be Canton, Pekin and Shanghai. Thence the party will cross to Japan, where, in Tokyo and Yokohama, they will carry on a similar work. Their next conferences will be in Korea and Manila. Dr. Chapman expects to reach the United States in time to spend Christmas, 1909, with his family in New York. The party will include, besides Dr. Chapman and Mr. Alexander, Mrs. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. William Asher, the "Saloon Evangelists" Robert Harkness, pianist, Earl W. Naftzger, soloist, and George T. B. Davis.

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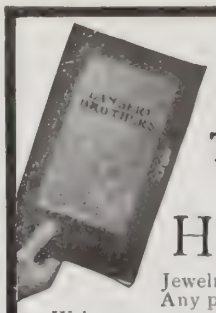

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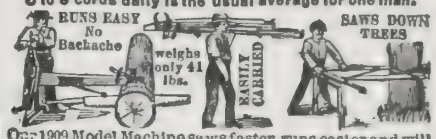

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Young People's Societies

The Joy of Overcoming*

WE GRUMBLE and weep over the obstacles and persecutions which come to us, and which seem to be impartially distributed among mankind. Do we ever stop to think what a flavorless and a foolish world this would be if everything went smoothly with us all? It would be, indeed, "stale, flat and unprofitable."

In Drummond's wonderful chapter on "Parasitism," he illustrates the effect of struggle upon character by one of his striking analogies from the animal world. He tells how the highly organized crab, if situated so that it is not obliged to work and fight for its food, soon begins to lose its legs and feelers. One by one they drop away, until the creature is a mere sac, sucking in its easily provided sustenance.

It will be remembered that Ruskin has much to say on this subject in his various works; he never fails to give a sharp thrust to idleness, whenever a chance offers. In speaking of a sentimental song, which had for its inane burden, "Live, love, die," he raged, "If it were written for nothing better than silk-worms, it might at least have added 'spin.'"

The doctrine of work is the only sound one for mankind; and, alas! few human beings will work unless they have to. It was ordained that we should fight our way to goodness and to glory. It is the only method by which sinews can be strengthened, or heroism developed, or anything noble made out of this poor mortal fabric. But after the breathless battle, he who has endured to the end shall "eat of the fruit of the tree of life"; he shall "not be hurt of the second death"; he shall receive a precious "white stone, on which a new name shall be written"; he shall receive the gift of "the morning star."

He may have been bruised and fainting in the conflict—but if he has "held fast"; if it can be said of him, as of the church in Thyatira, "I know thy charity and thy service and thy faith and thy patience and thy works," he shall, if his sins have not outweighed his virtues, be "clothed in white raiment," and his name shall be entered in the book of life.

Pericles said to the Athenians, "I would have you day by day fix your eyes upon the greatness of Athens until you become filled with the love of her. Then you will freely give your lives to her, as the fairest offering which you can present at her feet."

So let us fix our eyes upon the greatness of our God, and open our hearts to the indwelling of his love.

The Rev. W. J. Coulston, in a fine passage upon this subject, says that this "personal commitment" to the service of the great General is what is oftenest lacking in us. We are willing to fight now and then, but we have not really enlisted for the daily campaign—the constant warfare by which alone we can overcome.

"I am ready," says Paul. "Ready!" calls the captain, as he stands by his company's line; and every musket is in position. The volley is fired as from one gun, because all were ready. "What God, in his militant church, needs, is not so much 'guerrillas' or 'bushwhackers,' but steady, loyal, obedient soldiers."

"The cradle of the infant church was a tempest and her earliest lullabies were storms," writes an eloquent historian.

In the soul of the Christian, the history of his church is repeated. In us Satan wrestles ever with the angels of light. Temptations to worldliness in society, in business, in professional life, meet us daily. May God arm us for the fight and help us to overcome!

*Topic of the Epworth League for Sunday, December 13. TEXT: Rev. 2: 7, 11, 17, 26-29; 3: 5, 12, 21.

Books That Help*

IF YOU belong to a profession, you must read the standard books of that profession. The doctor soon gets behindhand who does not keep up with the constant output of medical literature. He cannot begin to read it all, but he must keep track in a general way of the most important works and read some of them. The minister, the lawyer, the editor, the engineer, the merchant—every calling has its own voluminous literature in these days, and no man who has proper ambition can neglect it. This is especially true of our religious life. We must read our books—the lives of our heroes—the strong sayings of our leaders—and most of all, the Book of books.

But a man must not confine himself to what are called "technical" writings. He must keep up more or less with progress in all the departments of life. A good daily paper helps him to do this; the first-class weeklies and monthlies, still more. But it is a temptation to all of us to spend too much time with the innumerable periodicals which come to our tables. They are beautiful with pictures, they are printed with care and taste, and the best talent in the land is enlisted in the task of making each one more interesting than its rivals. It is said that half of our adult population read nothing beyond the papers and the magazines. But they cannot entirely take the place of books, and especially those books which have stood the test of time—the great literature.

A discussion rages every now and then among the papers concerning tests of culture. One distinguished authority has said that no one who has not read the essays of Jeffrey can lay claim to culture. Another feels that unless one can talk intelligently of the works of Plato and Aristotle, he is outside the pale. Every educated man has his own notions upon the matter.

Certainly, everybody ought to recognize at once the names of the great Greek and Roman writers and of their chief works; also, of any one of Shakespeare's plays, and of the chief characters in them—perhaps, also, the commonest quotations from them. He ought to know something of Milton, Browning, Scott, Tennyson, Thackeray, Dickens, and of the great writers of other nations—Goethe, Schiller, Dante, Racine, Corneille, Balzac, Tolstoi, Turguenieff. These are only the commonplaces of culture.

It is a fad among literary people just now to seek out obscure authors of past generations, and to discourse learnedly of the "verve" of "Dickson," or the "intensiveness" of "Maddington," each striving with the other to find out and exploit writings of which no one else has taken note.

This is weak and silly; and yet it is just as silly to go to the other extreme and read only the books which everyone else is reading. There should be in every community one or more "book-tasters," as it were, who should be constantly on the watch for the really fine books, past and present, and should tell us just what to read.

A famous minister chanced to be in a remote mountain village of the South and to go into its humble church on Sunday. There he heard a sermon of such power and finish that he decided the man who delivered it, though he was plain in looks and manner, must be a college graduate.

On questioning him, he found that his sole education had been derived from a Bible, a hymn-book and a set of Kitto's Commentaries.

The Bible is indeed enough to afford liberal culture to anyone who will study it aright, and no man is truly cultured, whether or not he is religious, who does not know it well.

*Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, December 13. TEXT: Prov. 4: 1-9.

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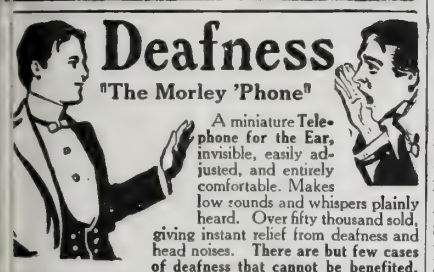

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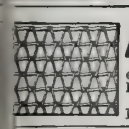

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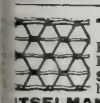

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Solomon Dedicates the Temple

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

WHEN the temple was completed, Solomon held a grand dedication service. In order that he might be better heard, he had caused a brazen scaffold to be constructed, "and had set it in the midst of the court, and upon it he stood, and kneeled down upon his knees before all the congregation of Israel, and spread forth his hands towards heaven." Oh, what a day it would be for any land whose ruler has it in his heart to pour out a full heart to God in prayer in the midst of his people! Solomon's glory was very great, his wisdom was unsurpassed, but never did he so shine as the king and father of his people as at this particular moment. He was not ashamed of his God, as so many people are in the present day; it was his glory to show what a value he set upon him.

Having blessed the people, being their royal priest for the time, he told the assembled multitude the origin of the temple building and the communion with God which his late father had had on the subject; how the Lord had not permitted David, his father, to build the temple, but had promised him a son who should rise up in his stead and build. He testified to the faithfulness of God in fulfilling his word. And then, before the altar where the sacrifice was laid, Solomon began to pray. Here was a king justifying and glorifying the King of kings—a king who was no cipher in politics or in power, whose intellectual gifts were the wonder of the age, yet, on the greatest occasion of his life, he was not ashamed to recommend his God, but acted the prophet and the priest in his own person, that all his people might learn what a God they had to trust in! What has come to the so-called Christian kings and queens of our day that we hear of no such royal testimonies to our God? How comes it that men of intellect and position so often look down on those that fear God?

But this powerful king, Solomon, finds himself in the real, felt presence of a greater than he, and he says, "But will God indeed dwell on the earth? Behold, the heaven and heaven of heavens cannot contain thee; how much less this house that I have builded?" Solomon did not delude himself with the idea that he was conferring a favor upon God by building him a temple. On the other hand, he counted that it was a great favor on God's part to accept anything at the hand of his servants.

At the end of his prayer, Solomon blessed the people: he arose from his knees and "stood and blessed all the congregation of Israel with a loud voice, saying, "Blessed be the Lord that hath given rest unto his people Israel, according to all that he promised: there hath not failed one word of all his good promise, which he promised by the hand of Moses his servant." "Now therefore arise, O Lord God, into thy resting-place, thou, and the ark of thy strength: let thy priests, O Lord God, be clothed with salvation, and let thy saints rejoice in goodness. O Lord God, turn not away the face of thine anointed." It was a definite committal of himself and his people into the hands of God, with confidence that he was dealing with the living God who was an interested party in the welfare of his people. In his days, those who said, "No God" were counted fools; now, those who believe in him are counted fools!

When Solomon "had made an end of praying, the fire came down from heaven, and consumed the burnt-offering and the sacrifices; and the glory of the Lord filled the house." This was a token from God that the prayer was heard, a visible witness which human eyes could see. "And the priests could not enter into the house of the Lord, because the glory of the Lord had filled the Lord's house." The priests could not add anything to a God-filled house.

This distinct answer from God awed the people. "All the children of Israel looked on when the fire came down, and the glory of the Lord was upon the house."

See our Premium Announcement Opposite Page 962. Also be particular to read the whole of the last column on Page 962.

"Mother Bird's" Sunday Meeting

THOSE who have never experienced the luxury of a "Mother Bird" Sunday morning breakfast and Gospel service, will not object to a recital of such an experience.

Away "down in the Bowery" is of itself quite interesting enough for the average person; but to be invited to speak to "Mother Bird's boys" at the regular Sunday morning gathering is altogether unique. On approaching the entrance, at No. 37, we were surprised that a throng of men were kept outside the door. All seemed eager for admission. As we entered we saw to our amazement that every seat, to the number of five hundred, was already filled. A cordial reception was given by Mrs. Bird, also by a splendid corps of converts who were about to open their usual morning Brotherhood meeting. This meeting was held in the rear of the platform and the time was mostly given to prayer.

When the time arrived for the opening of the great meeting, the platform was filled with redeemed men whose faces indicated that help beyond themselves had been administered and that now their sole ambition was to help their fellow-men to a better life. With soul-inspiring singing, the throng of "fellow pilgrims" expressed their gratitude for the blessings of the day. The closing hymn sung in the opening service was Mrs. Bird's favorite: "My hope is built on nothing less than Jesus' blood and righteousness." Then the Scripture lesson.

After the reading of the Word, fully two hundred men asked prayer for themselves or for friends. As the speaker of the morning looked out into the sea of upturned faces, he was impressed with the dead-in-earnest expressions of nearly all present. He was also comforted in not having present a uniformed guard or a policeman, such as he observes in some places where he is invited to speak. We came away from that meeting with many excellent impressions, some of which are: The sane and purely Christian manner of the leader, the strong and manly appearance of the converts, who were honored with all the details of the work, and thirdly, the general character of the men present.

Visit the Bowery Mission. If you have any doubt as to the power of the precious promises to comfort and save the lost, go and see for yourself. If you think there is some new and better way of saving souls than by the simple methods carried on in this mission, and in others of like character, look them up. We fail to find men and women engaged in works of this kind who are idling away their time with "reasons why Jonah could not have been swallowed by the whale."

GEORGE P. AVERY.

Be sure to Read Third Column on Page 962.

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FATHER AND SON

Both Gained Health on Right Food.

A food that will build up the health of a man and that can be digested by a baby, certainly has value worth considering.

The following report from an Ohio wife and mother is to the point and interesting.

"My husband had suffered great agony from stomach trouble at times for five years. Finally, after six months in the hospital, he was operated on for appendicitis.

"From that time he grew weaker and thinner until, when we brought him home he was reduced from 145 to 108 lbs.

"Then he began to eat for breakfast, Grape-Nuts with cream and a soft boiled egg. For dinner a dish of Grape-Nuts and cream, toasted bread and a glass of warm milk. For supper same as breakfast with a baked potato, one or two poached eggs, and a glass of warm milk.

"After two months on this diet, he had nearly regained his normal health. He took out-door exercise, and got plenty of sleep. He has no more trouble with his stomach, and can eat anything.

"These results induced us to try Grape-Nuts on our 6 months baby, who from birth had been puny. Nothing seemed to agree with him, although we tried the whole list of Infant Foods.

"When I began to feed him Grape-Nuts with warm milk poured on to make it soft, he weighed only 13 lbs. After six weeks of his new diet he has gained 7 lbs., and is healthy and happy."

"There's a Reason."

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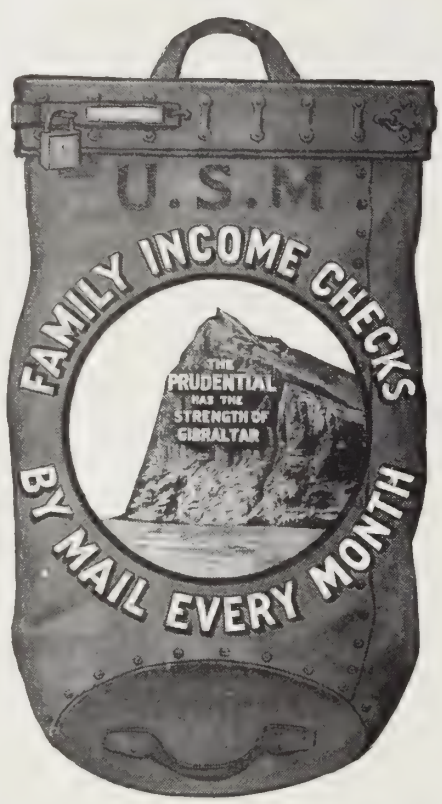

A Statement by the President:

THERE is no other business which bears so important a relation to the welfare of the family as that of Life Insurance. The Prudential's object is to provide for the men and women of the United States the most practical form of Life Insurance Protection—that which will contribute most completely to the welfare of those for whose benefit Life Insurance is taken.

With this sincere purpose in mind, The Prudential is issuing a Life Insurance Policy which, it is believed, meets more closely the necessities of the family—those who are left behind when the breadwinner dies—than any other form of Life Insurance before the American people to-day.

It is called the **Monthly Income** Policy, from the fact that the proceeds, instead of being payable in one sum, are paid to the family in a **series of checks** on the first of each month,—and continue for a period of 20 years or for the lifetime of the Beneficiary if it has been so selected.

The great advantages of this plan are apparent. Think of being able to leave your wife a **Monthly Income,**—a guaranteed sum which nothing can disturb—not affected by hard times, bad judgment in investments—which cannot be lost, depreciated or stolen — but which will come to her regularly **every month for tweny years, or her lifetime,**—thus enabling her to adjust the family expenditures, relieving her from all worry and putting poverty out of reach.

This is just what the new Monthly Income Policy accomplishes—it pays the rent, the household bills, provides food, clothing, education for the children—perpetuates your salary in fact—all by a monthly Income which cannot fail.

THE COST of this policy is low. For example, if you should be 30 years old you could, by paying The Prudential $167.35 per year (which means a saving of only $13.95 per month, or about $3.50 per week), assure to your family after your death—**$50 Every Month for 20 years,** or $12,000 in all! At slightly higher cost, you could make this Income payable to your wife or daughter **for her entire lifetime.** This is called the Whole Life Plan.

You can also arrange to confine all your payments to the Company to the first 20 years after taking out the Policy. This is called the 20 Payment Life Plan.

Now suppose you should like to arrange to **protect your own old age**—to assure yourself of an Income which would start 20 years from to-day, if living, and last for 20 years longer, or—for you as long as you live and your wife as long as she lives if she survives you. This can be done too, under the Endowment Plan.

Suppose you and your wife were both 40 years of age: $214.20 per year (a saving of $4.12 weekly) paid to the Company for 20 years would provide a **guaranteed Income** of $25 per month, beginning at age 60 and **continuing as long** as **either you or your wife should live,**—and in any event for not less than 20 years.

Every rate and value in this Policy is absolutely guaranteed—in the Policy itself—while back of it are the great resources of The Prudential.

The success already attending this new Monthly Income Policy proves that it is striking the keynote of popular demand. You cannot afford to ignore a method of providing for your family or for your own old age a protection so sensible, so sure, so convenient, and so inexpensive. We wish to tell you what The Prudential can do for **You** in this matter. Write now while the subject is fresh on your mind. We will furnish you full Information—just adapted to **Your** particular case.

Remember, we believe this to be the greatest plan for the protection of your family ever devised—marking an epoch in Life Insurance. **You** should take advantage of it, for your family's sake. **Write Now** to

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Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey.
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John F. Dryden
President.

In order that we shall know where you read this we would appreciate it if you would mention this publication in your letter.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

MEN WHO MADE A REVOLUTION

LITTLE by little the true story of the short but effective revolution in Turkey, and the reasons why certain men who appeared at the very summit of power disappeared in a night, and others, whose names no one outside of Islam had ever heard, were placed in authority, is now coming out. A few men stood for what we call the old régime, and a few others, leaders of the young Turks and patriotic advisers of the Sultan, stand for the new. Their stories make up, in great part, the history of the recent revolt. While the revolution was expected, as it now appears, throughout a large part of Northern Turkey, the Western world had given the rumblings of discontent but little attention. Attempts at revolt there had been for years, always with the same result: a few regiments volleyed into the rank and file of the malcontents, while the leaders disappeared, usually sewn up in bags and dropped quietly and unostentatiously into the Bosphorus — and Turkey settled back silently if not comfortably to a few more years of misrule. As for Europe, it shook its head, shrugged its shoulders, and like a council of doctors wondered at the great vitality of "the Sick Man of Europe," who never died, despite his chronic internal trouble, and who never got well.

Yildiz Palace and the Sultan's Mosque

Young men of the empire have felt in recent years that energetic measures should be taken to improve the political condition under which they lived. Hundreds of them had been students in universities in Germany, Paris, Austria, and a few in Great Britain. These saw the results of good government, and returned full of hope for the future of the Ottomans. But their reception by the authorities of the old régime was frosty in the extreme. They were at once under suspicion on account of their European training, and were debarred generally from service to the State.

Major Niazi Bey

They found the Sultan surrounded by officials whose ideas were medieval, as were some of the offices, also. For instance, there was the court astrologer Eb-ul-Huda. His influence had been growing for years. He pretended he could divine the future, and performed what seemed to the Sultan most marvelous feats, such as reading telegrams before they were opened, or informing Abdul what answer would come if a certain letter was sent. He did all this by having high officials in his pay as well as ladies of the harem, and he found out just what answer the officials would send to any questions from the Sultan. He received large amounts of money from his royal master and lived luxuriously in one of the Yildiz Kiosks, within easy call of the Sultan. But now his brilliant and lucrative career is at an end. He was the last man to be consulted by the Sultan as to whether he should comply with the demand of the army and grant a constitution. His historic parallel is found in the astrologer who was consulted so often by King Louis XI. of France, and who is so graphically sketched in Sir Walter Scott's story of *Quentin Durward*. That old French astrologer knew he could not rely on the friendship of his crafty master, who only had one oath he would keep, and no one knew which one that was from among several dozen that Louis would offer. Like his prototype, El Huda is now in disgrace from a slight oversight on his part which will be mentioned later, and his greatest feat of magic has been that he has been able to keep his head on his shoulders after the recent overturn. Huda had the active assistance of the Pasha in charge of the telegraph at Yildiz. This official would send him advance information as to the contents of all telegrams that came in for the Sultan, sent by generals and governors of provinces. Before the message was delivered El Huda would interview the constellations, get a few bright, starlight ideas, and report his findings to Abdul. A little later came the telegram giving exactly the same information, showing that the star and crescent were still keeping a watchful eye over the country.

Several other members of the old régime deserve mention. Izzet Pasha was Grand Vizier; then there was Hassan Rami, minister of marine, and the two brothers, Selim Melhamé and Medjid Melhamé. The whole Melhamé family enjoyed great power and was correspondingly unpopular with the Young Turk party.

Selim was minister of mines and forests. He opposed the Young Turkish movement bitterly and many members of the party suffered death, it is reported, through his orders. The brother, Medjid, also held influential offices. Fehim Pasha, adopted nephew of the Sultan and chief of the secret police, was one of the worst of the ring.

Against this ring plotted the Young Turks. While not openly aiding their plans, noted men in Constantinople gave their tacit approval. Up in the north near the stormy Balkans the officers of the army determined on a bold stroke. To win meant a new life for Turkey; to lose meant death for themselves and their followers. Carefully sounding officers and men, Major Niazi Bey and Enver Bey found them ready for revolt. Some word of this reached Constantinople and the ring determined to break up the opposition through strategy. They sent a pressing invitation to Enver Bey to visit Constantinople, saying he was to be promoted, and thanking him for his military services to the Sultan. Enver saw that the trap was baited for

Con. on next page

Enver Bey

MEN WHO MADE A REVOLUTION — CONTINUED

Eb-ul-Huda

Prince Sabheddin

Prince Reched

Selim Melhame

Medjid Effendi

Fehim Pasha

him and took to the hills to save his life. The Major, the hero of the revolution, determined to act. He sent a telegram direct to the Sultan: "Proclaim a constitution at once or we will march on Constantinople with 300,000 men." Then followed another: "We demand the heads of Izzet and Tahsin Pashas." Huda must have had on uncomfortable interview with the stars when he read this. Then came the last message: "In case you do not proclaim a constitution immediately I will see that your name next Friday is not mentioned in any mosque in Stamboul." Consternation reigned in the Palace. The Sultan called his advisers together and asked them what was to be done. Not one dared to utter the words, "Grant a constitution." Then he sent for the astrologer, who was brought in from a sick-bed, and he showed that he had courage. He told the Sultan that the only thing that would save his throne would be to proclaim a constitution. The Sultan did so, but sent Huda away in disgrace because he had not foreseen the revolution which would have been the most valuable bit of advance information the Sultan could have desired.

The next few days saw startling changes. Izzet Pasha disappeared, no one knew where. Selim Melhamé was arrested while trying to escape, assisted by the Italian embassy. Medjid Melhamé was caught at Adrianople, and so one after another of the old régime was imprisoned or managed to escape to Europe. A new régime came in, representing all that was opposed by the old. Kamil Pasha now enjoys great influence. He is a former Governor of Syria and Grand Vizier, one of the best statesmen in Turkey. When he became Grand Vizier, a number of years ago, he stopped the Armenian massacres. Gabriel Effendi was made Minister of Works. Sheik-ul-Islam is another reformer who will be listened to with respect. Mahmoud Pasha, who fought the old régime so bitterly, died in exile in Paris, but his body was brought back. He once controlled the Department of Justice.

Looking ahead, it is probable that Mohammed Reched Effendi, the Sultan's brother, will inherit the throne. He has pledged himself to the new constitution, but is not regarded as a positive character. Two of the Sultan's sons, though men grown, are not counted upon. Medjid is more of an artist than anything else, while his brother is interested in music. Some think Mohammed may prove a reactionary, but the new order will probably be well started before he inherits the Sultanate of all the Ottomans, as Mohammedans and other creeds call themselves under the constitution.

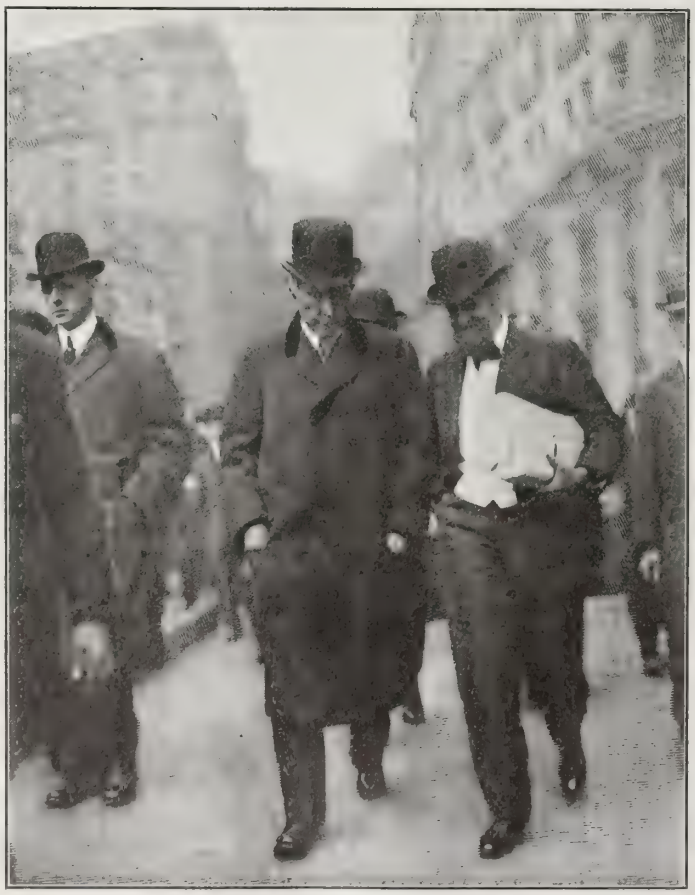
A GREAT LEGAL CONTEST

PUBLIC interest is widespread in the suit of the government to annul the charter of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, which is the holding company of the organization known to the public under the general name of "Standard Oil." The hearings are being held on the fifth floor of the new Custom House, near Bowling Green, in New York City, and the hall has been filled with spectators from the first day. The most interesting witness, of course, was Mr. John D. Rockefeller himself, who was called in to give a general history of the company and of its methods. Mr. Rockefeller has seldom appeared downtown in New York during the last few years, having left the management of the company largely in the hands of its vice-presidents and other officials, while he spent most of his time in the country or traveling for his health. Recently, however, he has again returned to his desk at 26 Broadway, which he had relinquished at the age of fifty-nine, when he supposed he had retired from active work for good. His recent return to his office is probably connected with the present litigation.

People stood on chairs to see him and those who could not enter the room climbed up and peered through the transoms.

Mr. Rockefeller began his account of the company as it started in the sixties. He seemed ready to answer all queries put to him, and brought out many incidents of the history of the company never before published, despite the several attempts that have been made to write the full history of Standard Oil. He said that the business was really started by a loan of two thousand dollars from a business man in Cleveland. "I talked to him until I thought I had him properly enthused and then asked for a loan." When he was asked how much he wanted "I thought I would shoot high and said 'two thousand dollars.' Somewhat to my amazement he gave me the money. That was my start and literally the start of Standard Oil. In 1870 the new oil company started with a capital of $1,000,000, which was considered a large capital at that time. Three firms were consolidated to form the company. Mr. Rockefeller said that it was a prosperous business from the beginning, and that he and his associates introduced many innovations which gave them a lead over their competitors. One of the most important was the manufacture of barrels by machinery. Better barrels and saving in cost gave them an advantage over their competitors. Throughout the taking of the testimony Mr. Rockefeller endeavored to show that the position that the company acquired was due to their endeavor to do away with the cost of middlemen's profits, warehousing charges, etc.; the others using antiquated methods and thus not being able to do business at a profit, were unable to compete with the Standard.

"We were enabled to produce for our own use, and at prices below the prices at which we had previously purchased and at which our competitors were buying." He said that they were the first oil dealers to build their own warehouses and have their own lighters, and were enabled to sesure large sums of money at lower rates than it could be secured in the West. No other company had tried at the time, he said, to do this.



Mr. Rockefeller and His Attorney on the Way to His Hotel

When the question of the absorption of other and smaller companies came up Mr. Rockefeller was asked: "Were there any coercive methods used by you in making purchases of competitors' plants?"

"None whatever," was the reply. "They were fair negotiations, and I may say for myself it is the kind of negotiations I have always made, and none other." At another point in the proceedings he stated another reason for the success of Standard Oil was that "We were large borrowers from the beginning, and we always had good credit, for we always kept our covenants and paid our paper."

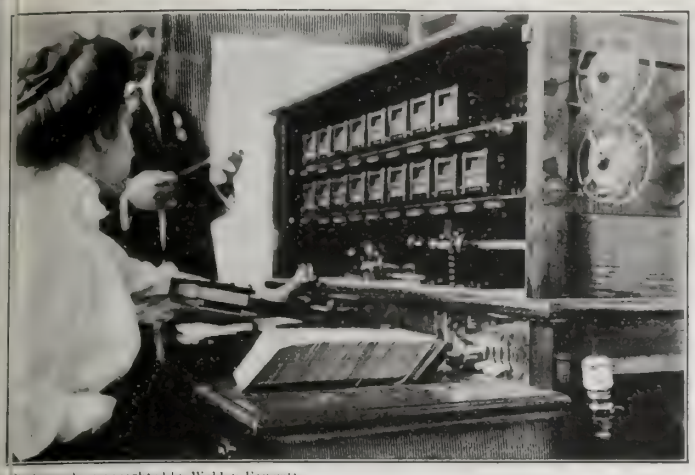
All of the foregoing was brought out on the questioning of Mr. Milburn, one of the counsel for the Standard Oil Company. The cross-examination was taken up later by Mr. Kellogg, acting for the government.

Mr. Kellogg made strict inquiries into the connection of Standard Oil with various railroads. He made a demand for the stock transfer books. Mr. Rockefeller said he did not know where they were, as he did not have charge of them. He said he would have them looked up.

Mr. Archbold, who has been the most active figure in the Standard Oil Company for the last few years, took the stand after Mr. Rockefeller. In answer to the attorney's question he denied that the company fixed the price of oil, saying that this was done by the markets of the world.

As this edition of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD goes to press, the testimony of Mr. Archbold is still being taken. Probably it will be some time before any judicial decision is made for or against the continuation in business of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey.

GETTING READY FOR THE NEXT CENSUS



At the New Tabulating Machine

S. N. D. North, Director of the Census

Operator Working the New Card-Punching Machine

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By WALDON FAWCETT

ALTHOUGH it is yet more than two years in advance of the beginning of actual enumeration, preparations are already under way for te next National Census of the United States—tat of 1910. The counting at the end of each decade o every man, woman and child in the republic is te greatest business project Uncle Sam is called ıon to undertake. Realizing that with the contin-ıus rapid increase in population the next census vll be a record-breaker in every respect, the gov-ɔment officials sought to take time by the forelock ɛd secure at the last session of Congress an ap-ɔpriation of money that would enable the inaug-ɛation of the preliminaries of the ɛnsus proper. The desired appro-ɔriation was not secured at that ne, but there is reason to believe tat money will be set aside for this ɹrpose early in the session of Con-ɹess.

With a new policy of forehanded-ɔss, the officials of the Bureau of te Census have not waited for the ongressional appropriation, but are ready busy with the administrative tails of the coming census. The echanical experts of the bureau ıve been gradually evolving a num-r of wonderful new machines hich will enable the compiling of e census returns more quickly and ore accurately than has ever here-fore been possible. These early eliminaries have been rendered ɔssible by the creation of the per-anent Census Bureau which came to existence after the last national nsus—that of 1900. In days gone , each successive census was an dependent enterprise, with all the sadvantages that might be ex-ɛcted to result from entrusting a gantic task to officials not familiar ith the work and employees wholly partly inexperienced. To remedy ese important defects Congress in 1902 estab-shed the Bureau of the Census as a permanent ɔvernment institution.

The forthcoming Federal Census will entail upon ıe nation an expense of about $14,000,000. Of this tal about $1,500,000 is needed for the maintenance the permanent Census Bureau above mentioned, hereas $12,500,000 represents the anticipated out-y for the canvass of the country's population. In ldition to this, Mr. S. N. D. North, Director of the Census, will ask Congress at its coming session to appropriate the sum of $675,000 to purchase a site and erect a six-story building as a permanent home for the census. The new home would be a six-story fireproof structure, with ample accommodations for the 3,000 educated and capable men and women in the volunteer army that will assemble at Washington to do the clerical work of the coming census.

Cressy L. Wilbur
Chief Statistician of the Census

Although the population of the United States has increased perhaps fifteen or twenty per cent. since the last census, entailing, of course, a proportionate increase in the volume of census work, it is the belief of the government officials that they will be able to complete the census of 1910 at a cost little if any in excess of the census of 1900. This economical miracle will be made possible through the introduction of unequaled time and labor-saving machines in the compilation of our population statistics. By the aid of these mechanical wizards, a force of clerks no larger than that employed ten years ago will be able to turn out one-fourth and perhaps even one-half more work than was accomplished a decade ago.

The Keyboard of the Wonderful New Tabulating Machine

Mechanical mathematicians of one kind or another have been in use in the census office since 1870, but the system of electric tabulation which will be employed for the thirteenth census will be far in advance of all predecessors in the matter of the machinery utilized. Under this plan, the census will be compiled on the card index system, with a card for every man, woman, and child in the country. However, it will be different from the card index system found in the average office in that, instead of data being copied on the cards by pen or typewriter, it will be recorded by punching holes in the cards. The positions of the holes on each card will carry significance as indicating facts relative to the individual whose biography the card records. No writing whatever will be necessary on any of the cards.

The use of this short-cut in census taking requires the use of two main classes of machines. First, there are the machines that punch the holes in the cards as above described, and, secondly, there are the tabulating machines that take these cards after they have been punched full of holes and, solely by mechanical means, add and classify and make up totals from the cards. The style of card-punching machine heretofore in use at the Census Bureau is a simple affair, in which the pressure of a lever by hand power is necessary for the punching of each and every individual hole. It has not been all that could be desired in speed; it is easy to make a mistake and spoil the card being punched; and finally its operation is very fatiguing to the young women who do nothing else all day long.

However, it was no easy matter to find a substitute for this machine that would constitute an improvement. James Powers, the mechanical expert of the United States Census, has been puzzling his brain over this problem for years, and only within the past few weeks has he finally triumphed and perfected the invention of a marvelous new card-punching machine. The new machine is built on the plan of a typewriter with 240 keys, and the mere depressing of any desired keys and the switching on of an electric current serves to punch the holes as needed. Heretofore, the most expert operator, using the old hand machine, could not punch more than nine hundred cards per day. With the new machine, any of the young women at the Census Bureau can punch from 3,500 to 4,000 cards per day.

Moreover, with the old machine, a first-class operator would inevitably spoil at least one-tenth of the cards handled. With the new machine, not one card in a hundred is spoiled. This new machine will make possible the announcement of the total population of the country in record-breaking time.

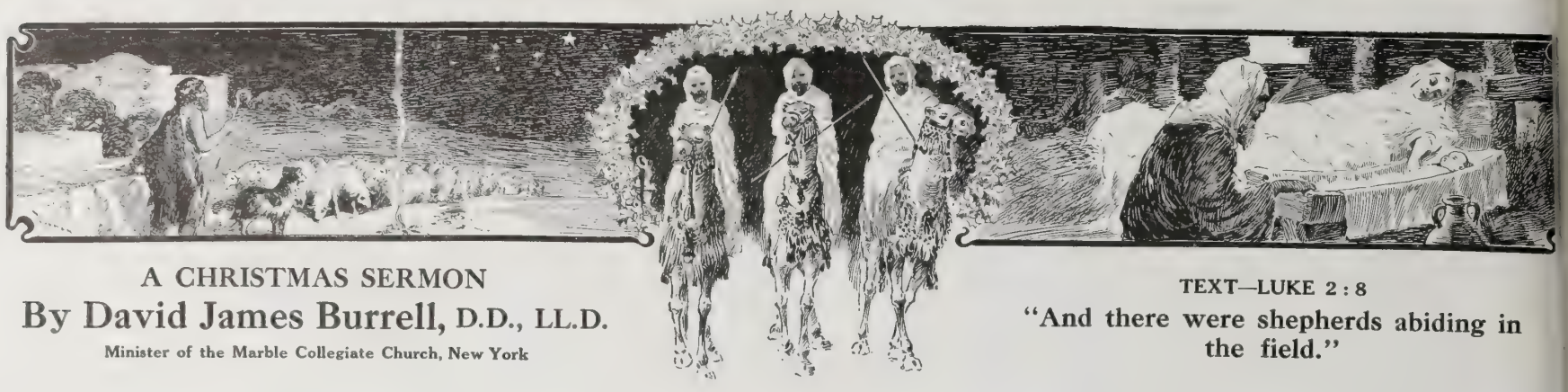
Automatic counters are attached to the keys, registering on a dial every time a hole is punched. Thus, just as soon as there have been punched the eighty odd or ninety million cards, representing the people of the United States, the Census Bureau will be enabled to announce the full totals, with all the statistical information as to the different classes of our population throughout the country—males, females, native, foreign, white, colored, married and single.

The coming census will also introduce an altogether new style of tabulating machine, on which the work is preformed by a pin box, equipped with a needle for each possible hole in a card. Each of these needles is set on a fine spiral spring and when the pin box is brought down over each card in turn, the needles which meet the unpunched surfaces are repressed, while those that pass through the holes make an electric contact and cause one or more "counters" or dials to register. In the old-style machine the counters had to be read and the results recorded by hand, and all the dials had to be reset by hand.

In the new machine there is an automatic recording and printing system which mechanically keeps count of the cards as they pass through the machine and delivers the result of the count on a neatly printed slip. Then, when a "run" of cards covering any city, county, or other geographical division of the country has been concluded, it is only necessary to press a button and all the dials or counters will be reset automatically, in readiness for making more statistics.

James Powers

THE MESSAGE TO THE SHEPHERDS



A CHRISTMAS SERMON

By David James Burrell, D.D., LL.D.

Minister of the Marble Collegiate Church, New York

TEXT—LUKE 2 : 8

"And there were shepherds abiding in the field."

THE time had come to announce the most important undertaking that ever occurred in the history of the world. The long-looked-for work of redemption was about to begin; and a pursuivant must be chosen to bear the message to the children of men. O fortunate angel! And fortunate those who bare him company as he set forth, followed by the benisons of heaven, to assure the beleaguered race that the God of salvation was now to make bare his arm!

But who shall be chosen to receive the welcome news? The heralds of the evangel, as they speed on their beneficent mission, pass over the cities of Egypt and tarry not; for on its tombs, its temples and its palaces is written, Ichabod, "The glory hath departed!" The Pharaohs sleep in their mummy crypts and the Sphinx looks on with dreamy eyes; while the people bow at the altar of gods whose liturgy is written in the Book of the Dead. The message is not for worn-out dynasties, but for such as have their eyes attent and their hearts attuned to the promise of brighter days.

Will the heralds pause, then, at Athens, "Mother of arts and eloquence?" Here is, indeed, the intellectual centre of the world. Zeuxis and Apelles, Phidias and Praxiteles are filling its temples and palaces with masterpieces destined to be the wonder of the ages. In the schools by the Ilyssus, the Grove, the Academy and the Painted Porch, philosophers in scholastic robes walk up and down, discoursing to their pupils on the reason of things. But heaven has no message for Pride of Intellect; wherefore the angels still pursue their flight.

And now they are approaching Rome, the political centre of the world. Cæsar, from his palace on the Capitoline, looks proudly down upon the Forum where trains of captives are passing under his yoke. He has realized the dream of universal empire, and the wealth of a thousand tributary nations is pouring into his exchequer. It is the Augustan Age of luxury and vice. But there is leprosy in the mortar of this imperial fabric. Heaven has no word of promise for Pride of Power.

The couriers, at length, have reached Jerusalem. Here surely they will arrest their flight; for is not this the religious centre of the world? The lights are burning in the temple, and clouds of incense rise while worshipers chant, "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord!" Priests with broad phylacteries are making long prayers at the corners of the streets; scribes and Pharisees display frontlets between their eyes, on which is written, "Holiness to the Lord." But all is pomp and circumstance. These are mere mask wearers who draw nigh unto God with their lips while their hearts are far from him. Heaven has no message of hope for Self-righteousness.

The herald angels, still pursuing their course, have reached the hill country of Judea; and here they pause to deliver their message to a strange company, of whom Milton, in his "Ode to the Nativity," sings on this wise:

> The shepherds on the lawn, or ere the point of dawn,
> Sit simply chatting in a rustic row.

It is a still night. The air is heavy with the perfume of palm groves and olive yards. The stars hang low in the clear blue sky. Now and then the twittering of a bird as it flutters from its nest betokens the approach of day. The sheep are still asleep, save one and another that, with drowsy zest, nibble the succulent grass freshened with the night dew. The silence of the closing night is over all.

The group of shepherds, early awake, are conversing in low voices. A torch thrust into the ground, in the centre of the company, casts its flickering light upon a parchment spread before them. The theme of their conversation is the coming of Messiah, "the Hope of Israel." For there is a current rumor of his near approach and a prevalent feeling of expectancy.

But how and when and where will he come? To the Law and Testimony! How reads the parchment? It begins with the protevangel, "The seed of woman shall bruise the serpent's head." Has Moses aught to say? Ay; "A prophet shall the Lord your God raise up like unto me; him shall ye hear!" And Isaiah? He speaks yet more explicitly: "A virgin shall conceive and bear a son and shall call his name Immanuel; which is, being interpreted, God with us"; and again: "For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulders; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."

Is there aught as to his personal station? Yes; "He shall rule as a king in righteousness; his kingdom shall be an everlasting kingdom, and of his dominion there shall be no end." But how shall that be reconciled with this, "He is a man of sorrows and acquainted with griefs," and "We hid, as it were, [illegible] faces from him?"

And what of his mission? "He shall break eve[ry] chain and bid the oppressed go free." Will the [de]liverance be for the Jews only? "He shall call [a] nation that he knew not. Gentiles shall come to [thy] light and kings to the brightness of his rising."

And when shall he appear? It is recorded in t[he] prophecy of Daniel that he shall come at the end [of] "seventy weeks of years." Is there a sign give[n]? Yes; the sign of the falling sceptre; as it is writt[en] in the blessing of Jacob, "The sceptre shall not d[e]part from Judah nor a law-giver from between h[is] feet until Shiloh come, and unto him shall the gat[h]ering of the nations be." Is not the sign fulfille[d]? The sceptre is falling from Judah's hand! T[he] census of Cyrenius has just been ordered, by whi[ch] all Israel passes under the R[o]man yoke. A carpenter and h[is] wife from the hill country [of] Galilee, who passed the she[p]herds last night on the hig[h] way, were on their way to enro[l] themselves in Bethlehem. Ala[s] for the vanished glory of Israe[l]

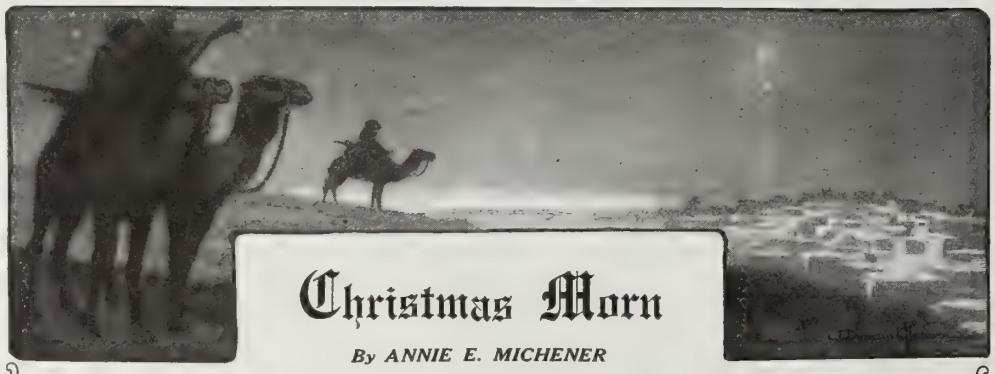
But where shall this Messia[h] be born? In the very city [to] which those wayfarers we[re] bound; as it is written in th[e] prophecy of Micah, "And tho[u] Bethlehem, art in no wise lea[st] among the princes of Judah: for out of thee shall come a Go[v]ernor, who shall be the shepher[d] of my people." Thus these ru[s]tics commune with one anothe[r] until, at length, they lapse int[o] silence and the torch flickers an[d] goes out.

On a sudden they awake an[d] gaze wonderingly; for a strang[e] light is shining among them. Had they known it, this is th[e] Shekinah, the lost Glory, i[n] which God had formerly bee[n] accustomed to reveal himself t[o] men. It led the children o[f] Israel through the wilderness a[s] a luminous pillar of cloud by da[y] and of fire by night. It hovere[d] over the mercy-seat of the Ar[k] of the Covenant from which Go[d] delivered his messages. It fille[d] the temple of Solomon, at it[s] dedication, with a golden haze. It had vanished with the waning loyalty of Israel, four hundred years before. And now it re-appears in the midst of this group of shepherds, growing brighter and brighter, while the voices of the herald angels fill the air with a harmonious strain: "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth and good will to man!" The shepherds are amazed, bewildered and afraid. Can they be dreaming? In the midst of the Glory the elect angel leads the advent song: "Fear not; for, behold, I bring you tidings of great joy! To you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." The chorus continues, in rising and falling cadences; three trumpet notes like the Trisagion of heaven, "Glory, peace, good-will!" It is the sweetest song earth ever heard. And then the Glory fades, the vision is ended, the light of the morning glows upon the eastern hills.

But why was this message delivered to a company of shepherds rather than to the dreamers by the Nile, the philosophers of Athens, the world conquerors or the pietists?

First, because they were simple folk. And this is

Continued on page 987



Christmas Morn

By ANNIE E. MICHENER

BANDS of holy angels
Gladden Christmas morn
With the joyful tidings
That a Babe is born.
In a manger lieth,
Cradled, heaven's King,
While earth's wisest sages
Swift their offerings bring.

Out across the desert,
Guided by a Star,
Frankincense and myrrh
Bring they from afar.
At the feet of Jesus
Bow they humbly, low;
'Tis the world's Redeemer,
Promised long ago.

Hark! the voice of angels,
Wondrous, sweet and fair!
Caroling the tidings
In the upper air.
Peace on earth! Sweet story!
Listen, while they sing,
As the new-born message,
Thus to earth they bring.

. . . . . .

All adown the ages
Men have caught the strain
Wafted by the angels
O'er Judea's plain.
Peace on earth! as ever,
Thus the angels sing;
While in adoration
Swift our hearts we bring.

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HOW TO GIVE JOY AT CHRISTMAS

A Roman Tale of Christmas

Queen Alexandra's Christmas Card

Madonna and Child

The Queen of Spain's Christmas Card

King Edward's Christmas Card

IT HAS become a fashion in certain quarters to bemoan the approach of Christmas. "The expense is intolerable"; "Christmas giving has become a mere form without heart"; "I dread to have the day come around"; are only specimens of the way in which these pessimists regard our greatest annual festival.

Some people, perhaps wisely, lessen the pressure of the time, by indicating to certain friends that birthdays or Easter or some other day, which may have some special personal significance, will be celebrated with gifts, instead of Christmas. But the whole idea of regarding this beautiful festival with dread and dislike, is wrong. It should be the most joyous season of the year. Let us conquer its difficulties and insist upon our birthright of happiness.

"What can you do?" You can write a letter. A loving Christmas letter, long or short, but full of news and good wishes, or whatever you think your friend may like best, is one of the most acceptable of Christmas gifts.

If you can draw or paint, or engross, you can choose some fine verse or sentiment, and illustrate or engross it, or both, on a pretty card. If you write verses yourself, as nearly everybody does nowadays, you can present some lines of your own. Do not imagine that you are making a boastful display of yourself in doing this. If you knitted a tidy or embroidered a centrepiece, or made a scroll-saw shelf or bracket, nobody would accuse you of trying to parade your accomplishments.

The Christmas card, too, has resumed all of its old-time popularity, and it can be purchased for any price, from one cent upward. Many houses are issuing beautiful specimens of this sort of gift, that of Raphael Tuck & Son, as usual, leading in the competition. As they enjoy royal patronage, it can be learned from them just which design is chosen by various royalties and their near relatives. The information is interesting. The King of England has chosen for his Christmas card the picture of Edward III. and the Countess of Salisbury, in the scene which originated the famous Order of the Garter. Queen Alexandra sends this year a card on which is an Alma-Tadema group of John Bacon—a story-teller, before whom three beautiful Roman maidens sit in attitudes of rapt attention. The Prince of Wales chooses the scene in which Edward III. bestows the Order of the Garter upon the Black Prince. The card of the Princess of Wales shows the three wise men on their camels, following the star. The German Emperor has selected an old pageant in which shipmates drain their beakers in a toast. The Queen of Spain and Queen of Norway have selected beautiful modern madonnas. The supply of cards and booklets was never so large and choice as now. A card, a booklet or a good book forms one of the very most desirable gifts.

Last year, just before Christmas time, a large-hearted and quick-witted woman paid a visit to an old friend. She had been wealthy, and in her halcyon days had spent lavishly for her friends at Christmas time. "Ah!" she said now, as she wept in her friend's arms, "I used to love to see Christmas coming, for I knew that I was going to make many people happy. But now I have not one cent to spend for anyone, and I am too weak and ill to undertake any sort of work. It is the saddest time in the year for me."

The friend pondered the matter. She herself had not much to spend, but she decided that her Christmas gift for this friend in 1908 should be different from anything she had ever given before. She determined to spend five or six dollars for her, and she saw now how that sum could be best invested.

All through the months since then, she has been looking out for dainty little things for this friend. She found some delicate centrepieces at fifty-eight cents, which had cost $2 apiece, and bought two; some dainty purses, "marked down" to an even lower price; some really fine pictures (unframed) at a tempting rate; an embroidered handkerchief or two, and other little things—all of fine quality. Early this month a box was packed with these treasures, and was sent to the friend with the following note: "My Christmas gift for you this year, dear heart, consists of little things for you to give away. I know that nothing for yourself could please you so much as this."

Whatever we do or whatever our friends do, let nothing cloud the joy of the season. Christ was born in Bethlehem. Let every heart be glad on his birthday.

KATE UPSON CLARK.

The Message to the Shepherds

A CHRISTMAS SERMON BY
DAVID JAMES BURRELL, D.D., LL.D.
Continued

in pursuance of a recognized law of sociology, to wit, that the redemption of society is to come by a process, not of leveling down, but of leveling up. Who dreams of regenerating the world by bettering the condition of the nobility and aristocracy? As well might a housewife kindle the fire above the water she wishes to heat. Save the people, and kings will come trooping after them! It was for this reason that Christ addressed his teaching to the masses, whereof it is written, "The common people heard him gladly." And of the composition of the Apostolic church it is recorded, "Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called; but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and the weak things of the world to confound the mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are; that no flesh should glory in his presence."

And, furthermore, the message was delivered to the shepherds because they were thoughtful folk. This also is in pursuance of a law, namely, that Truth comes in at open doors. It turns aside from the preoccupied and prejudiced, to find a welcome in responsive minds. "While I was musing," the psalmist writes, "the fire burned." But musing is not dreaming; it is thinking outward and beckoning to truth. "I was in the Spirit," says the evangelist, "and I saw." Men who are "in the Spirit" do not shut themselves apart in the coldness and bitterness and selfishness of life, but stand rather on tip-toe, listening for truth as for the footfall of God. And thus it happens that "not many wise men after the flesh are called." While they are thinking their own thoughts and framing their commonplace prejudgments as to spiritual things, there is many an aged saint, sitting in the chimney corner with the sacred scroll upon his knees, who sees wonderful visions and communes face to face with God.

The shepherds, awaking from their bewilderment, look into each others' faces saying, "The Consolation of Israel has come! Let us now go, even unto Bethlehem, and see this great thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us."

And here they are beside the manger. The two travelers whom they had seen the previous night on their way to Bethlehem are here, and with them the Christ-child. "Great is the mystery of godliness! God is manifest in the flesh; the angels desire to look into it."

The answer to the shepherds' hopes and longings had come at last; because they were not disobedient to the heavenly vision. It was in vain that Moses prayed, "O Lord, show me thy glory!" He caught a glimpse of it at the burning bush and heard a voice saying, "I Am That I Am," but that was all. And, later, hiding himself in a cleft of the rock, he heard the rustle of a garment and saw a passing light; but that was all. It was impossible that any man should see God and live; unless God should be pleased, in some extraordinary way, to bring himself within the apprehension of finite men. This is the thing that has now come to pass. God has bowed the heavens to come down. The shepherds realize the fulfilment of the prayers of Moses; in the Christ-child they behold the Incarnation of the Glory of God.

"And they returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things they had heard and seen. And they made known the saying which was spoken unto them." As they journeyed, they told it to the travelers on their way to the Holy City; and when they had reached home, other shepherds came from the neighboring fields and asked them concerning it. The light, the angels, the Child in the manger; could they describe them? Did they try to reproduce the wonderful song? Vain effort!

But these shepherds never forgot. Their life was changed. The stars shone brighter, the very grass was greener, and the watching of their flocks was a finer task since they had seen the Christ-child. And the advent song rang ever in their hearts, until, one by one, they laid down their shepherd crooks and went to meet Christ and praise him in the new song, "Worthy art thou to receive honor and power and dominion forever and ever!"

Are these advent joys for us? God save us from the Barmecide feast of a Christless Christmas! A preacher in the mountains of Wales was repeating the message of the Advent angel when a woman's voice rang out in the congregation, "To me, also! Oh, to me, also!" And why not? In the light of this gospel vision shall we be as those who receive only the incidental blessings of the Gospel, resting not under the Tree of Life but only under its "boughs that run over the wall"? Shall we give shelter to Christ in some outer place, or open our hearts and make room for him "in the inn"? The evangel awaits us. Shall we abide still in the fields, with the message ringing in our ears, or shall we say, like the shepherds, "I will arise and go quickly and see this great thing which is made known unto us"?

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

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Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.
Entered at Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter
Entered as Second-class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa

The Joy of Christmas

CHRISTMAS brings with it a joy that is unlike any other the world has ever known—a pleasure that is pure, exalting and universal. No other religion has ever brought to its followers such a festival as this, which commemorates the "unspeakable gift" of God's own Son to a sinful race. The song of the herald angels is still sounding in the hearts of men. No musician, be he ever so gifted, might reproduce those heavenly strains; no human painter might hope to adequately picture the glorious scene, though many have tried. Christ's lowly advent in the Bethlehem manger set all the bells of heaven a-ringing, and awoke all the celestial chorus, while nature hushed to listen.

If we, too, would hear the angel-song in our hearts, and feel the true joy of the Christmas-tide, let us give to others the best there is in us for the sake of Him who was the "unspeakable" gift to men. On our loved ones we may shower the usual tokens of affection, and it would be strange and unnatural if we did not; but there is a vast outside constituency to whom the Christmas festival will bring little cheer unless it comes from the hands and hearts of God's people. There are the poor at our doors, the stricken and afflicted, the unsheltered and friendless, the outcast and wanderer. Let us not forget them at this season, when all the world is rejoicing.

If ye would hear the angels sing,
Christians! see ye let each door
Stand wider than ever it stood before
On Christmas day in the morning.

If ye would hear the angels sing,
Christians rise! the world is bare
And bleak and dark with want and care;
Yet Christmas comes in the morning.

Consecrate the coming festival by making your gifts carry with them a part of your own life. Then, no matter how inconspicuous they may be, if they are given with the whole heart and in His name, they will be royal gifts indeed.

War Clouds Blow Over

TWICE within a month the European nations have had a fleeting glimpse of the spectre of war. First it was the Balkan troubles, beginning with Bulgaria's somewhat theatrical declaration of independence. Fortunately the approach of winter renders it unlikely that any fighting will take place in northern Turkey or the Balkans at present, and long before next spring, the troubles may have been peacefully adjusted. Next, it was when the German Emperor, in an incautious moment, gave his now famous "personal and confidential" interview to a foreign correspondent, who immediately proceeded to print it in England, thereby precipitating a storm in the Reichstag and stirring up hostile breezes all over Europe. But it was only a passing gale and died down almost as suddenly as it arose.

It must be apparent to any ordinary observer that times have greatly changed—and changed for the better—since the days when such happenings would have led to serious misunderstandings, if not to actual war. The frightful cost of a modern military campaign and the long impoverishment that inevitably follows make the civilized powers hesitate. Besides, the people themselves are tired of war. Wherever ignorance and superstition are passing away under the influence of education and civilization and the Gospel, the folly and wickedness of military enslavement is becoming apparent. In England, Germany, France, Russia and in our own land, the multitudes know that the sound of the trumpet and the clang of the sabre would be a dirge of woe and suffering to countless homes where peace brings happiness and comfort.

Yes, the time is coming when the world will be sick of war, and when peace will grow more and more attractive to all the enlightened peoples. Our children's children may yet see, in the museums of the future, types of the great man-killing naval leviathans of our day, and of the horrid mechanism of slaughter used on modern battlefields. And as they gaze on the antiquated guns and the obsolete warships that cost so much, they may smile while they listen to the tale how the nations in those barbaric days spent their strength in mutual destruction; how a single shot from a big gun equaled the keep of a workman's family well-nigh a year; how some of the great "conquerors" not only poured out their subjects' lives as freely as water in the "great red game of war," but sent all the silver and gold out of the country and left it a land of decrepitude and pauperism.

Let us be thankful that the peace movement is making progress silently but surely, in spite of all obstacles. Let us remember, too, that our own land stands pledged to help it, for the American people took the first steps that led to the holding of the original International Peace Congress in 1841, and they have been foremost in the advocacy of the world's peace ever since.

Keeping Our Word With Cuba

SEVERAL times onlookers in Europe have sarcastically doubted America's sincerity in regard to its intervention in Cuba from the war of 1898 on to the present occupation of our troops due to the insurrection of 1906. The United States, nevertheless, has gone serenely about its business of acting as the elder brother of the newcomer among the nations.

The recent election was carried through with as little trouble as we would have in our own country at a similar event, and José Gomez, the new president, is preparing to take office. The United States feels it has done its duty and all troops will be withdrawn by the last of January. How many other nations would have acted as generously or kept their word so well in a like emergency and opportunity to acquire new spheres of influence? We believe they are few. On Thanksgiving Day the order was given by our government to the troops in the Isle of Pines to start the evacuation, which is to leave Cuba in charge of its own people once more. Our men are leaving with the friendship between Cuba and the United States not only unimpaired but improved. We have kept our word to Cuba and her people believe more firmly than ever in our sincerity and good will.

President Gomez said in an open letter to the American people: "Neither the administration of our friend, President Roosevelt, nor the first step taken by that great nation to co-operate for our independence shall be forgotten. . . . Our foremost endeavor shall be to practically demonstrate that the efforts made by the American people in aiding us to obtain our liberty have not been useless."

An Opportunity for Inventors

THE mild winter has been marked by a succession of heavy fogs, rendering river and harbor navigation extremely hazardous. It is almost a miracle that some serious disaster has not been chronicled. Some time ago, a foreign inventor devised a fog-dispeller, which the published descriptions declared to be partially successful in dispersing fog within a limited radius of about an acre of the surrounding atmosphere. The secret of his invention was not disclosed, however, and so an experiment which might have proved of great value to the world was apparently lost. Here is an attractive field for ingenious American chemists and electricians. The inventor of a practical fog dispeller would not only reap a rich reward financially, but his name would be handed down to posterity as that of a great public benefactor.

Pedestrian Dangers

AUTOMOBILE accidents are increasing at an alarming rate. Almost daily, we read of pedestrians being maimed or killed by careless drivers, who are either exceeding the speed limit or neglecting to take reasonable precautions for the safety of the public. At present, the laws for the regulation of automobiles are sadly ineffective. It is not an infrequent thing to see machines driven at high speed along roads at night, in the open country and without lights. On one such road along the Hudson River, a few days ago, two victims of wild auto night-riders were found dead, the reckless chauffeur who had run them down having hastened away after the "accident" to avoid arrest. This is only one many similar instances lately, in which the law breaking autoist has fled to avoid the consequence of his crime.

It would seem that the passion for speed has tendency to drive out the spirit of humanity fro the heart of the auto devotee. A man respons ble for a tragedy as the result of reckless drivin should be made to suffer both fine and imprisonmen It has been seriously suggested that incorrigib violators of the speed laws should be compelled, i aggravated cases, to submit, as an additional pun ishment, to confiscation of their machines. To suc offenders this would probably be the severest pun ishment that could be inflicted. Whether confisca tion could be legally enforced or not is a questio for courts and lawyers to decide. As matters no stand, it is evident that more stringent laws ar urgently needed for the protection of pedestrians i nearly all the States. It would be a politic an graceful thing for the Automobile Associations t take the initiative, and work for the passage of law that will effectually suppress the violators within their own camp and guarantee public safety in th future.

Dinners for School Children

LAST year teachers in the public schools of New York found that many of the children in the poorer districts came to school without having had any breakfasts, or having had food of such poor quality as to sorely impair the working ability of the pupil. Efforts were made to remedy this state of affairs by a number of organizations, with more or less success. Recently the question of schools supplying proper food at noon-time has come up, not necessarily in the poorer districts, but in places where some of the pupils have to go long distances to reach their homes, to snatch a hurried lunch and then rush back in time for the afternoon session.

In the Boston High Schools there are lunch rooms and the plan has been tried with success in some of the other large cities. In most cases, however, the food has been sold by some one who has secured the contract, and is not supplied by the school.

New York City is trying a new experiment that is being watched by educators with interest. The principal of one of the largest grammar schools felt that it was necessary to do something toward providing the children under his care with noon lunches. This he undertook to do at cost. He received the approval of the Board of Education, and if it proves successful it will be taken up in other schools. The plan is worthy of a thorough trial.

Body and mind are too closely linked to expect good work from one while the other is neglected. Our modern system demands the care and proper development of both, and the question whether the pupils may secure proper lunches is just as important to our educators, or should be, as the question as to which arithmetic they should use.

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THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Royal Funeral Services in Pekin

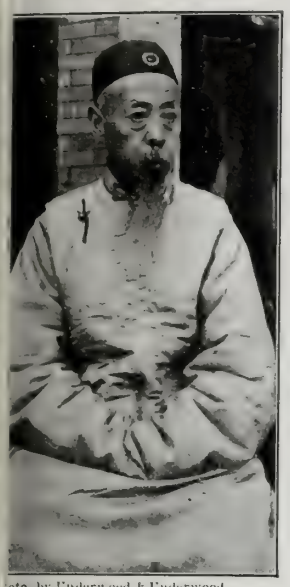


Photo. by Underwood & Underwood

Prince Ching

THE ceremony at the Imperial Palace in Pekin, November 22, when the members of the diplomatic corps presented the condolences of their respective governments on the deaths of the late Emperor and the Dowager-Empress of China, was one of the most impressive ever witnessed in China. Prince Ching, Commander of the City Guard, secret friend of the legations during the siege and, later, Police Commissioner in the capital, appeared, for the first time since the death of their majesties, officially as the head of the Foreign Board. It was said that the Empress-Dowager called him to her side shortly before her death and through him approved the edicts declaring Prince Pu Yi the heir presumptive and Prince Chun the Regent of the Empire. With Prince Ching appeared at this funeral service the heads of the various governmental departments, with the members of the imperial clan and 7,000 minor officials, all dressed in white. Our legation was represented by three of its members. The spectacle, as the foreigners approached the palace, was unprecedented. The catafalque of the Emperor, draped in black satin embroidered with dragons, was on a dais in the Chien-Ching-Kung Hall. The large image of a bird upon the throne, emblematic of the glory and beauty that good government sheds all over the world, was covered by a white curtain, as were also the numerous mirrors in the throne room. White satin screens, set at an oblique angle to the catafalque, shut out from the view of the foreign representatives a numerous gathering of mourning palace attendants and servants. Prince Chun stood at the table beside the catafalque of the Emperor. The Dowager-Empress lay in state in her own private palace called Huang-Chi-Tien, where on November 3 she had received the congratulations of the diplomats on the occasion of the seventy-fourth anniversary of her birth. This palace is located in the east wing of the Forbidden City. The palaces of kings and queens cannot keep out the messenger of death. The rulers of 300,000,000, as well as the humblest persons, have to pass through the portals of the tomb. There is universal lamentation in China as there was among God's chosen people when Josiah died.

And he died, and was buried in one of the sepulchres of his fathers. And all Judah and Jerusalem mourned for Josiah. (II. Chron. 35: 24.)

The Sewer Disaster in Brooklyn

A shocking accident occurred in Gold Street, Brooklyn, where a gas explosion in a new sewer which was being constructed entombed fifteen or twenty men. The difficulties of recovery were so great that thirty-six hours elapsed before the first body was taken out of the ruins. Three huge boulders had to be blasted and the flimsy frame buildings on both sides of the street had to be braced up with timber supports. The water, fire and police departments were each charged by citizens with some share of the responsibility for the accident, and for the tardy rescue of victims. When the accident occurred, there was one brave woman who saw a little child down among the debris. She rushed down, caught it and climbed the crumbling hill with it to safety. She looked and saw another child in danger of being overwhelmed with the caving in of the sides. She rushed down again and rescued that child also. A woman's instincts and courage always rise to such emergencies.

The public improvement of our cities is necessary and commendable; but the reckless loss of life by the negligence of irresponsible agents is appalling and should be stopped. The pit on Gold Street is only a type of the moral sewers and explosions in the sewers, entombing the best talent and hope of the land. It is a fortunate thing that there are so many good people bent on closing up these sinks of iniquity and saving our citizens from the ruin of these moral pitfalls.

Let not the pit shut her mouth upon me. (Ps. 69: 15.)

Locating Wells

For centuries, the divining rod, the hazel switch and other devices have been used for locating springs of water underground. Wizards have been found in many communities, whose discovery of water for wells has been little less than marvelous. A scientific device for finding underground currents of water has been invented by a Frenchman named Dienert. It was suggested by the instrument known as Daguin's *acoustèle*, a mechanism for the analysis of sounds which looks somewhat like a megaphone. To use it, a hole about a foot deep is sunk in the earth, and the large end of the horn is placed in it; tubes are attached to the small end, and inserted in the operator's ears. If there is underground running water anywhere in the vicinity, it may be heard plainly, the sound resembling that of the wind in a forest. Still water, of course, cannot be detected. Experiments with this instrument prove that it is likely to be used practically. In the discovery of veins of water, thousands and tens of thousands of dollars are expended in fruitless boring in the earth. It is said that a woman near Hook Mountain, on the Hudson, not very long ago spent several thousand dollars in driving through the rock for water, without obtaining a drop.

In the search for the Water of Life, there are so many wells that hold no water, but by the help of the Bible as an instrument, there is no difficulty in finding Christ, who is a well of water springing into everlasting life.

The water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life. (John 4: 14.)

"The Temple of Heaven," Pekin, where the Chinese Emperors Worship

Brave Boy and Brave Man

John Nicholls, the sheriff of a county in South Carolina, by singular courage recently saved a prisoner who was in his custody, from death at the hands of a mob. A correspondent in Spartanburg, S. C., has written a New York daily an account of the singular heroism of Sheriff Nicholls, when a boy on one of the battlefields of the Civil War. At the battle of Spottsylvania Court House, young Nicholls went from the shelter of the Confederate rifle pits, under a murderous fire, to carry water to a wounded Federal officer. The writer says:

With canteen and ramrod in hand, he was out of the pit in a jiffy. The dust from shots flew all about him, as he fell on his belly and wormed his way across the open to the wounded man. He was a target for an army. He got to the soldier, or close enough to fasten the canteen to the ramrod and hand it to him. The man wanted to fasten his watch to the ramrod, but Nicholls refused, and wormed his way back to the pit and fell over in my arms. Yes, his clothing was pierced by numerous shots, but his skin was not broken. I will always believe that nothing short of God in heaven kept and protected him.

What an ideal officer of the law Nicholls made, and how much needed such men are in the North, as well as in the South! His beautiful conduct in carrying water to a wounded enemy, in a boy of his age, was Christlike. There were many instances on both sides of the struggle that were beautiful and divine.

Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink. (Rom. 12: 20.)

Rattlesnakes and Mice

At the Bronx Park Zoo, in New York, a keeper was giving the rations of mice to the rattlesnakes, when a fearful fight occurred in one of the cages. The cage contained two diamond rattlers and one Mexican rattler, all three among the largest rattlesnakes in captivity in this country. When the mice were dropped into the cage at the top, two mice fell in the same spot, and a third landed a few inches away. The two diamond rattlers, according to their custom of gazing at their prey before striking it, looked at the two mice which lay together. They stared at the mice for several minutes and then made a lunge at the same instant. Their sinuous bodies uncoiled side by side, and their heads brushed each other. Each pressed the other away from the food. So rapid was the double movement that the eyes of those who looked on could scarcely follow. What followed was so quick that at times the two snakes appeared only a blur of brown and white in the cage. Lunging at each other, they sank their fangs into each other's heads and necks and bodies. Now and then they would draw away, coil, then lunge again with mouths open and fangs exposed. There came no sound from the cage except the angry rattle, which sounded at times like a hive of bees, and the rasping sound of their bodies on the sand and gravel which covers the bottom of the cage. The fight lasted about five minutes. The keepers were powerless to stop the conflict without danger of releasing the serpents. The fight ended as suddenly as it began. The reptiles ceased their struggling and coiled themselves in opposite corners. Neither would touch the mice, which the Mexican rattler afterward devoured. Each of the two snakes was severely wounded. Dr. Raymond L. Ditmars, curator of the Reptile House, said after the fight that the rattlesnake is immune to the poison from the fangs of one of its kind, so that it is likely that neither will die from the effect of its wounds.

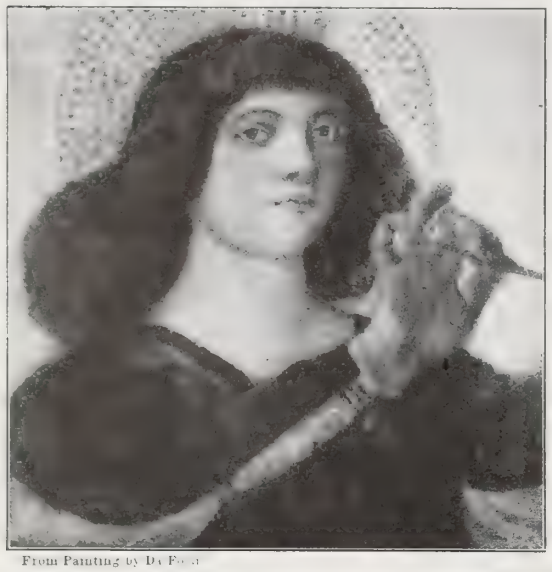
There is a good deal of the swine in man, which prompts him to push his neighbor away from the food in the trough; also a streak of the rattlesnake in him, which will prompt him to fight over a mouse, or pretty nearly everything else that measures rivalry or desire. The fangs of a rattlesnake are merciful compared with the venom and malice which some people carry in their hearts against their rivals and enemies. One of the most difficult tasks the grace of God has to do is to cure this venom and hate in the human heart.

Turn from thy fierce wrath. (Ex. 32: 12.)

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON BY DR. AND MRS. W. F. CRAFTS

IT WAS ushered in by a wondrous light from heaven, even at the midnight hour. It was acclaimed by the singing of angels. Shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem saw the light and heard the music. It was all too wonderful for their human sense, and they were affrighted. But they recovered themselves when in sweet tones an angel told them not to be afraid. And when the angel told them where they would find the new-born child, the holy one of God, they willingly let their eager feet carry them thither. The swaddling clothes, the manger—



From Painting by Da Fo[illegible]

A Heavenly Messenger

by these signs, the angels said, they would find the child. And they found him. Did they travel over the cold and the snow? No; for in Bethlehem the fields were all abloom at that time of the year, and it was no hardship for the shepherds to be watching their flocks in the open with the bright stars shining over head. They found Mary, the mother mild; Joseph, the tender foster father; and, best of all, Jesus Christ, the little child. They recited then what they had seen and heard of the heavenly sights and sounds in the field. The mother hid their words in the treasure chest of her heart.

And when the shepherds had paid their tribute of love they returned in gladness of heart to their flocks, which were hardly awake yet in the early dawn. And all along the way they scattered the good tidings of the God-child born upon the earth.

My heart is made a manger
For the coming of the Lord;
He's sweetly born within me
Whom heavenly hosts adored;
The morning star above me
Now bids my darkness cease;
The angel choirs are hailing
My glorious Prince of Peace.—W. F. C.

Childhood Blessed

Christ came and brought Godlike childhood to the earth. The Divine became a child to teach us that a child may become almost divine. The Germans have a beautiful legend which they more than half believe, that on Christmas morn the Child born in a stable revisits the earth to look after all other little ones; that from the little prince in his royal cradle to the baby sleeping like himself in the straw, none are left unvisited by him, that he may know how men have welcomed those whom he gave as a special legacy into their tenderest keeping. This legend is but one form of stating the fact that Bethlehem has brought Christ near to the child heart. But what of the children before Christ came? Even in cultured Rome parents continually abandoned their newborn children by placing them at the base of the Lactarian column by night that they might escape the inconvenience, anxiety or burden of bringing them up—rich and poor alike. The helpless little ones were destroyed by birds of prey and wild beasts, or met a worse fate in being taken by evil men and women who deformed them in order to make successful beggars out of them, or sold them to be brought up for vicious purposes. Constantine, the first Christian Emperor of Rome, made the first law for the protection of children. The recognition of childhood is one of the best thermometers of the progress of an age or a nation, and a sure test of the narrow or full development of Christianity in its midst. Christianity startled the world with the new doctrine that to develop the greatest manhood we must "become as little children." If any other system of ethics had been searched for the model of manhood, it would have presented stoical firmness, bold indifference to circumstances, or some other rough, stern virtue as our model; but Christ, as represented in a beautiful painting in the National Gallery at Edinburgh, lays his hand on the head of a little child as it rests trustingly on its mother's knee in the midst of the disciples and says: "Except ye become as little children, ye can in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven."

Wisdom is ofttimes nearer when we stoop
Than when we soar.

Little Town of Bethlehem

Of all places in the world where one would choose to spend Christmas is Bethlehem! Many persons accomplish this desire, and so the Christmas throng at Bethlehem is great. One might easily walk there from Jerusalem, as the distance is only about six miles. We approach it walking. Oh, such a view! These very meadows in which Ruth had gleaned; these very valleys in which David had led his flock; above all else, this very field where suddenly the shepherds had heard the first "Gloria in Excelsis," the rugged wilderness of Judea extending beyond, and bounded in a far-away dreamy east by the blue soft hills of Moab. The town is built mostly of white stone and this gives it rather a dazzling appearance. It is situated on a high ridge, facing the northeast. The streets are irregular, narrow and slanting, in which are mixed humans, goats, camels and donkeys. The children are in gay attire and the women wear a picturesque costume peculiar to Bethlehem. There is the invariable head-dress, brimless hats, six or seven inches high, covered with rows of glittering golden coins, and on each side a string of larger coins which join on the breast. When in full dress a thin transparent veil completes the hat, hanging down two or three yards over the shoulders, and embroidered on the ends with richly-colored silks. In Bethlehem are seen the women of Palestine at their best. We are glad that it is so. Many shops are along the street, in which one finds pearl carvings, as this is the industry peculiar to Bethlehem; also olive wood carvings.

The centre of attraction is the Church of the Nativity, which is conspicuous by its size among the small buildings of the town. The church was built in A.D. 330 by the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine. Connected with the church is a group of buildings, which include Latin, Greek and Armenian convents. On all sides one hears the monotonous intonations of the monks. And everywhere are the Turkish guards whose presence alone prevents bloodshed among the warring sects. We naturally ask the question: Is the location of the church authentic? Lieutenant Condor tells us: "The tradition which indicates the grotto in the old Basilica Bethlehem as the site of the stable where Chr was born, is the most venerable in existence, place being noticed by Justin Martyr in the sec century. It is almost the only site which we trace earlier than the time of Constantine, and tradition seems to me credible, because throu out this part of Palestine there are innumera instances of stables cut in rock, resembling the Be lehem grotto."

Our guide leads us down the winding stone st

From Painting by Da Forli

One of the Singing Angels

to the traditional manger cave of our Saviour birth. We can trace a little of the cave itself by th lights of countless faintly glimmering oil lamps. W are told that a silver star marks the precise pla where the Christ-child lay in the manger. Man pilgrims kneel and frantically kiss it!

O purple plains, O starlit steeps,
O kingly diadem!
Each faithful heart forever keeps
Its Bethlehem.

The Larger Christmas

Christmas fills not a day only, nor a month, no even a season, but all centuries and all countries. faint ray of the new star fell upo Adam and Eve in the hour of th fall. Balaam saw the star centurie before the Magi, and Isaiah ye more clearly.

In the prophet Malachi's day i had become so near that it was see to be a flying sun. To the Magi i was an apostle to the Gentiles John, in Revelation, saw it afar i the heavenly vision as "the brigh and morning star."

A Light for All Nations

The holy light of that Child's face which Correggio, the famous Italian painter, represents as lighting up the dark stable where h was born has shone out into all nations, and now the whole world keeps Christmas day. No art gallery in the world would hold half the great paintings of the Child whose name is Wonderful; neither could one volume hold all the poems of the Nativity. That which s lights the world can not be a mere human candle—it must be a star of heaven! The only ancient king who rules to-day is one whose first palace was a stable and who had no permanent earthly home. Still his word is with power.

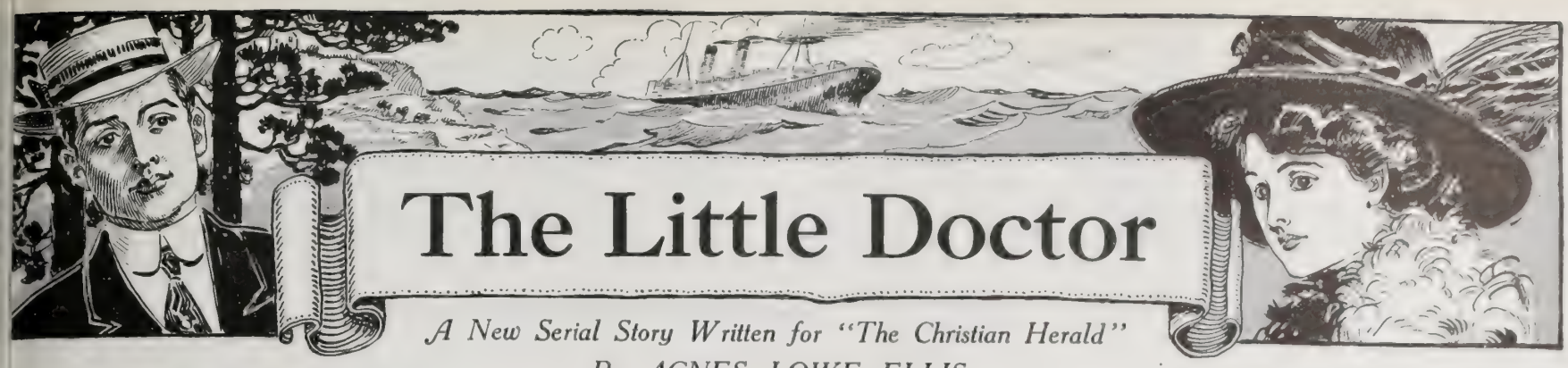
That there shall dawn at last a glorious day
When He, who cradled in the manger lay,
In all the majesty of Heaven arrayed,
Shall rule the universe His hands have made.

The Shepherds Come to See the Christ-Child at Bethlehem

"A Splendid Book"

Dear Dr. Klopsch: I have to-day received the book of the White House and am ever so glad for it. I think it is splendid and am well pleased. I think that every family ought to take THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It is full of up-to-date reading, and it is a magazine that anybody can take up and read.

Philadelphia, Pa. MRS. L. M. MEYER.



The Little Doctor

A New Serial Story Written for "The Christian Herald"

By AGNES LOWE ELLIS

CHAPTER I

"DON'T move a step, George. Isn't she beautiful!"

"What is the matter, Dud-l·?"

"Why, look at that superb creature a the turn of the road. She carries rself like a queen."

"Ah, Dudley, that is Miss Danforth, te only child and petted darling of old Squire Danforth. His summer resi-nce lies between those two hills yon-r, and that is the avenue leading to Iss Marian's home."

"George, couldn't you contrive to ve me meet her? Is she really as ractive as she appears?"

"Yes, my boy, she has a complexion re as alabaster, and lovely brown ir and eyes. Indeed, when looking to the depths of those heavenly eyes, e questions himself whether he be in out of the body."

"George, have you lost your heart tirely? You have aroused my curi-ity to such a pitch that, to tell the uth, I can hardly wait for an intro-ction."

"Why, man, the old gentleman ards his treasure with such vigi-nce that he is a fortunate man indeed o ever gets a peep at her.'

"Is that so?" (with a low whistle). 'ou have the pleasure of her ac-aintance, have you not?"

"Well, scarcely that; I have had the easure of an introduction at the door the little country church at Brank-me, and a glance from those heav-ly eyes; but, aside from that, I have d to worship from a distance, real-ing the pangs of the love-lorn one o was 'so near and yet so far.'"

George Hunter and Dudley Verner d been college chums. Now they re about to make a start in active e, George as a lawyer and Dudley a physician. They were spending eir vacation together, before taking the practice of their chosen profes-ons, in this beautiful town of Brank-me, to which George's mother (a dow) had but lately removed, and whose home her son's friends were ways welcome.

The quaint town, with its one hotel, stoffice and two stores, was a favor-e resort for those who cared more r pure air and sunshine, and the ieting influences of the "simple life," an for the fleeting pleasures found the fashionable summer resorts, here the giddy round of pleasure robs e of needed sleep and rest.

As the two young gentlemen wended eir way toward the main street of e village, a crowd of loungers eyed em curiously, each ready with his mark on the "young swells," as they lled them.

Just as they were about to enter the stoffice, the Squire's carriage was iven up, and the rather pompous old entleman alighted.

His eye brightened as he caught ght of George, to whom he had been troduced the previous Sunday by a utual friend, and with courtly grace extended his hand in greeting.

"Good morning, Mr. Hunter. I see u are still in the neighborhood. Do u propose spending the summer ere?"

"Yes, sir, I want to see all I can of ur beautiful town before taking up y busy round of cares and discour-gements. You know we are all re-inded at the close of our school ca-reer that our pathway is to be full of thorns, and not all plain sailing."

With a sigh the old gentleman replied in a hurried manner, "Yes, yes, we all have our troubles, young man—but why do you say 'your town'? Is it not to be yours also? I have understood that the Mrs. Hunter, who bought the old Jackson property, is your mother, and a widow. Now, surely, your duty as a faithful son should keep you here. By the way, I have not noticed her at church. There has been only a young girl, besides yourself, in the family pew."

"My mother is an invalid, Squire Danforth. She has been delicate for years—so much so that she is seldom able to leave home, except for an airing during a cool, bright morning. The young lady you refer to is Miss Sanborn, my cousin, who, since she became an orphan, has been a member of our family. Much as I would like to take up my abode here, I hardly think that there is enough business in the way of deeds and wills to draw up and quarrels to settle, to justify a young aspirant for legal honors in settling here."

"Well, there is reason in what you say, and yet I am sorry to have you seek elsewhere for the living which I think the town owes you. May I tell you I should miss something if you put yourself where I shall not see you again, at least only at very rare intervals?"

As he uttered the last words, his eyes grew misty and he hurriedly said, "Good morning," just as Dudley, who had been chatting with the postmaster, made his appearance.

"Pardon me, Squire Danforth," said George, "may I detain you for a moment to introduce Mr. Verner, who is spending his vacation with me?"

The Squire stopped just as he was about to motion the driver to bring the carriage to the door, and turned, bowing politely to George's friend. As the merry black eyes were lifted to his, he gave a start that was not unobserved by the young men, who, after a few commonplace remarks, turned from the old gentleman and entered the post-office together.

"I say, George, what ailed the old man? Didn't he look and act rather queer? Was it the sight of me, or was it the annoyance of being detained a few minutes? Perhaps he may have thought that I was too small for his notice."

"I cannot think he would feel any annoyance at that. He had just assured me that he rather liked me, and I think he should rather have been pleased than otherwise by an introduction to my particular friend."

"I wish he had taken a notion to invite you to call on him, George; and I am sure your loyalty to your friend would have made an opportunity for me to see the daughter he thinks too good for common mortals to look at."

"I might infer from your remark that you consider yourself an uncommon mortal. But have patience, Dudley. Who knows what the fates may have in store for you? As my old Scotch nurse used to say to me when I was impatient, 'Eh, Geordie, my lad, hae patience. Patience is the root o' wit.' This good old Elspeth is still a member of our household, dispensing words of wisdom as occasion offers. Whether she thinks I have gained in wisdom by the flight of years I cannot say, but I honor her teachings by passing them on to you."

The two friends had been quietly chatting in a corner of the large, airy room used as a postoffice. Now they passed out and walked in the direction of the railway station.

Here the usual crowd of loungers was to be seen, conspicuous among them Jack Green, or the "Branksome News," as he was often called, from the fact that he seemed to possess a never-failing fund of information in regard to everybody's business. Jack was usually able to tell of every newcomer, by the time that he had been twenty-four hours in town, whence he came, whither he was going, and whether he was married or single, rich or poor.

As our two friends approached the station, they noticed Jack, with his hat drawn down almost to his eyes, giving one the impression that all surrounding objects were shut from his view, and that he was intent upon his whittling. A close observer could see him cast a furtive glance from under the old hat, every time a new arrival came into view. As George and Dudley approached, he glanced up, and as they both took seats near him, remarked, "I reckon you are strangers hereabouts?"

"Correct, sir!" answered Dudley rather shortly.

"Wal now, stranger, you needn't be surprised at me axin' questions. Why, everybody in these parts knows Jack Green, and they as knows him knows he takes a sort o' interest in all hereabouts. You kind er made me think of an old acquaintance of mine as I hadn't seen for twenty years or thereabouts. That's why I spoke to you."

Seeing Dudley's face flame up as if he were about to make a sharp reply, George stepped over to the end of the bench where Jack was lounging and said, "Are you an old resident of Branksome?"

"Be I 'an old resident'? Wal, now, I rather think I be! Why, I've lived here since I was knee-high to a duck, and there hain't been many doin's in the neighborhood that Jack Green hain't had a hand in."

"I suppose you remember the town when it had very few inhabitants."

"Yes, stranger, I do. I can take you all around this here town and show you where the first white settler's cabin stood, and get you a drink out o' the old well that he dug—and there hain't no better water in the country to-day. That old well never has caved in, and its walls hain't got a loose stone in 'em, after all these years. Old Squire Danforth lives there now, and although he be rather high and mighty, you know, his housekeeper, old Mrs. Langdon, is a kind critter and just like a mother to that poor orphan lamb, Miss Marian. Say," he added, eyeing the haughty Dudley, who had been gradually drawing nearer, "would you like to see the old place? I am at your service this minute."

"I hardly like the idea of going to a place owned by a man whom I know

Continued on page [illegible]

"There stood a fair young 'Rebekah'"

Who Will Help Save Them?

DEAR DR. KLOPSCH: I am confident that not a few of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be interested in the following sad affair to which my attention has just been called.

Dr. J. C. Sherrill, who has been a missionary in Africa for more than nine years, and whose labors in leading the people to Christ have been greatly blessed of God, writes me as follows:

"I am sure you will be greatly surprised to hear of the death of our dear brother Jasper Grant, that prince in Israel. He was buried at Barraka, his home. His death means a great loss to the work at Plebo. He leaves a wife and eight children without any protection—and one hardly able to wait on the other. All are girls and we are expecting considerable trouble with their heathen families on both Brother Jasper's and his wife's side, and not only about the children but Sister Grant herself. According to their ancient custom, they are entitled to come in now and lay claim to the mother and the children, and sell them to heathen men for wives. This is the thing Brother Jasper always dreaded, and spoke of often to me. Is there no way to save this Christian family from being swallowed up by heathenism?"

Now, just a word as to who Jasper Grant was. Some years ago a brave young white woman left her home and loved ones in America and went as a missionary to Africa. Her name was Grace White.

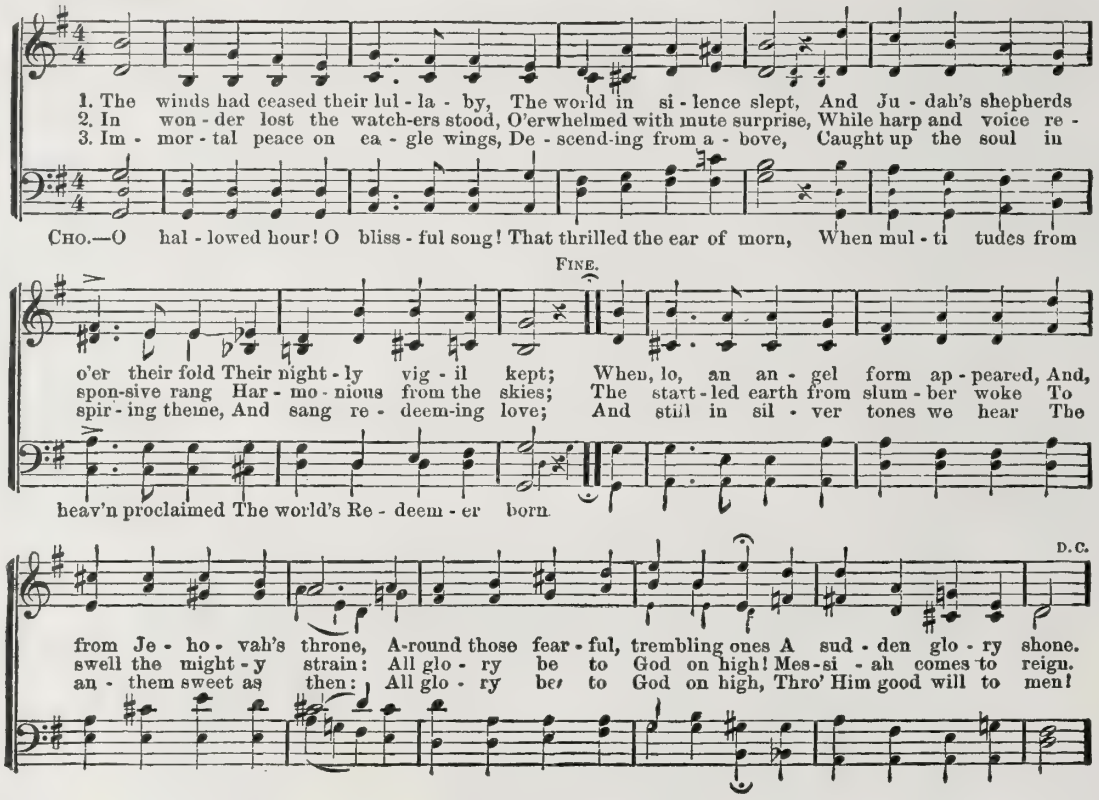
She led Jasper out of heathenism to Christ, gave him a Christian name and taught him to lead his fellows to the Master. Several years ago, she laid down her life for Africa, and her bones lie bleaching in the cemetery at the old Barraka Mission. Jasper and one or two others have been carrying forward the work she began. He was not only rearing a Christian family, but had established a Christian town, composed of those of his people who had been saved through his labors. What I want to do is to *save his family from heathenism,* but in order to do so we must *buy them outright at $30* a head. Now who will help do this? Two have already been provided for, but there are seven others. Who will buy a girl? If you, dear reader, wish to have a share in their redemption, send your money or your gift to Dr. Klopsch, editor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Yours for God and humanity, BISHOP J. B. SCOTT.

Monrovia, Liberia, Africa.

THE WORLD'S REDEEMER BORN

A Christmas-Time Hymn

FANNY CROSBY — FRED SCHILLING



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Miss Ethel Roosevelt's Reception

ON DECEMBER 28 the President and Mrs. Roosevelt will give a reception in the White House in honor of their daughter, Miss Ethel Roosevelt, who will then make her formal entrance into Washington's social world. It is her mother's desire that Miss Ethel shall have the pleasure of making her debut while her father is still occupying the White House. Miss Roosevelt will take the position for a few months that was held by Miss Alice Roosevelt before she became the wife of Congressman Longworth, of Cincinnati, as a leader of the younger set.

Up to the present, Washington has only known Miss Ethel as a schoolgirl, interested in both her books and in outdoor life, which is a characteristic of most of the members of the Presidential household. She is a great favorite with her father, and she often accompanies him on long horseback rides about the District of Columbia and sometimes across the Potomac into Virginia. She is also fond of walking and may be seen almost any day, rain or shine, walking along Pennsylvania Avenue. In school she has been very popular with her classmates. While her face is not beautiful it is very pleasing, as she has much expression and perfect coloring.

No sooner was the announcement made that Miss Roosevelt was to make her debut than invitations to social affairs began to pour in upon the young lady. Most of the wives of the members of the Cabinet and other high officials will entertain her formally. The reception on the 28th will be notable for the prominent people who will be present, including members of the diplomatic corps. Miss Roosevelt will have as her guests several girl friends who also make their formal entrance into the capital's social life this winter.

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Miss Ethel Roosevelt

Temperance Victories of 19

THE great Aud rium building Denver, seating ab four thousand perso was the convention h of the National W men's Christian Te perance Union, wh lasted from October to 28. A preliminar day was devoted to School of Methods which superintende explained their work. new and young super tendent, who show exceptional ability this School and also the convention, was M Rose Wood-Allen Cha man, of Brooklyn, N. Another is Mrs. Edi Smith Davis, of M waukee, who two yea ago succeeded M Mary H. Hunt as supe intendent of the D partment of Scienti Temperance Instructi in Schools and Colleg During the past ye Mrs. Davis has su ceeded in having t children of the pub schools of the Unit States write 800,0(essays upon temperan subjects.

A daughter of Mr Davis has been chos by the World's Womer Christian Temperan Union to go to Japan aid in the temperan educational work ther She went directly fro the Denver conventic in company with Mr Katherine Lente Ste enson, of Boston, who under commission to g around the worl strengthening th Unions which ar already formed, an organizing others.

Over twenty thousand new members were adde to the ranks of the National Women's Christia Temperance Union the past year. This large i crease, together with the recent prohibition an local option victories, made the convention one jubilation. The address of the president, Mr Lillian M. N. Stevens, of Maine, was replete wit cheering notes of victory. The "Dry Half Hou With the State Presidents" was also a time fo praisefulness, as the large extent of saloonless ter ritory was made very vivid when each president tol of conditions in her State.

A mass-meeting was held on Sunday evenin which was addressed by the Georgia Prohibitio orator, Hon. Seaborn Wright. His theme was th capitalization of vice for the love of money. "Ther are probably 25,000 young men coming up in Den ver," he said; "for money, you deliberately plan saloons to tempt and destroy these young men. Th thing that is holding the saloon in our cities is no the appetite of the men who drink, but the avaric of the taxpayers. Remove the license fees and th saloons would be shut within a year."

Another notable address was that of Judge Ben jamin B. Lindsay, the founder of the Juvenil Court system. He said that the liquor trade i largely responsible for the crimes committed b children. Children of drinking parents are force into wage-earning when they should be in school

Two new officers were elected, Mrs. Elizabeth P Hutchinson, of Kansas, as treasurer, and Mrs Frances P. Parks, of West Virginia, as correspond ing secretary. Next convention will be held in Omaha

Marcellus, N. Y. MRS. MARTHA M. ALLEN.

"A Book That Gives Pleasure"

Dear Dr. Klopsch: I received by express thi morning the book entitled *The Inside History of th White House,* and I am delighted with it. Among the many beautiful and interesting books I have re ceived through or along with your valuable paper at less than half price, I think the present book i not only interesting, valuable reading, but it i gotten up in a beautiful style, and adds greatly t one's library. I will take great pleasure in showing it to my friends and acquaintances.

Philadelphia, Pa. ELBRIDGE G. STOUT.

The Journey of the Christmas Spirit

By ELEANOR H. PORTER

Author of "The Transformation of Margaret"

IT WAS Christmas eve. From the north came a keen, cold wind laden with powdery flakes of snow. The Spirit shivered—though not with the cold; two women had brushed by him, and one had said: "It's so tiresome, you know—this Christmas shopping!"

The Spirit wavered and fell back to where the snow swirled into a big feathery drift, white and untrodden. For some minutes he stayed there motionless, a curious air of indecision mingling with the dejection of his attitude; then merry voices and shouts of laughter reached his ears, and he raised his head abruptly.

Down the street were trooping half a dozen youths and maidens, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked, and smiling-faced. The Spirit waited until they had quite passed, then, dejection and indecision all gone, he stepped into line and followed them.

Everywhere were a blaze of light and a riot of color. Scarlet bells and berries vied with the brilliancy of the glossy green leaves, and diamond dust and tinsel caught the light from numberless bulbs and gas jets, and sent it back scintillating with all the colors of the rainbow. The Spirit saw it all and smiled. He raised his head yet higher and squared his shoulders. He had the air of a king who has come into his own.

Before a toy-shop window the youths and maidens paused, and when, a moment later, they filed in at the swinging door, the Spirit trod close upon their heels. For a time he saw only the lights, the gay toys, the merry faces, and heard only the laughter and happy voices—then he saw the drawn face of a tired salesgirl, and heard the cry of a sleepy baby in a woman's arms. His face changed. The next moment he was out once more with the hurrying throngs on the street.

There were other Christmas windows after that, before which the Spirit paused, and other swinging doors through which he filed in the wake of some Christmas shopper; but no longer did he see the scarlet and green of the Christmas cheer—he saw only the weariness of long days of selling, and the fretfulness of long days of buying; and his heart grew sick within him.

"So it's come to this," he muttered, as he strode along, head down, and shoulders bowed. "It's come to this!"

"'Once in Royal David's city,'" pealed the bells far up in the church tower, and the Spirit raised his eyes from the ground.

Across the street stood a great stone church whose wide-flung doors and illuminated windows seemed to bid the whole world a radiant welcome. Over each entrance hung a Christmas wreath, and from the tower above still pealed the Christmas music. The Spirit crossed the street and joined the throngs that were entering the doors.

It was an impressive service. The well-paid, well-trained choir sang sweetly of the Holy Child, and the deep-voiced, scholarly man in the pulpit referred to him most touchingly in his prayers. Even the lights burned softly, and cast a reverent glow over the silks and furs and laces of the kneeling worshipers. Yet the Spirit was not at peace; and long before it was time for the sermon to begin, he slipped from his seat.

Far down a side street he came to a small chapel, and here, too, a brightly-lighted doorway bade him enter, and once again he accepted the invitation.

There were no well-paid, well-trained singers here, no subdud lights, no silks and laces and jewels. Nor yet was there something else that the Spirit looked for anxiously—there was not a single face bearing the imprint of the real Christmas joy.

On the platform a weary-looking, earnest-faced man was speaking: "I tell you, my friends," he was saying, "we have lost it—the Christmas Spirit. Things have come to a sorry pass indeed when we dread the coming of Christmas."

The Spirit shivered and shrank lower in his seat.

"At the first," continued the man on the platform, "at the first the idea of Christmas was the most beautiful thing under God's heaven. There was to be this one day when care and worry were to be done away with; when joy and peace were to reign supreme; when everyone was to forget self and give a simple token of love and good will to his nearest and dearest, not forgetting the poor at his gate."

The Spirit drew a long breath and sat more erect in his seat. It was not so hopeless, after all, he thought. This man at least knew.

"And what have we done with it—this Christmas celebration?" went on the earnest voice from the platform. "What have we done with it? We have made it an annual hurly-burly wherein peace and joy have no part; a frantic struggle to give any one and every one as much as—and a little more than—any one and every one gave us last year; and we come out of it with nerves worn to a frazzle and tempers strained to the breaking point. We—"

But the Spirit heard no more. With a groan that was as soundless as were his steps, he left his seat and hurried down the aisle toward the door.

"It's not true. I'll not believe it," he muttered. "Somewhere I'll find the home of the Christmas Spirit!"

On and on he sped. The streets grew broad and quiet. Brightly lighted stores gave way to somber, imposing-looking residences, though here and there an uncurtained window allowed a glimpse of blazing hearth or of glittering tree. Before one door a sleigh drew up with a jingle of bells, and two women stepped out. When they entered the house a moment later, the Spirit entered too. He was still at their side when, with the mistress of the mansion, they stood before a great tree in the back parlor.

"Oh, how lovely!" cried the two women who had come in the sleigh.

"Think so?" murmured their hostess, with a sigh. "To tell the truth I'm so tired I don't know how it looks—and I don't know that I care!"

"Oh, Evelyn—and it's Christmas!"

"Yes, I know," confessed Evelyn, wearily. "Rank heresy and all that; but I can't help it. Why, girls, I've bought two hundred presents in the last two weeks, and by the time the two-hundredth one was reached I didn't have an atom of wit left."

"You poor thing!" laughed the taller of her two visitors. "You should do as Ruth Seymore said she was going to do—begin the 26th of December to prepare for the next Christmas."

"My dear!" cried Evelyn in a mockingly tragic voice. "Have you seen Ruth Seymore—lately?"

"Why, no; I don't know that I have."

"Well, she's a wreck—a total wreck; and 'twas Christmas that did it."

"A wreck? Then she didn't carry out her ideas!"

"But she did—and that's just what's the matter," laughed Evelyn. She said she had the whole thing down to a system as fine as the multiplication table, and she thought it was going to be perfect. Not a store could she go into, not a thing could she see without asking herself, 'Now for whom shall I buy that?'

"And as if that weren't trouble enough," continued Evelyn, after a pause for breath, "there were the presents themselves: the furs she bought in January were all moth-eaten before July. And so it went! No wonder she's a wreck. . . . Brrr! Where's that draft come from?" she finished with a shiver, as the Spirit swept past her chair on his way to the street.

It was nearly eleven o'clock when the Spirit stopped again. He was in the theatre district. All about him were music, laughter, and gay crowds. One after another he scanned the faces of the men and women; again and again he paused to listen to their words.

"Stockings? They're all filled," he heard one woman say. "I get the ready-made kind—all filled when you buy them. It's ever so much easier!"

"I know it; 'tis a bother," came the answer; and at the words the Spirit covered his ears with his hands and fled.

A "bother"—this sweet privilege that comes to a mother but once a year—a *bother!*

All night the Spirit wandered from street to street, and from town to town, with many a pause before lighted door or window. And as the hours passed his step grew slower, and his face became pale and drawn. Everywhere he heard the sighs of a weary, nerve-wrecked people. But at dawn, when the Christmas sun flooded the world with light, the Spirit once more took heart. Christmas had come. It was already now the Day. Let the past be blotted out.

Christmas! From end to end the earth was littered with bits of ribbon and squares of tissue paper. On every side rose the cries of Merry Christmas!" Yet the Spirit sighed. Everywhere the strain had told. The arduous preparation had defeated its own ends. As for the "simple token of good will" that was to crown the day with love—even the children weighed their presents with a practiced hand, and looked their hobbyhorses in the mouth!

It was night when the Spirit once more reached the city streets. The lights, the laughter, they were all there; but with a frown he turned his back and strode swiftly down a narrower street whose windows did not flaunt the Christmas green.

The street was dirty and ill-paved. Here and there a drunken man reeled against a post. A woman, shivering in her rags, rubbed her numbed fingers and lifted them to her blue lips. The Spirit hesitated and almost turned back. Surely nowhere here, in the midst of all this gloom and misery could be found the thing he sought! Then from far down the street came the sound of music, and he lifted his head and passed on with irresolute steps.

A dozen children were singing. In spite of their rags their faces were aglow, and their eyes were dancing.

> And I have not (it makes me sigh) one gift within my power;
> 'Tis winter, too, in me, and I have neither fruit nor flower.

they sang cheerily.

On both sides of the street doors and windows flew open.

The Spirit watched amazed. The song, the singers, the surroundings—he could not understand. Then a low voice came to his ears.

"Who are those children? Who taught them to sing?" a sweet-faced little woman was asking.

"An' don't ye know?" said a woman in the doorway. "They're lame Molly's kids. It's that little English girl what was hurt, ye know, last year. She's been teachin' them songs ter all the kids she could git hold of for weeks. She said Christmas was comin', an' that we oughter sing an' be happy an' make other folks happy. An' she said she couldn't go out an' do it, of course, bein' as how she couldn't walk, ye know, an' so she sent them. She told 'em ter sing it everywhere—all up an' down the streets. Kind o' pretty, now, ain't it? Hush! there they go again."

> Yet let me give my thankful heart, O little Lord, to Thee,
> Bless it and give it out again to other men from me,

sang the children.

The Spirit smiled, his face alight with sudden joy. He had found his own.

PLAYING AT SANTA CLAUS

Do you know that Christmas is coming?
You must not be bad or cross,
For Teddy and I together
Are playing we're Santa Claus.

I've lots of presents to give you,
I've ever so much to do,
I'm playing this is a snow-plow
And I'm hurrying home to you.

LIEBEREICH*

By JOHN LUTHER LONG

I

THE HOUSE THAT HE AND EMMY BUILT

"HE'D be better off," said Mrs. Schwalm, referring to the possible death of old Liebereich.

"You don't mean you'd be?" grinned Hermann Schlimm.

He had drifted into Mrs. Krantz's kitchen, among the women, after the funeral. No one gave him any attention.

Old Liebereich's wife had just been buried, and they were met to pay Mrs. Krantz their respects. She had been the "next-door neighbor" through Mrs. Liebereich's illness.

There was some strawberry preserve presently, and some "field tea."

Then Mrs. Krantz said to Mrs. Schwalm: "You had better go now."

Mrs. Schwalm was "next door" on the other side. She would now housekeep for old Liebereich for a week. Then Mrs. Engwein, who lived next to Mrs. Krantz, would take her turn, and so on while old Liebereich lived—which it was thought would not be long. For no one ever went to "the poor-house" or "the home" from this German vicinage.

These things were so well understood that they were not even discussed at this gathering. But there was a well-defined understanding that the brief management of old Liebereich would be difficult. Mrs. Schwalm rose to go.

"He won't fold his trousers unless you make him," warned Mrs. Krantz.

"And I've heared," said another, "that he never hangs 'em on the back of a cheer if he kin put 'em on the floor."

Old Liebereich had an odious reputation for this sort of thing.

"You know Emmy she spoiled him."

"If he didn't do things, she done 'em."

"That's a good way to spoil 'em!"

Mrs. Krantz warned again: "You got to keep the clock on him all the time, or it's no use. At six he's got to eat his supper. You'll have to push him right in his cheer, and see that he gits things in his mouth. If you don't, you'll have to clean 'em off the floor. Seven, to bed with him. Yisterday he says to me, says he: 'I ain't no baby! Lemme alone! I kin git to bed myself.' But I had him asleep by that time."

Mrs. Schwalm sighed. It was plain that she was going to a house of trouble. But it was her duty, and she would do it, as they all would.

I do not know at what point, precisely, along the pike, east and west from old Liebereich, the "next-door neighbor" obligation ceased. It was very far. Nevertheless, before the year which succeeded the death of his wife had passed, its courtesies had been exhausted. Each neighbor had served two turns, and each had murmured dismally at the prospect of a third. Finally, they all joined in discussing out-and-out rebellion against custom and Liebereich.

Indeed, one morning the doctor, whose business it was to keep the people up to their duties, found an interregnum. He brought Mrs. Krantz from her house to old Liebereich's as one does a detected criminal.

"I've had three turns a'ready," she defended.

"The man has had no breakfast," said the doctor. "He must eat while he lives!"

"Well, he'd be better off, and so would we, if he was—"

The doctor stopped her with a solemn uplifted finger: "'Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'"

She thought it made no difference that she gave grudgingly. But old Liebereich felt the touch of impatience. And he saw that she swept the dirt into a corner, stood the broom where it did not belong, and left the stale water in his pitcher.

"You git out!" he quavered senilely. "I kin housekeep for myself!"

"Git in your clothes or I'll—"

He did it so suddenly, in his fright, that Mrs. Krantz's humor returned, and she laughed. She was dressing him. He broke out afresh at this evidence of safety:

"I built this here house before I was twenty-one or you was born—I did. My mother she says, says she: 'Bill, soon it will be a man in the house. Don't you think you'd better git the house? You and Emmy's mighty thick.' I took the hint. And, on the morning I got to be twenty-one, here I was! And there"—he pointed to the other side of the fireplace—"was Emmy! She and me done it all—together. She drawed the plan. You see them bricks that ain't the right color? Emmy laid 'em! Yessir! With her little hands—and a trowel—and mortar! They are all right except the color. I says, says I, 'Take 'em right out!' But she threw the mortar on me, and it went in my hair and eyes, and she had to wash it out—that's why they was never changed. And I'm glad they wasn't. Whenever I look at 'em—one of 'em's a little loose—I kin see my Emmy laying 'em! Well, you never see nothing as nice, I'll bet you, as Emmy laying bricks! Old Gaertner made the bricks—out there where the boys swim now. That was all clay once. None of the ground clods like you git in bricks nowadays! It's too long for you to remember, I expect. You not more'n sixty-five or so." Then his mind flew back to the cause of his rebellion, and he was all the more angry that he had forgotten it in thinking of Emmy. "And now you want to boss me! I won't stand it. Git out! You're just a spring chicken."

"You shut up!" cried Mrs. Krantz.

At this anathema he gasped in fresh fear.

"Betsy," he said humbly when he could speak, "you're too young to talk to me like that!"

"I'm going on seventy!" snapped Mrs. Krantz; which boast was untrue.

"So?"

Old Liebereich caught the insincerity and turned to inspect her.

"'Tain't so!" he said, with old-fashioned passion against a lie. "You think you kin shut me up that-a-way and I'll go to bed easy! You git out!"

"If you don't take keer I will!" cried the exasperated housekeeper. "Let's see what the Lord says!"

She closed her eyes and put a finger on a text of the Bible which lay open there, meaning, if it were favorable, to take him at his word and leave the consequences to heaven.

But what she read was:

"Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

II

EMMY AND HE WERE NEVER APART

WHEN seven o'clock came, old Liebereich, unrebuked, still reviled her and her housekeeping. For the Scriptures had spoken and the woman knew her duty. She did it. And not a word delayed or hastened by an instant old Liebereich's relentless progress to bed.

Even when he was there he said:

"You can't keep no house! My Emmy kin beat you all! Look at that!"

It was an andiron which had become dull.

"When my Emmy gits back you kin go to grass!"

But the last word was mumbled in the delicious sleep Mrs. Krantz had brought him.

Then Mrs. Krantz humbly polished the dulled andiron, cleaned the dirt out of the corners, restored the broom to its rightful corner, folded old Liebereich's trousers and hung them over the back of a chair, lighted the lamp, shaded it, looked again at that Scriptural text, as if to ask whether every cross had been borne, then went out, to return at five in the morning. For old Liebereich was permitted to sleep late. He was no trouble when he slept.

Now, while old Liebereich sleeps, I shall tell you some things you ought to know. In the idiom of the vicinage he was considered "funny," which means only queer. Happiness had made him so, they said. His most constant and odious boast was that he had loved his wife for eighty years. It began, he said, when he was four and she was born.

And old Liebereich did not know that she was dead. Something had dulled his faculties when they told him she would die, and now he believed (as they told him, so that he would not "bother" them) that she was at her sister's in Maryland to get well, and would be home soon. So the curious jerk of his head toward the door by the fireplace meant only that he was vigilant for his wife's return. The neighbors thought it part of his aberration.

But even the little intelligence he retained made out this return to have been logically too long delayed. It was no longer "very soon," as they had at first told him; it was scarcely "soon," as they had at last told him.

And Christmas was coming!

"Do you think she will be here for Christmas?" he asked each one of them.

They assured him of this.

"Then I'll hang up the old stockings and su'prise her!"

Here, again, I must explain that they had always cherished the element of surprise in their Christmas giving.

You will have seen that old Liebereich was living too long for his neighbors. I must be careful how I put their sentiments into words, so that no injustice be done them. I think I had better say that it began to seem to them like effrontery for him to live on. They said oftener now and with greater unction that he would be better off. And they answered Hermann Schlimm's query (in the second paragraph of this story), when he repeated it, with accumulating angers now.

But you are not to suppose that old Liebereich was made unhappy by the least knowledge of this. On the contrary, nothing of it reached him. He found another reason for their brusqueness. They were simply *women*—and unlike Emmy.

One day, Mrs. Schwalm, wearily responding to his questions about his wife, asked him why he did not write to her. This at least, she thought cunningly, would consume time, keep him quiet, and give death added opportunity.

Now, in all his thoughts there had never been that one.

"Why, you see," he said, "Emmy and me was never apart for a day. It was no need to write. And," he went on, "I ain't no scholar. But—say—you got any ink?"

The letter was a secret office which he attended to himself. It took many days. But he was very happy afterward, and delivered it to Mrs. Schwalm and Mrs. Krantz, who were to get a stamp and mail it.

"What we going to do with it?" whispered Mrs. Schwalm. "Burn it?"

"No. Open it."

However, Mrs. Schwalm, who was known to be sentimental, opposed this.

"But it's got to be answered."

This was so. Mrs. Krantz cumulated her arguments.

"He'll ask for the answer a dozen times a day till you're crazy!"

"Well, anyhow, let's wait a little. He may die any day," was the way Mrs. Schwalm temporized.

"You're interfering with the Lord's business!" chided the curious Mrs. Krantz, finally.

III

"VERGISSNICHTMEIN"

SO, WHILE they went away with this letter which was never to be mailed, old Liebereich sat by the fire in the fireplace which he had built, and rocked gently, and sang old German songs, and would not go to bed, but fell asleep there. And even in his sleep he was found singing:

Blau ist ein Bluemlein
Das heiszt Vergissnichtmein—

None of us will ever agree with those old German wives, I think. How could old Liebereich ever be better off—how could any one—than singing old German songs by the fire and waiting for the coming of his wife—and Christmas?

And he got an answer to his letter. It told him very briefly not to worry, that she would be home at Christmas. It was signed "Emmy."

For the wives had said among themselves that God would understand.

Continued on next page

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LIEBEREICH

Continued from page 994

Just as if they understood God! If I should take him, all would be well. If not, He would find a way.

It was because they thought God would understand that they had opened that pitiful letter of old Liebereich's. He spoke of his loneliness; how he had waited for her without complaint; how, now, he could wait no longer. At the end he told her, with the imperiousness of a husband, that she *must* come home. They read this; they saw the childish blots; they knew where his half-palsied hands had missed the line, then recovered it; finally they read the boyish signature with dry eyes.

Then they wrote that reply.

I hope that neither you nor I could have done this—with dry eyes.

But the night before Christmas arrived, and old Liebereich's wife had not come. Nevertheless, he had no doubt. No one had ever lied to him except Mrs. Krantz. And he had never lied. And here was her letter. There was her name.

They came in and found him reading the letter.

"My Emmy never fooled me yit," he told them exultingly. "She'll come. Only she's late a little."

He put the letter in their eyes.

"Don't it say she'll be home *at* Christmas?"

And I hope that neither you nor I have ever had that happen to us—such a letter thrust into our eyes!

When they whispered among themselves he grew cunning, and pretended to sing, while he listened. What he heard made him think that she was already come, but was in hiding to surprise him. Something was to happen the moment he went to sleep. And he fancied that they meant to bring her in at that moment. Well, he liked that. To surprise he had ever planned himself was quite so fine. *Emmy* was to be his Christmas gift!

But what they had spoken about was the paleness of his old face, and how it had recently "failed." For he could not sleep now, or eat, for watching and waiting.

And old Liebereich carried his cunning on to a desperate end. He pretended to be prodigiously sleepy. Yet, when they would have hustled him off to bed, he suddenly and savagely rebelled, stamped his feet, and put them out of the house, in a specious fury they could not withstand.

"I kin put myself to bed," he cried happily after them. "I ain't no baby. I won't be bossed in my own house!"

But the moment he had closed the door upon them he laughed.

And when he pulled down the blinds he did not know that he shut out their peeping eyes.

It all had made him tired.

IV

THE NIGHTSHIRT WITH THE FEATHER-STITCHING OF BLUE

HE UNLOCKED the door by the fireplace, presently, and lighted two new candles. Then he got from the bottom drawer the nightshirt with the blue feather-stitching about the collar, and put it on. His trousers lay on the floor.

"Now," he laughed defiantly, "what will Mrs. Schwalm say? Let her say it!"

For you must know that such things as this adorned nightshirt had been banished to the bottom drawer, since it is commandeering, as far too frivolous for his years. You will also observe that old Liebereich expected Mrs. Schwalm to see him in this garment and to rebuke him. But it was about this that he was so very reckless. For at the moment of its discovery his wife would have arrived, and then, in his own words, they might all go to grass!

But this obliges me to speak of old Liebereich's cunning plan, or, which perhaps is better, to let him tell it for you as he now told it to himself in the kitchen of the house he and Emmy had built.

"They'll bring her in that door by the fireplace, all dressed for Christmas. And they'll all be crowding in behind her to see what I'll do. Well, they'll see! Oh, they'll see! I wish it would be early morning and the sun come through the door. I expect I kin wait that much longer. And mebby the bells'll ring. They'll sneak her right up to my bed, and then they'll holler, 'Merry Christmas, Liebereich! Wake up!'

"But I'll fool 'em. I'll hug Emmy right afore 'em all, and let 'em know that I've fooled 'em! And I'll laugh at Mrs. Schwalm. So will Emmy. And after that—" Now what *could* there be after that? "After that we'll just be happy. That's all."

Meanwhile he tidied the room as it had never been tidied before, and then fixed his thick white hair about his face in the fashion which Emmy liked.

At last he held up both candles and looked at himself in the mirror, and there were pink spots on his cheekbones, and the bit of blue about his neck went very well with his faded eyes. Old Liebereich wagged his head with the satisfaction of a dandy at what he saw.

Suddenly he started away from the mirror, then back to it. Then he laughed.

"I thought it was you, Emmy. And you looked like that first day when you saw your face in it. Sixteen. I wouldn't like you to come back looking sixteen, and me eighty-four. No, I ain't quite ready for you yit, Emmy; I must get clean sheets. But we ain't far apart now no more!"

He went close to the mirror to whisper this. He still was not sure that he did not see her there.

And I hope that you and I have "seen things" in the mirror, though perhaps we are not eighty-four and have no Emmy.

Then he went on getting ready for her till he was very tired—more tired, he thought, than he had ever been.

Outside Mrs. Schwalm was whispering to Mrs. Krantz: "No, they ain't far apart! He's mighty funny tonight. He is seeing things."

At last he was ready to hang up their stockings on the brass nails which had been put into the mantel for this purpose when the house was built.

And, for something to surprise her, he took from behind that loose brick a gold coin. It had the date of 1825 on it. There was a hole in it, and through the hole a narrow blue ribbon.

But now he stopped and his heart heaved. "It was to cut the baby's teeth on."

After a while: "We was going to call him Billy if he was a boy—Emmy if she was a girl."

Again: "But there never was no baby."

And then, at last: "But there never was no baby."

He put the coin in the toe of Emmy's stocking and went to bed and closed his eyes—to watch. And his last words were: "Tired—tired—tired—Emmy!"

He dozed and made himself wake so often, and nothing had happened, that he grew afraid and much more tired. And the red went out of his cheeks, and he could feel his face becoming very cold.

He dozed a long time, at last, without waking.

Then they outside, seeing this, came in—all those neighbors—stealthily, whispering and going toward his bed. Some one brought a candle and held it so close to his eyes that it scorched and tortured him. He woke; he was tremendously terrified by their stealth, but he did not understand at all—he who had never had such thoughts as theirs.

Continued on page 1000

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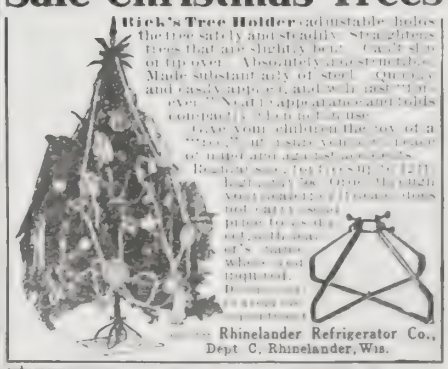

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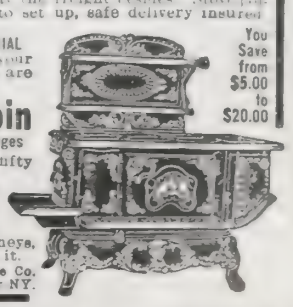

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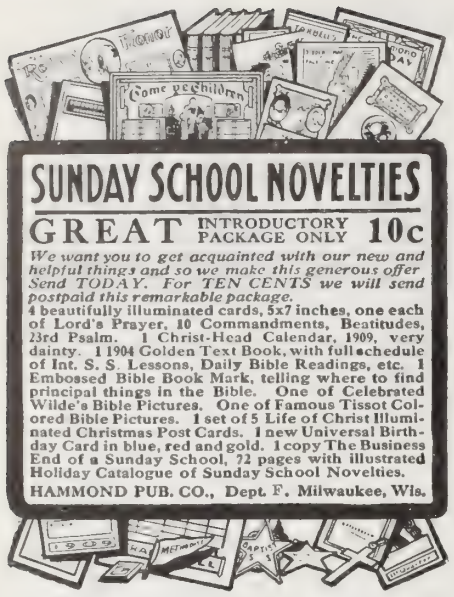

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Questions and Answers

Mrs. B. O. H., Dorchester, New Brunswick. Please explain Mark 10: 38, 39. What was the baptism here referred to by our Lord, and has it the same significance as the baptism mentioned in Mark 16: 16?

No. In the first passage quoted, Christ is referring to the great ordeal that is before him, and he used the expression "baptism" figuratively to convey the same meaning we find in Psalm 42: 7: "All thy waves and billows are gone over me." He expressly tells them that they "know not what they ask"; they did not comprehend the severity of the baptism of blood and suffering he was to endure. The other passage refers to the customary rite of baptism.

E. E. M., Plainfield, N. J. What is the marriage age in the different foreign countries compared with ours?

Austria, fourteen years for both sexes; Germany, man eighteen, woman fourteen; Belgium, man eighteen, woman fifteen; Spain, man fourteen, woman twelve; Mexico, sixteen and eighteen; France, man eighteen, woman fifteen; Greece, man fourteen, woman twelve; Hungary, Catholics, man fourteen, woman twelve; Protestants, man eighteen, woman fifteen; Portugal, man fourteen, woman twelve; Russia, man eighteen, woman fifteen; Saxony, man eighteen, woman sixteen; Switzerland, man fourteen, woman twelve.

E. A. W., Bruce, Ohio. 1. When were the Jews first called Jews, and why so called? 2. Were the people that came out of the Ark all white? If so, how did the dark races originate?

1. According to McClintock and Strong's *Biblical Encyclopœdia*, it is "a name formed from that of the patriarch Judah. It was first used to designate a member of the tribe of Judah, as distinguished from the other ten tribes, which seceded and kept the name of Israelites. See II. Kings 18: 5, 6. Later, during the period of the captivity, the name Jew seems to have been applied to all Hebrews without regard to the tribe to which they belonged. There is a reference to this in Josephus' *Antiquities of the Jews*. After the return to Palestine, the Jews seemed to have retained the name for the entire nation and used it to distinguish their own people from foreigners. See John 4: 9. 2. The sons of Noah as they came from the Ark were undoubtedly of the same complexion. The changes were probably due to later climatic causes. Anthropologists have long discussed the question of the dark-skinned races. It seems probable that the continued exposure to the sun in hot climates caused changes in the skin which, in the course of centuries, became fixed racial characteristics.

Student, Decatur, Ia. Which of the modern languages has the largest vocabulary?

English, it is claimed, has nearly 300,000 words, or almost as much as German, French, and Italian together. We know nothing of the extent of Russian, Turkish, or Chinese, the last named of which is probably the largest of all.

C. P. W., New Bethlehem, Pa. 1. Assuming history to be divided into two general classes, ancient and modern, where does the former leave off and the latter begin? 2. In the *Life and Epistles of St. Paul*, by Conybeare and Howson, in the preliminary dissertation by Bacon, he says: "The year which was fixed upon, 1,400 years ago, as that in which Jesus Christ was born," etc. What does he mean by "1,400 years"? Is it an error in printing and meant to be 1,800 years?

1. Different historians take different events to separate ancient from medieval and modern history. The division you mention has seldom been used, the more accurate way being to divide it into ancient, medieval and modern. Some place the end of the ancient period at the Battle of Marathon, in Greece, in 490 B.C., when the defeat of the Persians made it assured that the East would not dominate the West. Others place it at the birth of Christ. Sometimes the fall of the Roman Empire is taken. If you divide history into two classes only, you would have to class medieval and modern history as one, for they are more closely related. 2. He was referring to the system of Dionysius for dating events. Up to the sixth century the Christian world dated events from the foundation of Rome. A Scythian monk, Dionysius Exiguus, conceived the idea of dating events so many years before or after the birth of Christ. He took as the birth date of Christ the end of the year 754 from the foundation of Rome. The use of the new system spread slowly. The first public document dated according to this system was the Concilium Germanorum of 742. In the eleventh century A.D. it was adopted by the popes, and since then its use in all Western countries has been universal.

Mrs. N. S. N., Pittsfield, Mass. In the Apostles' Creed is this sentence: "He descended into hell." How does that compare with the saying of Jesus when on the cross to the penitent thief?

It is now generally admitted that the Creed, in its present form, dates from the fourth century A.D. and was unknown to the Christians of the first 300 years. It is not found in the Nicene-Constantinople Creed (A.D. 381). Its doctrines were doubtless taught by the apostles themselves, but they were not formulated in a creed. Moreover, many creeds were current in the fourth century, differing in terms, some of them omitting the "descent into hell" and the "communion of saints." The present Creed is found practically in full in the writings of Ambrose and Rufinus, with the notable exception of the words, "he descended into hell." This phrase is omitted in some forms of the Creed used in Protestant churches to-day, and in the Protestant Episcopal it is optional to substitute "the place of departed spirits." The ancient Roman and Oriental churches used the word "Hades," or "descended into the grave." There is no passage in Scripture which expressly supports this clause in the Creed. The "early fathers" held that "Christ descended into Hades to announce to the souls of the patriarchs and others there the accomplishment of his work of redemption," etc.

C. J. K., Passaic, N. J. How can one become a druggist?

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Lydia B. Fox, of Wattsburg, Pa., on receiving her Red Letter Bible, wrote these lines:

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The Day of Judgment will make clear,
'Twas very cheap or very dear.
He liveth long who liveth well;
All else is life but flung away.
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things gladly done each day.

T. W. P., Boone, Iowa. What is the origin of the words, "When in Rome, do as the Romans do"?

It is related that St. Augustine was in the habit of dining on Saturday, as on Sunday, but being puzzled with the different practices then prevailing (for they fasted at Rome and feasted at Milan), he consulted St. Ambrose. The latter replied: "When I am here, I do not fast on Saturday; when at Rome, I do fast on Saturday." In Jeremy Taylor's *Ductor Dubitantium* the passage occurs: "He that fasted on Saturday in Ionia or Smyrna, was a schismatic; and so was he that did not fast at Milan or Rome, upon the same day, both upon the same reason . . . because he was to conform to the custom of Smyrna as well as that of Milan, in the respective dioceses." A parallel illustration from Paul the Apostle may be found in I. Cor. 9: 20.

E. K., Buffalo, N. Y. 1. What does the experience of Jesus as described in John 19: 2, 3, typify? 2. What did Jesus mean by saying, "Take up his cross daily and follow me?" 3. What are the teachings in Col. 1: 20-22; Col. 2: 14? 4. Was it a "shame" for a Jew to be crucified?

1. The crown of thorns was in mockery of a royal crown, and the purple robe a travesty on imperial purple. 2. It meant that his followers must be prepared for constant suffering, self-denial and persecution. 3. It meant that redemption not only has its influence here on earth, but its effects "upon the world of spirits, unknown to us." In the second passage "ordinances" refers to the law, which was against the sinner, but which Jesus satisfied on the cross. 4. Crucifixion was considered the most horrible and shameful form of death, and especially to a Jew (see Deut. 21: 23).

E. M. S., Backus, N. D. Is this present trouble between Turkey and Bulgaria a religious war?

No; there are both Christians and Mohammedans in Bulgaria, though the Christians are in the majority. The trouble in its present phase is purely political, but religious differences in the past have led up to the conditions making Bulgaria's declaration possible. If the sultans had allowed their Christian subjects equal rights with the Turks, they might have retained a hold on the vassal States that have been breaking away for the last seventy-five years.

M. G. C., Eloise, Mich. 1. Is there any harm in going to the theatre? 2. Does God know what all the future life will be when we are born? 3. Will your conscience lead you astray?

1. Theatre-going is an amusement which Christians avoid, not because all theatres are bad and all plays immoral, but because as a whole the influence of the modern stage is decidedly antagonistic to morality and to the growth of spiritual character. In many instances, this influence is so emphasized as to be notorious, inflicting upon the audience a realistic and undiluted presentation of the passions, the vanities and the moral weaknesses of humanity—in fact, the worst side of human character. 2. God is omniscient, but he has given man the power to choose between the good and the evil. 3. Conscience is not an infallible guide. There is such a thing as a deadened or benumbed conscience, so long neglected as to be incapable of a just and true judgment. A seared and blunted conscience, made so by long continuance in sin, needs to be spiritually "quickened" before it can be accepted as a safe guide.

Continued on next page

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OUR MAIL-BAG

Continued from preceding page

M., Climax, Mich. Did any of the ancient pple have any idea of the transmitting of nd on wire or any other thing like a lephone?

We have no record of anything of the kind fo A. D. 1667, when Robert Hook sent sounds r the distance over a distended wire.

ader. 1. Does the sacred writer (in Gen. 1: 5) ean a natural day? 2. Does not the institu- n of the Sabbath derive its significance m Ex. 20: 11?

1. The best authorities hold that the Hebrew r, "day," used in this connection, does not n literally 24 hours, but an undefined period. st verse, according to Hebrew scholarship, d in substance: "Of old, in former duration, eated the heavens and the earth." "Day" u therefore mean a period, an age, the time eriurance of a condition. Parallel expressions definiteness) are "the day of the Lord he day of vengeance," "our day and genera- , etc. Creation was therefore a series of pe atural works extending over vast periods ie. 2. Yes, but man's little day and God's y e different. To him "a thousand years are a ay."

E., Kerr, N. C. Does the Bible say that if animal dies of itself, it is right to dress it and sell it to strangers?

The text you refer to is Deut. 14: 21. It is a f the Levitical law. The Jews were ex- ss forbidden to do many things that were it common among other nations at that time. visit in the Epistle to the Romans. Eusebius, however, says Peter was twenty-four years in Rome; Jerome says twenty-five years. The evidence of his martyrdom at Rome seems complete. Ignatius, Paphias, Dionysius of Corinth, Irenæus, Caius (the presbyter) and many others, all agree that he was at Rome, but the time cannot be stated. He was one of the joint founders of the church there, but neither bishop nor pope.

S. M. B., Spartanburg, S. C. 1. I wish to get an approximate idea at least of the number of words used by uneducated people in ordinary conversation? 2. People of high school and college education? 3. Preachers, lawyers and authors?

The average vocabulary of the uneducated, it is estimated, does not exceed 500 or 600 words, and among the very ignorant it is even less. People of high school or college training possibly average 2,500 to 4,000, the majority the lesser figure. Those who study hard to increase their vocabulary seldom reach more than 6,000 or 7,000. A few writers of great range have at command 8,000, but very few reach 10,000. Shakespeare, it is said, had 13,000. It is impossible to give any reliable figures; these are simply estimates by experts.

F. J. J., North Yakima, Wash. By what pope was the Jesuit order excommunicated?

In 1684, under Pope Innocent, the order was forbidden to receive any more novices, but this was revoked in 1686. In 1759, they were excluded from Portugal. In 1772 (under Pope Clement XIV.) the Jesuit colleges were closed and the order suppressed. It was restored in 1814.

A Notable Group of English Suffragettes

THESE seven women are the leaders of the English "Social and Political Union," who organized the monster demonstration in Hyde Park in favor of votes for women, at which 500,000 persons were present. The famous Mrs. Pankhurst is on the extreme right. Next her is her daughter, Christabel, whom Editor Stead has called "The English Joan of Arc." The fifth from the right is Flora Drummond, who planned the great demonstration. These thoughtful and earnest faces indicate a high type of womanhood, which must be reckoned with and respected.

This passage simply means that while others might eat animals so dying, the Jews must not. They were at liberty, however, to give or sell the carcasses to any outsider who asked for them and whose dietary laws were not so strict as those of the Jews.

J. W., Ferndale, Calif. Please explain in Eccles. 12: 5, what connection "the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden," has with the verse?

Among Orientals, the hair is usually very dark. In age, it is white like the blossom of the almond tree among all the darker trees around. The grasshopper typifies the dry, shriveled form (i., with projecting bones and enlarged joints that are soon fatigued. According to the old Greek fable, Tithonus, in old age, was turned into a (came like) a dried-up grasshopper.

D. Stanford, Ky. Was there a patron saint of the Roman Church named St. Asaph? The records of Lincoln County disclose the fact that Col. Benjamin Logan, in 1775, established a fort a mile west of Stanford, Ky., and gave the name of St. Asaph's to a cave from which a fine stream of pure crystal water flows. The tradition is that he camped there on St. Asaph's day.

St. Asaph, according to tradition, was a disciple of Kentigern, and author of books on church Chances and biography. He is said to have died in Scotland in the sixth century, and to have held office as bishop of Glasgow in the early part of it. Very little is known about him; when he was born, when he died or when he was canonized by the Roman Church.

J. H., Philadelphia. Did the Apostle Peter ever visit Rome, or was he bishop or pope there for twenty years?

The whole subject is involved in doubt. If he visited Rome, it was probably during the last year of his life. There is no mention of such a visit in the Epistle to the Romans. Eusebius, however, says Peter was twenty-four years in Rome; Jerome says twenty-five years. The evidence of his martyrdom at Rome seems complete. Ignatius, Paphias, Dionysius of Corinth, Irenæus, Caius (the presbyter) and many others, all agree that he was at Rome, but the time cannot be stated. He was one of the joint founders of the church there, but neither bishop nor pope.

Miscellaneous

L. A. H., Oroville, Wash. No.

J. M., Oneida. Send us your full name and address.

Reader, Kittery, Me. Write to Rev. Silas C. Swallow, Harrisburg, Pa.

Mrs. S. R. J., East Hampton, Conn. The first is gambling, the second is not.

Subscriber, Slippery Rock, Pa. These things, like many others, cannot be decided by Scriptural reference.

Joseph M., Cumberland, Md. There is no further light on these subjects than that which is found in the Gospels.

G. M., Johnstown, Pa. Send your query to the Professor of English Literature, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.

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A Soldier-Preacher

THOSE visitors who attend the Sunday services held in the New York City Tombs, the Queens County jail, and other penal institutions, often hear the earnest and eloquent tones of "The Soldier-Preacher," as the inmates like to call him—George Jones, of Woodside, N. Y. Jones participated in the siege of Sebastopol. Although almost an octogenarian, he is still active and vigorous, and often preaches in city churches, where he illustrates the "good fight of faith" by allusions to incidents in the Crimean War, especially the "Charge of the Light Brigade," and the work of that far-famed nurse, Florence Nightingale, whom he met in the hospital wards.

George Jones, Crimean Veteran

He was born in Lambeth, England. "My father was an atheist, but gave me a good education," he says. "In 1854 I left home and made my way to Liverpool. At the docks there I found that the hospital ship *Golden Fleece* was about to proceed to the Crimea. We had on board several batteries from the arsenals at Woolwich. I had been but a short time at sea when I wished I was home again. It took about two weeks to reach the scene of strife." He witnessed the siege of Sebastopol, and is probably the only eye-witness of that event now living in America. On his conversion, he left the army, and entered the field as a soldier of the Cross. The "soldier-preacher" believes firmly in the mission of the church. He has passed a long life in England and America in Gospel work, and is doing effective work as a supply in churches and in revival services.

AT THE BETHLEHEM MANGER

By Mrs. M. Baxter

IT HAD been prophesied that the coming Messiah should be born in Bethlehem. Mary's home was in Nazareth. Just before the birth of Jesus, a decree went forth from the imperial court at Rome, that a census should be taken of the entire population of the empire. In obedience to this law, Joseph and Mary were bound to appear, and to answer to their names, in Bethlehem, David's city. The genealogy was always reckoned through the male members of the family. Joseph, Mary's husband, being descended from Solomon, the son of David, and Mary, the daughter of Heli, from Nathan, David's son (Matt. 1: 7-16; Luke 3: 23-31). Thus God wonderfully brought about the fulfilment of prophecy, and the proof that Christ was David's son.

During their stay at Bethlehem, Jesus was born. His birth was in far other circumstances than that of his forerunner. John was born in the family home, neighbors and kinsmen congratulating the happy parents who were so well known and loved; the wonderful healing of his father's infirmity had added to the family joy, and the whole countryside knew what had happened. It was otherwise with the birth of Jesus; no family home received him, all was discomfort about him, there were no rejoicing friends around, the only preparation made was the swaddling clothes in which he was wrapped, and the manger was the only cradle found for the Son of God. "There was no room for them in the inn."

Jesus came into the world as one of the weakest things the world knows—the young of no animal is so helpless as the human babe—and yet he was Lord of all. And so he comes into our human life, not with noise and show; to the eyes of man so little, so humble, needing to be fed and cherished in our hearts—and yet so truly Lord of all. But while the unconscious, indifferent world slept, all heaven was moved. It was not to the kings or captains or great ones, it was not to the Scribes and Pharisees, the learned, the religious, it was not to the prominent men of any class, but to a band of simple shepherds, that God made known his wondrous tidings. Away on the plains near Bethlehem were shepherds keeping the night watches, lest any beast of prey should rob their flock. "And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid." The angel gave as the burden of his song of joy, "For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." All Israel looked for a Messiah to be born on earth. But the shepherds' faith was to undergo a trial. This august babe was to be found, not in the midst of kings and nobles, not in the high priest's palace, not in Herod's court, but wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger! Probably all their preconceived ideas and expectations of the Messiah received a rude shock; could it be that such an One could be born in circumstances so humble? Were they not, after all, deceived? Just at this moment there came again from on high unlooked-for confirmation of their faith: the whole heaven was lit up, not with stars, but with angels, "praising God, and saying: Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

They got the truth from heaven, and they believed. Thus they could join the angels' song, and find in the drawing near of God, his glory; his condescension only made his glory more glorious; he was not less great because he came down to man in deepest lowliness. And then was proclaimed to a world of sinners, of law-breakers, an universal amnesty, an unconditional pardon, to all who would accept it, "On earth peace, good will."

It was an overwhelming communication for the shepherds! Were they indeed the recipients of this unparalleled secret? What, then, should they do? Should they exult in the favor done them by God and magnify themselves in their own eyes?

A TIMELY INQUIRY

Have you renewed your subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD? If not, why not do it to-day?

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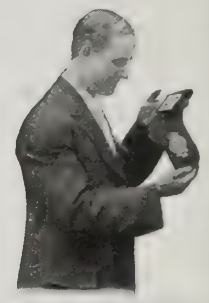

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Fortunately many are thoughtful enough to study themselves and note the principle of Cause and Effect in their daily food. A N. Y. young woman writes her experience thus:

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Christ's Birth*

IN THE stress and tumult of the holiday season, when young people come home from school or college for their vacations, and when cares and joys of all sorts seem to be doubled, we are in danger of losing sight of the deeper meanings of the Christmas festival. We rejoice. Why do we rejoice? We give gifts. Why? We see on every side symbols—the manger, the star, the wise men, the Madonna and the Child. All are so common, so familiar, that too often we treat them as merely pretty pictures, which have come to belong to the season.

It is well, therefore, that we read this week and meditate upon that mysterious Being who has during the past 2000 years transformed the world. As Augustus found Rome brick and left it marble, so Christ found the world dedicated to the Spirit of Selfishness, and he left it dedicated to the Spirit of Love. He brought a sword with him, which should, as Dr. S. V. Cole has strikingly phrased it, give man no peace until "he reaches the utmost—God."

It is well that we trace back that wonderful thread of prophecy which, listened far down in ages understanding it not, shows out here and there in the inspired visions of God's chosen seers; and which binds together in an integrity which no infidel can break, the old and the new dispensations. It is well that we remember how in every detail those strange and fragmentary prophecies were fulfilled; and how Christ lived and died to show us ways of overcoming disease and sin and death. How much of his mission was physical, how much was spiritual; how much of his teaching is to be taken literally, how much figuratively; are topics which, simple though they may seem at first thought, have engaged the profound attention of the greatest minds of Christendom for ages. New interpretations of his meanings are constantly appearing, and a world eagerly weighs and examines them. Is he not miraculous!

The whole creation is blessed at this season. Men who have never named the name of Christ as their Saviour, wish each other a merry Christmas. Men who never enter a church-door to worship their Maker, exchange Christmas gifts. Christ died for all mankind. Therefore it is well that everyone should celebrate his birthday. But how contemptible and unworthy that men should, as it were, seize the gifts from that wounded hand, and yet utter no thanks to the giver! That they should take the benefits and yet refuse the daily worship and service!

Dr. Watkinson tells of a gentleman in London who once gave a garden-party full of surprises. Willow trees turned the lake and rivulet, their branches gay with great red blossoms. A lofty spruce had effervesced on every sprig with roses. An elm tree was apparently bearing oranges. An oak was heavily laden with gleaming scarlet apples.

Dr. Louis Banks employs this vivid illustration to show how men have often appropriated to themselves the fruits of the Spirit, the virtues of Christ's people, without any right to them. They have grasped for themselves, consciously or unconsciously, the noble and beautiful results of Christianity, and yet their hearts have not been given to Christ. Like the fantastic trees in the garden, they are frauds, and they have no real right to the benefits of Christ's reign.

But good will to all men was the sacred message which the angels sang over the cradle of our Saviour. By love, not by violence or reproof, he draws all men unto him.

* Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, December 20. TEXT: John 18:33-37. (A Christmas Meeting.)

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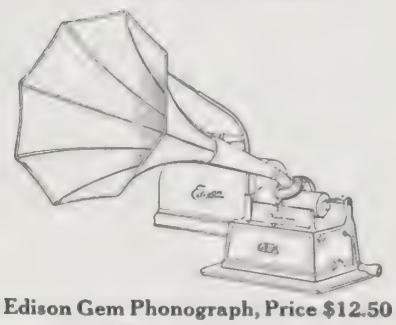

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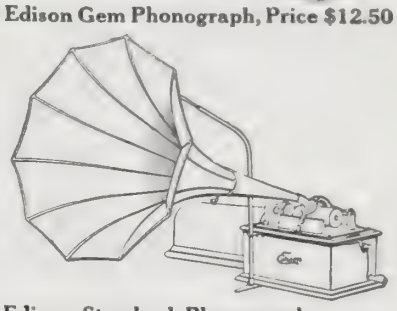

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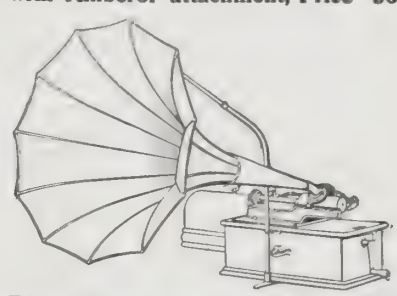

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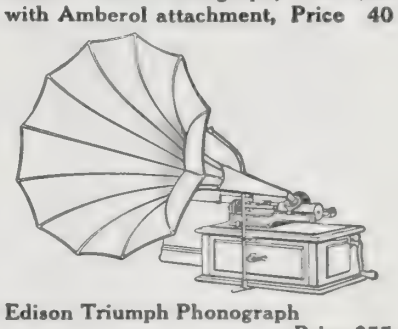

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GOLD FISH GIVEN AWAY

THE MIDLAND MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Desk 19, Toledo, Ohio

LIEBEREICH

Continued from page 995

They did not know that he was awake.

"He is better off," said one of them.

"He died easy," said another.

Then, suddenly, old Liebereich understood. He did not quiver. But his heart was bursting.

"I don't know about that," said a wary one.

Some one took Liebereich's hand from under the covers.

"'Sh! He's only asleep," the voice whispered.

Another sighed a disappointment.

"Touch his feet," said one.

This was done, and the same verdict reached. He was not yet dead.

"He still thinks she'll come!"

There was a laugh somewhere.

"Look at the nightshirt!"

"How long is she dead now?"

They left him then, and he could breathe a moment. They put into his stocking some things they had brought—simple things—at the last a spiral of pink-and-white candy.

But there was no laughter—only silence. Once more they were doing their duty. And once more—for only the second sad time in his long life—old Liebereich understood.

"It ain't much," said a pitying one.

"It's enough," said another, crossly.

The last one said—to comfort both: "He'll never know no better."

Then they came and looked at him again. "Yes—only asleep."

Another voice said: "In the morning, I expect. Often they sleep away."

A doubting young woman said: "Mebby it just happened now and he ain't cold yet."

But her elders, who had seen death often, only frowned.

Then they went out.

Old Liebereich lay very still. He was icy cold. The feet and hands they had touched would not get warm. He felt yet their cold touch. Two tears stole down his cheeks. His heart was still filled to bursting. Yet he lay quite still. Presently something like content came and stayed, and smoothed the sorrow from his face, and made it beautiful.

V

THE SECOND OPENING OF THE DOOR

THEN, without the least warning, the door opened again, directly in his eyes, and everything was quite as he had fancied it. Like a picture in its frame, there stood his wife dressed for Christmas. And she was well and happy—by the smiles on her face. And the morning had come, as he had wished; for, as the door opened, the sun behind her smote away the darkness, and it seemed as if she had come down to him on those sheaves of glittering javelins. And yes, closely crowding behind her, came the very people he knew would come, filling all the door and making a background for his picture. Such a background! He forgave them all at once. For he must have dreamed those other, sadder things. And, more—and better still—the bells of the little town were jangling out their Christmas madrigal. (You know how dear the bells are to Germans!)

And old Liebereich, too, did everything just as he had planned it. He lay quietly in his bed until they shouted, "Merry Christmas, Liebereich! Wake up!" Then he rose and took his wife in his arms and laughed at them—in the very faces of them all!—and told them how cunningly he had fooled them. Precisely as he had planned.

And he had two recollections of the moment. One was that Mrs. Schwalm *smiled* when she saw the blue feather-stitched nightshirt; the other was that his wife was the prettiest of them all. After that came the vast happiness—all as he had planned.

For all of this, from the second opening of that door, old Liebereich had only dreamed. But, quite as they had said, he would never know better, for he never woke.

And when the neighbors indeed came through that door again in the morning, with guilt upon them, with stealth, wondering whether he were now dead, while it was yet dark, holding candles once more to his eyes, old Liebereich met them with such a beautiful, smiling, heaven-touched face that, one and all, they dropped to their knees. And their eyes were not dry.

And I am no longer sure of that philosophy, a few pages past, where we agreed that nothing could be better that to wait for old Liebereich's wife—and Christmas.

Or maybe the German wives are right, and he is better off?

For perhaps he hears sweeter music than the Christmas bells; perhaps there is a more glorious light than the morning sun in that doorway; perhaps the background of his picture is crowned with fairer faces than those of his former neighbors. God knows! Perhaps immortal youth has, in truth, come. Perhaps he does, indeed, embrace his wife. Else what is the use of heaven? God knows!

The Late Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D.

PROBABLY few men were better known or more generally beloved by Canadians and by many people in the United States than the late Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D. Born and educated in Canada, he was active in the Methodist Church from his early manhood, and as writer, preacher, teacher, and editor, he won a high place among the progressive Christian public men of the Dominion. Dr. Withrow was a keen student of history and biography, and much of his literary work on these lines is now accepted as standard. But his pen was not confined to a limited range of topics. He was versatile and many-sided, and had a mind enriched by travel and observation in many lands. He became the editor of a number of Methodist Sunday School publications in Canada in 1874, and continued in charge thereafter, doing most valuable service. He contributed much to church periodicals, but it is in the wider field of literature that he is chiefly known and esteemed as an author. Contributions from Dr. Withrow's pen have appeared from time to time in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Kindly, generous-hearted, scholarly and capable, his death is regarded as a distinct loss to Canadian Methodism.

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Dear Dr. Klopsch: I wish to most heartily thank you for the beautiful India Paper Red Letter Bible received a few days ago. I am more than delighted with it. It is just what I wanted. I think this is the most compact, all readable little Bible I have ever seen yet, and you can handle it easily, being small in size, and the type is so very clear. I must say I just love this dear sweet little Bible.

And I also want to thank you very much for the book, *Inside History of the White House.* It is just grand. I am more than pleased with it in every way. I have taken THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, I think, for fourteen years. I consider it the best of all papers. I wish you continued success, and may our heavenly Father bless you in your good work.

(MISS) M. P. BENEDICT.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Among the Workers

—REV. E. PAYSON HAMMOND begins a series of revival meetings in Omaha, Neb., March 1, 1909. He was ordained an evangelist in the year 1863. President Mark Hopkins, of Williams College, preached the sermon on that occasion.

—IN NEWTON, KAN., Evangelist W. E. Biederwolf has just closed one of the most successful evangelistic meetings that city has ever experienced. The campaign was under the auspices of the Kansas Forward Movement for Evangelistic work. Hundreds of men and women confessed Christ. A tabernacle seating close to 3,000 people was erected. Cottage and union prayer meetings were held for weeks before the opening.

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Open Doors*

BROADLY speaking, the whole world is now open to our missionaries. Even the sealed cities of Tibet are gradually revealing their long hidden treasures to the passerby, and learning something of the countless advantages of international intercourse. We are truly living in "a grand and glorious time," and when we listen to the fervid tales of returned missionaries, with their almost startling revelations of God's workings, the millennial sun seems almost to be rising.

But there is another side to the picture. The mills of God grind but slowly in some quarters. Darkness, violence, lust, barbarism still disfigure and degrade vast empires. It is well that at this gift-time we think much of the gift which is above all gifts, and that we renew our prayers and our plans to send it forth to these heathen lands where it is so greatly needed.

The Far East just now absorbs, perhaps, more interest than the rest of the world put together. Beautiful and fascinating Japan, the boundless plains of China, picturesque and ancient India—these captivate the imagination and fill us with the thought of the strength of Christ's kingdom, if these mighty empires could only become his.

Perhaps China is of them all the most interesting, especially in view of the recent sensational changes in her government and her policies.

The testimony of missionaries and of the leading Chinese is overwhelming as to the good which Christianity has done in the Flowery Kingdom. The love borne to our workers there is in many cases almost adoration. Miss Vaughan, of the North China Mission, during her visit to this country, just now closing, told touching stories of the devotion of her people, and their beautiful gifts to her upon her departure for Europe and America. Miss Emily Hartwell, born in China, and an ardent lover of her native land, is enthusiastic over the virtues of the Chinese, and over the loyalty of the native Christians.

The few stories of an opposite character have been utterly buried beneath the mass of the testimony in favor of Christianity and what it is doing for the Chinese. Wu Ting Fang and many of the others among the foremost Chinese nobles have only good words for it.

One story told by a devoted missionary deserves to be remembered always as a tribute to the unselfishness of the Chinese converts, for its hero was only one among many.

During the Boxer rebellion, a Christian Chinese boy learned that his beloved teacher was in danger. She could not believe that the peril was so imminent as he represented, but in response to his entreaties, she consented to don his clothing and to steal away in the twilight. The boy put on hers, well knowing what might be the result, but aware that unless the crowd supposed that they had trapped the teacher, they would track her to her hiding place. In less than an hour, they had killed him, but the teacher was saved.

One thinks of Christina Rossetti's *Round Tower at Jhansi*, with its:

A hundred, a thousand to one, even so,
Not a hope in the world remained.
The howling, swarming wretches below
Gained and gained and gained.

But Christ came to save these "wretches," and it is to us that he has entrusted the work. As we look at China, and at Korea, its neighbor, where the field is white for the harvest, and the laborers are pitifully few, let us pray with stronger fervor than ever for "the world for Christ."

*Topic of the Epworth League for Sunday, December 20. TEXT: Rev. 3:8-11; Acts 13:1-3, 20, 21. (Missionary.)

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"The more coffee I drank, the more tired and nervous I became until I broke down entirely. Then I changed my work from sewing to house-work. This gave me more exercise and was beneficial, but I kept on drinking coffee—thought I could not do without it.
"I was so nervous at times that if left alone I would not go from one room to another for fear someone would grab me, and my little children had to go around on tiptoe and speak in whispers.
"Finally an attack of the grip weakened me so my nerves rebelled and the smell even of coffee was nauseating. Then my husband prepared some Postum for me, believing the left use of coffee had caused my breakdown, so that my head and hands shook like the palsy.
"At first I did not like Postom but I kept on drinking it and as we learned how to make it right according to directions on pkg., I liked it as well as coffee.
"Occasionally I made coffee when we had guests and give it to the children too, but as soon as they taste it they return their cups for Postum. Now I go anywhere in the house day or night and never think of anyone grabing me, and the children can grow as healthy children should—my nerves are all right." "There's a reason."
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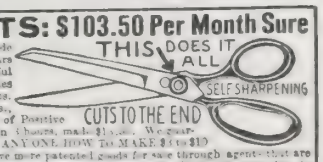

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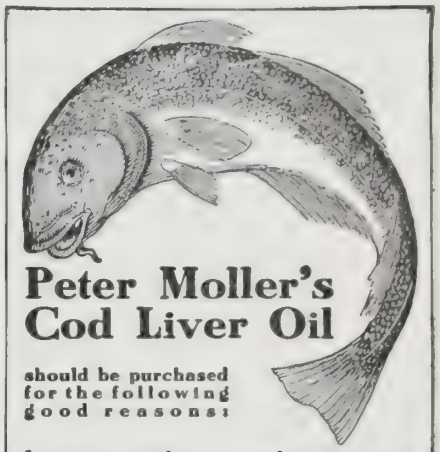

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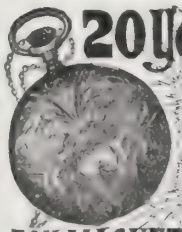

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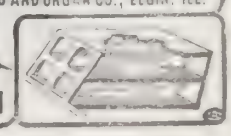

THE LITTLE DOCTOR

Continued from page 991

so slightly," said George. "Wouldn't he think that we were rather bold?"

"He! Not a bit of it! He's a proud old chap and rather likes the idee of strangers admirin' of his place. Why, bless your souls, I've took, many a time, a whole party from the hotel there of an afternoon, and he'd only say, with a grand wave of his hand: 'Look around as much as you please. Yes, Paradise *is* a fine place.' He calls it 'Paradise.'"

Thus persuaded, our young friends set out, more attracted by the hope of seeing the fair young mistress of the mansion somewhere in the grounds, than by any inducement held out by the loquacious Jack.

"P'r'aps you don't know, strangers, that the Squire hain't lived here all his life, but he moved to this place when Miss Marian was a very little shaver."

"Was his wife dead when he came to reside here?" inquired George.

"Laws, yes, there never has been any one in the family 'cept Mrs. Langdon—she be the housekeeper. I ruther think she's a kind of an aunt, or somethin'. Leastways, they always call her 'Aunt Phœbe.' You see, not bein' a reg'lar tradesman, but a kind o' handy Jack-o'-all-trades, I often get an odd job o' work around the Squire's house, and, nat'rally, I know enough to take an interest in their affairs," he added, with a sly twinkle in the eye.

Dudley walked on in perfect silence, maintaining his previous haughty bearing until they found themselves within the grounds of Squire Danforth. Then he seemed to drink in the beauty of the surrounding scenery, entirely oblivious of the cares and interests of mankind in general. Therefore, it fell to George to conduct the conversation with their officious guide.

"Do they entertain at all?" he asked.

"How?"

"Do the Squire and Miss Danforth ever give parties, or go with their neighbors in any except a strictly business way?"

"Not much, I reckon. They travel a good deal. Once the house was shut up a whole year at a time—and they went off to Mexico or some other furren parts. That was the first year they was here, I reckon. Just the week after they started, a stranger, who had the look of a furriner, come to visit the family, and I tell you now, my name ain't Andrew Jackson Green, if he didn't carry on high when he found they was clean gone."

"What do you mean?" asked George.

"Why, you see, he come down on one of the late trains one evenin', and I bein' the only man loafin' around the station, he axed me did I know where Squire Danforth lived, and seein' as I did, bein' ginerally posted in such matters, he offered me five dollars if I'd find a rig and git him out there in halt an hour. Wal, it took me a-flyin' round pretty spry, but I managed it, and when we found the house all shet up and heard from the old gardener, who lived near by, that they had gone and no tellin' when they'd be back, he jest tore round like all possessed, stampin' up an' down the path, and swore it was jest his luck—and said a lot o' stuff I reckon he didn't think I'd hear."

"Well, well," remarked George hurriedly, "perhaps it isn't just the thing for us to be listening to all this. Perhaps he had some great trouble on his mind."

"I rayther think he had, and I never told some o' the stuff he said. But I tell you, I never since that day seed such a pair o' eyes—but once—as his." Then he added, looking up to Dudley, who had by some strange coincidence given up his musing just in time to hear the last part of these remarks, "Be you tired?"

"Yes; I am both tired and thirsty enough to wish for a rest and a drink from the wonderful well you have talked about."

CHAPTER II

JACK was in his element. He had an opportunity to talk, and he held forth eloquently on the beauties of the grounds. The Squire had indeed made most attractive the surroundings of his stately mansion. Nature had greatly assisted him in his work. Such grand old trees of oak, maple, linden and chestnut are seldom seen. All underbrush had been cleared away. Winding paths had been made to run here and there in every direction, and invariably they led to some picturesque view, or into deepest, darkest shadows of coolness and comfort, where rustic seats and arbors invited to rest and enjoyment.

Jack pointed out the "Indian trail," which was traversed in early times with fleet foot by many a noble son of the forest.

Under a small mound, which they noticed near this trail, reposed, he said, the remains of a famous Indian chief.

At length, with great pride, he showed them the ancient well from which "the old oaken bucket" had been removed and replaced by a pump.

The picturesqueness of the scene was somewhat marred by this change; but, lo! there stood a fair "Rebekah," even Miss Marian herself, ready to give drink to the young "Isaac" who had come to search out the land.

At the sound of Jack's voice, Miss Danforth turned to see who was approaching. At the sight of the young gentlemen she paused, with a goblet in one hand, and the other leaning on the handle of the pump, while a bright flush spread over her beautiful face.

As George stepped forward and introduced himself, with uncovered head, she bowed modestly.

"Pardon me, Miss Danforth. My friend Mr. Verner and I, being strangers in the neighborhood, have been assured by this man that he was at liberty to show us over the grounds and give us a drink from the famous old well."

"Oh, yes," she replied, with a merry glance at Jack. "Our friend, Mr. Green, thinks that no sight-seeing in the neighborhood of Branksome would be complete without a view of our grounds. It *is* a lovely spot to me, Mr. Hunter; indeed, the dearest spot on earth; but it may not strike strangers as being anything more than a very ordinary sort of place."

"You have grown up here, Miss Danforth, have you not?" inquired Dudley.

"Yes, almost. I remember no other home distinctly, although I spent the first few years of my life abroad. I have lived here long enough to know nearly everybody in Branksome. The hotel visitors are the only persons I fail to recognize at our little church. Was the young lady I saw in your pew on the day when I was introduced to you a cousin, Mr. Hunter?"

To be continued

Ordained at Six Years of Age

REV. F. LUKE WISEMAN, the head of the Birmingham Wesleyan Mission, England, tells the story of what he called his own ordination to the ministry. As a child he was taken one day to a little chapel down in a lower part of London. Sitting in a pew, he found out the hymn for a blind old man who sat next him. "At the end of the service," Mr. Wiseman continued, "my friends came up and said, 'This is the preacher's son.' And the old blind man put his hand on my head and said, 'The Lord bless thee, and make thee a preacher.' That was my ordination!" said Mr. Wiseman. "I was ordained by a layman—a man of God who prayed for the little lad of six years, and the little lad could not get away from the prayer!"

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The Sins of Society, By **JOSEPH MEDILL PATTERSON,** Author of *A Little Brother of the Rich*, the greatest book sensation of the year. Mr. Patterson is an insider, and his contribution to the **Woman's World** is a startling expose of the life and customs of the fashionably rich, who, Mr. Patterson states in his interesting article, have established an imitative court in this country, the basis of which is wealth.

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1708 — CHARLES WESLEY, METHODISM'S GREATEST HYMNOLOGIST — 1908

Questions and Answers

G. E. M., Sharon, Vt. Is the place of Washington's encampment at Valley Forge marked by a memorial or monument?

In 1903 the State of Pennsylvania voted $25,000 toward making the site of the encampment at Valley Forge a public park. The amount was insufficient, so the plan has not been completed. There are a number of markers, and a beautiful memorial chapel is being built by private subscription. There is a bay or section paid for by people in each one of the States, representing the thirteen colonies. Some of these bays are paid for by the Sons of the American Revolution.

Reader, Michigan. Will you tell me the qualifications of a librarian? Also, where there are schools for librarians and how long the course requires.

In the first place, a good education is required. One must, at least, have covered studies equal to those of a high school or academy, and will be more successful in the end if a college course may be added. There are several good schools which give the technical training, notably Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, and Simmons College, Boston, Mass. Write to the secretaries for full information. Training courses are usually two years in length.

C. H. G., Saginaw, Mich. Are the words "And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us," found in any one of the four Gospels in either the King James (Authorized) or American Revision? If not, is there "good and sufficient" reason for so repeating it in public and teaching it to our children?

You will find the authority for the use of "trespasses" in Matt. 6: 14, 15. The use of it in the Lord's Prayer by some of the churches, instead of "debts" and "debtors," is not important. It is simply a variant and nowise affects the meaning.

C. A. O. P., Boston, Mass. There is nothing in the Constitution or laws of this country to prevent any man being elected President on account of his religion. It would be practically impossible, however, for a man whose views were so pronounced as to offend the majority of the people, to be chosen, as for instance, an atheist or infidel, or a bitter and malevolent partisan of any religion, especially a religion opposed to Christianity. The spirit of the whole nation is Christian, but it is broad and tolerant.

W. W. S., Pickering, Ont. What became of the battleship *Maine*, which was sunk in the harbor of Havana previous to the outbreak of the war with Spain?

The wreck of the *Maine* is still in the harbor of Havana. One mast and some rigging protrude above the surface. On the anniversary of the wreck it is decorated with flowers and the American flag. Several plans have been made to remove the wreck, but none of them have been carried out.

Several Inquirers. The headquarters of the Family Altar League are at 602 Lakeside Building, Chicago, and covenant cards will be gladly sent from there to all who desire to join the League or will make efforts to get signers. Whenever a covenant is made, the card is to be sent to headquarters, and in its place there will be sent, without cost, a certificate of membership. Every request for covenant cards or wall cards will be promptly honored.

A. E. B., North Windham, Vt. 1. When was Thanksgiving day first observed by the United States. 2. Where is Aguinaldo? Is he being kept in confinement?

The custom of thanksgiving was introduced by the Pilgrims in 1621, the year after they landed on Plymouth Rock. Governor Bradford, after the first harvest, appointed a day for thanksgiving. From New England the custom spread over the entire country. 2. Aguinaldo has been at large for a number of years. At last reports he was living in Manila, and had some scheme for a Filipino banking system.

J. F. J., Brooklyn, N.Y. Is there anything in the Bible telling where or how the Virgin Mary died? Is it stated anywhere that she ascended to heaven without dying?

There is a tradition that she lived in the home of John the disciple and died there. Another tradition states that she went with John to Ephesus and died there. Juvenal says she was buried in Gethsemane. There is, however, nothing in Scripture concerning her life after the crucifixion of Jesus.

W. L. L., Dardanelle, Ark. Were Napoleon's wars of conquest prompted by patriotic motives or were they prompted by selfish ones?

Napoleon's wars cannot be characterized by a single adjective. His career divides itself into three parts: 1. When he was fighting for the peace and harmonization of affairs at home. 2. When he fought for conquest, as in Russia and Egypt. 3. When he fought for self-preservation against the allies. The first was patriotic; the second had in view, besides his own greed for fame, the glory of France, which he wished to make the mistress of the world; the third was selfish, having in view the retrieval of his own lost power. Glory does not make war defensible, however.

F. E. B., Pensacola, Fla. Will you inform me as to when and by whom the Nicaragua Canal was started? Has the United States ever had anything to do with it? Has it ever been completed, or was it a failure?

Work on the Nicaragua Canal, which was intended to unite the Pacific and Atlantic oceans, was begun in 1889 and suspended in 1893. In 1901 a treaty was signed by Great Britain and the United States making the proposed canal neutral. The United States in 1903 decided that the canal started through Panama should be completed and the Nicaragua scheme was left in abeyance.

J. P. S., Cincinnati, O. Will the MAIL-BAG direct me how to obtain the latest statistics upon child labor in the United States?

Send to the United States Census Bureau in Washington, D. C. Such facts are gathered there, as well as the vital statistics of the country.

Mrs. J. A. M., Shelburne, Ont., Can. What is the sin against the Holy Ghost?

It is believed to have consisted in attributing the miraculous powers of the Divine Spirit to Satanic agency. There is, however, much difference of opinion on the subject.

Reader, Raeford, N. C. 1. In what chapter of the Bible is the Lord's Prayer found? 2. Why is it called "The Lord's Prayer"?

1. See Matt. 6: 9 and Luke 11: 2. 2. It is the prayer which Christ taught to his disciples.

Reader, Clayton, N. Y. What is the specific gravity of ice?

Ice has a specific gravity of .92.

B. Mc., Bouckville, N. Y. Does the word Mississippi come from the Indian language? If so, how did they pronounce it and what did it mean?

It is an Indian word. The tribes along its banks called it Miche-sepe. It is best translated as "Father of Waters."

B., Waupaca, Wis. 1. Please explain the Tuileries in France. 2. Have they commenced to build the temple in Jerusalem? 3 Is Mrs. Eddy the head of the Christian Scientists? 4. Has Great Britain lost Australia or the East Indies?

1. The Tuileries is the name of a palace of the Renaissance period in Paris, France, and long one of the residences of the French kings. It was commenced by Catherine de Medicis in 1564 and was finished by Louis XIV. It was sacked in three revolutions, burned in 1871 and the ruins sold in 1882. The garden of the Tuileries still exists. 2. No; the site of the temple is a Mohammedan mosque. 3. Yes; Mrs. Eddy is the head of the Christian Scientists and lives in Brookline, Mass. 4. No; Australia is part of the British Empire. Great Britain still holds her possessions in the East Indies.

B. Roanoke, Va. Where can I find the passage in which these lines occur;

> "O, yet we trust that somehow good
> Will be the final goal of ill"?

It is from Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, part 54.

H. G. T., Salisbury, N. C. Explain the vision of Ezekiel in the first and tenth chapters, also what is meant by the image of jealousy in Ezek. 8: 5?

It was a time when the exiles were looking forward hopefully toward Jerusalem, anticipating a peaceful return. Hence the prophet's vision, which carried him in spirit to the temple at Jerusalem, was a seasonable communication to the exiles at Chabar, north of Babylon, whither they had been sent by their oppressors. The "image of jealousy" was the heathen Astarte (or Asheera), set up by Manasseh as a rival to Jehovah. "The glory" of God was still there, notwithstanding the idol's presence, implying his long-suffering toward Israel. The vision is an ideal pictorial representation of the idolatries into which the people had relapsed.

C. A. B., Tunnel Hill, Ga. 1. The question concerning Judas and the Lord's Supper has already been thoroughly discussed in the MAIL-BAG. 2. With the exception of some tribes in the interior of Africa, some few in remote parts of Asia, also some in parts of the interior of China, and the people of Tibet, practically "all the world" has had the Gospel preached to it.

M. F., Flemington, N. J. What is the object or the practical value of the extraordinary tests of physical endurance which we read of in the newspapers and magazines from time to time, as having been suggested or directed by President Roosevelt? Has the President the right to assume the duties of athletic instructor for our soldiers and sailors?

The President, as Commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy, has the power to do this, although no previous President ever did it. Doubtless some of the officers regard the severe tests he has instituted with repugnance, as for instance the seventeen-mile daily walk on three successive days; the long-distance riding tests; the "follow-my-leader" test with its dangers and discomforts; but on the whole, the new system tends to improve physique, which is the President's object.

Unveiling the Sheridan Monument in Washington

ONE of the finest equestrian statues in the country is that of Lieutenant-General Philip H. Sheridan, just unveiled in Washington, D. C. It represents the cavalry leader reining in his charger with his left hand, while he extends the other in command. It is of the finest bronze. President Roosevelt, General Porter and others prominent in the Government and in military circles, spoke at the ceremonies, which were attended by General Sheridan's family and a great concourse of people.

Miscellaneous

F. H. S., Earlham, Ia. What you say doubtedly true; but we suppose it will altogether right until the millennium.

Reader, Atlantic Highlands, N. J. God the world, but many men, through sin yielded themselves to Satan's dominion.

A. A. R., Lodi, Calif. An earnest Christi have nothing to do with the production of intoxicants, even in the remotest degree

E. M. A., Rockford, Ill. We are unable swer your question. Write to secretary of chusetts Historical Society, Boston, Mass.

G. E. F., Peona, Mo. Other nations—prac all the European and several Asiatic—hav harvest fasts and festivals, which are the alent of our Thanksgiving.

L. L. B., Cawker, Kan. 1. The religions Presidents were given in THE MAIL-BAG s weeks ago. 2. St. Pierre has not been rebu far as we are informed.

J. M. W., Winchester, Ky. Opinions dif the subject, but it is a safe rule to avoi which your conscience cannot unhesita approve. Write to the *Medical Record*, York.

Mother Bird's Invitatio

Dear Friends of The Christian Her

We have never told you much a the work going on in our Gospel tlement—a work that since 1907 grown steadily. As we were the white door in this district, the chil took it upon themselves to name "The White Door Settlement," an has proved a badge of welcome thousands of children ever since. could fill many pages with the hist of the Settlement's activities.

The work has grown beyond all pectations and, though our class ro are large, and we have an averag six classes or clubs a day, and even after school hours, we have alway waiting list of three or four c which we cannot dispose of.

Our aim is to fortify these child to meet the temptations of every life. Is it not worth while to lay foundations of a home life, which th children will build in the future, w a knowledge not only of sanitation cleanliness, but of wholesome liv and a spirit of love and unity in home?

There is not space to tell of the S day School, and how the children, so of them, wait on the steps for ho for the door to open; of the Mothe Meeting on Sunday, when Bible ver and stories are learned, and the w ones form a cradle choir, the lit voices ringing out in Christm carols or singing quietly "Abide W Me" or "Just for To-day;" nor the Kindergarten and Housekeepi classes and the Sewing (Junior a Senior and Shirtwaist) Clubs; nor the Boys' and Men's Clubs in Civ and Literature, and the Mother's Clu numbering 106.

We are preparing now for o Christmas Tree, which we will use five evenings, for 800 children. this time the children are told t real story of Christmas—the story the Christ-Child and the meaning the gifts.

If the readers of THE CHRISTIA HERALD, who have done such migh things through their gifts, are di posed to help us in this beautiful wor they may send their contributions Dr. Klopsch of THE CHRISTIAN HE ALD, Bible House, New York, who ha kindly consented to receive them What more acceptable gift can w offer to the Christ-Child than to brin joy and sunshine into the lives of som of "the least of these" living in t depths and darkness of an East Sid tenement? SARAH J. BIRD.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

Port-au-Prince, the Haytian Capital, Seized by the Revolutionists

HAYTI'S SUCCESSFUL REVOLUTION

AN EXTRAORDINARY man is Nord Alexis, ex-President of Hayti, who has just been deposed by the successful revolution under Generals Simon and Legitime, the latter of whom has been declared President. The age of Nord Alexis is said to be ninety-eight years, and a prominent Haytian who saw him a few weeks ago assured the writer that the "old warhorse of Hayti," as foreign residents call the President, was not only in full possession of his mental powers, but also clear-sighted and active physically, and as able to go about his business as an ordinary man of fifty. Almost from childhood, Nord Alexis has been a fighter, taking part in the strife that has kept Hayti in turmoil, with rare intervals of tranquillity, ever since the former slaves of French planters won their independence. Nord Alexis led his forces in the war of seven years ago which ended in his capture of the presidency, and he is more dreaded by his enemies to-day than any of his generals. It is said that he does not know what fear is, and he would as soon be at the head of his troops as in his palace. Since the Venetian doge Dandolo, at about ninety years of age, took Constantinople by storm, there has been no previous example of warlike courage and energy, combined with years far exceeding the usual limits of old age, equal to that displayed by the nonagenarian President of Hayti.

Nord Alexis is a black negro. His administration has been that of the average Haytian president. It has been attended with the usual plots and insurrections, and these have been featured with the usual atrocities. When, a few months ago, General Villehardouin Leconte, Minister of the Interior to President Nord Alexis, caused more than a score of residents of Port-au-Prince to be taken from their homes and shot on the charge of conspiring against the government, he invited the retribution which came when, according to a report from insurgent forces, he was himself taken prisoner and summarily executed. The report of Leconte's death at the hands of the revolutionists has been denied, however, from Port-au-Prince.

The government of the United States, having established order in Cuba and compelled Dominica to recognize its obligations to its creditors and to civilization, may possibly be compelled to intervene and put a stop to despotism tempered by revolution in Hayti. There is no reason, except misgovernment, for Hayti's lack of prosperity. There is no richer land anywhere, and the agricultural possibilities of the republic are almost incalculable; yet agriculture is neglected, the roads are in wretched condition, and the industry of producers is burdened with a tax on exports. The government spends money in educating young men abroad to be lawyers and doctors, of whom there is already a supply more than sufficient for Haytian requirements, and it is the view of many enlightened Haytians that it would be wiser to expend this money in teaching agriculture and civil and mechanical engineering, and let aspirants for the legal and medical professions pay their own way. It may be added here that French is the language of the republic.

A great evil in Hayti is the excessive number of soldiers. The United States of America got along very well with a regular army of 25,000 men before the Spanish-American War, and now, with the Philippines and other foreign possessions to guard, has not more than 60,000 or 70,000. A force of 16,000 soldiers appears, therefore, too large for a small country like Hayti. It is too handy to fight with, and is more of a danger than a protection to the government it is supposed to defend.

The State religion is the Roman Catholic, many of the clergy being educated priests from France.

Nord Alexis, the Deposed President of Hayti

All religions are tolerated, however. The Haytian government appropriates about one million dollars annually for education, which is conducted under religious direction. That heathenish rites are practised in some of the interior districts of Hayti is probable. A former British minister to Hayti has asserted that voodooism is prevalent there. The late E. D. C. Bassett, for many years American minister at Port-au-Prince, informed the writer, however, that he had made careful investigation regarding voodooism, and had come to the conclusion that there was no evidence of its existence among the Haytians. Voodooism is negro witchcraft, which in its least harmful form is an imposition, like fortune-telling, on the credulity of its patrons, but which is also resorted to for the purpose of getting rid, through insidious poisons, of a person whose death is desired.

The United States, under the Dominican treaty, has controlled since May, 1907, the eastern and larger portion of the island of Santo Domingo, included in the republic of Dominica. Under the terms of that treaty, order is preserved so far as is necessary to safeguard the collection of the revenues, of which the United States is trustee for the benefit of the creditors and of the Dominican government. Hayti, although the smaller, is the more prosperous and populous of the two republics which occupy the island, and is in a much better condition financially than Dominica was before American intervention; but Hayti is now the only part of the West Indies in which disorder is chronic, and where peril to foreigners and their interests is continually present, not on account of any prejudice against foreigners, but because of the insecurity arising from constant internal broils and frequent civil wars between rivals for power. Across the line in Dominica, conditions are very different. It has not been necessary for the United States to interfere, beyond taking charge of the finances, in Dominican affairs, the very fact of the American government holding the purse being sufficient to prevent uprisings, which were often, if not always, prompted by a desire to grab the custom-houses and their revenues.

Haytians, having observed the experience of their Dominican neighbors, naturally look forward to the probabilities of American intervention at their own side of the island. So far as can be learned, Haytians are ostensibly opposed to American interference of any kind; but there is a feeling among the intelligent classes, with large business interests in railways, mines and plantations, for all of which American capital is desired, that present conditions of peril and uncertainty should not be allowed to continue.

HENRY MANN.

The Present Situation in Hayti

With startling rapidity great changes have taken place in Hayti within the last two weeks. The revolutionists have been successful, the venerable Nord Alexis has been driven from the presidential office and has sought refuge beneath the tri-color of France, and General Legitime has been declared President of the republic. As there are three factions which fought against Alexis, and do not want any of the others in power, it seems likely that more blood will be shed. On November 28 General Cyriaque was sent with an army to capture the forces of General Simon. The armies met in battle

Continued on page

The American Pulpit

A SERMON BY

Rev. Frederick F. Shannon*

THE TWICE-BORN

TEXT—JOHN 3 : 7

"Ye must be born again."

"YE MUST be born"—here is the law of every human being entering the world. "Ye must be born again"—here is the law of every soul entering the kingdom of God. Two births—born of the flesh, born from above of the Spirit; two worlds—the physical and the spiritual—these are the truths we face in our Lord's conversation with Nicodemus. Neither world can be entered without the wonder, the mystery, the glory of birth. We do not always remember this fact. Though a teacher in Israel, Nicodemus did not know it, or else had forgotten. But we must not forget that it is just as imperative to be born again to enter the kingdom of God as it is necessary to be born at all to come into the world. Therefore, I ask you to study with me the majesty and mystery of the twice-born. Let us gather our thought about these four things emphasized in this chapter: The one kingdom, the one entrance, the one agent, the one drawing power.

Consider, in the first place, that these words of Christ to Nicodemus hinge upon one kingdom—the kingdom of God. When Nicodemus, in his timid, half-patronizing manner, informs Christ that he and his colleagues are convinced that he is a teacher come from God, Christ answers him almost abruptly, in the startling words, "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except one be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." That is to say, the realities of God's kingdom are not discernible to the natural eye. As Paul expresses it, "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him; and he cannot know them, because they are spiritually judged." A new kingdom, a new man, a new sight—these are Christianity's fundamentals. God provides the new kingdom; the new kingdom demands the new man; the new man has the new sight to behold the things of the new kingdom.

Now, let us be Scriptural, and we will not be absurd. Why does not the once-born man see the kingdom of God? Is the kingdom unreal because intangible? Certainly not. Is not every man born with capacity for seeing that kingdom? Undoubtedly, else it would be mockery to tell him that he may enter into it. But kindly remember that natural capacity, as related to the kingdom of God at this juncture, is a passive something, is only the power of receiving—it is not the power itself. The power resides in God. Hear Saint John, who was probably present at this meeting of Christ and Nicodemus, in the first chapter of his Gospel: "He came unto his own and they that were his own received him not." That is, they were unwilling to accept him as Messiah, as Saviour. "But as many as received him, to them gave he the right to become children of God, even to them that believe on his name: who were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." While native capacity is essential, therefore, to enter into the joy of the twice-born, it is by no means the only essential, and it cannot go the full length of this mystic process. Blessed are they who have been born, not of blood, nor of flesh, nor of man, but of God!

Blindness of the Worldly

Let me ask again, Why does not the once-born man, even though he be as refined and cultured as Nicodemus, see the kingdom of God? For three reasons. First, the things of the kingdom are foolishness to him. Suppose you talk to your unregenerate friend of spiritual facts. You will soon discover that to him they are neither more nor less than bald, rank, unintelligible absurdities. You might as well talk to a child of the African jungle about the glitter of New York's Vanity Fair and expect him to understand you, as to talk to an unregenerate person about the kingdom of God and hope to make him comprehend the mysteries of which you speak. If the old African reminded Livingstone that ideas made him sleepy, your unspiritual friend will assure you that your "good news" is absurd to the point of laughter. "That may suit old women, effeminate men and irresponsible children"—so runs his reply—"but it don't impress me at all. You know I have to reason things out for myself. All of our people are given to a philosophic turn of mind, and of course I can't deny my ancestry." He wouldn't say or do anything to wound your feelings for the world—he is too much of a gentleman for that; but at the same time he gives you to distinctly understand that the things of the Spirit of God are foolishness to him. And though, after all, he may appear a much bigger fool to you than you do to him, you must at least admit that his attitude is thoroughly Scriptural.

Second, he is unwilling to meet the conditions. He knows, by intuition, that there must be submission of his will to a higher will—a feat old and experienced Christians do not perform any too readily. Moreover, he knows that he will have to let go of some things to which he clings and which cling to him with a death-like grip. Concerning the unknown and the unknowable part of his life, it is literally true that "the lid is on," and he is unwilling to have it lifted. And why? "Because the carnal mind is enmity against God; for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be."

Regeneration the Door

But to say nothing of the foolishness of spiritual things and his own unwillingness, the third reason why any Nicodemus cannot see the kingdom of God is the utter and absolute impossibility of the task. According to the explicit teaching of Christ, there is no conceivable way of getting around this grand and solitary exception: "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." "He cannot"—let the words sink into your soul. Through native endowment he can do many striking, even brilliant things—things that make us wonder and admire—but "he cannot see the kingdom of God."

This, then, brings us to our second point—the one entrance into the kingdom of God. Only one door opens into it, and written thereon is the one word—Regeneration. "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." The longer Christ talks upon this vital subject the more intense and radical he becomes. He had told Nicodemus just a moment before that he "cannot see," but he now tells him that he "cannot enter"—that is, become a partaker of—the kingdom, except he be born again.

The Important Question

Now, one thing seems to be certain—there was never a more unequivocal revolutionary doctrine proclaimed than the new birth. Like a flash of divine lightning, it strikes straight home to the centre of things. It is God's axe laid at the root of human character. Therefore, we ought to make sure of our ground as professing Christians.

So the all-important question for you, for me, for every human being is: "Have I been born again?" Not, mark you, "Have I joined the church?" "Have I been baptized?" "Have I paid my pew rent?" "Have I given a tenth or four-tenths of my income?" "Have I a desire to go to church once a week?" No doubt these questions have their rightful place, but let it be remembered that they are secondary to this fundamental fact and privilege of Christianity, which is entrance into the kingdom of God through the divine process of regeneration.

I say the divine process, for let us not confuse the human side with God's side of it. Perhaps I may help you to grasp my thought by stating what the new birth is not. Regeneration is not an awakening. Regeneration is not conviction of sin. Regeneration is not repentance. Regeneration is not conversion. Regeneration is not signing a card, and then denying your own signature. To be sure, these preliminary steps are involved in regeneration, but let us not confound preliminaries with the thing itself. These preparatory steps make the soul cry out, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." But, my friends, be not deceived—all this is not regeneration. It is, according to Richard Watson, rather the effect of the full and painful discovery of the want of it. "Nor," he continues, "will 'fruits meet for repentance,' the effects of an alarmed conscience, and of a corrected judgment; the efforts to be right, however imperfect; which are the signs, we also grant, of sincerity, prove more than that the preparatory process is going on under the influence of the Holy Spirit." It may be quite true that he is "not far from the kingdom of God," but it is just as true that he has not entered it—he is at best but a s gling slave, not 'the Lord's free man.'"

The Essential Conditions

Again: aside from the radicalness of the do of the twice-born, we must not overlook the fac Christ insists upon its universal application. ing to be saved, trying to be good, or being ju good as the average run of folks, enterta orthodox views, and so on through the whole tegory of easy-going substitutes—these all fall t ground in the face of what Jesus said to Ni mus. To put it frankly, did not Nicodemus these conditions, and many more besides? D not hope to be saved? He not only tried to be but was he not, in fact, far above the avera character? Can we doubt his orthodoxy? S not. He was the flower of the manhood of his And yet it is to just this man, with his ste moral qualities and splendid attainments, Christ insists upon the necessity of being again. No man can escape regeneration and e into the kingdom of God. He can easily eluc just as men have done, are doing, and will cont to do, and miss the kingdom both here and herea

Furthermore, I have a conviction that this perial truth is being sadly neglected by the Ch of our own time. While it is proclaimed in power and fidelity in many sections and from m pulpits, yet I am within the facts when I say for the most part the very word regeneration w have a hard time getting over the tips of many quent tongues, while the doctrine itself has practically submerged in a continent of qu religious mud and unscriptural gush. And yet is a doctrine which is almost universally accepte least in theory, as forming the foundation of Ch tian teaching. We receive it, not because i Augustine's doctrine, or Luther's doctrine, or vin's doctrine, or Wesley's doctrine, or Spurge doctrine, but because it is primarily the doctrin our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. It may be sisted that the conclusion that it is neglected r upon surface indications. Very well. "But," the editor of a leading financial paper: "We obliged to accept the surface indications. These clude a falling off in church attendance, the ab donment of family worship, the giving over of S day to pleasure and labor, the separation of religi from secular education under the stern demands non-sectarianism, the growing up of a generat uninstructed in the study of the Bible, the secul zation of the church itself, and its inability i large way to gain the confidence of the work people. If these indeed are really signs of a de of religious faith, then indeed there is no more portant problem before us than either discover some adequate substitute for faith or to take imm diate steps to check a development that has wit it the seeds of a national disaster." All of wh means that the Church can't feed a generation up sugar-coated pills, windy generalities and religi sweet-meats with good results.

The Holy Spirit the Sole Agent

As there is one kingdom, one entrance, so th is one agent in the new birth—the Holy Spirit. I no man discount the rite of baptism. It is obli tory, but there must be "the presence and creati and informing energy" of the Holy Spirit, else th can be no genuine regeneration. "Baptism," sa Professor Marvin R. Vincent, "considered merely a rite, and apart from the operation of the Spi does not and cannot impart the new life. Witho the Spirit it is a lie. It is a truthful sign only the sign of an inward and spiritual grace." cannot ignore the symbol, but we must not igno the reality. I put it in this way because there much greater temptation to depend upon the sy bol than there is danger in insisting upon the reali to the exclusion of the sign. As the kingdom of G is also an economy, including and implying the ganized Christian community, it is quite possible and no doubt thousands have been—to be baptiz into the outward phase of that kingdom with no re erence whatever to its inward and spiritual si nificance. Now, it may be possible for a man to born again and not be aware of the exact time of h transition into the kingdom of God. Among other Dr. G. Campbell Morgan, the great teacher a

Continued on page 1009

* Preached in Grace M. E. Church, Brooklyn.

Rev. Charles Stelzle

Rt. Rev. O. W. Whitaker, D.D., LL.D.

Rt. Rev. W. C. Doane, D.D., LL.D.

Rev. Arthur W. Lloyd, D.D.

Rev. W. H. Roberts, D.D.

Ministers Discuss Church Federation

Bishop E. R. Hendrix

Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman

IT WAS a historic occasion, in a religious sense, when the first meeting of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America assembled in Philadelphia, December 2. The churches which approved the plan of federation and appointed delegates—some 300 in number—to the Council are:

The Baptist Churches	Meth. Protestant Church
Christian Connection	Moravian Church
The Congregat'l Churches	Presby. Ch. in the U.S.A.
Church of the Disciples	Presby. Ch. in the U.S.
Evangelical Association	Protestant Epis. Church
Evangel. German Synod	Primitive Methodist Ch.
Free Baptist Church	Reformed Ch. in America
Friends, Society of	Reformed Ch. in the U.S.
Lutheran Ch., Evangelical	Reformed Presby. Church
Mennonite Church	Seventh Day Baptist
Methodist Episcopal Ch.	United Brethren
Meth. Epis. Church, South	United Evangel. Church
Meth. Epis. Ch. (African)	United Presby. Church
M. E. Zion Ch. (African)	Welsh Presby. Church

Rev. Wm. H. Roberts, D.D., chairman of the Executive Committee of the Council, presided. Arrangements had been made for a six days' session. The programme was as follows:

Opening meeting of welcome on Wednesday evening, Dec. 2, in the Academy of Music, Rev. Dr. Roberts presiding. A chorus of one thousand voices, led by H. C. Lincoln. Addresses of welcome by Rev. Wayland Hoyt, D.D. (Baptist), and Rev. Stephen W. Dana, D.D. (Presbyterian), and responses by Rev. Wallace McMullen, D.D. (Methodist), and Rev. A. J. Lyman, D.D. (Congregational). On Thursday and Friday evenings, December 3 and 4, four simultaneous public meetings, at Witherspoon Hall, Holy Trinity Episcopal Church, Arch Street Methodist Church, and First Baptist Church, the general subject being "Church Unity in America and in the Foreign Field." Among the speakers are: Rev. S. Parker Cadman, D.D., of Brooklyn; Rev. Arthur S. Lloyd, D.D., of New York, of the Episcopal Church; Rev. Robert E. Speer, of New York, of the Presbyterian Church. Friday evening: Subject, "United Home Missions and Evangelical Work." Speakers: Harry Pratt Judson, L.L.D., President of the University of Chicago; Charles S. Goodell, D.D., of the Methodist Church; Bishop Bell, of Los Angeles, Calif., of the United Brethren Church, and Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman. Saturday evening: A meeting for young people of all denominations. Speakers: Charles B. Mitchell, D.D., of Chicago; Rev. R. H. Potter, of Hartford, Conn., and Bishop Bell, of Los Angeles, Calif. Sunday afternoon meetings: One at the Lyric Theatre in the interest of "Church and Labor," and an interdenominational brotherhood meeting for men at Witherspoon Hall. December 7: Meetings at Witherspoon Hall to discuss "Federation Work." Reception to the delegates, given by the Social Unions of the various denominations in Philadelphia at the Academy of Music, Co-adjutor Bishop Alexander Mackay-Smith, of the Episcopal Church, presiding, and among the speakers, Rev. C. F. Aked, D.D., pastor of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, of New York, Judge P. S. Grosscup, of Chicago, and John Wanamaker.

Dr. Roberts has made this statement regarding the work of the Council:

"The importance of the meeting of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America is owing to the fact that there is great need for co-operation in Christian work on the part of the Protestant Churches in the United States, with a view to promote the moral and spiritual welfare of the nation. The ruling thought in our mind was that the objects could be best accomplished through action by the Christian churches as churches. There is great power in organized Christianity, which has not as yet been used to any large extent in a co-operative way. The generations come and go, but the Church continues through all the generations. There have been hitherto voluntary movements for co-operation in Christian work, such as the Evangelical Alliance. The Council, however, represents an advanced step in organization, the purpose of which is to give both direction and permanence to Christian work." The Federal Council has simply an advisory character, and cannot do more than recommend to the churches co-operation along certain great lines of action such as Foreign Missions, Home Missions and the Immigrant problem."

Rev. Geo. U. Wenner, D.D.

Rev. J. L. Barton, D.D.

THE TWICE-BORN — A Sermon by Rev. Frederick F. Shannon — *Continued*

preacher of London, does not know the date of his regeneration. He says: "If you put the question back on me to-night, 'How do you know you are born again?' I do not know how I am born again by any experience of thirty years ago, but by the present throbbing of God in my life and soul, his Spirit bearing witness with my spirit here and now." Ah! Brothers, here is the glorious experience, the present, up-to-date, moment-by-moment life of God in the soul. And if we cannot point back to a definite hour of spiritual birth, as untold thousands can; if we cannot testify to a present, conscious soul life full with Christ in God, then it behooves us to get right with God, to seek the Great Physician until He imparts the divine life in quickening power to our atrophied spiritual pulse. Some of us may have been born in a spiritual ice-house; if so, there may be faint signs of life lingering in us yet, but it is hardly probable that we have gotten over the cold we caught there. Come, let us go up to the hills—the white, peaceful hills of God—where the heavenly winds are blowing, and then we shall go down to tread the valleys of life with the conscious power of the Eternal Father surging through our being! We must—oh, we must!—recognize the agency of the Holy Spirit in the mystery of the twice-born. "That which is born of the flesh is flesh"—our appetites, our faculties, our passions, that with which nature has endowed us for living in the world, and a royal equipment it is. But flesh can produce flesh, and nothing more. I was walking up Seventh Avenue the other afternoon and my companion said, "Oh, look there!" I looked, and what do you think I saw? A beautiful baby lying in its carriage, with a bottle in its mouth, was peeping forth from under the coverlet. There it lay, with the mystery of two worlds gleaming in its innocent eyes. I said, "That's worth one look, let's take another." Looking again, we discovered a little shoe pushed right up under the tot's bottle. "Why, hello, there must be another baby about here somewhere!" And sure enough, at the farther end of the carriage lay the other twin fast asleep. I don't know where the mother was—probably in the store—but she was not far away, I am sure. Men and angels witness no lovelier sight than a true mother with her babies. In a few months love will have taught them to prattle, "Mamma!" "Daddy!" And something like that occurs in the spiritual realm when a soul, through the agency of the Holy Spirit, enters the kingdom of God. Then, because we are sons, God sends forth the Spirit of his Son into our hearts, crying, Abba, Father! Then, also, do we grasp the other part of Christ's saying, "And that which is born of the Spirit is spirit."

But just then the Master saw a queer expression, a mystified, wondering look steal over the Rabbi's face, and he added: "Marvel not, Nicodemus, that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again. Listen! Do you not hear the night wind whistling through the streets of Jerusalem? That wind bloweth where it pleaseth, Nicodemus, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but knowest not whence it cometh nor whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit. I know you are ready to ask, How can these things be? But the 'how' is not so important as that 'these things' are! Verily, verily, I say unto thee, We speak that we do know, and bear witness of that we have seen."

Very briefly, in closing, let me point out the one drawing power of the kingdom, which is the cross. Nicodemus calls Christ a teacher—even a teacher come from God. Christ hastens to show him that he is much more than a teacher, that he is the Saviour of the world. "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth may in him have eternal life." We must have something more than instruction, my brethren. Mere knowledge cannot get us into the kingdom of God. "The worst man knows infinitely more than the best man practises." Vesuvius cannot be put out by a thimbleful of water. Only the blood of the cross can quench the fires of sin raging in the human heart. Classic knowledge can produce only a classic devil. We do not need revamping, but recreation. A corpse cannot be quickened by an electric battery, however brilliant. None but the Divine Spirit, who called order out of chaos, can speak a dead soul into life. The alienated wills, the putrid hearts, the darkened minds of men need more than mental rejuvenation—they need regeneration. A hungry man cannot be satisfied by a stone, but by a loaf; not by a serpent, but by a fish; not by a scorpion, but by an egg. Nor can sin-poisoned men swallow the pleasing draughts of knowledge and be cured. The cleansing fountains lie deeper—even up among the eternal hills. Philosophy offers an opiate. Calvary provides a birth-throe, a re-commencement, a new beginning. Therefore, let us give no heed to a bon-bon gospel. It may be dainty, but it is damnable; it may be pretty, but it is perilous. John Wesley said, "If we could once bring all our preachers, itinerant and local, uniformly and steadfastly to insist on these two points—Christ dying for us, and Christ reigning in us, we should shake the trembling gates of hell." The one kingdom, the one entrance, the one agent, the one drawing power, these are the vast potencies, the holy privileges, the immortal hopes of the twice-born. "Ye must be born again!"

The National Conservation Commissio

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CHARLES WESLEY, POET AND PREACHER

TWO hundred years ago, on December 10, 1708, Charles Wesley was born at Epworth, England. His biographers differ as to the precise date, some giving the 18th of December and one the 30th. He was the next to the last in a family of nineteen children, his father being the Rev. Samuel Wesley, a clergyman of the Church of England, and his mother, Susannah Annesley. It was from this remarkable mother that Charles and his brother John inherited their great talents, which brought them into prominence in the religious life and thought of the age.

Charles' boyhood was spent on the home at Epworth, where the mother herself managed the earlier years of her children's education. The Spirit of Christ ruled in the quiet parsonage and the principles of the Christian religion were instilled almost with the first lesson in the primer. Samuel, the eldest, together with John and Charles, entered Westminster School, where Samuel ultimately became the teacher of his two brothers. In 1726, Charles was sent to Christ's Church College, Oxford, where after a few years, owing to his strict attention to his religious duties, he was given the title of "Methodist" by his less serious fellow-students. It was at first a term of derision, but it was destined in later years to become one of honor. With his brother John and two other fellow-students, he became one of the organizers of a club for mutual spiritual study and practical Christian service. This the other students flippantly called "The Holy Club," but its members were not discouraged by the taunts of classmates and steadily persevered in their self-appointed work, until even the mockers began to respect them for their courage and high principle.

Graduating at twenty-one, Charles took his degree of Bachelor of Arts, then became a tutor in the college. After the death of his father in 1735, he left the University, and, having been ordained a deacon by Bishop Potter of Oxford, he went with his brother John to Georgia, where he became secretary to General Oglethorpe, and did missionary work among the people. They sailed on October 21, 1735. Among the passengers of the ship were a number of Moravians. The two brothers by general consent were chosen to lead the religious services throughout the voyage. A storm arose and the Wesleys were surprised to note the quiet confidence of the Moravians, who showed no fear of death, even when the peril was greatest. On returning to London, Charles Wesley sought out the Moravians, and a leader among them, Peter Bohler by name, became his spiritual adviser, and brought him to a clearer view of the Gospel. His brother John also came into the light through the same spiritual guide. A year later, about 1739, Charles Wesley celebrated the anniversary of his conversion by writing the famous hymn:

O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!

Charles now became a curate in Islington, near London, and developed an ardent passion for soul-saving. So intensely earnest were his ministrations and his insistence upon godliness and purity, that he gave offense to some of the people of his church. About this time, John, who had been traveling in Germany among the Moravians, returned and began to preach the Gospel with great vigor and earnestness. So vivid and direct was the presentation of Gospel truth by the two brothers that many churches were closed against them, and Charles was cited to appear before the Archbishop of Canterbury, on the charge of preaching where he had no canonical authority to do so. The Archbishop concluded a very heated interview by announcing his intention to forbid the clergy of the Church of England to permit the Wesleys to preach in their pulpits.

But although for conscience sake they were thus driven from the pulpit of their own church, they were not discouraged. George Whitefield had returned from America, where he had been conducting a great revival movement, leading thousands into the kingdom, and he now resumed his Gospel work in England, preaching wherever an opportunity afforded itself, among the miners, in the fields, on the mountain sides, in the open—anywhere. John and Charles Wesley, following Whitefield's example, took up the standard of evangelism and went

The Brothers Wesley and their Friends Discussing the Scriptures

through the United Kingdom, preaching the Gospel of salvation through Jesus Christ. They were assaulted, mobbed, derided and put in peril of their lives on many occasions. The story of their persecutions is too familiar to need recital here. Those who were converted under their ministrations, being unable to secure admission into the established church on account of their connection with the itinerant evangelists who were under the church's ban, were organized by the Wesleys into bands or classes, under leaders who were men of experience in the Christian life and trained in the Wesleys' method of Christian work. This new organization ultimately became the basis of the Methodist Church.

Charles Wesley is more especially known throughout the Christian world as the great hymnologist of the Cross. Many of the noble hymns he wrote in those years of peril and persecution are to-day the standard hymns, not only of the Methodist Church, but of the Protestant churches everywhere. His songs abound with faith, hope and love. Within his breast was the heart of a poet singing for the whole world. In his strains we are led as by one who has a mighty faith, and who knows that all things are possible to him that believeth. It was this marvelous faith in his life that led him to sing:

Faith lends its realizing light;
The clouds disperse, the shadows fly:
The invisible appears in sight,
And God is seen by mortal eye.

It is recorded that Charles Wesley's singing of his own hymn, "Lovers of Pleasure More than God," melted the roughest audiences to tears. But the Wesleys not only preached the justice but the love of God. Charles' famous hymn: "Love Divine, All Love Excelling," is probably the finest apostrophe ever written on the subject, as it is assuredly the best known and most popular. But the production of hymns was a prolific and spontaneous act with Charles Wesley. His burning soul sang within him of God's glory, of his love, of heaven, and of Jesus, his life, death and resurrection. Hymns of supplication, of promise, of pardon, and of blessing poured from his lips and from his gifted pen in a steady stream. The old hymns of Doddridge and Watts were superseded by these new lyrics, which throbbed and pulsated with religious feeling. Many of Wesley's hymns were ecstatic, like "Christ, Whose Glory Fills the Skies," "Depth of Mercy, Can There Be," and the greatest and grandest of all, his masterpiece, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," which is sung to-day throughout the whole wide world. Volume followed volume, as the new hymns appealed to the hearts of the people. It is estimated that about 5,000 of Wesley's hymns were published and that nearly half that number more were found among his papers after he died. Charles Wesley was not only a poet but a singer as well. He believed, as his brother John had tersely expressed it, that "the devil should not have all the good music," so he adapted popular tunes unhesitatingly where he could make the melody fit his metre. Further, he frequently took for his spiritual theme something he had observed during his evangelistic journeys. Thus the well-known hymn, "Lo, on a Narrow Neck of Land," was suggested by a peculiarly shaped rock overlooking the English Channel at Land's End. "Jesus, Lover of My Soul" was inspired by an experience of personal peril. The brothers, fleeing from a mob, found refuge in a little shed or spring-house, where Charles Wesley jotted down the famous verses precisely as we know them. It has been said by competent literary judges that at least two hundred of Charles Wesley's hymns might be chosen that are without an equal in the writings of any other sacred poet. That much of their literary quality and finish are due to the taste and judgment of John Wesley, who is said to have revised all that his brother wrote, does not alter the judgment of those who accord Charles Wesley the foremost place in English hymnology.

He continued his active Gospel labors until 1756, after which he lived quietly in Bristol with his family, his wife being a Miss Gwynne, whom he married after his fortieth year. From 1769 until he died, he dwelt in a handsome home in London, which a noble friend (Lady Manners) generously placed at his disposal. He passed away at the ripe old age of eighty years, on March 29, 1788, expressing with his last breath his firm confidence in God and in that Saviour whose praises and whose pardoning grace he had so often celebrated with voice and pen.

OUR FIRST "CONSERVATION CONFERENCE"

See photographs on opposite page

THE eyes of the nation will be turned toward Washington next week, when governors from States North, South, East and West will meet with the National Conservation Commission. The purpose of the conference will be to discuss the plan for the conservation of the country's natural resources, which was discussed by the governors at their memorable conference with the President at the White House last May. It is expected the assemblage will include, besides the governors and their advisers, representative citizens from many States, heads of great industrial and commercial organizations and some of the nation's most distinguished men, including Andrew Carnegie, James J. Hill, John Mitchell, John Hays Hammond, and a score or more of men whose names are familiar in connection with many great business enterprises.

The National Conservation Commission was named by President Roosevelt last June. In the last six months it has accomplished much. It has made the first inventory of our country's natural resources ever attempted. The President in naming it divided it into four general sections—waters, forests, lands and minerals. Each section is headed by either a United States senator or a representative in Congress. To Gifford Pinchot, Chief of the United States Forest Service, was assigned the chairmanship. The inventory is being arranged for a report to the President, which will be in his hands by January 1, 1909.

Meantime, the governors have been appointing State Conservation Commissions, and practically all national organizations which are in any way concerned with our natural resources have created special Conservation Committees. These commissions and committees will come into joint session with the National Conservation Commission to decide on a programme that will result in the greatest amount of actual achievement. The Inland Waterways Commission, which has been a potent factor in this movement, is now serving as the Section of Waters of the Conservation Commission.

The conservation of the country's natural resources has become a practical problem, the solution of which is of vital interest to the whole country. The decision as to which phases of the problem demand immediate attention will be left largely to the joint Conservation Conference.

Ideal Christmas Gifts

Dear Dr. Klopsch: I have received both *The Inside Story of the White House* and *After Death—What?* and can say in all sincerity that when I sent in my order for these books I did not know what I was buying. I had expected two splendid books neatly, even attractively, bound, but I received—not only the two splendid books, fully up to my most sanguine expectations, but so *beautifully* bound and *exquisitely* printed—in short, so ideal in every way as Christmas gift books—that I enclose herewith $2.00 for two additional copies of *The Inside Story of the White House.*

Yours with warm appreciation,

AGNES G. ROWE.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor

GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Edit

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

Expiration of Subscription.—The date on the wrapper indicates when your subscription ends.

Subscriptions may commence with any issue.

Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIA HERALD, Bible House, New York.

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Our Agreement with Japan

AN AGREEMENT, which is tantamount to a treaty, yet without a treaty's binding force, has been entered into between this government and Japan, in which the policies of the two nations, with respect to their mutual interests in the Pacific and their attitude toward China, are distinctly defined. This agreement is understood to consist of five articles, binding both governments:

First. To the development of their commerce in the Pacific on lines of mutual, friendly encouragement, neither opposing the legitimate interests of the other.

Second. To preserve the existing *status quo* in the Pacific and to maintain the principle of equal opportunity for the commercial and industrial interests of both in regard to trade in China.

Third. Each to respect the present territorial possessions of the other in the Pacific.

Fourth. To maintain, by all the peaceful means at their command, the independence and integrity of China, and to support the principle of the "open door," with equal opportunities for all nations to share the same industrial and commercial privileges.

Fifth. To confer, through the respective State Departments at Tokyo and Washington, with the view of deciding upon a mutually satisfactory course of action, in the event of the *status quo* or the "open door" principle being threatened.

Although not a treaty, as treaties are defined in the language of diplomacy, this agreement has practically all the effect of one. It is signed by the representatives of both governments, but needs no ratification by the Senate. Moreover, as it provides for mutual conference in the event of possible complications, it is a reasonable inference that mutual co-operative action would follow. Other Powers, it is understood, have been informed of the nature and terms of the agreement, and are reported to have signified their approval. By this agreement, the United States becomes an Asiatic Power, with important interests to be safeguarded. While the new development gives Japan unrivaled prestige, with two powerful nations as her friends, it leaves to ourselves the greater responsibility and the far grander mission of leading the Asiatic races forward to a higher civilization.

To China, the American-Japanese agreement will mean that the ancient empire, freed from undue foreign interference, can now go forward with her programme of reform. With her integrity guaranteed and the principle of just and equal trade privileges firmly established, she will be freed from many of the dangers that have threatened her in the past, and will not be the helpless victim of unjustifiable foreign exploitation in the future.

The "Emmanuel Movement"

WITHIN the present year, a number of churches, representing different denominations, have taken up what is now commonly known as the "Emmanuel movement." It takes its name from the Emmanuel Church of Boston, the pastor of which, the Rev. Samuel McComb, and his associate, Rev. Dr. Worcester, were the first exponents of the new movement in this country. It is, in brief, a modification of the so-called science of "mental healing," and it draws a strict line between organic and functional diseases, the former being left to the treatment of regular physicians, while functional disorders of nervous origin are treated according to moral and psychical methods.

Advocates of the new school of psycho-therapeutics hold that the consecrated pastor may minister to the body as well as to the soul; he may ascertain what is wrong with the mind or sub-conscious personality of the patient and, by quickening his faith, restore his mental tone and balance, banish the thoughts that make him ill, educate his will and strengthen his powers of resistance. Worry, neurasthenia, neurosis, consumption, hysteria, insomnia, indigestion, alcoholism, and other disorders are treated by the new method.

That the Christian has a right to pray for bodily health and strength need not be questioned. It is his duty, however, to use all the human skill and intelligence at his disposal, wherever these can be utilized to advantage for that purpose. Jesus, the Great Physician, had no word of condemnation for the doctors of his day, although he more than once performed miracles where their science had failed. While the apostolic church taught the healing of the sick, it was altogether a miraculous healing. No attempt was made to include psycho-therapeutics and hypnosis in partnership with the divine Spirit.

The "Emmanuel movement," it is explained by its advocates, is both scientific and inspirational. It is simply spiritualized hypnosis. Very likely it will be asked whether the new movement is not a reversion to occult methods which have failed in the past. Is it an effort to make men whole, when the entire energy of the Church should be directed to making them holy? Are not the methods of the ministerial hypnotist allied to those of the sorcerer? Are we "harking back" to the miracle-working practices of the Roman Church, so long opposed and condemned by Protestantism, or has the movement been called into being to offset the advances of Christian Science, Mind Healing, Faith Cure, New Thought and similar cults?

But, criticism aside, there is a real danger. The Rev. Dr. Worcester, the Rev. Dr. Samuel McComb and Dr. James Jackson Putnam of Harvard University—all pioneers and founders of the new movement—have warned the churches against permitting "untrained and unqualified men" to assume the task of dealing with disease by the new method. They fear lest over-enthusiastic pastors should be drawn into the vortex unprepared and thus invite discredit and failure. There should be a special training before any minister attempts to employ it as an auxiliary to his spiritual work. The Rev. George F. Cutten, Yale lecturer on "Mental Healing," is convinced that psycho-therapeutics will not become a regular part of church work. He regards it as belonging to the domain of the physician.

It is yet too soon to form any definite opinion as to the real merits of the "Emmanuel movement." THE CHRISTIAN HERALD believes the Church should await further developments before giving its unreserved approval or condemnation. If the movement is of God, it will receive the seal of his approval before men as a mighty adjunct to the Gospel; if not of God, it will soon be forgotten.

Sowing Unbelief

ON SEVERAL occasions in the past, Chicago University has distinguished itself by its open advocacy of free thought and infidelity, disguised under the title of "higher criticism." Quite recently, it is said, one of the professors in the Divinity School achieved new notoriety for that remarkable institution, by instructing the theological students that religion is not of divine origin, but a human achievement; that man created his own gods; that people are giving up the idea that religion is inspired and are now cultivating it just as they cultivate music, language and other accomplishments.

Of course, the whole purpose of this foolish argument is to attack the inspiration of the Scriptures. For several years, the Chicago professors have been hammering at the old Book, but without making any visible impression. Last spring, they united in a symposium attacking the Gospel as an outworn superstition and urging the substitution of the scientist and the doctor for the missionary. These spiritually blind professors apparently do not comprehend that God has implanted religion in the heart of man. Even the heathen and the naked savage, worshiping their poor idols, are bowing before an adumbration that typifies, however dimly, the divinely implanted conviction within them of a God who rewards good and punishes evil.

One may reasonably question the value of theological training in a university where religious contention—which has been aptly called the "devil's harvest"—is so industriously cultivated. What brand of theology may one be expected to preach who has had his mind saturated with infidel doubts and suggestions and who is compelled to listen while the old Bible is mocked and derided as unauthentic, uninspired, and filled with superstitions and fables; who is taught to doubt the divinity of Christ, the genuineness of his work, and the efficacy of his sacrifice, and who now, as a fitting climax to such a curriculum, is asked to believe that God himself is a mere human invention?

If such be the mission of this particular Divinity School, it is well for the world to know it.

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DR. KLOPSCH APPEALS

FIFTEEN hundred and thirty-eight wo... es and homeless men and boys stood last ...ght in the Bowery Mission Midnight Bread ...in waiting for nearly two hours for a bowl of stea...ing hot coffee and one of the Bowery Mission's gen...ous buns, equal to nearly half a loaf of sweetene...and toothsome bread. It was an extremely cold ...ht, yet the great majority on the Bread-Line were ...till thinly clad in summer clothes, very much the ...rse for wear, and 95 per cent. were without overc...ts.

Most of these men and boys are from co...try homes. They had read the glowing accounts o...the great opportunities which the many enterpris...of the metropolis afford to able-bodied men, and ...me on in expectation of doing better here than ...ey could at home. But, alas! the vast army of res...nt non-workers had anticipated them, and hence ...ey met with dire disappointment.

Of course this is only a temporary conditio...of affairs, and sooner or later, with increasing pros...r-ity, vacancies will occur into which they can ...ep and realize the hopes which started them from ...ne country to the city. But in the meantime they ...st be cared for or go to destruction. Their money ...as given out; they are helpless and practically h...e-less. They have no friends, no relatives in ...is great city; they cannot appeal to mother or fat...r, who are far away and have nothing to spare, ...d unless help comes and comes speedily they must ...e-come either criminals or suicides.

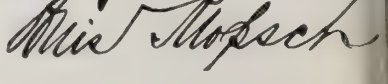
Just here the Bowery Mission steps in with ...ts Bread-Line, its Bed Ticket ensuring for its hold...a night's rest amid comparatively respectable ...r-roundings, its Free Labor Bureau, without cha...e, seeking and finding work for the workless, and ...s Memorial House, where men and boys inclined t...o right can find temporary shelter, food and g...d company while looking for situations.

Then there are the nightly meetings of the B... ery Mission in a well-lighted and comfortal... warmed hall—a veritable blessing on a cold ...ll stormy winter night—in which kind and sym...- thetic people, including Superintendent Hallim...l and dear Mrs. Bird, take them by the hand and ...- courage them to be true to themselves, true to th...r early training, and true to their God, while wait...g for an opening that will help them to become use...l and self-supporting.

Ordinarily the generous contributions fr...m friends in every part of the country suffice for ...e requirements of this National Clearing House ...f Unfortunates; but just now, when the number ...f the Bread-Line has swelled beyond all reasona...e proportions, and Christmas, with its dinners th...t give to these desolates a touch of home and of sen...- ment, urgently demands recognition, we find ou...- selves sadly in need of funds.

So many of our friends have already contribut... in former years that we hardly dare urge furth... contributions; but we must not altogether ignc... this pitiful cry for help. Therefore we ask yc... dear friend, if you have not already contributed ... this godlike charity, to do so now. Your own Chri...s mas will be doubly blessed if you help these hel... less ones, among whom may be the very boy yo... heart is yearning for. Surely we need not quo... Scripture to urge you to be generous. Even thou...s your boy be not among them, some other mothe... or father's boy is there. Make a thank-offering th... yours is not among the number. Open wide yo... purse-strings, take out a large contribution a... send it with your prayers to the Bowery Missio... that it may bring sunshine and happiness into t... loneliest of lonely lives, that of a man or boy hom... less and desolate in this great metropolis of t... Western world. Send help to-day. It will be a... knowledged next month in the columns of TH... CHRISTIAN HERALD, and later on by Him who sha... say, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of thes... my brethren, ye did it unto me."

Please address your contribution to the Bower... Mission, in care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 9... Bible House, New York, and bear in mind tha... "NOW is the accepted time."



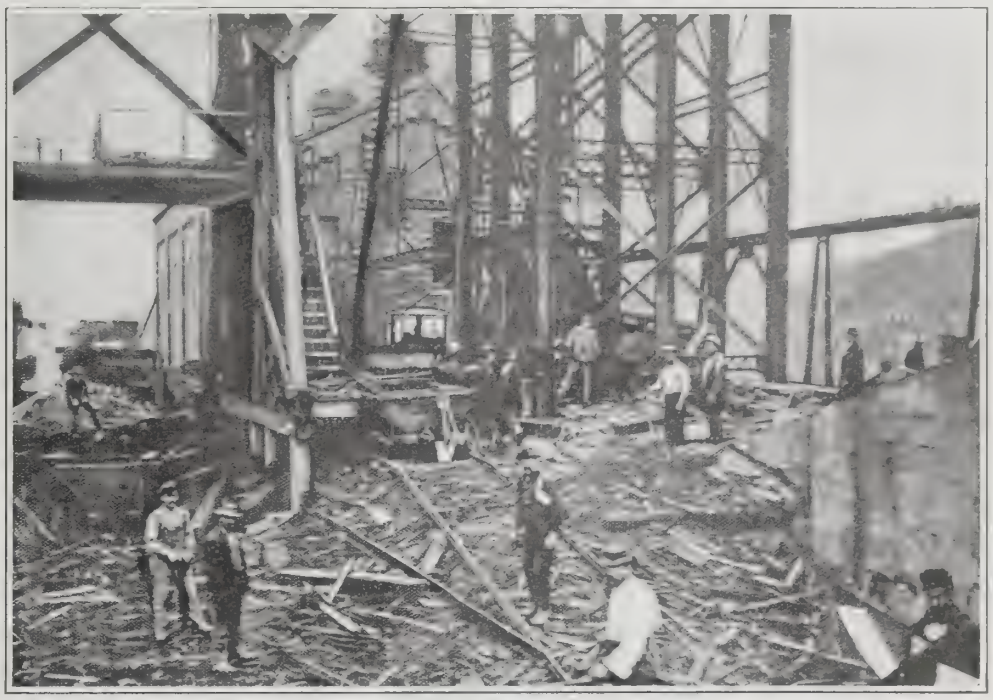
THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Appalling Mine Disaster

AN EXPLOSION in the Marianna mine of the Pittsburg-Buffalo Company on November 28, killed 138 men, only one, Frank Ellinger, making his escape. There are two theories as to the cause of the explosion. One is that a pocket of gas was struck by one of the miners, quickly filling the workings and then igniting from a lamp; the other theory is that gas from a well on the Fulton farm, on which the mine is situated, penetrated the workings. Ellinger remained for twelve hours penned up with his 138 dead fellow-workmen. He says: "I was passing through one of the entries, about one hundred yards from the foot of the shaft, when something hit me. I had no time to think. I heard no noise. I must have been blown seventy-five yards through a passage by the air from the explosion, and the first wave of air must have shocked me unconscious, before the noise of the explosion reached me. I do not know what time I came to. It seemed like a million years from the time I regained consciousness until I heard them coming for me." There is no pen that can record or tongue describe the intolerable agony of that little model mining town. John J. Ivill, Jr., a nephew of one of the owners of the mine, was among the victims. He was performing his first day's work since his honeymoon and the grief of his bride was pathetic in the extreme. Another bereaved wife, Mrs. George Acker, tried to throw herself down the mine shaft because her husband was among the ones missing. Her mind is gone beyond all hope of recovery, the physicians say. Mrs. Joseph Holmes was driven insane because her son was among the killed.

We who sit by our cheerful firesides do not realize how much it costs in peril and sacrifice to secure us our fuel and other comforts. In the selection of our life-work, there is peril enough everywhere; but there are many of the callings of life that are extra-hazardous and which require genuine heroism in the workers. This mine was supposed to be constructed with the most perfect scientific safeguards, but the deadly gas did its work in spite of them. This calamity should teach with tremendous force the lesson to which the world in its rush pays too little heed: that death is certain and often swift as a flash of lightning, and it behooves all to be ready for the coming of the messenger.

Therefore be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh. (Matt. 24 : 44.)



The Wrecked "Tipple" and Shaft at the Marianna Mine

Six Stories Underground

There is to be constructed upon the corner of Broadway and New Street, New York City, a forty-three-story building. It will be of white enameled brick and terra cotta. Its height will be 536 feet and six inches, and it will cost $3,875,000. It will be the tallest single, compact building in the city, the towers of the Singer and Metropolitan buildings only being above it. A singular thing about the building is that it will have six stories underground. They have all been engaged at a total rental of one million dollars. The owner claims that, with the improved methods of lighting, ventilating and heating, the rooms below the water level will be just as healthful as the thousands of offices above ground where artificial light is used during the day.

There is nothing so important in the building of character as a solid foundation. The deeper down toward rock-bed it goes, the surer support it furnishes to the superstructure. In the erection of the structure of character which is to stand the storms of time, how important it is to build on Christ, the granite of eternal truth, the rock of everlasting ages.

For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ. (I. Cor. 3 : 11.)

Japan Forgives Released Criminals

In olden times, when a Japanese committed a crime, they cut off his head. The punishment was cheap and efficacious; it cured crime to that extent and eliminated the criminal from society. With civilization, they adopted the jail and the convict. The prison system of Japan has worked no better than here. It shuts a man behind the bars, degrades him most of the time of his incarceration, and turns him out too often unregenerated and sometimes worse than when he entered, to be branded with the mark of a criminal in his forehead, to be shunned and hated by his fellowmen. There are exceptions to this prison life, but, in its best features, it is dreary and forbidding. There are a few charitable persons who befriend released convicts and try to help them in the world, but society as a rule turns a cold shoulder. Japan is setting us a good example. It has amended its penal code by providing that punishment shall be full expiation and, when the convict has served his term of confinement, his offense is wiped out. No one may ostracize him because of his crime; he cannot be refused employment because he has been a convict; he is not to be discharged except for other cause. No one is allowed to allude to his crime or his conviction or to insult him or his family.

The Saviour, when he was in this world, took great pains to command the visitation and tender treatment of those in prison. It will be well for us, in our treatment of released convicts, as individuals and as a society, to imitate the Christian spirit incarnated in the laws of Japan.

For the Lord heareth the poor, and despiseth not his prisoners. (Ps. 69 : 33.)

International Tuberculosis Exhibition

Fully 5,000 people—men, women and children—attended the International Tuberculosis Exhibition in the Museum of Natural History in New York City during the opening week. The exhibition is to continue some six weeks. At the formal opening exercises, Robert D. de Forest presided. Dr. Abraham Jacobi, the distinguished specialist, made a notable address. It was a message of hope that tuberculosis can be cured, that death can be driven away from its harvest of 200,000 lives annually in the United States. Dr. Jacobi said:

Recoveries are either spontaneous or produced by accessible means. When they are spontaneous we attribute them to the existence of favorable circumstances—a vigorous constitution, the free enjoyment of fresh air and a proper climate, sufficient rest and ample and nutritious food. When not spontaneous recovery is due to the intentional creation, where they do not exist, of those very favorable circumstances in the home, in a foreign country, in a sanitarium; to a full supply of nutrient food, the requisite rest, personal hygiene, and such medication as relieves a disturbing cough, secures restful nights, improves the appetite and digestion, enhances nutrition, relieves fevers, stimulates strength, and occasionally removes injurious dead tissues by operative interference. All these are demanded, and though there be no evidence of a cure of tuberculosis by medicines alone, there is much evidence of their availability when combined with the measures of cure you will study in the thousands of exhibits under this hospitable roof.

The world hails this onslaught on the White Plague. Christ paid much attention to the cure of the diseases of the body. God's spirit is directing the science of to-day in the healing of diseases and in the preservation of physical life. The body is the temple of the soul and of the Holy Ghost, and too great care cannot be given to the preservation of its health and strength.

That the plague may be stayed from the people. (II. Sam. 24 : 21.)

Wonderful Telegraphy

Mr. Antal Pollak, at a meeting held at the Royal Colonial Institute, London, to further the prospect of penny cablegrams, gave an exhibition of the Pollak-Virag system. The feature of this system is that the message when received writes itself in characters like handwriting. The message is sent on an ordinary Wheatstone transmitter, by first punching out a strip of paper with the perforations which represent the letters. This strip is then run through the transmitter, and its symbols are reproduced electrically at the other end of the line. At the receiving end there is a telephone diaphragm which is deflected both horizontally and vertically by the electric impulses received. Attached to the diaphragm is a small mirror, which moves as the diaphragm moves, and, with the help of a ray of light reflected upon it, records the movements on a roll of photographic paper. By this system 45,000 words an hour were sent between Berlin and Koenigsberg, over a distance of nearly 500 miles, and those words were recorded at the receiving end in a legibly written hand. But this improvement in telegraphy is not so wonderful as the wireless message which was received in San Francisco the other day from Japan, a distance of 4,700 miles. The scientific men of Japan have been ingenious enough to make us understand the message from their end, but as yet we have not been able to send back answers from San Francisco to Japan that they could understand; but devices will soon be so perfected that people will be able to talk by wireless around the world. By the discovery of all these mysteries in nature, it seems less a mysterious thing for the children of the common Father to communicate with him by prayer and by spiritual contact. However far away heaven may be, it is certain that our messages of love and need reach the ear of our heavenly Father, and answers of peace and thrills of joy come back in response.

Then hear thou their prayer and their supplication in heaven thy dwelling place, and maintain their cause. (I. Kings 8 : 49.)

Delighted with the Book

Dear Dr. Klopsch: The Inside History of the White House came duly to hand by express on Tuesday morning, and I am delighted with it, and send thanks for your prompt reply. MATILDA E. PRICE.

REIGNS OF TWO KINGS

Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

LESSON I. *David Brings the Ark to Jerusalem* from the house of Obed-Edom, where it had been for three months. It was brought with great gladness, with the music of harps, psalteries, timbrels, cornets and cymbals. Even Mount Zion was incomplete without the Ark altar. There should be a family altar in every Christian home. The Ark was a benediction in Obed-Edom's dwelling. God's presence always makes a happy and prosperous household.

Many of the busiest Christians keep up daily home worship as a daily joy and power. They believe that "prayer and provender hinder no man's journey." They neither hurry their eating nor their praying. They save themselves from heartbreaks by taking time for home Christian training as one of the necessities of life.

If they cannot get all the family together after breakfast, the best time of all, they put the daily worship after supper, or if the family cannot be gathered then, they put it just before bedtime, which is better than nothing.

They brighten the service with brevity and explanations—not exhortations—and with songs.

In a certain house there was never any blessing asked at table, and when once the minister was invited to dinner he begged that grace should be said, not only at that time but also in the future. This request caused some embarrassment, and a long silence, which the master of the house broke at length with the remark that the daily prayer at meal time was only a matter of custom, and that the repetition of the same words, year after year, must necessarily become monotonous and meaningless. The seven-year-old grandchild kissed his hand and said: "Dear grandpa, must I not come any more to you every morning and say, 'Good morning, grandpa,' or at evening, 'Good night, grandpa'?" Another silence ensued, which the clergyman interrupted, looking at the child with delight as he said: "'Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise.'" I believe in New Year's resolutions that have been put into practice a week or so in advance. Begin on this Sabbath of the old year to build or rebuild your family altar and keep it up persistently until January 1, and there will be some hope that New Year's resolutions on this point will not become broken vows.

LESSON II. *God's Promise to David*, sent through the prophet Nathan: "I will raise up thy seed after thee, which shall be of thy sons. . . . He shall build me a house, and I will establish his throne forever."

God's Promise to Us. "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John 3: 16.)

LESSON III. *David's Kindness to Jonathan's Son.* When Saul and Jonathan were dead, David remembered the kindness of his friend and welcomed his son to a place at his own table in the king's palace, for Jonathan's sake. As Mephibosheth was welcomed for Jonathan's sake to King David's table, so we are welcomed for Jesus' sake, who loved us, and died for us, to the Lord's Supper—the table of the King of kings.

During a recent war, a wounded soldier was told he could go home and get well. He had only a little money—enough to pay for only part of the way. But his captain gave the soldier a letter to his rich father, who lived in P—, asking him to help the soldier pay for the rest of his journey. "Do it," said the captain, "for my sake," and then he signed his name "James." The next week that rich father was busy with his letters in his office when the soldier came in; but there were so many soldiers and others who came to that office for help that the father did not pay any attention to him until he laid the captain's letter wide open, right under his eyes. He saw the words: "For my sake. Your son, James," and quickly read the rest. Then nothing was too much for him to do for the soldier. He bought him better clothes, dined him at his own home, drove him in his own carriage to the depot, and paid for his ticket to his far-off home—all for the sake of his son. For Jesus' sake God welcomes us to the Lord's Supper; for Jesus' sake he answers our prayers; for Jesus' sake he gives us the new robe of forgiveness; for Jesus' sake he helps us on our journey toward our home in heaven.

LESSON IV. *The Joy of Forgiveness.* David had committed a grievous sin. The enormity of it was shown to him by Nathan, the prophet of the Lord. Then David repented and sought God's forgiveness. And he was forgiven because God loves to forgive those who truly repent of their sins. Then David knew the joy of forgiveness.

Near the end of the seventeenth century, a Turkish grandee in Hungary made a Christian nobleman his prisoner and treated him with the utmost barbarity. The slave, for such he was, was yoked with an ox, and compelled to drag the plow. But the fortune of war changing, the Turk fell into the hands of the Hungarians, who said to their enslaved fellow countryman: "Now take your revenge upon your enemy." This was in accordance with the customs of the age, and the Turk supposing, as a matter of course, that he would be tortured to death, had already swallowed poison, when a messenger came from his Christian slave, telling him to go in peace, for he had nothing to fear. The Moslem was so impressed with this heavenly spirit that he proclaimed with his dying breath: "I will not die a Moslem, but I die a Christian, for there is no religion but that of Christ which teaches forgiveness."

LESSON V. *Absalom Rebels Against David.* What a cruel stab Absalom gave his father when he rebelled against him, and even went into battle against him! But the father still loved his son.

A little boy once wandered away, and was lost for one day. He suffered during the day, but did not suffer as much as his father. He had disobeyed and thus was lost, but the father did not feel while looking for him that if he failed to find him, it would be sad for the child, but would make no particular difference to himself. He felt that he must find him, or he could not live. God loves his children as no earthly parent can. God does need his children, and if their souls are lost, not they alone will be the losers.

LESSON VI. *David Grieves for Absalom.* He grieved until it was said of him: "Thou lovest thine enemies and hatest thy friends." And Joab, the commander of his army, said: "If Absalom had lived, and all we had died this day, then it had pleased thee well." And David, thus reminded of his duty to the living, arose from being prostrated by grief, and went out to meet his victorious people.

LESSON VII. *The Lord Our Shepherd.* David having himself been a shepherd is able to interpret to us our relation to the Good Shepherd: "I shall not want." I shall not lack oversight, for "he maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters." Nor shall I lack ability to continue in well doing: "He restoreth my soul." Nor shall I lack guidance: "He leadeth me in paths of righteousness." Nor shall I lack sustaining power: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me." Neither shall I lack consolation: "Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." Neither shall I lack providential care: "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies." Neither shall I lack sympathy: "Thou anointest my head with oil, my cup runneth over." Neither shall I lack blessing: "Goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life."

King Solomon Finishing the Temple

LESSON VIII. *Solomon Anointed King.* "Know thou the God of thy father." There was a Bible reading and prayer meeting on board ship among the sailors. The leader was an old sailmaker. "Listen to these words again, chums," said he: "Oh that there were such a heart in them, that they would fear me and keep all my commandments" (Deut. 5: 29).

"Ah, chums," said he, "it makes the difference whether a man has head or a heart religion. Head religion is like moonlight: that is pre and cold, and romantic like, but it l no notion of melting ice or warmi the earth. It is just like that w head religion—there's no warmth, life in it. We should never dream holding out our hands to the moon warm them; but there are folks fo ish enough to try and heal brok hearts and to warm their cold soi with head religion. Poor things! th are moon-blind or they would try see it as God teaches all throu the Bible that it is with the heart m believeth unto righteousness." He the good old man tucked his book u der his arm and rubbed his hands t gether as he continued, "Halleluj for the sunshine—God's sunshine, t joy of the Lord! Why, look here. T other night when that little chap w singing his ditty on the upper dec 'I'm the Merry Sunshine,' you remei ber how everybody clapped him a encored. I could not help wishing th a few of them would learn to lo God's heart sunshine. Thank God th he has made it easy to have heart rel gion! Everyone has the power trust, I believe!"

LESSON IX. *Warnings Against Intemperance.* "Twice a day the boa men on the River Trent, in Englan send up the thirty miles of river a cr of warning that the great tidal wav or bore, is coming. The incoming tid from the ocean enters the Humbe River, and when it meets the narrowe Trent it can no longer spread out as has been doing, and so it rises on to of the stream which is flowing in th other direction into the Humber. A it advances with a terrible roar u stream it rises higher and higher, wall of seemingly angry water wit foaming crests five or six feet high a Gainsborough. It comes so swiftl and with such force that any boat left unanchored are wrecked. Th words of warning which the boatme shout from one to another have strange sound to us. They are ''War Aegir!' Beware the Aegir! It is cry that comes down from the time when the pagan Danes invaded Eng land. They could not understand thi fierce tidal wave; they thought it must be a god, and they named it Aegir. Three months ago we studied a warning cry of the prophet Isaiah against an evil which was to the people of that day a god far more terrible and dangerous than the Aegir of the Danes." —*Tarbell.*

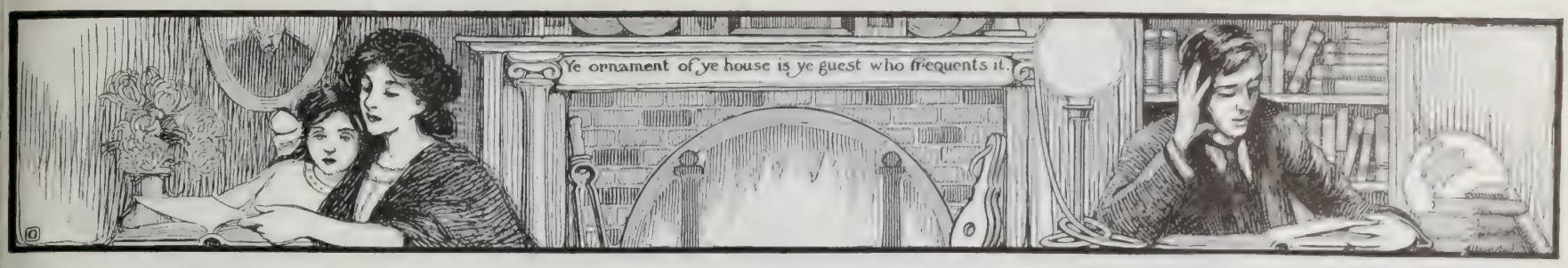
LESSON X. *Solomon Chooses Wisdom.* How bountifully God gave Solomon what he asked for! When the Queen of Sheba came from afar to prove what she had heard of the wisdom of King Solomon, and when he had answered all her questions, she testified: "The half was not told me; thy wisdom and prosperity exceedeth the fame which I heard" (I. Kings 10: 1-7). His building of the temple was a great witness to his wisdom, as were also his plans for improving the city of Jerusalem and for establishing commerce with other nations, particularly with Tyre. It is said of him that he had "wisdom and understanding exceeding much, and largeness of heart even as the sand that is on the seashore" (I. Kings 4: 29).

And Solomon increased in wisdom and in riches as God said he should.

LESSON XI. *Solomon Dedicates the Temple.* It was a grand and glorious time in Israel with God himself coming down from heaven and filling the temple with his glory. It is the privilege of each and every one of us to build a temple for the living God—even ourselves—and in the end, when the headstone is brought forth, to hear the shouting from angel voices: "Grace, grace unto it" (Zech. 4: 7). The holy place in this temple of myself is my mind. The most holy place is my heart.

* **International Sunday School Lesson for December 27, 1908.** GOLDEN TEXT: "Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise." Ps. 100 : 4.

BY THE WINTER FIRELIGHT



Work or Pastime?

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

A PASTIME may indeed be a task. It may involve considerable hardship and result in no little fatigue. But the task that is a pastime is in strong contrast with the task that is a grind. The work by which we earn our bread, work that cannot be shirked, that must be done at a fixed time and in a definite place, may be easy enough in the doing, yet it takes a good deal out of us by its very monotony. A pastime, on the contrary, being undertaken by way of recreation, wears a much more winning face than that of the labor that is paid for in money. I knew a man who was by trade a stone mason. He was an excellent workman and was always paid the highest wages in his line. Day by day he toiled at his trade, and his family lived upon his earnings. Aside from this, he had a pastime, perhaps it might better be called a hobby. He collected moths and beetles and butterflies, and by persistent study and application he had become an entomologist of no mean order. His collection of specimens was wonderful to see, and his occupation of butterfly catcher had brought him into correspondence with famous scientific men all over the world. More than one royal prince as fond of butterflies as the stone mason, was included among his correspondents. This man had an outlet for energy and an avenue to happiness by reason of his pastime that he could not possibly have had if his day's work had ended when he put away his tools at sunset. Every half holiday or whole one, every vacation and every country walk afforded him an opportunity for the indulgence of his hobby. His books were gradually specialized until he had a valuable library on his favorite theme. I thought of him when lately I read in the *Autobiography of Mark Rutherford* of a similar instance of a man's living beyond himself in a world of interest and delight through the pursuit of a hobby much like that of my friend, the stone mason.

. . .

Men are devoted to hobbies more frequently than women. I can think of several examples in proof of this assertion. A scholarly clergyman who ministered to one congregation more than fifty years, was an expert carpenter, turning out in his little workshop beautiful chairs and tables and other specimens of furniture. A physician, who might have been supposed to be sufficiently occupied in his exacting profession, never gave up his practice of the violin, and evening after evening played as finely as many a musician, forgetting the weariness of the day in the sweetness of the bow as he drew it over the strings.

The editor of a daily newspaper took delight in amateur bookbinding. A dry goods merchant used his leisure, such as it was, in the study of geology. Many a busy man makes a hobby of collecting rare prints or old coins or first editions, or if he have a bit of ground to cultivate, his passion is for raising a single flower or vegetable. A man's work is generally in one line all day long. It is limited, as a rule, to a single absorbing occupation. When he leaves it at eventide he drops it until the next morning. He thus has opportunity to turn his attention to something else. His hobby is a relief, and sometimes a safeguard.

A woman, on the other hand, is busy in her home in a hundred different ways. She has no time for a hobby, and she seldom has inclination for one.

Itinerant Venders

Mary E. Wilkins, in one of her early New England stories, told us of an itinerant pedler who drove about the country, his wagon filled with articles dear to the housewife's heart. It seemed rather a pleasant life, that of the pedler, as he made his leisurely rounds, stopping for a sociable gossip with a farmer's wife, or resting for a while under the shadow of a tree. Of late there seems to have been many such venders going about from house to house.

Most of these people have been walking. Sometimes a crippled man stops at the door to offer a little ware that is of daily use, but oftener the person who brings safety pins, silver polish, court plaster or iron holders, and asks one to buy them for a trifling sum, is a woman. She may be old or young. She may have children at home dependent upon her or a husband lying ill. What she has to sell may be paid for with a nickel, a dime or a quarter. Can we not give such a one a little more than the change that pays for the articles offered? A word of cheer, the repression of impatience at the interruption, a look of sympathy, will send these itinerants forth to the road with greater courage. It may happen that their calls are inopportune, that they oblige us to drop a task that needs attention, and that we go with reluctance to the door. Suppose we put ourselves aside and see in the inopportune call an opportunity for helping a brother or sister who is in need, and to whom we can give something more than mere material help. The itinerant vender is not a beggar, and should not be treated as if asking for alms. Treat him as a human being, kindly and graciously, even if you buy nothing.

THE FIRST LESSON

Little one sitting at mother's knee,
What does the white page say to thee?
What is she bidding thee try to learn?
So many pages still to turn.
Lessons last longest, it seems to me,
That the baby learns at mother's knee.

How to Set a Table

THE setting of a table for any meal except dinner may be very informal. It may also be very pretty. The elaborate centre-pieces, the hemstitched and eyeleted squares, the doilies of embroidery, lace and drawn work that are prized by the average housekeeper, lend themselves gracefully to the setting of the table for luncheon, high tea, Sunday evening supper, or any festivity to which guests are invited. Something less elaborate and more easily laundered is more suitable for the ordinary table of the family. The woman does not live who has not in her inmost heart a liking for fine linen, unless indeed she has lost the feminine element and has grown mannish. In giving a linen shower to a prospective bride every article of household linen and napery may be included and will be welcomed. In setting a breakfast table all that is necessary is to consider whether or not the meal is to be served in courses or in a single course. In the first instance, finger bowls are needed with the fruit course that begins the meal, and they may be removed before setting on the table the cereals with their appropriate bowls or soup plates. A soup plate is quite as convenient as a bowl for the serving of cereals. The third breakfast course should be of bacon, eggs, hot rolls and toast, or whatever one pleases, and at this time coffee or tea should be brought on the table. Many people are now limiting their breakfast to fruit, coffee and rolls, and for those who do not have to work hard or who are sure of an early or sufficient luncheon, this plan offers excellent fare.

Set the dinner table with more formality. Place plates that may be removed after the soup has been served, should be on the table when the family and guests are seated. On the right of each plate the knives and spoons to be used throughout the meal are placed in their order, with the forks on the left. The spoon to be used first is usually the farthest removed from the plate. At present it is customary to offer most dishes from a side table, so that on a properly set dinner table for company the only dishes permissible at the beginning of the meal are those that contain olives, radishes or bon-bons. An arrangement of flowers in the centre of the table should never be omitted, and if the dinner is formal there should be place cards with the name of each guest, so that there may be no confusion in seating them around the board.

About Postage Stamps

When writing a letter on your own business, if a reply is expected, the proper thing to do is to inclose return postage. A self-addressed and stamped envelope puts upon your correspondent the minimum of trouble. When writing to a firm and ordering supplies for which you expect to pay, it is unnecessary to send a postage stamp. Neither does one do this in friendly correspondence. If writing to friends abroad be careful that your letter is fully stamped, as, should it exceed the legal weight, its recipient will be compelled to pay double postage. Use thin paper for foreign correspondence, and if you are in doubt have your letter weighed at the postoffice before dropping it into the box. Postal cards lack the privacy of sealed letters, although it is highly improbable that they are read by any one except the one for whom they are intended. The picture postal cards so much in vogue at present are striking a blow at the custom of friendly correspondence. It is so easy to buy a pretty picture, write a brief message and be rid of bother, that these cards often convey as much disappointment as satisfaction.

HAYTI'S SUCCESSFUL REVOLUTION ❋

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1007

at Anse-à-Veau, and the loyal troops were defeated and driven back in disorder twenty miles. Cyriaque sought an asylum in the German consulate. It was a great blow to Alexis, but undismayed he prepared to send three veteran divisions to stop the onward march of General Simon, and, if need be, lead them himself. Large quantities of arms and military stores fell into the hands of the insurgents, but a large supply was expected soon from firms in the United States to make good the loss.

At Port-au-Prince the news of the battle was the beginning of the end for the government, as it could not muster the day following more than five hundred men to bar the road to the capital, and the greater part of these were needed to keep order in the city. The foreigners and better class of the people dreaded lest the place be pillaged either by the defeated or the victorious troops, so when the American cruiser *Tacoma* nosed its way into the harbor there was a great feeling of relief. The same day the French training ship *Duguay Trouin* came in and cast anchor. The two were a powerful restraint on those who thought of starting riots in Port-au-Prince within range of the warships' guns. If necessary the United States would probably have intervened to save the city from pillage, as England, Germany and other countries were looking to it to protect their citizens.

Haytian Troops in the Streets of Port-au-Prince

It was the well-planned revolt of the rebel sympathizers in Port-au-Prince that finally drove Alexis from power. He had refused to resign and opposed any other plan than fighting the rebels in the open field, though several involving the participation of the revolutionists in the government had been proposed. "What is one defeat to an old soldier like me?" he demanded sturdily. A committee of safety was formed in the city which sent word to Simon to march on Port-au-Prince. He would encounter no opposition. On the second of December, deserted by soldiers and cabinet, and the populace declaring against him, Alexis gave up and prepared to take refuge on board the French man-of-war.

Alexis' departure was a dramatic scene long to be remembered. A few faithful troops guarded the palace, while a general went about the city to quiet the people. Alexis formally abdicated, went down the palace steps and entered a carriage over which flew the French flag. Faithful to the last, his guards fired a volley in salute. At the dock a mob had gathered; a woman lunged with a knife at Alexis, but a soldier beat her back with a musket butt. The crowd surged up menacingly; quickly a French flag was thrown across the old man's shoulders, and the crowd stopped, as to strike him now meant to insult France. A moment later the ex-President and a few friends were rowed to the French ship. The *Tacoma* and *Trouin* fired a last salute in his honor.

In the capital General Legitime was declared President at the request of the committee of safety, but before this reaches the eye of the reader either General Simon or General Firmin may be struggling for the office. The former, however, has declared he does not want it if the latter does.

THE LITTLE DOCTOR ⚜

Serial Story by AGNES LOWE ELLIS. *Continued from page 1015*

sorry if you are displeased, but I did the best I could."

"I believe you, my child," he said; "but I am, as you know, very particular to know all about my visitors before I give them the privileges of my home. Henceforth, if you should meet these young men again, do nothing more than recognize them, at least Mr. Verner, of whom you really know nothing, except that he is Mr. Hunter's friend."

"Then it will be best for us to make an early morning call at Mrs. Hunter's. James, I have promised to visit this invalid lady and carry some little delicacies to tempt her appetite, and to take Marian with me so that she may become acquainted with Miss Sanborn. Do you object?"

"Not at all, Aunt Phœbe. Life's journey is rough and hard enough for us all and it is our duty to smooth the pathway for those who are feeble. Marian, will you come to my study for a few minutes?"

As they entered the Squire's library, he took Marian's hand and drew her gently to a seat by his side on the old sofa where she had been used ever since her babyhood to sit by the hour, in the evening, after lessons were over, listening to stories and songs from his lips.

Anxious that, with a good solid education, she should also possess that culture, ease of manner, and good common sense which are best acquired from constant association with those possessed of sterling qualities, Marian had been taught at home under the care of a highly-gifted governess, who for years was an inmate of their home. During that time and the two or three subsequent years, she had gained much also from reading with her father and from travel.

"My child," he said, as he fondly stroked her hair, "you do not remember your mother at all, do you?"

"No, father, you know I was only two years old when she died."

"True, dear. Well, she was a lovely character, and I have rejoiced in seeing that many of her traits are reappearing in her child. I have tried," he continued, with a quiver in his voice, "to fulfil in some small measure the promise made on her dying bed, to train you to be like her. You have ever been a dutiful child, and now I must tell you that in order to carry out all her plans, I have suddenly made up my mind to go abroad. You remember the dear relatives in Scotland, with whom you spent the first few years of your life. I think that a journey to that country would be a real pleasure and profit to you. Could you be ready to start in a week?"

"I will try, father; but is not this a sudden move?"

"Yes, dear, it is; but it seems to me best that we should go."

Fondly twining her arms around his neck, she said, "Surely I will go, if you wish it, father; and is Aunt Phœbe to go with us?"

"Most assuredly. I could not think of leaving her here," he said, quickly. "Now run, dear, and persuade her to begin her preparations for the journey as soon as possible."

As he looked after the retreating figure, he murmured: "I wonder if I should tell her all? Oh, Nellie, darling, I will try to shield your child from all harm and danger."

CHAPTER III

GREAT was the surprise of Mrs. Langdon when she learned of Squire Danforth's plan for going abroad. She declared that she never knew anyone who took such sudden notions as he did.

"What put the idea into his head, Marian? Do you know?"

"No, auntie, I do not. I have so much faith in my father's judgment that I never question whether a thing that he proposes be right or wrong. I am sure something important must have decided him to make such a sudden departure, and I think the only thing for you and me to do is to try and be ready at the time he has named. We are to sail from New York one week from to-morrow."

"One week! How does he ever expect us to be ready by that time! I think it is dreadful to be hurried in that way, but I will make the promised call to-morrow morning, for I do not care to break my word; and surely, Marian, you will go with me."

"Of course I will. Did not papa tell you he would like to have us go? I should have gone long ago, if I had known that Mrs. Hunter was an invalid, and that that sweet girl was her constant companion, and so cut off from nearly all outside society."

The next morning the carriage was at the door at nine o'clock and the two ladies were soon driving rapidly toward the home of Mrs. Hunter. It was a lovely June morning, and all nature seemed in a happy mood. The sky was calm and serene. The roses and lilies which bordered each side of the drive for a considerable distance from the house filled the air with their perfume, while the birds were singing in every hedge.

"Really, Marian, I think it is too bad to leave this delightful place and go away to be seasick, and meet with all sorts of discomforts, just for the sake of seeing Europe. I cannot imagine why people want to travel when they have so many home comforts. While my John lived—your great-uncle John Danforth, you know—I thought more of my own home than anything I ever found on a journey."

Poor Marian! She had heard so often of the virtues of "Uncle John," and the delights enjoyed in Aunt Phœbe's home, that it had become a very old story to her; but now, as ever, she listened with praiseworthy attention and patience.

"Dear Aunt Phœbe," she said, "I have no doubt your home was very dear to you, and so is mine to me; but you must remember that we are not traveling merely for pleasure. I have told you that my father has special reasons for going abroad, and most persons would be delighted to have an opportunity of taking the sea voyage at this season of the year. You know there are seldom any bad storms in June. Of course, I was very young when I returned from my stay in Scotland, but memory of that ocean trip, and the pleasant people we met, is a bright spot in my life. I love to look back to it."

"Well," returned Aunt Phœbe, "I shall be sure to get seasick—I never could bear the water—and then you will have to get along the best way you can."

"Never fear, auntie," answered Marian, with a smile. "We shall, I have no doubt, do famously. My father and I are both good travelers and very fond of the sea, and we shall take the best of care of you."

(*To be continued*)

A Last Word on Premiums

WE WOULD call attention to a letter just received from one of our subscribers, which appears elsewhere in this issue, expressing her surprise at the *unusual* attractiveness, from an artistic and typographical point of view, of two of our Premium Books, *After Death—What?* and *The Inside Story of the White House.* It is true that these books are not only far handsomer than our announcements might have led you to expect, but they surpass even our *own* expectations. *After Death—What?* has not the rather gloomy purple cover that appeared in the advertisement, but, instead, a cover of the most dainty and delicate violet hue, which, with the bright gold stamping, makes a most beautiful and artistic binding and a volume that will prove a rich addition to any library.

The Inside Story of the White House is likewise far more attractive in its outward and external appearance than our original cover sketch; the rich, olive green cover, appropriately stamped with an emblematic design in the same soft tone, is burnished and brightened with the pure gold of the lettering. The illustrations in this superb book have the softest photogravure finish, and each and every one of the many subjects is particularly interesting.

Nor is *Stories and Legends* behind the others from the publisher's viewpoint; a book that will surely delight every one who turns its fascinating pages. All in all, our premium books this year are in every respect, and as always, *better than advertised*, and the low price at which we can offer them to CHRISTIAN HERALD readers makes them doubly inviting and desirable as Christmas gifts.

THE PASSING OF OLD ST. JOHN'S

TRAVELERS who ride uptown in New York, on the Sixth Avenue elevated, notice off to the left, just before they reach Canal Street, a high and graceful spire, rising above the surrounding masses of brick warehouses and unpleasant looking tenements which have kept them company for many blocks. The city guide-book gives the information that it is "St. John's Chapel on Varick Street," one of the most historic of New York's Episcopal churches and an offshoot of old Trinity, and still under the control of that parish. Turning down into Varick Street, there is much to tell of the past importance of the neighborhood. The old houses which have been allowed, by some miracle, to remain, are of brick with brown stone stoops with wrought iron railings leading upward to the doorways. Several of these doorways have small colonial pillars inset at the side, but with their former white and glossy surfaces covered with black or dark green paint. When the church is reached, the visitor feels as if he had been suddenly dropped into London and is standing before one of the churches built by Sir Christopher Wren. Visions of St. Mary le Bow and others come at once to mind. St. John's, though called a chapel, is a large church. It sits in a wide space with a paved court on either hand, closed in with an ornamental iron railing and high grilled gates. The building itself is of a dark red stone, softened and mellowed by the passage of the years. Above the roof a tower of stone supports a spire of hewn oak whose metal peak pierces the smoke and low lying clouds at the height of 214 feet above the street. The hurry and din of the streets dies away as one enters the wide portal and comes to the worshipers within as but a distant murmur. Old St. John's seems a very haven of worship and rest and peace, as it has indeed proved to many a weary wayfarer within the gates of the metropolis for many years past. It is with great regret New Yorkers of all denominations have heard that Trinity Parish has decided to sell St. John's and combine its work and congregation with that of St. Luke's Chapel on Hudson Street, the reason given being that a large number of the families which formerly filled the pews have sought homes elsewhere and that the work of the two chapels may well be combined in one without detriment to the work; yet there are many who firmly believe that, aside from sentimental reasons, and they should count for much, the old church is doing much good in the neighborhood, and its destruction would be a distinct loss to the city. Its clergy have carried on an active preaching campaign for a number of years and have made themselves familiar with the needs and conditions of the people who fill the tenements which have taken the places of the old-time mansions. Its clergy and guildworkers have been most active in their ministrations to all classes in the neighborhood, and from far and wide come those in trouble for advice and the help so gladly given by the men and devoted women who have given their lives to this work.

Courtesy of The Churchman

St. John's Chapel, New York City

It is understood that a petition will be presented to the next meeting of the vestry of Trinity in hopes that the present plan of union between St. John's and St. Luke's may be abandoned. Letters asking for reconsideration poured in from North and South.

St. John's had its beginning as far back as 1792, though the church itself was not built until the dawn of the nineteenth century. During the first twenty years after the evacuation of New York by the troops of King George the Third, the city grew rapidly along what is now known as the lower West Side. Trinity, ever active in planting chapels along lines of expansion, decided to secure some place for conducting public worship in this new suburb. A committee in 1792 sought a location, but it was some years before services were begun. They were first conducted in a single room which had been rented personally by the rector of Trinity. The other congregations at first considered the locality as too far out and as too sparsely settled to plant a church. The story is told of one congregation which refused the offer of a gift of land in the vicinity of Canal Street on the ground that the land was not worth putting a fence around. Nevertheless, the plan of Trinity was justified by the results. In 1803 the foundations of St. John's were laid and five years later the structure was completed. There had been some delays during its construction, but the beautiful church did much for the neighborhood, attracting a good class of citizens to the locality. The church edifice cost well toward two hundred thousand dollars and it is said that after the lapse of all these years the price at which it has been sold does not much exceed that figure. Several times additions or alterations have been made, but its general appearance is practically unchanged from the earliest plans.

The district became one of the most fashionable in New York and its pews were filled with prominent men and women in the days when blue dress coats with brass buttons were worn in the day time and the ladies appeared in yards of crinoline. Its charm still holds for a number of old parishioners who come from long distances on Sunday mornings to bow in prayer in the same pews in which their fathers and grandfathers sat before them. To them it is a church of sweetly haunting memories, and they will mourn its loss as much as do the tenement dwellers who love it as no other spot in all New York. As one workman said recently to a visitor, "It's the finest church in the city," and the visitor, who had just been listening in the twilight while the notes of the historic organ rolled softly to the vaulted roof, felt heartily inclined to agree with him.

The organ was built in Philadelphia, and, while being brought here during the war of 1812, it was captured by the British and quite a large sum was paid for its ransom.

Among the distinguished clergy who have ministered within its walls should be mentioned Dr. Philip A. H. Brown, who was in charge for twenty-five years and whose preaching attracted large numbers. He believed strongly in good music in religious worship and the choir was second to none in the city. Others were Rev. John F. Young, who later became Bishop of Florida, and Bishop Wainwright.

R. S. B.

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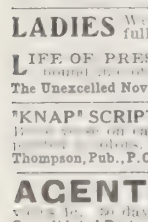

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LESSON No. 25—By Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

Esperanto in Commercial Relations

Nov-Jorko, 30an de Novembro, 1908.

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Ankaŭ ni deziras havi la plej bonajn kopiojn de la grandaj pentrajoj en Romaj galerioj, precipe de Aŭroro, mezuranta[25] longe[26] kvar futojn[27] kaj larĝe[28] du kaj duono[29] da futoj, tia kian ni vidis kiam ni vizitis Romon. Sendu afable al ni katalogojn[30] havantajn prezarojn[31] kaj diskontojn[32].

Via lasta sendo[33] per vaporŝipo[34] Orio alvenis[35] en bona kondiĉo[36], kaj trapasis[37] la impostodomon[38]. Ni kreditas[39] al vi kvincent frankojn[40] kaj enfermas[41] kambion[42] por cent frankoj por rebonigi[43] la saldon[44].

Respekte[45],
A. C. Farrar, Administranto[46].

Vortareto for Translating the Esperanto into English

Import[1]. Private[2]. Art gallery[3]. Customers[4]. Approximately[5]. Choice[6]. Standard works[7]. Continental[8]. Authors[9]. Novelists[10]. Poets[11]. Philosophers[12]. Scientists[13]. Historians[14]. Hardly[15]. Original[16]. Old Masters[17]. Price[18]. To pay[19]. Landscapes[20]. Modern[21]. Cost[22]. Exceed[23]. Dollars[24]. Measuring[25]. Long[26]. Feet[27]. Wide[28]. Two-and-one-half[29]. Catalogues[30]. Prices[31]. Discounts[32]. Consignment[33]. Steamship[34]. Arrived[35]. Condition[36]. Passed through[37]. Customhouse[38]. Credit[39]. Francs[40]. Enclose[41]. Draft[42]. Make up[43]. Balance[44]. Respectfully[45]. Administrator[46].

. . .

It is gratifying to note that in the Daily Consular and Trade Report No. 3318 there is a report on the Esperanto Congress at Dresden by the United States consul at Chemnitz.

Decido por Ĉiu Mateno en la Jaro

Mi penos hodiaŭ vivi simplan, sinceran, kaj trankvilan vivon, repuŝante rapide ĉiun penson de malkontenteco, maltrankvileco, senkuraĝeco, malpureco kaj memplaĉeco, kulturigante gajecon, grandanimecon, bonfaremon, kaj la kutimon de sankta silento; ekzercante ŝparemon en elspezado, zorgecon en konversacio, diligentecon en devo, fidelecon en ĉiu komisio, kaj infankoran konfidon en Dio.

The above translation of Bishop Vincent's Gem is the best that has been received. The translator requests the name to be withheld.

Those deserving honorable mention are given in the order of excellence in their translations: Mrs. L. C. Randolph, F. L. Buells, R. D. Atwater, Alvan E. Johnson, Mrs. Ella F. Smith, M. H. Cole, Miss Sarah L. Phillips, Kate Symonds Seavey, E. W. Watson, Lillian Burdette, Fred C. Markert, Sarah E. Wetherell, John R. Bennett.

TWO KINGS CONTRASTED

By Mrs. M. Baxter

DAVID, the "man after God's own heart," lived in constant contact with God. There is no other way to keep our heart with all diligence. He prays, "Preserve me, O God, for in thee do I put my trust." This was his only plea, no word of merit, no self-satisfaction; it was just utter, child-like committal of himself to him on whom he could always count; and this manner of life was after God's own heart. It is what he seeks from us.

And it satisfied David. "The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup: thou maintainest my lot." It was a perfect portion; he asked no better; in joy or sorrow, he was never deprived of this, his rightful portion. Thus he could say: "The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage." No grumbling, no self-pity; he was rich under every circumstance with such a heritage as the eternal God. And when in perplexity he knew not which way to turn, he had an unfailing resource in his God. "I will bless the Lord which hath given me counsel; my reins also instruct me in the night seasons." Oh, the rest of having God for our Counsellor! Oh, the peace of going forward without a doubt or a fear! This life of trust is to keep the heart with all diligence; for truly out of it are the issues of life.

David began his reign in adversity, and ended it in glory. Solomon began his reign in glory, and ended it in adversity; finding that the end of all his earthly glory was "vanity." "It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth" (Lam. 3: 27). This David did in his own home, and as one of Saul's retainers. David's first public act was to reverse the godlessness of Saul's reign, by bringing back the Ark and re-establishing the public worship of Jehovah in his kingdom. Setting God always before him, he reckoned himself only as a deputy, reigning under him whom he owned as his King (Ps. 5: 2; 44: 4); and therefore the true King of Israel, whom the people had rejected, should be honored by David, the king after God's own heart. David's heart went out in great desire to do something more to honor his God, and he conceived the idea of substituting for the tabernacle a permanent structure, which should surpass in beauty and in value any of the idolatrous temples of the heathen. But he would have the building of the temple carried out by another—David's son—while God would make known to David how much more he had to give him than David would ever dream of bestowing upon his God. Thus Jehovah unfolded to David not only the near future, the birth of Solomon, and his choice of him to build the temple, but also the future of his people Israel.

The consequences of David's "great sin" (although that sin was forgiven), were continually cropping up, and he had to see one of his children after another going in the way of sin and death; his own sins repeated by them, and his paternal power over them gone. But his Psalms do not commemorate his sin, but his pardon, and the wondrous mercy of God. How different the writings of Solomon! Full of divine wisdom, but how little the touch of divine compassion! Solomon's was never, as far as we see, a broken heart like David's. We can get direction through Solomon; but when we want pardon, comfort, restoration, when we want to get near to God, it is not to the book of Proverbs or Ecclesiastes we turn, but to the Psalms of David.

Absalom's rebellion, the crowning trial in David's family and royal life, teaches us how God cannot spare even his own children tests which show them the utter depravity of their own hearts, that they may learn to know the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and understand the love which "passeth knowledge."

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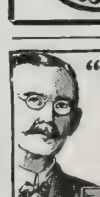

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Bowery Mission's Thanksgiving

THIS year's Thanksgiving Festival at the Bowery Mission was more interesting than any of its predecessors — although the famous old building at No. 55, where so many such celebrations were held, is now no more. It is an old story now how, a little over a year ago, like a bolt from the blue, there came from the city authorities a notice that "55" must be vacated and torn down, to make way for the Plaza approach to the new Manhattan Bridge over the East River. Then began a prolonged series of negotiations, searches for new premises, consultations with architects, contractors, etc., which occupied many months. The final choice fell upon No. 227 Bowery, near Rivington Street, and there workmen are now busy erecting what will doubtless be, when finished, the most beautiful and commodious Rescue Mission Hall in the world. The architects employed are Messrs. H. G. and A. L. Emery, who have done such

Distributing Dinners to Poor Families

splendid work on the buildings of the Children's Home at Mont-Lawn.

In the meantime, temporary quarters have been secured at No. 37 Bowery. Here meetings have been held for several weeks, whilst the spacious basement, 170 feet long, has been prepared for the early morning breakfasts.

Punctually at 1 A.M. on Thanksgiving morning the doors were opened, and the line of homeless, hungry men were served with steaming hot coffee and satisfying rolls. The captain of police and his staff were in attendance and rendered valuable and sympathetic service.

When the full complement of one thousand men had filed inside, and whilst they were partaking of their breakfast, Mr. Long, the assistant superintendent, who has charge of this department, mounted a small platform, and gave the men some kindly, hearty, and wholesome advice, and closed the proceedings with a fervent prayer on behalf of these homeless guests. Then, with wistful eyes but grateful hearts, they passed out, to continue their weary nocturnal perambulations of the streets.

At 9 o'clock A.M. there came a great crowd of women to the distribution of baskets containing family dinners. The greatest possible care had been exercised in selecting those who were to be the recipients of these timely gifts. Mission workers had visited most of the homes, and some of the scenes witnessed there were touching beyond description. One old woman, living all alone, was on her knees with her Bible open before her, when Brother Mullen, the messenger, knocked at the door. Rising, with a shining face, she opened the door, and her first words, when the messenger explained who he was, were, "I knew God would answer prayer."

With each basket that was given were words of sympathy and help, and in many a home the kindly readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD were remembered with sincerest gratitude.

An immense crowd of men gathered for the evening meeting and dinner. Again the kindly captain of police was to the fore. After the hall was filled to the last seat, the remainder were lined up in the street and marched in orderly fashion into the basement, where dinner was served. The meeting itself was of a most interesting character. "Mother" Bird was in her place as the head of the family. Visitors from many distant parts, as well as from the city, were crowded on the platform. The converts from the Memorial House, the members of the Brotherhood, and the workers, numbering about two hundred, were packed in wherever an inch of space was available.

Miss Sophie Ridley, of the Gospel Settlement, was discoursing sweet music from the violin, when Dr. Klopsch entered, accompanied by Rear-Admiral Sigsbee. They were instantly recognized and greeted by the men with thunderous applause.

The Thanksgiving spirit mightily prevailed. Hymns and choruses, full of enthusiasm, rang out exultantly. The testimonies of the redeemed men were never more thrilling, while the addresses of Admiral Sigsbee, Dr. Klopsch, Senator Gledhill, Alderman Caygill, and others were listened to with eager delight and interest. It was the admiral's first visit to the Bowery Mission, and his straightforward talk, full of rugged force and honesty, will not soon be forgotten.

Dr. Klopsch told the story of his personal connection with the Mission, and gave a glowing account of the beauties and effectiveness of the new Mission Hall at "227." Senator Gledhill, one of the regular leaders of the Mission, and Alderman Caygill, for many years one of its workers, have both won political and civic honors at the recent election and were duly congratulated.

The great swarm of men on the Bowery still come to the Mission in the most dire temporal and spiritual need. There are the "Bread Line" at 1 o'clock every morning; the Free Labor Bureau every day from 10 to 3, and the preaching of Christ's Gospel of hope, regeneration and joy every night at 8. God is with us in what is probably one of the darkest corners in his great harvest field. He upholds us by his presence, and the clouds and rain, the crashing thunderstorms, the chill airs, and the cleansing winds all contribute to the wealth, and ripeness, and glory of the harvest! J. G. HALLIMOND.

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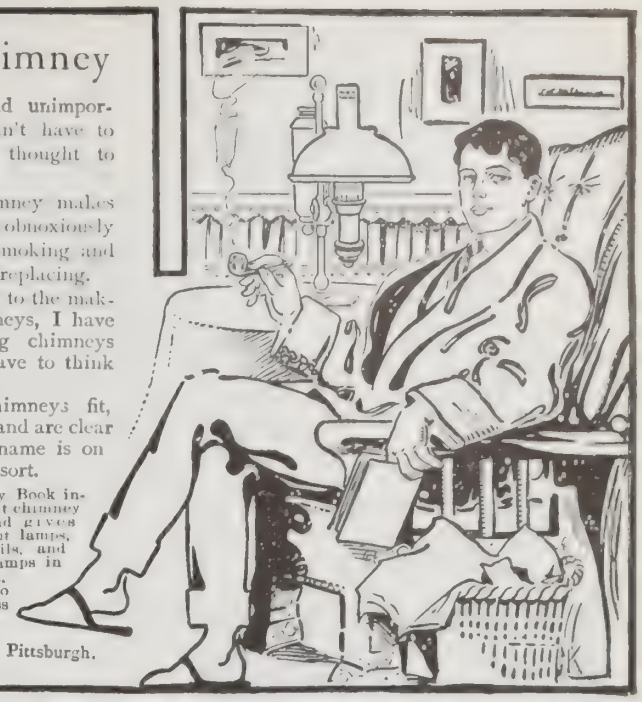

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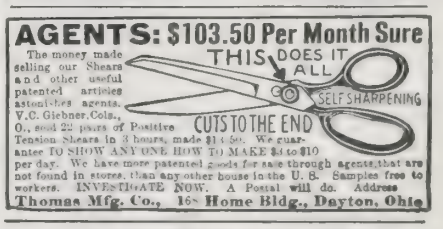

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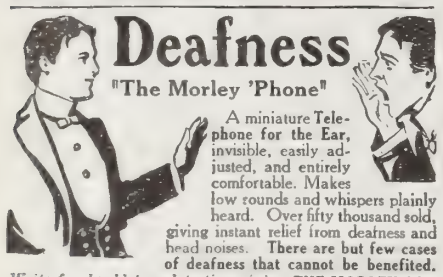

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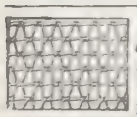

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✳ Young People's Societies ✳

New Life in China*

THE recent visits to this country of Dr. Smith, Miss Vaughan, and other missionaries, and the strong utterances of prominent Chinese officials and of President-elect Taft upon the standing of our workers in China and elsewhere, have deeply stirred all the churches of America. To win this mighty Eastern empire for Christ is a dream so sublime that it must fire the imagination of even the dullest among us. The thought of having a part in the work, of weaving even one small thread into the great cable which may save a powerful empire, is enough to spur each one of us to larger efforts than ever.

When one thinks of the position of woman in China, one perhaps realizes more keenly than in any other way, the degradation of the people. We hear much of the noble qualities of the Chinese. Dr. Hartwell and Dr. Smith have dwelt strongly upon the beauty of their devotion to the aged; their loyalty; their honesty; their generosity.

All these delightful traits may be granted. We are glad that the Chinese have them, for they form a fine foundation upon which to rear the Christian faith; but as long as woman in China is so utterly ignored and so wretched as now, much progress is impossible.

In Manchuria, where the late Empress was born, women are more considered, it is said, than in any other part of the empire. Their feet are not so often bound, and they are somewhat educated. These statements account largely for the wonderful career of Tsi-An, one of the most extraordinary rulers in all history. The mere fact that her feet were never bound would largely account for her intellectual grasp and acumen.

Miss Vaughan's description of the wretchedness of the women in her field in North China is heartrending. The girls in many families are not considered worth naming, but are known simply by numbers. They are usually married when they are from eleven to fourteen, never having seen their young bridegrooms. The little bride is taken to her husband's home to live, and becomes the slave of his mother and himself. On her poor, tiny, maimed feet, she is often expected to toil all day, until she weeps and groans in her awful pain. Both the husband and the mother-in-law may beat her at will. Not scores nor hundreds, but actually thousands, of these unhappy little child-brides commit suicide every year, rather than endure the almost unrelieved torture of their lives. They usually throw themselves into the wells, or they soak lucifer matches in water and drink the poisonous solution.

"It is impossible to conceive of a more pitiable object," says Miss Vaughan eloquently, "than the womanchild of North China."

The romantic history of missions in China, with its long list of Christian martyrs and heroes; the long period during which leading Chinamen branded together "missionaries and opium" as the two great curses of their nation; the slow process of introducing reason and religion into a country where no women and less than ten per cent. of the men can read; all these form a story which every Christian should eagerly study. It is truly like the prophet's parable of the enlivenment of the dry bones. The wonderful stability of the native Christians during the Boxer uprising is still fresh in every mind. Of the 16,000 who perished, it is computed that most might have been saved by a very slight denial of their faith. The records of heroism contain no nobler examples.

* Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, December 27. TEXT: Ezek. 37 : 1-14.

Song of the New Kingdom*

THE religious aspect of Christmas has been almost lost sight of in the merrymaking which has become associated with it—and which is all very well, so long as it does not obscure the original meaning of the day.

A young girl, a member of an evangelical church, who was once reminded of this neglect, and was urged to spend a quiet period of prayer and of Scripture-reading in her room on Christmas Day, replied, "Indeed, no. For one day, I am not going to be bored. I am not going to do anything that is religious or that is a burden."

Now, the hasty words of young people must not be taken too seriously. The girl, perhaps, was not thoroughly in earnest. If she really meant what she said, was she a Christian? On a holiday, one usually can pursue one's train of thought less hurriedly than on work-days. If we love prayer and the reading of the Word as we ought, we can not, even jokingly, call it "a bore." Some of the newer sects gain their great power in this—that they never stint the time which they devote to the reading of their sacred books. They say, and rightly, that they lose their grip on truth just as soon as they neglect the study and thought upon that which is, indeed, the chief "means of grace."

And in the midst of the laughter and joy, let us not forget that this is, of all days, that on which love should reign triumphant. As God gave us on Christmas Day the transcendent demonstration of his love for men, so let us then give love full sway in our hearts. Let us lay aside old grudges, and heal, so far as our power goes, old dissensions. "Peace and good will" is the dominant chord of the day.

It may be that the giving of your hand to an old enemy—the granting of forgiveness to one who has wounded your soul—may cost you bitter pangs. It may tax you more heavily than the price of all your Christmas presents, but God will give you a full reward.

Think of the story of King Amaziah. He set forth to conquer the Edomites. It was an investment. He proposed to enrich himself and his nation with the lands and the goods of Edom. He raised an army of nearly half a million men, and expended a hundred talents of silver, and then descended upon him. A prophet of God told him that no good would come of his deep laid schemes; that if he should go forth to war with Edom, he would be defeated.

The king trusted the seer's word, but he grieved over the money that he had spent to no purpose. When he complained of this to the prophet, he answered promptly, "The Lord is able to give thee much more than this."

It is not a high motive, that we are to get more pay for being good than for being bad; but it is one of those facts which must be admitted. Even the worldly see the truth of the proverb that "honesty is the best policy," but they see, too, that, as Wayland puts it, "he who is honest simply because it is the best policy, is not an honest man."

So, though you may spend much in humiliation and sorrow of soul, in making your peace with your enemy, God will give you far more than this. The reward may not come in wealth or glory. It will surely come in peace and inward joy—the best gifts of our Maker to erring men. He saves us—we have waited for him. Let us rejoice. The best part of this great salvation is peace and inward joy.

. . .

The peace of well-doing—the joy of faithful service—these are the rarest pleasures of the gay Christmastide.

* Topic of the Epworth League for Sunday, December 27. TEXTS: Isa. 25 : 9; Luke 2 : 14.

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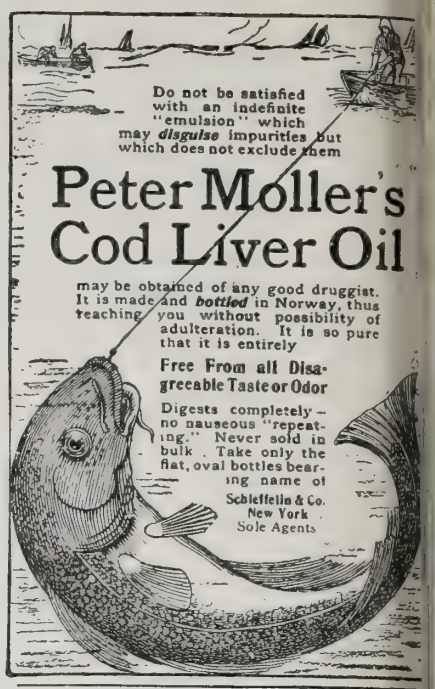

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6 Onward, Christian soldiers
7 Ariel
8 Sweeping through the gates
9 I'll stand by until the morning
10 The shining shore (Nelson)
11 Sicilian hymn
12 Hold the fort
13 Just as I am
14 America
15 Antioch
16 Oh, to be over yonder!
17 What hast thou done for me?
18 He leadeth me
19 I love to tell the story
20 The home over there
21 Is my name written there
22 Almost persuaded
23 Where is my boy to-night?
24 Bringing in the sheaves
25 Let the lower lights be burning
26 Only an armor bearer
27 I will sing of my Redeemer
28 He will hide me
29 Pull for the shore
30 Precious name
31 Christmas
32 Hark, the herald angels sing
33 Harwell
34 Hendon
35 Manoah
36 Pleyel's hymn
37 Zion
38 Warwick
39 Abide with me
40 Dennis
41 I hear Thy welcome voice
42 Even me
43 Watchman, tell us of the night
44 St. Martin's
45 Federal Street
46 Hursley
47 Mozart
48 Webb
49 Bowen
50 Geneva
51 St. Catherine
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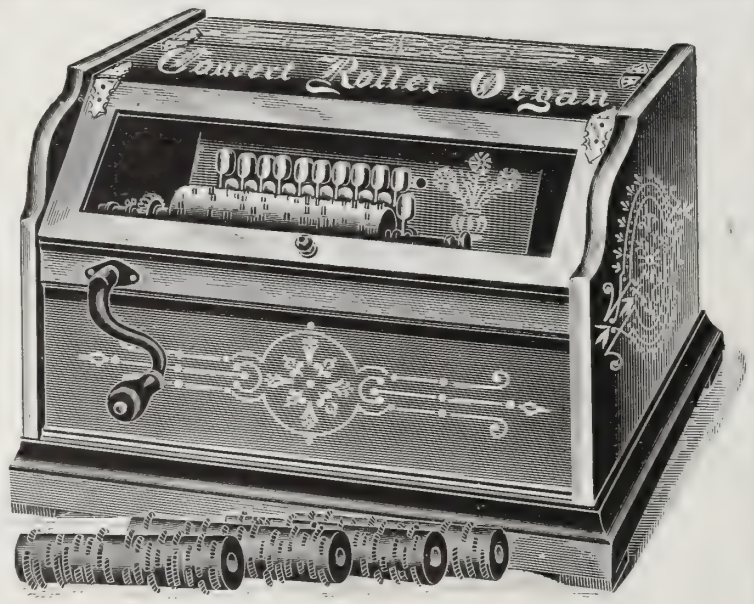
54 Hummel
55 Paradise
56 Wilson
57 Repose
58 In the silent midnight watches
59 Portuguese hymn
60 Wellesley
61 Rathbun
62 Come, ye disconsolate
63 Belmont
64 Finnish national hymn
65 What a friend we have in Jesus
66 Church
67 Rock of ages
68 Sweet hour of prayer
69 Beautiful valley of Eden
70 Greenville
71 Old Hundred
72 Pass me not
73 Jesus, lover of my soul
78 Beulah Land
79 I'm a shepherd of the valley



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82 Fisk
83 Mendebras
84 Aletta
85 I am praying for you
86 More love to Thee, O Christ
87 Go bury thy sorrow
88 Whosoever will
89 Softly and tenderly
90 All the way my Saviour leads me
91 Rescue the perishing
92 Follow on
93 Come, great Deliverer, come!
99 Onward go
100 We're marching to Jesus
601 To the work
602 Only a step to Jesus
603 Knocking, knocking
604 Thy servant I will be
605 From heaven I am coming
606 Be joyful, O my soul
607 It is now time
608 Thank Almighty God
609 Carried by the angels
610 Move forward
611 Some sweet day
612 Somewhere to-night
613 Wait and murmur not
614 Come, Spirit, come
615 Hiding in the Rock
616 When my Saviour I shall see
617 God be with you
618 Anywhere with Jesus
619 Trust and obey
620 Draw me closer to Thee
621 Seeking for me
622 Lebanon
623 The garden of the Lord
624 Duane Street
625 Saul
626 Walk in the light
627 Sabbath
628 Balerma
629 Marlow
630 The prodigal child
631 Autumn
632 Leighton
633 When Jesus comes
634 Shall we gather at the river
635 Happy day
643 Coming to-day
644 Come to me
645 In the shadow of His wings
646 Safe to land
647 Will you meet me
648 The story never old
649 Stand on the Rock
650 My Sabbath home
651 At the door
652 Little children, you may come
725 Sunshine in the soul
727 More about Jesus
728 Wonderful story of love
730 Everlasting arms
731 Blessed Rock
732 Hark! 'tis the song of angels
733 Will there be light for me
734 Lead, kindly light
735 Jerusalem the golden
736 It is God's way
President McKinley's last words
749 The Glory Song

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

Squaws Setting Out on a Journey

Freighting Wool on the Reservation

Visiting an Indian "Hogan"

CIVILIZING THE NAVAJOS

[T would be difficult to conceive of a more monumental labor than that involved in the reduction of an aboriginal language to literary form. This is the task that has been essayed by Rev. L. P. Brink, of the Christian Reformed Church, for the Navajo Indians. Mr. Brink is still a young man, being only thirty-two years of age, but he has labored among the Navajos as a missionary for eight or nine years, being stationed at Tohatchi, in the Navajo reservation. He is well fitted for the undertaking of writing a Navajo dictionary and translating the Bible into that tongue. His work is so far advanced that a printing press has already been ordered for installation at the Rehoboth Mission, near Gallup, N. M., for the printing of the Navajo Bible. The Gospels, the Book of Jonah and a selection of familiar hymns have been translated, and a small hymn book has already been printed in the language of this tribe.

The translation of the Navajo vernacular involves peculiar difficulties. As an illustration, there are no less than twelve verbs meaning "to give," each depending upon the nature of what is given. Similarly, there are nine different and unrelated verbs meaning "to eat." For several sounds in the Navajo language there are no equivalents in English, or any other known language. For these, new characters had to be invented, although the letters of the English alphabet are employed as far as possible. To listen to a conversation carried on in the Navajo vernacular, one unfamiliar with it would think that it consisted largely of inarticulate grunts; but a difference in sound so slight that the unpracticed ear cannot detect it frequently makes a vast difference in the speaker's meaning.

At the Rehoboth Mission school there are accommodations for thirty-six children. Strangely enough, the mission people experience no difficulty in obtaining boys, but have great trouble in inducing parents to send the girls. The girls are wanted at home, to take care of the sheep and goats. As to the boys, this is considered beneath the dignity of the embryo warriors.

The Navajos are estimated at approximately 22,000 souls, only a very small proportion of whom can speak any language excepting their own. The first missionary endeavor among them dates back to 1746 and 1749. The undertaking was a complete failure, and the Spaniards made no further efforts to convert the nomads. Not until after the transfer of the territory to the authority of the United States were any further missionary endeavors made. There are at the present time but four small missions devoted to the reclamation of the whole tribe, which is scattered over an area (including their own reservation, the Moki reservation, and public lands in Arizona, New Mexico and Utah) of considerably more than 20,000 square miles.

At Ganado, about 80 miles from Gallup, a Presbyterian mission has been conducted for six years by the Rev. Mr. Bierkamper. He made the statement to the writer, in August last, that as a result of six years' labor he claimed but three real converts.

Navajo Weavers Carding Blankets

At Ganado, work has been begun on the construction of a stone church, with a seating capacity of 200. The Indians travel for long distances to attend services, and many set an example of faithful and regular attendance that might well be emulated by their white brethren. Much of the work on the new church is being done by the Indians, and by the missionary himself. It will be the first church ever erected on the Navajo reservation.

The Navajo reservation now embraces more than 5,000,000 acres, but the Navajos pay little attention to boundaries. There are more Navajos than Hopis on the Hopi reservation, a large number on the Southern Ute reservation in Colorado, and several thousand scattered over the public lands of Arizona, New Mexico and Utah. The policy of the government is to do away with the reservation system as rapidly as possible; induce the red men to accept individual land allotments; prepare them for citizenship, and transform them from semi-nomads into farmers and stock owners. This policy will probably soon be put into effect with regard to the Navajos, and an effort will be made to induce them to accept individual allotments, while the remainder of the reservation may be thrown open to settlement.

The reservation is not desert in character, as has been represented. Vast forest belts contain billions of feet of valuable timber. There are great coal deposits, indications of oil, and districts rich in gold, silver and copper. There are large areas better adapted to dry farming than those portions of Utah and Colorado upon which scientific agriculture has scored its most conspicuous successes. Other portions are traversed by perennial streams. Even grazing is not carried on to one-fifth the extent that it might be.

The Navajos are superior to most other tribes in industry and intelligence. Practically all labor at home is performed by the squaws; but large numbers of the men seek employment on railroad grading, irrigation projects, and in the sugar beet fields of Colorado. The Navajos have always been self-supporting, receiving no rations nor other help from the government.

At Ganado, in the desert heart of the reservation, may be seen a good example of the agricultural possibilities of this land of sage and sand, that so many have ignorantly pronounced worthless and irreclaimable. A more unpromising situation for an irrigated ranch or farm could not easily be found; yet a reservoir was constructed years ago and has made a green oasis in the heart of a desolate waste.

It is the only cultivated farm within a radius of more than one hundred miles, and the only patented homestead included within the boundaries of the reservation.

J. L. C.

IF CHRIST HAD NEVER COMI

☆ A Christmas Sermon ☆

By Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, D.D., Topeka, Kansas

"I came that they may have life, and may have it abundantly." John 10: 10 [R.V.]

THIS is a fable or an allegory, and those who have the understanding for it will know where to place the emphasis, and they will understand that in every allegory there is the largest possible freedom allowed the imagination provided it does not go outside of a certain range of well-defined fact. This is all that need be said by way of preface.

It is only once or twice in the course of a year that I have what may be called a waking dream. In that unsurveyed territory between being wide awake and fast asleep I very rarely find my mind at work, and perhaps the rarity of the occasion explains the exceptional vividness of the impression. Whether, therefore, in the spirit or out of it, it chanced that once upon a time within this present year I found myself living in Jerusalem in the reign of Tiberius, a year before the birth of Christ, with all my Christian training and faith and experience as real to me as it is now. In order to explain what follows I must repeat the situation in which I found myself. It was simply this: I was living in Jerusalem with my family a year before Christ had been ushered into the world, and with my life saturated through and through with all the experience that has entered into the world since the birth of Christ. In other words, I had become transported back to a period 1908 years previous to the present date. This must be understood clearly in order to understand what follows in this waking vision somewhere between sleep and awakening.

The Beginning of the Vision

The morning of a certain day had come and we were seated at the table for the morning meal. As had often been my custom, I said this morning, "We will repeat together the Shepherd Psalm," and we did so, and then I said, as I had often said for years at home, "Let us join in the Lord's Prayer." Then it seemed to me that my wife and child looked up in amazement across the table and asked me what I meant. I said, "Let us say the Lord's Prayer: "Our Father who art in heaven.'" And again instead of a unison of voices there was not only silence, but consternation so great that I was obliged to cease, and one said, "What is that thou art saying?" It was as difficult for me to make explanation as if I had spoken in an entirely new tongue, and I said, "Bring me the New Testament." And again there was the same astonishing reply, "We have no such book in the house."

Now you will all understand that in a dream matters do not go with any certainty of logical sequence, but pass rapidly through one scene to another. Rarely is any tableau perfect, even in the most vivid dream. The utmost absurdity may attach itself with the speed of light to the end of a scene during a vision, and, without following to the end the astonishing feeling which came over me at the words, "We have no such book in the house," I thought I was saying, "And now we will sing one of the old hymns which mother taught us, 'My Faith Looks Up to Thee.'" And again there was the same astonishing interruption, voiced in the spoken word and eloquent in the bewildered look, when one said, "What is it thou art talking about?" Then I thought I said in my dream, "Bring me the book," and one in the family said, "We have no such book in the house." The two impressions made upon me as the day began were the impressions which grew with it. "We have no such book as the New Testament in the house." "We have no such book as a Christian hymn-book in the house." Later on there was thrust on my mind the thought, "We not only have none in the house, but there actually is none in the whole world," and then I thought to myself, "Am I the only person living who knows anything about the priceless book called the New Testament, or is able to sing those hymns which have comforted and cheered souls for centuries, 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul,' 'Rock of Ages,' 'There Is a Fountain Filled with Blood,' 'From Every Stormy Wind that Blows,' and the like?" And with this thought growing on me I went out to my day's work.

On my way I was met in the street by a young man who was seeking for employment. I had nothing in view for him, but I handed him a card in my pocket, asking for his name and address and sending him to the Provident Association. I thought he took the card and read it, and the same bewilderment crept over his face which I had seen in the family circle, as he said, pausing in the street, "But what is this to which thou hast sent me?" I tried to explain to him, but he seemed not to understand, and finally he said to me, "There is no such thing; there is no such place in the city." Then with the rapidity which characterizes the vision I simply said, "Thou hadst better go to the Young Men's Christian Association. Very often they can secure employment for young men like thyself. In any case they will give thee a kindly welcome and relieve thy immediate wants." Again the answer came back, "I know of no such institution." Then in my bewilderment I called to a passing acquaintance and said, "Direct this young man to the Y. M. C. A. building." He, in his turn, looked on me with sheer astonishment and said, "There is no such institution. Of what art thou speaking, my friend?" Then I thought in my dream I passed on, leaving that scene also unfinished behind me, and still on my way to work I came on one in the street, who had suddenly been overtaken and wounded in an accident. I

"Let the door be on the latch"

stooped over him and relieved his immediate suffering, and then, looking about me to those who were gathered, asked if any one knew the person. No one was acquainted with him. He was a total stranger in the city. Then I said, "Here is one, a stranger unknown to everyone. He should be taken to the hospital." Then in my dream I thought there was the same look of surprise on the faces of all those who were standing about, and then one said, "What is that thou speakest of?" and I repeated, "He should be taken to the hospital." Then said another, "What institution is that?" I said, "To the hospital, to the place where the unfortunate and the stranger may be taken for Christian treatment." Then, to my surprise, there came the same statement already made three times this same morning, "There is no such place in the city." Then said I, "Shall this stranger be left here to lie in the streets uncared for?" "Nay," said one, "but I will take him into my house," and I afterwards learned that it was done, but the stranger died that same evening for lack of proper care.

What the World Would Have Missed

Still on my way to my morning work I passed by several groups of blind people. Some of them were little children, groping in alleys, seeking for morsels of food which had been thrown out from the people's houses. An indignation arose in me at the sight, and I summoned one who was passing by, said, "Why are these people allowed to suffer in the city? They should be taken to the asylu the blind." And this one passed on, simply stop to look in amazement and say, "What! There such place!"

Then as the events of my dream moved swif found myself confronting in the midst of the several persons who had lost their reason. shouted and wept, and attacked the passers-by, were altogether hideous and frightful in e sense. Then again I said to the passers-by, " should these people be allowed to range at will, restrained and uncared for? They should be to the insane asylum, to the hospital for the ins where their minds could be treated and their bo healed." And still the same answer came, sp with amazement and wonder, "What is this inst tion of which thou art speaking? We have non the city."

Inhumanity and Selfishness

Still passing on to my work, as one scene ceeded another, each scene broken and imperfec thought I saw one who was white belaboring who was black, and I interfered, even as Moses with the Egyptian, and said, "Why beatest thou brother?" And he, looking up in astonishment, s "Brother?" "Yea," said I, "brother." Then s he in reply, "Nay, he is my slave." "Slave?" s I in amazement. "He is no slave. Slavery is al ished." With that he who had been beating black man retreated several steps, and looked at as if I was one of the insane, a group of which just gone by, and with a look of amazement he s "Slavery abolished? It is a part of every-day l I may not only beat my slave, but I may kill h and no man will take any offense or interfer Then said I, persisting yet, "Nay, but he is brother." With that, I thought the scene sudde changed and I was at my place of work, going o but slightly the events which had already occur during a part of the day. But, on returning to home after a lapse of time which recorded nothi that I can remember, I thought it was the Lor day and the streets swarmed with neglected ch dren, and walking along with constant amazeme and confusion of mind, I said to one and anoth "Why are these children playing in such swarms the streets on the Lord's day? Let us gather the into the Sunday School. Why are these young m and women sitting idly here or engaged in foolish harmful amusement and vice, uncared for? Let gather them into the young peoples' societies of t church." And then one and another, replying, ey me with looks of intense astonishment. "What a these institutions of which thou art speaking There are none here! Where should these childre be sent, and these young people find interest f their growing lives? We know no such names thou dost mention—the Sunday School, the Your People's Society of Christian Endeavor, t Church!"

It Would Be a Heathen World

Then as I pursued my journey homeward thought groups of men and women passed by, of th different nations of the world, singing heathe songs, worshiping idols which they held up in thei hands, and even sacrificing their children so tha the blood ran down in the streets, and in grea anguish I asked of one and another, "Why do w not send the Gospel to these benighted persons an give them life abundantly, and prevent all this hor rible waste of human life?" And again came bac the reply, which by this time in my dream was be coming an old story, "Missions! Of what art tho speaking? We know of none such. The word i foreign to us. These people are but brutes of th field or forest. They were made for beasts of bur den. Let them alone. We have naught to do wit them."

Then methought on my way, still going through the streets of the city, I came to a man and woman who were intoxicated. They were wrangling together, and finally the man, with a drunken curse, smote the woman so that she fell down and died, and with great indignation I called out to the officers of the watch and to the officers of the city to see that

Continued on next page

If Christ Had Never Come — A Sermon by Rev. Charles M. Sheldon — *Continued*

his great crime against society should be punished ccording to the law of the land. And one and anther said there was no such law in existence, and vith rapidity I noted all about me the places where iquor was sold. Men, women and children transormed themselves into beasts and worse, while iquors flowed unrestricted, and with absolutely no rotection for the people, and I said, "Why does not he temperance society take notice of these things? Vhy is the church so dead to the welfare of huhanity?" And again answer came back from a nultitude of voices, "There is no temperance soiety. There is no church to care for the welfare of umanity."

Then I thought again in my waking dream that I ad returned home, and my spirit being sore within ne I had called for some of the pictures which had dorned the walls of my home in my previous life, nd again the answer came back, "There are no such ictures in the house." I said, "I am weary from he disappointment and excitement of the day. Read to me some of the beautiful and cheering hapters of Christian literature. Read to me from Whittier the "Eternal Goodness." I wish to hear he stanza,

> I know not where His islands lift
> Their fronded palms in air;
> I only know I cannot drift
> Beyond his love and care.

ut in answer to my request there came again the ame incredulous answer, "We have no such poems n the house. We have no such literature to com'ort and inspire." And then I thought that in my rief and disappointment I suddenly became ill, and ny illness was nigh unto death, so that I felt the hill of it passing over me as a wind that blows out of some unexplored cavern; and I called my family and friends about me, and in my deep anguish asked them to read for the comfort of my spirit the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, the fourteenth chapter of John's Gospel, and the chapter which records the glorious resurrection, and I thought that on the faces gathered about there was no mark of hope. There was absolute despair and cheerlessness and amazement. And then it dawned upon me that of all the loved ones about me there was not one who had a conscious or sure faith in a future, and that while my soul was slipping over the brink into another world, there was almost nothing which the dearest to me could say which could strengthen my fainting soul and assure me of a hereafter, and in the midst of this great despair which settled on me lik a cloud of impenetrable gloom, my vision was dissipated in a moment, and I was once more in the waking land of every-day reality.

Then I said to myself, "Verily, it is good to live *after* Christ instead of *before*, and it is astonishingly true what he said, that he came to give life abundantly—for the birth of Christ has meant to the world the extension of life in every direction. Before Christ came there was no New Testament. There were no Christian hymns. There were no organizations to speak of for the relief of the neglected. There were no efficient hospitals. There were no temperance societies. There were no young people's societies. There were no asylums for the blind or refuges for the insane and the aged. There were no Sunday Schools. There were no missionary societies. There was no art which had breathed into it the inspiration of Christian genius. There was very little literature which had for its motive the bettering of life. There was no sense of brotherhood by which a man had hold of another's hand, whether he was white or black, where one helped another up into a common heritage of light. There was no real ground for hope in the future. There was no firm assurance of a resurrection. Truly he came that men might have life and have it abundantly, and it is no myth or allegory in the midst of which we stand to-day when we try to remember the things which fill our lives which we have received from the Christian centuries, which we unconsciously accept because they are so common; but let us not forget as we draw near to the time of his birth that if we were suddenly deprived of all the abundant life which he came to give we should be poor indeed. There would be taken out of our daily lives the most beautiful, the most important, the most necessary things, which make us happy and strong and beautiful as a people today. There would be almost nothing left, as we count life, that would be worth while. We might still be in possession of physical life and its enjoyments. We might still know something of human affection. We might still enjoy the labor of our hands. We might still love our children. But the great things which make our lives worth while today would practically all be gone if Christ had not come into the world. We have a right, then, at this time of the year, to say, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men in whom he is well pleased." Truly, he came to give life abundantly. The birth of Christ has meant just that to the world—"life abundantly"; and just so far as we honor him and obey his teaching and spread his Gospel we are increasing the real life of the whole world. "Thanks be to God for his unspeakable Gift."

OUR MISSION BOATS IN CHINA AND THE PHILIPPINES

OPPORTUNITIES of spreading the Gospel in the Philippines seem to multiply. Now that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD mission boat is doing the work of some three missionaries in these islands, the workers strangely enough realize that there is more work of evangelization yet to be done than they had ever believed.

Three weeks ago Mr. Jansen returned from a trip to a large island. He visited five coast villages. Three of these he found had for some time been hoping that some one would come to them with the Gospel. One family alone had waited nearly eight years to be visited by the evangelist or missionary. Their joy was extreme when he arrived. They accompanied their guest to the next village. All went in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD mission launch, and the unwonted visit of a boat of its size brought many down to the beach to see what

"El Heraldo Cristiano" in Cebu Harbor

was to be seen. That they must have an evangelist was very clear. But who could be given them? There was only one way, and that was to give one of the evangelists on Cebu Island the work. The man chosen for this new field is an evangelist who is supported by some of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Then Mr. Jansen went to visit an old Bible-woman and her fellow worker, who lived on another island. He was taking them supplies, for there is great scarcity of suitable food on the island where they live. He hoped to take them to a town in another island, where not only could they get the necessaries of life, but they would find a welcome from many people who for some time have been pleading most earnestly for Gospel workers. The Bible women seemed to have forgotten all their own hardships and lonesomeness. They begged to be left among their poor people some months longer.

On this island, one woman (the wife of one of our helpers on the mission launch) had for twenty years been bringing gifts of corn, fowls, fruit, and even young pigs, to the priest in order to purchase her future happiness. The poor woman many a time on her visits to the priest's house, bearing the tokens of her toil and sacrifice, would ask him if she had not paid enough, but she was always told that "as we never could be sure, it was wise to continue giving."

Some weeks ago, the British and Foreign Bible Society sent one of their Manila workers to Cebu to sell Scriptures. The man sent is an earnest Christian. His work took him out to a village some miles from Cebu city, where he soon won the confidence and friendship of the people. One family made him a feast, and amongst others they invited the village priest. The feast had begun with cheerful hospitality when the priest asked to be introduced to their Tagalog friend. Then followed a scene which will not soon be forgotten. Springing to his feet, and confronting his host, the priest demanded why he had sought to insult him by inviting him to dine at the same table with a Protestant Filipino, and not only that, but a Protestant who sold the Bible to the people. The priest left the house.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD mission boat has not only been used to take the Gospel to the Filipino, bu last week it was hastily called out of an improvised drydock (where it was being scraped and painted) to take the Cebu medical missionary, Dr. Graham, and his wife to the island of Leyte, to help a fellow-missionary who was seriously ill. In the severe weather which visits these island coasts during the present months, we have frequently been reminded, by the marked care and providence of God, of the many who pray for us, and for the safety of the mission launch.

FREDERICK AND ELIZABETH JANSEN.

Cebu, P. I., September 30, 1908.

[Contributions in aid of the mission boat are needed. Every contribution will be duly acknowledged in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

. . .

Mission Work in Central China

ON September 24 Dr. Klopsch sent me $50 for our work here, and it reached me two days ago. It came at an opportune time. One of our native evangelists living at Lin Teo, an out-station fifty miles from Wuhu, had just come in to tell me we had to give up our present building there and that there was no other building to be rented, and he did not know what to do. He said, however, that there was a house and out-buildings that could be bought, if we only had the money.

Yes, the money is the hitch very often, not only at home but out here on the mission field. I told him to go back to his work, but to quietly find out the lowest price and also to pray that God would send the means. He had just gone when in came this special gift from an unknown friend. It is about half enough to pay for this house, but we can mortgage it and keep on praying that God will send us the balance to complete the purchase.

The mission station has been opened here over a year, and many of the townspeople and farmers are coming regularly to the services. This year we have baptized eleven persons. There are also now many inquirers, and this fills us with hope and faith for the future.

This town is on the banks of the Chao River.

The Christian Herald Gospel Boat on the Yangtse

We opened it first by means of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD house-boat. By visiting it from time to time, the natives became friendly and in time we were able to rent. Now, with this new set of buildings for the work, our mission will receive a great uplift. We thank God for these gifts from home friends toward the work, and we only wish they could realize how much a very little money will do here in China.

Evangelist Sin

The native evangelist at Lin Teo is one of the "substitute" men, and a most earnest worker. We are always glad to write to anyone who has a "substitute" working under us on this field. These substitutes only cost about $60 or $70 per year, but only eternity will tell how many they will lead out of darkness into God's light. This is one of the best parts in mission work. These workers are going by boat and foot telling the news of a Saviour's love. Pray for them that they may be kept and mightily used of God.

Z. CHARLES BEALS.

Wuhu, China.

The White House Christmas Marketing

Copyright by Waldon Fawcett

Robert Anderson
The White House Messenger

By WALDON FAWCETT

CHRISTMAS marketing for the household of the President of the United States is inevitably something of a task. Although the Roosevelts, like all their predecessors in the White House, have observed Christmas as distinctly a family festival, this does not mean that there is not a rather numerous company gathered around the mahogany table on Christmas evening when President Roosevelt takes in hand his favorite carvers to apportion the toothsome bird. On the contrary, there are seldom less than a dozen persons at a Roosevelt holiday dinner, and on some occasions the number is nearer a score. In addition to the five unmarried Roosevelt children, there is his son-in-law, Congressman Longworth, and his wife, and a few chosen intimates from the President's list of close personal friends, such as Gifford Pinchot and Senator Lodge.

Now, the mere quantity of eatables needed to satisfy the Christmas appetites of such a company is a matter for some forethought on the part of the White House steward, the cooks, and others concerned with culinary welfare; but vastly more important is the consideration of quality. It is a matter of pride with the White House domestic staff to set before the Chief Magistrate on the principal holiday of the year a repast that typifies perfection in every dish. To that end considerable time is devoted to the marketing.

The powers that be in the White House kitchen are more fortunate than the average housewife in that they do not have to bestow a thought upon that most important item of the Christmas menu—the turkey. For more than a third of a century past, Mr. Horace Vose, a generous and public-spirited citizen of Rhode Island, has each year donated a Christmas turkey to the President of the United States. Long experience has proven that Farmer Vose can be depended upon to send to the White House each December the very choicest product of a State famous for its turkeys. They are confident that this Rhode Island Christmas gift, which never weighs less than twenty-six pounds, will fulfil all requirements; so no turkey quest is part of the Christmas marketing.

Another respect in which the White House Christmas marketing is simpified somewhat is in the matter of vegetables. Superintendent Noah Seaman, who has been in charge of the President's "farm" at Oyster Bay, Long Island, for about twenty years, never fails to send to the White House a very acceptable Christmas present in the way of vegetables. Some of these, such as the famous "Roosevelt potatoes," come from the storage bins at Sagamore Hill, as the President's estate is called, but there are also toothsome morsels, such as asparagus, etc., which bespeak careful culture in a hothouse. However, for all that the President receives these remembrances for the Christmas menu, he has to go down in his pocket, like the average citizen, for holiday marketing.

Indeed, there has probably never been a President of the Republic who spent as much in Christmas marketing as Theodore Roosevelt. This is explained by the circumstance that, though he receives as a gift the turkey for his own Christmas dinner, President Roosevelt purchases from his private funds each year several dozen of the best turkeys the market affords. These birds, which are selected with great care, are delivered at the White House, and on the day before Christmas one of the fowls is given to each married man employed at the White House or in the Executive offices. The turkeys constitute the President's Christmas gifts to his helpers at the Presidential mansion, and most acceptable presents they are, too.

Of course, the President is far too busy a man to give any personal attention to the White House marketing, although he lives in a capital where it has been the fashion for prominent men and women to go to market in person ever since the days when Daniel Webster strode down Pennsylvania Avenue with his market basket on his arm. Even Mrs. Roosevelt, good housewife though she is, can exercise only a general supervision over the purchases for the kitchen. For all that there are women cooks at the White House, almost all purchases—be they for the larder or the linen closet—are made by one of three men. Much of the marketing is done by Henry Pinckney, the steward—a trustworthy colored man who has been in the service of Theodore Roosevelt ever since he was Governor of New York State. Although one of the steward's chief functions is to spend the President's private funds for eatables for the White House table, Pinckney's salary of $1,800 a year is paid not by Mr. Roosevelt but by the government.

Steward Pinckney when he needs assistance in the marketing can call upon Robert T. Anderson, another colored man, who might be termed the "President's errand boy." One of Anderson's duties, which, along with the marketing, keeps him especially busy at Christmas time, is to carry from the Washington city postoffice to the White House all the mail addressed to the President or members of his family. The third member of the trio of purchasing agents at the White House is Colonel W. H. Crook, the Disbursing Officer of the White House—a veteran who has served continuously

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Colonel W. H. Crook

The Major-Domo or Disbursing Officer of the White House, who buys all the china, tableware, linen, etc.

the White House ever since the days of Lincoln. Colonel Crook makes all purchases of china, table linen, cooking utensils, etc., needed. Whereas the President of the United States must pay for his food, Uncle Sam provides him with all the necessary equipment for preparing, cooking and serving.

The White House marketing is done at whatever stores or market stands offer the most appetizing wares. Patronage is not bestowed, as it is by royalty in Europe, upon certain favored tradesmen, and, so far from being allowed to boast of the fact that they serve the White House, grocers and others are cautioned not to send purchases to the Presidential mansion in other than unmarked boxes devoid of advertising.

GIPSY SMITH'S GOSPEL TOUR

GIPSY SMITH, the famous evangelist, arrived in New York last July, making his seventh visit to the United States. He visited twenty Chautauquas in Illinois, Nebraska, Iowa and Indiana during August, delivering his Gospel lecture, "From Gipsy Tent to Pulpit." Sometimes as many as ten thousand persons attended the meetings.

In October, he commenced a series of extended missions, lasting sixteen days at each place, which will take him up to the 26th of next May. His first mission began in Baltimore, and was followed by Washington and Cleveland. He is at present holding a mission in New York.

The mission at Baltimore was a wonderful success. The Lyric Theatre was crowded every night, and thousands were unable to gain admission. He had, during his mission at this place, a midnight march, as many as fifty thousand persons taking part. The service ended in his addressing a theatre full of outcasts, with wonderful results. One of his greatest meetings at Baltimore was that held for men, on a Sunday afternoon. Two hundred and fifty men in the hall marched to the front, to signify their intention of leading a Christian life. At Washington, the meetings were held in the Convention Hall, seating 6,000 persons. Even this was too small, and as many as 4,000 were clamoring for admission outside, after the hall had been filled to its utmost capacity.

During his visit to Washington, he was sent for by President Roosevelt, who spoke appreciatively of his work in Washington and heartily thanked him for it. At the men's meeting, British Ambassador Bryce was present, and said he was very much charmed in listening to his fellow-countryman, and wondered "how any man could sit under such a man and remain unconverted." At this place also the Gipsy had a midnight march, when 35,000 persons followed him through the streets and "Tenderloin" of the city.

His visit to Cleveland was also a tremendous success. Gray's Armory being totally inadequate to accommodate the crowds which nightly heard him, the result was that he had to go in the street to address the people who were unable to gain admission. The number of converts reported up to the present time is large. About 2,000 professed conversion at Baltimore, and the same at Washington, whilst probably three times that number stood up for prayers.

Gipsy Smith, Evangelist

Gipsy Smith's preaching is very simple. "Jesus Only" is his theme, and he nearly always takes his texts from the sayings of Christ. In the first part of his sermon he usually storms the soul with argument and then brings to bear upon it a tremendous power of sympathy and eloquent appeal.

His mission now in progress in New York is of a unique character. Unlike the other towns he has visited, it is not a union meeting of all the churches, but of six fashionable churches—such as the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian, the Baptist Church at Forty-fifth Street and Fifth Avenue, etc.—and it is the first time a mission of this kind has ever been undertaken in this fashionable part of New York. His preaching here, as elsewhere, is meeting with remarkable success. As many as eighty persons rise and go to the inquiry room at one meeting in the Fifth Avenue Church, and he is being cordially welcomed by the millionaires of Fifth Avenue, who seem to enjoy his preaching and the very modest way in which he is conducting the revival. His future engagements are: Pittsburg, St. Louis, Kansas City, Denver, ending at Toronto on May 26, 1909, when he again sails for England.

The Independent's Anniversary

SIXTY years ago, *The Independent* was founded by Henry C. Bowen and began its existence as a national literary, political and philosophical magazine. In the current issue of *The Independent*, Dr. William Hayes Ward, for forty-one years a member of the editorial staff, reviews its long and brilliant history. Among its editors and contributors have been many of the most distinguished writers and thinkers of two generations, including Dr. Bacon, Dr. Leavitt, Dr. Storrs, Joseph P. Thompson, Theodore Tilton, Henry Ward Beecher, Oliver Johnson, Charles F. Briggs, William Lloyd Garrison, Professor Franklin W. Fisk, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Bret Harte, Julia Ward Howe, Dr. Edward Eggleston, Rev. Washington Gladden, and a host of others eminent in the world of letters. *The Independent* took a leading part in many of the great questions of the last half century, notably in the movement for the abolition of slavery. The sixtieth anniversary number contains many interesting reminiscences of notable persons and leading events of those early days, including many valuable fac-similes of the handwriting of Longfellow, Whittier, Bayard Taylor, Stedman, Bryant, Stoddard, Holmes and others, and it is enriched with many portraits and other illustrations. As a historical, political, biographical and literary souvenir, the number will be in great demand.

THE TUBERCULOSIS EXPOSITION

A Lecturer Explaining the Photographs to Visitors

A Lecturer Making Up a Party

[T HAS often been the complaint of medical men that they could not get the general public interested in a campaign for the prevention of disase, and that people only are stirred up when a ıdden epidemic sweeps over the country. The owds of earnest people who are attending the hibition of the best methods for preventing and ıring tuberculosis, now being held in the Museum f Natural History in New York City, shows that a reat change is taking place and that the campaign f education to improve the public health is suceeding. The press and pulpit have urged people) attend, and the results have astonished the harity Society and other organizations who are ducating the people to fight the White Plague, hich in New York alone takes 0,000 lives every year. It was ot supposed that such a multiıde would attend, but on the first ay over ten thousand came; the umbers increased rapidly, and ıe managers thought that the mit must be reached when, on ıe sixth day, nearly thirty thouand passed the gate, but the ext day over forty thousand ried to see the exhibition in five ours.

A visit to the exhibition, lthough it shows with startling learness the awful ravages of uberculosis, yet is more cheerng than depressing, for it shows ow the disease may be cured; nd the announcement is made hat some day it will be altogether tamped out.

Entering the basement floor of he museum, with a throng in vhich are workingmen, professional men and men of business, nd hundreds of women and chilren, the double-armed red cross, he emblem of the world-wide batle against the Great White Plague, greets the eye from every vall. A large bulletin board anounces the time and place of asembly for lectures and meetings, vhich are held every day. The ıames of the speakers are not onfined to medical men, though these are the most amous in their profession, but there are names of reat preachers, who are active in this great crusade and are preaching it from their pulpits; philnthropists, and officials of city, State and nation. A long black arrow points the way, and the vistor, as he enters the first exhibition hall at the left, ıears a voice giving advice on the best way to prent the catching or spread of tuberculosis, and ractical advice on the way to cure the disease vhen once it has been contracted. After looking a moment in vain for the speaker, a large phonograph is seen at the side of the room, before which is an attentive crowd of listeners. At the end the phonograph says, cheerily: "With plenty of fresh air, good food and rest, tuberculosis may be cured"—a statement which science would have hesitated to give a few years ago, but which is now being proved. The phonograph gives its lecture every few minutes, and never lacks an audience.

This first floor of the exhibition is devoted, for the most part, to showing what the cities, and especially New York City, is doing to fight the disease. There are photographs and models of the different public hospitals, diagrams showing what races are most affected, and large cards and illustrations detailing briefly some word of warning which will linger with the beholder. For example, under a picture showing a window raised six inches are the words, "This is not opening a window." Another shows a window open as far as it will go, to show the greatest remedy known—fresh air. Other placards give warning that to waste money on consumption medicine is a loss of time, and then repeats the rules given by the phonograph as the successful remedy. It is shown that even in flats and tenement houses an invalid may make progress, even if a trip to the country is out of the question. A canvas hood-screen allows the patient to sleep with his head on a rest outside the window while the body is kept warm within the room. Again, heeding the injunction, "follow the arrow," the visitor sees various exhibits by societies which are fighting the disease by getting children out of doors, such as the Children's Playground Association, which illustrates with models what is being done to utilize the few open spaces left in our great and congested cities.

A great many model rooms are shown, actual size, first as ordinarily arranged in many homes, and then the way they should be. One section has a bedroom as it appeared before a trained nurse was called to attend a consumptive, and as it appeared after. The first was uninviting enough, the shutters closed and fixed to prevent any air and sunshine from getting in. In the second, the window was open, and the patient, well bundled up, was sitting by it. Superfluous decorations and draperies—nests for dust and germs—had been removed, giving an air space to the once crowded apartment. It would make an invalid improve just to see the change, and the best thing about most of the new arrangements for fighting consumption is that not so much money is needed by the sufferer, or the sufferer's family, as good sense. The ideas are easily adopted and are not costly.

On the second floor are the exhibits sent by the States which are taking up the fight against tuberculosis, and the exhibits sent over by various European countries to the recent Tuberculosis Congress in Washington. Guides, both young men and women, start here with parties every fifteen minutes. These guides wear badges and carry long wands to point out the various charts and objects of interest, telling their story in simple language and with very few medical terms. The tour and lecture are most instructive, and as thousands hear the words of warning and helpful suggestions, as they do much toward stamping out the disease in the near future.

Schools, labor unions and other organizations are setting aside days to attend, and on Ministers' Day some of the most noted pastors in the country came to give their support to the cause. Dr. Hutchinson told them that if New York would establish sufficient sanatoriums the disease would disappear from within its boundaries in five years.

Interested Listeners at the Phonograph Lecture

WHAT CHRISTIAN HERALD READERS SAY ABOUT OUR PREMIUMS

Far Beyond Expectations

Dear Dr. Klopsch: A few days ago I received the premiums which you sent me in connection with a year's subscription. I was prepared to receive something very nice, but wholly unprepared to receive such handsome premiums. The Bible is far beyond my expectations and so is the picture. Both are worth many times the cost of the paper. The Bible would cost me at our local book stores not less than three dollars. The picture would be priced at the fancy of the dealer. I am very much pleased with both, and have no hesitancy in exhibiting them to my friends. G. L. Houle.

Helena, Mont.

A Beautiful Gift

Dear Dr. Klopsch:

Accept my sincere thanks for your pretty gift, "The Art Gallery De Luxe," which is certainly something worth having; each one being so pretty, it is hard to choose from.

New York. Miss Annie Benson.

Well Pleased With It

Dear Dr. Klopsch: I received the Red Letter Bible, and I am well pleased with it. Jacob Hoek.

Kalamazoo, Mich.

Twenty-Seven Years a Subscriber

Dear Dr. Klopsch: Inclosed find the renewal of my subscription to The Christian Herald. This is to begin with the fourth issue of January, 1909. This is twenty-seven years' subscription for me to your most excellent paper. I think The Christian Herald the very best family paper I have ever read.

Yale, Mich. Norman B. Herbert.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor

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Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

Entered as Second-class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa

More Peace Triumphs

AS the year draws to its close, there is peace throughout the world. In the Balkans, and even in Hayti, the warlike tumult has ceased. Turkey's revolution has been peacefully accomplished. In India the "unrest" gives indications of subsidence. Testy little Venezuela, too, has become quieter of late. Our new bond of international amity with Japan has been followed by treaties of arbitration between our government and those of China and Peru, which have just been ratified by the United States Senate. Naturalization treaties with Brazil, Uruguay and Honduras are almost completed.

It is impossible to escape the conclusion that these triumphs of peace and international good will are due to the spread of the principles of Christianity. Christ's influence increases with the ages. The spirit of His teachings is pervading all the nations, even in heathen lands, and rulers and people recognize in the principles of human brotherhood and mutual love and helpfulness, which He inculcated, the world's brightest hope.

Points in the President's Message

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S last annual message was read to both Houses of Congress on December 8. It makes a number of recommendations of vital importance, some of which will probably be enacted into law before this Congress makes way for its successor. Some of the important points are given herewith:

"The financial standing of the nation at the present time is excellent, and the financial management of the nation's interests by the government during the last seven years has shown the most satisfactory results. But our currency system is still imperfect, and it is earnestly to be hoped that the Currency Commission will be able to propose a thoroughly good system which will do away with the existing defects. . . .

"I believe that under the interstate clause of the Constitution, the United States has complete and paramount right to control all agencies of interstate commerce. I believe that the national government alone can exercise this right with wisdom and effectiveness, so as both to secure justice from, and to do justice to, the great corporations, which are the most important factors in modern business. . . .

"The railways of the country should be put completely under the Interstate Commerce Commission and removed from the domain of the anti-trust law. . . . The telegraph and telephone companies engaged in interstate business should be put under the jurisdiction of the Interstate Commission. . . .

"There should be national as well as State guardianship over mines and forests. . . .

"Postal savings banks will make it easy for the poorest to keep their savings in absolute safety. . . .

"There must be prohibition of child labor, diminution of women labor. Industrial education should be encouraged. . . .

"Stock watering should be prohibited, and stock gambling, so far as possible, discouraged."

Mr. Roosevelt at this point in his message again favors a progressive inheritance tax, which he has before advocated.

In regard to the courts, the President urges that the judges be paid more, so that the acceptance of a judgeship will not be such a sacrifice on the part of the individual taking the position. He also says that some method should be devised for doing away with the long delays in the administration of justice, which fall with peculiar hardship on the man of small means. He strongly defends our courts and judges from recent attacks made upon them. "Our judicial system is sound and effective at core, and it must ever be maintained."

In discussing Naval affairs he says: "There is no excuse whatever for continuing the present bureau organization of the Navy." Special attention is called to the need of four (additional) battleships. He recommends "the immediate admission of New Mexico and Arizona as States. This should be done at the present session of Congress."

The message is well worth the reading by every thoughtful citizen, as it contains explanations of recent acts of the government, and will enable him to understand the reason of much future legislation.

Your Shield?

IN THE old chapel at West Point there are in the walls memorial shields to Washington and his generals, bearing record of honorable service for their country and God. Among them is one which is blank, showing no achievement or name. It was intended for Benedict Arnold, the traitor, who, through wounded pride and covetousness, sold the plans of and agreed to surrender West Point to the enemy.

Posterity may forget; the surge of a mighty nation may leave behind this incident; but Arnold's mistake was not more irreparable than that of the multitudes who are choosing this world with its allurements instead of the life eternal. Arnold's shield may remain blank; but your shield in the Halls of Judgment cannot. You will reap exactly what you sow here. If to the flesh, you will reap bitter disaster; if to the spirit, eternal life shall be yours. Be not deceived, as multitudes are being deceived by the father of lies. Arnold awoke too late. Detested by those who bribed him, deserted by all, he died a miserable death. Tom Paine awoke too late. His last words were, "I would give worlds if I had them, if *The Age of Reason* had never been published. O Lord, help me! Christ, help me!" These words will do for his shield. What will be the record upon yours?

☛ If you have not already renewed your subscription for the coming year, please do it to-day.

Woman Suffrage in England

AFTER a most strenuous campaign, the cause of Woman Suffrage in Great Britain has at last been officially recognized by the government, which has given notice of the introduction in Parliament at an early date of a measure which, it is believed, will be acceptable to the leaders of the movement. This news is all the more remarkable because it was almost wholly unexpected. A considerable section of the women's party, believing the government unalterably opposed to them, had adopted tactics which, to say the least, were not calculated to bring about favorable results. What is now known as "The Violent Sisterhood"—the militant wing of the suffrage army—began a movement, the active and tantalizing aggressiveness of which would have put a Pyrrhic phalanx to the blush. They stormed Parliament, chained themselves to the "grill" or railings of the ladies' gallery, invaded the House of Lords, forced their way into the residences of Cabinet ministers, button-holed them on the public streets, and did not permit even the good-natured Premier, Mr. Asquith, to escape their importunities.

While a wing of the suffrage army behaved in this impolitic fashion, jeopardizing the whole issue by their foolish conduct, the great body of women who were heart and soul with the movement were conducting a more pacific campaign on legitimate lines. As the movement grew apace, the government began to understand that it had behind it many of the best women in the United Kingdom, and that these had no share in the doings of the militant suffragettes and should not be held accountable for them.

This was the situation when, at a meeting of the Women's Federation in London recently, the Hon. David Lloyd George, Chancellor of the Exchequer, appeared and made an authoritative statement for the government. The organizers of this meeting were opposed to the militant wing and desired to give the government's representative a fair hearing; but the suffragettes speedily turned the gathering into a pandemonium. It was only after a great effort that the Chancellor was given the opportunity to tell the news for which all the women of England had been waiting and praying for months, viz.: that a bill granting the franchise to women would soon be introduced in Parliament. He warned the women against the folly of violence, which might result in throwing away their chance to get what they so much desired.

Should the women of Great Britain win the suffrage, even though the victory be yet an incomplete one, their success cannot fail to exert a powerful influence on the movement here. We believe, too, that the women of America, profiting by the experience of their sisters abroad, will frown down any militant demonstrations. There is no room for a "Violent Sisterhood" in the suffrage ranks here. When the women of this country get the suffrage, they will receive it as a right, gallantly conceded and loyally given by those who respect their principles, and who would not frustrate their laudable ambition to have a voice in the affairs of this Republic, to whose glory and honor they have been such large contributors.

An Admiral on the "Bread Lin"

DEAR DR. KLOPSCH: I must send you a w words about my visit to the Bowery Mission n Thanksgiving night. I was amazed at the num r of very intelligent faces in the audience. The au - ence, of course, was composed of men who form e "Bread Line." The most noticeable expression o those faces was indecision and loss of "gri " There was also much of habitual dissipation.

A few faces were stolid with hopelessness. Th were so many faces so unmistakably amiable a l intelligent in type that, considering these alo , the value of the work done by the Bowery Miss soared above all question in my own mind. I ha controlled and commanded many men, and have h opportunity to see dissipation in varying stages recklessness, especially in my earlier days in t Navy. A most pitiable stage is that in which a m has reached the point where he has not only l self-command, but has not even enough moral fir ness to wish to reform. That man is lost, if he not taken in hand by a stronger will, working in h behalf. Even at this point, the leaders and worke of the Bowery Mission, with their untiring sy pathy and activity, and their organized conve iences, have shown immense success. Undoubted the Mission coaxes attention, gains an influence, r establishes self-esteem and induces the downrig wish to reform. After that, reformation is nev hopeless.

Haphazard effort, to reform the dissipated ma can reach but few cases. It is the persistent, o ganized work, always ready and equipped, an always accessible, that has the power to score. Th Bowery Mission, by its record, has become a centr of effort radiating further effort. It was a pleas ure to meet again Dr. Hallimond and Mrs. Bir this time on their own ground of action, and to se the good will of that audience expressed in thei favor.

It was a novel experience for me, my dear Docto and a very valuable one. I demurred, as you know when you asked me, a man who had never lacked a meal, to address the man of the "Bread Line." T my surprise the men not only showed the hearties good will, but they immensely strengthened m faith in the possibility of really reaching the heart of the majority of the men who compose the "Bread Line." I wish you success in your further efforts and will try to be present when you dedicate the new Mission. CHARLES D. SIGSBEE,

Rear Admiral, Retired, U. S. Navy.

Washington, D. C.

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THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

The Ballot in Turkey

THE Sultan of Turkey, driven partly by the progressive demands of the Young Turk party and partly by the demands of the time, promised his people a Constitution and Parliament. Recently the people cast their vote for the first Parliament. This action wipes the last absolute despotism from the soil of Europe, the Duma of Russia having modified the only other despotic authority that was brazen-faced enough to attempt to remain in Europe. For 6,000 years, government has moved in a circle—first an absolute despotism, then a limited monarchy, then a democracy, and then anarchy—to be followed by a despotic revival again. It looks now as though the wheel had stopped, and that a democracy is not to be followed by anarchy and a return to despotism; that the representative form of government is the one to which all nations are tending, and at which all nations are likely to stop.

There is not a king or queen to-day in the western hemisphere, not a throne that rests anywhere in one-half of this world. There are dependencies of monarchies, but no throne in the western half of the world. There is not an absolute despotism in Europe, and the monarchies that exist are becoming more and more limited by the will of the people. The struggle between the Reichstag and the German Emperor is an illustration of this tendency.

The democratic idea has spread even to Asia. Japan is a limited monarchy and the Mikado has greatly added to his authority in proportion to the manner in which he has given away his power to his people. Even the people of China have been promised a Constitution and Parliament, and they are wild over the prospects of having a voice in their own government.

The people of the various nations of the earth, as a rule, have had liberty in proportion to the extent to which the ideas of Christ have been disseminated. Christian nations are the free nations. The Babe of Bethlehem came to bring "peace on earth, good-will toward men." The government is on his shoulders, and he is administering it in the interests of his dear children—the common people. Purity of heart, integrity of life and strength of intelligence, produced by the Christ character and Christ life, are the surest guarantee of individual and of national liberty.

The government shall be upon his shoulder. (Isa. 9 : 6.)

Homes for Deserted Children

The Emigration Branch of the Children's Aid Society in New York has a marvelous record of practical benevolence. During the last twenty years, more than 50,000 children have been transferred from the charitable institutions of New York City to comfortable homes in the West. Eighty-seven per cent. of the boys and girls thus shipped West have done well; eight per cent. have been returned to New York as "unsuitable"; two per cent. have died before developing any particular tendencies; one-fourth of one per cent. only have committed petty crimes and have been arrested; two and three-fourths per cent. have run away from their adopted home. In other words, only three per cent. of the number proved unworthy. Three of these little emigrant waifs have become Governors of States: John Green Brady, Governor of Alaska; Andrew H. Burke, Governor of North Dakota, and Thomas McDonald Waller, ex-Governor of Connecticut. Besides these Governors, two boys are in the House of Representatives at Washington. Other public offices and professions are represented as follows: Two sheriffs, 2 district-attorneys, 1 city attorney, 4 members of State legislatures, 21 clergymen, 81 teachers, 27 bankers, 34 lawyers, 17 doctors, 22 merchants, 15 journalists, 3 county commissioners, 1 judge, 8 postmasters, 460 business clerks, 1,000 enlisted in the Army and Navy. And the record of the girls, as far as it has been kept, is as good as that of the boys. Some who were left as little babes on a door-step or under a bush in the park, have turned out to be the most fascinating leaders of society in some of the great cities of the West.

It is the followers of the Babe that was born in Bethlehem, who have made this stupendous charity possible. There is much in heredity, to be sure; but the record of the success of this benevolent society shows that a healthful physical, mental, moral and spiritual environment, such as the average home of the West is, is potential in the formation of character and in the promotion of a successful and happy life.

Thou art the helper of the fatherless. (Ps. 10 : 14.)

A Deserted Mining City

The most noted ore deposits in this country are in Western Nevada, on the eastern slope of the Virginia Mountains. From the Comstock vein, over three hundred millions of dollars worth of gold and silver have already been extracted. In the height of the gold fever in that region, Virginia City grew to be a large and thrifty city of 30,000 people. To-day there are less than one-tenth of that number of people in its precincts. Ruin is everywhere. Buildings in good repair are scarcely to be seen; there are tottering fences, rickety walls, broken roofs, broken window-panes. "The chief streets lie along a great hillside. Farther up the slope are wastes of sage-brush growing in stunted clumps that half hide the earth with their twigs and foliage. Down below is a valley where the mines have dumped vast heaps of waste. The entire region is a wild upheaval of hills, and around the horizon are seen ranges of snow-topped mountains. The only trees are an occasional gnarled scrub pine, or a dwarfed cedar, a few feet high. Everywhere among the hills can be seen the prospector's holes and deserted shafts.

The people went there for gold and silver, and when they were disappointed in their search, or when the veins were exhausted, they left the place for other regions which promised a better return. There is no material wealth that will last forever. Rich as the mountains are in gold and silver, their treasure will be exhausted by the greed and arts of men. The hand of civilization is stripping the earth of its forests in an alarming degree. Science calculates that the supply of coal will be exhausted in this country within a hundred years. Vast plantation districts in the South have been impoverished by careless farming, by overburdening the soil with crops. Few are the mines of the world of any kind that are not being impoverished by strenuous operations, but mental and moral treasures are inexhaustible. The more ore that is taken out of the brain and heart, the richer the veins become.

Christ, who came to Bethlehem, brought with him wealth which is inexhaustible, and there ought to be thrift and light and joy in the streets of the city of our God.

Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth. (Col. 3 : 2.)

The First Voting in Constantinople Under the New Constitution

St. Luke as a Law Reporter

Professor Francis M. Burdick of the Columbia Law School delivered an address the other day on St. Luke as a law reporter. In analyzing the apostle's account of the trial of Paul and pointing out the care and accuracy with which he narrated the legal steps involved, Professor Burdick said:

"I don't know of any historian who has embodied in his narrative an account of a judicial trial so satisfactory to a lawyer as is this by St. Luke; one in which the various stages are accurately followed, and in which matters of procedure as well as of substantive law are presented with the certainty of him who spoke from personal knowledge. It is equally remarkable, I think, that the sacred writer preserves perfect coolness throughout his report. While his abstract of Paul's addresses is much fuller than that of the prosecutors, he indulges in no tirades against them, nor does he show any irritation over the timidity of Festus and the itching palm of Felix. The tone of the entire narrative is that of serene confidence in the ultimate victory of the cause impersonated by Paul."

For if I be an offender, or have committed anything worthy of death, I refuse not to die; but if there be none of these things whereof these accuse me, no man may deliver me unto them. I appeal unto Caesar. (Acts 25 : 11.)

Destructive Ants Destroyed

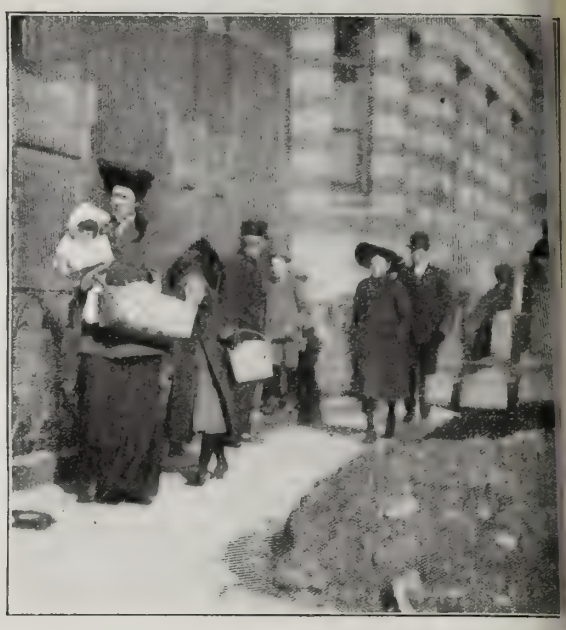
A few months ago, a visitor to the Panama Canal stood on the edge of the Culebra Cut and, looking down, saw two armies busy—one composed of men digging away and the other composed of ants marching from a jungle across the cut to the gardens of the farmers. The gardeners fight these ants with arsenic and Paris green. These insects were destroyed by the thousands, but the survivors came back with stronger reinforcements. Chemical fumes were generated by which greater numbers were destroyed; but the ants, unchecked by these chemicals, still devastated the gardens and invaded the homes. It remained for Edward Schildhauer, an electrical and mechanical engineer of Colonel Goethals' staff, to stem the tide of ant invasion by electricity. He observed that the ant army entered his garden from one point and he found the path. He laid across it two parallel steel files and connected up each on the circuit. As the ants stepped from one file to the other, they were electrocuted. Discovering that something was wrong, they held a council of war and determined to march around Schildhauer's electrical dam, but the man's associate, H. F. Tucker, smoothed off the ground around his garden and made a level path for about fifty yards of copper wire and protected it from short circuits. He connected the wire with a powerful battery and the moment an ant army approached it, the leaders were killed. With their generals, majors and captains gone, the army shifted to another route, but the electrical destruction was repeated. Greater armies came immediately and actually stormed the copper wire, but in vain. By this process, the gardens are saved from destruction, and the homes from this dreaded pest. This army of ants marching against the gardens, is a type of the spiritual foes that are constantly attacking the soul. They are brave, persistent, destructive. By the Holy Spirit's power they are checked and destroyed.

Fire proceedeth out of their mouth, and devoureth their enemies. (Rev. 11 : 5.)

An Aged Seller of Lamp-wicks

Gifts that Will Brighten the Homes of Poverty

Taking Home Free Christmas Dinners



CHRISTMAS IN HOMES OF POVERTY

By KATE UPSON CLARK

THERE may be grumbling about the "burdens" of Christmas time among the rich and the well-to-do, as they buy their gifts for each other, but not so among the poor. The charitable societies have made their appeals, and their rooms are full of warm clothing, food and toys, to be distributed at the discretion of the managers. The pitiful have opened their hearts, and for one day in the year, at least, many wretched ones are to be made glad.

Bella Cooke is gone. and thousands miss her at this joyous season; but the good Lord raises up others to fill the places of those whom he translates unto his own place. The outside of many a brown-stone palace in the fashionable quarter of New York may look cold and forbidding, but within beat warm and loving hearts. Thousands—literally thousands—of noble men and women there, without saying anything to others, without the knowledge of any outside their own family circles, have denied themselves luxuries and have given up cherished dreams, within the last few weeks, in order to aid the charities which brighten the Christmas day of the poor.

One such has just died, whose name should be remembered—Miss Julia Osgood, who lived on Central Park West, in upper New York. Into homes of want and suffering she glided week by week, carrying cheer and comfort with her beautiful presence. At her funeral, a few days ago, her pastor read her life-motto, which had been found written in one of her note-books. It was:

> Ask God to teach thee comfort's art,
> That thou mayst consecrated be and set apart,
> Unto a life of sympathy.

And such a life she lived, spending by far the larger part of her income for the needy, and denying herself almost to the point of privation, in order that the sick and unfortunate might know love and life. That this beautiful and useful life should have been crushed out by a passing automobile is one of those heart-breaking mysteries which only eternity can explain.

Few lead such a self-sacrificing life as did Miss Osgood, but there are many, many generous souls among our wealthy and well-to-do classes; and the number is constantly increasing. As Professor Charles Zueblin has eloquently phrased it, "the fortunate members of society are no longer willing to enjoy the good things of this world while they see their brethren and sisters in want."

Thank God that this spirit is growing on every side, and that at the Christmas-tide it shows forth in heavenly beauty.

"I like this one the best"

It shines upon the face of yonder poor woman as she carries her laden baskets from the relief rooms. The mother who has had to carry her heavy baby in her arms, in order to get her Christmas turkey, bears the load cheerfully. The old woman with her basket of neckties knows that scores, who do not care for her wares, will buy them to help her, because Christmas Day is at hand. The poor little Italian children throb with expectation as they finger over the glittering toys of the push-cart man, who has had to step aside for a moment to make change for a customer. They are all going to receive gifts from one or another, perhaps more than one, of the various Christmas trees of the different organizations. In Brooklyn, Mrs. Lena Littig has organized a great Christmas Tree Association at whose annual meeting thousands of toys are distributed among the worthy poor, and a delightful entertainment is furnished by one of the best amusement managers.

There is still left much that is sordid and grasping among the poor; there is still something of vanity and the love of notoriety among the rich; but the spirit of Christ is more and more permeating and uplifting society. The feeling of brotherhood is growing. The millennial hope, which includes unity, fraternity, the reign of peace and good will everywhere, waxes stronger and stronger among mankind. The isles of the sea and the great heathen empires are crying unto God; and most touching of all, to us of America, are the signs of uplift among the vast foreign colonies in our great cities. The "slum section" in every large town, and especially in the metropolis, is engaging the loving and helpful attention of hundreds of devoted settlement workers. They are gaining the confidence and relieving the sorrows of the ignorant, the superstitious, the poverty-stricken, who crowd those fetid streets; and it is at the blessed Christmas season that the sweet blossoms of such charity open widest to the sun and give forth their sweetest perfume.

AMONG THE WORKERS AT HOME AND ABROAD

—Evangelist John H. Elliott has recently closed a most successful campaign at Kingston, N. Y.

—Evangelists Atkinson and Fitzgerald have just concluded a series of successful meetings in the Methodist Episcopal Church, Elmhurst, L. I. Many have been added to the church.

—Missionary Z. C. Beals of Wuhu, China, with a gift from a Christian Herald reader, now dead, has just completed the Laura B. Ward Memorial School at Wuhu. It is a Christian school for native girls.

—In Winchester, Ill., four local churches have united in one of the best evangelistic efforts ever held there, under the leadership of Rev. W. I. Alexander, of Wheaton, Ill., and singer L. W. Brewn, of Freeport, Ill. An excellent work is reported.

—The Soul-Winners' Society has opened an "Orphans Home" in the highlands of the Alleghanies and the Cumberlands. With a gift of $6,000, a large brick building and thirty acres of good land were purchased near Clay City, Ky., and will be used as a home for girls exclusively.

—Missionary A. S. Paynter, of Ellore, East India, writes that he has just completed a tour of the East Coast villages. After the recent floods, many natives were stricken with fever. There have been many conversions at a place called Siydapadu, and also at Ligaranguden. Some of the villages have chosen "Church Councils," to hunt up absentees at service, secure discipline, etc. At one village during the tour there was a great outpouring, and fifty persons were baptized.

—Mr. George W. Coleman, publisher of the *Christian Endeavor World*, Boston, Mass., a member of the Social Service Commission appointed by the Northern Baptist Convention at the meetings in Oklahoma, desires information concerning out-of-the-ordinary Sunday evening popular meetings for people who do not ordinarily attend Sunday evening services and for non-church-going people generally. He asks those knowing of such work to send him a brief outline of it, together with any printed literature relating to it.

—Missionary W. P. Elwood, Dindigul, South India, who has been trying lately to raise money for additional native pastoral help, writes: "Returning home after an absence of several days, I found at the bottom of a pile of letters one from The Christian Herald, and I knew that the end of my anxiety had come." It contained a generous gift from two Christian Herald readers, which enabled the missionary to do all that was needed.

—Evangelist George N. Baker, who is a resident of Decatur, Ill., is superintendent of one of Decatur's large manufacturing companies. He is a member of the Decatur First M. E. Church, and has taken an active part in revivals there. He was elected chairman of the Macon County evangelistic workers. Sixty confessed Christ in five meetings, which he conducted, assisted by the local Y. M. C. A. workers. These meetings were the beginning of his evangelistic work. He has the indorsement of ministers and of the people wherever he labors.

—Missionary Herbert C. Withey, of Angola, Africa, now here on furlough, writes from Clifton Springs, N. Y.: "The general theme this year was the Missionary Progress of a Quarter of a Century. Under the topic 'Mass Movements,' Rev. Thomas Moody, from Congo, represented Equatorial Africa; Dr. Nichols, from Burma, the great work among the Karens and hill tribes in that country, and Bishop Harris, Korea, which is said to be forty per cent. Christian and bidding fair soon to become entirely so. The great changes taking place so rapidly among the four hundred millions of China were brought out at another time. A stereopticon exhibition, with interesting and original African views, was given by Rev. H. C. Withey. Bishop Warne gave an inspiring discourse on the great revival in India. The most impressive service of all was the farewell meeting when twenty-four missionaries who expect to go out during the coming year sat on the platform, and each in turn spoke briefly what was in his or her heart."

Christmas Eve at Sunny Point

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

SUNNY POINT, on the New Jersey shore, had been happily named for summer days. In calm June weather or when the August skies ere blue and tranquil the waves rolled in from the reat Atlantic with thunder and roar indeed, but ey finally spent themselves in a soft murmur as ey caressed the shore. In the summer the Point as gay with parties of excursionists, nurses in hite caps and aprons walked slowly back and rth with baby carriages and go-carts, and young eople strolling together in pairs or chatting in erry groups played at the old game of love-aking just as all their forebears have ever since he Garden of Eden. Hannah Armstrong had ways visited Sunny Point in June, and her memo-es of it were fragrant with the roses that bloomed door-yards by the sea, and through them in and t were woven little snatches of melody haunting nd wistful from the duets that she and Francis ilworth had often played together. In the last une Francis and she had almost touched heaven the keenness of their enjoyment. Their mar-age had been set for October, and day by day they ved in a Paradise all their own. Hannah's Aunt hœbe, who stood to the girl in the place of mother, ad shaken her head and sighed over e absorption of the two.

Six weeks before the wedding day rancis had been sent West by his firm investigate some trouble in a mining amp. He had reached his destination, ad brought the business to a satisfac-ory conclusion so far as he was con-erned, and had started on his return ourney. From the instant that Hannah had received a long, delightful etter telling her when to expect him, nd adding that he would telegraph hen he reached Buffalo, not a word ad been heard from him. It was as f the earth had opened its mouth and wallowed him. Every effort had been nade to discover the missing man, is father and his partners had gone ver every inch of the ground, but othing could be ascertained about rancis Dilworth after he had left the rain to change at a terminal this side he Rockies.

Everybody, except Hannah, had abandoned hope, the theory being that he man had been attacked by high-vaymen, robbed and murdered. It was known that a notorious gang had in-ested a section which the train rossed. Francis was so well able to ake care of himself, was so temperate n his habits and so stainless in his in-tegrity that speculation halted, and nly accident or fatality could be made to account for the strange thing that had happened. Hannah alone, as has been stated, continued to hold fast her hope, although with despairing clutch. The invitations to the wedding cere-mony were, of course, recalled, and all the beautiful new garments were folded up and put away. Hannah moved about like a ghost in the house where she had been such a spirit of joy. As Christmas drew near she felt that she could not remain there, and she said to Aunt Phœbe, whose gentle minis-trations had never been more tender, "You must let me go somewhere. I can endure this suspense and watching no longer; this listening for a foot-fall that never comes will make me insane."

"I'll go anywhere with you, my dear. We'll cross the ocean, and spend the winter in Italy."

"No," answered Hannah, "that would not do. Francis must know where to find me when he comes back. If I am not here he will understand that I have gone to one of the places where he and I have had our best times. We were engaged summer before last at Sunny Point. I'd like to spend Christmas there quite by myself. The good people who keep the lighthouse will take me in and give me shelter. Don't oppose me, Aunt Phœbe, and let the cousins come as usual for Christmas. I want to go again to the shore and to feel the salt spray blowing in my face."

She had her way. She would never have known for the place of her summering Sunny Point in December, when the billows rushed landward in tumultuous haste, like an angry, invading army, when the clouds hung low and the wind whipped one with keen lashes that cut and stung. But it suited her mood. The wilder it was the better, and wrapping her long cloak around her she became a companion of the storms and watched the coast guard patrolling up and down, or the lifeboats going out, with a feeling that at least here was something to be done, some misery to be alleviated. She helped in the preparations for relief when a ship was wrecked and threw herself with zest into hard work in the effort to forget her trouble.

Twelve days had gone by when the 24th of December dawned icily cold, with a blast and chill that crept through the thickest clothing, though inside the lighthouse there was warmth, and flowers bloomed to reward the loving care of the keeper's wife. Hannah did not try to go out that day. She sat hour after hour in dumb apathy, thinking of past days and dreading the future. For the first time the shadows of death enveloped her and she felt that her loved one would return no more. There was only one train a day that late in the afternoon stopped at Sunny Point, or rather at the station, two miles away. It brought the mail, and with the mail came a packet of letters and several presents from home for Hannah. There was a great box filled with violets, Aunt Phœbe's effort to send her a message of comfort. She looked at everything with indifference, until the lighthouse keeper's little daughter climbed into her lap, saying, "Don't cry, lady; Santa Claus is coming. I hear him a long way off. I hear his sleigh-bells. Listen, lady! They are making music all across the snow." The words at first hardly struck on Hannah's ear, but presently she did listen and then her eyes grew bright, her cheek flushed; she lifted the child in her arms and went to the window. "Dear little one," she said, "maybe you are right. I think I hear something. Surely Santa Claus would not drive so fast as that, and the bells would not jingle so gayly if there were not good news."

"I shall hang up my stocking," said the child, positively. "Santa Claus knows the way to this house. He never forgets it."

What else she would have said was lost a moment later in a confusion of greeting and gladness that seemed to Hannah to catch her up and whirl her out of herself into another sphere. For here, flinging out of the sleigh in wild haste, was a fur-clad figure, not old and white-bearded like Santa Claus, but young and strong, though as Hannah saw presently, pale and thin and gaunt as she had never expected to see Francis Dilworth.

He had been attacked and plundered and left for dead, but the robbers had been frightened before they had time to give the final *coup de grace* that would have finished him. When sensation returned, a blow on the head had so injured the man that he had lost his identity. He had been picked up and taken to a hospital in a strange city. Every scrap of paper, his watch and chain and whatever would have shown who he was had been taken from him by the miscreants who had meant to be murderers. When he finally came to himself, in the first glimmer of knowledge he had been too bewildered to know what to do or decide where he was. One of the doctors in the hospital reported the case to a medical friend. The friend had been a classmate of Dilworth at Princeton and had been interested in the search for him. With a faint hope that this might prove to be the lost man, he had gone to the hospital on the very day that Dilworth was to leave it—leave it not yet able to tell his name or discover his bearings. The friend had not left Francis for an instant until he had brought him safe back to New York, restoring him to his own people and placing him under the care of the best specialists he could find. Still more, he had accompanied him from Aunt Phœbe's home to Sunny Point, and he stood in the background a silent spectator of the meeting of Francis and Hannah. "Joy does not kill," he said, "but after all you had suffered, Miss Armstrong, I did think that maybe you might need the services of a doctor. I didn't feel that I could let Francis go till I saw him safe with you."

"Flinging out of the sleigh in wild haste was a fur-clad figure"

That was a Christmas eve to remember. The lighthouse keeper's little daughter hung up her stocking, and it was crammed from heel to toe and up to the top with presents, chief among them a home-made doll that her mother had dressed. That doll was not supplanted later in the little maid's affection by the beautiful creature who could open and shut her eyes and who had a box full of lovely dresses, the doll that Hannah sent her from New York. That Christmas doll the little girl called for the lady, but the other had a warmer place in her loyal heart.

There was a quiet wedding during the holidays and a Southrnn journey to follow it, with loitering in orange groves and listening to the mocking bird under the brooding skies of Florida. The reunited lovers felt as if they could never be separated for a day. The period of anguish had been so acute that the succeeding time of rapture was heightened in its perfection of bliss. Yet the memory of sorrow, even of tragedy, is soon overlaid by placid contentment and unshadowed joy. Hannah Armstrong felt that she must in some way tangible and enduring do something to show her gratitude to God for saving her dear one from the jaws of death. She had wealth of her own, and she decided that she would build on Sunny Point a home for children, to which little waifs and strays of the city and little ones who could never know anything beyond the streets might come in summer days. Francis was ready to help her. Nowhere except at Sunny Point should this home find its location. "We must," said Hannah, "do something to prove to ourselves that we are really grateful to our Heavenly Father, and oh, Francis, let us try to spend every June at that dear place by the sea."

"And every Christmas eve?" he asked.

If the little maid had been there, the little child of the lighthouse, she would have pleaded for the promise to come on Christmas eve, but until she shall be a woman grown, she, at least, shall never have a Christmas eve at Sunny Point when she will not be remembered by her old friend Santa Claus, whose messengers will be Mr. and Mrs. Dilworth.

Questions and Answers

G. G., Owego, N.Y. 1. To whom shall I send some samples of soil to be examined, to learn whether it would make good brick? 2. Who can inform me why lightning should strike the ground around some trees seven times in the course of ten years, and always in the same place?

1. Send to the State Geologist, or write to the *Scientific American*, New York City. 2. Write to Chairman Pinchot, Department of Forestry, Washington. It may be that the reason of the repeated attraction of electricity is that there are iron or other metallic deposits below the surface.

Subscriber, Mass. When did Mohammed live, also Confucius? At what period were the Dark Ages?

Mohammed lived from 571 A.D. to 632. Confucius lived from about 550 B.C. to 478 B.C. The "Dark Ages" are held by many writers to extend from the fall of the Roman empire, A.D. 475, to the revival of literature in the twelfth century, but often the term is given a much more extended meaning. Brewer says it was between the death of Charlemagne and the close of the Carlovingian dynasty, which was "an age the most barren of learning of any age in history."

C. L., Norfolk, Va. I would like some facts about the Gothenburg system of liquor regulation.

It is a Swedish plan to limit the sale of intoxicants. It was started by the city authorities of Gothenburg. It at first limits the licenses and plans to gradually secure to the city itself the monopoly of the sale of all alcoholic beverages and shut out from the traffic anyone who derives profit from it. It has been advocated in England by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and has deen discussed in the United States.

Mrs. R. G. S., Martin, Mich. Who first signed the temperance pledge?

Probably the first recorded pledge, in the modern sense, was that taken by R. Bolton, of Broughton, Northamptonshire, England, April 10, 1637. John Wesley, in 1743, prepared "General Rules" on temperance, which may be construed as equivalent to a pledge. In 1651, the people of East Hampton, L. I., had a "moderation pledge." In 1789, the farmers of Litchfield, Conn., had a pledge against the use of distilled liquors. The first formal pledge was issued by the Temperance Society of Moreau and Northumberland in Saratoga County, N. Y., in 1808, a doctor, it is said, being the first signer.

Reader, N. Y. What is the nature and object of the organization known as "The Singlehanders," which originated in Idaho, and is spreading rapidly in the West?

From Mr. B. M. Rice, State Organizer, Caldwell, Idaho, we have received some facts concerning this vigorous young organization. Its members are placed under covenant obligation of secresy on one point only. There is a Grand Lodge in each State and a National Supreme Lodge. The organization is based on thoroughly Christian principles. It seeks to help the poor, to teach men, women, boys and girls how to live rightly and purely, to supply homes for the destitute, to fight the liquor traffic, to teach hygiene, to make war upon obscenity and profanity, to improve the schools, to work against the cigarette habit, and to agitate for pure literature. Mr. Rice explains also that an additional object is the writing of letters of sympathy and helpfulness to those who are in affliction or suffering through sin, privation or disappointment. Write to him for further information.

Mrs. G. W., Indiana. What does Rev. 1:14 mean?

The passage in Revelation should be compared with Dan. 7:9. It describes the "Ancient of Days" and the figure of speech employed in describing garments, hair, etc., is intended to show the judicial purity of the Judge and all things around him.

J. McM., Detroit, Mich. 1. This question was recently discussed in the Mail-Bag. 2. Jesus said to his disciples, "I will send you another *paraclete* (helper, teacher, monitor or advocate), John 14:16, implying that he himself had been such to them; but it would also be a "Comforter" or "Consoler," which they had not needed while he was with them. All he had been to them, or more, the Holy Spirit would be after he had gone. "Even the Spirit of Truth," he adds, in the next passage. They had already had the substance; now they were to have the further experience of the great promised blessing. 3. The "meekness" of Moses is translated by some authorities as "most afflicted." He was longsuffering and forbearing with the turbulent people, and took little or no personal notice of their angry reproaches. This is the only reasonable explanation of the passage.

G. H. R., Shiremanstown, Pa. Is it essential to salvation that women wear a head covering? Please explain I. Cor. 11:5, 6.

The head covering was the Jewish emblem of maidenly modesty before men (Gen. 24:65) and chastity (Gen. 20:16). To uncover the head in Hebrew society indicated withdrawal from the husband's power and protection. Thus it will be seen that the point of view from which we must judge the passage is the Jewish one exclusively. It dealt with Jewish customs in a Greek city, where the position of a certain class of women in public was not to be envied. In our own day, and in this country, it has no special application.

L. M., Ontario, Can. Can you tell me why the Quakers do not believe in baptism, or the taking of the sacrament?

They hold that the "washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost" is the only baptism essential to salvation, and quote Eph. 4:5, 6. That baptism in Christ is inward and spiritual they claim to prove by Matt. 3:11, 12; Acts 1:5; 18:25, 26; I. Cor. 12:13; 6:11; Col. 2:20-23; I. Peter 3:21, These passages also cover their belief concerning the Lord's Supper.

R. B., Bloomington, Ill. Can you give me any information regarding the East Indian opium cure plant, mentioned in The Christian Herald some time ago? Where can it be procured?

The British *Journal of Inebriety* says it was discovered near Seremban, China, and that 14,000 people in the district of Kuala Lumpur were cured of the opium habit by its use. It is a tropical plant known as *combretum sundaicum*. It is soon to be put on the market in England, and will probably be heard of here also.

Reader, Decatur, Iowa. Is it true, as has been stated lately, that the birth rate in the larger European countries, as well as that among native Americans, has fallen materially in late years?

It has apparently fallen among a majority of the white races. In Britain, it has fallen in fifteen years, from 30 to 27 per thousand, and to an even greater extent in the British Colonies. Germany, in four years, has declined from 35.7 to 34.1. By contrast, the Japanese increase of 17 to 31 per thousand is extraordinary. It has also fallen in France, and, we believe, in Italy and Spain, although the exact figures are not available.

Subscriber, Conn. Were Robert Ingersoll and William Payne atheists or infidels?

Ingersoll was an infidel. William Payne was a worthy and orthodox divine of the seventeenth century. We presume you mean Thomas Paine, who believed in God and a future life, but repudiated the Scriptures and Christianity.

S. E., Spring Mills, Pa. Did the emigrants register their names, town, and country whence they came, when they came to New York, in about the years 1740 to 1760? Are those records preserved still, and where?

People who came from England, Ireland, Wales and Scotland, as subjects of the British Crown, were not registered. Those coming from non-British countries had to take the oath of allegiance, consequently, the names of these may often be found preserved in the records of the Secretaries of State, in States representing the original thirteen colonies. The Secretary of State or State Librarian of Pennsylvania, we believe, has such a list. Write to the latter at Harrisburg, Pa. For information in regard to New York, write to the State Librarian, Albany, N. Y., and the information, if it exists, will be supplied.

E. H., Oaktown, Indiana. What is meant by "Armageddon?"

Armageddon (R.V.: Har-Magedon). The name as used in Rev. 16:16 is probably derived from Megiddo, an important Canaanite fortress in Issachar (Josh. 12:21, etc.), placed by most writers at Lejjûn (Legio), west of the plain of Esdraelon The association of Megiddo with many battles probably suggested it as the scene of the culminating conflict between good and evil referred to in the Apocalypse. In the language of prophecy, the mountain of Megiddo is taken to represent the Church, and the events which take place there typify the sorrows and triumphs of God's people under the Gospel.

L. J., Uhrichsville, O. Will you kindly answer through The Mail Bag where sweat-shops originated and something about them?

It would be impossible to give any date, as it is not really a particular system of labor but a condition of labor which grew up as clothing was made in large quantities instead of by individual tailors, and the work or parts of it was let out contractors and subcontractors, who had to do the work as cheaply as possible. The name sweatshop is usually applied to certain shops in the clothing trade when four evils are present: "long hours, stress of work, low wages, and crowded and unsanitary workshops." In 1849, the *Morning Chronicle*, of London, published letters detailing the fearful sweat-shop conditions in the London clothing shops. Charles Kingsley's "cheap clothes and nasty" was brought out by the same evil. In the United States since 1890, strong legislative action has been brought to bear to lessen the evil. See chapter on "Sweating System," in the book *Labor Problems*.

Reader, Ardmore, Pa. What is the national emblem of the Welsh?

The leek. It was first used by David, late archbishop of St. David's in 519, who, on the day when the Saxons were routed by King Arthur, commanded his Welsh troops to put leeks in their helmets as a recognition badge. The leek in connection with Wales is frequently mentioned by Shakespeare, notably in *King Henry V.*

F. McD., Dubuque, Ia. What will be the approximate cost to the United States of the Panama Canal?

Experts vary greatly in their estimates. One recent calculation places it at $211,300,000, which is far in excess of the original estimate of about $140,000,000.

M. K., Riverside, Ill. Can you give me the name of some book that will help me study the Bible? There are so many things I do not understand.

A Bible Commentary (Jameson, Fausset & Brown's preferably), will be found very helpful; also a Bible Dictionary and a little volume called *Helps to Bible Study*.

The "Christmas Dinner Line" Among the Philadelphia Poor

PHILADELPHIA has several excellent charities which make a special feature of free dinners at Thanksgiving and Christmas. Among these, the Sunday Breakfast Association is probably the best known. In this photograph, the faces of the men and women at the table are a study that carries its own story. It is one of the most pathetic pictures of its kind. It can be seen that many of the guests are people who have seen "better days."

Miscellaneous

Mrs. C. McK., Pittsfield, Mass. We never heard of it.

S. E P., Durango, Colo. Do not know the book, so cannot express opinion.

A. J. S., Granite Falls, Minn. It is not specifically mentioned in the Scriptures.

Mrs. J. P. S., Washington, Ia. Verse you mention has already been explained in Mail-Bag.

Mrs. D. H. M., Voorheesville, N. Y. Same question answered in another part of the Mail-Bag.

M. A. O., Aurora, Neb. We regard chain letters, as a general thing, as an impertinence, and usually throw them in the waste-basket. There may be certain cases in which a chain letter is excusable, but the reverse is generally the case. Bishop Lawrence has repeatedly denounced the circulation of a chain letter which was said to have originated with himself, and which was a forgery from the beginning.

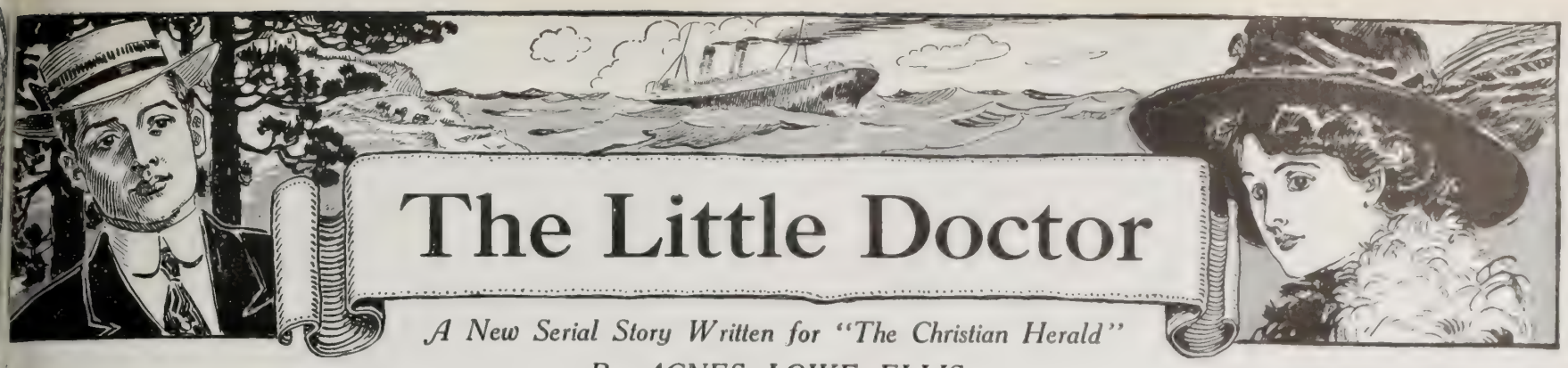
T. C. P., Hamilton College, N. Y., and Mrs. E. A. T., Fostoria, Ore. The questions you ask are among those that cannot be answered definitely. There is nothing beyond what is revealed in the Scripture. In God's own good time, these and many other things that now seem hard to understand, will be made clear.

The Only Proper Attitude

BEFORE concluding this writing (says *The National Advocate* in its December issue, discussing the publications that decline liquor and quack medical advertising) we feel that it is only proper that we should give the honor to The Christian Herald, which is its due in this connection. That noble publication refuses to insert anything that has the slightest connection with the liquor traffic, tobacco, theatres or patent medicines. In doing this The Christian Herald does not go to the length of condemning *in toto* every patent medicine. But that it may be on the safe side, it has declined to open its pages to any announcement of anything that belongs to this class, so that it may not be in any sense blamed as an ally of that which might be considered even questionable.

We have interviewed The Christian Herald on this subject, and we have learned in response to our question that last year the office declined $30,000 of money because of this stand. We are not surprised that it has so completely the confidence of the religious and general public.

We are quite sure that we could include in this list the names of all the church and religious periodicals, weekly and otherwise, so far as the liquor advertisements are concerned. We could also refer to a large number of them as refusing to have anything to do with patent medicine announcements. The Christian Herald's attitude is the only proper one for a public journal, especially religious, to take. We hope that we shall be able to very soon announce that such is the fact.



The Little Doctor

A New Serial Story Written for "The Christian Herald"

By AGNES LOWE ELLIS

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

George Hunter and Dudley Verner were college ums and were stopping at the country home of e former, before George is about to start prac- e as a lawyer and Dudley as a physician. orge is introduced to Miss Danforth, daughter Squire Danforth, who lives on the fine estate lled "Paradise." Dudley is most anxious to et her. A village character, Jack Green, takes em to see "Paradise." He says that they do not ceive much company, but spend much time in avel. They there meet Miss Danforth at the ell, and Dudley is introduced. A thunder rm comes up and the young men are invited take shelter in the house, where they stay to nner. As they leave, the Squire drives by on e way home. His daughter is surprised at his dden return. She explains why the young en had been there. He says he is particular out his visitors, and asks her not to do more an recognize them hereafter. He says that is going abroad and will take her and her aunt.

CHAPTER III—*Continued*

[T WAS in vain for Marian to talk to Aunt Phœbe in her present state of mind, for she ended the onversation as she began it, by la- enting their proposed ocean journey.

The call at Mrs. Hunter's roved to be delightful. Miss anborn was kindly, thought- ul and cordial; and Mrs. Hun- er, clad in her white morning own and reclining in her inva- id chair, was delicately lovely.

Aunt Phœbe's gifts of fruit nd jellies were received with ratitude, and Mrs. Hunter olded her arms around Marian t parting, saying, "God bless nd keep you, dear, in your ourneyings."

Marian obtained permission o come for Miss Sanborn in he afternoon, to give her a drive and show her the grounds of "Paradise." Then they took heir departure, Aunt Phœbe loud in her expressions of pleasure at the meeting, and again lamenting their proposed trip.

True to her promise, Marian called later for her new friend, and the two girls drove for miles in the country surrounding the town, and afterward through the grounds of "Paradise." A dainty tea was prepared and served on the veranda, where Squire Danforth and Aunt Phœbe joined them, and the conversation drifted to the contemplated journey and the prospective sightseeing.

A longing was expressed by Miss Sanborn that she might share the delights of the coming days of travel, and that she might herself see the Old World. This led to the offer by Marian, warmly seconded by her father, to write frequent letters to her, thus giving to herself and her invalid aunt a taste of the pleasures that the travelers themselves were enjoying.

Lily's eyes sparkled at the thought of the delight thus in store for her and she said, "How Aunt Theodora will enjoy that! She spent some years abroad in her girlhood, and has told me much of the beauty of the scenery in the Scottish Highlands. I love them especially because I have come to know them through Scott's novels and poems, which are my favorite books."

"My dear," said the Squire, "what was your aunt's maiden name? 'Theodora' recalls to my mind a very dear friend of my early manhood, one who has long since gone from this earth. I always associate her name, 'Theodora,' which means, as you probably know, 'a gift from God,' with a gentle and loving nature."

"Her name was Theodora Bynan. Her father was a government official, and was at times sent abroad. It was during one of those journeys that she visited the places I mentioned."

"What a strange coincidence! That was the name of my friend also. For the sake of an old memory, I should like to see your aunt, if she would grant me the privilege."

"Oh, yes, I am sure she will, when I tell her the circumstances, although she is usually averse to meeting strangers."

After waiting to gather a bouquet of the choicest roses and lilies for Mrs. Hunter, they started, the Squire accompanying the young ladies.

Something of restlessness and impatience was noticeable in the old gentleman's manner, and when at last they were seated in the parlor, awaiting the return of Miss Sanborn, who had gone to acquaint her aunt with their presence, he was apparently lost in deep thought.

When she came, saying, "Aunt Dora will see you, Squire Danforth," he immediately arose and followed her.

The invalid's easy chair had been drawn to a vine-covered porch opening from her room; and here, after introducing them to each other, Lily left them to join her young companion.

"Dora! Oh, my friend, is it indeed you? You, whom I have for years thought of as an angel in heaven!" exclaimed the astonished man. "They told me you were dead, and I have mourned for you for years."

. . .

The interview, which seemed long to the young girls but all too short to the reunited friends, was ended by the appearance of Lily, who came to bring Miss Danforth to say good-bye, as the next few days would be full of preparations for the departure of the travelers. As Lily entered, she was startled to find her usually quiet and listless invalid aunt, with flushed face and sparkling eyes, eagerly engaged in conversation.

Squire Danforth said, "I have found an old friend, young ladies. This is *my* Dora Bynan, the friend of my youth. She was also a dear friend of your mother's, Marian, and by some dreadful mistake we supposed for years that she was dead. The story of our early friendship would perhaps not interest you two—at least I will not wait to tell you more of it now. Good-bye, Dora; I trust we shall see much of each other when our journey abroad is over and we are again established in our own 'Paradise.'"

As soon as they were on their way home, Squire Danforth turned to Marian and said, "My dear, strange things sometimes happen in this world, and now we have another proof, if we had needed any, that 'no kind act ever fails of its reward.' But for your kindness to those two strangers, I should not to-day have discovered the fact that there is living, almost at my door, one of my earliest friends, one of the truest and best of women; whose friendship to you will be, if her precious life should be spared, of incalculable value. Now I can see what so strangely, and unaccountably to myself, drew me to George Hunter. It was his mother's calm, earnest, truthful gaze, looking at me through those eyes of his, so like her own. Of course, not knowing her to be alive and married, the name 'Hunter' told me nothing."

Just as he was concluding these remarks, the two young men, Dudley Verner and George Hunter, came into view.

With a start and something like a frown, the Squire was about to pass them. Then he appeared to change his mind, and calling out to the driver to stop, he spoke pleasantly to both. His eyes rested in a kind look upon George as he said, "We are about to start for a tour abroad, Mr. Hunter, and have been performing a delayed duty, which proved a great pleasure, in calling upon your family."

"I am delighted to know you have called, although, of course, you did not meet my mother, as she never sees strangers."

With an exultant ring in his voice, the Squire replied, "Yes, I *did* see her, and she will tell you when you get home that we found we were old friends."

"Ah, indeed! is that so?" exclaimed George. "That is delightful news. My friend, Mr. Verner, and I are just returning to New York, where we both expect to begin our lifework, he, as a physician; I, as a lawyer."

"Come over and see me before you go. You will come, too, I hope, Mr. Verner. If your mother can spare you, Mr. Hunter, come to-morrow morning. We are early folks in the country, so that you can come as early as you please."

Both young men thanked him cordially for the invitation, which they accepted with evident pleasure, and after a little general conversation they departed.

"Marian," said the Squire, "I have invited Mr. Verner, though I am not at all prepossessed in his favor. On the contrary, you know I have requested you to be careful not to take more notice of him than is absolutely necessary; but I am favorably impressed by young Hunter, and for his sake I invited the other. It may be a wrong feeling, but this young Verner reminds me so forcibly of one who caused me much sorrow years ago, that I can hardly look upon him without a shudder. I owe you this explanation now. If the time should ever come when it seems best, I will tell you the story that this young man's presence brings forcibly to my mind. It would pain you to hear it, dear, so for the present I forbear."

"It is all right, father. I will be civil to him, but no more; and you know I am always pleased to have you tell me stories, whether they are painful or not, whenever you think best. I have great faith in your judgment."

"Thank you, dear; and, Marian, one thing more. You will never blame me, will you, dear, for withholding knowledge that I thought best to conceal for

Continued on page 1041

"'Why, auntie,' she said, "why are you not in bed?'"

CHRIST NOT FAR FROM ANY OF US

Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

IT IS well to put here a foreword on the Sunday School lessons for 1909. The lessons selected by the International Lesson Committee for the year 1909 are in the Acts and the Epistles. When pursuing a similar course several years ago, a Sunday School teacher pronounced them "Christless lessons." Let us look at the Acts and Epistles and see if they are "Christless."

They surpass even John's Gospel in the emphasis they put on the Deity of Christ, which is proclaimed especially in the divine titles that are repeated with most significant frequency—"Jesus Christ," "The Lord Jesus," "Our Lord Jesus Christ." It is in the Epistles that Jesus is declared to be related to God in "the effulgence of his glory" (Heb. 1:3). It is in the Epistles that it is written, "God sent forth his Son, born of a woman, born under the law, that he might redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons" (Gal. 4:4; *cf.* 3:13). It is in the Epistles that it is written, "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth Jesus as Lord, and shalt believe in thine heart that God raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved" (Rom. 10:9; *cf.* I. Cor. 12:3). It is in the Epistles that it is written: "Have this mind in you, which was also in Christ Jesus: who existing in the form of God, counted not the being on an equality with God a thing to be grasped, but emptied himself, taking the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of men" (Phil. 2:5-7).

A careful analysis of the references to Christ's visible ministry in the Acts and Epistles shows that this last and fullest Gospel puts the chief emphasis where the earlier Gospels did, only more so, as the people were now able to accept it.

It is in harmony with this growth that the miracles of Christ in the material world have but five verses in this last and fullest Gospel.

Those who make Christ's example the central fact of the Gospel, more than the incarnation and the cross and the resurrection put together, will do well to ponder that in the last and fullest Gospel there are but four verses about him as the perfect example, while there are about three hundred verses about the Incarnation, the Cross, and the Resurrection. Paul is often spoken of as a philosopher. He had the ability for that, but he and his fellow apostles were mainly heralds of these three great facts. Faith was to rest on these historic facts and upon corresponding experiences in one's own soul. Everything else about the life of Christ these apostles treat as subordinate to these three great facts, which are three parts of the one fact, that the Christ of infinite love came down from heaven to the cross to save us from the guilt of sin by dying in our stead, and then rose from the dead and returned to heaven to save us from the power of sin and the love of sin by his life above and within. Let us keep this aspect of the truth in mind as we study the Acts and the Epistles during this year 1909.

"He took himself from the sight of them that loved him well, that he might hide himself in their very hearts."—*George Macdonald.*

"The former treatise I made, O Theophilus." This refers to the Gospel of Luke, who is also the writer of the Acts. Note that he was not one of the twelve apostles, but is elsewhere spoken of as the "beloved physician." Nothing definite is known about Theophilus. "Concerning all that Jesus began to do and to teach." It has been said that the Gospel of Luke and the Book of the Acts are parts of one connected life of our Lord—one, his life in the body, and the other, his life in the church.

Teaching After the Resurrection

"Until the day in which he was taken up." There was only a brief interval in his teaching, on those days when he lay in the tomb. The teachings which he gave his apostles before his death were continued after his resurrection until his ascension. I. Cor. 15:5; Mark 16:12, 13; Luke 24:13-25; Mark 16:14; Luke 24:36-49; John 20:19-23; John 20:24-29; John 21:1-24; Matt. 28:16, 17; Matt. 28:18,19; Mark 16:15-18; Mark 16:19; Luke 24:50-53; Acts 1:3-12. "Thus appearing unto them by the space of forty days, and speaking the things concerning the kingdom of God."

"Being assembled together with them," probably in some room in Jerusalem. There is a legendary location pointed out to-day as the place.

"Lord, dost thou at this time restore the kingdom to Israel?" The Jewish feeling was uppermost in the minds and hearts of the apostles. They had not yet received the baptism of the Holy Spirit, enabling them to be broader minded and larger hearted, that they might appreciate the length and the breadth of the kingdom of Christ, which was for the whole world, and not for Israel alone.

"It is not for you to know the times or seasons which the Father hath set within his own authority." Men have always been trying to pry into the future by fair means or foul, mostly foul, as by spiritualism. One of the greatest blessings that God gives to us is the mist that is before our eyes, hiding our future from us. To see our life from the beginning to the end, as God sees it, would be more than we could bear of joy, perhaps, or of sorrow.

"Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Spirit is come upon you." "They were unbaptized in soul," says Dr. Joseph Parker; "the symbolic water had done its initial work, but they stood there without the sacred fire, the inspiring efflatus, the presence of heaven in the heart." Also, he says, "know that you have the Holy Ghost, not by your narrowness or dogmatism, or pertinacity or selfishness, but by your glowing love, your redeeming hopefulness, your continued charity, your indestructible patience."

"And ye shall be my witnesses." Where? Jesus mentioned, first, in Jerusalem as the inner circle; and then a broader circle, Judea; and still broader, Samaria; and then the world circle, "the uttermost parts of the earth." And it was so. The apostles began at Jerusalem (Acts 2:46; 4:1; 5:42), and then they went throughout the land (Acts 8:4; 11:19). Philip preached in Samaria (Acts 8:5), Peter went as far as Babylon (I. Peter 5:13); Paul, it is thought, carried the Gospel as far as Spain. The commission given by Jesus has been fulfilled only in our generation, when the Gospel can be said to have been preached to "the uttermost part of the earth."

Courtesy of the Sunday School Times

The British and American Sections of the International Sunday School Lesson Committee

From left to right, standing: Mr. T. G. Ackland (England), Secretary Foreign Missions and Statistics; Dr. Geo. W. Bailey (United States), Chairman Executive Committee, World's Sunday School Association; Mr. Marion Lawrance, General Secretary International Association; Mr. F. A. Wells, Treasurer International Association; Mr. E. K. Warren; Mr. W. N. Hartshorn, Chairman International Committee; Rev. A. Rowland, D.D., Chairman British Lesson Committee; Mr. A. B. McCrillis, Treasurer World's Association.

The Ascension

"When he had spoken these things, he was taken up," up from the place to which he had led them: Mount Olivet, over against Bethany, which must ever be one of the sacred spots of earth. As he ascended his hands were raised in blessing. A cloud was his chariot. And then they saw him no more, but stood earnestly gazing up into the sky, as though they would see him again. Dr. Parker says: "If your life is a life of faith in the Son of God, marked by, at all events, the desire to be Christlike, then you shall 'ascend.' All that drops away from you will be the flesh and the bones that have been a distress to you for many days. Your self, your liberated spirit, shall 'ascend.' We shall very deed rise with Christ."

"Two men stood by them in wh apparel." We have God's own wo for it that angels are always just hand (Ps. 34:7). Oh, the lonelin of that hour for those loving apostl but for the ministry of angels, w gave to them the assurance that Jes would come again in like manner they had seen him go. The apost Paul, taking up the strain, says: "T Lord himself shall descend fro heaven with a shout, with the voi of the archangel, and with the tr umph of God" (I. Thess. 4:16).

"Then returned they unto Jerusa lem," as Jesus had told them to d to wait in that upper room for th coming of the Holy Spirit. Not th apostles alone; the mother of Jesu was there, and other women, an other friends.

How We Can See Jesus

A cultivated lady was once heard t say that she thought it selfish an ignoble to pray. "It is nobler an more disinterested to meditate on Go and forget self." On the contrary, we believe that whoever thinks that way is cherishing the root of al selfishness, namely, pride. But everything depends upon what kind of a prayer is offered, and the manner of it as well.

Jacob said, "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me." And the record is, "And he blessed him there" (Gen. 32:29). Take hold on God in prayer!

Shall we try the telescope? Yes, but not one of ordinary make. Dr. Joseph Cook said: "To-morrow the sun is rising. I put upon it a telescopic tube. If I look this way there will no image spring up in the instrument. The sun ascends while I am looking in some oblique way. By and by, I resolve to do my part toward producing the sun inside my telescopic tube. What is my part? Not to produce the sun. God moves the sun through the heavens; God arranges the line of light; but what I can do is, turn toward the light; and yet the sun helps me to adjust my telescope and I can direct my instrument. Suppose I adjust the lens but do not direct the instrument on the sun; then I have no light. Some men think that by furnishing the intellect they can produce sun in the telescope tube of the human spirit. It would be against all natural law to suppose that burnishing could make the sun shine in the spirit. We must adjust the lenses and turn with the sun; and that instant, and not till then, there does spring up in the soul the image of the Sun of Righteousness." And that is how we can see Jesus, who has passed into the heavenlies. It is only with the eye of the soul that we can see him. Once Moses essayed to see God with his natural eyes; when on Mount Sinai, alone with God, he said: "I beseech thee, show me thy glory." And God replied: "Thou canst not see my face; for there shall no man see me and live." But one must see God with the soul's eye in order to live.

Some day we shall see him face to face! (I. Cor. 13:12.)

Beautiful in Every Way

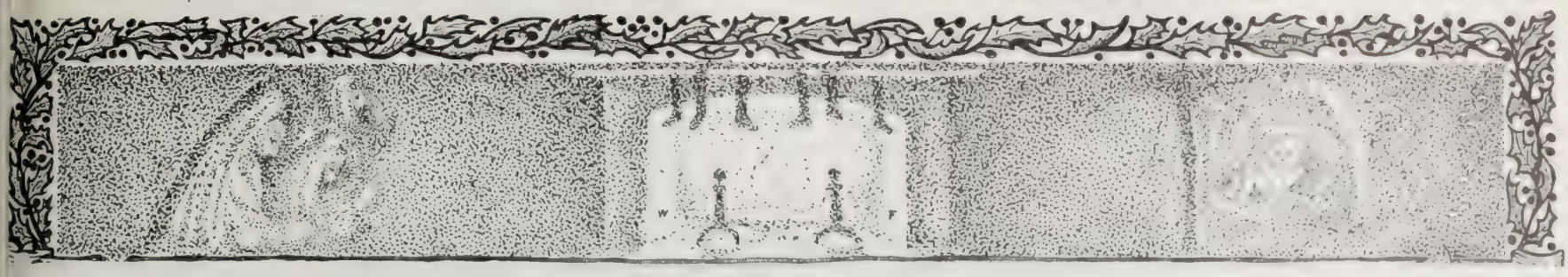
Dear Dr. Klopsch:

I received the Red Letter Morocco Bible. It is beautiful in every way. Accept my kindest thanks for the same. I will surely show it wherever I have an opportunity.

Courtland, Calif. A. C. OSTMAN.

*International Sunday School Lesson for January 3, 1909. The Ascension of our Lord. Acts 1:1-14. GOLDEN TEXT: "And it came to pass, while he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven." Luke 24:51.

HOME JOYS AT CHRISTMAS TIME



By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

The Christmas Markets

ONE of the prettiest sights in the world and one of the most familiar to those who live in the country is a flock of turkeys walking in tately pride across the summer fields. As every one is aware, there is a wild strain even in the domesticated turkey. The bird is hard to raise and requires the most careful tending on the part of the farmer or the farmer's wife. As a rule it is she who takes care of her turkeys along with the rest of her numerous family of young things that need watching and tending. A beautiful bronze turkey or a superb white one outrivals the peacock in its air of distinction. Fortunately for ourselves when last August we watched the progress of these beautiful American birds as they marched in procession day by day across the meadows, we thought little about the fate that awaited them, their destination being the Thanksgiving feast or the Christmas dinner. They may have had magnificent banquets in ancient Rome, and the monarchs of Persia may have been served with the best that their wealth could buy, but neither Persian despot, Roman Emperor, nor Solomon in all his glory had the gastronomic satisfaction of those who taste an American turkey fattened for an American table.

The Christmas markets are well worth a visit, if one be a stranger in the city, a little before the Christmas holidays. Town residents have seen the markets so often that the amazing amount of their provisions for the feeding of hungry thousands, and the beautiful order of their arrangement, have ceased to excite comment. Yet the uptown shops with their glitter of gold, silver and gems, the shimmer of their silks, the softness of their wools, the variety of their attractive display, are not in reality more interesting than the markets. As a rule, market men are hale and hearty, with a cheerful decision of manner and a cordial fashion of greeting that are peculiar to themselves. At this season the markets have sought contributions from the forests, and not only fowls, vegetables, meat, butter, eggs, cheese and products of every kind are in evidence, but there are wreaths of holly, garlands of fir and Christmas trees that have the clean scent and deep verdure of the woods whence they came. If ever the country clasps hands with the town, if ever we realize how dependent the city home is on the home of the farmer, if ever we understand how the railways ply unceasingly for the benefit of us all, it is when we stroll through the Christmas markets.

Kitchen Conveniences

The housewife would be less fatigued at the end of the day if she had in her kitchen conveniences for doing her work with ease. The number of steps that some women are obliged to take from the table to the sink and the sink to the pantry, if measured on the floor, would appal them. Often the place where the dishes are washed is in a poorly lighted corner while the sink is either too low or too high for the comfort of the woman who stands beside it. There are to be found to-day numerous small appliances that lighten the work of the household from the kneading of bread to the washing and ironing of clothes. Where cooking can be done on a gas range there is greater ease to muscles of arm and back than where coal is laboriously brought from the cellar to the kitchen, the scuttle requiring to be filled, a shovel full at a time, and then carried up a flight of stairs to the kitchen range. A woman who prizes her own strength as one of the assets that should stand her in stead for a long life will insist on having conveniences in her kitchen, although she may forego luxuries in other portions of the house. In homes where women do their own work, and the kitchen is sufficiently large, it is certainly better to make it much of the time a living room, just as our grandmothers did in days that were simpler as to the everyday management than those in which we are living at present.

CHRISTMAS EVE MEMORIES

By ROSE C. WEBB

CHRISTMAS EVE! The clock strikes midnight,
Ere I lay me down to rest;
Little stockings filled, all ready,
And the tree in beauty dressed.
In their little beds my children,
Dream and smile the night away;
That mysterious night of all nights—
Which precedes our Christmas Day.

I remember well that evening,
When in our old home I met
Santa Claus in all his glory;
And I never shall forget
Those mysterious bags he opened,
And the gifts he passed around;
And how grieved I was that father
Could not anywhere be found.

Said Old Santa, "Here's a dolly!
For whichever little miss
Wants it most; and so is willing
Just to come and give me a kiss."
So I kiss him; lingering speechless
In Old Santa's fond embrace;
Wondering at what looked like flour,
Smeared all over beard and face.

Dear Old Santa! How the children
Over all this land to-night
Dream of thee; and what surprises
Wait the morning's rosy light!
There are those who fain would banish
Thee from out our homes; but how?
When we love thee so, Old Santa!
But I'm growing drowsy now.

Earthly cares and dreamland faces
All in sweet confusion rise;
Angel voices sweet are singing
Christmas anthems in the skies.
And the years are rolling backward,
With a noiseless, dreamy grace;
And again I kiss Old Santa,
With the flour still on his face.

What Do We Talk About?

WOMEN are constantly accused of limiting their ordinary conversation to housekeeping, dress, the management of children and the difficulty in these days of securing good help in the kitchen. Another subject which is prominent in the talk of friends when they meet is health or the want of it. "Who is your doctor?" "What remedies are you taking?" "Are you getting over your nervousness or is it getting the best of you?" "Why don't you try this course or that?" "What about the New Thought?" Possibly these latter topics have the right of way beyond the former ones that are surely feminine enough, and, on the whole, important enough to furnish good raw material to be woven into our common talk. What should we talk about indeed if not of ourselves, our neighbors, our children, or the course of events in the great world? The trouble is that the large majority of womankind gleans its knowledge of current events from a very cursory reading of the daily newspaper. The young girls have their civic clubs where they are supposed to give serious study to the politics of the globe, the behavior of the German Emperor, the versatility of the President, the conduct of affairs in the Philippines, and so on with variations. Occasionally a little conscientious study bearing fruit in intelligent comment goes on at these informal clubs, but the question of large hats or small, long skirts or short ones, and the trip of a friend to Europe or her staying at home may throw the club off the track and obliterate attention to the business in hand. Dear friends, let us talk about what we like to think about, avoiding only, so far as our neighbors are concerned, whatever is inquisitive or uncharitable. Let us be natural. Stilts are the bane of conversation. House and the children are legitimate subjects, are they not?

A Plea for Our Boys in the Navy

A mother calls attention in a pathetic letter to what certainly seems a lack in Uncle Sam's management. She feels deeply and writes bitterly, for she has a boy who is one of the marines and who has gone forth to service with the fleet on far away waters. She says, "If my boy should be ill, there is no hospital ship attached to the fleet. Should he die his body would not be embalmed and brought home, but buried at sea." The thought of burial at sea is to her, as it would be to nearly every mother, a deeply distressing one. This mother complains that there is unjust discrimination between the officers and the men, and says that in her view the life of any lad who serves in our navy is valuable and precious to his home people, whether he be officer or marine. She is undoubtedly right in this statement. Yet there may be difficulties in the way which she does not comprehend. If any reader has a suggestion to make, we shall be glad to hear it. In fairness, it should be said that our battleships are provided with medical attendants, and that the sick are not neglected. The boys in the blue uniform, as we have often seen them, are a merry, rollicking set of fellows. Shore leave would seldom tempt them to desertion could they keep clear of that emissary of Satan, the saloon.

MARCHING UNDER A CROSS OF FIR

ONE of the strangest sights New York has witnessed in many a day was presented a few evenings ago, when 700 men and lads marched through the streets on the East Side, led by a standard-bearer who bore aloft in his strong arms a large white cross, from which radiated a stream of dazzling light. A brass band, in the van of the procession, played stirring hymn tunes and the seven hundred paraders marching behind took up the strain and sang "Onward, Christian Soldiers!" in perfect time and harmony and with a vigor that made them heard several blocks away.

The paraders had just come from a Gospel service in the old Church of St. George, in Stuyvesant Square, where the famous London preacher-evangelist, Rev. William J. Dawson, has been conducting special Advent mission services, with marked spiritual results. St. George's is an old, conservative Episcopal church, and among its members are some of the city's wealthiest and oldest families. Beside these descendants of the early New Yorkers one may occasionally find worshiping the day laborer, the mechanic, and the lame, halt and blind of the big parish, which reaches out into the heart of a populous section where there are many homes of poverty and suffering. There are large numbers within the parish boundaries who rarely if ever enter a church door, and to these it was decided to carry the Gospel in this spectacular form, in the hope of arousing their interest and getting them to church and possibly awakening them to the need of the Gospel in their daily lives.

The Procession of the "Fiery Cross"

In forming the parade column, Rev. Dr. Daw and the rector, Rev. Hugh Birckhead, with assistant rectors, took their places at the head the line. Next came the boys' choir, headed by band, and then the rank and file, marching fours, with military precision. Great crowds ga ered along the route, which was through Sixtee Street to Fourth Aver around Union Square, thro Fourteenth Street to Sec Avenue and back to the chu

As they filed past the t atres, the church band pla "Stand Up, Stand Up Jesus!" while the whole sang lustily and the gr cross of fire, illuminated scores of incandescent elect lamps, kept alight by a stora battery carried in the para shot forth its brilliant rays, if to challenge the attention the worldly, the pleasu seeker, the trifler and the different.

When the procession entered the church, the ne comers who had accepted t invitations scattered broadca by the paraders were warm welcomed. A stirring Gosp address was delivered by D Dawson. This was follow by an after-meeting, at whi several came forward and e pressed a desire to begin a ne life and enter the fold of t Christian Church.

Aunt Jerushy Marier's Christmas Present

'WHAT be you goin' tu du 'bout the rest of your Christmas presents this year?" sez I tu Sary Lizey t'other day, as we sot a knittin' away fur deer life, she at a mitten, I at a sock, which we waz a-hurryin' tu finish a pair each fur a Christmas present fur Tommy and Celie Danfer, two poor little orphings a stayin' at their uncle's a short distance frum here.

The uncle and also the ant is very kind tu them, but they have a surprisin' number of little mouths to fill, havin' no less than ten young children under fourteen; and a fambly like that would satisfy the heart of even President Roosveldt (in number, I mean), 'specially if he had no more to feed them on than Tommy's and Celie's uncle has fur his'n.

"Well," sez she, "I waz a goin' tu consult with yu and see if yu could suggest sumthin'. I hain't got much money tu spare fur presents, and I'm not goin' tu give no foolish ones, nor give tu the whole town nyther, but there is a few peeple I du want tu have sumthin' for, if I can only manage it."

"Well," sez I, "I hain't got many dollars tu spend nyther, but I'm a plannin' tu make it go as fur as possible, and I'll tell yu jest what I'm a cal'latin' tu du and see if you don't think 'tis about the best investment we can strike. Fust and fo'most, there's Mary Ellen Louter whose a thinkin' tu git merried somewhere about Chrismas time. I want tu make her a little present and want it tu be sumthin' useful; so I'm jest a goin' tu kill two birds with one stone by makin' a weddin' present and Christmas present all in one, and fur it I'm a goin' tu git one of them beautiful Red Letter Bibles for her, which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is a givin' jest now as a premium.

"Then there's my fust cousin Jemimy a livin' way out in Manitobey, she doesn't have much readin' and besides they have growin' up girls, three of them, and four large boys a gittin' along in their teens and a workin' on a large farm a clearin' and plantin' and harvestin'. Of course they don't raly git very much time fur readin' so what they du have should be good, and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S a paper I ain't afraid tu put into anybody's hands. So I'm a goin' tu send the paper tu them fur the year. I'll git the paper and the Red Letter Bible fur the year fur three dollars and besides these there is an Art Gallery de Luxe. This extra fine Art Gallery is consistin' of six beautiful picturs, and them I'm a-goin' tu give two tu Cousin Jane Sibley and t'other four tu the Croton family—one fur old Mrs. Croton and the remainin' three fur the children.

"Then, there's another combination of Red Letter Testament, paper and picturs fur only two dollars. I'm goin' tu git that tu, and divide up as follers, namely, the Testament tu little Sally Perkins, who can read purty well but hasn't a Bible nor Testament.

"The paper I'm a-goin' tu send tu our old neighbor, Mrs. Grohan, who yu know moved down tu Newfoundland about two years ago. I'm sure she'll be glad tu have sech a visitor as that CHRISTIAN HERALD a comin' in every single week fur the year. They don't have much company, I guess, only a few neighbors and they air poor and don't take no papers, so she will have a chance tu lend them THE HERALD when she's done readin' it and 'twill du them all good. The picturs with this subscription I'm agoin' tu give t Uncle John and Aunt Sophia.

"That'll be five dollars. Now, I wa only a plannin' to spend six dollar altogether but I'm a goin' tu ad enough tu the other dollar tu pay on more subscription tu THE HERALD an that I'm a goin' tu send with two of th picturs tu that boy out in Injia tha we've ben a sendin' tu school and a edu catin' tu preach the Gospel. He's a git tin' along fine they say and a little streak of light like THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a comin' tu him week after week wil keep him in touch with some things that'll be a help and inspiration tu him. And then when he's done with the papers he can pass them along to some of his friends and neighbors. The remainin' four picturs from the Art Gallery de Luxe I'm agoin' to jes distribute around 'mong a few friends.

"I expect that's about all I can du this year and I know 'tisn't much."

"Well, Aunt Jerushy," sez Lizey, sez she, "I hain't got quite as much money as you air a goin' tu spend, but I beleeve I'll jest take what I have got and foller your example."

JERUSHY MARIER.

The Ascension of Our Lord

By Mrs. M. BAXTER

JESUS had called his little band of disciples—these poor, illiterate ones—to "go . . . into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." The very men who had forsaken him and fled in the hour of his apprehension, the very women who had followed him "afar off" received this commission to do a supernatural work. Was Jesus mocking them? Never; for he said, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye, therefore (Matt. 28: 18, 19). That which cripples and paralyzes men and women of God is yielding to the temptation to look within for power, and then, in the consciousness of their incapacity, to say that the call of God is too great and too high for them.

These disciples had learned to know themselves. During the time of our Lord's agony, his trial, his death and resurrection, their love and service had been a miserable failure. Prayer had failed them in Gethsemane, their love for their Master had given way to the instinct of self-preservation, the most zealous among them had denied his Lord, the last remnant of self-dependence must have hidden its head in shame. Instead of the glad, exulting cry, "Lord, even the devils are subject unto us through thy name," they were now brought down, emptied, humbled to the dust. And only thus was it possible that they should be endued with power from on high. It was thus that they were ready to listen to the blessed teachings of their risen Lord. Knowing now how ignorant they were, they became apt to learn; knowing how their own power and zeal had completely broken down, they were ready to yield themselves entirely up to Another. Oh, how many seek the baptism of the Holy Ghost, thinking to obtain a consciousness of power which shall be at their disposal, under their command, and exercised by them for the work of God! But the very word "endued," or clothed upon, contains the idea of being under and within the power of God from on high, of man being subject to the Holy Ghost, at his disposal, at his command; not of the Holy Ghost being subject to man. The necessary qualification for being filled with the Holy Ghost is to be willing to be nothing; to be nothing even in the eyes of those who expect something of us.

The charge of Jesus was not a dying charge, but a parting one; and "when he had spoken these things, while they beheld, he was taken up; and a cloud received him out of their sight." He had led them to expect this. As long ago as when he was teaching in the synagogue in Capernaum, a full year before, he had said, "What and if ye shall see the Son of Man ascend up where he was before?" (John 6:62). And it was this which Mary Magdalene was commissioned to announce to the disciples (John 20:17).

They lost sight of him, but he had left them a precious assurance, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world" (Matt. 28:20). But Jesus sent them a message. From that moment, the coming of the Lord has been the hope of the Church.

Pictures to Grace His Study Walls

Dear Dr. Klopsch: I thankfully acknowledge the receipt of the collection of Fine Art Pictures you have so kindly sent me. They are, to say the least, beautiful, taken from life, and extremely natural. They afford us real pleasure, and will always remind us of your generosity toward the subscribers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. I will give them their proper places in my study.

Again thanking you for this loving token of your great and good heart, as also for the kindly compliments of the season, with heartfelt good wishes for the coming year, I am, etc.,

Nazareth, Pa. D. KUNTZ.

THE LITTLE DOCTOR

Continued from page 1037

our happiness, whatever happens?"

His sudden earnestness almost startled her, but she answered steadily: "I cannot tell what you mean, father, but you know I trust your judgment always."

Just then they arrived at the house and were summoned by Aunt Phœbe to dinner.

An animated discussion arose at the table in regard to Mrs. Hunter's family. In the course of the conversation, Aunt Phœbe spoke in high terms of young Mr. Verner, and his attentions to her on the day when he was driven into their home by the storm.

Squire Danforth mentioned casually that he expected the two young men to call the next morning, when Mrs. Langdon at once began planning for an elaborate luncheon, supposing that, of course, they would remain to partake of it.

The Squire told her at once that he expected only a call from them. Then he added, "Aunt Phœbe, when you are at leisure, I would like to see you in my study, to talk over some little matters before we begin the final preparations for our journey."

CHAPTER IV

THE interview between the Squire and Aunt Phœbe was unaccountably prolonged. Marian began to wonder what could have come over them, especially Aunt Phœbe, who usually retired early, that she should be willing to lose her rest for the sake of talking over a journey that she really cared so little about.

It was well for her that she could not overhear a single word of the conversation, although at times the old lady's tones waxed loud and stern.

"I tell you, James," she exclaimed, "it is your duty to explain this mystery before we depart. Who knows what may occur to either you or me? Suppose we should die. Then who would there be to see to this business but Marian? Why was I never told all this before?"

"Because it was not necessary. I did not think it best, and but for these unforeseen circumstances I should still have kept silence."

"Do you not trust me?" she almost screamed at him. "What have I ever done that you should fear to tell me your family affairs? Are not your interests my interests?"

"Yes, in a measure, I suppose they are; but still, the circumstances of this unhappy affair concern only my own immediate family."

"Well, I'll tell you what I think. If I trusted any friend as you do Mrs. Hunter, I should tell her my story."

"What!" he cried, "are you mad? Why should I trouble her with all this? She would only grieve for us, and what end would be served by it? I almost regret telling you already. Drop it from your mind and go to rest."

"Drop it from my mind, James Danforth! Why, it will be always in my mind now. Oh, poor Nellie! poor Nellie!" she repeated, as she accompanied the Squire back to the parlor, where Marian was impatiently awaiting their return.

"Why, Aunt Phœbe!" she exclaimed, "do you know how late it is? Eleven o'clock! What becomes of your old maxim, 'Early to bed and early to rise'?"

"Oh, well, child, never mind for this time; it is not often that James and I talk over old times as we did to-night."

"Old times! why, I supposed you were talking over present times, and perhaps trying to frighten father, as you tried to frighten me, by your pictures of the horrors of seasickness."

"No, no; I did not think of seasickness at all to-night; there are things much worse than seasickness."

A quick glance from the Squire caused her to finish her sentence by saying hurriedly: "But we are in happy circumstances, are we not, dear? Come, let us go to rest. Good night, James. Come, Marian, come."

Long after they had both retired, Marian was awakened by sounds from her aunt's room, which adjoined her own. At last, she arose and tapped lightly on the door. Hearing no answer, she entered and was shocked to see the old lady, who had evidently not undressed nor gone to bed at all, pacing the floor, the picture of distress.

"Why, auntie," she said, "why are you not in bed? Are you ill?"

To be continued

A MAGIC CALENDAR*

Good will and good cheer
For each day in the year.

A CALENDAR has come to our attention that calls forth our instant and unanimous appreciation and warmest praise. This is the *Keep Sweet Calendar*, just published by the Tullar-Meredith Company. The unique arrangement as well as the rich contents of this Calendar and Year Book lift it at once out of the ordinary class of short-lived, though often costly, Christmas novelties put on the market at this season. Securely pasted on a large mount of art cardboard is a most attractive pamphlet measuring some 5¾ x 3½ inches, which is fairly bursting and running over with good things. Every right-hand page marks a week and is neatly ruled off into seven sections, with the days of the month printed in large red numerals. Below each date is a Scriptural reference, and opposite this is the Key Thought for the day; quotations that are trite sayings and sparkling inspirations from the master works of a long succession of poets, philosophers and thinkers. So wisely and well have these quotations been chosen that the irresistible influence of those magic words, *"Keep Sweet,"* pervades every page.

On every left-hand page in this compact little volume is a hymn—aggregating fifty-three in all—with words and music, and printed in a way that fairly *makes* one want to sing and play them. Around the art mount for the Calendar and Year Book is an artistic border design charmingly executed in two colors; and, by an ingenious device, a large green leaf on the one side and the red petal of a flower on the other are so cut that they hold open the pamphlet at any desired place. Across the top runs in bold letters the wholesome motto, *"Keep Sweet,"* while below the small volume is clearly printed in full the famous *"Keep Sweet"* hymn composed by Grant Colfax Tullar, and which has met with such tremendous success wherever sung. Finally, on the back of the calendar pad is a brief but worth-while sermon by Mr. Tullar on the same theme.

A generous bow of red-and-green Christmas ribbon at the top allows one to hang the Calendar where all may see and catch the inspiration of its golden text, *"Keep Sweet."* "The potent suggestiveness of these two words," writes Mr. Tullar, "exerts everywhere a cheerful influence that is not only *external* but *internal* and *eternal;*"—and we are strongly inclined to agree with him; for, wherever in these offices the calendar has been hung for a few days, or even for a few hours, the contagion of good will and good cheer has quickly spread.

**Keep Sweet Calendars*—size 11¼ x 14¼ inches—may be had from the Tullar-Meredith Publishing Company, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York, and will be sent postpaid and securely packed upon receipt of 50 cents in stamps or coin.

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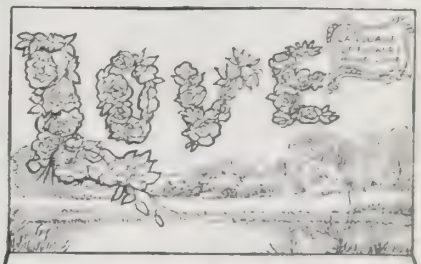

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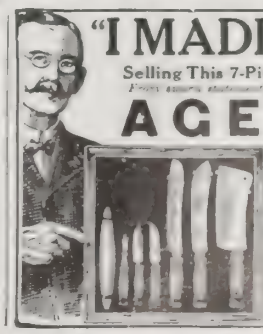

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Man's Day, by Philip Mauro. A work of sermon-essays. Cloth binding. Pp. 267. Price $1. *The Patmos Letters,* Applied to Modern Christendom, by J. L. Campbell, D.D. Decorated cloth binding; illustrated. Pp. 208. Price $1.25. The above two books are published by the Gospel Publishing House, New York, and Morgan & Scott, Ltd., London.

Long Life and How to Attain It, by Pearce Kintzing, M.D. Cloth covers. Pp. 285. Price $1. *The Lure of the City,* a book for young men, by David James Burrell, D.D., LL.D. Cloth covers. Pp. 284. Price $1.00. *Mind, Religion and Health,* with an appreciation of the Emmanuel movement, by Rev. Robert MacDonald. Cloth covers. Pp. 368. Price $1.30. The above three books are published by Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York.

The Legalized Outlaw, by Samuel R. Artman, Judge of the Twentieth Judicial Circuit of Indiana. Published by the author. In this little book, the student of the so-called temperance question may find condensed statements of arguments and decisions in many cases of saloon prosecution in the State of Indiana. For seven years the author has been industriously gathering statistics upon this subject. He believes the saloon license of Indiana to be unconstitutional, and presumably that of every other State which has one at all. To prove his contention, he adduces case after case in which the contradictory statements of the judges certainly give strong support to his opinion. He makes the saloon a thorough "outlaw."

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Dr. Ridpath was a born historian, and more—he had a wonderful talent for narrative, which enabled him to present, in the most pleasing and attractive literary form, a thousand things that would suffer at the hands of a less talented and versatile author. In this consists much of the peculiar charm of *Ridpath's History,* which is one that all classes can thoroughly understand, appreciate and enjoy. The great men and women of all the ages, and in all lands, are seen in these pages, pictured with rare literary fidelity; the great events in war, statesmanship, adventure, science and invention are fully described; the judgment is that of a trained and impartial mind, competent to grasp the thousand problems history presents. There is not a nation since the world began whose records cannot be found carefully set forth in these comprehensive and scholarly volumes. They are a perfect library of information, combining all the past has given us in the various fields of human activity.

It is not difficult, when one has become familiar with Dr. Ridpath's work, to understand the secret of his popularity as a historian. He leaves no vital thing untouched. The presentation in all cases is complete, picturesque, entertaining, instructive—a mine of information for those who would be classed in the category of the well-read and intelligent. To American readers he has given his best efforts, and has lovingly expended upon the history of our own country the most painstaking research, with the happiest and most complete results.

Dr. Ridpath was an ordained minister of the Gospel. In all of his work there is the recognition of that Divine hand which guides the world. Wherever this History is read it cannot fail to have a powerful influence, not simply educational, but moral and spiritual as well. The *History of the World* has been warmly commended by our leading college professors, preachers and teachers, and by thousands of those who are foremost in all that makes for human progress and enlightenment. We cannot commend it too highly as a work that deserves a permanent place in every American home.

Tunneling Great Mountains

AMONG the world's greatest electrical projects at the present time, there is probably none vaster in extent or more interesting, especially to Americans, than the electrical work now going on in connection with the Pacific coast extension of the St. Paul road. In this great undertaking more than $100,000,000 is being expended. No promoter or land agent is needed, so rich are the natural resources, in timber especially. The St. Paul management has been given assurance that not less than 50,000 carloads of timber will be given it the first year after the work is completed.

This new transcontinental line will stretch from Chicago and the Twin Cities by the way of Butte, Mont., to Seattle and Tacoma, Wash. There is perhaps nothing to equal the thoroughness with which it is being constructed. Over the eight hundred miles of mountain stretches, electricity is to be used as the motive power, and the engines will be 200-ton electric motors. The Bitter Root Mountain streams will furnish abundant power for all of the electric motors needed for trains over the mountain division. These streams are to be harnessed at the cost of millions. Through the mountain range a tunnel 8,750 feet long is being constructed by electrical power, and through it will be operated trains hauled by motors. One end of this tunnel will open in Montana and the other in Idaho, and its grade will nowhere exceed .02 of one per cent.

Work on the west end of the road between Butte and Seattle is nearly finished on some divisions, but the long tunnels and heavy fills are still under construction. Rails are now laid in five different sections, but the track is not continuous for more than 120 miles. The tunnel will cost probably $75,000 a mile. It is the largest engineering enterprise of its kind, and the work as a whole is regarded by experts as a marvel in the annals of railway construction.

THE WISE MEN

BY JOHN M. MORSE.

LO! the starry heavens o'er us
Ever tell God's wondrous love:
Worlds on worlds spread out before us
Speak His message from above.
See! another star is shining,
With a radiance all its own:
All its brilliant rays combining,
Peerless, there it shines alone!

CHORUS.

Let us follow where it guides us,
Follow, though it guide afar:
O'er the mountains and the valleys
That shall be our guiding star.

Matchless glory is impelling—
As a bird on swiftest wing.
Let us haste! that star is telling
Where to find the new-born King!
Hear the voice of God, commanding—
"Let no foe your progress stem."
Onward! See! the star is standing
O'er the plains of Bethlehem.

CHORUS.

Now our search is almost ended,
We will worship at His feet.
By our gifts, our souls commended,
'Tis with joy this King we greet.
Now the journey ends in glory!
Down before that Child we fall.
Oh, the wondrous, wondrous story,
Bethlehem's Babe is Lord of all!

CHORUS.

Let us follow where He guides us,
Follow, though He guide afar:
O'er the mountains and the valleys
Christ shall be our guiding star.
Passaic, N. J.

Delighted with the Premiums

Dear Dr. Klopsch: I have renewed my own subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and also had one sent to my nephew at Yonkers. We are both delighted with our book premiums. With prayers and best wishes for you and all connected with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, AGNES LOWE ELLIS.
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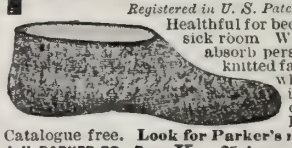

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Revelations of God*

WELL said the poet:

More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of.

Too many of us think of prayer sordidly, selfishly. We are apt to feel that its chief use is to get the earthly blessings that we most need.

It is true that we should go to God as children to their father, and children will naturally tell their father of their longings and desires; but the greatest result of honest, loving prayer must ever be spiritual. As association with noble men and women insensibly yet none the less powerfully elevates and refines, far more does the association with God in humble prayer elevate and refine him who prays.

A part of this elevation is felt in the gaining of the fine quality of courage. Even Christ, in the midst of his most successful work, felt the need of more strength and courage. He had healed many. He had cast out devils. Crowds were following him. He must have been weary, but he was not too weary to rise very early, and go into a solitary place to pray. Then he was able to go forward. He seemed to rise at once upon the coming of Simon, ready again to preach and to heal. Courage, humility, patience, gentleness, love—all the perfections with which we have been taught to invest Divinity—must come, in some measure, to him who lingers prayerfully in God's presence; and growth in such virtues is the sweetest and finest consequence of prayer.

Regular prayer is good. Our lives must generally be governed by routine, and we must introduce into that routine times for prayer. As we make up our New Year schedule, let us increase the number and length of such times. But there is no need to confine our prayers to set times. God always hears. In the moment of temptation, cry to him. On the train, on the boat, wherever you can in thought isolate yourself, pray.

Gipsy Smith tells us that during his strenuous South African mission, he was often too tired at night to pray. Then, he said, Satan was ever on the watch to whisper to him, "Where is your joy now? Why don't you shout? Your happiness is all gone." The tempter was intimating that such religion could not be very deep, but the godly preacher would reply, "I cannot pray. Christ understands. I am in his care and no one can pluck me out of his hands." It was the result of an attitude of constant prayer, in which one may come to feel that one is close beside the mercy-seat, even when the lips are too weary to utter words of prayer.

Tennyson is reported to have said: "Prayer is like the opening of a sluice-gate between the great ocean and our little channel, when the great sea gathers itself together and flows in at full tide." This is a beautiful simile. If "our little channels" are low or dry, it is because we are not opening the sluice-gates of prayer, and letting in God's greatness.

One of the resolutions of Jonathan Edwards was: "Resolved, never to count that a prayer which is so made that I cannot hope that God will answer it." This is a plea for faith, for the "effectual, fervent prayer" of which James writes, and without which we have no right to expect a revelation of God.

Dr. Worcester tells us that a great English newspaper has recently advised sufferers from insomnia to engage in prayer. The passive, receptive attitude into which the mind naturally falls during honest prayer is, indeed, soothing and quieting. It has a therapeutic value which has probably never been fully realized since apostolic days.

* Topic of the Epworth League for Sunday, January 3, 1909. TEXTS: Mark 1 : 35; Acts 10 : 9.

Noble Purposes*

IT IS the time of the year when we turn a page. The date changes; we have come, as it were, to an epoch in our little lives; and it is fitting that our souls keep step with the march of events. Therefore the New Year's Day has become the period of resolutions, or. as we might call them, revolutions in character. There should be such a time. It is good for the soul, when it sees the path it ought to travel, and yet does not wish to travel, to say to itself, "I will go that way, God helping me." And New Year's Day is a good time to say it.

Many great sermons have been preached upon the subject of translating resolution into life. Too many people imagine that when the resolve has been made the battle is substantially over. Really it has only begun, and it will last throughout all time. In every little outer act, the deep inner change must show itself. When this is so, a life will be, as a great man has said, "full of music, full of God, a sermon unanswerable."

It is a comfort to the honest soul that God judges us by our purposes, in spite of the terrible proverb that good intentions pave the way to the kingdom of darkness. Men look on the outside, but God seeth not as man seeth; he looketh on the heart. Provided we have done our best, he counts not against us our failure in the battle. Browning has written:

'Tis not what man does that exalts him,
But what man would do.

And, again,

What I aspired to be,
And was not, comforts me.

In his *Childe Harold* we have, in an allegory, a character which may well stand for a dauntless soul in pursuit of its object, the fulfilment of its high dream, "pursued," says Dr. King, "with enthusiasm and confidence even after hope has died; after companions have been defeated and have perished; pursued still alone when

Just to fail as they, seemed best,
And all the doubt was now—should I be fit?"

The early Christians were very hard upon those who failed to live up to their vows. One failure might be condoned, one penitence was accepted, but one only. The *Shepherd of Hermas* teaches that the gravest sin may be forgiven a Christian, but that a second offense is well-nigh fatal; and this in the face of the Gospel direction to forgive seventy times seven grievances. If man can forgive so many, how many can God forgive?

But any resolution made in the strength of the flesh alone will almost surely fail, while "one with God" is the majority which will win in the conflict. Henry Drummond tells a story of a man who had given way to a passion for strong drink, and whom he was trying to reform.

"Suppose," he said, "that you were on the box, and your horses ran down hill, and you lost all control over them, what would you do?"

"Oh," replied the man, "I could do nothing."

"But suppose there were someone beside you, stronger than yourself, who could control them."

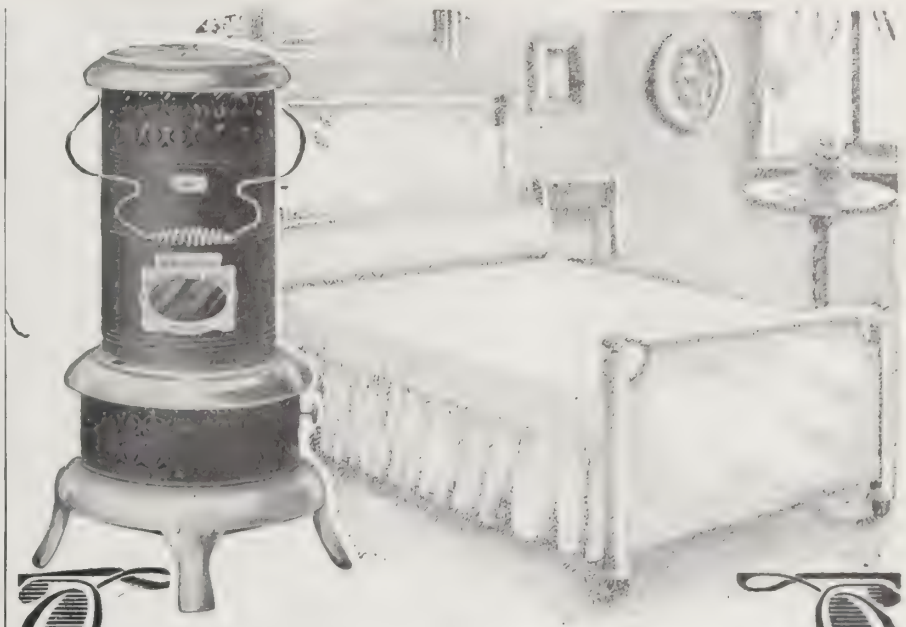
"Then I would hand him the reins, sir."

"Your appetite is running away with you," pleaded Drummond; "your own strength cannot control it; but there is one beside you who can. What will you do?"

Then the spirit of conviction is said to have seized upon the man, and he broke down and cried, "Sir, I will give him the reins."

It is only by giving to God the reins of our lives that we can keep our resolutions.

* Topic of the Christian Endeavor for Sunday, January 3, 1909. TEXTS: Acts 11 : 19-23; Josh. 24 : 14-25. (Consecration meeting.)



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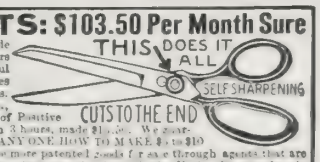

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NEW YORK, DECEMBER 30, 1908

VOLUME 31 — NUMBER 53
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See page 1052

SITTING OUT THE OLD YEAR

Painted by C. Von Bergen — UNDER THE SHADE OF THE APPLE TREE — Size 12x15 Inches

Painted by E. Debat Ponsan — THE TRYST AT THE BROOK — Size 12x15 Inches

Our Wonderful Art Gallery De Luxe

The Opinion of Three Art Critics

TWO well-known miniature painters of the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, upon seeing our Art Gallery De Luxe, agreed that the pictures were the finest reproductions of canvas oil paintings they had ever seen. Another connoisseur of art, and a noted clergyman, who had studied the originals of two of our masterpieces in the art galleries abroad, assured us that the reproductions were almost perfect and the finest he had ever seen. All three critics expressed the greatest surprise that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD could give such a costly and rare collection of pictures as a premium absolutely FREE.

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Dear Dr. Klopsch: I write to express my gratification on receipt of the beautiful pictures you are sending as a premium with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. I am sure I voice the sentiment of every CHRISTIAN HERALD reader in saying that it is worth a hundred times its value in good literature alone, and, with the beautiful pictures, this year should find its way into many new homes. W. JAY MEILY.
Mechanicsburg, Pa.

Better and More Interesting Every Year

Dear Editor: Accept my thanks for the lovely Art Pictures of your Art Gallery De Luxe. They are all beauties, every one of them, and I cannot understand how you can afford to give such beautiful premiums as you do. Your paper grows better and more interesting every year, and I wish every family in the land would take it. MRS. O. ROBBINS.
Warren, Ill.

An Ornament to Any Home

Mr. Klopsch, Dear Friend: The very beautiful pictures have reached me in good condition, and your Art Gallery De Luxe is an ornament to any home. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is not only a welcome visitor in our home every week, but we prize it more and more each year.
Cortland, N. Y. A. M. WATERBURY.

WHAT OTHERS SAY OF IT!

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As Usual, Better Than Advertised

Dear Dr. Klopsch: Many thanks for the beautiful premiums we received from our dear friend, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. As usual, both the book and premiums exceed our expectations. C. F. CARROTHERS
Washington, D. C.

Framed as Christmas Gifts

Dear Christian Herald: We are in receipt of your beautiful De Luxe pictures, and have framed them for Christmas gifts. Many thanks.
Salisbury, Mo. S. Y. PITTS.

An Enthusiastic Admirer

Dear Dr. Klopsch: The Red Letter Bible and the Art Gallery De Luxe both received in good condition, and they are, in a sense, like your splendid paper, much more than one could expect. Every member of our family looks forward to the coming of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD as to that of some dear friend.
Altoona, Pa. J. W. GAINES.

Opinion of One and All

Dear Editor: I have received the Art Gallery De Luxe, in perfect condition, and it is certainly a beautiful work of art. All to whom I have shown the pictures agree with me on this point. W. H. STRIPE.
Chicago, Ill.

Every One Beautiful

Dear Dr. Klopsch: Your collection of Fine Art Pictures I received yesterday, in good condition, and we think them all beautiful.
Allegheny, Pa. M. J. SMITH.

Again Exceeds Expectations

The Christian Herald—Dear Editor: The Art Gallery De Luxe just received, and it is much more beautiful than I had expected.
Delta, Colo. W. M. HASTINGS.

Well Worth Framing

Dear Dr. Klopsch: I wish to thank you for the splendid pictures I have received from you. They are all beautiful, and I am delighted with them and mean to have them every one framed.
West Newbury, Mass. MRS. A. CURRIER.

Pictures of Great Value

Christian Herald—Dear Editor: I received the six Fine Art Pictures in your Gallery De Luxe, and am very much pleased with same. I consider them of great value—as well as THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. MRS. L. MEAD.

OTHER SUBJECTS

Included in Our Art Gallery De Luxe

THE above miniature reproductions of two of the pictures included in our superb ***Art Gallery De Luxe,*** give only a faint and crude idea of the beauty of these two subjects. Other subjects are:

HIDE AND SEEK: by Wilhelm Hasselbach. A quaint home scene with a wonderful wealth of interesting detail that makes it altogether charming.

SAVED AT LAST—THANK GOD! By S. Paulus; a dramatic presentation of the dangers of the sea and the rugged heroism of the men who brave its perils for their livelihood.

WASHINGTON'S MARCH THROUGH THE JERSEYS: By J. L. G. Ferris; full of stirring patriotism and the cry of victory. The central figure of the Commander breathes an inspiration.

THE FOUNDLING: By Abbott Graves; perhaps the most widely admired of all the masterpieces in this collection. The aged couple, the tiny foundling, the glow from the lamplight, the tender appeal in every line of the painting, all make it irresistible.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

A "Devil Dance" by Tibetan Lamas

Mrs. Greet's Traveling Chair

The Moravian Mission at Leh (in an Ancient Castle)

A HIMALAYAN HEATHEN FESTIVAL

IT IS now a little over half a century since the first Moravian Mission was established in the Western Himalayas, on the borderland of Tibet. In that period, many faithful workers have labored there, and a number of the pioneers have gone to their reward. At the present time, there are five Moravian mission stations and one out-station in the mountain region in and around Ladak, with a working force of eight ordained preachers, eight missionaries' wives, five white helpers, twenty-one native missionaries and three helpers.

This year there have been many evidences of spiritual life among the Tibetan Christians. Several earthquakes occurred, but they were not of a serious character. The Gospel has been proclaimed in the Mission churches, and in the open air, to native Christians and the heathen. Medical mission and zenana work at Leh have prospered in spite of losses in the missionary ranks. The staff of white workers is very inadequate. Dr. Adolf Bauer, a medical missionary, will soon be added to the staff at Leh. Further reinforcements are now on the way.

At the towns of Kyelang, Poo and Leh new mission houses have been built. Native assistants have rendered valuable help, especially Ga Puntsog, Chompel and Paulu, three most faithful workers. A little weekly publication, issued by the missionaries at Leh, was stopped for a time by order of the government, which suspected the journal of political tendencies, but the prohibition has now been removed.

The Gospel of Mark, translated into the Ladaki dialect by Missionary A. H. Francke, has been printed and published. He has also rendered Mark into Bunan, a dialect of the Lahoul people around Kyelang, and a Tibetan Gospel hymn book has been completed. Various books of the Tibetan Bible are also ready and will be issued soon.

In a letter to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, dated at Leh, November 4, S. H. Ribbach, one of the missionaries, writes:

"Our progress is slow, as is the case with all these hill people; but from time to time the Lord shows us that his servants are not laboring in vain. Before leaving my station at Kolotse, in Lower Ladek, I was privileged to baptize Rasul and his wife, Roema, who, after long acquaintance with the missionaries and much hesitation, have now decided to follow Christ. I had to leave Chompel, our catechist, in charge of the work there, as we are very short-handed, several workers being ill. All the workers here are grateful to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the kind gifts of its readers. May God bless your and our united efforts for his cause!"

The mission at Leh has in connection with it mission farms at Kyelang and Poo, but these are not profitable, although from the missionary standpoint it is desirable to carry them on. All the workers at the stations, far from being discouraged, are hopeful and even enthusiastic as to the spiritual future of the Himalaya Mission, believing that God in his wisdom will yet make the power of the Gospel manifest among these strange heathen hill tribes, and bring them into the light.

Another mission in the Himalayas is the Tehri Border Village Mission, at Landour. It is an independent work in a lonely mountain section, and is carried on amid many difficulties and personal perils. An idea of the dangers of mountain travel may be gathered from one of the photographs above. Missionary William Greet, who is in charge, writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

Photographed specially for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

Guests of Honor at a Tibetan Wedding Feast

"Thank you for your gifts sent to us, with your kind letters of September 24 and 30, both of which reached us in camp at the most distant village we have yet included in our area for touring. We reached that place, Manji, as a family, and our two or three weeks there were the most interesting, both sadly and pleasurably, that we have yet had among the Himalayan villagers. Here the reign of demons is seen in some of its most hideous forms.

"During our stay, we had to move our camp outside the village bounds, unless we were prepared to await the expiration of the eight days of sacrificial purification of the village, before the people could engage themselves as carriers for our next stage. During the past year, an unusually large number of deaths had occurred; so it was decided that the serpent god Nig must be appeased. One rupee per house was levied by the village council, at the direction of the priest, and half a rupee on each serf's house, to pay for the sacrifice and the priest's fees and perquisites, including a new turban and a quilt. Holy water was sent for from a distance of several days' journey; a sheep, a goat, a pig, and various other animals and inanimate things were brought to be sacrificed, and the god of the next neighborhood was invoked to be present with that of their own. The ram drum was beaten, men worked themselves into a frenzy, but the initiated declared that the god had retreated up the hill. However, they drummed on and after a most barbarous procession had beaten the bounds of the village, brandishing gurkha knives, swords, axes, and various fantastic weapons over the sacrificial animals that they led, they took them back to the shrine to smite off their heads, amid united wailing and drumming. What foolishness! Yet much religious foolishness in European countries resembles it in some ways, and those who take part have some reason, real or supposed, for all of it. What great enlightenment of the Spirit is necessary, both there and here, to free men's hearts and minds from the chaos of error!

"Among the most prominent in that heathen procession were some who came nightly to our tent or called us to their homes to inquire the Truth, and they showed much more than usual interest. We do not know just how much one of them meant when he said: 'We may see much truth and accept it, yet what we are bound to with our people we are bound to.' In the meantime we struggle on preaching and praying, praying and preaching.

"And now we are occupied with translating the Gospel into their dialect. How shall we write of the Spirit when 'body' and 'spirit' are interchangeable terms between them and the people of the neighboring district? But we have found one man in four years who can help us a little, and we must give all time to it while we have him. This winter we camp below the snow line, where we hope to be able to sit close at this task."

THE
American Pulpit

A SERMON BY

Rev. J. M. Schick, D.D.*

A Thought for New Year's Day

TEXT—Mal. 3 : 6
"I the Lord change not" (R. V.)

THE closing year suggests that the days of our life are passing away, and makes us take note of the experiences and incidents which crowded the days as they passed. The thoughtful are impressed with the constantly changing character of the things which belong to the life we are living, and it will do us all good to contemplate, for a little while, the fact that, amid all the changes we are made to see, there is One who changes not, as is brought to our attention by the passage quoted from the last of the Old Testament prophets, whereby God himself declares his own unchanging character.

When we actually realize that our days are passing so fleetly away, we are almost forced to recognize our responsibility for the right use of the time, the talents, the opportunities of life, as they come to us in the days of each changing year. Every day brought its particular duty; and there has never been a time without its obligation, or when there was not some purpose to be worked out by personal effort.

Reviewing the Past

The closing of one year and the opening of another seems to be, of all times, a time peculiarly adapted to reviewing the past and for contemplating the prospects of the future. The very change of dates suggests the flight of time, and raises the question of the right use of the portion which is beyond our recall. Now, men settle accounts and open new pages in their books. Old conditions are everywhere renewed in preparation for considering the possibilities of new endeavor. In the world of business, the wise firms take stock of all their assets, and by this procedure learn to know their exact standing as compared with the beginning of the former years. Profits are computed and losses accounted for. Note is made of past efforts and ventures, in a careful endeavor to definitely determine their ability to enter on new investments. They measure results of their business engagements and seek to establish a basis for a right estimate for future progress. From the facts, gathered by reviews of the past, the prospects of next year's enterprises are made clear. The year's end is generally, thus, a time for inquiries about the past and for calculations of the probabilities of the future.

So, too, it has become customary for the earnest minded to seriously review past conduct and to prayerfully inquire into the moral possibilities of the time ahead. New Year's has come to be the time for reading the lessons of experience, and for determining the aims and purposes which shall henceforth govern our actions. We then call our past to account and resolve to avoid the mistakes of the former year, by following more closely the better ways and means determined upon in advance.

We find ourselves actually standing on the threshold of the new year, peering into the possibilities before us. We recall the failures of past efforts and contemplate, with anxious heart, the weaknesses which our review has disclosed, and we pray, now, for grace and strength to improve on the past. In the light afforded by our careful examination, we consider the contingencies of the coming year. It is not to be wondered at, if, led by this knowledge, we find ourselves inquiring anxiously whether we have reason to expect our little wisdom and strength to be sufficient for the varying emergencies which are sure to arise for us in the new year of grace.

The Christian's Faith in God

But, with all our effort, we are unable to look very far ahead. With all the powers of eye or mind, we are unable to see one step before us on life's way, or to know a single opportunity ere it comes. We cannot determine what a single day will bring forth. We are entering on the duties of the new year without the least intimation of what our lot is to be or what trials will present themselves as the year passes on. And it will be a good thing at such a time to feel safe in the fact that God is sure, and unchangeably for us what he has, in all time, been for his chosen people. He does not change.

We do not walk by sight; we are not governed by knowledge; God has endowed his children with the precious gift of faith, and faith can see where vision fails. The believers may not see or know more than the unbelieving, but they know by faith, without seeing, that the future can bring them no immeasurable misery or unbearable trouble. They believe that, for every day of darkness, they will have a constant guide over all the way they go; and that, in every hour of doubt, they may feel the faithful hand that leads them through all the dangers which they may have to meet on the journey of the year. The child of God is always sure that, in all possible vicissitudes of this life of change, no real evil can befall him, because God changes not, and, in all time, he has made all things work together for good to them that love him. He changes not, wherefore no darkening gloom can loom up to fill the heart with fear so long as it trusts the daily leading of that Father who has never failed his troubled people, and who does not change. Dark places on their way are all made light; crooked paths are ever made straight for them that walk in the Lord. They are sure that the Ruler of all things and the Governor of all times is, through Jesus Christ, their God and Father, and consequently they know that every seeming evil will be turned to good for them, and they enter the new year with faith and confidence, without fear or dread.

Now, with the year all before us, with all its trials yet to come; with all its work as yet to be begun, and with all its responsibilities wholly undefined, it will strengthen our confidence to realize that our God never changes. He is the same from generation to generation, and every glance into the past sees that his love and his care have never failed his people. We enter bravely and without question upon the duties of the new year, relying on his fatherly direction and help, forever sure.

Good Resolutions

However, in the midst of this very confident assurance, we must greatly humble ourselves when we look back over the year we have lived. We are bound to recognize the weaknesses and inefficiencies of our past endeavors. We remember our failures, and are very strangely conscious that the resistance we offered to temptation was all too weak to overcome the tempter, and altogether the year leaves us much to lament, for none of us have accomplished what we meant to do in the resolutions of last New Year's Day. We have not used our powers as we should have done, and humility overcomes us and we acknowledge, as we must, how little good use we have made of our opportunities.

We should surely despair, except that we are permitted to believe in the unchanging character of our God and helper. We may take heart, even while we recognize our weakness and confess our shortcomings, for that God who has in all ages helped the weak and made them strong does not change. He helps us still. He never fails. We will again actively enter upon the life of the new year, and, in spite of all past failures, go forward in most real confidence, and earnestly determine to try again. For God always helps. We will not even allow ourselves to resolve less, but rather we will undertake more, in the very hour when we acknowledge our frailty. We will take up our duty, relying on the help forever sure. Our God has always manifested strength in his people. He has triumphed in every conflict. He does not change, and we may be assured he will be with us, to conquer through us.

Unless this year shall be different from all others, we will find difficulties to overcome when we try to do the work our hands will find to do. There will be hindrances all along the way. There will be burdens to bear, trials to suffer, foes to face. For we may be very sure that the enemy of all good will bring all his might to bear against us. This world will not be found a friend to grace. It will not help us on to God or the ways of God. So we may be sure that our wrestling will not be against flesh and blood, and that all progress will be at the cost of conflict, and likely also at the price of pain. But we are not striving alone. Our unchanging God works through us. He in us and we in him, makes every one of us confident of the issue. In him is no real defeat. He has constantly revealed strength where his servants were weak. He has often turned loss to gain and apparent defeat into triumph; and, with these facts in mind, we can b bold to try again where we failed before, and e: pect to stand strong on the same ground where on we fell. His help forever sure is our hope, and h support unfailing is our trust. He does not chang

It is helpful, too, to keep in mind that the thing we most deplore and of which we are most afrai belong to the changing. Our losses and our pain our griefs and our sorrows, arise from our earthl temporal relations which are changing. Our com forts and consolations belong to the things of Goc and in the assurance which comes out of these ver comforts we enter upon the new year with unfailin confidence.

God's Love for Us

The review of the past might prove a discourag ing exercise for all but them who have faith in God who does not change. All history is full of failure but in all the same history is the evidence of God's unchanging providence, which always rights the wrong and triumphs over the bad. The very first step in human history was the fall into sin by our first parents. God had made man good, and after his own image in righteousness and true holiness, an object of divine love. But man failed in his first trial and obeyed the voice of the tempter. Instead of loyalty was disloyalty, and the wrath of God awakened by transgression, and our race was exposed to the condemnation of the disobedient. But with all the effect of man's iniquity, God did not change. He never ceased to love the creature his hands had made. He found no pleasure in condemning the offenders. When our race thus turned from God, God did not cease to be its God. He sought them when they turned from him, and found Adam and Eve hiding from his presence and trembling in hopeless fear. The consciousness of their sins drove out all hope. But God remained unchanged. He who loved them first loved them still. He pitied them in their distress, and offered them help. He came to them in their despair and held out a hope. In their calamity he promised them the deliverer, who at the cost of the bruised heel should crush the serpent's head. Even though He sent them forth from the Garden into an unfriendly world, he had them go with the assurance of deliverance and help. And this is the God who changes not; and, as his children, we enter on the labor of the new year with hope, even though we do have abundant reason for disquietude and even despair. In every hour of transgression we will in penitent faith remember that he provided a full pardon from the very beginning of transgression and that he revealed himself as the source of all hope, in the very hour when despair first seized our first parents. Sin and Satan could not change God's love toward his erring creatures, even though they brought man into hopeless separation from God. God was faithful when man was unfaithful. When man strayed God sought him. When lost in sin, God found and saved him. This is a blessed fact to dwell upon when our personal review of the year now closing compels us to recognize our shortcomings; when the memory of broken resolutions almost fills our heart with dismay; when the record of failures drives us to discouragement. This God of ours does not change. He loves us now, even while we hesitate. He is as forgiving now as he has been from the beginning. He follows us with his Word and Spirit to encourage us, and with his grace to help us. In the power of this truth we may acknowledge all our past, and yet boldly assume new duties in humble dependence on that real help which comes to us to aid in times of need, and this we will do.

Inspiration and Encouragement

It is also very assuring to us, as we contemplate the work to be done and wonder what the new year may have in store for us, to realize that from the beginning God works with a plan and purpose. It is not hard to see design in all his universe. Everything his hands have made; all the strange creatures his fingers have fashioned have had their peculiar place in the life of the world, in its progress, and since he does not change we may believe that whatever shall befall us in the coming year is a part of his design and purpose. We are inspired to faithful service, because we know that in all the experience of the new year God will be working in

Continued on next page

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LITTLE TALES OF THE CUMBERLANDS

Farmer Students

A View of Picturesque Cumberland Gap, Looking North

Young Mountaineers

By DR. W. L. STOOKSBURY

President Lincoln Memorial University

THESE "Tales of the Cumberlands" are not given with any intention of criticising the mountain people, but to show with what rapidity they learn, and what a wonderful transformation takes place when these young men and young women have an opportunity. They are of good ancestry—English, Scotch, Irish, German, French. It is not a question of capacity, but a lack of opportunity, that has militated against these capable, pure-blooded Americans. June Tollaver, the heroine in John Fox, Jr.'s, latest book, *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine*, is an excellent example of the development and culture these mountain girls may acquire.

* * *

Some five years ago, when I was dean of an institution near by, at the opening of the second term a young man walked into the office and said:

"I come to git in school."

"All right," I said.

"But I want to tell you all about myself right now an' here. Some time ago, at a big meetin' that was helt in the Beech Grove Meetin' House, I professed religin and jined the church. Soon after this I felt burdened to preach the Gospil. Knowing my like of larnin' an' the like of means to go to school on, I said, 'It's out of the question for me to make a preacher.' My father died when I wus a little boy an' left my mother with a fam'ly of ten children—five boys an' five girls—an' it was awful hard work for her an' the oldest childern to keep the wolf from the door; so I begged mother to sell my part of the little farm, and she did. I took the money, went West, where I thought to git away from the thought of preachin', an' spent what money I had; but instid of gittin' away from the burden, I felt more an' more that I must preach, an' after a long night of werryin' and prayin', I made a firm resolve to come back to Tennessee an' go to school some place wherever I could git a chance to work an' study an' ejicate myself as best I could to preach to my people. Now I'm here, and want to git in school, but haven't got but little money."

"How much money have you?" I asked.

"I will show you every cent I have got in the world." He reached his lean hand deep down into his home-made jeans pants and brought up what coin he had. We counted the money. He had $2.35.

"How do you hope to go to school on that amount of money?" I asked him.

"Well, I've a little cottage rented with two rooms here nearby, and my sister an' me aim on stayin' in them rooms an' doin' our own housekeepin'." I will work when I can git a chance to work, an' by it I hope to git a ejication."

I handed the money back to him, and told him to keep it for his own use. Out of my own meager salary, I bought books and loaned them to him. He was very appreciative and often thanked me. I wrote a friend in Washington, Pa., who sent me a contribution of $50, and on that $50, with the work that boy did, he and his sister got through the school year; just what they subsisted upon I cannot say. Their progress was exceptionally good. At the end of the second year, he went out during vacation into evangelistic work, and has been at that kind of work ever since. He is now one of our strongest mountain boys, preaching the Gospel.

While Lincoln Memorial University is non-sectional and non-sectarian, it is strictly Christian. All the Protestant denominations are represented in its faculty and board of trustees. This year we have six young men who are studying with a view to taking up the Christian ministry later. These young men will go out next summer, through the mountains, to establish Sunday Schools and distribute Bibles wherever needed. There are a great many families in the mountain country without even a Bible or a Testament, and these always hail with delight the man who brings to them the Scriptures.

* * *

In the mountains of Tennessee, away over in one of the deep coves, hemmed in by high cliffs on all sides, it is said, lived a widow eighty years of age. Her home was a little log cabin, with one room, and a stick-and-clay chimney.

She had never traveled, in all these eighty years, farther than ten miles from this home, and for the last five years of her life had not been one mile from home. Quite a number of coal mines had recently been opened about two miles away, and in the opening of these mines a good lot of blasting by the use of dynamite is carried on. The "danymite" was of considerable interest to the mountaineers.

This old lady had never been sick more than twice in her life, and then she had called in the "yarb doctor," who gave her considerable doses of boneset tea and white walnut bark ooze. (The bark must always be skinned downward from the tree before boiling.) As civilization progressed and education became more prevalent, one of the young men in her neighborhood went away to the medical school. After spending four years in a good medical school in Chicago, he returned and began practising. The old lady was a little shy of his "newfangled way of docterin'."

Falling sick one day while the "yarb doctor" was away (his circuit is usually ten to twenty miles on foot), she felt she would try the young doctor. The young man came, made a thorough diagnosis of the case and proceeded to take medicine from his pill bags. The medicine he prescribed was quinine, and this he put in capsules. Before leaving he gave directions that the old lady was to take a capsule every hour for five hours.

By and by, the old lady took one capsule, then the second, but was extremely careful not to move about any or that no one should give her armchair a "jair." The daughter gave her the third dose and went out to do the milking. While away the mother moved her chair from near the "fireplace" to the back end of the cabin. When she came in she said:

"Mother, how air you?"

"Mighty poley, chile."

"What can I do fur you, mother?"

"Oh, nothin' a tall; I'm jist tryin' to keep still."

"Is your medicine doin' you any good?"

"Oh, goodness knows, I'm so afeard of a jair."

One of the mountaineers came in, and proceeded to fill a pipe. When the mother saw the pipe being lighted with a live coal of fire, she almost convulsed, and shouted:

"Mercy, chile; don't you fetch that fire near me, fur you don't know when them danymites I took may go off."

But of late years, the mountaineers have grown accustomed to modern medical treatment. Our medical department in Knoxville is doing splendid work. We had one hundred young men in the medical department last year, and about twenty-five young ladies taking the Trained Nurses' Course. We graduate yearly about twenty-five from the medical department of Lincoln University.

The young ladies of the mountains are perhaps the best adapted constitutionally for trained nurses of any girls in the country. They have good health, splendid training morally, are sympathetic in nature and faithful to any trust committed to them.

A THOUGHT FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY — Sermon by Rev. J. M. Schick, D.D. — *Continued*

us to do his will, and accomplish his work. And we are ready to endure all hardness that need be when we know that by so doing we are used in the plan God is working out for the well-being of the world. Any individual part may seem small, and really insignificant, when considered alone. But when it is viewed as a part of God's great whole, the weakest endeavor is mighty.

Especially helpful is the fact that we go forward under the revelation of his Word, which shines on the path of the new, untried year. Those who accept the revelation of his word are never in doubt as to what they should do. In olden days he gave his people his laws to guide them on their way. These laws never added a single obligation to the duty of his people. They merely made clear to God's people what was right and wrong, so that they might be able to direct their lives with assurance. To illustrate, the giving of the law at Sinai did not make it a duty to Israel to abstain from theft. It was wrong to steal before the Eighth Commandment was given in the Decalogue, but by this commandment God's people were directed to keep the fact in mind. God helped his children by declaring in his revealed law what was right for them to do, and so he helped them on their way in life. So, too, he, unchanging, helps them now. He gives us no new law to tell us what is right, but infinitely better, he does not change, and the old law reveals to all ages the same and only right measure of duty for all time; and so he helps all his people to know the right, and by his Spirit guides them to do the right for his glory. And we will be governed by him.

So we stand at the opening of the new year. We have learned from the old year, and our past lives, what we cannot do. We realize in some sort what possible trials may be in store for us in the new. The measure of an ability does not satisfy us, and until we look upon God, our helper, there is nothing to encourage us. Really our review of the past only demonstrates the weakness of our very strongest powers and the vanity of our best endeavors, and only as we can see God, so helpful and sure, as leading and directing us, can we have any hope at all. But it is certain that he has revealed himself to us as wholly unchanging. He has helped in ages past, and will not fail now. He has loved from the beginning and will love to the end. He does not change, and under the impulse of this assurance all of us can enter on the life of the new year with the determination to do whatever our hands may find to do, to the glory of an unchanging God. If a hard work presents itself, we are sure of the grace that will aid us. If sore trials reveal themselves, we can bravely bear them, because our God, who has ever been a very present help in time of trouble, does not change, but invariably speeds every good work and furthers every right impulse in his service.

So let us who trust him enter the new year relying on him, and consecrate our best efforts to his service, with full determination to do all good things and to engage in all good works, in such a spirit as will testify to our faith in an unchanging God.

Then will our new year be a blessed one, for the glory of God is the hope of this year and of all time, and we may well take up with joyful resolution what he has given us to do.

Los Angeles' Spiritual Tidal Wave

By Dr. R. A. Torrey

I WAS to have conducted a mission in Los Angeles in January of the present year. Three weeks before the meeting was to begin, the building inspector condemned the building. It was too late to make new arrangements, and the mission was given up.

In February, a number of prominent business men of the city were taking dinner together. One of them—the vice-president of a leading bank—said, "I would rather have given $1,000 out of my own pocket than to have had the Torrey mission fall through." Another prominent business man said, "So would I." Then some one suggested that they form a Laymen's Evangelistic Council. John Willis Baer, president of Occidental College, was made the chairman of the Council. In a few hours, a guarantee fund of several thousand dollars was secured. The matter was afterwards taken up by the Federation of Churches, composed of 150 churches and pastors, and the Laymen's Evangelistic Council was made a Committee of Ways and Means. A tabernacle was erected in the heart of the city, at a net cost of $4,600, and arranged to seat 4,500 people.

At the first meeting, Sunday afternoon, November 8, thousands of people were jammed together in the space outside an hour before the doors opened. The building was too small to accommodate even the week-day crowds. After the first Sunday, audiences were divided, women being admitted in the afternoon and men at night. The audiences were composed of all classes, some of those accepting Christ being well-known society leaders. One of the happiest converts was the wife of a prominent man in the city. She says the day after her conversion "the whole world seemed different." There was "a new beauty in the flowers and in her home (one of the loveliest homes about Los Angeles), and she had a new love for her children."

Ministers and evangelists flocked to the city from different parts of the State, and from adjoining States, to catch the impulse of the meetings. Thousands of professed Christians said that they had a new conception of the Christian life. Many who have been carried away with the present trend toward worldliness were led to renounce the theatre, the card table, dancing, and similar things that interfered with the highest spirituality and largest usefulness. Hundreds were led to see their responsibility for the salvation of others. Many who have never identified themselves with any church since coming to the coast came forward, and gave their names to the pastors. Hundreds arose to confess worldliness in their lives, and to renounce it; others to confess that they had wronged others, and would do everything in their power to set it straight. No record was kept of them. A record, however, was kept of those who for the first time accepted Christ and publicly confessed him. There were 1,624 of these. There is reason to think, however, that, even of this class, there were many whose names and addresses were not secured. All whose names were secured were referred to the different churches of their own choice in the city.

Perhaps the most interesting day of the mission was Sunday, November 30. It began with a "Midnight Sweep." A procession of several thousand Christian people, headed by the Salvation Army band, had paraded the streets for about three miles, going through the slums. They picked up the drunkards and outcasts by the way, and brought them to the tabernacle. Many a worker entered the tabernacle with a sinner on each arm. The audience was most orderly. At the close, many men from the slums accepted Christ. The next meeting was for women at 2:30 o'clock in the afternoon. At this I spoke on "Heroes and Cowards." Many women from the middle and upper classes of society arose to publicly confess their acceptance of Christ. This was followed at 4:15 by a meeting for young men and boys up to thirty-five years of age. A procession formed at the Y. M. C. A., headed by Edward Spencer, the h who rescued seventeen from the wreck of the *Lo Elgin;* Mr. Emett, religious director of the Y. C. A., and by one of the councilmen of the ci Following them came the "Los Angeles Exami Band" of newsboys, dressed in white. Followi them there was a procession of men and bo They marched eight blocks to the tabernacle. the close of the meeting, ninety-three young m and boys came forward and made public conf sion of accepting Christ. At 7:30 P. M. the ta ernacle was filled again with adult men, no wom being admitted. Fifty-eight men came forward confess acceptance of Christ.

Many of the conversions were of the most inte esting character. One night, during the preli inary song service, a man, very much intoxicat but well-dressed and intelligent looking, walk down the middle aisle and fell on his knees at t foot of the platform steps. I went down and kn by his side. He was under deep conviction, and t light somehow got into his darken heart. He remained through t meeting. He accepted Christ and b came radiantly happy.

On the first Sunday evening, I w asked to go and speak to a man w had served terms in various prisor He said he was "beyond all hope Next day, I received a letter from hi telling how he had been unable sleep, and asking prayer that might be saved. He felt if he was n saved that night he must end his lif He was converted that night, and h been a happy Christian ever since.

One evening, two children came fo ward to accept Christ. They said the worker, "Pray for father. W want him converted, too." The worke asked if she should go down and spea to him. They said no, they wer afraid he would say something awful to her. In few moments, the man came down without anyor speaking to him. He was weeping, and said his tw little girls had talked with him and led him to decic for Christ.

One child brought her father and mother, an all the family, to Christ. There have been a grea many husbands and wives converted. There hav been far more men converted than women. I almost every meeting there has been a great pre ponderance of men at the front, and in some meet ings there were ten men to one woman. Both th Y. M. C. A. and the Federation of Churches ar taking definite steps to follow up and conserve th results.

The Great Choir at the Los Angeles Revival Meetings

A Talented Indian Visitor

MISS LILAVATI SINGH, professor of literature and philosophy in the Isabella Thoburn College, at Lucknow, India, and chairman of the Women's Section of the World's Student Christian Federation, is now visiting in this country.

Miss Lilavati Singh

Born of Christian parents (her grandfather also having been a convert), Miss Singh is a good illustration of what a third generation Christian should be. Her highest ideal is to help Indian girls make the most of their opportunities. While her time is given almost wholly to the Christians, yet her sympathies are ever seeking help for the non-Christian women and girls, with whom the great problem is to learn that religion and morality are inseparable.

"India presents the worst state of degradation for women, on account of child marriages, the zenana system and enforced widowhood," said Miss Singh, at a meeting at the home of Miss Helen Gould in the interests of Young Women's Christian Association work among Oriental women. "We women of India love you women of America, because you have shown such love to us. Help that comes to us from America we know is unhampered by any possible selfish interests. When the offers of relief came to us from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in our time of famine, I wrote an account of it for the women's papers in Hindi and in Urdu, emphasizing the fact that such help sprang from motives of pure sympathy and Christian love."

Miss Singh is editor of the Urdu *Woman's Friend*, a little paper which goes among the women of the zenanas.

"There are in India to-day 40,000,000 women shut up in zenanas," she said. "I have a Sunday School class made up of such women. One day, promising them absolute privacy, and guaranteeing no possible intrusion, I sent them forth into a protected garden. They fluttered about in ecstasy. One of them exclaimed in delight, over a yellow lily: 'Are lilies yellow? I thought they were always pink!' What does outdoor life mean to you American women? And what right has anyone to shut 40,000,000 women away from it all?

"Only seven out of every thousand women are literate. According to the last census there are yet in India 26,000,000 women living in enforced widowhood; of these, 100,000 are under twenty, 20,000 under ten, and 6,000 are babies only a year old.

"There is a great feeling of unrest in India, but until Christ comes to India there can be no peace."

The India government inspectors have recently pronounced some of the buildings at the Isabella Thoburn College unsafe, and have directed that a new dormitory and high school building be erected. Miss Singh has given up her vacation to visit America in the interests of the new undertaking. The present dormitory was built thirty years ago. There are 175 students in the high school department of the college. The new dormitory will accommodate 150.

"Of all things, I do hope we can have a gymnasium," said Miss Singh. "I have seen your American girls, with their splendid physiques, and have coveted for our girls of India such opportunities for gymnastics. Imagine the physique of the daughters of women who became mothers at the age of twelve or thirteen. No pro vision is made for this essential par of the young woman's development.

"Graduates of our school and col lege are found in charge of govern ment schools and as inspectresses o schools," she added. "There is hardl a mission school of North India tha has not obtained its principal teacher from Lucknow. It is impossible t meet the demand for teachers. No only as teachers, but as evangelists doctors, and as wives and mothers, th girls educated at Lucknow are th leaders of the women of North India.'

M. K. H.

A Famous Authoress' Home

MRS. AMELIA E. BARR, the famous author, has decided to give up her beautiful residence on Storm King Mountain, near Cornwall, overlooking the noble Hudson. The house is a most picturesque one of thirteen rooms, stable and carriage house. She has four acres fenced and hedged, and there is an abundance of fruit and fine water. The place is a little over an hour distant from New York by rail and two hours by steamer. "Cherry Croft," as the house is called, has views of the river and mountains that are unsurpassed, and the fine mountain air is an intellectual and physical tonic. Here Mrs. Barr has written all of her popular stories for the last twenty years. Anyone who wishes to know more about "Cherry Croft" and its attractions may do so by writing to Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, at the Hoffman House, New York City.

McKINLEY'S MEMORY HONORED

PRESIDENT-ELECT William H. Taft, with his family and his two brothers, worshiped in the Metropolitan Temple, 7th Ave., near West 14th Street, New York, on Sunday morning, December 13, and Mr. Taft was also present at the evening service, when the great McKinley memorial organ was dedicated. The Temple is one of the leading Methodist churches in the metropolis, and the pastor, Rev. John Wesley Hill, one of the best known. Attracted by the presence of the President-elect, enormous audiences attended both services. With his family, Mr. Taft sat in General Grant's old pew in the forenoon, and gave close attention to a sermon by the Rev. James M. Buckley, editor of *The Christian Advocate*. In the evening, the platform was filled with a number of distinguished people, including Secretary Taft, his brothers, Horace D. and Henry W. Taft; Andrew Carnegie, Ex-Secretary of the Treasury Lyman D. Gage, Immigration Commissioner Watchorn, President Finley, of the College of the City of New York; Judge Gary, Colonel John J. McCook, Samuel W. Bowne, the pastor, Rev. John Wesley Hill; Dr. Louis Klopsch and others. Every seat in the great Temple was filled, and crowds outside were unable to gain admission. Brief addresses, suited to the place, the time and the occasion, were delivered. Mr. Carnegie spoke of the gentleness and innate goodness of President McKinley. Colonel McCook held the late President to be "the best representative of service in American history. He was the embodiment of service in the highest sense—to the Gospel, to his country, and to humanity." Mr. Taft told of his personal relations with President McKinley.

The Scene at the Dedication of the McKinley Organ in the Metropolitan Temple, New York

"The thing that came over one most," he said, "was McKinley's sweetness and lightness. There are times in most of our lives that we would like to wipe out—husbands have said things to their wives that they wish they hadn't said, and we wonder sometimes how the good women stand it to live with us—but it was not so with McKinley. I knew him well and never knew him angry but once.

"He was a great judge of men. He always got the man he wanted. It was his persuasiveness and gentleness that accomplished what others failed to bring about. He would give a man a carnation, send a kind word to his wife, and many a man seeking an office and not getting it would feel more gratified than visitors to other Presidents who departed with commissions in their pockets. He breathed out the sweetness he had toward the whole world. He was always ready to forgive. He had more success than any President I have known in dealing with Congress. Members of both houses were anxious to do as he wanted and if they couldn't do it they were sorry."

Mr. Taft's remarks were characterized by reverence throughout. He told of his mission to the Philippines, whither he went under McKinley's direction. The President's hope he said was to help and improve the people of those islands. "My own feeling," added Mr. Taft, "is that as we extend the government of the islands, the people take a deeper interest in their own affairs. It is a burden, of course, and will continue to be, but we must bear it. Where Providence has thrust upon us responsibility for a people like that we are just as much charged with the duty of looking after them as persons with great fortunes are charged with the duty of helping those less fortunate about them. The moment we let exploitation enter into our keeping them we have departed from the faith and destroyed the promises on which President McKinley based his beliefs."

BRITISH AND AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOLS CONTRASTED

THE Rev. J. Williams Butcher, the London secretary of the Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School Union, during the past several months has been investigating Sunday School conditions and methods in Canada and the United States. Mr. Butcher, who for twenty-seven years has been in the ministry, has preached for twelve years in Liverpool. During six of ten years spent in Glasgow he held the position of Chairman of the Scotland District, corresponding to that of Bishop in this country, and is said to have done more for Methodism north of the Tweed than any Methodist preacher before or since. He is to-day regarded as one of the foremost Wesleyan ministers in Great Britain, a man of many parts and great gifts. He has filled some of the leading American pulpits during his stay in our larger cities.

Rev. J. Williams Butcher

Mr. Butcher is the grand-nephew of John Williams, the famous "Martyr Missionary of Erromanga," one of the first sent by the London Missionary Society to establish mission work in the South Sea Islands.

Mr. Butcher has been visiting schools of various denominations throughout this country, among them being the Hyde Park Baptist and several Methodist Sunday Schools in Chicago; Calvary Baptist, in Washington; and the two largest Sunday Schools in the world, the one commonly known as "Wanamaker's School" at the Bethany Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia, and the Bushwick Avenue Sunday School in Brooklyn, of which the superintendent is Frank L. Brown. Each of the two last mentioned schools number from 4,000 to 5,000 pupils. However, the one school above all others to impress the visitor from abroad has been the Methodist Sunday School in Brazil, Ind., where the enrolment of 2,600 or 2,700 represents one-fourth of the entire population of the town. The average attendance is 1,116. The school claims the largest "Cradle Roll" in the world. Rev. Dr. Greene, the pastor, and Mr. J. E. Carpenter, the superintendent, agree that the church membership is in great measure increased from the Sunday School.

"I notice," said Mr. Butcher, "that the schools on this side the Atlantic have better premises and equipments than are usual with us. Your schools, too, are more highly organized; graded schools are, however, slowly winning their way with us. I thoroughly approve of special training for teachers, and that those so trained should have precedence. I hope, however, we may not find it necessary to introduce a system of paid teachers, unless in cases of very large schools.

"I have noted the close connection between school and church in this country. Your prominent church members seem to be also prominent in the Sunday School. This is not so frequently the case with us. In nearly every school I have visited, I have found the pastor present and often actively associated with the work of the school. The circuit system in England prevents our pastors generally from close identification with the schools.

"I have been very pleased with all that I have seen. I notice in some instances, however, that the machine is too highly elaborated and apt to be regarded as an end in itself, rather than as a means to an end.

"One thing in which England distinctively leads is in hymnology. I hope," said Mr. Butcher, with decided emphasis and characteristic British conservatism, "that it will be many years before we teach our children to sing the jingle and doggerel here miscalled a hymn."

The Sunday School Union represented by Mr. Butcher numbers 7,866 schools in Great Britain, with 125,000 teachers and officers and 1,000,000 scholars. This number of scholars does not include those enrolled in the Home Department, on the Cradle Roll, or in the Brotherhoods, the Adult Bible Classes, or the Pleasant Sunday Afternoons. The last three departments make up another 200,000.

"In the English Sunday Schools," says Mr. Butcher, "we find a very considerable proportion of our enrolment consists of those whose parents are not connected with the church. Not so many of these, naturally, join the church in later years, but among those children of our own membership by far the majority come into the church. I have no doubt that it is the seed sown in the Sunday School that led them to their decision."

That Mr. Butcher understands child nature has been demonstrated by his work in connection with the Boys' Brigade movement.

"While in Glasgow," he said, "I found that the boys' side of the Sunday School of my first church was very low. I tried a company of the Boys' Brigade and found it from every standpoint a great success. The school grew rapidly on the boys' side; we got into close touch with boys of ages twelve to seventeen, and the experiment so pleased me that I sought the acquaintance of the founder of the movement, Colonel W. A. Smith. We have become close friends. I have taken one of the three simultaneous annual parade services, when 2,500 boys were present. M. K. H.

Fascinated with the Book

Dear Dr. Klopsch: The expressman has just left the beautiful premium, *Inside Story of the White House*, with which I am perfectly fascinated, and I consider it one of the best premiums you have ever issued. Another evidence of your marvelous generosity to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD family. Please accept my grateful thanks for the same.

MINNIE B. TITUS.

[illegible] N. J.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Subscriptions may commence with any issue.
Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.
Entered at Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter
Entered as Second-class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa

Sitting Out the Old Year

YOUTH and age, parent and child, regard the passing of the old year with equal interest. The girl and the boy look forward with confidence to the future. Youth fears nothing. Having never encountered the storms which shake the soul, why should they be dreaded?

He whose gaze is toward the sunset knows that they are coming, but experience gives poise and calmness. Especially does the aged Christian meet the New Year with a welcome which is akin to joy. The bonds of earth for many years have been growing lighter. One by one the heart's treasures have been gathering in the home beyond. He whose temper has been chastened by the ministries of pain, whose dearest ones have been torn from his side, may, through the grace of God, say with the poet:

What matter though I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

In one of George Matheson's beautiful "meditations," he warns the young to be grave. "Youth," he says, "is the most solemn of all seasons—more solemn than the hour of death. My cry to thee, O youth, is to enter upon thy battle with reverent fear. Life is more dangerous than death. Thy wayward heart misguides thee. Thy brother's hand misleads thee. When thou standest by the beautiful gate of life's temple, it is thy time to pray."

And as the New Year comes in it is well that the man who has left youth far behind should also face his especial perils, and reflect upon what is for him the duty of the hour.

Let him remember that Jacob caroled in his age the first song of his life, sweeping the harp-strings that in his youth were silent. The days of climbing, of sleeping on the pillow of stone, of wrestling with the angel, were overpast, and he might well rejoice.

It is so likewise with the aged man of to-day. His hardest fight is over, but let him beware of the dense conservatism and apathy of age. In the words of an eloquent preacher, let him cry, "Write my name among the sons of this young century! Interest me in their problems; inspire me with their aims; inflame me with their larger view. Not as a leaf would I fade, but as a dawn, losing myself in the greater light. Let my heart catch the glow of the coming sun."

The young may well take for their motto this paraphrase of the poet as the New Year dawns:

We must march, we must bear the brunt of danger,
We the youthful, sinewy ones—all the rest on us depend.

And let the aged man hug to his heart the brave words of Emerson:

Lowly, faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive unharmed.
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed.

An Uplifting Influence in Literature

AT HIS quiet home, in the suburbs of New Haven, there has recently passed away a writer and a poet who has been read and admired by two generations of readers—Donald G. Mitchell, better known under his pen name of Ik Marvel. Few Americans there are with interests of a literary nature who do not treasure among their books well-thumbed copies of *Reveries of a Bachelor* and *Dream Days*. The former volume is the one which placed his fame on a permanent basis. He was reared in the atmosphere of culture, his father being a highly educated clergyman of the Congregational Church. A course at Yale and European travel added to his store of information and breadth of view. He served his country for a time in the consular service, his station being at Venice—a post held later by William D. Howells and others who have made their mark in the world of letters. Literature, however, had too strong a claim upon him to be denied, and he returned to America to devote his life to writing.

Mr. Mitchell wrote but little during the last twenty years, but his books are still called for among the books of the day at the public libraries. The reason for it is not far to seek. His work was always clean, always uplifting, always interesting. He disdained to reach his effects by cheap theatrical methods or to seek a momentary popularity by catering to the lower instincts of mankind. It was not his ambition to have his work among the "best sellers," but among the best books. They strike one like a breath of fresh air after reading the much-extolled products of some of our present-day writers who, under the impression that they are giving a description of life as it really is, only show its sordid and immoral aspects. As were his books, so was his life. Visitors to Edgemere, even when the shadow of death was lengthening across the threshold, found a man who believed that there was more good than ill in people and in life. Surely the influence of such a writer will last long after the close of his earthly career, and far beyond that of many of his contemporaries who are now having their brief day of triumph on the fickle wave of literary popularity.

Invading the Lord's Day

BALTIMORE has begun a crusade against the Sunday afternoon newspaper project. Citizens, irrespective of religious denomination, are uniting to fight the innovation, on the ground that it would be "a wholly unnecessary disturbance of the character of the day, a disturbance not warranted by any public need, since the operations of government, business and sport are alike suspended on Sunday."

This is good, sound common sense, and will find an echo in every community where the Sunday evening newspaper experiment is attempted. We believe those editors who are planning this new invasion of the Lord's Day have made a mistake in concluding that the public would welcome such ventures. They have apparently misinterpreted popular feeling on the subject. Even in cosmopolitan New York the Sunday evening newspaper could not hope for a living clientèle. The only experiment ever attempted here in that direction resulted in failure, advertisers and readers alike giving it the cold shoulder. The truth is, that our people have no desire to see the American Sabbath further Europeanized, and however indifferent they may seem at this stage of the matter their ultimate protest would be unmistakable.

A Noble Christmas Gift

A READER of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, who had intended to leave legacies to a number of benevolent enterprises, changed his mind and concluded that he would put his good intentions into active operation while he was yet alive. He accordingly sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a draft for $500, asking that the money be apportioned in accordance with certain general instructions laid down in his letter.

This sum has been divided into twenty equal parts, and the apportionment submitted and approved by the donor. Checks for the amounts placed opposite their names have been forwarded to each of the worthy causes on the following list:

McAuley Mission, New York City	$25.00
Kimball Bible Training Home, Tappan, N. Y.	25.00
Daisy Field Home for Crippled Children, Englewood, N. J.	25.00
Cremorne Mission, New York City	25.00
Soul Winners' League, Wilmore, Ky.	25.00
White Door Settlement (Mrs. S. J. Bird), New York	25.00
Rev. Thomas A. Bailey, Edinburgh, Scotland (for Mary Reed's Work among Lepers of India)	25.00
Pacific Garden Mission, Chicago, Ill.	25.00
Tennesseetown Mission, Rev. Chas. M. Sheldon, Topeka, Kan.	25.00
Sunday Breakfast Association, Philadelphia, Pa.	25.00
Weaver Orphan Home for Colored Children, Hampton, Va.	25.00
Steele Orphanage, Chattanooga, Tenn.	25.00
Taylor University, Upland, Ind.	25.00
Deaconess Home, Mrs. Lucy R. Meyer, Chicago, Ill.	25.00
Florence Crittenton Mission, New York City	25.00
Leper Colony, Surinam, Dutch Guiana, South America.	25.00
Rev. Z. Chas. Beals, Advent Mission, Wuhu, China	25.00
Rev. R. H. Bender, Independent Mission, San Salvador, Central America	25.00
Five Points Mission, New York City	25.00
Rev. Frederick Jansen, Presbyterian Mission, Cebu, P. I.	25.00
Total	$500.00

This donor, who prefers to remain unknown, through his timely generosity brings joy and gratitude to thousands who are engaged in the Lord's work at home and abroad. He reaches and helps Foreign and Home Missions, Rescue Work and humanitarian efforts among white and black needy ones; he aids worthy educational enterprises where many of the students are too poor to pay their way; he helps the hopelessly crippled the orphans, and the outcasts of both sexes. He helps to give the Gospel to the heathen of four distinct races. May his example be an inspiration to others who are seeking to do good with their abundant means at this Christmas season.

Turkey's First Parliament

WHAT a scene it must have been at the opening of the first Turkish Parliament—a scene historic in the last degree, and long to be remembered It met in the magnificent Palace of Justice overlooking the Sea of Marmora, the use of which the Sultan had granted for that purpose. All Constantinople went wild on that forenoon of December 17. Deputies and dignitaries arrived by noon, in gay equipages. All the ladies of the palace, beautifully dressed and without veils, graced the occasion. It was like a national holiday, but such a holiday as the nation had never yet witnessed. Enthusiasm and rejoicings filled the air as the strange gathering of deputies of different races and religious beliefs assembled for the first time in history, to legislate for the subjects of the Sultan. Moslems, Greeks, Jews, Armenians, Arabs, Syrian Druses, dignified Khojas in their imposing turbans, and Ministers of State brilliant with decorations, mingled together in the friendliest manner. When all were seated in the magnificent chamber, the scene only lacked the presence of Abdul Hamid himself to make it complete. Amid the flutter of flags, the fanfare of trumpets and the cheers of the multitude, the Sultan came, and, entering the palace, faced the people's Parliament. It was a moment and an occasion worthy of being immortalized on canvas by a great historical painter.

Turkey enters upon its new constitutional era with the best wishes of all the civilized nations. May its Parliament be guided by wise and temperate counsels, as by these alone can it hope to succeed. Meanwhile, who shall say the world is not advancing?

The Best Religious Journal

Dear Dr. Klopsch: I believe it to be your good fortune to own and edit the best religious journal in America; at any rate, it is the only one that always makes me drop my work (unless very pressing) and look through it, whenever it comes.

S. H. P.

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THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

World's Greatest Bank Building

LARGER than the Bank of England, or the Bank of France, is the home of the National City Bank, just finished in Wall Street, New York. In 1891 the United States Government sold the old Custom House to the National City Bank for $3,265,000. It has been remodeled, at a cost of $2,500,000, and is the most complete banking institution in the world. "The complete harmony of sober tones of the exterior of the building is matched by the tone of the interior. There is not a suggestion of gingerbread about the building. Gilt, plush, onyx and the like will be sought in vain. There is a restful monotone of creamy stone, broken here and there with a glimpse of bronze and mahogany."

When the building was in contemplation, an officer of the bank spent a whole year of travel, inspecting the various institutions of the country to find the latest inventions and conveniences, and as nearly a perfect building for the purpose as can be made has been the result. The main room is entered through two bronze doors, which are twenty feet high and weigh 3,300 pounds—the largest ever cast in this country. The cage for the workers is easily observable. The safe is a marvel of simplicity and safety. It is a strong-box, made in two stories. Its two doors weigh sixteen tons apiece. The sides of the strong-box, besides being made of railroad iron and armor-plate, are protected furthermore by wire gauze, electrified so as to give an immediate alarm in case the safe is touched. The quarters and devices for the 400 employees are as near perfection as human ingenuity can conceive. There will be a complete telegraph and cable equipment in the building, and a private telephone system, with seventy-two telephones. There will be completely equipped kitchen and dining room for the accommodation of the employees of the bank. The National City Bank was founded in 1812, and is the strongest banking institution in America. The capital of the bank was increased from $1,000,000 to $10,000,000 in 1900. Two years after, it was again increased to $25,000,000, and the surplus from $7,500,000 to $15,000,000. On November 2 of the present year the total assets reached $372,849,000, enough to pay all the national debts of Mexico and all the South American Republics. On the same day the gross deposits were $308,728,000.

These mammoth institutions are necessary for the employment of capital, for the payment of wages, for the promotion of the great material enterprises of the world, but they are small when compared with the wealth of right thoughts, pure sentiments, and holy deeds, which it is the purpose of good men and women to accumulate. Material wealth, in the hands of honest and upright men, is a mighty power for good and a bulwark against the waves of panic in the dark days of adversity. This great model institution, founded in the early days of our country, has witnessed our struggles and shared in our growth and wonderful prosperity. Many names famous in statesmanship and finance have been associated with its management, and its long record has been distinguished by unwavering adherence to a wise conservatism and an inflexible integrity. Without these as a basis, no great enterprise can hope for enduring success.

Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men. (Prov. 22: 29.)

The New Home of the National City Bank, New York City

Mountain Sinks in the Sea

Officers of the revenue cutter *McCulloch*, which returned from a cruise in northern waters, report that Mount McCulloch, which last year thrust its head up from the centre of Bugaslov Island, sixty miles west of Unalaska, has disappeared in another volcanic convulsion. In its place, it is said, is a land-locked bay, three miles wide, into which the cutter *Bush* sailed and made soundings. It was found that the water showed a depth of from eight fathoms at the edge to twenty-five fathoms in the centre. Mount McCulloch, which was first seen a year ago when the cutter, after which it is named, arrived off the coast, had a height of 300 feet. Amidst the changes of land and sea there is the immutable One to whom the children of men may fasten themselves in safety.

Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea. (Ps. 46: 2.)

"Fake" Masterpieces

Dr. G. H. Degrott, assistant director of the Art Gallery at The Hague, who has been inspecting private galleries in America, sailed for home the other day. He created a great sensation by declaring that most of the art galleries of America are honeycombed with spurious "old masters." He declared that he was staggered at the "fake" copies he saw hanging on the walls of leading connoisseurs. Most of these imitations, which sold for $10,000 to $100,000 each, are in reality not even old. They are modern copies painted on old canvases. In Paris and Brussels, scores of manufactories of these "old masters" exist, which are once in a while raided by the police, and the conductors tried and sent to prison. New York is the hotbed and gaming-ground for these swindlers, whose methods and consciences are on a par with the professional gambler's. They are up to every trick to win the confidence of the wealthy, and the yarns they spin to the credulous collectors are simply amazing. In the collection of Mr. Francis Bartlett of Boston, Mr. Carter found a picture which had cost the owner $50,000, and which proved to be such a fraud that Mr. Bartlett compelled the dealer in England who had practised the deceit on him, to return his $50,000. Mr. Carter said: "When I first entered the famous Corcoran Gallery in Washington, I was staggered by the number of copies and 'fakes' which hang on its walls." Of the many pictures belonging to former United States Senator W. A. Clark which are exhibited in the Corcoran Gallery, three of the most prominent ones he pronounced manifest frauds.

Love of money will prompt to every conceivable kind of deceit and fraud.

Ye shall not steal, neither deal falsely. (Lev. 19: 11.)

Japan's Empress Breaks Tradition

During the royal reception given to the American fleet in Tokyo, the Empress of Japan shattered the tradition of a thousand years in touching the hands of foreigners, as she shook hands with Admiral Sperry and his captains. Ever since Japan had a history its rulers, who were invariably deified and were always the centre of the nation's worship, were the recipients, but never the offerers, of bows. To approach them was a trespass for common people; to see them in person was the greatest honor of a lifetime. The Empire of Nippon was considered a holy land, ruled by divine sovereigns, and no foreigners were expected to pollute the land or people by their touch. Hence, what a mighty revolution has been effected in Japan when such a picture could be witnessed as that of the sacred Empress taking the hand of a foreigner! But it was not a greater surprise than joy to the Japanese people to see their Empress give this expression of good-will to Americans, and it voiced, in the most impressive way possible, the desire of the Emperor and people of Japan to maintain the most intimate relationship to America, which will be the strongest guarantee of peace for the Orient.

By how swift a step is Jesus, the real King, ushering in the era of "peace on earth, good will to men," which was promised at his advent!

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men. (Luke 2: 14.)

Escape from Cannibals

Dr. George A. Dorsey, curator of anthropology in the Field Museum of Chicago, who has been making a tour of the Far East in search for relics of various races, had a thrilling adventure in one of the Solomon Islands. In company with Governor Hahl, he walked across the island of Buganville, and among the villages of the cannibals. At his approach, people ran like wild animals; they were at the lowest stage of savagery. This visitor went into regions never before pressed by the feet of a white man. When the travelers undertook to cross a mountain, 6,000 feet high, they found that the natives had cut down the trees and set traps for the foreigner, and expected to have a rare dish of white man's flesh; but, by the greatest caution and celerity, he made his escape from danger, and will be permitted to return to his work in Chicago.

It is only by contrasting such barbarism as this with the condition of islands heretofore sunken in the lowest savagery and cannibalism, which have yielded to the teaching and preaching of the missionary and have become Christian in their faith and habit, that we discover the tremendous revolution effected by the Gospel of Christ.

When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell. (Ps. 27: 2.)

Thousands Will Welcome This Book

Dear Dr. Klopsch: The "White House" book is a dandy! I have read nearly all of it, and find it to be a most excellent book. It gives any amount of valuable information, that I had not the remotest idea about, and I think there are thousands of people that feel as I do. I thank you most cordially for this book. T. R. RENKEMA.

Milwaukee, Wis.

MAY CHANGE PANAMA CANAL

GREAT interest is being manifested by Congress in the discussion that has recently been opened by prominent engineers in regard to the stability of the Gatun Dam, on the Panama Canal, and the best method for carrying on the excavating work. M. Phillippe Bunau-Varilla started the dispute in Paris by declaring that the canal was dammed at the wrong place, that a sea-level strait would be better, and that sections should be dredged instead of dug out, as at present. M. Bunau-Varilla was chief engineer of the Panama Canal in the days of the old French Company, which once attempted to cut through the isthmus. His interest in the project has never faded, and he has recently written a book on the subject.

M. Bunau-Varilla said that if the canal was continued in accordance with the plans of the American engineers it would cost, before the first ship could go through, at least $280,000,000. This is about twice the original estimate. He said that numerous landslides of the foundations of the retaining walls of the Gatun Dam would be inevitable. It would be, he concluded, the biggest engineering disaster ever recorded in the history of great engineering projects. The great expense of rock excavation from under water defeated the plans of the foreign engineers. This he now claims is the cheaper way with the newly discovered methods. In 1901, the price was $4.75 a cubic yard. Now it is $2.50 a cubic yard.

"In addition," he said, "the practicability and enormous advantage of creating an open strait at Panama has since been approved in the highest quarters. The International Consulting Board, therefore, made a mistake so far as concerns the project of the Strait of Panama, as its minority made a radical error in recommending the construction of a dam at La Boca, which it has not been possible even to begin to execute, and as it again made an error in recommending the Gatun Dam, as has just been proved by the giving way of a rock pile."

The foregoing statement of the French engineer at once raised intense interest in Washington and among American engineers. Secretary Wright, of the War Department, cabled to Lieut.-Col. Goethals, the chief engineer, for information. His official report had not been received as this number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD was going to press, but he made an advance statement, showing his belief in the present plans and the safety of the great dam. He said that the only place where the ground had settled was in the bed of the Chagres River, and that the amount of water under the site could be diverted by running it off into a pit, six by eight feet, below sea-level. The preliminary borings showed what he considered as a satisfactory natural foundation. The colonel says that there has been really no sinking of the dam. What sunk was a heap of rock and dirt which had been dumped off of a trestle into the river on the spot where the dam was to cross. The river bottom is soft and the weight had made it sink to one side. "It has also been proved," says Major Harding, in his report, "that under a great part of the dam there is below the upper earth a layer of soft sandstone which it was difficult to break up with a pick. This will serve as the foundation for a large section of the retaining walls."

A dam very much like the Gatun Dam is already in existence in this country, having been constructed within the last few years, near Clinton, Mass., in connection with the new Metropolitan Water Works system. It is fully as large, and, as one engineer said who has worked both in Panama and on the Massachusetts dam, "no one has ever worried about its breaking, and there are hundreds of people who live just below it who are not losing any sleep over the matter."

President-elect Taft, who already has a first-hand knowledge of affairs on the isthmus, is to sail for Panama shortly, on board an American warship, to see again just how things are going on on the Canal. Both the President and Secretary Root are anxious to get his opinion in the matter. Several Senators wish to reopen the question whether a sea-level canal is possible. All recognize that it would be desirable, but the great cost and great length of time necessary for construction have stood in the way.

Just at the moment when the Canal question was foremost in the minds of the American people a disaster occurred at Bas Obispo Cut, showing the dangers which always exist in such great undertakings, where powerful explosives are used.

Before the work closed for the day a man was at work drilling holes for a blast, which was to be set off the following morning. A large number of the holes had already been filled with explosives. The man is said to have been careless, the dynamite in one hole was exploded, setting off the rest—twenty-two tons in all.

When the smoke and dust settled it was found that ten men were killed outright and sixty-five injured. Only two were Americans. The wounded were taken to the hospital at Ancon Hill.

One of the "Cuts" in the Panama Canal in the Rainy Season

THE NEW PRIMATE OF ENGLAND

By WILLIAM DURBAN, London

THE conditions which regulate the status of dignitaries of the historic Anglican Church in its motherland are most peculiar and complicated. For instance, the Archbishop of Canterbury is "Primate of All England," and the Archbishop of York is "Primate of England." The country is divided into two great ecclesiastical provinces, North and South, of which Canterbury and York, ancient rival capitals, are the centres of convocations. The Primate of All England takes the precedence and crowns the King; the Primate of England walks two yards behind him, and it is his privilege to place the diadem on the head of the Queen at her coronation.

The resignation of the venerable Dr. Maclagan has created a vacancy which the King, on the advice of Mr. Asquith, the Prime Minister, has filled by the choice of Dr. Cosmo Gordon Lang, Bishop of Stepney, in which office he succeeded the present Bishop of London, Dr. Winnington Ingram. Like Dr. Maclagan, Dr. Lang is a Scot, and like him, too, he comes of Presbyterian parentage, for the father of the new northern archbishop is Dr. Marshall Lang, principal of Aberdeen University. This celebrated Scottish preacher and professor was for many years minister of the noted Barony Church in Glasgow, where he succeeded Dr. Norman McLeod, a favorite preacher of Queen Victoria.

The new archbishop was born in 1864, and is the youngest man who ever attained to English archiepiscopal dignity. He was educated at Glasgow University and subsequently went to Oxford, entering Balliol College. His original intentions were towards the law, and he came to London and entered as a student in the Inner Temple; but he altered his purpose in life, was ordained a clergyman and appointed a curate at Leeds. He rose rapidly, for in 1896 he was Fellow and Dean of Divinity at Magdalen College, Oxford, and also Vicar of St. Mary's. This was a very high distinction, but Dr. Lang soon reverted to work among the masses of the people, for he became Vicar of Portsea, an immense parish in the borough of Portsmouth. Here he did a most extraordinary work. He engaged a larger number of curates to aid him than any clergyman in England was ever known to gather about him—seventeen in all. They displayed the warmest sympathy with the poor and struggling classes, and the parish church became a very popular spot. In 1901 Dr. Lang was made a Canon of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, and soon afterwards was appointed to the suffragan bishopric of Stepney, that enormous eastern section of London which is the constant problem of Christian philanthropists and ministers.

This prelate has been a true bishop of the East End. Preaching to a congregation of porters, he one day said, "Every hardworking man, whatever his task may be, has his own place of honor in God's world." He is a dreaded foe of the brewers and distillers and is one of the foremost advocates of temperance reform. In this respect, as in several other directions, he has much in common with his intimate friend, the Bishop of London. Both have so far remained celibates. On one occasion, when he was dining with Queen Victoria, she asked him if it was true that he had seventeen curates—he was then Vicar of Portsea. He replied that it was true. "Would it not be wise to discharge three and marry, Mr. Lang?" asked the Queen. His answer was, "Well, ma'am, if I disagree with my curates we can part; but if I were to disagree with my wife, it might end in my having to leave my parish!"

Dr. Lang is one of the "preaching bishops," and everywhere can draw a vast audience. The new archbishop was offered the Bishopric of Montreal only a few weeks since, but declined this promotion. It is a point worthy of notice that not only has a Scotsman succeeded a Scotsman at York, but also that at the present time both the English Archbishops are Scotsmen.

Dr. Cosmo Gordon Lang
Recently appointed Archbishop of York.

For the titles and stories of the six beautiful pictures that constitute our superb "Art Gallery De Luxe," see back of each picture.

THE NEW YEAR

WE may not see the New Year's death,
Who hail it at its birth;
But we shall help to make or mar
The harmony of earth.

All through this cycle, and beyond,
The influence of each soul
Shall still be felt for good or ill,
And help to mould the whole.

MARY B. WINGATE

The New Year in Martin's Alley

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

YOU would never in the world have found Martin's Alley, had you been searching for it, without previous familiarity with that section of a great city in which it was hidden away, much like a needle in a haystack. All cities have a certain family likeness, and the one where Martin's Alley was located was not very different from New York or Chicago, although geographically it was distant from each of these big towns.

Martin's Alley was a tiny court, narrow and dark, for the sun was hidden from it by large adjacent business buildings. Long ago it would have been effaced, and the place it occupied taken up by lofty structures devoted to trade, but for the fact that it was a fag end of an estate, which could not be sold until the youngest heir came of age. Even then, by an eccentric will, made many years ago, when the thriving city was merely a cluster of farms, the ground on which Martin's Alley was built could not be disposed of. Foredoomed the Alley seemed to be to habitations of squalor and want, and the conditions of dirt and disease obtaining there made it a real menace to the community.

However, everything in this world of ours reaches an end at last. The day dawned when Isabel Frazer, twenty-one, beautiful and accomplished, set her foot on the deck of a Cunarder and sailed away swiftly over the great ocean to look at her inheritance. From her sixth year Isabel had lived in England, receiving her education there, and spending her summers in the Scottish highlands, where there were numerous relatives who loved and cherished the little American cousin. She was not only the youngest of her family, but its last survivor, her older brothers having died while she was still a child. Her people in London and Aberdeen were willing that she should visit her native land, but they claimed that as her ancestry had been wholly British there was no occasion for her to feel the least regard for the United States. Except as her income might be derived from investments and rents on this side of the water, they saw no reason why Isabel should do more than cross the ocean, accept her responsibilities and return as soon as might be to themselves. They were all gentle folk, living in conservative ways, with old homes and settled habits. They were a little annoyed that Isabel showed so much persistence in wishing to live in America, and they could not understand her enthusiasm for the Republic. Nevertheless, she had enthusiasm, and, accompanied by an aunt and a former governess, she reached the city of her great possessions, established herself comfortably in a large hotel, and began without delay to enjoy the crisp and stimulating atmosphere of this magnetic country.

On the steamer coming over, Isabel made the acquaintance of a group of people, who, as it happened, lived in the city to which she was bound. Among them were a clergyman and his wife and a brother, a young civil engineer, a trio who had looked beneath the surface of society and who were deeply impressed with the sadness and hopelessness of certain modern conditions. It is natural for acquaintance to mature rapidly on shipboard, and the ladies accompanying Isabel being accustomed to impose no constraint on her independence, she and Ralph Halstead knew one another better at the end of the fifth day on the Atlantic than they could possibly have done after six months of ordinary life on the land.

One evening they were pacing the deck in the moonlight, the man, as his wont was, talking with animation and energy on his favorite theme, and the girl listening with the sympathy that kindles conversation to a glow. After a while Isabel said, "Pardon me, Mr. Halstead, for hinting that I think the weak point in your argument is that you want to reform everything by wholesale. What a woman would do would be to clean house, to get at some little point where the need was great and the gloom dense, and let the light in there, and make a beginning in that way. Socialism, if I understand it, is making the mistake of attacking evils all along the line, instead of starting at foundations and quietly working up to improvement. The pick-ax would do more good here than the battle-ax."

The young man looked at her with admiration in his eyes. She was tall and slender, with a deep rose color in her cheeks and the charm of sweet expression that changed with every wave of feeling that passed over her face. He said nothing for a moment, and then replied, "If you will permit me, Miss Frazer, when we arrive at St. Francis, I will escort you to Martin's Alley. I don't know who owns the forlorn place, but I fancy anyone who likes may go in there and start a little missionary work. I happen to know about the spot because the firm that employs me has its headquarters not far away. The Alley is perhaps two blocks in length, and it has the most awful condition of affairs one can imagine, as bad as anything in East London. Misery, want and destitution reign. You have been so interested in the problems that beset us in America, and you are going to be, we hope, a permanent resident, so why should you not see what is to be seen in the city where you are going to live?"

Isabel's Visit to the Alley

"I accept your challenge," Isabel replied. "I will certainly go with you to this laboratory of wretchedness, and if I can I'll make a demonstration of what a woman can do when she is in earnest and is willing to try what may be done by lending a hand. Don't think for an instant that I underrate what you wish to accomplish, but when I hear the plans that you and some other of my friends urge so trustfully I feel as if you were dipping up the ocean with a bucket at the end of a rope."

"I'll show you Martin's Alley," he replied, and they said good-night.

Little did Isabel dream that this Martin's Alley was her own property. Quite as little did Ralph suspect the same fact. Had he done so, delicacy would have kept him silent. Of Isabel's wealth he, of course, knew nothing, and she herself had still to learn its extent and the possibilities it would put into her possession. But before she visited Martin's Alley in the company of Ralph Halstead, her eyes were opened. She was in haste to learn all that was encumbent upon her, and before she had been a month in St. Francis her lawyers had taken her all about the city and had shown her every bit of real estate that stood in her name. Last of all, they passed Martin's Alley. "You will not need," said the elderly gentleman, who in his courtly fashion was showing her about the city, "to spend any time in looking at that little court. Now that you are here, we shall lose no time in tearing down those rickety buildings and turning out the wretched set that have burrowed there. They are too poor to pay any rent to speak of, and have really been living on sufferance. The ground is valuable, and it will sell for a magnificent sum."

"What did you tell me the place is called?" asked Isabel.

"Martin's Alley. It isn't down on the map; the name somehow fastened on it ages back."

"Please stop the carriage," said Isabel, decidedly. "I must see this for myself. It is horrible to think that all along it should have belonged to me."

The old lawyer shrugged his shoulders. "Another of these modern girls," he said, under his breath, "full of ideas and hard on the bit. Evidently she will have her own way."

She said very little that afternoon, as with a friendly word asking pardon for the intrusion, she stepped from one dingy tumbled-down home to another, feeling that home was strangely misapplied to these noisome dens where men, women and children, discouraged, degraded and dirty, were closely crowded together; where crime and intemperance were in ambush. Her heart ached with pity. She grew paler and paler, and as they emerged into the open street, where the air was better than in the close court, the lawyer said, "Now you have been here once, you need never come again. It is positively not safe to visit that Alley without a policeman at your elbow."

Ralph Halstead had already called upon Isabel since her arrival in St. Francis, and the two elderly gentlewomen who chaperoned her were noticing with a little apprehension that she seemed pleased to have him come often. Aunt Evelyn had already satisfied herself as to his thorough respectability. The evening after Isabel's visit to Martin's Alley it happened that he called. Before he had time to utter more than the usual commonplaces of greeting, Isabel said to him impulsively, "I have seen that dreadful place that you told me of on the steamer. I have been there to-day. I went with my lawyer, not knowing anything about it. I am ashamed to tell you that the place belongs to me, but I am not to blame. I inherit under my grandfather's will, and I have never known, never, anything about such sin and misery, such want and anguish as I saw there to-day. I did not know that little children could be such spectres, or women look so starved." She sat down, burying her face on a cushion. Ralph knew that she was weeping. A moment he stood irresolute, then, bending over her, drew her hands from her eyes. He had never called her by name before, but now the barriers of custom and convention were suddenly broken, swept away on the tide of emotion. "Isabel," he said, "Isabel, it has not been your fault. You are an angel, and you shall do angel's work. You shall do it there. Oh, if only you would let me help you."

"Isabel!" exclaimed a shocked voice from the doorway, "what in the world is the matter?" Aunt Evelyn stood transfixed. The young people, however, aroused from their preoccupation, looked at her with a smile. Isabel's tears fled before the surprise in her aunt's glance. Ralph wisely said nothing, but his look showed no embarrassment. "I have been heart-broken, Aunt Evelyn," said Isabel, "over an appalling situation that has been at my door ever since I was born. Mr. Halstead knew the situation, but neither he nor I knew till to-day that I had anything to do with it. He has been trying to comfort me, to help me."

"But I still don't understand," insisted Aunt Evelyn, "why Mr. Halstead should——"

"Because," said the young man, boldly, "I am daring to hope that Isabel will let me help her in

Continued on page 1056

The New Year in Martin's Alley

Continued from page 1055

this and everything else during the rest of our lives." He had ventured all at a stroke. It was not what he had meant to do, but Isabel repaid him.

"Yes," Aunt Evelyn," she said, "Ralph and I are going to help one another the rest of our lives." They stood hand in hand before the old lady, like two children. She crossed the room and took their hands in hers. "I will give you my consent," she said.

Soon a New Year dawned for Martin's Alley. There was a house-cleaning there indeed. The old rickety houses were pulled down, but the tenants were transferred to other and pleasanter quarters. The work of restoration for the older men and women was long and discouraging, and some of the wrong that had been done was never undone, but for the mothers and the children, the boys and the girls, a new year opened, and when Ralph Halstead and Isabel Frazer were married, they built new homes for the poor in a breezy and healthful neighborhood, and this for the sake of their betrothal day, they christened Martin's Place.

Congo Cannibals

AN Italian naval surgeon, Dr. Baccari, who spent four years in the Congo Free State on a scientific mission (says a New York *Sun* correspondent), has just published a book about his expedition, which contains some interesting details about the customs of the natives.

Dr. Baccari says that the natives are cannibals simply because they like human flesh, and they eat their fellow creatures with the same indifference as we do animal food. A native who had been brought up by Europeans and taught to abstain from human flesh, complained one day to the local magistrate that some natives had eaten the body of his father, who had died a few days before.

"They have eaten it all themselves without giving a single piece to my family or even to me, who am his son," he said, and he asked for redress because he considered himself defrauded.

The wars between different villages are undertaken mostly with the object of procuring human flesh; hence prisoners are never exchanged, but always fattened and slaughtered. The victims never complain, in fact many consider it a treat to be eaten, owing to the fact that before being killed they spend two or three months in idleness and are well fed while others are obliged to work.

Women are not allowed to eat human flesh, at least none is given to them, but they like it as much as the men do, says Dr. Baccari.

Will Show the Book to Friends

Dear Dr. Klopsch: We received *The Inside History of the White House*, and think it simply great. Will show it to all my friends.

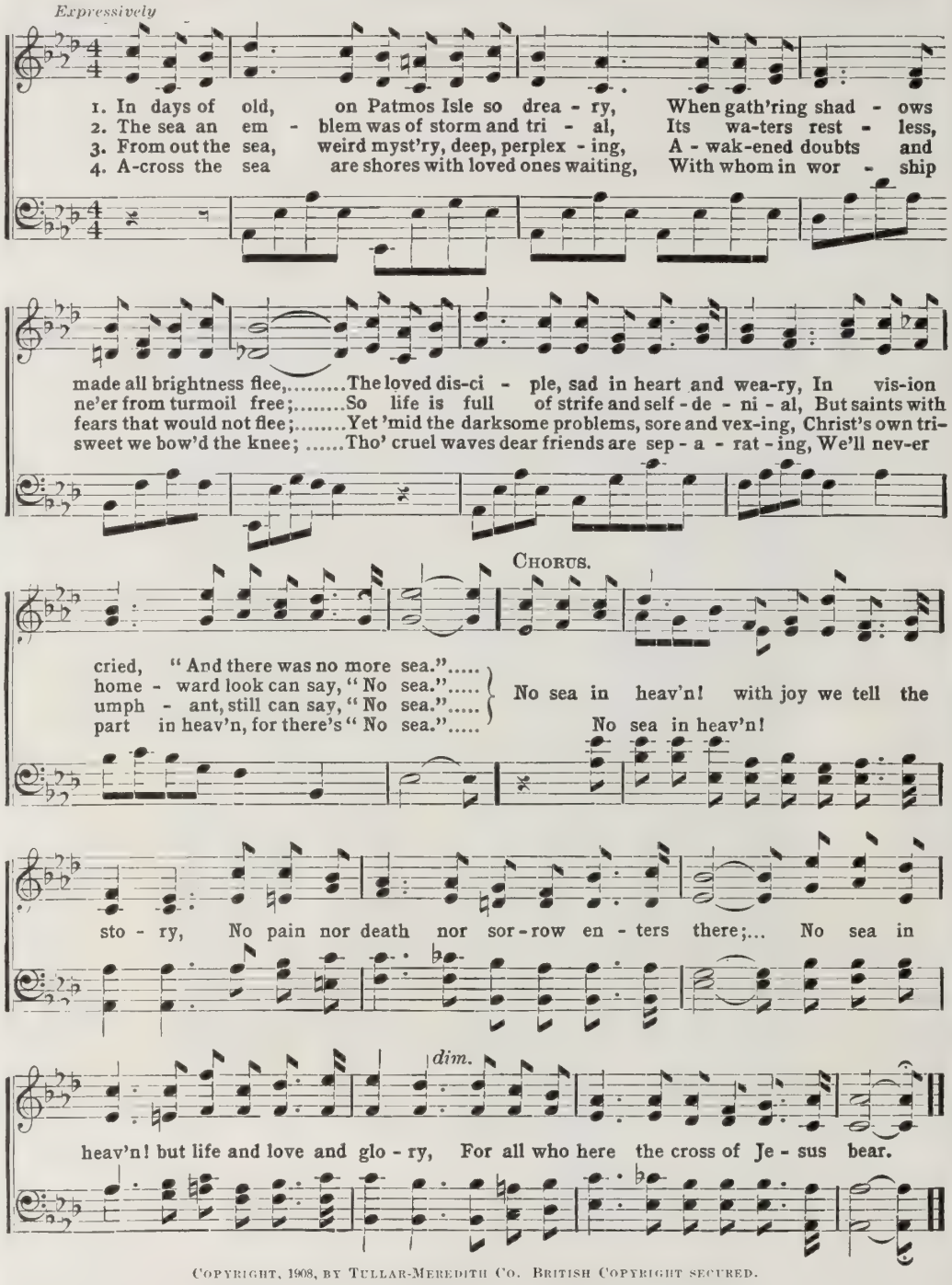
MRS. JOHN DEWESTER.
Rushville, Ind.

"NO SEA IN HEAVEN"

"And there was no more sea." Rev. 21: 1.

REV. J. D. C. HANNA — (SOPRANO and ALTO DUET) — I. H. MEREDITH.

Expressively



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A New Year's Tribute. By Jennie Wilson-Howell

New Year's, 1909

GO forth, O HERALD, through another year;
Go spread the Gospel message far and near;
Go on thy glorious mission East and West;
Go North, go South, thou ever welcome guest!

Go with thy cheer, O HERALD, to our homes;
Go wheresoev'er the lonely wand'rer roams;
Go to the palace home, go to the cot;
Go ease the burdened rich, and poor man's lot.

Thy field is wide, O HERALD; and thy seed
Is precious, yielding fruit for every need;
The "oil of joy" thou bearest heals the smart;
Thy mine of gladness cheers the fainting heart.

White is the field, O HERALD, and the grain
Is ripening for the coming "latter rain."
Sound forth the call to reap, in trumpet tone,
And let thy voice be heard from zone to zone.

Go, CHRISTIAN HERALD! Still maintain thy stand,
And we, thine allies, will sustain thy hand;
Lift high the Cross of Christ (like Moses' rod),
And men shall "look," and shall return to God.

Descent of the Holy Spirit

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

WE have seen how the little band of disciples had been emptied of self. Even the forward Peter, even the doubting Thomas, were now occupied with praising and blessing God, although their cause might seem to the eyes of man a lost one. They were neither preaching nor healing. Their Master had left them, their enemies denied the resurrection of Jesus, yet, strong in faith, they gave glory to God, counting on Jesus' word against present surroundings and circumstances. And then it was that the blessing came. The day of Pentecost, the time of the offering of the first-fruits was fully come, and a new order of first-fruits had been offered. "Christ, the first-fruits" of the resurrection, had ascended into heaven, and now his disciples were "a living sacrifice" at his disposal. "They were all with one accord in one place." Here was blessed unity; here were no divided interests, and here God could bless. "And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing, mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance." This was their special need: commissioned to "go . . . into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature," they needed other languages, and the first instalment of the power of the Holy Ghost thus coming upon them, was the supply of this very need.

We may well believe that they were not long in going out into the streets as God's messengers to the multitude of the precious tidings of salvation. They had had no former experience of anything like this; it was a new thing — ignorant men who were too poor to buy a grammar, and too ignorant to study if they had one, speaking with fluency in other languages, and on a subject in which the terms employed could not have been picked up in the markets, or in the way of business! One and the same theme was heard from the hundred and twenty speakers in the sixteen languages mentioned; it was "the wonderful works of God."

The people "were in doubt, saying one to another, 'What meaneth this?'" These men were open to conviction, but there were others mocking; they did not like the subject of the discourse; it touched them too closely; they would put it down if they could do so. In order to bring reproach upon the God-filled men and women who were preaching, they said, "These men are full of new wine." Peter was the instrument used by the Holy Spirit to explain this occurrence, and he did it by bringing Scripture to bear upon the men and the circumstances before him; not by way of suggestion, but as the mouthpiece of the Spirit of God.

The Old Year and the New

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Good-By, Old Year!

SUPPOSE we sit by the waning embers to watch the old year out. The fire-light is still pleasant, although the flames have ceased to leap and sparkle. There is a deep, red glow at the heart of the hearth, but the ashes at the periphery are wan and gray. What a pleasant year this has been for most of us in the great CHRISTIAN HERALD family! We think with gratitude, as December days reach their ending, of the good times we have had at home, the happiness we have had in the children, the outlook before us, to greater prosperity in the future.

Who in America finds fault with strenuous work? Not one of us. When there comes a trying year, we simply brace ourselves to the task, toil a bit longer and later, and whistle a cheery tune, because we know that just a little farther on we shall reach a level road where everything will be smoother and we shall forget that we have had to travel over rough places. It is not our American way to grumble or despond, nor is there any reason why we should. Musing beside the waning embers we hear the clock strike ten, and we are thankful for the curly heads that lie asleep upstairs, for the rosy dreams the little ones have about the New Year, and for the good marks they have gained in school. Ten o'clock is often our bedtime, but to-night we linger. Husband and wife clasp hands, and as they look into each other's faces they read in the lines that have come since the wedding day a story of mutual faith, of confidence and of ever-growing love. The wife is more beautiful in the eyes of her husband, after twenty years or more or less of married life, than she was when he proudly claimed her as his bride. The husband is dearer far to the wife when they have climbed the hills and descended the dales of life together, than he was when she first pledged him her troth.

Can it be possible that eleven o'clock is striking? The embers are growing duller, but there are lights in the village homes and young people are passing to and fro on the street, the neighbors are up and about, and there is the sound of singing in the church on the green. Why not slip on overcoats and wraps and walk across the snow to the church home that means almost as much as the family home, and spend the hour till midnight in praise and prayer? Yes, that will be the very thing to do. It takes but a moment to get ready, and as we emerge from the door we meet our friends who live at the corner and our cousins from the Cross-roads, and we find that they have had the same thought. The last hour of watch-night shall find us in the sanctuary, and there, as the embers of the year fade to ashen gray, we shall feel in our hearts the golden promise of the New Year's rising sun.

Twelve o'clock strikes from the steeple. Good-by, Old Year, while we sing, joining hands,

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

THE SPINNING WHEEL

The picture is one that recalls an old-time industry. There are farmhouses in many parts of this country where people nightly sleep under blankets of home manufacture, spun, not by the women of to-day, but by those of a quite recent yesterday. The spinning wheel now stands in the parlor or the hall as an ornament, but not very long ago it was as familiar as the sewing machine. As for the cup of tea, it will never go out of fashion.

Manual Training in the Public Schools

The pupils in the public schools are being trained in the use of their hands. The boys are taught some elemental knowledge of arts and crafts, and the girls learn to sew and to cook. Teachers of domestic science have little difficulty in finding good positions. Instead of the former methods, in which the school training was limited to lessons found in text-books, we now have a variety of well-chosen subjects, a number of which touch daily life and tend to making the girls better home-makers, and to fitting the boys for entrance on the world of business. Manual training is quite as important in education as the training of the memory, or the reasoning powers, or of teaching language or history.

The Heroism of Fortitude

We are accustomed to think of a great soldier and strategist, such as was General Grant, as heroic at the council board and on the battlefield. We know how splendid is the courage of the man who is not daunted by any combination of dangers. The splendor of the heroes who kneel on the firing line thrills our blood to a quicker flow. There is another sort of heroism, that of the sick chamber, of the operating table, of the daily endurance of pain and weakness, without showing the white feather, without asking pity, without calling for sympathy. The reminiscences of the distinguished physician who stood with his colleagues beside General Grant in the last agonizing months, when his life was ebbing out beneath a hopeless malady, have shown us that here was a hero whose fortitude surpassed even his courage. The spectacle of the great soldier, finishing his memoirs while, drop by drop, beat by beat, his strength ebbed away, long ago touched the heart of the world. What Dr. Shrady tells us of the man's marvelous patience, his rare self-control, his childlike obedience to orders, and his unfailing politeness reveals a still deeper nature, a yet finer character. Here, indeed, was a gallant gentleman, a true hero, triumphant over feebleness, over bodily anguish, and serenely acquiescent in the will of God. It were well for our young people to study this chapter in the life of General Ulysses S. Grant.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—AN OLD FASHIONED friend writes that germs were unknown in his childhood, and that people enjoyed better health then than they do now. Perhaps the germ theory was then unfamiliar, but germs existed just the same. I am inclined to disagree with him as to the general health rate of the past as compared with the present. I remember to have known many invalids who took for granted that they could never be entirely well when they had nothing particular the matter with them. Certain maladies that now yield to treatment, medical or surgical, were once considered incurable. The world moves, and we move with it. I fear we must accept the germs and be content to fight against them, and let the good and the bad ones fight each other.

All Hail, New Year!

DON'T let us wish anybody a happy New Year unless the wish comes straight from the heart to the lips. Don't let us omit to give the greeting to anyone we meet, if we can give it in sincerity. Whenever we say to a friend or acquaintance, "I wish you a happy New Year," let us proceed on our own part to make the wish come true. We shall never do this by going about with a long face and a look of gloom; we shall never do it by predicting misfortune and calamity; we shall always do it when we are cheery and hopeful and optimistic. No doubt, on every hand, there are obstacles to be surmounted and trials to be endured. All the winds of the world do not blow from the sunny South and the gentle West. Yet all winds that blow are good winds, and from whatever quarter they come they may bring us blessing.

Which of us has most deserved a happy New Year? Conscience sits on the judge's bench, and sometimes wears a frowning brow. Memory testifies against us, and from some bitter memories there is no merciful court of appeal; but Love is our advocate, and the best of it is that we need not wait for witnesses from the outside to speak for us, if we are conscious that even our mistakes and our shortcomings, our manifold sins of omission have been condoned by a loving motive.

If anybody deserves a glad New Year it is mother. With what unstinted tenderness she has cared for every one in the house! With what gentleness she has watched the babies and borne with the children when they were naughty, and comforted them when they had little troubles! With what wisdom she has guided the young people, and what a tower of strength she is day by day to that best of men that she calls husband and the boys call father! Many a time father would be completely discouraged were it not for the light of her smile that waits to greet him when he comes back, tired from the day's work. A Happy New Year to father and mother, the most self-forgetting, the most loving and beloved, of all the people in the world.

A happy New Year, too, to the dear old folk. Some of them have celebrated their golden wedding, others will have a golden wedding soon. Many of them are lonely in these days, recalling "the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still." Shall not the grandchildren do what they can to give the grandparents a joyous eventide?

Not long ago, in New York City, the venerable John Bigelow, hale and hearty, beyond his ninetieth year, gave a reception to his children and grandchildren. Octogenarians and nonagenarians are oftener met in these days than they used to be. A happy New Year to the old.

It should go without saying that we wish a happy New Year to the young. In their case the wish is almost superfluous, youth having so many assets of hope and gladness that it never ought to be touched by a single shadow. Sometimes youth fancies itself sad, and when this happens it is really much to be pitied. Not being a normal condition, it soon passes away unless it is involved in some subtle coil of broken health.

For young and old to-day let us all breathe a prayer God puts in our hearts: "Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us, and the work of our hands establish thou it."

Questions and Answers

E. B., Bellefonte, Mo. 1. Is it not a fact that no mortal can know accurately what the future life holds for him? 2. In the event that aerial navigation is made practical in commerce, would it not be likely in time to seem as natural as the telephone now seems?

1. Beyond the assurance of a future life, which is revealed to us in the Scripture, nothing can be known. It was Christ's mission to save the world, and to "bring life and immortality to light." That the future life will be one of spiritual and intellectual progress, on a plane impossible here, seems probable. 2. With respect to the future of aerostatics, one conjecture is as good as another. While material advance has been made, we are still very far from the point where our knowledge can be turned to commercial uses.

Jessie B., Guthrie, Okla. What is the largest flower blossom known?

Scientists say that the vine plant known as the bolo, which is found in Mindanao, P. I., has a bloom as big as a carriage wheel. Dr. Schadenburg, while exploring on the mountain of Parag, 2,500 feet above sea level, found full-blown blossoms, five-petaled, three feet in diameter. A single flower weighed twenty-two pounds. The same species is found in Sumatra.

W. W. H., Buffalo, N. Y. In THE MAIL-BAG of November 25, 1908, replying to "G. N., New York," asking if it is lawful for a man to drop his last name and adopt his middle name because he dislikes his last name, etc., you reply very properly, "It would be a very unusual step for a man to take, and of doubtful legality," etc., and that "a legislative enactment is necessary to a lawful change of a man's name." This used to be so, but now a lawful change of name may be made by the County Court of the county in which a person resides, or in the City of New York by the Supreme Court or City Courts, upon petition to such courts, in accordance with the provisions of sections 2410 to 2415 of the code of civil procedure and without any application to the legislature.

Subscriber, Iowa. Is there any truth in the statements that Esperanto is not a success as an international language, that it contains too many flaws, and is to be supplanted by another language?

It is not true that Esperanto is being discarded in favor of another language. Some simplifications have been proposed. The simplified form is called "Ilo." If you learn Esperanto you can read any Ilo book at sight, it is so little different.

L. E. B., Orlando, Okla. What was the name of the Queen of Sheba?

The Arabs called her Bilkis, or Yelkamah, or Balkamah. There is an edifice at Mariaba which is said to still bear her name. M. Fresnel, an explorer, reads it as Almacah or Balmacah, and it is recorded the same way in the Himyarite inscriptions.

W. F. P., Norman, Okla. 1. Does God heal the body without the aid of a doctor or medicine in these days? 2. Does speaking in other tongues exist to-day?

1. That God does heal the body in these days is made evident from the number of well-attested cases of healing through prayer and faith. He has the same power that he always had. 2. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has already discussed the modern instances of "the gift of tongues," so-called. The test of genuineness, as the Church views it, is (1) the intelligibility of the message, which God always makes clear to men, since he is not the author of confusion, and (2) the nature and purpose of the communication. If the message be something no one can understand—mere gibberish, in fact—you can set it down as extremely doubtful.

Isabel W. T., Ohio. What is the beautiful star which rises in the early morning hours called? Is it some orb in the Star of Bethlehem. If the moon is a burned-out, dead body as some astronomers claim, how does it reflect light?

It is the planet Venus. When the waves of light are not absorbed by any body of matter they are reflected. The moon absorbs only a certain amount of light waves from the sun, but a large percentage are reflected into space. We see the moon by its reflected light only, as it is not self-luminous. The fact that it is a dead world has little to do with its reflective power.

SAMUEL PHILLIPS LELAND.

M. Van D., Grand Rapids, Mich. It has been stated there are 11,500 foreign missionaries. If so, how are they stationed; in what countries, and how many in each country?

The number given is probably within the mark. See our missionary editorial in issue of November 11, page 888. They are in all the missionary lands, the largest contingents being in China, India, Africa, Japan, Asiatic Turkey, South America and others in the Arctic regions, Burmah, Korea, the Pacific Islands, etc.

W. H. W., Edgewater, Col. 1. What is the Romanes Lecture to be delivered at Oxford University by President Roosevelt? 2. What is the degree of D.C.L., which was conferred on Emperor William by Oxford? 3. How many nations have signed the Arbitration Treaty, and was the United States the initiator?

1. The lecture or series of lectures are so called because the money for their support was given by a Mr. Romanes. We do not know that Mr. Roosevelt has announced the title of his lecture. 2. D.C.L. means Doctor of Civil Law. 3. Over thirty nations have signed the protocol. The United States did not start the idea, but was a strong supporter.

Reader, Virginia. When two persons are engaged to be married, and believe themselves to be intended for each other, according to God's teachings, are they married before God?

They are betrothed, simply. To be married, according to all civilized Christian usage, they should comply with ecclesiastical law as well as civil law. Such a union as you describe is not a marriage at all, and would be rightly condemned by society and the Church. Do not let anyone persuade you to listen to such sophistries, which would invoke the name of God to consecrate an act you would regret all your life.

M. H. S., Fredonia, N. Y. How old was Solomon when he died?

Josephus, the Jewish historian says he reigned eighty years and lived ninety-four (*Antiquities*, Book 8, Chap. 7). The height of Mt. Moriah is not given.

N. R. R., Milford, Tex. 1. If dew and frost rise from the earth, why do we not have either when the nights are cloudy? 2. In your paper of November 25 is a picture of "The Great Ice Cavern." Where is it? 3. When was stenography first introduced, and by whom?

1. Dew is formed by the water vapor in the air, close to the ground, becoming condensed by the chilling influence of radiation. Part of the dew comes from the air, the rest from the earth and plants. At night evaporation stops in the colder air and then it takes the form of water, instead of passing off as mist. 2. The picture, "The Entrance to the Great Ice Cavern," is one of the illustrations, as are all the pictures on the same page, of the article, "Successful Exploration In Greenland." It is in Greenland, where all of the pictures were taken. 3. Stenography, in one form or another, goes back to a very early day. There is evidence that the ancient Greeks had some system. A piece of papyrus, of 157 B. C., found in Egypt, has a contract to apprentice a man as a stenographer, a writer of signs. Roman specimens of shorthand are yet in existence. It was called after a freedman of Cicero, named Tiro. This system remained in use until the ninth century, and charters of Louis the Pious were written in it. The credit of the revival belongs to Englishmen, in the sixteenth century. In 1602 was printed John Willis's *Arte of Stenographie*, on a full alphabetical basis. In 1660, the New Testament was printed in shorthand of the Rich system. Dozens of other variations followed. The best phonetic system is that of Sir Isaac Pitman, first published in 1837.

Old Subscriber, Athens, N. Y., and Reader, Schenectady, N. Y. What are the laws of New York State, if a man dies, leaving no will? Can a wife get more than a third if there are children? If the wife dies without a will, what are the husband's claims?

If a husband dies, leaving a wife and children and having made no will, the widow takes one-third of the personal property and the children two-thirds. Widow has use of one-third of the real estate while she lives. The real estate goes to the children, subject to the widow's use of one-third, which is called her "dower right." If a wife dies without a will, the husband takes one-third of her personal property and her children two-thirds. If there are no children, husband takes all personal property of wife. The wife's real estate goes to her heirs, subject to husband's right to use all of it as long as he lives.

M. DeW., Maddock, N. Dak. Who was Nicholas Biddle?

There were two of the name famous in United States history. One was an American naval officer, hero of several brilliant sea fights; the other was a prominent financier and diplomat. He became President of the United States Bank in 1823.

Mrs. M. C., Mertens, Tex. How can I prove by the Bible that Noah was one hundred and twenty years building the ark? I have heard preachers say that he was.

See Gen. 5:32; also 6:3 and 67:6, 11. The preachers probably based their statement upon Gen. 6:3. Commentators, however, now generally interpret this passage to mean that the great ages of the antediluvians were to be shortened, and that the maximum of man's life was thereafter to be 120 years, instead of 600 to 900 years. It is a much disputed passage.

E. B. D., Ballard, Wash. Who was Melchizedek?

The name means "righteous king." He was the priest-king of Salem (see Gen. 14:18, 20), and is supposed to have lived about B. C. 2080. It was foretold that the Messiah should be a "priest after the order of Melchizedek," and Paul (in Heb. 6:20) cites him as a type of Christ. Without father or mother is meant to imply that he was of obscure, or, at all events, undistinguished parentage. His person, his office and his relation to Christ have given rise to innumerable discussions. Some early Jewish authors held that he was Shem, and not a few Christian writers have asserted the opinion that he was Christ in person; but Heb. 7:3 simply says he was "like unto the Son of God." Still others, with apparent reason, hold that he was a principal person among the Canaanites, and of the posterity of Noah, and distinguished for holiness and justice.

H. S. F., Alpine, Cal. From what standpoint are we to look at the act of giving? How are we to know as Christians, how much we should deny ourselves to give to good causes?

The real merit of a gift to charity lies not in the size or value of the gift, but in the spirit in which it is given. It should be given freely, gladly, cheerfully; not grudgingly or reluctantly. Again, our gift should be according to our means and opportunities as the Lord has prospered us. If our hearts are right and we feel that we owe all our blessings to our Heavenly Father's love and care, we will not stint our gifts. The gift that comes from abundance, while welcome, is not to be compared to the great gift of the widow who cast all she had into the Lord's treasury. A gift that goes deep down into pockets, until the giver feels it, no matter what its comparative size, is the best gift, since it represents real sacrifice and not merely a trifle from an abundance.

Meeting-Place of the First Turkish Parliament

TURKEY'S first National Parliament, under the new Constitution, assembled Dec. 17, in the Palace of the Ministry of Justice (P), overlooking the Sea of Marmora. It is a beautiful and spacious building and is only a short distance from the famous church of St. Sophia, once a Christian church, now a Turkish mosque. The four minarets of St. Sophia can be seen in the background.

Miscellaneous

Mrs. A. B. Plattville, Wis. No such verse in the Bible.

W. B., Trenton, N. J. According to the Catholic Archbishop of St. Louis, Mgr. Glennon, there are 14,000,000 Catholics in the United States.

Mrs. E. J., Bellingham, Me. We have not seen the full text of the protest, but the facts, as we published them, are absolutely correct.

J. W. S., Fort Wayne, Ind. We are unable to answer your query. Write to the Secretary of the Treasury. You should have sent full address.

In regard to a recent query of J. A. M., Sewickley, Pa., a reader, W. A. R., of Beatrice, Neb., kindly sends the information that the frontiersman, Kit Carson, is buried at Taos, New Mexico.

Subscriber, Washington, D. C. What you ask would require a whole volume of theology to explain. See the articles on "Soul" and "Body" and "Spirit," in the *Biblical Encyclopedia*, in any good public library.

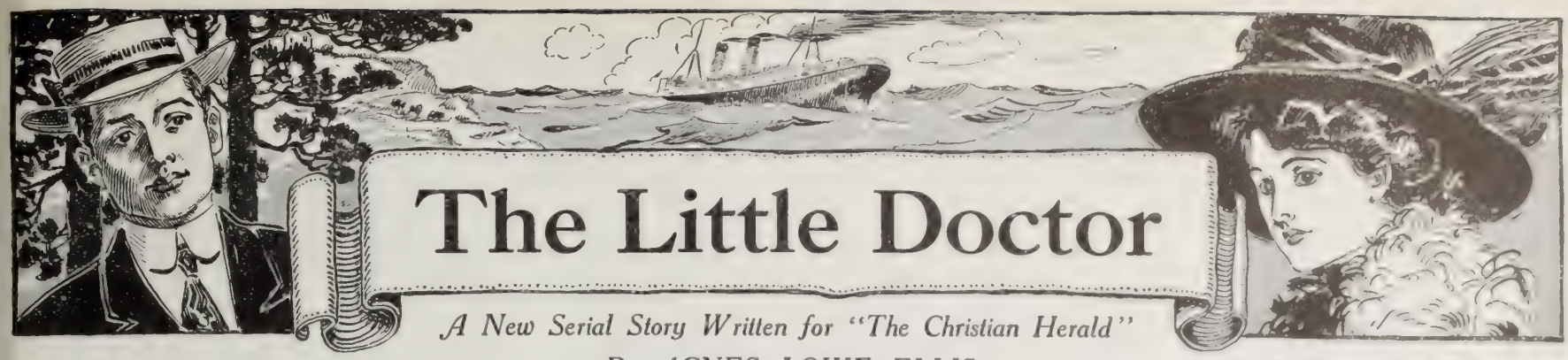
Northfield Daily Bible Course

NEVER has Bible study engaged such widespread interest as at the present time. A new interest has been awakened, extending to all classes of society and arresting the attention of college student and artisan alike. At the Northfield Christian Workers' Conference, last August, this interest was shown by the fact that an early Bible class, conducted each morning at 9 o'clock by the Rev. A. T. Pierson, was the most largely attended session of the day. In this class, Dr. Pierson did not undertake a critical or literary study of the Scriptures, but sought, in a simple exposition, to emphasize spiritual truths. At the close of the session, Dr. Pierson was requested to prepare these lectures for publication in book form, but instead of doing this he has prepared a series of Bible Notes for Daily Devotions, which will extend his Bible class throughout the year and will give a better opportunity for more extended and careful Bible study. This Bible course will begin with Genesis, and will appear in the *Record of Christian Work*, edited by W. R. Moody, East Northfield, Mass.

This magazine, which is published in the interests of aggressive evangelical work, also announces articles for the coming year by writers of international reputation in the religious world, including such men as Robert E. Speer, Dr. Campbell Morgan, Rev. F. B. Meyer, and other eminent Bible scholars.

Realizing that many of our readers may feel the need of just such Bible help for daily devotions as this magazine affords, and which we are glad to commend, we have made arrangements whereby any reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD may receive the magazine for a year by remitting to us 50 cents in addition to the yearly subscription price for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, or in addition to any of our premium offers or combination propositions.

For the titles and stories of the six beautiful pictures that constitute our superb "Art Gallery De Luxe," see back of each picture.



The Little Doctor

A New Serial Story Written for "The Christian Herald"

By AGNES LOWE ELLIS

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

George Hunter and Dudley Verner were college chums and are stopping at the country home of the former, before George is about to start practice as a lawyer and Dudley as a physician. George is introduced to Miss Danforth, daughter of Squire Danforth, who lives on the fine estate called "Paradise." Dudley is most anxious to meet her. A village character, Jack Green, takes them to see "Paradise." He says that they do not often receive company, but spend much time in travel. They there meet Miss Danforth at the well, and Dudley is introduced. A thunder storm comes up and the young men are invited to take shelter in the house, where they stay to dinner. As they leave, the Squire drives by on the way home. His daughter is surprised at his sudden return. She explains why the young men had been there. He says he is particular about his visitors, and asks her not to do more than recognize them hereafter. He says that he is going abroad and will take her and her aunt. They go to call on Mrs. Hunter and her niece Miss Sanborn. The squire discovers that Mrs. Hunter is an old friend. On his return he tell Aunt Phoebe a family secret which greatly agitates her, but which she cannot tell Miss Danforth.

CHAPTER IV—*Continued*

"CHILD," said Aunt Phœbe to Marian, "I have a secret that I must keep, and I wish I had never known it. I feel as if I must tell some one, for relief."

"Does it concern you, auntie?"

"No, but it concerns some one whom I love very much, and I promised not to tell it."

"Then don't tell it; try to forget it."

"How can I forget it? Little do you know."

"Can you not sleep, auntie?"

"No, child, I cannot."

"Well, then, I am going to dress and stay to bear you company. No, not a word! Do you think I could leave you to wear out the night alone? I am going to read to you and I am sure it will do you good to have a little lunch. We retired very late and it is now one o'clock. Nothing takes away one's strength like want of sleep and talking, so away I go to get something to tempt your appetite."

"Marian, you shall not go downstairs at this unearthly hour. Some of the servants might take you for a burglar, and there is no telling what might happen."

"Not a bit of danger of that, dear; I shall go as quietly as a mouse, and no other sleeping rooms are near ours, so that I shall awaken nobody."

In a short time she returned with a tray filled with a tempting array of delicacies. On a small spirit-lamp she prepared a pot of chocolate, and poor Mrs. Langdon, although she declared she had never been in the habit of eating at such untimely hours, was persuaded to partake of a biscuit and a slice of cold chicken and to drink a cup of chocolate. In the meantime she said earnestly to Marian, "You will not mention this to your father, will you? He might think me foolish for telling you what I did, and for eating in the night."

Marian was ready to laugh at this, but she checked herself as she noticed the pale face and trembling hands of Aunt Phœbe. She wondered much what could so distress the poor lady, and if her father knew.

Mrs. Langdon was one of those peculiar persons who, while kind and thoughtful for the comfort of others, yet cannot find resources within themselves with which to encounter alone the stern realities of life. If it ever becomes necessary to confide a secret to their keeping, they are never happy until it is told.

Marian saw that her aunt was deeply wrought up about something, and she made up her mind to try to quiet her and draw her mind away from the painful subject that was driving slumber from her eyelids.

Having persuaded her to lie down on the couch, she took her hands gently in her own and in a low, sweet voice, sang one after another of her aunt's favorite songs. Then, drawing a late magazine toward her from the table, she read to her, until the weary eyelids closed and the gentle breathing told her that Aunt Phœbe's "secret" was for the time at rest. Quietly slipping from the room, she threw herself upon her own bed and was soon lost also in a dreamless sleep.

Squire Danforth wondered why Aunt Phœbe and Marian were so late in coming to breakfast, and even sent one of the servants to see if either of them were sick. Presently they made their appearance and Marian skilfully prevented Aunt Phœbe from betraying herself by saying, "We talked so much last night that we had to make up our sleep this morning."

The Squire said, "Well, I am glad you are both all right. We are to leave so soon now that I feared the delay that the indisposition of either of you might cause."

"Oh, never fear, father. We shall be in good trim for our journey. Auntie and I are to do nothing but rest and sleep the day before we leave home, and you will have two bright companions ready, I trust, to enjoy every step of the journey."

Just after they had left the breakfast table, a servant came to announce the arrival of Mr. Hunter and Mr. Verner.

Marian said, "I will just speak to them, father, and leave you to entertain them. Aunt Phœbe is needing me to cheer her up in view of the coming journey, which she seems to dread somewhat."

Her greeting to the young men was cordial enough to please them greatly, and she looked very sweet and bright in her fresh white morning dress. She was so free from self-consciousness or vanity that her manner seemed to them more charming than ever.

"The pilot had gone ashore, and soon they were out of sight of land"

When she excused herself "to go to Aunt Phœbe," a shade of disappointment was seen on their faces, but they summoned their best manners and wished her a pleasant and prosperous voyage. For a half hour longer they remained with the Squire.

After their departure he wandered up and down the long piazza as if in deep thought. Then he said half aloud, "I wish I had asked that young fellow something of his history, but it might have seemed an impertinence, and perhaps I should have betrayed myself. Ah, well! I must wait awhile. How little do those who go their own ways in this world heed whom they crush in their recklessness! They never think of the harvest that their folly often brings for the reaping of those near and dear to them."

. . .

The last preparations had been made; the splendid home was closed, and with one faithful servant for Mrs. Langdon's special benefit, the Danforths turned their backs on the quiet town of Branksome. In due time they arrived at the metropolis, and were soon on board the steamer which was to bear them to Glasgow. Among those who came to see their friends and relatives to say the last fond words—often to shed tears of regret at the parting which in some instances was to be forever—were, to the great surprise of the entire Danforth party, Mr. Hunter and his friend.

When Squire Danforth had told them, during their morning call, the name of the steamer, with the day and hour of her departure, he had no idea of seeing them in New York; but there they were, and he had to make the best of it.

They spent a merry half hour together, Squire Danforth assuring George that his cousin should receive one of the first letters which they should send back to America. As they shook hands at parting, he whispered to George, "Be good to your mother, my boy. She is a treasure beyond price." Then, as the two young men hurried off, he heaved a sigh of relief, mingled with a feeling of regret; relief that he had seen the last, for a time at least, of one of them; regret that the face of the other, would be hidden from his sight for so long.

Amid the waving of handkerchiefs from those on board and those on shore, the vessel steamed proudly out of the harbor. Little groups were standing here and there on her deck, and in some places a lonely passenger, all eagerly taking their final view of the land.

At last, the pilot had gone ashore in his boat; and soon they were out of sight of land and beginning to realize that they were really at sea.

When Aunt Phœbe and Marian went to their stateroom, they found a magnificent bouquet there, and Aunt Phœbe was much exercised as to whence it came; but a card, which bore the name, "Dudley Verner," had been slipped skilfully into the very centre, and was soon discovered by Marian. Upon this, she carried bouquet and card to the upper deck, where in a retired corner sat Squire Danforth, reading the morning paper.

"See here, father, I found this in my room!" she exclaimed.

"Well!" he remarked, "the assurance of the young fellow! Give it to one of the stewards, dear, and have him put it on our table, where we can all enjoy the beauty of it."

"That is a good idea," she replied.

"How did you leave Aunt Phœbe, Marian?"

"Oh, she was busy unpacking her steamer trunk, so as to have everything ready for to-night. I am glad she is busy now, for if the much-dreaded seasickness should come upon

Continued on page 1062

Work of the Church Federation Council

THE significance of the first meeting of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, held in Philadelphia this month, lies in the simple fact that the officially accredited representatives of eighteen millions of communicant church members, and of a family constituency of more than half the population of the United States, have come together with the avowed purpose of making evangelical Christianity a united force for righteousness, for social justice, and for a high standard of family, civic and national life.

And what did they do? In the first place, they completed and perfected that organization by which the churches entering into this Federal Union have become as really and as potently one as are the several States that form the Union under which this country has become one of the great powers of the world. Many subjects were, however, discussed, the basis of all discussion being reports made as the result of special study by sixteen committees appointed by the Inter-Church Conference of 1905. The action of the Council on Co-operation in Foreign Missions was positive and constructive. Hitherto, the missionaries on the field have been far in advance of the churches at home in recognizing the harmfulness of preserving in non-Christian lands those denominational distinctions. These thirty-two denominations have now ranged themselves with their missionaries, and have put themselves on record as "favoring the closest possible federation of all Christian churches in foreign mission fields," and the formation in each country of "a native church without denominational distinctions peculiar to our historic development." By this action, vast sums of money and many lives are released from competing denominational service to co-operating national service, and the work of world-saving greatly hastened.

Like principles prevailed with regard to the home field. An invitation was extended to the recently formed Home Mission Council, representing the principal Home Mission organizations of this country, to join the Executive Committee of this Federal Council in devising practicable plans for "co-operating in the extension of God's kingdom, in order that over-churched communities may be relieved, unchurched communities supplied, and the cause of Christ find a new place of honor in the hearts of men."

One of the most important actions of the body was that defining the relations of the churches to those great interdenominational agencies which have become at once such a power in the land and in all lands, and such a problem to the churches. The great services these organizations have done in preparing the way for federation, and ultimately for church unity, was fully recognized; at the same time it is believed that the work of this Federal Council "will be so comprehensive as to make unnecessary the further increase in the number of such organizations." The very important ground was taken that henceforth "all organizations asking regular financial assistance from the churches be requested to file an annual statement of receipts and expenditures with the Federal Council, together with a brief outline of methods employed." The wisdom of this measure will be recognized by every church which has been bewildered by multiplied appeals for contributions to causes, perhaps really good, but into which neither the individual church nor the denomination had any right of investigation.

The crowning work of the Council was probably that taken with regard to the proper relations of the Church to modern industry. Dr. Frank Mason North presented a statement which Mr. Charles Stelzle characterized as the best utterance on the subject he had ever heard or read. The considerations presented were recognized as vital to the ministry if they could reach the educated workingmen of the country. The Council, by resolution, pledged itself to more fraternal and intelligent relations with the laboring people by adopting Dr. North's paper as a whole. That the laboring people of Philadelphia take this action at its face value was made clear when thirty-one workingmen's unions of the city accepted an invitation to a mass-meeting in this interest on Sunday.

Not less important was the action of the Council with regard to the problem of immigration. Action was taken recognizing that the present opportunity gives a unique demand for federate endeavor, and urging the churches in this Federal Union to arrange a plan of work which shall cover all the needs. Socialism is being actively preached among immigrants, while the churches are not even trying to reach them. Eight hundred Bohemian children in one American city are being taught an Anarchist catechism every Sunday.

Decisive action was taken concerning Sunday observance, temperance and disarmament. Provision was made for the expenses of a permanent office and for the extension of the work and influence of this Council. Bishop Hendrix, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was elected president and Dr. E. B. Sanford, the father of the whole movement, was elected secretary.

LOUISE SEYMOUR HOUGHTON.

Millionaires See the "Bread Line"

PERSONAL contact with the Bowery Mission "Bread Line" is necessary to a full realization of its appalling needs and its splendid possibilities. No unbiased person can be present at this pathetic scene without feeling an overwhelming desire to do something toward remedying the social injustices which have resulted in thousands of men, through no fault of their own, being driven to a position where they must either commit a crime or die of hunger.

Unfortunately, the breakfast to homeless men, if it is to be used to the greatest advantage, must be given at an hour when all the possessors of a home are in the middle of their night's sleep, and, therefore, it is difficult to get people to see the facts and gain their information at first hand.

The criticisms which have been made upon the "Bread Line" have almost invariably come from those who have relied on hearsay evidence, or have drawn largely upon their imagination. On the other hand, men like Mr. Edmond Kelly, who is, perhaps, at present the greatest authority on the "tramp" question, have searchingly investigated the condition of the men for themselves and have been invariably impressed with the necessity for such an effort. Before writing his book on *The Elimination of the Tramp*, Mr. Kelly spent many nights in the "Bread Line," and in his preface says, "If anyone will take the pains to scrutinize these men, as he can while they file through the Bowery Mission for their midnight meal, and recognize that more than one-half of them are clearly self-respecting workingmen without employment, he will feel that he has no right to a moment's rest so long as he remains a party to the indifference that fails to furnish work for these men."

Of course, men who are utterly destitute, whose clothing is shabby and threadbare, who have not the means of keeping themselves clean, who never enjoy the luxury of having their face washed or their hair brushed, must inevitably have a "tramp-ish" appearance, but anyone who takes pains to study the men, as they file into breakfast, cannot but see that Mr. Kelly's conclusion is a very just one.

Mrs. Francis Avery, of New York City, has for some time taken a great interest in the work of the Bowery Mission, and especially in the Free Labor Bureau, through whose instrumentality so many hundreds of men have been sent to country positions during the last twelve months. Mrs. Avery spent a considerable time in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD office, overlooking the correspondence and the records connected with the Labor Bureau, and was much impressed with the possibility of solving a large portion of the difficulty of the unemployed in the cities through such an instrumentality. She has given much thought to the subject of transportation, which is the greatest difficulty of all, and although that difficulty has not been overcome she would be one of the greatest boons that could be conferred on hundreds of embarrassed farmers who need help, and tens of thousands of penniless men who need work.

For the purpose of bringing home the condition is full of hope, and believes that it is not an insuperable one. Free transportation for unemployed men, sent to *bona fide* positions in the country, of Bowery men to the minds of some of the leaders of the industrial world, Mrs. Avery brought a party to the "Bread Line" the other night, which included Judge Elbert H. Gary, president of the United States Steel Company; Captain J. R. DeLamar, a wealthy mining magnate, and others. No sooner had the door opened, and the men began to troop in, than Judge Gary and Captain DeLamar evinced the deepest interest in them. During the whole course of the breakfast, Judge Gary stood with his wife close by the serving table, and eagerly scanned the faces and appearance of the homeless men, while Captain DeLamar went into the middle of the crowd, as they partook of their coffee and rolls, questioning many of them as to their condition and speaking words of the heartiest cheer and encouragement. Mrs. Gary, Mrs. Avery, and her mother, Mrs. Clark, of Chicago, did their best by words of kind sympathy to cheer the workers, and before they left they signified their interest in what they had seen by leaving a very generous financial contribution to the fund.

It was a memorable occasion. The emphatic commendation of this work given by such able business men as Judge Gary and Captain DeLamar is a conclusive proof of the necessity for such a work, and of the business-like way in which it is carried on, while the fact that millionaires have come right down into vital touch with poverty, sorrow and distress in their direst form, kindles within us a hope that the day is not far distant when a remedy will be found for many of our social and economic ills.

JOHN G. HALLIMOND.

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The Beecher Memorial Window

PLYMOUTH CHURCH, in Brooklyn, has just unveiled, with appropriate ceremonies, a fine stained-glass window to the memory of its famous pastor, Henry Ward Beecher. The picture-window shows Beecher as he appeared on the platform of Exeter Hall, in London, in 1863. The Beecher window is at the left of the Lincoln window, where President Lincoln appears holding in his hand the Emancipation Proclamation. The other window shows Henry Ward Beecher's sister, Harriet Beecher Stowe, the authoress; Mary Lyon, the educator and founder of Mount Holyoke College, and Emma Willard, the advocate of "improvement of female education" and foundress of the Troy Female Seminary.

The Book That Mothers Love

Dear Dr. Klopsch: I am greatly pleased with premium, and also with the beautiful book, *After Death, What?* It is just the book that all mothers will love to read who have little loved ones in that beautiful, bright Beyond, and it affords me and others of my family much pleasure.

White Rock, Pa. MARY A. SEIPLE.

Best Premium of Them All

Dear Dr. Klopsch: I have been a subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for more than twenty years, and have received about all the premiums offered in that time. Each succeeding year seems to bring the best of all premiums, and this year is no exception, for I am more than pleased with the *Inside Story of the White House*, and think that every schoolboy and girl, man and woman, as well as every home, should be supplied with a copy of this most excellent work. W. J. HUGGINS.

Wheeling, W. Va.

GOD'S SPIRIT OUR HELPER*

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

WHILE as yet there was nothing made that is made, and while there was but a "deep," the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters, brooded over it as a dove with spread wings, as a bird hovering, and then there was light (Gen. 1:1, 2).

Long ago, in the upper room in Jerusalem, there was another "deep"—the souls of men and women. The Spirit of God hovered over them, and then descended, and Light was. Light which rested upon each head, and illumined it, became as it were a tongue of fire. In picture-writing God was saying to them, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." After this manifestation it could not have seemed strange to the Apostles that they were able to tell the mighty works of God to Romans, Cretans, Arabians, Parthians, Medes, Elamites, Mesopotamians, and, in fact, to every man in his own language wherein he was born. But it did astonish those who heard them speak, because they had not shared in the upper room experience. Claims have been made by some persons in our day of a miraculous gift of tongues, but when they went among those to whom they wished to preach they found that they were not understood! Shall we say, therefore, that the power of the Spirit is less now than then? No, for behold even a greater miracle than Pentecost; it is the Bible translated into more than five hundred languages, so that every man may not only have the Gospel in his own tongue, but he may read it as well, and keep it in his home. Viewed in this light, there is nothing more interesting to read about than the work of the Bible Society, and the movements of colporteurs, men who carry Bibles to sell in all lands. Some of their experiences are as thrilling as those we find in fiction, and more to be desired, because they are true.

On the Day of Pentecost

"And when the day of Pentecost was come." There were two great annual festivals among the Jews: the Passover and Pentecost. At the Feast of the Passover the lamb was slain, at the Feast of Pentecost the law was given. On both occasions there were large national gatherings in Jerusalem. "Coincident with the slaying of the lamb was the death of Christ; coincident with the giving of the law was the descent of the Spirit" (Arnot). The Feast of Pentecost occurred during the latter part of May.

"They were all together in one place" where they had been for ten days, the apostles and other friends of Jesus, numbering about one hundred persons; for Jesus had said to them just before he was taken up, "Tarry ye in the city until ye be clothed with power from on high."

"And suddenly there came from heaven a sound as of a rushing mighty wind." But it does not say there was a wind, or that the house was shaken by a wind.

"And there appeared unto them tongues parting asunder, like as fire." It was not fire, it did not burn, "it sat upon each one of them." It was like the Shekinah light by which God had manifested himself during the journeyings of the Israelites to the Promised Land. It was like the glory of the Lord which shone between the cherubim in the holy of holies. It was like the fire which filled the bush which Moses saw, glowing but not consuming.

"They began to speak with other tongues." It was a new revelation of lips touched with fire by the Lord. This power came upon them early in the day, for we are told in Acts 2:15 that it was the "third hour," nine o'clock in the morning.

"The multitude came together and were confounded." They had heard the sound like of the wind and were confused, because they saw no destruction which usually follows a heavy wind.

"They were all amazed and marveled" when they heard unlearned men freely using all languages and speaking of the mighty works of God. Before this day of Pentecost we read that the apostles had received the Spirit in some measure (John 20:23).

A Blackboard Hint

From the book entitled *The Oriental Christ*, we get the following illuminating thought:

"The great, ultimate object of Christ's sonship is to develop it in all humanity. Christ is only the Way, but what force is it that can lead mankind through the way to the end? This is the Holy Spirit. Keshub, the then president of the Brahmo Somaj (the Worshiping Assembly) of India, says: 'Here you have the complete triangular figure of the Trinity—three profound truths: the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Look at it with the eye of faith and study its deep mathematics. The apex is the very Jehovah. Alone in his own eternal glory he dwells. From him comes down the Son in a direct line, an emanation from divinity. Thus, God descends and touches one end of the base of humanity, then, running along the base, permeates the world, and then by the power of the Holy Ghost drags up regenerated humanity to himself. Divinity coming down to humanity is the Son. Divinity carrying up humanity to heaven is the Holy Ghost. This is the whole philosophy of salvation. Such is the short story of human redemption. The Father continually manifests his wisdom and mercy in creation. God coming down and giving up, this is creation, this is salvation.'"

An Illustration from Nature

The sun's lifting power: Flammarion, the French astronomer, recently laid before the Astronomical Society of Paris some interesting facts concerning the attractive influence of the sun in the vegetable world. M. Flammarion has made numerous experiments establishing the fact that this power is able to act with great force on the direction of leaves and flowers (of which the sunflower is a notable instance), and even of branches and whole trees. In the grounds of the Juvisy Observatory a tree was once raised to an upright position by the action of the sun alone. It was a chestnut tree that the wind had overturned against a wall. The roots penetrated anew into the soil and became firmly fixed there. The sun righted the tree little by little. It was said that the progress of the raising was noted year by year, due solely to the attractive force of the sun's rays. Far more wonderful than this is the power of the Holy Spirit to lift fallen men and women until they stand in moral uprightness, even "unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

Give me the man soul, God—pure, brave, serene—
To meet these days;
Ready to walk, head high, with firm, sure tread,
The year's strange ways!
I would be soul poised, great in gentleness,
Gentle in power,
Rich in sels-giving, pouring life and love
Into each hour.
Help me to sing and fight, not weep and cower,
When blows fall fast;
Patient to bear, strong to endure—thy son,
True to the last.
Let me live grandly, seek the things that last,
Press toward Love's goal;
Win jewels, fame! Nay, better, when earth's past,
Stand a crowned soul!—H. H. TWEEDY.

An Illustration from Science

A curious discovery was made by the telegraphers in the little island of St. Pierre. There are two telegraph stations on the island; one worked by an American company, which receives messages from Newfoundland, and sends them on to Sidney, using a powerful battery and the ordinary Morse signals. The other is worked by the French Transatlantic Company, who employ exceedingly delicate instruments in receiving messages from Brest and Duxbury. These very sensitive instruments were found to be seriously affected by earth currents, which interfered very much with the working of the line. It was discovered that these earth currents were due in part to the operations of the powerful battery of the American telegraph company; that battery, every time it was used, actually charging as a Leyden jar the whole little rock island of St. Pierre. And it was found by a proper distribution of the French instruments every word sent over the American line could be made to leave its fac-simile with the French company, and this, too, through two little lines nowhere coming within several hundred yards of each other, the only connection of the two being through the earth. Behold a greater wonder—a soul charged with the Spirit's power until his face and body and disposition and home life and business life and social life, all feel the transforming, ennobling power of the Spirit's indwelling. And, touch him where you will, in all the phases of his life, you will find God's name and nature written upon him. May our lives be thus transfigured by the Spirit!

Jesus spoke to his disciples of the spiritual bread that he had to eat which they knew not of, and they asked if any man had given him ought to eat? (John 4:32-34.) When the Spirit had quickened the apostle's perceptions, they knew what Jesus meant by the well in the heart and the soul's bread, and the spiritual birth. An hour of Pentecost taught them more about these higher spiritual truths than years of study without the Spirit could have done.

For the titles and stories of the six beautiful pictures that constitute our superb "Art Gallery De Luxe," see back of each picture.

Short, But to the Point

Dear Dr. Klopsch: The book, *Inside Story of the White House*, received, and am much pleased with it; it is *"all right."* A. E. TURGEE.
Ida Grove, Ia.

A Stunning Christmas Gift

Dear Dr. Klopsch: Your great premium book, *The Inside History of the White House*, is three times as beautiful in every way as I had anticipated. The profuse illustrations are wonderfully artistic and interesting. I bought this book for a Christmas present, and am satisfied that I have chosen a stunning gift. F. R. FAIRMAN.
New York City.

*...ional Sunday School Lesson for Jan-...09. God's Spirit Our Helper. Acts ...LDEN TEXT: "I will pray the Father, ...ll give you another Comforter, that ...le with you forever, even the Spirit ... John 14:16, 17.

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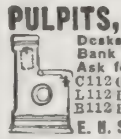

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A COURSE IN ESPERANTO

LESSON No. 26—By Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

THE following lesson in the form of an address to Dr. Zamenhof, the founder of Esperanto, sets forth the present condition and outlook of the movement:

Esperanto in Diplomacy and Peace Ten Years Hence

DOKTORO ZAMENHOF, ESTIMATA SINJORO: Tre strange ŝajnas al ni ke diplomatiistoj antaŭ nur dek jaroj ne estis rekonintaj tion, kion ni ĉiuj nun ŝatas; ke Esperanto estas la lingvo por diplomatio. Se iu ajn el la naciaj lingvoj estus la oficiala lingvo, la Angla havis la plej fortan pretendon, ĉar ĝi estis uzata de pli granda nombro da personoj ol la Franca, aŭ iu alia lingvo. Tial ke ĉiuj lingvoj havas nesciencajn ŝanĝojn, multajn sonojn por la samaj literoj, kelkaj progresemaj diplomatiistoj argumentis ke ni ĉiuj devus elekti Esperanton kiel pli simplan ol la aliaj, kaj korpigintan science la plej bonajn elementojn de ĉiuj. Tiu ĉi argumento estis fortigita de la rapida alpreno de Esperanto kiel la lingvo de internacia komerco. Tio faris necese ke ĉiu ambasadoro, ministro kaj konsulo havu en sia oficejo iun kiu legas kaj skribas Esperanton. De tiu estis nur paŝo al la alpreno de Esperanto kiel la diplomatia lingvo, unue en Hago, ago helpanta harmonion kaj pacon. Rapide ĝi disvastiĝis ĝis kiam la grandaj nacioj konsentis ĝin uzi ĉie.

Kosto granda de tradukistoj, ankaŭ multaj malkomprenoj estas forigitaj per la nova plano, kiu ebligas ke ambasadoroj diskutu fronti-kontraŭ rilate al la plej malsimplaj problemoj. Certe tio ĉi estas la plenumo de via celo kiam vi fondis la internacian lingvon: alkonduki la naciojn al paco per pli bona interkonsento.

Via deziro komence estis igi Esperanton dua lingvo por internacia komuniko, sed multaj personoj komencas esperi ke ĝi en kelkaj generacioj elpuŝos la Babelon de malsciencaj lingvoj. Ĉiuokaze via estas jam la lingvo de internacia komerco, de diplomatio, de vojaĝado kaj de internaciaj kunvenoj, kaj kaŭze de ĉio ĉi Esperanto estas potenca faktoro en la paco kaj evangeliigado de la mondo.

. . .

Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts will conduct another course in Esperanto, beginning with January, 1909, in *The Esperanto Student*, published at Rutherford, N. J., price 50 cents a year.

The Fifth World's Esperanto Congress

It is to be held in Barcelona, Spain, and the Sixth Congress will probably be held in the United States in 1910.

There will be a Second American Esperanto Congress at Chautauqua the last week in August, 1909, in which all CHRISTIAN HERALD Esperanto students are urged to co-operate. Communicate with Mr. E. C. Reed, General Secretary, Esperanto Association of North America, 3981 Langley Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

As this is the last lesson in our course, it is now in order to give

Advice to Students for Continued Study

You should possess two dictionaries—Esperanto-English by A. Motteau, 60 cents, and English-Esperanto by J. C. O'Connor and C. F. Hayes, 60 cents, or the English-Esperanto Dictionary by Rhodes, $2. M. Privat's book, *Esperanto in Fifty Lessons*, is the best aid for learning to talk Esperanto (cost fifty cents). The *Grammar and Commentary*, by Cox, provides a critical study of Esperanto, and is invaluable for advanced students, as is also Fruictier's *Esperanta Sintakso*, wholly in Esperanto (cost, forty-five cents). The *Krestomatio*, edited by Dr. Zamenhof, is the standard Esperanto book; one can hardly be considered furnished who does not possess a copy of it (cost, paper, $1; cloth, $1.50). Every CHRISTIAN HERALD student should have a copy of the Gospel by St. Matthew (*Sankta Mateo*) translated into Esperanto from Luther's Bible (cost twenty-five cents). Delightful for translation is *The Golden Fleece*, Hawthorne, (cost twenty-five cents). Beyond these are *Julius Caesar* (cost 60 cents), *Hamlet* (65 cents), *Aeneid of Virgil* (cost $1), *Faraono*, a beautiful Egyptian story.

Every Page Fascinating

Dear Dr. Klopsch: I have just received your wonderful premium book, the *Inside History of the White House*, and consider it the handsomest book I have ever had from you. The illustrations are superb, and every page is fascinating! I could not lay it aside till I had read every word of it.

New York City. I. OGDEN.

THE LITTLE DOCTOR

Continued from page 1059

her, she will be able to think of nothing else. Poor Aunt Phœbe! Why will she not take a more cheerful view of life? Do you think she was always so, father?"

"Yes, she always managed to find thorns among her sweetest roses. Uncle John was entirely different. I always admired his patience and cheerfulness."

"No wonder then that she is always sounding his praises. Poor auntie! I must be very good to her."

"Yes, dear, she has met with a sad loss. Uncle John was one of the kindest and best of men and she misses him sadly. She has been a dear, kind friend to both you and me, and we owe her much gratitude. And now, Marian, do you remember promising to keep a journal during our travels?"

"Yes, father, and now I am off to make my first entry in it."

Squire Danforth was a true lover of the sea. He loved it when it was calm and smiling, and the vessel glided on like a majestic swan, sailing smoothly, with outspread wings, over its shining waves; and he loved scarcely less to walk the deck when she was being driven by fierce winds and was rolling from side to side. Now, as a brisk breeze began to blow, he rose and began to pace up and down. The wind tossed his hair about, and it was all that he could do to keep upon his feet. He laughed to himself at the thought of Aunt Phœbe's remarks if she were with him.

Then it occurred to him to go and find Marian and inquire how the old lady was coming on. He looked in every quiet corner, on deck and in the music-room, but she was nowhere to be seen. At last he made his way to their stateroom, and when, in answer to his tap, the stewardess told him to come in, he found both of the ladies unmistakably seasick.

We will allow Marian in her letter to Miss Sanborn to tell her experience of this first day at sea.

CHAPTER V

"GLASGOW, Scotland, July 11, 18—.

"MY DEAR MISS SANBORN:

"According to promise, I write at once to give you a history of our ocean trip. I hope it may interest and amuse both yourself and your aunt, Mrs. Hunter, who, I trust, is improving in health.

"The morning we sailed from New York harbor was bright and beautiful, with just enough breeze blowing to give one a taste of the salt sea.

"After dinner, leaving Aunt Phœbe busy in our stateroom unpacking the articles that she thought we should need on our voyage, I went up on deck to my father. He reminded me that I had promised to keep a journal so that we might be able to refer to it and recall place and date, when speaking of any incident of our journey.

"I seated myself in a quiet corner and had just written, 'Saturday, June 30. Left New York at nine o'clock this morning, when the brisk breeze, that is always a delight to a good sailor like my father, began to blow. The waves showed their white caps and the vessel began to pitch in a rollicking manner, as if to show its delight at being far away from the shore, going, as the old song says, "merrily o'er the waves."' Then a strange sort of sensation came over me, down went note book and pencil, and I began my first experience of real seasickness.

"Truly it is something that must be felt in order to be understood. No pen can paint a picture of it!

"I hurried to my stateroom and found Aunt Phœbe in a most pitiable condition, with the stewardess in distress, not being able to influence her to either do or take anything she advised.

"The next two days we kept our room in comparative comfort, and on the morning of July third we were able to go on deck and rest in our easy chairs, enjoying the beauties of the sea and air and sky. My father was in a very happy mood and it did us good to look at him.

"On this morning, a committee who had been appointed, in view of the number of American passengers on board, to prepare for celebrating the 'glorious Fourth' in a becoming manner, were busy drumming up recruits to take part in the ceremonies. I was happy—declining any public performance—to be able to supply a lacking verse for the 'Star Spangled Banner.'

"The dining-room was prepared for the celebration of the Fourth, both British and American flags being used in the decorations in honor of the representatives from both countries on board.

"There were songs, speeches, recitations, and a humorous oration, making the evening pass away pleasantly; but the crowning feature was the closing song—'America.'"

To be continued

Again "More Than Pleased"

Dear Dr. Klopsch: The *World Famed Stories and Legends*, by Hamilton W. Mabie, came duly to hand, and I am more than pleased with it. Kindly accept my thanks for same.

HENRY W. UNGER,
Buffalo, N. Y. (*Life Subscriber*).

Called Higher

Mrs. A. E. Crocker, of Milford, Calif., died at the age of sixty-six years. She was a constant reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mrs. Matilda Morin, of New Richmond, O., departed this life May 30, in her ninety-second year. Her life was full of good works.

Died at her home in Cedar Falls, Ia., on September 19, 1908, Mrs. R. Dexter. She was seventy-eight years old. A lover and reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Entered the higher life, Mrs. Nellie Sprague, of Muskegon, Mich. She was an active worker in the Baptist Church, and long a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Lucian Leroy Morris went to his heavenly home the 17th of August, 1908, aged twenty-five years. He was the son of Frank Morris, of Troup, Tex. He was a member of the board of deacons of the First Presbyterian Church, Tyler, Tex., and at twenty years of age he was elected superintendent of a Sunday School near Corpus Christi. He loved to read THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Lawrence Watson, of Bradford, N. Y., left for his heavenly home at the age of eighty years. He was a soldier in the late war, and gave his heart to God as he lay on the battlefield. He promised God then and there if he would spare his life he would serve him as long as he lived, which promise was faithfully kept. He had taken THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for a great many years and looked forward with pleasure to its weekly visits.

Called to her reward, Mrs. Margaret Foote, of Elizabeth, N. J., at the age of ninety-four. She was the daughter of John and Sarah Whitehead, and the widow of Thomas Jefferson Foote. She was of old American stock, her grandfather having lost his life in a skirmish with the English troops near Scotch Plains. Mrs. Foote was for years a faithful member of the Presbyterian Church. She was a great reader and next to her Bible she loved to read THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Her memory was good until the end, and she could remember when de Lafayette passed through Elizabeth on his way to the tomb of Washington.

Mothers, Be Cautious

In selecting a food for the baby don't experiment. Baby can't stand much experimenting. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is acted upon by the infant stomach substantially the same as mother's milk. For 50 years it has made glad mothers and started thousands of babies on life's journey with health and happiness.

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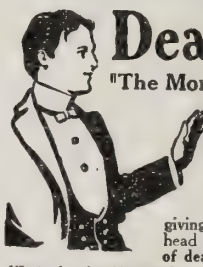
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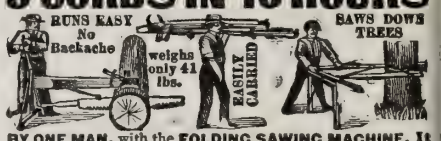

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✳ Young People's Societies ✳

For Us Who Are Lost*

THE old idea of "salvation" was too apt to be confined to salvation from eternal suffering. The idea of to-day is a different and a truer one, although it involves the other. It is that Jesus came to save us from sin, not, primarily, from punishment. Sin is the great foe of mankind. It is sin which, whenever civilization has gained foothold and momentum in any country, has crept in and torn it all down. Only righteousness can exalt a nation.

Men found this out very early in history, as the wonderful hieroglyphic tablets, constantly unearthed, clearly indicate. And yet men so love sin that they hug it to their hearts—cannot give it up—have not patriotism nor principle enough to resist it, and down they go.

Herrmann, the great philosopher, lays especial stress upon personal communion with Christ in prayer, as the great means of availing ourselves of his saving power. "The religious life of the Christian," he says, "is inseparable from the vision of the personal life of Jesus. That vision must be the Christian's constant companion."

That vision cannot come without prayer, and it is only by such realization that we are enabled to grasp his hand and let him save us when the

> Hosts of sin are pressing hard
> To draw us from the skies.

Men used to think that by shutting themselves away from the world, they could the better resist sin. Among the monks and ascetics were developed many beautiful and godlike characters. St. Francis, Savonarola and Luther might never have been able to do their great tasks but for the long brooding and the concentration made possible by their partial retirement from the world.

But the modern idea of the conquest of sin is different from this. It is true that man must often leave the "madding crowd." He must pray daily in solitude. He should read and think daily in solitude. But his main work must be done as he fights its battles shoulder to shoulder with his fellows. And his chief thought must be for them, not for himself. How can I help? How can I save? How best can I imitate the Master's example of service? These are the questions with which the conscientious Christian of to-day is most concerned; and while he is losing his life for others, he is saving it for himself.

"Is it best to aim at uprooting one special sin?" one asks; "or, should we scatter our fire all along the line?"

Well, perhaps one should do both. The special "besetting" sin is the one most likely to overpower us. We are so used to it that we commit it without thinking.

We must watch for it, lie in ambush for it, beat it, cut it out, show it no mercy.

Still, we must not allow other sins to creep in while we are fighting Behemoth. There is no rest for him who has girded on the armor of the great General; but the conflict is blessed, and he is leading us on.

There is great strength in the constant thought of this help of God. The poet Lanier, when he wrote of "The Marshes of Glynn," nobly expressed this feeling:

> As the marsh hen secretly builds on the watery sod,
> Behold, I will build me a nest on the greatness of God,
> By so many roots as the marsh grass sends in the sod,
> I will heartily lay me a-hold on the greatness of God.

And thus cometh salvation from sin through Jesus Christ our Lord.

* Topic of the Epworth League for Sunday, January 10, 1909. TEXTS: Matt. 1:21; Eph. 1:7; Acts 4:12.

Living For Eternity*

ONE of the most distinguished men in America; for years a professor in a great university; the friend of more among the great men of foreign countries, perhaps, than any other American who has ever lived, has lately died without the hope of immortality. His eyes were holden. He saw nothing but this poor, sordid, imperfect existence. The faith which removes the mountain which rises between us and our Father found no place in that strong but hopeless soul. "It might be—but he saw no proof." This was his best and highest vision.

But as we look at the sad stumbling, the baffling, the hard knocks, the disappointments, which beset humanity on every side here below, it is only the great thought of eternity, and the soul's progress there, which gives to this present existence any real dignity and grandeur. Without it, what are we? Mere pitiful gnats of a day—creatures seeing through a glass darkly—soulless possessors of a diseased, imperfect, short-lived body, whose highest happiness is to "eat, drink and be merry." What a mean and contemptible conception beside the glorious Christian ideal of the redeemed; which makes this life merely a stepping-stone to a nobler one; denying self, choking out hate and lust and covetousness and falsehood, in order to be like the citizens of the eternal kingdom and its spotless Ruler; and entering at last into the joy of eternal communion with him, face to face.

Clement of Alexandria voices the thought of the loving Christian of all ages when he cries in the ecstasy of worship, as he looks forward to eternity, "O sacred mysteries! O stainless light! My way is illumined with torches, and I survey the heavens and God."

But the road to this realm of beauty is hard. We must be crucified with Christ. "Steep and craggy," said old Porphyry, "is the path that leads to God." The young man who had great possessions was not willing to tread it. Many will remember the eloquent passage in which Gipsy Smith describes that poor-rich youth.

"If you went and said to Jesus, 'Master, where is that young ruler? The last time I saw him was in that evangelistic service, and he seemed concerned. Where is he?' I think Jesus would say, 'Do you not know that he went away? He might have been here, but he left this when he left me. No man cometh to the Father but by me.'"

And his path is thorny, but for every wound we suffer, "He prays us back again," a thousand-fold.

Harnack, the great German commentator and lecturer, says: "It is not by any speculative ideas of philosophy, but by the vision of Jesus' life and death, and by the feeling of his imperishable union with God, that mankind . . . has attained to that certainty of eternal life for which it was meant and which it dimly discerns—eternal life in time and beyond time. . . . But of every attempt to demonstrate the certainty of immortality by logical process, we may say in the words of the poet:

> Believe and venture: as for pledges,
> The gods give none.

"Belief in the living Lord and in a life eternal is the act of the freedom that is born of God."

But we know in whom we have believed. He will, if we follow him, take the sting from death and lead us into the perfect day.

* Topic of the Christian Endeavor for Sunday, January 10, 1909. TEXTS: Heb. 7:15, 16; Matt. 16:24-27.

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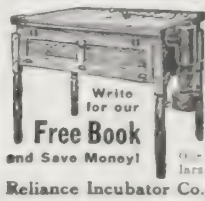

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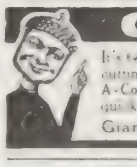

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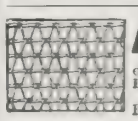

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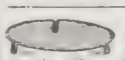

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